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SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1965

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BOW & ARROW

VOL. III, NO. 3 SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1965

BOW TEST:

SANDERS CLASSIC	e Higgins
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FEATURES:

TARZAN AND THE CROOKED ARROW Jock Mahoney
BROADHEADS: LOOK SHARP, BE SHARP Jim Dougherty 1
RON SNIPES: Profile Of A ChampC. R. Learn2
THE BUGLE AND THE ROAR Bob Snelson2
WORLD'S LONGEST BOWHUNT (Part I) Al Podell3
THE SPIDER AND THE FLYER Marvin Tye4

DEPARTMENTS:
MAIL POUCH
HUNTING WITH KITTREDGE
TECH TALK
TACKLE TIPS
CLUB CALL
BOW BITS
BOOKS FOR BOWMEN



PUBLISHERS: Ray Rich & Jack Lewis **EDITORIAL DIRECTOR:** Jack Lewis FIELD EDITOR: Jim Dougherty TECHNICAL EDITOR: Tom Jennings HUNTING EDITOR: Doug Kittredge ART DIRECTOR: Jan Stiles STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER: Tommy L. Bish

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ON THE COVER: During a desert outing, Jock Mahoney checks out his Colt bow, while companion Bud Coons looks on in the firelight. The luxury camper is by Dreamer. Mahoney tells of his archery adventures in loin cloth in this issue. Photo by Walt Wiggins.

BOW & ARROW is published bi-monthly by Gallant Publishing Company, 550-A S. Citrus Ave., Covina, Calif. Business and editorial offices: 550-A S. Citrus Ave., Covina, Calif. Single copy price: 50 cents; subscription rate: 83 per year. Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at Covina, Calif., with additional entry at Sparta, Ill. COPYRIGHT 1984 by Gallant Publishing Company. No part of this magazine may be reproduced without permission. Publishers can accept no responsibility for manuscripts or photos and all submissions should include return postage. CHANGE

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ON POWER

I am very happy to find an editor publishing an article such as Nuts To Power Archery by Gene Jones. (B&A, July/Aug. '65). I am happy to hear there is opposition to the mumbo jumbo approach to shooting a bow. It is very simple to teach an athletic inclined person in thirty minutes the basic four steps to shooting as outlined in Gene Jones' article. From here on out, it is only necessary to coach the pupil to see that he does not deter from the basic shooting form and to teach him aiming principles.

Donald L. Thompson, Charleston, West Virginia GOOD SCOUT

You may be interested in knowing that merit badges are being given Boy Scouts for archery. The bow and arrow is one of the big things in my troop.

At last count, twelve scouts from Troop 66 here in Phoenix had been awarded archery merit badges. The Scouts complete a seven-week course in archery with two weeks in the classroom and five weeks in actual practice.

Captain E. G. Levi. Phoenix, Arizona

IT HELPED

I enjoyed Tom Jenning's column regarding the dominant eye. (B&A May/June '65). By using his test, I discovered that my right eye is dominant, but due to a war injury, I have to shoot left-handed.

Being a neophyte with a bow, I was puzzled by the inconsistent behavior of arrows when my draw, release and aim seemed to be consistent. I'm going to guess the trouble is in eye switching in aim-

W. N. Deming, Spencer, Iowa

HYPO - AGAIN!

Having just read *Hypo-Arrow*: *Pro or Con?* by Dan Quillan in the March/April '65 issue of B&A, I seriously doubt any merit for a device of this nature as a hunting instrument.

In case of a wild animal having to be examined or treated such as in a zoo or conservation work, a tranquilizing projectile seems to be a safe means of subduing the animal, and a gun would certainly be the most sensible means of administering it. But certainly such a projectile is not a sporting arm.

Rowland W. Baker, Holt, Michigan

FROM ARGENTINA

In my country, there aren't archery magazines and for a long time, haven't information about my favorite sport. For this reason, I am compelled to compliment you on the splendid job you are doing with BOW & ARROW and I feel that this magazine is the greatest promoter of archery here.

Carlos H. Romero Oneto. Buenes Aires, Argentina (Continued on page 47)

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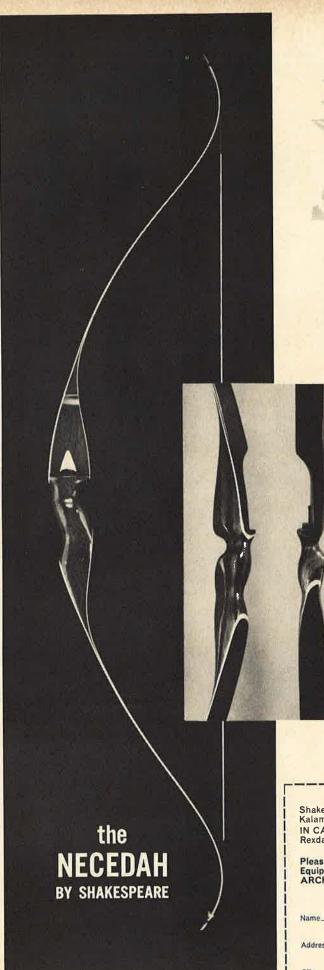
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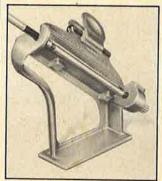


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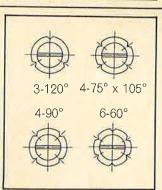
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HUNTING WITH Doug Kittredge

A couple of hours ago, Doug Howd and I finished a successful stalk on a big bunch of Catalina goats. Changing wind drift spelled the difference between bagging a trophy or going home empty-handed. We had spotted the goats from a high point a half mile away, then planned our stalk based upon the existing wind conditions and available concealment. The final stretch of some three hundred yards was before us when we noticed the air movement had changed completely making a further effort to approach the direction we were taking a sure way of spooking every goat on the hillside. The only choice was to completely circle the mountain and come in on the game from the opposite side. This entailed another hour's work, but proved the difference between getting game, or just having a story to tell back at camp.

Now, relaxing around our smoldering camp fire, the drifting smoke tells the story of oil man wind in a vivid picture. Watching smoke eddies move in and out, first towards you, then away, is just like the way odors and smells reach a wild animal's nose. If each little particle of smoke represented a small smell from another animal, a man, a house or what-have you, it would drift about on the moving air currents in exactly the same way. It does not take a "wind" to blow scents about. Just the normal movement of air will do it. It is a rare day when air is completely calm . . . and it will stand the serious bowhunter in good stead always to keep aid and scent well in mind when matching wits with nature's wary critters.

The majority of wild animals rely heavily on their acute sense of smell. The drifting messages they receive carried by the air currents tell them what is going on outside their range of sight and hearing. Just as we can tell when the lil' woman is going to pop a surprise pie out of the oven, so can wildlife tell what is going to suddenly pop into view.

Scent is carried by the air. Where the air goes, scent goes. Air rarely stands still. When heated by the sun, the warm air goes up. When cooled off, it goes down. Winds blow the air, causing it to move in one direction, or winds blow it in eddies around rocks, up canyons, through the trees or over obstacles in a manner mysterious to the unknowing hunter. It is often difficult to predict exactly what air currents are going to do and which direction they will take, but even if the hunter predicts correctly but fifty percent of the time, his chance of success will be that much greater. Doping the wind can be one of the bowhunter's most valuable hunting tools!

Human beings smell! There is no way to get away from it. But we can take steps to control what we smell like and how strong the smell is. The odor of man cuts through a wild animal's senses like a knife. It puts him immediately on guard. The more disagreeable an animal's experiences have been with man, the greater is his fear of the pungent odor. When an animal learns that men smoke, he then associates the smell with man. To the average wild animal, automobiles mean man . . so does the smell of campfire smoke, camp cookery, and a host of other odors common to us two-legged critters.

The smart bowhunter can work towards minimizing the smell he gives off in the woods. Regular washing of the body, being sure to include the hair, and the use of deodorants goes a long way toward making the human scent faint. The covering of the body with clothing further reduces the scent given off, just like closing the kitchen door when cooking up a batch of cabbage makes the rest of the house more liveable. But the clothing must be clean and have as neutral a smell as possible. As many soaps smell, sweet to be sure — but unnatural to the woods, clothes must be well (Continued on page 51)



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CRACK UP

Last year, I obtained a 1964 Bear Grizzly bow with a sixty pound draw weight. I used it last summer and last fall for hunting. Now I notice small cracks in the fiberglass on each side of the handle riser. The cracks are small but there are lots of them. They must be in the glass, as I cannot feel them on the surface. Is this serious?

Glen Pearson,

Bentley, Alb., Canada
(We suspect that the cracks are
really in the finish of the bow. Most
bow finishes turn brittle when they
get cold and often tend to crack.
Also, some glass tends to crack a bit
lengthwise along the axis of the
bow, but this does no harm.)

REST PERIOD

Your recommendation in the March/April 65 of a feather rest for a South Dakota hunter may get you a good cussing out. A feather rest is good for most hunting, but about the time this man draws that arrow across it on one of those extremely quiet minutes of hunting late in the day, he will learn that "arrow noise" will be loud enough to spook his game before he even gets to full draw.

Many of us who hunt a lot here,



trap a ground mole or two each summer and after skinning and drying, his fur makes the most noiseless rest possible. Glue the piece up the window a short distance to keep the shaft from rubbing there,

R. C. Dahlke,

Wonewoc, Wisconsin
(Mole skin does make a fine rest
and is quiet, but it does not have
the horizontal "give" needed to offset that bad release made when
the fingers are cold and there has
been no chance to warm up. This
results in an occasionally missed
deer that otherwise would be meat
on the table.

(Doug Kittredge, for example,

makes up his own rests from rather soft hen feathers, being sure to waterproof them. He then uses a piece of belly fur from a bobcat or muskrat fur as an arrow plate. This combination, he reports, works with a minimum of arrow noise.)

BIG BURN

Enclosed you will find a drawing of the arrow shelf and plate of my bow. On this drawing, you will note the cross-hatching just behind the pressure plate. This is the exact location where my problem exists.

Every arrow that I shoot leaves some paint from the shaft burned into the wood just behind the pressure plate. The arrows have worn the finish off the bow at this position and have begun to burn into the wood.

I have checked my nocking point, fistmele height and everything else I can think of. In fact, I have stopped shooting until I can find out exactly what's the matter.

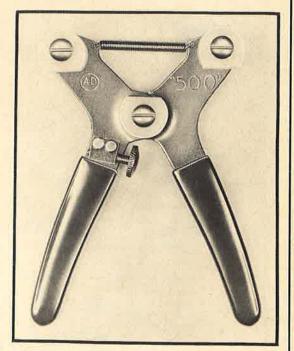
James H. Scott, Oakland, California

(There is not room here to reproduce this reader's drawing. However, his problem is not uncommon. Often it is caused by arrows being too stiff for the bow, or it can be (Continued on page 61)

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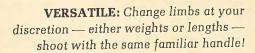


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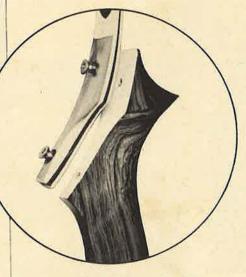
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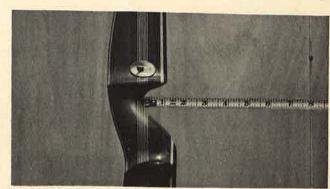
TACKLE TIPS Jan JENNINGS

About String Height

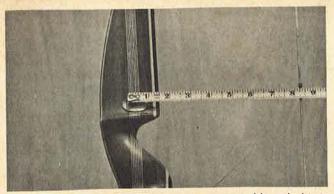
O NE of the first technical problems the budding archer runs into is how high should he string his bow. He might have received the wrong length string when he purchased his bow, or maybe he broke a string soon after and did not remember exactly the correct string height. Strings are fragile things and must be considered the most perishable item in an archer's tackle. Bowmakers are notorious for not supplying information about string height. They just seem to assume such a simple matter is known by everybody. I, myself, have been guilty of sending out many thousands of bows without sufficient information about string height. After spending many hours answering letters to correct this lack of information, I figured it would be a good subject. Actually, it isn't a simple matter. Bowstring heights change with every bow design change. And new designs have been coming along at a fast clip.

Archery, being an old sport, has picked up a lot of romantic terminology. Fistmele is a term that was commonly used only a few years ago. The origin of this term was English. It referred to a clenched fist with the thumb held vertical, just like when the ump says, "You're out." With the clenched fist on the handle with thumb extended the string was just supposed to touch the tip. This is also the origin of the saying, "Rule of thumb." "Brace height" is another term for the height of the bowstring. You seldom hear these terms nowadays as the modern archer usually just says "String height." It means what it says and creates no confusion with ancient terminology. I am all for the simplification but, unfortunately the British seemed to like to make things as complicated as possible.

Now that we know where and what to call it, where do we measure it from? In this department the blame lies with the bowmakers of the United States. They just wouldn't get together and create a standard for the point from which to measure. It wasn't too bad as long as the handle stayed fairly conventional, but in the last twenty years, the bow designers have gone crazy on fancy curves and large riser sections, highly deflexed or reflexed completely out of relation with the limbs. The best place to measure from was from the back of the bow. The back of the bow is the side of the bow that is always away from the archer when he is holding the bow in shooting position. The belly



This illustration shows how to measure from the inside of the handle. Jennings states that this particular method is used by most bowyers to eliminate overstringing.

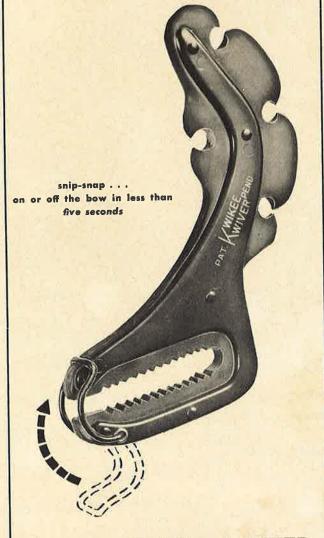


One also can measure from the arrow rest, although this is the least used method, depending upon where the archer installs his rest and is subject to possible error.

of the bow is the side facing the archer when in shooting position. Many people get these terms confused. If a bowmaker said to string his bow ten inches from the back of the bow, some archers got confused and strung the bow ten inches from the belly side of the riser section, resulting in over-stringing of the bow from two to three inches. So, the bowyers jumped back to the inside of the bow at the lowest point at the handle where your left thumb would rest. Now there are a few bowmakers that are even measuring to the arrow rest point. All of this has created a large amount of confusion so it's best to know all the facts. If there is any doubt in your mind where you should measure from, by all means write to the bowmaker. Suggest that he send you a sketch showing the correct place from which to measure, because verbal instructions can be misinterpreted pertaining to string height.

Why all this noise about string height? First and probably the most important to you and the bowmaker is that the incorrect string height — especially if it is overstrung can over stress the bow. Some people have a mistaken idea that the higher you string the bow the more cast you will get out of it. This is wrong, and as a matter of fact, a high string loses cast because you do not maintain string contact with the arrow long enough to transmit all the stored energy in the draw. Conversely, too low a string will give you bad arrow flight. The reason for this is excessive string follow past string height. It is absolutely amazing, and extremely hard to believe how far the string actually follows the arrow after it is gone. If the bow is strung too low, the string will follow to within a few inches of the arrow ride point on the side of the sight window. Now the back of the arrow has to move out from the string line to get around the bow and straighten out correctly. As long as the arrow is in contact with the string, the nock ears resist the back of the arrow from moving to the left - in the case of a right-handed shooter - and clearing the arrow rest and beginning to straighten out after the bend created by the thrust of the bow. Once you understand this, it is easy to understand why you must have adequate string height to clear plastic vanes from an arrow rest. String height and nocking point are two important factors in setting a bow up to shoot plastic vanes. You can get away with murder when you are shooting feathers because they bend out of the way and never let you know what's happening. Have an incorrect string height or wrong nock point when shooting plastic vanes and you will soon know, because there will be a loud noise and the vane will go flying off into space and your arrow will miss the bale. Constant checking of the string height and nock point during the course of the tournament will pay big dividends in score. Sometimes several strings will break under the center serving of a string and it will start to lose height without the archer knowing unless he has an accurate check. In the case of broken strands in the middle of the string, sometimes you will start to lose cast. It takes an extremely confident archer (Continued on page 49)

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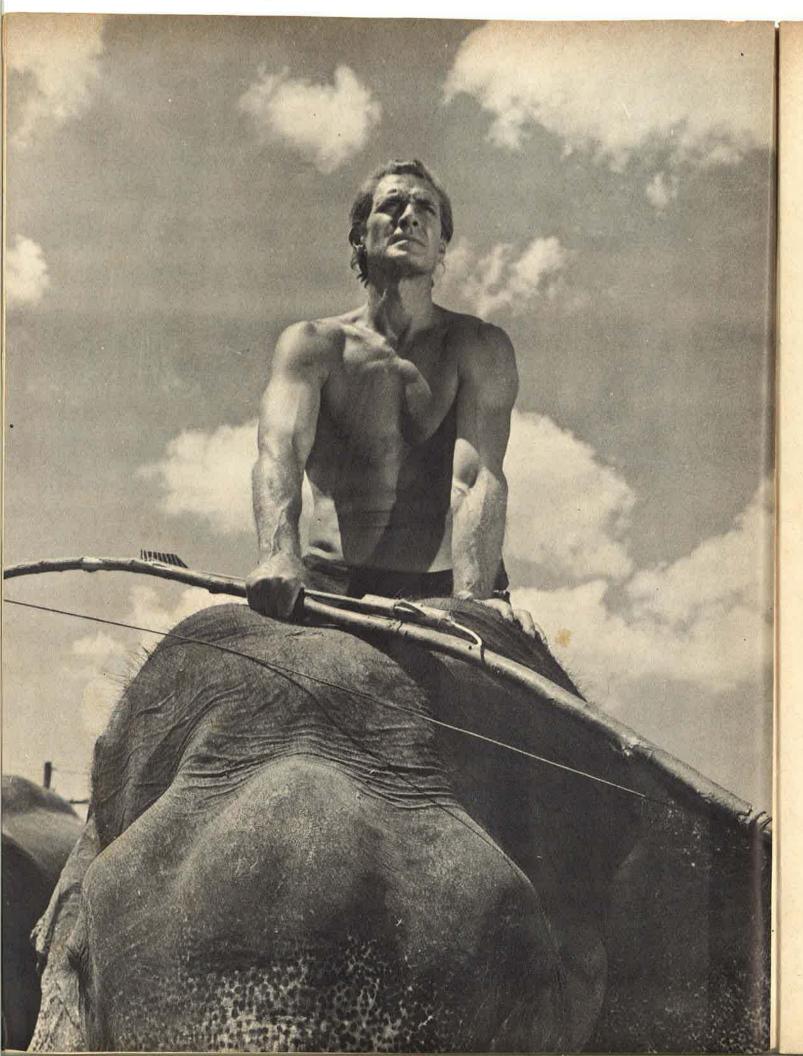
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WANTE TO THE TOTAL TOTAL

The Ape Man Could Tame Elephants, But What Could He Be Expected To Accomplish With A Green Bow? By Jock Mahoney

Somewhere between 10 and 15 degrees north and a handful of minutes past 75 degrees east longitude lies the state of Mysore, India. The Maharaja of Mysore is the political and spiritual leader and is worth more than \$720,000,000. The heat and humidity are oppressive. Poverty is the order of the day for the majority of the people. The caste system is centuries old and still prevails. A white collar job is preferred, even if you can make four times as much by getting your hands dirty.

Everything is sacred, cattle, co-

Any similarity between this green branch and a bow is strictly coincidental, yet the author was required to do miracles with it as Tarzan.

bras, monkeys, elephants et cetera. When I first arrived in the city of Mysore, an obscure article in the newspaper told of a man on trial for murdering a Brahman bull. There is a special god for every day of the year and more than eighty-five dialects are spoken. On the set of Tarzan Goes to India, at least five dialects were in evidence and they were so different that no group could understand any other. If you are of the opinion that this created confusion, you are absolutely right.

And you're probably a little confused as to what all of this really has to do with archery, but try to keep in mind that this Tarzan character was supposed to be an expert with bow and arrow, and I'm here to tell you the creations he used had nothing in common with the modern day laminated recurve. He was supposed to be able to take a

green stick fresh from the jungle, spin a bowstring from the lint in his navel and make Howard Hill look like a chump. I have a script to prove it. But let's take first things first . . . like elephants.

We made a deal with the forestry

We made a deal with the forestry department of this Indian State and paid in advance for a herd of elephants, whereupon the head of the department went on vacation to parts unknown. Three weeks later, the second in command arrived and the producer had to pay again for the same herd . . . Whereupon the second in command promptly went on vacation to parts unknown. Finally, the third in command arrived and demanded to be paid for the elephant herd, but by stalling him for three days, we finished with the elephants and advised him to pack all the trunks and thank you very much.

The maharaja was kind enough

Mahoney, with wife, Maggie, looks out the window of his Dreamer camper during field trip. Note the bow rack which he built to protect his tackle.



THE AUTHOR, Jock Mahoney, is known for his portrayals of such outdoor heroes as Yancy Derringer and Tarzan. One of the best stuntmen in the movie industry prior to attaining star status, he is an ardent archer today.



to loan us his majestic state elephant. Eleven feet tall, sixty-five years old, smart, well-mannered and beautifully trained, Gajendra was truly a monarch. Like any star in motion pictures, Gajendra had a stunt elephant to do his dangerous work. Rajendra was a magnificent bull tusker, 10½ feet tall, twentyfive years old, and smarter than our producer. Accepted as king of the herd, Rajendra also was slated for a political plum as well. One day he will fill Gajendra sneakers as the state elephant of the Maharaja of Mysore.

The youngster, Rajendra, and I became close friends and we spent every day together for forty-five days. He played the elephant and I played Tarzan. In some of the scenes, he was a better elephant than I was Tarzan, but then Rajendra was a method elephant.

The script called for Tarzan to quickly fashion a bow and arrows in the jungle with which to kill the rogue elephant and save the herd. So the two special effects men went two yards into the jungle and cut a green branch, twisted some string and voilá - a bow. Well, we called it a bow, but I really could have done better with a starched piece of rope.

I'd hardly qualify for the Professional Archers Association, but there have been several times when I've literally had to make my living with a bow.

I was brought up on the banks of the Mississippi and I suppose that I fashioned as many bows as any lad out of green willow wands, and I'm pretty certain that some of them shot better than this creation which was being foisted upon me by a pair of high priced studio technicians.

Frankly, I had never taken archery at all seriously until one day, in 1946, I was hired to double for Jon Hall in a thriller called Prince of Thieves. If you get curious as to how much I resembled Hall in those days, the film is playing the late-late television circuit. I'd be just as happy, though, if you felt your sleep was more important.

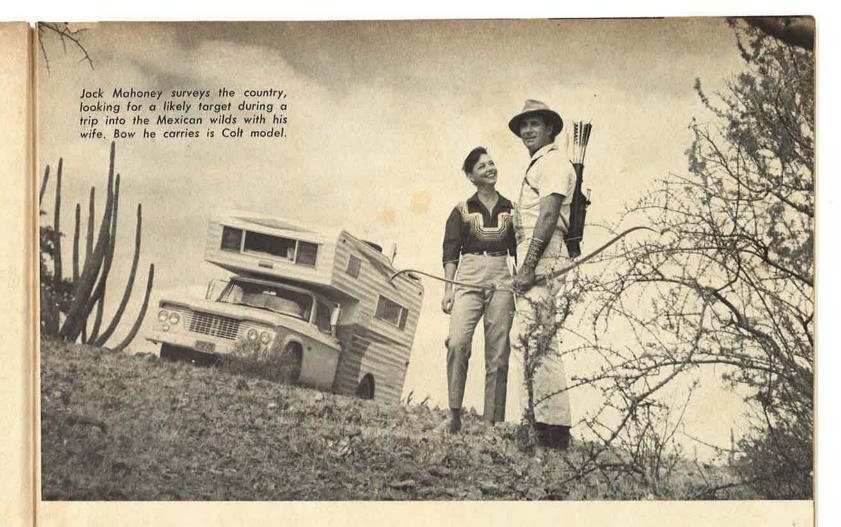
Informed that I would have to show style as an archer, I bought a bow — slightly used — in the San Fernando Valley, broke out a couple of books to learn how an archer was supposed to look and started pushing arrows. At first, all I was really interested in was making a good, authentic appearance on film, but this study of style must have helped. At least, I eventually started hitting what I was aiming at. Or close.

In that same epic on celluloid, I one day was done doubling for the star, so I joined the other side. The baddies. Had I known what they had in mind, I might have drawn my unemployment check, instead. The script called for me to be atop a castle wall, to be shot in the chest by an arrow and to fall thirty feet or so into the water, the shaft still protruding from my chest.

First, they fixed me up with a steel plate over my chest, then covered that with wood. Then they shot the arrow. The force was enough to knock me off the wall even if I'd had any doubts about the fall.

But after that, I went on to better bows and assembled an admirable collection of arrows. I finally settled on a sixty-pound sixty-six inch model, pulling a twenty-eightinch arrow.

But let me tell you about my green bow. One end was a sort of arthritic, partial recurve. The other end was twice as thick and curvy as a broom handle. Torque? Yes, the heavy end had twice as much as the small end, and in the opposite direction. Every time I shot an arrow in the air, I had to tighten the



string, because the bow lost some poop somewhere.

The arrows were something else. The feathers looked like they had come from a frustrated duckbill platapus. And there was more recurve in the shafts than the bow.

Now, the script called for Tarzan to prove the bow by placing three arrows in a spot the size of a half dollar in a tree trunk. We had six arrows, so I chose three with the least evils. Each arrow had its own individual eccentricities. Watching each one, I found by carefully aiming at different spots on the tree, each stayed true to its nature. Oh, yes, they climbed, dived and curved; about the only thing they didn't do was tumble, plus, each time I pulled the bow, it lost some elasticity. I won't bore you with the details, but I put the three arrows together from twenty feet. I guess that scene was done by Tarzan, because Jock Mahoney, with that kind of equipment, just isn't that good. Maybe the method acting I learned from

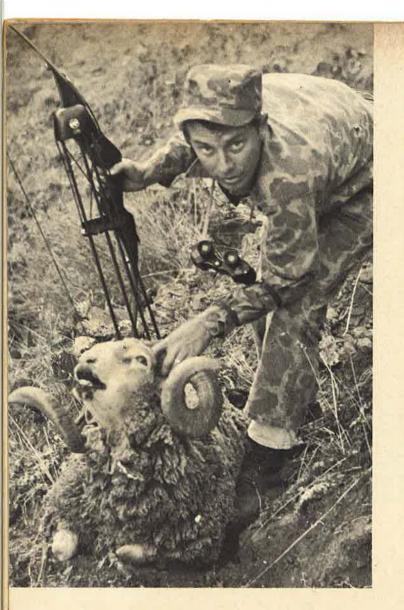
Rajendra helped. In the first elephant stampede, I rode Rajendra, bow clutched in hand, and it left me so dry in the mouth I was ready to trade my loin cloth for a clean diaper. The camera jeep was doing thirty-five miles an hour when we passed it. I started looking for a place to get off.

But familiarity breeds contempt and after two days of runs I was urging my big pachyderm to greater effort. Rajendra and I had to lead the charges and the truth is, with sixty elephants behind us, all frightened out of their big skulls and running like hell, I figured our best spot was away out in front. Believe me, riding a skate board on the Los Angeles freeway on a wet Saturday night is a piece of cake compared to an elephant stampede.

Elephants in the wild state are driven by hundreds of natives working in a half circle and, making as much noise as possible, beating on five gallon tins and firing guns. The kedda or drive moves along a prescribed course according to the terrain and usually includes traveling a mile or so in a river which tires the elephants so they are more easily herded into the kedda pens. Elephants never forget the noise and humiliation of being captured, so to make them stampede, we just pointed them in the right direction, started a couple hundred natives beating on cans, firing guns and lighting firecrackers behind them and Talleyho!
During the first day of filming

the river runs, I was riding my third elephant, Mahaveda. As I told you, five different dialects were in evidence, so when the director yelled, "Action," through the loud hailer, the beaters all started beating at once. The sound came at the elephants from all directions and the rodeo was on. Squealing and trumpeting their half crazed fear, they fled straight ahead in all directions of the compass. Sometimes elephants, when first captured, choose suicide by starvation rather than submit to man and civilization. Mahaveda had almost died during that period in his life, so the subconscious fear that overcame the poor beast when the natives started beating caused him to go berserk. The elephants with riders were on the banks of the river and the wild ones were in the water. Well, that poor fellow made a straight line through the jungle for three-fourths of a mile. That little steeple chase cost me one hundred and twenty-seven cuts on my body from branches of trees, bamboo spears and brush. The cuts were only from the hips up because my legs were protected by Mahaveda's huge ears. No, my mount didn't have a scratch, but he was tremendously nervous. And it hadn't helped my bow either. Ac-

(Continued on page 48)



THERE'S a fellow sitting on a rock deep in a pocket of rolling hills on opening day. He's properly camouflaged, has just the right angle to his genuine bowhunting cap. From head to toe, he is a living example of modern bowhunting equipment, a member of the "in" group. His bow is one of them there newfangled jobbies, with sights, silencers, adjustable crandoodles, real zigogamites, and it does everything but put out the cat. His hunting arrow, held at the ready on the bow with an index finger twitching in nervous palpitations, is custom-made with a twenty-four color crest. The broadhead at its tip stands new and shiny, right out of the box.

Further down the canyon, around a bend and beside a well-worn deer trail, sits another lad. His bow is not quite on a par with Flash Gordon's, as it cost him twenty-nine ninety-five. He has silencers on the string and a soft arrow plate to reduce noise. Beat up dungarees splashed with some old house paint make a camo suit that won't win any fashion shows but the deer probably don't care.

His arrow, also held on the string with a nervous finger, isn't quite as jazzy as our other friend's. Actually, it's an old wood left over from last season, but straight and well fletched. The point? Well, it's one of those four-bladed affairs, quite similar to that of his comrade-in-sport up canyon. There is, however, a difference; one that spells forethought and experience in spite of the fellow's obvious lack of finer equipment. His arrowhead has the marks of a file, the smooth razor honed edge of a well finished stone job. His head is deadly sharp.

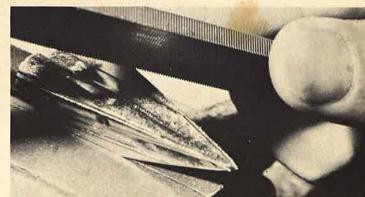
BROADHEADS: LOOK SHARP, BE SHARP!

AND RAZOR BLADES PLAY AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN THIS DISCOURSE ON HOW TO ASSURE YOURSELF A DEER!

By Jim Dougherty

Extremely heavy coat of this island sheep reduced penetration with multiblade head. Author resorted to removing inserts from broadhead for kill.

To raise the burr for a serrated edge, the file is drawn sharply across the blade after initial flat filing. Author feels this edge won't hold.



Should either of these lads shoot a deer on this day, let us hope that it is our buddy in the house paint pants whose attention to the most important bowhunting detail has not gone amiss. And let us also hope that before Flash finally sinks his broadhead into a big game animal that he has been around a bit longer and has learned some of the ropes to bowhunting; tricks that will save him a lot of extra work and possible heartbreak when his big moment does come.

The bow, the arrows, string silencers and bow quivers, camouflage clothes and waterproof match boxes, insulated underwear and your genuine Indian stalking shoes all are integral parts of an overall plan for successful bowhunting. But when it comes down to the wire after a successful stalk, a splendid shot out of your loyal hunting bow and the receding pounding of hooves



A simple method of breaking razor blades requires a vise. Blade is put in vise at proper angle, broken with fingers which are protected by towel.

Injectory-style razor blades produce cutting edge on the Little Shaver broadhead. In this situation, the auxiliary blades are silver soldered permanently to ferrule.



as the game plunges out of sight and sound in the woods, one thing is going to spell out the finish. This is a piece of steel. It comes in many shapes and sizes, even colors. It has a variety of exotic names and some of them do some pretty exotic things. This is a broadhead, the most singular important piece of equipment in the bowhunter's possession, and often the most maligned, overlooked and abused.

Why is this, when one figures that the broadhead individually costs less than one percent of an average hunting bow, a third of a good wood hunting arrow? Why is it that they get ignored when were the truth known, the broadhead, not the bow nor the arrow or your genuine Indian stalking shoes, is what is getting your game?

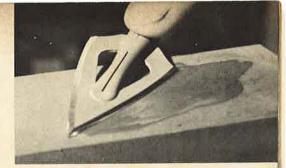
I have developed a phobia against those who scrimp on broadheads, who enter the field on opening day — or any day — with good intentions and fine equipment all topped off with a dull, inefficient broadhead. This has been nurtured, no doubt, from countless hours spent on my hands and knees while tracking some poor critter clobbered with one of these dull heads. One has a lot of time for reflective thought while in this pisition.

Just what is a broadhead? Well, don't look in Webster's New World Dictionary because it ain't there, which is some sort of mistake, because ain't is and you're not s'posed to say "ain't." There is however brief mention made of a broad arrow which is, I quote, "an arrow with a broad head."

Actually everyone knows what a broadhead is. If you don't, then look at these pictures. These are the implements bowhunters use to kill a big game animal,



Small slot-type wound is visible in this small buck. It was created by a two-blade head. Multiple head offers large wound, subsequent bleeding.



Proper angle for finish sharpening of a head is shown, as edge is worked off the ferrule with fine stone.

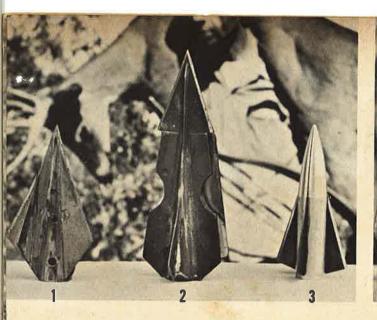
Smooth coat of Plio-Bond cement is applied to surface of the broadhead as well as razor section. After slight drying, contact between two pieces of metal is affected.

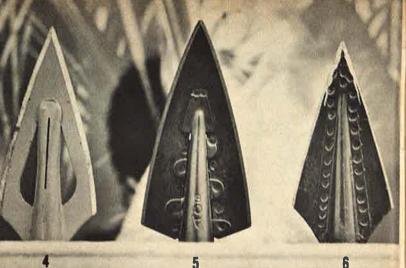


and in many cases, a smaller animal. Many broadheads have been designed with great thought and considerable expense, results of in-the-field tests and there are some that should have been left in the bad dream in which they originated. Offhand, I do not know how many are available to the bowhunters of today but they are considerable in quantity, if not quality. Design-wise, the most popular and perhaps the best are three and fourbladed heads. In some cases, a two-blade head could be the most desired. There are also some heads with five, six and eight blades kicking around; some with jagged serrated edges; cookie cutters; barbs and non-barbs and even those that inject various goodies into animals, although these — with one exception I've seen recently — are not true broadheads.

Considerable emphasis has been placed upon straight shooting broadheads — most often by those responsible for their creation. Broadheads can be tricky to shoot as they do fly differently, and they have a tendency to do some pretty weird things if placed crookedly on the shaft. However, it is safe to assume that broadheads properly placed on the shaft will fly straight and this is not the problem. We'd be better off if some didn't fly straight so nothing ever would be in their way. I mention this because a lot of customers use this as their sole criteria for selecting heads rather than the type of steel, proper design for what they are seeking, or whether it can be sharpened. There are some heads that cannot be sharpened; at least sharpened to a consistency that makes good sense.

I started bowhunting for deer in 1950 with Doug Kittredge and a relatively small handful of local bow-





hunters. During a period of five years, we did a lot of hunting, a lot of shooting and damn little hitting, but we learned a lot. We learned primarily about broadheads. Naturally, we learned a great deal about hunting and other equipment needs, but the main thing to come out of this period was what it took in the way of a head to make quick, clean kills on medium or big

We learned that you do not shoot an arrow, miss, pick it up and go off to shoot it again without first looking to its condition. We learned that a dull arrow is almost completely ineffective, a sharp one pretty good. while nothing compares to a razor sharp head for

We learned how an arrow kills and that except in rare cases, it does not knock that critter flatter than a griddle cake, but hardly bothers him when compared to a rifle bullet. We learned the secret of waiting out a kill. This I learned after I zorked my first one at age fourteen and immediately ran him a close second across two hundred yards of orange grove yelling at him to fall over all the way. This was a feat he did not perform for another several hundred yards after having been ventilated through the heart. On the occasion of Number Two, I displayed certain amounts of my recently acquired knowledge and retired in the opposite direction while the deer, shot neatly in the chest, ran but fifty yards, stood around for a brief spell, then collapsed, quietly unmolested by some hollering teenager who planned on bulldogging him.

We had a pretty good thing going for us in those days, as Los Angeles and vicinity was not then overrun by residents and the local hills afforded hundreds upon hundreds of available hunting acres. We became quite familiar with the deer herd and learned a lot.

In that first year, we shot a deer or two with dull heads that gave us the slip. Dejected, of course, we were pleasantly surprised to see them back in their old haunts on our next outing, apparently none the worse for the wear and tear. I am not making a positive statement here that all cripple losses with dull heads survive. They don't. But in personal observations and in long talks with game management authorities, other bowhunters and similarly qualified people it has been noted that there is a high incidence of survival.

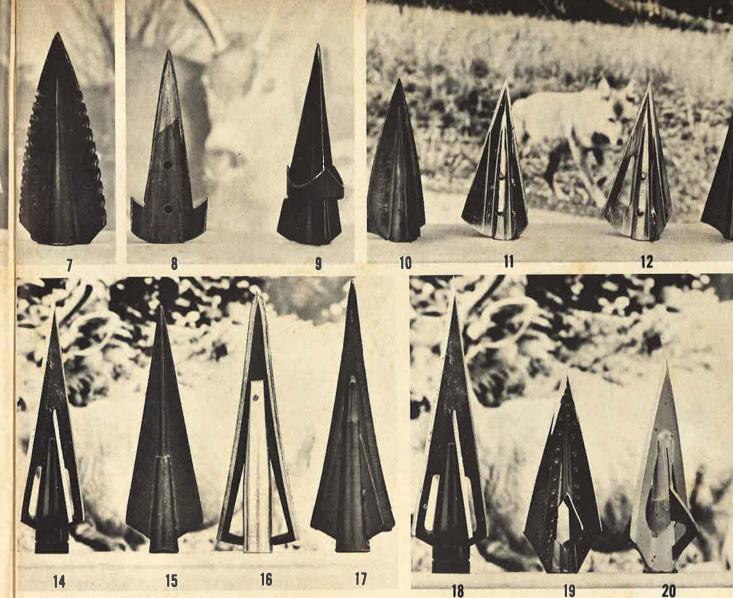
Through our findings in these formative years, we did a lot of maturing as bowhunters. We spent hours in learning simply how to sharpen a head with a file. Sharpening any tool is an art, and to get an edge on a piece of steel so it will shave the hair from your arm with a smooth light stroke is an accomplishment not to be taken lightly. There are those who are masters of

1. Bod-Kin with razor blades attached. 2. Little Shaver with four-blade modification. 3. Zia Scorpion is another of this trio incorporating razors as cutting edges. 4. Bear two-blade. 5, Ace Express and 6, Black Diamond are high quality twoblade heads, capable of holding edge. 7. LaFond Lightning Ripper has ragged serrated edge. 8. This Bod-Kin has been altered with hook serrations. 9. Trail Eze with bleeder ring can be good out of extra-heavy bows, although it creates drag. 10, The MA-3; 11, the Bod-Kin #A; 12, Bod-Kin #D, and 13, the Hill Hornet are popular three-blade styles. They are most often used by bowhunters wishing to attach razor blades. 14, the Rocketeer; 15, Pearson #788; 16, Howard Hill; 17, Bowlo are two blades in three-to-one design made popular by Howard Hill. They're preferred where deep penetration on big game is necessary. Most popular four-blade models are, 18, the Rocketeer; 19, Black Diamond Four; 20, Bear four-blade or Razorhead, which has probably collected more record animals than any other. 21 is the LaFond Lightning Four, which can be disassembled for sharpening.

this art and others not so good. Then too, there is the question of how sharp is sharp? To some, sharpness is an illusion; if it looks sharp then it must be. But. many an edge looks sharp but will not cut your finger with a firm stroke. In the Old Days, I attained my best edges with a file and stone combined. A labor of love, it was nothing to spend half an hour or better on one head. Compared to the hours of hard work and effort in the field, though, it was nothing. We had graduated, so to speak, to the school of sharp heads. We knew that when we shot an arrow, it was in the best possible condition. And should we miss, which was quite often in my case, we learned that this arrow was to be put aside until it could be resharpened.

This was what I also refer to as the Shoulder Quiver Era. We soon found two things to be true: That the heads, when placed in this type of quiver and carried around, became dull from bouncing and rubbing together. For awhile this was taken care of with several inches of oatmeal in the bottom of the quiver but it was not really the most foolproof. There was still the problem of rapidly drawing several arrows from the quiver, sliding the blades along the sides as you pulled it up. Soon we were all sporting highly expensive leather hula skirts strapped to our backs, as we cut these holders to pieces. In my opinion, broadheads and standard-type shoulder quivers don't mix.

We also went through the Era of Serration which may have a sexy book title sound to it. There are those who still feel the serrated edge is a real killer. Not that I'm prejudiced, mind you, but I think they're nuts. Providing you put every arrow inside the chest cavity through the heart, lungs, liver or some such, maybe



the serrated edge will do the job consistently but I'm hard-nosed enough to doubt even this and I have reason. With few exceptions, arrows kill by hemorrhage which is nothing less than massive bleeding. Any surgeon will tell you that razor edges will create the maximum bleeding effect.

Should you gouge yourself with a stick or cut yourself on a rough edge you have a tear rather than a slice. Ragged wounds have a natural tendency to seal up, the edges naturally try to form together, bleeding is reduced. Oh, you might bleed to death but it will take you longer, which is a vital point. The longer it takes, the further something could go. When hunting, this requires tracking and some people can't track themselves across

On the other hand, just cut yourself shaving. Every little capillary, vein, or what have you is neatly severed, sliced in two, with no ragged edges.

Go out and try it on the garden hose. Try holding a straight cut together with the water running, then a jagged cut. It's hard on hoses but you'll get the point.

Most serrated edges created with a file are pretty punk. The burr raised with the file is quite flimsy and a properly applied fingernail often will flatten or scrape it off. Just what will an inch of hair and hide or a rib bone do to this? With the great serrated edge lost on the hide, further penetration is done with a head which is duller than a melted Hershey bar.

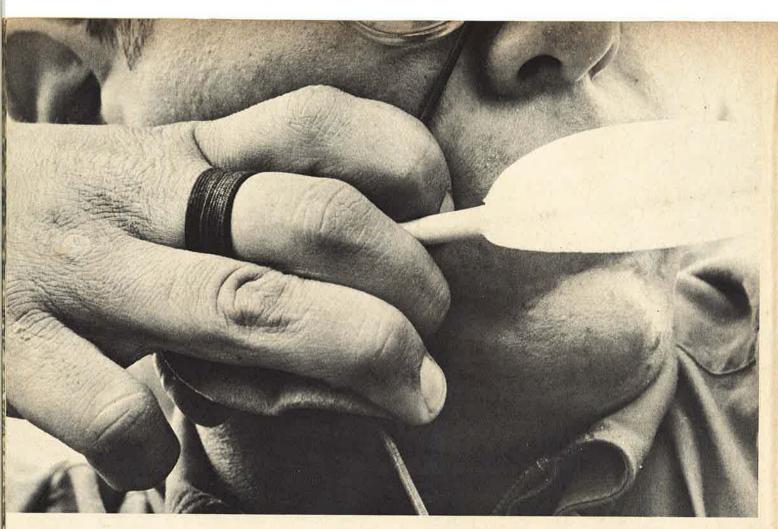
About 1956, we really got smart and started what I think was a big milestone toward bowhunting success. One of the group got the bright idea of attaching razor blades to our heads.

"What's sharper than a razor blade?"

"Nothing I guess."

"Then why don't we use razor blades?"

"I give up." It took a while but the results were staggering. Our initial heads are still in use and hard to beat. We started with Bod-Kins, as multiple blade heads had the most appeal and to the three blades we glued pieces of Gillette Blue Blades. The razor segments were broken in a jig we made up or could be broken with pliers to the proper size. The heads were cleaned with solvent as were the blades to remove all oil and foreign matter, then the blades were glued on with Plio-Bond by the Goodyear people, a rubber base contact cement. Properly done up, the heads could be shot through a beer can without the blades coming off. I do not recall anything I've seen in archery before or since that had the significance to me of these first heads. No matter how hard or long you work on an edge with a file or a stone, you are not going to get it as sharp as one of those razor (Continued on page 58)



Portrait
Of A Champ:

RON SNIPES...

Left: At full draw, Snipes leans into the bow, checking instinctive alignment with bow sight. (Below) His follow through is natural, relaxed. Bow swings gently to right. Note the open hand, slack taken up in sling.

... Barefoot Boy With Trophies!

Ron snipes gets down to earth with his archery; he goes barefooted. Ron says that this feels more natural and if this is the answer to becoming a champion, he has found it.

Ron started archery at an early age — about four — but he had trouble keeping the arrow on the bow in the proper form; it kept slipping off. At this time the Snipes family was in Hawaii and were members of the Armed Forces Archery Club and the Diamond Head Archery Club.

Travel and jobs kept the archery interest down for the next ten years but when the family started again, they went all out. Brother Norman, in the meantime, had become more interested in the music field and prefers to pluck the strings on his violin to that of his how

Ron's younger brother, Don, started in a big way and won the California State Junior Target Championship in 1963 at the age of thirteen. He was the first in the family to win other than local honors and also placed third in the National Field in the Junior Division in 1963 and fourth in the National Target Junior Division in 1963. Ron was busy with the books in 1963 and didn't go to the nationals.

When the Snipes family moved to San Diego, they ran across an old friend, Don Foster, whom they had known in archery groups before. Foster aroused their renewed interest in archery. Foster is a Class A archer, and with little persuasion, he managed to get the Snipes family back on the ranges. He helped them with their tackle and gave tips on shooting when they found they were lax after a long lay-off. The whole family started but Dad, Ron and Don are the members who have stayed with it. They started shooting in 1962 and the two boys became serious competitors in a short time. When Don won his state championship, Ron was pushing him for score and now Don once again is pushing Ron to keep him in trim and hold his titles. The Foster boy, Dale, is giving both Snipes a good run for scores in local meets and the competition is keen. They compete in local field and target meets and the scores make some of the oldtimers wish they had stayed home.

Ron, now seventeen, started shooting seriously in 1962. He started with a field meet on the local range. Ron shot a rousing 68 for 28 targets. This might have discouraged some archers but Ron stayed, and with coaching from Don Foster and Rube Powell, he managed to overcome many of his problems and go on to win the National Intermediate Field Championship last year at Watkins Glen, New York.

Ron's scores have improved from that first round of 68 and now his highest score in field meets is a 522 for 28 targets; quite a change from that low beginning!

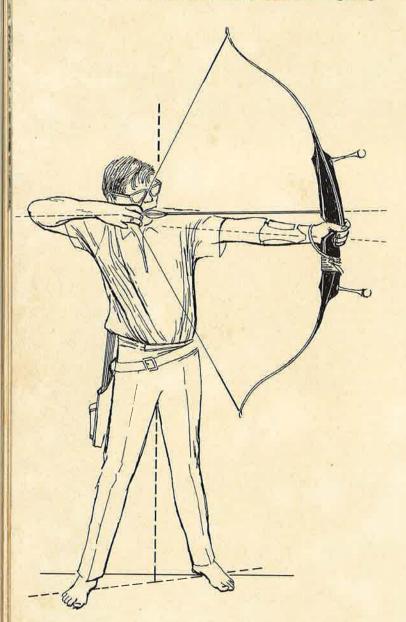
In the Nationals, he shot a 902 on the field, a hunter round of 999 and a 530 for the animal round with an aggregate score of 2431 and the championship in the intermediate freestyle event. Ron competes in local field and target meets but still is beaten by other archers when he is in bad form or he hasn't practiced



enough before the meet. One problem of being a champion: You always are expected to win.

Ron is a junior at Mount Miguel High School in Spring Valley, a suburb of San Diego. He maintains a B average and hopes to go on to college and major in mathematics. Ron participates in school activities and is on the football team, plays tennis and goes bowling and swimming to round out his recreation. He doesn't dwell on archery alone but tries for a well-rounded sports program. He hasn't hunted with the bow yet and is satisfied with shooting at the butts at present. He is a life member of the San Diego Field Archers and a member of the Chula Vista Target Archers.

Ron intends to retain his amateur status and uses a twenty-nine-inch aluminum triple helical fletched shaft which gives him forty-two pounds with his sixty-six-inch bow. He uses a finger tab, bow sight and a bow sling. One thing about Ron's shooting that is different is that, when he comes up to align the target, he uses an instinctive point of aim system for alignment and checks that alignment with the bow sight on his bow. Ron started out with instinctive shooting but changed over to free-style to improve his score. When he is in good form, the bow sight will be right on target when Ron checks against his instinctive sighting.



He uses this instinctive system until he reaches full draw and then looks to his bowsight for a final alignment and corrects any error before releasing.

The champion prefers to shoot field and target barefooted, but another champion in another field, Sam Snead, likes to go barefooted at times. Ron shot some practice rounds at the Nationals barefoot but conformed and shot all competitive rounds with his shoes on.

Ron feels that when he is shooting well, all targets seem good and conversely, when shooting poorly, all targets or particularly one will give him a lot of trouble. He has no one distance or target that bothers him when in good form. The best way to stay in good form is through practice and often this is neglected due to school activities. Before a meet, he will practice more but sometimes he will go to a local shoot with little practice during the week.

One of his worst problems was freezing. At first, he froze off target. With this problem an archer can come to full draw, then can't hold his sight or alignment on the target. He overcame this problem through the coaching of Rube Powell of Chula Vista, California, then Ron found he was freezing on target and couldn't release the arrow.

It was back to Powell for more coaching and now Ron feels that he has the freezing problem out of his system. He now holds on target and releases with little problem.

When he hasn't practiced for some time, he finds that his timing is erratic. He will hold on target, release and the timing will be good. The next arrow may be released much sooner and this procedure continues until he steadies down and his timing improves. He feels he can overcome the timing difficulty with more practice. When new problems develop in his shooting style, Ron goes back to Rube Powell for more coaching, and together, they work out the problem and Ron continues his shooting and practicing.

With coaching and practice, Ron Snipes is becoming stiff competition and it won't be too long before he will move up to the adult bracket and perhaps we will see some local, state and national records falling

One advantage of starting young is that one has time to overcome bad habits and has the advantage of not thinking he is beyond help or perhaps too good for tutoring. Ron frankly admits his problems and just as casually overcomes them.

The Snipes recently have purchased a fletching jig and feather trimmer and make their own arrows now. They have been making their own bowstrings for some time. This is a family project and all work together. When they have a problem with their projects, they call on Don Foster or Rube Powell and get lined out properly.

Dad Snipes stated that "when I get older and steadier and the boys get careless, I may beat them."

The Snipes can always be seen on the range when there is a work party needed to change butts or prepare for a special shoot. They are interested in helping in archery as well as participating in the shooting side of the sport.

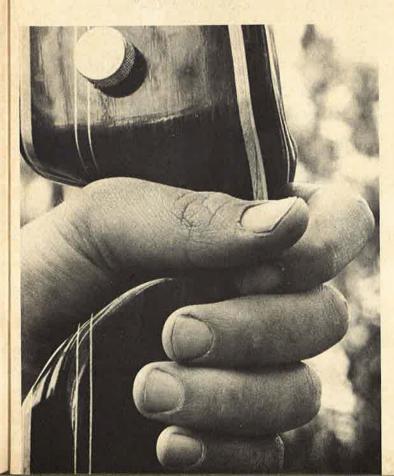
Ron plans to continue in archery and no doubt will overcome his shooting problems with practice. Perhaps, when he is out of school and has fewer studies, it will bring a new champion into National competition with the adults in the near future.

The San Diego Hall of Fame recently has hung the picture of Ron Snipes along with the other local champions, Rube Powell and Diane Vetrecin. There may be something in the sunny climate or the many days of sunshine but San Diego and the surrounding area seem to be bringing out more and more champions in the archery field. One of the younger champions, Ron should go on for more and higher honors.



Above: This photo was taken in Hawaii in 1952, when senior Snipes was stationed there. Ron Snipes is on right at age of four, proving that he had an early start. (Below) The shooting Snipes as they are today. From left are Ron, his father and brother, Don. This trio often practices together but seriousness is seen in their faces.







This is a target's view of Ron as he prepares to release an arrow from his bow. The arrow appears to be crooked but this is an optical illusion caused by lens of camera.

Left: His hand is relaxed on fully drawn bow. Note first finger tucked lightly under the thumb. He uses it as reference point with no pressure.



By Bob Snelson

THERE is one argument I am sure has reigned from the caves of the Neanderthal Man to the modern day hunter. Whether that warm cheery campfire is crackling in some high alpine meadow in Canada or on the treeless rocky ground somewhere in the great American Desert, this argument is always the same. Will a wild animal, when provoked, charge a hunter? Some hunters insist they will charge, others that they won't. It is hard to know who can win an argument of this kind, but neither side will ever give in. I can only say from my hunting experience, usually they won't. However, that word "usually" covers a lot of ground and there have been times for me when "usually" wasn't good enough.

I have followed up wounded javelina, the ghost of the desert, and found them facing their pursuers but much more anxious to get away than retaliate. Usually I believe these intrepid little tusk grinders are just trying to get out of the area in a hurry and if you happen to be standing on or near their escape route—looking over the end of a broadhead—you might have the impression you are being charged.

These self same arguments can be attributed to any game on the globe today, but I can tell you of two instances, when I was accompanied by another hunter when the word usually was of little or no help. These two unusual experiences happened to me while hunting the tenacious wild boar of Hawaii and later the great bull wapiti or elk of Canada. Both animals wanted my hide and neither was the least bit bashful about it.

Perhaps the greatest thrill in all hunting is bugling for wapiti. This challenge can be had for the taking over most of northwest America and Canada. It is too bad about today's hustle and bustle type of hunting. The guide and his client ride horseback hour after hour until a bull is spotted in some distant meadow. Then the stalk begins. It is one way to hunt wapiti—but I prefer bugling.

Bugling is really a simple method of hunting but

Bob Snelson waits with bow at full draw for the Hawaiian tusker to charge out of its den. Although he sunk his arrow into the angry boar, he narrowly escaped an attack.

takes a degree of skill and woodsmanship that most guides today either do not have the time nor the inclination to attempt. I must admit my first bugle hunt was taken with a big grain of salt. I could not imagine an animal as cagey as the spooky wapiti of Canada being fooled by a simple bamboo stick that looked to me for all the world like a kid's flute whistle, but my guide, Arvid Seward of British Columbia, assured me that it would sometimes work.

We were hunting in the steep narrow gorges and canyons of the Golden Country of British Columbia. This area got its name from the millions upon millions of bright yellow poplar trees that cover the low ground like a mantle of golden fleece in the fall of the year. It is a beautiful sight to behold but these trees act like a two edged sword. Their beauty of golden leaves also acts as a natural blanketing camouflage to the animals that abound beneath its limbs. Once the trees drop their leaves you can see for hundreds of yards, where before they fell your vision was limited to yards— even feet. Again these same leaves, if the weather turns hot, can act as a great natural protector to the wild game.

Once these leaves fall to the ground and dry up from the warmth of an Indian summer, you can't take a step without signalling, "Here I come," to the alert ears of any animal in the area. Any hunter knows that the success of a hunt can depend upon the first freeze and dry up in timber country. Especially when hunting wapiti. These animals are twice as wary as other deer and are constantly on the alert. At no other time of the year can bugling be successful than the rut. This is the time when the old bulls of the forest are gathering their mating flocks of cows together. Once a harem is claimed, then the bull of the herd must stand off any other bull who fancies one or more of the cows to be irresistible. At this time in the cycle of nature and only at this time, the forest will ring with the great whistling or bugling of the old bulls telling all

others to stay away or else! Inhaling great gulps of air into their lungs they force it up and out. The effect is hair raising. The sound can be heard for miles in a timbered area where a lost hunter could yell his lungs out and not be heard beyond two hundred yards. I heard the whistle at a distance of fifty yards and I can tell you — not only did the hair at the back of my neck prickle, but the noise almost deafened me. Believe me, in the hush of the forest it sounds like the Southern Pacific Chief coming down Track Nine at ninety miles an hour. For as the bull in bugling, he is also making minced meat out of the surrounding trees with his great antlers in anticipation of a fight.

On the eve of our wapiti hunt, my guide sat perched on an old wooden grocery box outside our cabin. It was a serious moment for he was about to test his new bugle. The air was crisp and the day sounds had al-

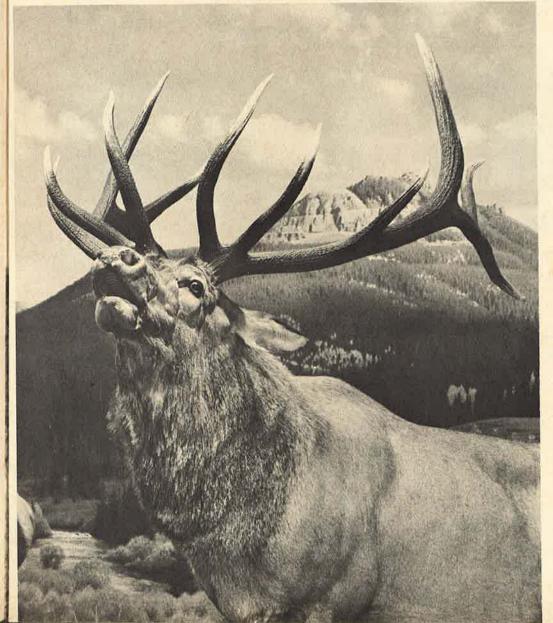
ready begun to give way to the night. The sun low and shaded by the great spruce trees hung like a star on the horizon, then was gone.

In the twilight Arvid began to imitate the challenge of the great bull wapiti on his home made bamboo bugle. Several attempts were made — but none suited him. He adjusted the two pieces that make the whistle and tried again.

The whistle of the wapiti is in three octaves. It starts as a low blast of air against the wind, then steps up to a higher pitch and almost at once it is a shrill screech of air, tearing at the ear drums. At long last Arvid was satisfied and our conversation fell to the great bull hunt that would start at daybreak about two or three miles into the timber from our cabin.

Now you can have the symmetry and beauty of any other wild animal in the world — but give me the

The Bugle & The Roar!





This Bowhunter
Terms The Wapiti
And The Boar
The Western
Hemisphere's
Two Nastiest
Game Targets!



Bob Snelson poses with his prize wild boar, which now holds a prominent spot in den of hunter's Hawaii home.



Yoshio Imai killed this 350-pound tusker with a .357 magnum handgun. It required 9 bullets, one in brain.







The black bear is another familiar animal to be found in the less populated areas of British Columbia, and there is no bag limit for the hunter who goes for him with bow.



The mountain goat is another type of big game challenge for the archer in the Canadian mountain country, but he is wary and tricky, requiring great tenacity, stalking.

royal bull wapiti. With five or six points on each side — a massive spread and brow tines that reach out like rapiers to pierce any advisary he encounters — the wapiti is master of all he surveys. Even old bear ephram will have nothing to do with a big bull as chances are he would only come off second best for his efforts. A great royal bull will stand five to six feet at the height of his shoulder and his massive antlers rising four or five more feet give him a truly impressive stature equalled by no other on the North American Continent. I am not speaking of the smaller Colorado or New Mexico species of elk but the one thousand pound wapiti of Canada. He stands alone as the great deer of our world.

After a terrific breakfast of bacon, pancakes with plenty of syrup, and hot coffee, we saddled two of the horses in the tiny corral just outside the door and headed out.

We rounded the first bend in the old elk trail just

as the first sign of light caught the peaks of the canyon walls jutting straight up ahead of us. Instead of heading into the steep canyon, Arvid turned and moved into the deep timber to our right and we rode on in silence. Only the *clap clap* of the horses hooves broke the stillness of the dawn.

After riding about an hour, Arvid signaled to stop and tie the horses.

"Why here?" I thought, but obediently dismounted and began checking over my gear. Here in the deep timber, as light as it was, the sun could not reach our bodies to warm us. I realized I was shivering and wondered if I could hold an anchor with my sixty pound Kodiak bow. Arvid gave me little time to reflect as he strode off through the trees afoot. After walking about a mile he stopped and listened intently with ear cocked to the wind. We had come to a halt about half way up the side of a long sloping timbered mountain side broken here and there with small cleared

meadows. The wind was quartering to us and the sky was a clear blue with a few tiny clouds way over on the other side of the valley across the Columbia River. The river looked like a ribbon of silver. Threading its way west to the Pacific Ocean, it ran parallel to our march some ten miles away. The entire valley sloping away below us lay like a carpet of bright yellow as far as the eye could see.

Arvid drew the magic bamboo stick out from under his shirt. He began licking his lips in anticipation of his first whistle. In bugling sometimes, you can hear a bull's challenge off in the distance, then return his challenge with a mocking whistle of your own. Or you can be the first to sound off and see if you can't start something. We chose the latter method.

Now the most important part of the whole hunt is to locate yourself where an old bull wapiti would likely be. If you are not in a bugling position or location, the bulls hearing your challenge will be suspicious and move away. The side of a long sloping mountain heavily timbered at daybreak or late afternoon is ideal, as we soon found out.

Just as in varmint hunting — if you don't sound like a wounded rabbit no self-respecting coyote will have anything to do with you. Neither will a naturally wary bull wapiti come over to do battle if your "whistle" isn't absolutely true. If the first blast is flat or cracks or isn't in the right octave, forget it. Your wapiti hunt in that area is kaput.

As quietly as possible, I put on my camouflage suit, pulled my bow a couple of times to get the cold out of my arms and cleared a small area of leaves. Now I stood in a cleared circle of about six feet in as advantageous a spot as I could find. I sat on the ground and waited. It seemed like hours but finally Arvid blew the first challenge. Beautiful and true, it seemed to float out over the trees like a living thing seeking an ear to tempt. Nothing happened. We waited. Nothing stirred. I looked at my watch and waited. Five — ten — fifteen minutes went by, then a sound so far off and small drifted into our clearing. It seemed as

The Thermos Pop-Tent such as this is ideal for Canadian hunting. Warm clothing is another requirement but must be designed so as not to limit or prohibit free movement of archer.

if someone were close by whistling softly to us, wanting only our ears to catch the notes and hold them. If we had been making the slightest sound we would not have heard it. I glanced at Arvid and he was grinning from ear to ear. The blood started pounding in my ears so loudly I was afraid I would not be able to hear anything else. Then my heart began beating so loud I was sure I was going to have buck fever. I inhaled a great whiff of air and told myself to settle down.

Challenge to a bull is a game of psychology and you must goad him into coming after you. He is surrounded by the craftiest sentinels in the animal kingdom and to get past his cow body guards would take, in most cases, an invisible animal with the stalking prowess of a bobcat. So the trick is to get him worried that you — a possible competitor — are in his neighborhood. Then get him mad because you seem reluctant to scram when he bugles for you to leave.

After about twenty full minutes by my watch, Arvid whistled again, true and clear. The forest began to come awake now and several dive bombers began flitting about my mosquito net camouflage head piece. I wondered how Arvid was doing without one.

The bull answered — a little closer it seemed to me — but still a long way off. Again Arvid waited a long time and again his whistle threw out the challenge. No response! Had the bull seen through our masquerade? Had he slunk into the timber, leaving us with egg on our faces?

Arvid seemed unperturbed but not as sure as he had been. Then the challenge floated back, this time with more zest and anger, several hundred yards from our position

After arm signaling to me, Arvid tip-toed directly away from me for about fifty yards and sat down, leaving me between himself and the oncoming bull. I got to my feet, took a good stance for shooting and froze

The bull was mad. He bugled again even closer without waiting for another challenge. Now his whistle ended with a high pitched gutteral sound like someone yelling at the top of their lungs, "Uke, uke, uke." This I assumed was the bull swearing at his advisary much as a drunk might before he throws a punch. The bull is in a sense intoxicated at this time of year and quite able to blow his top without much prodding. Firstly, he eats very little — contenting himself with rolling about in his harem's urine pools and partaking of their sensual delights like it was going out of style. He is not himself, but don't underestimate him. Many a hunt has been called off by a cagey old bull just short of an appearance on the scene of the hidden hunter's gun drawn and aimed. He simply senses something isn't kosher and is gone.

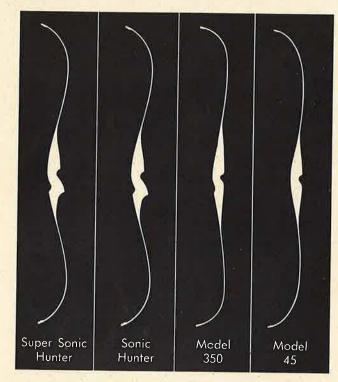
The bull had stopped now. I was afraid he was circling us to check the wind and knew if he had we were pau, as they say in Hawaii; all through. At least an hour had passed since our first whistle and ten minutes since the last with no sound.

Then the unmistakable sound of a tree squirrel scolding an unseen intruder came to our ears. I was thankful the squirrel hadn't spotted us instead of the bull. I imagine this infuriated the bull even more, for



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he let out a loud long challenge that rang through the forest.

Every muscle in my body tensed. Arvid, concealed behind several small bushes fifty yards behind me, would be of no help to me if I goofed. I would have time for one shot if the great bull didn't detect me first. Not knowing where he would appear, I couldn't plan a thing. He might pop out at any point around me. I waited.

I was sure he was pawing the ground now and slashing at small trees with those huge antlers. The noise became louder and louder as the bull approached our position — then it was quiet. Not a sound came from the forest.

Then the forest was rent with the great whistle and I could swear the trees were bending against the blast of wind from those huge lungs. The bull wasn't more than fifty yards away now. Completely concealed in the natural camouflage of the forest, every leaf a helping friend, he tore at the ground with his hooves and shook the trees like a tornado, then was again quiet

I was tortured with doubt. He wouldn't come. He sensed us. He's gone. Out of the corner of my eye I detected a movement and the bull was there. As quietly as a lynx he had covered the last fifty yards without making a sound. His great antlers were arched completely back and lay over his massive back. He wasn't four feet off the ground, legs stretched. He was sneaking in to get the jump on his advisary. As the bull drew closer, paralleling my position, I came to full draw and released just as he passed a small stand of poplar trees. The arrow flashed from my bow, struck the bull just behind his foreleg, passed completely through his body and flopped to the ground just beyond him.

Giving no indications of being shot, the bull wheeled around and started back over his path in a motion fluid and swift. I flipped another arrow from my bow quiver, and it was this motion that gave the bull the first indication I was there. He had been so intent upon stealth I don't think he even heard my bowstring and had made his about face away from me.

Passing the tiny stand of young poplars, the bull stopped, and if you don't think I was worried at that maneuver, you have never heard a bull wapiti tearing up a forest. Swinging his antlers toward me, the bull lowered his head and plunged into the stand of trees directly at me, not twenty yards away. The trees were so close together he couldn't get through. At full draw, I threw another broadhead at him, but just as the trees protected me, the arrow had only about twelve inches in any opening to get through. The arrow ricocheted a bit off the bark of one of the trees and buried itself up to feathers in his shoulder. He backed off, wheeled about and trotted into the protecting trees.

That pathetic little group of young poplars had undoubtedly saved me from a very angry bull; in fact, so angry that he lay down not over forty yards into the trees and bugled again and again although mortally wounded.

So maybe they won't charge ninety-nine times out of a hundred, but an animal provoked is not the same animal. In that one percent of the time, he loses all fear and only seeks revenge upon his pursuers. It is a known fact that deer annually kill more hunters than any other game. Who would ever suspect so timid an animal of this statistic? Yet it is true.

Now when you speak of the next critter, partner, do so in low tones for a more tenacious trophy does not exist anywhere on Earth. Even in India — the homeground of the Bengal tiger — the shakaris speak of the wild boar as the most likely to retaliate when wounded or provoked. I have hunted them alone on foot and in a group with dogs. In the case of hunting with dogs, the boar is held by two or more dogs after chase and the hunter, with enough nerve, picks up the

boar by the hind leg to hold him off balance then sticks him in the heart with a knife. It is a dangerous and thrilling sport, but I prefer hunting them alone with bow and arrow.

The men who hunt with dogs think I am crazy, sticking my neck way out. Since the boar I am hunting is not aroused by dogs biting and tearing at him and is just ambling along a well used trail, I don't agree. Except when cornered. A wild boar has an affinity against being backed up, and look out if you are on the escape route, as I unwittingly found myself on one boar hunt. I was not hunting alone on this particular occasion, but I was the only one blocking the boar's

In Hawaii, the wild boar is abundant and in some cases grows to a prodigious four hundred pounds and more. To see a boar flipping one large dog after another into the air is to know respect for this animal. Many dogs have been killed by them and one boar I know of is credited with killing over twenty dogs in his hunted life. He fell not to the pack but was shot by a practicing sharpshooter trying out his .357 magnum. I am told this pistol, when fired at the rear end of an automobile, will pierce rear end metal, both back and front seat, then expend itself by tearing open the engine block. I point this out to emphasize the incredible tenacity of the wild boar.

This boar lived for years within a stone's throw of a large housing project in Honolulu. He was known by every pig hunter as the Sheriff, a boar no group of dogs could stop. Yet again and again the hunters and their brave dogs went up into the valley of Aina Haina to give chase to this 350-pound monster. This animal was invincible until a strange set of circumstances drove him to a fatal error. He unwittingly crossed the sights of target practicing Yoshio Imai and his .357 magnum. Imai had stopped his jeep in the Sheriff's valley to try out the new pistol.

Now Imai had no idea that another group of hunters and their dogs were at that instant pursuing the Sheriff and was just as surprised as the boar when the two came face to face . . . A windfall for Imai but the undoing of the legendary Sheriff, who had treed dozens of other hunters in his hunted life.

Imai fired, striking the boar nine times out of eleven shots. One bullet struck the boar directly in the brain, a wound I am sure that would have killed any other animal in the world. This animal had been running and fighting the pack. He was full of adrenalin and not to be easily undone. At one point Imai was forced to take shelter behind a tree to reload his six-shooter.

That's only half of it. As Imai shot the boar the ninth time, the training dogs appeared upon the scene. Believe it or not, the pig was still on his feet fighting. As they will, two of the dogs latched on to the groggy boar's ears and as he made an attempt to dash for freedom, Imai grabbed his pig knife from his jeep and stabbed the boar in the heart.

Ironically, the boar was longer than the hunter was tall and weighed over three times the hunter's weight. If attacked he could disembowel even the largest bear in seconds. A boar is not only a great fighter,

Continued on page 44)



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RIGINAL man, shaggy haired but shrewd, had a simple, positive purpose in creating the bow. He wanted a guided missile—the arrow—to reach its target with a lethal message. Throughout the thousands of years the bow has been in existence, that main purpose has never changed. However, bows have, and practically every change has been for the better. Today the curved stick is at its peak in performance and accuracy; historically the weapon never has been at such perfection.

Science, improved techniques in manufacture and design and tender loving care have entered the picture and a prime example of this can be found at the Sanders Archery Company of Cortland, N.Y., a business begun by Dick Sanders in 1948 and now owned by Gos Marcin.

Marcin is a remarkable figure of contrast in the archery world. He retired as a contractor because of his health, joined Sanders as his bowyer, and became so enthusiastic about the business that he eventually became its head. With him today is Harris Laws, assistant bowyer and Roy Bovee, sales manager.

The team is a smoothly functioning one indeed. For instance, the Classic 500, a beautifully made bow, custom built to the individual draw, weight and grip, and with built in stabilizers, is one of the major products at Sanders and comes in five models. Originated by Bovee

and designed by Marcin, the two worked hand in hand on the Classic's development. Roy told Gos what he wanted or thought the bow should do and Marcin designed it to do just that. As the windowed Classic was tested by Bovee, he would suggest certain changes. Such were made. After weeks of testing, say the men, "we had a stable, well designed bow ready for the market."

Buyers found this statement true; the *Classic 500* ranks high in the arsenals of archery, be it for use as a hunting weapon or target arrow launcher. Because of the design, the *Classic* is torque free. No movement in the handle occurs on shooting. Because of the large over-

draw, archers who have long draws can cut approximately three inches off their arrows; the shafts will then be of a lighter spin and weight and this gives for flatter shooting. Because of the extreme care in the manufacture of the *Classic 500*, the bow takes three to four weeks for delivery.

This is not unusual in view of the circumstances of manufacture. For instance, the makers need a close-up of the purchaser's hand — right or left as the case may be, showing how he holds his bow so that a custom built handle of Brazilian rose wood can be built exactly to his specifications. If such is not available, a hand outline on plain white paper, palm down, is needed. From

this, of course, measurements are available. Some example of the care used on the product is evidenced in the fact that fourteen coats of lacquer are placed on the bow's finish; it takes a full day to spray the finished product!

The Classic's weights run from 25 to 45 pounds; its lengths run 62, 66, 68, 70 and 72 inches. And it sells for \$160.

Testing a manufacturer's product with the idea of publishing your views sort of puts a guy on the spot. But happily I found the Classic is a smooth operation from draw to release, and if the human element doesn't fail, the bow won't either!

I found the bow has an excep-

tional cast and no problem in reaching the longest target on the range, the eighty-yarder. The target featured in this writing is the thirty-five-yard fan of the Guan-Ho-Ha Fish and Game Club of Scotia, New York, where I used the product.

The sixty-six-inch, twenty-six-pound at twenty-seven inches Classic used was made especially for the writer. The handle proved a perfect fit, due to the special designed bow handle with thumb rest, made for me from a drawing of my entire hand, submitted when I requested the bow for the test. Originally, it was my intention to test the Classic 500 only, but I found that due to a tight production schedule, it would have taken two

Sanders Classic



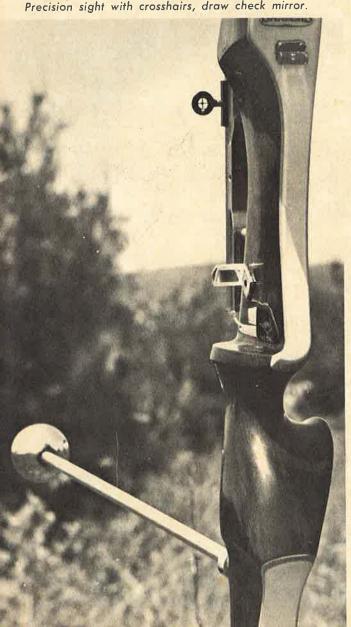
Our Man
In New York
Found The Story
Of This Company
Equally As Intriguing
As The Bow, Itself!

By Joe Higgins

The author ventured to a New York outdoor archery range in order to test the Sanders Classic model that had been built to his specifications. This is his report on bow.



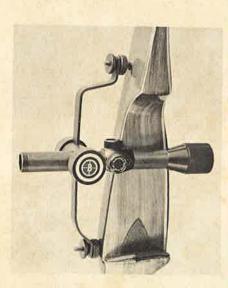
Additional equipment which Higgns installed on the model include inertial rods, Hoyt Pro flexible rest, Reynolds Precision sight with crosshairs, draw check mirror.



This is the unusual handle of the Sanders Classic 500 bow, which is made for either a left or right-handed archer. This particular shot is of the left-handed type bow.



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weeks longer to secure a model of this kind fitted to my specifications. So I settled on the *Classic*, a bow recommended highly by several top New York State archers.

For arrows, I used Easton 1716 twenty-seven-inch, three-fletch. I used a Reynolds Precision sight with homemade washer type reticule with built-in cross hairs. I also put a Hoyt Pro flexible rest on the shelf and my good friend, Charles "Doc" Boomhower of Schenectady, New York, installed one of his Inertial Rods for me, as I have used stabilizers on most of my tournament bows and wanted to see the results. I also incorporated one of Doc's draw check mirrors just above the rest.

As I worked the limbs, I found the bow shot equally well on shorter targets — especially the twentyyard one where all three inch groups placed well.

Marcin has been in archery since 1948; has been Sanders' owner since 1962. Bovee started shooting in 1953, is self-taught, yet was New York State instinctive target champ in 1954 and a top runner-up in the state target championships. He's usually found at all major tourneys throughout the United States and Canada and his advice is freely sought, as freely given. Like Marcin, he is dedicated to the weapon that even more than gunpow-der has changed the history of the world. In 1962 he was first in the New York State freestyle competition and insofar as hunting is con-cerned a lot of archers would like to match him — last year he killed his twentieth deer with a bow!

The Sanders "secret," if it can be called that, is an open one; it is in what the bowmen call the "short working deflexed limbs in combination with different degrees of forward handle. Short working limbs mean more accuracy because there is less interference with the arrow and short working limbs mean more explosive thrust, more speed, more power" — all attributes sought by archers from time immemorial.

memorial.

To test it thoroughly, I shot with and without stabilizer; in both instances the bow performed exceptionally well. I found, however, that I did prefer the stabilizer and I found the Boomhower inertial rod quite acceptable. I used an eightstrand dacron string but I would suggest a six-strand for indoor shooting for tighter grouping and a more sensitive release. The eight or ten-strand string would be my preference for outdoor work. The 1716s flew well and I also tried Easton 1616s — they proved okay but I prefer the slightly heavier

shafts because of possible wind variations. I used the sixty-six-inch *Classic* simply because most of my indoor shooting has been with other bows of this weight. The *Classic*, of course, comes in varied lengths.

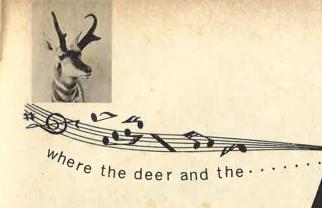
The finish on the bow is beautifully done, the workmanship generally excellent. I also mounted a fine miniature level on the upper limb section, preferring the level in this position instead of on the sight mounting, itself. When sighting I move to level, then to sight, silently praying the arrow will cooperate! The bow, without stabilizer, is

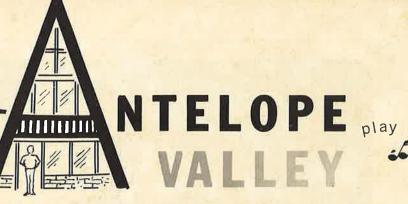
The bow, without stabilizer, is well balanced and I found a fistmele of 9 1/8 inches worked just fine. But, of course, this certainly could vary with other shooters.

In all, I found the Sanders product a good one, deserving of its prominent position in the sport. The purpose of any bow is to discharge an arrow not into "I know not where" but into the spot designed for it. I found the bow did this if the man behind it used it well and wisely. The bow is a machine, man is not. If, therefore, I didn't make a perfect score, I certainly won't blame the Classic, for it performed as well as any bow I've ever handled — and better in some respects.

Roy Bovee (left) discusses advantages of new bow handle design with Fred Stanwix. In the finishing phase, bow gets numerous coats of lacquer.









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AL PODELL is the author of this initial segment of the world's longest bowhunt and discusses team's route.

DATELINE: Aboard R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth.

Welcome aboard! We invite you to join us as readers, as we make the world's longest bowhunting trip. We are sailing now from New York to France, and from there, we shall drive and hunt across Spain, Africa, the Middle East, Asia, Australia and South and Central America. The trip will take at least a year, and all our troubles — as well as our trophies — will be described by us exclusively in the pages of BOW & ARROW.

The idea for the trip came about quite by chance. I was the director of photography and outdoor sports authority for Argosy Magazine. I had bought several stories from a professional adventurer and world traveler named Harold Stephens. One day, Steve, as everyone calls him, returned to the

HAROLD STEPHENS is the adventurer who dreamed up this around-the-world safari and who selected the equipment.

States from a trip he and photographer Willy Mettler had made across Russia. Steve was the first American to cross Russia by Jeep. As we sat in my New York office, he told me his new plan was to drive an automobile completely around the world. He and Willy Mettler intended to leave in the spring and he asked if I was interested in story material of their trip. I was interested, in fact so interested that two weeks later I joined them on their adventure.

We decided instead of just simply driving around the world, we would try to set a new record for the longest automobile trip ever made around the earth. By longest, we mean longest direct mileage. You can't count the mileage if you run up and down the Champs Elysees ogling the lovely Parisienne



THE WORLD'S LONGEST BOWHUNT

girls, nor can you count the mileage if you wander from city to city or country to country with no direct route. Some people have driven 100,000 miles or more in this manner in the course of several years, but such wanderings cannot count. The route must be direct.

We chose to continually head east, and at the same time, follow a route that would carry us over interesting and untamed lands and bring us into contact with new people and with strange and fascinating wildlife.

After Cherbourg, we plan to head down to Spain on our shakedown trip. In Spain, we will test out our equipment, get in some needed target practice and make final repairs. After Spain it's Tangier by ferry, then we make the difficult drive across

THIS TRIO

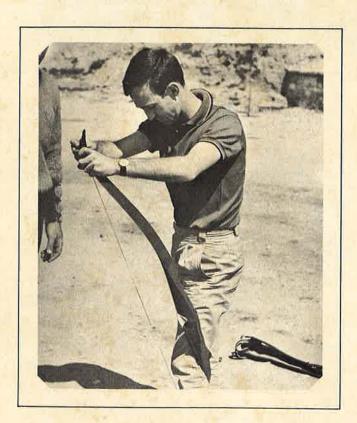
OF ADVENTURERS TELLS

THE PLAN TO HUNT

THEIR WAY AROUND THE

WORLD! — OR DIE TRYING!

Part I By AI Podell



WILLY METTLER was in Europe, waiting to join the pair. He will be responsible for photoghaphing this safari.

Africa, from Morocco to Egypt via Algeria, Tunisia, and Libya. We then cross into Jordan and continue on through Iraq, Iran, across the Dashi-i-Kavir Desert into Afghanistan, through the legendary Khyber Pass into Pakistan. Then come India, Nepal, Sikkum, Bhutan and Assam. The Far East includes Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, Malaya, Indonesia and possibly Vietnam.

From Singapore, we ship to Australia where we intend to cross the heart of the Land Down Under. We have scheduled hunting side trips to New Guinea and New Zealand, but these won't count in our official mileage.

Then come the languorous isles of the Pacific aboard the Messangerie Maritime, the



HAROLD STEPHENS checks a target in Spain on the safari's first pause. This segment will be in next issue.

venerable French steamship line. Two stops include New Caledonia and Tahiti. Finally South America, Central America and Mexico where we plan to cross the U.S. border at Laredo, and back home.

The trip should take a year over sea and land, covering more than 80,000 miles, with 60,000 miles on the odometer, 28,000 counting towards the record, breaking the present record of 24,000 miles.

After we had set the route, we started to choose our equipment accordingly. Since we would be crossing some of the toughest terrain and driving along some of the worst roads in the world, we needed good gear. We chose, for our vehicle, a Toyota Land Cruiser, a four-wheel drive monster made in Japan, which is rated the toughest car in the world and whose slogan is that It Can Go Anywhere. Our home for the next year would be a Trade Winds camper-trailer, a sturdy tent on wheels that carries a ton of supplies and can sleep six in comfort on its three foam-rubber double beds. For storing supplies and for extra guests, we chose a couple of the Thermos Pop-Tents which can be erected or taken down in sixty seconds. Firestone provided us a set of Super All Traction duplex tires, sort of modified truck tires with the capability of crossing just about any type of terrain on earth.

The fun came in choosing our hunting equipment. Steve, who has circled the globe four times and who knows it better than anyone I know, was convinced that we could hunt game animals in most of the countries we visited. In fact it may even be possible to survive on what we shoot, he felt.

"It won't be easy," he said. "It will be rough. We won't be staying at the Cairo Hilton. We'll be camping and hunting. We can take protein tablets and vitamin pills. but for our meat supply, we will do our damndest to get it ourselves. I've seen game on the Afghan desert, wild boar teem-

ing in the valleys of Tahiti, and each time rifles were prohibited."

Steve had overruled firearms for our trip. He claimed it would be impossible to travel armed with pistols and rifles. Many of the countries on route would just flatly refuse to admit us. The U.S. is one of the few nations where the right of the civilian population to bear arms is recognized. We would have endless problems at each border. Weeks of waiting for special authorization might never arrive and we often would be forced either to put our arms under seal or surrender them entirely.

"How can we hunt then?" I asked.

"We are going to use bows and arrows," he answered.

Could he be serious? I wondered. Had I teamed up in a partnership with some sort of nut who wanted to go hunting around the world with a couple of bows and arrows? But Steve again had all the answers.

He pointed out that as far as he knew. there was no country in the world - at least on our route - where bows and arrows were prohibited. The authorities would let us come and go freely.

And since we had the Go Anywhere capability of our Toyota, coupled with our rugged Firestones, we would be able to get out to where the game is, and most likely we could hunt at ranges of well under onehundred yards.

"Even for defense weapons," Steve said "we may find use for bows and arrows."

Steve pointed out other positive advantages of archery. With a single bow and a variety of arrows, we could hunt both animals and birds. With guns we would need to carry both shotguns and rifles to accomplish the same. He also pointed out that there is little that could go wrong with a bow, certainly nothing we couldn't cope with ourselves. We could make repairs ourselves, and even, if the need be, fashion our own arrows.

Rifles in the steaming jungles and in sandy deserts can be endless trouble. But as a final clincher, Steve even figured out that we would save a few hundred dollars on ammunition, assuming we were careful with our shafts. Target practice would not cost us a penny - or a peseta - or rupee.

I was convinced. This could turn out to be a true hunting trip. All we had to do was convince Willy Mettler, and that we will do when we meet him in France, we hope.

Because of the limited space and duration of the trip, we had to take great care in the selection of equipment. Steve is a rugged six-footer who weighs 190 pounds. He is a mean man with a bow, having hunted big game in several states. He was also runner-up in Maryland State field archery competitions a few years back. He picked a fifty-pound bow, sixty-four inches long - the laminated Mustang by Ben Pearson. He thought seriously about taking a heavier Mustang, perhaps about as much as seventyfive pounds, but cut down to give us all

interchangeable arrows and spares. Similarly, he wanted the bows to be alike as much as possible in case we had to switch should the unexpected arise.

My Ben Pearson bow is the Golden Conquerer, a superior wood bow with fiberglass backing and facing for extra speed. I chose a forty-five-pound model, sixty-two inches long, which is about right for my 175 pounds and which I could use for both hunting and target practicing with equal facility.

We chose for Willy, the lightest of our group, but loaded with muscles from toting heavy camera bags around Europe for the past eight years, a forty-pound bow, sixty-two inches long, the Bear by Ben Pearson.

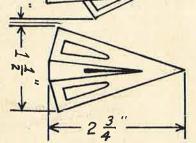
We measured our draws and found them all to be different, but again space limitations required that we take only one arrow length. After some consultation, we settled on twenty-eight-inch arrows suitable for forty-five to fifty-pound bows. We took three dozen target arrows and two dozen hunting arrows. Since the arrows have to last a year and will be subjected to unknown treatment, we chose the durable fiberglass Micro-Flite 6 by Pearson over wood or aluminum.

For quivers, we decided upon Ben Pearson's hunting and field quivers and three Hush-h-h quivers. We chose finger tabs over gloves, although Steve prefers gloves, because the varying climatic conditions would be less hard on tabs. We also outfitted with a dozen strings, four dozen nocks, and two arm guards for each of us. We threw in tubes of fletching cement, a fletching jig, extra feathers - enough for a bed, Steve says - and a kit box with other odds and ends for repairs. At the last minute. we added camouflage bow covers and protective string guards to keep brush and twigs from catching in the bows' tips. We even threw in a bottle of Johnson's Pride for the polishing of the bows and arrows.

One item was missing. Here we were, where space was prime importance, and the thing we needed most was the most bulky and even most ridiculous: A straw target. Ridiculous or not, we decided to take one. Steve and I took turns rolling it across 55th Street in New York City on our sailing date, and to make sure it wouldn't get lost in the hold of the Queen Elizabeth, we rolled it up the gangplank to our stateroom. It now serves as our writing table.

We dock in two days at Cherbourg, and then it's on to a base camp in southern Spain for several weeks' target practice. Then it's on to the beckoning mysteries of Africa..







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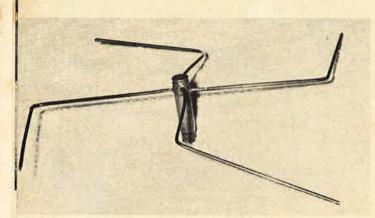
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This is one of the crude looking but nonetheless effective hunting heads designed for in-flight bird shooting.

This Poses A Question:
Is A Quail Faster Than An Arrow,
Or Just Faster Than An Archer?
By Marvin Tye

THE SPIDER AND THE FLYER

THE guide looked down at Dan Jackson's arrow and smiled. He was too polite to say so, but it was obvious the old colored gentleman didn't believe Jackson could bring down a high-flying Alabama quail with the weird-looking missile.

The cedar shaft was fletched with one long feather spiraled around near the nock. This flu-flu fletching would slow the arrow after its initial flight and save the hunter the trouble of hiking a hundred yards or so to retrieve it. This sort of thing is fairly common among hunting archers, but the point of the arrow was what attracted the most attention. It consisted of two lengths of spring steel wire attached in such a manner that the four ends thrust out like groping fingers of a giant hand. There was a distance of six inches between each sharp wire point.

Theoretically, this gave the ar-

Theoretically, this gave the arrow a spread pattern similar to that of a shotgun and would increase the archer's chances of bagging a bird. This particular head was designed by my friend, Ray Smith of nearby Montgomery. Smith began his bowhunting with rabbits. He wanted a bit of an edge on his running quarry, so he constructed the four-pronged arrow. Ray gave me a few of his "shotgun arrow" points, as he calls them, and I planned to try them on quail as soon as possible. However, I found there was one problem. Alabama's quail season

was closed except on commercial hunting preserves.

I contacted Jim Pittman, an old classmate of mine from the University of Alabama, who was now owner of Emerald Valley Resort near Birmingham. Among other things, the 4,300 acre resort features quail hunting for a fee with guides and dogs furnished in the rolling hill country of Jefferson and Blount Counties. Jim was eager to see just what could be done with the bow and arrow.

I was not sure exactly what the outcome of this trip would be. I have done a lot of bird hunting with archery tackle and have taken shots at starlings, ducks, dove, quail, sparrows and other winged critters, but I must admit most successful shots were made at birds that were sitting still

successful shots were made at birds that were sitting still.

Many skillful archers have taken ducks, pheasants, and geese on the wing. Will and Maurice Thompson, Confederate veterans of the Civil War, who helped to organize the National Archery Association, hunted ducks and other waterfowl in their native state, Georgia, and in Florida back in the days when most of both states was covered by wilderness. In those days before restrictive bag limits, Maurice is said to have shot ninety-eight times at flying birds and brought down sixteen

Don Thomas, a conservation officer for the State of Alabama, frequently takes quail by stalking them late in the afternoon. Don relies upon his keen eyesight to spot the birds on the ground. Then he shoots before they have a chance to fly.

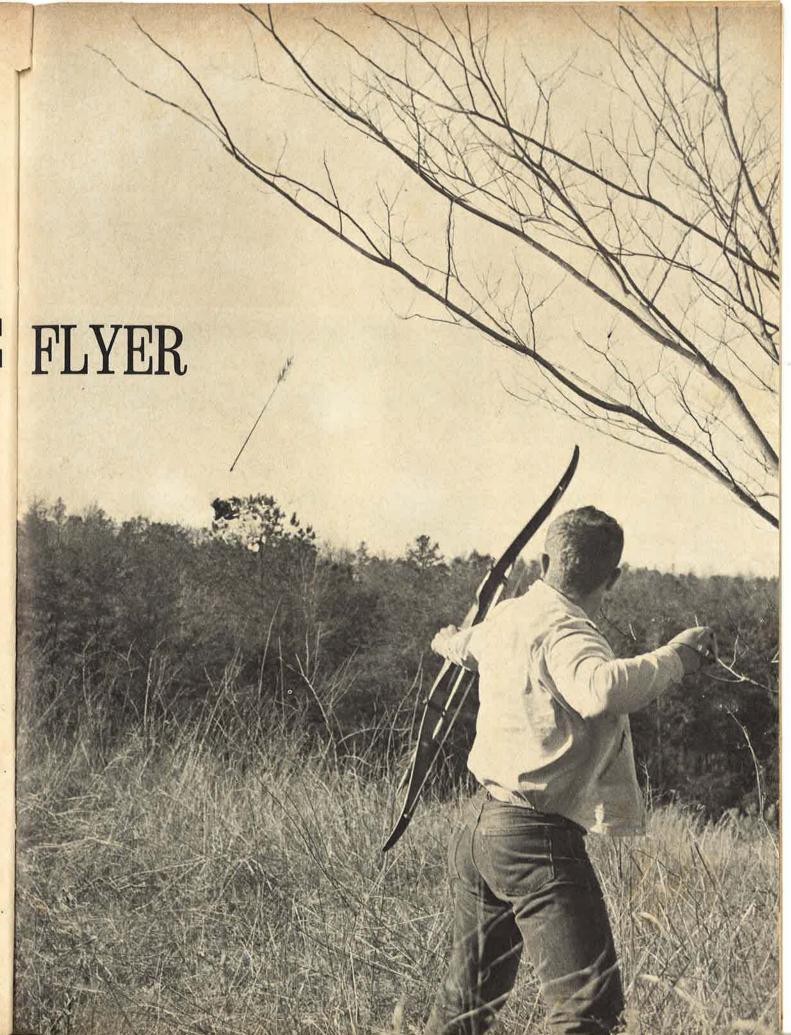
None of my bowhunting friends, or even the pioneer bowhunters that I had read about, had ever taken quail on the wing. Ducks, si, quail, no. This only added to my enthusiasm to see an archer bring one down.

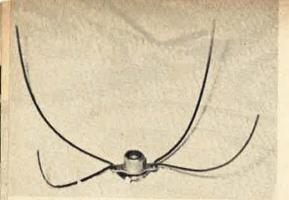
Five bowhunters accompanied me to Emerald Valley. Charles Beavers was at that time president of the Alabama Archery Association. During the past twelve years, Charlie had taken just about every small game animal native to Alabama with his bow. Clarence Yates was Alabama's field archery champion and had placed seventh in his class in the 1963 National Field Archery Association's National Tournament at Running Springs, California.

Frank Jones is a good man to

Frank Jones is a good man to have on any hunting trip. A dyed-in-the-wool hunter, he has taken whitetail deer with rifle and bow. On a recent trip to Arkansas, he trailed a wounded deer by flash-light and led the archer who hit it

Dan Jackson catches a quail in flight with one of his specially rigged flu-flu arrows in this Alabama hunt.





Another variation of the spider-like head used for quail hunting is this on which wires are bent far forward.

Dan Jackson shows his special bird arrow to local guide, whose expression is obviously one of much doubt.



to what might otherwise have been a lost trophy. Before our quail hunt at Emerald Valley, Frank had designed his own "shotgun arrows" and killed a flying bird with one of them. The points consisted of heavy wire welded to the end of a .30 caliber cartridge. The shell then was attached to the end of the arrow. One point was shaped like a swastika. Another featured two crossed wires with a total spread of eighteen inches. This head was destined to prove its merit shortly after our hunt began.

Steve Ray began bowhunting in his early teens and in the past ten years has taken wild boar and many species of small game. Dan Jackson, the youngest member of our party at 15, already has taken bobcat and other game with his bow.

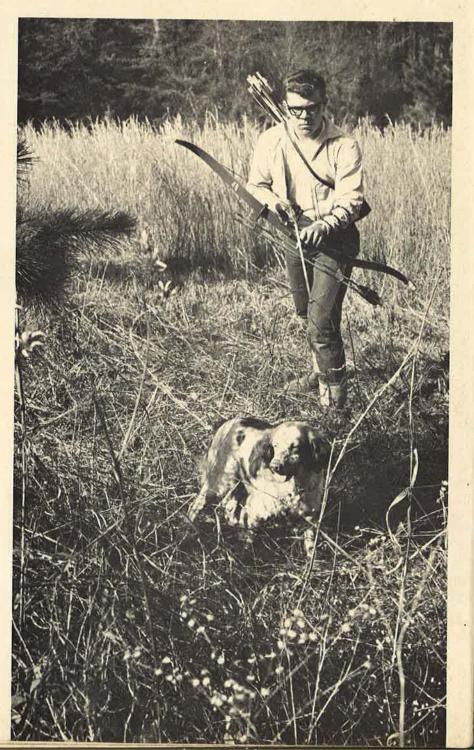
I had hunted extensively in five states during the past season, and with a generous helping of luck, had managed to bring down a deer, a wild goat, three javelina, and several assorted lesser animals with bow and arrow.

With this group's skill and my luck, it seemed inevitable that at least one quail should bite the dust before the day was over. To be ready when the big moment came, we practiced by shooting at tin cans and plastic bottles thrown past us at every imaginable angle. When we began hitting these regularly, we were ready to go afield after live targets.

Jim Pittman released Spot, a young pointer, in a field near the kennels. Soon the dog had scented

game and was frozen to attention with a discipline most soldiers would envy. We closed in and two archers launched arrows as the quail roared out of the brush as if jet-propelled. Both arrows fell far short of the mark.

Our intended victim flew off to a pine thicket and came to rest again. This would call for slightly different tactics. Our bulky bird arrows would be impossible to shoot in the dense growth, so Dan and I moved in slowly, rubber blunts nocked on our bowstrings, hoping for a sitting shot. Suddenly the quail flushed with a roar al-



most at my feet and headed for open country. Frank was waiting and chanced a quick shot as the bird flashed by about ten feet away. The arrow struck its target with a solid thud and the first quail we flushed died without moving another feather.

Everyone gathered around to congratulate Frank on his fine shot. Jones seemed as pleased with his trophy as he would have been with an eight-point buck. After a bit of picture making to record the memorable event, we headed for another field where Jim promised we'd find more game.

We stood on a rise and watched as Spot and Inge, a female Brittany spaniel, worked the field. "The birds are there," Jim said. "It will just take the dogs a while to get their scent in this hot dry weather."

I smiled as I thought of the states to the north that were still covered by snow. And Jim was complaining about hot, dry weather.

Spot grew tense and we all knew that he had located game once again. For a short while, Inge still seemed to be aimlessly wandering about sniffing the grass. Then she moved over to Spot's side.

"Watch her honor Spot's point,"
Jim said.

Now both dogs were pointing in the same direction. It was quite a sight to behold, an open sedge-covered field bordered by a mile-long lake and hemmed in by mountains and two dogs in the middle, oblivious to everything except the birds they could smell but couldn't see.

It took us less than a minute to cover the three hundred yards that separated us from the dogs. We spread out in a semi-circle and advanced toward the birds. A dozen or more quail erupted from the grass with the explosive roar only a covey can make. I picked one bird in the covey, allowed a generous lead, and still shot at least six inches behind, as it sped by. I was vaguely aware of five other arrows passing through the air without cutting a feather.

As usual, the quail headed for the thickest cover available, this time on the rocky mountain slopes.

Inge pointed out a single under a fallen log and Dan took careful aim with his blunt. We heard the arrow hit and thought the game was in the bag, but it was only a glancing blow. The quail flew out

of the brush pile straight over my head. My arrow passed several inches behind its tail and sailed off into the woods, one shaft that would not be recovered. Charles got off a hurried shot that also fell short. Even with the advantages given by the large heads, we were having a hard time meeting the challenge of wing shooting.

My next shot was taken at a moving target, as this time, the quail was running. The rubber blunt parted his tailfeathers and the bird escaped without serious injury.

I'm sure that we could have taken more birds if that first hunt had lasted more than two hours. With each shot, our arrows passed closer to the game. Like hunting with a shotgun, once you figure the lead you begin to score. The archer has the advantage of seeing where his shots are going.

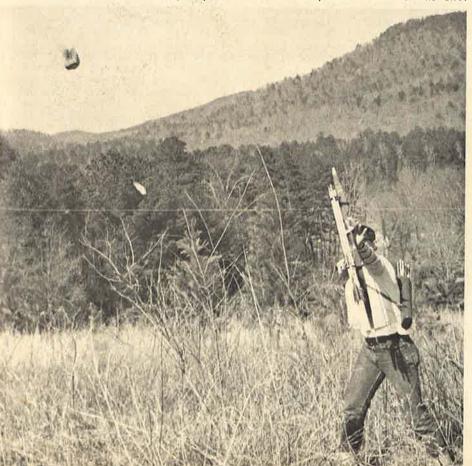
Since that hunt, we have tried the specially-designed arrows on crows, starlings, pigeons, and other birds It is almost as much fun to down one of these in flight as it is to bag a quail.

Any archer who tries it will agree. For fast action you can't beat bow hunting for the birds.

Left: Jackson, bow held ready for instant action, follows behind one of the hunting dogs, awaiting a point.

Below: As a quail is flushed from its cover, the archer tries to lead it for shot, but he missed this one.

Frank Jones holds one of the quail shot down by arrow on hunt which was conducted on this Alabama preserve.





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BUGLE AND THE ROAR

(Continued from page 31)

but lightning fast and can leap great distances from a standing jump.

As the sun sank and darkness descended on one hunt, I began making my way down a fire break trail to my car. Hearing a slight sound behind me, I turned to level the beam of my flashlight directly in the eyes of a medium-size tusker. He stood for only a second, took one quick step and leaped up and on top of the bank at the side of the trail. I retraced my steps and found that the boar had come up the other side of the trail without either of us hearing the other. However, the leap he had taken up a sheer bank was higher than

the top of my head, and I am nearly six feet tall.

I could sing the praises of this wonderful trophy animal all night. His slashing tusks are fearsome and his bite will reduce bone and muscle to jello. A good hunting friend of mine, chasing a big tusker with dogs, had the boar turn on him. The boar darted through the pack and only my friend's quick stepping saved his skin. He still has the boots he wore and treasures the deep slashes on the soles which the boar had reduced to ribbons.

Of course, if every boar fought back with the fury of the Sheriff, and a few others, pig hunting would be conducted with the hunters wearing suits of armor.

A recent hunting tragedy occurred right on the outskirts of Honolulu, here on the island of Oahu. This unfortunately proves beyond a doubt that the wild boar is fully capable of striking back when aroused. In this scuffle, a hunter with a lifetime experience of chasing boar came off second best.

From the melee coming from deep inside a thicket of lantana bush, the hunter knew his dogs had a big boar at bay. At this point, the true dog lover will not hesitate for a second, for the boar is quite capable of whipping the whole pack. Diving into the thicket, the hunter came immediately upon the scene. The dogs barking and yelping were tearing at the roaring boar. The boar, seeing the hunter for the first time, shot through the dogs, leaped upon the hunter, biting through the muscle, tendons, and bones of his right arm. In trying to free the crushed arm, now useless, the hunter also lost two fingers from his left hand to the enraged animal. Only his brave little mongrels, pouncing upon the boar, saved him from further injury. Surely this is an unusual case, but it is that one percent of the time that makes boar hunting a real thrill - the game can and will, on occasion, strike

Since I rarely hunt with the pack, the lesson that a boar is quite capable of taking care of himself is brought home all too clearly when I do. It seems on each hunt, when several months have elapsed, I must make friends with a whole group of new dogs. These new dogs have replaced those that died on the hunt or didn't return from a long chase. Yet the cruelest thing a pig hunter can do to his hunting dog is leave him behind. In loading the jeeps, the dogs sense the hunt is about to begin and literally go beserk to get in with the rest of the pack. I sometimes think the dogs love the hunt even more than we do. I hope the good Lord has a happy hunting ground for these stalwart mongrels that live only for the chase and the right to hunt.

My initiation into that One Percent Club came on the day of my first wild boar hunt with bow and arrow. The hunter with me, Warren Ackerman, well known Honolulu sportsman, was along to see what a bow could do against the wild boar.

To reach the hunting grounds of the island of Hawaii from Oahu where I live takes wings, as it lies two hundred miles away over open ocean. Hawaii, the Big Island, as it is called, is just that: Big! You can drive hour after hour over the smooth macadamized roads and see nothing but mile after mile of old lava flows. These flows, long ago cooled by condensation, are vivid reminders of the violence that still rumbles beneath your wheels, for the entire island of Hawaii is of volcanic origin and still active. To get from the airport at Hilo, the main town on the Island of Hawaii, to the hunting area, you must literally drive up the side of a volcano. This mountain, Mauna Kea, is a hunting paradise crawling with hunting birds of every species including pheasant, chukars, wild turkeys, and exotic game is everywhere in great abundance.

Long before the first signs of light, our jeep was making its way up the tortuous trail leading to the Puulaau section at the 8,000-foot elevation of Mauna Kea. The sprinklers were to freeze that morning back at our hunting lodge at the 7,000-foot elevation. It was twenty-eight degrees and no snow. Just raw bitter cold. I couldn't wait to get out of the jeep and start moving around to get warm. After riding for miles, John Ah San, our driver, a forest ranger of Hawaiian-Chinese ancestry and guide, suggested we move in among the trees and start moving slowly back down the long sloping mountain until we hit the intersecting trail far below. It was light enough to see well over fifty yards now but still quite foggy as we began making our way down.

Pig signs were everywhere. Torn up patches of ground where the pigs were recently rooting were as thick as gum wrappers on New York's Forty-Second Street. We stopped several times to touch cold hands to warm tuffs of grass where a bed had just been vacated by an ever alert pig. Our plan was to still hunt. Moving slowly fifty yards apart, we covered the ground inches at a time.

Without warning, Warren was suddenly right in the midst of three baby piglets that were squealing and grunting beneath his feet, and in their haste to flee, were making circles around him. Having hidden these little ones, mama had evidently sneaked off until we had passed. So well camouflaged were these little tuskers that Warren nearly stepped upon them before they panicked and sounded off. Leaving them to their (Continued on next page)



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panic we moved on. It is against the game laws of Hawaii to adopt one of these cute little piglets as too often they are later abandoned. However, they make excellent pets, can be easily housebroken and are much more loveable and intelligent than the average dog. A friend, having rescued a baby from certain death, after the mother pig was killed on the hunt, was amazed to discover that his new pet loved to ride in the car. Indeed, as the pig reached the age of one year, he demanded to be let into the car as soon as it pulled into the driveway and would grunt his head off until he was taken for a short spin.

Once or twice, we heard the unmistakable sounds of a big pig moving off ahead of us. A snapping twig or rustle of thick bush reached our ears but that was

Suddenly, in my line of walking, the ground dropped away into a dry ravine. I started down a well worn trail into the shallow depression and noticed a deep cave to my right. Sneaking up to the opening, I squatted down to peer as far back into it as possible. By now the sun was shining brightly, making the interior of the cave pitch black,

I don't know if it was the presence of the big boar in the cave that instinctively made the hair prickle on the back of my neck or just the sudden realization of how close I was to a possible boar den, but I sensed something. Stepping back a few paces, I half drew my bow. Nothing happened. No sound, no movement came from the cave. I squatted to peer again and thought I saw the greyish outline of an ear twitching deep inside the cave. Warren, noticing my actions, had walked over and was standing directly behind me about thirty vards.

I started to draw my bow just before the mouth of the cave exploded with black fury. As the boar hit the opening of the cave, he was forced to his knees, the mouth being too small for his big frame. The boar roared at me and started clacking his tusks together. In a flash he was out of the cave heading right for me. By now I was at full draw and released the arrow. The aluminum arrow flashed in the sun and was gone from sight. To my amazement the arrow struck the boar at six feet in the shoulder with such force that it completely penetrated his entire frame and protruded from his side, bent by the force of his forward movement. This terrific smash on the shoulder turned the boar just enough that as he passed his slashing tusks narrowly missed my leg. It all happened so fast I had no time to move and the draw, aim and release of the sixty-pound Kodiak bow was all done unconsciously. Luckily I had made a good hit or I would surely have tasted the fury of those tusks.

The boar ran past and started tearing down the dry ravine in a cloud of dust! All I could see was his flailing hind legs gathering speed as he ran. Then the boar did the neatest cartwheel I have ever seen and at fifty yards, kicked his legs in the air in the last throes of life and lay still. We approached his lifeless form with caution but found him quite dead. The arrow, sawing back and forth from the pumping action of his legs, had torn his lungs and heart to shreds.

Compared to all the gun hunting I had done in my life, this was like joining the big league from the minors. There will never be a trophy I will treasure as this big tusker. He adorns my den wall in Honolulu, now a constant reminder of the crowning thrill of my







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MAIL POUCH (Continued from page 6)

IN EDUCATION I have been interested in archery for three years and have been hunting for two years, killing four whitetails. I am football coach and physical education instructor at Carlisle high school. I am now making plans to add archery to my program through the help of my good friend, Rex Hancock, a well known archer from Stuttgart, Arkansas and your BOW & ARROW magazine. I feel I will have a strong

archery program. I subscribe to BOW & ARROW and must say I enjoy it. When I finish reading it, I pass it around to my students, but when my magazine gets back to me, it is shot. I finally convinced the librarian to get your special Bowhunting for Deer and a year's subscription. Both the book and your magazine have made a great hit with the sports-minded kids of our student

> Bill Baldridge, Carlisle Public Schools, Carlisle, Arkansas



WOMAN BOWHUNTER

I am sending a picture of Helen Bransitt, my wife, who took this thirty-nine-pound javelina in the Klondike Mountains near Safford, Arizona. She used a forty-pound Howatt bow, shooting a four-bladed Black Diamond broadhead at twenty-five yards.

She is the bare bow field champion of the Arizona Bowhunters Association; the heavy tackle champion of the American Bowhunters Association of Arizona and the NAA bare bow target champion of Arizona.

A former motorcycle and roller skating champion, she thrives on competition. She has been shooting a bow for six years and has six grandchildren.

Art Bransitt, Phoenix, Arizona (Even grandmothers do it!).

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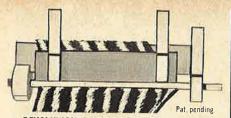
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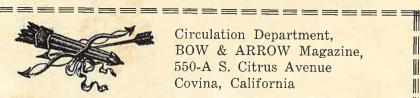
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SAD SAGA OF TARZAN

(Continued from page 17)

cording to Mr. Edgar Rice Burroughs, Tarzan talks to elephants; well, during that ride on Mahaveda, I did more talking than a tobacco auctioneer. Of course, all Mahaveda understood was Hindi and I was scared in English.

The river scenes were accomplished by putting all the elephants in the water. The noise behind them controlled their direction down the river. No matter where I started Mahaveda in the pack of sixty elephants when we made a run, we were always away out in front at the finish. When the noise quit, the elephants quit. Riding an elephant down the river full tilt with the water sometimes below my feet, then up to my chin, as he dropped into holes in the river bed, made us both say unkind things about the director. It reminded me of Errol Flynn in Charge of the Light Brigade. Elephants to the left of me, elephants to the right of me, elephants ahead of me and elephants behind. It was certainly no place to lose one's elephant.

Let's go back to Rajendra; I feel safer on him. And I'd like to tell you about a freak shot I made. which is recorded on wide-screen Technicolor film.

The script called for Tarzan, riding the lead elephant during the charge, to shoot a stick of dynamite tied to an arrow far ahead of the charging gray line and thus blow a hole in the construction wall for the herd to escape through,



Well, young Raj and I were thumping along about thirty miles an hour, and I nocked the arrow with the dynamite tied to it, bent my mighty green bow, and shot the arrow high into the air directly ahead. I looked back at the herd and gave them a few choice words in elephant about staying bunched. up and looking good for the camera. Turning forward, again, I looked up and saw the arrow. It was on its way down directly in front of me. Well, Old Raj kept running and I kept watching the arrow, fascinated. As we moved forward, the arrow dropped closer and closer. Leaning ahead, I grabbed the arrow out of the air, nocked it and shot it again.

There was no way to use the shot in the picture so it will undoubtedly never be seen. But if it ever were used, it would be easy to say Tarzan can do anything.

TACKLE TIPS

(Continued from page 13)

to blame his tackle on the first couple of arrows. Usually you will go along trying to figure out what is wrong and losing point after point.

When you have your own personal bow strung exactly where you want it with a pre-stretched string, do the following. Nock an arrow just as if you were going to shoot and make a small mark on the shaft at some point on the bow that will be constant. Most people use the back of the bow for this key point. Take the arrow out and line it up with all the rest of your arrows and make a similar mark on the shaft. Then put them in a cresting lathe and put a little black pin stripe, or several, so that it will just look like a decoration. This will be your key to string height and each time you nock the arrow you can observe whether it has even moved a sixteenth of an inch. In many cases this indicator can be incorporated in your own standard crest and have your arrows crested always in this identical spot.

Sometimes the bowmaker will give you up to an inch latitude on string height. If he does this, it will require a little experimenting to find the point that will make your arrows fly the best and still get maximum cast. Always stay within his recommendations as to height.

Of all the places to measure from, the most constant is the back of the bow. This point will be the same on all bows. This is where I would like to see all string heights measured from. However, until this is a standard in the sport few bowmakers will want to take the chance of having somebody measure this distance from the wrong place (myself included).

Remember, that beautiful bow of yours cost you muy pesos and if you damage it with improper string height, the bowmaker might even get angry and not replace it.

Here is a little check list to follow on any new bow you string or when replacing a string:

1. Know the height recommended by the bow maker in inches. A drawing from him if possible as to the point to measure from.

2. Be sure you know where your bow maker measures the string height from.

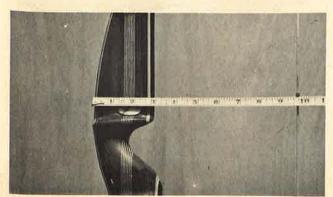
3. Know your terminology, especially which is the back of a bow and which is the belly.

4. For maximum cast stay on the low side of any latitude the bowyer gives. For vanes, stay on the high

5. Have some quick method (such as a special crest) to determine your correct string height at all times.

Shoot at least fifty arrows from a string before measuring for final height.

7. Never assume you will receive the correct string with your bow. Always check to make sure the wrong string was not included. This happens more often than you would think.



In this photo, Tom Jennings shows how to measure from the back of the bow. This, he says, is the most constant point on any bow and that if the archer measures from the wrong side of the bow he will then overstring it.

FRESH Dout of Saunders' think factory...



PANOUFLAGE

Reflections off that bright. shiny bow will spook game. Camouflage was left off 4" of bow in photo at left.

Camouflaging is no better than the "weakest link." Don't let a flashy bow scare your game.

Saunders Camouflage Tape is a neat and effective way to do the job Pressure-sensitive, it goes on quickly and smoothly...stays on for the season...can be peeled off after the season. Positively can't mar bow

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FEATHERS





CLUB CALL!

BOW LOCK

Since running the article on bow locks in the July-Aug 65 B&A, we have had numerous letters asking where one of these devices can be obtained. A plastic version, the Bulls-Eye bow lock is available from Frank Eicholts, 4032 El Cajon Boulevard, San Diego 5, California. It's priced at \$1, although California residents should add four cents tax.

This plastic model can be used for either a right or left-handed shooter and will work well for all except those with exceedingly large hands. A hole may be drilled into the base of the plastic in order to insert a retaining thong for attaching it to the wrist.

BIG MOVE

Ace Broadheads, a division of the Schwarz Manufacturing and Archery Company, has moved from Tracy, Minnesota to its parent location at Fulda, Minnesota 56131.

In making the move, the firm also has announced a new line of heads which will be known as the Golden Eagle. Two models will be available soon, the Golden Eagle II and the Golden Eagle IV.

NEW SIGHT

The Comanche Archery Company is introducing its new Longshot sight, which the makers say can give you up to forty additional yards of sighting distance. It's designed and perfected by Dick Young, a longtime instructor and member of the Professional Archers Association.

It's also said to be adequate for bowhunting. Six brass pins are bolted solidly into place to jolt and accident-proof calibrated distances up to a hundred yards.

The bow sight sells for \$19.95, including mounting hardware and detailed instructions, or if you want the bowhunting kit, that's \$2.95 additional. You can order from Comanche Arrow Shop, Box 512, Ely, Nevada 89301.

PUBLICITY GIMMICK

A great deal of this column has been devoted to means and methods for promoting your club, getting it into the public eye, in order to draw new members.

As we are about to go to press, we find that John Gary, the professional singer who also is an expert archer, will engage in an eighteen-hole archer-golfer contest at the Green Hills Country Club at Greenwich, Connecticut. This news is arriving too late, of course, for us to be able to announce the results. However, the importance of the match in the field of public relations is obvious. John Gary has been packing the house at the Hotel Plaza's famed Persian Room in New York City and also has been featured on numerous national television shows. He will be playing against Al Salomone, the Green Hills' golf pro.

Gary will be using a forty-threepound Bear Tammerlane bow and three different arrows. He will use a barreled flight arrow to gain distance in his "drives;" a flu-flu for approach and chip shots, and a target arrow to putt and make his holes. His average distance with the flight arrow is around 185 yards, while his subsequent shots will be played with forward foot on the spot at which his arrow came to rest. He will hole out by hitting a standard twenty-five-meter rifle target face 4-3/4 inches across, which is slightly to one side of the hole flag. The match, by agreement, will be a non-handicap affair.

Such off-beat contests as this can do a great deal to garner interest. In our July-August 65 issue, George A. Mann of the U.S. Foreign Service discussed a similar outing in Israel, describing the interest that it created for archery in that country. As a result, several clubs have been formed.

NEW PROFESSIONAL **OFFICERS**

The Professional Archers Association has elected its new board of directors. Chosen as president is James "Skip" Palmer of New York. Jack Clark of Ohio was reelected vice president. The three newly elected board members representing the eastern, central and western sections are, respectively: Ron Imhoff, Pennsylvania; Jack Witt, Arkansas, and James Easton, California. Karl E. Palmatier continues as executive secretary of the association.

Palmatier, in his post, remains the busiest of the PAA officers. After well over twenty-five years of activity in all phases of archery, he finds himself increasingly called upon by other bodies and individual archers for information and constructive help. If you or your club are in need of info on the PAA instructors program; how to manage a tournament or how to found a club, you can write to Palmatier at Route 1, Box 32, Hickory Corners, Michigan.

HUNTING WITH KITTREDGE

(Continued from page 8) rinsed. Pine-scented soap is less likely to offend than those

smelling strongly of sweet perfume. Clothing should be changed frequently and never worn around the campfire. cooking stove or to pour gas into the car.

The use of deer scents on the hunter's body or clothing will certainly tend to mask the human scent due to its being stronger in odor, but it also will tend to give off a smell that makes an animal curious and can rivet his attention in the hunter's direction just when he wishes the critter would keep his attention elsewhere. Rubbing pine or sage leaves hard into the clothing several times during each day is a much better masking solution. Rubbing the musk glands from a buck's rear legs onto the bottom of your pants legs can be a help. In Africa, some of the more successful elephant hunting natives cover themselves from head to foot in fresh elephant droppings which does the trick amazingly well, but could prove a bit strong for the average bowhunter of this country.

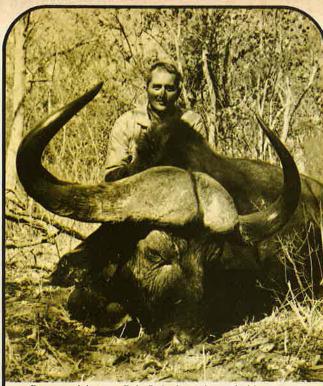
One of the most pungent odors animals associate with human beings is that of burning tobacco. It is most difficult for a hunter to give up the habit, I know because I'm one of the group, but at least smoking can be limited when hunting . . . and if done, done so the wind does not blow smoke onto the clothes or into the hunter's hair. The non-smoker has quite an advantage, but only as long as he is careful not to sit in a closed car with other smokers when wearing his hunting clothes, or to stay out of tents, etcetera, when the air is filled with smoke. It is told that the Indian used to have a cleansing ceremony before any serious hunt, a time when he went into the woods, cleaned body and clothes and abstained from all tobacco.

The bowhunter should be aware of which direction air is moving. The age old method of tossing a pinch of dust in the air and seeing which way it drifts is great, but I've found just when you want dust, all that's around is rock or dust the size of peas. A better idea is to faster a four inch piece of silk thread to your upper bow nock. It will drift with the slightest air movement and no movement on the hunter's part is necessary to make it work . . . a vital help when you are getting in close to wary game. Another good trick is to make a small bag from an old piece of sheeting and fill it with a dry talcum powder. Tie this to your belt or on the side of your bow just below the hand grip. A slight tap with your fingers will cause a small cloud of powder which drifts in the direction of the air currents. Be sure to use tolcum powder which is not perfumed.

Assume the moving air currents are going to carry your scent no matter what precautions you have taken to minimize it. Move into the moving air currents or across their path. It is normal for air to rise during the day as the sun warms the ground. For this reason, a hunter staying above game is less likely to have his scent giving warning of his presence. Hunting from ridges, from the high side of a hill, or from a tree stand all helps keep the scent above the game under normal daytime conditions.

During the night time, the cooler air of the high ridges moves downhill into the canyons and low places. From the first graying of dawn until the sun begins to warm the air, this down movement of air still exists while the morning hunter is first afoot. Thus the hunter should tend to hunt from the bottom up during the first hour or so of the morning hunt, being sure to get above the game by the time the sun warmed air begins to rise and the air movement reverses to an uphill movement. From then on the hunter works across the wind or back down into the canyons.

Late afternoon hunting also involves an air reversal occurring just before dark. Winds overcome the normal air movements experienced on normally calm days. The hunter must dope the wind movement according to conditions at that time. Check direction of any movement automatically as you move about. Make a point to start watching how air moves during your next hunt. You'll find it does not behave the same in forest cover as it does on open ground. It differs according to terrain, season of the year, but once figured out for the area you are hunting, it will put the odds in your favor the rest of the hunt.



Renowned hunter Bob Swinehart downed this one-ton Cape Buffalo and 13 other big game trophies on a recent African Safari using Micro-Flite fiberglass shafts.

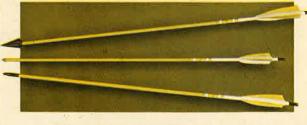
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Mr. Swinehart reports: "I used Micro-Flite arrows almost exclusively for my kills; they penetrate deeply and demonstrate the strength and performance required for this kind of hunting."

No wonder Micro-Flite is the choice of all major arrow makers throughout the world.



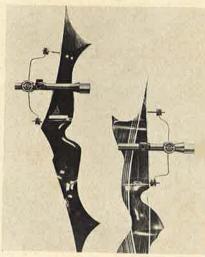
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BOW BITS



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Dave Bushnell, the Pasadena optics king, has come up with a new 1.3-power scope designed specifically for use on a bow. This scope, when mounted on your bow, gives you the advantage of having both target and sight on the same plane of vision, affording a viewing picture that is clear and brilliant, even under poor lighting conditions. Reports compiled by the Bushnell testing laboratory in conjunction with leading target shooters show increases in accuracy up to eighty percent. Overall weight of the scope is 734 ounces and the price is \$22.50. Front or rear mount take your choice — is \$17. To order or for further information, write to D. P. Bushnell and Company, Bushnell Building, Pasadena,

NORTH TO ADVENTURE

Sometime in 1966, four dealers for the Bear Archery Company will be flown by bush pilot to an outdoorsman's paradise which abounds in record class caribou, moose and other big game.

In this area, about a hundred miles south of Fairbanks, Alaska, the four dealers will spend two weeks hunting with Fred Bear, whose qualifications as a bowhunter are common knowledge.

As a bonus, Bear is arranging for 16mm color sound movies of the entire hunt and a print of the film will be given to each of the quartet as a permanent record.

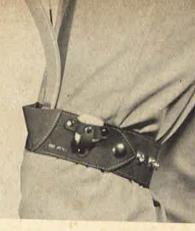
This is all part of a dealer promotion contest which began early this year and which will run through the remainder of 1965.

Dealers have an opportunity to pile up points toward a winning score with point awards being made on the basis of the percent increase in Bear purchases plus the actual dollar volume increase over 1964.

NEW KOLPIN CATALOG

Up in Wisconsin, the Kolpin boys have come up with a new catalog that covers their complete line of cases for sporting goods, including a goodly number of items such as quivers that are available to the archer.

The catalog is in full color and lists the products that will be available through 1966. To receive your copy, simply write to Kolpin Brothers Company, Dept. BA, P. O. Box 231, Berlin, Wisconsin 54923.



BOW SUPPORT

How many times have you been bowhunting and, as the day went on, that bow became heavier and heavier, then when you lay it down, your prize animal walks into sight?

Bob Wallace has developed a bow support for such incidents. It is a simple, practical piece of equipment that you simply strap about your leg. It is adjustable both for length and size of your leg. It also incorporates a lure pocket to help ward off human scent. It's available from Robert Wallace, Route 1, Old Sauk Road, Middleton, Wisconsin for \$2.49, plus fifteen cents for postage.

BRONCO

Youngsters advancing from the primary stages of shooting may be interested in a new Ben Pearson bow, the Bronco, which is a four-foot model scaled down for boys and girls from nine to fourteen years of age. This recurve is constructed of hardwoods and fiberglass laminates and includes a semi-pistol grip handle with thumb rest and full sight window. It is available in 15, 20 and 25 pounds at a twenty-four-inch draw. Draw limit is twenty-eight inches. Price is \$17.95. For full information on this bow, write to Ben Pearson, Incorporated, Dept. BA, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.



ARO-FOAM WOODCHUCK

The latest addition to the line of durable targets for archers being made by Lane Products is a lifesize woodchuck manufactured of Aro-Foam — whatever that is.

The woodchuck target is 161/4 inches high and is realistically painted. Tests of prototypes have shown that this replica will take as many as five hundred hits before being discarded. This type of target has a unique tendency to "heal" itself after penetration by arrow shafts. Price on this is \$3 each with discounts for quantity buying. For full information, write to Lane Products Company, Dept. BA, P. O. Box 306, Feasterville, Pennsylvania 19047.



HOOSIER WINNER

Black-haired Beverly Mangold, a five - foot, four - inch green - eyed housewife, walked off with the Indianapolis Sports Show Open crown, using an Indian bow with a thirtypound, twenty-eight-inch draw.

Mrs. Mangold was a runner-up in the 1964 Hoosier State Archery tournament, although she has been shooting for less than six years. Her husband also is an avid archer, who shoots a thirty-five-pound Indian bow.

ARROWS BY KINSEY'S

Kinsey's Easton X7 finished alum. arrows \$39.50 doz. Kinsey's Easton XX75 finished alum. arrows 34.50 doz. Kinsey's Easton 24SRTX finished alum. arrows 29.50 doz.

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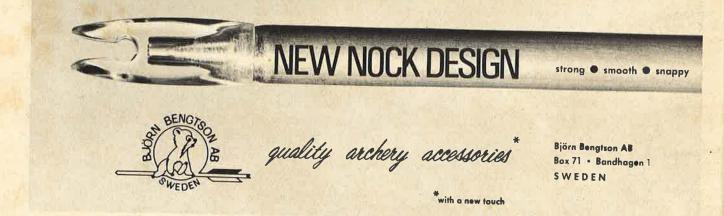
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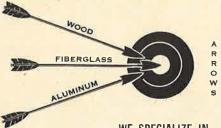
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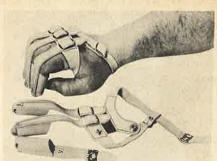
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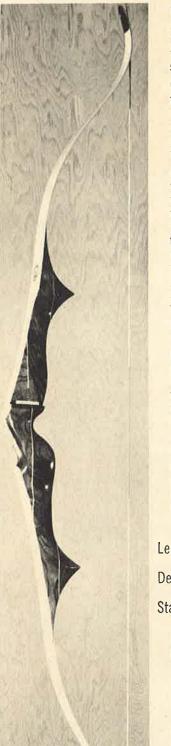
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\$1,000 Catalina Open

THE Catalina Open and Pro-Money Shoot has been slated for October 9-10 by the Archery Council, which has guaranteed \$1,000 in prize money. There will be cash awards for both barebow and freestyle archers in men's and women's divisions. According to the schedule, the Pro-Money Shoot will be held on Sunday, while the trophy event will be Saturday, October 9. The shoot will be a PAA Round.

The Archery Special, an especially booked steamer that will take the archers and their families to the island, will be leaving Los Angeles Harbor at 7 p.m. on Friday evening, This twilight voyage will offer dancing, food and orchestra during the trip of approximately two hours. The return trip from Avalon Harbor is scheduled for 6 p.m. Sunday night.

"The island people are going all out to make our visit a pleasant one," according to Jim Dougherty, council president, "in the hope that we will schedule a similar shoot

"Special tours have been set up with glass-bottom boat rides, horseback riding, swimming and fishing among the activities that will be available to the archery set." Special rates will be offered those who will not want to shoot.

Hotel accommodations will be \$5 per night per person. with boat tickets running \$7.50 for the round trip. Saturday night's dinner dance at the Avalon Casino will be \$3.75 per

Pre-registration is required, but money will be returned to the sender if he finds he must cancel and will notify the Archery Council a week before the sailing date. Registration may be made through Jim Dougherty, Kittredge Bow Hut, South Pasadena, California, or Jim Easton, 15137 Califa Street, Van Nuvs. California.

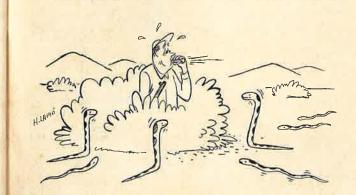
OHIO STATE TOURNEY

The Ohio Archers Field Championship Tournament will be held in Lucasville, Ohio, home of the Blackhawk Archers, September 4-5. Shooting time will be 9 a.m.

Six twenty-eight target courses will include two animal ranges, two field ranges and two black hunter ranges laid out in a clover leaf design directly off the camping area.

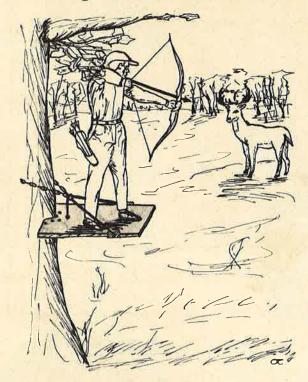
In addition to trophies to archers of all classes, divisions and styles, there will be awards to a husband-wife team, a freestyle two-man team, a barebow two-man team, top outof-state archers and the one-day archers.

The World's Championship Outboard Motor Boat Races will be in full swing at Portsmouth, Ohio, nearby, terminating on September 6, Labor Day. For full info, contact Donald R. Hill, 561 Parsons Lane, Chillicothe, Ohio,



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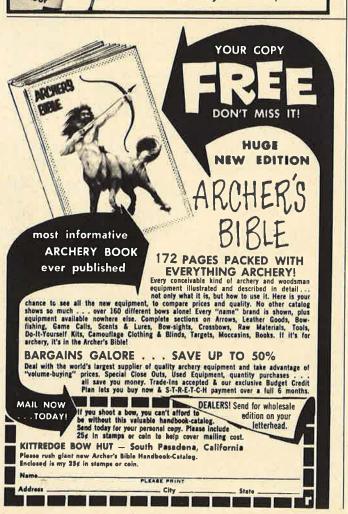
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BROADHEADS

(Continued from page 21)

blades. Since, several heads have been introduced that employ razor blades as the cutting edges or as auxiliary blades; indications of proper thinking in the broadhead department by some dedicated and resourceful peoples.

When attaching blades to any head or sharpening it with a file, there are several things to keep in mind. The trailing edge of the head — the back end — is what does the damage. The point is simply a wedge to start penetration. You can shoot a steel blunt clear through a deer with a fifty-pound bow, but sharp points are not the ticket. I've watched guys spend hours sharpening the points and consider the job done. The back of the head, the widest width, is where maximum attention should be placed. When gluing on blades, don't try to cover the whole cutting edge; just the last quarter inch, and it need be raised only slightly over the regular plane of the blade.

The point should not be needle sharp, but, in fact, should be slightly rounded off. Hitting a solid bone with a needle point often will cause the head to wedge in solid here and go no further. The increased drag from the widening head slows its forward progress, resulting in virtually no penetration. A rounded point will still penetrate, and should it hit a wall of green leg bone which is itself rounded, it will slide to the side rather than wedge in allowing the arrow to continue through and do its job.

A great deal of discussion is placed upon the topic of what head is the best or what design is best. For most hunting, I would be forced to stick with a three or preferably the four-blade head.

There are times when, perhaps, a two-blade should be selected; let me cite a few examples. Hunting animals such as wild boar is a two-blade situation as far as I'm concerned. The reason is that his extra heavy hide or "armor plate" causes multiple blade heads to flat stop due to the extra drag. This muscle and hide combination on some pigs is better than two inches thick. I have hit big pigs with four-bladed heads out at ranges of twenty yards and less, then stood with mouth agape when my missile seemed to strike a stone wall. I have seen the same thing happen with a two-blade but quite infrequently.

A year or so ago, I hunted wild sheep on a remote and strangely beautiful coastal island. These sheep were healthy animals with thick woolly coats and they were big. I was shooting a fifty-five pound Kodiak Bear and arrows that weighed six hundred grains — Easton 2216 durals with Bear Four Blade Razorheads,

After a lengthy stalk, I finally got a shot at a big ram at twenty-five yards and let drive with a four-blade. The arrow never made it through that blanket of wool, nor did the next two which hit him as he fled.

As you can imagine, I sat for a time upon a rock and contemplated this phenomenon while looking at my wool encased broadheads. Finally I removed all of the insert blades and made two blade heads out of the fours, resharpened my shot arrows and proceeded to hunt.

To make a long story short, I finally got a huge old harem leader and punched him at forty yards. The arrow penetrated a third of its length. The sheep dropped into a steep canyon and eventually ledged up, allowing me to close to within twenty yards to rap him two more times.

Mind you this was with pretty heavy stuff, yet these arrows likewise did not penetrate completely; about half way or better.

I had dragged him to a suitable place to cape him out. I backed off to twenty yards and re-shot him with two four-blade heads, which did not penetrate more than an inch into the body. I had to sharpen my knife seven times before I got through all the wool to cape him out.

With these two exceptions where penetration is a problem, it is my feeling that a multiple blade head is (Continued on Page 64)



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NEW GUIDE TO BETTER ARCHERY, Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged by Thomas A. Forbes. This is an authoritative reference which deals with all phases of archery from how to select a bow to how to stage a tour-nament, including interesting chapters on bowhunting and woodscraft. Containing 343 pages, there are some 68 line illustrations by Ned Smith. A must for the serious archer. \$5.50.

MODERN BOWHUNTING by Hiram J. Grogan. Here is a book that is loaded with practical information; the kind you can use in the field. In the text, the author uses his own experiences to illustrate his various successes in hunting everything from crows to alligators, not to mention deer, information on special equipment and educated techniques. on special equipment and advanced tech-niques for various game are spelled out. Contains 163 pages, center section of excit-ing hunting photos. \$4.75.

BUCKS AND BOWS by Walter Perry. The author is an ardent and successful deer hunter as well as an enthusiastic target archer. As suggested by the title, this book is devoted exclusively to hunting of deer with bow and arrow, and it includes full information on types of tackle, as well as best ways and means of downing your buck. Has 223 pages, 72 illustrations by author and Edward B. Hagey Jr. \$4.95.

LIVING OFF THE COUNTRY by Bradford Angier. This book has all of the information needed for staying alive in the woods, whether you be survival buff or simply the hunter who wants to be prepared against the possibility of being lost or running out of food. The information is practical and tried by the author and others. Contains 241 pages with humorous practical illustrations. \$5.00.

ALL ABOUT CAMPING by W. K. Merrill, U.S. Park Ranger. This book covers the field with facts and sage advice on every possibility from trailer camping through survival, touching on safety and first aid. It is certain to make your trip happier, safer, and more interesting. Has 262 pages, over 100 illustrations. \$3.95.

WILDERNESS COOKERY by Bradford Angier. Here's an amusingly written book that reads unlike any volume of recipes you've ever seen. It's based upon the author's personal experiences in living in the woods, attempting to improve upon cookery of the old frontiersmen. However, all of the recipes make extremely edible fixings. It fills 256 pages with many helpful illustrations. \$3.95.

COMPLETE FIELD GUIDE TO AMERI-CAN WILDLIFE by Henry Hill Collins, Jr., 683 pp., \$6.95. Published by Harper & Row. There is no doubt that this is a scholarly work and was meant to be just that. Generally speaking, it covers every species of bird, mammal, reptile and amphibian, food and game fish that occur regularly in the United States and Canada east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the Carolinas and Oklahoma - although not necessarily in that order.

Some idea of the degree of labor that went into its preparation is reflected, too, in the fact that there are more than 2000 illustrations and maps designed especially for this book. Some 700 species are pictured in full color.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ARCHERY by Robert Gannon: Coward-McCann, \$4.95, 256 pp.

In early chapters, as it should be, the author discusses the basic needs in the type of equipment needed by the beginner as well as that favored by the experienced archer. As the book progresses, the information becomes increasingly aimed toward the individual who is progressing in form, competence et al.

There are complete sections on field and target archery, tournaments, strings and stringing, and useful tips on how to avoid the more common shooting problems.

THE YOUNG SPORTSMAN'S GUIDE TO ARCHERY by G. Howard Gillelan. Thomas Nelson & Sons; \$2.50; 96 pp.

This thin volume is put together in eight easy-to-read chapters that will give the young or beginning archer full insight into the sporting aspects of the bow and arrow.

PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR ARCH-ERY TOURNAMENT AND HUNTING IN-STRUCTIONS AND ENCYCLOPEDIA by George Leonard Herter and Russell Hofmeister; Herter's, Incorporated, Waseca, Minnesota; \$2.57; 288 pp., with 263 illustrations and photos,

THE BIG GAME ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA by Jack O'Conner. Published by Outdoor Life and E.P. Dutton & Company; \$10; 264 pages.

O'Conner discusses his hunting exploits with his usual relaxed style and good humor.

And nothing seems to have been left out; in these pages, the author takes us from the glaciers of the Yukon on a Dall sheep hunt to the jungles of Southern Mexico, where he hunted jaguar. In between, he discusses at length another twenty animals in the big game category and all of them native to this continent.

It's a top book, whether it's for your own hunting reference shelf or it's an educational project for the kids.

TECH TALK

(Continued from page 10)

that the bow is not relieved enough at the rear of the sight window.

(You can try to increase the thickness of the arrow plate about one-sixteenth of an inch. This usually will clear up the problem. Sometimes the archer grips the arrow so tightly with his drawing fingers that, as he pulls back to full draw, he actually bends the arrow in toward the bow. This also would cause the difficulty and one can correct it by intentionally not squeezing the arrow nock and trying to draw straight back to his anchor point.)

TOUGH TO FIND

Could you tell me where I can buy wooden shafts that are 33 or 34 inches long?

Floyd W. Daniels, Lebanon, Oregon

(Wood shafts longer than thirtytwo inches are almost impossible to obtain. However, one possible source of supply might well be in your own back yard; contact M. L. McKinney at Eugene, Oregon.)

WHERE TO LOOK

I want to learn bowhunting. A question: Could you give me any general information on state laws regarding bowhunting? I am specifically interested in Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, Wyoming and Maine.

William Al Laughrun, Arlington, Virginia

(For fully up to date information on individual state bowhunting laws, write to the Fish & Game Department in the capital of each of the states in which you have expressed an interest.)

TRYING A SIGHT

After several years of bowhunting for both whitetail and mule deer, I've accounted for only three instinctively. After missing some set-ups, I've decided to try a sight this coming fall. I wonder whether you could advise me as to one you consider a good hunting sight.

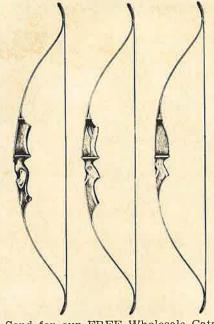
Phil Dahlen, La Crescent, Minnesota

(There are a number of good sights for hunting, but one that shows a good deal of versatility is the Merrill Heart Shot sight. Using four pins set at 20, 40, 50 and 60 yards, it gives you the advantage of being ready for varying distances. It sells for about \$5.50 in most archery shops.)

BOW MAKING

We Australians read and hear so much of these American bows that we have developed a couple of our own. We made our bows with three wood laminations with the center (Continued on next page)

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TECH TALK

one tapered, as it seems Tom Jennings does on his bows.

What I would like to know is how much recurve would be needed to make a fast bow from a deflexed limb? Is there any perfect combination of both to achieve both speed and stability?

Peter D'Arcy, Broken Hill, NSW, Australia

(Normally only two wood core laminations are used in a modern bow. Jennings uses two in some. three in others. By using three, you eliminate tip twist possibilities but it requires more work and more

(All bow design is compromise. You achieve smoothness by setting the limbs back but sacrifice some speed. A 61/2-inch radius to the recurve with it cut to allow for about a four-inch roll-up of the bowstring should do the trick.

(The less width in the bow tips, the better the bow shoots to some extent, but also the greater the chance of tip twist and the difficulty of tillering. A working limb of eighteen inches is about as short as one should try to go in any bow length.)

HOW-TO-DO-IT

In your Jan/Feb 65 issue, in the article, The Bad Cat of Reliz Canyon, Jim Dougherty mentions that he used Little Shaver heads, which he modified into four-bladers. Would it be possible to find out what this modification is and how to do it?

R. L. Carter,

New Egypt, New Jersey (The Little Shaver heads were modified by cutting a fine slot in the side of each ferrule and using a regular Bear Razorhead insert soldered into place. The operation was accomplished, using a fine jeweler's saw which belonged to one of Dougherty's friends. It is a difficult operation and takes a good deal of time.)

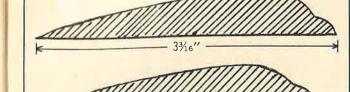
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I have been interested in bowhunting since a boy of thirteen. I have always wanted to go into bowhunting in a big way, but never could seem to get started.

My wife gave me a forty-ninepound Bear Cub for Christmas. It is a sixty-incher. Since I read the test article in the Jan/Feb. 65 BOW & ARROW, I am wondering whether I should start with a longer bow.

Ron Darling, Omaha, Nebraska (The Bear Cub should be entirely suitable for serious bowhunting. Considering the equipment the Indians lived by, this is a jewel!)

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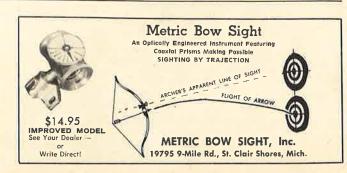
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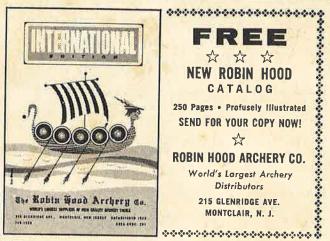
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BROADHEADS

(Continued from page 58)

the best for general hunting on so-called thin skinned game. More cutting edges make this a pretty obvious reason but there is more to it than this.

A two-blade head creates a slot when it enters, a type of hole that does not induce the best flow of blood. Skin is loose over the body and the sliding action of the skin as an animal moves can seal for yards at a time the wound which will stop the dropping of blood on the ground, as the animal runs. This sealing action allows more blood to seep into the body cavity rather than onto the ground. Three and four blades cut bigger holes with the chance of the skin covering the wound being greatly reduced. Over recent years, I have made it a point to measure these entrance and exit holes and compare them with those of the two-blade heads. A big two-blade cut will be one and a half inches long by one-quarter inch wide. An average three-blade cut will be two inches by two inches with a razor sharp head. The additional blades naturally give you the edge as they penetrate, too. One cutting edge is all that is necessary to slice a major artery in half. By increasing the blades, you up your chances of cutting one of these; one that a two-blade could well miss.

Over the last three years, I have been guiding and booking hunting trips for bowhunters on Santa Catalina Island off the California coast. With my partner in crime when it comes to almost all things, Ron Holdstock, I embarked upon a broadhead experimental.

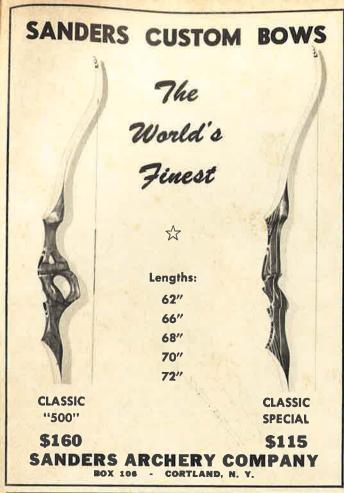
We began to try all the heads at our disposal with few exceptions on these wily critters, best described by the adjective, tough. To date, our total take numbers about seventy goats of varied sizes and shapes. Without any doubt, the three and four-blade heads have produced the best results. Always these heads were as sharp as we could possibly get them, which in some cases wasn't too sharp, but we used them nonetheless in order to gather data.

The most interesting of the entire lot was the Trail-Eze broadhead, a three-blade affair with a ring around it, termed a "cookie cutter" by most who see them. It required a bow heavier than I can shoot well to get the results due to the drag created by this design but they surprised us with the damage they did. One downhill forty-yard shot almost convinced me that I could see daylight for a brief second through the stricken animal. Another hit the spine and shattered it like a smashed Coke bottle.

I mention this as a point of interest. The heavy bow shooter may do well with them, but I would not dare to use them with less than sixty pounds. The rings can be taken off to sharpen and the blades can be honed at the same time, then reassembled. All things considered, the forty-five to fifty-five-pound bow shooter will be best off with the standard three or four-blade heads which include among the best the Bear Four Blade, Zia Scorpion, Bod-Kins with razors, Black Diamond Eskimo or Delta and LaFond Lightning Four and Black Copperhead. To me there is only one twoblade that is the Little Shaver, although the Black Diamond and Ace Express heads have terrific steel and take wonderful edges.

Only two more items are necessary for brief discussion. Watch out, as you can really get hurt with one of these things yourself. Be careful at all times of yourself and those around you. There are stories circulating that would curl your hair about people jabbing themselves with a quiver full of razor blades. Second, use a quiver designed to accommodate broadheads; one that keeps them quietly separated and encased out of your

Above all, don't be like our Flash Gordon. Enter the field with all of your equipment ready for the job you hope to do with it. You owe it to yourself, to our fine sport of bowhunting, and you owe it, above all, to the game you intend to hunt.

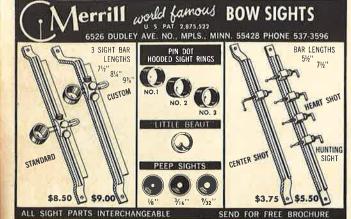


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books for bowmen

HOME IN YOUR PACK by Bradford Angier; The Stackpole Company; \$4.50; 192 pp. The author has made a career out of writing about how to get along in the outdoors with a minimum of essentials. Now, he had condensed much of his knowledge of nature for this book, which offers simple, straight forward advice on back-packing, camping and learning your way in the wilderness.

In reality, this could be considered

a do-it-yourself manual for the outdoorsman. It tells you where to go, the equipment to take, the kinds of packs that are best suited to different pursuits, and the author spends a great deal of time in discussing everything from fire building to the types of foods that one should plan on preparing in the field. In fact, there is an entire chapter devoted specifically to trail cookery. You can even learn to make ice cream with snow if you're in favor of desserts.

Of particular interest to the neophyte packer or camper is a special chapter, which was written by E. Russel Kodet, M.D., rather than Ainger. As might be expected, this particular chapter is titled, Modern Hiker's First Aid Kit. It deals not only with the first aid supplies that one should equip himself with before going into the field, but also offers instruction as to how to treat cuts, lacerations and the other physical hazards.

Much of the material in this volume comes under the heading of ordinary common sense, but there also is a wealth of knowledge that can be gained by actual experience. Ainger does an excellent job of making this information available. —JL

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