



*Fall '99*



# Editor's Letter

by Lou Compton

I hope everyone enjoyed the last issue of *TBM News*. I did my best to get it out on time while correcting a few of the problems I had been experiencing in the past. Most members got their newsletter prior to the last meeting but a few still did not. That certainly couldn't be attributed to the new mailer as many members received their copies only a day or two after it was mailed. That left the cause for any delays solely in my lap. Well I apologize and pledge to continue to improve. Perhaps this issue will arrive early and prove to be informative and of good quality.

To those of you that have contributed articles, I want to thank you and encourage you do so again in the future. The stockpile of material that John left me with has dwindled somewhat and fresh material is needed. Perhaps someone could provide an article on flintknapping to compliment the *Primitive Shafting* series by Rob Goebel. This issue contains his third installment and the last will run in the winter issue. Our season here in Maryland should be well underway by the time you get this and many of you will have been afield a time or two. Perhaps you've had one of those special days worth sharing with the rest of us. Luckily, Ron Herman left me with plenty of book reviews so his column will continue uninterrupted while he is stationed in Korea. With the continued support of members *The TBM News* will continue to be the quality publication it has grown into.

Shortly after you receive this issue TBM will again sponsor a hunt in Greenridge State Forest on Oct. 1-3, 1999. This is an event that promises to be a "must attend" annual event. Please make plans to join us there and share in one of TBM's best events. I'm going to thank Gene and his assistants in advance (since I'm actually writing this in August) for a fantastic weekend. This is also my chance to congratulate the MATC Committee on the outstanding job they did. This year's event turned out to be another great one and somehow these guys continue to come through with great weather for the event.

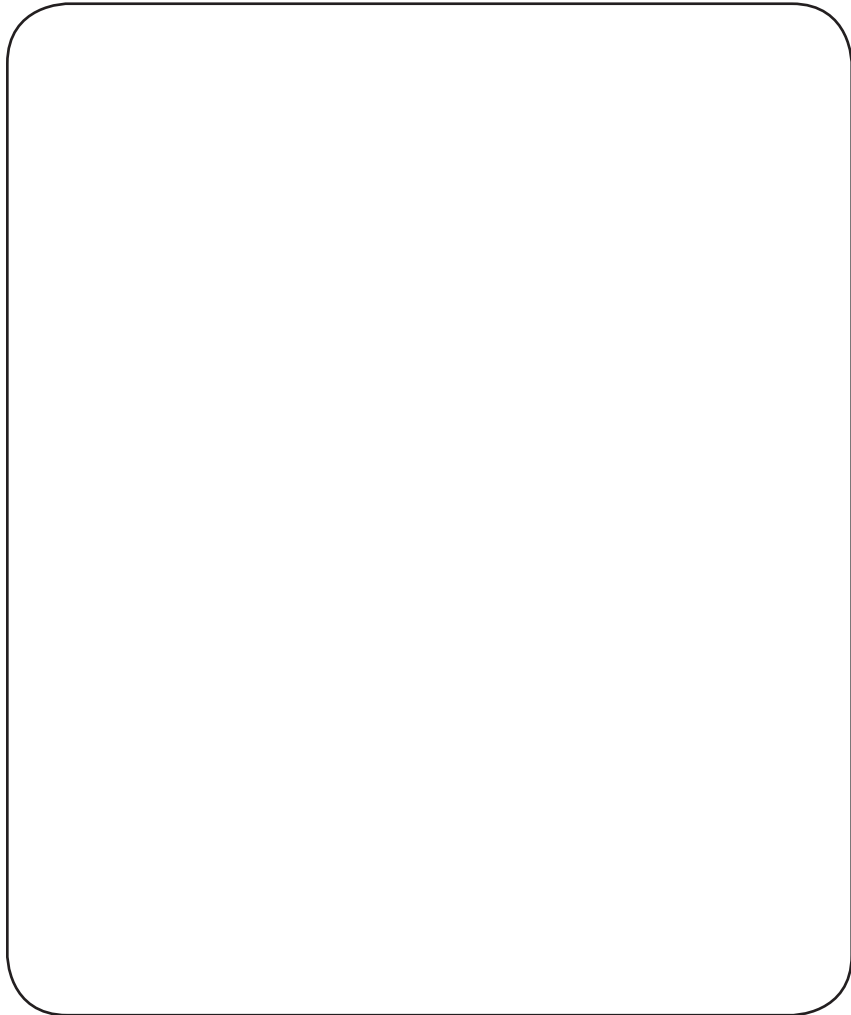
Lastly and certainly not the least important, I want to remind everyone that the current TBM officers are serving out their final months in office. These are the folks that two years ago stepped up to the plate and volunteered to serve. They've all done an outstanding job. TBM as a whole has been in very capable hands for the last two years. We owe these guys our thanks. We also need to support the newly elected officers as they assume their duties. There will be times ahead when the call goes out for volunteers to serve on some committee or to perform some task. Please consider helping out and not depending on that "somebody else" to do it for you. TBM is the outstanding organization it is because of the volunteers that serve its members.

Enjoy your newsletter,

Lou Compton

***Next Deadline: Nov. 15, 1999.***

# In This Issue



## Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland Merchandise

The following items are available for purchase from TBM. Contact Jay Lancaster at 410-335-8917.

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(baseball style w/short brim).....\$12.00
- TBM Grey Polo-Shirts.....\$10.00
- TBM T-shirts (black or grey).....\$12.00
- Left-over '98 MATC T's  
(XL,XXL or XXXL only).....\$8.00

**\*Note:** prices do not include shipping and will be the responsibility of the purchaser. Items are also available at most quarterly meetings and all sanctioned TBM events.

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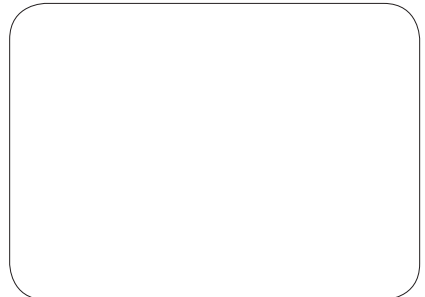
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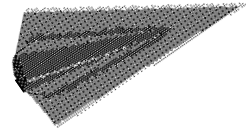
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# To the Point

by Bill Shields



## A White-tail Primer

It seems at this time of year my chance of passing up a magazine featuring a nice white-tail buck on the cover is about as likely as that buck passing up an estrous doe in November. I don't know why I do it. So often it seems I've read the same article somewhere before. I sometimes wonder if the twenty some generations of deer evolution that has occurred since I've pursued them has given them an edge over our one dimensional methods of hunting.

Most of us have tried tree stands, ground blinds, stalking, still hunting, drives, calls, decoys, rattling, sex scents etc..., and sometimes we succeed perhaps owing as much to time in the woods and coincidence as modification of deer behavior. Maybe it's time to take our methods to a second or third dimension.

How many of us have put sex scent on a decoy and rattled nearby, or run a two man drive, one well ahead of the other with the lead man blowing a grunt tube or doe call? How about placing a scarecrow in the open field on our way out before hunting deep in woods nearby, or walking and talking with a friend on the way to his stand and continuing the "conversation" alone as we leave and long after he has ascended his perch?

Want to attract a deer with scent? Try raking the leaves away to bare ground ten feet around in front of your stand. Want a buck lure? Try urine from a dominant buck. They spend more time following each other than any single doe. Want a cover up scent? Try blood from a bird. I prefer goose.

There are lots of neat and fun things we can do to modify white-tail behavior and many of them have yet to make the newsstand. Maybe next year I'll pick up one of those magazines with the irresistible cover and read a story about a guy doused in goose blood, dragging a "buck" urine soaked rag to a spot of bare earth in the woods, making squirrel sounds in the leaves with a stick (I forgot that one- you know how deer find ripe acorns) who takes two monster bucks in as many weeks - and maybe that guy (or gal) will be you. Here's hoping!

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*Bill*

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# Membership Report

by Bill Skinner



## Fall Membership Update

As summer draws to a close, I have been working to get all my fall chores completed prior to the start of hunting season. I'm sure that there are other members in the same predicament. I'm also confident that I will be in good company with other members that never quite meet that objective.

At this time we have a total of 278 members of which 26 are life members. Please welcome the following new members:

Hargrove

James Drake  
David Hritz  
Louis McCabe

Jim Bush  
David Lane  
Jeff McCormack  
William C. Wagner, Jr.

David J. Henn

David Michael

John

Bobby D. Hall  
Phil Magistro  
Francis R. Pridgeon, Jr.

We also have two new life members: Harry K. Boyer and Wes "Muldoon" Waldron

I have taken on the responsibility as committee chairman for Mid-Atlantic Traditional Classic 2000. If you have ideas of what we can do to improve the event, please let me know. If you want to be involved from the planning stages forward, give me a call and let me know if there are any jobs that you would like to help with. If you meet a vendor that you think would help to add variety to our shoot, please forward their name and address to John Leck. I believe that the 1999 MATC was the best so far and I'm looking forward to making MATC 2000 even better.

Included with this newsletter, you will find an updated membership directory. At the start of the hunting season seems like the best time to distribute this information. This should make it easier for members to communicate amongst themselves.

I would like to wish the best hunting season ever to all our members. Hope to see you at the fall hunt and shoot in Cumberland.

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# Secretary's Report

Gene Weidemoyer

TBM –Summer Meeting Notes  
July 10, 1999  
Arundel Archers  
Crofton, MD

The meeting was called to order by president, Bill Shields. Bill welcomed everyone and thanked them for attending.

## Officer Reports

**Minutes:** The minutes of the spring meeting were approved as included in the newsletter.

**Treasurer's Report:** John Hutter reviewed the financial status of the organization including various aspects of the MATC. The report was accepted as presented.

Following the report, there was a general discussion of the MATC and the income and expense split with Baltimore Bowmen. Bill Shields asked for volunteers to serve on a committee with representatives of Baltimore Bowmen to clarify the responsibilities and financial commitments of both organizations prior the detailed planning for the 2000 MATC. There was also discussion regarding the safety of the bridges and a need to repair various portions of the course.

**Membership:** Bill Skinner reported we have 249 regular and 26 life members for a total of 275 in the organization.

**Merchandise:** No report

**Library:** No report

Bill Shields reported that we received a letter from MAA thanking us for our cancer fund donation.

## Committee Reports

**Banquet:** Mike Mongelli reported that we have the Fort Meade officer's club reserved for March 11, 2000. He expects the price to remain at \$25, and the facility will hold approximately 400 people. Jake Powell, the Colorado outfitter who donated the drop-camp hunt for our 1999 banquet, will be our guest speaker. Mike reminded everyone that all donations arrows, bows, and other items will be appreciated.

**MATC:** Bill Skinner indicated he received very good reports from the shooters at this year's event. There were more vendors and more tent space sold. It was suggested that we look at the quantity and price of the Tshirts ordered since we are not covering our costs. There was a lengthy discussion about providing prizes associated with various shoots at the event as we did this year with pewter mugs, and whether it was contrary to the basic principle of non-competitive shoots associated with TBM. More review will follow by the committee.

**TBM newsletter:** Lou Compton reminded everyone the deadline for the next publication is August 15. He also mentioned that the automated mailing process saved us \$0.69 on each of the 300+ pieces mailed. Lou was complimented on the great job he is doing.

A general discussion followed regarding establishing dates further in advance so people could plan for our quarterly shoots and other events. Several points were made about the value of moving the shoots to different locations to give people the opportunity of seeing different courses and being closer to their homes at some point during the year. It was suggested we develop a calendar of events so people can plan, even if dates are sometimes only tentative.

**Green Ridge Hunt:** Bill reported the Green Ridge hunt will be held the first weekend in October with the fall meeting/shoot to be held on Sunday at the Cumberland Bowhunters facility which is about 15 miles west of Green Ridge. Tim Mathews has been our contact.

## New Business

**Meeting Raffles** – It was suggested that we re-establish the practice of selling raffle tickets with appropriate prizes at each quarterly meeting. Motion approved.

## Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland

**Selling Mailing Lists** – Bill solicited input to a request from vendors to get copies of our roster. The members present voiced strong opposition to this idea and it was soundly defeated.

**Officer Nominees** – Bill requested nominees from the membership to add to the committee's list. The following were nominated from the floor:

F. Specht – Sec

P. Harris - VP

J. Burdynski – Treas

A discussion over appointing a person to be responsible for ensuring all hunts are coordinated was initiated and it was decided that responsibility would fall under the Vice President's office. The VP may not be directly responsible for planning the actual hunts but he will make sure that our hunts are adequately planned by the person(s) in charge of them. (i.e. The Sika hunt is usually taken care of/arranged by Bill Hassenmeyer. The V.P., currently John Reed, would check with Bill to make sure that things are going smoothly and that any loose ends are taken care of before the day of the actual hunt)

Bill thanked the members for attending and the Arundel Archers for hosting the event. Meeting adjourned.



## \*\*\*\*\* What's Happening in Maryland

Hunter's in Maryland are in for some changes this year. First among the list is that legislation passed earlier in the year has required DNR to establish additional muzzleloading days for hunters in regions C & D. In addition to the regular Early Muzzleloader Season, the DNR has established an antlerless only season in regions C & D for October 29 & 30, 1999. Despite earlier indications that the referenced legislation would not go into effect until after public hearings were held in March of 2000, the season will take effect this year. Bowhunters electing to hunt with a bow on those days in those regions will be required to wear fluorescent orange. They will also have to check any deer harvested as an archery kill NOT as a muzzleloader harvest.

Second among the changes affects those 64 years old and older. Those senior Maryland residents may now purchase either a Senior Consolidated Lifetime Hunting License (\$12.50) or a Senior Consolidated Annual Hunting License (\$1.25) beginning in the calendar year in which they attain the age of 65.

Other news of interest is that of Maryland's agreement to purchase some 58,000 acres of former Chesapeake Timber Company land in the Eastern Shore region. The details are being worked out now but initial indi-

cations are that the land will eventually become State Forest land. That MAY lead to additional hunting opportunities for hunters across the state. Keep your eyes and ears open on this one as it could open up thousands of acres to public hunting.

In consideration of the opening of Maryland's archery season, the following Tree Stand safety tips are offered. Please take the time to read them and practice safety whenever afield. Good luck during the season and if you end up with a good story to tell remember to jot it down and send it in to share with your fellow TBM members.

### **Tree Stand Safety Tips**

One of the most popular pieces of equipment used by deer hunters is a tree stand. Tree stands can be dangerous if they are used incorrectly or carelessly. Nationally, one in three hunting injuries involves a tree stand. Falls from tree stands can be caused by a variety of factors, including a weakness in the stand's structure and incorrect installation. Hunters also may fall asleep while on their stands. Tree stands can also be a factor in other hunting accidents, including injury from acci-

dental firing of a loaded firearm while the hunter is climbing to the stand. To help prevent these accidents, follow these safety precautions:

Never carry equipment with you while climbing. Use a haul line to raise or lower your gear. Make sure guns are unloaded and broadheads are covered prior to raising or lowering firearms or bows with a haul line.

Since most accidents occur when hunters are climbing up or down a tree, always use a climbing belt. Always use a safety belt or harness when hunting from elevated tree stands. Study manufacturer's recommendations before using any equipment. Never use a rope to replace a safety belt.

Check permanent tree stands every year before hunting from them, and replace any worn or weak lumber.

Read, understand and follow the factory recommended practices and procedures when installing commercial stands. Inspect portable stands for loose nuts and bolts each time they are used.

Choose only healthy, living trees when using climbing devices. Rough-barked trees such as oak are best. Do not use a tree that is rotten or has dead limbs.

Continued on page 19



# Treasurer's Report

John Hutter

## Treasurer's Report: 2<sup>nd</sup> Quarter 1999

The big event of this quarter was the MATC. The event was another success due to the hard work of many dedicated TBM and Baltimore Bowmen members. I am happy to be able to report that the shoot was a financial success as well. A net profit for the TBM of \$2684.88 was realized. As for the quarterly accounting details – the figures below show that our club remains solidly in the black.

### Accounts Balance as of 3/31/99:

|                           |          |
|---------------------------|----------|
| Cash Box                  | 00.00    |
| TBM Savings Account       | 3475.01  |
| TBM Checking Account      | 9658.45  |
| Gross Funds               | 13133.46 |
| Less Life Membership Dues | 4725.00  |
| Net TBM Operating Funds   | 8708.46  |

### Debits: (4/1/99 – 6/30/99):

|                            |                |
|----------------------------|----------------|
| TBM News Letter            | 1147.96        |
| Editor's Expenses          | 352.70         |
| MAA Charity Shoot Donation | 100.00         |
| MATC Tent Rental Fee       | 2807.80        |
| MATC Programs              | 39.36          |
| MATC Bullhorn              | 83.72          |
| MATC T Shirts              | 2676.08        |
| MATC Trash Removal         | 300.00         |
| Eagle Eye                  | 626.00         |
| TBM Library                | 174.70         |
| TBM Banquet 2000 Deposit   | 300.00         |
| <b>Total Debits</b>        | <b>8608.32</b> |

### Accounts Balance as of 6/30/99:

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| Cash Box                               | 100.00   |
| TBM Savings Account                    | 3486.16  |
| TBM Checking Account                   | 15251.13 |
| Gross Funds                            | 18837.29 |
| Less Life Membership Dues (23 x \$225) | 5175.00  |
| Net Funds                              | 13662.29 |
| Less Balt B'Men's share of MATC        | 3548.10  |
| Net TBM Operating Funds                | 10114.19 |

### Income (4/1/99 – 6/30/99):

|                              |                 |
|------------------------------|-----------------|
| TBM Savings Account Interest | 11.15           |
| Merchandise                  | 300.00          |
| Dues                         | 905.00          |
| ½ Spring Shoot Fees          | 135.00          |
| MATC Vendor Fees             | 950.00          |
| MATC T Shirts                | 2456.00         |
| MATC Gate Receipts           | 8929.00         |
| Eagle Eye                    | 626.00          |
| <b>Total Income</b>          | <b>14312.15</b> |

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## TABLE FARE

Three boats were required to take the growing list of Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland on a suggested nutria hunt for E. Donnall Thomas, associate hunting editor of Traditional Bowhunter magazine, who was to be our guest speaker at our annual banquet in March, 1999.

Many phone calls were required before arrangements jelled to meet at a well known seafood restaurant in Cambridge, Maryland. From there we caravanned to a landing on the Transquakin River.

Don, Lori, his wife, Tony Saunders and Bill Wyland were my passengers while Mike Hill transported Bob Bartoshesky, Fred Specht, Mike Mongelli and Lou Compton. Bruce Golt in his boat carried Mickey Mongelli, Otis Seese, Gene Weidemoyer and Bill Hassenmayer.

The cloudless sky allowed the temperature to get up to the mid-forties. Even so, a 20 plus miles per hour northwestern wind, required warm clothing.

Walking the marsh in hip boots helped to keep us comfortably warm especially when Lori connected on her first nutria. Don assisted in finishing the swimming nutria. On my way over to congratulate Lori I spotted one swimming in another mosquito ditch and tried to intercept it. By noting it's mud trail, I finally got ahead and took a "carp" shot as it swam

by near the bottom of the two foot deep ditch. When it crawled onto the bank I placed a coup-de-grace arrow betwix it's ears. Bill and Tony came over and each had taken a nutria so we were doing quite well.

About an hour later, noticing Lori was stalking and, occasionally shooting, I headed her way to see if I could "drive" the nutria towards her. She informed me that she had "de-quivered". We never saw that one again and not too far away Bill Wyland was beckoning for me to come towards him. As I approached, he came to full draw and connected. It worked!

At 4:45 I signaled for us to start towards the 1/2 mile distant boat, located by a fluorescent life jacket hung from my push pole. The other four members beat me back to the boat, even though they were toting 5 nutria. Ah, youth! Tony had taken another nutria, making for a total of six for the five of us.

I thought that the tide was low when we came up the slough, but there was less water at the boat when we returned for the tide now really was going out! Evidently the strong northwest wind had blown the water out earlier in the day. One fellow used the push pole, another manned the oar and me, running the motor through the ooze, allowed us to plow a furrow to the river and deeper water.

At the beginning of the hunt the other two boats decided not to follow us into the slough for they could see the throwing mud so they went elsewhere. That goup collected three nutria for their efforts.

### Bob Bartoshesky tells this story:

After a few false stops our boat pulled up to the east side of Guinea Island because I remembered that on the last trip the lee side of the island provided the best hunting. We all fanned out and at first didn't see any rats off the end of the island. Finally we started to jump

# Flingin' Arrows

Rob Davis

a few in the lee of the high ground and could hear a few of the nutria calling. Walking towards them I jumped one or two but did not

get any shooting for they were spooky. Coming to a soft, mucky spot I went



*Bob and his "called in" prize.* up on the high ground and in about a hundred yards came to a flat or impoundment where I could hear a couple calling directly across the flat of about 50 by 150 yards. I couldn't see too good so decided to lay my bow down and climb a small pine tree to look down into the marsh. It was kinda' clumpy except at the edge of the marsh where it was quite thick and, though I couldn't see it, one was calling about 50 yards directly in front of me. Recalling that John Short had called some to him on a former hunt I thought, what the heck, I'll give it a try. AAGH-UGH-AAGH from me received a couple of answers that seemed to be getting closer with each response. Continuing calling received more responses and, lo and behold, across the muddy area out popped a nutria as big as life looking about, up and down the impoundment, as if to say, "okay, where are you?" At this point I was getting excited for he looked pretty cool as he was completely dry making his orange-brown guard hairs glow in the sunlight. He appeared to be as big as a bull moose. He called

Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland

# Flingin' Arrows

by Rob Davis

and at my answer made a bee line directly across the open marsh towards me. I couldn't believe it! At this point he was too close for me to think about getting down from the tree. He came to the edge of the high ground, through some low grass, and stopped about ten yards from the tree and called from there. I watched him call; they kinda perk up on their hind legs. Facing the other way I called and he actually came straight to the tree and circled my bow within two or three feet; then walked past the tree about a yard and looked up into the high ground trying to locate some of his kin. I don't know what type of call I was making; territorial, social, or mating, but he certainly was interested. All that I could do was sit there and watch; would like to have had my camera for the picture of him and my bow in the same frame would make for interesting conversation.

Spotting nothing the nutria got a little bored and ambled off giving me the opportunity to get my bow in hand. When he was about 15 yards distant I quietly shinnied down and, picked up my bow, crawled on my hands and knees, keeping him in sight through some grass, and took the first shot. The arrow went over his back, hit a stump and ricocheted into the woods, never to be found. He scampered off towards the marsh and I hurried a second shot, missing the moving nutria; don't think he even heard that arrow. He stopped behind a pine tree, after I made another call. He finally looked around the tree giving me the target I needed to focus on. I took my time letting one fly, nailing him right at the base of his neck and he rolled over right there. Most animals don't like being hit with a Rob Davis small game point.

I paced it off and it was about 16-18 yards. I thought that he was stone cold dead, but when I grabbed the arrow I had a little surprise. He tried to jump at me, showing his teeth, hissing and actually tried to bite me! Good thing that I had a hold on the arrow for, with it, I pinned him down. Letting the arrow go, I backed off and, taking a blunt from the quiver, shot him between his eyes, finishing him off. I didn't get any other shooting, but anyhow that was enough."

Field dressing the nutria immediately makes for lighter carrying off the marsh and also prevents the meat from having that "wild" taste. Marinated overnight in one third concentrated lemon juice, one third canola oil and one third soy sauce then barbecued, baked or broiled for 20 minutes to 1/2 an hour (depending on the temperature of the source of the heat) always gets raves. My wife substitutes nutria for chicken in a chicken casserole recipe. Those trying it, have readily come back for seconds.



*Nutria meat ready for your favorite recipe*

# Chaplain's Letter

Otis Seese



I try to explain to folks that at this point in my life a hunt is memorable not because of a punched tag, but because of things that touch me in certain ways. My objective is to enjoy every phase and detail of my time afield. That being the case, it's surprising at times the things that make certain hunts special. Last March, when we hunted with Donnall Thomas and his wife, I had a memorable hunt, but not for reasons you might expect. Bruce Golt and I arrived early at the boat ramp in Bestpitch. The wind was blowing hard so we opened the side door on the van and cooked our dinner inside. When we started hunting, the wind had blown the tide especially low and held it there longer so that the hunting conditions were less than perfect. The negative things about the wind, however, were not the things that I remembered the most. What made this hunt memorable was being on the open marsh and feeling the wind come across the open water and blow on my face. You could just stand there, longbow in hand, and shut your eyes and feel the wind and hear it blow the grass and the reeds. The pleasure of the experience seemed to penetrate your being. After several weeks of cabin fever, it was just the right medicine. What a glorious time!

It's interesting that something about the wind is mentioned in nearly every hunting story you read. It plays such

a major role in the hunt that it cannot be ignored. It can be a blessing or a cursing depending on how you deal with it.

In the seventies you could still both kill whitetail bucks and put on drives on Assateague Island. During firearm season, a group of us saw a six-pointer go into a large thicket. It was nearly dinner time, so most of the hunters went to eat. Three of us just ate there at the thicket. After eating, one of the men decided to walk around the thicket to see if the buck had passed through. Without realizing it, he was scent driving the thicket as he walked around it. I heard some cracking branches and turned to see the buck coming slowly toward me. He would make a couple leaps over low bushes and then look back over his shoulder. Unaware of my presence, he offered me a very close shot.

I'll admit that the wind does, at times, blow my scent away, cover my movements, and even help me find downed animals. These are, however, rare occasions. The wind doesn't usually work in my favor. Some days it bites through my clothes, makes my fingers ache, and feels as though it will peel the skin off my face. In '84 I was hunting on the bay at Assateague. The wind was blowing twenty miles per hour, and it was five degrees. Tears were running down my cheeks. At 7:30 A.M. my friend killed a six-point stag, and I was soooo happy to get down and help him bloodtrail.

Usually my struggles with the wind don't involve the cold but the fickle swirling of it. I sweat profusely, and even the most casual walk to the woods results in sweat dripping off my nose and eyebrows by the time I sit on my stand. I have no idea how many shots the swirling breezes have cost me over the years, but in '95 I recorded in my field notes that it happened nineteen times.

Although I'll admit I haven't tried a

vegetarian diet, chlorophyll tablets, or a Scentlock suit, I've tried nearly the whole spectrum of precautions to deal with the problem: unscented soap, unscented deodorant, baking soda, washing clothes in unscented laundry detergent, storing them in plastic containers, and carrying them to the stand and dressing after I'm settled. I've tried a multitude of scents and cover-ups.

In the early '80's I was hunting during my Christmas vacation. There was a twenty below wind index. I hunted sunrise to sunset for two days and never saw a deer. On the third day a doe and a six-point buck started down the trail passed my stand. At thirty yards they caught my scent in spite of the cover scent I was using. They both tucked their tails, turned, and went sneaking off. I got down and went home! I agree with Donnall Thomas, "...dowsing yourself with fox urine just makes you smell like a hunter dowsed in fox urine."

A rifle hunter taking shots at 200-400 yards might be able to get away a careless attitude concerning the wind, but a traditional bowhunter can't. We must be constantly aware of it. You may, by various means, fool the eyes and ears of your prey, but if it gets down wind of you the party is over! All your plans, time, and money will be for nothing. Donnall Thomas, in Longbow Country, says, "failure to read and heed the wind is an invitation to disaster." I'm sure that any bowhunters reading this article could add numerous disasters of their own as further proof that we must be constantly aware of and respond to the movement of the wind. There are no exceptions! It is a force with which we must reckon.

It is no accident that in both the Hebrew language of the Old Testament and the Greek language of the New Testament the word meaning "wind" and "spirit" are the same word. In John 3:8 Jesus said, "The wind blows wherever it

# Chaplain's Letter

Otis Seese

*continued from pg. 11*

pleases. You can hear its sound, but you cannot tell where it comes from or where it is going. So it is with everyone born of the Spirit." The wind, just like the Spirit of God, is invisible. You can't see the wind, but to deny its existence is foolish. You can feel it on your skin. You can see it chasing the deer away. You see it making whirlwinds in the dried corn leaves. You see the tree's leaves and branches moving. It is real and powerful just like the Spirit of God. He too is invisible, but you can see His handiwork. You see Him at work in the world. You feel His touch in your life. Jesus said in John 14:21 "He who loves Me will be loved of my Father, and I too will love him and show (reveal) myself to him." In Job 4:15, Job's friend said, "a spirit passed before my face, my hair stood up on end. I felt the spirit's presence, but couldn't see it standing there."

In the John 3 scripture I referred to earlier, Jesus had used the wind to illustrate a truth He had revealed to Nicodemus. In verse 3 Jesus had declared, "I tell you the truth, no one can see the kingdom of God unless he is born again." That statement confused Nicodemus. Jesus used verses 4-21 to explain Himself. The gist was that we are born the first time naturally in the flesh, but because of sin, that first, natural birth can never make us acceptable to God. When we stand before God at death, it will only be in judgment. Jesus explained in Luke 13:3, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Paul said in 1 Corinthians 15:50, "An earthly body made of flesh and blood cannot get into God's kingdom." There must be a second birth, by the Holy Spirit, in order to be acceptable in God's sight. Jesus said that the Spirit gives birth to spirit. Somehow, in God's mysterious ways, when we choose to become a follower of Jesus and receive the gift of eternal life through faith in Him, the Holy Spirit of God Himself comes to

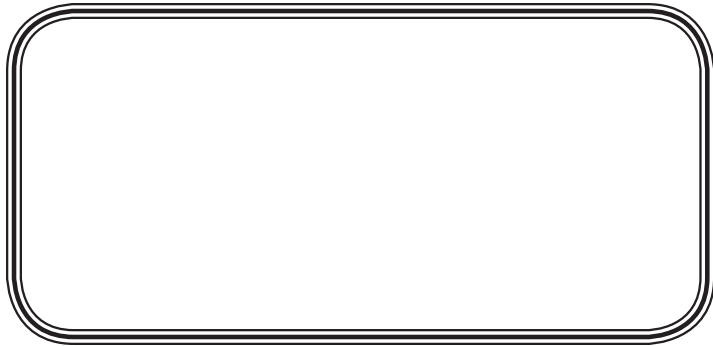
live in us. When He does, He gives new life- a new birth- to our old spirit which was "dead in trespasses and sins." (Eph. 2:1) Over and over in scripture the Holy Spirit is seen as a life giver and sustainer. In bowhunting you cannot disregard the wind and be successful. You must ever be conscious of it and the consequences of ignoring it. In life you must be conscious of God and the consequences of ignoring Him. We'll never ultimately be successful without dealing with Him.

In Luke 12 Jesus told a parable of a rich, successful man. By our culture's standards he had "arrived". His ground had produced so abundantly that he had to tear down his barns and build larger ones. They too were full, and he exclaimed to himself in verse 19, "Take life easy, eat, drink, and be merry." The scriptures say, "What is highly valued among men is detestable in God's sight." God said to the rich farmer, "You fool, this very night your life will be demanded from you, then who will get what you've prepared for yourself? This is how it is with any man who stores up things for himself but is not rich toward God." We must come to God, but we aren't interested until God starts drawing us to Himself. We need to make sure we respond to his leading- calling-drawing of the Spirit when it comes. Just as you can feel even the gentle breeze on your face, you'll feel the gentle pleading of the Spirit saying, "Come."

By the time you get this newsletter, it will be hunting season. It's my prayer that with every breeze you feel, you'll be reminded of the invisible presence of a real Lord. And with every deer that crashes off from the swirling wind, you'll be reminded that there are consequences to neglecting an invisible God. Invisible, yet, waiting for you to accept the love He demonstrated by sending a visible Jesus to make a way for you to come to Him, accepted and forgiven.

God bless you. Give me a call; I'd love to talk to you.

The advertisement is a vertical poster for 'SHARPSHOOTER'S Bug Tamer'. At the top, it features the product name in a stylized font with a mosquito illustration. Below the title is the slogan 'We Take The Bite Out Of Bugs!'. The main body of the ad is divided into several sections. The first section, titled 'Now in 100% Heavy duty mesh prevents the smaller bugs from biting!', shows a close-up of the mesh. The second section, 'Only Bug Tamer has the unique Double Guard mesh design that totally prevents biting bugs from making contact with your skin, how you can hunt comfortably and effectively in the most threatening environments.', includes an image of a person in a field. The third section, 'Well Trained Double Guard Mesh', shows a person's hands holding the mesh. The fourth section, 'Field tested by top hunters across the world. No messy, noxious chemical repellents necessary. With our patented Double Guard mesh the Bug Tamer is America's #1 preferred and best lightweight, snag-resistant and breathable insect protection garment system.', includes two small images of hunters. The bottom section, 'Now in 100% Heavy duty mesh', states 'The Bug Tamer is available in sizes: Oak, Break-Up, Camo'. At the very bottom, it provides the product name 'Bug Tamer', the manufacturer 'SHARPSHOOTER'S', the address '1201-A PINEHURST DR., LITTLE ROCK, AR 72204', and the phone number 'Toll Free 1-800-848-7269'.



My 1998 hunting season started out with me heading to Allagash Maine to hunt Black Bear in late August and early September. I was hunting with my good friend and Maine Bear Guide, Wade Kelly.

For now I'll leave out the details of the Bear hunt, other than to say it was a successful hunt with Me taking a nice Bear on the 3<sup>rd</sup> night of the hunt. The Bear greened at 19". Wade Kelly owns and operates Kelly's Camps, in Allagash, Maine. Guiding for Bear, Deer and Moose. (207) 398-3393. After my Bear Hunt in Northern Maine, I then traveled to Southern Maine on my way home and stopped in Sanford Maine to hunt Whitetailed Deer for a few days. The hunt took place with the Outdoor Adventure Company, operated by Jason Allain, Registered Maine Guide. On my second day there I was able to harvest a nice 125# Whitetailed doe. I left Maine feeling real good that my hunting season had gotten off to such a good start.

After arriving home I anxiously awaited the opening of the Maryland 1998 Bow season. On Tuesday 9/15/98 opening day of the 1998 Maryland Bowhunting Season, I settled into my stand at about 7:00 am.

At about 7:10 am I saw four deer heading my way. At 7:20 I sent a 160 grain Ribtek through a 90# doe that had walked under my stand with my 65# Robertson Recurve. At first I thought I had missed the deer because it showed no sign of being hit. It did'nt jump, snort or run, it just walked off with the other deer. While standing there wondering how I could have missed such an easy shot, I decided to sit down and continue

to hunt, but thought I should look to find my arrow. I found my arrow and first noticed that the feathers were red because all my feathers are normally yellow. I climbed down and sure enough the whole arrow was covered with blood. I then took up the blood trail and followed it to a nice doe. (incidentally this is the first deer I have ever taken on opening day). Four days later I was back in the same stand at 06:50 AM. At 08:00 AM I saw a small sapling moving which at first I thought it was a squirrel moving it, then upon a closer inspection I noticed some brown and saw that a young buck was rubbing his antlers. I stood and waited, after two more steps which exposed his chest area, I was able to slip a 3-bladed Snuffer through both lungs at about 10 yards. All of the above animals were taken with a 65# Robertson Montana Falcon Recurve.

Now to the basis of this story. Up 'til then I have never taken a deer with a longbow. I have taken small game with the longbow, such as groundhogs, raccoon, squirrels and pheasants but no deer. I had a new longbow that I purchased from Bowyer and fellow TBM club member Leon Stewart. I had ordered the bow at the 1997 Mid Atlantic Traditional Classic. After taking the above animals with my recurve, I was determined to hunt with my longbow the rest of the season until I have taken a deer with it, any deer whether it be buck or doe.

On October 12, 1998 I got up with the intention of going bowhunting for deer with my longbow. Instead I figured I had already had a good season so far, so why not go do something that I cut my hunting teeth on and that is squir-

rel hunting with my favorite scoped .22 rifle. So I grabbed my Remington 541T .22 rifle and headed out to do some squirrel hunting. I had a good morning of squirrel hunting (5 squirrels) came home and decided I would bowhunt for deer in the evening. Early afternoon found me in my truck heading to another area to bowhunt. Of course I had with me my 67# Stewart longbow. I arrived at the place to hunt at about 4:15 PM., did a little stump shooting with my ever present judo point and then decided to head for my stand for the evening hunt. I got into my stand and settled in at 4:45 PM. The weather was nice hovering around the 40-45 degree mark, there was hardly any wind and the woods was relatively calm other than your squirrels and birds. I sat there looking and listening and I could hear vehicles going and coming down a near by road. At about 6:00 PM I stood up to prepare to leave for the day since I had already had a good day of small game hunting. Up to this point I had neither heard nor seen any thing in the way of deer. So I stood there looking around for a bit and as is my custom before descending my stand, I usually take out my judo point and take a practice shot before I come down. I picked out a clump of brown leaves to the left of my stand about 25-30 yards away and let fly. The shot was right on the money, but what happened next I felt like kicking myself. What I did'nt know at the time I took the shot, was two bucks coming in on the same path that I walked in on. When that arrow hit the clump of leaves it startled those two bucks and they sort of jumped off the path behind some small saplings and brush. Again

## My First Longbow Deer

by Tony Sanders

Continued from page 12

I did not hear or see those two deer coming in, at this point they are still 80-90 yards away standing there trying to figure out what made that noise. After a couple of minutes thinking on what to do I remembered my Lohnman Deer call around my neck. I took out the call and gave a couple of doe bleats, at that it seemed to calm the bucks, because I saw their tails wag and they began to move my way. The first one was a six pointer. He came on like he really had somewhere to go, but the other deer which turned out to be an 8 pointer, he moved more deliberately and with a bit of caution. The six pointer came on down the trail and decided to cut through some brush about 45 yards away to the left of my stand, I could hear him moving in the brush and shortly he came into the opening about 25 yards away. I was contemplating weather to take him or wait for the 8 pointer. I decide to pass him up and wait for the 8, but he took much longer coming than the 6 and my light was getting low, even though I could still see pretty good. I am beginning to wonder if I made the right choice in passing up the 6 pointer (because remember I am trying to take my first longbow deer). On came the 8 pointer taking the same route as the 6 pointer only slower. He stops in the brush and I can barely see or hear him. Finaly after 10 minutes that seemed more like 25-30 minutes, I could see antlers coming toward the same opening the 6 pointer came into. I prepared for the shot, mentally locked in on his front left shoulder waiting fo it to clear the brush.

I picked a spot behind his front shoulder as soon as he entered the opening and let fly. Just before the moment of impact the buck seemed to have a change of venue and decided he did'nt like that opening and decided to back out, which caused my arrow to hit farther forward than where I was aiming. Still the arrow went through part of the shoulder bone, through both lungs out onto the ground.

The buck turned to run back from where he had come, but he barely made it forty yards and it was all over in less time than it takes to tell. The 67# Stewart Longbow and Journeyman Broadhead done it's job. I climbed down and walked to my FIRST DEER WITH A LONGBOW. He was not a monster buck, but he was a trophy to me nonetheless because he was my first deer with a longbow. After some picture taking and field dressing I took him to the checking station where he weighed in (dressed) at 145 lbs. I then took him to show to my hunting and taxidermy friend. He and his wife thought it was such a pretty deer with the even eight point rack that I should get it mounted, so that's what I did. Later on in the season I took another deer with the longbow, but thats another story.



# The File Sharpened Broadhead

*by Rick Stillman*

The shot was close, maybe eight steps. The hit sounded good but I didn't see where the arrow hit which meant that it wasn't where I was looking. He hunched up and jumped into the air and hit the ground running. Gut shot was my first thought. He stopped after a few yards and looked back. It was when he stopped that I saw where he was hit; high and a bit back. He also saw me, turned and trotted on down the trail.

He went around the hill and out of sight and I walked over and picked up my arrow. Plenty of blood but no bubbles. "Liver", I thought. I sat down and ate my candy bar as I pondered my situation. It was 4:30 in the afternoon and would be getting dark soon. I had a fair hit. I was hunting alone and long way from friends to help with the trail. After waiting fifteen minutes, I walked quietly to the trail where he had stopped. Still no blood, but he was on an active trail. I followed it slowly. After twenty yards or so, the blood started showing. Not a lot, but enough to follow easily. I kept looking ahead with the binocs, hoping to see him. Nothing. After about fifty yards, the trail went over a small hump on the hillside. When I could see over the hump, I followed along the trail with my eyes. Ahead, in the brush below the trail, was some white. The binocs confirmed it; he was down.

The effectiveness of a sharp broadhead continues to amaze us. Even with a less than great hit, this deer had traveled less than a hundred yards. When field dressing him (by flashlight) I found that I had missed the liver. Instead, I had just caught the tip of both lungs. The sharpness of my simple two blade head was the reason that this deer had gone down so quickly. He couldn't have lived for more than a minute. From hit to found was little more than thirty minutes, yet when I found him, he was already stiff.

Using a stone and strop, I have always been able to put a good shaving edge on my broadheads. What eluded me for many years however, was the legendary art of the file sharpened broadhead. I read about it in books, magazines and catalogs and tried my best to follow their instructions but all I could ever produce were lots of filings and narrow, dull heads. Bill Bagwell once showed me how to produce the Hill serrated edge which, although effective, is not the shaving sharp edge that I was seeking. It was while sitting with Tom Mussatto in his shade tree swing, that I finally learned to put a durable shaving sharp edge on a head using only a file. Many very successful bowhunters feel from their experience that the file sharpened edge is the most effective for hunting. It is also very

easy to maintain in the field if necessary. This is an easy skill to learn and once you find the knack for it you will be amazed at how quick, simple and efficient file sharpening is. It is that skill that I hope to pass to you here.

You can sharpen a broadhead with only one file, although two are better and a finer cut file is best for the finishing step. You will probably want another file for your fanny pack, too. Start with good quality eight and six inch SINGLE CUT mill bastard files with handles. Nicholson, Sears or Master Mechanic are good. Three Rivers Archery and others offer some very good fine cut files, also. TRA's Grizzly file is a great one for your fanny pack. A one to two foot long piece of two by four or other holder to make the head more stable is also handy, especially when learning. Buck Broadheads makes a handy holder for field use. I will go into stropping the edge later. Although you can forego the stropping step in the field, it is the icing on the cake as far as sharpness goes. When done you will have a head that, as Wayne Miller puts it, "Will cut your eye just by looking at it".

You will begin by filing the cutting edges to clean them up and establish a new and thinner angle. Next, you will remove the burr while putting on the finished file edge. The final step will be stropping the edge to remove

**File Sharp.....con't. from pg.14**  
any slight roughness and give the head its scary sharpness. Also remember that you are working with a very sharp edge that will cut you just as easily as it will cut your game. Leather gloves are a good idea. Sharpening experts (not me) have determined that a consistent angle is needed for real sharpness and that a finished edge angle of about 45 degrees is the best for a sharp but durable edge. These theories have proven themselves in the field and are what we will shoot for here.

***Establishing the initial edge:***

Start with a two blade head that is already mounted on the arrow. Hold the shaft with your left hand close to the head and the file in your right. File the edge from back to front, using the ferrule as a guide to establish the angle. Touch the file to the ferrule and then raise the file just slightly so that you don't file the ferrule as well as the edge. Push the file forward and into the edge as you move the file from back to point of the head using just enough pressure to make the file cut well. On laminated heads like the Zwickey or Magnus, you may need to do some extra file work on the thicker point area. Give this edge a few solid strokes and then switch to the opposite edge by just rolling the arrow a bit to raise that edge. Give this edge the same few strokes, except that now you will be filing away from the head. After a few strokes here, roll the head over to the other side and repeat. Keep doing this until you have established new even surfaces on both sides and edges. When you are finished, you will notice a

Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland slight burr of thin metal along the edge. This burr is sharp, but it is also thin and fragile and needs to be removed.

***Finishing the edge***

Lay the arrow flat along a board or hold it in your left hand with the head pointing to the right and the first edge to be sharpened facing you. If you are using a board, roll the head and shaft away from you so that the head is touching on the ferrule and the edge of the opposite blade and hold it there. Take the file in your right hand (southpaws bear with me for a moment) and lay it on the heel of the edge, perpendicular to the shaft, so that it is touching both the blade and the ferrule. As before, lift the file just slightly off the ferrule and using light pressure, wipe the file along the edge toward the point. Don't push the file into the edge, just wipe it down the edge. Return the file the broadhead's heel for another swipe. A consistent angle is important for a sharp edge, so take care to hold the same angle between the broadhead and the file. Give this edge a few swipes and roll the shaft towards you, raising the far edge. Again, lay the file on the edge and the ferrule, perpendicular to the shaft, raise the file slightly off the ferrule and wipe the file along the edge toward the point. Give this edge a few swipes. Lift the arrow, roll it over and repeat the process on the other side of the head. Continue filing the edges a few swipes at a time until you have cleaned off any burr from the first step. Now, repeat this finishing process using very light pressure, one swipe per edge side at a time, until you are satisfied with the broadhead's sharpness. This

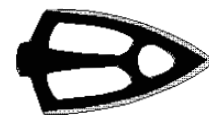
light pressure, along with a consistent angle, is the key to making the filed edge really sharp.

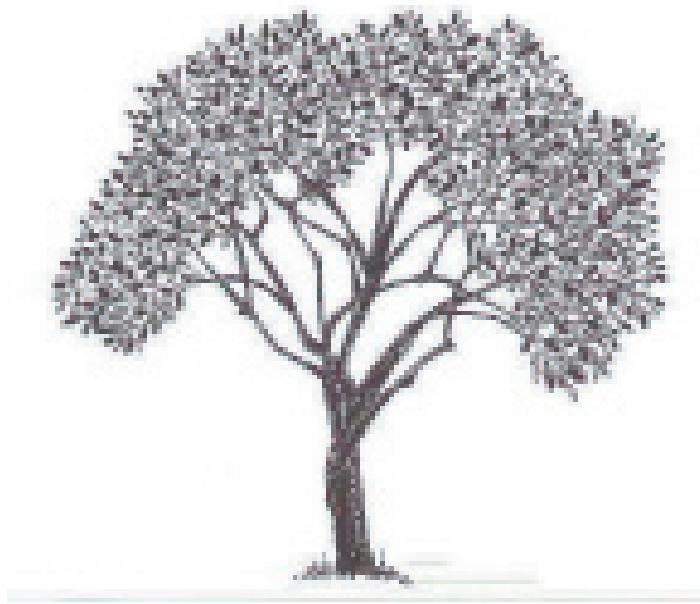
If you are left handed and need to hold the file in your left hand, simply follow the same procedure with the arrow pointing to your left, and swiping the file from point to heel of the broadhead. The file must move from left to right or it will not cut. Another option is to hold the file by its end instead of the handle and wipe from the heel to the tip. If you do this, be very careful of the broadhead's edge.

***Stropping the edge***

The final step in sharpening the edge is the strop. This is what takes your broadhead from being sharp to being scary. There are several effective ways to strop an edge. The first that comes to mind is a barbers strop. I am sure that it would work great but I have never tried it. The technique is pretty much the same. The edge is rubbed gently across a surface and away from the edge to polish off any rough edges. I have seen people use their belt, the side of their boot and even their jeans (good way to ruin a pair of jeans). You could probably even use a smooth crock stick. I use two types of strops, one at home and one for in the field. My field strop is simply a piece of leather glued to a paint stirring stick and heavily rubbed with red jeweler's rouge. Any reasonable facsimile will do fine. Home is where the best strop is though, the buffing wheel and jewelers rouge.

The idea for the buffing wheel tech-





# The Dance

by John Reed

**D**o you remember the first time that you hunted with a bow? Can you pinpoint a specific time and place from your past when you first knew that hunting with the bow and arrow was something that resonated with some essential part of you? These two milestones do not necessarily coincide. Take me for example. I can honestly confess to remembering absolutely nothing about my first real bowhunt. And that's not due to the details becoming lost in the mists of too many years - I didn't take up the bow until I was nearly thirty, maybe fifteen or sixteen years ago. Perhaps it is simply that not much happened that day. But I do remember, as clearly as if it were yesterday, the one experience that hooked me on bowhunting - and I didn't so much as touch a bow on that memorable day.

I was introduced to bowhunting by my good friend, Bill Shields. At the time we had not been friends long, but it didn't take long for his virulent enthusiasm for the bow to become infectious. Bill shot a recurve, but following the fashion of the time my first bow was a compound - a Bear Whitetail, no less. We rigged up some lights and a small generator in the loft of an old abandoned barn, and began to practice in the cool autumn evenings. In keeping with his generous nature, Bill invited me to hunt with him on his family's

farm outside of Easton.

I was anxious to get into the woods - it had been some fifteen years since I had stalked the low hills of Baltimore County with my trusty single shot 16 gauge. Stalked squirrels, that is - I had never hunted, or even seen any deer during my youthful excursions. Bill, though, was now living proof to me that deer actually existed, and could be successfully hunted with a bow.... even a recurve! Not yet confident of my ability with my arrow throwing machine, I decided to accept his invitation, but chose to leave my bow at home. Just the prospect of getting in the woods and attempting to at least see a deer or two was exciting enough for me.

It was an afternoon hunt. Bill showed me the area where he would be hunting, and then wisely pointed me towards the opposite end of the farm. I would be on foot and mainly just wanted to get a feel for the unfamiliar Eastern Shore woods. For a long while I was content to practice moving slowly and quietly - not an easy task given the dry leaves that blanketed the forest floor. Eventually, I reached the dirt lane that marked the far boundary of the property. The slow, unfamiliar movements and constant concentration had proved unexpectedly exhausting. I sought out a convenient deadfall, and sat down to enjoy the sublime beauty of one of our Creator's finest masterpieces

- the blazing woods of autumn. After awhile, the light breeze and overcast skies gave way to gustier puffs and darker, more threatening clouds. The previously tranquil woods began to come alive with the colorful, swirling dance of yellow and crimson leaves, accompanied by an orchestra of wind rustling and whistling through the tree-tops. As the squall passed overhead, a spattering of raindrops roused me from my reverie. Deciding to head back towards the house, I began walking briskly through the crunching leaves. Mostly watching the forest floor as I picked my way through the underbrush, I raised my eyes to glance ahead - and instinctively froze...

Less than twenty-five yards in front of me stood a fawn. It was staring directly at me with eyes the size of dinner plates. I'm sure that mine were only slightly smaller! It stared; I stared; neither of us so much as breathed for what seemed an eternity. I was determined that I would not make the first move. A flicker of movement off to the left caught my eye. I slowly looked - eyeballs only - and saw a much larger doe browsing on the mast that lay scattered among the leaves. She was obviously completely unaware that the wind had allowed an intruder to stumble into such a dangerous proximity. Anxious for a more experienced opinion, the fawn looked over at her for some clue as to how it should respond to this strange new creature. Reassured by her mother's nonchalance, she slowly and haltingly came to the decision that

*Continued on page 18*

# The Dance

by John Reed

*continued from pg.17*

I was not a threat, and returned to her own browsing.

By now I had identified at least two other does in the group. A young oak tree stood a yard or so to my left, and I painstakingly inched my way over until I was mostly hidden behind its gray furrowed trunk. Finally able to relax a bit, I now noticed yet another deer, almost hidden behind a thicket. Something about that deer drew my attention. I thought that maybe... could it be?...yes! Although obscured by the thick cover, the glint of bone-colored antlers was unmistakable. My heart began pounding in earnest as the buck lazily began raking the thicket with his headgear. My eyes were glued to him - the does and fawn forgotten for now - as he slowly moved out from behind the cover. As he revealed himself, my breathing stopped once more. Less than thirty yards away from me stood a magnificent, heavy raked, long tined, absolutely symmetrical, awe-inspiring ten point buck. In spite of my lack of experience, I knew beyond any doubt that this was a very special animal. For some twenty minutes I watched, mesmerized, as this monarch tended

his harem. The entire group remained blissfully unaware that any threat was close at hand. I had only a vague notion of just how lucky I was to be so close, on the ground, and yet still undetected.

Finally, the matriarch of the group spied me peaking around my impromptu blind. Not quite sure what I was, she began circling around to the right in an attempt to allow her nose to solve the riddle. Once she caught my scent, her indecision vanished with a snort as she, her fawn, and the other does bounded away through the woods, white flags waving. Surprisingly, the buck remained behind. He stood very still as he watched his does disappear into the forest. Knowing there was danger, but not sure of its source, he was not inclined to run blindly with the others. He stood, attentive, nostrils working, for several minutes before slowly walking off in the direction his harem had fled. I watched him until he disappeared from my view.

He has never disappeared from my memory. Nor has the sense of awe and excitement that I felt that day en-

tirely diminished. For I had discovered a connection - a connection between that deer and some seminal piece of myself - hitherto hidden from my feeling or knowing. A connection eons old, an echo of the unfathomably long relationship between predator and prey. A connection that draws all of us at some level, conscious or unconscious, to this way of life. And to each other. Traditional bowhunters share a special bond in part because we are more aware of, and in tune with this ancient connection that are most others.

So began my bowhunting career. Perhaps it has not been a very successful career, if success is measured in numbers of slain animals. But if it is measured in terms of gaining a clearer understanding of who I am as a human being, then it has been successful enough. And who knows - if I practice a little more, build a better self bow, find a way to spend more time in the woods... the connection deepens. The timeless dance begins, again.

# The Forty Year Hunt

by Dave McCracken

I unlock the Dodge and settle into the driver's seat with a deep sigh while my partner stows the gear. As the engine warms, I reach into what some folks use as an ashtray and get out the flat, tiny Aspirin container. I take two as my hunting buddy settles into the seat next to me and hits the recline button. As I ease the Caravan out the farm lane, I can feel every little bump through the distressed muscles and discs of my 50 year old back..... I hunt closer to the vehicle than I used to. And now I'm tuckered out, hurt in enough places to keep my doctor's attention and am almost dreading doing it again tomorrow. So why do I still hunt, at an age when the woods are way too far from the TV for most men of my generation? Some memories come back....

My father and I, working up a fenceline with one of his great Shorthairs, a team I accompany but contribute little to. The chocolate bitch needs no language, every fiber of her being says, "Bird close, Bird close", then, "Bird HERE!!". The big Rooster cackles pheasant obscenities as he claws the air rising, rising. The shot is postscript....

Or, a bitter morning on stand during the deer season, with the air so clear and so bright it seems a dream. I hear them well before they come into sight, the giant wedge of Canadas slowly lowering into an approach to Zepp's pond. At least 80 geese are in that wing, just clearing the tree I stand under. And, they are singing their Hymn...

And, near that stand are two small trees, I often stop to look at them. Growing side by side, bark touching in places, they seem to be almost dancing, or slowly wrestling for the light. The trunks intertwine, and it takes some time to see that they grow from one stump.

Or the slow return, easing through the brush after leaving my tree stand, and being surprised by surprising a good buck at about 8 yards. No arrow on the string, and he's making eye contact. I lose the staredown.....

Or Daughter on her first deer season, passing up a chancy shot through brush, even though she's trembling like a Pointer Pup with its first noseful of bird scent. And I swell with pride at raising a child with self control like that at the ripe old age of 14 ....

Or the deep and peaceful sleep I get after hunting hard and well, whether or not there's meat as a result. And, realistically, there's usually not. But, it's renewal I'm after, not dinner....

Why do some of us hunt and some don't? Is it nature/nurture, the genetic equivalent of a kitten pouncing on a piece of string trailed along the floor? Small boys of any culture play chase games, like wolf pups or lion cubs. It must be as etched on our DNA as on that of the other social predators.

More memories....

The snail-like creeping down a trail on the last morning of deer season, with the worn 12 cradled in my hands. I see a doe (quite legal) and kneel to wait until she moves into range. Then, I hear a slight sound behind me in the brush. I swivel my head and glimpse a rack of impressive proportions above a bush maybe 30 yards behind me. I'm kneeling facing the wrong way as the adrenalin gushes through my system. It seems to take a year to turn quietly around enough to take a shot, knowing that A, this IS the last morning of the season, and B, I could hunt all my life and never see a better buck. I never fired a more careful shot, and the proof's over the fireplace.

I boot the Burbie Wagon into the traffic pattern on 301, and settle in as the ache in my legs lets go. My hunting buddy raises the hat from her eyes, the same color as my father's, and asks; "Dad, can we get some burgers? I'm hungry". As I assent, I think, maybe that's it, the Magic of the woods and the sharing with the ones I love.

It's worth an ache or two.....

## **Tree Stand Safety Tips from pg.7**

Never put all your weight on a single branch. Keep at least one hand and one foot on a secure place when reaching for the next hold.

Climb higher than the stand and step down onto it. Climbing up onto it can dislodge it.

Wear boots with non-skid soles, because steps or platforms can be slippery in rain, sleet or snow.

Tell a dependable person where

you're hunting and when you plan on returning. Map your whereabouts and leave a note at camp, at home or in your car so that you can be found.

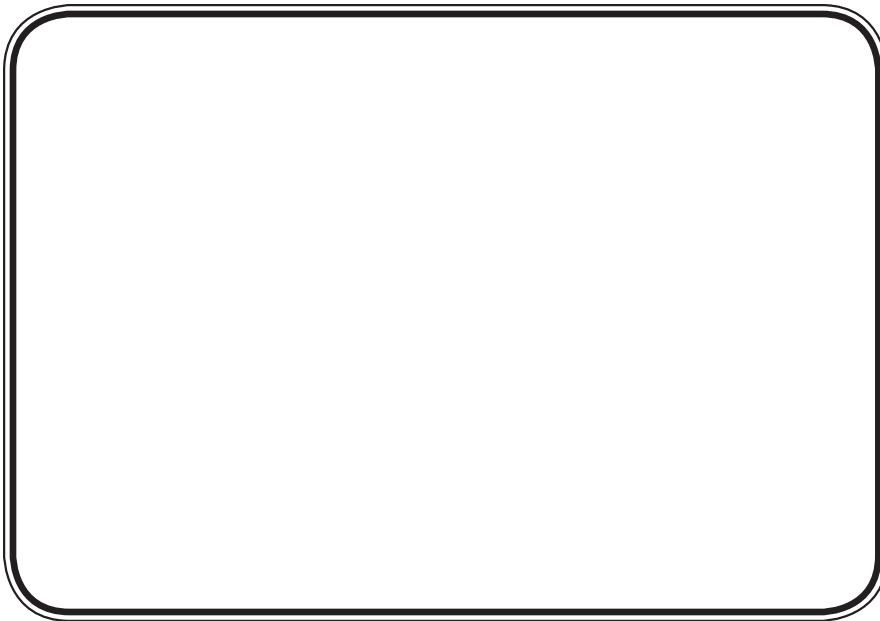
Don't fall asleep. This is a common cause of accidents. If you get drowsy, move your arms rapidly until you feel alert.

Never wear a ring in any climbing situation. Rings can catch on tree limbs and equipment.

As a precautionary measure, remove all logs, upturned and cutoff saplings, rocks and other obstructions on the ground below the tree stand.

Use updated equipment. When used properly, newer tree stand equipment is solid, safe and secure. Older models of safety belts offer some protection, but newer safety harnesses offer more protection.

Carry a whistle to call for help and carry a first aid kit, flashlight and



If you have been following the first two articles you should know what the southern arrowwood shrub looks like. You might even have harvested and hopefully straightened some and have them ready to make arrows. We will now deal with making your shafts into fine primitive arrows. This will work for all other kinds of shafting, but this is my process for finishing a shaft of southern arrowwood. For each process, I will show how some others do the application and how I do it. You get to choose which one looks best and feels right to you. The first thing that needs to be done is to reduce the shafts that are too heavy and check them all for spine. I have seen people use a iron plate with several holes drilled through it. Each hole gets smaller as it goes down the line. The shaft is spun with a drill and forced through the hole shaving it down. I personally did not like this. The drill was not primitive in my opinion. I start with my spine tester and test the shaft. Then I lay it on my work bench and work it over with a thumb plane if it is too heavy. I turn the shaft and keep running the plane down it to keep it round. You must stop several times during the process to check the spine. If I want a 55 lbs. shaft I will work it down to 57 lbs. and give it a good sanding and it should be right where I want it. Now the shafts should be somewhat parallel and may be thinning to the tip if the

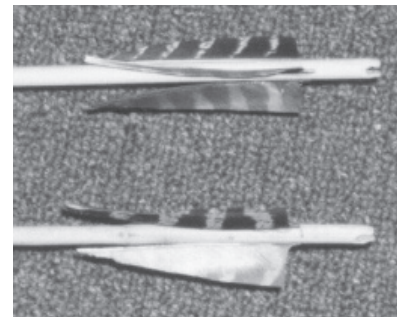
shafts are not too thick. The next step is to choose how the shaft will be laid out. There are different ideas on which end of the shaft gets the point. I prefer to use the thin end as the point. I was taught to shoot the tree as it grew. So by using my way the base of the sapling or branch is my nock. Most times if the shaft was thick and became parallel during reduction I can not tell which end is the tip. Then it does not matter which end is the tip. I also like that the arrow balances a little more toward center after the point is applied using the small end forward. The other way of using the heavy end first had been stated as helping the arrow clear the bow better and giving better penetration. I have not seen any difference in my arrows, doing it both ways, except for the center balance issue. So you decide which end you want to be where. Now that we know which end gets the head and which end gets the nock, it is time to cut some self nocks. I use only a hacksaw blade and a pocket knife for this job. Some like to use three hacksaw blades taped together for an even parallel nock. Some use a chain saw file to rasp out the nock and some others use a drill to make a hole in the shaft and cut through to finish the nock.

I start by cutting in with the hack saw blade almost to the depth of the blade. Then I will use a combination of the

hacksaw blade and the knife to cut and split out the nock. Once the nock is parallel and almost as wide as the string, I cut on angles with the hacksaw blade to widen the inside of the nock. This will make a nock similar to the plastic ones with it's clip on style. The nock should be finished except for final sanding and sinew binding.

Now we have to get ready for fletching. The first step is to prepare the feathers and sinew. The sinew has to be pounded and stripped into fine linen like strings and the

feathers can be ground but I prefer stripped feathers. I think the stripped



*Arrows with nocks cut and ready for fletching*

feathers glue on better and are much easier to prepare. To strip a feather you need to secure the tip in a vise or between your teeth. Grab the tip of the feather with your left hand and pull tight. Then grab the vane with your right hand and pull out and down at the same time. The vane should pull off with a skin holding it all together. The worst thing that will happen is that the feather will split in the middle and need to be ground. It takes some practice but sure saves a lot of work.

To get started fletching you will need a small tin or glass, a heat source, some hide glue, and the feathers and sinew you have prepared. I use an electric skillet with water in it as the heat source at about 150 degrees. I mix the hide glue with water in a small glass cup. It takes about 10 minutes to mix and get to the correct consistency. The hide glue needs to stay warm. You will notice as you remove some to glue down the feathers it will gel quickly as it cools and will bind the parts as it gels. The feathers

can be trimmed to size and must have little tags on the ends for the sinew to grab onto. Now the sinew can be placed into a bowl of water to soften if you like. I prefer to chew the piece I want just before I am ready to use it. I like to chew sinew so I do not waste any sinew and it is ready in a minute. It is a lot of work to harvest sinew from deer legs, dry it, pound it

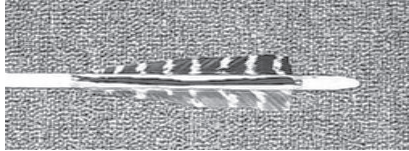
and separate it. If you decide to chew your sinew you need to know not to swallow any saliva while doing so. The pesticides from crop fields gets into a deer's body and becomes trapped in the sinew and can make you sick if you do enough of it. I have a friend from Oregon that had this happen after making 4 dozen arrows to donate to his traditional club.

Now that the glue is ready, let's grab the cock feather and place about an inch of hide glue down the back section of the vane and press it into place. Hold it there for 30 seconds to one minute depending on how thick the hide glue was until the glue gels and holds it in place. Now move on and do the same to the other two feathers. They should be glued down at the back and spiral loosely off the shaft. Let them dry while you perform the same on the other shafts to be made. I like to do about 6 shafts at the same time. This gives the first one time to dry while I am doing the others. Once all six are done go back to the first and put hide glue on the rest of the bottom of the feathers and hold them in place one at a time until the glue gels again. Repeat this for all shafts until all fletching is glued down.

*Arrow with completed fletching*

## Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland

With the fletching finished, and if you are using a trade point or a flint point, it should be glued in now.



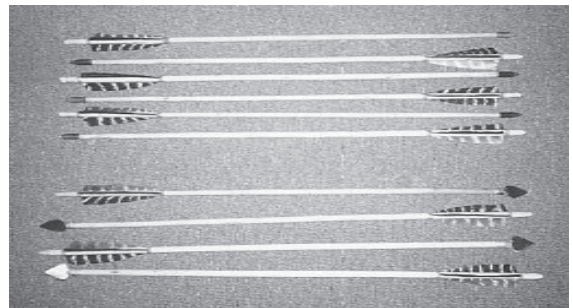
The slot should have been cut when the nocks were cut. Drop a little hide glue in the slot and insert the point. If there are any gaps just fill them in with a drop of hide glue. Let the head sit without any pressure or the ability of gravity to move the head as the glue sets up. This will secure the head and fill in any room for the head to wiggle around.

Now you should have an arrow that looks ready to shoot. It is not really ready yet. We need to bind everything with sinew to secure it and provide extra protection. Prepare the sinew you need if you want to soak it. Then take two strands of leg sinew or one strand of back sinew and wrap the front and back tags of the feathers. This will provide protection against the hide glue softening up and letting the tip peel up. Take some more sinew and wrap just in front of the self nock. This will prevent the splitting of the nock and saves you lots of arrows.

This is very important. I have split many arrows to learn this. Take about three leg sinew strips and wrap the point in place. This, in my opinion, is needed to provide strength and prevent side movement on impact.

With the sinew binding in place and ready to start drying we need to place a coat of hide glue over all of the sinew bindings. This will lock all of the sinew in place and help provide an extra bond.

Now the arrow is complete and needs to dry over night before it can be used. You have just become an accomplished primitive arrowsmith. It will become a hobby that will consume you just as much as being a self bowyer. It is amazing how every scouting or hiking trip always seems to become an arrow shaft gathering expedition. It is funny how certain hobbies can totally consume your thoughts sometimes. From here there is no going back. Once you go primitive, nothing else can take its place. There is no satisfaction like that of shooting all your own hand made primitive tackle. So now that we have some new arrows for our selfbows, how about we run down to the range and fling some arrows.



*Arrows completed and ready for shooting*

# Backwoods Bucks

A Book Review by TBM Member Ron Herman

Book Review:

**Backwoods Bucks** by Dave Bickish  
Reviewed by: Ronald C Herman Jr

**Backwoods Bucks** is the second book in the *Bush Pilot Bowman Series* and was published in 1997. I first met Dave Bickish at the 1998 Denton Hill traditional gathering. Wandering around the booths looking for a new bow, a collectable book, or something else that may catch my eye; I noticed this fellow and his son with a spread of signed books for sale. Well, I am always in the market for any signed book about hunting. The way I look at it, sooner or later, someone will think this guy is great even if I don't. Then my signed copies will be much sought after by all from far and wide. I never buy an extra copy for investment and will be resigned to keep my hundred or so hunting related books just for my family to read and the occasional friend that knows how to read without moving his lips and using his finger.

Dick Bickish's other book, titled the *Bush Pilot Bowman*, was very good I thought and had some exciting hunting and moments of tension while flying in the northern bush. This book I hoped would also keep me riveted with more wild stories and some additional how-to information for outsmarting those elusive whitetails. The book has 26 chapters and I always review their titles before reading...just one of my nuances. We have one named after the title of the book and another called the **Eternal Scrape**. The **Rookie** looked to be about my speed and the **Empty Woods** is what I wished was around for me during last years season. The **Perfume Tree** got my curiosity up a bit and the final was **Woodsmanship**, **The Lost Art** which to me is a serious problem with hunters today but this is about his book and not raising the height

of another soapbox to preach from.

The author starts telling us exactly what a backwoods buck includes. He is not speaking of bucks that live in woodlots fringing upon suburbia, nor is he speaking of bucks that eat in the farms by night and live in the 300-700 acre woods that sometimes surround these farms. He is speaking of bucks that live miles back into the woods. Bucks that do not see farms or feedlots for years at a time and the occasional human intruder is infrequent enough that it is considered little more than a nuisance. Another side to the backwoods he speaks is that it is mostly all public land. He fills the chapter and the entire book with secrets, habits, and traits of the unknown buck of the backwoods. All of the information comes from the authors experience so a certain 'flavor' is given to each story and if you have read his other book then much of his terminology and uses of the English language will be familiar.

There are a couple other chapters worth mentioning. One is the second chapter entitled, "The Eternal Scrape." Now we have all hunted around or on a scrape, much of the time by finding a fresh one and setting up camp in the best tree. This according to the author will only get you the average bucks.. the 6-pointers or smaller since the large bucks do not visit these farm, ranch, or woodlot scrapes until after dark for the most part. You read so much concerning preliminary, primary, and secondary scrapes but the author says there are just 'scrapes.' One IS BETTER than the other for several reasons but take away those reasons and the 'eternal scrape' will disappear. The scrapes he hunts all have doe living in them and are about half a mile apart. Their range seems to overlap at that distance with another group, and the eternal scrape seems to be on the border of where two groups of doe live and meet.. He then draws

many maps and diagrams explaining set ups and distances he has found to be fairly routine from bedding area to feeding area and how the scrape relates to these environmental factors. The best thing about this type of scrape he says is that after you shoot a big buck, nothing changes. The younger bucks have been playing buck in his scrape too, and when they grow up they take over the role. Something to think of for sure but finding a mass of forests around here may be a little hard to find except in Western Maryland.

The other must-read chapter is called "Woodsmanship – The Lost Art." Dick Bickish states that, "Luck, instinct, or talent, call it what you want, but picking the tree is ninety-nine percent of the problem solved in hunting whitetail with the bow." I may tend to agree since most bowhunters hunt from a tree stand and all things come down to location, location, location. Where are the deer, where are the bedding areas, where are they feeding, and where in the hell is that perfect tree? He mentions what helps him in picking the right tree. For sure he uses sign, but also instinct which is developed from woodsmanship. In fact the author states that woodsmanship is developed from picking the wrong locations, following the wrong trails, and just basically making mistakes until you figure out what you are doing incorrect...and then changing your tactics to meet the new challenges. Experience will build the wood's lure, which will help you have a chance to succeed regularly according to the author. The author is also very decided in his views concerning over the counter cover scents, sex scents, and magic potions. He believes that nothing will replace the art of woodsmanship, the kind your great-grandfather had, that can't be replaced by a bottle or trinket you find in the hunter's nursery. As you can tell from his comments he does not buy into many of the techniques and enhancements that are sold in the local Wal-Mart to help the average bowhunter connect with a bruiser like Mitch Rompola supposedly has this year. I almost forgot the most humorous and sensitive part of the book that

# Backwoods Bucks

A Book Review by TBM Member Ron Herman

continued from pg. 22

is found in the **Perfume Tree**. Without giving away the story lets preface it by saying Rob Davis' special bottle will do no good in this story unless it has the wide mouth and extra capacity. Now that you know a bit about the contents, I guess you all want to know how it was to read? Well, it was pretty good. Not riveting as the newest book by St. Charles nor as logically laid out as Rothhaar's or Hamm's books on killing whitetails. The book is good in that it covers a lot of information and has plenty of personal stories to accompany the information. This personal insight helps in making the book easy to read and comprehend. My shortfalls identified within its pages relate to some of his personal hunting practices that seem a bit careless. He takes a high proportion of shots at deer at distances over 25 yards at less than optimal shot angle. Many head-on, quartering towards, or facing-away shots are presented and taken eagerly. Mr. Bickish states that you have to take the shots and draw blood before you can trail a buck. This may be true but my personal opinion is that he takes many poor shots and then follows them up by saying the deer was running or walking too fast, or the deer only showed him his flank and he had to shoot before the buck left for the evening. He shoots more than a few deer in the ham and luckily hits the femoral artery on a couple...likewise shots straight down from 25 feet up a tree are common place. I may be the minority in thinking these shots are not what 'responsible' hunters take in the woods but maybe I am just naïve and that is why I go for two seasons between deer sometimes.


This book has something for everyone and I am sure there is at least one point that can give you a different approach next fall. I plan on trying the eternal scrape when returning to hunt after my stint in Korea. My home state has some very large expanses of state forest that go for miles...I also will try his tips on stand approach and placement. There is plenty of quality information but the poor shots taken eagerly by the author dampened my enjoyment of this book a bit. I give this book **6-Points** with average mass for a 1 1/2 year old buck. This book has potential and I would have rated it better had it been his first attempt. This being his second book though left me believing that these characteristics have less to do with his writing skills and more of him as a hunter. A competent and worthwhile reading adventure but may only be personally satisfying for a smaller percentage of our number. Maybe I have read too many books the past 3 months (8 total) and I am still thinking and digesting the last book while reading the next. For this reason I will revisit **Backwoods Bucks** while alone in Korea this year and just maybe its impact will be felt a bit more. Enjoy the book and good luck next fall in pursuit of your own "personal trophies."

Keep em Sharp,

Ron Herman  
rhermanjr@hotmail.com



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## Schedule of Events

- Sept. 30-Oct.3, 1999..... Second Annual TBM Greenridge Hunt. A group campsite (11C)has again been reserved and members will be able to camp for free (no hook-ups). TBM will be providing port-a-potties and will also furnish five meals; Dinner on Fri., all three on Sat. and breakfast on Sun. The fall meeting and shoot will then be held at the Cumberland Bowhunters range. **Directions to the meeting/shoot.** From I-68, take exit#46 to Rt. 220 N (towards Bedford, PA. ) Follow signs to Rt. 220 N. At traffic light, turn right onto Rt. 220 N. Go approximately 0.3 miles and turn left onto Knob Rd. Go approximately 0.9 miles to stop sign. Turn right onto Valley Rd. and go 0.5 miles to Cumberland Bowhunters sign and driveway on right.
- Jan. 22,2000..... The Y2siKa Assateague Island Sika Hunt. For further information call Bill Hassenmeyer at 410-651-2259 or Lou Compton at 410-968-2086. Also refer to ad on pg. 18 of this issue.
- March 11,2000..... Annual TBM Banquet to be held at Fort Meade Officer's Club in Anne Arundel County. Guest speaker will be outfitter Jake Powell. Look for further details in the Winter issue of this publication.
- May 19-21, 2000..... 9<sup>th</sup> Annual Mid-Atlantic Traditional Classic to be held at The Baltimore Bowmen's Range in Baltimore. Volunteers will be needed so why not contact Bill Skinner now and sign up.

**Note:** As of this issue the date and place has not been set for the winter meeting yet but look for it to be either the 16<sup>th</sup> or 23<sup>rd</sup> of January, 2000. Also be on the lookout for the Pheasant Hunt some time in mid to late February and the Nutria Hunt sometime in early April. Hopefully this information will help members with advance planning.

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