

Archery

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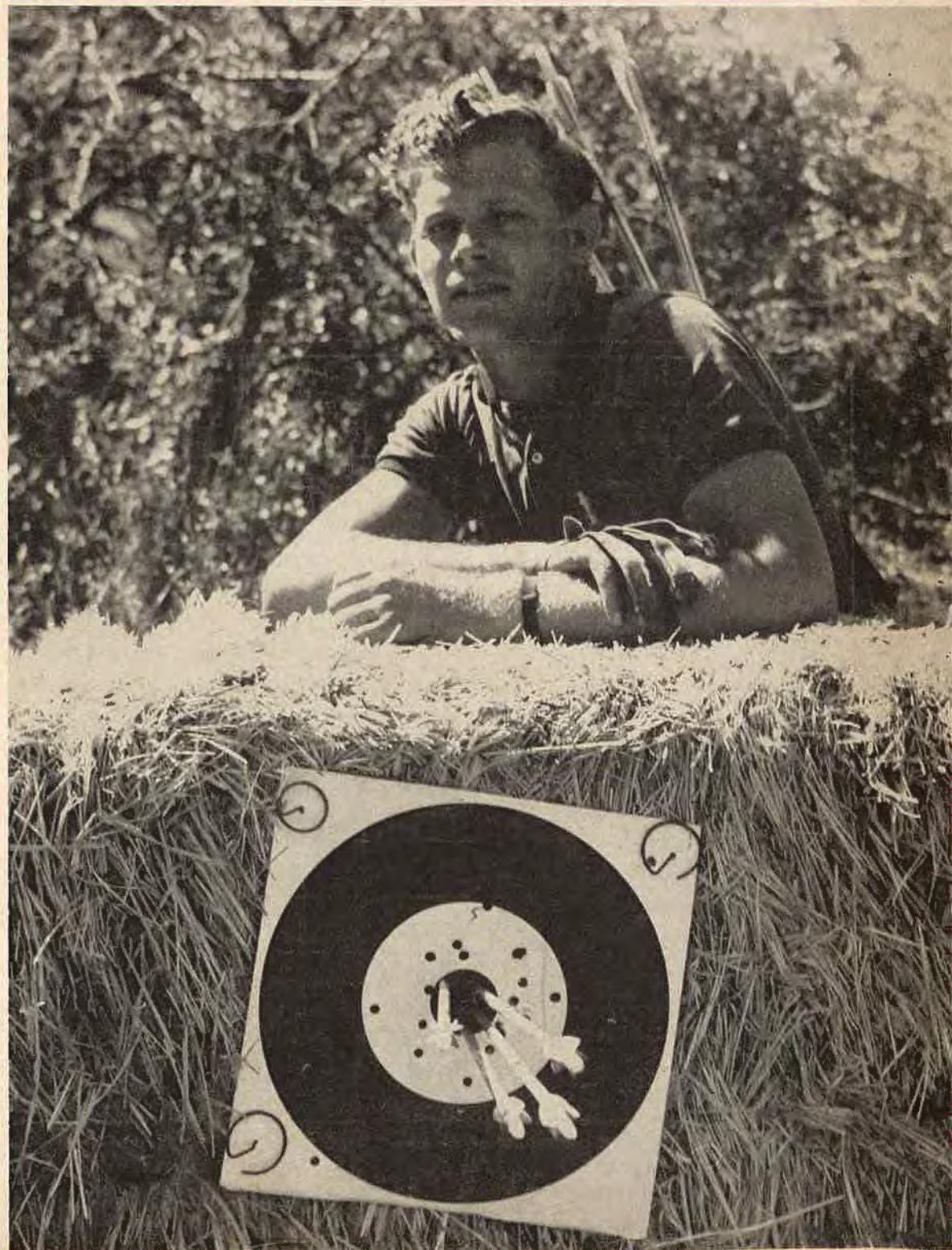
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CASE OF THE "LAUGHING BUCK"

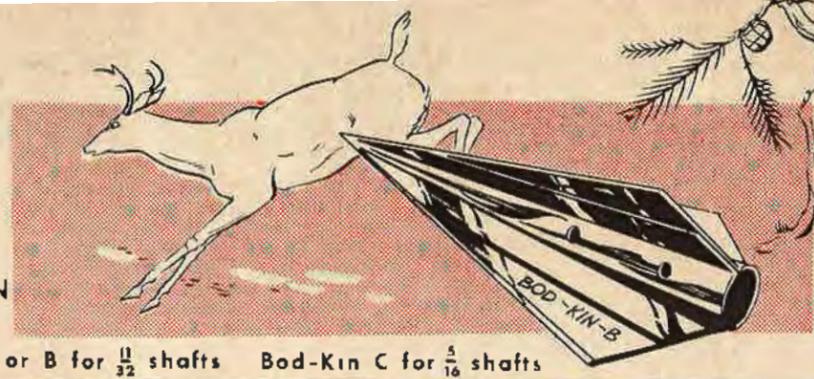
By Jim Iund



COVER—Leslie Speaks of Anaheim, Calif., who was crowned National Field Champion at Colorado Springs, poses with a "spot possible" he shot during the competition. Distance 25 yds. Photo by Archery Magazine.



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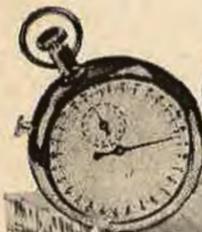
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MAIL TODAY

THE BIG BUCK

By FLOYD THOMAS

Lake Mills, Iowa



The sky in the east was still a misty black as I stopped in front of Archie Bilyeu's house in Joice, Iowa. My watch showed a few minutes before six. I sat in the car a few moments with several thoughts running through my mind. For weeks we'd planned this hunt and now, in about half an hour, the bow and arrow season would be open in Iowa. It was October 29th, and the way the wind was blowing it promised to be a cold, blustery day.

I opened the car door and a gust of cold wind and mist made me reluctant to step out. Archie was ready to go when I knocked on his door. His two hunting dogs had noticed my arrival and to them it meant, "We're going hunting." Their wagging tails soon stopped, however, as they were ordered back into their house in the garage. "Not today, fellows, we can't take you deer hunting with us." Two pair of mournful eyes watched us as we got in the car and drove off.

We drove about six miles south of Joice, and then turned off into a farm yard, parked near the farmer's barn and got out. Stringing my bow, the thought occurred to me, "What is this all about, anyway? Getting up before daylight, cold and miserable, and waiting for a deer which probably will never show up." Apparently, Archie's thoughts were much the same as he pulled the collar of his jacket up around his neck. It was still dark. We found our way past the farm yard and across the open field.

In a few minutes, we crossed the drainage ditch which was to be our "point of attack." We followed the ditch a short way, and as quietly as possible, edged our way to its banks. High weeds grew along its side and provided us a natural blind. Across the ditch lay a clover field, and beyond this, a dense growth of brush and timber. In the semi-darkness of the early morning it looked like a long, black wall. Archie had been told by the farmer that on several occasions he had seen deer come out of the timber, graze in the clover, and then drink from the drainage ditch.

The season opened and we were ready. Crouched in the tall weeds, arrow on string, we waited—waited for the dawn—waited for the deer.

The dawn didn't break that morning. It seeped in slowly like the rain, and mist seeped through our clothes. Minutes dragged on into an hour. I began to get stiff in my knees, and my eyes strained to pierce the gloom. By this time, we could make out the outline of trees and brush. The open field was deserted. The deer were smarter than we. Who else would get out of bed on such a cold morning?

Half an hour later, Archie and I

decided to move on. Archie suggested we try still hunting along the edge of the timber. I heartily agreed. Anything to get my blood circulating again. Crossing the ditch, we discovered several deer tracks, proving at least that we had the right idea. For nearly an hour we stalked through the timber and heavy brush. Here and there a rabbit would dart for new cover, but we finished no game larger than Mr. Cottontail.

Archie and I had some work to do that morning, so nine o'clock found us on our way back to town. We planned to meet another group of hunters at Joice by one o'clock. Little did we realize that shortly after leaving the farmer's yard, just a bow-shot away, lay the BIG BUCK. Our thoughts were more closely directed to dry clothes and hot coffee at the moment. The afternoon was yet to come.

Shortly after one in the afternoon, we assembled at Archie's house. This time there were seven archers to make up the hunting party. Floyd Nash and myself from Lake Mills; Harlan Bendickson, Northwood; Bill Storer, Jim Fitzgerald and Emmett Johnson, Mason City; and Archie Bilyeu, of Joice. Some of the group had been hunting in the morning and several minutes were taken up with tales of how the big ones got away. After hearing about all the deer seen and arrows released, Archie and I got more interested in the hunt.

Someone suddenly exclaimed, "Hey! we've got only got a couple of hours left to hunt today, so let's get going." Our destination was near the same area Archie and I had spent those cold hours in the morning.

The woods we planned to hunt was very dense. The logical method seemed to try to drive the deer out at one end. Harlan, Archie, Emmett and I volunteered to go through the woods. Floyd Nash, Bill and Jim started on ahead, and each picked a likely spot to sit and wait. Going through the woods was a difficult task in a few places. Some areas were so thickly grown with brush it was almost impossible to keep an arrow on the string. I was on one edge of the woods and though I occasionally heard the others going through, I could not see them. Rabbits scurried on ahead, squirrels angrily barked their annoyance at our visit, and countless bluejays spread the word through the timber that danger was approaching. The deer needed no messengers, however, to know of our presence. It was hard enough to get through the brush at all without trying to do it silently.

At last I pushed through the brush and saw the open field ahead, and beyond the open field, about a quarter of a mile away, two deer were just

escaping over a fence. Floyd Nash was a few yards off to my left. I walked over to him exclaiming, "Did you see that?" "Yeah," he replied. "There were three of them. I almost had a shot. One looked like it had been hit—a big buck. One side was all red." We talked for a few moments, and suddenly, there was a slight sound at the edge of the woods. A young doe appeared. She was as close—well, closer than I care to admit. She stood there watching us. Two small trees formed a slender V in front of her. I remember thinking, as I drew my arrow back, "If I can get through those two trees I'll hit her, low in the neck, perhaps the lungs and heart." The arrow sped on its way through the trees—but the doe was no longer there. Whether she jumped at the sound of my string and the movement of the bow, or neatly side-stepped my arrow, I'll never know. The doe disappeared as silently and quickly as she came. A moment later she appeared running across the open field, her white tail flying. She leaped and bounded as if to say, "Ha, ha, you missed me."

By this time, the rest of the gang had come out of the woods and were all talking excitedly. Floyd and I joined them, and heard Jim exclaim, "Man! I shot me a cow!" That's Jim's way of saying he'd hit a big one.

"What happened, Jim?" someone asked. "Did you really get a hit?" Everyone talked at once. At first I didn't believe it. Jim was too calm, but on a closer look, I could tell he was trying very hard to be calm. Then Jim explained what had happened.

"As we walked along the edge of the woods, I spotted this trail. It looked to me just the place for deer to come through. Bill picked a spot behind me a short distance, and Nash went on toward the other end. I crouched down by those small poplars and faced the woods. I figured if the deer came through, I could shoot either way; and with the open field behind, there would be plenty of room to shoot. Well, we no more than got settled down when I heard a whump, whump, and clatter through the woods. They must have started comin' through the minute you guys entered the woods."

"There were three of them—this big buck ran right past me—I drew and led him a whole length. I released just as he started over that fence, and the arrow hit him somewhere in the back. He hit the ground and went whitetail over appetite—got up and dropped again. He got up again—started up the hill toward Nash—turned around—jumped the fence again, and took off across the field. Man, he was big. He was hit hard—must have been to drop like that. I sure hope we don't lose him."

Continued on next page.

We eagerly followed Jim across the fence. He stopped and pointed to the ground. "See, here's where he dropped first. He really plowed in here."

"Look at the blood," Bill exclaimed, "he's hit hard."

"Here's where he fell again," someone added.

"Hey, guys!" yelled Archie, "look at this blood trail. An he hit this post going over the fence. It's all red!"

All of us examined the ground around us. It was easy to see what had happened.

"Here's what's left of your arrow, Jim," I said. "Looks like it penetrated to the feathers. The point and about four inches of the shaft must have broken off."

"Here's the rest of it," yelled Harlan, picking up the splintered shaft with the Bod-kin point. "It must have dropped out when the buck hit this post."

For several minutes we stood around talking and constructing in our minds the thrill of the hunt Jim had experienced.

At length, Jim said, "Why don't you guys hunt some more? I'll take after this trail real slow and easy. This mist and rain might spoil the trail and I sure don't want to lose him."

"I'll go with you," Bill replied. "You might need some help."

We all nodded agreement and Bill and Jim started off slowly across the field.

About a quarter of a mile away lay another stretch of timber similar to the one we had gone through. We decided to try this and Emmett and I were elected to take the stands and try our luck. Emmett and I were just approaching the corner of the timber when he suddenly stopped short and grabbed my arm. "Hey," he whispered, "there are two deer feeding in the open field down there by the other end of the woods. See 'em?"

"Yeah," I whispered, "what'll we do? The other guys have probably started in the woods and the direction the wind's from, the deer will pick up their scent before very long. Let's sneak through the edge of the woods a short distance and get closer. We can't go too far or they'll pick up our scent."

With that we struck off through the woods. By now the wind was so noisy in the tree there was little chance of our being heard. We kept to the woods for several yards and then cautiously crept toward the open field. Through the brush we could see the deer—a buck and a doe—were feeding in the field unaware of our presence. It was impossible for us to shoot from where we were. The deer were still a long way off, and our arrows would have to follow a path through some large overhanging branches. About forty yards ahead of us was a large clump of grass. If one of us could approach the deer from behind that clump, perhaps we could shoot under the branches and still reach the deer.

Emmett stayed at the timber's edge as I started forward. First on hands and knees, and then getting closer, crawled along on my stomach. In my enthusiasm, I had forgotten how wet and muddy the ground was. Ahead of me, just a few feet, was a fox squirrel perched on a post busily gnawing at an ear of corn. I turned around and looked at Emmett. "Never mind the squirrel," he whispered hoarsely, "get the deer."

In another moment my temptation to bounce a blunt off the squirrel was gone—because so was the squirrel. I



THE BIG BUCK—This 300-lb. buck deer was taken in Winnebago County, Iowa, October 29, 1955 by Jim Fitzgerald of Mason City, Iowa. The kill was made by a running shot at 30 yards with a Bodkin pointed arrow from a 45-lb. Kodiak bow. Arrow struck deer high in the back, slightly forward of left hind leg, and penetrated to the feathers. Hunters are: Emmett Johnson, Mason City; Bill Storer, Mason City; Harlan Bendickson, Northwood; Archie Bilyeu, Joice; Floyd Nash, Lake Mills and Jim Fitzgerald, Mason City. All from Iowa. Photo by FLOYD THOMAS.

crawled a few yards more and at last reached the clump of grass. Emmett motioned that the deer were still there. Slowly I raised up to a sitting position. The buck was standing broadside to me about forty-five yards away. I raised my bow and started to draw. The buck suddenly swung his head up and looked directly at me. I remained motionless remembering my other shot at the doe, and how it had jumped the arrow. Surely at this distance this buck would do the same. I waited—hoping he would turn his head away just for a second—just long enough to get an arrow on its way. Then, just as he started to turn his head, he must have caught the scent of the other hunters coming through. He was in the woods before my shaft could get there. The doe followed a short leap behind.

A few minutes later, Archie, Floyd and Harlan appeared. They hadn't seen anything. The deer had apparently sneaked past them. I excitedly told them of my stalking the deer and of my second miss of the day. Emmett concluded by saying, "If I had only had a B-B gun when you were staring that deer down. Why didn't you shoot before?" I agreed the question was a good one, but I didn't have a good answer.

We had been gone over half an hour since leaving Jim and Bill, and were eager to find out what luck they had. Cutting across the field, we suddenly saw Jim and Bill waving excitedly to us. Archie yelled, "Jim's pointing to the back of the station wagon. They must have found the deer and already have him loaded."

We covered the remaining distance on

the run. Jim had a grin from ear to ear. "Look in the back, boys," he said, pointing. There it was—THE BIG BUCK—three hundred pounds of whitetail deer.

"Man, that Kodiak bow of yours sure laid him low," someone said to Jim.

Hand shakes, back slaps and the taking of pictures brought an end to the day—and what a day it was!

There were many more days like it which followed, though none so materially successful as the first one. There were many deer seen—many arrows released and, needless to say—many misses.

There was the wonderful evening spent at Jim's house when he invited the seven archers to a venison steak dinner, the re-telling of the story of the Big Buck, and of the hunts which followed. Then there was that early morning in November when, against the colorful dawn of a new day, a deer paused for several seconds on a hill and silhouetted itself against the sky. It stood there nearly a hundred yards away. I tried to play Joe Dolan, and watched two of my arrows disappear into the early dawn.

There were many thrills, and memories to last us a long time. But even now, in late December, we're planning and looking forward to next year's hunt.

Flash!

The Oregon Game Commission has just granted the bowmen of that state their request for an extension of the Baker Area. The season will be October 8 to 23 inclusive.

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TOE-NAIL DOE

By CARL H. NILSON

7505 Palisade Ave., North Bergen, New Jersey

The love to hunt is inherent in the heart of every man and has been since the beginning of time. For an almost equal length of time the bow and arrow has served man in his unending quest for game. Since the fourth book of the Old Testament of the Bible, the book of Numbers, we find men using this ancient weapon and so eventually do we all, at one time or another, feel the urge to cast an arrow as accurately and as gracefully as did our predecessors.

In the past twenty years, I've hunted, camped and fished a great deal and I estimate I've spent approximately three hundred nights in the woods. During the greater part of this period, I hunted game with a gun. Although venison filled the larder on many occasions, I never felt I had accomplished anything spectacular in getting a deer with high powered bullets and Lyman sights. Then the ancient sport of the bow loomed as a challenge. My first bow was purchased in the '30s, and my first shot far exceeded my expectations. Although I shot in a large field, my arrow disappeared over several roof tops beyond the end of the field and fortunately dropped harmlessly into the woods.

It wasn't until four years ago, however, that I took the challenge of hunting with the bow seriously. To accomplish this was a trying and painful experience. I gave up my pet shotgun, my lever action rifle, my .22 'scoped rifle a final greasing, a last fond caress and sold them all. I felt that a clean break would be best for us all.

By this time I felt I had become proficient enough with the bow that, together with my years of tracking and woods experience, any deer within a reasonable distance was as good as mine. Three years of painstaking hunting produced nothing in the way of game, and increased the all knowing smiles of my office associates. Excuses? I had more excuses than California has deer. In three years I've used them all. Arrows were deflected, arrows not spined correctly, the deer ducked, backed up, or went forward just at the wrong time.

The more I analyzed my excuses the more I was convinced there was something definitely wrong. First I concentrated on the arrows, then the bow, until I finally found a bow which would cast an arrow like greased lightning. This was a Tox Duo-Curve bow with a 63-lb. pull. My shafts were tipped with 125-grain Hilbre heads. I re-honed them after attaching them to the shafts.

With the 1955 season just ahead, I had two big problems. One was a seriously infected ingrown toe-nail, the other was where to hunt. Since hunting was far more important, I called on one of the greatest and hardest workers in the New Jersey outdoors, Bill Kuhn, Deputy Game Warden. Although a personal friend of mine for many years, I wouldn't be caught even looking at a hen pheasant from 100 yards. It has oft' been told that he would arrest the members of his own family for any infraction of the game laws. Bill recommended me to a Swiss family who own 180 acres in Morris County, all tightly posted.

The night before opening day my hunting companion, Bill Peters, and I left for the farm, with the intention of getting hunting permission from the owners and permission to sleep in the car on their property for the night.

We arrived at 9:30 that night and met three of the nicest people imaginable, Mr. and Mrs. Worhly and Mr. Worhly's brother. We had been there less than half an hour when Mr. Worhly placed before us a large plate of ice cream from the deep freeze, hot coffee and delicious home-made cake. When we had finished eating, Mrs. Worhly disappeared for a few moments, and upon her return informed us our beds were made and that we definitely were not going to sleep in the car. All this from people who had never seen us until that night.

She promised to set the alarm for five o'clock to give us sufficient time for coffee and breakfast.

Neither Bill nor I felt like sleeping, so we talked and jested with the Worhlys until midnight, then turned in. The night before opening day could very well be omitted from my calendar entirely. All night long I tossed and turned, dozed and waked, and carried deer out of the woods by the hundreds. Somewhere around the middle of the night I finally drifted off into a deep sleep, big toe throbbing with pain and deer instead of sheep jumping the fence.

Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by what seemed like a million drums and twice that many band instruments. Out of the reverberating din I recognized "The Yellow Rose of Texas." Our alarm clock was set to a Victrola, ever thoughtful Mrs. Worhly thought it would be nice if we were awakened by music.

Five times I tried putting on my boot, only to have to take it off and readjust the sock to relieve the pain. With the last strains of "The Yellow Rose of Texas," a new sound presented itself—the sound of large drops hitting the tin roof of the barn—it was raining on opening day.

Bill and I posted where the kindly Worhlys told us they had seen deer crossing on many previous mornings. Needless to say, the deer changed their usual tactics and the only thing which came through was a stray dog from the neighboring farm.

By this time it was raining with a vengeance and we were getting the full effect of a tropical disturbance roaring up the Atlantic seaboard.

We were a little soggy around the edges, but being a couple of die-hard hunters, decided to try a couple of the fields. The first field we came to we approached with infinite caution, keeping well hidden behind the heavy brush. Cautiously we both raised up and squinted over the last bush and scanned the field. Nothing, not even a bird, moved. The same result greeted us in three other fields. By the time we reached the fifth field we were both water-logged and getting rather desperate. In our anxiety we became less cautious and walked boldly on to the last field. There, on the far side of the field next to the woods, stood two deer grazing on the small shoots which covered the

ground. They spotted us at the same time we saw them. Bill drew and released as they turned and headed for the woods, Bill's arrow landed in the mud, short by five yards. With a wet and soggy ground, stalking through the woods became a pleasure as we went in after them. After completing two small, silent drives without seeing them, we again approached the field—this time with caution. Fifty yards from where we emerged, the same two deer were grazing in the same spot. We ducked back and decided to circle back through the woods and come out closer for better shooting. We had just concluded our whispered plan of action, when the dog we saw in the morning came racing across the field and chased our quarry into the next county. The rest of the day proved fruitless.

We trudged back to the farm to thank our new-found friends for letting us hunt on their property. We intended to stay but a moment, for we still had an hour and a half ride to reach home. When we came into the kitchen, Mrs. Worhly gave us each a towel, told us to wash up and get ready for supper. Bill and I both started to object at the same time. We tried to explain that they had done far more than anyone could possibly expect. Our words fell on deaf ears. We sat down to a meal of veal cutlets, potatoes, vegetables and desert that really made the day complete. It was raining outside, my toe hurt, but somehow the sun really shone at that table.

The following Saturday we did not see much of our hosts. The weather was clear and crisp, so we spent the entire day out, dividing our time between posting and stalking. When Bill and I stalk, we borrow the step of the Indian, toe down first and then the heel. The control of one's body which can be developed in a short time, is amazing.

Toward the end of the day four deer came through the brush broadside to where I was posting. When they came as close as they could, in the direction they were going, I drew, held, aimed and released perfectly. Everything was coordinated, I watched the arrow fly straight for the side of the first deer. I could almost smell the steaks, when the arrow changed course and arched high above their backs. Some day science will discover the hidden controls in an arrow which make it change course so abruptly. Surely it can't always be a branch.

With only three Saturdays of hunting in New Jersey, and two of them gone, Bill and I arrived at the farm real early on the last Saturday. We sat in the car sipping hot coffee and planning our strategy for the day. Bill decided to post at the end of the cornfield next to the woods. By this time my toe pained so badly I didn't care where I posted. However, with Bill on the south side, I decided to take the north corner. The air was warm and damp and a fog swirled about us, rising and falling as the air currents dictated. I reached my corner of the field and spent several minutes clearing a place under a tall tree. After five minutes of posting I discovered I could get a much better shot ten yards

better, but ten yards beyond this was a large three-foot-deep hole and a stump. That's for me, I thought. I'll sit and post.

An hour and a half went by and nothing moved. The stump became uncomfortable, the fog was wet and the squirrels made me jumpy.

For the first time in ages, I left my post. It felt so unusual to leave after such a short time, especially after having posted under one tree for as long as eight hours on previous hunts.

In all fairness to Bill, I went in the opposite direction so I wouldn't disturb his hunting.

The third field I entered was half plowed and the other half standing with corn stalks. There in the fog was what appeared to be a black call silhouetted against the stalks. When she raised her head those ears were unmistakable—a doe. I raised, drew and released, but she anticipated my move and jumped into the tall corn.

The opposite side of the field was heavily wooded, so I reasoned she would wander through the stalks and eventually come out on the opposite side.

I started stalking as softly and as quietly as I knew how, toe down, heel down. Then it happened—I stubbed my toe! Nine good healthy toes to choose from and I have to stub the infected big toe. I wanted to bellow in rage. I wanted to tear off my boot, and then cut off that toe. I wanted to—then I remembered the deer in the corn. Swallowing hard, I painfully made my way around the field, keeping low and moving slowly and quietly. The pain was so excruciating my feet hardly touched the ground. My quiet stalking would have been a credit to any Indian.

I was slowly nearing the corner of the stalks when I spotted a doe coming up the other side. Immediately I froze and started a slow draw. Behind the first deer came another, and another, and a fourth. Just as the first deer came to the corner I released. The arrow covered the fifteen yards in an instant and plunged into the chest, feather deep. With a tremendous leap she hit the woods and disappeared.

I stood for a moment repeating over and over, "I hit a deer. At long last, I hit a deer."

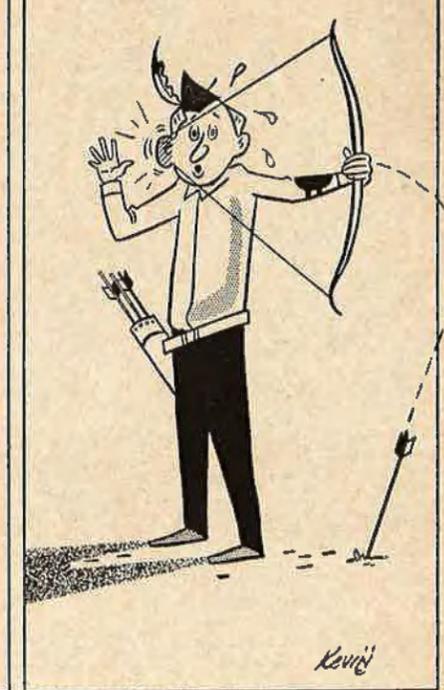
Then the clouds of doubt started to form. Did I hit her leg? No, I reasoned. She used that leg in springing and I finally concluded the arrow had lodged between the skin and the body. Surely I couldn't be lucky enough to make a killing shot.

Then I thought of Bill. He would want to be in on the tracking and enjoyment, so I ran the half-mile to where Bill was posted in record breaking time. My toe hurt, but somehow it didn't hurt as much as it did before.

Bill and I returned to the spot where I had seen the deer last, and found bright red blood mingled with the autumn leaves. Tracking was difficult because the leaves on the ground were the same color. Within ten yards I found half of my arrow. Within thirty yards we spotted the doe lying down, facing the path. Though she didn't move, Bill and I circled and came up to her from the back. Several nudges proved without a doubt the effectiveness of that one arrow.

Upon cleaning her out I found the other half of my arrow through lungs, heart and projecting out the left side.

With that job finished, I thought of my camera. I must have pictures. Then it dawned on me. For the first time in my life, I left my 35 mm. camera at home.



I left Bill with the deer and trotted half a mile to the farm house. This running was getting me dog-gone tired. Two hundred twenty-five pounds is a lot of weight to run. Mrs. Worhly, bless her heart, had a camera fully loaded with film.

Now that everything was taken care of, I'd walk back to the deer. Mrs. Worhly was as excited as I was and wanted to see the deer as soon as possible. I ran all the way back in order to keep up with her, bless her unsuspecting heart.

The reception committee which greeted my return home gladdened my heart. My son, five and a half, who is very adept with the bow, gave me the biggest hug imaginable. My daughter, two and a half, just learning the bow, wanted to feel the deer. Marge, my wife, who also hunts with the bow, just gloamed with pride. All this glory was short lived when the neighbors began gathering and reminding me of my promises to give them just a "little taste" of venison.

Here, as I sit and ponder the events, I am left with two things. Materially I am left with that portion of the deer which is seen gracefully surmounting the fence last—and memories.

Oh well, I wonder if the neighbors would like moose meat. They grow a little bigger.

Inter-City Tournament For Montana Clubs

By MOZELLE THEOBALD
Box 218, Bozeman, Montana

Just for fun, some competitive shooting, and to try out the first 14 targets of the new Black Ram Mutual Course of Livingston and Bozeman, atop Bozeman Hill, the Helena, Livingston and Bozeman clubs got together July 8th.

We started shooting at 10 a.m., with three archers from Helena, seven from Livingston and fourteen from Bozeman,

After shooting the 14 targets once we gathered for a picnic lunch before starting out again. Since our course is new and in the process of being built, we only have 14 targets completed of an eventual 56 targets.

After shooting the second 14 targets, we gathered for coffee and to figure scores. The Livingston club won the shoot with an average of 133 points per competitor. Sam Keil of the Bozeman Black Ram Bowmen won a brown jug traveling trophy for high score of 212 points for 28 targets.

Since the Bozeman and Helena clubs lost this match, each adult member contributed 25c to the jug. We plan to continue the inter-city tourney between the three clubs each month as long as the weather permits outdoor shooting. At each shoot, the losing clubs will continue contributing to the jug until one club has won it three times, then they may use the money to buy a nice trophy, or do as the club wishes.

Our clubs would like similar matches with other clubs, in order that we may work up our classification averages for handicap purposes. We feel by shooting on other club courses we might work up better and truer averages than by constantly shooting our own. These inter-city shoots should be limited to a traveling distance of 150 miles. For instance, Bozeman, Helena and Missoula could meet on the Helena range, or Havre, Missoula, Livingston and Bozeman meet on the Helena range, or clubs to the east of Bozeman might meet on the Laurel or Billings range. Have fun trophies, no shooting fees, picnic lunches brought by all, and everybody have a good time. This would help build interest in archery, possibly result in bigger clubs, and promote friendliness between clubs. Anyone interested?

OHIO STATE FIELD TOURNAMENT
SEPTEMBER 1 AND 2
SANDUSKY, OHIO



OFFICERS:

JIM KINNEE, President
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ARNOLD O. HAUGEN, Vice-President
964 Lakeview Drive, Auburn, Alabama
JOHN L. YOUNT, Secretary-Treasurer
Post Office Box 388, Redlands, California
KARL E. PALMATIER, Tournament Chairman
1817 Hillcrest Ave., Kalamazoo, Michigan

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Mid-Western
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G-4221 Springfield St., Flint, Michigan
Northwestern
FORREST R. HUNTLEY
1500 Maple, Albany, Oregon
Southwestern
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You Will Be Proud to Be a Member of
NATIONAL FIELD ARCHERY ASSOCIATION
The National Field Archery Association (N.F.A.A.) is your organization. It belongs to all the field archers and bowmen hunters of America. As a member you belong to an organization fostering the oldest sport in the world. Membership, \$1.00 per person. For \$3.00 (U.S.A.) you secure a year's membership in the N.F.A.A. and a year's subscription to Archery Magazine in Canada, add 25c extra; for foreign, 50c extra for the magazine.

By **JOHN L. YOUNT**
Secretary-Treasurer

DON'T BE A CHISELER

Field archery is an informal sport and we want to keep it that way. Consequently we don't appreciate the individuals who make it necessary for us to write iron-clad laws where just common sense would do the job. In the past two weeks, I've had a number of letters complaining of archers in different parts of the country who insisted they had a right to stand just as far behind the shooting position as they wished, and all because the Handbook says the archer must stand back of the shooting line. Some of these fellows insist they have a right to shoot all positions of a four-position shot from the longest range. Others, that it's legal to shoot a double-staked range from the 5% over-range, and that there's nothing which requires they move up to the 5% under-range. This is not good sportsmanship, and I don't think they're trying to give you the advantage of a handicap. It is simply that they're trying to make a target round out of the field round, and any change of position changes their

only one thing which can be done about it and that is to write a rule requiring every archer to touch a certain stake with his toe at each shooting position.

INFORMAL TAPE RECORDINGS

If there is some information your club, as a whole, would like to have from this office, or some subject they would like to discuss with us, and have access to a tape recorder, write us a letter and keep a carbon copy. We will answer your letter on tape in just the same informal manner we would discuss the subject here in this office. Don't expect a prepared speech. We haven't time for that, but if you will read your letter at the next meeting, then play the reply which can be of greater length and in more detail than a letter. Maybe we can get a number of little things straightened out.

N.F.A.A. HISTORY

We now have ready for distribution a one-hour tape recording which gives quite a complete history of field archery and the N.F.A.A. This is a history of the events which led up to the organizing of the N.F.A.A.; how we went about it, why certain things were necessary, and covers all the experimenting which went on; the things which were tried and then changed. Very little space is given over to who did the job. There simply wasn't time and we felt it was vastly more important that the archers have a chance to learn what made the sport tick, rather than who thought up the ideas. A number of copies have been made of this tape and any club which would like to hear one, need only tell us the date of their meeting and give us time to get it there.

BOARD MEMBER MOVES

Our Texas Board member has notified us he has moved to 3717 Nabholtz Lane, Mesquite, Texas, phone: Dallas, BRoadway 9-4135. So any of you people down that way who think you might want to get in touch with him in the future had better make a note of this address. His name is Isaac Abernathy.

BIG GAME AWARDS

Bear: Garry Garrison, Tacoma, Wash.
Javelina: Sarah Alice Coley, Oklahoma City, Okla.
Wild Goat: Douglas Walker, Fresno, California.
Wild Hog: Joe Bryson, Santa Barbara, Calif.; Stanley Wilkas, West Palm Beach, Fla. (7 hogs).
Deer: R. Hotchkiss, Horseheads, N.Y.

SMALL GAME AWARDS (Small Game Pin)

Ronald Brion, Neligh, Nebr.
Irving Campbell, Pittsfield, Mass.
L. W. Carman, Lake Jackson, Texas.
Perry Davis, Lakewood, Ohio.
Russell Fatzligner, Baltimore, Md.
Richard O. Gerety, Prineville, Ore.
Carl Green, White Plains, Ky.
Houston Holcomb, Jr., Vinita, Okla.
Jack Lano, Lima, Ohio.
Thomas R. Lewis, Spokane, Wash.
Steve Murar, Jr., Muskegon Hgts., Michigan.
Hale Murphy, Louisville, Ky.
Glen Murray, Bozeman, Mont.
Sherman Patterson, Symsonia, Ky.
Leslie C. Perkins, St. Ignace, Mich.
Jack Pugsley, Huron, S. D.
John W. Richeson, Louisville, Ky.

IF YOU ARE MOVING

Please inform us immediately,
giving OLD and NEW addresses.
BOX H - PALM SPRINGS, CALIF.

Bill Booker, Ashland, Ore.
Glenys Russell, Jr., Watertown, N.Y.
Donald Ryman, Twinsburg, Ohio.
V. E. Thompson, Prineville, Ore.
Larry Thurman, Shelbyville, Ky.
Don Todd, Murray, Utah.
Harry Underhill, Melbourne, Fla.
Ray Wadsworth, Blackfoot, Idaho.

(First Arrow)

Houston Holcomb, Jr., Vinita, Okla.
Nelson Pilcher, Memphis, Ten.
Loyal Pullum, Ogden, Utah.
Jim Stevens, Bozeman, Mont.

(Second Arrow)

Ronald Andrus, Norwalk, Conn.
Russell Haney, Sr., Midland, Mich.
Paul Jalon, Detroit 24, Mich.
Robert Jauch, Bexley, Ohio.
Jim Johnson, Dillon, Mont.
Tink Nathan, Washington, D. C.
Jesse Painter, Stanley, Va.
Peter Shaffer, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Max W. Yost, Rupert, Idaho.

(Third Arrow)

Joseph Greer, Seymour, Ind.
J. L. Mitchell Pryor, Okla.
Otto Muenfield, Danbury, Conn.
Tink Nathan, Washington, D. C.
Frank Sirico, New Canaan, Conn.
Calvin Vogt, Rupert, Idaho.

20 PINS (Instinctive)

35 Yards—Bruce Edington, Berkeley, Mich.; Arthur Wolpert, Frederick, Md.; Rocky Rocco, Ansonia, Conn.; Elwood Eiker, Emmitsburg, Md.; Louie Mohr, Royal Oak, Mich.

35 Yards, 4 position—Kenneth Herman, Unionville, Mich.; Elwood C. Ellison, Jr., Syracuse, N. Y.; Fred Stubblefield, Jr., Waynesboro, Va.; John C. Whitney, Salisbury, Vt.; Raymond J. Young, Constantine, Mich.; Ted Lamonica, Oneonta, N. Y.; Malcolm R. Kinney, Hyde Park, N. Y.; May Sparks, Midland, Mich.; S. N. Henninger, Hopkinsville, Ky.; Pat Schram, Forest Park, Ill.; Dennis Van Barriger, Rockford, Ill.; Clarence Hille, Freeport, Ill.; Russell Phipps, Cortland, Ill.; Ray Boyer, Bloomington, Ind.; Vickie Greer, Rochester, N. Y.; William Miller, Baldwin, N. Y.; Valford Turpin, Bloomington, Ind.; Joe Aufrance, Paulding, Ohio; Charles Trobaugh, Flint, Mich.; Marvin Dull, Munising, Mich.

40 Yards—L. D. Grossl, Rupert, W. Va.; T. S. Roundy, Boise, Idaho; William Gilchrist, North English, Iowa; Joe Markowitz, East White Plains, N. Y.; George Woods, Stambaugh, Mich.

40 Yards, 2 position—William Egner, Middletown, N. Y.

45 Yards—Arthur Poulis, Fall River, Mass.; Charles L. Hile, Baltimore, Md.

45 Yards, 2 position—Arthur A. Grimley, Bladwinville, N. Y.; William D. Rice, Hammondsport, N. Y.

45 Yards, 4 position—Ruth Digby, Roseburg, Ore.; Louis H. Cotton, Houston, Texas; Arthur B. Chambers, South San Francisco, Calif.; Clifford McGrane, Muskegon, Mich.; L. D. Nelson, Milwaukee, Wis.; Jerry Ross, Toledo, Ohio; Anthony Peluso, South Plainfield, N. J.; Howard Robinson, Norwalk, Conn.

50 Yards—Robert Nehls, Port Clinton, Ohio; Herbert W. Gifford, Medford, Ore.
50 Yards, 4 position—Alden Jackman, West Brattleboro, Vt.

55 Yards—Earl C. Baird, Kalispell, Mont.; Frank Cilento, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Walter Foster, Holtville, Calif.; Zell Wyman, Ionia, Mich.

60 Yards—Carl Koegl, Clarence, N. Y.; Lynn Norton, Fenton, Mich.

65 Yards—James Ferry, Baltimore, Md.; R. E. Eicher, Marion, Ohio.

(Free Style)

35 Yards—Basil Blackmore, Marys-

Continued on next page.

Michigan.
35 Yards, 4 position—Gayle Kiefer, Sherman Oaks, Calif.; Bob Brandt, St. Louis, Mo.; William E. Houghton, So. Charleston, W. Va.; Richard Candey, Lansing, Mich.

40 Yards—William H. Schmidt, North Miami, Fla.; Don Brown, Dallas, Ore.

40 Yards, 2 position—Phil Guaffrida, Jamestown, N. Y.

45 Yards—Hector Gauthier, Muskegon, Mich.; A. K. Epperly, Eugene, Ore.

50 Yards—Dale Fuller, Eugene, Ore.

50 Yards, 2 position—Jim Miner, Indianapolis, Ind.

55 Yards—Donald Wilkinson, Summer Hill, Pa.

60 Yards—Ronald Imhoff, Madison, Wisconsin.

80 Yards, 4 position—Louise Earl, Niles, Mich.

45 Yards, 4 position—Len Powlowski, Buffalo, N. Y.; Joseph S. Isbell, Hastings, Mich.

COURSE APPROVALS

Oxnard Field Archers, Inc.—Oxnard, Calif.
Roving Archers, Inc.—Richmond, Calif.
Ot-Yo-Kwa Bowmen, Twin Falls, Idaho.
Chicago Bow Hunters—Forest Park, Ill.
Essex Arrow Busters—Essex, Iowa.
Benton Bow Benders—Vinton, Iowa.
Fur-Fin and Feather Club—Goodhue, Minn.
Red Cedar Bowmen—Lansing, Mich.
Powder Lake Field Archers—Kingsford, Mich.
Lenape Bowmen—Port Jervis, N. Y.
Senuga Bowmen, Inc.—Lodi, N. Y.
Watertown Archers—Watertown, N. Y.
Winton Bowmen—Cincinnati, Ohio.
The Geauga Bowmen—Chesterland, Ohio.
Brookway Sportsman Archery Club—Brookway, Pa.

Branch Valley Bowmen—Perkasie, Pa.
Hemlock Field Archers—Cornwall, Pa.
San Angelo Archery Club—San Angelo, Texas.
Culpeper Bowmen—Culpeper, Va.
Triangle Bow Hunters—Christiansburg, Va.
Capitol City Bowmen—Olympia, Wash.
Baldhill Bowmen—Hannaford, N. D.
Roving Bowmen—Richland, Wash.
Bodkin Bowmen, Inc.—Bennington, Vt.
Elkhorn Archers, Inc.—Baker, Ore.
Sandusky Bowmen—Sandusky, Ohio.
Sylvan Valley Archers—Brevard, N. C.
Bark-Eater Bowmen—Au Sable Forks, N. Y.
Tekawitha Bowmen—Watertown, N. Y.
Falconer Rod & Gun & Archers Club—Falconer, New York.

Washoe Bowmen—Reno, Nevada.
Third City Archers—Grand Island, Nebra.
Whitefish Archery Club—Whitefield, Mont.
Cedar River Archery Club—Austin, Minn.
Bo Arro Hunters—Chicago, Ill.

Nutmeg Archers—New Canaan, Conn.
Falcon Archers—Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Sheridan Archers—Sheridan, Wyo.
Amsterdam Archers—Amsterdam, N. Y.
Cortland Izaak Walton Archers—Cortland, N.Y.

Shenandoah Archers—Waterford, N. Y.
Wyoming Archery Club—Wyoming, Ill.
Waverly Archers—Waverly, Iowa.
Bird Haven Bowmen—Brigham City, Utah.

Mohican Bow Hunters—Mansfield, Ohio.
Slatington Archery Club—Slatington, Pa.
Oxford-Ole Miss Bowman Club—Oxford, Miss.
Oil City Archery Club—Oil City, Pa.

Delaware Valley Bowmen—Raubsville, Pa.
Delaware Valley Fish & Game Assn.—Carnersville, Penna.
Lakeview Bowmen—Lakeview, Ore.
Niagara Falls Bow Hunters—Niagara Falls, New York.

Greenwood Archers—White Plains, N. Y.
Arbor Archers—Nebraska City, Nebr.
Indian Hills Archery Club—Denver, Colo.
Silverado Archery Club—Napa, Calif.

OHIO STATE FIELD TOURNAMENT

SEPTEMBER 1 AND 2

SANDUSKY, OHIO



WINS EMBLEM AWARD—John Perkosky, of Bristol, Pa., second from right, is shown accepting award from Hon. John J. Mikula, state representative, for submitting winning entry (background) in his club's emblem contest. Others in picture are, from left: Jean Takach, Treasurer; Ruth Salaman, Secretary; Mrs. Ruth Baker; Frank Baker, President; William Houseknecht, Vice-President.

Waltonian Silver Broadhead Tourney

By **ELEANOR ATKINS**
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The Waltonian Archery Club of Cedar Rapids, Iowa had opened their new 56-target range for two weeks, and after much hurrying and scurrying, were ready to initiate it with their annual Silver Broadhead Tournament and archery queen contest.

Iowa weather, being such as it is, the archers started the day in red flannels and sweaters and finished in Bikinis and with palm leaf fans. The mosquitoes froze in the morning and cooked in the afternoon and, consequently, didn't bother much.

One hundred adults and 39 juniors from 13 Iowa clubs registered for the shoot. A 28-target field round was shot in the morning and a 28-target small game round in the afternoon.

Ray Scribner, Eddyville, was high instinctive man with a 533 score; Ray Colton, New London, was high free-style with a 511 score. In the women's division, Teresa Scott, Ottumwa, had high instinctive score with 227, and Audrey Gibson, Des Moines, was high free-style with 342.

The majority of awards were sterling silver broadheads in keeping with the name of our tournament. The silver broadheads were made by members of the club after many headaches, failures and much experimenting. High scorers in the men and women's free-style and instinctive divisions were awarded silver tie clasps and silver bon bon dishes, carrying out the silver theme of the shoot.

Highlight of the shoot was the selection of the Iowa Archery Queen. Six Iowa clubs sent queen candidates. The following scorecard was used in choosing the queen: Shooting score, 25%; beauty, 50%, personality, 12-1/2%, and

archery and club activities, 12-1/2%.

I.S.A.A. treasurer, Eleanor Stegmann, Marshalltown, was named queen and was crowned with a white Robin Hood hat by the Cedar Rapids mayor, Jim Meaghan. The other contestants were: Audrey Gibson, Des Moines; Belva Allen, Waterloo; Jackie Scatterfield, Ottumwa; Nadine Hobbs, Chariton, and Lanetta Smith, Cedar Rapids. Each contestant received sterling silver "arrow" earrings.

Judges for the contest were Laurie Van Dyke, feature writer for the Cedar Rapids Gazette; Jim Meaghan, mayor of Cedar Rapids, and Tait Cummins, sports director for WMT radio and TV stations.

This shoot is an annual event held in May. With their new 56-target course, the club has ample facilities for any number of archers and would welcome any and all archers from Iowa and elsewhere who would care to shoot with them.

Falcon Archers Dedicates New Field Range

By **CLIFFORD F. DARLING**

132 Babbitt Rd., Bedford Hills, N. Y.

The Falcon Archers of Bedford Hills, New York opened its new 56-target range on Sunday, July 8th. It is the first 56-target range in this area.

We had a record turnout of 241 registered archers, and they came from as far as New Jersey and Connecticut.

Trophies were awarded in each class, and medals were awarded to the juniors.

Our next shoot will be held on September 20th. All visitors are welcome.

Correction

The dates for the Oregon Bow Hunters' Shoot were July 14th and 15th—not August 14th and 15, as reported in our July issue.

CASE OF THE "LAUGHING BUCK"

By JIM IUND

2521 R Street, Lincoln, Nebraska

Several moons ago we announced the coming of the first bow hunting for deer in Nebraska since the roaring "firestick" replaced the ancient hunting weapon of the Red Man. It all came about through the combined efforts of archers in the state with the help of the N.F.A.A. and Archery Magazine. Had it depended entirely on the efforts of those interested exclusively in hunting, there would have been no deer season in Nebraska in 1955, or many, many snows thereafter, if ever. Had there not been local clubs to foster and support the State and National Associations, the deer hunting story below might never have been written. A flourishing fruitful tree must be supported by a firmly established root system.

The area designated for the hunt lies along the west bank of the Missouri River, including some of the richest farm lands in the Great Plains. Between the river and the farm lands lie willow bars which provide wonderful bedding down cover and hiding throughout the day. It is near a bountiful water supply, and the fields of corn, alfalfa, wheat and milo-maize make much better browsing than willow leaves and wild cane. Various reports come from residents and hunters alike of a buck with a huge rack which he uses to fight the farmer's Hereford bulls.

All of the area lies in lands which are privately owned. Permission to hunt had to be asked and granted, which in many instances was difficult to obtain. Some of the landowners were skeptical at first, but later found the bow hunters to be true sportsmen and respectful toward property rights. Many of the hunters lived near enough to drive over for scouting purposes and back home the same day. Some made several trips to assure successful hunting when the season opened. Based on

statistical records of other states, the Nebraska Game Commission set a quota of a 5% deer take of the license holders, which they almost made.

The Nebraska Prairie Bowmen, which is the State Association with which we are affiliated, offered the Game Commission a \$100.00 reward for the first of its members convicted of any game law violation during the month of open deer season. The reward was not claimed. The following is the true story of a hunt which occurred during the first two days of the season near Herman, Nebraska:

With a blood-stained hand, holding a dripping knife, Larry Whitson hurried to the deer blind of Cliff Snapp with an urgent plea for help. Cliff thought by the earnest manner of his plea that he was seeking aid for himself. We shall see later just how fortunate this was not so.

But let's get back to the beginning where four Lincoln, Nebraska deer hunters piled out of their car at 3:00 a.m. to walk three miles to their pre-arranged hunting ground. The four-sided area is covered by a dense willow thicket and heavy timber. Larry told me he had scouted the area three times to locate deer signs, feeding grounds, watering places and bedding-down cover. The area was bordered by fields of corn and milo-maize on which the deer preferred to feed.

Jack Kendall and Paul Marti had taken positions at two corners where the field would be seen in the broadest view. Cliff Snapp and Larry Whitson were pussy-footing along to their chosen positions at the other corners. A bright, full moon flooded the area with light on this cool, clear, October first morning.

The long summer drouth had long since dried the corn stalks to a crisp,

and the slightest movement in them could be heard. Levees are thrown up along the edge of the fields, on which trails and roads are made. The levees are built to reduce flooding of the farm crops. The hunters made use of these levees when to their best advantage. When Larry and Cliff heard a slight rustle in the corn field they took cover behind the levee to listen and watch. They heard it again and were soon thrilled to see the moonlight reflected from the rack of a huge buck deer. This monarch of his species emerged into full view of the hunters and stood gazing in their direction. From their hiding place they watched motionless and in almost breathless suspense at a distance of thirty yards. They hoped they were out of sight, but the animal's behavior manifested at least a suspicion of their presence.

After a thorough appraisal of the situation he began to blow and whistle, and stamp the earth with his front feet in the fashion of a challenge. In a bold, indignant manner he would first approach them, then turn and bound away, as if trying to entice them into the open. If he meant to challenge them for a foot-race, they were not disposed to accept. They had an easier way to see how fast he could run. After he had repeated this procedure a few times, they stood up in full view and simultaneously uttered a loud BOO! That deer really took off! He ran so fast he turned sideways to keep from flying. He cut a swath like a two-row corn-picker. He sounded like a tornado as he ran through the dry corn field. He laid down a dust screen behind which didn't clear until daylight.

Well, "that'll learn him" not to go around whistling at bow hunters. After their laugh they wondered if he might get to thinking it over and come back again after the opening hour. You see, the season was not yet open when he got the daylight scared out of him. They didn't want even a prize like "Grandpappy" out of season. They wanted him fair and legal or not at all. They were true to their Prairie Bowmen charter—a pledge to observe and obey all the laws and regulations in the state from which they obtain their hunting permits. Whether or not they expected him to come back to learn more or perhaps to get even with them for their prank, their original strategy was altered as follows:

Instead of using a blind, Cliff climbed to the crotch of an old dead tree where he could command a wide view of the field, and Larry took cover in a brushpile where he could watch Cliff, and take a signal. Time drags slowly in a situation like this, but the fresh memory of the big one kept their interest keen, and Cliff had "high" hopes. Some evidence of considerable smoking will be seen later when "there ain't no more."

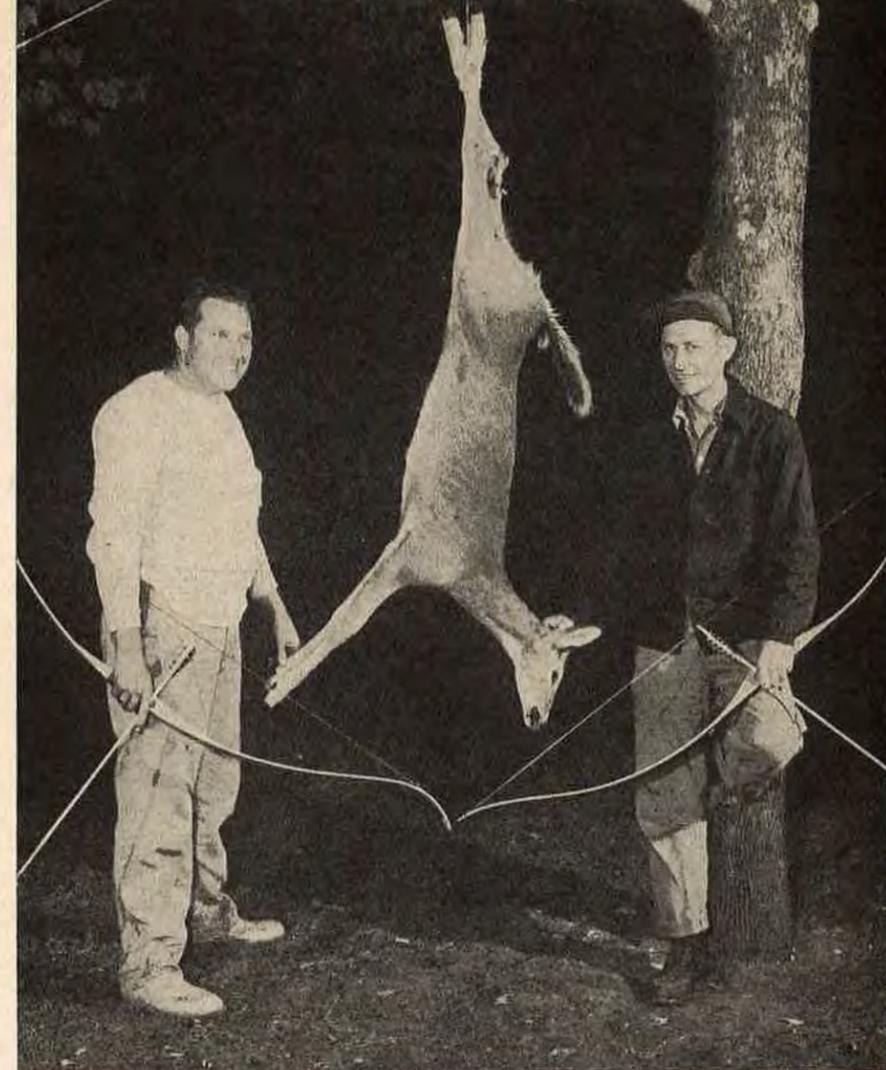
After what seemed a long time, Larry saw Cliff's gaze fix in one direction. He seemed to freeze in that position as if a part of the tree. He would have been unable to detect the slow movement of Cliff's bow hand had he not

sure enough the whistling buck had returned to investigate the moonlight prowlers of his domain. He knew he dared not move or bat an eye, but could not keep his heart from beating double time. Many a dramatic moment such as this one has been lived by a bow hunter with none save the All-seeing Eye to witness the scene. The start of this performance was playing for real. No make-believe about this show and you can bet your "two cents" the audience in the brushpile was spellbound. Despite the fact he could only see half the picture, it was a scene which will live long in the memory of Larry Whitson. No mortal words are able to describe the depth of emotion. Nor to number the seconds which ticked by as he sat motionless watching the 52-lb. bow in Cliff's hand come to a full draw. The three-blade broadhead moved slowly toward an index finger, accustomed to the touch of sharp steel. Then followed the pause, for the moment of the right "feel" of a bowman's aim. Some of the factors involved in a tree shot are the following: Incomplete penetration from above will cause internal hemorrhage, with little or no blood trail to follow. It narrows the vital areas and makes a more awkward position from which to shoot.

At the sound of the bowstring twang, Larry moved quickly to catch a view of the other half of the picture. His words were: "It was a large doe, in the act of turning to run. I caught a profile view of the arrow high in the shoulder or neck and there was no mistake of it being a solid hit." The angle of the arrow and its position did not indicate a short and easy trail. Their waiting period was more apprehensive than it might have been otherwise. Sure enough, the blood sign was scant and hard to follow, and was presently lost in a hard, dry trail which led off through the woods. However, at a point where it crossed a wire fence they found the feather end of the shaft which gave them renewed hope. They finally enlisted the help of Jack and Paul and they all fanned out to cover an increasingly wide area. Deeper and deeper into the woods the search led until Paul lost contact with the others.

At this point I am uncertain whether he got lost or thought the others were lost. But the story goes that he was anxiously calling out: "HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GUYS?" They, knowing he would find them eventually, gave the call no answer lest they frighten any game in their vicinity. To illustrate the point, Larry was making his way cautiously through a dense thicket where the going was really rough. He was compelled at length to crawl on his hands and knees to get any further. So, down on his prayer bones he went, certainly not praying to meet a deer in this helpless position. I wouldn't say he had even a prayerful attitude. In fact, in my opinion—(censored). Now, dear reader, let us lift our eyes from the ground and the tangle to peer ahead for the path of least resistance. There, twenty feet away! See him? (choke) Yeah. The big whistling buck of the moonlight episode, staring Larry right in the eye! The buck was not the least bit frightened, probably all set for another high-speed getaway.

It would be hard to imagine which of the two was the most surprised. We could make a wild guess who felt most chagrined. It was now the deer's time to laugh, for here he had his worst enemy at a disadvantage. Standing as



LARRY WHITSON (left) shot the deer Cliff Snapp smiles approvingly.

still as a statue, the buck awaited his bewildered enemy's first move. If only the animal could have said "BOO!" there would now be a trail in the thicket wide enough for two corn-pickers.

Many a defeat has been, by the right strategy, turned into victory. Larry knew a quick move would spoil any chance to take this prize animal. It was now open season and a bow shot would be fair and legal.

The hunter was all set for a slow motion and the hunted was doubtless all set for another "BOO!" The slow motion began in a successful manner and hope in the big hunters' heart began to rise as his bowstring tightened and raised slowly upward. "Just a little more," he thought, "and you will have whistled at your last bow hunter." With eyes staring into those of the deer he was unaware of the bending twig against the upper limb of his bow, nor could he help it because of the dense tangle of brush above him. Seconds go unnumbered in situations like this when the balances tip first one way and then the other, very lightly. Nobody said "BOO!" or made any harmful gesture.

This duel of wit and wisdom was decided in favor of the deer by the bending of the twig when it flicked free from the pressure of Larry's bow. The scene was changed in the blink of an

eye and the buck was gone like a dream, leaving the astonished man on his knees to wonder whether that which he had just seen was really true. For the second time in one day, this monarch of the woods had met and escaped from an enemy who would have dearly treasured his massive rack. First, in speed, confusion and might; second, in the easy and graceful manner by which his species is characterized.

It was around ten o'clock or later when hunger directed the thoughts of these hunters toward the food in camp, for a renewed supply of energy. Larry and Paul, by their appearance, are good eaters. If I were a deer I wouldn't want to fall into their hands, dead or alive. More especially alive, if they were real hungry. On the other hand, Jack and Cliff look hungry all the time. I am inclined to believe they would be more finicky about the culinary preparation. You have no doubt heard the popular expression, "Fat people are jolly and good natured." Well, the saying holds true of Larry and Paul, though I am in no position to call other people fat (or overweight). They are liked by their many friends for their genial wit and friendly manner, with a "heart as big as all outdoors." I was about to add, "and with a stomach not far behind," but actually that part is 'way out in front—like mine.



"While on hands and knees, and unable to shoot, there again was the Laughing Buck."

night there was no venison. However, all felt certain that out there somewhere was venison they failed to find. Jack had not seen a deer, but Paul had. Cliff had made a hit, and Larry had seen one—twice! All told they had a broken shaft for evidence. It is doubtful that slumber in camp was deep that night, for it was chilly and the firewood was damp. Jack had not enough bedding and chilled through the night, ending up in the car with the heater running. He caught a miserable cold. Nevertheless they were up at 3:00 a.m. the next morning, hiking off to their hunting grounds without breakfast in hopeful anticipation. Of this, the second day of their two-day week-end hunt, and the second day of the season, they reached their respective blinds without incident and no doubt smoked some, we are not certain how much. I once heard Cliff remark that the "human scent" could probably be identified as far away as tobacco smoke. Well, I couldn't argue that point. In my sixty-one years I have met up with some pretty strong specimens of each. I have read in Archery Magazine that it might improve a hunter's chances to take a bath before pursuing the wary species, just as he does when he pursues a different kind of deer. I even read where a couple of hunters once valued this procedure so highly they took a bathtub along as part of their equipment. And just to assure the reader they actually used it, one of the hunters is the wife of the other. And whatever the lack of human scent had to do with it, the bears and the raccoons almost got 'em. (Archery, February, 1955.)

Well, around 10 a.m., hunger again began to gnaw at the empty "innards" and, as before, their thoughts turned toward their bountiful food supply in camp. It is doubtful if any one gets hungrier than a hunter or a fisherman when their luck is bad. One thing more unpleasant, however, is being unable to go at all. I can almost taste the many delicious foods which Paul is said to have included in his camp supplies, but I suspect we should credit charming "Mrs. Paul" with the thoughtfulness and foresight of this timely addition.

After taking their nourishment and coffee, the four hunters returned to hiding position for the last time on this two-day week-end hunt. Larry and Cliff had seen several deer and Paul had three shots. But let us not think for one moment that his hunt was a failure just because he missed three times. Many good sportsmen get a greater thrill from a near miss than many others do with a "dead shot." And the ones who must continue to pursue that elusive "first" kill are often the ones endowed with the deepest appreciation of adventure. Sometimes we must create the so-called "luck," and sometimes it is partly coincidence. For example, let us take a look at Larry's deer blind. He had hunted deer before (not with a bow) and he told it like this:

"I don't like to blow my horn, but I gave this blind a lot of thought and a lot of work. I didn't trust it all to 'luck.' First I removed all leaves and debris which could make any sound at all, then with my hunting knife I dug up the soil good and deep so I could move noiselessly. Then I cut leafy willows and built a wall around the area just below shoulder level, so as to make a comfortable standing shot, and it was done."

I almost forgot to tell you he sprinkled some "buck lure" near by, just where he wanted the deer to be. Well, he was

started by a movement near the "buck lure." Just to comment on this "buck lure" I read so much about, sometime I'd like to try it out. If it works like some of the powerful perfumes which lure human males into moods of ecstasy, it should do the job. Yes sir! Just for curiosity I'd like to have a little sniff of that "buck lure" myself.

The movement Larry saw turned out to be a young doe. There sure must be a lot to learn about the deer species. Larry said:

"After she pawed and danced around that 'buck lure' a spell, she went away.

She must have thought some other lady deer was "horning in." Na-a-ah that couldn't be. Larry let her go for a chance that just once more he might see the big one. So, about 2:30 p.m., he was alerted by another movement which he saw through the wall of willows. This time, however, it was not the "buck lure" which attracted the browsing deer, but some tender second growth, or volunteer corn blades. Something strange here, though, because this buck was not attracted by the "buck lure," but the young lady deer found it. Perhaps because he, being a button buck, was too young to know about the "buck lure" stuff. For that I wouldn't know how old a buck deer has to be.

Time was running out, so the waiting hunter decided to take the chance, for this might be his last chance to take home some venison. This one would certainly be more edible than the old "Grandpappy" who had humiliated him in the thicket. The deer looked with scrutiny at the blind and took another bite, chewing the delicacy while further surveying the new and strange contraption. When he resumed his browsing, Larry began that slow, noiseless motion as his bowstring grew tighter and tighter. He saw the large ears of the deer turn backward as if to better catch any sound in the direction of the blind. It may have been only precaution, or he may have caught the "human scent." At this point the three-blade broadhead touched the index finger of a hand bearing a 42-lb. bow, raised above the wall of the blind. The deer sensed the movement and bounded straight away. The line was drawn and silence was broken once more by the twang of a bowstring. The arrow sped straight over the animal's erect tail and came to rest in the base of the brain, the broadhead protruding from under the lower jaw. Needless to say, the deer dropped, after one bound, like an axed beef.

The climax of this story, however, is mocked with unmistakable irony in the few lines which still remain. Most deer hunting stories follow a well known pattern. The quarry is shot and allowed to run off and hide and there expires. Then, a waiting period of an hour, after which the trail is followed and the animal recovered. Here are two instances which do not fall into this pattern. The first one was not recovered, while the second one did not run away. There is little written of what procedure to follow when a deer is downed with one arrow like an axed beef. I have witnessed the butchering of many beef and pork animals, in which procedure immediate use of the knife is made. Usually before the last violent reflex struggle of the legs and feet are made. The sharp hoofs can be very dangerous as they strike out wildly with all the force of the running motions. Larry's hunting knife had been used to cut willows for his blind and to dig up hard, dry soil to muffle his movements. He had not re-sharpened this instrument

So, when he attempted to use it, he suddenly realized there was an oversight which was most embarrassing. The dull knife required more time than nature allowed him. The leg and foot reaction could be best described as comparing to those of the moonlight buck who had wrecked the corn field in his tornado-like escape.

Besieged with hoofs before and behind, he might well have wondered how only four hoofs could be in so many places at the same time. He was compelled to abandon the task and hurriedly seek the help of Cliff who, from his own deer blind, could not see and was unaware of what had happened. Thus the urgent pleas for Cliff's assistance, and fortunately, not for first aid.

Now Cliff had a sharp knife and they hurried back to complete the tasks immediately following the taking of game. Within 20 minutes after this piece of venison was stricken with a "dead shot" it was cleaned and hanging to a tree in a cooling-out condition. Larry's hunt was ended in a manner so sudden and unexpected he says, "I still don't understand how it happened that way. It seems more like a dream than a reality." His modesty is equal to his aim. When, later at the banquet of the Lincoln Prairie Bowmen, he was asked for a speech, he said, "Well, there are two kinds of deer: well ones and sick ones. Mine must have been a sick one."

But the story is not ended. After the deer was properly cared for, Larry settled down to relax and smoke. But this time he could not smoke, however, because he found he had smoked 'em all up. His hunt was ended and the moonlight phantom was still free to mock the adventurous bow hunters and torment the Herford bulls.

But what about the deer which got away? Was no one ever to learn whether its wound was fatal? Ah yes! So determined was the mind of Cliff Snapp that his search did not end until he found with his own eyes, the one for which they were searching when Paul got lost, and Larry, on his hands and knees, met the laughing buck.

Utah Bow Season Set For Sept. 1 to 16

By RICHARD KERR

845 West 450 North, Orem, Utah
The Utah Game Department has set the deer hunting season for bowmen from September 1 to 16 inclusive, and it will be state-wide. Regulations are:

1. Hunters must wear conspicuous red headgear and torso covering.
2. Bows must weigh a minimum of 40 pounds at archer's draw length. Archer must be capable of shooting his broadhead hunting arrow a minimum horizontal distance of 130 yards.
3. Broadheads must have two or more sharp cutting edges, two of which must have a minimum width of 7/8".
4. Illegal to carry firearms while hunting deer with bow and arrow.
5. Dogs not permitted in hunting deer.
6. Crossbows illegal.

Last year's bow and arrow hunters success ratio was 16%.

License applications and requests for additional information may be directed to: Utah Fish & Game Department, 1596 West North Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah.

MISSOURI BOW HUNTERS

STATE TOURNAMENT

CAPE GIRARDEAU, SEPT. 1-2-3

ARCHERY August, 1956

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

By Tracy L. Stalker



Question: I have been shooting for three years and have made my own tackle. Some questions have arisen which I hope you can answer: What is laminoid? Where can it be purchased? How does it compare with glass? By using Plastifletch or Wondervanes, would you improve your accuracy as against using feathers? Like you, I prefer a wide bow after having made one and shooting it. Why, then, are so many of the high priced commercial bows made so narrow? They seem so skinny after looking at my wide creation. Having had the good fortune to see the National last year at Oxford, Ohio, I was much impressed with the design of the Root bow. What are the objectionable features of this design? Assuming a good glue job, would there be any danger in the bow leaving the handle? Is the main support of binding the riser to the limbs obtained by carrying the backing along the full length of the riser? Could this be done on all wood laminated bows by using a one piece strip of fiber?

Have you seen a copy of "Archer's Dream," the new book concerning archery tackle by Paul Hougham? Who makes the "Thunderbird" bow? Does an offset handle improve holding better than a straight riser? What do they mean by over-draw on a bow? For example, the Na-Po is made in a standard and an over-draw model. Which type head reduces shock on a shaft—a slip-over or a taper head? Will a tapered shaft handle better than a parallel shaft? Which is the most serviceable wrapping for a riser, leather or cord? Would appreciate any answers you can give to my questions.—C.E.O., Chillicothe, Ohio.

Answer: Sorry, but I never heard of "laminoid." I do not think plastic vanes would improve the kind of shooting I do, but if one is an expert shot there might be a noticeable improvement in his accuracy. It is possible that, by making bows narrower, manufacturers get a higher stress in their backings and facings and still keep within safety limits. Naturally a narrow bow will be lighter in the hand than a wide one. I seldom make my bows more than 1-1/2" wide since I have been using glass backing and facing. I do not understand your question on the Root bow. I have not seen one of his bows within a year or so, however, if it is one of the bows with the riser on the back of the bow instead of the face, one lamination is carried over the back of the riser as well as the facing.

If the taper of the riser is quite long, as it usually is in this type of bow, there should be no danger of the bow leaving the handle. In fact, it could not do this without coming to pieces. Probably in an all-wood laminated bow a strip of fiber

would be of some help on the back.

I have not seen the bow you mention, neither do I know the maker of the Thunderbird bow. The offset handle is rather controversial; some archers like it and some don't. An over-draw means that a shorter arrow may be used, as the bow has a long arrow-rest which permits the arrow to be drawn inside the bow. It is much used by flight archers where extremely light arrows are employed. I do not know of any advantage of one of the heads you mention over the other. A tapered shaft has no particular advantage over a straight one, except a very small advantage in weight for a given stiffness.

I have never used cord for handles, for I like the feel of the leather grip better. I think one would be as serviceable as the other. Bill Folberth used to use the plastic lacing material sold at Boy Scout supply centers. This makes a nice grip if one likes it.

Question: I am considering making an osage self bow and am wondering how near "center-shot" it would be possible to make it without creating a weakness that might lead to failure. Would appreciate any help you can give.—J.A.T., Detroit, Mich.

Answer: In making an osage self bow you can cut it back to within 3/16" of center providing you leave 1-3/4" to 2" deep just above the handle and make sure that the top of the arrow rest, or cut-out, comes 1/4", approximately, above this which provides the extra strength needed at this point.

Question: I have been having trouble with groundhogs getting away after I shoot them. Can you recommend a good head for this?—D.J., Green Ridge, Pennsylvania.

Answer: Groundhogs are not too plentiful in Michigan and I have never killed one with a bow. I do know they are hard to anchor. My best guess for this purpose would be as heavy a bow as you can handle and arrows with a large pear-shaped, blunt head. If this doesn't knock them out you at least know they won't drag themselves into their burrows to die a lingering death.

Question: In the March issue of Archery Magazine you made the statement that arrows feathered straight down the shaft for field and target were okay, but that on broadheads spiraled fletching is a "must." I would appreciate it if you would answer my letter and tell me why spiraled fletching is a "must."—C.C.P., Sylvania, Ohio.

Answer: The reason it is advisable to spiral-fletch broadheads is that it is almost impossible to make a set of arrows and get all the heads on PERFECTLY straight. If they are not spin-

ning fairly fast, as soon as they lose part of their initial velocity they start to sail. If they are spiral-fletched, sailing is pretty much eliminated unless the heads are too much out of true. On a target arrow there is enough curve to the feather to cause it to spin somewhat, but the air resistance to a broadhead overcomes the slight spinning action. Of course, the untrue broadhead will still try to sail, but the spinning action of the feathers confines this sailing to a very close spiral that is hardly noticeable.

Question: I have tried arrow straighteners to straighten my aluminum arrows; also have done it by hand, but would like to know how the arrow manufacturers straighten aluminum arrows. The most important question is this: My little girl, three years old, does not have a left hand. She has all of her arm to her wrist. I would like to know how I can make it possible for her to shoot a bow without dropping it. Is there any attachment I can get to strap the bow to her arm, or what have others used?—E.J.K., Wichita, Kan.

Answer: I do not know how archery manufacturers straighten their shafts. I presume the tubing is straightened by torsion before being cut to length. Any method of straightening that has a tendency to cold work the metal in any way would have to be done before the shafts are sorted into sets, as it would be very liable to change the spine. I know one manufacturer who, years ago, straightened those requiring it, by hand, but there may be some newer method now with which I am not familiar.

I have had several inquiries at different times for some method of holding a bow or drawing a string when one hand is missing. I have done considerable investigating, but have never been able to get any satisfactory information on the subject. It looks as if you would have to dope out something to suit the individual need.

Question: The butts on our range are covered with burlap, but some intelligent cows manage to get to the hay. Do you know of any solution to repel bossie? One not poisonous if she does manage to eat it.—H.W., Jackson, Miss.

Answer: The only cattle repellent of which I know is to spray the butts with some kind of oil. I have never used this, but am told that after a few days the oil is absorbed by the straw and does not mess up arrows too badly. Ordinary fuel oil or even crank case drainings seem to work OK. Of course, this makes the bales more inflammable, but they are easily ignited anyway, so the additional fire hazard is negligible.

• Continued on page forty-nine.

By HARRY CRAIG

Box 32, Prairie View, Illinois

What a helluva way to spend a vacation! Sitting here in the woods, listening to the wind rustle the leaves! I had built a blind of brilliant yellow-leaved maple branches, with my back to a balsam, and sat on a camp stool in the hope a deer would amble up to within bow shooting distance. I had been there since before daylight. I looked at my watch—8:00 a.m. The woods were light now. The early sun touched the golden leaves of my maple blind and a light breeze rustled the amber leaves of the aspens. Otherwise it was very quiet.

"As much chance of seeing a deer here as in my own back yard," I thought. "They're probably all in bed. That's what I shudda done—stood in bed."

I looked down into a little brushy hollow to my left, and there were two deer! They didn't even suspect I was there. Two does, feeding slowly toward me. About fifty yards. So my heart started to go boom-boom. It always does, no matter how many times I've seen deer.

"Now relax!" I says to me. "They don't know you're here. This is it, if you take it easy. Don't miff it."

I realized they were very small deer, fawns, and at about thirty yards, surely mother doe must be around somewhere. I searched the woods behind them, but no other deer were in sight, just the two fawns. Nuts! Just my luck. I wouldn't shoot either one of them. They were closer now and the smallest one was walking right toward me. Be in my blind in another minute. She stopped and looked right at me. I was down behind my maple leaves and didn't

move. At 20 yards she turned broadside and put her head down to feed, moving off to my left.

I finally came to the conclusion that, after all, here was some venison, and should be good eating. Nothing to brag about, of course—no trophy—but I'll take it.

She had stopped, head down, feeding. Just twenty yards. She was behind two aspens, her rib-cage centered between the two trees. I'll put my arrow just two inches to the right of the one aspen and get her in the heart. She won't run more than a few yards, and the arrow should go clear through, 'cause she ain't very thick."

I stood up, slowly. Up came her head and she stared right at me, but didn't see me. I don't know why. She put her head down again. I drew, held, released. Whock! I stared in disbelief at my arrow buried in the aspen, while six feet in front of me a hazel branch, thin as a pencil, but tough as a steel spring, waved wildly back and forth. It had deflected my arrow three inches to the left.

The deer? She had done a back flip and taken four jumps back. The two fawns were standing side by side, staring wildly at me.

"Schnoof!" blew the little fawn, stomping her forefoot.

"Schnee-eef!" whistled the smaller fawn, flipping an upraised tail.

"Aw, ya little squirts!" I roared. "Go home and grow up!"

That did it. Maybe they didn't know what I was, but they sure didn't like my voice. They went, snooing and sneefing at every jump, alternating up

and down like a pair of tiny horses on a spinning merry-go-round.

I had to dig a hole in the aspen the size of a coffee cup to get my arrow out of the wood.

"Well, I guess that takes care of things around here for this morning," I said, and went to look for Pete, my hunting partner. I knew he was somewhere west of me, across an old road. He was probably sitting, as I had been. I was taking it easy, still-hunting, by force of habit, I guess. Wasn't making much noise; leaves were still damp.

Suddenly, ten feet in front of me, a bush exploded, grew legs and wore a black and red plaid cap. It was Pete.

"Hey, Pappy, you shouldn't go sneakin' up on people like that! I almost took a shot at you!"

"I was practicin' still-huntin'," I said. "Well, if you wanna hunt, don't hunt so still!" he woofed. "I thought you were a bear."

I didn't tell him I hadn't seen him, either.

"You see anything, Pete?" I asked.

"Nothing but two little fawns 'bout the size of jackrabbits. They were sure goin' hell for breakfast. Almost ran me down. I took a snap-shot at 'em anyway, but hit a popple tree. You see anything?"

"Nope," I said. "Very quiet morning. Let's go back to camp and get some breakfast."

We started for the car.

"If those fawns almost ran you down," I asked, "how come you missed?"

"Listen, Robin Hood, I'll bet you couldn't hit 'em at twenty yards, standin' broadside." Pete replied.

We found the car and went back to camp for breakfast.

"Camp" was one of Art Laha's cabins on South Turtle Lake in Winchester, Vilas County, Wisconsin.

We had selected Art's camp because of an article Art had written for an archery magazine on trailing deer. He claimed he could trail and find any deer that had been hit. And if there was anything I needed it was someone who could do just that.

My wife and I spent two weeks during one season at a cabin west of Boulder Junction, Wisconsin. Our host was building a new peeled-log cabin at the edge of the woods. "Uncle Ed," the carpenter, said he saw a buck almost every morning while he was working in the cabin.

I went down before breakfast one rainy morning. The door hadn't been hung, and I stood inside the opening. It was still dark and the rain and wind were the only sounds. I stood warming my hands in my pockets. My bow leaned against the wall.

As it grew lighter, two oak leaves waved in the rainy gusts like a pair of ears on a deer. I could imagine the antlers, too. Imagine, my eye! That IS a deer! A nice buck was feeding just outside the door!

I quietly picked up my bow, checked my arrow, and shot. The feathered end of my arrow stuck out of his side just behind his shoulder. He raised his head, stood for an instant, then turned and slowly walked around the corner of the cabin.

Well, that wasn't according to the

anything. The rain slackened some. I went back for breakfast. Marge, my wife, was frying bacon and things.

I must have looked like the bearer of glad tidings.

Marge said, "You see Uncle Ed's deer?"

"See him," I said. "I shot 'im!"

"Well, where is he? Let's go get him! I'll call Uncle Ed and Gene!"

"Take it easy," I said, "that buck ain't goin' any place. He's prob'ly lyin' right beside the cabin. My arrow is right through his heart. I saw the feathers stickin' out. That was the best shot I ever made. And, the best part of it is, we won't have to carry him to camp. He's already in camp. I'll get the wheelbarrow and haul him up here after breakfast."

However, we ate a very quick breakfast.

Gene, our host, stuck his head in the cabin door.

"Hey!" he grinned, "you people going hunting this morning? It's daylight."

"I've been hunting this morning," I answered. "I went down to the new cabin and shot Uncle Ed's deer."

"You - - - did?" gulped Gene.

"Sure, he's lying behind the cabin—arrow right through the heart."

Gene disappeared cabin-wards. We put on raincoats and trailed along. Gene had picked up Uncle Ed and they came around the back of the new cabin when we got there.

"I don't see any deer," Uncle Ed said.

"He should be around behind the cabin," I told them just how it happened.

But there wasn't any deer. We searched the surrounding woods. We looked under the cabin. We looked inside the cabin. Uncle Ed climbed up and looked on the roof.

Of course, there wasn't any blood or any trail. The rain took care of that.

As I said, this year we selected Art's camp to hunt because we needed someone who could trail deer.

Art has lived in the Winchester area for thirty-five years; all his life, that is. He personally knows every deer in that neck of the woods and just where it will be at any given time. He'll show you the deer. You hit it and he'll find it.

You can follow your own particular method of hunting; take your choice—still-hunting or sitting early in the morning. But at about 8:00 a.m. everyone comes in for breakfast. Then Art organizes and conducts a drive. You'd better stick a sandwich in your pocket, because those drives last all day, or at least until time for the evening hunt—sitting or still-hunting.

In addition to the cabins, Art runs a "country store" and carries everything a bow hunter might need, from bacon to broadheads.

Then there's Lee's Grill, where you can get a snack or a meal at any time, in case you don't feel like cooking your own meals. And the way we hunted there wasn't much time left for cooking. If you want a pre-dawn breakfast, you go down and hammer on the wall of Lee's Grill. Lec will get your breakfast, and then probably go hunting with you.

And that about makes up the "town" of Winchester. The rest of it is made up of South Turtle Lake, surrounded by miles of forest, full of deer, grouse and bear—and things which go bump in the night against your cabin.

Yes, there are bear. Art says he shot ten bear last year with eleven arrows. There's a trick to it, but ask Art to tell you.

One evening I was still-hunting 'way

up again and leaped away." "You hit him - - -?" "No! He jumped the string! When he went down, the arrow went over his shoulder."

"Boy, you've had it!" I sympathized. "Then the two bucks ran back across the field and stopped, looking back at me. I took another shot, but it was short and stuck in the base of a tree. They took off again. Then a bigger buck—a ten- or twelve-pointer—came out on the east side of the field and walked across to where my arrow was sticking in the tree. He stopped and sniffed at my arrow. Then he turned his back to me, raised his tail and off he went. I tell you, I'm through."

We got in the car and drove slowly back to camp, muttering to ourselves and sobbing softly into our beards about the things which can happen to bow hunters.

We hunted hard all week, from before dawn until after dark. Each evening we would gather at Lee's Grill with the rest of the gang and, over steaks and chops and large helpings of Lee's Special Hunters' Chow, recount the day's events.

Each evening Art would ask hopefully, "Got one down?"

But we didn't get one down. We didn't even get a hit—just close misses. And that was that, as far as Pete's hunting was concerned, for the season.

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Hunting was uneventful until the morning of the last day. I awakened about 4:00 a.m., with the wind screaming in off the lake and banging around the cabin. Snow was driving in the open window, which I quickly closed; noted the ground was already white.

He ignored the question.

"Two bucks came out at the south end of the field and walked toward me. I waited and prayed they would come closer. They did. They stopped at exactly eleven paces from me before I shot."

"Did you pace it off before or after you shot?" I asked.

"I nodded."

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He ignored the question.

up again and leaped away." "You hit him - - -?" "No! He jumped the string! When he went down, the arrow went over his shoulder."

"Boy, you've had it!" I sympathized. "Then the two bucks ran back across the field and stopped, looking back at me. I took another shot, but it was short and stuck in the base of a tree. They took off again. Then a bigger buck—a ten- or twelve-pointer—came out on the east side of the field and walked across to where my arrow was sticking in the tree. He stopped and sniffed at my arrow. Then he turned his back to me, raised his tail and off he went. I tell you, I'm through."

We got in the car and drove slowly back to camp, muttering to ourselves and sobbing softly into our beards about the things which can happen to bow hunters.

We hunted hard all week, from before dawn until after dark. Each evening we would gather at Lee's Grill with the rest of the gang and, over steaks and chops and large helpings of Lee's Special Hunters' Chow, recount the day's events.

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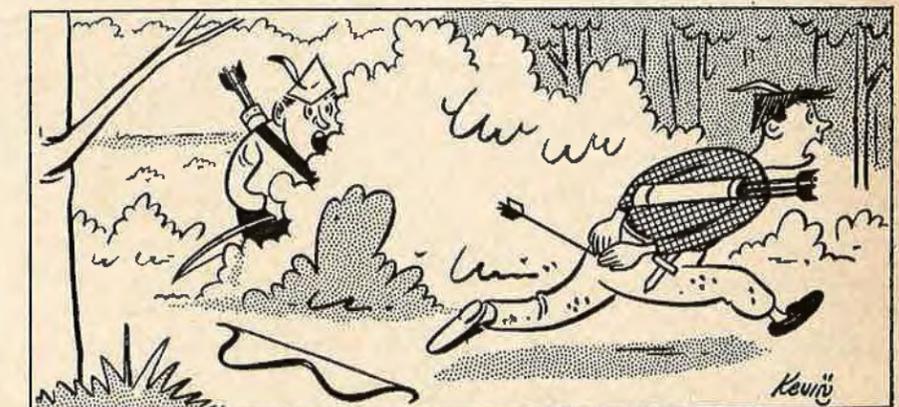
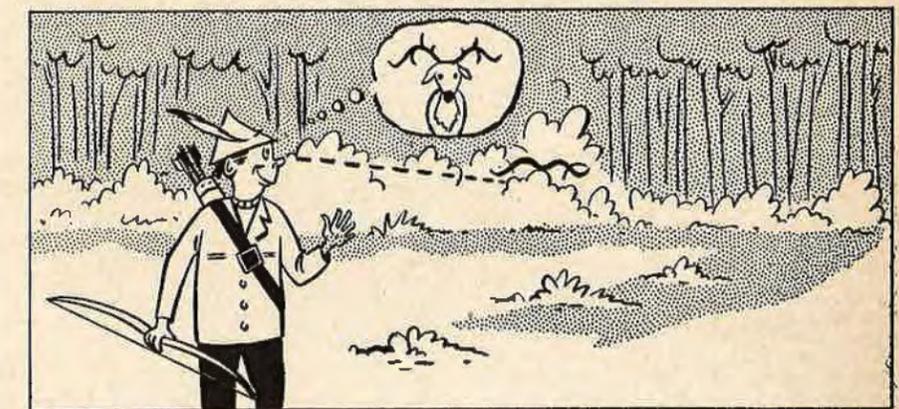
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Continued on page twenty-two.



Roper's Release

By LOWELL ROPER

6307 Mountain Blvd., Oakland Calif.

Out in the middle of Nevada we saw the sign, "Pinto Summit—Elevation 7,536 feet—Roadside Parking," so we pulled in and stopped to stretch and look around. We had 285 horses under the hood, and as long as we kept their bellies full of hi-octane they were rarin' to go. Hooked on to our couplin' pole was a 15-foot sportsman trailer with all the comforts of home including a well stocked ice box and three-burner butane stove.

Carolyn says, "Did you ever see such a monotonous country? As far as the eye can see, nothing but desert wasteland and parched, bare mountains. I'll certainly be glad to get back to civilization."

While our three-year-old Diana was out foraging for pretty rocks and wild flowers, Carolyn suggested I stretch out on the bed and rest while she whipped us up some lunch. No sooner had I hit the hay than I began to drift off—down, down the trail of time, a little more than a hundred years. Suddenly I heard the crack of the bull whip, then I saw the cloud of dust, the everlasting, penetrating, choking, sagey, musty, sweat-caking, oil-eating dust.

Nine prairie schooners and three constogas with their three yokes to the wagon, sure kick up a wad of dust. As the lead wagon topped the last rise the others swung out to come along side, all anxious; men, women and children, even the tired oxen, to see if this might be the last hard climb. Hoping beyond hope to be greeted with that long sought after sight—the Pacific Ocean. The disappointment on their faces was pathetic. "See any prospects of water?" one of the men called out to the others. Then, after a few moments of mass concentration, someone says, "Looks like a spring down there." But the oxen had already sensed it and were fretting to maneuver the wagons in that direction.

I followed them down and watched as they made an early camp. I listened and heard many things, some inspiring, some heart-breaking. They were on their way to California. The year was 1849. They had been on the trail more than two months, and were resolved to succeed. Willing to accept anything but failure. At times they had plodded toward the setting sun for countless miles, over the trackless wasteland only to discover they had guessed wrong. Mountain piled on top of mountain, impenetrable canyons prevented their going further, then they were compelled to retrace the tiring distance and try again, further south or north, never really knowing if they were making the right choice. I could imagine their joy when they hit it right.

Soon the aroma of brewing coffee penetrated my sensitive nostrils, and the cheerful excitement of a three-year-old returning with a pretty rock. I awoke to the first and last call for lunch.

I find it difficult to travel through Nevada, Arizona or Utah without experiencing a certain sympathy and ad-

miration for those early pioneers who charted the first trails to the West.

Now when you reach the top of a mountain and look down and across for countless miles, there's a smooth, black ribbon of asphalt receding into the distance, then fifty yards on either side you can see the sage, the chaparral, the gullies and boulders, the dry, dusty, miring, sandy earth, that was their highway. When they came to a river, there was no bridge. They had to figure out a way to cross and to go on, ever westward.

We, Carolyn, our three-year-old Diana, and I were returning from Colorado Springs and the National Field Archery Tournament. We stopped in Orem, Utah to see the Kerrs. You know Cretia, who writes "Outdoor Wife," and her almost as famous husband Dick.

You may notice elsewhere in this issue where I brought home the brass with my new bow. Guess I flinched at the right time.

This issue of Archery will probably be chuck full of what transpired there, so I won't try to bore you with repetition. Some of the highlights I enjoyed were: the street markers put up at intersections out in the camping area, naming the streets after the past champions. I thought firing the mortar to start the shooting was a clever idea. However, why did they have to charge the first three with rain-making chemicals? I thought the "Welcome Archers" signs were beautifully done, and would have been even better if they had had an arrow pointing toward them.

We had a wonderful time at the National. You know, the sun may be hot, the rain wet, but there's one thing on which you can depend—the PEOPLE are always wonderful.

HEARD ON THE RANGE

It sounded just a little comical to hear the barker on his rounds calling out: "Sun glasses, sun visors, umbrellas, hip-boots, and key chains."

GOLDEN ARROW

An unselfish child can come only from an unselfish home.

Results Of Clintonville Bow Hunters Shoot

By REV. RAY WALKENHORST

Clintonville, Wisconsin

Even though it rained "cats and dogs" in the morning, 180 archers turned out for the Clintonville (Wis.) Bow Hunters field shoot. Shooting on a 28-target range, with simulated deer targets, and a 2-4-6 point score system, three arrows, the following winners were:

Men—Arlin Sasse, Clintonville, 348; Rev. Ray Walkenhorst, Clintonville, 308; Ben Thorn, Neenah, 306.

Women—Beth Knabenbauer, Menasha, 286; Julia Steffen, Wausau, 218; Janet Kudick, Merrill, 214.

Junior—Phillip Walkenhorst, 290;

Cadet—Allen Smith, 284; Walkenhorst, 216; Ray Brier, 188. The Clintonville field archery range is considered one of the finest in the State of Wisconsin, and is open to any archer who might be traveling through. It is located on Highway 45, just four miles outside of Clintonville. A large sign on the highway points out the direction. Visitors will find spring water there, a shelter with fireplace, and picnic tables.

NEW IDEA FOR LEAGUE COMPETITION

John Schoenike of the Stalker Archery Company and Rev. Ray Walkenhorst, Clintonville, Wisconsin, presented a new idea in field archery competition at the annual meeting. This idea was adopted and is now in full swing.

The idea is six-man team competition. Each of the nine clubs in the Central Wisconsin Field Archery League pick six of their best archers. These teams meet each other once during the nine-week season. At the end of the season the team with the most wins will be presented the traveling league trophy. If won three consecutive years it will become the permanent possession of the club. Medals will be presented to the archers making the first and second place teams.

Archers Schoenike and Walkenhorst, co-chairmen of the committee, anticipated that this idea would catch on, as it did, for all the clubs in the league find it not only challenging in team competition, but it has brought about renewed interest in the individual clubs. It is hoped the idea will grow throughout the state of Wisconsin so that in time not only will there be a championship team from the Central Wisconsin Field Archery League, but also a state championship six-man team. And a National Championship team, perhaps.

Any teams wishing to take on the CWFAL champions after August 26th, write to John Schoenike, or Rev. Ray Walkenhorst, Clintonville, Wis. We will take on all comers within a reasonable traveling distance.

Results Of Wyoming State Tournament

By CLYTIE LE VASSEUR

Box 292, Laramie, Wyoming

The Laramie Bowmen were host club to the highly successful Wyoming State Tournament June 30 and July 1.

Despite rainy weather, more than one hundred archers took to the hills for two days of fun. Many new state champions were crowned at the close of the shoot. Bud Vornhagen and Velda Allison were named All Around Archers in the state. Bill and Marilyn Gerdom of Casper won the Man and Wife team trophy for the second year. Other winners were:

Field Rounds

Men—Bud Vornhagen, Chuck Culver and Paul Birkholtz.

Women—Vera Powell, Marilyn Gerdom and Eleanor Green.

Intermediates—Curtis Herman, Chuck Culver and Kenny Boilsen.

American Round

Women—Gail Rathbun, Velda Allison and Polly Frost.

Men—Bill Gerdom, Gordon Nowitzki and Paul Birkholtz.

The members of the Laramie club were very pleased at the large turnout, and wish to say "Thank You" to everyone who attended and helped to make this one of the best state tournaments in Wyoming.

HOW CAN AN ARCHER COME OFF With Dogs, Riflemen & Shotgunners?

By W. W. Barksdale

2515 South N Street, Fort Smith, Arkansas

We had that buck pin-pointed, right down to the 50-yards-across patch of brush he lived in.

We just knew we could still-hunt that patch, find him there—and somebody was bound to get a shot.

So we left the road and softly started up the draw, in which the brush patch was located, came in sight of it—maybe 150 yards away—and started our sneak.

And then came the dogs! And that was that!

Another time, we had four or five does and two bucks located in a small feeding ground, found they had a fixed circular "run" about 300 yards wide and a thousand yards long and that they didn't want to leave the area.

We had gotten one shot and felt positive we had a buck measured for the car-top before the day was over—and then came the gun hunters (in the special archery season). And that was that!

How much bad luck can three bow and arrow hunters have in one season, anyway?

Well, the answer to that is "all of it"—as we found out.

And we ended the season deerless—even if we did have a couple of the most fascinating hunts we ever went on.

"We" were a trio made up of the writer, Bill, the writer's 18-year-old son and a top hunter, and Buck Barnett, a photographer who has two great loves—his cameras and prowling the forests with a bow and arrow.

The story started, as usual, several weeks before the season, when the three of us—all residents of Fort Smith, Ark., started our preliminary prowling of the rugged Boston Mountain region, 50 miles or so northeast of the city, to locate deer and likely places to stalk and try to shoot them.

The Boston range is a terrific area—long, high, haze-hung backbones of earth and rock, and deep, rugged, brush-filled canyons.

It's a paradise for deer—but we got a shock when our first trip showed up almost no tracks and revealed no promise of anything but a deerless season. In other years the trails had been padded over with tracks, and finding deer was the least of the hunter's worries.

Something had happened to the herd—what we didn't know. But we did know it meant a tougher job if we were to have a shot at a deer.

So we got down to serious business. On several trips, we prowled the canyon floors, almost inaccessible benches, the tops of the high backbone—and what we found confirmed our first impressions and gave us no cause for optimism.

At last, however, the prowling paid off. On the top of a narrow ridge, between two great canyons, we found many patches of a particular weed growth of which the deer are very fond. There's very little of it in those mountains—and it looked as if a whole herd of deer was working it over.

We thought we had it made!

It was there we found the does and two bucks and succeeded in learning that one of the bucks practically lived in that small patch of brush.

A Forest Service road ran up the middle of the ridge and the oval "run" the deer were using ran along the rim of the upper canyon for a thousand yards or so, crossed the road, meandered back along the rim of the opposite canyon, then crossed the road again to follow back up the other rim and complete the oval.

Our first chance was the week-end of the first one-week archery season.

Before dawn, we parked the car, had a cup of coffee, discussed the situation and started up toward the little draw in which the brush patch was located.

It was about five miles from the nearest house or sign of civilization. It's illegal in that area to hunt deer with dogs or to permit dogs to run deer on their own. But, just as we turned into the little draw, it would be our luck that in all the 300,000 acres of that forest, here came two illegal hounds tearing down from the opposite end of the draw. Straight for the brush patch they raced, jumped our buck right under our eyes—and ran him out of the country, with us standing there watching!

Of course he played with them a while, taking them through every other draw and brush patch around there, before he got enough of it and left the region in full run—and by then I don't suppose there was a deer left in that part of the country.

We talked it over. We didn't know of any other deer. But we did know of a long ancient field, now grown up in scrub, a few miles across the forest—and there we headed.

There wasn't a sign of life in sight when we reached it, the wind was tricky and constantly shifting, and we didn't know how in the world to hunt it.

The old field lay along a canyon rim. It was perhaps 200 yards wide, with heavy forest on the side opposite the canyon.

Finally, we agreed on a plan. One man was to take the canyon rim, another the center of the field, and the third would hunt along the edge of the forest opposite the canyon.

There wasn't a deer track anywhere, but we hadn't hunted 20 minutes until a spike walked out of the forest on the third man's side.

That man was already out of it. The buck was too far ahead of him and he had no chance of catching up with him, because the forest was dry and noisy and quiet hunting meant going slowly.

The middle man had little chance. He, too, was soon behind as the buck angled across the brush-covered field.

I was on the opposite side from the deer and maybe had a slight chance. Ducking under the canyon rim, I headed up it as rapidly as I could go quietly, finally coming out on top, slightly ahead of where the buck had been heading.

But no luck—he had turned straight up the field and now I also was behind him. For a quarter of a mile, I stalked him, trying to get within range, but he kept ahead of me and finally slipped away into an angle of the forest and was gone.

I had one more thrill shortly after that. Sneaking softly up a game trail, I saw a deer in a brush patch ahead. Couldn't tell whether it was a buck or doe. So I worked on up toward it, finally getting within 30 yards or so—and could get no closer. Not knowing what to do, I simply stood and awaited developments. They weren't long in coming. The deer walked out of the brush, came toward me and stopped within 20 yards, right in the open—but it was a doe.



Author sharpens a broadhead, in preparation for another stalk, as his son, Bill, looks on.

around. Apparently, the wind shifted, for suddenly she leaped seven or eight feet into the air, turned like a cat, and shagged it out of there.

And that was that day's hunt. We saw no more deer, not even any more deer tracks.

Came the gun season and nobody had any luck in that section. It was soon followed by the second archery season.

And so, back we went, with hopes high, to our ridge top and our "deer herd feeding ground."

They were there. Two bucks and a doe were in the first draw we entered, but they sighted us despite our best still hunting and slipped out the top of the draw ahead of us.

They evidently weren't scared, though. They simply moved out of our way and we worked on into position to await developments.

Within a few minutes, a deer eased past Barnett—but turned out to be a doe, with no huck following.

Finally, we dropped back to the road, talked it over, and decided Bill and Barnett would take positions in a draw, while I went back up the canyon, swung into the rim, and attempted an easy drive to them.

Finishing the drive, I landed in the middle of a lot of excitement. Seems that Bill had taken his position, Barnett had gone up to the top of the draw, easing up behind a vine-covered tree. He peeked around it—and looked full into the face of an eight-pointer not 20 yards away. The deer also was looking directly at him.

Tangled behind vines, Buck finally managed to lean slowly to one side until he could get his bow clear and got off an arrow. His aim was good—but so was the buck's speed!

As the bow limbs leaped forward, so did the buck—and the arrow merely split the air where the deer had been. The buck bounded on down the hillside toward the road, apparently not much frightened.

Bill and Buck followed cautiously, while I swung back to the road, hoping to intercept the deer if he had not already crossed it. The two hunters finally came on out, with no deer showing in the meantime.

Time for coffee—and a short wait to "rest" the area before hunting it again.

We went back to the car, poured cups of coffee—and darned if the buck didn't dash by within 15 feet of the car while we were drinking it!

Sounds like three total amateurs, doesn't it? But don't laugh too quickly. If you're a hunter, take a minute and you'll remember "that time when - -"

Still it was even now only an hour or so after we had started hunting—and the buck passing the car had shown us the remainder of the circular run.

A car passed us, went on—and we started working the buck back up the canyon rim.

What we didn't know was the car had stopped on the crossing at the other end of the run. We found it out when an automatic rifle suddenly split the stillness with shot after shot—about 15 in all, punctuated by the booming of a 12 gauge shotgun!

Then, within four or five minutes, we heard the roar of the engine as the pair jumped into their car and beat it out of there at a dangerous speed, for those mountain roads.

Whether they got the deer, we didn't know—and don't know yet.

What we do know is that the illegal gunners had hardly got away when here came two men in a truck, armed



Nope, no blood, no dampness, no hair. Bill (left) and Buck decide as they examine the arrow which just missed the deer.

with shotguns. "Squirrel hunting," they explained.

But the only place they could think of to hunt a squirrel was right on the upper deer crossing—where the timber is all pine and there aren't any squirrels at that time of year.

We talked it over.

"Look, fellows," Buck said, "these fellows are already illegal if they're after deer. So they'd just as soon shoot a doe as a buck. Which means they don't have to look—just a movement, and one of 'em is likely to let go at it. Which makes us sitting ducks. So let's get the heck out of here while we're all in one piece."

Which is what we did. Personally, I'm more scared of a gun hunters when I'm bow hunting than I would be of a grizzly bear.

So that was that—meaning that was all for another deer season.

We tried our old field again, but failed to find a sign of game and ended

the day with nothing but bright memories of gigantic hazy mountains, wonderful silence in the woods, gorgeous coloring, and several successes in stalking deer—even if they didn't pay off.

How much bad luck can a bow hunter have? As I said, the works, evidently. Or can he?

Maybe not—because nothing can ever take away the memories of the blue skies, the nerve-soothing quiet, the deer looming up in the binoculars, the silent sneak through the great forest, the occasional gentle rustle of arrow feathers in the quiver, the utter satisfaction of the mid-day meal cooked beside some chuckling little mountain stream—and I think that's what we go for.

We don't particularly want the deer. If we did, we'd take firearms—with which we could easily have killed at least four deer on the two hunts.

No, on second thought, the luck wasn't bad at all. And we can't wait to try it again—when maybe we'll get off an arrow the deer won't jump.

SOUTHERN REPORTER



ANITA HOPPER

1312 Brower Street, Memphis 11, Tenn.

Summertime is oft rumored as the "lazy time" down South, but not so in archeryland! Along with general news, here is a bird's-eye view of some good scoring being turned in by Southern archers. We find results interesting, and hope you will, too.

SOUTHERN

This is final notice to Southern field and target archers to make tracks to Brevard, N. C., over Labor Day weekend. The Southern Archery Association tournament activities kick off with field rounds starting Saturday morning, September 1, on the Sylvan Valley Archers' range at Camp Straus. Make your reservations with Bill Bangs, Box 244, Brevard.

Defending field champions are: Instinctive: Odell James, Memphis; Deneice Steelman, Oklahoma City, Free-style: Clarence Hardiman, Tallahassee, Fla., Jewell Trantham, Tulsa, Okla. Juniors: Tom Been and Lynne Steelman, both of Oklahoma City. Instinctive All Events: Rex Beach, Oklahoma City, Barbara Edwards, Memphis, Tenn.

FLORIDA

Bernie Wright, Ruskin, Florida, mailed us results of the Florida Archery Association state tournament, a combined field and target event held by the Lost Lake Archers, Daytona, and it is interesting to note no less than 127 archers participated, and they shot good scores, too!

Art Tew (810) and Willeta Johnson (509) are the new Instinctive field champions. Charles Cribbs and Roy Loggins were pushing Tew, while Maybelle Fink and Jo Brooks had their eyes on Willeta's trophy. Floyd and Mary Odum monopolized the Free-style awards with 795 and 593 totals, edging out W. H. Schmidt, Howard Kloefer, Ernestine Stone and Marcia Kloefer. High in their division were Dickie Anton, Junior, 709; Harvey Shoaf, Intermediate, 364; Danny Macone, Cadet, 277. High in their respective classifications were Anthony Caruso, Joe Fink, Bill Seagers, Julian Schrock, Truman King, Willard Reynolds, Al Gonzalez, Jim Mann, Nadine Gustafson, Lorraine Pollard, Ann Mann.

Instinctive target champions were Ray Loggins (801-832 York-American) and Barbara Macone (715-578 Hereford-American). Free-style champions were Edwin Nevin (706-653) and Jo Brooks

(614-572), Bob Loftis, Intermediate, (707-654), and Bruce Nevin, Cadet (405-413).

Newly-elected secretary of Florida Archery Association is Jim Vensel, 9025 N.W. 32nd Court, Miami.

Tampa club held an invitational field shoot June 24 and 63 archers attending from ten cities. Bernie Wright advises Charlie Cribbs, shooting 812 field and broadhead, was high Instinctive archer. Mary Odum was high lady in the Instinctive division with 427, and Marcia Kloefer was tops in Free-style with 571. Top Free-style man was Charles Reamer with 561. Tom Adams, Jr., led the juniors with 345. Men winning in their respective classifications were Lacy Austin, J. Beckwith, Mell Galli and Dick Hall.

MISSISSIPPI

Mississippi archers are being informed of field and bow hunting activities through the diligent efforts of their NFAA Field Governor, George Ratliff, who has undertaken the chore of dispatching monthly bulletins to state archers. Archery is being organized rapidly and the state will soon have its first tournament and association. Mississippi had ten delegates at the Southeastern Field Tournament in Pensacola, Florida, and six of them won medals. They are off to a good start.

MISSOURI

Jim Neely was appointed by the St. Louis Archery Club to bundle available state news for shipment via Southern Express. There is a lot of good activity in the state and we look forward to having the various clubs as passengers.

Lake of the Ozarks Archery Club held a field shoot on their home range near Camden, Missouri, June 17. Lon Stanton, member of the local club, was top Instinctive archer. Jim Fletes, St. Louis Bow Hunters, second, and LeRoy Young, Sedalia Archers, third. Winner of the women's Instinctive division was Erin Jeffrey, St. Louis Bow Hunters. In the Free-style division, top honors were taken by Bob Brandt, with Jim Neely second and Earl Hoyt, third.

NORTH CAROLINA

S. C. Graham, Salisbury, took three trophies in the North Carolina State

Instinctive championship, the novelty shoot and the Smathers round. Sharing the spotlight with Graham was the Free-style Smathers family, Ozzie, daughter Irene, and son Kenny. A crossbow division was voted by the N.C.A.A. to be included in the state target shoot each year, and a new trophy to be awarded the best beginner in any division.

Another new club has been formed in North Carolina—The Panther Bowmen of East Spencer—making sixteen clubs in this good Southern state.

TENNESSEE

Eileen Almon reports top Instinctive winners of Municipal Archers of Memphis' Memorial Field Invitational June 24 were: Odell James, Memphis, 859 for field and broadhead rounds; John Roche, Norfolk, Virginia, 626, and Bill Flatford, Pine Bluff, Ark., 605; Barbara Edwards, Memphis, 608; Los James, Memphis, 498.

Upper Peninsula Shoot Set For Sept. 8 and 9

By FRED ARGALL

786 S. Pine St., Ishpeming, Mich.

In what promises to be the largest get-together of archers ever held in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, Ishpeming's Tomahawk Bowmen will be host to Upper Peninsula archers for their championship on September 8 and 9.

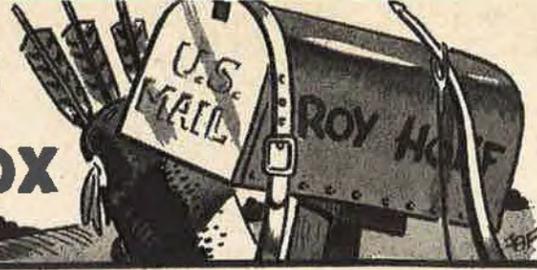
The annual banquet and meeting on Saturday evening will officially open festivities, and anyone desiring information on the two-day affair may secure the same by contacting this writer.

An abundance of awards will be given and special trophies will be awarded to out-of-association shooters. It is the wish of every member of the Upper Peninsula Field Archery Association that those of you reading this make an attempt (and follow it through) at being with us, for not only the good time always found at these big week-ends, but for the fact alone that three weeks later the deer season begins and the territory is wide open for your inspection and approval.



Instinctive and Free-style champions of the Southeastern Target Archery Association receive trophies from S.E.A.A. President Dick Fayssoux. The tournament was held June 23-24 at Kingsport, Tenn. Top archers, left to right are: S. C. Graham, Salisbury, N. C., Instinctive; O. K. Smathers, Brevard, N. C., Free-style; Dick Fayssoux, President; Lynne Smathers, Brevard, N. C., Free-style, and Maxine Powers, Kingsport, Tenn., Instinctive.

Editor's Mail Box



Dear Editor:

Here is a dandy fishing tackle rig which some of your readers may be using, but others ought to know how to make:

A one-pound can, such as a grease can or Johnson's wax can with a good lid, is used. A couple of flat holes, 1/2" long against the bottom of the side walls on opposite sides, are made. Through these a flat metal strip, 1/2" x 1/8" about two inches longer than the diameter of the can, is inserted. An electrician's fixture support channel strip is good for this purpose. In any case it is secured to the bottom of the can by a couple of figure eight rubber bands fastened about the ends of the bar protruding from the can and across the bottom of the can, thereby insuring against slippage and wear of the metal against the bow backing. These same ends are then snugged to the bow back by a couple of encircling rubber bands about each end. Any good, heavy duty Nylon line seems to be adequate. I use 90-lb. Trojan or Ashaway line, but it should be wrapped about the can very smoothly. A little practice helps in this.

Also, this story may tickle the bow-marrow of some of Archery's readers:

A few days ago, returning at dusk from my office, I saw a beautiful cock pheasant stalking about my pheasant pen. He was obviously a prize bird, an escapee from somebody's pen. He refused to let me get near with a long-handled dip net. So I got my bow and rubber tipped blunt. The first arrow he sidestepped, or something, but the second nailed him right in the back of his bright red head. He dropped and cut all the capers and didoes of a chicken who'd just lost his neck, but he didn't seem really hurt. I slipped him into my pen, and removed my wan, henpecked old cock pheasant. The new fellow shook his head bewildered and dazed, many, many times before awakening. Now, in full possession of all his faculties, since first seeing that pen full of hens, all his, he has never stopped shaking his head.

Sincerely yours

WILMOT B. BOONE, M.D.

4117 S. 26th W. Ave., Tulsa, Okla.

New Mexico State Shoot To Be Held Labor Day

By ALICE CHAMBERS

1535 Stanford N. E., Albuquerque, N. M.

"Exhausting, but fun." "Never saw so many 100-yard targets." "A wonderful experience"—were a few of the comments from the Albuquerque Field Archers as we caught our breath and reflected on our first National. One of the most enjoyable aspects was making new friends and we, again, want to thank Colorado Springs for a grand time.

We will be talking about the National for months to come, but we must turn to matters at hand as we get under

way with our New Mexico State Tournament which Albuquerque Field Archers will host on Labor Day week-end.

The Sandia Mountains will be the locale, more specifically, the Cedars Range, twenty miles east of Albuquerque on U.S. 66 and north two miles on New Mexico Highway 10. To participate, you must have a current handicap or your last three tournament scores verified by your club officers. Those not affiliated with a club, without handicaps, will be placed in the open, or expert A class. Also, you must belong to the New Mexico Field Archery Association. It will be possible to purchase a state membership at the tournament for \$1.00 per year. Further rules and regulations will adhere to the NFAA requirements.

Classes will be open in Free-style and Instinctive from novice to expert A for both men and women; two classes only for intermediates and juniors, boy and girl. Trophies and medals will be awarded, also out-of-state trophies will be awarded to those not from New Mexico. Fees will be \$5.00 for adults, \$3.00 for intermediates, and \$2.00 for juniors. Banquet and chuck wagon dinner tickets may be purchased at the time of registration for \$2.25 and \$1.25 respectively.

Tentative schedule is as follows:

Saturday, September 1:

9:00 a.m.—Registration

1:00 p.m.—28-Target field round

7:00 p.m.—Chuck wagon

Sunday, September 2:

8:00 a.m.—28-Target field round.

1:00 p.m.—28-Target hunter's round

7:00 p.m.—Banquet

Monday, September 3:

8:00 a.m.—28-Target big game round

1:00 p.m.—Broadhead flight and awards.

The various times and prices of the dinner are subject to change. However, it will give you some idea of what to expect, and we hope to keep the cost within reach of everyone.

Camping sites are available in the Sandias. We advise our out-of-state friends to bring water containers and to prepare for cold nights. Motels, of course, are plentiful in Albuquerque and we urge early reservations.

There will be no baby-sitting facilities at the tournament site. However, day nurseries are numerous in town.

Anyone desiring further information should contact State Tournament Chairman Jason Moore, 409 Jefferson N.E., Albuquerque.

Good shooting and we'll be looking for you Labor Day!

Pope-Young Shoot Set For Sept 1-2-3

By EARL L. ULLRICH

Box 862, Roseburg, Oregon

The 21st annual tournament of the Pope-Young Archers of Oregon will be held on Labor Day week-end, September 1-2-3, on the beautiful grounds of the Roseburg Rod and Gun Club, situated

North Umpqua River, at Winchester, six miles north of Roseburg, on Highway 99.

This organization is unique, being the first organized bow hunting group in the country. The championship events, the clout, wand, and Pope-Young (animal shoot) are shot with equipment which must meet the state's minimum bow hunting requirements—bows of 40 pounds pull, broadhead arrows of one ounce in weight and having a blade of at least 7/8" in width.

Being one of the most popular meets in the Northwest, it usually draws several hundred archers from all over that area. The prizes are of archery merchandise, raw materials, equipment, accessories, jewelry or order on such merchandise, donated by dealers throughout the country.

So, we are calling on you to help us out. If you are kindly disposed toward us, your gift will be prominently displayed over your name. Regardless of how small it may be, it will be gratefully accepted and passed out at the conclusion of the meet. If you wish to send on retail price lists, they also will be passed out to interested archers. If you have archers on your staff interested in this style of shooting, camping out for the three days, we will guarantee them plenty of competition and a swell time.

Central New York Shoot Draws Big Crowd

By GEORGE D. KITCHEN

47 Riverside Dr., Sidney, N. Y.

Ideal weather conditions prevailed in Oneonta, New York June 16 and 17, dates for the two-day spring sectional shoot in the Central Area of the New York State Field Archery Association. One hundred and ten archers pulled themselves away from good carp fishing throughout the area to compete in this annual event.

Ken Lockridge, past NYFA president; Carl LaMonica, tournament chairman of the Oneonta Archers, the host club, and George Kitchen, Central Area Governor, were on hand at 6:30 a.m. Sunday to begin registration.

The Oneonta Archers received many compliments on the condition of their course, which had been rebuilt this spring.

The refreshment stand was very capably handled by Mrs. Al Osterhout, Delma and Bob Carey, Grace LaMonica, and Ronnie Knott. Frances and George Solovitch, and Ruby Lockridge proved themselves indispensable as they so efficiently handled registration and score tallying.

Following are the winners:

Bow Hunters Division

Walter Westcott, Oneonta, 417; Jeanne Wilson, Deposit, 318; Al Sterling, Iliou, 203.

Instinctive Men's Division

John Fry, Syracuse, 645; Stan Van Gorder, Sidney, 617; Dominick August, Sidney, 591.

Instinctive Women's Division

Cecelia Van Gorder, Sidney, 537; Ruby Lockridge, Oneonta, 480.

Free-Style Division

Bill Woods, 809; Frank Slacik, 683; John Fletcher, 676; all of Binghamton.

Intermediate Boys

Frank LaMonica, 272; Ronald Harvard, 254; Walter Dawson, 166.

Junior Boys

David Burnside, 249; David Johnson, 188.



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T330 (l.) — 6 1/4" — \$3.25 up
T230 (r.) — 4" — \$2.75 up



SW350 — 6 1/2" high — \$6.50 up



SW560 — 8" high — \$9.00 up



SW230A (l.) 5" high — \$3.25 up
SW230B (r.)



S460 — 6 1/2" high — \$6.00 up



PW560 — 8" high — \$8.00 up



PW350 — 6" high — \$5.50 up



P460 — 6" high — \$5.00 up



R460 — 6" high — \$5.00 up



PW230 — 4 1/2" — \$3.00 up

Trophies No. TW860, T660, SW560, S460, PW560, P460, R460 are mounted with ARCHER medallions; No. TW750, SW350, PW350 have DIANA medallions; No. T330, T230, SW230A, SW230B, PW230 may be had with either medal. No. TW860, TW750, T660 are furnished only in walnut with gold-finished mountings. All other trophies and plaques may be had in choice of walnut or cherry with mountings in gold, silver or bronze finish. Each trophy and plaque bears an attractive engraving plate of black and white laminated plastic.

PRICE LIST

Cat. No.	Mountings	Price	Handling charge
TW860	gold finish	\$14.00	.55
TW750	gold finish	12.00	.55
T660	gold finish	9.00	.45
T330	gold or silver finish	3.50	.35
T230	gold or silver finish	3.25	.35
T230	bronze finish	3.00	.25
T230	bronze finish	2.75	.25
SW350	gold or silver finish	7.50	.35
SW350	bronze finish	6.50	.35
SW560	gold or silver finish	10.00	.45
SW560	bronze finish	9.00	.45
SW230A-B	gold or silver finish	3.50	.25
SW230A-B	bronze finish	3.25	.25
S460	gold or silver finish	7.00	.35
S460	bronze finish	6.00	.35
PW560	gold or silver finish	9.00	.35
PW560	bronze finish	8.00	.35
PW350	gold or silver finish	6.50	.35
PW350	bronze finish	5.50	.35
P460	gold or silver finish	6.00	.35
P460	bronze finish	5.00	.35
R460	gold or silver finish	6.00	.35
R460	bronze finish	5.00	.35
PW230	gold or silver finish	3.25	.25
PW230	bronze finish	3.00	.25
Engraving, per character			.04

Full payment must accompany order. Delivery: about two weeks.



30mm ARCHER or 32mm DIANA medal, complete with ribbon and plastic case: gold finish — \$1.50, silver finish — \$1.25, bronze finish — \$1.00. Ribbon bars, finished to match medal, blank area for engraving — 25¢ each. Engraving on bars or reverse of medals — 4¢ per character.

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Fun In The Woods

Continued from page fifteen.

and quickly hopped back into the warm "sack" again, turning up the oil heater en route.

Oh yes! Art's cabins are well equipped—oil heat, bottled gas cook-stove, and electric lights. Outside plumbing, though. Real comfort.

Many a morning I've brushed the frost off my sleeping bag, with no more shelter than a tarp, and shivered making an open fire, while Orion strode across the sky ahead of the dawn.

It was pretty snug here, waiting for the cabin to warm. But you don't shoot deer in a warm cabin—or do you?

Anyhow at 5:00 a.m. I was pounding on the door at Lee's Grill. The kitchen light went on and Lee opened the door, struggling with his "galluses." We had a "quickie" breakfast of toast and hot coffee—mostly coffee.

The snow wasn't deep, but it was still coming down, and the wind had let up some.

We decided to take a drive and look for sign. However, the smooth surface of the snow showed neither track nor trace of deer as we slowly drove along.

This was the first time I had ever seen a real snowstorm in the North Woods, as I had never before been up there so late in the season. It was a picture of Winter Wonderland, and I was enjoying the scene of dark green balsam and fluffy whiteness when Lee said, "There's a doe!"

I couldn't see her for looking. Finally I made out the dark form of a doe, standing in the balsams just off the road. We drove slowly by for about forty yards. Lee stopped the car and I strung my bow. I walked back but the doe was nowhere in sight. I returned to the car and was about to unstring my bow when Lee said, "There she is!"

I could see her standing about fifty yards from the road in a clump of alders, dark against the driving snow. I loosed an arrow and heard it rattle among the alders. The doe took half a dozen leaps and I didn't know whether she was hit or not. Then she stood, tail down and ears fanned at us, mildly curious. So I knew it was a clean miss. I nocked another arrow and started to wade slowly through the snow toward her. When her tail flipped up, I knew

I was going to get my Robert, and shot at thirty yards. It looked good, but the arrow nicked a branch somewhere and took off wildly into the fluffy snow. So did the doe! I went back to Lee and the car. It was daylight, or as light as it was going to get with a snow-filled sky.

"Let's get out of here before we get snowed in," I said.

"Oh, this isn't bad," said Lee. "Wait: until you've spent a winter up here."

"I don't intend to," I replied, "that's why I'm going to call it off while I can."

We had a farewell breakfast at Lee's, and I started the long drive home. I was glad I had put on snow tires.

I was rolling along on U.S. 51, just south of Woodruff. I came over a rise and there, right smack, dab in the middle of U.S. 51, was the biggest buck, with the biggest rack I have ever seen. He looked like an elk. He was dark and bulky. He didn't stay. As I slid to a stop, he took two mighty leaps from the center of the highway and was into the pines, and the whirling snow closed after him.

"Hey!" I yelled, "you big, horned devil! I'll be back," I said, as I put the car in gear. "I'll be back next year and look for you—or your twin brother!"

Somehow the gray sky looked brighter, and the long drive home was filled with the warm glow of pleasant memories of another bow hunting season.

I Pulled A Boner

By ROBERT MAHLER

Ozone Park, Queens, N. Y.

I awoke about six o'clock in the morning and looked out the window. It was raining—no, it was pouring—no, it was more like a flood. I watched the rain come down for a while, figured oh well, and went back to sleep.

Again I awoke and had to look twice to see if the house was floating. I heard Marty moving around, and Bob came in and said, "We won't get any deer in bed." So, up and out we went. Ray, the other member of our party, and Bob were riding high, but spirits were dampened, to say the least, for you see, my car bogged down in the mud at the bottom of the hill. The weather really looked bad as I climbed out of the car and went to the trunk and pulled out my bow and arrows. Bob said the deer were out there. We just had to go out and get them. It was then I made a classic remark I will never forget, "I won't be out there an hour. I only need one arrow." So, off I went slushing into the woods. It wasn't long before I was soaked and decided to wait about another half an hour, then go in. All of a sudden the rain stopped like someone had turned off a hose.

It wasn't long before the deer started moving and I heard something behind me. I turned slowly and there, about forty-five yards away, was a six-point buck. I drew back, held and released. The arrow looked good, the buck leaped, but something was wrong. Now I could see a perfect shot stopped by one of those invisible young saplings. The buck stopped a short distance away, paid no attention to me and started back toward the arrow. I said to myself, "Another arrow quick." Then it hit me like a bolt of lightning—"One Arrow Mahler, you goofed." The only thing to do was to watch him and as he neared the arrow he stiffened, I figured he spotted me, but no, it was something else he was looking at. I turned my head and, walking straight toward me from the opposite direction, was a spike buck. He walked up to within four feet of me, took a look, put his head down, backed

around. He stopped, and I was amazed to see the six-pointer walking toward me. Both deer stood within five feet of me and started brouing, not minding my presence at all. This went on for about twenty minutes until they decided to walk off.

Many things went through my mind, including clubbing them with the bow, but I was helpless. The moral of this story is the old Boy Scout motto, "BE PREPARED."

Casper (Wyo.) Archers Hold Broadhead Shoot

By VELDA ALLISON

1635 Bellaire Dr., Casper, Wyo.

Another one of those terrific Casper broadhead shoots has come and gone, with one of the finest turnouts and best representation of archery clubs I have ever seen at any Rocky Mountain, state or club activity in this area.

The course was laid out in the usual surprise style of the Casper Archers the day before the shoot, therefore no one had any opportunity to practice or become familiar with any of the targets. Some of the shots were placed the same as in previous years, but very few.

The terrain was rolling, with scrub and beautiful spires and cliffs of sandstone. The course was made up of 56 different targets, with shooting positions to test the nerve of the best archers. In one position your arrow actually had to travel through a tunnel about ten feet long to hit the target.

The course was beautiful, the food was good, and the fellowship perfect. This was a day of shooting never to be forgotten.

The Casper Archers are scheduled for the Rocky Mountain Field Championship which is to be held the third week-end in August.

Winners were: Men—Dick Bray, Rapid City, S. D., 745; Bill Higley, Denver, Colo., 695; Carl Vogler, Casper, Wyo., 665. Women—Patty Dice, Casper, 430; Marilyn Gerdon, Casper, 385; Elinor Green, Cody, Wyo., 380. Juniors—James Hawks, 615; Tom Culver, 485; Curtis Herman, 415.

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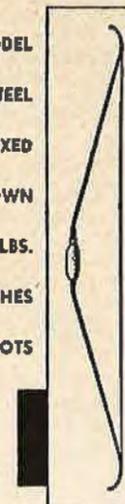
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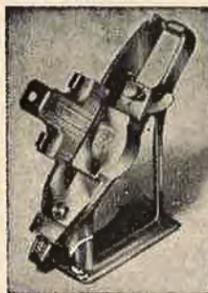
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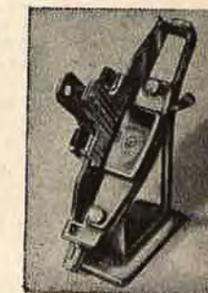
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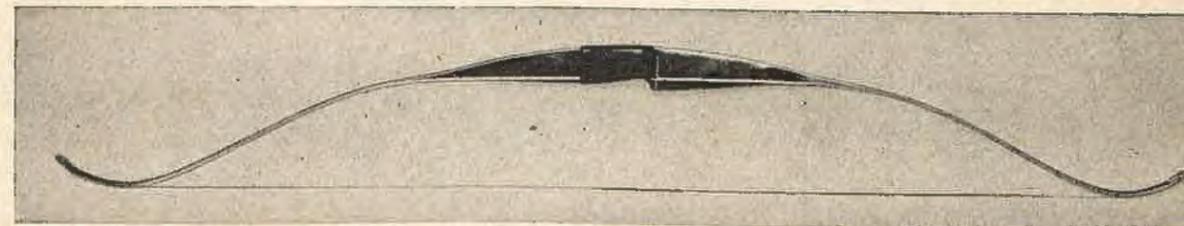
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CALIFORNIA

Capitol City Bowmen Inaugurate New Range

By MARGARET J. KETCH

Rt. 3, Box 564, Olympia, Wash.

The Capitol City Bowmen inaugurated its new 28-target range with the Governor's Invitational Shoot on July 4th. Ours is a new club having only been organized for two months. When the President of our club, Tom Jones, learned there was no shoot planned for July 4th in the state of Washington, it was decided we should take advantage of this big holiday and the race was on! We had less than four weeks to "carve" out a 28-target range and make all the many other preparations which go along with having an invitational shoot.

The holiday dawned bright, and the Capitol City Bowmen's Archery Range was ready! We were indeed fortunate to have the Honorable Governor Arthur B. Langlie there to dedicate our range and shoot the first arrow (Governor Langlie is quite an expert with the bow and hit the balloon with his first arrow). The shoot was on and 125 registered archers were ready to go!

We wish to thank Bob Kelly and Jeanne Simmonds for their wonderful assistance in making this such a successful event. Also to all the archers for their support and many nice compliments on our range—thanks a million. Following are the winners:

INSTINCTIVE

(Field Round)

Men—George Wells, 299; Gale White, 252. Women—Mary Valentyne, 224.

(Hunter's Round)

Men—George Wells, 415; Gale White, 310. Women—Mary Valentyne, 285.

FREE-STYLE

(Field Round)

Men—Everett Bundt, 350; Darwin Baldrige, 348; Clark Conrad, 329. Women—Florance Dzuick, 348; La Valle Conrad, 312; Marty Kelly, 312.

(Hunter's Round)

Men—Bob Remick, 430; Don Jewitt, 400; Darwin Baldrige, 395. Women—Connie Shaw, 375; Edna Howatt, 350; Florance Dzuick, 340.

Arkansas Bow Hunters Declare War On Gars

By FRANKLIN SEFORD, JR.

2nd Floor Hall Bldg., Little Rock, Ark.

The Tenth Annual Gar Hunt is being co-sponsored again this year by the Arkansas Bow Hunters Association and the Chickasaw Bow Hunters of Tennessee. A record turn-out of bow hunters is expected for this annual event. The hunting will be on a week-end, so that all may attend. The main hunts will be on Friday and Saturday nights, August 17th and 18th. You will have plenty of action on this hunt, which has proven to be the most action, more game bagged, etc., than any other bow hunts we have held. There are no bag limits—plenty of game in sight—plenty of kills. Then, too, you have all of the daylight hours in which to compare tackle, re-rig equipment and in general have a darn good time.

Headquarters for the hunt will be Will Sweatt's camp on Mattox Bay, south of the town of Holly Grove, Arkansas. Good paved roads all the way to camp, except for four miles of good gravel. We will have good accommodations at this camp—it is equipped with butane gas, electricity, bed linens and cooking utensils. Boats rent for \$1.00 per day while your sleeping accommodations will

be yours per day per person. You will need to bring your bow, fish arrows, good lights and food and drink.

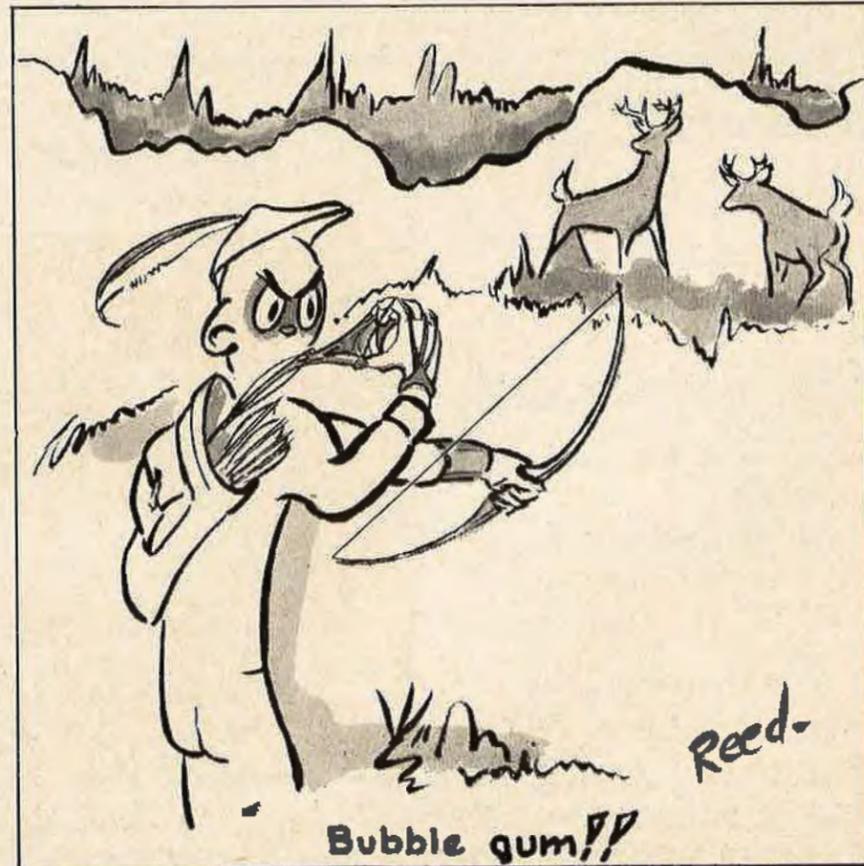
Will Sweatt's camp is located as follows: Drive south on Highway 17 from Holly Grove for four miles; turn right at store and follow signs for about two miles to camp.

Please make your reservations direct to Will Sweatt's camp, Holly Grove, Arkansas. Reserve your boat and sleeping quarters as soon as possible, so that your group will be fixed up in first class fashion for the hunt. Since there will be a large number of bow hunters we urge you to act promptly so you will not be disappointed.

Residents of Arkansas will need a state fishing license. Non-residents should obtain a ten-day trip fishing license at a cost of \$2.00 from the Arkansas Game & Fish Commission in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Bring the following for a successful hunt: Bow weighing 40 lbs. or more; metal or solid glass fiber arrows, without feathers, but with either broadheads, barbed fish points or the gig-type fish points; 50 feet or more nylon casting rod line, 40 lbs. test or heavier; gasoline outboard motor which will troll; either a Coleman gasoline lantern or sealed beam auto-type lights and an electric fan if you want to nap during the day. It is most important you have good light, the more the better for gar shooting. All types of points have been tried in the past and we recommend the gig-type point for you to bag more gars.

Weather and water conditions should be perfect for the dates of our hunt. White River has crested and the water stage is near the level needed for gar shooting. The water stage of the White River at Clarendon, Arkansas, is now under 12 feet, so there is now current through the bay. With hot weather to



Oklahoma Legalizes Bow Fishing

The Oklahoma Game and Fish Commission has approved archery fishing, gigging, and underwater spear fishing within certain reasonable limits. The regulation applies only to non-game fish and in specified waters including the main bodies of 14 large impoundments in the state. It's a stop in the right direction. Excess quantities of rough fish which abound in the reservoirs are detrimental to game fish production, and are difficult or impossible to keep under control by other means. It remains to be seen whether devotees of these three new sports can make a significant dent in rough fish abundance—Sport Fishing Institute Bulletin.

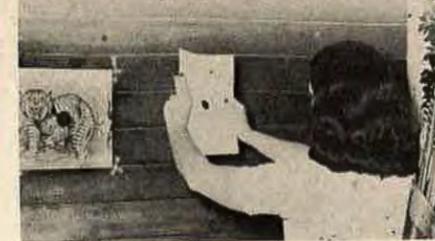
Special Area For New Mexico Bowmen

The New Mexico Game Commission has set aside the entire Fort Bayard Military Reservation for pre-season bow and arrow deer hunting. The season will be November 1st through the 9th.

OUTDOOR WIFE

By CREETIE KERR

845 West, 450 North
Orem, Utah



YOUR MASTER EYE

Instinctive archers, do you shoot where you look? If you think you don't, are you sure? Maybe you just don't know where you're looking.

Do you know everyone has a "master eye" and it is this master eye which actually aligns your arrow with the target? If you are right-handed and have a right master eye, and you miss your target, you need practice. (That's me.) If you're right-handed and have a left master eye (and do not know it) you need help. The same is also true for left-handed persons with a right master eye.

Let's illustrate the case of the right-handed archer with a left master eye. If he doesn't know he's crossed up in this manner he pulls the nock of his arrow to a point under his right eye and then, without realizing it, lines up the point of the arrow on a line of sight from his left eye to the target. This means his arrow is angling to the left of the target. A left-handed archer, with a right master eye, will perform in the reverse manner and his arrow will fly to the right of the target. (If you're one of these cases, and you can find a friend who is the other case, and if you both shoot at the same target, on the average you've got it made.)

There is one way to find out which is your master eye and to positively prove at the same time it is your master eye which does all of the aligning. All you have to do is to check yourself, as illustrated in the accompanying photo.

Cut a hole about the size of a quarter in the center of a sheet of paper. Hold the paper firmly as shown and with BOTH eyes open, align the hole in the paper so you can see your selected target bullseye. Now, without moving the paper, close your LEFT eye. If you can still see the bullseye, your right, open eye, is the master one. If you cannot see the bullseye, still without moving the paper, open your LEFT eye and close your right. If you can now see the bullseye, your LEFT eye is your master eye.

Regardless of how good or how poor your eyes may be, one of them will be a master. If you have difficulty performing this experiment, it is not because you do not have a master eye. It is because you have either moved the paper or you have focused your eyes on the paper instead of the target.

If you are one of the unfortunates who find you are right-handed and have a LEFT master eye, your only alternatives are to learn to shoot left-handed, or to purposely train yourself to align with your right eye. Squinting the other eye slightly will help you accomplish this end. However, under the excitement of hunting, you'll find that you'll unconsciously still be aiming the arrow with your master eye.

My "Master's" eyes, along with the rest of him, of course, just came in and announced we could take off on a week-end scouting trip of the "Thunder Buck" country (Fish Lake National Forest) tomorrow evening if we liked. He is carrying a sackful of those wicked little beauties, otherwise known as Earl Miller's Spiral Killer, the broadhead which downed Thunder Buck, last year's

Pat Hamilton of Richmond was high scorer among the ladies for the third straight year. Fred Stubblefield of Waynesboro captured the junior boy's crown (he was second last year) and Linda Taylor of Loudon County was again first among the junior girls.

Florida Archers Hold Clout Shoot

By SGT. HARLEY HERMAN

Miami, Florida

"I flung an arrow in the air." Some of the Hollywood Archers participating in the first Clout Shoot to be held in South Florida knew where their arrows were going to land; others knew about where, and still others had hope as to where they would land.

This sport of archery is full of surprises and one of them was enjoyed by members of the Hollywood Archers on a bright, sunny Sunday, July 1st. The meet was held in a big tree-studded open field. Targets were laid out on the ground at a distance of 180 yards. A big surprise to some of the participants was that their bows would carry an arrow that far. Another surprise was that yours truly won first place with a score of 227. Second place went to Sherman Jacobs with 190, and a very close third was Gordon Brooks who came in only four points behind Sherman with 186.

Gordon Brooks was field captain and did all of the work necessary to make the shoot successful. This included purchasing of prizes which were of a practical nature. First place prize was a beautiful bone-handled skinning knife. I hope I have a chance to use it on a buck this year. Second prize was a new type bow reel. Sherman said he was going fishing next week-end, and third was a custom-made arm-guard. If you could see the one Brooks has been wearing you would say it was fate that he won an arm-guard. Brooks is an archer and a bow hunter and he dislikes to give up anything which has become an old friend through long use.

A tired but happy gang of Hollywood Archers called it a day after prizes were awarded and the last coke drunk.

Results Of Virginia State Championship

By McKELDEN SMITH, M.D.

118 W. Frederick St., Staunton, Va.

The Tenth Annual State Championship Field Archery Tournament of the Virginia Bow Hunters Association was held June 9 and 10 on the range of the Augusta Archers near Staunton, Va.

One hundred and seventy-six archers participated, many of them camping in the woods near the range. Everyone used the Instinctive style of shooting, since the V.B.H.A. does not recognize a Free-style division.

There were no major upsets. High



WINNERS OF VIRGINIA BOW HUNTERS CHAMPIONSHIP—Seated: Pat Hamilton, Luke Berry, Linda Taylor. Standing: Ray Martin, Priscilla Still, Preston Hundley, Jr., V. B. Dooley, Fred Stubblefield, Dot Clayton, Gertrude Lewis, Sam Rankin.

MAKE IT YOURSELF

By DR. D. A. HENBEST

110 S. 2nd St., Gallup, N. M.

From now on I think I will have more time for archery. About four months ago I sold my archery shop as I did not have time to take care of it properly. I tried to get help to make the custom bows and arrows, but as it ended up I had to do the work. There is such a demand locally for archery equipment that I sold my archery shop to Dave Banghart and Russell Boring and they have renamed it the B & B Archery Shop. Well, that gave me more time to relax.

I was still too busy. I had to figure out something else to dispose of in order to get time to shoot my arrows, so the airplane had to go. I had my hand in on a flying school for I like to fly in the early morning hours. Last week I severed relations with aviation as far as taking an active part and sold my own plane. Now I can spend all my free time hunting and shooting. I'm not really a fanatic, but I just like to be outside with my bow and arrows, just like you do.

Already I'm planning several hunts here in New Mexico. This year we have two areas open for antelope for archers. I'll apply for that. Only one hundred permits will be drawn. We have a pre-season deer hunt also. Naturally I'll be on hand for that. I think I'll try to sneak out of the office for a few days to try to collect a bear, as there is good bear hunting about twenty-five miles north of town.

Sunday afternoon a hunting buddy, George Cresto, came by and woke me from a sound sleep. After growling about being awakened and listening to George's persistent suggestions about scaring some prairie dogs and rabbits I did get the energy to string my bow and go with him. I can hunt prairie dogs about one hundred yards from my house. We got some shots at these varmints and then at jackrabbits. To see the way I was shooting, one would think I was a rank beginner. I missed everything by such a large margin it was pitiful.

Here in the sagebrush country, the rabbits run an erratic course. When I lived in Oklahoma and in Arkansas the rabbits either ran a straight course or in a circle. Here a straight line is unknown. I try to guess where the rabbits will run and shoot for that location, but the game has different ideas. I sometimes can knock them over as they trip on my arrows, or I can make them jump straight up, but I'm like most other archers in that I hunt and hunt and bring home no bacon.

We have bobcats and more bobcats around here, but the only time a person can see one is when he is not expecting it and the archery equipment is at home. A couple of my Navajo friends brought in two bobcat hides for me to make quivers from, but even though I appreciated the gift, it would have meant more had I shot the bobcats myself.

If I ever do get a cat with an arrow I'll probably pass out from surprise. Here I am just rattling away and all I meant to say was that from now on I'll have more time for archery and I'll get my articles in on "Make It Yourself."

MISSOURI BOW HUNTERS
STATE TOURNAMENT
CAPE GIRARDEAU, SEPT. 1-2-3



John Ward, Modesto, California, shot this badger in Merced County. The animal had just killed and eaten seven squirrels.

We Loaned The Money To Ourselves

By ELEANOR ATKINS

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

The treasury was empty. No one thought we were a good risk, so we loaned \$4500 to ourselves and bought a field range. Our 25-year-old club, now known as the Waltonian Archery Club of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, bought eighty rolling acres of beautiful hardwood timber and constructed a 56-target range thereon. If you come to Iowa, plan to visit our new course which is located seven and a half miles northwest of Cedar Rapids on a hard surfaced road.

For years our club had been trying to find land suitable for a field range. Members spent practically all their spare time driving around the countryside trying to locate property which wasn't too rough, too level, too far to town, too close to town, too valuable, too much timber, too little timber, too "bushy"—also free from mosquitoes, snakes, wood ticks, spiders, flies and fleas. You can't hardly find places like that no more—but we did—well, almost.

Two weeks before our invitational silver broadhead shoot, we got title to our beautiful 80 acres and all we had to do was lay out the course, trim trees, build bridges, build a road, make trails, set up our headquarters, and work out all the details of the shoot. Begorra, we did it, too!

We laid out two 28-target courses in the form of a figure eight, with

headquarters in the center. A pole fence, tin-roofed and linoleum-covered refreshment stand was built and is used by the Ladies Auxiliary for serving lunch to archers at tournaments. Sand piles and swings were provided for the youngsters. Rustic bridges and tables are scattered hither and yon over the course—outhouses are convenient, well equipped and in a good state of repair—the ladies rate a mirror and curtains!

At the end of the two weeks, most of the members were in a more or less bedraggled state and had a rather dazed look and acted lost if they didn't have a spade or axe in their hand, but they all had a smile and a smug look, as well they might. Of course, there are still "bugs" to get out of the course, but our visiting archers were charitable and there were very few complaints. Nice folks, archers!

To pay off the loan, the dues for adult members was raised to \$12.00 per year; dues for juniors remain at \$1.00 per year. There are approximately sixty members in the club. The Ladies Auxiliary raise money by holding rummage and bake sales, serving lunches at tournaments, etc. The range is now six weeks old and the Ladies already have a fat bank balance.

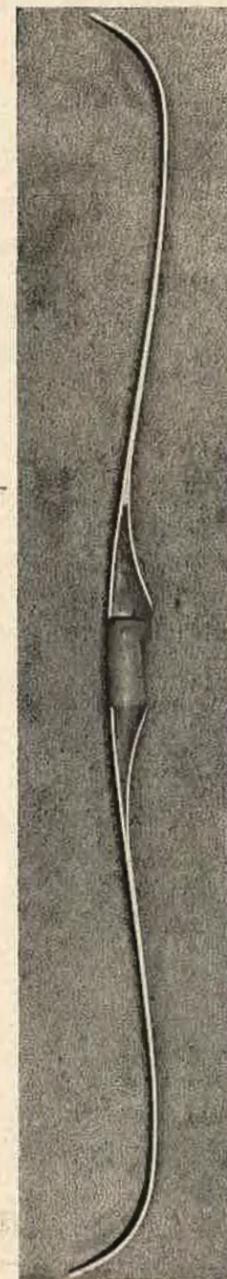
Twenty-five-dollar notes were issued to members for the money loaned, and interest will be paid at the rate of 5% compounded annually. A minimum of 10% of the principle will be paid per year. We hope this plan will keep the club in a healthy state financially, and that we will be able to burn the mortgage by the time all of the club members get their deer.

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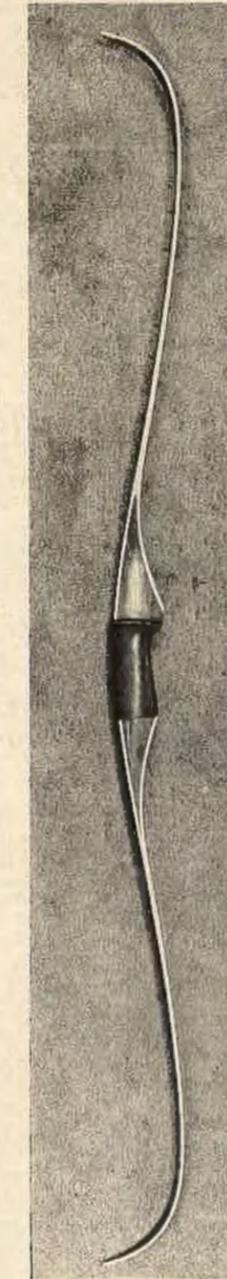


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Pot of Gold Shoot Set For August 11 & 12

The Porterville, California Chamber of Commerce welcomes you, and the City of Porterville bids you attend the annual Pot of Gold Shoot, an interesting and entertaining get-together. In this event, the entry fee is split among the top shooters, plus the donation of cups and prizes by the local merchants. It is truly a pot of gold!

The dates for this shoot are August 11 and 12. There will be ample camping space, and accommodations may be obtained at local hotels and motels.

This year there will be two divisions—Instinctive and Free-style.

Another Successful Shoot By Nubby Pate

By ROY HOFF

On June 16 and 17 Nubby Pate and his gang of Desert Bow Hunters, staged another of the famous desert shoots at Barstow, California. The accompanying group photo of the winners just about tells the story of how successful this shoot was. The merchants of Barstow donated over \$1500.00 worth of prizes to be given away, not only for marksmanship but as door prizes, and if you didn't win a prize you could consider yourself very unlucky. To us it seems more difficult at one of these shoots to fail to win a prize than to win one.

The shoot was co-sponsored by the Barstow Firemen's Club and the San Bernardino Sun. The latter donated a fine array of trophies which were awarded to first place winners in the various field events.

Marge Payne won so many prizes she needed the help of two men to help her carry away the "loot." Smithwick won the broadhead flight with a healthy heave of 352 yards to set a new record for this event. Dick Garver, a junior, also set a new record of 276 yards.

Bud Morris won both the Tin-Can and Field rounds. Roy Dill was high in the Clout.

Other events on the program, with winners too numerous to mention, were: Ball Shot, Circle Shot, Walk The Log,



M. R. Smithwick, of North Hollywood, California, who, with a bow of his own manufacture, won the broadhead flight, setting a new meet record of 352 yards.



Above picture pretty well tells the story of how successful was Nubby Pate's Desert Bow Hunters Shoot. Everyone in this group won from one to a half-dozen prizes, ranging from radios and outdoor barbecue grills to ten-dollar bills. Photo by Archery Magazine.

Pic Flight, Luck Targets and Low Field Round.

Over 250 archers traveled many miles to attend this shoot, enjoyed fine weather and the hospitality of Nubby and his gang. All are looking forward to next spring and another Nubby Pate desert shoot.

Verdugo Hills Archers Lose A Friend

By MARTIN WALLIS

13547 Muscatine St., Pacoima, Calif.

We, of the Verdugo Hills (Calif.) Archers, lost a good friend and fellow archer when Stanley Shur died on May 15th, due to an industrial accident. Stan was born in New York 26 years ago, and lived in California for about eleven years. He married his surviving widow, Annette, six years ago and had two children.

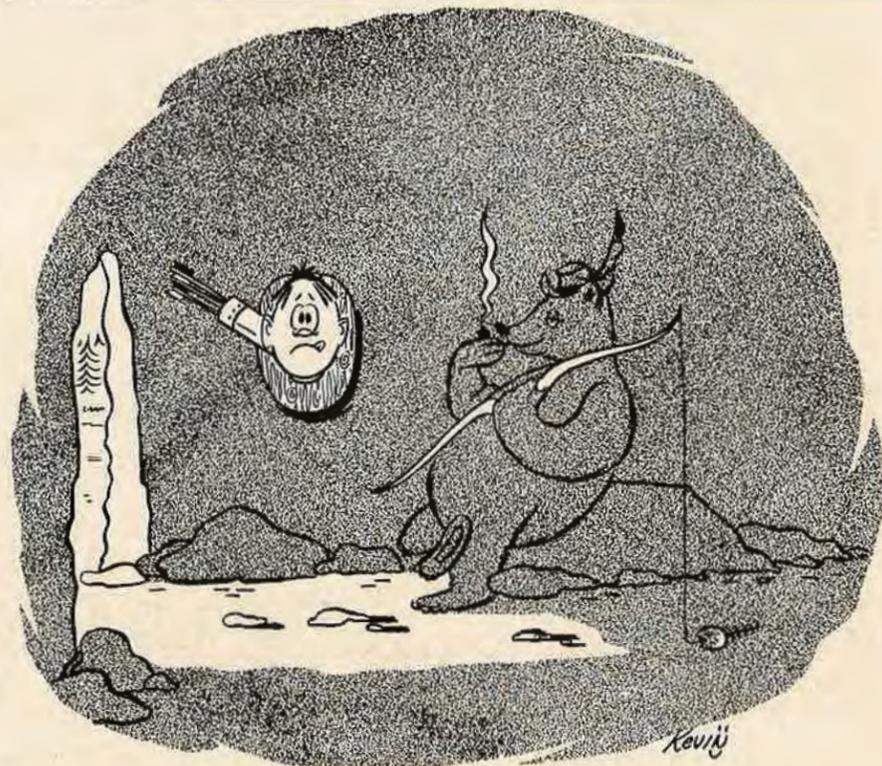
Stan was a great archer, not because he broke any records with his scores, but because he loved to shoot and con-

stantly worked to improve. His bow was placed at his side when he was buried at the Hillside Memorial Cemetery in Inglewood, California. This is more than sentimental. To his many friends it is very symbolic, as it shows the great love this man had for his bow and the great sport which it represents.

He was an inspiration to many of us. Always smiling, laughing, and willing to help. When we needed a new bow rack on our Wildwood Roving Range, it was Stan who went to work and presented the club with a new metal rack.

The Verdugo Hills Archers, in his memory, shall set up an award to be presented to the member who has shown the most progress during the year. This shall be called the Stan Shur Advancement Award, and will be presented at our annual banquet.

We would like to extend our deepest sympathy to his family, and we want them to know that at all our shoots and when our president sounds the opening gavel of our meetings—Stan Shur will be there, in the memories of his many friends in the Verdugo Hills Archers.





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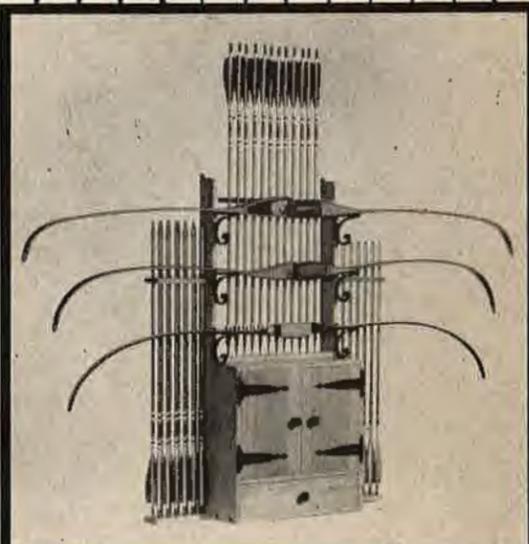
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By FRIEDA HOFF

While we were at the National we talked to many archers who had brought along their fishing tackle, and had great expectations of bagging a few big "lunkers" on the way home. For those who were successful, or any of you who may have a nice fat bass or trout in the deep-freeze, here is a recipe you might try:

BAKED FISH
(Spanish Style)

Fillet two 2-1/2 lb. bass or trout. Wash and place in buttered baking dish. Salt the fish.

In a sauce-pan melt 4 tablespoons butter. Add:

- 1 Large sliced onion.
- 2 Carrots, sliced.
- Cook slowly until tender, then add:
- 1 Can mushrooms.
- 5 Peeled and sliced tomatoes, or
- 1 Can of tomatoes.
- 1 Can tomato sauce.

Boil 10 or 15 minutes. Pour over the fish and bake at 325° for about one hour, or until the fish is tender. At the same time bake potatoes, or put in a baking dish of scalloped potatoes.

Pappy's mother recently invited us to a duck dinner. The meal she served was most delicious, so I asked her for the recipe which is as follows:

- 1. Medium-sized young duck.
- 2 Tablespoons kitchen bouquet or molasses.
- 1 Teaspoon salt.
- 1 Tablespoon sugar.
- 1 Teaspoon ginger.
- 1 Clove garlic.
- 1 Cup water.
- 1/2 Cup sherry wine or orange juice.
- 1 Tablespoon salad oil.

Cornstarch, enough to thicken the juice—about 1 tablespoon. Cut up the duck into serving sized pieces and place in a bowl. Mix ginger, kitchen bouquet, sugar and salt. Sprinkle over duck and let stand about 15 or 20 minutes. Turn a couple of times.

Heat oil and minced garlic in a deep flying pan and cook for a few minutes. Add duck and brown on both sides. Add sherry wine or orange juice and water. Cover and cook slowly until the duck is tender—about one hour. When done, take out duck and put on serving dish. Remove excess fat from juice and add cornstarch, which has been softened, in a little water. Stir until thick and glassy. Pour some over the duck and serve the rest with rice. Pickled peaches go well with this meal as a side dish.

Mrs. Babcock Improving

Archers who attended the National will be pleased to hear that Lorraine Babcock, who suffered a serious injury to her eye when unstringing a bow, is progressing satisfactorily and still retains the sight of her eye.

Hunters Tourney

By CAROL LISKA
122 E. 32nd St., Tucson, Ariz.

The fourth annual Arizona Bow Hunters Association Convention and Tournament was held in Globe-Miami on the 28th and 29th of April, with 96 registered archers. There were 28 NFAA regulation field course targets and 28 hunter's round targets. The classifications were set up by establishing an average on your own course or, if you didn't have an average for your own course, you had to shoot in the highest class in your division. Winners were:

- Men—Bruce Nichols, Warren, 692; Jesse Baldwin, Globe, 516; Tom Cargen, 513.
- Women—Pauline Scott, Globe, 482; June Travis, Phoenix, 348; Carol Liska, Tucson, 321.
- Junior boys—Butch Falshaw, Tucson, 532; Paul Shoecraft, Globe, 417; Eric Bergenson, Phoenix, 409.
- Junior girls—Judy Lear, Globe, 30.
- Cadets—Tuck Liska, Tucson, 166; Richard Washburn, Yuma, 92; Danny Stone, Phoenix, 81.

A beautiful trophy was presented to the top shooting cadet, Tuck Liska, which was donated by the "Woodmen of the world." Trophies were also given to the other winners.

The following officers were elected for state offices at the banquet:

- President—Eric Falshaw.
- Vice-President—"Red" McLachlan.
- Sec'y-Treas.—Helen Falshaw.

The 1957 Arizona State Tournament will be held in Phoenix, with the Sun Valley Bow Hunters as hosts.



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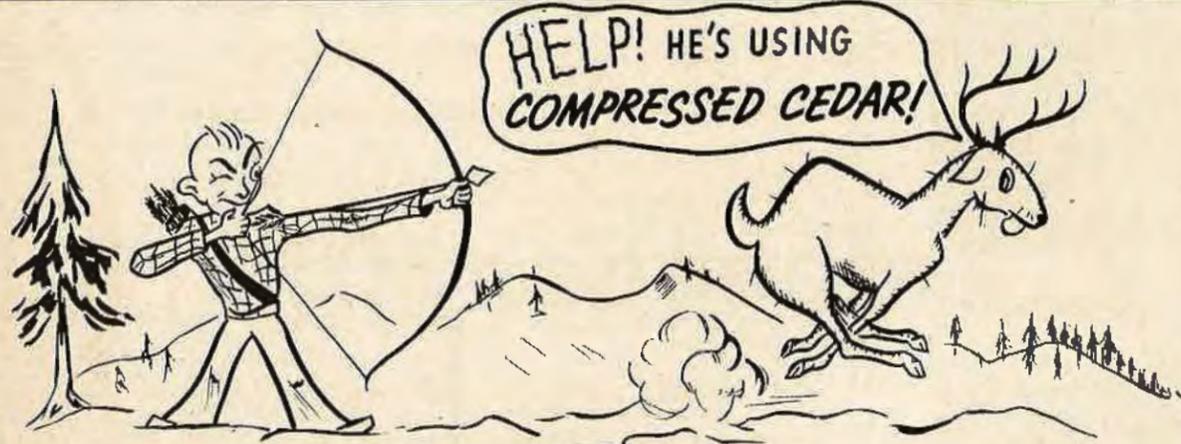
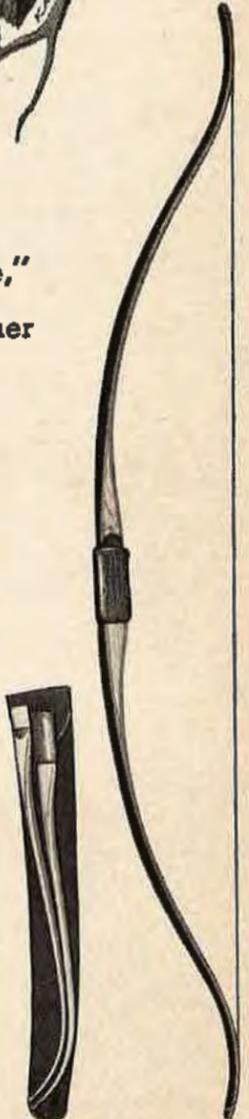
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HANDICAP WINNERS:

There are no separate handicap divisions, but everyone, men, women, intermediates and juniors, as well as all classes, are competing in a single major handicap tournament just as they should be in a well run club tournament.

1st.	Gerald Rimbey, Grande Ronde Bowmen, Ore., EBB	964
2nd.	Robert White, Albuquerque Field Archers, N. M., Bowman	941
3rd.	Kaz Okawa, Dune Archers, Calif., Bowman class	935
4th.	Walter Foster, Dune Archers, Calif., Bowman class	933
5th.	Jim Pellerin, Montrose Bowmen, Mich., Open class	925
6th.	George Van Doison, Solano Field Archers, Calif., EBB	904

GIRLS

JUNIOR GIRLS: (12 years and under)

1.	Henry, Janice, Montrose Bowmen, Mich.	72
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BOYS

JUNIOR BOYS: (12 years and under)

1.	Dziuk, Terry, Cascade Archers, Wash.	516
2.	Wescott, Richard, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.	259
3.	Bundt, Albert, Tyee Bowmen, Wash.	242
4.	Lowry, Bob, Jr., Pontiac Archers, Mich.	213
5.	Feliz, Cary F., Verdugo Hills Archers, Calif.	186
6.	Sauer, Johnny, S. Gate Roving Archers, Calif.	127
7.	Reynolds, Geof, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.	105

INTERMEDIATE BOYS: (13, 14 and 15 years)

1.	Garver, Dickie, Verdugo Hills Archers, Calif.	581
2.	Woolman, Fred, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	425
3.	Sauer, Jimmie, South Gate Roving Archers, Calif.	322
4.	Schuyler, Steve, Bend of the River Archers, Mich.	322
5.	Hambleton, Albert, Elkhorn Archers, Ore.	225
6.	Luczanski, Arthur, Jr., S. Gate Roving Archers, Calif.	210
7.	Reynolds, Bob, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.	113

WOMEN

OPEN CLASS:

1.	Chambers, Verda, Elkhorn Archers, Ore.	669
2.	McCubbins, Johanna, Oranco Bowmen, Calif.	653
3.	Dudgeon, Bea, Solano Field Archers, Calif.	618
4.	Shine, Lucille, S. Gate Roving Archers, Calif.	600
5.	Van Gorder, Cecilia, Blackfeather Bowmen, N. Y.	537
6.	Dover, Shirley, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	518
7.	Christian, Sarah, Greenbrier Field Archers, W. Va.	512
8.	Morrow, Arrah, South Bay Archery Club, Calif.	497
9.	Lockridge, Ruby, Oneonta Archery Club, N. Y.	480
10.	Wickle, Regina, Tri Cities Bowmen, N. Y.	451

BOWMAN CLASS:

1.	Greer, Vicki, Rochester Archers, N. Y.	419
2.	Dickinson, Pearl, Roving Bowmen, Wash.	395
3.	Grandall, La Vonne, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	394
4.	Shaver, Hazel, Greenbrier Field Archers, W. Va.	392
5.	Reynolds, Rachel, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.	389
6.	Palmer, Lola, Turnpike Bow Hunters, N. Y.	382
7.	Waller, Myrtle, Turnpike Bow Hunters, N. Y.	376
8.	Thorsberg, Donna, Pontiac Archers, Mich.	366
9.	Berner, Caroline, Liberty Archery Club, N. Y.	355
10.	Phillips, Barbara, Verdugo Hills Archers, Calif.	353

ARCHER CLASS:

1.	Van Doison, Anna, Solano Archers, Calif.	317
2.	Sauer, Maxine, S. Gate Archers, Calif.	263
3.	Robinson, Margaret, Albuquerque Archers, N. M.	257
4.	Clark, Audrey, Teepee Bowmen, N. Y.	244
5.	Hall, Joyce, Blackfeather Bowmen, N. Y.	236
6.	La Rock, Angelino, Teepee Bowmen, N. Y.	224
7.	Meyers, Gertrude, Bend of the River, Mich.	218
8.	Saunders, Edna, Teepee Bowmen, N. Y.	211
9.	Rider, Joyce, Greenbrier Archers, W. Va.	204
10.	St. Onge, Charlotte, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.	202

MEN

OPEN CLASS:

1.	Speaks, Leslie, Oranco Bowmen, Calif.	944
2.	Taylor, Stanley, Charleston Archers, W. Va.	842
3.	Simon, George, Pasadena Roving Archers, Calif.	830
4.	Pellerin, Jim, Montrose Bowmen, Mich.	825
5.	Craite, Don, Detroit Archers, Mich.	820
6.	Dudgeon, Bill, Solano Field Archers, Calif.	806
7.	Green, Dick, Agua Sierra Bowmen, Calif.	795
8.	Rader, Charles, Charleston Archers, W. Va.	784
9.	Espedal, Erling W., Tyee Bowmen, Wash.	780
10.	Clark, James, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.	768

EXPERT BOWMAN, CLASS B:

1.	Rimbey, Gerald, Grande Ronde Bowmen, Ore.	684
2.	Dickinson, Dale, Roving Bowmen, Wash.	639
3.	De Borde, Bennie, Grande Ronde Bowmen, Ore.	629
4.	Murrell, R. E., Malibu Mtn. Archers, Calif.	627
5.	Simmons, Jim, Albuquerque Archers, N. M.	626
6.	Van Doison, George, Solano Field Archers, Calif.	624
7.	Hendrickson, D. W., Roving Bowmen, Wash.	611
8.	Chambers, Ray, Albuquerque Archers, N. M.	609
9.	Parker, Gilbert, Malibu Mtn. Archers, Calif.	608
10.	Barron, Roy, Solano Field Archers, Calif.	604

BOWMAN CLASS:

1.	Foster, Walter, Dune Archers, Calif.	933
2.	Cameron, Mike, Dune Archers, Calif.	875
3.	Okawa, Kaz, Dune Archers, Calif.	825
4.	Beebeut, Mark, S. Gate Roving Archers, Calif.	874
5.	Smith, Richard, Buckskin Bowmen, N. Y.	873
6.	Springsteen, Wayne, Roving Bowmen, Wash.	871
7.	White, Robert, Albuquerque Field Archers, N. M.	941
8.	Lockridge, Ken, Oneonta Archers, N. Y.	855
9.	Lederer, John, Albuquerque Field Archers, N. M.	891
10.	Mets, Richard, Dune Archers, Calif.	889

ARCHER CLASS:

1.	Elledge, Kenneth, Roving Bowmen, Wash.	857
2.	Molzen, Dayton, Albuquerque Field Archers	782
3.	Ingandello, Sam, Buckskin Bowmen, N. Y.	777
4.	Hall, James, Blackfeather Bowmen, N. Y.	748

6.	Sturford, Harry, Roving Bowmen, Wash.	834
7.	Rutherford, Hugh, Bear Spring Bowmen, N. Y.	825
8.	Wallis, Martin, Verdugo Hills Archers, Calif.	822
9.	Reynolds, George, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.	820
10.	Stjostrom, Jan, Igelboda Bagskyttar, Sweden	820

NOVICE CLASS:

1.	La Rock, Joseph, Teepee Bowmen, N. Y.	253
2.	Fuller, Clyde, Jr., Teepee Bowmen, N. Y.	103

NATIONAL MAIL TOURNAMENT, FIELD ROUND
Free-Style Division — June, 1956

Open only to archers using a sight, pin, or mark of some kind. Please check your N.F.A.A. membership card and be sure you are in good standing. We cannot award prizes to non-members, and who knows—you might win in your class. BE PREPARED!

HANDICAP WINNERS:

1st.	Reuben Powell, San Diego Field Archers, Calif., Open class	984
2nd.	Frank Milano, Shirt Tail Archers, N. Y., Bowman class	946
3rd.	Basil Blackmore, Tyee Bowmen, Wash., EBB	900

INTERMEDIATE BOYS:

1.	Kiefer, Gayle, Pasadena Roving Archers, Calif.	666
2.	Ponso, Denny, Pasadena Roving Archers, Calif.	444

OPEN CLASS:

1.	Kelly, Marty, Cascade Archers, Wash.	783
2.	Neve, Sue, Cascade Archers, Wash.	699
3.	Conrad, La Velle, Cascade Archers, Wash.	696
4.	Earl, Louise, Bend of the River, Mich.	659
5.	Gilliam, Helen, Canandaigua Field Archers, N. Y.	602
6.	Dzduk, Flo, Cascade Archers, Wash.	588
7.	Jent, Erma, Spokane Archery Club, Wash.	579
8.	Mazar, Mary, Tri-Cities Bowmen, N. Y.	552
9.	Kjos, Mrs. Wally, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.	504
10.	Raymond, Thelma, Tyee Bowmen, Wash.	419

BOWMAN CLASS:

1.	Payne, Theobald, Pontiac Archers, Mich.	394
2.	Ewart, Addie, South Bay Archery Club, Calif.	378
3.	Moore, Virginia, Albuquerque Archers, N. M.	313
4.	Dillon, Leah, Bath Bow Hunters, N. Y.	313

ARCHER CLASS:

1.	Shrider, Edna, Bend of the River, Mich.	260
2.	Beaver, Margaret, Bend of the River, Mich.	234

OPEN CLASS:

1.	Powell, Rube, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.	984
2.	Weston, Ed, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	886
3.	Crum, Bob, Redwood Bowmen, Calif.	819
4.	Baker, Roy, South Bay Archery Club, Calif.	772
5.	Conrad, Clark, Cascade Archers, Wash.	772
6.	Shrider, Jack, Bend of the River, Mich.	769
7.	Roberts, William, Central New York Bowmen, N. Y.	747
8.	Stedman, Harold, Pasadena Roving Archers, Calif.	736
9.	Williams, George, Rochester Archers, N. Y.	736
10.	Platt, John, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.	720

EXPERT BOWMAN, CLASS B:

1.	Bostick, Ferris, Bend of the River, Mich.	664
2.	Blackmore, Basil, Tyee Bowmen, Wash.	660
3.	Morlan, Jim, Spokane Archery Club, Wash.	622
4.	Houghton, Bill, Charleston Archers, W. Va.	604
5.	Lee, Willis, Pasadena Roving Archers, Calif.	571
6.	Luczynski, Arthur, S. Gate Roving Archers, Calif.	461
7.	Wideman, G. Sr., Rochester Archers, N. Y.	432

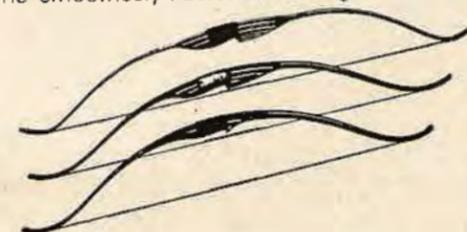
BOWMAN CLASS:

1.	Milano, Frank, Shirt Tail Archers, N. Y.	625
2.	Wallin, Willard J., Tyee Bowmen, Wash.	541
3.	Payne, Russ, Pontiac Archers, Mich.	463
4.	Kjos, O. H., San Diego Field Archers, Calif.	453
5.	Dillon, Harold, Bath Bow Hunters, N. Y.	394

For National Tournament Scores

Turn To Page Sixty-six

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* Photo by C. L. COIL of STEWART'S, Colorado Springs

ELEVENTH NATIONAL FIELD ARCHERY TOURNAMENT
Colorado Springs, Colo., July 2, 3, 4, 5

By ROY HOFF

(All photos by Archery Magazine unless otherwise designated)

The Eleventh National Field Archery Tournament, held at Colorado Springs July 2-5, is now history and even though Ol' Jupiter Pluvius did his best to "wash out" the event, it still can be considered one of the most successful Nationals ever held.

Advance predictions, based on attendance at all previous Nationals, placed the figure for anticipated attendance at about five hundred, with a possible fifty carloads of archers requesting camping space. Upon this basis, the local tournament committee, headed by Clayton Lind, tournament chairman, built four field courses and prevailed upon the Park Department, to provide one hundred camp sites. But the prognosticators never missed the boat so badly. A total of 637 archers, from all parts of the United States and two foreign countries, registered for participation in the event. This made the Colorado Springs tournament the second largest in history, taking second place to last year's 869 attendance at Ludington, Michigan.

A great many of the archers apparently decided this would be a fine time to take a camping trip. This was an excellent idea but it sure gave the Park Department and the Department of Recreation a few headaches. Long before tournament time the hundred camp sites, which had originally been allotted for the tournament, had been reserved and deposits paid. Consequently, two additional camping areas were established nearby to accommodate the overflow. I never did hear the final figure but there were between 130 and 150 camps.

The tournament site was in Palmer Park, six miles northeast of the main part of Colorado Springs, in which the local archers built four very fine field ranges. All targets were so placed as to capture the natural beauty of the park and at the same time be deceptive to the eyes of the shooters. To substantiate this statement about deception, take a look at the comparative low scores of the top-notch archers in both the field and hunter's rounds. Even

though there were more present, past and potential champions in shoulder-to-shoulder competition than ever before, not one 900 score was turned in during these two rounds.

To give you an idea of the terrain and facilities which were provided for us, turn a couple of pages and take a look at the official group picture. This was posed in front of the score-boards, with the archers facing the practice bales. The building directly behind the score-boards is the men's and women's rest room, which included toilet, lavatory, shower and clothes-washing facilities. Both hot and cold water were provided. To the right of this building you will see the public address system where Karl Palmatier made announcements pertinent to the tournament and gave daily instructions to the archers. To the right, and just outside the picture, was a huge tent which housed exhibits of the archery tackle manufacturers. This tent was advantageously located so that the manufacturers really had a chance to display their products before the archers.

The registration headquarters is the first building to the left of the score-boards. Adjacent thereto is one of the Youth Camp shelters and was used to house targets and other supplies. Courses one and two were in the trees and canyons to the left, with courses three and four to the right. Courses two and three were within easy walking distance of headquarters. To reach courses one and four, the archers drove their cars to parking lots in the center of each. The official parking area was to the left of the picture, adjacent to the practice area. Many an archer expressed gratitude for the privilege of parking his car in proximity to the headquarters.

Those responsible for providing these facilities and who put in many a long day of hard labor were Clayton Lind, local tournament chairman; Stuart Richter, Superintendent of Recreation; Al Atkinson, chairman of the manufacturers' exhibit, and Joe Cagnoni, a mem-

ber of the local Pikes Peak Archery Club. Bouquets also go to the staff of the local Chamber of Commerce for the excellent job they did in handling advance reservations for accommodations. In an effort to provide the archers accommodations as close to the range as possible, all reservations were for motels on the northeast side of town.

Monday, July 2nd, dawned bright and clear—not a cloud in the sky. No one could ask for a more beautiful setting to start off this big event. But, as the morning progressed, angry-looking black clouds started rolling across the skies from the direction of Pikes Peak. And then came the rain! Perhaps I should make it a little stronger and say, and then came the deluge! Never in all my born days have I ever seen rain and hail come down with such fury. For the next two hours the archers huddled in their cars, tents or whatever shelter they could find. Miniature rivers were running down the hillsides creating a real river in the bottom of the canyon below the practice bales.

To many of us, this looked like the beginning of the end of the 11th National Tournament. It appeared as if we had stretched our luck during the preceding ten years, during which time none of the tournaments had been plagued by continual rain or torrential downpours. Only once (I think at Two Rivers, Wisconsin) was the tournament delayed and then only for a few minutes while a sudden thunder storm passed over. In this respect, our luckiest tournament was at Allegan, Michigan in 1946. It started to rain just as the archers began shooting the first targets of the field round, then stopped abruptly until the last target had been shot on the broadhead round. Then it rained the rest of the day and all night.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon the clouds started to break up and the rain stopped. Karl Palmatier, national tournament chairman and field captain, called the archers together and pointed out that he could not delay the



Carol Smith, Lansing, Mich.; Kay Emig, Tucson, Ariz.; Frances Lozon, Marine City, Mich.; Kay Clay, Chicago, Ill.; Betty Ann Weis, Richmond, Va.



Lon Stanton, Lake Ozark, Missouri; George Wright, Detroit, Mich.; Jay Peake, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Norm Wyman, West Covina, Calif.; Dell Schweitzer, Rapid City, S. D.; Ted Spence, Ann Arbor, Mich.



Ann Baker, Redondo Beach, California; Bobbie Leverenz, Torrance, Calif.; Genevieve Baker, Johnstown, N. Y.; Virginia Moore, Albuquerque, N. M.



New Innovation for starting the National. Jim Kinnee, President of N.F.A.A. lights fuse of bomb; Clayton Lind, steadies mortar.

start of the shoot any longer; that the NFAA tournament rules stated that a national tournament can not be postponed and must go on—rain or shine!

It was so muddy, archers assigned to courses one and four were unable to drive their cars to designated parking lots and had to walk. Karl allowed them a thirty-minute head start. Others were allowed fifteen minutes to reach their destination.

We who were not participating, and have more than a passing interest in the success of these national tournaments, sat with fingers crossed and hoped against hope the clouds would not again start pouring. But, alas and a lack, I guess we didn't use the right system, for no sooner had the archers reached their assigned targets than down it came again with even greater pent up fury. We all know archers are a hardy lot, but there's a limit to endurance. Lightning struck a rock on course three within a few yards of two groups of archers, scattering them in every direction to seek shelter not only from the downpour but from possible future bolts of lightning.

As the archers gradually straggled in to headquarters, looking very much like drowned rats, NFAA officers held a hurried consultation. "Rules are rules," is a phrase that has been emphasized many times and often are carried out come what may. But we decided these were extenuating circumstances beyond

conception of the original rule-makers and that a change was in order.

Considering the fact that all National Tournaments, 1946 through 1949, had been of three days duration, it was decided to cancel out the day's shooting and start all over the following morning, shooting a 56-target field round, followed on Wednesday with a 56-target hunter's round, and ending up Thursday with a 56-target big game round.

This ruling was heartily accepted by all the archers, as only a very few had shot more than one or two targets, and many had not shot any.

So it was settled, but after a rain-coated crew had surveyed the damage to the field faces the order of the day had to again be changed. Seventy-five percent of all target faces were a total loss, and there was no place short of Denver to get replacements. Here's where we really got a break. Clarence Love of Fleetwood Archery Co., and NFAA member of the Board of Governors from Colorado, went to bat for us. He called his gang of the Mile-High Archery Club in Denver and suggested they "get busy" pasting field faces on corrugated cardboard. Clarence cranked up his car, drove to Denver and joined the gang. After spending most of the night pasting targets, he then drove back to the field. Then, after all the effort expended, he arrived ten minutes too late. I'm sure this was a terrific disappointment to Love, but it could not

be helped. The archers had been advised to be on deck early Wednesday morning and to be at their shooting positions assigned to them the previous day by eight-thirty. Karl waited until the very last minute, then issued the order to put up hunter's round faces and the tournament to begin.

All of us of the NFAA are grateful to Love and his Mile-High gang, and we use this method of expressing our appreciation for what they did for us.

So, on Wednesday morning, the tournament officially got under way with the hunter's round to be shot. At noon-time, and the skies clear, scores were posted for the first 28 targets. A glance at the score-board showed some startling developments which could lead to terrific upsets. Gene Jones of West Allis, Wisconsin, and a new-comer to National Tournament competition, was leading the men's instinctive group with a score of 422. Following Jones, one point behind, was that old-timer Benny Gatski of Grant Town, West Virginia. Benny has never missed a National and though always among the top contenders had never before ranked so high at the posting of first scores.

Erwin Ketzler of Flint, Michigan, defending champion, "struck a few snags" along the way and was unable to muster but 395 points. Not that you'd call this a poor score, but one considerably less than Erwin is accustomed to shooting. His total score for the day was

779, compared to last year's score of 856 at Ludington.

After my prediction which appeared in the June issue, that Leslie Speaks would be our next National Field Champion, my heart took a slump when they posted his score of 393. I asked him, "What happened, Les?" To which he modestly replied, "I did the best I could. Guess those guys are just too good for me."

On the other side of the board I wasn't surprised to see that Joe Fries, another California boy, was "giving the free-stylers a bad time." Joe had posted a 470, as against Rube Powell, defending champion's 459, and Harold Doan's 421.

In the women's department, we were not surprised to see Jo McCubbins leading the instinctive gals with a 377, and Peggy Ortiz posting high free-style score of 358.

At the end of the day, after tallying the scores for the 56-target hunter's round, we found conditions remained unchanged among the women. Jo was leading her field with a 704, followed by Frances Lozon of Marine City, Michigan and former national champ, with a 630. Peggy, who hails from Palo Alto, California, was barely on top with a 588, with Lois Pintarich of Portland, Oregon in second place only one point behind.

The picture was much different in the men's group. Jones had taken somewhat of a nose-dive during the afternoon round and was able to do no better than 796 for the day and landing in second place. Gatski, though not shooting as well in the afternoon, turned in an 810 to lead his field and win the

hunter's round. Les bettered his morning round slightly and posted a total of 790 for third place.

In the new Hunter's Division, there was a real battle raging between two Oakland, California boys, Lowell Roper and Tim Meigs, with respective scores of 703 and 672. What made this match all the more interesting was that Tim had just beaten Lowell in the California state tournament, and it looked like Lowell was out after revenge.

I was very surprised at the apparent lack of interest in the Hunter's Division. Of a total registration of 637, less than fifty men and only two women entered the competition in this division.

Incidentally, all the rounds of this tournament were really grueling contests. On account of the huge attendance, six archers had to be assigned to shoot on each target which, of course, took half again as long to complete a round as it does when the customary foursome is assigned to a target. The archers were shooting from early morning until almost dark both Tuesday and Wednesday. Even with the much shorter big game round, and starting at 7:30 in the morning, Thursday's scores were not turned in until 3:30 p.m.

The weather was fair all day Wednesday for the field round, and Thursday for the big game round. There was little change in the aggregate standings at the end of the field round, though new faces appeared near the top at the close of this event.

Gordon Locke of San Francisco, Calif., won the field round for instinctive men, with a score of 786, followed by Lon Stanton, Lake of the Ozarks, Mo., in

second place with 766. However, Gatski still was leading in the aggregate. By comparing scores, Les Speaks appeared to be out of the running.

Rube Powell won the field round in his division with an 871, and appeared to have a stranglehold on the championship, as Joe Fries turned in a meagre field round score of 788.

For the women, Ann Marston, after a poor first day's hunter's round score, amassed a nifty 679 to beat Peggy Ortiz who was unable to do better than 629. The latter, however, remained the leader for aggregate score.

Ann Corby, of Boonton, N. J., who had a bad first day's score, came through the second day to win the field round with a score of 648, edging out Jo McCubbins who shot 645, but retained her lead in the aggregate.

Now comes the time when I can say, "I told you so." And I say this with as much modesty as I can muster.

Leslie Speaks of Anaheim, California is our new National Field Champion!

Johanna McCubbins of Santa Ana, California is our new National Women's Field Champion!

After two days of suffering from "tournament-shakes," Les finally found his shooting eye and in the morning half of the big game round he shot a blazing 510, following with a 425 afternoon round for a day's total of 935, and a three-day aggregate championship score of 2475. This was 20 ahead of Gatski who held on to the very last before going down to defeat. Lon Stanton finished strong to win third place in the aggregate with 2454.

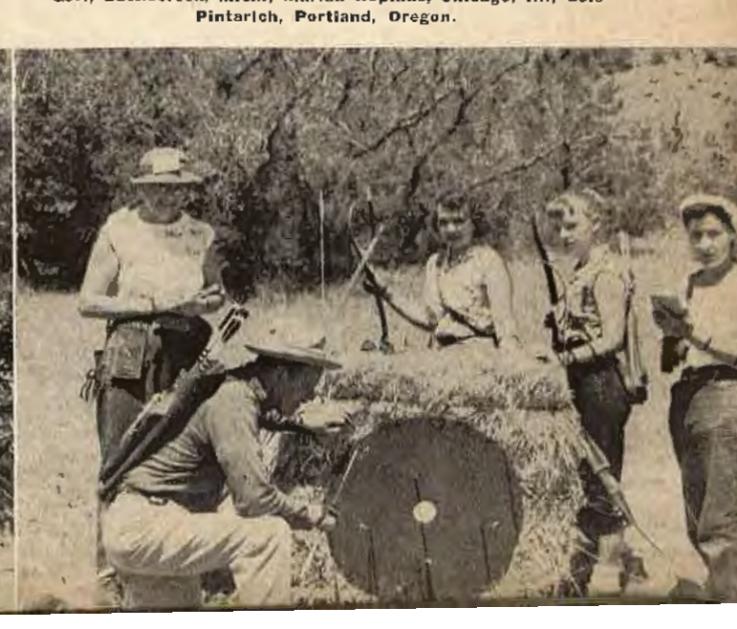
• Continued on page thirty-eight.

Shooting: George Meyerderks, Dubuque, Ia.; Paul Mix, Houston, Tex.; looking on: Jack Kenner, Odessa, Tex.; Guy Hebart, Chicago, Ill.; Ben Ehrlich, Manhattan Beach, Calif.; Lee Harding, Baldwin Park, Calif.

Pat Hamilton, Glen Allen, Va.; Jane Danton, Lemport, Calif.; Agnes McPerson, Braintree, Mich.; Claire Towery, Pasadena, Calif.; Charlotte Lee, Houston, Texas; Mary Erwin, Springfield, Missouri.

El Toro Marine Team—Kneeling: R. H. Blount, Ken Sanguinetti. Standing: Stanley Kildow, Myron Zeissler, Norman L. Koss. All are from Santa Ana, California, Marine Base.

Charles Heyl, Glendale, Calif.; Helen Newell, Gaylord, Mich.; Helen Goff, Battlecreek, Mich.; Marian Hopkins, Chicago, Ill.; Lois Pintarich, Portland, Oregon.





OFFICIAL PHOTO OF PARTICIPANTS IN ELEVENTH NATIONAL FIELD TOURNAMENT — BY C. L. COIL OF STEWART'S, 121 N. TEJON ST., COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.



PEGGY ORTIZ, Palo Alto, Calif.



REUBEN POWELL, Chula Vista, Calif.



RHEA BAUER, Belleville, Mich.



LESLIE SPEAKS, Anaheim, Calif.



JO McCUBBINS, Santa Ana, Calif.



LOWELL ROPER, Oakland, Calif.



Mary Taylor, Flint, Mich.; Mrs. Lou Mitchell, Redondo Beach, Calif.; Florence Marston (pulling arrows), Wyandotte, Mich.; Fran Wheeler, Lansing, Mich.; Jo Love, Denver, Colo.



Anita Young, Sedalla, Mo.; Lois Woodmansee, Newport Beach, Calif.; Thelma Hadlock, Idaho Falls, Idaho; Mary Erwin, Springfield, Mo.; Maxine Salmon, Duarte, Calif.



Front: Matt Matthews, Duarte, Calif.; Bob Peterson, Buffalo, N. Y. Top row: Leroy Buntrock, Rapid City, S. D.; Chuck Myers, Buffalo, N. Y.; Geo. LeBlanc, Rockville, Ill.; Emory Henderson, Clinton, Mo.



Pat Hamilton, Glen Allen, Va.; Vicki Greer, Rochester, N. Y.; Lucille Shlne, Compton, Calif.; Shirley Dover, Flint, Mich.

Jo McCubbins held on to a comfortable lead and ran out the tournament with an aggregate score of 2139 to beat Joani Fahlgren of Midland, Michigan whose aggregate was 2022. Incidentally, disaster almost overtook Jo just as it appeared the championship was in her grasp. Sometime during the early part of the tournament she came in contact with poison oak or poison ivy and by Wednesday night her face was a solid mass of blisters. Not only that, but early Thursday morning her face started to swell and her eyes began to close. A hurried call to a doctor and frequent applications of cold compresses relieved the irritation to a considerable extent. At least she retained the sight of her eyes until the end of the tournament.

Now back to the freestyle division. Rube Powell of Chula Vista, Calif., never was headed, winning all three rounds and the championship. His total score was 2743, fifty-two points below his record score of last year. Joe Fries of Los Angeles, California came in second with 2629, and Harold Doan, third, with 2621.

Though Ann Marston of Wyandotte, Mich., finished up strong, she was unable to overtake Peggy Ortiz. Their respective scores were 2022 and 1998.

The story of the Hunter's Division can be summed up in a statement by Tim Meigs when I asked him during the big game round how he was doing. His answer was, "I'm shooting good—but so is Lowell!" Tim gained a lot of points in the stretch but couldn't manage to scrape up enough to beat Lowell. Final score: Roper, 2303; Meigs, 2292. Robert Dykstra of Rockford, Ill., placed third in this event with an aggregate score of 2054.

HIGHLIGHTS

A couple of years ago the Armed Forces established a precedent when they flew Reuben Powell to a national

tournament to defend his crown. Last year, even though he was stationed in far off Korea, the Navy kept up the good work and flew Rube to Ludington. This year they really went all out. Rube arrived in Colorado Springs by one of the Navy's new jets.

Not to be outdone by the Navy, the Marines flew in a whole team of archers. Major Ray Smith, who is a member of the El Toro Bowmen, a Marine Corps field club stationed at Santa Ana, Calif., had a little chat with the commanding officer of the base, the outcome of which was that a four-motored plane was dispatched to fly five members of the club to and from Colorado Springs. Elsewhere in the magazine you will see a picture of these fellows.

Very interesting, you might say, but you ain't heard nuthin' yet. Word seems to get around in the Navy about this flying business. Forrest Annas, who finished second to Erwin Ketzler in last year's championship wanted to attend the tournament very badly, but there was a matter of considerable distance from where he was stationed, to the tournament site. After Forrest had dropped a few gentle hints to his commanding officer he was soon on his way, flying from his station in Germany to Colorado Springs.

"Everything was lovely," said Annas, "until after we were airborne out of Chicago. Col. Ofstun, who was flying the plane, had leveled off the ship at about 6000 feet when suddenly the port (left) engine threw a piston through the cowling and we were in trouble. We lost altitude and were down to minimum flying speed of 105 m.p.h. As the ship neared stalling speed of 90 m.p.h. the Colonel said, 'All right, you fellows—ball out!'"

After Forrest had caught his breath and chuckled a few times he continued:

"Well, not being a flyer, this jumping business was hardly in my line. But that ground was coming up very fast and it looked awfully hard. I was trying to make up my mind to jump when suddenly the Colonel again repeated his order to jump, and he had a certain look in his eye like as if I didn't jump he'd give me a push. Now, being a sailor, I'd never for a minute let it be known that an Army man had to give me a shove. An added inspiration was when the sailor next to me—he and a civilian were the only other ones on the plane besides the Colonel and myself—dived out of the plane. I grabbed a good, strong hold of the parachute ring and out I went. I didn't want to take any chances finding that ring after I was out in the ozone. I gave it a yank and nothing happened. So, I then really gave it a yank. Darn near wrapped my arm around my neck. Whambo! when that chute took hold it dog-gone near knocked out my breath. But after that, everything was smooth sailing. As a matter of fact, when I landed in a plowed-up corn field I wasn't even shaken up badly enough to loose any of the small change I carried in my jacket pocket. You won't believe it, but after I'd dusted off my shoes I was ready for liberty."

The plane was an old B-25, so its loss probably won't bother the Government a great deal. All passengers parachuted to safety and another plane was provided to continue the journey.

How's that for a highlight of a National? Frieda and I had many personal highlights on our trip to and from Colorado Springs, but this chapter will have to wait until next month.

Entertainment

On Tuesday night the weatherman played hob with the program of entertainment provided by the local committee. Practically all of the archers

who had planned to attend this event were stranded at the field due to intermittent showers and the extra time it took to shoot six archers per target.

But the show went on as scheduled and Ted and Peggy Endeman gave a terrific demonstration in the art of bull-whip cracking. The accuracy Ted displayed with these whips was indeed fascinating. He climaxed the act by expertly cracking a 20-foot whip and cutting a cigarette in two which his wife held in her mouth. We sincerely hope the archers will again have the opportunity to see this act. It's really good.

Banquet

On Thursday evening Mike Edwards and his staff served us one of his famous chuck wagon dinners. The meal was excellent and consisted of barbecued beef and all the fixin's.

The banquet was held at the gateway to the famous Garden of the Gods which was indeed a fascinating spectacle in a setting amid the huge, towering, vividly colored sandstone peaks. Due to threatening weather the banquet was scheduled to be held in an inclosed banquet hall, but there was such a terrific demand for tickets, Mike was forced to take a chance on the weather and seat the 540 guests outdoors. We were lucky, for the angry looking clouds which appeared over the horizon at dusk decided to detour the banquet site and the evening turned out to be cool and very pleasant.

At the conclusion of the banquet and introduction of honored guests, Jim Kinnee, President of the NFAA, awarded the trophies and medals to the winners of the tournament. So came to a close the 11th National Field Archery Tournament.

Scores of the top ten archers in each division and class appear on page sixty-six of this issue.

Malibu Club To Hold Broadhead Shoot

The Malibu Mountain Archery Club of Los Angeles, California will hold a Broadhead Shoot on August 19th. The event will consist of a 28-target broad-head round plus 28 targets of field.

Registration will start at 9:00 a.m. Target fees will be \$1.50 per person. Many valuable merchandise prizes will be awarded the winners.

To reach the range, drive north on Pacific Coast Highway past Malibu Beach to Latigo Canyon. Turn right to the range.

"Archer-Skeet" To Be Previewed Aug. 19

DAN BREY

2712 S. Burrell St., Milwaukee 7, Wis.

What, another one?? Yes, that may be the question running through your minds. But, alas and alack, it is not a round to do away with the field range or change any of the N.F.A.A. standards which are proving so successful internationally. But, rather, this game is meant to augment the present field ranges and make them a more complete Archery County Club.

"Archery Trap Shooting" is perhaps descriptive of this game. It is meant as principally a hunting practice round. The rules rather closely parallel that of the regulation trap shoot. However, instead of the targets flying through the air, they will pop up from the ground at varied distances from about 20 yards to 33 yards. (Thus covering the average deer kill distances.) One of five 12-inch targets will appear for a four-second period, then disappear. Ten seconds later another will appear, etc. But, no series of five targets will use the same rotation

of appearance. A complete set of rules will be printed in the near future if the demand requires it.

The only disadvantage of this type of shoot may be the tendency toward snap-shooting. However, we have given this considerable thought and have thus decided on the four-second rule. Thus giving ample time if the nerves remain calm enough to use it. It should teach us to get away from snap-shooting at the first sight of game appearing in front of us. A little time will be taken and cleaner hits will result.

Other advantages of this round are: 1. Very little space is needed to erect a course. 2. It lends itself very well to team shooting. 3. Easily illuminated for night shooting. 4. An opportunity for more sociability while shooting. 5. More spectator appeal than field shooting. 6. Much easier to handicap shooters. 7. Equalizes the three styles of shooting.

This game will be previewed at the Warrior Trophy Shoot at the West Allis Bowmen field range, located on South 60th Street and west Grange Ave., one mile west of Highway 41 on Milwaukee's south side. The Warrior Shoot has been one of the Midwest's top shoots for the past six years. This year there will again be classes in the Hunters, Instinctive and Sight Divisions. Eight trophies and 36 medals will be awarded at 5:30 p.m. Sunday, August 19. Last year's shoot drew over 200 archers, and this year we expect to top that total.

A Golden Arrow Clout Shoot is again to be run in conjunction with this shoot. This will give all archers an opportunity to pick their own game—field, clout or the new, fascinating hunter's game.

Shooting begins on the field range at 7:30 a.m. Food and refreshments will be available on the range.

NEW MEXICO STATE TOURNAMENT
LABOR DAY WEEK-END
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

Elmer Camburn, Morenci, Mich.; Tom Horton, Morenci, Mich.; Frank Camburn, Adrian, Mich.; Forrest Annas, Bremerhaven, Germany; Harold Hall, Tecumseh, Michigan.

Bessie Sorethumb, Sands Springs, Okla.; Carolyn Plum, Van Nuys, Calif.; Carol Ann Pitzer, Madera, Calif.; Jo McCubbins, Santa Ana, Calif.; Mary Ann Pellegrino, Berwyn, Ill.; June Travis, Phoenix, Arizona.

Jack Carson, Vallejo, Calif.; Loren Willie, Alben, Mich.; Bob Dykstra, Rockford, Ill.; Pete Sylver, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chuck Shaw, Livonia, Mich.; John May, Port Huron, Mich.

Ann Marsten, Wyandotte, Mich.; Marjorie Hamilton, Portland, Ore.; Christine Will, Waverly, Iowa; Margaret Beaver, Miles, Mich.; Mrs. Burns Byram, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.





Kabitzers: Clyde Butcher, St. Louis, Mo.; Camille Jones, West Allis, Wis.; Frieda Hoff, Palm Springs, Calif.; Flory Reeg, St. Louis, Mo.



Richard Cowan, Wellsburg, Va.; George Starr, Princeton, Ill.; A. W. Hawes, Ford, Kan.; Edgar Nelson, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Warren Selmon, Duarte, Calif.

Three California Firsts

By D. C. LAWRENCE

Rt. 1, Box 44-A, Mokelumne Hill, Calif.

The Calaveras Bow Hunters of Calaveras County, California held their first open field archery tournament and family picnic on July 1st at the Kenny Ranch, three miles south of Murphy's. After being organized for two years, the club is now a GOING concern.

Over a hundred people attended the event and 97 registered for the shoot from Santa Maria, Fresno, Merced, Modesto, Stockton and Sacramento, and towns about Calaveras County.

President Charley Malispina and John Magure, range manager, and their committees did a nice job of handling the club's largest tournament, and look forward to the possibility their bid for the Annual California Inland Bow Hunters Association tournament will be accepted.

Refreshments were served throughout the day and the club really took in a tidy sum, along with the income from the Ham Shoot, to put the club "kitty" well in the black.

We have attended many tournaments all over California since 1935 and we believe our local club had three firsts at the tournament.

The California State Forest Service had a 20-man fire truck, manned by about a dozen fire fighters in case of fire on the Kenny Ranch, with so many people in an area of great fire hazard, but the bowmen held our range fire record down to zero, which has been the

case for the past 21 years.

An ample number of bow racks was provided, but the racks were the racks of many-pointed buck deer nailed on the many shade trees near headquarters.

Upon arrival at the range it was immediately noticeable that a tremendous amount of work had been done on the range. The trails on the range looked like freeways instead of trails. A four-some could walk abreast on them. Only five of the 40-member club did all this work.

Lars Sanders brought two sizes of chain-saws and other tools to the range. He and Magure, Malispina, John Hickman, "Jim" Hubbard and Georges did all this work.

Of course, no tournament is a success without the help of the ladies. All of the lady club members lent a helping hand and we only remember the names of "Dot" Magure, Doris Grady, Mrs. Georges and Mrs. Malispina, who seemed to be the most active.

It goes without saying that the largest club in attendance won most of the trophies and medals—the Stockton Bow Hunters, Bettie Smalley wants to know how come she won first place in Class "C" with 401, when the Champ Class high score was 440 or something. Oh well, who cares about scores or how the classes were determined? We all had fun at this event whether we shot the tournament or not, which is the MAIN purpose of our sport in the first place.

Our story would not be complete without mention of the fact that Mr. Kenny, who operates the ranch, provides the club with an outdoor range, indoor

range, and clubhouse with stage and dance floor, plus electric lights—and for free! He goes around with a four-some to watch our game and seems to enjoy the company of bowmen and their families. We all appreciate his generosity no end.

Colorado Pre-season October 1 to 14

The following, which appeared as a legal publication, was published in the Durango (Colo.) Herald-News:

ARCHERY SEASON

The State of Colorado shall be open for the hunting, with bow and arrow, of one deer or bear of either sex, October 1 to October 14, 1956, inclusive. Deer and bear may be taken with bow and arrow during date specified for a particular area in and pre, extended, or post season. During the regular seasons in areas open to hunting, deer, elk, and bear may be taken with bow and arrow.

All persons hunting with bow and arrow must have in possession a special archery permit, in addition to their regular big game license. Said archery permit will be issued free of charge upon application to the Game and Fish Commission, Denver, Colorado. The above application must show the number of the applicant's 1956 deer license. Report card attached to this permit must be returned to the Game and Fish Commission within fifteen days after the close of the season.

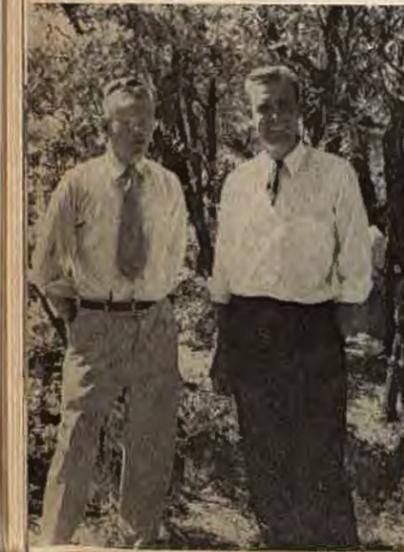
Note—Archers may hunt during the regular season with bow and arrow.

Stuart Richter, Superintendent of Recreation and James Taylor, Director of Parks, Colorado Springs. Archers owe much to these gentlemen for facilities provided.

Archers improvised many articles to shed the rain, but this discarded target face worn by Al Lozon of Marine City, Michigan really "took the cake."

Most of the archers made the trip to Colorado Springs without any startling incidents. The plane bearing Forrest Annas "threw a piston" which forced him to "ball out."

For "Good Sportsman Award," Archery Magazine's vote goes to Jack Carson of Vallejo, Calif. The loss of a leg in a recent accident did not stop him from shooting.



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 Blackhawk bows & leather — Fleetwood — Universal Displays — Victor prisms — Feathers — A & D Aluminum Shafts — Brush Buttons — Nocks Hilbre — Cobra — Nybre — Hi-Precision and Hill's Hornet points.
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(Specify Color)*				
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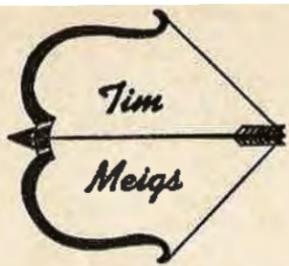
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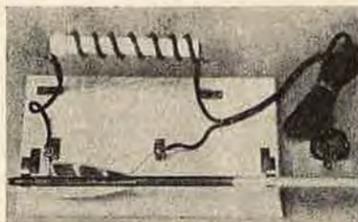
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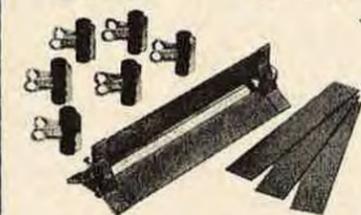
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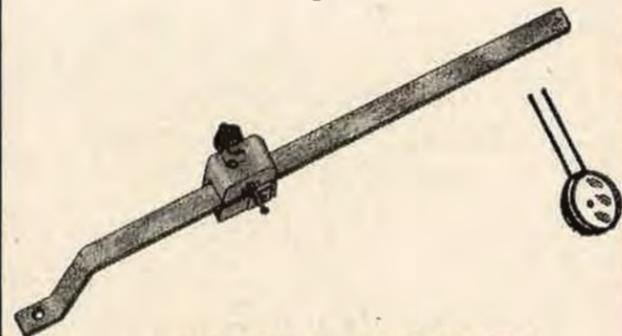
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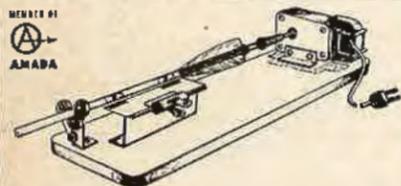
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Shafts swedged for broadheads same as target.

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Sensational versatility of the TRI-HELI-
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- Equivalent of 3 single feather
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vanes (60° x 120°) and 6 vanes
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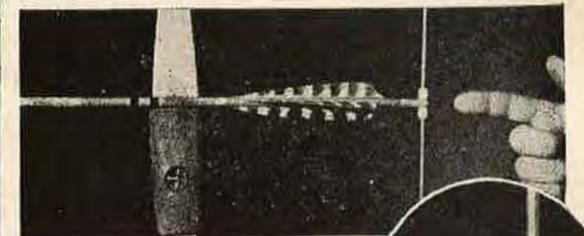
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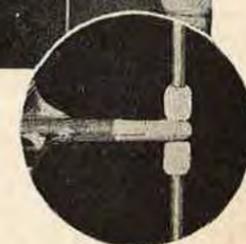
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Flat Trajectory - Wind Resistance - Perfect 5° Taper

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Questions and Answers

Continued from page thirteen.

Question: I would like to have this put in the next Archery Magazine's issue of Questions and Answers. I would like to make a bow and would like to know which kind of wood stave would be the best to use: lemonwood, hickory, or osage orange? I want to make a heavy bow, 60 to 80 pounds if possible. I have tried to, but they break when tillering, because of thickness.—J. I., Ottawa, Ohio.

Answer: Osage orange would be the best wood for your heavy bow. Lemonwood has a better cast than hickory, but is more liable to break. In making a bow this heavy, keep it as wide as you can, as the thinner it is, the less liable it is to break. By making it wide you can make it much thinner than you can a narrow bow.

Question: I have read many articles on arrow-making, and in most instances they mention "a well balanced arrow." Just what is meant by that? Does it mean there is a definite point on the shaft where it should balance? If so, would you tell me where that point is? Also, I have seen many arrows when shot wobble up and down and sideways at the feather end. What causes this? I use a slight spiral on my shafts and so far haven't noticed mine doing any hula dancing in flight. Many times I have come across the phrase, "The accuracy of the longbow." If the longbow is the more accurate, why do the manufacturers claim the short bow is the ideal hunting weapon?—P.O.P., Colona, Ill.

Answer: According to exhaustive tests made by Dr. C. N. Hickman, the center

is not important as long as it is somewhere between the center and the pile end of the arrow. In flight arrows it is usual to hold the balance point somewhere near the center of the arrow.

There are several things which may cause an arrow to wobble. If it is nocked too low on the string it usually will take a funny hop as it leaves the bow. Inaccuracies in fletching will also cause poor flight. Setting the feathers at a slight spiral helps to stabilize the flight.

I would prefer not to become involved in a discussion of the merits of the long or short bow. Archers who use the longer bows usually claim they are smoother drawing and smoother shooting, but I have never had it explained just what this "smoother" covers, and I don't know of any way one could make a positive proof of this point. I don't believe, however, that the difference is too great and certainly the shorter weapon is handier in the woods.

Question: I would like to know how many laminates of maple and how thick they should be for a bow weighing 50 lbs. at 26" draw. The riser is 18" long. I am using Miller's new Tuff-Tox facing and 3-ply Tuff-Bac for a bow about 62" long. Deflexed handle and extra long working recurves. How could I taper the maple down so as to have less chance of breakage? The bow I want is to be about 3/4" wide at the nock end and 1-1/2" wide at the riser. Is there any special machine you use for making your tapered bows? Could I make a mechanism to taper down my laminations accurately?—D.R., Yorkton, Sask., Canada.

Answer: As I have repeatedly stated in my column, I can't give the thickness of wood required to arrive at certain

many factors involved. On page 12 of the May, 1956 issue of Archery Magazine, an article by Bob Finch gives a very fine method of making tapered laminations. (If you do not have this magazine you can obtain a copy of it by sending 25c to the publisher.) His method of making a tapered master on which the laminations are planed, is so simple it makes me feel silly when I think of the time I have spent with a hand plane, scraper, and micrometer making one of these master strips.

I make my masters about 1/2" thick and then laminate them from 1/4" strips of hard wood to prevent their warping. Where Bob uses a sanding drum, I use one of the little circular planing heads sold by most stores and catalog houses which cater to home craftsmen. In using this method of planing, it is necessary to clamp both ends of the laminations to the master with a narrow strip of wood and a screw. This leaves about an inch on the thin end which has to be discarded after the lamination is tapered.

Question: I have heard that some states have outlawed barbed broadheads for deer hunting. I would like to know their definition of barbed broadheads. Would broadheads such as Howard Hill or Hilbre be considered barbed?—D.A. Palatine, Ill.

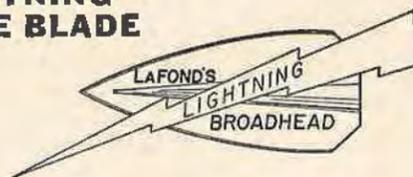
Answer: It is true some states have outlawed barbed broadheads for hunting deer, but just what states they are and what their definition of a "barbed" broadhead is I can't tell you. The only safe way to do is to write to the Conservation Department of the state in which you expect to hunt, asking them about the head you plan to use.

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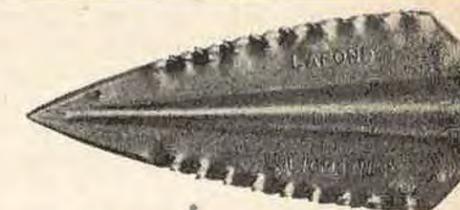


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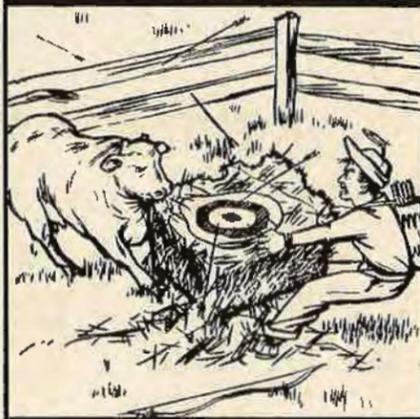
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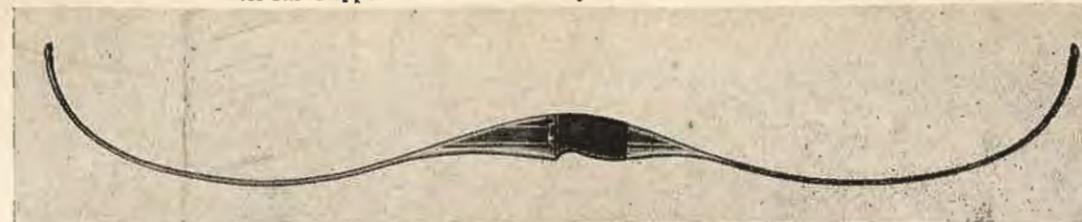
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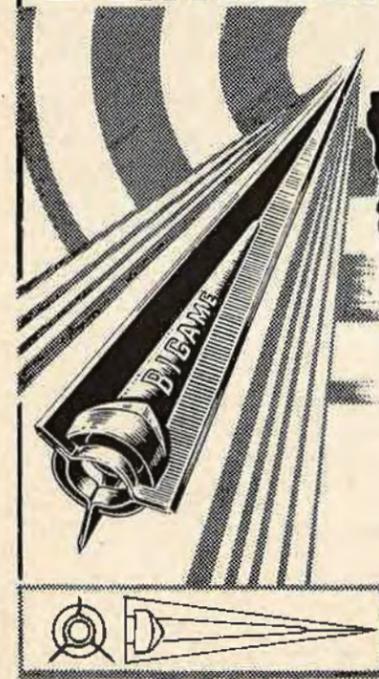
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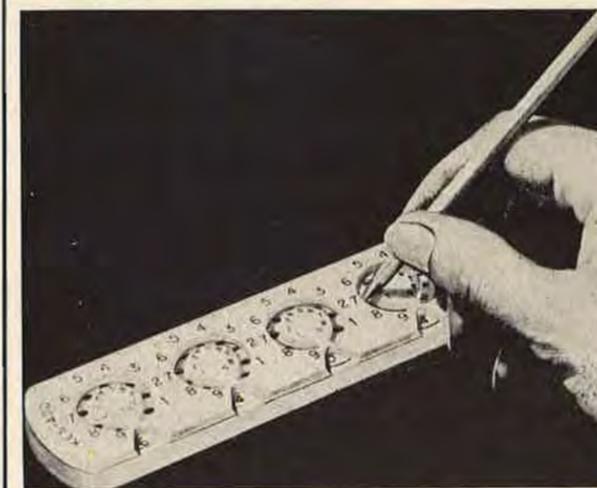
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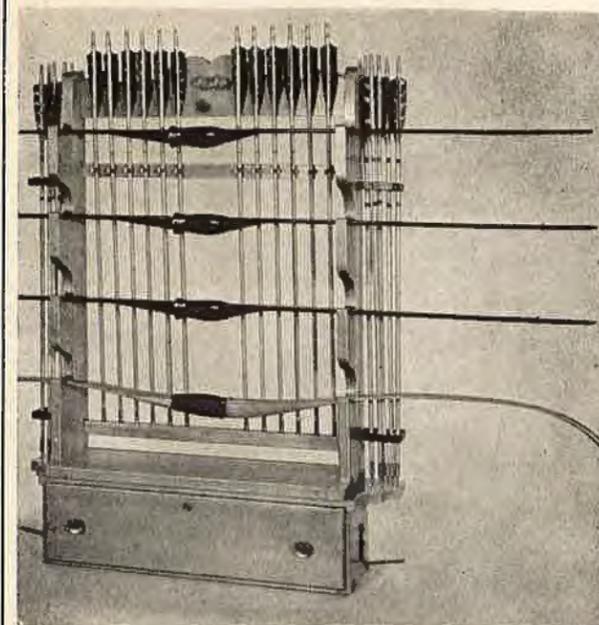
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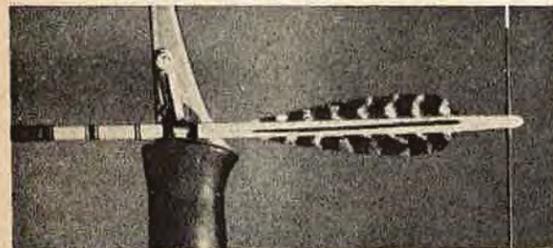
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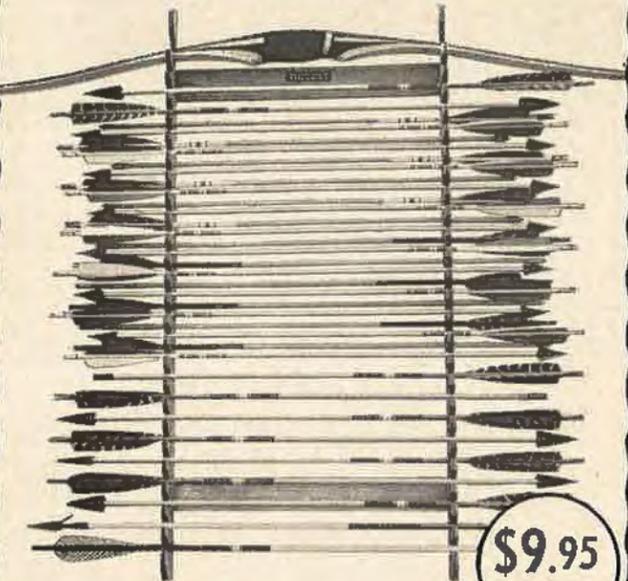
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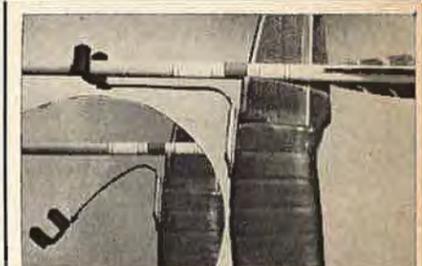
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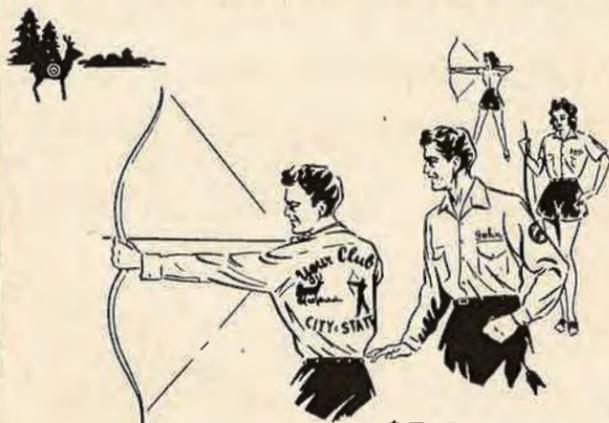
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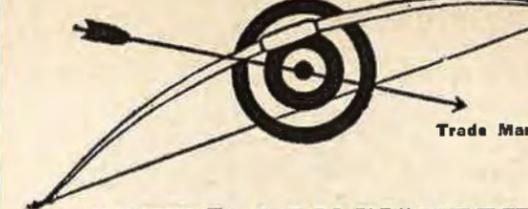
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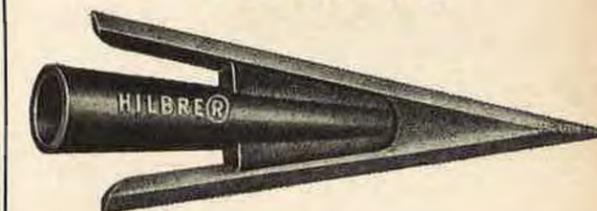
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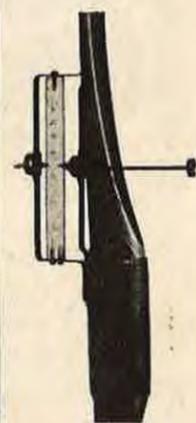
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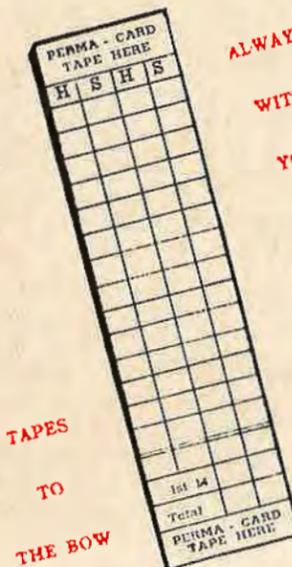
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Seems as how these here scientific fellers are all the time inventin' some wonderful gadget that can instantly tell you the weight of a gnat on the moon, or a guidance beam for a 5,000-mile-an-hour rocket, or some other equally fantastic thing; but they never do invent sumpin' important, like a simple gadget to tell when the fish are a bitin', or some sure-fire way o' guidin' an arner to a runnin' rabbit! O' course, come to think about it, maybe they are right not makin' sumpin' like that. If a feller knew he was a goin' to catch fish ever time he went fishin', or hit a rabbit ever time he shot, would take a lot o' the fun out o' it, at that!

I guess the fine tackle the bow and arner makers are turnin' out is about all a feller should ask fer. If he don't "hit ye mark," as the old English feller said, it's most likely his own fault. (O' course I hate to admit that, fer I'm pertty good at MISSIN' ye mark!)

On the other hand I can't help but think how handy it would be to have a radar-guided arner to turn loose at one o' them smart-eliky old bucks that are so good at avoidin' my arrers! (It'd be kinda handy on some o' them targets, too!) Well, I better quit a wishin' for that there kind of luxuries, and get busy tryin' to figure some way to make more of our fine arner shafts out o' less cedar. That's the most pressin' problem right now.

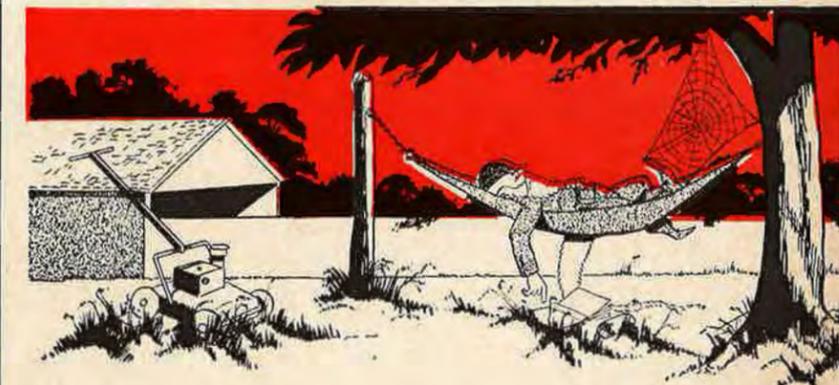
Especially since the government seems determined to raise the price o' cedar fer arrers. Take the deal they are a pullin' now. They're a puttin a value o' twenty dollars a thousand feet on stumpage on old, dead cedar salvage, like we use fer arrers, when they only figure the good, green cedar worth sixteen and seventeen dollars a thousand! Then the standard charge fer slash disposal has always been 25c per thousand, but this year they raised it to \$4.00 per thousand! Better sharpen up that ol' pencil stub and start writin' letters, or if you don't wanta do that, chase the moths out o' the ol' pocket-book and get ready to help pay fer that high priced cedar! I don't think any o' us archers object to payin' a reasonable price fer what we get, but I think most o' us object to bein' robbed!

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INSTINCTIVE DIVISION

	Hunters Round	Field Round	Big Game Round	Total Score
GIRLS				
JUNIOR GIRLS:				
1. Bauer, Rhea, Belleville, Mich.	440	436	625	1501
2. Curtis, Pat, Joplin, Mo.	372	289	560	1221
3. Coley, Sarah Alice, Oklahoma City, Okla.	287	240	445	952
4. Fitzer, Carol Ann, Madera, Calif.	212	186	445	842
5. Coley, Carol Bland, Oklahoma City, Okla.	241	218	355	814
6. Fleus, Rebecca, St. Louis, Mo.	192	250	335	777
7. Foster, Barbara, Albuquerque, N.M.	141	184	450	775
BOYS				
JUNIOR BOYS:				
1. Bergersen, Eric, Phoenix, Ariz.	332	220	535	1087
2. Brumm, Eric, St. Louis, Mo.	275	250	560	1085
3. Chambers, Mike, Missoula, Mont.	232	293	495	1020
4. Deckard, Jack, Crawfordsville, Ind.	244	242	570	1056
5. Hurd, Kenneth A., Houston, Texas.	290	259	485	1034
6. Korba, Peter E., Peninsula, Ohio.	248	191	510	949
7. Stauffacher, Lynn, Detroit, Mich.	232	241	450	923
8. Witt, Perry, Ontario, Calif.	263	233	390	886
9. Bartholomew, Sam, Medicine Lodge, Kan.	253	233	340	826
10. Werly, Alan, Las Vegas, Nev.	172	149	460	781
11. Denbow, Danny, Benton Harbor, Mich.	214	142	390	746
12. Earl, John, Jr., Niles, Mich.	182	158	380	720
INTERMEDIATE BOYS:				
1. Kascal, Niel, San Francisco, Calif.	617	591	885	2093
2. Smith, William, Danville, W. Va.	636	572	785	1993
3. Willey, George, Albion, Mich.	597	542	750	1889
4. Goins, Landon, Chattanooga, Tenn.	574	547	675	1796
5. Napier, Ronnie, Fresno, Calif.	541	501	745	1787
6. Heinrich, Michael, Richmond, Va.	513	537	670	1720
7. Hauk, Jim, Rapid City, S. D.	549	486	700	1635
8. Warner, Jim Bob, Oakland, Calif.	440	560	680	1680
9. Garver, Dickie, Tujunga, Calif.	435	500	695	1630
10. Woolman, Fred, Grand Blanc, Mich.	495	426	680	1601
11. Szechner, Butch, Milwaukee, Wis.	480	465	655	1600
12. Jungman, David, Azusa, Calif.	419	488	665	1572
WOMEN				
OPEN CLASS:				
1. McCubbins, Johanna, Santa Ana, Calif.	704	645	790	2139
2. Fahlgren, Joani, Midland, Mich.	624	620	820	2064
3. Lozon, Frances, Marine City, Mich.	630	575	790	1995
4. Corby, Ann, Boonton, N. J.	555	643	660	1858
5. Schram, Pat, Forest Park, Ill.	558	589	695	1842
6. Chambers, Verda, Missoula, Mont.	577	491	635	1703
7. Lockridge, Ruby, Oneonta, N. Y.	535	411	670	1616
8. Shine, Lucille, Compton, Calif.	444	438	725	1607
9. Gosney, Ariene, Oxnard, Calif.	507	440	685	1582
10. Starr, Joyce V., Princeton, Ill.	420	428	765	1553
11. Hamilton, Pat, Glen Allen, Va.	423	424	705	1552
12. Hoffman, Marion J., Midland, Mich.	492	352	685	1529
BOWMAN CLASS:				
1. Plevco, Gladys, Stockton, Calif.	347	382	595	1324
2. Berry, Winnie, Los Alamos, N. M.	360	347	610	1317
3. Jeffery, Erin, St. Charles, Mo.	385	317	475	1177
4. Maccone, Barbara, Miami, Fla.	376	261	535	1172
5. Shackelford, Helen, Evansville, Ind.	339	312	510	1161
6. Hocknell, Angie, Penns Grove, N. J.	289	323	535	1147
7. Jacobson, Katherine, Niles, Mich.	297	317	530	1144
8. Smith, Carol L., East Lansing, Mich.	237	342	540	1119
9. Reeg, Pauline A., St. Louis, Mo.	344	288	485	1117
10. Butcher, Edna, Weldon Springs, Mo.	297	328	455	1080
11. Downing, M. Jean, Cheyenne, Wyo.	303	302	445	1050
12. Erwin, Mary, Springfield, Mo.	312	282	445	1039
ARCHER CLASS:				
1. Bennett, Bobbie, Costa Mesa, Calif.	283	250	540	1073
2. Wallace, Beverly, Pocatello, Idaho.	265	298	465	1028
3. Bennett, Marceline, Costa Mesa, Calif.	203	237	460	900
4. Duncan, Edith, Del Paso Heights, Cal.	257	213	405	875
5. Glass, Eileen, Chicago, Ill.	189	216	470	875
6. Burtis, Catherine, Anderson, Ind.	219	223	395	837
7. Buyske, Jennie Jo, Springfield, Mo.	238	242	355	835
8. Saitterfield, Jane, Ottumwa, Iowa.	239	206	380	825
9. Cassill, Marilyn, Bloomfield, Iowa.	233	159	405	797
10. Monaco, Rose, New York City, N. Y.	244	175	375	794
11. Garrison, Lou, Wichita, Kan.	229	234	330	793
12. Williams, Stella, Kankakee, Ill.	172	283	365	770
MEN				
OPEN CLASS:				
1. Sneaks, Leslie, Anaheim, Calif.	790	750	985	2475
2. Gatski, Bennie, Grant Town, W. Va.	810	760	885	2455
3. Stanton, Lon, Lake of the Ozarks, Mo.	758	766	930	2454
4. Kotzler, Erwin, Flint, Mich.	779	736	885	2400
5. Steinke, Darold, Vale, Ore.	748	749	890	2387
6. Hall, Jerry, Detroit, Mich.	727	731	925	2383
7. Locke, Gordon S., San Francisco, Calif.	730	786	865	2381
8. Nicholas, Hunter, Wellsburg, W. Va.	730	761	885	2376
9. Jones, Gene, Milwaukee, Wis.	707	870	870	2347
10. Johnson, Corky, Upland, Calif.	735	739	895	2369
11. Cralte, Don, Grosse Pointe, Mich.	789	717	860	2366
12. Scerrati, George, Bedford Hills, N. Y.	741	730	865	2336
EXPERT BOWMAN, CLASS B:				
1. Shine, Ed, Compton, Calif.	627	597	905	2129
2. Williams, Hank, Kankakee, Ill.	707	600	785	2092
3. Hoxsey, James C., Royal Oak, Mich.	612	602	830	2044
4. Kenner, Jack, Odessa, Texas.	620	595	810	2025
5. Starnes, Tenny, Crawfordsville, Ind.	617	511	845	1973
6. Buyske, William J., Springfield, Mo.	603	577	780	1960
7. Chambers, Ray H., Albuquerque, N. M.	620	565	780	1965
8. Weis, Edward Charles, Richmond, Va.	580	578	780	1938
9. Gray, Dan, Ann Arbor, Mich.	592	620	815	1927
10. Bracy, Carl V., Richmond, Calif.	601	554	760	1915
11. Lozon, Alfred, Marine City, Mich.	577	651	785	1913
12. Harris, S. B., Elizabeth, W. Va.	567	576	760	1883
BOWMAN CLASS:				
1. Evans, Ben, Albuquerque, N. M.	557	532	710	1799
2. Forbbs, Mac, Central City, Nebr.	522	468	775	1765
3. Terry, Don, Ann Arbor, Mich.	518	513	685	1714
4. Serafine, Charles, Wellsburg, W. Va.	497	532	680	1709
5. Lederer, John, Albuquerque, N. M.	470	508	700	1678
6. Harwood, Ben, Billings, Mont.	527	440	705	1672
7. Wood, Cleon, Cedar Falls, Iowa.	453	460	755	1668

	Hunters Round	Field Round	Big Game Round	Total Score
ARCHER CLASS:				
1. Johnson, Norman, Oakland, Calif.	480	395	590	1465
2. Sorethumb, Kendall, Sand Springs, Okla.	352	399	560	1311
3. Shackelford, James L., Evansville, Ind.	365	374	550	1289
4. Cunico, William H., Raton, N. M.	407	385	545	1287
5. Fletes, James W., St. Louis, Mo.	389	321	575	1285
6. Wangness, Bud, Reno, Nev.	373	318	575	1266
7. Lines, Bill, Denver, Colo.	287	269	645	1201
8. Gesseman, W. Wilson, Peoria, Ill.	334	307	560	1201
9. Milton, Rex W., Sr., Houston, Tex.	196	357	926	1479
10. Slocum, Lee, Binghamton, N. Y.	324	288	840	1452
11. Malzen, Dayton, Albuquerque, N. M.	378	362	885	1425
12. Cooper, Carroll K., Tulsa, Okla.	286	394	585	1165

HEAVY TACKLE DIVISION

	Hunters Round	Field Round	Big Game Round	Total Score
WOMEN				
1. Vanderhoof, Faye A., Boise, Idaho.	334	277	555	1166
2. Locke, Phyllis, San Francisco, Calif.	262	214	620	1096
MEN				
1. Roper, Lowell, Oakland, Calif.	703	730	870	2303
2. Meigs, Tim, Oakland, Calif.	672	695	925	2292
3. Dykstra, Robert, Rockford, Ill.	630	659	765	2054
4. Williamson, Mel, Orinda, Calif.	570	575	775	1920
5. Wemmer, Lee, San Francisco, Calif.	557	606	755	1918
6. Burch, R. R., Jr., Richland, Wash.	580	556	725	1861
7. Jordan, Edward, North Hollywood, Calif.	561	517	775	1853
8. LeBlanc, George, Rockford, Ill.	550	561	735	1846
9. Schweitzer, Del, Rapid City, S. D.	532	530	770	1832
10. Morrison, Harold G., Billings, Mont.	525	620	755	1800
11. Walker, Lawrence, Colorado Springs.	518	520	760	1798
12. Henderson, Emory V., Clinton, Mo.	506	491	685	1682
FREE-STYLE DIVISION				
JUNIOR GIRLS:				
1. McCloy, Carol, Lansing, Mich.	146	165	320	631
2. Calvert, Lavonne, Beaverton, Ore.	116	153	295	564
3. Hamilton, Leslie, Oswego, Ore.	65	144	186	394
4. Calvert, Laverne, Beaverton, Ore.	73	142	155	370
JUNIOR BOYS:				
1. Kiefer, Gayle, Sherman, Calif.	607	655	770	2032
2. Hamilton, Ray, Oswego, Ore.	543	621	705	1869
3. Kapala, Gerald, Toledo, Ohio.	578	621	670	1869
4. Penso, Denny, Lynwood, Calif.	445	482	665	1542
5. Pierce, Willard, Hastings, Mich.	375	383	608	1366
6. Barr, James, Jamestown, N. Y.	262	242	425	929
WOMEN				
OPEN CLASS:				
1. Ortiz, Peggy, Palo Alto, Calif.	588	620	805	2022
2. Marston, Ann, Wyandotte, Mich.	524	679	795	1998
3. Gourley, Lucille, Tulsa, Okla.	425	553	736	1713
4. Pintarich, Lois, Portland, Ore.	587	508	610	1705
5. Trimmer, Velma, Van Nuys, Calif.	469	555	656	1679
6. Earl, Louise, Niles, Mich.	474	540	650	1664
7. Marchel, Dorothy, Torrance, Calif.	546	477	690	1613
8. Petersen, Audrey H., Buffalo, N. Y.	448	520	605	1573
9. Wilson, Ann, Carlisle, N. M.	393	475	655	1523
10. Daly, Sally, Denver, Colo.	406	424	685	1515
11. Tranthan, Jewell, Tulsa, Okla.	404	461	595	1460
12. Calvert, Maxine, Beaverton, Ore.	441	481	530	1452
BOWMAN CLASS:				
1. Baker, Ann, Redondo Beach, Calif.	361	403	645	1414
2. Moore, Virginia, Albuquerque, N. M.	428	425	515	1368
3. Byram, Gladys, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.	286	424	590	1300
4. Barr, Genevieve, Jamestown, N. Y.	385	329	550	1264
5. Leverenz, Bobbie, Torrance, Calif.	324	366	460	1150
6. Marston, Florence, Wyandotte, Mich.	250	361	515	1126
7. Thompson, Thelma, Lakewood, Calif.	288	343	490	1121
8. Love, Jo, Denver, Colo.	252	400	460	1052
9. Krantz, Jeanie, Los Angeles, Calif.	204	184	535	923
ARCHER CLASS:				
1. Beaver, Margaret, Niles, Mich.	200	180	255	635
2. Snyder, Kay, South Euclid, Ohio.	99	172	80	351
3. Hopkins, Marian, Chicago, Ill.	82	—	—	82
MEN				
OPEN CLASS:				
1. Powell, Rube, Chula Vista, Calif.	887	871	985	2743
2. Fries, Joe, Los Angeles, Calif.	871	788	970	2629
3. Doan, Harold, Adrian, Mich.	864	812	945	2621
4. Rhode, Bob, Lemont, Ill.	810	788	900	2498
5. Burgan, Jim, Osseo, Minn.	816	780	890	2486
6. Brandt, Bob, St. Louis, Mo.	800	766	900	2466
7. Mieritz, Donald, Milwaukee, Wis.	758	793	910	2461
8. Pierce, W. G., Hastings, Mich.	748	801	865	2414
9. Walsh, Larry, Bremerton, Wash.	786	762	860	2398
10. Marston, Frank, Wyandotte, Mich.	755	774	845	2374
11. Baker, Roy, Redondo Beach, Calif.	746	723	875	2349
12. Zeissier, Myron, Santa Ana, Calif.	721	731	895	2347
EXPERT BOWMAN, CLASS B:				
1. Marchel, Hank, Torrance, Calif.	735	714	875	2324
2. Mitchell, Terry, Redondo Beach, Calif.	658	665	845	2168
3. Klein, Ralph E., Albion, Mich.	659	699	810	2068
4. Ballard, Ronald J., Ridgecrest, Calif.	595	628	780	2003
5. Isbell, Joseph S., Hastings, Mich.	594	572	700	1866
6. Krantz, John, Los Angeles, Calif.	468	548	685	1701
7. Petersen, Bob, Buffalo, N. Y.	508	544	635	1687
8. Hopkins, M. B., Chicago, Ill.	450	524	700	1674
9. Easton, Jim, Los Angeles, Calif.	257	249	465	971
10. Leverenz, Alex, Torrance, Calif.	359	156	300	815
11. Will, Paul, Waverly, Iowa.	458	319	—	777
BOWMAN CLASS:				
1. Glass, Robert, Chicago, Ill.	603	576	680	1859
2. McGovern, Bernie, No. Hollywood, Calif.	480	456	695	1630
3. Jones, Ben, Peoria, Ill.	378	421	555	1354
4. Newman, Fred, Auburn, N. Y.	393	387	555	1335

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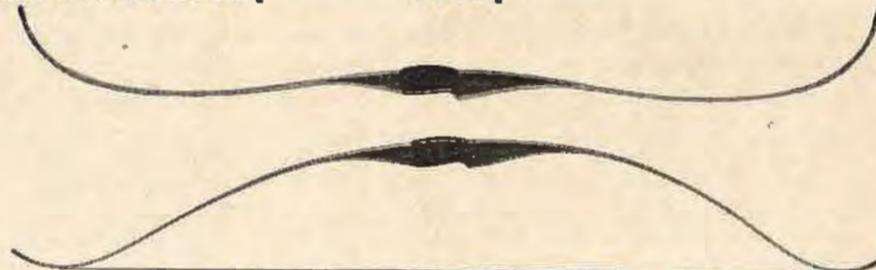
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