

FLIGHT

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE VIRGINIA BOWHUNTERS ASSOCIATION

(200-220)



FLIGHT NO. 5

SEPTEMBER—OCTOBER 1984

VOLUME 26

A Report From The President All About Old Dominion Bowhunters

In case you haven't heard, there has been talk, rumors, etc. going around the VBA and elsewhere about a new organization called "The Old Dominion Bowhunters" (ODB).

This report is to bring the subject out in the open in order to get it out of "rumor" status and to report the status of the discussions and events-to-date.

First, the bottom line is: there is not, nor will there be an ODB. Now for some background and a chronology of events. About two or three years ago I first heard that there was a move to organize a second state-wide organization to be solely for bowhunters. At that time I was given a draft of a proposed constitution to review and comment on. From then until about June of this year I heard no more about it.

However, it seems that discussions were still going on informally and that those discussions were generating a high rumor level. I was approached on the topic and took the position that this needed to be brought out into the open rather than let rumors continue. At that time I decided the three actions had to be taken:

1. That all of the people known to be discussing the issue be contacted formally to decide whether or not the ODB idea was in fact a good one. Tom Kidwell volunteered to send a letter to all those people that he was aware of and that set open discussion in motion.

2. That, as VBA president, I would meet with ISHI Bowhunters and discuss it with them as that group had the primary interest in ODB. I met with ISHI and discussed the following points on July 13, 1984.

- If the forming of ODB is a good idea then proceed to organize, however, I had one very key concern. I pointed out that the ODB draft Constitution had as its the establishment of a single interface to the Game Commission for bowhunters. My question was how would such a move be viewed by the Game Commission itself since the VBA was

already, in their eyes, the group that spoke for the bowhunters of Virginia.

- Secondly, I said that it seemed inappropriate to risk a good relationship with the Commission unless such a new organization could achieve its purpose in concert with the VBA.

- Third, I pointed out that it didn't make sense to create a new organization if the first one wasn't doing its job. Our responsibility is to manage the VBA so that it worked. And, I said that through the efforts of Dave Proctor and his predecessors, it was working.

The result of that meeting was the unanimous agreement that ISHI would support the VBA and that the topic of ODB would be dropped!

3. The third thing that I decided to do was to write a report for the September meeting and to re-publish it in FLIGHT. This is it. These actions were taken without having contacted all members of the executive committee.

By mid-August there was unanimous agreement that there was no need for an ODB and all agreed that the VBA, through its Hunting Vice President and the Bowhunting Committee, was doing an outstanding job for bowhunters and full support would be given to VBA.

I hope that this report has settled this issue in the minds of all VBA members. If any of you have further questions, please call me.

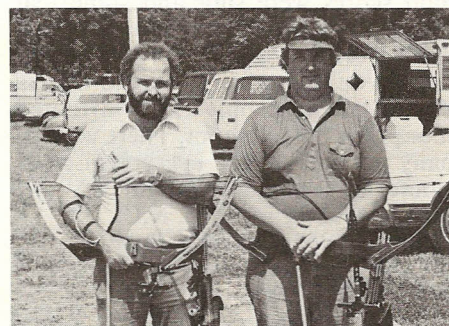
On a final note, in a state with as many bowhunters as Virginia has it is certainly possible that efforts independent of the VBA might be made to form a new state organization from time to time. I am firm in my belief that the VBA can equally support Field Archery and Bowhunting and I will continue to oppose any efforts to form a separate statewide organization which would purport to represent one of these two sports.

D. H. Vanek
President

Flight Deadline

The deadline for the Nov.-Dec. issue of FLIGHT will be December 1, 1984. Submit your articles of interest to the editor prior to that date. I encourage readers to send in letters to the editor. *Remember*, this is your newsletter.

Labor Day at the Lake And the VBA



V.B.A. State Champion C. D. Miller (left) and Jim Quarles 2nd place.

It all came together in Clarksville on the Buggs Island Lake, and proved to be a weekend not soon to be forgotten. The potential champions began flocking onto the grounds of the Buggs Island Fish and Wildlife Club on Thursday night and many stayed on through Monday. The primary reason for the gathering was the State Archery Championship, but there were many other reasons that also brought archers from all across the State of Virginia.

We at Buggs Island Archery Club had assumed that this would be a time for serious archery. We thought the archers would be concentrating on the tournament, with no consideration for games and entertainment. Boy! How wrong you can be! We did not plan a horseshoe tournament. But apparently 52 other people had planned to participate in one. Richard Rhodes and Steven Locke (winners of the horseshoe tournament) obviously wanted a horseshoe tournament.

We had not planned to run a flu-flu shoot. But the big apples were tossed in the air better than 650 times. In the end there was a five way tie for first place. The only reason they quit then was that it was after midnight and the participants were to continue competition in the state championship at 9 the next morning.

We hired a band to perform from 8 to 10. We thought this would be a good time to stop and allow the archers to get plenty of rest before shooting on Sun-

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day. Wrong again! A significant enough number of people requested the band to continue until 11:00.

The younger archers also had other things on their minds, too. There were constant lines in front of the video games, and a steady flow to and from the lake. During the awards presentation, many awards were picked up by parents, because the kids were playing or swimming.

There were also a few people that were taking archery seriously. Some good scores were shot and some real head to head competition and shoot offs took place.

We would also like to extend thanks to the following people who contributed door prizes for the shoot. There were so many prizes, almost every registered shooter went home with a gift.

JR's Archery of Eden, N.C.

Double "D" Archery of Danville, Va.
Oakridge Bowhunters of Madison Heights, Va.

Albert Walker

Coles Gun Shop of South Boston

and many Clarksville area merchants

We, at Buggs Island Archery, sincerely hope that everyone enjoyed themselves and found everything the way you expected it for a State Championship. We enjoyed having you all in Clarksville.

Mens FS-UL-AA	
C. D. Miller	1101
Jim Quarles	1101
Ricky Harper	1093
Tony Overfelt	1072

Mens FS-UL-A	
David Mullins	1039
Richard Dunn	1039
Mel Richards	1034
Walter Blankenbeckler	1015
Terry Sturgill	1012
Jim Caywood	989

Mens FS-UL-B	
Jerry Surber	999
Bennie Rinehart	984
Marty Mullins	983
William Hogge	954

Mens FS-UL-C	
Michael O'Neal	794

Womens FS-UL-AA	
Jennifer Gahagan	1041
Marlene Vanek	1038
Eula Hogge	1035
Leela Villoriente	1007
Annette Brunk	988

Womens FS-UL-A	
Dorothy Dunn	896

Womens FS-UL-B	
Betsy Whitney	688

Womens FS-UL-C	
Dorothy Mitchell	659

Mens FS-L-AA	
Don Brunk	1028

Mens FS-L-A	
Richard Hall	1006
Gilbert Shepherd	991

Mens FS-L-B	
Benny Villoriente	942
Roger Hickey	903
William Haskins	888

Mens FS-L-C	
John Emerson	854
Victor Riggelman	837
Denny Fry	738
Jack Upham	612

Mens BHFS-UL-AA	
Ronnie Layman	1073
Lowell Hertzler	1054
Franklin Jones	1041
Frank Emswiler	1039
George Watts	1029
Mitch Stonesifer	1027
Doug Carico	1021
Gary Alger	1020
Charlie Parsons	1017
David Heishman	1014
Jim Overfelt	1014
Jack Watts	1011
Ralph Sheets	1008
Marty Stonesifer	1008
Luther Vinoski	1003
Ed Bickham	1003

Mens BHFS-UL-A	
C. L. Turner	1019
Neil Miller	1013
Douglas Alder	1008
Gary Lee	1004
Michael Hopkins	995
Jack Chamberlain	994
Bill Storm	991
Larry Lyons	966
Barry Wolfe	960
Allen Perry	958
Michael Kline	956
Roger Craig	939
Mike Horne	939
Charley Davis	902
Mike Stonesifer	880
Bobby Hodges	878
Leo Weigand	864

Mens BHFS-UL-B	
Richard Hack	729

Womens BHFS-UL-A	
Pat Sturgill	693

Mens BHFS-L-AA	
John Boyd	1032
Richard Rhodes	1024
Danny Alger	1023
Joel Lecker	1013
Junius Sturgill	995
Larry Suter	994
Steve Walker	993
Lee Wheless	992
Mike Kenney	988
Robert Smithy	983
James Moore	975
Gene Locke	972

Arthur Prentice	972
Brad Baker	964
Riley Rau	938

Mens BHFS-L-A	
Ronald Rau	972
Brian Justice	971
Jeff Boyd	970
Kenneth Vernon	943
Wayne Kellum	930
Donnie DeVall	929
Clem Ellis	914
Douglas Jacobs	905
Randy Joyce	902
Mike Bennington	899
Ricky DeVall	896
Bobby King	893
Bruce Wines	865
Mike Smith	842
James Ledbetter	826

Mens BHFS-L-B	
Bill Malone	845
Van Vanek	828
Rocky Sines	820
Thomas Bennett	805
Wesley Bommer	656

Womens BHFS-L-AA	
Velda Chamberlain	879

Womens BHFS-L-A	
Jannie Dillon	823
Anita Webb	814
Ann Harper	726

Mens BH-AA	
James Griffin	940
Howard Faris	911
Kenneth Sorrels	871
Joe McManus	866
Claudia Gaskins	863

Mens BH-A	
Wilson Godfrey	891
Danny Belcher	795
Charles Payne	692
Sam Gay	683

Mens BH-B	
Dewey Reynolds	637
T. W. Smith	594
William Smiley	555

Mens BH-C	
Robert Eason	511

Mens BB-AA	
Denny Cline	1027
Tom Schanbacher	934
Albert Walker	890

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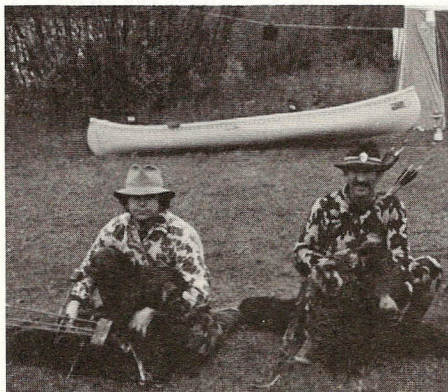
FLIGHT NO. 5 VOL. 26

Published Bi-monthly
Richard L. Hall, Editor
6109 Oak Grove Dr.
Fredericksburg, Va. 22401
Second Class Postage
Paid at Vinton, Va.
Advertising Rate - \$2.50 per col. in.

Hunting Highlights

Bear Hunting

by Johnny Buck



I was sitting at my desk in my office on May 2, 1984, when my phone rang. I answered it. On the other end of the phone was one of my old friends and hunting buddies, Tom Flemming. Tom and I go back a long way. We have hunted together for the past 8 years. We have been fortunate enough to have hunted here on the East Coast States in Virginia, Maryland and West Virginia for white tail deer and turkey. We have been out to Colorado and Wyoming on 6 consecutive years, hunted elk, antelope and mule deer. Tom Flemming is nationally known for his art of deer horn rattling. He has given seminars all over the country. A great hunter in his own right, having taken P & Y muley and antelope bucks with his bow and arrows.

Tom and I talked for a few minutes about everything but mostly bow hunting. I asked him if he was going up to Canada to hunt bear this spring. He said he was leaving on the 24th of May to hunt a week in Quebec with Ron Henry's Guide Service, then he was going to leave from Ron's camp to drive on up to Ontario, Canada to hunt another week with Fred Law's Guide Service. I told him that I didn't believe I was going this year since business wouldn't permit it. I told him that I had to go out to San Francisco, California for 9 days to a management seminar, about the same time that he would be hunting in Quebec. He said that the Quebec hunt was a special hunt that Ron Henry had set up for him and his special invited guests. He said he was calling me to see if I wanted to go along as one of those "special" guests. I told him that I would love to go but because of the business trip that I wouldn't be able to accompany him. He

asked if I could delay the business trip until later. He then informed me that the guide had called the night before and that he had stated that the Bear were locked in on the baits and that all 50 of his baits were being hit, almost daily. He said that the area that they would be hunting had never before been baited or hunted for Bear. The clincher was when he told me that the guide had been seeing some really big Black Bear, P & Y class Bruins. He said, well if you can't go, you can't go! I told him that I would check with my front office to see about cancelling the business trip and that I would call him back. He said that if I could go I would be able to bring along one of my friends to help me with the driving and that I could follow him and his buddy, Chuck Machado, also of Maryland, up to Quebec. Well I went to my front office and got the trip to California cancelled! I then phoned a good friend of mine, Lenny Moran of Fredericksburg, Virginia. Lenny and I have hunted together for deer and turkey in Virginia, the past couple of years and also in Colorado last fall. He had never hunted Bear before.

I asked Lenny how would he like to go with me up to Quebec to hunt for Black Bear for a week starting the 25th of May. Lenny was excited and asked me, when was I ready to leave? I told him that I was serious and he said that he was too. Well, with all this out of the way, we started planning for the departure date. I called Tom Flemming back and told him that I wanted to go and that Lenny Moran was coming with me. Tom knows Lenny too, so he agreed that he would be welcome. Tom said with Lenny and myself, there would be 10 bow hunters in his camp.

The time flew until it was departure time. Lenny came by my house on the night of the 24th of May. His truck was already loaded, so he would drive his Mazda 2 wheel drive pick-up with a body cap on the back. He had his 17 ft. canoe tied down on the top of the pick-up. We were off to meet Tom Flemming and Chuck Machado at Tom's house in Davidsonville, Maryland about one and a half hours north, from my house. Tom was waiting for us when we arrived at 11:00 p.m. Tom had his Toyota 4x4 loaded and was pulling a trailer on the back, containing his Honda "Big Red" 3 wheeler. He also had his 17 ft. canoe tied down on the top of his pick-up. We were off for Quebec. Both vehicles had CB radios which made the drive easier and

quicker. I suppose we drove the truckers wild on Channel 19, talking about hunting all the way to Quebec. After 13 hours of driving and one flat tire on Tom's pick-up, we arrived in Fort Coulonge, Quebec. Tom called the guide's house and he arrived in about 20 minutes. After the introductions and hand shaking, etc. we headed for the camp site. It was looking like rain by now. We hurried to set up camp and try to get in the evening hunt. The guide said he would show us our stand sites as soon as we were set up at camp. Lenny and myself set up camp and we were the first to finish, so the guide lead the way with Lenny and myself close behind him in Lenny's pick-up. We were taken to 3 bait sites that didn't particularly appeal to my liking. On the fourth site it looked better. Lenny agreed to set up there. I wished Lenny good luck and continued on to my bait site. The guide said he thought he had the perfect stand for me. Sure enough, the one he took me to was the kind of scene that I like for a Bear bait site. It was 5 p.m. now and I had to set up quickly. I put my Loc-on Limb tree stand up in record pace. I used (10) E-Z fold tree steps to get up to my 15 foot height. The guide said 10 feet was good but I said 15 is better, so we settled on 15 feet. He wished me luck and said, oh yeah, I saw a big Bear crossing the road just in front of my stand site, only last week. Well this got my blood to pumping. I set up for the wait. The Black Flies were terrible, but the insect repellent was doing its job. I sat there looking around my bait site from my perch, 15 feet above the ground and 15 yards from the bait. A lot of bow hunters like to be closer to the bait than this, but I've found through trial and error that any closer than this, gives the Bear an advantage. He will be more apt to see or hear you when he comes in to the bait. A Black Bear has poor eyesight, with those little beady eyes of theirs. His nose is superior and his hearing is excellent. I like to set up where I have the wind in my favor, not the Bear's. I could see a lot of dropping piles, all around the area. I could also see well worn paths to the bait. Bear were definitely using the bait area on a regular schedule. The bait was a normal Bear bait, beef scraps, purchased from a local butcher in the area. The bait was covered with logs to prevent smaller animals from carrying off the goodies.

I was sitting there thinking how nice the area looked and how quiet the woods were at this time of the year. This was definitely a super set-up for a Bear bait. I was also thinking how lucky I was to be able to be here, on this particular hunt with the other 9 bow benders. All

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Hunting Highlights—from page 3

of the other hunters in camp were really nice guys and I knew most of them from prior hunting trips and from shooting with them in archery tournaments in Virginia and Maryland, over the past years. Bow hunters are of a different breed than most gun hunters that I've met. I've found them to be more laid back and they seem to have a bit more patience, than do most gun hunters.

Well it started to rain around 6:30 p.m. and I could tell that it was going to set in to rain for some time. I was getting wetter by the minute. I didn't have my rain suit with me, it was left in camp, still packed away in my gear! I stuck it out until 9 p.m., no Bear showed up so I climbed down from my perch and I headed for the pick-up. I picked up Lenny on my way back to camp. Lenny hadn't seen anything either. He said he wanted me to change the set up of his bait in the morning. He didn't think a Bear would give him a good shot with the way he had his stand in his tree. All of the area had been timbered a few years back and there weren't many trees large enough to erect his stand in or that was close enough to the bait. I agreed to help him in the morning, if the rain slowed enough. Back at camp, I found all the other hunters were in and that no Bear were sighted by any of them that night. Everybody liked their stand sites and that Bear signs were everywhere. Some of them wanted to change their bait set ups in the morning. This was Ron Henry's first year as a guide and he didn't know just what to expect from a bow hunter. He came into camp around 10 p.m. I talked with him about setting up baits for bow hunters. He said he was still in the learning stages and was eager to learn all he could about bow hunters and how to set up for them. He is planning on going 'Big Time' next Spring. He said for me to change the bait any way I wanted for a better shot. He would go with me tomorrow morning, after his baitings, to see me do what I thought had to be done at the bait sight so that he would know in the future. I informed him that I wasn't taking over, just making comments and trying to help. He thanked me for my comments and advice.

We awoke Saturday morning to find it still raining as hard as the night before. Lenny's and my tent leaked and we were wet and our sleeping bags were damp. We hung them by the propane heater inside of Tom Flemming's tent, to dry out a little. It rained most of the day, stopping only for short intervals during the day. We didn't get a chance to change Lenny's bait that day. At 4 p.m. it stopped raining so 6 of us bow hunters decided that we could chance it and go out to our stands. I took my rain gear,

just in case it decided to rain some more. I figured that since it had rained all night and day that the Bear would be getting hungry and hit the baits tonight. I dropped Lenny off at his stand and drove on to my stand. I checked my bait before climbing up into my stand, it wasn't hit. As soon as I climbed up into my stand it started to rain again, darn what luck! It rained rather hard at times but I was clad in my mountaineer rain suit. The wind started to get up so I figured my chances were not going to be good for that evening's hunt. I climbed down at 9 p.m. I was rather dry except for my fletchings on my arrows. I vowed that I would have to dry them out in the morning with my hair dryer. Feathers are great, except when they get wet. I shoot a Big Horn T/D Recurve Bow at 70 lbs at 29" draw with cedar, tapered arrows. I shoot off the shelf. I have to use feathers instead of plastic vanes. I always have, at least for the last 10 years, shot a compound bow. I went back to the recurve this past winter. I really enjoy shooting the instinctive style. I went back to the basics, as they say. To each his own. All the other hunters in camp were shooting compound bows with aluminum arrows, with vanes. Most of them use bow sights with peeps in their bow strings. I found that a peep is hard to see through in the low light conditions such as Bear hunting.

I picked up Lenny at his stand and found that he had a Bear come into his stand area, almost as soon as he had climbed into his stand. The Bear never came to the bait, I guess the rain caused him to change his mind, or else he saw Lenny climb up into his stand. We arrived in camp and found that 4 other Bear had been seen at 4 different baits, but the same story was true as with Lenny's stand. No Bear shot that night either. We all figured that tomorrow night would be a great night. We all turned in shortly thereafter. The rain stopped during the early hours of the morning. The sun was shining bright when we got up. Around noon Lenny and I drove Tom's 3 wheeler out to check out baits and to change Lenny's bait position. Lenny's bait was wiped out. So we re-baited it and also changed the angle for the Bear's approach to the bait. He would have a better shot if and when the Bear hit the bait again. We arrived at my bait site around 1 p.m. It too was wiped out, not even a bone was left. I rebaited my bait and also changed the approach angle so the Bear would have to come into the V angle to reach the bait. This would force the Bear to give me a broadside shot or a preferred quartering away shot. We went back to camp feeling confident that our baits were set just right for tonight's hunt. At

3 p.m. we headed for our baits. Some of the others had also changed their bait set up. I dropped Lenny off and wished him luck and told him to wait for the right shot and to shoot straight. I continued on to my stand site. I climbed up into my stand and pulled my recurve and back quiver with arrows up into my stand with the piece of 25 foot rope that I had attached. I was feeling confident. As soon as I got settled into my stand I looked down at my bait, it was hit, logs were thrown everywhere. Darn it, it was after 1 p.m. the Bear must have hit the bait just as soon as we left the area. I had more bait back in the pick-up in a plastic bucket. I didn't want to get down, go get it and rebait now. I didn't want all that scent around and to make any more noise than I had to. Oh well, I decided to set on the empty bait anyhow. All was quiet until 6:30 p.m. A Ferret visited the bait and pulled him some scraps of meat from the bait for his dinner. He was acting kind of nervous I thought. He had himself a ball, for a few minutes, then he began staring off in the direction of the area behind the bait. He finally left the bait and went back in the direction from which he came. Like a ghost, he appeared from behind the bait area. So that was what the Ferret was staring at. No wonder he was nervous, man, what a Black Bear. His coat was in perfect condition. He had to be a P & Y Bear! I guessed his weight to be around 400 pounds, plus. I know a Bear looks a lot bigger when one first sees him, but I've seen enough Black Bears from tree stands to know a P & Y Bear, when I get lucky enough to see one. He came straight to the bait, pausing only momentarily to check out the situation. There was no bait for him, darn, why hadn't I gone back to the truck and rebaited the bait when I had first arrived at the bait earlier! He was facing me, a head on shot, no good. All of a sudden, he stood straight up on his hind legs, facing me. He had a big white blaze in the center of his chest area, about a foot wide and a foot high. I was shaking like a leaf, man, this here was some Black Bear at my bait. I was holding my Recurve straight out toward him with my fingers on the nocked arrow. I guess I should have drawn my bow and drilled him dead center of his chest but I was shaking too much. I probably couldn't have pulled the 70 lb recurve back for the full 29" required. I definitely didn't want to wound this Big Boy. I figured he would go back down on all fours and turn, which would give me a quartering away shot. As he went back down on all fours, he turned in the process and as soon as his front feet hit ground, he bolted off behind the bait area. He ran about 20 yards then put on the brakes.

He sat there for about 30 seconds before he wandered off in the direction from which he had first appeared. I sat down on my stand seat trying to regain my composure. Everything was quiet for about 20 minutes. I had just regained my thoughts and my pulse rate had slowed down to about normal. Then from off to my right appeared another Black Bear, he wasn't as big as the first Bear, maybe 200 pounds, live weight. He looked like a baby, compared to the big boy earlier. He too checked the bait and found no bait, so he left the area. Man this is fun!! Everything was again back to normal at the bait site. The birds were singing and the darn black flies and mosquitos were looking for a place on my body that wasn't covered with the musk oil repellant. What's this, another Bear, oh no!! I don't think my heart can stand much more of this excitement in one night. He was a smaller Bear with good brown markings around his nose. He too, found no bait to chow down on for his dinner. By this time I am really kicking myself in the rear, for not rebaiting my bait earlier!! I could have taken this Bear, he was offering me plenty of good shot opportunities. I decided to pass him up and wait for the Big Boy to revisit the bait tomorrow evening or later in the week. I stayed in my stand until it was dark before I ventured to climb down. Back at the truck, the bait in the back was smelling right. I drove to Lenny's stand area. Lenny was waiting by the side of the (dirt) road. He was all smiles, he couldn't wait to tell me of his good fortunes of the evening. A nice Bear had come into his bait around 8:30 p.m. He had heard him out there, behind his bait, for a couple of hours before he actually saw him. He came to the bait but his shot wasn't right. The Bear was facing him and reaching over the top of the logs and pulling pieces of bait back to him and eating them.

After about 15 minutes of this, the Bear walked around behind the bait area and came around behind Lenny's tree. Lenny still didn't have a decent shot, due to the overhanging branches in his tree. Well, the Bear was right underneath of Lenny's tree and he raised up on his hind legs and started sniffing Lenny's E-Z Tree steps. The Bear bit down on one of the steps, Lenny could hear the metal against the Bear's teeth. To say Lenny got excited, would be an understatement!! He was afraid the Bear was going to climb the tree with him. Well, after a few minutes, which according to Lenny seemed like an hour, the Bear ambled back toward the bait, straight away from Lenny's tree. Lenny said he had a good quartering away shot at this time. He started to shake again, uncontrollably, when he tried to pull his

bow back his arrow was rattling against the arrow rest. The Bear looked up at him for a second and then went on into the bait. Lenny released an arrow, but the arrow flew high over the Bear's back, stuck into one of the logs, that was covering the bait. The Bear bolted off into the woods behind the bait. Lenny wasted no time in climbing down and came on out to the road, to await my arrival and to the safety of the pick up truck.

Back at the camp the story was told over and over again to other hunters that were eager to listen and of course, they all got a good laugh, out of Lenny's story. We found that Tom Flemming had taken a small Bear about 100 pounds live weight from his stand around 7:30 p.m. I had to field dress Tom's Bear.

You see, Tom and myself have this pact, I gut whatever he harvests when we are hunting together and he guts whatever animals I harvest. I have to say that I have had to gut a lot more animals for him than he has had to gut for me!! He isn't as choosy as I am at times on the trophy size of the animal he shoots.

There were 2 Bears taken that night in camp. There were 9 Bears seen by hunters including the 3 that I had seen and the one that Lenny had missed.

The next day, Monday, the weather was super. We all did some trout fishing around the camp. We were camped right beside a nice trout lake. Fort Coulonge, Quebec is loaded with lakes of all sizes and shapes. There is excellent fishing, everywhere in this area of Quebec.

That afternoon found Lenny and myself checking out our baits again and rebaiting both. Lenny's Bear, or another Bear, had come back and cleaned out his bait again, sometime during the night. Of course, my bait was gone the day before, so I loaded my bait with more meat and applied an ample amount of fish oil with a stick which was put inside the bait, man, does that stuff stink. Don't ever get any on you!! Soap and water won't wash it off, that's for sure!

At 4 p.m. I dropped Lenny off again at his bait and I went on to my stand site. I decided to take in some more bait just in case the Bear had done a rerun of yesterday's act. The bait was in good shape, stinking, but in good shape. I climbed up to the stand and got all set up again for the long wait. I had plenty of Skoal and a spit cup, for the residue waste. At about 6 p.m. the same Ferret, I suppose, revisited my bait for his free hand out. After he got his fill he left and all was quiet again. I saw the Bear out of the corner of my eye. He was heading straight to the bait, the fish oil was working its charm. This Bear was approaching the bait from a different direction than I thought a Bear would. What else is new? He came right on in, without

even hesitating. As he approached the bait he presented me with the perfect angling away shot. I waited for him to commit himself to the bait! I slowly drew my 70 lb Recurve, to my corner of the mouth anchor. As he reached his right leg forward for the bait and put his head down into the bait, exposing his most vital area, his lungs, I released the arrow with a smooth release. The tapered cedar shaft, tipped with a 2 bladed delta broadhead. The feathers disappeared, exactly where I was looking, dead center of his lung area. The Bear bolted over the top of the bait and made a sharp left turn. He was running dead, and didn't even know it! After about 10 seconds I heard him scream once, and all was quiet. I sat down to relax and evaluate my performance. I knew that the Bear had expired but I waited a half an hour before I climbed down from my perch and headed back to the truck. I drove towards Lenny's stand area. As I approached Lenny's area, I noticed a big paper cup sitting on a vertical stick on the side of the road in front of Lenny's stand site. I knew at once, that Lenny had returned to camp. I drove on into camp. Lenny was waving with his hands over his head. I knew then, that he too, had struck a Bruin. He was as excited for me as I was for him. This was Lenny's first Big Game Harvest. After the hand shaking and back slapping we went out to Lenny's bait. The arrow had passed completely through the Bear and was soaked with blood, clean past the nock. The arrow was retrieved and we began to follow the excellent blood trail. After going only 30 yards we found Lenny's trophy. The arrow had passed through the center of Lenny's Bear's heart. The Bruin died a quick and humane death. A fitting way to go, for such a fine animal. We carried Lenny's Bear out to the road and hid it in some nearby bushes. We continued on to my stand area to retrieve my Bruin. I told Lenny along the way, that I was very proud of him and that he did real good. At my stand site we found my cedar arrow sticking into the ground about 12 inches. I retrieved my arrow and picked up the easy to follow blood trail. After only preceeding about 100 yards, we found my trophy, laying where he had expired in mid-stride. We headed on back to camp, stopping to pick up Lenny's Bear on the way. Back at camp, Tom Flemming had a job to do, he had to field dress my Bear!! You know, turn about is fair play. We soon found that another hunter had taken a nice Sow. It was also his first Bear. He was as excited, as Lenny and I was, over our Bears. Another Big Boy had been seen by another hunter in our camp and he

Continued on page 6

Hunting Highlights—*from page 5*

had made a good hit, or so the hunter thought. We decided to wait until daylight to go to retrieve his Bear. Everybody was eager to attend the search. We decided that 4 was enough. Too many only causes problems, and get in the way, messing up the blood trail. We searched for 3 hours, but to no avail. The blood trail vanished after a couple hundred yards and the Bear headed straight up a hill. Generally, this is not a good sign, of a fatal hit! After all of us were completely satisfied, that the Bear wasn't going to be recovered, we headed back to camp for some breakfast. Lenny and myself and the other hunter who had scored, headed for the packing house about 50 miles away. We skinned the Bears and had the meat cut up and frozen to take home. We would pick this up on our way home, on Friday or Saturday.

Well our hunt was complete so the guide wanted to take 6 of us up to his cabin, on the lake, for some northern pike fishing for a couple of days. We wished the other guys luck and loaded up some grub and our canoes and fishing tackle and split for the cabin. It took two and one half hours to reach the cabin over some of the worst roads that I had seen in Quebec. The little Mazda did just fine. One of the 4x4 Toyotas got stuck, in one of the big mud holes. They said that we would never make it through, in the little 2 wheel drive Mazda. Well, Lenny said for them to get out of his way, he was coming through!! We made it!! I myself don't know how! The only trouble was, we had to do it all over again when we came out. One way in, one way out, ugh!! The Mazda will never be the same again. It's a dealership's truck, as Lenny works for a Mazda dealer, as a salesman. We took some pictures of the truck coming through the mud hole. I'm having a print blown up to a 8x10, and sending it to Lenny's boss. Maybe I'd better not, on the second thought. Better to leave well enough alone!

We arrived at the cabin after a one half hour paddle across the lake in the canoes. The guide said we would find the key to the cabin in a special place on a nail. We looked high and low, no key! Now, what do we do? I said, let's go fishing. We all agreed, since the guide would be coming to the cabin that night about 10 p.m., if he didn't have any Bears to find for the other hunters in camp. We went fishing. We had 3 canoes with 2 fishing from each canoe. Lenny and myself in one and Tom Flemming and another guy in another canoe, 2 others in the third canoe. Flemming said that we would make a bet. The canoe with the most and biggest pike would get

a case of beer from the other canoes. Well after losing a fish or two, due to our not bringing the net. Have you ever tried to land a 3 foot northern pike, without a net? Man, those things have teeth! Well anyhow, we arrived back at the cabin with a very impressive stringer of fish, not only did we catch the most, 32 pike, but we also caught the biggest fish. The beer will be great Tom, if we ever receive it!

The guide arrived around 9:30 p.m., he had put the key in a different place, but he had forgot about it.

We filleted the fish and cooked up a bunch of them and the guide brought along some fine moose steaks. What a feast!! We fished for trout the next morning for an hour or so. One was caught, not by Lenny or myself. About 8 pounds, small for that lake, they say there are 30 plus pounders in there. We left for camp around 11 a.m. Arriving back at base camp we discovered that 2 more Bears had been taken, which meant 7 had scored with another bear hit and lost. Before we split for home the same hunter that hit the Big Bear and lost it, shot another Big Bear and after looking for it for 6 hours, didn't find it either. Not bad though, 7 out of 10 bow hunters harvested nice Bear!

Lenny and myself are booked for next spring. Same time, same station, Lenny is hooked for life. We are getting ready now for 3 weeks in Colorado for Elk and Mule Deer in September 1984. Hurry up September, we have a good steak going. Oh yeah, Lenny is now shooting a Big Horn T/D Recurve Bow. Maybe we will have another story from our Colorado hunt. Good Hunting!

Johnny Buck

Dates To Remember

March 10-11		
State Indoor		Triangle
May 18-19		
State Open		Augusta Archers
June 15-16		
Mid Atlantic		New Jersey
August 31-September 1		
State Closed		Buggs Island
September 14-15		
Bowhunter Jamboree		

VBA Meetings

January 12-13
 March 23-24
 June 22-23
 September 21-22

Club News

Club News from Shenandoah County Archers:

Shenandoah County Archers hosted a Bowhunter Education Program on August 4th at the Mount Olive range.

The course was directed by James Kimble and Lynwood Williamson who are area instructors, by Richard Alexander, who is a district instructor, and also by Tom Kidwell who is head of the International Bowhunter Education Program in Virginia. It was attended by 8 members and 1 guest.

This program was also hosted by Two Rivers Archery on August 12. Anyone who did not get a chance to attend and would have liked to can call James Kimble at 435-3825. He will let you know the dates of upcoming programs.

The program lasts between 6 to 8 hours. Our instructors gave us a lot of knowledgeable information on safety in bowhunting, deer habitat and management, trailing wounded game, etc.

No matter how experienced a bowhunter you are you will learn something.

Everyone who completes this course will receive a shoulder patch and a certification card (that might very well be mandatory in the future.)

Dianne Sutherly,
 Corresponding Secretary for
 Shenandoah County Archers

Bill Taylor is Field Governor—please send all range inspections to him.

I would like to ask all V.B.A. members who have any small 15#-20# bows suitable for children to use for instruction in archery for Northern Virginia 4-H Center at Front Royal. Please bring them for pick-up at the next V.B.A. meeting. These would also be used for Camp Fantastic. Many thanks for any donations.

Dutch and Merdie Shultz would like to thank the Virginia Bowhunters Association for its generous donation of \$1000.00 to Camp Fantastic.

The Thrill Of It All

by Tom Kidwell

Hey! Do you know what time it is? Look at your calender. It's almost time to head for the woods with bow in hand. And if you haven't already started doing some serious scouting you're running behind schedule, my friend.

Just think about it. You're sitting there on a stand on one of those clear, crisp autumn mornings when the stillness is broken by that tell-tale crunch of approaching hooves on the forest floor. Your heart starts pumping about a gallon-a-minute and suddenly you forget all about your cold feet and cramped back.

Remember what it's like? You are able to fumble around and get an arrow nocked as the approaching noise gets closer and closer. You take a final glance at the broadhead you worked so hard at sharpening last night. You dare not make a body movement for fear of being detected. Your fingers take a secure hold on the bow and you are poised for the right time to draw.

Remember what it's like? Out of the early morning mist you catch a glimpse of movement and strain your eyes to get a better view. Whatever it is, it's coming directly toward you. Then you spot antlers. Not little antlers. Not average size antlers, but big, multi-tined antlers. The piston in your heart now moves into high gear. One leg starts to shake uncontrollably. You move it slightly against the tree. Ever so slow. At this point you have stopped thinking of all worldly things except the business at hand. You are ready. All of the pre-season scouting has paid off. You have placed your tree stand in exactly the right tree. And now it's all coming together. The buck of your dreams is slowly making his way up the trail in your direction. You can't draw now. He's looking in your direction. Don't move. Don't even breathe. He stops, raises his head and tests the air. You are sending him mental signals that assure him everything is OK. He thinks you're lying. He senses that something is not right. You notice his muscles tense and can see the nervous suspicion in his eyes. He decides that things will be much safer on the other side of the hill and slowly disappears into the morning mist. He's gone.

Your heart rests now after fully circulating every ounce of blood in your body about a hundred times. You relax. The whole thing took about four minutes and seemed like nine hours.

You see three or four more deer that morning but nothing that compares with the big one that got away. You almost had him. You climb out of your stand with a very deep feeling of satis-

West Virginia Open
Maryland Gold Cup

May 25-26
June 1-2

Agender Items For January V.B.A.

Triangle Archers would like to make the motion to increase registration fees from \$10 to \$15 at the State Indoor, Open Closed. \$7 to Host Club, \$7 to V.B.A. General Fund, and \$1 to Conservation Fund. Also \$25 family rate; also V.B.A. will purchase Trophys.

Manahoac proposed that V.B.A. co-sponsor an NFAA Bowhunter Jamboree cost for 1985 by giving \$1000.00 for guest speakers and for a 20% cost of the gate.

Bowhunters of Rockingham moved that the Bowhunter Committee be a Standing Committee with the chairman being appointed by the President.

faction. You walk out of the woods content, with a smile on your face that many people just couldn't understand. Disappointed? Maybe a little. But the smile on your face says it all. You'll be back.

Remember what it's like?

Your Hunting Vice President At Work

by Tom Kidwell

The following article appeared in the Richmond Times Dispatch the week of July 24, 1984:

"David Proctor of Rockingham County, representing the Virginia Bowhunters Association, has requested that the Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries issue a separate bowhunting stamp for hunting bear, deer and turkey. Proctor says such a special stamp would help the bowhunters locate areas of the heaviest concentration of archers, provide more revenue for the game commission and provide two deer for the archers who may also be able to purchase big game licenses for deer hunting with the gun. Expect the game commission to give the proposal strong consideration during its August meeting when proposed changes are to be made in the license structure. The commission is looking for methods to generate much needed income for the next few years. It probably will ask the 1985 General Assembly for a complete overhaul of the license structure fees."

Every bowhunter in Virginia owes a big "thank you" to our Hunting Vice President, Dave Proctor. He is solely responsible for blocking a proposal which would have permitted dog training in the woods during a part of the archery season. Dave consistently monitors proposed legislation and has become a well recognized figure at most of the Game Commission meetings.

We are fortunate indeed to have Dave working so diligently on our behalf!

Continued from page 2

Mens BB-A	
Jack Allen	823
Bev Hunter	745
Mens BB-B	
Mickey Baugh	802
Wayne Hopkins	786
Robert Covert	768
Jimmy Ratcliffe	759
Womens BB-AA	
Cay McManus	944
Barbara Gaskins	764
Mary Covert	700
Womens BB-A	
Mary Fry	598
Female YA FS-UL-A	
Becky Dunn	943
Male YA FS-UL-A	
Andre Hertzler	1057
Male YA FS-UL-B	
Patrick Kelly	971
Ricky Hutton	963
Male YA FS-L-B	
Mike Malone	985
Jim Smith	962
John Blevins	851
Male YA FS-L-C	
Skip Boutillier	799
Male YA BB-C	
Tony Craig	510
Male Youth FS-UL-AA	
Donnie Surber	1043
Male Youth FS-L-B	
Steven Locke	825
Mark Ledbetter	646
Male Youth FS-L-C	
James Moore	582
Male Youth BB-C	
Victor Riggelman	353
Male Cub FS-L-A	
Chris Schroeder	979
Steven Quarles	963
Chris Blevins	915
Chris Sturgill	886

V.B.A. OFFICERS

D. H. "Van" Vanek, President
Route 2, Box 404
Warrenton, Va. 20816
Phone: 703-439-3656

Dicky Hall, Executive Vice President
6109 Oak Grove Dr.
Fredericksburg, Va. 22401
Phone: 703-898-0800

David Proctor, Hunting Vice Pres.
Route 1, Box 358-B
Keezletown, Va. 22832
Phone: 703-269-2521

James Overfelt
Conservation Vice Pres.
550 Ellett Road
Christiansburg, Va. 24073
Phone: 703-382-9360

Richard Dunn
Field Vice President
1985 Portlyauty Drive
Virginia Beach, Va. 23518
Phone: 804-460-4436

Nancy Lee Western
Corresponding Secretary
110 Dogwood Lane
Vinton, Va. 24179
Phone: 703-890-3072

Denny Fry, Treasurer
2950 Talon Ct.
Virginia Beach, Va. 23456
Phone: 804-468-5300

Bill Taylor, VBA Field Governor
704 Gillespie Ave.
Charlottesville, Va. 22901
Phone: 804-977-6759

Betty M. Trent
Recording Secretary
P.O. Box 644
Clarksville, Va. 23927
Phone: 919-342-0442

John Stockman, NFAA Director
1301 N. Utah Street
Arlington, Va. 22207
Phone: 703-524-3389

**20-Pin Winners
July-August 1984****Field**

Freda Little, Woodbridge
James C. Little, Jr., Woodbridge
Randy Joyce, Halifax
Rick Bonci, Clarksville
Charlie Parsons, Wise
Rickie Lester, Danville
Earl M. Cash, Jr., Amherst
Kenneth Bernon, Danville
Preston A. Lutz, Seven Fountains
Bobby King, Danville
Bobby Hodges, Danville

Hunter

James C. Moore, Sr., Danville
Freda Little, Woodbridge
Charlie Parsons, Wise
Myrel Green, Pound
Michael Smith, Glade Hill
Brian Justice, Madison Heights

Junior - Robinhood Pin

Chris Blevins, Danville

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