

NOVEMBER 1963



THE
ARCHERS'

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MAGAZINE AND

THE NATIONAL BOWHUNTER

Seventh
Annual

*Pennsylvania
Bowhunters
Festival*

— PAGE 5 —

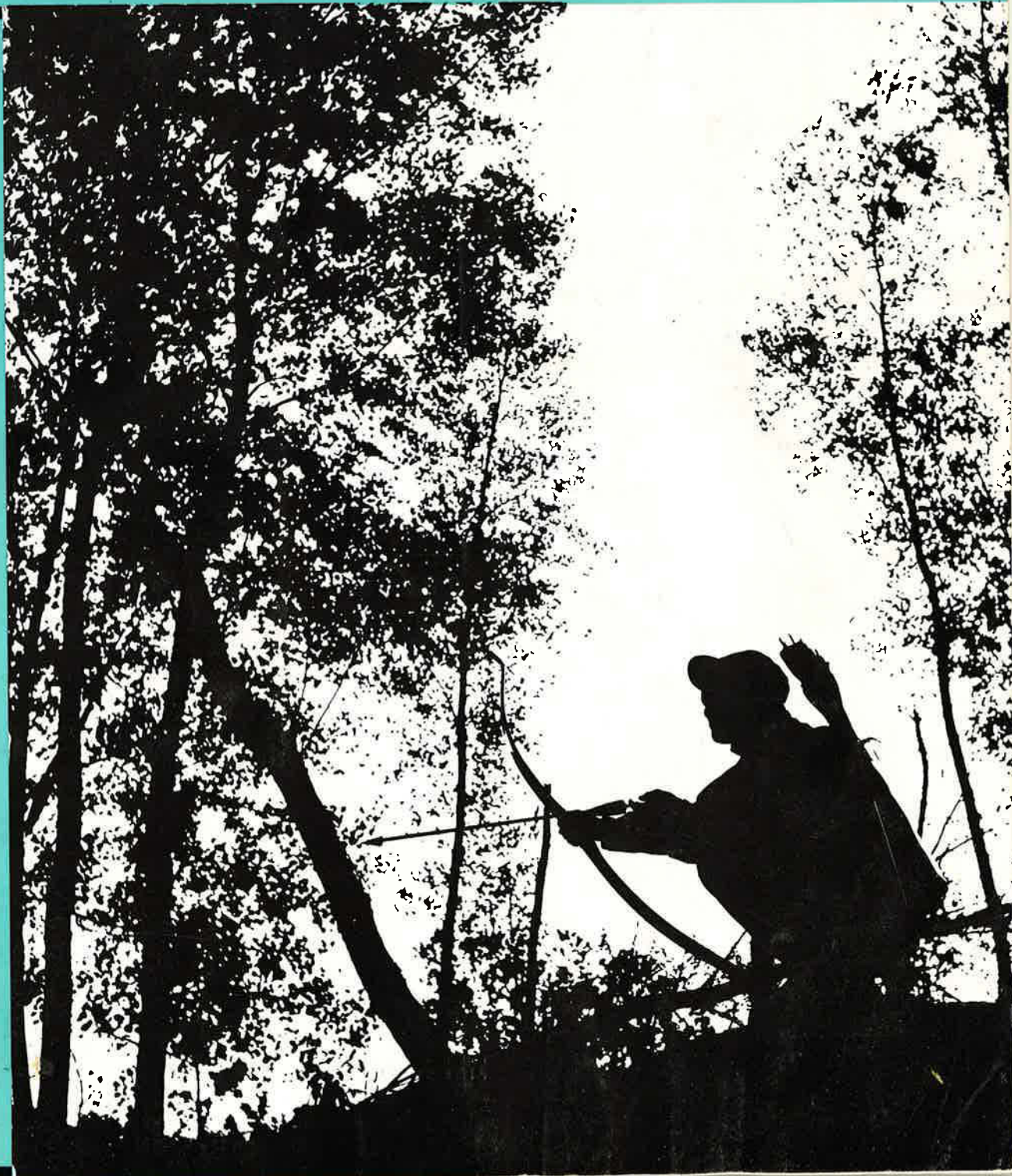
THE
**OPEN ROAD
TO
NEVADA**

— PAGE 28 —

California
Fireman
Gets ...

**RECORD
BLACK
BEAR**

— PAGE 10 —





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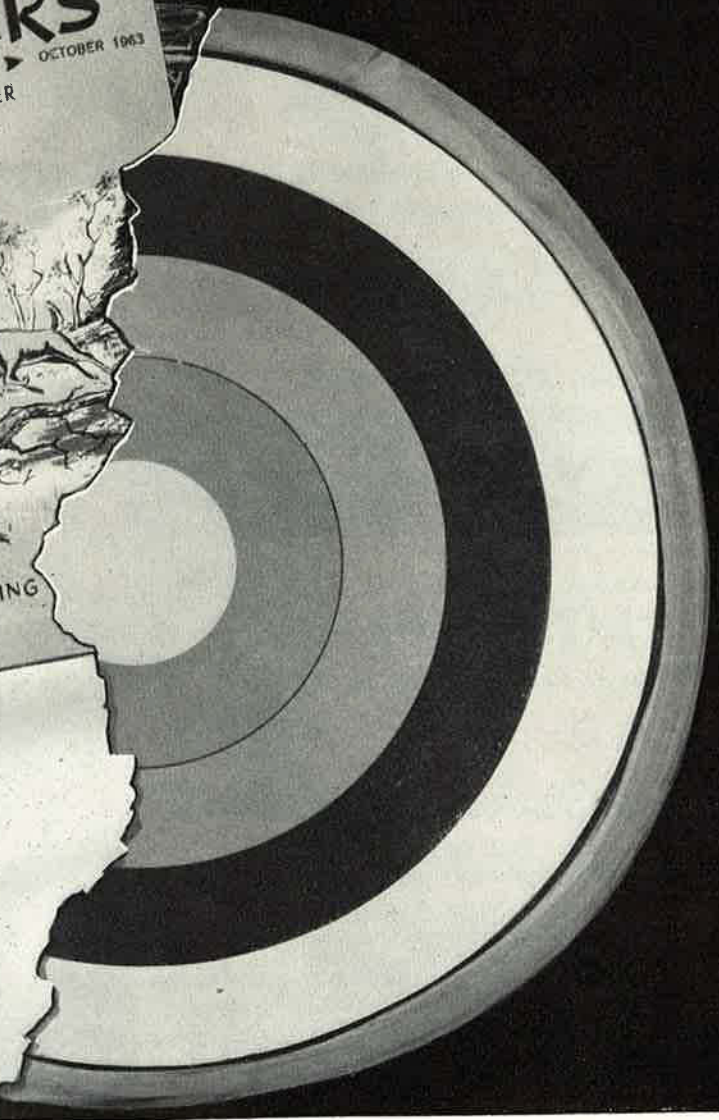
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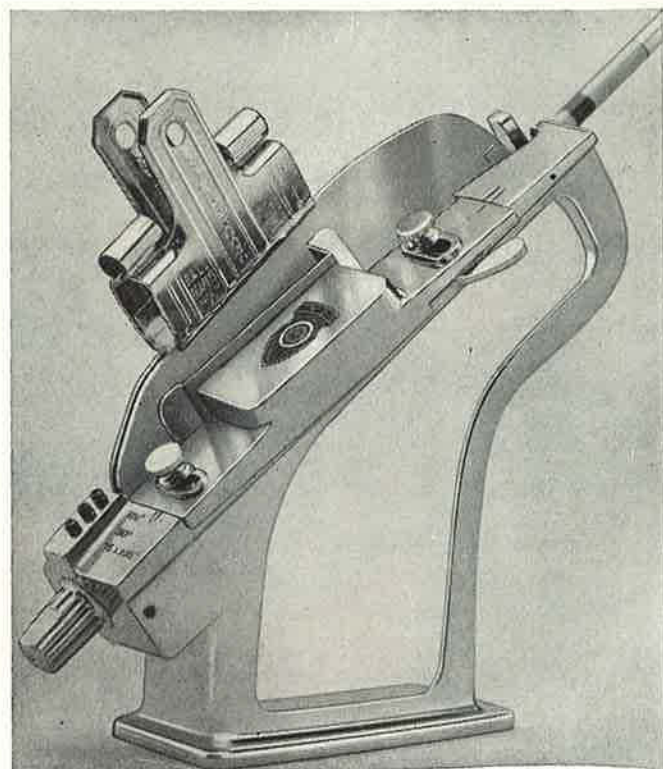
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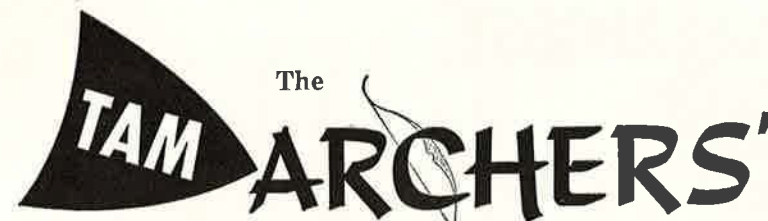
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33 E. Fourth Street, Boyertown, Pa. 19512

Telephone 367-2121 (Area Code 215)

OLYMPIC ARCHERY

*The
Magnificent
Obsession*

THE newspapers last month carried the story: archery is NOT to be included in the 1968 Olympic Games to be held in Mexico City, Mexico.

To put it another way, it will be ANOTHER NINE YEARS before any archery will be a part of the Olympic Games program. Not until 1972, if then, will archers who have zealously defended their eligibility for this precious chance at Olympic honors have a chance to compete.



It has been the long-held dream of some of organized archery's officials, and of some archers, eventually to see archery included in this honorable and honored memorial of sports. The dream has led to nightmares of confusion and contention. It has made of some of our greatest archers outcasts, placing them in the category of professionals, non-amateurs and, at best, archers to be avoided in competition lest they taint the pure.

We must now reasonably question whether the nightmare is worth the dream. We must now question whether archery NOW is to suffer for archery THEN indefinitely. For, let us remember, there is no definite assurance that there will be archery in the Olympic program in 1972! And we must now begin to ask the question: WHY?

Why has archery failed to win a place on the Olympic program? Who is responsible for this failure? Let us find the answers to these questions, and then let us ask what can be done now better to insure the acceptance of archery as an Olympic sport in 1972.

While it will be another nine years—at least—before archers could stand in Olympic competition, there are only another four years before the 1972 program of events is finalized. And this, it would seem, is very little time; there is certainly none to waste, if this long-held dream is to be made reality for 1972.

How long has the dreaming gone on? For well over 10 years! And even 10 years ago the "promise" of archery

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Cover photograph courtesy of
MISSOURI CONSERVATION COMMISSION
Photo by Don Wooldridge

MEMBER OF
AMADA

VOLUME 12 NOVEMBER
NUMBER 11 1963

Published monthly by Archers' Magazine Company, 48 South Reading Avenue, Boyertown, Pa. Subscription price: \$3.00 per year in the United States and \$3.50 per year outside of the United States. Editorial office at 48 South Reading Avenue, Boyertown, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Boyertown, Pa. Neither text nor illustrations may be quoted or used without permission of the publishers.
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in the Olympics was thought to be 95 per cent close to realization. Let us quote from the February 1954 issue of TAM. We find this interesting.

The following is quoted out of context of a letter from Lars Ekegren who, at the time, was general secretary of the FITA. In writing of the "progress" already made toward acceptance of archery by the Olympic Program Committee, Mr. Ekegren wrote:

"The Committee has *once more* suggested archery to be reintroduced as an optional Olympic Sport on the Olympic Program. The final decision will be taken by the International Olympic Committee at their session in Athens, Greece, on May 14-15, 1954. They think that we have got a 95 per cent chance to be accepted this time."

So read Mr. Ekegren's letter. Let us repeat a sentence: They think that we have got a 95 per cent chance to be accepted this time! We must wonder whether we have gained or lost percentage points since that time. We must ask again: What can be done now better to insure the acceptance of archery as an Olympic sport in 1972?

Let there be no doubt of this: we are entirely in accord with the dream of Olympic archery. We hope that THEN will be no later than 1972. But we believe that NOW must be the time for the dream and nightmare to be brought to awakened reality. We believed that the realization of this dream was the responsibility of those organizations and individuals who set themselves in a position of responsibility. Or could there possibly be a better approach to answering the question. . . .

What can be done NOW?

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ARGOSY TAKES A LOOK AT INDOOR ARCHERY

IN the November issue of ARGOSY magazine, there appears one of the best-researched and best-written articles on automated indoor archery lanes which has yet appeared anywhere. It is informative and interesting. It is written with restraint and regard for the fact that this is a new business, although it is an aspect of a very old sport, and is therefore to be looked upon as a venture which may or may not be "the answer" to the archery-explosion so long predicted and promised.

We admit to some prejudice in commenting on the ARGOSY article. We were privileged to provide the photographs which accompany this article. We introduced a staff member of that magazine to the first major installation of lanes in the Eastern United States. We spent some time in acquainting that staff member with the "history" of the development of automated indoor archery lanes, immodestly mentioning our own, let us say, prehistoric connection with the concept. But we invite TAM's readers to read the ARGOSY article and judge for themselves the excellence of presentation.

This is the first major "break-through" of automated indoor archery lanes in a major, general-interest magazine. Pictures and pages of text will be read by a wider "public" than has heretofore been exposed to this new development of our sport. We believe this may well excite the interest of thousands of non-archers to "take a look" at archery indoors, and we believe it possible they may be interested enough to continue on to archery outdoors and to close association with established archery and archers.

It is not enough that The Archers' Magazine, and others in the same field, "advertise" archery to present archers. Too long have the established magazines and organizations of archery been telling themselves "all about archery" and keeping it to themselves. It is time overdue that our magazines and our associations bring the good news to those countless millions who have never heard of us either as archers, magazines, organizations or manufacturers of archery.

(Continued on Page 33)

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Arrows Fly at Seventh Annual Pennsylvania Bowhunters' Festival

Here's Pretty **DONNA LEE RAU**, Festival Queen, Preparing To Fire An Arrow Toward The Cameraman

Story and other Photos on following Pages



118 CLUBS REPRESENTED AT SULLIVAN COUNTY SHOOT



DAVE KEAGGY, JR. is a picture of perfection as he sights his target. Young Dave celebrated his 16th birthday anniversary during the festival.

Three-Day Event

Attracts

1,454 Archers

When archers talk about festivals, they usually have one spot in mind . . . Forksville . . . a tiny backwoods community of 131 persons in Pennsylvania's Sullivan County.

Why Forksville? Simply because this northeastern brush country town along beautiful Loyalsock Creek is the site of what has come to be known as the biggest participation archery event in the nation—the Pennsylvania Bowhunters' Festival.

How has it become the biggest? By offering a program for archers that has kept pace with the increased interest in the booming sport, explain the sponsoring Sul-Buck Bowmen of Sullivan County.

Exactly 1,454 male and female archers from nine different states turned out for the 3-day seventh annual festival last Sept. 20-22, the largest group in its history. The families of archers and visitors easily pushed the overall attendance toward the 5,000 mark this year.

Drawing registrants from 118 clubs to the county fairgrounds was a program including shooting competition, wild boar and coon hunts, varmint calling, animal target shooting, shooting exhibitions by amateur and professional champions, a queen contest, camp living, archery movies, big feeds, and square dancing—something for everybody, actually.

Best represented of the 118 clubs was the Susquehanna Bowmen of nearby Williamsport, Pa., which had 44 archers on hand for the 3 days of activity.

It was activity that got under way quickly despite a rainy Friday evening, with registrants smacking down their \$3 fee. All proceeds, incidentally, are donated to charity by the sponsors.

The archers bantered among each other as they pitched tents nearby and parked trailers on the grounds, then grabbed their tackle to fire at the mechanical running deer on the lighted field and 90 coon re-



SOME OF THE 1,454 archers registered for the festival take aim at the mechanical running deer on the fairgrounds.

leased for their hunting pleasure.

The coons were luckier than most of the bowmen. Only 28 varmints were downed that night. The archers took off after another 115 coon Saturday night.

Arrows flew fast and thick Saturday morning when 4 wild boars shipped from the Jacksonville, Fla., Livestock Auction Company were released into the woods and tracked by about 550 hunters.

The boars weren't as lucky as the coons, however. All 4 were bagged within a few hours.

Two animal target courses are quite popular at Forksville. Set up in the woods, one course features 28 different actual-size stuffed animals, while the other offers 14 similar targets, with the archers taking a turn at each in competition to determine high scores.

As soon as this phase of the activity ended, master of ceremonies Clayton Shenk, of Lancaster, Pa., president of the National Archery Association, issued a call

for the "girl-watchers" to gather near the grandstand.

Before you could give out with a turkey call, the area was packed with eye-bulging bowmen whose strict attention was directed on Carole Meinhart, of Pittsburgh.

Having recently turned professional after 12 years as a high-ranking amateur, the 1957 world's woman champion put on a shooting exhibition that popped the bowmen's eyes even more than her good looks. The amiable Carole was mobbed by archers wanting to say hello once she finished shooting. Carole also shot Sunday.

More eye-popping beauty followed Carole to the shooting stand—a 2-seated picnic table about 4 feet high—in the person of 7 attractive young ladies vying for the title of festival queen. What a fete this was for the lucky gents on hand.

Winning the honor was 22-year-old Donna Lee Rau, whose home address, coincidentally, is no other than 8632 DEER Lane, Philadelphia. The crowd roared

when Donna, a member of the Pennypack Woods Archery Club, mentioned her address.

The new queen, selected on the basis of her shooting ability, beauty, personality, and poise, was crowned by Patty Sibley, the 1962 winner, from the Benton (Pa.) Archery Club.

Donna was thrilled about her prizes—a gold medal and a week's vacation for 2 at Eagles Mere, a famous resort in Northeastern Pennsylvania, not far from the festival grounds.

Following Donna in the queen contest was runner-up Marie Maslar, 19, of Olyphant, Pa., a member of Black Diamond Archers, and Judy Drexler, 21, of Saylorsburg, Pa., of the Blue Ridge Bowhunters Club. As part of her duties, the new queen cut the shirt-tails of a few male archers who volunteered for the "honor."

When the whooping and hollering over the new queen subsided, another type of hollering began—varmint calling.

Winners of these fun-filled events were "Hollering" Louis Horwath, of Hellertown, Pa., top fox caller; Lawrence Frey, of Shunk, Pa., best deer caller, and Edward Cox, best turkey gobbler.

This being the space age, an archery "first" was performed at the festival when two bowmen of Emmaus, Pa., fired "the first arrow into orbit."

The "missile" didn't make it, however, falling to earth with a noisy "boom" supplied by other club entertainers hidden in the background. The Emmaus Club put on a good program of entertainment prior

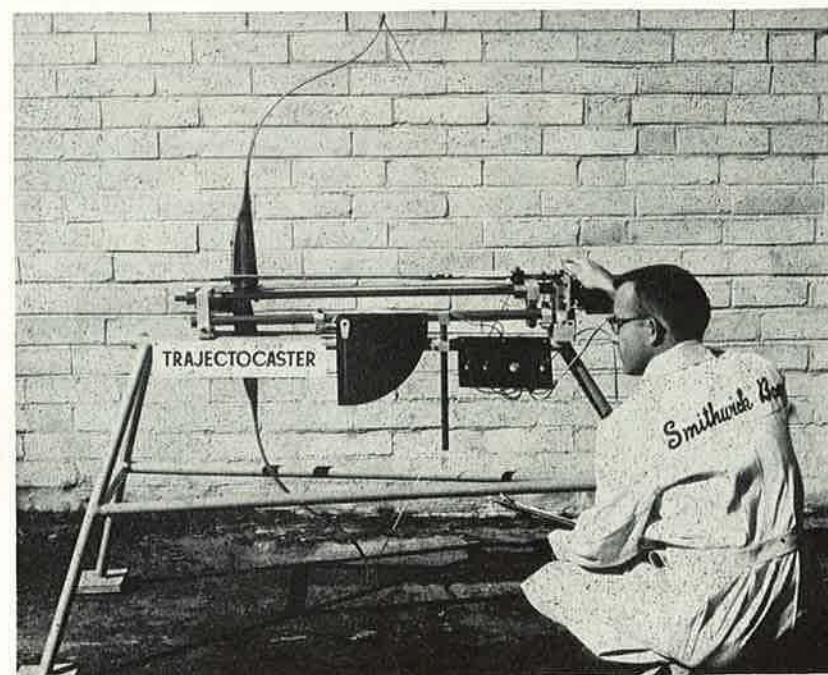
to some fun-raising square dancing Saturday night.

Four more wild pigs were released from captivity soon after the last church bell rang Sunday morning, last day of the festival.

About 600 hunters took off on the drive this time, with all being brought back as trophies and hung near the grandstand except one.

At last report, that native of Florida was still running loose, probably joining one not yet caught from the 1962 hunt, according to Richard L. Dobson, chief of

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AMONG OTHERS sporting some colorful garb at the festival was Edwin Crissy, a Philadelphia archer, who posed proudly—goatee and all—for the camera bugs.



THEY START 'EM young at Forksville. Here, wearing camouflage, Robert E. Lee, Jr.—that's his name, believe it or not—watches the action with his young daughter. The namesake of the Civil War general hails from Danville, Pa.



ARCHERS DISCUSS FESTIVAL—Dave Keaggy, Jr. (left), Bunny Maikat, Judy Jastremski and George Slinzer get together for conversation after the foursome put on a shooting exhibition.

police at nearby Dushore, who trucked the vicious 160-pound beasts from the south.

The boar hunters, incidentally, had more luck this year than last. They bagged the 8 boars caught this year. Archers only got 4 of the 7 4½-foot long beasts released in 1962. Two were shot later during the hunting season, and the seventh, of course, is still running loose.

Attention Sunday afternoon was focused on another exhibition by Carole Meinhart, Dave Keaggy, Jr., George Slinzer, of Luzerne, Pennsylvania male champion; Mrs. Judy Jastremski, of Plains, Pennsylvania female champ, and 14-year-old Bunny Maikat, of Vandergift, Pennsylvania junior champion and national field junior champion.

There was a surprise in store for young Keaggy, whose dad is author of "Power Archery." Clayton Shenk and other festival officials managed to come up with a birthday cake when they learned the national amateur archery champion was celebrating his 16th birthday anniversary at the festival.

Dave was as overjoyed with the gesture as with his third place finish at the world's

championship shoot in Helsinki last summer.

Although only a teen-ager, this young Detroiter is a man when he holds a bow in his hands. The lad who took the 1963 NAA Men's championship with a 3568 scoring total at the U.C.L.A. campus just months ago, showed the crowd how he did it.

A 6-footer, young Dave is a picture of confidence as he pulls from his quiver, knocks his arrow on his bow, draws, anchors, sight, and fires at his target.

Wham! Dave was repeatedly in the gold or close to it, firing from a stand at Saunder's targets about 45 yards away. He received a great hand from the on-lookers, including many camera-clutching non-archers who journeyed from Williamsport—the home of Little League Baseball, 30 miles south—to watch him perform.

Beautiful concentration was shown by Bunny Maikat—a beauty herself—as she took her turn on the stand. Pert Bunny scored well, shooting at targets 25 and 45 yards away.

An extra treat was the appearance of the Pennsylvania champs, George Slinzer and

Judy Jastremski, who won their titles at the tournament in New Castle a week earlier.

Both belong to the Wyoming Valley Archery Club, and their victories in the 18th annual state event, marked the first time in Pennsylvania history that the dual championship was taken by members of the same club, it was reported.

Judy fired a 491 field, 494 hunter, and 510 big game scores to whip defending champ Celia Walters by 211 points. Judy uses a 20-pound bow and said she wears contact lenses. They sure don't bother her shooting, as the folks at Forksville can attest.

Slinzer, stricken by polio as a child, copped his first title after 6 years of trying. Using a 36-pound bow, he scored 14 points more than Jack Sheridan, of New Castle, defending champ.

Judy, a receptionist, said she practices 6 days a week. Her husband doesn't mind. He's an archer too, and got Judy started in the sport.

"It was either take it up myself, or become an archery widow," she kidded.

Winning the respect of the crowd, all these young champions put on excellent exhibitions, interspersed with good-natured kidding between them and the jibes of Schenk, acting as master of ceremonies, describing their hits, and pointing out their personal habits of bowmanship.

It left most archers and visitors promising themselves that they'll remember little Forksville when it's time for the 1964 festival—scheduled for Sept. 18-20 in the same little community of 131 residents. Make your plans now.



PART OF THE large crowd of archers and visitors look on as Bunny Maikat concentrates on her target while standing on a picnic bench.

BEAR



California Fireman Gets U.S.A. Record Black Bear With Two Arrows

BLACK BEAR



CLARKE MERRILL, Los Angeles County fireman, proudly sits on the hide of the largest black bear to be killed with bow and arrow in the USA. It took two arrows and some six hours to skin it out. The skin measures out to 9x8 feet. Clarke has seven deer and three javelina to his credit and has been hunting for eight years.

Clarke Merrill, 31, a Los Angeles fireman, has his eye on the American record for the largest black bear ever killed in the United States with a bow and arrow.

Merrill is president of the well known Silver Arrows, a hunting club made up of some of Southern Calif.'s. best bowmen.

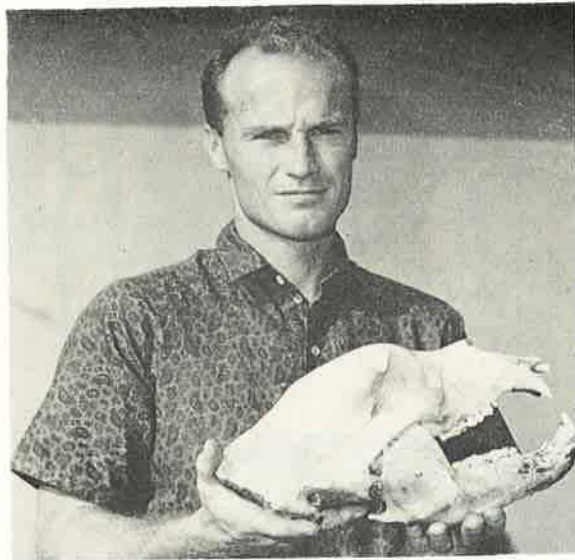
The size of Clarke's black bear skull indicates it is the largest one ever killed by an arrow in this country, and it comes mighty close to the largest ever bagged in the world by an archer.

While deer hunting in the High Sierras near Mammoth Mountain with a few club members who were combing a large mountain area for deer, the bear suddenly came out of the brush. At first Clarke couldn't believe his eyes at the immense size of the animal. The bear spotted Clarke at about the same time and growled.

Merrill's first arrow *at 20 yards* penetrated into the back part of the rib cage. The bear charged; Clarke moved quickly to his left to get behind a large boulder, and, as he moved, he grabbed for his second arrow from his bow quiver, only to have the arrow slip from his fingers! He managed to nock his third arrow, came around from the other side of the big rock, and arrowed the bear in the chest from the other side.

Then, as Clarke tells it, "The bear ran downhill about 20 yards and, to my amazement, collapsed on the spot." The bear was such a large one that four men, Clarke and his three companions, couldn't roll him over. "So," he says, "we just started skinning the animal as he lay there, and it took all of us six hours just to skin him out."

After he was skinned, it took a mighty heave from two men of the party just to get the *hide* onto Merrill's back



CLARKE MERRILL holds skull of record black bear.

and tied down for the two-mile haul back to camp! Later, it took two trips just to haul out the meat. This, certainly, was a BEAR!

The record for black bears is awarded according to the combined length and width of their skulls. Merrill said that his bear's skull measures 20 and fourteen-sixteenths inches long. The world's record for archers is 21 inches, killed in Canada a few years ago.

He will let the skull sit for 60 days and then officially submit it for the record book. It was estimated that the bear weighed well over 500 pounds.

This trophy bear was bagged on Sept. 7 when Merrill, Ralph Wingert, Dick Glielmi and Jere Blaylock were off on a deer hunting trip. Some bears were known to be in the area, but no one expected to get a shot at any of them. This is how Clarke tells about the unexpected:

"I was going along a trail that was pretty level and the next thing I knew there was a bear coming up. My hunting partner, Ralph, was lower in the canyon and must have flushed him up to me. I was about 20 yards away when I first spotted him. The first arrow hit him a little too far back and he came at me. The second arrow I dropped because we put cooking oil on all our arrows to make them penetrate better and it was just too slippery to hold. The third arrow in the chest finished him."

With a quarter-ton of wounded black bear running loose, it's just as well that that third arrow in the chest finished him off, otherwise this story might have had a different ending.

For the record, Clarke was using a 53# Bear Kodiak Special which is three years old, a Bear Bow Quiver, and Bodkin broadheads on 2018 Easton aluminum shafts. Ralph Wingert, of Pacific Archery Co., Merrill's hunting partner and the fellow who flushed up the bear, was the man who had fletched (three-feather helical) the shafts Clarke was using.

The moral of this story:

To score on a trophy black bear, go deer hunting.

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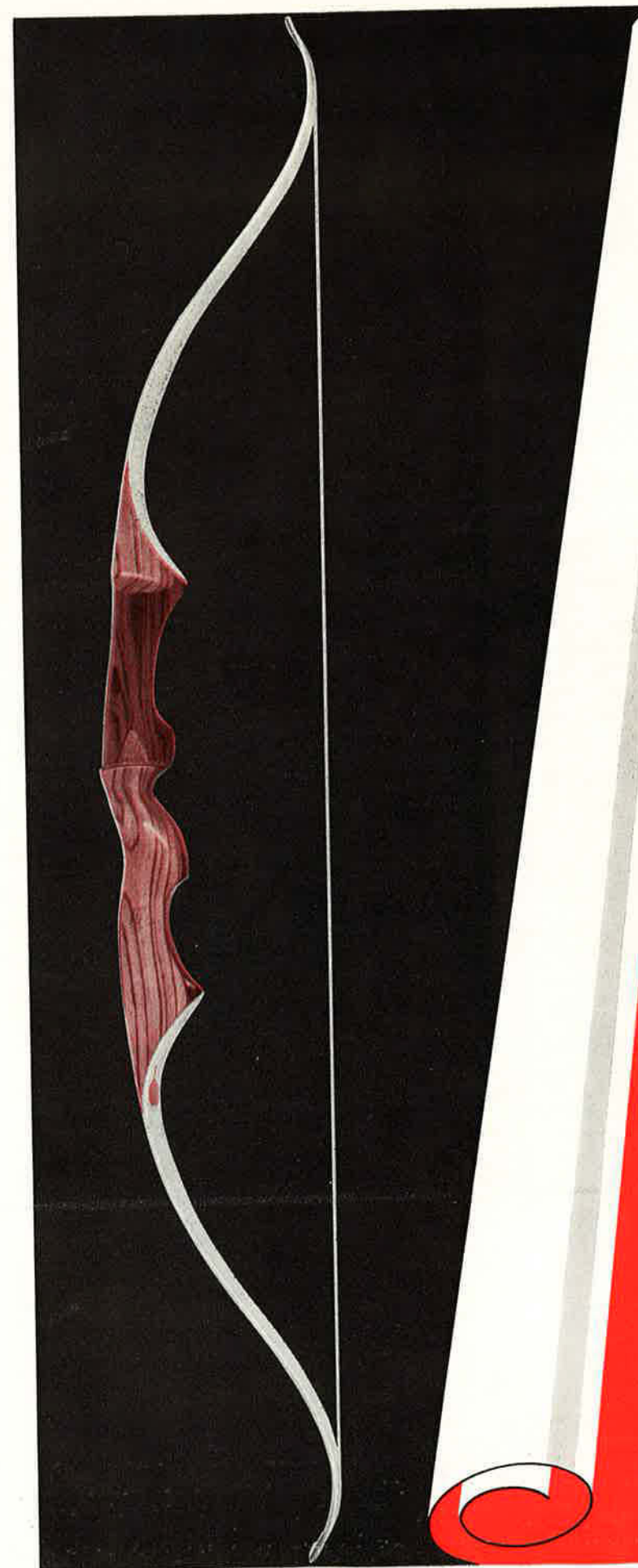
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Bowhunting . . .

Afield and Astream

by
HOWARD SIGLER

SOME of us were not lucky enough to snag our buck through the first few days of the season, so our on-edge tautness has begun to wear off and we're ready to settle down to business.

The term "lucky" might have been ill chosen, however, since the end may have come far too soon to satisfy the long-anticipated beginning. Downing a deer on the first morning makes the hunter rather a big shot within his immediate clan, around the local barber shop or wherever hunters gather and the faint aroma of envy drifts freely with the pipe smoke, but glory is not without sacrifice. After the tumult and shouting dies and fanfare is replaced by "so what," a few scattered hunters stand alone, looking wistfully down the corridors of the season which lie beckoningly ahead, filled with breathless dawns and anxious sunsets, awaiting those unfortunates, the "unlucky" ones.

I am nearly always among those poor souls who must continue on into the dim, misty dawns, feeling the crunch of frosty grass underfoot in the deer meadows, hearing the rustle of yet unidentified leaf movement in some lost, shadowy glade, seeing the torn up earth and deep hoof scrapings where a heavy horned gladiator has declared his importance. These are but a few of the hardships which our lucky buddies, comfy and lonely there at home by the fire, will not have to face. However, since we must endure them, perhaps clear through the season, let's think about late season hunting and reminisce a little.

As is true in some of the other states, here in West Virginia the bow and arrow season for deer (bear and turkey) opens on the same day as the gun season for squirrel, grouse and turkey and stretches

on until the end of the year. By reason of the gunners, I usually spend the first few intense mornings at varied deer crossings, hoping the squirrel-seekers will spook a trophy toward me. Then I settle down to routine hunting, after the first flurry of gunfire has dwindled.

Over the years, however, the early season bucks have mostly gone their solitary ways in other directions from my stands. As in one instance, three does spilled over a ridge at almost mid-day, swung around the hill and were practically in my lap, while the buck, tailing them about 50 yards, stopped on the ridge top then came boiling around the opposite side of the rim so I could see only his back and antlers at intervals. He didn't have an inkling of my presence but, due to the still heavy foliage, wanted to travel as long as possible where he could keep tab on the squirrel hunters who had spooked the herd to start with.

Late season hunting, with most or all leaves off the hardwoods, makes for more touchy stalking and still-hunting, but to offset this, the whitetail tribe has begun using the winter trails again and this cuts the hunter's margin of error considerably in choosing his hunting location. To this end, in new territory he must look for probable "funnels" of game movement or trails from one area, hollow or valley to another.

On familiar ground, this amounts to checking out the old favorites to see whether or not they are in use during the current period. One of my crossings, a standby for years, strangely idle this past season, except for sporadic tracks apparently made at night and to no particular purpose other than just going through. Since everything else was equal, the only logical cause for this sudden change was

the absence of fruit in a small grove of persimmon trees a short distance from the crossing.

Food and convenient, sheltered bedding areas, along with the rut, govern deer travel in late fall to a greater extent than through the lush summer months. If the hunter is simply seeking "a deer" he should concentrate on the former two conditions, still-hunting or choosing his stand location along trails leading to and from these areas. While bucks may travel these same trails both early in the season and during mating time, November usually finds the rut in full swing with the buck fooling around individual does or small herds only if he thinks it is worth his while. Consequently his lines or circles of travel will be along the main trails downwind of the bedding and/or feeding coverts, often hundreds of yards away.

Two years ago, I became acquainted with one particular buck quite well—from a distance with binoculars. Like most old



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hands at the business, he was a night owl, leaving his daytime haunts just before dusk when it was both illegal and too dark to shoot. He bedded in a small patch of timber slashing where a daytime stalk was clearly out of the question and, afraid he might change to another location, I only bothered him on one occasion. One afternoon, thinking to spook him along one of his evening exit trails, I had a couple of squirrel hunters work slowly through the slashing, while I stationed myself where he frequently crossed the ridge about dark. That time, he didn't take to any trail but headed for the open fields, as is the case with many farmland bucks during gunning season. Apparently they feel safer with plenty of visibility around them. He stayed clear of that slashing for two days, so I didn't bother him again until just before gun season, when I invaded his little domain in a do-or-die, last resort effort to "save" him from a bullet. It was foolish, for the leaves were crisp dry and I didn't have a chance since he knew that little patch of cover like I know the back of my hand. Three days later, he was clobbered by a .30-06—out in mid-field again.

The two weeks I knew this buck contributed to my education. He was found

to regularly use the trails I had picked out for my stands and blind locations and just because he chose to run them at night instead of daytime in no way detracted from their value. One morning, a freshly horned sapling appeared not 20 yards from my tree stand, near where I had sprinkled a few drops of Joe Cononie's deer lure the afternoon before. During the rutting season, there's always a chance of a love-lorn buck traipsing these main trails anytime, day or night, so it's usually good to stick with a good location and not become fidgetty over what may or may not be going on across the next hill. Ten to one there's no more activity there than where you are—and, whenever you decide to move on, remember that these are the days of the long look and you may do yourself more damage by moving than by staying still.

Almost any of the main trails will produce does, if given time. One muggy morning last season, two appeared in the path at the edge of the woods only a little while after I had climbed to my tree stand. The Polar platform was located some 10 feet of the ground in a small patch of woods bordering a low gap in a long ridge and most of the deer in that section passed through it when using the

natural crossing to and from the next valley. Quickly glassing the animals as they meandered out the trail toward me, neither were found to be spikes, but I got into semi-shooting position anyway, hoping a buck might be trailing them somewhere back in the overgrown field they had just left. Two eight-pointers were in the neighborhood, for only a few days before I had watched them with binocs as they stood on opposite hillsides, far down the hollow, snorting and making faces at each other as if whitetail fisticuffs were building up.

The does drifted through the nearly leafless woods, stopping occasionally to look around and nosing among the leaves for acorns. Nothing showed behind them. Only the day before my wife, Aleen, asked if I would shoot a doe if a real good, hard-to-turn-down opportunity came long and I said I didn't know. (I never have—yet!) This had the makings of a moment of truth.

They were nearly of a size, apparently a young doe and her first fawn, and I kept wondering if I did shoot one of them, which would it be. Upon nearing my tree, the doe angled slightly uphill and came to a stop squarely in front of me only some 10 yards away. I could easily pick out the

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ribs to put the Black Copperhead between, though by now I knew I wouldn't shoot either of them.

The second deer came directly toward the base of my tree and walked almost directly beneath the platform. One step and I could have landed neatly astride the unsuspecting animal.

"Deer never look up"—many experts tell you that, though others are more cautious and say "rarely"—so there I stood, high in the air, god-like and serene, with the decision of life or death to a major woods creature absolutely mine. The Cheetah remained idle in my hand — though I noticed the tip of the broadhead quivering slightly . . .

The one under me stopped, stretching her neck and gently sniffed the ground at the bottom of the tree where my Cononiescented boots had left a trail. Then, without any hesitation, she raised her head and *looked me squarely in the eyes!* Strangely, I almost laughed aloud, for it surely cut the limb off behind those who had gone out on it to say "never" instead of "rarely."

Maybe she didn't know what I was, but "it" was something that shouldn't be up there, so she took a couple of jumps and landed up beside the older doe. They stood nervously a few moments, then went on up behind a big oak, where I could see their heads bobbing like a couple of women talking things over. Then they drifted off into the brush some 50 yards away, where they nosed around and browsed for perhaps 15 minutes before drifting on toward the ridge crossing. The "lucky" ones miss out on experiences such as this.

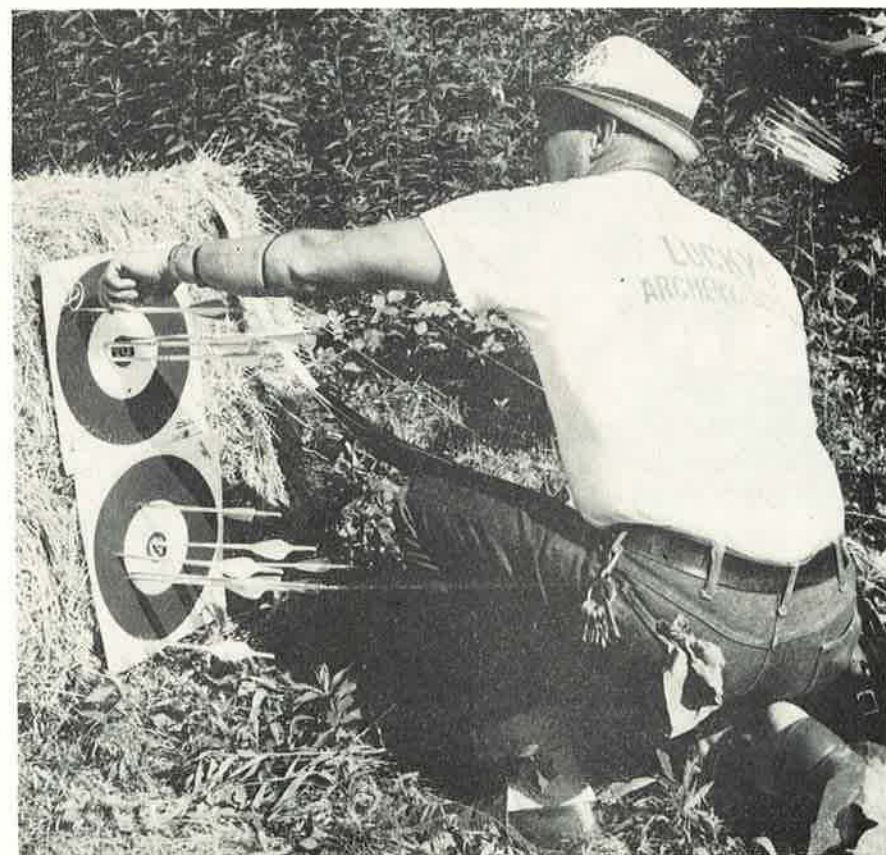
If it is planned to hunt the same territory through both the early and late fall,

placement of the tree stand or blind should take into consideration how the woods will look when the leaves are down. For three stands, I prefer a medium sized scrub pine, the needles and branches of which will break up my silhouette through any season. Or, if nothing but hardwoods are in the desirable vicinity, two trees close together are preferable to a single one for the same reason. Convenient limbs or rung-like lengths of saplings nailed to the tree are necessary to make easy mounting to the platform. And, by all means, do not trim off all the small limbs until you try out the stand and see which ones will be needed. One very necessary one is to hang your bow upon while climbing up to the platform. It should be accessible from the ground as well as from above. Then, a second is most helpful to hang it on during the hours of waiting, though it must be within easy reach with a minimum of movement. Especially in hill country, a tree stand does not necessarily permit more movement by the hunter than if he stood on the ground. To all purposes you are still on the ground to a deer looking downhill, unless you are exceedingly high —and that's too high to be practical with a bow.

(Continued on Page 19)



BE SURE TO have a handy peg on which to hang your bow while climbing to the tree stand. To get up or down quickly and noiselessly marks an efficient stand.



HE WHO SHOOTs the summertime tournaments has a better chance in the fall woods. Bill Myers, of Parkersburg, W. Va., shooting in the Mt. Pleasant (W. Va.) Centennial Tournament, pulls one arrow which wouldn't have hit a deer's heart.

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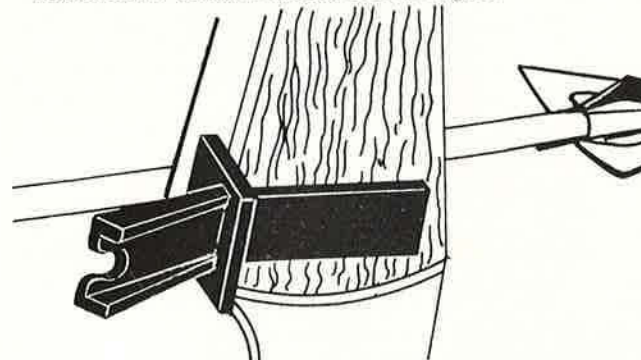
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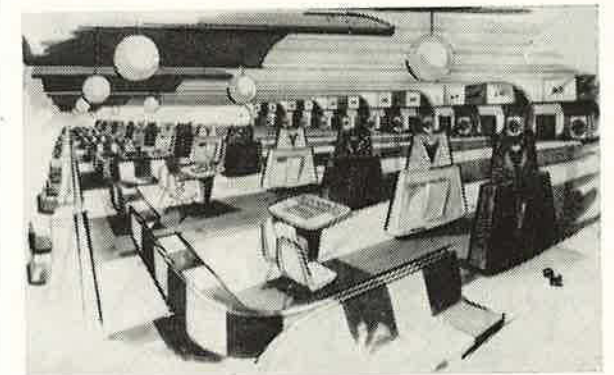
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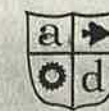
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1ST WORLD-WIDE TOURNAMENT

It's over, and the results are in for the first TAM World-Wide Crossbow Tournament.

Unfortunately, we cannot yet picture the awards which will be given, but we can announce the winners and list the scores-results. First, however, we must make some general remarks.

While we had hoped for and expected a larger number of contestants and on a "world-wide" scale, we cannot be completely dissatisfied at the smaller number of registrants and the fact that only two countries were represented in this competition.

We find we are not "disappointed" after all, and we thank TAM for opening the way to pleasant associations and contacts, and new friendship in archery's "Crossbow Corner."

The contest really came down to the meeting of only two associations: the British Crossbow Society and The National Crossbowmen. The winning team was the BCS Team No. 1, with a fine total score 122 points above the second-place team. Our British cousins also topped us in the total number of contestants entered. But we can salve our wounds with this: in totaling the individual scores, we discovered that The National Crossbowmen (USA) were ahead by *one* point in this calculation. It doesn't "count" for anything, but we can take some measure of comfort from this interesting result.

The competition was based on a single American Round, shot at the regular distances but, of course, on the half-size targets used by crossbowmen. With this in mind, we feel that the 750 score by Stanley Turner of the BCS is more than

noteworthy and will serve to acquaint "longbow" archers with inherent accuracy of the "precision" weapon which is the crossbow. Now let us list the scores-results.

Individual Scores

MEN:

	Hits	Score	Gold
1. Stanley Turner, BCS 90	750	62	
"Rose Cottage" Old Tupton Derby Road Chesterfield, England <i>Perfects 2 @ 40</i>			
2. Karl Traudt, TNC 90	686	39	
1708 S.W. Fifth Street Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.			
3. L. Bakewell, BCS 90	676	38	
"Montrose" Laburnam Close Creswell Nr. Worksop Notts, England			
4. F. King, BCS 90	670	36	
22 Smillie Road Rossington, Doncaster Yorks, England			
5. C. Zent Garber, TNC 90	664	34	
531 Standish Road Teaneck, N.J. <i>Perfects 1 @ 50</i>			
6. Paul Eytel, TNC 90	660	35	
41 Desna Street New Market, N.J.			
7. G. Clark, BCS 90	634	34	
Rose Nurseries, Old Tupton Derby Road Chesterfield, England			
8. Carl Burgermeister, TNC 90	598	23	
1322 Fillmore Street Hollywood, Fla.			

9. Leo Williams, TNC .. 88	586	27
1412-8th Ave. Dr. W. Bradenton, Fla.		
10. F. Lawrence, BCS 86	580	21
8 Rufford Ave., Edwinstowe North Hansfield Notts, England		
11. Henry Knecht, TNC 90	578	18
530 Palmetto Road New Port Richey, Fla.		
12. Robert Rees, TNC 89	577	17
North Congress Street, New Port Richey, Fla.		
13. E. C. Baldwin, BCS 85	541	17
"Mirramar" Trinity Avenue, Southend- on-Sea, Essex, Eng.		

WOMEN:

1. Mrs. J. Worth, BCS .. 88	570	18
11 Tennyson Avenue Creswell nr Worksop Notts, England		
2. Mrs. F. Brumble, TNC 90	544	19
3658 Epworth Ave. Cincinnati 11, Ohio		
3. Mrs. H. Healy, BCS 83	471	13
Calverton nr Nottingham England		

* * *

CADETS:

1. Master P. Beach (10) BCS 66	293	5
39 Elmton Road, nr Worksop Notts, England		

Total Individual Scores:

Adults: The National Crossbowmen	4893
British Crossbow Society	4892
Cadets: British Crossbow Society	293

Team Scores

1. British Crossbow Society Team No. 1

Stanley Turner	750
Les Bakewell	676
F. King	670
G. Clarke	634

Total 2730

* * *

2. The National Crossbowmen Team No. 1

Karl Traudt	686
Dr. C. Zent Garber	664
Paul Eytel	660
Carl Burgermeister	598

Total 2608

* * *

3. The National Crossbowmen Team No. 2

Leo Williams	586
Henry Knecht	578
Robert Rees	577
Mrs. F. D. Brumble	544

Total 2285

4. British Crossbow Society

Team No. 2

F. Lawrence	580
Mrs. J. Worth	570
E. C. Baldwin	541
Mrs. H. Healey	471

Total 2162

* * *

And now a word from TAM.

While we are to some extent disappointed with the small response to this tournament, we are happy that the BCS and TNC found pleasant associations and contacts, and new friendships, by way of our efforts in their interests.

In our December issue we will picture the awards to be made, and these will be sent on promptly for proper distribution to the winners. We hope now that the future may find greater development of interest, nationally and internationally in the crossbow, and that we may then find cause to sponsor a larger, better tournament.

To the winners and the "workers" who so faithfully attempted to make this a pleasant and profitable event, TAM's congratulations.

Sigler . . .

(Continued from Page 16)

If possible, do all your stand (and blind) building well ahead of time, especially if you must do much chopping, nailing, etc. Should time be at a premium, select a tree which may be climbed easily without tearing up the scenery while fixing it. Don't litter the ground with foreign objects, avoid leaving human scent as much as possible, go directly to the tree and leave it in the same manner without any commotion. Most important of all, try drawing from the platform in all directions and be sure to know your limit of full draw in relation to the vertical angle. In other words, at what point almost under you can you NOT make a satisfactory draw?

As a parting shot, did you ever wonder how you could answer a minor call of nature from a tree stand without either coming down or scenting up the ground underneath? It's simple—just go ahead! Then, take out that bottle of skunk essence you probably have with you anyway and carefully drop three or four drops on the immediate area. That'll take care of everything! The same Joe Cononic, up in Beavertdale, Pa., still has that skunk dope. Good hunting!



CROSSBOW TOURNAMENT WINNER—Stanley Turner, who won top honors in TAM's World-Wide Crossbow Team Tournament, stands before the Major Oak in Sherwood Forest which, tradition says, is the tree which may have sheltered Robin Hood and his merry men. Stanley shot a phenomenal 750 American Round to beat the American mark of 746 set by Paul Eytel at Oxford, Ohio, in 1955.



H. R. (DUTCH) WAMBOLD

"BOWHUNTING WITH THE DUTCHMAN"

The TRUTH About Pin Cushion Deer

screw-on-type heads, and a few archers who pin their heads to the shaft. However, the majority fall into the category of heads attached and held on the shaft by means of a cement.

When such constructed arrows are sticking in the anatomy of a whitetail deer, they are subjected to many things which collectively make it almost impossible for the arrow to remain intact for any appreciable amount of time.

(1) A shaft which is protruding from the body of a deer, regardless of what part of this arrow is inside the body, is subject to contact with brush, tree trunks, and thicket whenever the deer is moving. It also comes in contact with the ground at any time that the deer beds to rest. If the hit is superficial in nature, and the deer does not bed for long periods of time, chances are that the outer portion of the shaft will have been broken off within several hours after the hit was made.

(2) From the moment the arrow has imbedded itself in living tissue and muscle, the body fluids which counteract the irritation of the wound start working. Should such a deer bed within an hour after such a hit is made, and remain bedded for the next six hours, chances are that the shaft will have popped out of the body, leaving only the hunting head imbedded in the tissue. The body fluids start the moment that head enters, and in a short time will soften the cement that holds the shaft in the socket of the head.

An arrow which although it presents some discomfort to the deer will receive the same attention as a sore, or some annoying tick would . . . the deer will if possible get to the shaft, and attempt to pull it out. If the head has penetrated well into tissue or muscle, or bone as the case many times is, attempts to pull the shaft out may meet with no success. But you can bet your last dollar on the fact that after a period of several hours by which time the body fluids have had a chance to work on the socket of the head, this shaft can be pulled with little effort on the part of the deer!

If the arrow is sticking in a part of the body which can be reached by the powerful hind legs of the whitetail, a rapid series of strokes by such a hind leg will shear the wooden shaft off as clean as a machete.

Hits made in muscular parts, such as the hind leg, are thrown out in many cases due to the action while running or walking. I shot a fork-horn one season during the first fifteen minutes of the opening morning. It was a rainy, foggy morning that year, and although legal shooting time was already ten minutes old, I had a hard time seeing anything at a distance of more than 30 to 40 yards.

Working my way along the edge of a clearing, I would pause now and then and step to the edge of the brushy cover to look out into the open for a possible late feeder. Within a short time I came upon several deer still busy eating in the prolonged overcast. The deer closest to me stood at about 40 yards, and presented a broadside profile. Although the outline of the entire body was blurred in the heavy rainfall and fog, I had the advantage of a shot which allowed all the time I wanted to take.

I came to full draw, and when my arrow was held on the center of the lung area, I released the shaft. At the very moment that the arrow left my bow the deer took two quick steps forward for the next mouthful. I heard the "thwunk" of my arrow hitting the deer, and the surprised "poof" of the deer verified a solid hit. The buck headed for the far end of the clearing, and this Dutchman followed at top speed.

I was well aware that in the heavy rainfall there would be no blood trail to follow, nor would there be any prints to track with, for in order to see any such sign meant getting on your knees within a foot of the ground in the fog and extremely poor light. I knew of an exit run in the far corner of the clearing, plus another exit run about 40 yards to the left of the corner, which led up over a small ridge.

I tried to keep the white flag in sight through the rain and fog as I ran after the buck. I noticed that the buck's flight was erratic as he weaved from side to side . . . then I lost sight of the deer.

When I got to the far corner of the clearing, which was about 80 yards from where I had hit the deer, I found my arrow on the ground. It was intact, and covered with blood from head to nock, I watched the heavy rainfall washing it clean before my very eyes. Getting on my knees at the opening to the run that led off into the side ridge, I looked for a sign of fresh prints, but could not find any. I turned as I got back on my feet, and looked in the direction of the other run which was about 40 yards west of the corner of the clearing.

About 20 yards from me, within several feet of the edge of the timber, I noticed what I thought was a small bush in the blur of the rain and fog. I could not remember any such bush being there, and being quite familiar with the entire area I started walking towards it. When I got within 10 yards I saw that it was my buck, almost out of gas. Abdominal shock had downed the buck, and a second arrow in the heart spelled finish to my hunting for that year.

When that buck took those two steps to get another mouthful of feed, my arrow hit at the right height for a good chest hit which would have put me right in the center of the lungs . . . only by the time the arrow got to the deer his hind quarters were in the line of the shot.

Result—a solid hit dead center of the hind leg ham. The arrow went through the presenting leg and on through the opposite hind ham, cutting both femoral arteries and stopping with the tip of the point just barely pricking the outer skin on the far side of the other leg!

This accounted for the weaving back and forth as the buck ran. Undoubtedly the arrow must have been withdrawn from the one leg on the first jump. Of more importance was the fact that the action of the powerful hind leg muscles worked this arrow back out of the outer leg, dropping it still intact! (I was shooting a Howard Hill 60 pound recurve bow and wooden shaft arrows spined at 55 to 60 pounds, and tipped with the Howard Hill hunting head.)

A more recent example of the fallacy of such supposed "pin cushion" deer running around in the woods, took place at the 1963 Pennsylvania Bowhunter's Festival. On the morning of the first Wild

Boar Hunt, two trucks were in the center of the area in which the hunt was taking place, about 300 yards apart. Each of these trucks had two crated boars loaded, and were ready for the signal to release the pigs. When the pigs were released one of the boars from the other truck came towards the first truck. On the way he ran into two young bowhunters who put an arrow into each of his hind hams. Passing the truck he ran up to a large stump where he promptly started rubbing his hind leg until he had sheared the portion of the shaft that protruded. Turning, he did the same with the arrow in the opposite leg. As he ran away he showed no visible evidence of having had two arrows in the hind quarters! His journey was short lived however, as another bowhunter placed an arrow into the lungs for a swift kill.

This indicates the possibility of similar reaction on the part of a deer when carrying such arrows. The attempt to remove this shaft which would cause irritation every time it hit a low limb or brush would only be a natural one.

So let's put the saga of the "pin cushion" deer back in the bar room where the frustrated "first time" bowhunter was crying

(Continued on Page 26)

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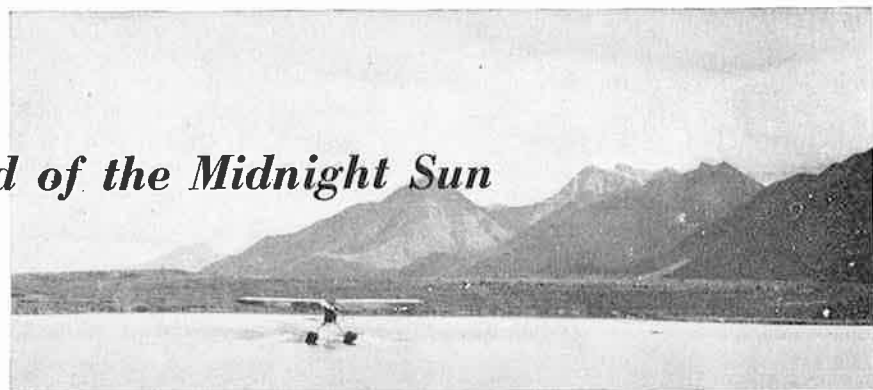
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Sheep Fever

by
GEORGE MOERLIN

SHEEP fever? You bet! It is closely akin to a similar malady with which I was afflicted upon one occasion called buck fever. It is a weird wonderful experience, and after it is all over, all one can do is to sit down and chuckle about the whole thing. But I am getting a bit ahead of myself.

Sheep season is this part of Alaska opened on Aug. 10, and on the evening of the Aug. 9, Bill Ellis and his partner, "Windy" Wendell, loaded Ward Hulbert and me into their two planes and headed north into the Alaska Range. Our destination was a landing spot Bill has in a high valley about 20 minutes north of his lodge.

Jagged slate cliffs crown the area where we planned to hunt for a week. The country promised to be difficult to wander around in, but Ward and I believed we would have a better chance of getting close to a Dall ram in broken country than we would in the flat-topped mountains of the Wrangell Range just to the south of Bill's place. We had decided to forego easy walking and the possibility of seeing greater numbers of sheep in hopes of getting a good, close shot in the better cover provided by more rugged terrain.

Having done some work in the area toward which we were headed, I knew there were some nice rams in the country. To confirm this point, just before we landed we circled the head of a valley next to the one in which we were going to camp and saw a scattered group of nine rams feeding in the valley floor.

Bill's strip was composed of a level piece of tundra immediately above a 50-foot water falls. The falls ran through a gorge and above the mountains widened to form a small, luxuriant meadow. The plane wound its way through the narrows, the rock walls seemingly just missing the wing tips, as we raced through, then

flopped down on the landing area, bounced a few times over the hummocks, and rolled to a stop. Windy and Ward had already landed.

After we had unloaded our gear from the planes, we confirmed with Bill that he was to pick us up on the afternoon of the 17th, and, after he and Windy had taken off, turned to look over our home for the next eight days. Our valley was about a quarter mile wide and was bordered by 2,000 foot mountains. A small, clear stream cut through it. We were above timber, but there were a very few small clumps of willows and the green valley floor was covered with bluebells, still in bloom, a few varieties of saxifrage, dryas, and on the rocky hummocks one of the most beautiful flowers in Alaska, dwarf forget-me-nots. We climbed a low ridge and saw some 15 sheep about a mile away, all of which proved to be ewes and lambs. It was with no little enthusiasms that Ward



WARD WATCHES as ewe feeds at a discreet distance. It is not too disturbed.

and I set up camp and made plans for the morrow's hunt.

As the sun broke over the peaks the following morning, it found Ward and me, laden with cameras, binoculars, and spotting scopes, following a sheep trail around the water falls and into the next valley where we had seen the rams the previous evening. It was a good hour's walk into the next valley, most of it up, and the valley itself climbed steeply. It was floored with great piles of boulders left from the retreating glacier near its head and was cut through with small gullies.

"This," Ward remarked, "would certainly be an ideal place to catch a ram. There is enough cover so that we could get right on top of him before he suspected a thing."

"Indeed, it would," I agreed, little thinking that before the day was over I would be attempting to ease up to a ram in this very boulder pile.

The rams we had seen the evening before were up at the head of the valley—perhaps a two-hour hike. Our progress was slow, however, because we were constantly glassing the country ahead of us and the adjoining peaks and knife-edged ridges. Every few hundred feet we progressed up the valley revealed a new patch of mountain on one side or the other of the valley which we would carefully glass before moving on.

We were also sidetracked various times by flocks of rock ptarmigan which just begged to have their pictures taken. With a little caution, and by herding them into one another, we were able several times to get within 10 feet of these birds. There were also several varieties of wild flowers which needed photographing, and it was not until late afternoon that Ward and I had worked our way up to the final bend in the valley and into the area where we had seen the rams. During the day

we had seen a number of ewes and lambs and a few small rams, but nothing legal.

As we began the final climb into the head of the valley, I happened to glance back and, far down the canyon, noticed a sheep working his way down a shale slide and into the green vegetation growing sparsely in the moraine. We put the spotting scope on him and discovered that it was a full curl ram—not a very big one, but a sheep any bowhunter would be proud to claim.

"Let's go get him, Ward."

The wind was blowing up canyon, so there was no problem from that quarter. Earlier we had flipped a coin and Ward had won first shot. Ward, however, elected to continue on up the valley to see if he could not get up to one of the nine rams we had seen on the flight in, it being just another 20 minute's walk. So we parted, agreeing to meet back at camp before dark.

The ram down the valley was about a mile and a half away from us. I waited until he had worked his way down out of sight, dropped down into a small gully, and began moving toward him. I looked out from time to time to check on his position and movements. It soon became apparent that he was going to cross the bouldery moraine. Sooner than I expected, I was within 200 yards of the sheep and began playing a game of hide and

seek. When the sheep would drop out of sight, I would attempt to guess his movements and try to get ahead of him.

The country we were in was not unlike a plowed field on a gigantic scale—50 feet from the top to bottom of a furrow. Twice I eased up on top expecting to see him right below me in the bottom of a gulch. One of these times he had disappeared completely, the other he unexpectedly came out on top of an adjoining ridge and I had to freeze until he had dropped out of sight. Finally he moved out into a relatively flat area. Getting a house-sized boulder between the ram and me, I quickly moved up to within 50 yards of the critter.

I had plans of getting still closer, there being some smaller rocks to hide behind, but when I peeked out from behind the boulder, the sheep was looking me right in the eye. It was now or never. Slowly, ever so slowly, I raised my bow up, drew, and released. The ram was standing broadside during all this, taking in the whole show. The arrow looked good at first, but then I saw that it was going to drop about a foot short. The sheep was much further than I had guessed. The broadhead clattered in the rocks. The ram jumped like a frightened jack rabbit and disappeared in the next draw. I ran up to where the sheep had been and was startled to see the ram standing on

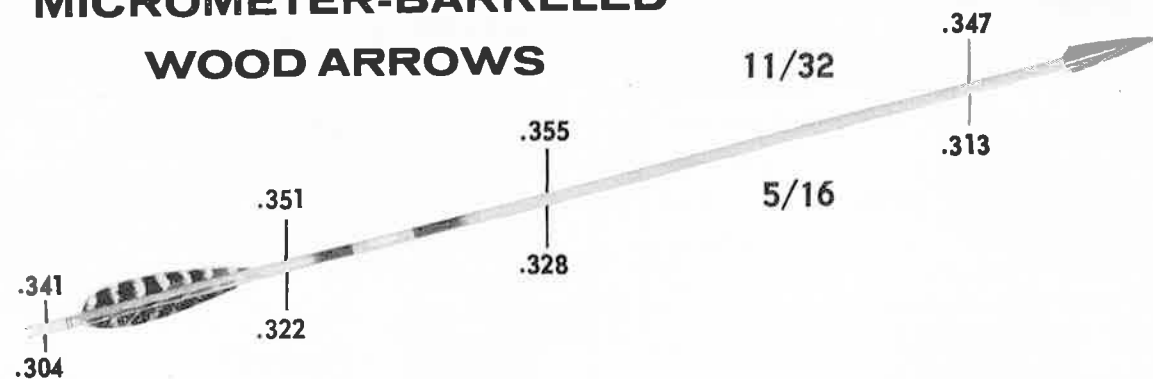
another ridge slightly below me about 60 yards away. If he was similarly startled, he showed no evidence of it, because as I burst out into view, he merely stood there and watched. My second arrow also went wide of the mark and the ram this time took off in high gear, stopping only occasionally until he had reached the top of a high ridge. I had the tea boiled and supper well on its way when Ward made his way back to camp that evening. He reported that the nine rams were nowhere to be seen and had apparently moved out of the valley.

The next morning we decided to climb a pass at the head of the valley in which we were camped and glass the country on the other side. Again we had a sheep trail to follow, and again we had distractions along our route. This time it was a band of about 25 ewes and lambs. They were feeding at the base of some cliffs above the sheep trail we were following and allowed us to pass within 100 yards of them without doing any more than looking up occasionally.

Using telephoto lenses, we exposed a good batch of film on these sheep and did not reach the summit of the pass until mid-afternoon. We glassed the country visible from the top until the lengthening shadows and our stomachs indicated that it was time to go back to camp. We saw about 30 scattered ewes and

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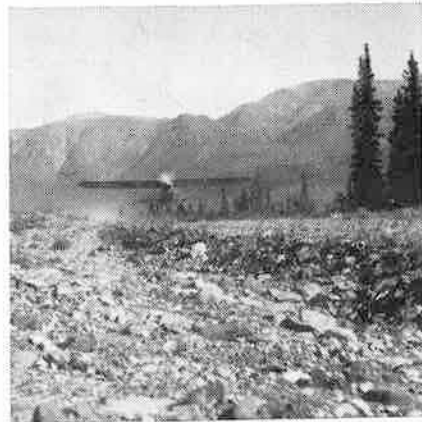
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lambs, but no curly horns. It was our hope that toward evening any rams that might be hidden in the high crags would begin working their way down into the bottom of the valley to feed, but such was not the case.

The following day Ward elected to climb the ridge above our camp so that he could not only glass our valley, but also the one adjacent. I returned to the pass where we had spent the previous day. There were some cliffs down near the bottom of the valley where we had watched a group of ewes and lambs the day before. They were still in the same area. Most were lying down. A few were lazily feeding. As I was watching them, my eye caught a white speck at the base of the cliff. A look through the binoculars, and then the spotting scope, revealed a ewe which had broken its neck, apparently in a fall. The carcass was laying in some slide rock at the base of the cliff.

Sheep are continually knocking down loose rock as they work their way across steep areas, and it is highly probable that the dead ewe had been knocked off balance by a rock kicked loose by another sheep above. I have seen sheep run when frightened up and across steeper cliffs than this one had fallen from without so much as a slip. It would seem highly



THE LITTLE plane dropped me off on a strip in a green valley. Ward was already there.

unusual, then, that one would slip and fall as it was methodically picking its way across a steep rock face unless something, such as a falling rock, caused it to lose its balance.

I glassed the area that could be seen from the pass all day without seeing any indication of a ram. From time to time, I watched the band of ewes across from me for diversion. Once when I looked over at them, they were all on their feet intently looking down the valley. Following their gaze, I spotted two caribou bulls walking up the creek bottom. These two

caribou concerned the sheep enough that a portion of them climbed further up the mountain. The caribou stopped to smell the dead sheep, then continued on up the valley and became lost in the jumbled moraine.

Dusk began to settle upon the country before I decided to return to camp. I had seen no rams anywhere in the valley. When I was within a half mile of camp, I suddenly came upon a ewe feeding on a small ridge not over 100 yards from me. When I first saw her, she was busily eating, so I hunkered down in the open meadow to see what would happen when she looked up. When she stopped feeding, she scanned the country-side. She looked at, but did not see me, or at least did not recognize me for anything more than an unusually shaped rock resting in the midst of a grassy plain. This helped to confirm my suspicions that sheep, though they have superb eyesight, rely on catching motion rather than distinguishing specific objects.

When I watched the band of ewes spook at the sight of the two caribou earlier in the day, I believed that they saw, not necessarily two caribou bulls because they would have nothing to fear from them, but rather two strange, moving objects that may have been a wolf, bear, or even

a man. As a further argument in favor of sheep being unable to distinguish specific objects as opposed to motion, one day Ward donned a white parka that came to his knees and attempted to walk up to a band of ewes feeding in the open. He walked slowly and stopped-over, but in no way resembled a sheep except that most of him was clad in white.

The ewes knew that something was wrong, or maybe it would be better to say that it appeared that they believed that something was wrong. They continued feeding, nervously, however, and permitted Ward to get within 50 to 75 yards of them several times. When disturbed, they would merely trot off a few yards and begin feeding again. When Ward tired of the game, he removed the parka, and the sheep, upon seeing a brown rather than mostly white moving object, immediately retired to the safety of a nearby mountain.

The next several days were spent glassing the nearby valleys and their enclosing ridges. We saw a few rams, but always in inaccessible places. Once we waited almost dark hoping that a ram bedded down high in the crags would move down into the valley to feed. He did begin to feed toward late afternoon, but up, rather than down, and as we rose to return to camp, he had fed over the top of the ridge.

The next to our lost day had arrived, and still we had not found the rams we had sighted when we flew into the area. That morning we decided to climb a ridge in order to look over an area we had not yet explored. It was the last place within reasonable walking distance that our rams could be. Three hours later found us on top, bellies to the ground, looking through the spotting scope at a truly magnificent ram bedded down about a mile away.

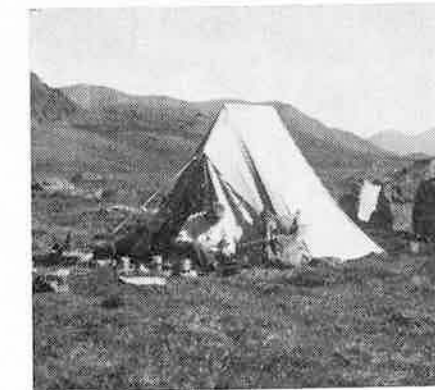
About 400 yards below us were seven smaller rams feeding on a grassy slope. We moved behind some rocks from which we could see without being seen and waited until the rams below us decided to move over toward the big fellow. They continued around a rocky prominence out of sight, soon to be followed by the big ram and another somewhat smaller ram which had been hidden from our view. When they were all out of sight, Ward and I began the mile traverse across a steep shale slide to reach the point where we had last seen them.

When we neared the rocky ridge behind which the rams had disappeared, we spotted a speck of white on the top of a bouldery ridge several hundred feet above us and 400 yards away. A quick look through the binoculars showed it to be a good ram. Because of the wind, we could approach from but one direction—to come up from immediately below. We dropped down out of sight and began the stalk.

Getting to within 125 yards was no problem, but then we had to begin the climb up to the ram over a steep boulder slide.

The sound of a few rocks falling generally will not spook sheep. They are used to such noises. But we believed that the continual clatter of rolling rocks caused by a man attempting to sneak up on this ram would at least cause him to stand up to see what was causing the commotion. We eased up to within a hundred yards, expecting any minute to see the ram peer down at us. At this distance, and by moving a little to one side, we could see the top of the ram's horns. He was looking in our direction. No matter how careful one was, each step sent a shower of rocks cascading down the steep slope.

Getting closer seemed to be out of the question. Ward and I squatted down for hushed council of war. Ward had his rifle along, mostly for insurance against the rare mean-tempered grizzly one might encounter (99 per cent of the grizzlies



WE MADE camp in a narrow valley near a small, clear stream. The weather was un- dully warm.

run faster than a scared black bear at the slightest indication of the presence of man), but secondly to assure himself of a trophy if he had not succeeded with a bow toward the end of the hunt. There appeared to be no chance in the world of getting any closer without spooking the ram, and, once spooked, he would be out of sight in a moment. The remaining rams we had seen were bedded down in a place from which they could watch every reasonable approach. Ward decided to take the ram in front of us with his rifle. Easing up to a point from which he could shoot, he knocked some rock loose, and the ram stood up. He fell a moment later at Ward's shot. It was a fine speci-

men—heavy horns with slightly better than a full curl.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in getting the meat, horns, and cape back to camp. The next morning, our last to hunt, we rose early. I was planning to return to the area where Ward had gotten his sheep to see if I could not outsmart one of the remaining rams. We had a quick breakfast, and as I was gathering up what I needed for the day, Ward remarked that there was a sheep on the mountain just above the tent. Because the sheep we had seen there previously had all been ewes and lambs, I thought little of it. Then Ward announced that it was a full curl ram. Through the spotting scope the sheep looked like a twin to the one Ward had gotten the day before. However, he was in a difficult spot to approach. The ram was about 1,000 feet above camp on a wide, steeply tilted shale ledge. The route to within a few hundred yards provided cover, but, from our vantage point, it appeared as though those remaining few yards would have to be traversed in plain view of the ram.

I decided to try for this sheep, intending to take all day, if necessary, on the stalk. Ward offered to act as signalman from the bottom—an invaluable aid if the ram happened to move during the stalk. He would be completely out of my sight until the very last. I studied the approach to the sheep carefully through the binoculars, attempting to pick out a few prominent features to mark not only the route, but also in order to be able to locate the ram once on top. An hour later found me at the same elevation as the sheep and about 500 yards to one side. I began the traverse across the rock face and found it far easier than I had expected. I crossed two steep gulches and climbed up a small patch of snow. Every few minutes, I looked down at Ward through the binoculars, and each time he signaled to continue in the same direction at the same elevation.

About 100 yards ahead of me was a steep rock face. The sheep, I believed, would be just above this cliff. I looked down at Ward, again, and he signaled to continue in the same direction. I picked out a possible route up the cliff and started toward it. When within 25 yards of it, I stopped to study the rock face ahead of me. It looked pretty difficult. I did not remember anything looking this bad from the bottom and began to doubt that I knew just where the ram was. I checked

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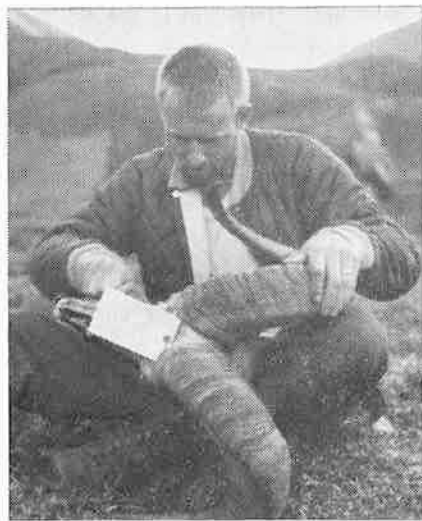
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WARD CAREFULLY works the head of his big ram.

my signalman again, and he waved to continue on. Just then, as I turned from looking at Ward to study a route up the cliff, there was a commotion just ahead of me. The ram materialized out of a slight depression, stopped 50 feet away, and turned broadside to see what had disturbed his rest.

Not knowing the sheep was anywhere near, I had no arrow out and was completely unprepared. I snatched an arrow out of my quiver and, almost before the arrow left the bow, had another on the string. I shot eight arrows in record time. The first a broadside shot at 50 feet, the others as the sheep picked his way across the rock face and up the cliff ahead of me. As I nocked my ninth and last arrow, I finally realized that none of the arrows had come within 10 feet of the ram and discovered that I was shaking like a small sapling in a wind storm. I lowered the bow momentarily, brought it up again, and managed to aim the last arrow. It passed right under the ram's belly just before he dropped out of sight over a ridge about 70 yards away. As I gathered up the few arrows that had not splintered in the rocks, I laughed at my failing.

Though this hunt did not produce a trophy for me, it certainly had provided a few thrills that will be long remembered. As for actually getting a sheep, well, there is still a little time left this season, and there is always next year.

Junior and Bantam Archers Vie at Downey Lanes

Tension may have been rampant in the Olympics of the world but none exceeded that of the young Archers on Saturday, Sept. 7 when they battled to a draw for a bicycle and a complete archery set.

All summer the juniors and bantams bent their bows in earnest and anxiety toward the day when skill demands the awards of effort.

Downey Indoor Automated Archery Lanes, 9528 East Imperial, in Downey, Calif., hosted this contest where spectators, tense with excitement, watched the juniors, Georgia Fisher and Udell Brumley, fire end after end of arrows at a small target at 15 yards. Neck-to-neck all the way, the 160th arrow sped to the bulls-eye to win for Georgia, with a 389 out of a possible 400, and for Udell, with a score of 388, a fine Schwinn Bicycle each.

The four qualifying contestants, Georgia, 389; Udell, 388; Gary Odden, 387, and Don Sumner, 364 (shooting bare-bow), had little thought at the beginning of this tournament that a big surprise awaited them. At the beginning of the summer a 10-speed Schwinn bicycle was donated by Russell's Bike Shop, 8027 East Firestone, in Downey, as the 1st place award to the winner of the 12-to-16 age Saturday Junior Archery League.

The surprise of the day was announced at the end of the big and final shoot-off by E. M. "Dutch" Merbitz, general manager of Downey Archery Lanes, that the lanes had awarded as second-place prize another Schwinn bicycle. Needless to say that 2nd place winner Udell Brumley was pleased to receive his "wheels." Applause was vigorous from contestants and spectators alike.

Third and fourth-place winners were awarded beautiful trophies. Pictures were taken of handshakes, hugs and smiles as trophies were passed from one to another.

However, of no less interest and excitement was the display of even younger talent shooting alongside. These were the bantams—ages from 8 to 12, who were shooting to win a complete archery set. The contestants, bantam only in size,

were giants in the qualitative sense of the true stature of sportsmen.

Top shooters of the Bantam League narrowed down to four looking to the perfect score of 400 . . . and the archery set to be donated by the host of this event. First-place winner was Steve Goodyear with a score of 283 who now sports a new archery outfit and an even bigger smile . . . and stars in his eyes. And this was his birthday, too. He was ten.

No less pride, however, was found with the winners of 2nd, 3rd and 4th place scorers as they presented to their friends to admire, their trophies so arduously won. Second place was Jerry Blair with 270. Third spot trophy went to Janie Top with 261. Bob Moore shot a 259 to take 4th place and a nice trophy for this prize.

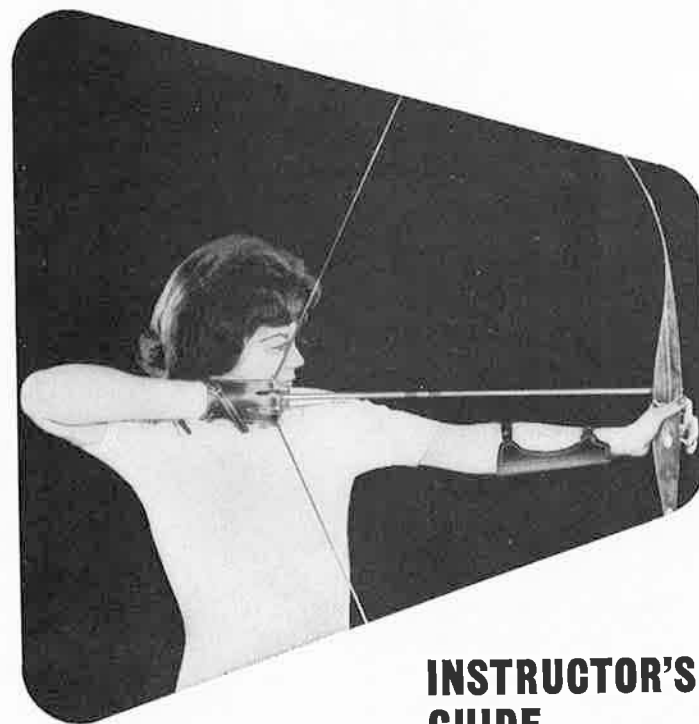
What a thrill for each person present to witness such a degree of skill exhibited by these Junior and Bantam League members who have faithfully persevered in their efforts throughout the summer. Saturday, Sept. 7, 1963, will long be remembered by these young shooters, their proud parents, friends and the management of the Downey Archery Lanes. And these young league members have been most attentive in building their groups for the winter season ahead by bringing in new shooters to compete for scores and future prizes to be won.

Dutchman . . .

(Continued from Page 21)

in his suds. Too proud to admit that he had shot and missed. For he, the mighty hunter, who had dropped many deer at distances of 200 yards and better, could not possibly admit that here was a shooting tool which had him licked! So he tells the boys how he shot and hit the deer with several arrows, only to see the buck run away with the arrows still sticking in his chest . . . "Gimme another beer, and give the boys another drink . . . anyone want to buy a bow and arrows cheap? I gave \$9.98 for this outfit yesterday at Cash and Dash Super Market . . . you can have it for five bucks! !!"

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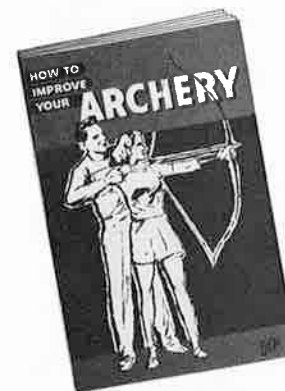
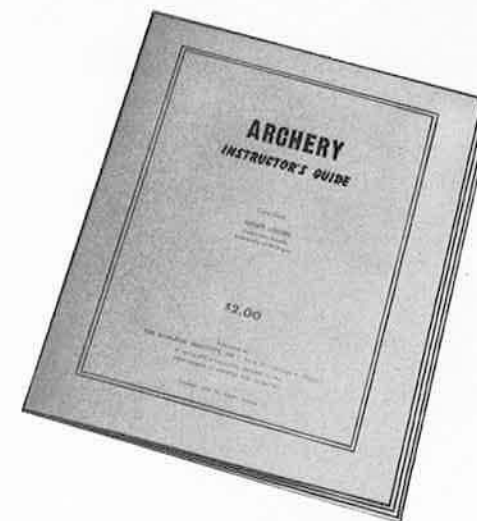


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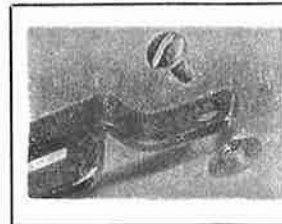
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RED SLACK, 240# owner of Archery Headquarters in El Monte, Calif., and a mechanical engineer by trade, gave this Honda a good workout and was amazed that the little trail bike was as rugged as it was and had enough power to take him anywhere he wanted to go. A few years ago he designed and built one himself and now admits that you can't beat the quality and price on most of the modern trail bikes. This is the type of terrain in the Ruby Mountains.



LARRY GEHNE, from the Valley Bowhunters, shot this huge 4x4, 185-pound record Mule Deer. Hit in the hindquarters, the deer turned and charged Larry and chased him around a tree. Larry got off a second shot and hit him in the chest. Pioche, Nev. Tarbell 48# with Bear-Razor head.



STEVE RODERICK, member of the Silver Arrows, shows off his forkie that he got near Wells, Nev. Last year in the same area, the club got over 70 percent success. This year it fell off to less than 10 percent.

rough. Sitting there in the cozy camper it was actually pleasant to hear that rain pouring down. Not too far away from our campsite, we could hear a group of archers cussing, struggling to keep their equipment dry, and trying to get everything stored in their small tent. Not for me. Nearby, another couple were snuggled down in a rented trailer. They were "Red" and Lorna Slack, owners of the Archery Headquarters shop in El Monte, who had driven in their car from Los Angeles to Elko, Nevada, where they rented a nice trailer for only \$6.00 per day and only had 60 miles to drive it to this prime hunting area around Wildhorse Reservoir. Unless you actually like sleeping on the cold, hard ground, this is really a great way to enjoy your hunting trips.

Sure, I know, it's fun to be "rugged" and be able to brag, but I think it's still more fun to get a good night's sleep and have reserve strength to conquer the ridges and mountains the next morning. Sleep is one of the most important things on any camping trip. Without it, you can have that carefully planned trip fizzle out to where you're glad to start back home. I'm strictly a city-dweller, fairly soft in the back and legs, because, no matter how hard I try, I just can't find time to get out for tennis or golf several times a week to get my legs in shape for "rugged" going. I have to work for a living, like so many other weekend hunters, and when I take off now for my hunting vacations I need good food, sleep and . . . comfort.

We didn't get "cabin fever" in this small home-on-wheels, and I found other things that gave me more time for hunting. I didn't have to get wood a couple of times a day . . . the butane stove and oven were always ready. Water was never a problem . . . the camper had a 20-gallon tank. Clothes were neatly put away into drawers and closets . . . that left the bows and arrows always within easy reach. Besides, if the hunting area hadn't suited us, we could have moved to a new location within minutes! Try that sometime with a tent and camping equipment. That often will take hours.

By the way, that good-lookin' gal I took along was my wife. Betty puts up with my "working side" for 11½ months of the year, now here was a chance to expose her to the "hunting side" of Milt Lewis. We also took our two boys along: Eric, who is four years old, and Mel, who is seven. I figured it was time that they have a real chance to live in the great outdoors, not just a quick weekend trip. They were completely fascinated by it . . . getting into every stream or creek, climbing trees, throwing rocks, fishing, hiking, and seeing nature as it really is, close-up but in comfort.

The world and its ways are changing so fast that I'm afraid that within a few years much of our vast, western wilderness will be gone behind locked gates and fences. I spend as much time as I can trying to teach my boys all I know, all I've learned of value in the outdoors. Both of them shoot archery, they fish, and they've learned to tell

about the weather by studying the clouds and wind. I feel that these exposures are just a little of what I can do for them in hopes that when they grow up these experiences will go into their characters and make them better and happier people. And, you know, having the camper gave me more time to spend with my family in this way on our trip.

Of course, we're not knocking the trailer setup that served "Red" and Lorna who were our "neighbors" in the outdoors. But we found that our camper provided every convenience of the trailer, and, another thing, the camper can be driven to remote areas more easily. Campers like the "Open Road" made by the Robin Co., which we used, have just about reached perfection in comfort and travel ease. Maybe I'm starting to sound like a camper-salesman, but I'm just trying to "sell" archery-in-comfort to bowhunters. Let me add up a few features.

Showers, toilets, gas refrigeration, gas-heated water tanks, fans, electric lights . . . it all spells comfort and more archery fun. Anti-sway bars, heavy shocks, six-ply tires . . . these make for easy driving. The gas-mileage isn't bad either, being about 10 miles per gallon. And remember, you're actually carrying your "home on your back." So much for the camper; now let me tell you about another "take-along."

This hunting trip was made more fun than ever as a result of taking along one of those two-wheeled vehicles, usually called trail-bikes, that I like to call "Rocky Mountain Jackasses." These bikes are designed especially for sportsmen in the outdoors. When the roads stop, then the trail-bikes take over. American Honda Co. lent me one of their machines, and I found out that most parts of the West Range are just made for these little packages of power. The sage-brush flats and the thin-treed mountainsides . . . you can cover so many more miles with a trail-bike than you ever could by walking. Not only do you see more country, but you can select the best hunting areas, ride up to within easy walking distance, and then go on from there on foot. They leave you with enough strength left to scale any mountain, knowing that while you are many miles from camp, when you come off the

BRY REES, a biology professor at Fresno State, scratches his head in amazement as he kept trying to hit those trophy bucks that just wouldn't stand still. "Doc", a very successful hunter in the past years, didn't score this trip into Nevada. Many California bowhunters go to Nevada because of the excellent hunting; and the license is only \$20.



THE USE of Tote-Gotes and Hondas can be seen in every camp. Every hunting party has at least one or two. Barney Marshall, of Fresno, has rigged this rack for his Hondas on the back of his pick-up so that it can be easily taken down at any time.



RAY FELLER, of Fresno, killed this 4x4 Kaibab Buck. He shot it at 40 yards with a Bear Kodiak bow, Bear Razorheads, Bear Camo outfit, Bear Bow quiver, Bear nocks, Bear feathers. He even had a Bear guide in Doug Walker, the Bear Representative for the far Western States.



PRESTON SMITH (left), aged 14, killed his big 150# buck with one arrow. He shot it with a Kodiak Special. Pres belongs to the Fresno Explorers Post No. 99. At the right, four members of the Verdugo Hills Archers went deer hunting in the O'Neil country of Nevada, north of Wells. In the group were Dick Garver, who got his third deer in four years out of this area; Al Buner, Art Peters and John Aquafresca. Other members at the camp site are Ted Ekin, of Shawnee Archery Shop, and Skeet Moore (Mr. Archery) of Wells.



DON NALE and deer pose with Jack Rutherford, who was one of the six successful Fresno Bowhunters to get his deer in Nevada. The three-point buck was killed near Gold Creek on opening day.

mountainside you can get back home or to camp in a short while.

In all the camps that I visited on this trip, every one had a trail-bike of some sort. Even though I didn't shoot one myself, the Honda that was lent me packed out a nice three-point buck shot by Jim McEdwards of Reseda, Calif. He had shot his deer miles from the nearest road, and it would have meant spoiled meat if the animal had not been transported out in a hurry. Jim cleaned out the deer, tied it up into a tight bundle on the bike, started the machine and then walked along side guiding it until the terrain allowed him to sit on top of the deer and ride the rest of the way back to camp. While rifle-hunting last year in Utah, Jim killed a good sized deer which ended up in the bottom of a canyon. Using a Tote Gote in the same manner, he packed out the deer, and claims it would have been impossible without this type of transportation or butchering up the animal first.

These bikes take to the wilderness with a minimum of fuel and very little upkeep of any kind. The new Hondas give you lots of speed on roads that can be negotiated at a fast clip; then, with a press of the clutch, they go into a compound low gear that will take the hunter and his equipment up steep trails with ease. They have certainly opened up a lot of back country. This fact has caused a lot of pros and cons among conservationists and hunters. However, no matter how you look at it, they certainly add pleasure to a trip and allow the archer maximum time for hunting.

Our bike was put to another good use. My wife, while I was out hunting, would take our two boys, one in front and the other in back, and off they'd go on the Honda to visit other camps. She'd show the boys the country and then stop at a camp to visit with other children. I was glad, and rather surprised, to see how easily she could handle the bike and how much fun she had riding it around with the kids. It meant she wasn't tied down to camp all day without any means of moving around.

The area around Wildhorse Reservoir has plenty of good hunting and lots of excellent fishing. Each take time, and often you can't fit both into your schedule. This area, about 60 miles north of Elko, has some territory just made for rifles and some that's truly good bow and arrow country. Hunting deer in this terrain fools a lot of archers. They see a lot of deer, and they think this is just about "the greatest" for bow and arrow. Hunting deer in the thick aspen groves, and then having them crash out on a dead run, is exciting and thrilling. But, after shooting a lot of arrows at those big ones traveling at that speed, you soon realize that this area is made for rifle hunters. Time after time I'd see the frustration on faces as the animals would rush through a group of archers, all of them trying to shoot an arrow at those fast-moving targets. The only successes were a few, rare, standing shots. But there aren't many of those. The deer in this area didn't grow to be trophy size by being stupid.



DOUG MORGAN proudly shows off his 155# Columbia Black Tail "forkie" that he shot in Alpine County in Northern California. Doug used a 65# Bear Bow, Easton 2020 Aluminum arrows with a Copperhead. The deer was hit through the lungs. Doug, former Manager of the Downey Lanes, is now managing the newest indoor lanes at Redwood City.



BOB REED, Valley Bowhunters of La Verne, was among the many successful archers who went to Nevada. Bob's doe was called a giraffe because of its long neck. Bob got a 45-yard shot, hit it high in the shoulder, and the deer dropped about 200 yards away. This was Bob's seventh deer. He used a Tarbel 45# bow with Bear Razorhead. Baker, Nev.

After five days around Wildhorse, we traveled back to Elko and then East to Wells and then South into the Ruby Mountains where we parked our camper at Angel's Lake. This picturesque spot is really a thing of beauty. A small lake is surrounded by tall granite cliffs and the slopes are covered with thick aspen, mahogany and brush. Here there were some good trophy heads, but

(Continued on Page 56)



THE WEST RANGE

by MILT LEWIS

The VALLEY BOWHUNTERS of LaVerne, Calif., for the past four years have ventured into Nevada to seek their deer.

This club has one of the most fabulous records of any that I've heard about. Three years ago, near Pioche, Nev., 26 archers got 24 deer. This was a 93 percent kill. This isn't because the area is so crowded with deer that you can't miss; it's because this is one of our nation's bowhunting clubs that practices hunting with the bow and arrow 12 months of the year. It has all sorts of moving targets around the range, which are in constant use. It has one of the finest roving ranges that is a true test of a hunter's skill.

Another item that they have to their credit is a man, H. D. Barton, who is not only a good hunter but is about the best publicity man in the state. Archery news gets as much play in the newspapers as the local football team. The whole area knows and reads about the Valley Bowhunters, and all of it is through the efforts of H. D. This year, due to illness in the family, H. D. didn't get to make his annual trip to Nevada, but the rest of the club's hunters did and here is their record.

HAL STITT: 3x4 buck, 247# field-dressed. Hit in the liver at 7 yards with York bow and Black Diamond head. The deer was called "monster" by the local hunters and had been hunted for years by the natives.

BUD HOKE: 2x3 buck. A 15-yard shot with Red Wing Hunter 50# and Bear Razorheads. Shot at Baker, Nev.

JOE CRUZ: 100# yearling. Shot in rib cage through heart and ran 15 yards. Baker, Nev.

JOHN WILLIAMS: 3x4 buck hit in belly at 40 yards. Ran over a mile. Used Tarbell 48# bow with Bear head.

BOB WILLIAMS: Doe. West bow 44# with Bear razorhead, in Pioche, Nev.

BUD WAGNER: Doe—large in size. Hit in the lung with a Bear Magnum bow and Bear Razorheads.

LARRY GEHNE: 4x4 buck weighing 185#. Record class (see photo on Page 30).

HAROLD GEHNE: Forkie at a 55-yard shot was hit in the shoulder, ran 100 yards and dropped. Bear Magnum and Razorheads.

DALE GEHNE: Got a thrill of a lifetime as he shot at a huge mountain lion . . . no hit.

BILL CUNNINGHAM: 125# forkie with a 25-yard neck shot, dropped in its tracks. Howard Hill 50# bow with La Fonde head. Killed in Colorado. In Wyoming, Bill went antelope hunting. He got a running shot at 50 yards and hit the animal in the jugular vein. Antelope was running at full speed, ran for 300 yards and fell in plain sight.

BOB MOSELY: Went hunting three miles from his home and shot a big 4x4 in a pasture just a few feet from the main hiway. He shot it thru the liver and out. The deer galloped 50 yards and then flopped. Bob makes his own bows and arrows and uses Bear Razorheads.

Argosy . . .

(Continued from Page 4)

The circulation of ARGOSY may well include a handful of archers, but, in comparison, its circulation must contain tons of readers who, it may well be, will be attracted and interested by this excellent article in which TAM has had some small part. The established newsstand circulation of ARGOSY exceeds by many thousands the total circulation of all archery magazines. This is the reader-audience where lies not immediate sales of archery tackle and supplies but, certainly, an established field for the "selling" of archery, the sport, itself.

Read the ARGOSY article. Imagine yourself, at the time, a non-archer. See for yourself whether or not this article intrigues and attracts and interests you toward archery.

This is another means whereby we may achieve that most desired of all desires of all archers: bigger and better archery, more and ever more archers in communication and contest with each other.

TAM is happy to have been a small part of this new approach to attract ever more non-archers to our sport.



by
CARL M. HULBERT

HEAVY BOWS FOR HUNTING

NATIONAL BOWHUNTER has for many years advocated reasonably heavy bows for hunting big game and over the years has had many irate light tackle archers condemn us for taking this stand. I can just wish that some of these dissenters had been with us while bear hunting in upper Wisconsin.

When a big, black bruin walked straight in toward one of our hunter's blinds, this fellow remarked of it, "I didn't think I would feel nervous but that big fellow made me wish that I had an 85-pound bow in my hands!"

And, when Herb Lange, of Princeton, Ill., was charged by a big sow he could feel pretty lucky that his bow was heavy enough to smash her to a dead stop. Especially, when his wife beside him was the object of the charge.

We have been reminded hundreds of times about that little gal who killed the big deer with a 30-pound bow. This becomes pretty ridiculous when we consider the bad situations that may develop when one is hunting big game of any kind. These animals are not only unpredictable in the wild but one cannot always place an arrow just where one wants to have it go and must be prepared for poor hits. Then is when that heavy tackle comes in handy.

This Old Bowhunter was forced to make a snap shot at a retreating bear and had a fraction of a second to get an arrow away only a few days ago and you may be sure that I was fortunate that my bow (55 pounds) was heavy enough, and that my arrow carried enough inertia (550 grains) to do the job. I would not have gotten that bear with even medium weight tackle.

I witnessed a deer kill a few years ago by a friend in which the arrow from his heavy bow crashed through the deer and broke its further shoulder. Amazingly, that had not hit a single vital organ on its path and had it stopped short of that

shoulder without breaking it, the deer would, in all probability, have escaped as it was raining hard when he made the hit.

I would estimate that more than half of the deer I have killed would have escaped had I been using a 40-pound bow in place of the over 50-pound bows that I commonly use. Two of my top trophies, both 10-point bucks, were running hard when my heavy tackle dropped them. Light tackle would never have done the trick. In one case my arrow had to plow through a tangle of buck brush before it smashed into the side of the buck and then severed a rib to get to the heart area.

I will admit that my snap shooting technique permits heavier tackle as I do not have to "hold" on my game. However, I will continue to argue the case of bows in the 50-pound class for deer or bear. And, that includes razor sharp broadheads at all times!

BOWHUNTER'S BONUS

Bowhunters usually have the opportunity to hunt at an earlier time of the year than gun hunters, especially in the northern states. This gives them the chance to enjoy the early fall weather and the beauty of the forests as they change colors.

While waiting for deer along remote trails in the woods on sunny afternoons they often while away the time watching the antics of nature about them. Small animals such as squirrels, chipmunks, and woods mice, often become quite tame when they discover that the hunter means no harm to them, and many bowhunters can tell interesting stories of these little denizens of the woods.

A week ago while Maynard Peck, of Janesville, Wis., was hunting bear with me in Northern Wisconsin, he had an experience with a red squirrel that is worth mentioning. This little squirrel became quite tame and as long as Maynard sat still it would run over his feet and at times climb up on his bow.

A bear came to the bait in front of the blind and when it approached the food the little squirrel ran up to Maynard chattering as if it wanted his protection. It finally ran up on his bow and while the bear was out in front of the blind it scratched on the bow in excitement as if trying to warn Maynard of an enemy. The bear was not large enough to shoot and Maynard let the squirrel stay there until the bear left.

At times a squirrel will scream a warning that will keep deer or bear away and can become a nuisance. Blue jays also warn game of the hunter's presence. They can also inform a hunter that there is an animal nearby and give him a warning.

It is surprising how quickly these small animals can be tamed. While staying at our cabin in the northwoods this sum-

mer I experimented with a red squirrel and two chipmunks that frequented the woods near the building.

In just a week I was able to feed all three of these animals from my hand and could call them in for food in two weeks. I simply put out bits of food but never quite enough so that they would be completely satisfied. Then I would sit quietly near the location of the food so that they became confident that I was not going to harm them. I finally held bits of food in my fingers near where they ate. They soon discovered that here is where they could find more food after the rest was gone. The red squirrel became the most friendly and soon ran up my pants legs and sat on my knee begging for food. He liked corn bread the best and when I offered him such common stuff as ordinary white bread he would nip my fingers in disgust as this low grade fare. He would go to great ends for corn bread however.

I finally decided to take some pictures of my pets eating out of my hands. I set up a camera on a tripod and focused it where I wanted the animals to be. Then while holding out food for them, I would use my other hand to trip the shutter on the camera. Here is the result:



LITTLE RED squirrel would take bits of corn bread from between my fingers with great care. Making friends with small animals is a bonus for bowhunters.

DID YOU WEIGH THAT BEAR?

After seeing quite a number of bear this fall in the wild and seeing a few weighed, I have come to the conclusion that unless I see the certified weight I will doubt the statement of hunters who say casually, "Oh, he weighed about 350

or 400 pounds." Believe me, that is a huge black bear!

After seeing several bear of various sizes near my blind, I was able to shoot one that I thought was a really big bear. It looked huge and when I saw my arrow strike home I visioned a 300-pounder but the scales proved me to be very optimistic.

Maynard Peck, a veteran bowhunter, said of his slightly more than 200-pound bear, "When he came toward me he looked like the granddaddy of them all!" However, the scales did not say that even though his bear was confirmed as a four year old bear in prime condition. Mine was confirmed by two authorities as a three-year-old and he looked very big.

Martin Hanson, an authority on black bear, stated that most hunters over-estimate bear weights by very large amounts and that 400-pound bears are very rare, indeed!

A hunter brought a bear to taxidermist Maynard Peck for mounting and when Maynard asked the weight of the bear, the hunter said, "Oh, he goes well 'over 400 pounds". However, this bear was exactly the size of the bear Peck had just shot, 207 pounds.

So, I am from Missouri when I hear about the weights of bear unless they are confirmed.

100% WBH CLUBS

1. Black Arrow Bowhunters, Illinois
2. Falcon Bowmen, Milwaukee, Wis. K.M.
3. Janesville Bowmen, Janesville, Wis. K.M.
4. Leota Archery Club, Evansville, Wis.
5. Ojibwa Bowhunters, Milwaukee, Wis.
6. South Shore Bowhunters, Port Wing, Wis.
7. Silver Tip Bowhunters, Pulaski, Wis.
8. Marshall Bluff Bowhunters, Monticello, Wis.
9. Waukesha Bowmen, Waukesha, Wis. K.M.
10. Flambeau Bowhunters, Ladysmith, Wis.
11. Clintonville Bowhunters, Clintonville, Wis.
12. Kenosha Cardinals, Kenosha, Wis.
13. Blackhawk Bowhunters, Madison Wis.
14. Sinissippi Bowhunters, Hustisford, Wis.
15. Seneca Bowmen, Hales Corners, Wis.
16. Marion Bowhunters, Marion, Wis.
17. Abbey Archers, Colby, Wis. E.L.
18. Broadhead Bowhunters, Milwaukee, Wis.
19. Durand Bowmen, Durand, Wis.
20. Sheboygan Falls Bowhunters, Sheboygan, Wis.
21. Racine Instinctive Bowmen, Racine, Wis.
22. Elsworth Bowhunters, Ellsworth, Wis.
23. Wisconsin House Bowmen, Waukesha, Wis.
24. Barron Bowmen, Barron, Wis.
25. K.R.A., Kimberly, Wis.
26. Oconomowoc Archers, Oconomowoc, Wis.
27. Wind Lake Bow Club, Waterford, Wis.
28. White Eagle Bowmen, Plymouth, Wis.
29. Omro Bowhunters, Omro, Wis.
30. Buckskin Bowmen, Grafton, Wis.
31. Arrowhead Bowhunters, Muskego, Wis.
32. Black River Bowmen, Withee, Wis.
33. Winooski Bowmen, Plymouth, Wis.
34. Osage Bowmen, Kendall, Wis.
35. Fever River Bowhunters, Benton, Wis.
36. Edgerton Bowhunters, Edgerton, Wis.
37. Golden Arrow, Cudahy, Wis.
38. Red Feather Archery Club, Augusta, Wis.
39. Appleton Archers, IPC, Appleton, Wis.
40. St. Croix Archers, Inc., Hammond, Wis.
41. Namekagon Bowmen, Hayward, Wis.
42. Badgerland Bowmen, Milwaukee, Wis.
43. Oneida Bowhunters, Rhinelander, Wis.
44. Wakoda Bowmen, Tomah, Wash.
45. Aurora Sportsmen's Club, Aurora, Ill.
46. WHO'S NEXT???

ROVING SHOTS

A lot uh fellers been a asking me why I don't rite some more uh these here Roving Shot ads, so don't blame me!

Had uh rather braggin' sort uh thing happen tuh me this month. Our plant was picked as thu "Industry of the Month" for Douglas County (where we live). Made me feel kinda good tuh think thu people around here think we do thu country some good.

On thu other hand it shore took me down a couple o' notches when I seen my pitcher in thu paper. Always thought I was a sort of combination Clark Gable and Rock Hudson; but if that camera ain't a dad burned liar, I was shore wrong!

One place it didn't change my mind any tho, thu pitcher of my arer shafts showed em just as good as I thought, so even if I ain't so purty, you still can't go wrong a-buying McKinney shafts. Better try some thu next time yuh need tuh make some real good arrers.

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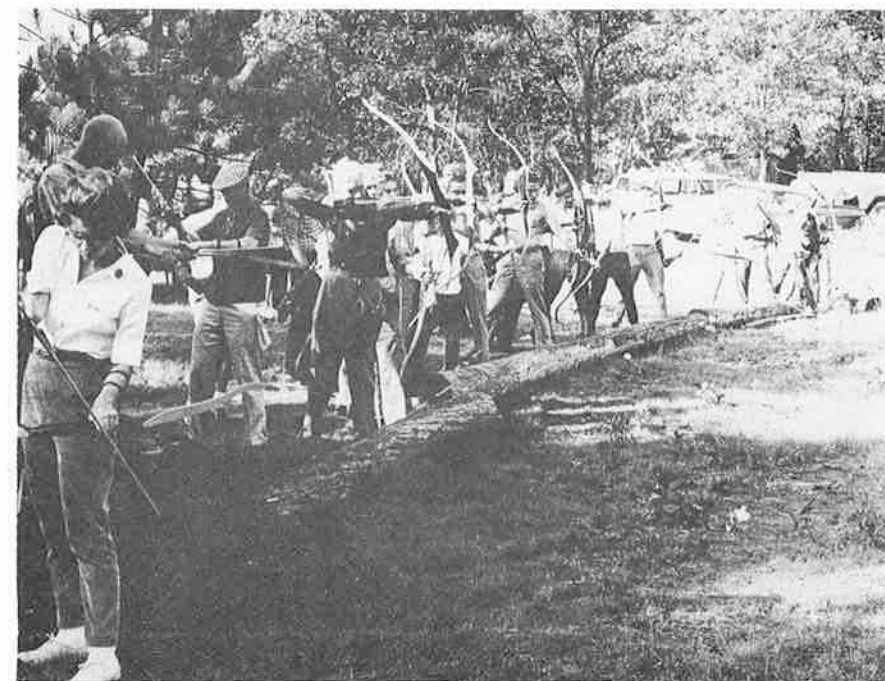
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From Friday evening, Sept. 6, when campers and cars began to roll into the Necedah Shoot grounds, until the last of the bowhunters left late Sunday afternoon, excitement reigned at this great bowhunter's event up in the central part of Wisconsin.

A Wisconsin conservation official, whose job it is to estimate the sizes of such events, estimated conservatively that the crowd had grown to between 2,500 and 3,000 by the time things were at their shrieking best on Saturday night. He counted 500 camps on the grounds. Not only is it a big event but interest seems to be growing each year in the many features that it presents for bowhunters.

A top attraction was Fred Bear's huge Alaskan brown bear which he bagged with his bow. The trophy was placed in a special large tent on the grounds and attracted an awed crowd at all times. To add to the interest, Fred and his wife attended the big event and were the center of a large group at all times. Fred had just returned from India where he bagged



THE USUAL LINEUP of practice shooters tries out their hunting tackle prior to the Big Shoot.

NECEDAH SHOOT

a large tiger and was bombarded with questions about his exciting hunt.

It is no secret that large numbers of mid-west bowhunters attend the Necedah Shoot for the sociability that has become an earmark of the event. The Saturday night shindig topped all previous ones as archers danced far into the night on the special concrete slab that had been placed on the grounds by the Necedah Firemen's Assn.

Fred Bear told the big crowd the story of his tiger hunt and other dignitaries gave short talks. A huge bonfire lighted

up the area and warmed the merrymakers. It was a gala evening!

As usual, the big game shoot was the main attraction, however, and most of the talk centered around the many misses at these deceptive deer, bear and coyote silhouettes. And, also as usual, a new champion was crowned in most divisions. Gordon Bentley of Sussex, Wis., topped the field in the men's division with his 292 score out of a possible 405 points.

Melodeen Mathison, of Waupaca, Wis., with a good 228 score, became the new women's Necedah Shoot queen.

A total of 684 contestants registered for the big game round, while 541 shot the exciting small game round.

Plans are already underway for several exciting new innovations for the 1964



EMIL HUEBNER, WBH president, watches as Red Cook, director, takes a shot at a deer while standing on a downed tree trunk.

shoot. As Anne Fancher, executive secretary of WBH, said, "If the Necedah Shoot isn't the biggest archery event in the country, we are surely going to make it just that!"

Although exact figures are not available from all of the country's big archery meets, it seems quite likely that the Necedah Shoot is the nation's biggest.

The winners:

MEN

1. Gordon Bentley, Sussex, Wis. 292
2. Ken Bodway, Appleton, Wis. 289
3. Don Bodway, Appleton, Wis. 285



ANNE FANCHER, executive secretary of WBH, lets go at target No. 1.

WOMEN

1. Melodeen Mathison, Waupaca, Wis. 228
2. Della Grimm, Little Chute, Wis. 224
3. Magdalene Kautz, Merrill, Wis. .. 202

JUNIOR BOYS

1. Tom Reinecke, Ripon, Wis. 272
2. John Hedtke, New London, Wis. 264
1. Robert Bair, Middleton, Wis. 209

JUNIOR GIRLS

1. Joyce Johnson, Maple, Wis. 176
2. Joann McNabb, Eau Claire, Wis. 155
3. Kristine Shambeau, Appleton, Wis. 108

CADETS

1. Craig Jameson, New Richmond, Wis. 183
2. Chuck Grimm, Little Chute, Wis. 156
3. Ronnie Celestnik, Waukegan, Ill. 124

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YOU'RE CHALLENGED!

When someone says we challenge you, it usually sets pulses racing. When it is said to an archer, not only does the pulse race but so do the feet, for the bow rack and then into the arrow case for the keenest set of arrows available.

This is precisely what happened the first week in August, when the Sure Sherwoods phoned the Burley Buriens and suggested that they could clean their rusty clocks by shooting one series of the Sherwood round and one series of the Denver round. The Sherwood round is a multiple distance round consisting of ends at 10 yards at 9" face, 15 yards at 12" face, 20 yards at 12" face and 15 yards at a 9" face; these to be repeated four times for a total of 16 ends. The Denver round is shot entirely at 20 yards at a 15" face. A perfect score on either of these rounds would be 400 points.

From the moment the challenge was

made, management of these two fine houses, offering mechanized archery to the Greater Seattle area, went to work to help teams organize and get started at the play-off that would be necessary in order to come up with the five top teams from each house, to share in a quickie money shoot purse.

Five teams from each establishment practiced and prodded each other for more than two weeks. Needless to say, in such a short span of planning time many disappointments came and went: Such as teams organizing and losing members to shift changes, broken ribs and bosses sending a potential genius halfway across the country. Regardless of all the stumbling blocks, many teams competed in those complicated days.

Much fun and excitement filled every day and night. Then came Friday, when the qualifying period was nearly over and the five top teams were about to be born. Some of the lower scoring teams were frantically trying to qualify and others, of the top ones were re-shooting one round or the other making one last stab at getting in on the highest money purse possible, as well as that chance to defend their home Lanes. The first place qualifying team received \$50 with \$30 and \$20 going to the next two placing teams. Teams were allowed to shoot as many times as they cared to in order to try and keep raising their team score. Each time part of the fee went into the kitty to build up the qualifying purse. Needless to say, about 11 o'clock Saturday night, when all possible shooting had to be completed, many anxious phone calls or visits were made at the lanes to check on final standings of various teams.

Wednesday, the third of September, was the first night for the 10 teams to start shooting for the honor of their respective lanes and equally honorable cash, that is five teams from each of the two houses.

Bow strings and nerves were strung about the same height. Tension was mounting and no one wanted to let his team down or let the pride in his home lanes be damaged. Some of the finest shooting ever done was witnessed by a large crowd of greatly impressed spectators.

Larry Hartman, from Sherwood Lanes, a comparatively new archer, shot a 389 Sherwood series, out of a possible 400. Helen Hackman, the Belle of Burien, also a relatively new archer, shot a 373 on the same round. Ralph Cline, of Burien Lanes, clanked in a fine 381 this same night. No wonder everyone was so impressed with the flashing of beautifully shot arrows, straight for the center of those targets radiating challenge, to the heart of each archer.

Thursday night, the 10 teams battered

(Continued on Page 40)

Too Close To Shoot!

By CARL HULBERT

I wanted a bear so badly that it was almost painful and it was a shock when that bear came so close to me that I was unable to get a shot away and he escaped me. Yet things did not turn out so badly as we shall see.

It was on the first morning of the 1963 bear and deer season up on the great sweeping slope of Northern Wisconsin that drops off to Lake Superior. Cut by a myriad of ravines so steep that one has to hold on to the brush that lines the sides of them in order to climb up or down them, these deep hollows are the hideouts of old bruin. They come out and range the flats above only when food becomes scarce in these dark hollows that are almost inaccessible to hunters.

I had built a brush blind with the help of Herb and Wilda Lange, of Princeton, Ill., and famed taxidermist, Maynard Peck, of Janesville, Wis., the previous afternoon and out ahead of it in the brackens we had thrown some meat scraps and other tidbits to which we hoped the bear would be attracted. The blind was located within a few hundred feet of a series of steep ravines that pointed toward Lake Superior, four miles away. I had cautiously made my way into the little circular brush hideout before daylight on opening day of bear season. The others were located in similar blinds some miles away. The day was cloudy and the grass wet and quiet to my footsteps.

I arranged my blind as best as I could in the darkness. I sat on a folding camp chair so that I could raise my bow and shoot out of a small opening that gave me a view of my bait about 15 yards away. I had scraped the ground clean the day before so that I would not make any noise in the leaves and debris with my feet. I then took off my hip quiver and leaned it against a small birch tree growing at the rear of the little blind, which measured about six feet across. There was not a sound about me as I settled down for a wait of several hours.

Light had begun to break in the east as old Sol slowly made his way up into the heavens and within twenty minutes I could make out objects about me. Soon the usual noises that are a familiar part



HERB LANGE and Maynard Peck discuss Herb's bow as Wilda Lange gets equipment ready for the evening hunt.

of the woods began to develop. Birds began to call and a wood mouse ran across my foot and scampered into the brush. Off to my north a coyote called and was answered behind me. An owl called to its mate back in the timber. Morning had come to the big woods.

It was seven-thirty when I saw my first bear. A big black head slowly appeared above the brackens well behind my bait. He moved his head slowly and deliberately as he tried to make sense out of the



JANE (MRS. JAMES WILMER) watches us build a bear blind and remarked, "Now we will see how the white man uses his bows and arrows to shoot a bear!" One of the Wilmer boys also watches with interest.

many odors that emanated from the food spread out before me. This was a real, wild bear and the human scent was strange to him. He finally made a wide sweep around the food cache and decided that the place was too dangerous and I could hear him retreat to the fastness of his deep hollows.

For another 20 minutes I held my position, bow poised and ready, hoping that he would return. I was careful not to make even the slightest movement nor to scrape my feet. Bear are extremely cautious and I did not want any motion to give my position away.

I was still in this same poised position watching the little opening in the brush blind when I heard several quick sniffs almost behind me. The sound was so close that it seemed to be in the blind with me. Slowly, ever so slowly, I turned my head to see what had caused this unusual noise. There, only three feet away, a big bear, head down and nose to the ground like a hound on a hot trail, had squeezed through the perimeter of the brush into my blind!

Amazingly, I was not afraid. I made up my mind in a flash. It was impossible to swing my bow to my right enough for a shot and I knew instantly that the slightest movement on my part would only panic the animal and he would be off and behind the brush before I could draw and shoot. My only hope was that the big black fellow would retreat without too much fear when he discovered that the blind was occupied and that I could get a shot when he got into the clear near the blind. However, when his nose approached my quiver the odor of the human scent became too powerful and his eyes made out the strange form seated on the stool and he almost fell over himself as he bolted backwards out of the blind and charged into some nearby brackens. There he stopped to survey the situation. For 30 seconds he stood within the safety of the ferns testing the wind. I could not shoot through the brush of the blind and even if I could have, I would not chance a shot that might prove a poor one. He had decided by this time that this was not a safe place and galloped away in the same direction taken by the first one.

To say that I was disappointed was putting it mildly. Here I had a bear so close that I was unable to get a shot away at it! It was the second bear that I had seen within an hour and I could hardly expect another soon. There was nothing to do but regret the bad luck I was having.

For the next half hour I thought about this bear which had evidently trailed me into the blind and by that time had reconstructed the reasons for it.

During the previous afternoon, Herb, Wilda, Maynard, an Indian, Jim Wilmer, who lived nearby, and I had placed some bait at other locations in the area in an attempt to locate the areas in which they moved. At one location we dumped a few meat scraps and while returning to the Jeep, Jim remarked that there were some bear tracks in the grass and that we may have put the food in a poor location.

"Use an Indian trick", he told me, "and track through that bait back here." Accordingly, I walked back to the bait which was composed largely of tallow, and after rubbing my boots on it, walked back to where he had located the bear tracks. Although I had cleaned my boots in the grass and had walked a considerable dis-



THE WILMER family of Indians clown as the editor takes their picture. Later, they helped the editor drag his bear out of the woods. These boys are excellent hunters who have learned well from their parents.

tance in the woods since that time, this bear had located the remaining scent that my boots had clinging to them and having crossed my tracks as I made my way to the blind, followed me right into my hideout. The sniffing sound that I heard was the bear's attempt to follow the slight odor from my boots.

However, there was more excitement to come. A half hour later, I again saw a big black head appear in the brackens back of the food and slowly circle it. It took this bear another 20 minutes before he stepped into view and approached the meat scraps. He cautiously approached the box in which we had placed them and reached in for one of the pieces without turning his side to me.

He was a nice one and I had promised myself not to shoot until my quarry gave me a side shot that would enable me to place an arrow into the heart-lung area. He quickly backed away with the meat and moved back into the tall brackens to eat it. I was sure he had not seen me and I expected him to return for more food. However, he did not return and I heard him move away back into the woods. I waited another hour before deciding that he had gone for sure.

The peculiar thing that I noticed about this last bear was a startling white crescent on his chest, perfectly symmetrical in form. I could not forget it and when I returned to camp remarked to Herb and Maynard that this was the bear I would like to get because of this unusual marking.

The Langes had seen only one bear which they decided was too small to shoot. Herb was passing up anything under 300 pounds, and even Wilda was trying for one above average. They were experienced bear hunters and each had bagged a bear in the area in 1962.

Maynard Peck had an exciting morning. Two nice adult bear and a cub had visited his blind but they did not present themselves for a sure, killing shot and he passed them up. He was using a sight which he had carefully set at the exact distance from his blind at which the bait was placed. He was confident that he could make a sure kill if a bear turned its side to him at just the right angle. He was in no hurry.

We returned to our blinds at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. At about 5 o'clock a big bear raised his head out of the brackens back of my bait and then spent almost an hour slowly circling the area, testing the odors. He finally showed himself in the brush almost down wind from me and then retreated for good. These bear were not accustomed to human odors and decided there was danger near the food odors.

When I returned to camp after dark. I found excitement brewing all over the place. Maynard had hit a big one. "The old Grand Daddy," he exclaimed. "I waited until he placed his foreleg ahead just right before I shot," he explained. "That arrow hit exactly where I wanted it to go."

Then, because it was after dark, the Langes had summoned their good friend, Darrel Mickschl, the Forest Ranger at nearby Upson who was also a warden. Darrel is a fine woodsman and a skilled hunter and they knew he could trail a wounded bear with the best. Having a warden with the group while looking for the animal after dark would also make the job legal.

We were soon at the spot, and using a large flashlight, Darrel soon picked up



A DANDY specimen but he was too cautious to come near the bait. Here, he tests the wind for danger from a safe distance.



MAYNARD PECK with his big blackie. The pelts of both our bears were in excellent condition.

the blood trail and was off like a hound. Specks of blood on bushes indicated a good lung hit and after trailing the bear for 155 yards he pointed down a steep gully and announced, "There's your bear!" It was lying with its feet in the air on the steep slope, having been stopped by a tree. We cleaned it out and soon had it back in camp. It was a fine specimen.

After arriving at camp again, I heard the story of the escapade that the Langes had encountered during the afternoon.

A bear had come to their bait that Herb decided was not big enough for him so he motioned to Wilda to shoot it. Her shot was too high, only slightly wounding the animal. It bawled and rolled over, then started running through the woods. At the commotion, her cub, which they had not noticed before, scrambled up a tree, also bawling and calling its mother. Upon hearing her cub screaming for help, the sow, deciding that her tormenters were also harming her offspring, reversed her retreat and charged back at the blind at full speed.

Herb was standing just behind Wilda as the bear charged. He yelled, "Down Wilda!" and when the sow was fifteen feet away he shot over his wife's head smashing an arrow into the bear's face and shoulder. The animal rolled and

pawed at the arrow, screaming and gnashing its teeth in rage but decided enough was enough and beat a hasty retreat, followed by the cub. It was a close call.

Stories of the day's hunt flew fast and furious back at the Innes's tavern that evening where the hunters congregated. It had been an exciting day. We decided that I would go back to Peck's former blind in the morning and the rest would look for the wounded bear.

Nothing came to my blind that morning and after a lengthy search, it was determined that the sow that Herb had hit was not mortally hit and would recover. Peck left for home with his bear at noon. I wanted to hunt during that evening before returning home.

I returned to my original blind at 3 o'clock in the afternoon and made myself comfortable for a four hour wait if necessary. All was quiet until about 5 o'clock when without a sound a big black head appeared above the ferns back in the woods behind my bait and carefully scrutinized the area. Again the bear was extremely cautious. He slowly walked in a semi-circle about the blind trying to fathom the various smells that came to him. It was almost five-thirty before he cautiously stepped into my bait area. I had thrown a few worm-infested Delicious apples into the bait and he immediately passed up everything else for one of these morsels and then beat a hasty retreat into the brackens. He did not give me an opportunity for that side shot that I was insisting on, so I let him go.

I could hear him crunching the apple and figured that he would come back for another one when he finished the first one. However, he was too suspicious to move very fast and it was not until 6 o'clock that he again came into view at the bait. This time he stopped short of picking up the apple and slowly sniffed the breezes that came to him. There was an odor that he did not like and as he stood there it began to dawn on him that he was too exposed. I could see his uneasiness but did not want to shoot at his body which quartered toward me. All at once his uneasiness turned to fear and he decided to get out of there. He then made the mistake of his life. Instead of taking a backward step, he swung, giving me a split second look at the vital side area and I crashed a heavy compressed cedar arrow with a razor sharp broadhead into him just back of the shoulder. The shot was a little high due to the speed at which I was forced to shoot but it looked like it had entered the cavity. He crashed away into the underbrush and for a few moments I could hear the end of the arrow clattering against the bushes. Then all was still.

Darkness was beginning to approach back in these deep gullies so I immediately



HERE'S MY bear. Note the white V on his chest. This photo was taken at near darkness without a flash, using a time-exposure camera hand held.

went for Herb and Wilda and within twenty minutes we were on the blood trail. At a distance of about 150 yards from the blind Wilda spotted the bear. It had lodged against a tree growing at a sharp angle from the side of an almost vertical slope. A quick look convinced Herb and me that we needed help to get the bear up and out of that steep gully. So, while Wilda took the Jeep and got several of the Wilmer boys, Indians all, Herb and I made a rope drag with several short poles attached to it. The boys made up a team and quickly had the animal back to the Jeep. Jim Wilmer made quick work at dressing the bear out.

When we examined the bear after dragging it out we discovered an amazing thing. He had a beautiful white crescent on his chest. This was the same bear that had come to the blind Saturday morning but had failed to stop long enough for me to get a shot. It was the one that I had wanted so badly to shoot but had never expected to see again. It was an added bonus to a successful hunt.

The bear is now at Maynard Peck's taxidermist shop where it is being made into a rug with its head mounted with it. It will long remind me of an exciting adventure in the great bear country of northern Wisconsin.

You're Challenged . . .

(Continued from Page 37)

away at the Burien Lanes targets, the pressure of the night before still fresh in their veins. The crowd was back and the shooters were displaying truly what the word challenge means, by constantly trying to keep a mental oneness with that spot just 20 yards away. Mental control, coordination, concentration, and desire all rolled up and in the shape of an arrow,

BEN PEARSON APPEARS IN RIO EXPOSITION

Ben Pearson, Inc., of Pine Bluff, Ark., world's largest manufacturer of archery tackle and automatic archery lanes equipment, was one of 114 firms from 26 states and the District of Columbia that cooperated with the Bureau of International Commerce in staging the recent U.S.A. Exposition in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

Held in the heart of scenic Quinta De Boa Vista Park, the show was jammed from opening until closing, while long lines of people patiently waited their turns to get a glimpse of the wide array of U.S. products in the 34 animated exhibits.

In addition to the Ben Pearson exhibit, visitors watched such exhibits as high-speed orange juice extraction, machine weaving and knitting of textiles, and phonograph record pressing. They saw modern printing techniques, electronic teaching methods, and commercial egg grading and handling. They viewed a kitchen where appliances can be operated by telephone, a fashion showing of advance design wash-and-wear clothing, a science demonstration and an exhibition showing U.S. progress in space exploration.

On-the-spot sales of U.S. products were high and orders for future delivery were promising.

Theme of the Fair was "Allies in Progress," and exhibits were designed to illustrate how all U.S. citizens share in the economic gains of their country, to point up to Brazilians the benefits of U.S. economic investment there and to help direct attention to efforts under the Alliance for Progress to help Brazilians reach their economic goals.

The more than 820,000 visitors to the first U.S.A. Exposition in Brazil pronounced it "um enorme sucesso" (a huge success). The exposition was the 135th show presented since the U.S. Trade Fairs program began in 1954.

spinning towards a target, this is the challenging Spirit of every fine archer.

The fun, excitement, and fast pace was climaxed with these four, excellent teams:

1st. Place: Burien Team, 2871 points.

\$80 cash

Dick Burke

Bill Wolfgang

Harold Leininger

Ernie Manley

(Continued on Page 55)

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24 HEADS-PACKAGE . . . \$12.75

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MENS:
Black or Brown;
20" long, 1 1/2" x 2"
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bottom. Black trimmed
in dark green. Brown
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in Black
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shorter than mens
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8" x 4" 1 3/4".



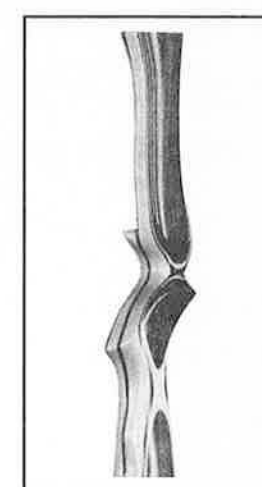
This is the new #409 Target King Quiver. Natural heavy top grain, elk-tanned cowhide. Divider strap with spacer or sleeve holds quiver mouth open. Hooked straps slide over belt or trouser top making quiver easy to wear . . . arrows easy to reach. Roomy pocket has long zipper opening. Handcrafted by King . . . unsurpassed in style, material and workmanship since 1939.

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The All-New Double Stabilized
1964 HAWAIIAN
MIRACLE MASTER OF
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Here—in one bow—is all that's needed for truly accurate tournament shooting!
The all NEW 1964 HAWAIIAN is a masterpiece of grace, beauty and strength!
You get smooth, effortless draw—and stability—thanks to the 1964 Hawaiian's double stabilized construction. Unlike other bows which are only single stabilized (either on the front or back) the new Hawaiian is stabilized on both front and back and actually eliminates hand-twisting. This remarkable feature gives you a stability never before achieved in composite bows—and it shows every time you shoot!
No other bow on the market can match its accuracy. No other bow can match its other remarkable features, including form-fitting thumb and palm rests, Owens pistol grip handle, full heel—convenient arrow rest!

The new 1964 Hawaiian also gives you these other features: full target sight window . . . uniform stress throughout and positive, full working recurves assured by rock hard, white maple double tapered laminations.
For superior performance — everytime you're on the line — get the all new 1964 Hawaiian.

Specifications:
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Draw Limits — to 32"
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Owens Pistol Grip
Double Stabilized
Sight Window — 7"
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Also available in
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BADGES & BOWS...

Archery Activities of the Detroit Police Department.

By Patrolman JOHN WEBER

The results:

Men's Instinctive	
Bob Winquist	151 247 243 296—937
Bob Haddell	24 69 96 202—371
Charles Brezeale ..	14 73 82 202—371
Men's Freestyle	
Mickey Dooley	168 240 212 313—933
John Weber	118 191 209 299—817
Joe Schoolmaster ..	47 197 196 305—745
Floyd Sledge	95 104 248 287—734

Women's Instinctive	
Rose Mason	141 187 197 268—793
Women's Free Style	
Helen Schoolmaster	129 167 132 243—671
Barbara Sledge	71 131 105 220—527
Nan Shade	31 23 87 158—268
Shila Praters	46 70 43 109—268
Intermediate Girls	
Judy Clark	9 30 162 265—466
Cadet Girls	
Gail Mason	42 96 105 300—543

In the last issue of TAM, I promised that I would let you see how our FITA round turned out. Well, here it is. We had a very small turnout, but it is a start. Those who tried it loved it. Men and women shot the required distances and the youngsters shot 50, 40, 30 and 20 yards.

WOES OF A DEERHUNTER

Gary Uranis, our cartoonist, tells of his woes during the last deer season.

It was a beautiful, brisk day in the north woods of Michigan, one of those picture-taking days with the sun shining on Mother Nature's beautiful array of autumn colors.

He had tried the hard woods in the morning without success, and decided to try down along the edge of the swamp. The large spruce and tamaracks of the swamp stop all wind and the swamp is whisper quiet. Everything is very peaceful, walking on the fallen pine needles. All of a sudden there is one helluva crash on the inside of the swamp. He could hear something crashing through the brush his way. All at once a huge 10-point swamp buck jumps right out into the middle of the logging road that he's on about 20 yards away. He took two quick shots while the deer was standing there . . . but before he could get the cork back in the bottle, the deer was gone.

Well, I guess you can't win them all!



"Who's nervous?"

Well that's it for this season in attempting to promote the FITA round.

I am constantly trying to find a better way to help improve the financial conditions of our archery clubs.

As you know, "awards" are the drawback to the prosperity of every club. How long are our archers going to keep their clubs from prospering? When are we going to match the sportsmanship of the golfer and bowler? When are the adults of archery going to say, "the hell with the trophies" and put that dough into the improvement of our clubs? Before we get into a real battle on this question, I wish to say that we should always keep awards for our youngsters.

Back to the golfer and bowler, the golfer and bowler, the golfer will go out to his favorite course two or three times a week just to play golf and try to improve his score. He doesn't even think about an award. Does the archer? The bowler does the same. Does the archer?

Why doesn't the archer go to his club and practice on Monday or Tuesday? Because, on most of the courses, if they are not sprayed the night before, the mosquitoes will eat you alive. No accomodation. If it has rained the night before, you might have to take knee boots if you wish to walk around the course. This situation will continue until we allow clubs to put the money they spend on awards into the improvement of the clubs facilities.

What does an award mean to an archer? As far as I am concerned, nothing! Understand, I am talking of club tournaments. Winning state or national tournaments is a different thing. Week after week I have seen archers just pay for their trophies, because they had no competition. Many times they did not shoot their classification. Do you know that there are hundreds of thousands of these trophies sitting on mantles around the country? Now, a non-archer walks into one of these homes and asks this question, "When and how did you win that trophy?" The "when" is easy, but the "how" is nothing!

What I have written may ruffle a lot of feathers, but it may be the beginning of a better financial setup for our clubs. I know that we are not going to stop giving awards today, tomorrow or next year, so I offer you this suggestion for you to kick around:

No award to any member of the Professional Archers Assn. (I am a member of this association). I think it is a dirty shame for a member of the PAA to walk up and take a trophy away from someone who finally made his way up the ladder to the top class. Being a member of the PAA means that you are attempt-

(Continued on Page 46)



A LITTLE girl with good form and high scores.



HOLY COW! From way back there.

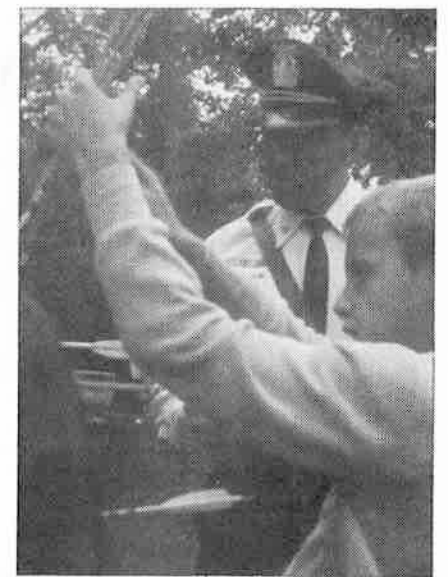
MRS. FRANK SPONSORS TOURNEY

Another great tournament for the kids of Detroit was held at the Palmer Park recreation department range.

The sponsor was Mrs. Ruth Frank. If it wasn't for this lovely lady there just wouldn't be any archery for the kids in Detroit. By this I mean a big tournament with trophies and medals and free lunch. 'Cause Mrs. Frank foots the bill.

I have never received the results of the tournament but here are a few pictures I took at the tourney. This might give you an idea of the fun and enjoyment you can have if you helped put on a kid's tournament in your area.

Mrs. Ruth Frank was assisted by the Department of Parks and Recreation and the Detroit Police archers.



OH, OH! Better not count this one. I'm being watched.



AIMING DOWN the shaft. This little girl shot half of the team with her feet crossed.



I CAN'T bear to look.

ALL

by
FRANCIS E. SELL
Outdoor Equipment Consultant

Outdoors

Reading Deer Sign

THE more round-toed track of a deer is supposed to be that of a buck, and to a certain extent this is true. But to be sure, you must take several factors into consideration. For a mature doe, one without fawns, also makes a more rounded track than a doe with fawn—all this for the simple reason that she is larger, weighs more, and the hoofs are more abraded than those of a lighter deer.

If you find a large deer track, with well-rounded toes, a solitary set of prints, this would be a good indication of a buck. If, in addition, those tracks showed drag marks in the snow, you could be reasonably certain. More evidence of a buck is indicated when the tracks show a wider trailing from a center line.

A doe is more free-stepping, with less "strut" in her walk than a mature buck. She picks up her feet cleanly, walks more to a center line, and she seldom shows drag marks in the snow. Being smaller, less fat, due to nursing fawns, the hooves show less abrasion, are more pointed. Beyond these considerations you cannot go in establishing the sex of a deer by the tracks—save their position in traveling on a trail.

Deer tracks made when the game is ascending a steep hill appear shorter, more round-toed than those made by the same animal on level ground. Conversely, tracks made during down hill travel appear longer. Slight slipping accounts for this is the main. Quite apparently, to get proper perspective when a set of deer tracks are under review, you must see them on several types of ground.

Deer movement is not always defined by clear-cut tracks, however. Quite often you'll see nothing more than a slight disturbance of the cover at the beginning of your hunt—maybe a slight depression where some animal has stepped in the forest litter, perhaps a bed scarcely outlined in the duff. Some deer sign remains visible on bare ground for a considerable length of time. Other traces disappear quickly. You must, in assessing the fresh-

ness of sign, be able to distinguish between the two. Deer droppings appear fresh for several days during damp weather. Tracks on bare ground also appear fresh for considerable time. But if there is any great amount of weather change, you can pinpoint the freshness by tying in with the most drastic change during the past 24 hours.

Once, hunting a logging slash of several thousand acres, I had this brought emphatically to mind. This area we planned to hunt had excellent browse, but no security cover directly on the slash. The deer moved in to feed in late evenings, there being stable weather conditions. They remained during the night, then in early morning, before the thermal wind-change, they returned to the second-growth timber about the three sides of the feeding area. Here they bedded for the day. We arrived in our hunting area immediately after the morning feeding period, prepared for a day of cooperative still-hunting in the second growth.

Dew still shimmered like diamonds on the cover, touched with the magic of an autumn sun. But these diamonds of dew were lacking in those places where the deer had fed during the morning. They also were lacking on the trails in the black huckleberry brush where the deer had moved. This sign told us that instead of moving in and out of the second growth to the west, as they had done before, these deer were using the security cover south of their normal routine for this area.

We didn't know the *why* of this change at the time. But later we found that two other hunters had taken deer the previous day in the west security cover, causing the remaining deer to change their daytime bedding from this disturbed area.

In the logging slash proper, the thick mat of weeds, vines and grass prevented detailed reading of tracks. But the retreat of the deer was outlined by the disturbed brush, broken spider webs, the absence of dew on the used trails. My partner took a



FRANCIS E. SELL

Nationally known Outdoor Equipment Consultant and Technical Writer . . . Author of such standard works on outdoor subjects as the American Deer Hunter — Advanced Hunting — Small Game Hunting — Hunting With Binocular and Camera — and Practical Fresh Water Fishing.

big four-pointer on what would probably have been a barren day if we hadn't read the available sign properly.

Actually, we had little to go on in establishing the best territory for our day's hunt. Dew knocked off the brush; a spider web broken on one trail, stretched undisturbed across another. We had to assume a lot—that deer had moved here instead of other animals, for it was prime deer territory. We assumed that at least two bucks would be found with the herd, it being close to the rutting season. Experienced hunter or not, you could have made the same deductions from the evidence offered. For accuracy wouldn't have been so much a matter of several years experience as it was of *seeing* in detail.

The point I wish to make is that there is nothing upon which an experienced woodsman bases his hunt which isn't also before the inexperienced hunter. The difference is in the observation and interpre-

tations, which is another way of saying hunter attitude.

When deer tracks litter the woods, a condition you'll find very obvious when there is snow on the ground to register them, it is very easy to over-estimate the number of deer in the territory. This is especially true under stable weather conditions, snow or bare grounds.

A storm cancels out tracks, leaving the cover ready for fresh sign. Stable weather conditions preserve them—good evidence of the over-all worth of a territory, but tricky in evaluating the number of deer actually using an area.

Once I showed two inexperienced hunters a deer trail leading into my orchard. I asked them to estimate the number of deer using it. They examined the trail closely. They looked at the welter of tracks in the orchard where the deer had eaten fallen

apples each night. Their estimate was between 50 and 60 deer. Around midnight we left my log cabin and, taking a flashlight, we counted noses. Thirteen deer were feeding in the orchard—four does, eight fawns, and a three-point buck. Earlier in the evening I had been on the receiving end of some good-natured razzing when I suggested that perhaps a dozen were visiting the orchard.

My closer estimate stemmed from a more realistic study of the trail sign. Those two inexperienced hunters saw all those tracks as being the same age. They should have been considered only those tracks leading *out* of the orchard after the night feeding period. No esoteric woodcraft needed to be involved, just a logical consideration of the problem presented by the trail evidence. Deer had come into the orchard. They had fed during the night



FRESH SIGN—Note that the prints of the hind foot are set on and slightly over that of the front foot. Solitary set of prints is a good indication of a buck when found BEFORE the rut. Note the clear cut impression about the edge of the track—all easily read indications of the sign freshness. These tracks were made AFTER a night rain and at those of a deer moving into security cover for day bedding AFTER the morning feeding period—good, pertinent hunting information. Yup, I got this one—a big five-pointer—trailing him while he was still hunting the heavy cover.

and early morning, then they had moved out by the same trail used in coming into the feeding area. I simply discounted all the tracks coming into the orchard, made a careful appraisal of those leading out. It's the type of detailed observation you must make as a matter of course to keep your hunt productive.

A skilled woodsman doesn't see the cover as a broad, over-all picture of gold-splashed autumn trees—or perhaps the same territory under a mantle of snow. For him each segment of the area stands out alone, separate and distinct. He sees in detail. This enables him to mark the most minute disturbance of the game he hunts.

Accuracy of observation must be habitual. It eliminates the confusion generated by old and fresh deer sign. For example, each summer in late August, long before the hunting season opens, buck rub the velvet-like covering from their antlers. Signs of this activity show on the bark of small trees. Seeing this in autumn, many hunters assume that those bucks are still in this territory. This may well be so. But should it prove the case, they are there because the area still affords good food, shelter and security. Indeed, in the case of Mule Deer, they may be 50 miles away from those rubbed bushes and trees.

You naturally look for fresher sign. Quite often this fresh autumn sign of a similar nature may be confused with "rubbings." For you'll often find hooked bushes where an autumn buck has worked off some of his pugnacity before the rut. Such sign, shown as broken limbs on huckleberry, hardhack, mountain willow, red alder, consists of broken branches, stripped leaves, with tracks about trees in profusion.

If you explore and connect this evidence with other confirming sign, such as evidence of feeding, fresh tracks on the trails, fresh beddings, the area may develop into just the type territory you are looking for in which to hunt. At first, you may have trouble in judging the freshness of deer tracks. Those made on two succeeding days are often hard to place in sequence under stable weather conditions. They must be studied carefully for sign of aging. Don't just consider a few individual tracks on the trail. Study a comparatively representative section of the trail over which the game has passed. A single track, or even a dozen tracks, may be so sheltered that natural weathering hasn't taken place.

Fresh tracks on bare ground show a glaze along the outer rim. The rest of the print shows the impact of weight only. Light falls of dew register in these deer tracks, with the center section showing minute specks of moisture on the packed dirt. The glaze about the rim will show

small cracks radiating toward the center of the prints. After only a few hours the glaze will change color and lose some of its polished appearance.

Deer tracks in wet ground, exposed to the sun, change appearance rapidly. The impression become less sharp as the dirt about the print dries. During a storm, it is quite evident that a track holding its shape, and with mud in it, is freshly made. For a downpour of rain will wash out the appearance of fresh tracks within a half hour. Snowfall, of course, obscures the outline. All this, as you know, pin-points the time tracks were made: *before, during, or after* storm. The time element can be established, even if the storm occurred a day or two days before you have the tracks under observation.

Your ability to read sign on bare ground is the mark of the expert. Snow sign is very easy to read. Deer tracks in snow age rapidly. One hour of extreme weather conditions can change a print's appearance drastically. The fresh deer track in snow has a distinct ridge about it. Disturbed snow crystals lie on the unbroken surface about the print.

If the tracks are made before sunrise, the displaced snow crystal will freeze before the track itself is frozen down. But a weak winter sun can melt these snow cry-

stals to the extent that they appear as small ice pellets in two or three hours. Deer tracks in snow made a half-day before they come under your observation are usually iced within the print. The snow-glaze about the rim is gone, and they are easily identified as being old, when considered in reference to fresh tracks.

Even at the expense of reiteration, you must tie in all your deer sign reading with the weather. Beyond this you must consider the season, time of day, expected deer activity, as well as the activity which produced the sign under observation.

The ability to read signs accurately is a very simple woodman's art. Its mastery depends upon a sharpened sense of *seeing in detail*, then relating what you see to deer habit. You are well down the trail toward becoming an expert woodsman-deer-hunter once you recognize that there is a problem of sign reading tied directly to your deer hunting success. That is essential.

Badges . . .

(Continued from Page 43)

ing to make some or all of your living from archery. We shouldn't take anything out of archery!

Instead of giving trophies or medals at every shoot, why not try this? Remember, keep the awards for the kids. For the rest of the archers, we will begin in the "open" division. If an archer meets all the requirements to shoot on your course and he has never shot in any tournament, he is an "open" shooter. All archers in this class at this tournament will be put into the class that *their score* indicates. Now the archer is classified.

From now on the only time the archer will receive an award is when he or she moves up a class. Then he could be given a medal of achievement, indicating the advance. When an archer reaches the 400 class, then he could be given a trophy for outstanding achievement. I think the archer would now have something to brag about with this award. From here on this bowman should be able to make his own way.

One thing I bet you didn't realize is that under this system you do not have to have a free style and instinctive division until archers reach the 400 class! Money saved, no sandbagging, and money in the bank.

In closing I would just like to say "hi" to my son, Jay, who is over on the Isle of Vrete. Good shooting to the rest of my friends all over the world.

A Clean Breeze from . . .

The WINDY CITY BOWMEN

Just the other day we received the complete results of the 79th Annual National Archery Assn. Tournament, held July 29 to Aug. 2. This year's meet was held in Los Angeles on the campus of UCLA. We'll run down the list of states and give you an approximate number of archers from each state:

California, 110; Arizona, 3; Illinois, 3; North Carolina, 1; Iowa, 1; Oregon, 7; Missouri, 3; Connecticut, 1; Texas, 1; Wyoming, 1; Ohio, 6; Colorado, 4; Florida 4; Michigan, 2; Washington, 17; Pennsylvania, 2; Utah, 1; plus one archer each from Canada and Australia. (A grand total of 167 NAA archers.)

As you check through the list, you will have noted that only 18 states out of 50 were represented. The largest representative archery groups were from the West Coast, naturally, since the meet was held there.

Well, right here is where we draw the line. Just how can you determine a national archery champion when only 18 states out of 50 are represented? You don't mean to tell me that there are no archers in the remaining states; we just don't believe that.

Before we continue on this vein, we would like to explain one thing: we are not disputing the fine archers who competed in and won this tournament. Nancy Vonderheide (Ohio), first-place ladies' amateur score: 3738; Jewel Hamilton (Ariz.), first-place ladies' professional score: 3508; Dave Keaggy, Jr. (Mich.), men's first-place amateur score: 3568; Ed Rhode (Iowa), men's professional first-place score: 3609. These are all champions, first class, and no doubt would have won in any case.

What we are disputing is the real effect of a tournament when just a handful of

top archers (locales scattered) compete and the balance of the tournament is filled in by top shooters of just one or two surrounding states. Why were the other states not represented? The answer is fairly simple: a trip to California is expensive. Actually, no matter where the meet would be held, the situation would be the same: a few top archers from a handful of states, the balance from the surrounding areas.

Is this the fault of the NAA in their choice of sites? Certainly not; the site is really not the question here. WHAT THE NAA LACKS IS THE SUPPORT OF ARCHERS, club-wise and state association-wise!

Practically every state with archery activity holds its own state target championship each year to determine the state target champions. We must bear in mind here, also, that each state does not have an archery association, per se, so our references must be limited to only those states who have functioning state groups, although an individual club in a state without an association could sponsor what we propose.

Why can't these archery groups, associations or individual archery clubs, send their top archers to the nationals and pay the expenses? We can just hear someone out there in the boondocks yelling, "Hey, hey, pay the freight to send someone else on a vacation, no sirree." Well, if that's your attitude, then your cooperation is delightfully not missed.

In this way, each archery-active state would be represented, not by the archer who could afford it, but by the top shooters of that respective state. Now, before everyone closes their minds to this possibility, let's just see, actually, how much it would cost to send these archers to

The following editorial appeared in the fine club newspaper of the Windy City Bowmen. We believe it merits good consideration by another organization which has its headquarters in the same city; namely, The National Archery Assn. of the United States.

various places in the U. S. for competition in the nationals. Since we are in Illinois, we will use it as an example for the jump-off place.

We have chosen our two state champs and now we want to send them, round-trip, to:

Place	Rail	Plane
Los Angeles	\$115	\$178
New York	71	91
Cleveland	30	46
Denver	56	92
Miami	81	114

Add about \$150 for the two (\$75 each) for expense money (room and board) and you will come out with the amount needed to send the two archers to the meet. According to the amateur rules, first-class fare, expenses, not more than \$20 per day, is not considered payment and will not hurt the archer's standing as an amateur, either for further national competition, or should he at a later date wish to compete in the FITA, or the Olympic Games. (Archery's participation in the Olympics is still pending.)

One good state benefit shoot, or a series of individual club shoots with proceeds going for this benefit, would do it; AND that state would have championship representation in the National Archery Assn. Tournament.

Next year's meet may be held in New York; probable cost to send the two top Illinois archers to New York, \$300.

This is a workable plan, simple and direct. It should result in added interest from the public, state-wide archery publicity for the state's events, plus extended nationwide coverage for the national meet. AND, most of all, added enthusiasm for the archers, themselves, competing on a state and national level.

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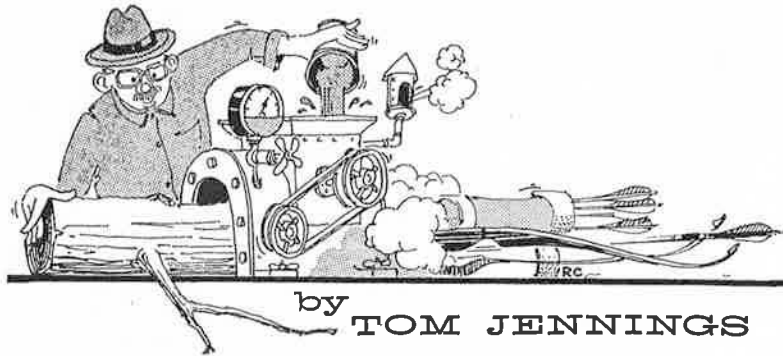
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 Location _____
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 Type of Deer _____ No. of Points _____
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TACKLE TOPICS

by **TOM JENNINGS**

10945 BURBANK BLVD, N. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF

Dear Tom Jennings:

Would you kindly advise what product is good for dyeing feathers white for hunting arrows? I do not see anything listed in any of the archery catalogs, or mention of it in any book. It is difficult to see a hit on an animal with usual colored feathers and white seems a logical solution.

Have several dozen hunting arrows that have usual cock feather dyed. Will white cover this without removal. Any information will be greatly appreciated.

Cordially

F. T.,
New York

ANSWER:

White feathers are not dyed, they come from white turkeys. You can dye white feathers any color you want but you can't make a gray barred, (this is the regular turkey color) white. If you ever find a dye that will do this your fortune would be made. Gray barred feathers are much stronger than white turkey feathers and are much cheaper because of a bigger supply.

I use white feathers on my hunting arrows as they are easy to see in flight early in the morning and under dark conditions. There is nothing more frustrating than to shoot at a big buck and miss and not be able to tell whether you went over or under him.

You will have to remove the feathers on your hunting arrows replacing with white feathers.

* * *

Dear Tom Jennings

Have read your "Tackle Topics" in TAM and find them very good. I am an amateur bowyer and have a few questions that I hope you may give me an assist with.

QUESTION NO. 1: What is a good ratio of height of riser in relation to length of riser?

QUESTION No. 2: What type of limb pattern should be used for a limb built with tapered cores? Would a long flat curve be better than a straight taper?

QUESTION NO. 3: Assuming the same design and build up, which would be more efficient, a 66" bow or a 68" bow?

QUESTION NO. 4: Which type of riser is best in design? "A" design used in the "Ultra Bow Kit" which has a long fade out which allows the limb to bend into the riser somewhat. "B" design which has a sharper taper and would not allow any bend into the riser. Wouldn't this tend to increase stress at fadeout point or by using this style "B" will this give you a sharper snap in speed and recovery?

QUESTION NO. 5: In designing a recurve tip, would it be better to use 2 radii rather than one? For example, 11" part way and then change to a 7". Or just a 7" alone?

I have built several bows on a style similar to the "Ultra"; I consider it a good and fascinating hobby.

Will greatly appreciate any help you can give on my questions.

Yours truly

Clifford E. Osborne

Dear Mr. Osborne:

ANSWER NO. 1: There doesn't seem to be any set ratio for riser height to length. Witness the increase in riser height in bows in the past few years. In fact the bow makers seem to be having a race to see who can make the largest riser section. To me this is like the tail fin race on automobiles during the 50's.

ANSWER NO. 2: I would recommend a curved taper for a taper core bow to maintain enough width at the recurved to resist limb twist. You may bring the very tips of a bow down quite small but maintain good width through the recurve.

ANSWER NO. 3: Every thing being equal the shorter bow limb will give you

slightly quicker limb recovery thus increasing arrow velocity. A bow limb is a compromise. It would be very nice if we could have the speed of a flight bow, the smoothness of draw and low stress of a 72" bow. So far nobody has come up with a limb design to meet these standards of performance. This is the challenge of bow making.

ANSWER NO. 4: The "Ultra Bow" has no deflex at the roots of the limb thus requiring a long gradual fadeout to distribute stress. You will find when a bow has a short fadeout it will always be deflexed to reduce this stress at the root of the limb. If you were to put a short fadeout on a non-deflexed bow you would of course get what is called a hinge point and resulting high stress at that point.

Deliberately creating a hinge point and resulting high stress to achieve speed in limb recovery is poor design. This has been tried in flight bows where durability is no requirement. Most flight bow builders now try to build a limb with equal stress throughout the limb. In theory this should be the most efficient limb as there would not be any limb weight just going along for the ride and not contributing to performance.

ANSWER NO. 5: A true arc doesn't seem to be the best design for a recurve. A progressive recurve seems to give better efficiency. This is quite true in a tapered core limb design.

Your questions have touched on some very basic problems in bow design. If a bow limb was a straight beam of the same size from riser to the string grooves you can see because of leverage limb stress would be the highest at the riser and zero at the string grooves except for sheer stress. Your problem as a bow designer is to try to design a limb that will be equal in stress from riser to string nock. Yours is the chance to be the first to do it. Good luck.

Keep the questions coming to: Tom Jennings, Tackle Topics, 10945 Burbank Blvd., North Hollywood, Calif.

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November, 1963

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A ONE-POINT SQUEAKER

Jim Bell reigns today as 400 instinctive champion of the Ohio Archers after a clear-cut win in the state field tournament, hosted over the Labor Day weekend by the Golden Eagles.

But highlight of the tournament came in the 400 free-style class where Bill Bednar and Bill Partin staged one of the most terrific battles ever seen on an archery course.

Bednar finally emerged by one point as the winner in competition so close as to be almost unbelievable.

When opening-day firing ceased, Bednar had a slim lead, outscoring Partin 526-514 on the 28 field.

On the hunters' spot, Partin came in with 537 to Bednar's 526, slashing Bednar's lead to a single point. Then came the final round, on animals, and the brilliant archers battled to a head and head tie at 534.

Bednar's outstanding field target round had spelled the difference.

In all, 442 persons registered for the two-day tournament. Opening day of competition found some of the top shooters under a handicap late in the day, finishing almost in total darkness.

Shoot weather was perfect and facilities good. The usual and for the most part unavoidable delays cropped up, but in general a fine shoot was held.

Tops for the women were Rose McKnight in the 275 free style class with a 1314 total and Dorothy Cleghorn, 275 instinctive, with 925.

June Schork was high for amateur women with 1215 in the free style class; Tom Viers was high amateur man with 1405.

Jim Bell's by now famed "three fingers



PULLING ARROWS from the giraffe at the Izaak Bowmen safari shoot was not easy, even when a ladder was provided. Here, Grace Wilson, of Elyria, Ohio, pulls an arrow while her husband, Dale, stands by to catch her if the ladder topples.

under" system of shooting continued to gain more adherents, proving deadly at the shorter ranges. Jim turned in a 415 field, 487 hunter's spot and 492 animal.

Free style team honors went to the Shawnee Archers, Lorain, with Don Cleghorn, George Zimmerman, Denver Reger and Hal Rothger (Ohio Archers president) as team members.

Lorain County, with a turnout of some three dozen archers, made a highly respectable showing. Along with Dot Cleghorn's class win and the free style team title, the county had three other first place winners and two for second place.

Class champions included Ken Tucker, 250 instinctive; Frank Michalski, 325 instinctive; and Mickey Mann, nephew of the Shara Colt winner, instinctive juniors.

At this writing, balance of the class winners have not been listed with the TAM editor for Ohio Archers, but every effort is being made to get them in time for this issue.

* * *

The Parma Archery Club held its second annual championship banquet on Sept. 8, with 107 members in attendance, among them Beth Setser, Miss Ohio Archer.

Five Parma officials were on hand to help celebrate and honor the champion archers.

* * *

SUCCESSFUL SAFARI

Looking ahead to future years, the Izaak Bowmen of Lorain County, staged the first of a proposed series of safari shoots Sept. 15.

Over a 42-target course which featured

(Continued on Page 51)

BOWHUNTERS ORGANIZE

With hardly the twang of a bowstring, a group of ardent bowhunters formed the country's newest bow-and-arrow organization—the Professional Bowhunters Society (PBS).

The members describe themselves as ethical professionals, placing the number of bow kills second to the manner in which a man hunts, the way he maintains the high qualities of bowhunting, and the manner he uses in promoting the sport.

Pledged to support the high qualities of bowhunting, the membership also agrees to share their combined knowledge with any interested person by teaching the art of bowhunting wherever such training is requested. Instruction is planned to carry from classroom theory into the actual hunting field, with would-be bowhunters training under actual hunting conditions.

The PBS membership is also pledged to support conservation in association with state and Federal conservation agencies, as well as independent support of conservation programs such as the preservation of game species and their habitat.

Headed by a bowhunting minister from Virginia, the Rev. Bill Hinton, of Hartwood, the PBS is forming a nucleus of bowhunters who believe and take part in their sport as professionals, both mentally and physically.

Originally chartered in the State of West Virginia during September of this year, the PBS already has gained membership from eight other states and England, with an executive council of men with more than 50 years of bowhunting experience.

Setting rigid standards for membership, the PBS requires use of bows pulling a minimum of 50 pounds, arrows of not less than 450 grains, use of the bow as the primary hunting weapon, and the bowhunter pursue his sport on a 12-month basis.

The original chartering members of PBS were West Virginians, but the Society is rapidly gaining attention throughout the country. Donald L. Thompson, an executive council member from Charleston, W. Va., estimates a membership of bowhunters from all 50 states within the next six months.

Other members of the executive council are Tom Shupienis, of Masury, Ohio, and Marvin Almon, of Louisville, Ky. The secretary appointed by the executive council is A. Lee Maynard, editor of the West Virginia Conservation Magazine.

Vice president of the PBS is Bob Swinehart, of Emmaus, Pa., a bowhunter who has 24 deer kills to his credit.

Members of the PBS executive council speculate that the organization will do much to promote bowhunting as a sport, and will contribute greatly to the bowhunting education of many future sportsmen.

Successful Safari . . .

(Continued from Page 50)

everything from elephants to giraffes, pythons to parrots, 84 shooters took part.

And out of the 84, not a complaint was heard.

Instead, praise was popping up at every hand over the course conditions, shoot procedures and the life-size animal targets.

These all were made by Izaak Bowmen members and were painted in the colors natural to each species. They were life size, too, with the elephant and giraffe so tall ladders had to be available to retrieve arrows.

Parma Archers had the largest turn-

out of visitors and walked away with 11 of the awards, which consisted of colorful outlines of the continent of Africa, each with an African animal mounted on a wooden base.

Tops in the 400 free stylers was the always popular and modest Bert Vetrovsky, of Cleveland, while top 400 instincor was Larry Gallagher, of Shawnee Archers, Lorain.

The Black River Bow Benders turned up with a husband-wife team of winners, Lloyd Van Boven winning the 325 free style and Charlotte taking the 275 free style. Mrs. Van Boven had the pressure on Lloyd, who managed to beat her by 60 points.

Bulk of the animal targets was made by Bonnie Repas, Grace Wilson and Tom Hallauer. Mrs. Repas provided 28 of them.

Shooters paused after 28 targets for a barbecued rib dinner.



PARMA ARCHERY CLUB'S 2nd annual championship banquet on Sept. 8 was attended by 107 members, part of whom are pictured here: Joseph Szucs (left), councilman, 6th ward; May Blackmore, club treasurer; Lorri Ross, secretary; Francis Blackmore, president; Jack Ross, vice president; Beth Setser, Miss Ohio Archer; Paul Phillips, councilman-at-large; Harry Rosewitz, recreation commissioner; John Petruska, councilman-at-large, and Joseph Sitkowski, chairman of the recreation committee.



ATTENDING THE PARMA Archery Club's 2nd annual championship banquet on Sept. 8 were Debbie Luka (seated left), Virgie Rock, Mary Meinhardt, Virginia Luka, Frances Goins, Doris Peters, Pauline Reynolds and Gail Grossenbaugh. Standing: Len Rock (left), John Hook, Chuck Stankiewicz, Bert Vetrovsky, Bill Meinhardt, Paul Kline, Nick Luka, Mike Ross, Bob DerWort, John Peters, John Motz, Ralph LeRoy, Charles Henck, Jerry Chample and David Grossenbaugh.

Teen Mail Tournament News

DEC. TMT
CHICAGO ROUND

By BYRON LAHER
TMT Tournament Director

12722 Woodmont
Detroit 27, Mich. 48227

For the Holiday Season you can stay indoors and keep warm. This "Chicago" is designed to get you in shape for the indoor leagues, which usually start about December or January, and the N. A. A. Winter shoot.

Out winter leagues start about December 6, so we will be shooting the T. M. T. round some Friday night in competition.

As for the NAA shoot, I have no information yet. Last year I received all the information two days after the registration deadline!

Now to get down to business and report on the October competition. We had a surprise right after I wrote the article for the October magazine: The True-Flights have managed to stay together and will shoot for the T. M. T. this winter. You'd think that after a while they would get tired of beating us, but they don't.

I also received a letter from the Rebel Sharpshooters of Oregon. They also have started shooting again. They had hoped to have scores this month, but will be shooting the November Duryc.

Our "Bear" team whipped out to the Detroit Archers Range last Saturday for our American. We shot better, but not too good; had a lot of fun and a flat tire; shot the last four ends in the dark, and enjoyed our misadventure thoroughly.

That was the total of teams shooting in the Instinctive division. No Free Stylers competed.

The scores and totals are at the bottom of this article.

RANDOM COMMENTS

I have no more information to publish on the T.W.A.C. scholarships. Details are still being worked-out. I hope to announce the details and dates in the December TAM.

Speaking of the new TAM, did you notice the price on the last one? 50¢ wow!! The T. M. T. is receiving publicity in the "Cadillac" of archery mags!!

Right now, we in Detroit are looking forward to the October 30 Hallowe'en Shoot at the Club range. Luminous spook targets on our illuminated field course

make for lots of fun. I'll tell you all about it next month.

I had intended to comment on the '68' Olympic pick in this column; but unfortunately it's not fit to print. All of us here in Detroit were (and still are) pretty upset about it.

Of course, we are definitely prejudiced; but if you had seen the program and buildings planned for these games, you'd wonder how anyone else could stand a chance.

Next month a story about the Hopefuls.

In case any of you were wondering, I missed my deer. I could give you a long detailed account on how it wasn't my fault; how somebody spooked a 15-yard shot at a beautiful grey doe that you could put a saddle on. But nobody would believe me, so I won't mention it.

I have been asked to print the T. M. T. amateur rules (oh yes, we've got one too!) but I'll wait until next month. Now that the NFAA has announced their decision and the NAA is hurriedly making comments, I'll wait till the fuss dies down so I can stir it up again when I print our one rule. Of course we do comply with the NAA rules in our tournaments because, as they point out in the October Archery World, like it or not, to be considered an amateur in archery, you have to be an amateur under NAA rules.

You may say "then why does the TMT have it's own amateur rule if it must comply with the national anyway?" This, too, will be explained in the next TAM.

"Confusion say, if you want mail, say something controversial!" I think I have just invited mail. I can see those letters pouring in now!

Boy, I've sure promised a lot for the next TAM: an article on the Hopefuls, story about the Detroit Archers Spook Shoot, our position in the amateur crisis, and of course, the regular news and scores.

I'd better start right now so I can get it finished in time.

Yours for better TEEN (AND NATIONAL ADULT ?) archery,

Byron

DEC. TMT
CHICAGO ROUND

TMT October Scores:

True-Flights		Bear Archery Shop	
Bob Schewe	621	Paul Lewis	329
Judy Scott	267	Byron Laher	306
Harold Scott	238	Elayne Laher	230
Steve Coleman	148	Mary Ann Duffy	230
1274		935	

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"TAM" . . . THE ARCHERS' MAGAZINE



by Anita Hopper
Southern Reporter

Missouri's news via Missouri Bow Hunters "Release" gives us the new state champions as determined over Labor Day weekend at Rolla.

Barry Hazen, from Cape Girardeau, sort of took the spotlight with his magnificent score in the instinctive division. He shot 522-489 field, 489-hunters-496 animal, for a grand total of 1996. Dick Marlay, of Springfield, 1837, was second, and LeRoy Young, of Sedalia, 1817, third. Georgia Logan took the instinctive women's title with 1419 total. Georgia is from Clinton. Dot Munson, of Columbia, scored 1277 for second spot, and Mary Long, of Joplin, 1226 for third.

Free-style men's winner was Chuck Nilson, of Kansas City, 1856. Elmer Curran, of St. Louis, 1824, was second, and George Callas, of St. Louis, 1787, was third. Women's free-style title went to Joan Curran, of St. Louis, 1734, with Lucille Allen, of Springfield, 1599, second, and Betty Brown, of Kansas City, 1585, third.

Cadet winner was Gary Stevens, of Cape Girardeau; Junior girl, Nellie Maley, of St. Louis; Junior boy, Brad Long, of Joplin. Intermediate boy, Don Marvin, of Joplin; Intermediate girl, Linda Brown, of Kansas City. Professional: Gene Towne, of Kansas City, 1978, first; Owen Jeffery, of St. Charles, 1865, second, and Gene Lake, of St. Louis, 1475, third. Out-of-state winner was Ray Smith, from Kansas, 1579.

Savannah Archery Club elected new officers last month. They are: J. D. Marcum, president; Glenn Gressley, vice president; Bill Powell and Ronnie Smith, range captains, with Bill serving as publicity also; Laura Barnett, secretary-treasurer, and Martha Marcum, entertainment chairman.

New Haven Bow Hunters have a new slate of officers also. Dr. G. W. Held, is president; Robert Kopmann, vice president; Charles Weiser, treasurer, and Donald L. Hale, Sr., secretary.

Winners of the MBH annual gar shoot were Stan Green with the biggest, which

What's New and News With the SOUTHERN ARCHERY ASSOCIATION



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was 17 pounds and 56 inches long, and Tom Atkins, who had the smallest, 14 inches, also Jerry French who had the most.

Dates for the Caney Mountain Refuge, located six miles north of Gainesville, Mo., will be Nov. 11-12-13. Plan to rough it and take your own water. Camping is permitted at headquarters only. The Caney Mountain Refuge is approximately 5,000 acres in size and the herd supply is good.

* * *

From Texas way, Red River Valley Bowmen, of Paris, report on its second annual trophy shoot. Ray Miller won for the instinctive men, H. E. Boley for the free-style men, Glynda Smith, instinctive women, and Monte Bowen, intermediate boys.

"The Oklahoma Archer" reports Lake Hefner Bowmen of Oklahoma City elected Norman Lantz as the new president for the club; Steve Hendricks, vice president; W. J. Denniston, secretary-treasurer; Charles Mann, field captain, and Jim Andrews, assistant field captain.

Ray Falconer and Asta Grey are the 1963 Po-Bo Club Champions (Ponca Bowmen). This club will host the 1964 Oklahoma State Field Championship shoot.

The Oklahoma State Field Champions were determined at the Sept. 14-15 shoot at Tulsa. Don Ward, with 1290 total, took the men's instinctive trophy. Betty Grubb, of Oklahoma City, scored a 992 total for the women's instinctive title. In the free-style division, Glen Guyton, of Tulsa, tallied 1474 points, with Helen Nelson Thornton, scoring 1442 points, won the top spot for the women in the class. Mark Guyton took intermediate boys' free-style; Susan Grubb, girls; with the junior winners Sharon Woolery for the girls and Steve Lindsey for the boys. Chris Guyton took cadet boys. Husband and wife trophy was won by Joe and Helen Thornton, with 2881 total. Joe was awarded the trophy as best sportsman.

Another club that has recently elected officers is the Deerslayers Archery Club of Apache. Ralph Jesse is president; Bob Gilmore, vice president; Doris Parker, secretary-treasurer.

From South Carolina and Joe Garrett, we have results of the state association's secondary target tournament at Greenville. Carl Leonhirth was high in free-style, sharing honors with Mable Johnson. For the instinctive group, Charlie Bright led the men, and Paul Branch led the visitors. Intermediate winner was Raymond Roseberry. Jack Dilworth was high junior. High team was from Columbia.

Open Road . . .

(Continued from Page 32)

again it was a rifle country as it was rare to get a shot less than 100 or 200 yards away.

So I didn't score a kill, but the whole family had a lot of fun, and now I'm rested enough to go back to work for another 11½ months. And next year we hope to take to the wilderness again, wife, kids, dog, camper and trail-bike, off on the Open Road to Nevada . . . or Somewhere.



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