



FLIGHT



Volume 2

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No. 4

On Bowhunters, Butchers, And Blunderbuss's

It would seem that the bowhunter has been selected as the latest victim of the smear. In recent months two articles have been written maligning the archer and accusing him of everything except causing last years Flu epidemic. (This I assume will come at a later date.)

I will not comment on the article written by Mr. Elmer Keith in GUNS AND AMMO since I have not read the piece. I feel that I must comment on the article written by Arthur Conley for TRUE since I have read this article several times.

The first reading of the article by Conley, who is a five year bowhunter and a member of the Michigan group, made me more than just a little angry. After I regained my composure to the extent of being able to read and analyze this work my anger changed to pity for this creature. Mr. Conley is evidently a "Crusader" and as such he cares not who he vents his wrath upon. We can assume that he has lost many friends because of this article and I am sure this is what he wants since the "Crusader" is vowed to self sacrifice for his cause.

In his zeal to prove how deadly the rifle is he would have you believe that the 220 Swift, not legal for deer in most states but nevertheless a very dangerous weapon, is capable of killing a deer instantly even if you shoot it in the foot. This man is also such an expert with rifle that he is capable of shooting a deer in the head at 100 plus yards. Then he stresses that he is an Expert A archer but even though he is the holder of the NFAA's highest classification cannot bring himself to cause undue suffering by killing animals with his bow.

The fact that so much criticism is being directed at the bowhunter is nothing new. For years the different factions within the NRA have been at odds, the rifle hunter is at odds with the shotgun hunter and the pistol man has an axe to grind with both. I am glad to say that most of the bowhunters I know refuse to down another persons hunting means and of this we should be proud.

(Continued on Page 4)



The white streak under the white ball is Ike's near miss on a 25 yard putt which makes the two golfers very happy indeed. Ike didn't miss many since the archers won the Archery-Golf tourney.

Ten Deer Killed at A.P. Hill and Hog Island

In the Virginia Commission of Game and Inland Fisheries News mention of the fact that three deer were killed at Camp A. P. Hill and five bucks and two does were killed on Hog Island.

The successful Hog Island hunters were listed and were Paul P. Hatrel of Norfolk, Charles N. Richards of Fort Lee, Victor Clough of Dam Neck, Joseph C. Beck of Norfolk, J. H. Still of Virginia Beach, M. C. Lepscomb of West Point, and Ralph G. Moore, Jr. of Oceana.

Killing their white-tail at A. P. Hill were William R. Haverty, who along with Nick Nickolas and Walter C. Kello were pictured in the December 1959 issue of Virginia Wildlife.

New Arrow Color Bands

2 Green 1 Yellow—Bearcreek Bowmen.
2 Green 1 Orange—Wythe Bowhunters.
2 Blue 1 Red—Foxtown Archery Club.

A Project For This Spring

Archery took an interesting twist at the Cypress Cove Country Club this past summer when an Archery-Golf shoot was played. Mike Bonavite, Cypress Cove Pro, and Vance Tarter comprised the golfing duo while Victor Walker of the Southampton Bowmen and F. M. (Ike) Lewis of the Chesapeake Bowmen Club of Portsmouth teamed up for the Archers for the first nine. On the second nine Lewis and his wife Gertrude were the archery twosome.

Despite the fact that Bonavita played par golf, 72, the Archers won the match 3 up and 2 up. Plans for a rematch are in the works and for more information watch this column.

Why don't more of the Archery clubs engage in this sort of thing for a change of pace. It's good for publicity and relations with other sports minded people who just might turn into Archers. As a spring project why don't you and your club see if you can think up something along these same lines.

FLIGHT

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List of 20 Pins Winners

35 Yards

George E. Serverson, Richmond
Jack Forbes, Roanoke
Billy R. Cook, Radford
Leo Dew, Covington
Walter G. Coons, Richmond
R. M. Tyree, Lynchburg
James R. Davis, Jr., Newport News
Edward C. Weis, Richmond
Robert W. Bouton, Lynchburg
James A. Surber, North Tazewell

40 Yards

Don Mays, Charlottesville

45 Yards

Eddie Reid, Jr., Grottoes
Wilson C. Prillaman, Sr., Bedford
Ralph DuBrueler, Jr., Winchester
Louis Hudson, Berryville
Robert Sayre, Waynesboro
Russell L. Forren, Covington
William Ayers, Springfield
William H. Smick, Charlottesville
Ernest Hooper, Charlottesville
Jacob Crone, Stuarts Draft
Joe Dan McCary, Fredericksburg
Marvin Palmer, Norfolk
John G. Baugher, Harrisonburg
Carroll Rhoden, Berryville

50 Yards

James R. Davis, Jr., Newport News
Leo Seal, Luray
John F. Sink, Roanoke

55 Yards

Jack Johnson, Damascus
Russell Forren, Covington
Jack Craft, Hampton
William Hashiguchi, Harrisonburg
Vincent Scott, Harrisonburg
Franklin Umberger, Roanoke

60 Yards

Ronnie Bolling, Pound
Eugene Limerick, Fredericksburg

80 Yards

Dick Wassum, Saltville

BUY U. S. SAVINGS BONDS

Black Flies vs. Black Bears

By Ted Grefe

For the sixth time in the last few minutes my searching eyes passed the "slash" cut, cleared during mining operations, across the stream from my stand. I did a fast double-take as the cut was now occupied by a large black bear calmly sitting on his haunches licking his paws. NOW!! This is it! Feeling confident in my complete camouflage from head net to gloves, I rose slowly to my feet, cautiously drew back my bow, anchored, and WHOA!! A wire leading away from the cabin to a tree was directly in the arrow flight! I slacked off and took a quiet step forward to clear the wire. Ol' Blackie, meanwhile, continued his paw washing and was totally unaware of my presence. The feeling of self confidence surged back through me as I drew again on the center of his chest. Mentally the old check off list was clicking; full draw, loose bow grip, anchor solid, arrow aligned, space-gap locked, and the final relaxed release hand. With the picture right, my release hand automatically slacked off and the arrow sped on its way. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Three of us had packed back into the Canadian bush from Hawks Junction above the Soo. I had taken off from Fairfax, Va. after a hurried thirty minutes of throwing gear into my station wagon at 6 p.m. Friday, 6th of June, 1959. A check off list had been made up previously, just in case I did get away on this Canadian spring bear hunt that had been seriously considered the past two years. Business could just take care of itself for a few days, I rationalized, and, anyway, capable hands would probably do a better job than yours truly. First stop, Carlisle, Pa. to pick up Wayne Aitken of Aitken's Archery Association. Saturday morning found us in Monticello, Ind. at the True Flight arrow manufacturing concern, where Wayne conducted a couple hours of business before we headed on up to Grand Rapids, Mich. to meet the remaining two members of our party, Ken Engebretson and Jack London. Wayne and I were graciously received by Ken and his lovely family, and the welcome mat was out with the hospitality flag flying high. Wonderful hosts! We arrived in time to get in 14 targets on one of the local field courses before dark. The added 19 lbs. pull over my 41 lb. tournament bow took its toll before we were half way through the 14, and my score was lucky to be in three figures. Although difficult to withdraw from the bales, we shot several targets with the new Super Hilbre 4 bladed broadhead to become familiar with its flight characteristics. No flight variation from field points was noted, but I'm glad we proved them out, because an archer has to feel that confidence in his

equipment to get the desired results. From my many readings on black bears, anything can happen when these unpredictable are encountered in the wild, so familiarity with equipment, I figured, couldn't be stressed too strongly. Sunday we shot a 28 target big game round before leaving and the heavy bow and 11/32 shafts began to feel more at home in the hand.

Since the last lap of our trip would be by train and since there wasn't a train out of Sault Ste. Marie, Canada, 'til Monday at 7 a.m., we didn't leave Ken's house until Sunday eve. It was decided to board the Algoma Central train at the first stop above Sault Ste. Marie to avoid confusion at the depot. Thus we pulled into Searchmon, Canada, Mile 20, in plenty of time to unload our equipment and have a cup of coffee at the local cafe.

While standing on the platform waiting for the train, we had our first encounter with the dreadnought of the North Woods, the BLACK FLY! For such little rascals they surely are tenacious! They emerge from nowhere in clouds, and are continually buzzing in your eyes, ears, nose, down your neck, etc. They look like a housefly, but are only about 1/3 as big. They bite "right now" and take a chunk of skin with them. I could "feel" we were in for trouble! The train arrived somewhat late, but our time was well spent in conversation with other sportsmen heading "up the Soo", mostly for fishing and camping, although we did run into some other bear hunters, with guns, uuhgg, that is. Anticipation was running high as we boarded the train and each of us with a quiver full of arrows draped over our shoulders drew underserving attention, and possibly my 6'-4" frame was

(Continued on Page 3)

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Black Flies vs. Black Bears

(Continued from Page 2)

the only reason for our not receiving any snide remarks.

We debarked the train some 5 hours later at our destination, Hawks Junction, Mile 165, and were met by Ken's and Jack's friend Joe Rainville, who had a pickup available in which we tossed our gear and headed for the general store to get our licensees and supplies. A short time later found us at the boat landing on Hawk Lake where we dumped our gear into a couple of boats, slapped on our motors and headed for the cabin some two miles up the lake. As we beached our crafts at the cabin, we were again besieged by the Black Fly and their cohorts the mosquito. Wow! These characters really mean business! They descended upon us in swarms! After our gear was stashed away in the cabin, Ken presented each of us with 2 bottles of 6-12 insect repellent that we guarded henceforth with our lives. Any venture from the cabin required a literal bath in the repellent for all exposed body areas, even sleeve-cuff openings. These Black Flies are truly the scourage of the North.

We were informed by Joe that several bears had been seen out in the town refuse area, so immediately after unpacking Wayne and I jumped into the boat and headed across the lake to the general area. We left the boat and proceeded cautiously up the trail to try our luck at ye 'ol black bear. There were a few bear tracks in the soft dirt, so we decided to take stands and cover the spots where sign indicated they had been feeding. After carefully selecting our stands, we settled down for the long wait. To our dismay we immediately found that all the black fly needed was a motionless target. If we thought we had been subject to their wrath before, we were badly mistaken. So help me, they came in organized raids. My clothes were covered with them in no time and periodically I was forced to rebathe in 6-12. By dark we were glad to give in to the conquering black fly and head back to the cabin for a much needed sleep.

Tuesday we climbed out of our sleeping bags late and did some fishing. We surprised a martin along the wooded shore, but we were unable to get any pictures as he melted into the bush before we could break out our cameras. Later we picked up a couple boxes of meat scraps from the local market in Hawks Junction, and took them out to the refuse area for bear bait. We took stands again in the evening, but lost another battle with the black fly.

Wednesday we arose early for trout fishing and later made plans for a two day hunt at the Peters-Quilty Cabin, some seventeen miles west, where numerous bear had been seen recently. There was a small exploratory mining

operation during the winter conducted near the cabin, and the site engineer and his wife were packing back in to close up the camp. We were invited to join them, so afternoon found the engineer and his wife, Jack, Wayne, and I jolting down the road in Joe's jeep headed for the bush. Ken decided to remain in Hawks Junction and cover our baited area.

We left the jeep at the end of the road and proceeded on foot the remaining rugged miles to the cabin. We saw plenty of bear sign around the cabin, so we baited the immediate area with sardines, salmon, and honey which we packed in with us. I'm convinced this baiting pays off, as bears have an exceptional sense of smell. We maintained a close vigil throughout the evening, but no bears appeared.

Five A. M. Thursday found me out checking the baits, but they were undisturbed. I came back into our tent and reported to my comrades. We turned back in, and five minutes later I suddenly decided that the sack was no place to shoot a bear, so donned my camouflage cover, cap, net, and gloves, not, however, before dousing myself with 6-12, and headed off down the trail with a bow quiver full of arrows.

After still hunting for 45 minutes and seeing nothing more than moose and bear tracks along with a few snow shoe rabbits, I returned to the cabin and inspected the baited area again. THE SARDINES WERE GONE!!! I checked my watch at 6 A. M. for future reference and WOOF!!! a bear cut into the bush from some 35 feet away! I would have swallowed my uppers if I'd had any, because I didn't see him and was really startled.

I swung around so fast my arrow fell off the string, but it mattered little, as one jump took the bear in the bush and he was gone. SILENCE! The few steps to the cabin were covered and temporary blind seemed to be the best place to wait, so I started my dawn vigil. There was a small stream behind the cabin with some slash cuts the mining teams had made for the cross sectioning of their drilling operations. Thus we return to the beginning of our story and the events which followed.

As the arrow left the bow it felt good and looked good, but what happened to the target? At the twang of the bow the paw licking bear came to life like he was slapped with a board. I still think the arrow found its mark, but the mark had moved. By the time the arrow got there the bear had reversed direction and was some four yards back digging fast for the bush. Then SILENCE. Although the arrow appeared to hit the bear from the back side of the rib cage, I didn't have the feeling that the shot had scored. Possible, but not probable.

I sat back down on my log and tried to figure out what I could have done differently. It all seemed so cut and dried, and yet I apparently missed, and, furthermore, I thought, there was no sound from the bear running off into the bush after he was out of sight.

I kept "casing" the area while these musings were running through my bird brain, when my thoughts were disrupted by a breaking twig off to my right. I eased to my feet and came to the ready. I have long before learned to get in shooting position as soon as possible when you expect or see game. I caught

(Continued on Page 4)



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Black Flies vs. Black Bears

(Continued from Page 3)

a movement in the bush by the bank of the shallow stream and then heard a gentle splashing of water.

I silently ran down the path to the footbridge across the stream some 25 yards from my blind. There was an opening in the path on the other side about twenty yards away, and I got set and came to half draw on this opening. Almost too good to be true, Mr. Bear stepped out into the opening and stopped. As I completed the draw the movement evidently caught his eye, as he turned his head to look in my direction.

Aiming behind the shoulder I released as soon as my hand hit my anchor point, as I rapidly recalled my recent experience with these fast moving critters. At the twang of the bow, although deadened with brush nocks and camouflage sleeves, ol' blackie dug in hard, but at this range he wasn't quick enough and the arrow took him high in the cavity. As he bolted into the bush, I clearly saw the arrow buried to the crestings in his ribs! What a feeling of satisfaction!

I heard him charging through the bush and knew he was hit hard. I ran back to our tent and rolled out the two sleepy heads and cut them in on the excitement while they dressed. They took up stands immediately, but no more bear appeared on the scene. Some 40 minutes after my hit it started to sprinkle, and I told the boys I was heading off down the blood trail.

An hour was suggested as a minimum time to wait, but this eager beaver was not taking any chances on losing that blood trail in the rain. We found my first arrow immediately, unscathed, then checked the distances of both shots, and found them to be forty yards and twenty-two yards, respectively. Both halves of my second arrow were found at the first jackpine about five yards off the trail.

Lung blood! He's mine for sure I bragged! We spread out and started circling looking for the blood trail in the thick bush. Due to the dense underbrush we were unable to follow the trail, so I headed in the direction of the last sound up a slash cut in the rough terrain. I foolishly was watching the ground closely for bloodsign and not searching the surrounding bush as carefully as I should.

I got to the foot of some heavy boulders and decided he couldn't possibly have made it up here as hard as he was hit. I turned to head back down but rapidly came to a full draw as I came face to face with Mr. Bear at four feet!!!

Fortunately, ol' blackie had lost all interest in his world and his dying lunge had carried him up on a flat rock about chest high to me!! Still at full draw I eased the arrow forward a couple of feet and punched him in the nose. No reaction, so I yelled to the boys to come up and give me a hand.

The bear was about 80 yards from the place where the hit was scored. After taking pictures I reached in my pocket and took out my rope, (what an optimist!), threw a loop around the bear's neck and dragged him back the short distance to camp.

We had breakfast and kept a steady watch on our bait throughout the day, evening, and the following morning, but not another bear showed up. Guess our activities caused them to evacuate the area. It might be of interest to note here that upon skinning out the bear we found that the Super Hilbre four bladed broadhead had cut three ribs on each side of the cavity. The holes looked like the result of a mushroom job from my .300 magnum rifle. Incidentally, the cavity was void of blood, indicating complete hemorrhage.

We had previously planned on going back to Hawks Junction on Friday, so after breakfast we got our gear together and headed for the jeep. We had an uneventful trip out, but did see several fresh bear and moose tracks. After checking in at our cabin on Hawk Lake, Ken, Jack, and Wayne decided to hunt

the refuse area that night where we had baited. Their watech was uneventful, but I went fishing and really made a haul. The wind was blowing off the ice cap and it certainly got cold in a hurry. Was glad to have a down jacket along which was packed as an afterthought.

Wayne decided to go back and cover the baited area bright and early the next morning, so moved in under the cover of night in Joe's pickup truck to put him on even terms with the black flies and mosquitos. Shortly after dawn Wayne had some real excitement when a large bear showed up and came within 20 feet of the truck. Wayne was trapped inside the truck and couldn't open the door to get out and get a shot for fear of spooking him. As soon as the bear eased down the trail a bit, Wayne tried to intercept him, but no luck. Evidently the bear was suspicious of the truck.

We caught the southbound Algoma train out of Hawks Junction at 10 A. M. Saturday morning, thus starting the first lap of the 1300 mile trek back to Fairfax. I mused as we rode along on the train, just who did win, anyway, the black flies or the black bear??? Maybe I'm partial!

On Bowhunters

(Continued from Page 1)

This also may be the cause of the feeling among other hunting factions that we can be had.

Our sport has grown at a tremendous rate and we enjoy much national publicity, both good and bad. We come of age when we learn to take both the good and the bad with equal dignity and refuse to be drawn into useless and senseless controversies, such as the one Mr. Conley evidently hopes to start. We know that the public as a whole is ignorant of the facts with respect to bowhunting and the ability of an arrow to kill. It is our duty as Archers to see that the true facts are made known.

Kirk Rowe

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