



FLIGHT



Editor's Comments

During the past two months a very controversial situation concerning the National Field Archery Association has developed. I will try "briefly" to explain what has happened to date.

First, the NFAA Club Bulletin #26 dated 17 October 1958 contained an official resignation from the Secretary of the National Field Archery Association. Along with his resignation was a report from the Executive Committee meeting which was held after the National Tournament.

The Bulletin contained the new operational procedures for the Executive Committee, the new classification and handicap system and the election of Mr. Karl Palmatier as President. These developments were, in Mr. John Yount's opinion, against the best interest of the NFAA.

This resignation was followed by a letter from Mr. Roy Hoff, Editor of Archery Magazine, which contained a request for funds to purchase a \$25,000 track of land in Redlands, California. \$7,000 of this amount was needed immediately for a down payment. Prior to this, the Headquarters of the NFAA had been located at the home of Mr. Yount. His resignation prompted the request for funds.

The following is a letter dated 24 November 1958 which was written by Mr. Ross Garletts, President of the VBA, directed to all VBA Clubs and Associate members:

"In view of the controversy in the National Field Archery Association and the appeal to individual clubs for funds to purchase a permanent headquarters,
(Continued on Page 2)

NOTICE

FLIGHT WILL BE PUBLISHED at least a week late next month in order to print the important happenings at the VBA Meeting January 4th at Lynchburg, Virginia. However because the news will be published in Flight is not a valid reason for not attending.

A Rattler That Should Be Worth More Than Two Points

JOSEPH LOGAN

The planning of the hunting trip and the searching out of deer signs before the hunting season begins is almost as enjoyable and exciting as the actual hunt. It is about one of these exploratory hikes that I would like to tell.

It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in late September and autumn was truly in the air. The leaves had begun to turn and the temperature was just right for an afternoon hike in the woods. My two hunting partners, Johnny Newton and Frank Umberger, the latter an archer of the first degree and a maker of one of the first bows I ever shot, and I, were checking deer signs on top of Bald Mountain in Craig County, Virginia.

We had been in the woods for about an hour following deer trails, checking feedings fields, and examining water holes, when Johnny stopped dead in his tracks and began to back up slowly. Frank and I were about ten yards on each side of Johnny and stopped when he hollered "Rattler"!

From my experience with snakes I have found that rattlesnakes usually travel in pairs and it was this fact that made Frank and me stop to examine the area before we moved.

After close examination, and not finding another rattler close by, we moved in for a closer look at the rattler that Johnny had almost stepped on.

It was a large timber rattler, three inches in diameter and three and one-half feet in length, with fourteen rattles

and a button, which we found out later. It had coiled up in a striking position but had stuck its head down inside its coil.

We had picked up rocks with which to kill the snake when Frank said he would like to kill it with a bow, as he only needed two (2) points for his NFAA Small Game Award. The only hitch was that we did not bring our bows. Frank, not wanting to be cheated out of the two points, which he needed, said "I'll just make a bow".

Frank had made a bow string the night before for Johnny and had given it to him when we met to go on the hike.

I asked him "How in the world are you going to make a bow?", and he replied, "You two keep your eyes on the snake and I'll show you". He checked with Johnny to see if he had the bow string in his pocket and then began looking for a suitable sapling. He found one about one and a half inches in diameter and six feet tall. All he had to cut it down with was his pocket knife and he began whittling away at it.

While Frank was making his "bow", Johnny stood back about eight feet from
(Continued on Page 2)

Seasons Greetings

The Officers of your State Association wish to extend the wishes for a most joyous holiday season. Thanks for your splendid cooperation through your club secretaries, your attendance at the Board of Directors meetings and your support to the club tournaments throughout the State. It is only through your cooperation that the success of the VBA is possible.

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, successful hunts and good shooting are the wishes for all this coming year. May we resolve that we will do unto others on the range and in the field as we would have them do unto us.

OFFICERS OF YOUR VBA

Archers Attention

Addition to Sanctioned Tournament
Schedule
December 14th
Bridgewater Bowman, Bridgewater, Va.
December 21st
Powell Valley Archers, Pennington Gap,
Virginia

FLIGHT

News and views of the Virginia Bowhunters Association, Inc.

Printed by Colonial Press, Inc. in Fredericksburg, Virginia

VBA OFFICERS: Ross E. Garletts, President; E. Eugene Limerick, Executive Vice President and Editor; Rudolfo Nicolas, Hunting Vice President; Clarence J. Woods, Field Vice President; Pat Hamilton, Recording Secretary; Edna Gillespie, Corresponding Secretary; Arch Cole, Treasurer.

A Rattler That Should Be Worth More Than Two Points

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inside its coil and never moved or rattled. Frank got his sapling out and put the notches in both ends to hold the string. He got the bow string from Johnny and proceeded to string the sapling. Frank shoots a seventy pound bow and I've seen him string it with ease, but he really had to fight to get that sapling strung.

Then he found a limb that was fairly strong and cut it for his arrow. It was about thirty inches long and a little over one-quarter inch thick. He notched the end for his bow string and sharpened the other end to a fine point.

All of this took him about thirty minutes and then he was in business. He notched his "arrow" and walked up to within eight feet of the coiled rattler. Johnny and I stood ready with rocks in case of a miss and Frank came to a full draw and let the "arrow" go. It went through the top coil of the snake and pinned it to the ground. Then that old rattler really came alive. It was shaking the rattles like mad. I have heard rattlers rattle before, but nothing like this one did. We took a stick and held the snake down while Frank retrieved his arrow. He then took a second shot that got him right through the head. That was the end of that snake.

Frank has killed three copperheads this summer with his regular bow, but I think this kill deserves honorable mention and maybe an extra point toward his Small Game Award.

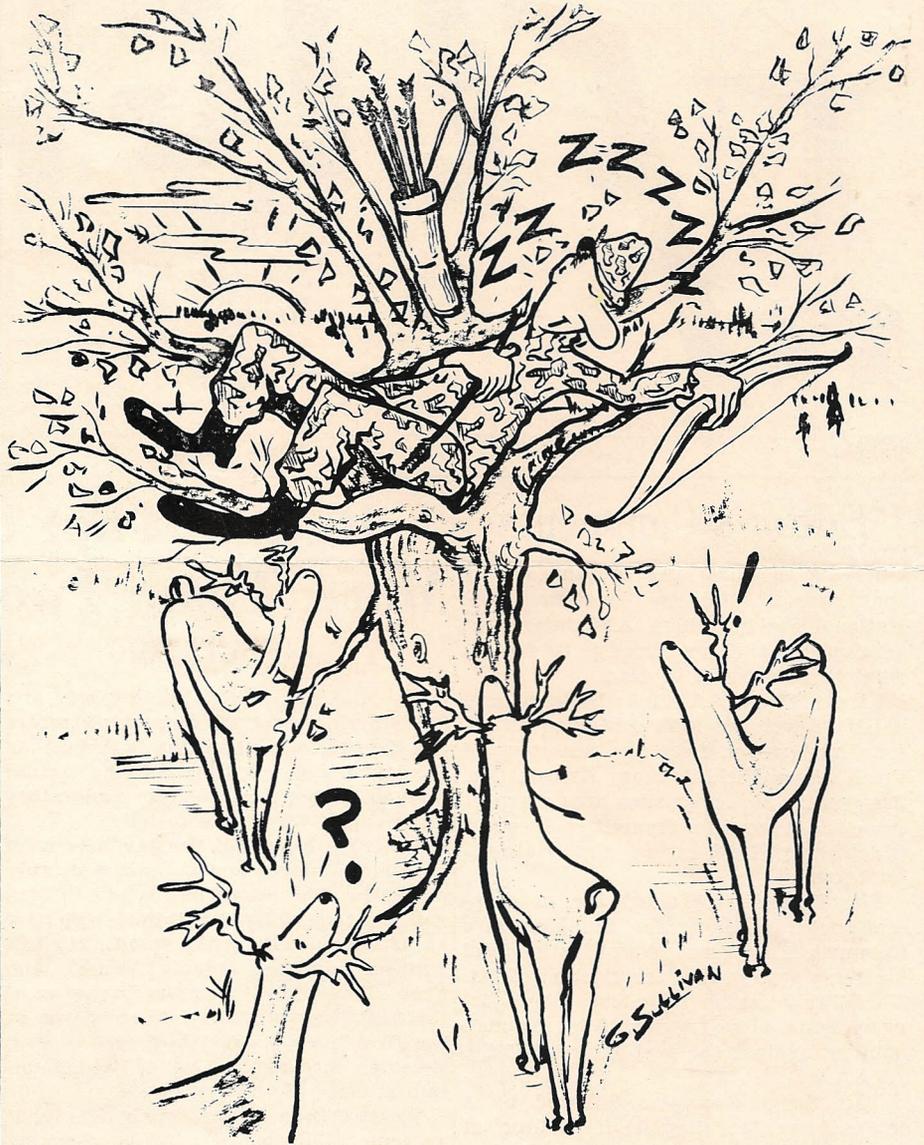
Joseph Logan
350 High Street
Salem, Virginia

Editor's Comments

(Continued from Page 1)

the coiled rattler, ready to throw the rocks if it decided to move. That was the most cooperative snake I have ever seen. It just stayed coiled up, with its head we believe there are too many unanswered questions as yet for clubs to take immediate action in this request.

Your VBA Officers are studying the



situation thoroughly and have scheduled an executive meeting to discuss this, and will have further information at the January Board of Directors meeting.

Therefore, we recommend that all clubs withhold any action until after the next Board meeting and request that all clubs be represented and be prepared to express their opinion. This subject should be thoroughly discussed within your club so that all members can be informed.

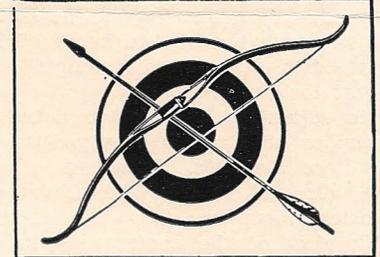
Sincerely,
Ross E. Garletts, President
Virginia Bowhunters
Association, Inc.

A meeting of the VBA Officers was held. They directed Mr. Garletts, as president of the VBA, to draft a letter to each NFAA Officer concerned requesting factual information about this problem. We hope to have this information available at our next January meeting for your delegates consideration.

This is a topic of great concern to each and every archer. Be sure your Club is represented.

E. Eugene Limerick, Editor

One of the dangers of looking ahead is that we see things that never happen.



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By **TED GREFE**
Fairfax, Va.

"Take him Howard, take him" !!! I whispered. "Can't find him in my scope", he excitedly replied, "Take him yourself if you have a good shot". Without any further quibbling I touched off my 4-power scoped .300 magnum, and the young bull elk went down like he was pollexed. Howard Lewis and I, together with our guide, had been crouching down behind some boulders awaiting an open shot on the elk we heard heading our way on the frozen turf, high in the southern Rockies, in the Jim Bridger National Forest. We had booked out of Boulder, Wyoming for a pack trip, and our spike camp was located at about 10,000 feet, just short of timberline.

Our outfitters and guides were Joe and Jim Thomas, who were the best in the area. They couldn't guarantee you game in the bag, but they certainly were determined to put each of us in such a position that we would have only ourselves to blame if we were unsuccessful. We had hunted hard by horseback for two days without much success, as game was scarce with most of the elk still up high.

They would remain up high too, until heavy snows forced them into the lowlands, so of necessity we were beating each draw and canyon systematically, riding in as far as a horse could travel, and then searching the rest of the way on foot. Believe me, this separates the hunters from the boys in a hurry. Leave camp before daylight and return after dark. Rough, but an unforgettable experience. However, a couple of days later we had filled out our elk quota along with a lynx cat that mistakenly came my way and were heading back to the main camp for a crack at some heavy antlered mulies we had seen in the foothills while driving to the lodge.

I had fully intended to down my elk with bow and arrow, but because of the conditions we encountered, I never even took it out of camp. T'was a wise decision, as nary an elk came within bow range. Possibly with a bow in my hand I would have hunted differently and created an opportunity. Qui sabe? One thing for certain, my next elk kill will be at the hand of the fast bow.

Howard in the meantime chose to stay up at the spike camp with the guides and pack out the meat, and incidently to keep an eye on a very nice six point (western count) elk rack he was responsible for bagging. Most of the other hunters were hunting out of the lodge as home base, so when we originally departed for our spike camp the day before the season opened, we had quite a following of enthusiastic hunters.

I overheard one of the nimrods remark to his partner as I swung into the saddle, "if equipment and fire-power mean anything, that big fella should come back

with a world's record." I must admit his remark was justified, since I not only had my rifle hanging in the scabbard, but a matched pair of .357 magnum revolvers dangling from my waist, a quiver full of broadheads and my trusty 60# Cravotta Hornet draped over my back, to say nothing of binoculars, cameras, etc. It was a good thing I had the most powerful horse in the string, as my 225 lbs. added to the equipment gave him a sizeable load.

After we unsaddled our horses at the lodge we had a second breakfast, then piled into a pickup and headed down into the foothills to try our luck on the mulies. I was the subject of much ribbing en route, as I brought only my bow and quiver of arrows. This was a bit of a change of pace to say the least. However, respect began showing when first blood was drawn in the form of brer rabbit from a luckily placed broadhead, before reaching our destination.

As we left the truck and spread out through the quakenasp and young pine proceeding slowly still hunting. I realized that this is just about the toughest

spot a bow hunter can find himself in—between two gun hunters.

We had advanced only a short distance when the unmistakable sound of running deer was followed by glimpses of our floppy eared friends through the grove. I raised my bow, came to half-draw and waited. In the next instant they were sweeping past me in great bounding leaps with down hill momentum. I completed my draw, swung ahead of what appeared to be the largest deer and released. Clatter, clatter, crack, crack, and then almost dead silence as the small heard faded away down through the thicket. This would be archer slowly walked over in the direction of the shot and started gathering the pieces of my spent arrow. Five in total. I broke off the broadhead (a three bladed Hill's Hornet), dropped it into my quiver and continued to hunt.

CONCLUSION: It would probably be tough enough to get a rifle slug through all those trees, let alone a poor confused arrow. No cannonading had split the silence, so gathered my compadres had
(Continued on Page 4)

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Sixty-Six

(Continued from Page 3)

either been unable to get a clear shot or were unaware of the unfolding drama. I later found both to be true. Eventually, continuing in the general direction as before, a rock outcropping appeared and with it panorama of the whole bottom land ranch country, spreading all the way over to the Jackson Hole country to the westward, at the foot of the snow-capped mountain range in the distance. Truly a calendar picture. One by one the gang joined me, and we relaxed while eating our sandwiches sitting in mother nature's box seats.

Our tasty lunches consumed, we decided to spread out and encircle an aspen thicket that lay below us a mile or so. We hadn't covered more than four or five hundred yards toward the thicket when I discovered a muley feeding out in the open sagebrush. My partner and I held a hurried conference, and decided to use a certain group of large boulders as a shield to sneak up on the brousing deer.

We were almost in position when baa-loom, baa-loom, my brothers .348 barked out. As I hurriedly rounded the boulders to see the picture, it dawned on me that he was shooting at OUR deer. What a deal! ! As our quarry was no longer in sight, I continued on toward the aspens through the sage. A slight movement in the thicket drew me up short, and I froze, feeling very conspicuous in knee high sagebrush. The movement proved to be a doe picking her way toward me. At forty yards distance she stopped, looked all around, studied me for a long minute, then looked down and followed the tracks of the doe almost to the print. However, the buck wasn't to be trapped so easily and turned laterally at about sixty yards. The doe started to ease along and my attention shifted to the buck. Now or never, as it was close as he was going to get.

I came to full draw, followed, and re-

leased. Whunck! ! Too much shaft and feathers were protruding from a direct shoulder shot. However, he slowed down immediately, angled back into the thicket, and appeared to lay down. I closed him a short time later and a frontal neck shot was unnecessary, but though it was better than possibly chasing him through

the sage. Yes sir, sixty yards, sixty pounds, somehow there must be a connection—maybe its sixty shots, sixty misses (until now) — anyway, the old West's thutty-thutty is always coming into the foreground and Archery is twice as good, thus — — — FINI

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