

(200-220)

FLIGHT NO. 1

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1980

VOLUME 21

Christiansburg Armory

March 15 & 16 1980

Friday, March 14, 6-11 P.M.
Saturday, March 15, 7-8:30 A.M.

9 - 12 Noon — 1st Round
1 - 4 P.M. — 2nd Round

Saturday from 6 P.M. to 9 P.M. will be a make up round for late registration or if more than 120 archers show up this time will be used for the second round for either those people that volunteer to shoot both rounds on Saturday or those archers that must be placed in that group.

- ★ We don't want to shoot a late round Sunday.
- ★ Those that register first get their choice of any or all of the above.
- ★ If you are going to be late call us. You can have someone register for you.
- ★ Standard NFAA 40 cm targets will be shot.
- ★ NFAA Rules prevail.
- ★ V.B.A. scoring system used.

For further information call Jim Overfelt (703) 382-9360.

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3900 S. Main St.
Rt. 460 S., Blacksburg, Va.
Phone 552-8221

Imperial Motor Lodge
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Phone 552-4011

Days Inn Motel
I-81 & U.S. 11, Christiansburg, Va. Phone 382-0261

Econo Travel Motor Hotel
Rt. 460 & 643, Blacksburg, Va
Phone 382-6161

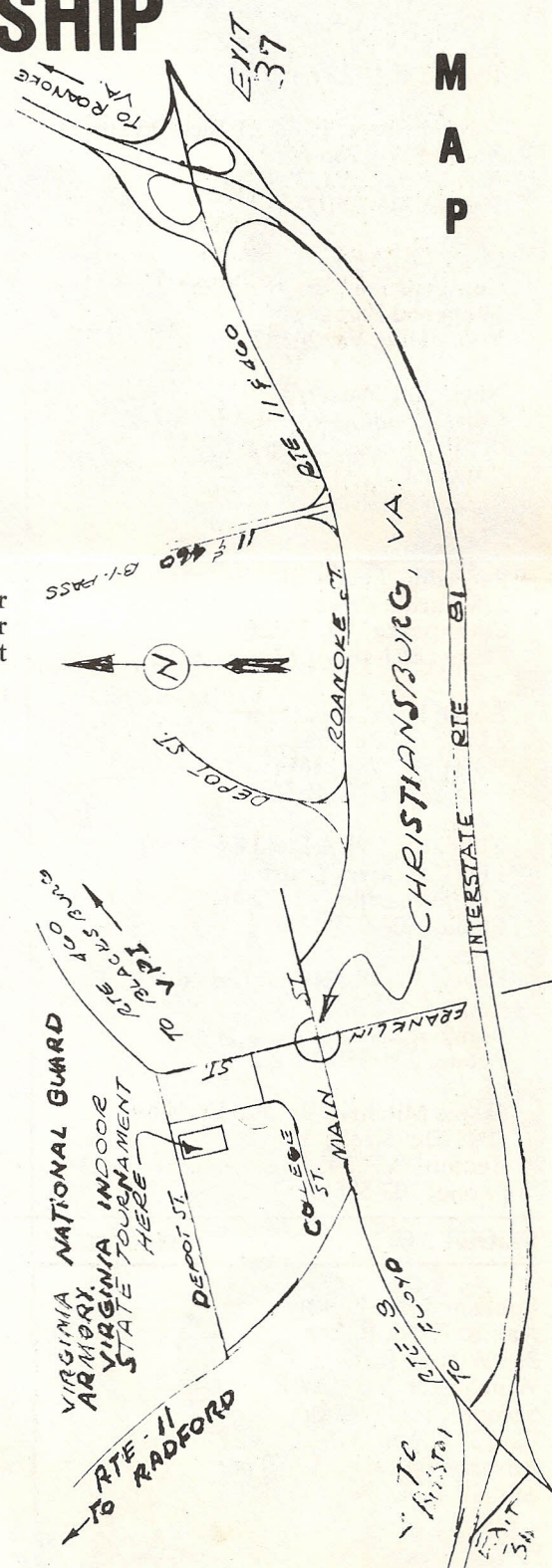
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Holiday Inn
Rt. 460 S., Blacksburg, Va.
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Lake Terrace Motel
US 460, Main St. S., Blacks-
burg, Va. Phone 552-5131

Marriot Inn
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Phone 552-7001

Red Lion Inn
Preses Fork Rd. @ 460,
Blacksburg, Ph. 552-7770



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VBA Meeting Cancelled by Inclement Weather

Not only did the weatherman not cooperate the weekend of our regularly scheduled VBA meeting in January by giving us a major snowstorm, but the rescheduled meeting for February 9-10 was also called off when foul weather dumped more snow on many parts of the state.

There are a few reminders from Nancy Lee, our corresponding secretary, to all clubs and VBA members.

1. In order for your club to hold a charter within the VBA, ALL CLUB MEMBERS MUST JOIN THE VBA.

2. VBA members only CANNOT compete for awards. You must hold a current NFAA handicap card to be eligible for awards.

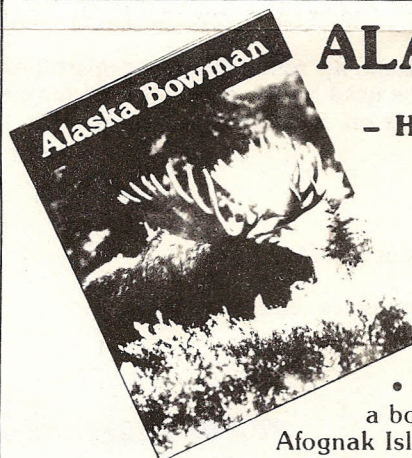
3. If you have had a change of address, please notify the corres-

ponding secretary. All Flights returned cost us 25¢ and is an unnecessary expense if you would only take a minute to notify Nancy Lee.

The NFAA headquarters are very short of staff employees at this time. Be patient if you have not received your pins. The Field bunny bars have been back-ordered and should be shipped the last of March.

Hope to see everyone at the State Indoor. After a long, cold, and snowy winter, why not reward yourself to a weekend away from it all and what's a better way to spend it but by shooting the dust off the old compounds and seeing old friends again.

The deadline for the next issue of Flight will be April 1. Clubs with shoots in April, May and June may want to get information into Flight.



ALASKA BOWMAN

— Hunting With the Bow & Arrow on
America's Last Frontier —

In this issue:

- Hunting Alaska by Horseback.
- The 150-Mile Hunt — three bowhunters float a wild river in search of moose, caribou and bear.
- Lost . . . Nightmare on Afognak Island — a bowhunter becomes lost on Alaska's rugged Afognak Island and discovers a man killed by a bear.
- A Brooks Range Hunt for a World Record Sheep
- Alaska Bowman Profile: Glenn St. Charles, father of the Pope & Young Club
- Notes on the Alaskan Brown Bear
- Ancient Archery, in Two Parts — the English Longbow and the Turkish Composite
- And other bowhunting stories!

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VOLUME 21

Published Bi-Monthly
Ann R. Boyd, Editor
265 Wilkins Drive
Winchester, Va. 22601
Second Class Postage
Paid at Vinton, Va.
Advertising Rates-\$2.50 per
column inch

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Princess Anne Bowmen

Princess Anne Bowmen closed the old year with two fun shoots for the members. In November, we had a 3-D animal shoot, two teams; with the losers serving hamburgers to the winners. We made it easy on the losers and sent out for the burgers. Chris Reed claimed that his only problem was convincing the girls at MacDonalds that he REAL-
LY DID want 80 hamburgers to go.

In December, we had our annual Christmas shoot and pot-luck dinner. We shot a safari round to work up an appetite for all the good food everyone brought. The Club bought a turkey that was cooked to perfection by Andy Anderson. The Holmes-Ray family remembered the woods creatures and put a Christmas Tree on target #17 for them. John Mason, playing Santa sort of moaned his HO-HO-HOs when two of our BIGGEST boys, Ed Killman and Bill Smiley sat on his knees at the same time.

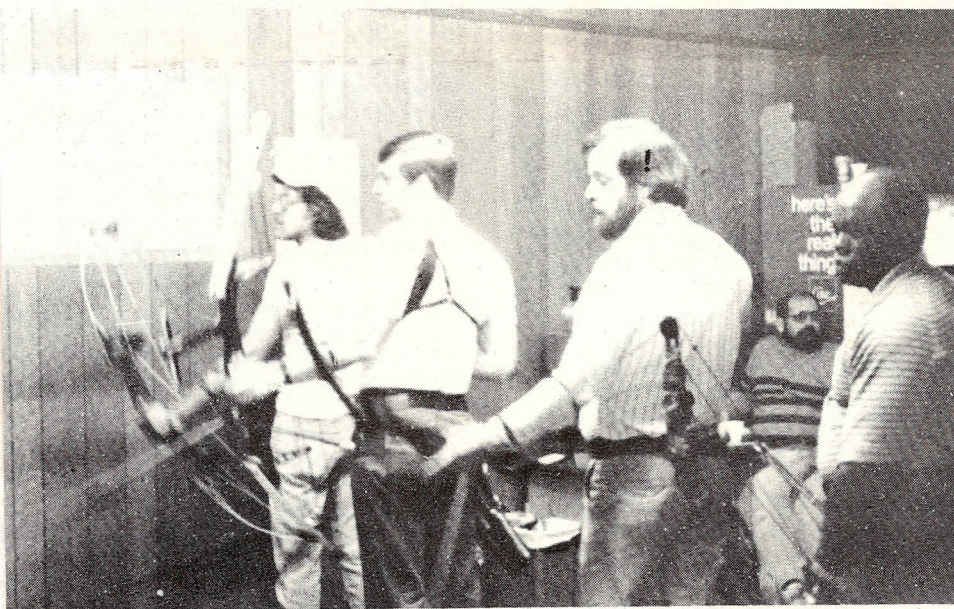
Deer season is over and we wish to congratulate George Winfield, Noe Gutierrez, and Don Frazier on their kills. Good hunting again next year, Gentlemen.

The Indoor League is moving right along. The winners of the first half are: Harry Benton and Tex Straeton for Friday night; Bill and Nina Enders for Sunday Night; and Pat Walker and Lindsay Harwood for Monday night. Bob Paulsen has shot the only perfect game, so far. A lot of the club members, that have never shot Indoors before are enjoying it so much, that they plan to attend the Indoor Championships this year, for the first time.

Our annual Awards Banquet will be held February 16, 1980, at the Pythian Castle in Norfolk.

See you next issue with more news from . . .

PRINCESS ANNE BOWMEN



Rick Harris, Lindsay Harwood, Don Walker, and Bill Smiley at the Indoor League.

Above

Santa (John Mason) and Harry Benton at the Christmas Party.

Below

The Holmes-Ray tree for the animals on Target 17.



photos courtesy of Bill Reaves.

"BIG FOOT" is Finally More Than Just A Memory

by: Jim Stone

I would like to share with you an hunting experience I had some time ago with a long bow.

Due to a heavy work load and having a lot of family bills to pay, I would only allow myself one day a year to hunt, bow or rifle season, and usually the last Saturday of the season.

It was after one of these trips (after hunting with little success on public land) that I decided to buy an old farm on top of JACK MOUNTAIN located in north western Virginia, and use it for a hunting camp.

After hunting there several years with little success, I had become very dissatisfied that I had not seen "BIG FOOT" the Legendary monster buck deer of Jack Mountain, estimated by the old timers in town, to be a 300 lb. white tail deer.

Although they said his rack was small, with only about 11 points or so. But big in body, with a hoof print half the size of your hand.

This particular year, it was oh, so very dry, so much so, the State Game Department almost closed bow season, (for fear of forest fires). Leaves were up to my knees, walking quietly was out of the question, but I was determined to try for "BIG FOOT" anyway.

I was up early, about 5 am. and in my previously scouted area before daylight. I'm not much of a tree stand hunter, preferring to walk up on my deer. I know some hunters may not agree with me, but that is the way I like to hunt.

I take no more than three steps at a time, stop, look, and listen, then the process is repeated. It's slow and takes forever to get someplace, but you see a lot of game, sometimes even getting close enough to shoot. In my case that would be about 20 yards, which I consider my maximum, and up to now it has worked fine in gun season, maybe the reason would be due to the rut starting here in November and bow season starts in October.

After hunting all morning, I was very tired and disappointed, figuring I was going to have another blank season (not wanting to shoot a doe). As I scouted down the trail, I came upon a large down-fall blocking the trail and my view. This was on the steep south side of JACK MOUNTAIN. Mother nature about this time decides its time for my morning constitutional and being all alone I responded, being

well hidden by the down-fall and the slope of the land.

About three minutes later my composure was rattled by the sound of a squirrel running in the deep leaves, just out of sight over the crest of the hill.

I decided I would at least take home a squirrel or two this trip if nothing else.

I grabbed up my bow and three arrows, not even bothering to pull up my pants, and slid over to the edge of the hill and looked down. To my surprise, the squirrel turned out to be a doe, not 10 yards away in front of me, moving from right to left, I froze. Lucky there was a good sized tree in between us and the doe did not see me or smell me (lucky doe), just then out of the corner of my right eye, I saw him, "BIG FOOT", the biggest buck I had ever seen.

There he was walking behind the doe, nose to the ground, his massive head swinging from side to side. Now at last I would get my long awaited chance at "Big Foot".

There I was in all my glory, out in the open, with my trap-door open, my pants down around my feet, what a sight. Carefully I let the doe pass without making a move and waited for "BIG FOOT" to come within range, with my heart in my mouth, waiting for him to get behind the big tree which stood between us, so I could bring my bow up to full draw without being seen, and trying to fight down a bad case of buck fever at the same time.

It almost worked, it as luck would have it he got wind of me or something, as he got just below me. He stopped, looked right up the hill at me, there we both stood, like two statues, neither one moving a muscle, not even an eye lash. Just 10 yards away, so close yet so far.

Then he started to spook, turning his head to the rear to check his back trail and in so doing, the big tree blocked his view of me for just a second, and each time he turned his head I would raise my bow a little more, until I got it to fulldraw, I could not shoot though, the same tree now blocked his body from my view for making a killing shot.

So I waited. How long we stayed there like that I do not know. I do not think I could hold that long bow back that long again for anything, but that day I was super tough.

Then it happened, "BIG FOOT" decided all was not right and started to take flight, why he backed up to make his right hand turn down hill I do not know, but there he was with his whole left side exposed to me, I picked a spot just behind his left leg and let go, no, not released, let go.

The arrow struck on downward angle, going through and coming out the other side, breaking his right foreleg.

Down he went, flipped over and spun around, but not for long. In the wink of an eye, he was back up on his feet. But by this time, somehow, almost by magic, there was another arrow in my bow.

This time his right side was exposed to me, at a slightly upward angle, again I let go, with the arrow striking the right front shoulder. catching the bone, knocking him down again. He no sooner hit the ground than he was up again, but this time instead of going down hill in wild flight he stopped, looked up the hill, just 10 yards away was his adversary, and Mr. "BIG FOOT" had decided it was time to fight.

There I was, my last arrow in my long bow, (the rest hanging on a tree ten feet to my rear) pants down to my ankles, could not run, and all I could think of was (Hunter gored by enraged deer). What an experience!!

As he stood there getting ready to make his last charge, I released my last arrow, at a spot high on his brisket, just right, one for twenty, dead center, up to the fletch.

What a sight. He looked so surprised, almost like he could not believe it, and just settled back on his hind legs, as if someone had stuck a pin in him and let all the air out.

What a shot, What a deer, what a day!!! His rack formed a perfect basket, main beams crossing in the center. The old timers were right, he was a big deer, field dressing out at 257 lbs. (now I know why it took three of us to drag him out.)

I have shot other deer since then, but none will ever compare to "OLE BIG FOOT".

Every time I look at that massive rack hung up on my wall, I will remember the greatest day of my hunting life and I have enjoyed that memory a thousand times over.

Thanks to "BIG FOOT" this memory will last longer than his normal life of five years.

Bowhunter's of Rockingham Report

by: Jack Upham 1980

The 1980 officers serving Bow-hunters of Rockingham will be:

President - Dave Proctor
Vice-President - Jerry Blank
Treasurer - Irvine Bodkin
Secretary - Jack Upham
Team Captain - Jerry Blank
Publicity - Irvin Bodkin
3-Yr. Trustee - Ronnie Blank
VBA Delegate - Willard Hertzler

On January 18, 1980 we held our 2nd. Annual Club Banquet at the Harrisonburg Moose Lodge. We had 49 attending including most wives. Everyone enjoyed themselves. The after-dinner speaker was Dr. Malcolm Tenny from the Augusta County Health Department. He gave us a very interesting talk on various diseases and cures such as hydrophobia and Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever,

and how its best to treat snake bite. He also told us how these diseases are contracted.

Kent Gordon was awarded the Club's Big Trophy for a 7-point buck. Irvine Bodkin was presented a plaque for more than 20 years service to the club which was a surprise to him.

20-Pin Winners Sept. - Dec.

FIELD

Trish Hug, Richmond
Brian Hogwood, Colonial Heights
Bill Reaves, Virginia Beach
Rick Thompson, Virginia Beach
Earlene Reeves, Virginia Beach

HUNTER

John Mason, Suffolk

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