



# FLIGHT



C. J. (Woody) Woods and his 200-lb. black bear he killed on October 15, 1962, in Big Levels near Waynesboro, Va. Using a 43-lb. bow and a glass arrow with a 4-blade Black Diamond broadhead at a distance of 25 yards, he got complete penetration with the bear only going 8 yards after being hit. The one he shot was accompanied by three others, one of which climbed the tree from which he was hunting. By the time Woody strung another arrow (strictly self-defense), the bear backed down the tree, not ever knowing Woody was there, and joined the others in a nearby tree. Others in the hunting party were Paul Bowbeer and Walter Huth of Arlington and Tom Oliver of Stuarts Draft.

## V. B. A. Is Growing!

We have come a long way since January, 1941, when the predecessor of V. B. A., the Virginia Archery Association, was formed by a handful of toxophilites who called themselves the Richmond Archers.

Our Corresponding Secretary, Sue Price, advises that we now have membership in excess of 1,875.

Did you ever see a man who was too busy to talk about how busy he was?

## Hunter Success

As of this writing, I have not as yet had a report from the Hunting Vice President. This will be covered in the next issue. From the reports I have heard from the various parts of the State, I understand the hunter success ratio was not quite as high as in 1961. From my personal observation, during the first week of the season, I found the conditions quite hot and dry. Hardly ideal hunting weather.

EDITOR

## From The Office Of Field Vice President

I would like to take this opportunity to express my personal thanks for the fine participation and co-operation shown by the large attendance at the last V. B. A. meeting. This was surely the finest and best-attended meeting held to date, there being only nine clubs without representation. If your club was one of the nine, rest assured you were missed and I sincerely hope you will be able to send a delegate to the next meeting which will be held in January. Only through club representation can V. B. A. policy be formed that will be in the best interests of the majority.

Let's all resolve to make the coming year more enjoyable than even the past year. This should be easy to do. Simply make a resolution to be a good sport, be friendly toward your fellow archers on and off the range, get the whole club together for an evening picnic and night shoot, wives and children included, get a group together for a party just to have some fun, and above all, always leave petty grievances and personal animosities at home. I hope to see you all as members next year. As old Saint Nick would say, MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOODNIGHT.

WM. T. MARSHALL

## Successful Hunt?

It was the last day of the hunting season and the early morning air was crisp and cool with the pleasant odor of pine trees and damp leaves permeating the air. Up a distant hollow could be heard the chunk-chunk-chunk of a pileated woodpecker searching for insects and grubs in a dead, hollow tree.

As the bowhunter moved slowly up the dim trail that led alternately through laurel, scrub oak and pine, he could hear the musical sounds of a tiny creek, swollen by a recent rain, about fifty feet to the left of the trail. Occasionally he would catch a glimpse of a chipmunk. At one point he stopped and watched. The tiny, striped-back bundle of energy, tail erect, emerged from a hole in the middle of a rotten log. He ran the length of the log, stopped, stood up and looked around. Everything appearing to be in order, he scurried about five feet from the log, stopped, stood up, looked around again, quickly got down on all fours, dug madly in the leaves for a few seconds and came up

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## FLIGHT

News and views of the Virginia  
Bowhunters Association, Inc.

VBA OFFICERS: Ted Grefe, President, Box 352, Fairfax, Va.; C. J. (Woody) Woods, Executive Vice President, 319 W. Main St., Waynesboro, Va.; Clint Western, FLIGHT Editor, 4041 Virginia Ave., N. W., Roanoke, Va.; G. B. Booth, Jr., Hunting Vice President, 1812 Churchville Ave., Staunton, Va.; Bill Marshall, Field Vice President, 5012 Huntington Ave., Newport News, Va.; Pat Hamilton, Recording Secretary, Rt. No. 4, Glen Allen, Va.; Sue D. Price, Corresponding Secretary, 1712 N. Quincy St., Arlington, Va.; Harold Woods, Treasurer, 646 Grimes Rd., Hampton, Va.; Franklin M. (Ike) Lewis, VBA & NFAA Field Governor, RFD 2, Box 190, Portsmouth, Va.

### Questions and Answers

**QUESTION:** When and where did the legendary figure, Robin Hood, die and what was his reported age?

**ANSWER:** According to history, Robin Hood died in Yorkshire County, England, on December 24, 1247, at the age of 87. The following inscription is said to have appeared on his grave:

"Hear undernead dis latil stean  
Laiz Robert Earl of Huntingdon  
Nea arcir verza hie so gev'd  
And pip'l kauld im Robin Heud  
Sick utlawz az hi and iz men  
Vil England nivr si agen  
(Obit 24 Kal Dekembris 1247)"

**QUESTION:** Please clarify that portion of the By-Laws of the VBA constitution headed "Tournament Procedure", Rule 4, pertaining to the awarding of trophies, which reads as follows:

"A club may hold but one Annual Tournament per year. At this tournament it is not required that an archer shoot his class minimum. However, the host club may require archers to shoot their class minimum, in which case the host club must make this announcement before the tournament begins. At any annual tournament in which a field or hunter round is not shot, it is the prerogative of the host club to determine the class winners."

**ANSWER:** The host club has the option of either requiring or not requiring an archer to shoot his class minimum at an Annual Shoot. If the host club should require an archer to shoot his class minimum to win, the host club must make this announcement prior to the start of the shoot. If the host club fails to do this, the trophies should be awarded by top scores regardless of the original intent. Please bear in mind that it is the custom to not require the shooting of class minimum to win at Annual shoots and most archers have come to accept this as fact, but I'm afraid some of us have forgotten that this is a club option.

### Club News

ATTENTION CLUB SECRETARIES:

How about sending the editor an article on some of your club activities that may be of general interest to other clubs.

### Successful Hunt? . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

with what looked like a severe case of the mumps. Actually, he had an acorn in each cheek pouch which he hurriedly deposited in the rotten log along with the many others he had gathered in preparation for the day when snow would blanket the woods. This little bundle of fur was highly nervous, having to maintain a constant vigil against the hawks, owls, bobcats, snakes, and other predators who would consider him a tasty meal.

His curiosity satisfied, the hunter continued along the trail. Here and there could be seen the hoof prints of deer, the quarry he was seeking, and at one point he noticed a small sapling that had some of the bark rubbed off by a buck who had been polishing his antlers. He had just rounded a slight bend in the trail when all of a sudden, wwhrrrr! A grouse took off like a jet from almost beneath his feet. Words cannot express the element of surprise experienced by a hunter when this master of explosive take-offs rockets into the air from under his very nose.

The hunter's composure partially regained, he continued his hunt. Up ahead and about 75 yards to the right of the trail, was a small clearing with a water hole at the far end. The clearing was bordered by various species of oak and laurel thickets, and on the end near the water hole was a tangle of green-briars and wild grapevines. The clearing itself was covered with a growth of tall, dead, greyish-brown grass and weeds, and patches of tender green clover that had not yet been killed by the recent frosts. Near the center of the clearing grew a small clump of bushes.

The hunter, moving as stealthily as possible and taking advantage of the available cover, very cautiously approached the clearing. After reaching a point from which he could survey it, he very slowly looked about. In the early morning gloom, the clearing, at first glance, appeared to be empty, but a deer, even though a comparatively large animal, can be very difficult to spot when standing in weeds and dead grass that blend so perfectly with his grey winter coat.

Just as he was about to step from cover into the clearing, thinking it was empty, he saw the telltale flick of a white tail on the far side of the clearing, about 100 yards away. At the same moment, the deer raised its head and the hunter got an electrifying view of an enormous rack. The slight breeze was blowing from the buck toward him and as the deer lowered its head to continue feeding, the hunter, his heart pounding madly and his mouth suddenly very dry, slowly ducked down. He knew his only chance of getting a shot was to crawl through the weeds and grass toward the clump of bushes in the middle of the clearing. Could he crawl the approximately 45 yards to the clump without being spotted? Would the wind suddenly change before he could get close enough, and thus betray him? Would he make some slight noise that the sensitive ears of the buck would hear? He knew he would have to keep completely out of sight. When he finally reached the bush and raised up to shoot, would the buck still be there? These thoughts went racing wildly through his mind and by this time his heart was pounding so hard he thought it would surely be heard by the buck.

With bow in one hand and an arrow in the other, he got down on his stomach and started the long crawl. While moving through the weeds he was thankful that he had remembered to put brush buttons on his string.

After what seemed like an eternity, he finally reached the clump of bushes. Moving

very slowly and carefully, he raised himself enough to peer through. He was in luck. The buck was still feeding and had moved only slightly to the left and a bit nearer the protective cover of the woods. The hunter estimated him to be about 55 yards away. Unconsciously the thought entered his mind that he would have to hold about a foot over the deer's back, the same as he would have to hold to hit No. 3 target back on the club's field course.

Very slowly and taking care not to snap a dead twig or crush a dry leaf, he eased around the bush just enough to get a clear shot. The buck's head snapped up as he caught the movement. Moving in slow motion, the hunter raised his bow and drew the 28-inch shaft to the corner of his mouth and released. The feathered shaft flashed toward the buck's massive chest. It was a perfect—miss!

As so often happens in bowhunting, the buck, catching sight of the bow snapping forward, seeing the movement of the arrow as it started on its flight, and hearing the twang of the bowstring, miraculously leaped forward just before the arrow reached him. In three tremendous bounds he reached the protective cover of the woods and could be heard crashing through the brush as he put distance between himself and the hunter, probably a very embarrassed deer having been, in effect, outsmarted.

By this time the sun was beginning to peek over the ridges, its rays shining through the trees, giving the forest floor the appearance of a gigantic camouflage carpet. As the hunter moved quietly back down the trail to camp, he had a great feeling of peace and satisfaction. Satisfaction? Yes. He had enjoyed the fresh clean smell of the forest, watched the antics of the busy little chipmunk, was scared out of his wits by a grouse, and successfully stalked a wise old buck. To this hunter, success could not be measured in the amount of meat brought into camp, something that is soon forgotten, but in the memories of the hunt—memories that last forever.

### Bill McEwen Elected Conservation Vice President

At the June meeting of the V. B. A., Hunting Vice President Booth advised the directors present that he felt our organization was in need of a Conservation Vice President. He said there were subjects and projects that affect us either directly or indirectly and that he could see the need for an officer to keep us informed by attending meetings of the Wildlife Federation, Game Commission, etc. There are many instances in which we lack good publicity for services performed in the interest of the general public, such as sponsoring teachers to the Teacher Workshop, donating money for the seeding of feed patches for wildlife, and the various clubs having shoots and giving the money to charitable organizations, giving shooting exhibitions for veterans' hospitals and similar institutions.

President Grefe concurred in Mr. Booth's recommendation and appointed Bill McEwen to serve as Conservation Officer. At the V. B. A. meeting held in September, the directors present voted unanimously to have Bill serve in this capacity through June, 1963.

This job will be quite an undertaking due to the many meetings held throughout the State which will entail quite a bit of traveling. The need for this office is great and I am sure Bill will do an excellent job.

## "20" Pin Winners

AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1962

### 35 Yards

Benny Armes, Lynchburg  
 Johnny Branham, Pound  
 Thomas Ray Bullion, Galax  
 Wortha T. Butler, Jr., Petersburg  
 David A. Carr, Roanoke  
 Garland Catron, Wytheville  
 Beverly A. Clough, Norfolk  
 Robert L. Day, Catlett  
 Joseph Donnelly, Arlington  
 W. G. Frye, Chilhowie  
 Henry Fugate, Abingdon  
 Thomas Haley, Norfolk  
 William Haverty, Norfolk  
 Clarence Huff, Wytheville  
 Betty Keckley, Brucetown  
 C. E. Kidd, Matoaca  
 Howard Kirby, Norfolk  
 J. K. Liddle, Jr., Galax  
 Thomas G. Mace, Staunton  
 Willie Minter, Fredericksburg  
 Teresa O'Roark, Winchester  
 Milo R. Peachey, Front Royal  
 Dexter Pendleton, Jenkins, Ky.  
 Morris Phillips, Cambria  
 Dr. John Prince, Wise  
 Branson Puffenberger, Staunton  
 George L. Robinson, Tazewell  
 Stewart Rose, Wise  
 Kenneth Schaffer, Galax  
 Charles Alfred Sherman, Yorktown  
 Louis Spence, Winchester  
 Fred Stallard, Jr., Wise  
 Bobby Thomason, Galax  
 John R. Thrones, Newport News  
 Sam Tompkins, Pound  
 Elwood Williams, Galax

### 40 Yards

Robert Agnew, Hillsville  
 Doc Blankenship, Lynchburg  
 Voda Blevins, Clintwood  
 John H. Bowen, Roanoke  
 Thomas Ray Bullion, Galax  
 J. W. Collins, Roanoke  
 Ed Cox, Tazewell  
 Hugh G. Darnell, Sr., Springfield  
 Burnley R. Doxey, Jr., Newport News  
 Henry Fugate, Abingdon  
 Haswell Frazier, Galax  
 Joseph Hampton, Wise  
 Jane Mabe, Luray  
 Ned McWherter, Greeneville, Tenn.  
 Athos Morganti, Staunton  
 Neal Perkins, Alexandria  
 Arthur E. Price, Staunton  
 Howard Price, Pearisburg  
 R. H. Robinson, Harrisonburg  
 Bob Sandridge, Harrisonburg  
 Homer Lee Strother, Front Royal  
 John Thrones, Newport News  
 Arlon Vernon, Big Stone Gap

### 45 Yards

Wortha T. Butler, Jr., Petersburg  
 Earl Carter, Bedford  
 Ronald Cox, Matoaca  
 Ramsey Cutshall, Greeneville, Tenn.  
 Hugh G. Darnell, Sr., Springfield  
 O. Claude Davis, Wytheville  
 William Enders, Norfolk  
 Samuel Freeborn, Richmond  
 Thomas Hancock, Purcellville  
 Sam Hite, Rich Creek

## 45 Yards—Cont'd

John Hollingsworth, Alexandria  
 Preston Hundley, Sr., Lynchburg  
 Stephen Linton, St. Brides  
 W. R. "Bill" Mason, Salem  
 Barney McLean, Portsmouth  
 Billy Martin, Pilot  
 Jerry Meade, Pound  
 George Moyer, Winchester  
 Chester Lee Mullins, Pound  
 Oak Mullins, Coeburn  
 Vernon Ralph Mullins, Leesburg  
 Donald Perdue, Staffordsville  
 Howard Price, Pearisburg (1 and 4 pos)  
 Branson Puffenberger, Staunton  
 Samuel Riggle, Falls Church  
 Louis Spence, Winchester  
 Fred Stallard, Wise  
 Homer Lee Strother, Front Royal  
 William Taylor, Arlington  
 Howard Turpin, Radford  
 Roy Wirt, Roanoke

### 50 Yards

Voda Blevins, Clintwood  
 Gordon E. Kaufman, Yorktown  
 John Kelly, Glade Spring  
 Clifford Necessary, Tannersville

### 55 Yards

Robert Agnew, Hillsville  
 Hobart Bentley, Pound  
 James Booth, Falls Church  
 Johnny Branham, Pound  
 David Carr, Roanoke  
 Clarence Cline, Broadway  
 Billy R. Cook, Radford  
 Warren T. Cowles, Manassas  
 Hugh Darnell, Sr., Springfield  
 William Enders, Norfolk  
 Thomas J. Ford, Jr., Fairfax  
 Henry Fugate, Abingdon  
 Franklin M. Lewis, Portsmouth  
 Joe McCoy, Harrisonburg  
 William McEwen, Jr., Richmond  
 Teresa O'Roark, Winchester  
 Ernest Ratliff, Coeburn  
 Edsel Shelton, Elkton  
 Fred Stallard, Jr., Wise  
 Robert H. Terry, Roanoke  
 Elwood Williams

### 60 Yards

Thomas Ford, Fairfax  
 Thomas Frye, Leesburg  
 Gordon E. Kaufman, Yorktown  
 Jerome Keyes, Alexandria  
 Franklin M. Lewis, Portsmouth  
 Michael Rafferty, Lynchburg  
 S. L. Sonifrank, Harrisonburg

## 65 Yards

David Carr, Roanoke  
 Douglas Dutton, Arlington  
 William Enders, Norfolk  
 Larry Horner, Jenkins, Ky.  
 Walter Kello, Norfolk  
 Clifford Necessary, Tannersville

### 80 Yards

Franklin J. McPeak, Front Royal  
 Clifford Necessary, Tannersville  
 Vernon Rogers, Hampton

## "20" Pin Winners

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1962

### 35 Yards

Norman Ashburn, Portsmouth  
 Ralph Becker, Staunton  
 T. Calvin Bishop, Norfolk  
 Avanel Blevins, Clintwood  
 Clarence Cline, Broadway  
 Haynes W. Davis, Woodbridge  
 Ethel Stimely, Lynnhaven

### 40 Yards

Keith E. Grimes, Norfolk  
 James Key, Bedford  
 Florence Linton, St. Brides  
 Buddy Lucas, Grottoes  
 Copelin Salyers, Coeburn  
 Leroy Sanders, Saltville

### 45 Yards

Jim Anderson, Harrisonburg (1 pos and 4 pos)  
 Roger S. Arthur, Bedford  
 Stewart Bradford, Manassas  
 Paul Ford, Madison Hts.  
 Thomas Ford, Jr., Fairfax  
 Barbara A. Haley, Norfolk  
 T. R. Jackson, Roanoke  
 James Key, Bedford  
 Douglas C. Moore, Falls Church  
 Neal C. Perkins, Alexandria  
 Edsel Shelton, Elkton  
 Homer Lee Strother, Front Royal  
 Jack Williams, Wytheville

### 50 Yards

Jim Anderson, Harrisonburg  
 Vernon B. Land, Manassas  
 Arlan Vernon, Big Stone Gap

(Continued on Page 4)

## WOODY'S SPORT SHOP

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 We have raw materials—To make your own  
 Satisfaction guaranteed, or your money cheerfully returned.

**"20" Pin Winners—Oct.-Nov.**

*(Continued from Page 3)*

**55 Yards**

Lawrence R. Barger, Roanoke  
Voda Blevins, Coeburn  
John Bowen, Roanoke  
Hugh Cox, Chilhowie  
Keith E. Grimes, Norfolk  
Arlan Vernon, Big Stone Gap  
William R. White, Bayside

**60 Yards**

Norman Ashburn, Portsmouth  
Mary Lee Craft, Tabb  
Robert W. Craun, Middleburg  
Haynes W. Davis, Woodbridge  
Norman D. Tavener, Jr., Berryville

**65 Yards**

Jack Cantwell, Portsmouth  
Louis Hudson, Boyce  
Marvin Palmer, Norfolk

**80 Yards**

David Carr, Roanoke  
Edsel Shelton, Elkton

**Ike Lewis Re-Elected  
Field Governor**

NFAA election results are now in and Ike Lewis has been re-elected to the office of Field Governor. Ike has a hard and important job. All Deputy Field Governors and others with whom he comes in contact should give him their full support.

**V. B. A. Field Archery Manual**

We still have a few V. B. A. manuals for sale. There should be one in every family of archers in Virginia. A well-informed archer is a good archer. Do you have your copy? If not send your order to:

CLINTON WESTERN, *Editor*  
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The price — only \$1.50 each

**Mammal Facts**

Here are some interesting facts about some of the animals living in various parts of the world:

The Blue or Sulphur-Bottom Whale is the largest mammal that has ever lived, including the dinosaurs. It reaches a length of 100 feet with a girth of 45 feet. It weighs up to 119 tons. The stomach holds 1 ton of food; weight of skeleton 20 tons, of muscle 50 tons, of fat 25 tons, of tongue 2½ tons, of liver 1,000 lbs., stomach 900 lbs., heart 800 lbs.; "blow" lasts 300 seconds and rises to a height of 49 feet.

At birth the young, which is called a calf, is 24 feet long and weighs 4 tons.

The Cheetah is the fastest animal in the world, having been clocked at speeds up to 70 miles per hour.

One of the strangest and most unusual animals is the Duckbilled Platypus which inhabits Australia and Tasmania. It has fur

like a beaver, a bill like a duck, lays eggs, suckles its young, has a pouch similar to the 'possum, has webbed forefeet, and spurs on its hind legs which are attached to poison glands. It spends most of its time in or near the water and feeds mainly on worms, crayfish, etc.

**Oh Come Now!**

"Didn't I hear the clock strike two when you came in last night?" the sweet, innocent, wife asked her husband at the breakfast table.

"Yes, dear," he replied sipping his coffee. "It started to strike 11 but I stopped it to keep from waking you."

**Ish That So!**

Said the drunk as he staggered up the steps in the wee hours of the morning dragging tin cans, pots and pans tied together with a rope, "She'll never hear me with all this racket going on."

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66".....	75.00	66".....	65.00
61".....	65.00	61".....	55.00

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