

FLIGHT

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE VIRGINIA BOWHUNTERS ASSOCIATION

(200-220)



FLIGHT NO. 1

JANUARY—FEBRUARY 1985

VOLUME 27

AUGUSTA ARCHERS *hosts* 1985 Virginia State Open May 18-19

— REGISTRATION —

Friday, May 17 6 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Saturday, May 18 8 a.m. to 10 a.m.



— SATURDAY —

11:00 a.m. Announcements
11:30 a.m. begin NFAA FIELD ROUND
7:30-10 p.m. Entertainment-LAS VEGAS NIGHT
Gamble with \$10,000 worth of play money.
An auction of \$200 worth of FREE PRIZES.
A fun filled night for the whole family.

— SUNDAY —

8:00 a.m. Announcements
8:15 a.m. Proceed to target
8:30 a.m. Begin NFAA HUNTER/ANIMAL Round
3:00 p.m. Awards Ceremony

Holiday Inn — DOWNTOWN

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA

Special Package For Va. Bowhunter's Association

MAY 17 and 18

Friday Nite — Beer and Pretzel Welcome

8-11 pm (with our compliments)

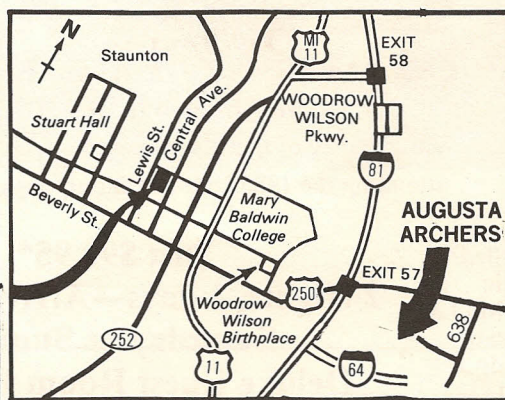
Complimentary Newspaper & Coffee Sat. & Sun. morning

and more!

Discounted \$33 tax — Double occupancy per night
rates: \$39 tax — Quad. occupancy per night

Please identify you are with VBA and area club

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-HOLIDAY
or 703-886-3401



(Follow signs to the club)

Pre-registration upon request.
For more information on State Open,
Contact: Curtis Sheffer 703/248-5052 or
Steve Bradley 703/886-6673

Camping available at Range. No hook-ups.

TRIANGLE ARCHERS host State Indoor Championship at Christiansburg Armory March 9 & 10, 1985

Registration: \$15.00 each (Additional Fees Possible—depending
\$25.00 family on January V.B.A. meeting)

Register Early—192 shooters only

Pre-Registration Accepted—Call to verify if
your round is full.

Registration—Friday, March 8, 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. and
Saturday 7 a.m. to 8 a.m.

Refunds given through March 7.

Triangle Archers
Jim Overfelt
550 Ellett Road
Christiansburg, Va. 24073
(703) 382-9360

Rounds

	1st	2nd	3rd
Sat.	8-11	11-2	2-5
Sun.	7-10	10-1	1-4

PSE Rep on Saturday and Sunday

Pre-registration Form State Indoor Championship

Name _____

address _____

City _____

State _____

club _____

VBA-No. _____

Division _____

FS, BH, BB, CFBH _____
Send to Jim Overfelt
(Address on pg. 8)

Limited (Finger Shooter)
(yes, no) _____

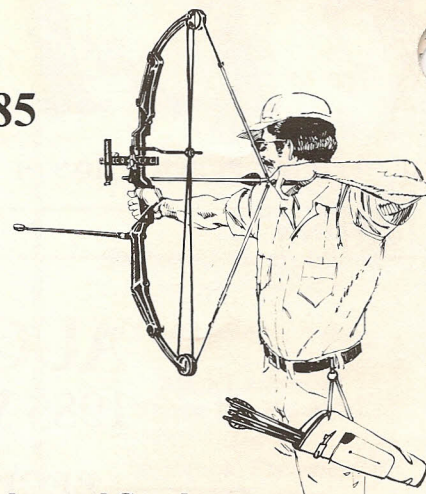
Unlimited (Release)
(yes, no) _____

Adult, Young Adult, youth,
cub _____

Birth Date _____
(Cub, Y & YA)

Male-Female _____

Which Round 1st _____
2nd _____ 3rd _____
same round both days



BLACKSBURG Marriott®

SUPER SAVER ARCHERS WEEKEND

March 9 and 10

Enjoy the luxury of the Blacksburg Marriott while
attending the 1985 Indoor Championship

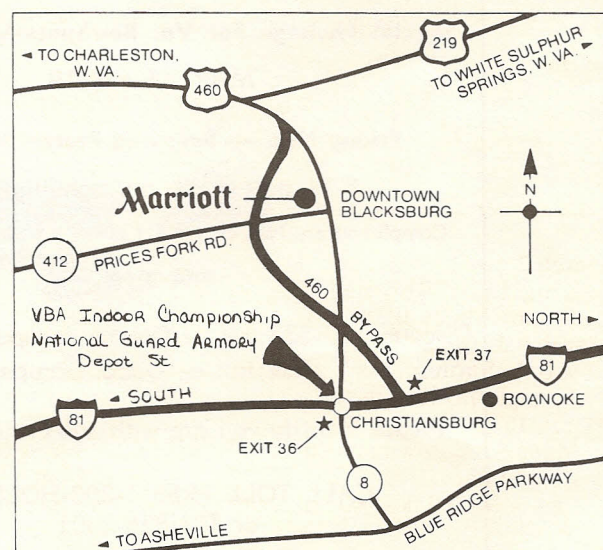
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Just \$99.95*
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Bill Cook



Keith E. Johnson



Bill Athey



Henry C. Harrison

March 2

Kingsboro Bowmen Pre Indoor
Trophy Shoot 10:00

March 9 & 10

V.B.A. State Indoor Championship
Triangle Bowhunter

March 16 & 17

Manahoac Bowmen Annual Totem
Pole Shoot
Cas. & Mult 9:00-1:00 Sat. 9:00-12:00
Sun.

March 17

Seminole Archers 10:00

March 23 & 24

V.B.A. Meeting

March 31

Northern Virginia Archers 10:00
Dixie Bowmen Turkey Shoot
Cas. 9:00-1:00

April 7

Warwick Bowmen Cas. 9:00-1:00
Central Virginia Archers 10:00
Manahoac Bowmen Cas. 9:00-1:00

April 14

Kingboro Bowmen Cas. 9:00-1:00
Walton Park Archers 10:00

Prince William Archers 10:00

Shenandoah Co. Archer Cas. 9:00-1:00

April 20

Dixie Bowmen Cas. 8:00-11:00
Bugs Island Archers Annual
Carp & Gar Shoot 8:00

April 21

Bugs Island Archers 10:00
Cub Run Archers Cas. 9:00-1:00

April 27 & 28

Warwick Bowmen Annual Silver Bow
Cas. & Mult. 9:00-1:00 Sat./9:00-
12:00 Sun.

Hunting Highlights

My first deer hunt of 1984 has begun. Months of practice, preparation, and patience meet fifteen feet above the ground of a small farm several miles south of Pungo, Virginia.

The small patch of woods I'm in has been pre-scouted and all the signs read deer. Directly north, a hundred yards away, is a soybean field. Bordering that, toward the east, is a corn field which was cut over last week. West: heavy cover and beds. East: an open field with small clusters of trees and brush.

It's 4:30 p.m. I kissed my wife, wished her luck and helped her up her stand an hour ago. She is fifty yards away through thick cover directly north. I have shooting lanes open from ten to twenty five yards in a 180 degree arch from my stand.

I caution myself not to be too disappointed if I don't see any bucks; does are safe for more weeks.

It's a warm afternoon; the kind of day I faced the moment of decision with my first buck eleven years ago. There was no hog pen near by then to cover my scent but I was in my t-shirt as I am now.

Questions race through my mind; have I practiced enough? Am I mentally prepared? Have I forgotten anything?

This year I'm hunting without sights, without mechanical release, without hope of hitting a plate with a fork.

Stop. Wrong thoughts. Clean up your attitude.

Movement—a squirrel going toward the corn field. It's edging its way along the drainage ditch which last week was dry; not today though.

The wind is shifting as the sun descends its rich blue backdrop and time slips from the here and now into the use to be.

The squirrel is returning with something in its mouth. I can barely make it out. Ah, there, an ear of corn. The little critter passes within ten yards taking no notice of the man in the tree, the Martin Cougar, and the Rocky Mountain 3 blades on the ends of Easton XX75, 2117's.

The sun is on its final approach to the horizontal plane now; partly shrouded by trees, partly by briars and partly cloaked with a thin furry cloud. What a dramatic experience; the sight, the smells, the cool breeze, the deer feeding in the woods behind me. Am I dreaming? Have I fallen out of my tree and these are visions from an unconscious state of mind? Rub your eyes and look again. I don't see them now but I still hear them. At least two deer; one fairly heavy.

Will they come out of the thickets before dark? Is it possible I'll get a shot on my first day of hunting?

Ten minutes of light remaining to us; to me and to these magnificent creatures whom I've grown to admire and respect, even love over the years. This is how I envision a hunt. The unspoken words and emotion boiling to a point where man and beast take a stance and play their respective roles; skill and desire pitted against instinct and will to survive.

Hurry! Come on! I can't take this pressure like I once could. Ah—forget it. I quit. We'll meet again.

Trying to ignore the noise behind me I remove my arrow, being careful not to cut my bow string. There, my arrow is safely back in my quiver, my tab is in my pocket and my bow is securely tied to the hauling line. A real classic, by-the-book, preparation to dismount a tree. Ease the bow down now. Wait! There's a deer down there! It's not looking at me. Reverse the wench. One bow coming up. Look at the deer again. It's a nice little buck; a forky. He's looking at me. Ten yards away, broadside, and he's looking at me. Oh well, I forgot to get an arrow anyway. He's not looking now. Get an arrow. There. Put it on the string. Where's my tap? Forgot it! No time now. Draw and pick a spot. Great! He stopped to get a drink. What luck! A quartering right shot with the front legs outstretched and the vitals 22 yards away. Draw, anchor, sight and hold—release. No! The arrow flies true to the spot but the spot isn't there now. The deer lunges forward with a terrific burst of power, leaping the drainage ditch and clearing a six strand barbed wire fence. There he goes, straight across the open field, I'm sure he's hit but where, how bad. Why did he have to finish drinking when my fingers slipped from the string? Never mind—find the arrow.

It's dark now. Too dark to see. Barbara will be getting worried. Go get her and a flashlight.

I was right, she's worried. Okay! Okay! I'm alive, I'm here, Let's find my arrow. The pen light isn't working.

Back to the truck for the other light. Back in the woods. An hour later and I still haven't found my arrow nor have I found a blood trail. Well—it's a cool night. I'll come back tomorrow.

After a tossing and turning kind of night Barbara and I get our things together to join George and Bill at the clubhouse for an I.B.E.P. course. The

four of us have teamed up before with good results and I know it won't be any problem to leave and go find my arrow.

Back at the farm now. I'm lucky to find Roger and Allen coming out of the woods. A brief account of the events of last evening and the three of us are headed back to my tree.

We don't find my arrow but we find blood; good blood. The color and quantity that spells a good hit. Ten minutes later Roger is calling me over to see my deer. A nice little 5 point buck still carrying my arrow.

As the buck had turned to leave the ditch the shaft had struck high in the left hip and drove forward into the chest cavity. Ninety yards later by buck came to rest.

When the deer was checked I took it back to the clubhouse and arrived just in time for my lesson, "tracking, game trailing and field dressing." My trophy became a training aid.

Wyoming Antelope Hunt

by John Stockman

"My normal procedure is to put you in a pit blind before sunrise and take you out after sunset," explained Wyoming antelope guide Dick Ullery to me and three other bowhunters. Dick, one of the most successful guides in the business, was briefing us the night before our first hunting day. Three of us had bow-hunted antelope in previous years and knew the routine. The fourth expressed reservations about Ullery's admonition not to get out of the blind unless we had to in order to keep a wounded antelope in sight.

Dick explained that the severe winter had taken a heavy toll on the State's antelope. Trophy size bucks were especially hard hit since they usually go into winter in poorer condition than the other antelope as a result of their rutting activities. Dick had scouted his lease thoroughly, however, and said that there were many respectable bucks and a few Pope and Young pronghorns in the area. He instructed us how to judge an antelope's horns and said that if we were patient there was no reason why all of us couldn't take respectable bucks by the end of our five day hunt.

Ullery leases private ranchland in excellent antelope areas. He then constructs blinds near known crossings or waterholes several weeks in advance of the hunt so that the animals will lose their suspicion of them. Antelope do not like to jump fences. They will walk for miles to find a low spot they can crawl under or an opening in the fence. Such



John Stockman

spots are favorite ambush sites. In hot, dry weather an even better ambush site is a small waterhole where antelope drink. Three of Ullery's blinds were of this type while one was a crossing near a fenceline.

When Dick dropped me off in the brisk darkness near a small waterhole the first morning, he cautioned me to check the pit for rattlesnakes before I occupied it. Say what! My blind was dug at the very edge of a waterhole which was about 40 yards wide. The hole had a strong wire mesh framework erected over it and was covered with burlap. Narrow (too narrow I was later to learn) slits had been cut in the burlap to permit a bowhunter to shoot through. There were shooting slits to my front and on each side.

Shortly after daylight a small band of antelope came to water. They were all does and fawns. Although the wind was in my favor and I was fully camouflaged and sitting motionless in a blind the pronghorns were nervous. Ullery had told us that antelope instinctively fear waterholes because they sense they are vulnerable there. "As long as they can stand in the open prairie where they can use their superb vision and speed, they feel safe," he said. Throughout the morning, these and other antelope cautiously approached the waterhole, drank quickly and left.

I had decided not to take any shots over 30 yards and not to shoot unless the antelope was broadside or quartering away from me and was looking away. Their eyesight is so keen and their reflexes so quick that they can dodge an arrow. My self imposed limitations caused me to pass up shots at several respectable bucks that morning.

As the sun grew hotter, the pronghorn's activity increased. Several times large bucks came to water but were surrounded by does or lesser bucks and I held my shot out of fear of hitting an animal I didn't want.

At about noon a trophy size buck slowly approached the waterhole. When he finally reached the edge of the water and dropped his head to drink, I drew my ancient Bear Alaskan compound and placed my thirty yard pin behind his shoulder. He immediately jerked up his head, water dripping from his mouth and stared intently toward my blind. I tried to convince myself that he couldn't possibly see me through a one inch wide slit in the blind. Afraid to move, I remained at full draw. The buck continued to stare—and stare. My arms began to tremble and my arrow began to clatter against the arrow rest. My heart was pounding; my breath was coming in gasps; my mouth was dry; and my ears were roaring. I was experiencing a classic case of buck fever. I knew I couldn't hit anything under those conditions and I lowered my bow. The buck finally lowered his head and drank. As he finished drinking and turned away from me to leave I drew and released my shaft. I felt the bow buck in my hand and saw the arrow splash in the water about 10 yards from the blind. The buck sped away in a cloud of dust. I muttered a few choice invectives and examined my bow for damage. The bottom limb had struck the side of the pit which was much narrower at the bottom than the top. I spent the next two hours carving out the sides of the pit with a hunting knife. By sundown I had seen about 40 antelope visit my waterhole. I passed up shots at several respectable bucks with no regret because the situation wasn't right. Dick picked me up shortly after dark and we returned to camp. One hunter had shot a nice buck later in the afternoon. One had missed two shots and the remaining hunter hadn't shot.

The following morning the antelope began their daily visits to the waterhole. At about noon, a Pope and Young buck cautiously approached my blind and stopped to drink at about 30 yards. I drew on him, checked to ensure that my

bottom bow limb would clear and released as he turned to leave the water. Once again my arrow fluttered wildly and plopped into the water short of the startled pronghorn. More invectives! I had heard my arrow hit the side of the shooting slit. I quickly enlarged my three shooting holes. Missing two record class bucks was frustrating.

Antelope continued to use the pond throughout the afternoon, but none were what I wanted or offered the shot I desired. Just before dark, I looked out the right side of my blind and saw a beautiful, solitary buck with symmetrical horns at about 25 yards, broadside and drinking. This was the shot I wanted! I quickly maneuvered into shooting position, checked to ensure that my bottom bow limb would not hit the side of the pit, lined up squarely with the enlarged shooting hole, bracketed the buck's chest between my 20 and 30 yard sightpins and released.

The buck wheeled and sped away and was immediately joined by about a dozen other pronghorns. As the small band of animals raced over the prairie I could see my buck faltering. When they reached the security of the sagebrush, he stopped and the other antelope continued to run. I took a compass reading on the buck's location since darkness was fast approaching. Dick arrived momentarily. We decided to leave the buck for the present and pick up well-known bowhunter Len Cardinale who was in a blind a few miles from mine. Len hadn't had any shots. We returned and quickly located my buck. He was a beautiful animal. As always, I felt a touch of remorse at having ended an animal's life. But I am realistic enough to know the alternative end the buck would have eventually faced. In that very area just a few months earlier thousands of antelope had starved. I had taken the buck's life quickly and humanely under the rules of fair chase and had no apologies for having done so.

The following day I took my buck into Rawlins where it was processed and quick frozen for the trip back to Virginia. I put the frozen pronghorn into my sleeping bag with some dry ice and stuffed the bag into my duffle bag along with my hunting gear. It was amusing to watch airline personnel handle the 150 pound bag.

Would I hunt antelope again with Dick Allery? You bet I would. Three nice bucks had been taken in three days by four bowhunters. Dick's five day hunts in 1984 cost \$800. Total non-resident license fees were \$120. Dick's prices are above average for Wyoming but in his words, "I offer a quality hunt with an opportunity for a Pope and Young buck." Indeed he does.

Club News

News from Zone #3 Bowhunters of Rockingham

The Bowhunters of Rockingham elected new officers for 1985 as follows: President, Randy Gehr; Vice President, Kevin Wittig; Secretary, Sandy Proctor and Treasurer, Irvin Bodkin. The VBA Delegate appointed was Wayne Bowen. The club had a most successful year under the guidance of out-going President Lenny Pannell. We increased our membership to 120. This was largely due to indoor shooting. We had a rented building where we held open shoots on Sundays and league shooting on Thursday nights. We needed bigger quarters to make room for more shooters. In March we held a special meeting for discussion on building a new building on our range. After much discussion and approval of all members we decided on a 40 ft. by 100 ft. building. In June we started construction on an all steel building. We held our first indoor shoots on our range Jan. 20th. We have set Monday and Thursday nights for league shooting. We also would like to mention on the past hunting season where 36 of our members bagged white tailed deer. Many of these members bagged two. We held our Annual Banquet and presented these members with the clubs annual **Ross Garletts Award**. Two of our members bagged black bear, they are Lowell Nesslerodt, and Chuck Rodamer. The annual carp award went to Jim Miller. Lenny Pannell captured the club scalp trophy in a close contest. The roving big buck trophy went to Nick Taylor for his big 10 pointer. President Randy Gehr would like to invite all VBA members to shoot our range and our up-coming shoots.

Massanutten Archery Club

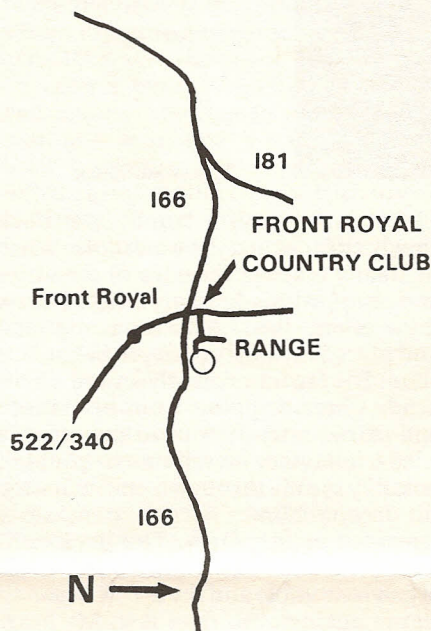
Massanutten Archery Club welcomes all VBA & NFAA members and guests to enjoy the sport of archery on their new range. The range is on the Front Royal Country Club property, located just ¼ mile north of I66 on 522/340.

Our shooting dates this year are:
April 21—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. — Casual Registration
June 16—10 a.m. to 1 p.m. — Casual Registration

On August 24 and 25 we will host our trophy shoot, just in time to sharpen your skills in preparation for the VBA closed State Championships. On September 29 our 3rd Pin Shoot will consist of 28 all deer targets.

This tournament was planned to give you that last minute preparation needed to insure a clean and effective harvest.

Good luck and good hunting from Massanutten Archery Club!



Seminole Archers

This past November, Seminole Archers held their Club elections. The Club Officers for 1985 are: James Moore, President; Ricky Lester, Vice-President; Joyce Vernon, Secretary; Kenneth Vernon, Treasurer; Bobby Keng, Range Capt.; Steve Walker, Publicity.

This past year was a good year for Seminole Archers for tournament and hunting. One of our own, John Boyd was crowned CFSBH-L State Champ; Congratulations to him. As for the hunting season the following got these deer: Harper Gray—2, Larry Gray—1, Timmy Gray—1, Kenneth Vernon—1, Donnie DeVall—1, and Mike Flippin—1.

Shenandoah County Archery

As we begin a new year with 1985, the Shenandoah County Archers would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for the support given to us in 1984.

1984 turned out to be a very successful year for the Shenandoah County

Archery Club. Our greatest accomplishment for the year was the completion of our new club shelter. It will be of great service to us in the future. We would also like to congratulate the following members for their successful 1984 hunting seasons:

DEER: Fred Blosser—5-pt. buck, Putter Click—4-pt. buck, Gary Downey—doe & spike buck, Lee Fleming—doe, Gary Foley—doe, Marvin Golliday—4-pt. buck, Ronnie Rau—spike buck, Charles Rutz—spike buck, Mark Sutherly—4 pt. buck, Brian Wiles—button buck, Roy Wiles—doe.

BEAR: Fred Blosser, Jerry Fisher.

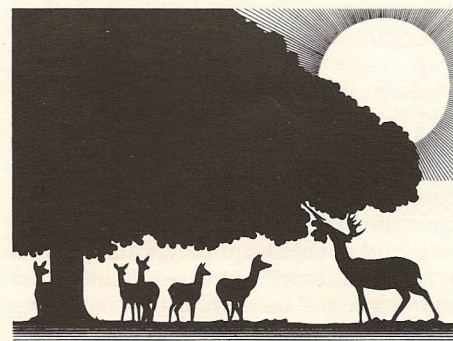
Again, congratulations to all!

Our first meeting for 1985 was held January 9, 1985, and the following officers were elected at that time: President, Walter Kimble; Vice-President, Ronnie Rau; Secretary, Mike Kline; Corresponding Secretary, John Rauch; Treasurer, Jerry Fisher; Range Captain, Dennis Henry; Assistant Range Captain, Donnie Neff.

We are presently making preparations to host five archery shoots during the 1985 season. The Shenandoah County Archers are especially proud to be hosting the Northern Virginia Championships. Our shoots will be held as follows:

April 14—9 a.m.-1 p.m. — (Casual Registration) Pin Shoot
May 12—9 a.m. — Northern Virginia Championships (14 field & 14 hunter)
June 23—9 a.m.-1 p.m. — (Casual Registration) Pin Shoot
August 10 & 11 — Annual Club Shoot (14 field & 14 hunter)
October 6—9 a.m.-12 noon — All Animal Shoot

We look forward to seeing everyone during the 1985 archery season!



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INDOOR SHOOT

Kingsboro Bowmen of Suffolk, Virginia cordially invite you to a Pre-State, 20 Yard, Indoor Shoot in cooperation with Tidewater Community College (Frederick Campus), Saturday, March 2, 1985 for a single 300 round. Target face will be either the NFAA Championship Face or regular NFAA Indoor Face (Shooters Choice). 15 ends — 4 arrows each end. 4 minute time limit each end. A break will be taken after the 8th end. Registration will be from 7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m., Friday, March 1 (Practice Available) and 8:00 a.m. to 9:30 a.m., Saturday, March 2. Opening ceremonies at 10:00 a.m. Begin Shooting at 10:30 a.m. Awards at 5:00 p.m. VBA Indoor Classification will be used. Ben Pearson pays shoot. \$5.00 registration fee.

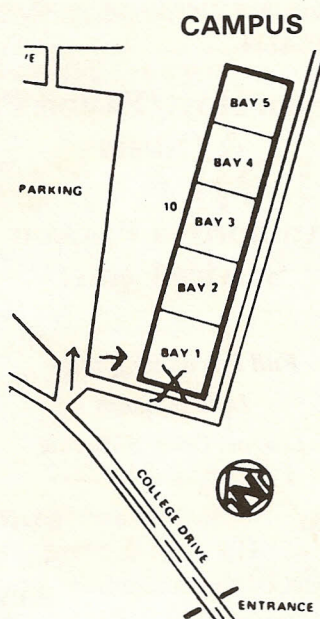
DIRECTIONS:

From Richmond—R64 to James River Bridge/Mercury Blvd. Exit to R17 and the bridge, same as below.

From Newport News—go over James River Bridge, Route 17 to second stop light. Turn left on College Drive. See map for Building location.

ACCOMMODATIONS:

In Churchland area: Econo-Travel Motor (make reservations early) 804-484-6143; Quality Inn, Portsmouth 804-399-3066. Food will be available.



Highlights of the VBA Meeting

Agenda items voted on at January meeting and passed.

1. V.B.A. to sponsor all state shoots except Jamborees. Bowhunting Committee is a standing committee.

2. V.B.A. co-sponsor the NFAA Bowhunters Jamboree in 1985 with Manahoc Bowmen also to give \$1,000.00 for speakers, & etc.

Agenda Items:

1. Bear Creek made the motion that all extra appropriations outside of normal expenditures of V.B.A. business exceeding \$350.00 become an agenda item.

2. That V.B.A. have a scholarship fund for conservation in the amount of \$500.00. The money to come from the conservation fund.

3. The following is a list of candidates proposed by the Nominating Committee:

President: Steve Trent

Executive Vice President: Dicky Hall, Sam Gay.

Field Vice President: John Strut.

Hunting Vice President: Steve Hiner, Dave Proctor.

Conservation Vice President: James Overfelt.

Recording Secretary: Betty Trent, Sharon Guillen.

Treasurer: Denny Fry.

Field Governor: Mike Kinney, Ken Sorrels.

NFAA: John Stockman/Jim Quarles.

You may have your director nominate other people for V.B.A. offices at the March meeting.



Left to right: Dutch Shultz, Mertie Shultz, Thomas C. Baker, John Dooley.

Dear Mr. & Mrs. Schultz:

On behalf of Special Love, Inc. and Camp Fantastic, I want to thank you and the Virginia Bowhunter's Association for the generous check for \$1,000.00. This check will be used for four camperships for our 1985 camp.

These camperships will provide these kids the best week of their lives. Plans have already started for Camp Fantastic 1985 and our other programs. Because of organizations like yours and the support you give us, these programs are possible.

We have enjoyed working with you in the past, and we are looking forward to working with you in 1985.

Thanks again for your continued support.

Wishing you Special Love,
Thomas C. Baker, President

Flight Deadline

The deadline for the March-April issue of FLIGHT will be April 1, 1985. 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.

★ NOTICE: ★

**Blacksburg Marriott
State Indoor Championship**

Make your reservations now—
there are only a few rooms left.

V.B.A. OFFICERS

D. H. "Van" Vanek, President
Route 2, Box 404
Warrenton, Va. 22186
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.
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Keezletown, Va. 22832
Phone: 703-269-2521

James Overfelt
Conservation Vice Pres.
550 Ellett Road
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Phone: 703-382-9360

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

Nancy Lee Western
Corresponding Secretary
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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

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