

Archery

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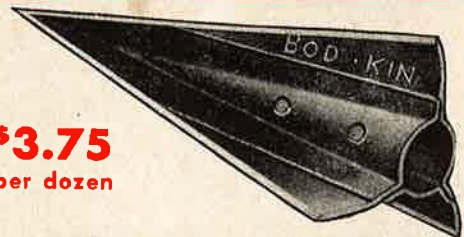
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One Bow Versus 3,996 Guns

By WILLIAM MASTRANGEL

2415 West Glenrosa Ave., Phoenix, Arizona

★ Deer season coming up in a few months; the nights are haunted with dreams of feathered shafts protruding from bucks with six-foot antlers; spare moments during the day finds one busy repairing arrows, gluing on broadheads and shooting at animal targets; evenings are spent skimming through archery magazines, checking new equipment and reading about deer hunts. That's the way it goes before the deer hunting season—when one gets bitten by a little bug which most bow hunters are familiar with. Well, I had two weeks of deer hunting lined out in October and decided to spend a week of it in the Mt. Charleston, Nevada area during the annual archery season there—and I planned my second week's hunt in the fabulous North Kaibab on the north rim of Grand Canyon National Park in Arizona. The latter was not an archery hunt, but open to any deer hunter with either a rifle or a bow.

After much preparation, I left Phoenix on October 9th for the Charleston area in southern Nevada. On arriving there, I made my acquaintance with another archer and together we looked over the rather rough terrain to find a suitable spot to start our hunt from. The California gang started to arrive that day—Hugh Rich, Roy Hoff, Doug Easton, and many others.

To make a long story short, we went out real early on the morning of a bitter cold opening day. We took our places near a fine deer trail and waited for daybreak. Sunrise came and, what with our frozen fingers and toes, I don't believe either of us could have shot at a deer if we'd seen one. That opening day was a bad one for all concerned as it seems that a few weeks before there had been reports of mountain lion in the neighborhood and the old-timers had figured the critters had scared many of the deer away from their usual feeding grounds.

We spent our evenings at the Lodge drinking hunter's brew, watching the slot machines blank out and enduring the tall tales told by Roy Hoff and the others. To make things worse, between ten and twelve o'clock in the evenings, while we were gathered around the bar, two or three large bucks with beautiful antlers would meander casually into the flood-lighted lawn just outside the dining room windows, to feed on the tender lawn grass and lettuce left out for them! Have you ever seen a bow hunter drool? It was a heart-rending sight to see nine or ten grown men staring out through the windows, noses flattened out on the panes, eyes full of tears, with gallons of saliva slowly dripping on their chests—counting the points on those beautiful bucks and nothing to do but stare and drool. I thought Hugh Rich would jump through the window and he

was the last to leave the never-to-be-forgotten sight. Of course, come daylight—no deer.

By the third morning, numb fingers and tired feet notwithstanding, four or five deer had been taken—not too good a record for that area. Heart broken and discouraged, I bade farewell to a bunch of nice guys and started on a long drive back to Phoenix. After a day's rest, during which time the deer fever built up in me again, and having talked the better half into joining me, we hastily gathered up our equipment, closed the shop and embarked the next morning to the famed Kaibab.

During the previous year, the Arizona Game Commission gave the archers a pre-season in the Kaibab and which, on account of haste, lack of preparation, and the serious lack of printed rules governing the hunt, was a bad deal for all concerned. Some of the archers unknowingly violated standard hunting procedures, possibly because they were ignorant of the rules laid down for Arizona hunting. Because of the short time between the announcement of the hunt and the opening day of the hunt itself, a great many of the archers were caught unprepared. Many so-called bow hunters had never hunted before and quickly bought up any kind of bow and arrows they could get a hold of. Result: poor success in a fine deer hunting area, several violations and the anger of the Arizona Game Commission on our heads.

So, we went up to the Kaibab which was now open to 4,000 hunters—either with a bow or gun. In that large group of hunters there were approximately 3,996 gun hunters, myself and three bow hunters of the Apache Bow Hunters from the Globe-Miami district.

As most hunters know, north Kaibab has a deer population upwards of 50,000 deer in a pine forest area of 750,000 acres. Here's the place where world-record mule deer heads have come from, since the calcium content of the soil is favorable to large antler growth. Here yearling mule deer bucks generally have two to three points on one or more antlers.

The weather was beautiful on the first morning and after breakfast at the Kaibab Lodge, the wife and I went out to a pine-studded mountain just south of the Lodge. It sounded like the Korean battle front with .30-30's booming all around us. I had several running shots with no luck, but in the afternoon we changed location and after an hour's tramp we came upon a large doe staring at us directly ahead—down grade from where we were standing. Have you ever had a jammed bow? I guess this is what you'd call it, because when I threw my right hand onto the string to draw back, one of my fingers hit the nock of the arrow and it fell to the ground.

I was sweating and swearing as I stooped to pick up the fallen arrow, knowing full well that the deer would be merrily off on its way. Much to my astonishment, after I had nocked the arrow, there was that great big beautiful doe still looking at us. I drew back and released, the arrow whizzing by her ear. The deer instinctively ducked, but kept standing there staring at me as if I were a visitor from outer-space. My bow was equipped with a bow quiver and (something which does not often happen) when I had shot my first arrow, two of the arrows in the bow quiver fell to the ground. Again, as I stooped to retrieve one, I knew surely the deer would be off but, much to my surprise, was still there staring us in the face. All I saw was two huge ears. I shot and missed. I nocked again and shot. This time the arrow went directly between her front legs, scaring the doe. She took off to the left several yards and stopped to look at us again. It was a 65-yard shot now and she ducked my next arrow, but kept standing there just asking for another shot. My next arrow hit a bunch of dry leaves directly in front of her feet, making such a racket she took off for good. This sort of thing, I guess, has happened to many bow hunters on occasion and frankly I was sort of ashamed of myself for missing five beautiful shots, even though the distance was from 45 to 65 yards. However, looking back at it now, I can really enjoy those five wild shots. An old hunter once told me that a close miss brings as much pleasure as a direct hit.

The second and third day of a gun deer season finds the deer well scattered and jumpy, so our next two days gave us quite a work-out, walking our feet off climbing hills, sitting on dead logs near deer trails and seeing a few deer running madly over the hills.

That third night, as we sat around the fireplace in the Lodge, brought about a discussion as to where and how we could get ourselves a buck. We finally decided that I should go out with a cowboy friend of mine the next morning (he was not hunting) and scout around some of the lower valleys. Upon waking up on my fourth morning, we found a light snow had fallen during the night, which gave us something of an advantage. We went out by car to the rim of the canyon where there was a likely spot. After an hour's search, and finding no sign, we started back to the Lodge. On our way we saw a camp and, lo and behold, a bow was seen among the equipment. I jumped out of the car and found out that the three campers were bow hunters from the Apache Bow Hunters Club. They were: J. C. McLachlan, Harry A. Winn and Wesley H. Parker.

• Continued on page thirty-two.

The Deer Had the Time

By ERNEST E. ROBINSON

Wyndon Apts. B-306, Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

Ever meet up with a deer that could tell time? If not, you have really missed something. This one, a buck, pulled the watch on me twice, and both times he made me look silly.

It was Columbus Day. Other than thanking the old sailor for giving me a day off, I figured I might follow his good example and see what I could discover. This I did with my bow and arrow. Moreover, I did it all alone which means you have to take my word for what I'm about to relate. There is no one else to verify.

The archery deer season opened here in Pennsylvania on Monday, October 11th. So Monday night I engaged in a labor of love. I polished the bow until it would have done old Apollo proud. The broadheads were filed and stroked, and honed until they were so sharp the cutting of a hair on them sounded like high "C." The string was new, and round, and firmly packed with wax. Everything was in apple pie order.

At 6:30 in the morning I was on location. I spent the next half-hour trying to convince myself that I wasn't excited, that this thing was duck soup. If I didn't see deer, so what; better luck next time. If I did see deer, maybe I'd get a shot. Beyond that I didn't dare think. I like venison.

Now 6:45. Only fifteen minutes to go until the legal hour. Time to get out of the car and get strung up. So I took the bow and all paraphernalia and went back into the woods a few steps. The armguard went on, so did the tab. Then came the bracing of the bow. That bow of mine is all kinds of a brute to hold steady so as to get the noose over its neck. Finally, I succeeded and was just about to unwind from the crippled archer's brace when I noticed a white rag about three or four rods away.

But hold on there a moment. Was that a white rag?

You should have seen me. One leg still in the bow, I stood there while the awesome truth kept pace with my vision. The rag wagged, then disappeared, then was followed by a tawny hide, which in turn moved enough to reveal a head with - - - oh, Heaven forbid, with horns! I counted the points. Six!

Now was the time for all good men to come to the aid of your archer. I stood there with the whites of my eyes showing, with my big mouth wide open, and all I could do was pant. An arrow, an arrow, all my riches for one measly arrow. But my hunting quiver, with those shafts over which I had labored so fondly, was on the ground three steps away. I could see it out of one quarter of my eye while the other three quarters were riveted to yonder deer. He was feeding. No man smell had reached him yet, for the air was still. He kept inching closer and the block of granite, which was me, was all eyes. He came to within ten yards of me. Never have I seen such a shot for a bow and arrow. Why I could make a 20 on it any day. So transfixed was I that I actually forgot just for a moment those distant arrows.

Something had to give. The old brain, poor as it is, began to labor and finally manufactured an idea. It seemed worth

a try. I breathed in as deep as I could under the circumstances and let go with the loudest yell I could summon. It was almost enough to wake the dead and kill the living. It had its effect. Now, it was that buck's turn to react. The full blast of my roar nailed him to the ground. He tried to move in all directions at once, and hence didn't move at all. Me, say I too was moving. I dived for the arrows; whipped one out of the quiver, and tried to get it on the string. It was then I found I had ten thumbs. Never would I suppose one could have such trouble.

The deer? Oh, he was still frozen, but he was thawing out fast. He was beginning to look foolish. After all, no self-respecting buck would admit being caught like this.

At last the arrow; it was ready. The bow started upward, the draw lengthened.

Ps-saw-hsst! Man alive, how that deer could snort. He almost blew me out of the woods. When I came to, the white rag, the tawny hide, the horns with six points, my lovely buck was gone.

Only later I understood that the deer was a competitor from the word go. He would show this intruder who could blow the louder. He won.

I looked at my watch. It read 7:04. What the deer and I had done was within the legal hour, but the deer had called the time. I remember how later I thought that he must have had a watch. This thought became a conviction before the day was done, as you will see.

No sense in my giving you all the details on what happened for the rest of the day. It was mostly nothing. The heat was an unbelievable 87 degrees, the hottest October 12th in these parts since 1912. The wind was strong, too. It came in frequent gusts which tore the dried leaves from the trees. These, combined with snapping of twigs, and the crackling of foliage which was still clinging, set up a din where you couldn't hear yourself think.

Only thing I knew was that I'd take it easy. So I found a confluence of game trails. They were well worn and from the looks of sign seemed to be the Grand Central Station for deer of all kinds and sizes. So I found myself a half-grown hemlock with its lower branches just clearing the ground. I crawled in, un-sheathed my little belt axe, and went to work. In no time at all I had a first class boma. All the time I was thinking: "Now let the lordly buck so much as touch his front foot to this my demesne, and I'll drive a shaft through him so fast he'll think he's made of paper."

No buck showed himself. The time dragged on, and I grew sleepier by the minute. Time was 2:00 p.m., and with that knowledge I stretched out and slept.

It was 3:35 p.m. when I awoke. Refreshed, and rather pleased with myself for passing the time so fruitfully, I was ready to lick my weight in wildcats. I drew the bow several times; tested the straightness of my arrow, and wished with all my heart and soul that a deer would show. But the wind still blew, and it was noisy, noisy, noisy.

At 4:40 I gave it up as a lost cause. I started back to the car. Just before getting there I had to cross the power line. It was marked by a swath about fifty yards wide through the woods. In the middle of it was a grassy trail. Just the place, I thought, to take off my quiver and other gear. Besides it was about two minutes to five and the car was in sight.

You won't believe this. It's even a little stout for me to realize. It happened this way. I took off my quiver, then knelt to take off my armguard and tab, and to put them in the pocket of the quiver. In this pocket I found a plastic guard for the single-bladed broadhead. I put this on over the steel. Next came the bow, and the slipping of the string. In went the left foot, then came the bending - - -

As if by magic he stood there. His girl friend was with him this time. The distance was about sixty yards. He hadn't seen me yet. Was I in position? You bet - - - in the same dang position I had been in with this same dang deer on this same dang day. He had pulled the watch on me again.

What to do? No use yelling at him again; he was wise to that trick. This deer could yell back anyway. Maybe if I moved ever so easily and smoothly I could get away with it. Out came the leg, the hand eased its way to the ground, the eyes were full on the deer. It was a graceful performance, even if I do say so myself. Then that big, beautiful son-of-a-gun looked up and saw me. He wasn't quite sure he saw me, because, as you know, a deer sees motion more than it sees substance. Anyway, he wasn't taking any chances. He zeroed me in hard and fast. Alertness had kindled such a fire within him that his eyes fairly blazed, and his tail—that white rag again—began its nervous switch from side to side. What a sight!

My hand found an arrow. Slowly, ever so slowly, it was fitted; the bow was tilted; the string was drawn. Even now I recall that movement when my anchor became secure. The buck hadn't moved. It was almost too good to be true. I was even aware during those split moments that my fingers were without a tab and my forearm without a guard. They didn't matter. Nothing mattered except that I now had that jasper dead to rights.

The fingers relaxed and the arrow flashed on its way.

No, I did not hit him. No, I make no apologies for the shot. As near as I can tell, it was good and true. The only trouble was that the buck wasn't there when the arrow arrived. He moved at my release and in two jumps had disappeared, the doe right after him.

What if he hadn't moved? Well, there would still be some doubt. You see, when I found the arrow, I had to sit down and laugh. Not only had that deer outwitted me with his unerring instinct for time, but I had outwitted myself. After the tension it was good to sit there and laugh. Why? Maybe you have guessed it. The arrow I shot was the same one over which I had placed the plastic guard. The blade was still protected.

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WE DIDN'T KILL MUCH GAME

By W. C. GRANGER

Casper, Wyoming

In the early part of September, five freshman hunters loaded sleeping bags, tents, stoves, bows, arrows, and almost enough food into two cars for an attack on the "Tensleep-Nowood-Broken-back" early season deer area on the west flank of the Big Horn Mountains in north central Wyoming. The Game and Fish Commission had granted a three-day pre-season for bow hunters, and we had visions of literally being trampled by dozens of six-point bucks.

We stopped at a ranch to inquire as to the location of a suitable campsite and to obtain permission to hunt, explaining we were bow hunters. After a half hidden laugh and a knowing smile, the slightly inebriated rancher insisted that his recent bride take a picture of him shooting a bow. We complied, and he gave us the word and we thanked him, promising to bring him some more vanilla extract on our next trip, just on the absurd hunch that maybe one of us would not get our game and might have to come back another week-end. On the way to set up camp Roney Dice bagged an aggressive badger which was about to attack Bob Loney, who had missed the first shot and had turned to run. (At least that is Roney's version.)

After setting up camp, we set out to scout the area, since we could not begin hunting until the following day. Our camp was along a clear stream and in fairly heavy brush. To the north and

east was a nearly vertical mountain with a short range of low (?) lying foothills at the base. South of us were hay meadows and westward were more rather rugged stream-cut hills.

Bob Loney and Roney Dice elected to check the meadows. Bob Rathbun, Bill Crouch and I decided to cut through the meadows and scout the hills to the west. Fifty feet from camp we saw our first evidence of deer and signs continued to be heavy all afternoon. The only thing lacking was any real live deer. I finally did jump a doe at thirty yards. After cussing the Fish and Game Commission for not having given four days instead of three, I lowered my bow and proceeded up the canyon. We made a large loop and returned to camp late in the afternoon.

After an early supper, Crouch and Rathbun walked up the road to check on game trails coming out of the high mountains to the east of camp. Dice and Loney went to get a pail of water, and I was collecting the dishes. In a few minutes I was startled to hear the sound of pounding feet and heavy breathing. Roney Dice stormed into camp panting, "get your bow; we jumped a cat." We madly grabbed our gear and took off for Loney, who was watching the cat with field glasses. I mean we fairly ran up the sheer slab of rock and half-way up I caught a glimpse of a grayish-brown blob of fur. I remember thinking that if I could just keep

going another five minutes I would surely get a shot, reasoning that I would still have enough strength left for at least a 15-inch draw. Congregating together, utterly exhausted, just outside of the den, we decided then and there that we would have been better off to have proceeded slowly and quietly up the cliff rather than like a herd of elephants in a cracker factory.

It was dark when we stumbled back into camp for a last cup of coffee. After laying plans for the morning and listening to Bob Loney, the only bachelor in the group, give us a poor man's Kinsey report on women, we drifted off to sleep.

We were up before dawn and had a quick cup of coffee. The decision was unanimous to hunt along the edge of the meadow and then later the high cliffs. Several deer crossed the road ahead of us, already leaving the meadows. Right here we learned something else: if you are buck hunting, you have to be real early to get a shot in the meadows because they are invariably the first to leave.

About thirty minutes later, the deer swarmed out of the meadows and up the hills toward the cliffs. The only trouble here is that we were hiding down in a draw on a game trail. When we realized we were being defeated, all of us took for the hills. Several deer came up the opposite side and arrows flew like there were a bunch of wild Indians on the warpath. The awful realization that the deer were heading for the cliff made us shudder. We split up to hunt another hour or two before breakfast.

After coming off the cliff, I was hunting on the side of a canyon about 100 feet up from the stream and out of the brushy spots. I came upon a large dense brush and tree area and thought I heard a noise. I could see nothing in the tangle of vines, trees, and bushes so I proceeded quietly, pausing every few steps to listen. I tossed a rock or two into the brush after waiting about 25 minutes. That created a response in the form of Bob Loney, who busted out the far side. I wasn't any happier to learn that Bob and I had been stalking each other for 30 minutes. It seems he had also heard, but could not see me.

Some three hours later we straggled into camp. I missed a perfect 40-yard shot at a doe. It was an uphill shot, and the arrow lit between her legs. Crouch and Rathbun had shots and missed, as did Loney. Dice was sitting in camp twirling a blood-stained arrow and pointing out minute bits of meat on the feathers. In contrast to my shot, he had a downhill target and shot high; however, the sound of the string scared the doe, and she jumped straight up—right into the path of the arrow. It knicked the top of her back, and off she went. Roney trailed her about two miles, and she seemed little the worse for her experience.

The next order of business was to soak our complaining feet in the ice cold stream. After a large combination lunch and breakfast, plus a little resting, we mapped plans for the evening. Each man hid out on the stream near an

Continued on page twenty-eight.

BROADHEADS IN THE DARK

By BOB ESTILL

916 N. Beaudry Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

Paul and I grew up together. We played adventure, talked adventure—built our house in a tree. Hung on the walls were rusty knives, an old flintlock and maps, with circled places we hoped to explore some day. The house in the tree was now torn down to make room for the freeway, but our longing for adventure remained. That is one reason we loved archery. We were now preparing for a bow hunting trip. This was not the result of any sudden impulse, nor was it conceived as a stunt. To us both, a life of routine was getting dull. We would avoid it, if only for a while. Some would say we were lazy, but they have never cleaned and packed out a deer.

A strange business—I mean people. Some tried to discourage us, others only wished to help. One offered to loan his dog. An old man brought a long yew wood bow with carved horn tips. He said, "You two are doing what I have always wanted to do, but never had the chance." He was a symbol of thousands of others who would hunt with the bow, but are hemmed in with routine or do not have the courage to follow the dictates of their primitive instinct—to hunt the hard way. I know they are missing a great deal.

For several days we were keyed up with excitement, as we gathered the things we would need, and discarded everything else. Now the day arrived. The start.

After hours of driving, we climbed the unkept roads of the spot circled on the map. It was not exactly as we had pictured, but was plenty rugged. One place there were a great many tracks as if a whole herd of deer had crossed the road, more and larger than I have ever seen. We stopped, strung our bows, strapped on our quivers and canteens and followed. The well-worn trail zig-zagged back and forth across what had been a stream, but now was just an occasional water hole. To and from these holes, almost straight up, were tracks of deer, raccoon, opossum and tree squirrel. In some places we could see where deer had sat down and slid the last twenty feet. A squirrel scampered up the side, showering down small rocks which threatened to start a land slide. We passed this very carefully, one at a time. Farther on, the narrows widened and some distance ahead we could see a meadow—maybe a spring—the source of the water. Toward this promising green we trudged. The trail was harder to follow now as it was grown over with nettles that burned like fire when they touched our skin. It was hot, so we removed our shirts. The nettles had the advantage. Beautiful colored plants lured the unsuspecting closer—poison oak! Now the soil was damp, ferns grew tall. We hoped they did not conceal a rattlesnake. As we turned a corner we came upon the meadow, and there stood the herd—not deer, but GOATS! Also the goat herder.

"Well, I'll be—I thought those were awful big deer tracks. They just didn't look right to me!" I mumbled.

The goat herder was frantically beckoning to us. He was very excited. A panther had killed and carried off one of his best goats. We should help him find the big cat and he would kill it.



George Wells, of Seattle, Washington, who brought down this three-pointer, gazes with pardonable pride on his fine trophy, one of the biggest mule deer taken this season in the Nason Creek Game Reserve, an area set aside for bow hunting in Washington, near Wenatchee. Buck weighed about 200 pounds and after a beautiful heart shot dropped within twenty yards from where hit. Latest reports show that twice the number of deer were taken over last year in this reserve and it appears certain that a new record will be established for the state. —Photo submitted by BOB KELLY, Seattle



Author and forked-horn buck bagged on a subsequent trip. Deer was taken in Southern Johnson County, Wyoming.

He had an old Winchester .44 carbine, 1863, with two notches cut in the stock, on which was nailed a 1909 metal hunting license.

I was glad when he insisted on taking the lead, as I didn't exactly relish the idea of a nervous man with a loaded .44 walking behind me. But when he slipped and fell, I found myself looking down the muzzle of his gun. I didn't like that any better. I called a halt, sat down on a rock, lit a smoke and tried to think of a safe procedure. The drag led into a wilderness of rocks, cracks and chasms. The cracks were overgrown with ferns and vines. A false step would mean a broken leg. We took off our boots and tied them to our belts. Progress under these conditions was very slow, considering the fact that we knew not where the cougar had stopped to feed.

We came to a bank too steep for walking, so we made a run at it. Grasping the brush at the top, I noticed the bush was just regaining its upright position as if the panther had rested there

seconds before. A little farther on we came upon the remains of the goat, under a ledge, partly covered with leaves. The cat had carried the goat to this spot and then gone back to the bank to take a look at us.

We were new at this kind of hunting. The running approach up the bank could have saved our lives. We should not have exposed ourselves under the bank as we did. Our charge had turned it away. Any animal is mean if disturbed when eating. The only time a panther is safe is after it is skinned.

The goat herder was getting jumpy. He grabbed my arm and whispered in a frightened voice -- He heard the cougar behind us—then one side—then the other! I told him to keep a sharp look-out behind. Then we heard a low growl. It was beginning to resent our intrusion.

I do not think you—sitting in your living room—can really appreciate this as we did. Rocks all around. To run, impossible. I was fastly beginning to think I sure as hell wasn't very bright

Continued on page thirty-three.



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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 bowman 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 and foreign, 50c extra for the magazine.

By JOHN L. YOUNT
Secretary-Treasurer

N.F.A.A. REPORT COMPILED FROM CLUB QUESTIONNAIRE

The N.F.A.A. has never had a complete club by club report that covered the actual number of hunters or the amount of game taken, nor did we know the size or makeup of our clubs. So, in early October, a questionnaire covering these subjects, and others pertaining to the club's activities, was sent to all field clubs and associations. Up to now, December 13th, we have received 191 replies from clubs, plus a good number from associations, and so we are able to give you a pretty accurate report. If further replies are received they will be tabulated, and any effect they may have on the overall picture of field archery will be published in a later issue of Archery.

Several states, including one prominent hunting state, Texas, have not yet reported on either the number of hunters within their state, or the amount of game taken. In spite of this, we have a total for 1953 of 93,540 bow hunters in the United States. This number is

based on state totals, which means that archers who hunted in more than one state will be counted more than once. In all probability, the number who hunted in states which have not reported will just about offset this, and we can look upon the total of 93,540 as a pretty accurate count of bow hunters for 1953. The estimate for 1954, based on complete results in some states, and from estimates in others, where there has not been time in which to gather statistics, is 123,369 hunters.

The 1953 report shows Michigan, of course, to be the leading state, with 29,770 hunters. Wisconsin is next with 17,000. From there on you may get a few surprises. Pennsylvania had 10,500; New York, 10,408; New Jersey 6,070; California 5,000; Minnesota 3,125; Oregon 2,910; Vermont 1,006; Washington 800; Maryland 700; Utah 600; Missouri 580; West Virginia 500; Colorado 500, and Montana 450. Most of the unnamed states reported from 50 to 400.

The report on game taken shows Michigan again in the lead, with 1790. Here is a surprise: New York comes next with 410, then Wisconsin with 350, Oregon 295, New Jersey 287, California 100, Pennsylvania 97, Utah 90, Minnesota 66, Wyoming 66, Maryland 58, Washington 40, South Dakota 36, New Mexico 31, and Montana 30. These, together with those states turning in a smaller number, total 3,879 deer. This number does not include the considerable number of other big game animals taken by archers. Next time we are going to make it plain that we want a full report which includes all big game, and not just deer, for the number of archers who hunt other types of game is growing each year.

The next important question asked was the number of archers in each club and their method of shooting. There has been a lot of guessing on this subject, and we wanted the facts. Here they are, as reported up to this time.

191 Clubs report 9,610 members, 8,642 or 90.9% of these shoot Instinctive, while 875, or 9.1% shoot Free Style. Of the 875 Free Style archers, 345, or 38.3% come from 10 clubs predominantly Free Style—that is clubs in which Free Style archers outnumber Instinctive archers. A further breakdown shows that 110 of the 191 clubs reporting are purely Instinctive, while 30 clubs have 9 or more Free Style archers in each club. This leaves 131 Free Style archers scattered among the remaining 52 clubs.

28 Clubs reported that Instinctive and Free Style archers shoot together, while 45 reported that they use separate divisions. 109 clubs reported that their clubs were classified, while 104 used handicaps, and 39 shot for high score only. These figures total more than 191, but it must be remembered that many clubs use both classes and handicaps.

117 Clubs reported that they followed N.F.A.A. rules for classifying, while 19 reported that they wrote their own. 38 clubs hold a single type of tournament. While 116 vary their tournaments, some with occasional novelty rounds, others

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shoot the same round, but vary the contest, match, team, etc.

140 Of the clubs reporting, belong to some state association, while 51 do not, 183 clubs report that they maintain their own courses, while 8 use courses maintained by someone else. 19 clubs now own their own property, while 30 have their own clubhouse. Sometimes it isn't much, but it is theirs and a place to meet and to store equipment. In other cases it is a fine building which belongs to an organization of sportsmen. In short, the archers have been farsighted enough to join a Fish and Game club.

In checking the number of years each club has been in existence, I came on another very interesting fact. The NFAA is made up of a very few comparatively old clubs, if we consider ten years as old. Of the 191 clubs reporting, 27 were that old or older. Of these, some were former target clubs who now shoot only field, while others still shoot both target and field. A few were originally organized as field clubs. The remaining 164 clubs have an average age of only 3 years. These 164 clubs, many of which are less than one year old, have an average membership of 56, while the 27 older clubs, whose average age is 16 years, have an average membership of 79.

It has taken a lot of work to dig out these figures, and they are going to make mighty dry reading, but I sincerely hope at least a few who are interested in the future of the sport will not only read them, but take time to study them. We have lots of clubs, but they are weak, and it is evident that they gain very little strength as they grow up. New archers join, but older ones drop out. We must find the reason for this or some of these days we are going to run out of new archers, and start downhill, just as archery organizations have many times in the past.

ATTENTION ALL FOREIGN CLUBS

The Cascade Archers of Seattle, Washington, are interested in arranging inter-club matches with foreign clubs. They have already had one mail tournament of this sort with Sweden and found it so successful they would like to promote a mail tournament with others. If you are interested contact K. C. Robbins, Secretary, Cascade Archers, 2239 Boylston N., Seattle 2, Washington.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Here it is only the 15th of December and we are already getting loads of Christmas cards from members all over the world. You don't know how thankful we are for these cards, and the thoughts they bring. This goes not only for me, but for the entire staff, and the cards make a bright pre-Christmas spot on top of our file cabinets. We wish we could send cards to all of you. We are thinking of you, but 14,000 is just a few too many.

Now, before we forget it, may we wish you all a very happy and prosperous New Year, with championship scores for all, and a buck in every pot before the year is over. HAPPY NEW YEAR!

SMALL GAME REPORT

Pins: Louis A. Miller, Indianapolis, Ind.; Richard R. Cooper, Fairbanks, Alaska; Frank F. Chrapliwy, Washington Depot, Conn.; Jeanne Wilson, Deposit, N. Y.; Vincent T. Kagerguis, Woodbury, Conn.; Eugene W. McKechnie, Jr., Royal Oak, Mich.; Albert A. Alcorn, Fallon, Nev.; Robert F. Reed, Festus, Mo.; Charles B. Anderson, St. Paul, Minn.; Harold H. Vanderhorst, Toledo, Ohio; Joe D. Estes, La Grande, Ore.; Charles F. Boyd, Indianapolis, Ind.; Duane Tall-

man, Montpelier, Vt.; Frank D. Parrish, Vinita, Okla.; William Kallister, Bellevue, Ill.; Glen Carl Johnson, Racine, Wis.; Robert C. Moore, Boalsburg, Pa.; Cecil Fogle, Springfield, Ohio; William Wells, Jr., Ellettsville, Ind.; Fred C. Batty, South Thomaston, Maine; Harvey Schmidt, Elkland, Pa.; Ralph G. Knight, Rumford, Maine.

First Arrow: Bernard Straight, Port Orchard, Wash.; Tom Brown, East Detroit, Mich.; Willfrid G. Wieske, Detroit, Mich.; Don Ferguson, Preston, Ontario; Joseph W. Brown, Memphis, Tenn.

Second Arrow: E. J. Leadenham, Marion, Ohio; Dr. George Schuyler, Billings, Mont.; Bruce E. Sieloff, Mt. Clemens, Mich.; George E. Garthwaite, North Guilford, Conn.; John Barnes, Corning, Calif.; Floyd E. Metzger, Aurora, Ill.; Dale C. Meeker, Warroad, Minn.; Allen C. Speller, Jr., Savannah, Ga.; Elmer E. Kurrus, Jr., Memphis, Tenn.

Third Arrow: Frank Louck, Marion, Ohio.

BIG GAME REPORT

ANTELOPE: Henry M. Lucero, Helena, Mont.

BEAR: Louis W. Schlatterer, Los Alamos, N. M.; John Barnes, Corning, Calif. (2 bears); Richard H. Fisher, Prince George, B. C.

CROCODILE: Wolfram R. Moeckel (2 crocodiles), Caracas, Venezuela.

CARIBOU: Clifford W. Coe, Otter Lake, Mich.; Kenneth E. Welch, Brown City, Mich.

ELK: Glenn St. Charles, Seattle, Wash.

GOAT: Paul J. Prentis, Wanganui, New Zealand.

Hog: Allen C. Speller, Jr., Savannah, Ga. (2 hogs).

MOOSE: Robert A. Meyers, Anchorage, Alaska; George B. Larkin, Washington, D. C.; Charles E. MacInnes, Anchorage, Alaska.

DEER:

California—George T. Jones, Riverside; James B. Davis, Coalinga; Anthony DeLork, Ontario; John B. Ross, Santa Monica; Gordon Pesterfield, Ontario; Michael Alosi, Susanville; Al Farmer, Long Beach; Raymond Torrey, Upland.

Colorado—Philip R. Denham, Denver. Idaho—William F. Lea, Pocatello; Rolla Jackson, Rupert.

Illinois—Donald Schram, Forest Park (2 deer); William G. Scroggins, Aurora; Emmert R. Miller, East Dundee; Clarence W. Trevillyan, Moline; Ben Jones, Peoria Heights; R. A. Branaka, South

Beloit; DeWayne B. Gardner, Forest Park; Floyd E. Metzger, Aurora; Lowell D. Phipps, Clare; Russell T. Phipps, Coraland; Walter Rueger, Paltine (2 deer).

Indiana—Floyd Link, Auburn; H. C. Fledderjohn, Indianapolis; Robert R. Heston, Indianapolis.

Iowa—Robert E. Thielen, Clinton. Kansas—Gil Bartlett, Wichita.

Kentucky—Arthur J. Karges, Henderson; Henry Cartwright, Princeton; Lester Cartwright, Princeton; Joseph Chapman, Waverly.

Maryland—George D. Rogers, Aberdeen; G. A. Gustafson, Aberdeen; Joseph F. Einwich, Baltimore; Marshall Longworth, Baltimore; Donald H. Wilson, Jr., Baltimore.

Michigan—Glenn S. Wagner, Flint; Bruce Gilpin, Horton; Frank Delboy, Jr., Detroit; Alex J. Brant, Midland; Aaron Schulty, Muskegon; Paul Jalon, Detroit; Robert B. MacGregor, Detroit; Wayne Kangas, Belleville; Robert D. Berridge, Midland; Richard P. Cooley, Lansing; John E. Lamphear, Grand Rapids; Edward H. Smith, Saginaw; Joseph Frederick Carver, Royal Oak; Jack D. Salmon, Detroit; David Neal, Detroit; Creighton Sunblad, Ishpeming; Thomas R. Farrell, Jackson; Jane Czajkowski, Belleville; Frank Petrini, Detroit; Gertrude M. Turk, Detroit; Ray A. Czerwinski, Grand Rapids; Randy Socier, Essexville; Charles M. Kroll, Grayling; Sayre H. Ostrander, Grand Marais; Jack J. Hughes, Royal Oak; John T. Kerr, Bay City; T. P. Anderson, Detroit; John Barnett, River Rouge; James Biddle, Detroit; Dean F. Carlson, Midland; Dick Carlson, Midland; John R. Desztych, Allen Park; Gene A. Goss, Fenton; Donald Hayward, Hastings; Robert A. Homann, Detroit; Fred Wm. House, Detroit; Russell W. Kampenga, Muskegon; Frances Lozon, Marine City; R. Jack McFarland, Flint; Harold J. Olsen, Sr., North Muskegon; Larry Ratliff, Walled Lake; Harold J. Richmond, Flint; Dorothea J. Richmond, Flint; Harry J. Roznowski, Bay City; John J. Steele, Roseville; Corwin Tubbs, Yale; Frederick M. Carpenter, Houghton Lake.

Minnesota—Forrest Samuelson, Minneapolis; Russell Bechen, Fergus Falls; Robert W. Chermack, Mora; Jack R. Critchfield, Winona; Stanley W. Drake, St. Clair; Paul Munch, West St. Paul.

Montana—A. R. Peterson, Helena; Delmer Michener, Libby; Russell Scow, Libby; Robert Hium, Bridger; Ed Harper, Bozeman; Joe W. McNutt, Billings.

Nevada—H. Douglas Farnow, Las Ve-

gas; Ted Marak, Las Vegas. New Jersey—Jack Caproni, Red Bank; Ted Bartkowski, Ramsey (2 deer); Paul J. Cardinale, Roseland; Robert C. Dalrymple, Dover; Walter D. Montee, Lyons.

New Mexico—C. B. McCampbell, Jr., Albuquerque; Charles E. Haywood, Albuquerque; George H. Horn, Carlsbad.

New York—Ted Williams, Huntington Station; Donald E. Drake, Ithaca; P. J. Hermance, Poughkeepsie; Kenneth Lockridge, Oneonta; Stuart Wilson, Jr., Deposit; Jeanne Wilson, Deposit; Helen Cameron, Newfield; Lloyd A. Johnson, Bainbridge; Earl Hover, Scotia.

North Dakota—A. L. Aafedt, Fargo; Robert E. Curtis, Fargo; Harold C. Evert, Fargo; Eddie A. Softing, Fargo.

Ohio—Geo. A. Shira, Newark; Bob Hulley, Cincinnati; Perry Davis, Lakee wood; James D. Stokes, Springfield; H. H. Vander Horst, Toledo.

Oklahoma—Phillip Maybee, Pryor. Oregon—Eldon Bibbey, Vale; Donald B. Hoart, Portland; William L. Smith, Florence; M. M. Carson, Portland; Graydon R. Pearson, Carlton; Steve Foland, Tillamook; Andrew T. McMurdo, Baker; Truman C. Carter, Baker; Joe D. Estes, La Grande; Robert L. Govro, Albany; Lawrence Barham, Salem; Connie Bruce, Albany; Robert G. Bruce, Albany; Richard Halousek, Malin; Paul E. Pintarich, Portland; Geo. F. Snavely, Portland; Raymond B. Thom, Beaverton.

Pennsylvania—Edward J. Campbell, Ridley Park; Roland D. Ciccorone, Norristown; Joe Barovich, Sharpsville.

South Dakota—Joseph J. Wheeler, Huron.

Texas—Charles Sybert, Dallas; Wilbur B. Webb, Grand Prairie.

Utah—Troy M. Miller, Brigham City (2 deer); Wells J. Stephenson, Ogden; Norman J. Keith, Ogden; Phillip A. Snell, Bountiful; Joe Weyerman, Provo.

Virginia—Alva G. Nye, Jr., McLean (2 deer); William Bennett, Christiansburg (2 deer); Priscilla Still, Bayside; Clinton Western, Staunton; James W. Hill, Richmond; Raymond L. Green, Colonial Heights; Bill H. Hamilton, Clintwood.

Vermont—Howard H. Higgins, St. Johnsbury.

Washington—Bud Rawlings, Richland; Orin P. Stager, Puyallup.

Wisconsin—Alvin Krueger, Watertown; Wm. H. Thorpe, Stanley; Herman Knoener, Jr., Plymouth; Orville H. Haas, Beloit; Paul R. Yankech, Racine.

Wyoming—Marilyn Gerdorn, Casper.

Continued on page seventeen.



Pictured are members of Nebraska's State Association, PRAIRIE BOWMEN OF NEBRASKA, as they gathered recently at Schuyler, Nebraska, for a coyote hunt. —Photo by Sunfoto

ROVING A-ROUND



By JIM KINNEE

President, National Field Archery Association

962 N. 39th Street, Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin

1955 NATIONAL TOURNAMENT AT LUDINGTON, MICH.

We are pleased to announce that the site of the 1955 National Field Archery Tournament will be held in Ludington, Michigan. The dates will be July 25, 26, 27 and 28. During the first part of December, the Executive Committee approved the only bid received, that of the Ludington Archery Club who will be the local sponsoring club. Immediately upon receipt of the news that Ludington's bid had been accepted, the local archers lost no time in getting the ball to rolling toward success of what appears will be the most gigantic field tournament of all time. Important committees have already been appointed, including publicity. Mrs. Avery Benedict is chairman of the publicity committee and has all ready sent in her first contribution. Following is her message of welcome and report on local activities to date:

Hello Fellow Archers!

First, on behalf of the Ludington Archery Club, let me extend a most cordial welcome to the 1955 NFAA National Tournament, to be held here at Ludington State Park, July 25-28, inclusive. Thought perhaps you might like to know every month what we are doing up here. So far we have a course laid out and, as weather permits we'll go on from there. Avery Benedict, your local chairman, has appointed a couple of important committees you might be interested in. First: Housing Chairman—Mrs. Guy (Lorraine) Oseland, 5513 Johnson Road, R.R. 2, Ludington, Michigan. The Chairman of the Manufacturer's Exhibit will be Paul Wischnef, Juniper Hills, Ludington, Michigan.

We are certainly all fired up about this and hope everyone of you will leave from here next July with very happy memories. One other thing, we are open to suggestions at all times from any of you. Our aim is to really please. If any one should have a novelty round you will like to introduce, let us know and we will do our best to help you. Our own club range will be open for practicing at all times and we think it's a dilly.

1955 is our centennial year and I am very happy to announce the Father Marquette Pageant will be held the week of the NFAA Tournament. A beautiful cross is being erected now at the death site of Father Jacques Marquette, something I hope everyone of you will see while here. So, until next month, I will say goodbye.

NEW RECORD KILL IN NECEDAH REFUGE

It was around midnight when our son, Craig, and I pulled in next to the Necedah Wildlife Refuge for the first week-end of the special December season. There had been heavy rifle pressure in all of the surrounding country a few weeks back and it was the contention of the Conservation Department that too many deer were driven into the confines of the refuge. With the cold weather setting in they would begin to herd and stay that way if they weren't broken up. The special season with the bow and arrow was supposed to accomplish this end and chase the deer out to better pastures where they wouldn't over-browse due to concentration. Craig had already showed up the ol' man by bringing down a good size buck in Vilas county and came along to hunt rabbits and squirrels off the refuge. It was very cold this morning and we had to remove eight inches of snow to put down the tent, but a glowing campfire soon brought warmth to both body and mind.

The snow was soft and warm under foot and the air was quiet. The forest was alive with bluejays, squirrels and deer and they, too, seemed to be out to enjoy this early morning winter wonderland. A nice buck on the run came straight at us through the jack pines, stopped when he got a whiff, reeled, and made a beautiful picture as he kicked up the snow on his way out. Maybe could have hit him, but

maybe not good enough. There weren't many bow hunters in the woods. Most of them were hunters who we had seen back along the roads standing on runways in a pattern that reminded us of rifle season. The heavy red woolens and red patches they wore marked them as rifle hunters. It was predicted that there would be 3000 hunters on the refuge this week-end and most of them were there because they had failed to fill their licenses during the rifle season. This arrangement is wonderful because once they get a taste of hunting with a bow we are sure they will be with us during our regular season next year. They are out to give this thing a try and the more we help to bring over into our camp the more hunting there's going to be for all of us.

Well, as usual, the first Saturday went by and I didn't even get a shot. Saw ten does and three bucks and had one of the best days I ever spent in the woods. Tired and hungry we had hot stew over the campfire and crawled into the sack. The next morning it was too cold to get out of the bag, so we just lay there admiring the ice crystals on the ceiling of the lean-to. Finally, out of pure shame, I managed to crawl out and pile some wood together. A can of gasoline soon had the fire blazing toward the sky and we got our boots warm enough to get them on. We were frying bacon and eggs when Stanley Plis, CWCA Game Manager stopped his car along the fire lane and dropped in. He didn't hesitate to give us the rib about doing our hunting in the sleeping bags and pointed to the fact that it was almost nine o'clock. "While you guys are pounding your ear," Stanley said, "they're out there dragging all kinds of deer off the refuge." He then asked us a couple of questions: "How good are you at guessing? How many deer'd they take out of here yesterday?" We both made guesses that were too conservative. "About a hundred and sixty," Stanley replied, "and they're still coming out." "But, Jim, this isn't like the regular bow and arrow season; there are things going on that are shameful. Tell me, now that we have established 30 lbs. as a minimum weight for a hunting bow, do you think that this is heavy enough? These new guys are hunting with that kind of equipment because they bought it or borrowed it at the last minute. I think we should try to have this regulation changed so that they will use heavier bows. We don't allow them to hunt with .22 rifles."

The whole story came out later on. We were on the north side of the refuge where there was relatively little activity, though enough hunters to keep the deer moving. In the central sections there was an abundance of hunters and a large number of deer. Deer were chased out onto the slick ice of frozen ponds, surrounded by hunters while they were helpless, and sent to the Happier Hunting Grounds by any number of arrows. Did you ever see a deer which had spread on the ice? Well, if ever a creature is helpless, this is it. Their dew claws make four of the most uncontrollable skates you can imagine and when you help them to solid ground they tarry a while seemingly grateful for your kindness, but they are actually tucked out. They weren't shown any kindness on the ice at Necedah, however, and in some instances were polished off with arrows after they had broken through. The wardens did a good job in rounding up some of these meat hunters, but they couldn't get them all.

The following appeared in the Milwaukee Sentinel the Monday after this infamous week-end:

"ARCHERS 'HIT' PSEUDO BOWMEN"

"NECEDAH, Dec. 6.—Archers took 237 deer out of the Necedah Wildlife Refuge over the week-end, 138 Saturday and 99 Sunday.

"But archery enthusiasts, as a general rule, were not happy over the affair. There is a special two-week season in a handful of counties ending Dec. 19 for bow hunters.

"The reason for the archers' disgust was the fact that a large number of the 3000 men who flocked into the Juneau county area were not died-in-the-wool bowmen, but frustrated rifle hunters who hadn't picked up their deer during the gun season. Sportsmanship hit a new low as deer were driven out on the ice to fall spraddle-legged while groups of hunters winged arrows at them. One nice buck was finally stabbed to death after hunters riddled him with shafts.

"When a deer broke through the thin ice, archers lined up to wait for the animal to crawl out and then peppered it. Disgusted bow hunters who claim to be the most sporting hunters, along with Conservation officials, termed it little more than a meat hunt.

"The sex ratio of the deer checked ran about 50 per cent bucks. The hunt was and is opened to any licensed hunter who hasn't taken his deer this year. Deer, of any sex, are legal, but the archery fraternity seems to feel that another display such as over the opening week-end when some hunters actually had their bows strung backwards, was a disgrace to a rapidly mushrooming sport."

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BROKEN BOWS

By RON DUDDLES

10926 Walker St., Grand Blanc, Mich.

This is a tale of our trip to the Michigan north woods during the opening four days of our special (any deer) archery season. There were three of us: Dave Dudson, my brother Ralph, and I.

First, some explanation is needed concerning the title of this story. The night before we left, Dave drew his bow just one more time. Crack it went! We could have fixed it, but we were pressed for time. So off we went with one guy equipped with a bow he was unaccustomed to. That was one strike against us. But you know the saying, "You don't have to be crazy to be an archer, but it surely helps."

We saw two deer in the road on the way to the camp site. That got us all excited about the next morning. We no more than nicely got settled in our sleeping bags when a herd of deer came down the same ridge we were camped on. Upon the discovery that our tent blocked their trail, they snorted and pawed the ground. Boy! After that there wasn't much sleep to be had by any of us!

We are all inexperienced hunters, I being the only one who had hunted before, and I have only hunted one year.

It seemed like we just got to sleep when 5:00 o'clock rolled around and the alarm went off. As a matter of fact, it really was a short time since we had finally gotten to sleep at about one thirty.

We got all set and started out to our stands before daylight. We got only about half way there when we jumped a deer on an oak-covered ridge. Right away Dave and I decided to change our stands. The two of us moved down the ridge for a hundred yards or so and found a good place for each of us to sit. Ralph moved on to where we all had intended to go. By the time we reached our stands it was almost light enough to shoot.

I sat there straining my eyes trying to see something, when all of a sudden a deer snorted right behind me. It startled me so much I nearly dropped my bow. I turned so I could see it, a nice four-point buck at about 35 yards. He snorted a couple more times and decided I was safe enough and started to move toward the opening between two trees through which I hoped to get a shot. He stopped in the opening, a perfect 30-yard shot. Just as I released my arrow he bolted and the arrow struck the ground in exactly the same place his heart had been just a fraction of a second before. After that I got the shakes so badly I could hardly stand it. After about a half-hour I went over to see if I could find any blood on the chance I had hit him. I found neither blood nor my arrow. I looked for a half-hour or so before I finally gave it up. I saw three more deer that morning, but none close enough for a shot.

Meanwhile, Dave was having a little excitement. Three deer came by him, but as he came up for a shot, they spooked. They ran over the hill and apparently stopped. At least he thought they had stopped. He surely hoped they had. He crawled all the way up that hill on his belly. Was he ever surprised when the deer were there just like he had hoped! There were two does and a buck standing broadside at about thirty yards. Just as he shot at the buck, it jumped right straight up in the air. The arrow passed right under its belly. If you have never tried to shoot from a prone po-



The author picks a spot near a likely looking game trail.

sition, just try it some time and see how accurate you are.

While Dave and I were throwing sticks at our deer, Ralph was having a little excitement, too. Just after daylight, two deer passed near enough for a shot. He shot at a nice fat doe at around thirty yards and put the shaft right between her two front legs.

After comparing notes at camp, we decided we had already had our share of beginner's luck. We just couldn't seem to connect, even with the many hours we had put in practicing during the summer.

We all saw more deer that first day, but Ralph was the only one to get any shooting. He scared another big doe about five o'clock.

The next morning fate struck again. Ralph's bow cracked when he strung it! It was raining, but Ralph and Dave were going out anyway. I decided to stay in bed until the rain let up a bit. The bow Ralph had to use now was about ten pounds lighter than the one he was used to.

No one saw any deer until around noon, when I saw two does feeding across a glade from me. They were too far out for a shot. As I came up the road to camp, just before dark, I saw a doe feeding on acorns right beside the road. I crawled on my hands and knees until I was close enough for a shot.

Before I could release my arrow, a car came down the road and the deer spooked. Oh well, we still had two full days of hunting left, in which to produce some venison for the larder.

I got a shot at a doe at about thirty-five or forty yards the next morning, just after daylight. The shaft struck a branch and landed five feet too short!

Both the other boys got shots that day, Sunday. Neither of them were used to their bows. Ralph's arrow glanced off a tree ten feet too far to the left and landed between her front legs. He had forgotten the bow he now was using was twelve pounds lighter than the one he was accustomed to.

Monday morning was the last straw. You guessed it—my bow broke! We didn't have another extra, so I stuck around camp. We were all feeling kinda low that morning. With only two guys hunting, and one day left in our week-end, our chance of bringing home the bacon was rapidly diminishing. I finally decided to use the one other bow we had that wasn't in two pieces, even if it was cracked so badly we didn't think it would last for more than a couple of shots. I figured it would only take one shot to get my deer.

As it turned out I had lots of chances. I got five shots and saw ten deer, all within thirty-five yards. Between a quar-

• Continued on page thirty-two.



By ROY HOFF

NEVER VIOLATE A CONFIDENCE

What a small world it is we live in. All of us, at some time or another, have made this statement. But, if you really want to find out just how small it is, do something you know you shouldn't and see how it will shrink down and pin-point you. I am reluctant to tell this story about myself; I guess because it embarrasses me every time I think about it. But, in it there is a good moral and the telling of it might, if the occasion ever arises and under similar circumstances, keep you on the straight and narrow.

A couple of years ago, I made a promise. Not a written or verbal promise, but one that was implied, which is just the same—and I didn't keep it! This happened two years ago and the results of my evil deed have hounded me ever since—up to and including a week ago last Saturday night.

We were hunting in northern California in the Sierra Nevadas. Nothing had gone exactly right during a full week of hunting. We had encountered poor hunting; an unseasonal, heavy snow storm caved in the "kids" tent, soaked them and their bedding, busted down our nice cupboards and scattered our groceries hither and yon. We gathered up what was salvageable, loaded our soggy duffel and made our way to the nearest town and a motel. A more forlorn and bedraggled group you never saw.

The next morning, after we had dried out and were again warm and cozy, we took stock of the situation and decided to go to another location, stay at a hotel and finish out the last three days of the season. Packed and ready to leave it occurred to all of us that we had missed what had always been a very pleasurable event, that of meeting the Game Warden, having a few sociable cups of coffee and hearing him tell of the many interesting tales of law enforcement in the great outdoors. So, we decided to drop by his home and pay our respects. He was not in, so we enjoyed a visit with his wife. We were just leaving; in fact I had my hand on the door knob, when in walks our good friend the Warden. He immediately wanted to know why we were packed up. We, of course, explained that we were soured on the whole deal and that we had just dropped by to say

so long. Now, just a darned minute, you guys! He burst out, and motioned us back to our chairs. "I've just come in from an airplane patrol and spotted a concentration of the biggest bucks you ever saw." We were all ears and I lost no time in asking, "Where'd you say those bucks were?" "I don't remember of having said where they were," the Warden replied, "but considering you're going home anyway I guess there's no reason why I shouldn't. Of course, I don't want you to tell any one 'cause in my position if I were to give out hunting information to one I should give it to all. Furthermore, there will be enough gun hunters find this spot as it is and if you spread the word around there'll likely be so many hunters in the area somebody might get shot."

I don't remember, but there's no question that I at least nodded my head in agreement that I wouldn't tell anyone. So, our trusting Warden, relying on his knowledge of the terrain, gave us explicit directions how to find the spot.

How we found the spot and what excitement we had is another story, one that was reported in this magazine about two years ago.

Back home, of course, our neighbors wanted to know how many deer we bagged, and all about the hunt. Joe, that's the name of our next door neighbor, shoots a bow and often dreams of hunting with it, but the fact that he owns the local Richfield Oil Station, and works seven days a week, precludes any such possibility. But he does like to hear about the experiences of others. I related the whole story.

A couple of days went by and I got a phone call from Joe which went something like this: "Hey, look, Roy, I've got a pal, a guy who has done me a lot of favors; he's all set to go hunting, all by himself, and doesn't know any good place to go. How's about tellin' him where you went? Can't do no harm, just one guy." I took a dim view of the whole matter but I was kinda on a spot. This guy, Joe, certainly has done a lot of favors for us and, chances are, an answer of "nuthin' doin'" would certainly be misinterpreted. But, I was not prepared to say yes, so I asked him to bring his pal out to our house and we'd discuss the matter. That gave me time to think things over and come to an intelligent (?) decision. I reasoned that there would be a minimum of 200,000 gun hunters in the field; that if I told just one of the chances of the Warden finding out would be 200,000 to one. Furthermore, there are a million acres of hunting grounds under the jurisdiction of this particular Warden; why it would be like looking for a needle in a haystack for the Warden to meet up with this man. And not only that but here it was the day before opening of the gun season. It was a cinch he wouldn't be able to spread the word around. Yes, yes—poor guy, all alone and no place to go to get his deer, and only the week-end hunt to do it in—I'd help him.

Joe brought out his pal who seemed to be a nice guy. So, I went all out to help him; even drew him a detailed map of how to get to the spot; loaned him my chains, because of the snow conditions we had encountered; and wished him good luck.

A month goes by. Not even a phone call from Joe's "pal"—no venison (that was promised)—no chains! I had a little talk with Joe, who had heard nothing from the guy either and he promised to see what he could do about my chains. Joe got them back for me all right, along with a story that gave me a few chills. Joe pointed out that the guy had been ashamed to face me on account of the fact one

"of the party" had been arrested for law violation! A party, mind you, when there was only supposed to be one guy! I consoled myself with the thought that there were many Wardens on duty opening day and again the chances were that some other Warden had made the arrest. Even if MY Warden had made the arrest, he'd never know that I had anything to do with it. Surely this guy would keep his big fat mouth shut and not tell the Warden who sent him up there. To be sure, I made a bad mistake, but now it's water under the bridge. Yeah, that's what you think!

A year passes. The matter is forgotten. Everything is quiet and serene until one evening when we hear a knock on our door. We greeted our caller—none other than our Warden, all smiles and radiating his usual captivating personality. We were sincerely glad to see him and, knowing one of his weaknesses, I had Frieda prepare a pot of coffee. For an hour we had a most pleasant visit, reminiscing of the various events that had transpired during the many years we had known him. Suddenly, without warning lightning struck: "Say, Roy, you know, I've a bone to pick with you!" "Yeah," sez I, with about the same feeling as you got when the teacher caught you eating an apple in class. "Yeah! Remember the time I told you about a certain hunting spot?" I nodded. "Well, I certainly didn't appreciate you drawing maps showing people how to get there!" Waddya mean? "Now don't act so innocent. I patrolled that area on opening morning and arrested a guy for law violation. In an effort to soften me up and preclude the citation, he pointed out how many big-wigs he knew, among whom he called my attention to the Editor of Archery Magazine. To accentuate this latter statement he showed me the map said Editor had drawn for him."

While this narration was going on I kept looking around for a hole I could crawl into, but no such haven presented itself; our floor is a concrete slab and the walls of brick.

If the Warden had any expectations of making me feel like a chump, he certainly succeeded, and rightfully so.

Another year passes. Saturday night, a week ago, Frieda and I were spending an enjoyable evening at Pine Cove Tavern, a mountain retreat here in Southern California. We had been playing the juke box until the manager called a halt. The man who collects the coin and changes the records was on hand to perform those duties. Everywhere we go, it seems that sooner or later the topic turns to bow hunting or archery, and it makes little difference to me whether I know a guy or not. So, of course, I began to talk to this juke box guy—don't remember his name so I'll just call him "Pete." When we got around to bow hunting he didn't seem to be too enthusiastic about the topic. Pete finally, however, made the following statement: "I have nothing against bow hunting, it's just a case of every time I hear the topic mentioned it brings back unpleasant memories. You see, a couple of years ago I had a sad experience that was indirectly brought about by an archer. I got arrested! And I never would have if it hadn't been for a guy who publishes an archery magazine drawing a map showing me how to get to a particular spot. YOU DON'T, BY CHANCE, KNOW THE EDITOR OF ARCHERY MAGAZINE, DO YOU!?"

Yes, it's a small world; and nobody knows it better than I. You can bet your bottom dollar that after this, when someone tells me something in confidence—it's gonna STAY that way!

A SMILE COSTS NOTHING

Vivian Lawrence lives up on Mokulmne Hill in Northern California and has been married to Dud Lawrence for nigh on to forty years. She's by far the best half of that union; and the best looking, too. For years she's had to listen to Dud and me argue and scrap (nothing personal, of course) over matters pertaining to field archery and bow hunting while I, as president, and Dud, as secretary, of the California Bowmen Hunters & Field Archers, gave out with our opinions. Very likely with a twinkle in her eye, Vivian mailed me "A Smile Costs Nothing," a copy of which I hope she gave Dud. We have kept this in our files until an opportune time to pass it along to you. See if you don't think that right now, as we face the coming of the new year, would not be the most opportune. What say we make it a New Year's resolution? Here it is:

"A smile costs nothing, but gives much. It enriches those who receive without making poor those who give. It takes but a moment, but the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None is so rich and mighty that he can get along without it, and none is so poor that he can not be made rich by it. A smile creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business, and is the countersign of friendship. It brings rest to the weary, cheer to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and is Nature's best antidote for trouble. Yet it cannot be bought, begged, borrowed or stolen. For it is something of no value to anyone until it is given away. Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours—as none needs a smile so much as the one who has no more to give."



Arthur Godfrey, of radio and television fame, is shown shooting a bow and arrow under the supervision of Fred Bear (extreme right). Other dignitaries in the picture are, from left: General LeMay, Chief Strategic Air Command; Harold Boyer, Basil Hughes —Photo by BERT STOLL, East Tawas, Mich.

I THOUGHT EVERYTHING HAPPENED TO ME!

Yes, I've often said, "Everything happens to me." But I take back that statement. There's one thing that hasn't happened to me, and I hope never does. It did, however, happen to a fellow bow hunter.

A letter just received from Marie Maciejewski, of Manitowoc, Wisconsin, says: "Just thought I would send you a clipping from our local newspaper about what happened to my husband while deer hunting. Just goes to show what exciting things archery hunting can get you into—even when you don't get a deer." Following is the text of the clipping:

"He wasn't doing a thing illegal! He was just minding his own business while hunting deer on Detroit Island at the end of Door County peninsula when he was picked up—bodily, that is—by someone doing some illegal hunting.

"One of a large group of bow hunters on expedition, Robert (Snuffy) Maciejewski of Manitowoc was missed by the rest of the crew at the end of a hunting drive and a scouting party went back to look for him.

"They found him hanging upside down with a wire around one leg and his arrows and the contents of his packets strewn all over the forest floor beneath him.

"Snuffy had walked into a snare set for deer by some poacher. The hunters discovered and cut down seven similar snares during the course of the two-day hunt. Twenty-two archers from Manitowoc, Two Rivers and Green Bay took part in the hunt and bagged four large deer."

ARTHUR GODFREY BOOSTS ARCHERY AND ARCHERY MAGAZINE

Twice during the past year, Arthur Godfrey has devoted a considerable part of his radio and television programs to archery in all its phases. The first time was last spring, and came about during a trip to Arkansas and a tour of the Ben Pearson Co. plant. It seems that while he was going through this plant one of the attaches presented him with a copy of Archery Magazine. Probably, like an editor, and always looking for something interesting to talk about, Art carefully preserved his copy of the magazine until his next broadcast, and right there before us—and 40,000,000 other viewers—he discusses archery. How's that for a plug? While all these viewers—each a potential archer (and maybe a subscriber)—look on, Art thumbs the magazine, pointing out certain feature articles that appear before him and generally analyzing the situation in his inimitable way. Many thanks, Art, we'll do the same for you sometime.

Always Godfrey fans, we "turned him on" the other day and what does he talk about. You guess it—archery! But this time he spoke from actual experience. Actually, this nationally known figure is shooting a bow. On this particular program Art devotes considerable time telling his experiences of shooting a bow and how Fred Bear was his teacher. Shortly after the program I contacted Fred and pleaded with him to come across with some pictures if he had any. Fred always seems to have pictures of any startling event and this was no exception. On this page you'll see the picture Fred sent me.



SHENANDOAH ARCHERY CLUB, of Shenandoah, Pa. Members are shown gathered on club field course for award of

trophies. President C. Czulada (center) presents trophy to Leo Perrone for best score.

BARBS FROM THE FLETCHIN' BENCH

By LCDR. L. J. CARTER, U.S.N.

U.S.N.A.S. Oceana
Virginia Beach, Va.

We said at our last gatherin' that there were two kinds of wood arrers—good and bad—and the problem was how to tell 'em apart. Good arrers are safe to shoot, in a manner o' speakin', and reduce the chances of gettin' one shoved through the hand as well as bein' more better for makin' hits. Bad arrers ain't so safe to shoot and ain't dependable nohow.

Usin' a deck o' playin' cards as an example, put the deck face up on the bench with the Ace o' Spades on top, the pointer on the ace a pointin' away from you. That stack of cards is a make believe chunk out o' an arrer stick and the cards, the wood grains. By grippin' the stack in yer hands, thumbs on the spade, you all can bend the stack pretty easy an' that bend is along the flat of each card. Try puttin' yer thumbs in the middle o' the edge o' the deck and a bendin' o' the whole mess agin the card edges. Don't work so well nohow. Well, that's what happens in an arrer when it takes the slam o' the bow; it bends and how much depends on the stiffness.

The wooden stick has little grain pointers on the sides usually and these pointers look somethin' like that spade tip. Like the way we set that there deck on the bench, them pointers should point away from you along the top o' the stack when it is nocked on the string. In this here position, the grain edges is agin the bow side and iffen stiffness is measured right, the bow is a workin' agin the so-called "match" in the arrer.

It is a idea of safety to have them grain pointers pointin' away from you on top o' the stick 'cause if a little crack should happen to start along one o' the grains and you all don't see it, that little point can make like a chisel and haul a hunk o' knuckle down to the target and there ain't supposed to be any big red splotches on a field face. Again, iffen the stick should happen to break along the crack mentioned before, from the force of the shot, the front end piece sort o' tends to throw the back end piece up in the air so that there sharp point goes up and away from the nearest warm flesh.

Yeah, fellers, maybe it is a small thing, but listen! Lots o' these here boughten arrers is put together any o' way, pointers goin' in all directions, and that means the edge grains ain't square with the side o' the bow so that you all get the benefit o' the stiffness test (iffen there was one).

Pretty cressin' ain't everything; look for the pointers before you buy; they are yer indicator whether the arrer is good or not. Don't get me wrong on this now, I ain't squawkin' agin all arrer makers, just the ones who don't make them right and pan them off as top grade junk on the tenderfeet who are just learnin' the sport. A set of bad arrers, pointers pointin' ever which way from the side o' the bow, shoot just the way they're made—ever which way.

Iffen arrer makers are interested in the safety idea, how can they make a safe set of arrers when all they ask fer is how long and how heavy? A safe arrer for a right hander ain't so fer a southpaw unless it's made so.

High Score Standing for 1954 Season

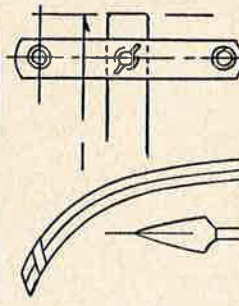
Field Mail Tournaments

		Based on 4 highest scores				Season's Average Score
JUNIOR: (12 yrs. and under)						
1.	Butts, Susan J., Oyaron Bowmen, New York	109	107	112	114.25	
2.	Brower, Janice, Lenape Bowmen, New York	117	98	114	113.	
INTERMEDIATE: (13 to 15 yrs. incl.)						
1.	Ardell, Jeanette, Atlanta Field Archers, Georgia	328	331	404	396	364.75
2.	Brower, Delia, Orange Archers, New York	217	231	257	247	238.
3.	Mullvain, Diane, Flint Bowmen, Michigan	177	221	192	205	198.75
JUNIORS: (12 yrs. and under)						
1.	Powell, Michael, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.	681	817	807	658	740.75
2.	Gatski, Johnny, Grant Town Archers, W. Va.	586	606	647	624	615.75
3.	Sheley, William, Mohonk Bowmen, New York	388	252	330	230	312.5
4.	Mazar, Billy, Jr., Tri Cities Bowmen, New York	165	176	175	219	183.75
5.	Sheley, Vernon, Mohonk Bowmen, N. Y.	97	187	148	142	143.5
6.	Brower, Royce, Jr., Orange Archers, N. Y.	111	104	86	103	101.
INTERMEDIATE: (13 to 15 yrs. incl.)						
1.	Nelson, Milo, Beaver Bowmen, Oregon	630	637	751	807	706.25
2.	Ketzler, Richard, Flint Bowmen, Michigan	497	495	609	646	561.75
3.	Reeves, Eddie, Oxnard Archery Club, Calif.	405	387	413	447	413.
4.	Cameron, Robert, Jr., Painted Post Archers, N. Y.	366	318	343	307	333.5
5.	Dodder, George, Land O Lakes Bowmen, Mich.	314	302	352	262	307.5
6.	Reynolds, Milton, Oregon Trail Bowmen, Ore.	270	263	260	276	267.25
7.	Bibbey, Jack, Oregon Trail Bowmen, Ore.	258	231	249	238	244.
8.	Schultz, Eugene, New York Archers, N. Y.	257	213	262	211	235.75
WOMEN						
1.	Mathew, Bada, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.	501	525	547	575	587.
2.	Reeves, Alma, Oxnard Archery Club, Calif.	529	516	468	492	501.25
3.	Hall, Jeanne, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	531	489	511	468	499.75
4.	Ketzler, Lois, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	497	458	513	493	490.25
5.	Kinner, Lorna, Anne Arundel Bowmen, Md.	438	489	391	445	440.75
6.	Coward, Ollie, S. Gate Roving Archers, Calif.	448	466	453	419	428.25
7.	Shine, Lucille, S. Gate Roving Archers, Calif.	448	404	441	419	428.
8.	Atkinson, Betty, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.	357	400	399	413	392.25
9.	Lockridge, Ruby, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.	414	312	353	413	373.
10.	Dover, Shirley, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	296	368	321	439	356.
11.	Klaver, Olive, Central N. Y. Bowmen, N. Y.	260	344	383	383	342.5
12.	Todd, Mae, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.	350	326	334	331	336.
13.	Hammarlund, B., Igelboda Bagsskyttar, Sweden	367	334	294	344	334.75
14.	Dickinson, Pearl, Roving Bowmen, Wash.	313	376	301	339	332.25
15.	Menard, Wynona, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	289	299	408	330	331.5
16.	Holtz, Ruth, Oxnard Archery Club, Calif.	338	316	307	343	326.
17.	Witzke, Marie, Bay City Bowmen, Mich.	301	249	267	450	316.75
18.	Hatcher, Maxine, Boise Bowmen, Inc., Idaho	358	261	323	312	313.5
19.	Brown, Eileen, Beaver Bowmen, Ore.	262	285	310	359	304.
20.	Wolfe, Bertha, Anne Arundel Bowmen, Inc., Md.	255	274	276	308	278.25
21.	Ewart, Adelne, South Bay Archery Club, Calif.	221	274	273	285	263.25
22.	Jent, Erma, Spokane Archery Club, Wash.	260	278	252	248	259.5
23.	Clementson, Agnes, Anne Arundel Bowmen, Md.	237	260	296	239	258.
24.	Wilson, Jennie, Koo Koose Archers, N. Y.	242	273	216	300	257.75
25.	Parker, Shirley, South Bay Archery Club, Calif.	263	240	210	203	241.
26.	Collins, Marie, Boise Bowmen, Inc., Idaho	242	238	268	210	239.5
27.	Bibbey, Margaret, Oregon Trail Bowmen, Ore.	256	217	223	231	231.75
28.	Jackson, Melba, Las Vegas Archers, Nevada	174	216	243	266	224.75
29.	Fickas, Caroline, South Bay Archery Club, Calif.	226	225	220	197	217.
30.	Berner, Caroline, Liberty Archers, N. Y.	168	173	222	265	207.25
31.	Frick, Ora, Mayfair Field Archers, N. Y.	186	225	183	226	205.
32.	Henry, Mary, Montrose Bowmen, Mich.	223	162	203	232	205.
33.	Butts, Mary S., Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.	211	228	180	187	201.5
34.	Naillon, Lucille, Oregon Trail Bowmen, Ore.	231	180	176	216	200.75
35.	Stalker, Lulu, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	153	198	256	185	198.
36.	Olson, Luella, Oregon Trail Bowmen, Ore.	183	186	188	234	197.75
37.	Greer, Vicki, Rochester Archers, Inc., N. Y.	130	204	152	290	194.
38.	Steinke, Lola, Oregon Trail Bowmen, Ore.	160	228	182	198	192.
39.	Kerry, Dorothy, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	136	193	174	208	177.75
40.	Mullvain, Ruth, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	140	141	178	166	156.25
41.	Hayes, Lorraine, Oyaron Bowmen, N. Y.	142	141	133	208	156.
42.	Bleehingberg, Dolly, Igelboda Bagsskyttar, Sweden	131	135	132	196	148.5
43.	Siefarth, Irene, Beaver Bowmen, Ore.	142	138	157	141	144.5
44.	Stone, Nellie, Oregon Trail Bowmen, Ore.	95	98	141	168	125.5
45.	Laura, Florence, Lenape Bowmen, N. Y.	143	112	61	119	108.75
MEN						
1.	Ketzler, Erwin, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	848	856	873	863	860.
2.	Gatski, Bennie, Grant Town Field Archers, W. Va.	838	878	844	850	852.5
3.	Ekin, Ted, Los Angeles Police Archers, Calif.	747	808	818	787	790.
4.	Mathew, Mart, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.	798	782	773	775	782.
5.	Burgess, Ted, Five Points Archery Club, Calif.	703	730	722	775	732.5
6.	Dudgeon, Bill, Solano Archery Club, Calif.	724	692	729	769	728.5
7.	Youth, Gus, Malibu Mountain Archers, Calif.	741	712	701	740	723.5
8.	Greenwood, John, L. A. Police Archers, Calif.	694	674	664	796	707.
9.	Hutchin, Stanley K., Malibu Archery Club, Calif.	703	735	689	669	699.
10.	Gordon, William, Malibu Mountain Archers, Calif.	661	655	700	749	690.75
11.	Menard, Aubrey, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	637	655	670	768	682.5
12.	Ketzler, Ken, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	638	713	704	664	679.75
13.	Keller, Dale, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	615	640	650	773	669.5
14.	Mihalik, Joseph, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	659	670	662	687	669.5
15.	Dover, Jack, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	597	694	702	666	664.75
16.	Kerr, John W., Flint Bowmen, Mich.	564	685	694	672	653.75
17.	Giacalone, Jim, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	612	672	656	643	645.75
18.	Jones, George, T., Riverside Archers, Calif.	638	632	639	634	636.75
19.	Todd, W. L., Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.	616	632	603	633	633.5
20.	Pellerin, James, Montrose Bowmen, Mich.	624	556	689	659	627.
21.	Alonso, Cruz, Oxnard Archery Club, Calif.	656	586	654	602	624.5
22.	McFarland, Jack, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	622	601	669	604	624.
23.	Taylor, Stanley, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.	585	617	653	628	620.75
24.	Addison, L. G., Pontiac Archers, Mich.	669	553	609	647	619.5
25.	Steinke, Darel, Oregon Trail Bowmen, Ore.	596	551	655	676	619.5
26.	Parker, James M., South Bay Archers, Calif.	601	617	571	681	617.5
27.	Gifford, Herb, Rogue Archers, Ore.	576	657	577	627	609.25
28.	Freeman, Dick, Mid-Michigan Bowmen, Mich.	573	604	628	618	605.75
29.	Rader, Charles, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.	562	549	678	616	601.25
30.	Chernick, Larry, Niskayuna Field Archers, N. Y.	474	603	674	649	600.
31.	Shine, R. F., South Gate Roving Archers, Calif.	551	557	633	649	597.5
32.	Brian, Robert, Malibu Mountain Archers, Calif.	643	574	568	589	593.5
33.	Brown, Dick, Malibu Archery Club, Calif.	549	517	657	614	584.25
34.	Rogers, George D., Harford Bowmen, Md.	571	563	586	612	583.
35.	Kerry, Jerry, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	480	562	665	619	581.5
36.	Krug, Jim, Riverside Archers, Calif.	572	533	557	614	581.5
37.	Taylor, Earl, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	549	566	624	575	578.5
38.	Gustafson, Gerald A., Harford Bowmen, Md.	558	532	595	564	574.75
39.	Holtz, Wm. L., Oxnard Archery Club, Calif.	595	526	507	567	567.5
40.	Collins, Ralph, Boise Bowmen, Inc., Idaho	354	546	601	505	534.
41.	Atkinson, John, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.	496	567	571	603	559.25
42.	Homann, Ronald, Waverly Archers, Iowa	523	588	564	557	558.

43.	Harvey, Thomas, North Dade Archery Club, Fla.	518	567	580	564	556.5
44.	Hedges, Harold, Pontiac Archers, Mich.	622	517	527	551	554.25
45.	Tucci, O. P., Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.	525	589	521	578	553.25
46.	Howlett, Jack, Los Angeles Police Archers, Calif.	547	501	563	583	548.5
47.	Henson, Art, Oxnard Archery Club, Calif.	569	528	564	527	547.
48.	Meyers, Ed, North Dade Archery Club, Fla.	406	575	580	623	546.
49.	Boyet, John, Riverside Archers, Calif.	500	548	523	604	543.75
50.	Richmond, Harold, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	520	540	578	531	542.25
51.	Bigelow, Wes, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	536	533	557	542	542.
52.	Dickinson, Dale, Roving Bowmen, Washington	563	524	552	520	539.75
53.	Bibbey, Eldon, Oregon Trail Bowmen, Ore.	544	538	491	580	538.25
54.	Carson, Jack, Solano Archery Club, Calif.	527	589	498	535	537.25
55.	Hall, James E., Lenape Bowmen, N. Y.	465	552	535	596	537.
56.	Siefarth, Don, Beaver Bowmen, Ore.	485	592	508	549	533.5
57.	Frick, John, Jr., Mayfair Field Archers, N. Y.	529	522	518	550	529.75
58.	Riddle, Forrest, Riverside Archers, Calif.	532	481	525	560	524.5
59.	Mullvain, Harley, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	450	585	533	518	521.5
60.	Greer, John, Rochester Archers, Inc., N. Y.	516	518	474	566	518.5
61.	Livingston, Frank, Mohonk Bowmen, N. Y.	552	529	506	484	517.75
62.	Weaver, Orval M., Harford Bowmen, Md.	553	510	529	468	513.25
63.	Reidsema, Gerald, Flint Bowmen, Mich.	540	475	509	467	510.75
64.	Walton, Tom, Lenape Bowmen, N. Y.	559	460	473	518	502.5
65.	Kinner, Giles, Sr., Anne Arundel Bowmen, Md.	519	473	525	493	502.5
66.	Richards, A. G., Flint Bowmen, Mich.	408	468	566	555	499.25
67.	Carroll, Robert, Brooklyn Bowmen, N. Y.	471	547	538	430	496.5
68.	Smith, Jack, Anne Arundel Bowmen, Md.	426	480	485	575	491.5
69.	Niemeier, Charles, Lakeview Field Archers, Ky.	409	468	522	559	489.5
70.	Elliott, Wendell, South Bay Archers, Calif.	420	434	556	544	488.5
71.	Macone, H. J., North Dade Archery Club, Fla.	457	527	512	456	488.
72.	Bowers, Charles, Pontiac Archers, Mich.	427	498	506	518	487.25
73.						

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

By Tracy L. Stalker



G-4221 Springfield Street, Flint, Michigan



Question: Would it be practical to make the limbs of a wood selfbow of equal length? If so, would any changes have to be made in the construction of the handle and what would be the maximum height above true center at which an arrow could be shot efficiently? I'm really interested in this method of construction as I have been under the impression that the lower limb was doing a good deal more than its share of work. A coincidence perhaps, but I was given a nice recurved hickory bow which was overdrawn and broke in the lower limb.—E.H.B.

Answer: There are two ways that seem to work equally well for making a bow with limbs the same length. One is to make the handle exactly in the middle with the arrow crossing the bow 1-3/4" or 2" above the center. I have made many bows of this design and they seemed to shoot as well as any other.

With the laminated bow this method of design allows either end of the bow to be used as the upper end. Thus, after the bow is tillered and before the handle and arrow rest are finished, should the distance from the string to the bow be slightly greater on one end than on the other, this end can be used for the upper limb which conventionally should have from 1/8" to 1/4" more distance from the string to the face of the bow.

The other method is to have the arrow cross at the exact center of the bow with an unbending section above the arrow the length of which equals the length of the handle and the dip below the arrow. This method is quite popular at present as it combines comparatively short working limbs with their added speed and with the smoothness and steadiness of a long bow.

Question: I have on hand one short composite bow, glass faced and backed, maple core, short recurve hunter. I wish to remove and replace the present glass backing on this bow. I have no bow making equipment with which to work. How can I best remove this glass? What type of adhesive should I use for rebacking this with new Eicholtz glass, remembering of course, that I have no cooker and room temperature is the best I can do on this? How long will it have to set and what would be a good method of applying this glass if clamps can not be located?—Lt. H.H., N.Y.

Answer: Usually a glass back can be removed by working a knife under the end between the wood and the glass and peeling it back. If the backing is parallel glass instead of woven it can be peeled off a little at a time. The main thing is to work slowly so that if a sliver of the wood raises it can be glued back in place before it breaks off.

After the glass is removed, the old

plastic and glue will have to be scraped off. Half of a power hack saw blade, ground square on the edge, makes a good scraper for this work.

If you get the Eicholtz glass, which is bonded to a thin wood veneer, you can glue it with any good wood glue. Would suggest Elmer's Waterproof Glue. For the glass that is not attached to wood I have had good success using an Epoxy resin glue known as Pliobond, available from Bud Pierson whose ad appears in Archery Magazine.

If clamps are not available you can use strips cut from auto tubing, providing you can find a rubber tube. Most of the synthetics are not elastic enough.

Question: I wish to build a composite recurved short bow, 4' or 4' 4", for use in my cellar for winter practicing, about 40 lbs. at 26" draw. My idea was to use Tuffbac, hickory and flight Toxhorn. Is this feasible? Would like your comments. Do you have literature on flight bows that might help? In gluing up composite bows, how do I judge how much pressure to use so that I don't get too much?—N.H.N., Reading, Pa.

Answer: You won't have any trouble in making a bow 4' 4" long for 26" draw if you keep it wide. The only trouble will be in arriving at the right weight. In as much as a bow for such short range work does not need to be so very efficient, my suggestion would be to use 3-ply Tuffbac, a thin hickory lamination and a facing of osage orange. Keep the hickory quite thin, not more than 3/32", then if the bow is a bit too heavy it can easily be reduced by scraping the belly.

I have a bow that I made for this same purpose 4' long, 1-3/4" wide at the widest point. Its limb thickness is 1/4" and it weighs 45 lbs. at 24", which is about as far as I figure it safe to draw. However, by making the bow a little wider and possibly a bit longer, with glass backing instead of Fortisan which I used but which is now off the market, I am quite sure it will take the 26" draw.

Dr. Klopsteg's book, "Turkish Archery and the Composite Bow," might be of help to you in building short bows.

In gluing up composite bows, only enough pressure is necessary to bring the two surfaces into contact. Usually if the clamps or the wrench used to tighten them have a T-handle not over 2" long overall, too much pressure will not be applied. When the glue begins to squeeze out of the joint, enough pressure has usually been applied unless your glue is spread exceptionally thick.

Question: Your column has been a great help to us in many ways as we make and have made our own equip-

ment, with the exception of bows, for years. About three years ago, after putting on a great number of demonstrations showing the power of the modern hunting bow for all types of clubs, associations, Boy Scouts, etc., as a hobby, we were asked why not sell equipment, so we did. We give instructions to all archers who come to us, as we always feel we want everyone to like our sport as we do.

We have to our knowledge the only bow rental system in which we start an archer at 25 pounds and teach him how to release, hold and shoot properly, increasing the weight of his bow when he has learned to control the one he rented, rate of increase, 5 lbs. at a time. This costs 50c per week. Now to get to our problem: We have just received a call from a veteran who shot a bow before he lost his right arm. Now he wants us to help him shoot again. What do you know about this and do you have any other cases who have done this? Can you give us any type of drawing which he may have a replacement to grip the bow, for the usual type of claw or hook they are issued? This would mean a great deal to him and we would like to see him enjoying the sport again if you can help us. Or can you give us the name of anyone who might have an idea or know of anyone who is in his position and has again started shooting?—Norman Quade, 45 Primrose St., White Plains, N. Y.

Answer: Your bow rental system seems like a mighty good idea. Most people starting in archery dislike to buy as light a bow as they should really begin with for in a short time they know it will be too light. Your system would really be more a boon to beginners than they realize.

As for the one-armed veteran, I am afraid I can't be of much help. I had a case like this called to my attention years ago, but never learned how the party made out. I will put your address in the column in the hope that anyone who has had experience of this sort may correspond with you.

You say "he has lost his right arm," then you mention having "something to hold the bow." Does he intend to learn to shoot left-handed? If the arm is gone below the elbow it would seem to me it might be easier to dope out some kind of a mechanical release to replace the artificial hand, though I may be wrong.

If the hook, with which they are furnished, can be removed from the socket, it should not be too difficult to have a hinged stem that would replace this and screw onto the handle of the bow. It should be made so that the bow could move on both a horizontal and a vertical plane, but not turn as it would were a ball and socket joint used.

Jabberwalkie Field Club Awards Annual Prizes

By BETTY NORTON

1455 N. 19th St., Salem, Oregon

On November 13 the Jabberwalkie Field Archers of Salem, Oregon conducted their annual Big Game Dinner, at which time annual awards were presented to the winners. Pins were awarded to the following field champions for the year:

Men (Instinctive)—Lewis Johnson, 1st; Bob Grant, 2nd; Gene Hoxsey, 3rd.
Men (Free Style)—Bob Norton, 1st; Chuck Anglin, 2nd; J. J. Hauck, 3rd.
Women (Instinctive)—Jean Alderson, 1st; Lois Grant, 2nd; Juanita Burtner, 3rd.

Women (Free Style)—Marge Anglin, 1st; Betty Norton, 2nd.

Junior Boys—Delbert Killingsworth, 1st; Ronald Lee, 2nd; Steve Dawson, 3rd.
Junior Girls—Sue Anglin.

Chick Boys—Jimmy Hoxsey, 1st; Robbie Norton, 2nd; Norman Newberry, 3rd.
Chick Girls—Barbara Hoxsey, 1st; Sandy Dawson, 2nd.

Big Game Pins were awarded those members who killed a deer this past season. Awards were presented to the following:

Third year kill pins—Bob Norton, Wayne Doughton and Russ Jones

Second year kill pins—Lewis Johnson, Andy Foster, Skeeter Baird, Archie Bronson, Ronald Harlan and Chuck Anglin.

First year kill pins—Sam Hughes, David Hall, J. J. Hauck, Mamie Baird, Dale Parker, Bill Savage, Lloyd Laudie, Bob Bomberg, Hal DeSart, T. Pullman, Chet Varnes, Larry Barham, and Don Dawson.

Officers elected for the new year were:

President—Tom Pendergast.
Vice President—Dr. Dale Parker.
Sec'y-Treas.—Betty Norton.
Directors—Burt Burtner and Gene Hoxsey.

Andy Foster, who has moved to Portland, returned to Salem for the banquet to serve as master of ceremonies.



Lucky Jabberwalkies who got their deer this season. Left to right (back row): T. Pullman, Chuck Anglin, Wayne Doughton, Don Dawson, Mamie Baird, Chet Varnes. Front row: Bob Bomberg, Andy Foster, J. J. Hauck, Bob Norton, Archie Bronson, Skeeter Baird, Bud Drake.

Albuquerque Archers Report Poor Hunting

By MRS. RAY CHAMBERS

1113 Girard N.E., Albuquerque, N. M.

Deer hunting season has come to a close and the weary hunters have returned to the city, most of whom have little more to show for their efforts than fresh air and exercise.

C. B. McCampbell and Chuck Haywood were the only members of Albuquerque Field Archers who had good luck. Each shot a doe at 35 and 45 yards respectively. Out of a total of 300 hunters, only three deer were taken in the Sandia area. The third deer was killed by B. D. Travis of Los Alamos, N. M.

Our November meeting was of equal interest to hunters and non-hunters alike. A pot luck supper, prizes and movies were in addition to the regular business meeting. We all had a grand time and 19 new members were signed up, which made the evening a complete success. We now boast more than 120 adult members and a more active bunch you've never seen!

With the coming of the holidays, we will lay our bows aside while members and guests will be feted at our annual Christmas dinner dance. It promises to be a gala occasion. Let it never be said that bow-benders can't dream up some good ideas for a swell party!

See you next year, when we'll have plans for bigger and better shoots—the best year yet!

Results of Brandywine Turkey Shoot

By GUY GUSTIN

202 N. Pratt St., Greenfield, Ind.

The Brandywine Bowmen Archery Club of Greenfield, Indiana, held a Turkey Shoot on November 14th, marking its first anniversary. This was also a regular 28-target field shoot. The attendance was 96 shooters.

First places in Expert, Bowmen and Archers classes, for men, and Expert class for women, received turkeys as

prizes. Second and third place winners in the above classes received ribbons. First place, juniors under 16 years, juniors under 13 years, and men, free style, received hams as prizes.

Jack Small, shot high score of 364 to take first place in the Instinctive division, Expert class. Second place went to Louis Miller and third to Bill Ashby. Bowman class was won by Guy Gustin, with second place going to Richard Martin, and third to Don Burris. Archer class went to Lloyd Gustin, second to Marshal Wolfe and third to George Stevian. Men free style was won by Keith Burgess; second place was taken by Dale Beck, and third by Fred Strain.

Women, first place, Orpha Boyce; second, Phoebe Boyd; third, Maverne Small. Juniors under 16: Jerry Bland, 1st; Budd Roberts, 2nd; Fred Jones, 3rd. Juniors under 13: Steve Boyce, 1st; Larry Tehoe, 2nd; Doug Adams, 3rd.

Secretary's Page

Continued from page nine.

COURSE APPROVALS

Black Bear Bowmen, Medford, Ore.
I.B.M. Valley Archers, Johnson City, NY
San Francisco Archers, San Francisco Calif.

Yuma Archers, Yuma, Ariz.
Tucson Bow Hunters, Tucson, Ariz.
Western Missouri Bow Hunters, Clinton, Mo.

Jefferson City Archery Club, Jefferson City, Mo.

Falcon Archers, Inc., Auburn, N. Y.
Black Feather Bowmen, Sidney, N. Y.
Painted Post Field & Stream Archers, Painted Post, N. Y.

Red & White Bowmen, Akron, N. Y.

20 PINS

(Free Style)
45 Yards, 4 position—Ed Alsbrooks, Romulus, Mich.

(Instinctive)
35 Yards—Charles Moore, Roseville, Mich.; Alfred C. Dimpfl, Detroit, Mich.
40 Yards—Jim Mann, Van Dyke, Mich.
45 Yards, 4 position—Frank Hall, Detroit, Mich.; John Boyet, Riverside, Cal.
65 Yards—Paul Schlatre, Reisters-town, Md.

Archery Honors

By ALLEN J. McDANIEL, JR.
642 E. N. 16th St., Abilene, Texas

We can begin our story in 1951, when a little fellow of four stepped out on a college archery range and asked the teacher for permission to use his toy bow and arrows.

He began his shooting with great determination, with the teacher helping where necessary, and that year remarkable progress was made in the lad's shooting ability.

Next year saw Jimmy Lawson as a good archer, and the year following showed him a tough opponent for the college archery students.

In one instance that year, Jimmy borrowed a handful of arrows from one of the students at the beginning of a class. The arrows were a full thirty-one inches in length, almost as long as Jimmy's little bow. His first shot sailed high, and landed forty yards away in the regulation target bullseye. While the students gaped in amazement, Jimmy calmly nocked another arrow and sent it to rest beside the first. The third shot also was a bullseye. Class was finished for the day—no college student wanting to be beaten by a six-year-old before starting.

In 1952, the year of its founding, Jimmy joined the Abilene Archery Club. The following year he became an NFAA member.

In Abilene, archers have always been divided into three classes. Jimmy has always been the youngest archer to enter the junior class, for those of twelve and under, and in seven contests, he won six first prizes. In one contest he led the group until his bow broke. That time he won second place, first going to a boy twice his age. In the last contest he entered, in the deciding round, his every shot hit the bullseye.

Filed away with his newspaper clippings, is a letter of congratulation for winning his division prize in the Abilene Archery Club Turkey Shoot. It is signed by Senate Majority Leader, Lyndon B. Johnson.

Jimmy uses a custom-made osage



JIMMY LAWSON

orange bow and fiberglass target arrows. He has both small and big game hunting arrows with 11/32 inch shafts. His bow would pull around forty pounds at twenty-eight inches.

He has been blessed with wonderful parents who take great interest in his activities. They are not archers, but the encouragement and inspiration they have given him have helped to produce a small but expert sportsman.

Today at the age of seven, Jimmy stands forty-eight and a half inches in height, and weighs sixty pounds. He is the youngest archer ever to win the Art Young Small Game Award. His kills were two blackbirds, two turtles, eight bullfrogs, five alligator gars, and one onossum.

With this beginning, future years may show Jimmy to be one of the greatest archery champions of all time.

North Dade Club To Hold Annual Hunters Round

By THOMAS G. HARVEY

1830 N. W. 82nd St., Miami 47, Fla.

The North Dade Archery Club, of North Dade, Florida, will hold their second annual Florida Bow Hunters Round on Sunday, January 23rd.

This shoot promises to be much better than last year. We will have new target faces, life-size and painted in natural color by local artists. Targets will resemble game animals to be found in the Florida Everglades.

Several new divisions will be set up this year. A Free Style division will be introduced for the first time for both men and women, even if only one or two show up.

Probably the largest division will be for those using hunting-weight tackle, in the Instinctive division—arrow points of not less than 100 grains, and bows pulling at least 40 pounds. The best prizes are to be awarded in this class.

For those not having heavy tackle, a special Open class will be set up. In this class there will be no restrictions on equipment, and juniors may use whatever they have.

The same scoring rules will be used this year. A ring, invisible from the shooting position, will be drawn on the killing area of each animal and only those arrows hitting within the ring will be scored. Each hit will count as one kill; the bigger prizes going to those "bagging" the most game, with smaller awards for most kills of any one animal. But no one may win more than two prizes, thereby distributing the awards over a larger number of shooters.

Now for the "catch"—Anyone who has hunted in the Ocala (Fla.) National Forest knows about the jungles and difficult shots we have there. So, we will try to simulate actual hunting conditions, in so far as practical, on our field range. There will be shooting positions in trees; there will be shots through brush—showing just enough of the game to recognize it; and others that will test your skill as a bow hunter.

The next few words are directed to those who didn't get their deer this season. (Who did get one?) We guarantee you a 10-point "buck," Western count, Eastern count, Florida count, or what have you. Then there will be wild boar, bobcat, alligator, bear, panther, turkey, rabbit, quail, etc.

If you like to hunt and don't have time, this is made to order for you, and no "buck"—no pay. Registration starts at 9:00 a.m. Shooting promptly at 10:00 a.m. Remember the date, January 23rd.

"Pig Shoot" For Griffith Municipal Archers

By GLADYS McBRIDE

1229 Oakridge Dr., Glendale 5, Calif.

Griffith Municipal Archers of Los Angeles announce the presentation of a "Pig Shoot" the first Sunday in February, which should be a real "hooper-doo" if we can go by advance reports. Many targets will be pig—boar and javelina of varying shapes, sizes and colors. There will be broadhead round scoring and special scoring.

Ten targets will be specially designed—some novelty, some running or moving, and some that are so funny they are still hush-hush. Many of these targets will provide a real kick to the shooting, both for the fair marksman and the expert, and some will challenge the accuracy of the most talented archers. If you think not, just come and see. The well known Tex Trimmer is in charge of this phase and is going to use ideas he's been saving up for years. Tex has been around in this "bow 'n arrier" stuff for some time, so knows what he's doing; besides he has some real mechanical and electrical brains on his committee.

This special "Pig Shoot" is to be the first annual by this club, and will be staged each succeeding year at this time by Griffith Archers, who are going all out in publicizing the event. It will be known as the "Griffith Pig Shoot," since it occurs just prior to the opening of the javelina season. There will be hams galore as prizes, as well as bacon and other meat products, and a myriad of other prizes including archery equipment. On top of this there will be a huge ham given away as a gate prize.

While accurate shooting will surely pay off, a good many targets are specially designed to give the average archer as good a chance, and some even better. On some there will be no prize limit; the more you shoot and win the more prizes you take away. Griffith wants every man, woman and junior to enjoy the shoot and to have an equal chance at prizes.

The "Griffith Pig Shoot" will be held on Sunday, February 6th, on the Griffith Park Roving Range in Los Angeles. The weather man says good shooting weather, but just in case the rains come, the shoot will be held the first Sunday in March, also on the 6th. Bring your lunch or buy it just five minutes from the range. Bottled drinks will be available.

Come early and avoid registration crowds. Start shooting as soon as you register. Registration desk will be open at 9:00 a.m. This is one shoot you don't want to miss. Come early and bring your friends.

New Maryland Club

By BRUCE BRUCHEY

100 E. 8th St., Frederick, Md.

The Tuscarora Archers, of Frederick, Md., were formally organized on October 5, 1954. Membership has increased steadily and a 14-target field course has been established. The club meets bi-monthly on Wednesday nights at the local Amvet Club. Officers of the new club are:

President—Bruce A. Bruchey.
Vice-President—Wm. E. Zimmerman.
Treasurer—L. L. Liller.
Secretary—Mrs. Louise Mann.

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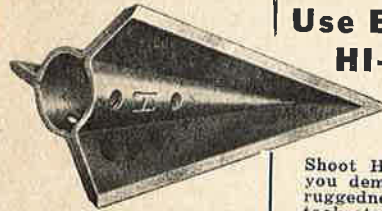
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With the Beginner

By EDWIN A. FENSCH

474 Parkview St., Mansfield, Ohio

Even though archery is growing by leaps and bounds, some of us at times become discouraged at the difficulties we encounter in building new field courses, maintaining older courses or target ranges, or in interesting enough people in new locations to organize an archery club. When that happens, sometimes we learn of others' difficulties and the gloom doesn't look so dark.

In this country we don't have to travel far to find a field course, or to attend a field shoot or target tournament. We, who are interested in roving and field course shooting, have little difficulty in reaching a field course at almost any time of the year. But what would you think of you couldn't find a field course?

About a week ago I received a letter from England which read as follows:

Dear Mr. Fensch:

Having read your article, "With the Beginner," in Archery for September, your final paragraph prompts me to take your advice and ask questions.

How many targets are used in a field shoot, and what size are they; how many arrows at each face and what are the distances shot?

Our club, the Preston Archers, held a field shoot, the first tournament of its kind in the Northern Counties, on Sunday last. There were 70 entries. It was held on the Fulwood Barracks assault course which is a square mile of hill, dale and forest-bordered streams. Nearly one inch of rain fell that day, but in spite of a good soaking everybody thoroughly enjoyed it.

The archers from 15 Lancashire and Yorkshire clubs called for another do and it was decided to hold a similar event in the early spring, and it was on that decision that I am taking the liberty of writing you to see if you have the time to let me have a little dope on how you in America run your field tournaments. I got my information regarding rules, layout, etc., from various people here, but after reading the accounts of the different club shoots in Archery Magazine (on loan from a fellow archer) I feel that at our next shoot, with your help, we could do much better.

In England it is mostly the usual target rounds that are shot. One reason is that we have not the wide open spaces or the game your country offers.

There are 30 members in our club and we have as our badge the arms of the Preston's of Preston. That family was originally in residence in the town from the 12th to the middle of the 18th century. One of our members is the County Archivist and he has added to our club's library most of the copies of the old records relating to archery in the Duchy of Lancashire from about 1400 to date. They certainly took their archery seriously in those days. Just fancy, you ran the risk of a fine if you did not practice with the longbow on a Sunday. Shades of Robin Hood.

Well, here's hoping for better weather and good shooting for all.

Yours Sincerely,

S. WALTON

Sec'y Preston Archers



BERN NOVY instructs little Tim Kelly in proper method of shooting a bow. Archery instruction is sponsored by Manitowoc Recreation Dept., Manitowoc, Wisconsin. —Photo by SYD HERMAN

Dear Mr. Walton:

I should tell you that the easiest way to set up a course is to buy the field archer's Handbook. You may order it from the N.F.A.A. Secretary, John L. Yount, Box 388, Redlands, California. However, since you report that you have the distances and know the set-up for the targets, what you really are interested in is how to attract more archers and how to set up a program that will make the day, as we say in the States, "a howling success." Wouldn't we all like to know that?

In the first place, our most successful shoots (meaning by our, the club I belong to at Mansfield, Ohio) have been shoots where we place everyone on a handicap and the one who shoots his best for the day gets the prizes. That puts everyone in the running, and you don't start out the day with the feeling that the club's champion will take home the turkey, ham, chicken, medal or what have you. Personally, I find it very poor sport if I have to have championship form to win anything any time.

Our club shoots are not championship tournaments, and the moment we resort to that sort of shooting, we find that many archers who could enjoy a day

with the club would rather not shoot when they realize the contest is a rather hopeless one for them.

Briefly, to answer your other questions: Field courses total either 14 or 28 targets. A complete round consists of 56 targets—twice around a 28-target course, or four times around a 14-target course. The target faces vary in size according to the N.F.A.A. rules and regulations. They run from six-inch faces to 24-inch faces. Four arrows are shot at each target with hits in the center white (including the black bullseye) counting 5 and hits in the black surrounding circle scoring 3 each.

The distances are anything from 10 to 80 yards. These regulations are fully covered in the Handbook. It does not necessarily require a large area to set a field course.

The course near my home consists of 28 targets in a horseshoe shaped hollow which accommodates the ranges very well with considerable safety, since almost all shots are fired into the banks of the hollow.

My best suggestion is that you buy the N.F.A.A. Handbook and set up your course according to directions.

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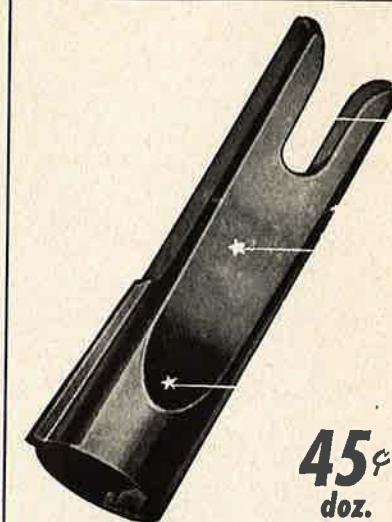
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OUTDOOR WIFE

By CREETIE KERR

845 West, 450 North
Orem, Utah

BOWS - - - AND SNOWS!

With September long since gone, and the memories of that deer hunt still new enough to almost touch, none of us really is ready to put away those hunting bows for the winter—now, are we?

Most states have some sort of legal small game which can be hunted during the winter months. And many states have game of the larger varieties, though some of these take more than just a day hunt. With a little planning many of us could find lots to do which could be fun during the cold weather.

Just finished reading a nice long letter from one of our readers along these lines; his name is Dean Reynolds and he is a bow hunter from Vernal, Utah. Dean lives close to a very fine bow hunting area, the Ashley National Forest, where yours truly and partner plan to hunt next year. Incentive? Well, how does this sound? Dean's club, a group of 34 bow hunters at Vernal, and at least one-third of them hunters of only one or two years experience, bagged fourteen deer this season—eleven of which were bucks! From reports, they weren't little bucks, either. That's a pretty darned good record in any man's land, we think, and though final reports are not, as yet, in and tabulated, I'll hold off on doing a "Utah bow hunting season story" for another month. Present reports from the Fish and Game Commission show a 25% success ratio for Utah bowmen this year, with 767 permits being sold. This represents a substantial increase over the 623 permits in '53, and the 444 permits in '52. Yep, there's good deer hunting country here and we'd like to see more out-of-state hunters try it come this next season. Sure be glad to help along these lines any way we can.

But back to winter fun with the bow. Dean was telling us that his group go out on organized rabbit hunts and by pooling their kill, wait until they have enough, then stage a big banquet—and furnish the meat! Now that appealed to us. Makes me hungry just writing about it!

Since we had inquired about cougar hunting in the Ashley area, Dean furnished us with a good cougar hunt tale—oops! I meant to say tale—and we just couldn't pass up the chance to let others enjoy it, too, Dean. So here 'tis. Let's quote in part as I couldn't do it justice.

"I've only had the opportunity to take in one hunt with the bow. That was about three years ago, when we went down into the Book Cliffs with two packs of hounds and there were four of us. Our downfall came about by having too many hounds along. Better than half were young pups and when we would run a lion, the pups would be too eager and too fast for the older dogs, so would run ahead and lose the scent in their haste. They would run a half-mile after losing the scent before they realized it and naturally the older hounds would follow the leaders until they stopped. Then by the time they back-tracked and again picked up the scent it would be getting late and as

it was ten below zero, we didn't relish being caught away from camp too late after dark. Sometimes we would be ten miles from camp. Never will forget the day we got caught out about 20 miles from camp. We were running a lion and the trail was hot, although it led through some pretty rough terrain. The country we were in was made up of deep canyons, with sheer shingle-effect ledges on each side. Each little shelf was occupied by a heavy stand of red pine and pinon. The dogs treed the lion on one of these shelves, in a large pine and—wouldn't you know it—we couldn't gain access to the ledge without going three miles to the west and then leaving our horses and coming back through three feet of snow. By the time we got there—NO LION! He had jumped the tree and ledged the dogs further up the canyon. About that time it started to snow heavily, and it was getting dark. Within 20 minutes our tracks were covered and we were flying blind.

"We located our horses without much trouble, but it was too late to try for camp. We decided to hole up in one of the numerous caves which seemed to be everywhere. The cave floor was dry as a desert. Seems the cattle use these caves for shelter and the floor was well fertilized. As this fertilizer ages, it dries out and powders, making the softest bed you could ask for—after running a lion all day. With a saddle blanket over us and a cheery fire burning in the corner, hunting companions sharing your fate, how is a guy going to ever forget memories like that?

"In the morning, with the fire gone out and your mouth full of what you are lying on, and your stomach growling, you look at it in a different light. Snow was half-way to a horse's back. Dogs were starving, and so were we. Looking across the canyon, we saw several deer wallowing through the snow, and the law allows government trappers to kill a deer to keep their dogs alive while hunting a lion which is killing deer.

"The next three days are never to be forgotten! Everyone decided that being 20 miles from camp, in four feet of snow, with nothing to eat but raw venison and snow to chew for water, wasn't going to keep us from continuing the hunt. Sure sounds worse now than it seemed at the time. There were quite a few lions around, so we split up the dogs and took to them. No, we didn't end up eating the dogs! We hunted hard for two and a half days and only got two lions. Sure, both times, the camera was with the wrong pack of dogs. Better mention that we roasted the venison on the end of a stick, like a wienie. Wasn't so bad the first day, but after that—ugh. Lost 12 pounds."

Well fellows, looks like there is plenty of adventure to be had if you are in country with game, doesn't it? We enjoyed this account so much we just had to do more than just reply to it ourselves. Wonder if Archery Magazine readers know what fun it is to get letters like this one—so filled with adventure?

We've a firm conviction that if more fellows, who enjoy the fun of bow hunting, would get together for some of these outings, share some of these experiences, watch what happens to "their" game during the winter months—they, too, would better understand the problem of game management and so put forth a little more effort perhaps in helping local Wildlife groups solve many of their problems. The way we look at it, this lending a hand is just future good bow hunting area insurance.

Thanks for your letters and cards. Sure enjoy them and would like to ask that you use my home address which appears in the heading of this column. Have had some mix-ups lately when just addressed to Orem.



Les Ayars, Longview, Texas, Bowman struggles to lift 80-lb. gar.

Venison Barbeque For Longview Archers

By MARY PAUL

Box 2307, Longview, Texas

Barbequed venison was the main attraction when the Longview (Texas) Archers met November 21 to celebrate the completion of their second 14-target course. The barbeque was prepared by Les Ayars, whose father we thank for the deer, even though the kill was made with a gun.

We were fortunate to have as guests for the day: R. E. Lee, Charlotte Lee, Fred Hurd, Marie Hurd, their son, Kenneth Hurd, John Herrin, Jimmy Sherrer, Charles Williams, Wayne Crews, Earl Maughliner, and Mel Sneed, all of Buffalo Field Archers, Houston. R. A. Lowe of the Red River Bowmen was also our guest. We are looking forward to meeting with and shooting again with the members of these clubs.



The photographer's five-year-old daughter had quite a time hefting this jack.

BOWMEN TAKE TO BUNNIES

A Picture Story

by

CLAUDE H. GRESHAM

126 Civil Courts Building

New Orleans, Louisiana

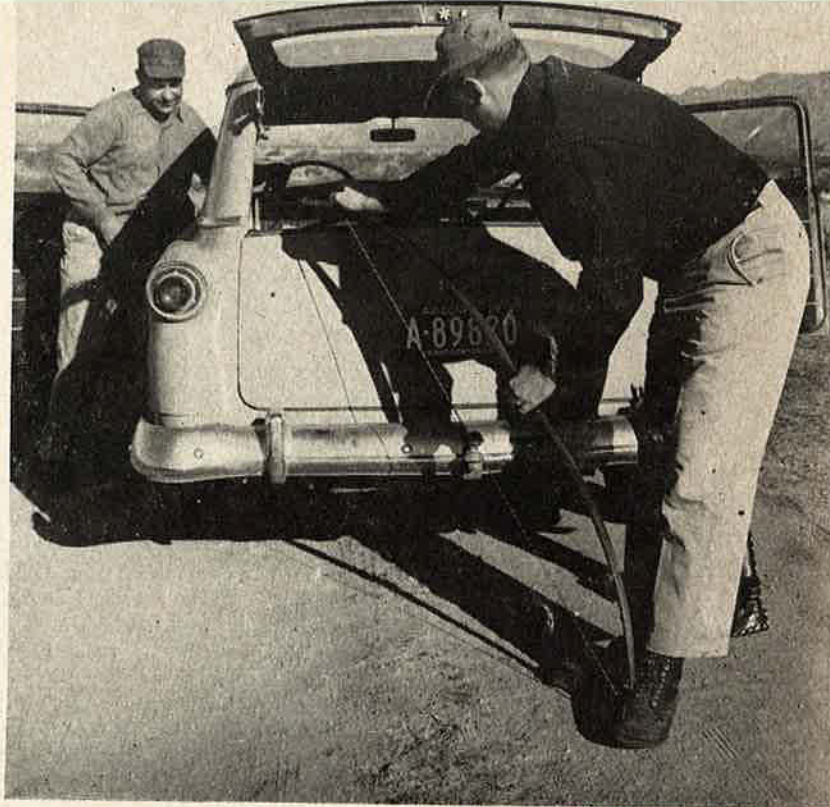
This is a story of a rabbit hunt which took place on the desert plateau southwest of Prescott, Arizona. This state does not have a closed season on jacks, and many of the counties have year-around cottontail shooting.

Bowmen take many species of wild game in Arizona, including deer bear and javelina. The javelina season will open next month.

• Continued on next page.



A day in the desert in the offing, as Tom Imler, Jr., and Curt Earl load archery equipment into Tom's wagon.



Once in the hunting country the archers string up their bows and get ready for business.



This is rabbit country deluxe—jack and cottontail—and Tom spots one sitting not 50 yards from the car. As his arrow kicks up gravel, the jack departs.



At ready position, Tom and Curt carefully examine each clump of cactus. A running jack presents a difficult shot.



Time out for lunch. And you northerners take note of that Arizona winter weather. That's January, folks—shirt-sleeves and sunshine.



Tom spots a jack in a patch of prickly pear. A great many species of cactus may be found on the Arizona desert.



Speaking of blood, Tom lost a little of his own while retrieving an arrow from this staghorn cactus.



End of day. Wonderful country—wonderful sport. Lot's of exercise, a couple of black and blue arms, and very little damage to the rabbit population.



THE LUCK OF THE IRISH

By **IKE ABERNATHY**
2715 Fairmount Street, Dallas, Texas

During the Arkansas special bow and arrow deer season, the Irish (those hunting in the Black Mountain area in particular) seemed to have the same luck as this Scotsman—bad. None the less, the money and efforts expended hunting and camping for ten wonderful days was most rewarding. As a special bonus, "Them thar hills" pared three whole inches from the midsection of yours truly.

Several members of the Dallas Field & Target Archers Association had planned to make the trek to the Arkansas Ozarks, but one by one, illness, job requirements, etc., had cancelled plans until it looked as though I would be the only one going—a thought I did not relish. It was about that time when Charles Sypert (age 16 years, and one of the club's more popular juniors) called and asked if he could go along. Taking him turned out to be most interesting and pleasant. Watching this "city-bred" youngster made me realize I take for granted many, many things I had learned and done while growing up on the farm. It was sometimes hard to fathom how, even in the city, one could miss some of the woodlore which was completely new to Charles.

Quite a number of Texans turned up in the immediate area, as if by some homing instinct. The ones who come to mind at the moment being: Elmore McGuire of Grand Prairie, Art McCready of Cleburne, Harsell Bates of Ft. Worth, Gerald Clifford of Lubbock, Jimmy Newton of McLean, Weldon Earles of Magic City, and Curley Robinson of Pampa.

It was also real fine to see and hunt with Red Pointer of Natchez, Miss. Some swell guys whom I met this trip were Homer Pack and the Rogers, Ark. gang and John St. Johns.

On Sunday came the rains. The season opened Monday, October 25, and the rains still came. Practically everyone was out hunting, but with little success. Just before dark, Charles Sypert did venture a shot from a stand, but naturally the deer came up from the unexpected side, and even a prayer couldn't have gotten an arrow through those branches.

Tuesday the rains (Arkansas desperately needs them) still came, and made lots of us wonder if we would ever be able to get out over the muddy roads. The grapevine reported one doe killed, up near the head of our firebreak.

Wednesday, clear, all tracks fresh, lots of sign, quite a number of deer flushed from thickets on drives; but not a shot by any of our party. During the afternoon, five of us Texas nuts hunted all the way over to Big Eddy Hollow; seemed like five miles distant. Three deer seen, no shots. I witnessed one of the prettiest sights of my time—a large doe, in full flight down a ridge, silhouetted against the sky.

Thursday morning produced more rain, also a very sick-at-heart and frustrated Weldon Earles. He missed a five-point buck about 25 yards from his stand—no excuse, just plain missed. Thoughts of returning home and facing his dad and brothers added much to his misery.

During the late morning I found a new scrape near a trail crossing on a

long bench. Further checks showed a buck was making the rounds, so that settled my stand for the rest of the hunt. The buck was evidently using the trail running along the bench, and several deer of various sizes used the trail which crossed.

Early Friday morning three does fed to within about 80 yards of my stand, but I couldn't get a clear shot. They weren't following the trails, just eating acorns at random. I hoped for a buck to follow them, but my luck was still the same as my Irish acquaintance—no buck. I had taken food to last all day and planned to stay on the stand; but, a blue northern was howling in and by 2:00 p.m. the temperature had dropped 40 degrees, forcing me to return to camp for more clothes.

Did you ever come shivering into camp, head down, unhappy; and, walk smack into a big doe (very dead) hanging in front of your tent? I did. It should happen to all of us more often. Inside the tent sat Charles, wearing a big-eyed open-mouth grin. I asked, "Is this YOUR deer, Chazz?" which brought only an affirmative nod. I backed out to better examine and admire the animal. Words like: "Boy, is this a nice deer!" "Where did you get her?" "Where did the arrow hit?" etc., brought not a single movement or sound from inside the tent. Finally I ventured, "Took any pictures yet?" That did it; the spell was broken, with an almost frantic "NO!!" In the twinkling of an eye my arms were filled with Charles' camera, my camera, flash equipment for both (unattached—the sun was shining), and a mirror so he could comb his hair. This was accompanied by a constant stream of jabbering, the jist of which (I think) ran something like, "Boy, am I going to show those razzing unbelievers back at school and work."

Getting that bundle of excitement still long enough to take a picture was the problem, but we made it. We had just finished when wardens Boyer and Wilson arrived and checked the deer. They told us that it was the third and largest deer checked to date in this ranger district, all of which were killed on the Campbell firebreak. The Arkansas rangers were courteous and most efficient.

Eventually, I managed to get dressed warm; and, about 4:00 p.m., I headed back to my cold, cold stand. Being a thrifty Scotsman (or stupid?) I used the short route. About 80 yards from the stand, it suddenly dawned upon me that I was coming in from the upwind side. I stopped, squatted down, and looked all around—and sure enough, there in the center of the opening, about 10 yards from the rock I usually sat on, stood a good sized doe, ears spread wide, looking my way. For about a minute I stayed stock still, trying to figure if and how I might work around and get closer. Evidently, though, Miss Doe didn't like my brand of B.O., 'cause she snorted, wheeled and departed in a most hurried manner.

Saturday turned considerably warmer. No deer on the morning stand, so I went back to camp and got Charles headed toward Ozark and the frozen food locker by 10:00 a.m. I had hoped Saturday would bring hordes of archers

to get deer to stirring, but instead the area was beginning to get deserted. The only camp left on the whole three miles of the Campbell firebreak was that of Tony (the Greek) Addis, Slim (5' 9", 390 lb.) Lindsay, and a couple more Ft. Smith, Ark. boys. Hoping they might be interested in making a small drive, I decided to hunt the quarter-mile to their camp. About half-way down was an old open field, with a briar thicket cutting it in half. Close scrutiny revealed three does behind the thicket. I surmised they had seen me, as they were looking my way. Adopting a plan of bold approach, I began walking quietly toward them. After I had gone about five yards they took a step, and froze when I did. It looked like shoot now or forever hold my arrow, so I let fly at about 55 yards. For a split second I could vision venison on the table, but still that same luck—approximately five yards from the doe a briar flipped the arrow up and to the right just enough. That was my first and only shot at deer in two years of hunting. Those were also the last deer I saw on the hunt.

When Charles returned from Ozark he was finally calm enough to coherently relate how he bagged his deer. It seems he wanted to cook a hot meal, but couldn't eat it all by himself (we were real smart and bought only large cans of food), so he came hunting me. He was cold and hungry, thus in a hurry, and was running along the top of the hill above my stand, whistling and yelling for me (a thirty-mile-per-hour wind was blowing from me to him) when one small deer bolted out of some tall grass down the hill. He came to an abrupt halt, looked carefully around, and there—behind a bush at thirty yards, stood his deer. Slowly and carefully he came to full draw, let fly, and listened to his arrow plunk home. The deer reportedly exploded from the bush and ran off. Thereupon he sat down and carefully sharpened his knife to a razor edge, then he sharpened it some more. When he did follow the deer he only had to go about forty yards from where it had stood when hit. His MA-3 point had cut two ribs entering and two leaving and pierced the liver in its course. The bow was a new 47-lb. Bear Polar belonging to me.

For the Dallas Field and Target Archers Association, Charles made history, in that during our six years existence, he was the first member to bag a deer while a member of the club. Other members, such as Bob Faas, and Roy Bowersock have scored before, but while members of clubs elsewhere. He was also the first Texan to kill a deer in Arkansas with a bow and arrow. All of which didn't affect the meat one whit—it was the best venison I ever ate. To heck with the bucks in the future, just a prayer, Lord, for a good shot at a big fat doe.

This Month's Cover

Paul Hansen in lead (owner of dogs) and Herbert Christiansen, Provo, Utah, bow hunter, are shown crouching hunting in Utah on snowshoes. Photo is by Dick Kerr.

DAMON HOWATT

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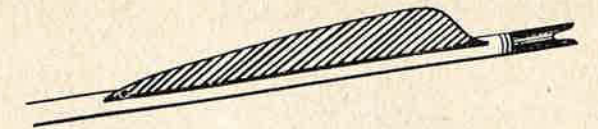
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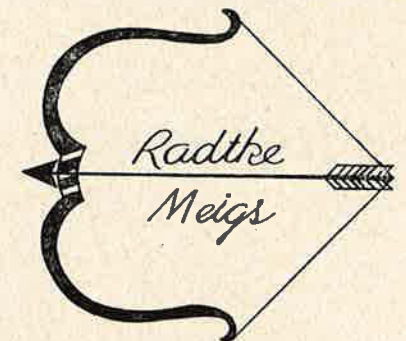
Target size—Kit \$ 1.70	Field size—Kit, \$ 1.80
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MIDWESTERN NEWS

By JANE JOHNSON

1429 Silvertown Pl.,
Richmond Heights, Missouri

The response to my column in Archery has been a pleasant surprise. New clubs in the Midwest are making themselves known. Club secretary, H. J. Fox, Jr., of the Greenbrier Archers of Raineville, West Virginia, wrote and said, "We have been in existence one year and although it was rough getting started, now we have a very fine club. We are members of the N.F.A.A. and the West Virginia Archery Association. We would welcome visitors. Our range is on U. S. route 50 and State route 20, outside Raineville." The new officers of the state association are as follows: President, Ervin Harmon, Elkins; Vice-President, John Rider, Jr., Raineville; Sec'y-Treas., Herb Tustin, St. Albans. Ralph and I have visited in Charleston, West Virginia, and have shot on their field course. It was the most picturesque and toughest course we had ever encountered. First time I had ever shot straight up the side of a mountain and lost an arrow on the other side. Wow! It was like shooting at the moon! So we have an idea what fun the Greenbrier Archers have in store for you. It might be well for you West Virginians to look them up.

There is a brand new club in Danville, Illinois. Their first secretary is Jesse J. Smith, 5 National Ave. Welcome to the archery fraternity!

The Illinois Bow Hunters, the correct name of the Bow Hunting Division of the Illinois Archery Association, has elected their officers for 1955. Harold Kolbe, old-time bow hunter, was made President. The Vice-President will be Ernie Stutler of Chicago; the Secretary will be Elmer Jackson of Waukegan; and Bob John of Waukegan was named Representative on the I.A.A. Board. The Field Division Tournament Chairman and Secretary for 1955 will be Tom Hopper and wife, Mary, from the Rockford Archers, sponsors of the 1955 tournament. The "Guy McMinimy Big Game Award" pins have been designed and the dies made. George Chamberlain of the Kishwaukee Archers has agreed to make and donate to the I.A.A. miniature silver arrows for each subsequent kill. These two fine awards should be a great incentive for Illinois hunters. Archers qualifying this season for both awards are as follows:

Walter Rueger, 2 deer; Duke Adams, bear and deer; Ernie Stutler, a bear and a deer. Others who got their deer were: Russell and Lowell Phipps and George Chamberlain (Kishwaukee); DeWayne Gardner, Don Schram, Ted Singelis, Joe Fries, and Art Reiman (Chicago B.H.);

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(Aurora); Lee Rizzuto (Blackhawk); Sam LoCascio (Joliet). Including those who were not members of the I.A.A., there were 37 deer and 2 bear killed by Illinoisans.

The Northern Illini Bowmen held a novelty shoot November 7th, in which the lucky (and I mean lucky!) winners were awarded turkeys, ducks, and sausages. There were checkerboard, mermaid, and jackpot targets in which the cherries and lemons counted and a hit in a big red tomato discounted the score. There were 25 different and hilarious targets to shoot at. One hundred and twelve people registered and had a great time at this tournament.

The Kishwaukee Archers held a turkey shoot Nov. 21st, with turkeys, chickens, and ducks to the winners.

Ralph and I attended the turkey shoot of the St. Louis Bow Hunters at Weldon Springs, Mo., Nov. 13th. It was a crispy fall day, cold steel if you weren't prepared for it (which I wasn't). The yellow leaves drifting down from the trees crackled and popped under our feet. It was an inspiring day and although we missed getting a turkey, we had a marvelous time.

The Michigan Archery Association report from Karl Palmatier, beloved secretary, executive, and conductor of many N.F.A.A. tournaments, says that 1,771 archers shot in the tournaments in Michigan state in 1954. It would be nice if every state could "put their finger" on just who and how many archers shot throughout the whole state in a year's time. Perhaps that is a Utopian idea, but it would sure help to promote archery to have a strong state organization with 100% membership. Our regional and national organizations would be tremendously strengthened also, if that were so.

Happy New Year to you all! Tell me more—and don't forget the pictures.



Winners of Amsterdam (N.Y.) Archers' field championship: Left to right: Jim Izzano, 3rd place; Peter L. Bropakowski, 1st place; Adam Mancini, 2nd place.

We Didn't Kill Much Game

Continued from page six.

obvious watering place. That didn't work either. Several deer were seen, but it was too dark for a decent shot. That brings me to another point. Early morning hunting is by far the best from the standpoint of shooting. One can see progressively better, while in the evening it gets progressively worse, and in the event of a hit, it is very hard to trail.

When all of us had returned to camp, it was pitch dark. It seems that everyone had been piecing on the food, so we had to settle for a spoonful of apple-butter and a cup of coffee for our evening meal. Dice and Loney elected to stay overnight, but Crouch, Rathbun and myself had to be at work the next morning, so we loaded our equipment and took off for Casper.

Thirty days later this writer was lucky enough to bag a small buck for the first deer checked by the Game and Fish Commission in the Casper area. Dice and Rathbun have since each killed a doe. (Incidentally, they each got their antelope with a bow also.)

Regarding the trip, we didn't kill much game, but we sure had a heck of a good time.

New Officers For Tulare County Bowmen

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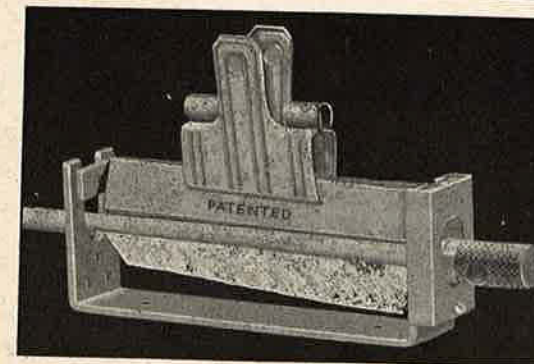
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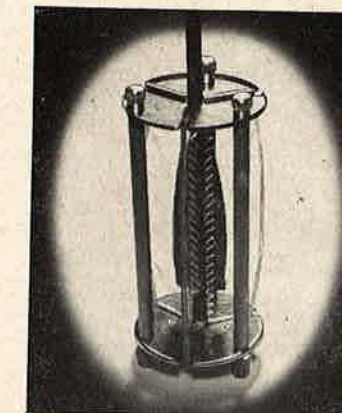
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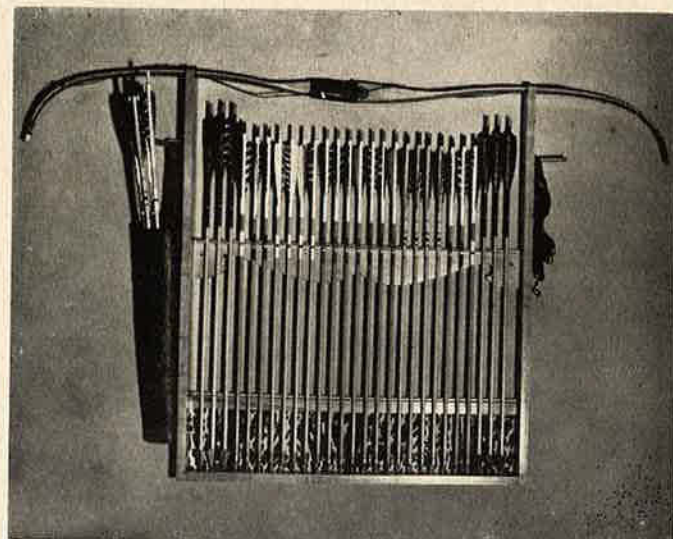
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30-35				16-18	16-18	16-18	18-18	18-18
35-40			16-18	16-18	16-18	18-18	18-18	18-18
40-45		16-18	16-18	16-18	18-18	18-18	18-18	18-18
45-50	16-18	16-18	16-18	18-18	18-18	18-18	18-18	18-18
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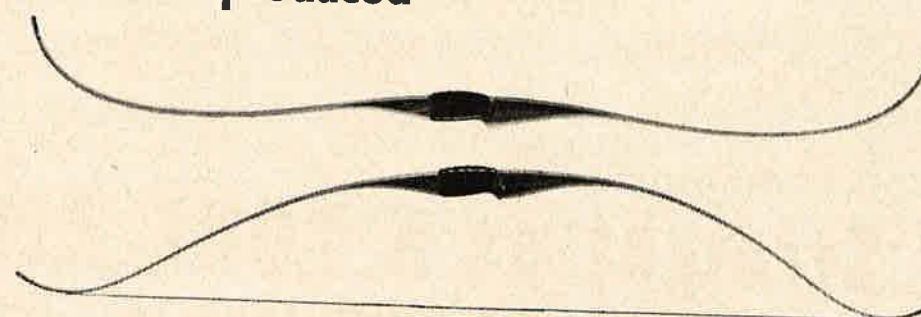
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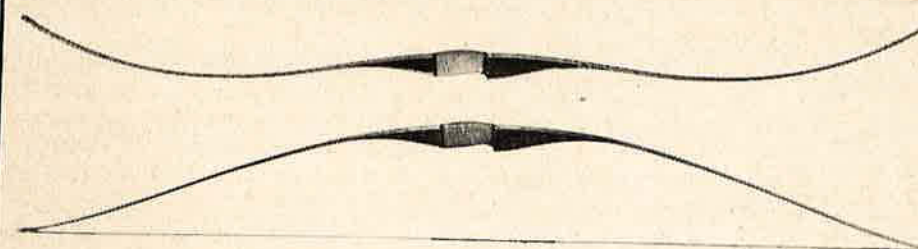
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One Bow

Continued from page four.

To date they had no luck and were just getting ready to go out again. They followed us on an old logging road and just about a mile south of the Lodge, five deer jumped out in front of my car. We stopped quickly to see a large buck, a fat two-point buck, two does and a fawn running up an aspen-covered slope. They stopped about 60 yards up and looked back at us. Excitement was running high at this point and the four of us jumped out of our cars and immediately strung up our bows and grabbed our quivers. Meanwhile, the herd of deer ran off and we decided to separate at about 300 yards distance apart, go up the slope and trail the deer in the snow. I went in about a half-mile into a clearing, lost the trail, and wandered in about a quarter of a mile further to another small clearing in the forest. I didn't see hide nor hair of the deer, and the game trail which I just passed was covered with snow without a track on it. As I stood there looking at the small clearing, kinda discouraged and wondering whether I should go in another half-mile or turn back, when - - - CRACK! A twig had snapped and in that silent forest it sounded almost as loud as a gun shot to me. Quickly I looked at the ground under my feet to see if I had been the guilty one and at the same time turning slowly toward the source of the sound. Much to my astonishment, instead of seeing one of my hunting companions, I saw a very beautiful, fat, young buck coming down the game trail toward me. Even though he was about 70 yards away, I could see two nice points on his left antler. The buck was walking slowly down the trail as though he had not a worry in the world. The position of the trees between the buck and me were arranged so that I could not get a good shot until he had passed one large aspen in front of me, which would be about a 35-yard shot. Slowly I raised my bow to shooting position, then waited and sweated. The usual thoughts that go through the bow hunter's head at a time like this, went through mine - - - would the buck stop at a place where I could get a good shot - - - would he scent me or see me out of the corner of his eye? Well, he

kept coming at a slow walk. First he had showed past the large aspen. That's when I really prayed, as it would have been a bad place for him to stop. I was at half draw. He kept coming and cleared the tree. I drew back, took a deep breath and aimed carefully at his chest, then let go. I heard a heavy thud as the arrow, going in at a three-quarter angle, sunk deep into his chest. Later, we found that the arrow had gone through his heart and into his stomach—a full 21 inches of shaft in the buck. I saw the feathers sticking out of his chest, and the buck took a leap into the air when hit, then took off with a jerky thurump, thurump, into the woods.

According to the standard procedure, I waited, but two minutes was all I could stand. Pacing off the distance to where I made my hit, I followed the blood trail in the snow, knowing he was badly hit, since at every leap there was a big splash in the snow. I followed the trail for 150 yards and there I found my two-point buck kicking out his last under a tree.

The rest of the story is the usual one. I let out a war whoop and ran back to the car to find my companions waiting for me. One of them went back into the forest with me to help dress the deer. We tied his legs together, ran a long pole between them and carried out the carcass Indian style. Truly I felt as happy as any bow hunter could ever feel, as I had hunted two years with a bow in north Kaibab and was successful both times.

As for equipment, I used a 65-pound Eicholtz bow which was 69" long, 29" Forgewood hunting arrows, 5/16" diameter and 100-grain three-blade Hill's Hornet broadheads.

Mr. McLachlan shot his buck that afternoon which made that fourth day a good one for two successful bow hunters who were competing with 3,996 gun hunters.

Broken Bows

Continued from page eleven.

ter of five and twenty after six, I had as much excitement as any one could hope for. At a quarter of five I spotted a nice doe feeding out at about sixty yards, but she hadn't seen me. The wind was in my favor, and the blind I was in was well enough concealed so that I thought I might get a decent

Results of Instinctive Mail Tournament

Continued from page fifteen.

166. Satterfield, Bob, Riverside Archers, Calif.....	256	297	334	211	274.5
167. Onderdonk, Bill, Mayfair Field Archers, N. Y.....	247	297	284	268	274.
168. Van Demark, Myron, Bear Spring Bowmen, N. Y.....	197	189	363	334	270.75
169. Gerish, Elmer, Bay City Bowmen, Mich.....	221	234	261	348	266.
170. Hewett, Bob, Flint Bowmen, Mich.....	209	229	293	319	262.5
171. Calhoun, William, Bark Eater Bowmen, N. Y.....	248	200	329	269	261.5
172. Stewart, Ed, South Bay Archers, Calif.....	204	217	311	308	260.
173. Laura, John, Lenape Bowmen, N. Y.....	211	316	258	249	258.5
174. Haques, Gilbert, Sandollorna, Sweden.....	256	237	272	260	256.25
175. Duncan, Dave, Mayfair Field Archers, N. Y.....	267	229	258	250	256.
176. Gadin, Joseph, Ten Mile River Archers, N. Y.....	303	219	239	232	248.25
177. Reeves, Leon W., Conn. Hill Field Archers, N. Y.....	214	276	257	242	247.25
178. Bertrand, B., Pasadena Roving Archers, Calif.....	260	275	183	262	245.
179. Hall, Richard, Bear Spring Bowmen, N. Y.....	166	214	291	305	244.
180. Ginson, Keith L., Atlanta Field Archers, Ga.....	290	210	226	250	244.
181. Telegin, Alexei, Sandollorna, Sweden.....	364	246	183	183	244.
182. Glover, John A., Atlanta Field Archers, Ga.....	261	213	189	308	242.75
183. Ambrose, John, Lucky 13 Bowmen, N. Y.....	175	254	296	243	242.
184. Horowitz, Wm. H., Liberty Archery Club, N. Y.....	168	290	198	308	241.
185. Jones, Ray, Anne Arundel Bowmen, Inc., Md.....	243	218	228	274	240.75
186. Swick, Dave, Bear Spring Bowmen, N. Y.....	219	210	259	252	236.
187. Bellstrom, Gosta, Igelboda Bagskyttar, Sweden.....	225	229	167	255	219.
188. Boynton, Ken, Mayfair Field Archers, N. Y.....	151	227	256	228	215.5
189. Long, Donald, Flint Bowmen, Mich.....	144	123	217	253	209.25
190. Wilson, Stuart, Jr., Koo Koose Archers, N. Y.....	172	222	314	173	195.25
191. Davidson, Harold, Mayfair Field Archers, N. Y.....	175	171	187	248	195.25
192. Gurney, Nelson, Jr., Maple Hill Bowmen, N. Y.....	148	170	179	251	187.
193. Odmann, Rolf, Igelboda Bagskyttar, Sweden.....	217	170	169	187	185.75
194. Volaris, Mike, Central N. Y. Bowmen, N. Y.....	166	168	185	125	161.
195. Romano, John, Mayfair Field Archers, N. Y.....	133	142	127	171	143.25
196. Rumney, Arthur, Conn. Hill Field Archers, N. Y.....	167	104	120	151	135.5
197. Gurney, Nelson, Maple Hill Bowmen, N. Y.....	96	101	87	85	92.25

shot after all. Sure enough, she fed right up to within thirty yards and stopped with her head behind a tree, but the rest of her presented a perfect broadside shot. I shot and put an arrow over her back. Instead of bolting, she only looked around, and started to feed again on the other side of the tree. She stopped and presented another beautiful broadside at the same distance. This time I put one right under her neck. It was close enough that she didn't think the climate was too healthy around there. I thought I had hit her because when she ran she didn't put up her tail. I waited for about ten minutes, then went to see if I had scored a hit. I failed to find blood, but couldn't find my arrow either. I decided she had not been hit after all.

I had the shakes so badly I decided to continue to look in the immediate vicinity some more, until I was calm enough to shoot once again.

I had waited only about fifteen minutes when I noticed an object which didn't look quite right. It turned out to be another doe, but she didn't come into the open enough for a shot.

I got one more shot at a small doe. My bow was holding up, but I just couldn't seem to get on to the knack of aiming that particular bow.

Just before dark, I got two more shots, both at bucks, one a spike-horn and the other a large buck with a nice rack. By that time it was almost too dark to shoot. I looked for my arrows, then started back to camp. The other boys had camp mostly taken down.

If I had had my own bow that afternoon we would have had venison to eat for sure. I was just beginning to get used to that bow when I quit.

Altogether, the three of us saw fifty-seven deer, and got ten shots in those first four days. That isn't bad, considering that all the deer were supposed to have been killed off during the three-day, any deer season, which Michigan had two years ago.

We hunted there week-ends the rest of the season, getting in a total of twelve days. So far as I know, approximately twelve deer were taken out of the five square miles we hunted. Five of them were taken out the last week-end. That week-end, our camp was the only one that didn't take out at least one deer.

We surely will be doing an awful lot of arrow slinging this next summer to get ready for next year. Next year we'll connect for sure!

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Broadheads in the Dark

Continued from page seven.

and should have my head examined for ever taking up archery.

The growling, however, was just a bluff, and when it found we didn't shoot, it stopped growling and sneaked away through the brush.

The fact that the panther had partly covered its kill—the goat herder said—was a sure sign it would be back to feed after dark. There was a large granite boulder, about sixteen feet wide, protruding from the side of the mountain, from which we had a perfect view of the canyon side. It seemed impossible for the big cat to return without being seen from this vantage point. I was not surprised to find evidence to prove both deer and coyote had used this spot for a lookout. I only hoped the panther did not have the same thought in mind, because Paul and I decided to stay there and risk a shot in the dark.

The goat herder felt he was needed down below to watch over his herd. As he cautiously picked his way over the last of the rocks, the sun went down, leaving the sky pink and blue. I was absorbed in the beautiful sunset and before I realized it darkness had fallen. A large owl glided over us.

Darkness—not a very good word—could be anything from grey to black, and even that will vary with the individual. The night is never black to me, unless heavy clouds cover the moon and stars. I do not mean to say I can see in the dark, but I can find my way about. I looked in the direction of the dead goat, I could see the two light colored rocks, one on each side of the carcass.

Sometime later I heard a sound—like the rustle of a woman's silk dress, and a shadow passed over one of the rocks. Paul nudged me—we both came to full draw and held on the next rock—waited—it seemed ten minutes. I had to let down—I can't hold fifty-six pounds all night. I heard jungle drums beating in the distance and then realized it was only the pounding of my heart. The shadow again appeared over the same rock along with a sound as if something was dragging. Then—Thung! Thung! Thud! Clank! One broadhead sounded good—the other clanked on the rock—I knew it was mine. The big cat was gone—I mean gone.

We waited for daylight. Time dragged by with leaden feet. Finally we could see all around again, so we carefully picked our way toward the target. I found my arrow by the rock. It was shattered. A bit of tawny colored skin smeared the rock. It had nicked him. Paul's arrow was buried two-thirds in the dead goat. Paul drily remarked, "I did not harm the big killer, but I sure got his goat."

"Paul?"
"Yeah?"
"Let's not tell anyone about this when we get back."
"Yet. They wouldn't believe it anyhow."

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EASTERN FLIGHT (A.A. Annual) Men's Champ: Irving H. Baker (Record).
SOUTHWEST OPEN (Field, Free Style) Men's Champ: Bob Rhode.
SOUTHWEST OPEN (Field, Free Style) Women's Champ: Lucille Gourley.
CALIF. STATE (Field, Free Style) Men's Champ: Rube Powell (The Powell Family Swept their Divisions).
INDOOR MAIL MATCH (NFAA) Instinctive: Men's Champ: Bennie Gatski.
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OUTDOOR MAIL MATCH (NFAA) Free Style: New All-Time 56-Target Record of 1006 by Rube Powell.
OUTDOOR MAIL MATCH (NFAA): All-time Boy's Instinctive 56-Target Field Round Record of 817, by Michael Powell.

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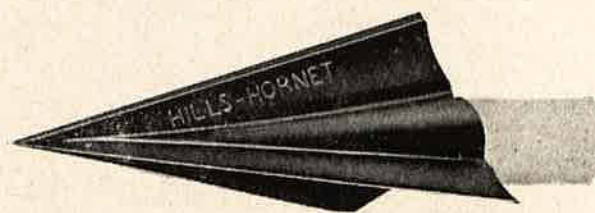
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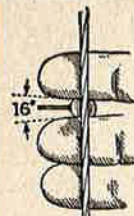
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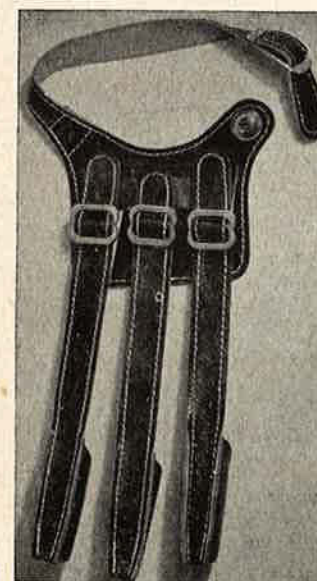
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— FREE FOLDER —

Is it wrong to broadcast something like the above by publishing it in this magazine? Well, if you don't know your face is dirty, you aren't going to wash it. Secondly, the minute a man takes a bow and arrow out into the woods he becomes a bow hunter, just as well as the rest of us. Who are we to point a finger at ourselves and declare that we are some sort of a sacred fraternity with nothing but virtue? A cross-section would reveal that within our ranks the percentage of sportsmen is no greater than the rifle fraternity. I know good and bad in both outfits. We will do no good by hiding our faults and must let them come out into the open where they can be corrected. It is illegal to shoot at a deer on the ice or in the water, but let's not wait for the Conservation Department to tell us the difference between sportsmanship and short-cut methods. There are bow hunting ethics that can never be written as regulations, so let us honor our bow by making it symbolic of sportsmanship.

BOW HUNTING SITUATIONS

In the last issue this column contained several peculiar situations that will often be repeated among groups of bow hunters. The question was brought up: Who gets the credit for the kill when a deer has been hit a second time by another hunter? Roy Hoff pounced on this one in a hurry and I was glad he cleared up the thing in the same issue. You may not agree and therefore we are looking for your opinion, but it is my contention that first hit and first blood gets the credit regardless of whether it is a mortal wound or not. Any animal, once hit, is half in the bag and twice as vulnerable because he is confused and hurt. The old woodsmen of the north country have always given credit to the first hit and it is my belief that it is the only sporting thing to do. It would be wise to follow Roy Hoff's advice and come to this agreement before you enter the woods in groups. Anything can happen.

PRIZE BUCK CONTEST

Al Van der Kogel, executive committee member repre-

senting the Eastern District, inaugurated the "Prize Buck Contest" for NFAA members several years ago. It has now become an established annual event and keeps our members plugging for that big trophy. The same committee will handle the judging again this year and Al has agreed to handle the chairmanship. We don't know about the rest of the country, but there have been some big white-tail racks taken out of Wisconsin. Effie Koenig, a mere wisp of a lass, brought down one of the biggest bucks we've seen in a long time. Get your applications in for the big game award and for the Prize Buck Contest.

TWO DIVISIONS

Most of you know that my platform during the last election was on the elimination of the free-style division and the use of target tackle on the field rounds. I still maintain that the sooner we get back to our original purpose the better off the NFAA will be. I have had a considerable amount of correspondence that seemed to indicate that now that I was back in the chair that these changes were automatic. This is not so. Up to this writing we will still have the two divisions in the 1955 National Tournament. To make a change of this scope, in a democratic organization, is beyond the power of one man and even a group of officers. I can only say, to those of you who are not satisfied with NFAA regulations, that you conduct your game according to the NFAA constitution and by-laws using the interpretation for which they were originally compiled. In this manner you will have a happy and a healthy growth. Ultimately, you will by sheer numbers, force the NFAA back to its original concepts.

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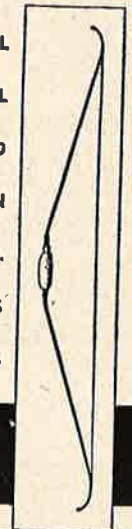
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Season's Average Score	BOYS					
	JUNIOR: (12 years and under)					
	INTERMEDIATE: (13 to 15 incl.)					
	1. Marks, Bill Cody, Pontiac Archers, Mich.....	106	133	111	112	115.5
	1. Calkins, Grant, Griffith Municipal Archers, Calif.....	779	614	708	815	729.
	WOMEN					
	1. Trimmer, Velma, Pasadena Roving Archers, Calif.....	774	668	698	769	727.25
	2. Craig, Ivy, Greenwood Archers, Canada.....	698	630	655	608	647.75
	3. Hedges, Hannah, Pontiac Archers, Mich.....	576	640	627	565	602.
	4. Kendall, Jane, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.....	554	599	559	635	586.75
	5. Taylor, Thelma, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.....	369	589	610	541	527.25
	6. Mazar, Mary, Tri Cities Bowmen, N. Y.....	350	497	433	564	461.
	7. Giardina, Irene, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.....	356	446	447	578	456.75
	8. Will, Christine, Wave Archers, Iowa.....	348	349	373	411	370.25
	9. Orr, Helen, Pontiac Archers, Mich.....	308	418	363	343	358.
	10. Coffey, Dot, Los Angeles Police Archers, Calif.....	278	335	357	341	327.75
	MEN					
	1. Powell, Rube, San Diego Field Archers, Calif.....	989	1006	987	996	994.5
	2. Smith, Harold W., San Diego Field Archers, Calif.....	890	914	933	895	908.
	3. Jeffers, Paul, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.....	883	803	910	833	857.25
	4. Greenwood, Johnny, L. A. Police Archers, Calif.....	818	801	832	838	822.25
	5. Marks, George E., Pontiac Archers, Mich.....	720	776	762	803	765.25
	6. Craig, Vern, Greenwood Archers, B. C.....	756	743	742	769	752.5
	7. Smith, Dale, Greenwood Archers, B. C.....	749	701	713	718	720.25
	8. Perre, Jack, Pasadena Roving Archers, Calif.....	694	694	696	747	707.75
	9. Williams, Robert D., Canandaigua Archers, N. Y.....	527	749	670	805	687.75
	10. Keller, Ervin, Flint Bowmen, Mich.....	721	675	611	710	679.25
	11. Kendall, Joe, Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.....	635	686	677	624	655.5
	12. Armstrong, Joe, Greenwood Archers, B. C.....	599	695	636	638	642.
	13. Hyde, James, Griffith Mun. Archers, Calif.....	584	691	647	641	640.75
	14. Pckas, Hal, South Bay Archery Club, Calif.....	691	591	579	641	625.5
	15. Tustin, H. C., Charleston Archery Club, W. Va.....	600	615	597	665	619.25
	16. Walmsley, Bill, Los Angeles Police Archers, Calif.....	572	588	566	648	598.5
	17. Brown, Gaile, Griffith Municipal Archers, Calif.....	567	530	542	656	573.75
	18. Stark, Sid, Pontiac Archers, Mich.....	569	489	558	673	572.25
	19. Beerens, Jacob, Canandaigua Field Archers, N. Y.....	565	628	460	551	551.
	20. Potters, L., Canandaigua Field Archers, N. Y.....	450	569	504	539	515.5
	21. Coffey, Al, Los Angeles Police Archers, Calif.....	434	503	519	497	515.
	22. Will, Paul, Waverly Archers, Iowa.....	434	513	369	560	469.
	23. Mazar, Wm. S., Tri Cities Bowmen, N. Y.....	504	433	454	436	456.75
	24. Pignet, Bob, Los Angeles Police Archers, Calif.....	356	421	319	387	370.75
	25. Smith, Paul, Waverly Archers, Iowa.....	261	308	322	303	299.

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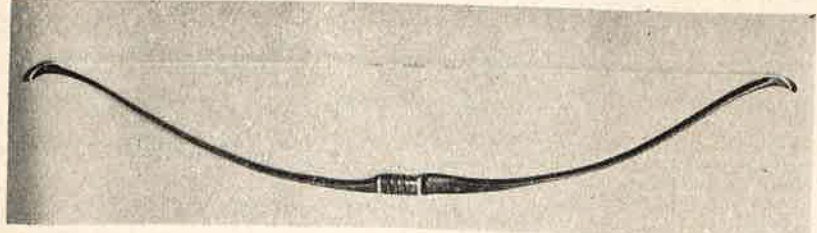


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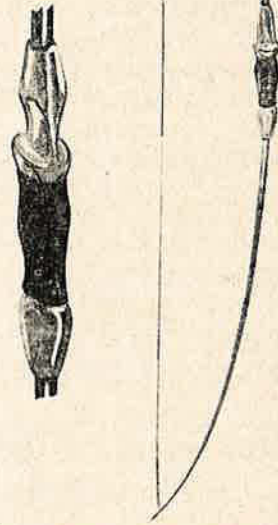
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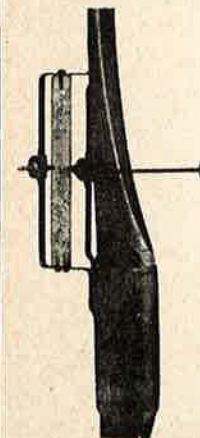
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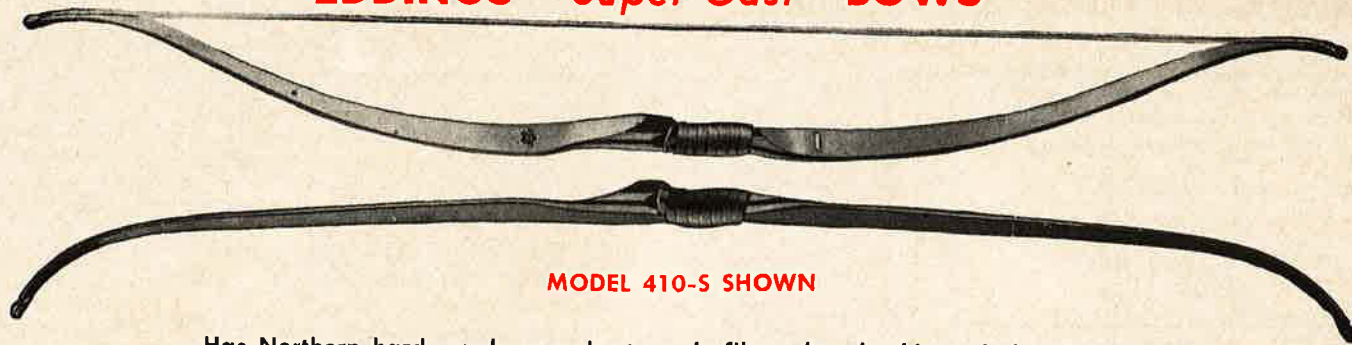
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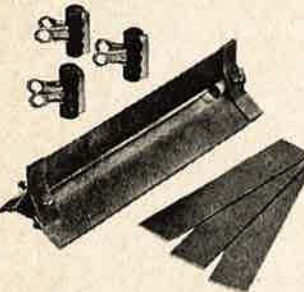
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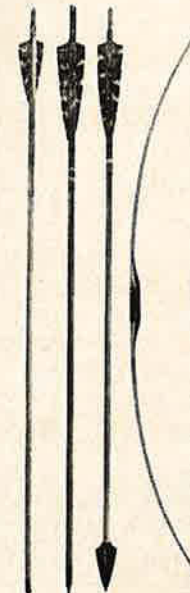
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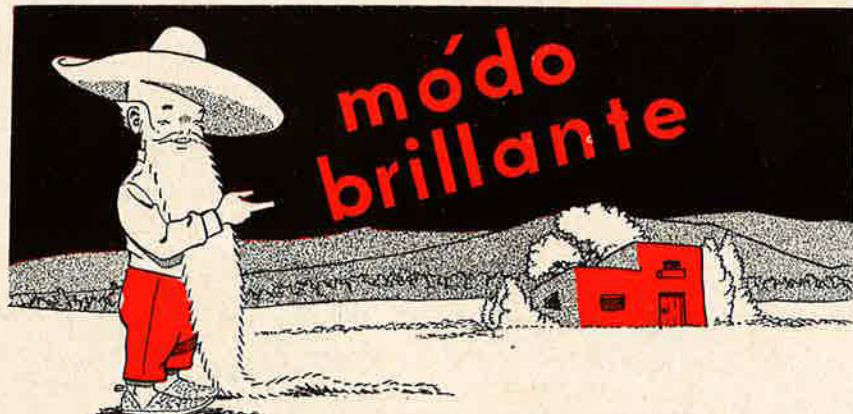
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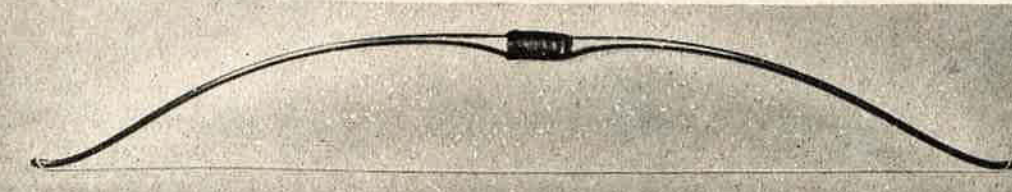


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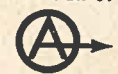
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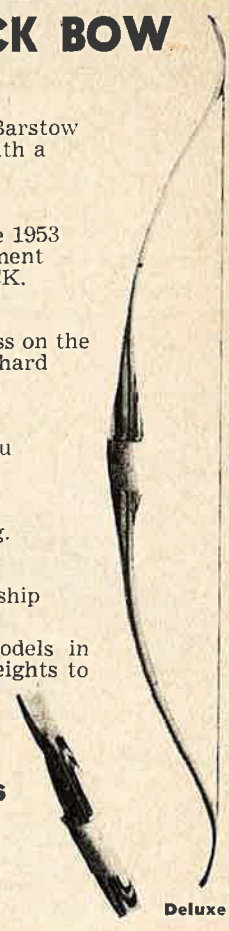
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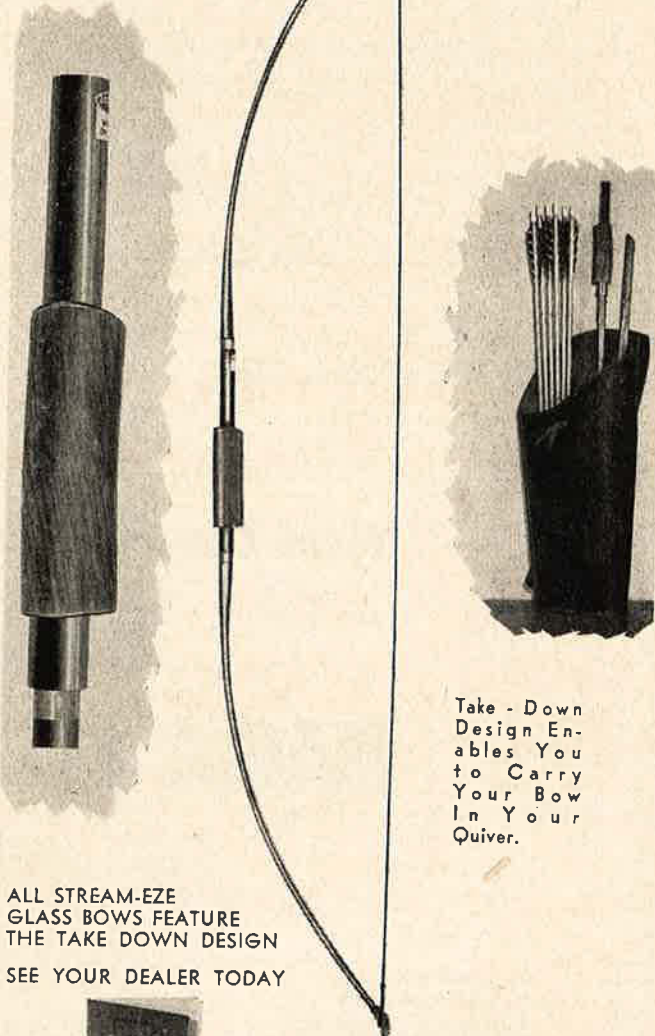
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\$57.50 weights to 50 lbs. — \$62.50 from 50 lbs. to 65 lbs.

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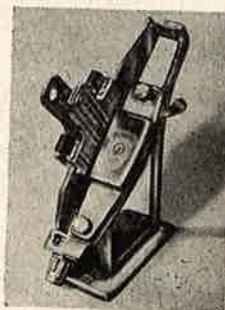
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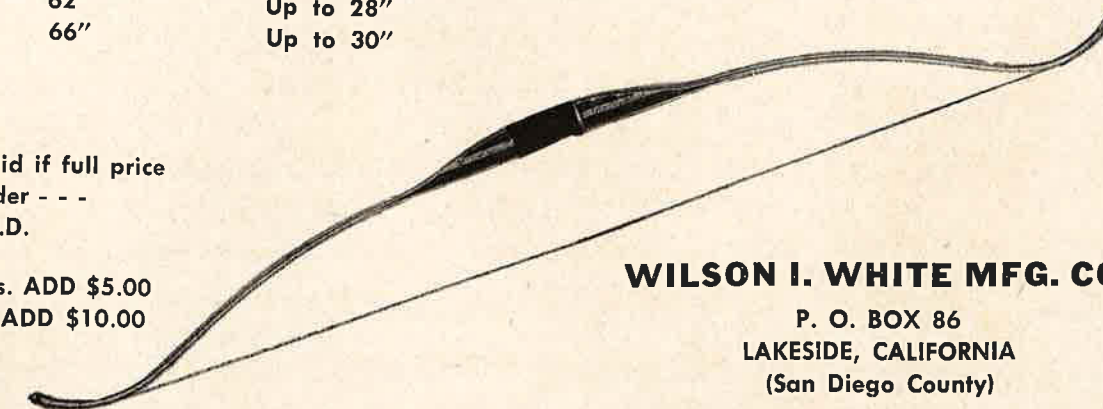
\$29.50 THE MERCURY \$29.50

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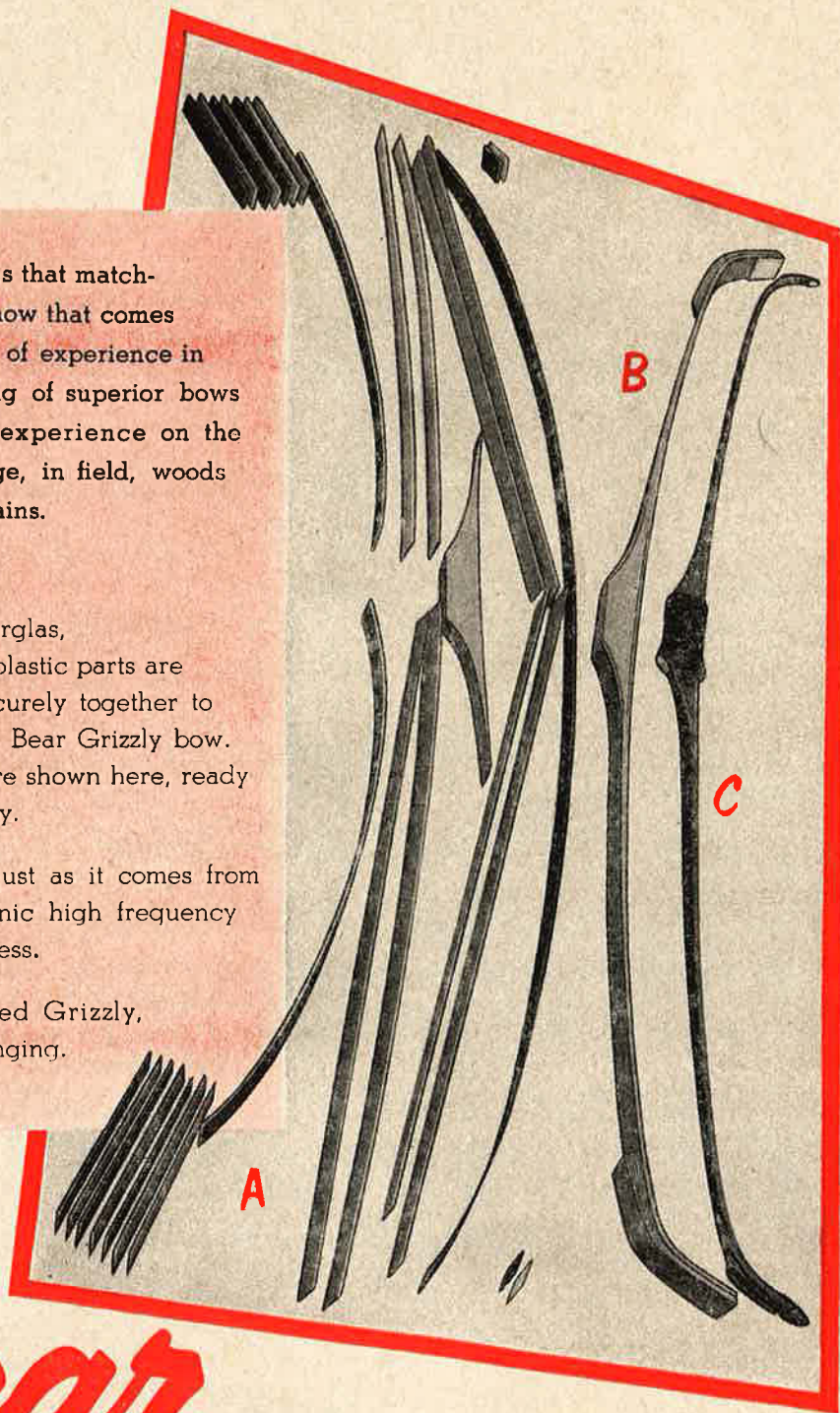
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A Thirty Fiberglas, wood and plastic parts are bonded securely together to fashion this Bear Grizzly bow. Elements are shown here, ready for assembly.

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