A black and white photograph of a forest stream. The water flows from the upper right towards the lower left, creating small ripples and reflections. The banks are covered in dense, leafy vegetation, including trees and bushes. The overall scene is peaceful and natural. A semi-transparent grey rectangular box is overlaid on the upper portion of the image, containing the title text.

*Traditional Bowhunters
of Maryland News*

Winter '99



Editor's Letter

by Lou Compton

I've sat in a stand several times over the last several weeks reflecting on the last year. I realize that I've truly been blessed to be associated with TBM. I've made new friends that somehow I just know will stand the test of time. I've shared hunts with fellow members all across the state and have several new memories to add to my scrap book. I also realized that I've been editing this newsletter for a full year now. The help I've received from everyone has really helped to make the time and efforts spent more a "labor of love" than a chore. Thanks to all of you for the articles and support you've provided.

Not only does this issue mark the end of my first year as editor it also marks the last issue of the 20th century. That really sounds like a monumental milestone and in retrospect it is. You see traditional archery has grown tremendously over the last 10 years or so yet it has retained the simplistic and sincere atmosphere instilled by the likes of Ishi, Howard Hill, Saxton Pope, Art Young and Fred Bear just to name a few. I really think the founding fathers of our sport would be pleased to see that the traditional values they so cherished have survived unchanged. They'd also be proud to call themselves a friend of TBM. Our organization has done an awful lot since its inception just 9 short years ago to "preserve the past for the benefit of the future". The Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland stands strong today because of the dedication of its members. As we roll into the new millennium, let each and every one of us take the time to pledge to make TBM even stronger in the years ahead. Pledge to be a bit more active, to serve on that committee or to volunteer to work a function. Make that extra effort to attend a meeting and provide some input.

I know already that 2000 holds some special treats for most of us. You see just weeks away is the Assateague Sika Hunt, then the Pheasant Hunt at Schraders in February. March sees the Banquet followed by the Nutria Hunt in April. Before you know it May will be upon us and the MATC will be here. Summer bowfishing for those stingrays is sure to entice a few of us. (Pencil me in for a day Rob.) So if you're lamenting the end of hunting season, fear not! There's always something to do for TBM members.

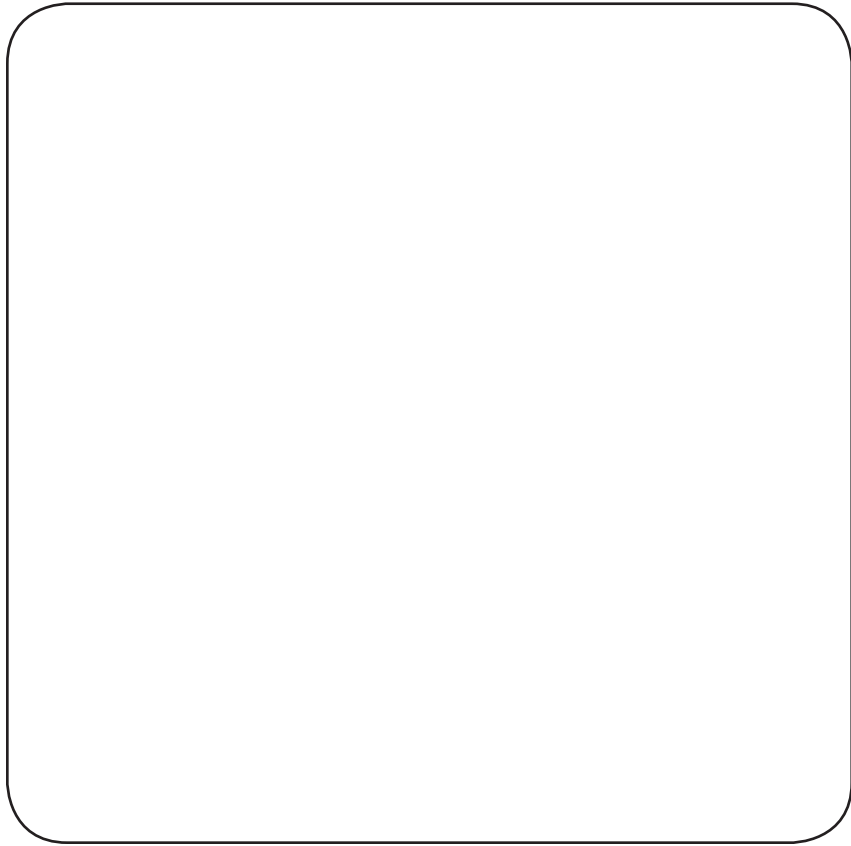
The arrival of this issue should also coincide with the Christmas holidays. Let me offer my sincerest wish for a Merry Christmas to each of you and your families and may the New Year hold nothing but good fortune for you.

Enjoy your newsletter,

Lou Compton

Next Deadline: Feb. 15, 2000

In This Issue



Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland Merchandise

The following items are available for purchase from TBM. Contact John Banks at 410-455-9685.

- TBM Hand Towels.....\$5.00
- TBM Pins.....\$3.00
- TBM Patches (sew on).....\$5.00
- TBM Decals (peel & stick).....\$2.00
- TBM Camo Hat
(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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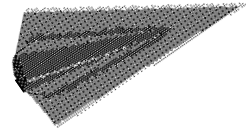
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To the Point

by Bill Shields



This will be my last column as President of the Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland. I want to take this opportunity to congratulate the new slate of officers and thank those retiring for making my term a pleasurable one. I look forward to remaining active in the organization by serving on committees and working on the MATC and other TBM sponsored events.

By the time this issue reaches your mailbox, the Christmas holidays and new millenium will be just a week or so away. The best of the bow season will be behind us and the Sika hunt less than a month away. The ice having been broken at Green Ridge by friend and TBM member

Chris Koch (Cook), I have a suspicion the sika are in trouble this year.

It's the 14th of November and I've been blessed with an action packed season. I've taken 10 stands since Green Ridge, seen deer on 8 of them, seeing an average of 2 deer per stand, and have had 6 shot opportunities. Two shots have been taken both of which missed the mark, including one at a heavy, wide-racked 8 pointer; the best deer I've had a crack at with a bow in 25 years. Having filmed a P&Y 9 or 10 pointer on the property the evening before missing the 8 point, it has been easy climbing out of a warm bed in the predawn, knowing these brutes are out there.

It seems that most seasons bring with them a few new product ideas and this one has been no exception. I was on stand one evening as the temperature dropped and could not help wondering why my camo shirt has a neck collar button. Who wears a tie with one of these shirts anyway? Sure would be nice if they'd make a camo shirt with a quiet nylon zipper. We could unzip for the walk out and zip up as the weather cools. Another problem I wish I could "buy" a solution for is noisy transport of screw-in tree steps. Does anyone make a fabric belt which would keep steps separated from one another and be worn around the waist or chest for easy access while climbing a tree? If anyone is aware of the existence of either of these goodies, send me an email or give me a call. Sure would like to put them on my Christmas list!

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Happy Holidays,

Bill

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Membership Report

by Bill Skinner



Winter 1999 Membership Report

This is my final column as Membership Director. I will miss signing up all the new members and keeping track as the membership continues to grow. This has been a great way to get to know the entire membership. I took over when Ralph Griening left Maryland for Idaho in 1995 and have served as Membership Director since. Best wishes to Andy Lupher, who will be taking on my position, as well as all the new officers. I am confident that we are in good hands as the tradition switches into the next millennium.

One advantage of shooting a stick bow is that we don't need to be concerned if the Y2K bug will affect our sport. One of the great attractions of traditional archery is the lack of complexity in this ever evolving high tech world we live in. It's nice take a break and step into a slower paced world.

As the year 1999 closes we have a total of 281 members 26 of which are life members. Please welcome the following new members to our ranks:

Mark A. Matrin

Robert A. Grudberg

Jim Baucom

Wayne Hill

Mike Rhinefield

MATC 2000 Update -

The MATC 2000 Committee met for the first time on September 26, 1999.

The shoot will be held on May 19 through 21, 2000 at Baltimore Bowmen. Listed are the people currently on the MATC committee and area of responsibility: **Jay Lancaster** - Site Coordinator; **Bill Shields** - Coordinator of Shooting Events; **Dan Doerer** - Children's Events, Coon Shoot, Novelty Shoots; **Jerry Dewese** - Course Setup; **John Reed** - Seminar & Speakers; **Will Land** - Eagle Eye Shoot; **John Leck** - Dealers; **Andy Lupher** - TBM Booth Coordinator; **Roy Davis** - Gate Coordinator; **Dave McCracken** - Tee Shirts; **Bill Skinner** - Chairman

Areas where we will need your help:

- Entries for the Tee Shirt Contest - Due at the Winter Meeting
- Suggestions for Seminar Topics to John Reed
- People to help set up and take down targets speak with Bill Shields
- People to man the Gate and the TBM Booth check with Roy Davis

This is a club shoot and we are looking for both input from the membership on how we can improve the shoot as well as your help. If you have ideas on how things can be improved, contact either myself or one of the people listed above. Please input ideas early to give us time to consider and act on them. Similarly, if you want to help out over the weekend of May 19 through 21, please contact one of the people listed. This event provides the majority of the capital from which TBM is able to put together the events we do over the course of the year.

A Note From Andy Lupher

Greetings,

I would like to thank the members of TBM for selecting me as the new membership chairman. Bill Skinner did a great job during his term and I will try to maintain the high standard set by Bill.

Regards,
Andy Lupher



Secretary's Report

Gene Weidemoyer

TBM –Fall Meeting Notes
Cumberland Bowhunters
Cumberland, MD

The meeting was called to order by president, Bill Shields. Bill welcomed everyone and thanked them for attending. There were approximately 28 members in attendance. Bill thanked everyone for the support he has received from the members during his term in office and expressed his confidence in the officers to be announced later in the meeting.

Officer Reports

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

Treasurer's Report: John Hutter reviewed the financial status of the organization. The report was approved. Bill Shields asked the membership to authorize laddering the life member funds in 1-3-5 year CDs which would give us approximately a 6% blended rate. A motion was made and approved.

Membership: Bill Skinner reported we have 2 new members that moved us to 254 regular and 26 life members for a total of 280 in the organization.

Merchandise: Jay Lancaster reminded everyone that he has merchandise with him. He also asked to be replaced as the merchandise person next year. John Banks volunteered to assume that job.

Library: Bill Owens volunteered to assume responsibility for the library next year.

Committee Reports

Banquet: Mike Mongelli reported that we have the Fort Meade officer's club reserved for March 11, 2000. He indicated many of the preliminary details have been taken care of, and the committee will begin meeting in the next few weeks.

MATC: Bill Skinner indicated the committee was looking at an alternative method of supplying T-shirts this year. He mentioned the committee had their first meeting at Baltimore Bowmen and things are progressing. John Reed asked for recommendations on speakers for the event.

TBM newsletter: Lou Compton requested we consider changing printers. A printer in Salisbury, Atlantic and Hastings, was contacted and they appear to be cost competitive, very responsive, customer service oriented, and in close proximity to Lou. After considerable discussion, a motion was made and approved to change to the new printer and retain the current format. Lou also reminded everyone that in 2001 we will be celebrating our ten year anniversary and he will look into a special edition.

Green Ridge Hunt: Gene Weidemoyer was pleased to report that we finally broke the jinx and harvested our first deer at a sponsored event. Congratulation to Cris Koch and Bill Owens who each scored on a doe on Saturday. The weather was great, the food adequate, and a great time was had by all. We had approximately 38 members in attendance. The club provided the porta-potty and campsite fees, and the participants shared the cost of the food. Bob Ford looked into a different site for future hunts to provide additional space. It's great to grow out of 11C and provide space to spread out from the tents with the world-class snorers. Gene thanked Fred Specht, Will and Bill Nash, Stan Tice, Bill Hassenmayer and Will

Land for their assistance with the event. Rob Davis suggested we consider having the fall meeting at the event to ensure more participation. The suggestion was tabled to be considered by the new officers.

New Business

Bill Skinner made a motion to provide the entire fee collected at our shoots to the hosting club to show our appreciation for their efforts. Stan Tice also recommend we provide assistance in placing and removing targets. The motion was approved.

Rob Davis suggested we follow through with the idea of having members wear name tags at each meeting. It was

Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland

agreed we would make provisions to provide name tags at future events. The VP will take responsibility to ensure name tags are available at hunts and other functions.

There was also a suggestion to coordinate a carp shoot and a turkey hunt in western MD. If anyone is interested, they should contact the VP who is overall hunt coordinator.

Bill Hassenmayer asked for input from the group on considering redefining our bylaws to have TBM become more political since MBS is not serving that role. Jay mentioned Maryland Sportsmen has been doing a good job of addressing many of the political issues within the state. Many people felt it was necessary for us to do something if we expected to maintain our seasons, bag limits, etc. It was also stated that this needs to be investigated due to the significant time required and the complexity of the issue. There was also a concern that we could create a wedge between people in TBM on issues like Sunday hunting, etc. Rob Davis provided some history on how the bow seasons were started and how we need to get more involved. Bob Ford stated he felt we absolutely need to get involved whether we want to or not.

Bill Hassenmayer agreed to serve as the chairperson of a group to investigate the matter further. John Reed, Bill Wilhelm, Bob Ford, Rob Davis, Lou Compton, and Jack Burdynski volunteered to serve on the committee. Anyone else interested should contact Bill Hassenmayer.

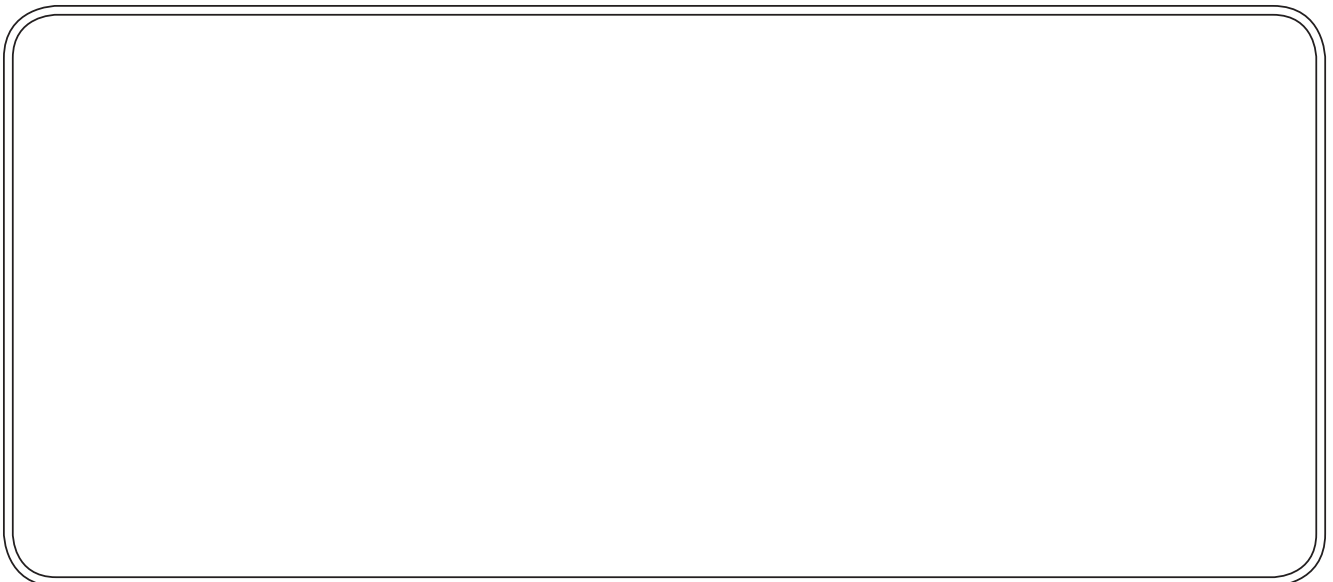
Jay Lancaster announced the results of the election.

President- Mike Mongelli
VP- Phil Harris
Secretary- Bill Nash, Jr.
Treasurer- John Reed
Membership- Andy Lupher

Congratulations were extended to all.

Bill thanked the Cumberland Bowmen for their hospitality and provided special thanks to Tim Matthews for organizing the event. The raffle of the deer target was won by Mr. Lucky, Stan Tice.

Next meeting will be at Baltimore Bowmen on January 16, 2000. The new officers will transition at that meet-





Treasurer's Report

John Hutter

Treasurer's Report: 3rd Quarter 1999

It's November now. The rut seems to be picking up speed. Just this morning a buck was running a doe around the woods past my stand. First she came through the brush on a trail that would pass my stand at twenty yards. The buck was on her trail but, as she dashed back around past me he stopped in the thickets at thirty yards and then turned and went off after her. Just ten minutes later I spotted her heading west on the sloping hillside sixty yards away from me. The buck wasn't far behind. I watched them as long as I could pick out

movement through the brush. The activity was encouraging to me and I thought that they might just swing back in my direction before long. Sure enough, not fifteen minutes later I spotted the doe coming through the brush from behind my tree. She came to the edge of the little dry gulch behind me and stopped to look back for the buck. She didn't wait long though. She dropped into the gulch and came up on my side not five yards from the base of my tree. As she walked past it would have been an easy shot (if there is such a thing in bowhunting) to put an arrow through her ribs. I let her pass however, since I was pretty confident that the buck would be along directly. By the time he made his appearance, the doe had continued on and crossed the stream heading for the ridge top on the far side of the hollow. As he trotted up to the edge of the dry gulch I readied myself to take a shot at him as he followed the trail the doe had taken past my stand. Now heaven must have been protecting that buck today because he picked this moment to deviate from the exact path that the doe had taken. He turned off to his right as he faced my tree and headed down into the streambed to cross over and see where that pesky doe had gotten to. I had to swivel around on my stand so that I could shoot off the other side of the tree. He stood down in the stream with the full length of his greyish brown hide glistening in the sun. My mind raced. "Aim a bit low," I told myself. If I hit high it would crack his spine. If low, well.... Heck. He was right there. I couldn't miss. My fingers tightened on the string as the bow swung up. I was starting to visualize the flight of the arrow when suddenly the buck bolted up onto the far bank of the stream and stood in the thick brush quite safe from my arrow as he continued his search for the doe. Some things are not meant to be. Did I mention that I missed a shot at this same buck last week? Well, this is the rut after all and I'll be out again on Monday morning. Who knows? He might just chase that doe by my stand one time too many.

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
<u>Net Funds</u>	<u>13662.29</u>
Less Balt B' Men's share of MATC	3548.10
<u>Net TBM Operating Funds</u>	<u>10114.19</u>

Debits: (7/1/99 – 9/30/99):

Editor's Training Class	75.00
MATC B' Bowmwn share	3548.10
MATC Misc Receipts	39.75
Ann Arundel Archers ½ Summer Shoot fees	75.00
2000 Banquet prize	125.98
Treasurer's supplies	56.30
Summer N'letter printing	955.00
Summer N'letter Mailing	169.68



Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland

Debits (con.t.)

1998 Banquet Antelope Hunt airfare	374.00
Mailing costs, elections	179.92
Fall N ^o letter printing	733.00
Fall N ^o letter mailing	136.79
Total Debits	6468.52

Income (7/1/99 – 9/30/99):

Dues	45.00
½ Summer Shoot fees	75.00
TBM Savings Acct interest (est)	10.35
Total Income	130.35

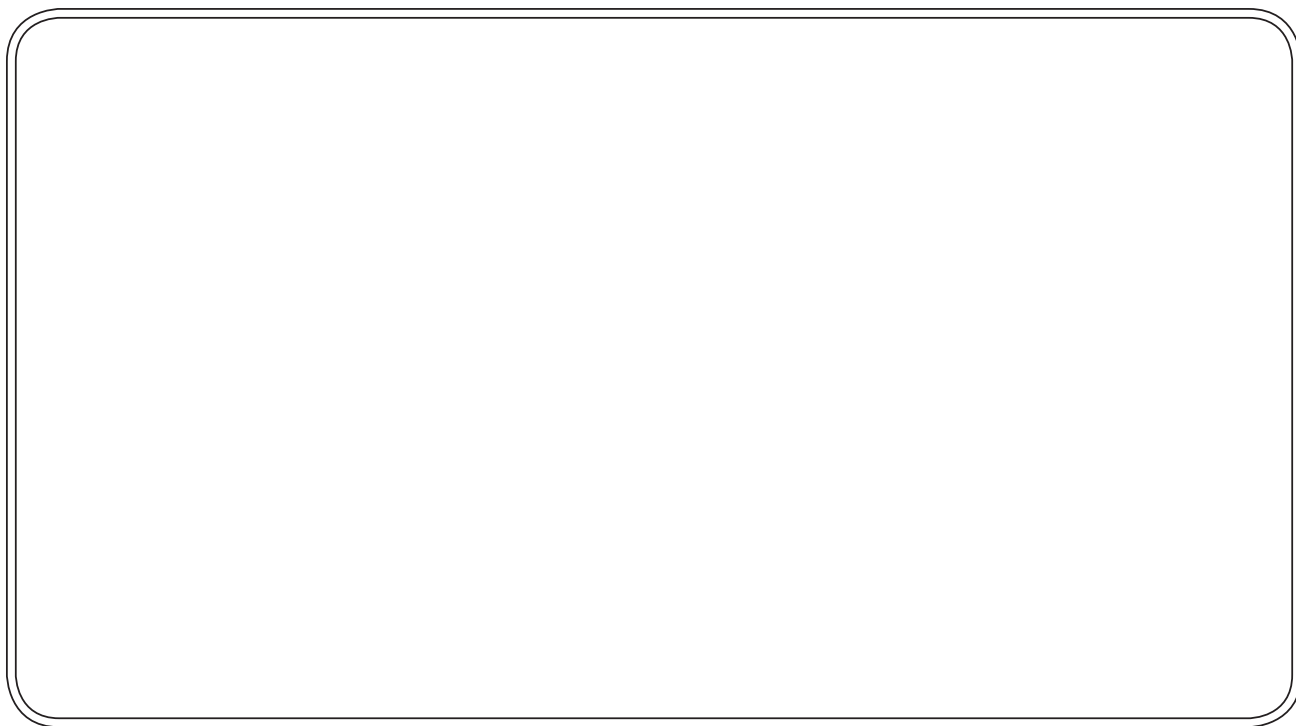
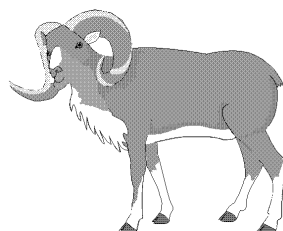
Accounts Balance as of 9/30/99:

Cash Box	175.00
TBM Savings Account	3496.51
TBM Checking Account	8727.61
Gross Funds	12399.12
Less Life Membership Dues (23 x \$225)	5175.00
Net TBM Operating Funds	7224.12

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Flingin' Arrows

by Rob Davis



'99 SUMMER RAYS B-I-G 'UNS

Thirty-one excursions with forty-six different participants resulted in the boating of two hundred and thirteen cownose rays and southern stingrays. Nine southern stingrays qualified as b-i-g 'uns (over 100#). Never have I seen a cownose ray over 85#. Fourteen of the participants were TBM members plus five guests and sons. Also there were three cancellations due to inclement weather. The remainder of the bowfishers were friends, many returning for a number of years. Nineteen-ninety-nine added up to a



record stingraying summer. More clear deeper water was encountered this year providing for many missed shots; the farther the rays can be seen in the water the more light refraction becomes an issue. But then, that's much less frustrating than murky water when all that can be seen is the mud swirl of a departing ray. Or is it? A few times this past summer I heard, "take me back to the dock and get another shooter", but, before the day was over the individuals were glad to have remained. The most

#2



action filled week was from August 1st to the 6th resulting in many b-i-g rays seen with nine being boated. While visiting Bob Brillhart at Chincoteague, Ken Hoehn, and son Ryan, witnessed Bob take the first 100# plus ray for the year for which Bob acquired a stingray "T" shirt. Before the week was up, Jim Rebeck tagged a 138# (the biggest for the season); Ken 102#, Bob, another of 108# and Lou Compton, on his first ever bowfishing try, one 120#; his very next ray was 110#. Not only that, but the very first ray Lou shot at, within «

hr. of getting on the water, at which he tried to shoot too far, was another b-i-g 'un. Wow, talk about records! Jim, Ken and Lou also received stingray "T" shirts. One scheduled trip was canceled in late August and two in early September because of the cloudy conditions, rough, murky water, due to "no-show" hurricane Dennis. Bill Hassenmayer and I ventured to Quinby, VA, on September 11th to see what we could find. The tide was extra high, limiting the ability to see the rays, so we spent most of the sunny day hook and line fishing. On the way back to the dock in late afternoon, when the tide was low, Bill managed to tag two cownose rays. I played with a large cownose ray, that pulled the reel/float under water for long distances, only to lose it. One of the arrows pulled out while trying to bring it in and I didn't take time to place another second arrow before trying to gaff it. It pulled free and was lost; re-enforced the reason to always have a second arrow in a ray to be able to "trail it up" to satisfactorily complete the task of boating the ray. We placed three arrows into a b-i-g ray for, usually one will pull free in the tussle of gaffing the ray, and therefore, with

Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland
Flingin' Arrows

continued from pg.10

by Rob Davis

two still in place, the boating operation can be completed without the necessity of another "trailing job". Bill and I again gave another try on September 14th and, though we did see ten rays (mostly young-uns), none found their way into the barrel. But then we had a great time and didn't get wet even though it was drizzling when we started. The sun did shine a little and the rain paused 'till we were on our way home.

PICTURES FOR SUMMER RAYS

- 1- Bob Brillhart with his "T" shirt b-i-g ray of 108#.
- 2- Jim Rebuck and 138# southern stingray; biggest of 1999.
- 3- Ken Hoehn with 102# southern stingray taken on August 4.
- 4- Lou Compton with his first ray, 120#, taken 8-6-99.
- 5- Bill Hassenmayer and Rob Davis with hook and line catch and two cownose rays taken by Bill.



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Chaplain's Letter

Otis Seese



Well the blind squirrel has finally found a nut. You won't fully appreciate the rest of this article if you don't understand that it has been twelve years since I killed a buck with traditional equipment. I don't even want to think about the hours, no, days, I've hung on the side of a tree in the cold, rain, snow, heat, and mosquitoes. Finally, on October 19, everything worked like the bowhunting videos say it should.

I'd been sitting for three hours with the wind blowing in the wrong direction, and no deer moving. At 6:00 the wind turned to the southwest, and immediately a doe came by. She was close enough for a shot, but always at the wrong angle. In a few minutes a five-point buck started down the trail by my stand. However, before he got to me, he turned off the trail, went behind my tree, and walked down wind. I don't have to explain the rest of that story. About 6:30 the deer were starting to mill around in the thicket behind me, and I saw a six-pointer just standing and looking my way. When I saw the reason for his timid ways, I couldn't believe my eyes. A very nice buck had come in behind my stand and was just standing there looking around. I hadn't

heard or seen him. When he started to move, he went the same direction as the other buck had gone, down wind. "No", I said to myself, "not again." Just then, two does appeared, and he turned to chase them in a large circle. They made one large loop and started downwind. The buck simply stopped and turned onto the trail by my stand. He took a few steps and stopped behind a leafy branch. By now I'm nearly a basket case. I was sure that when he moved, it would be to bolt after the does, but, instead, he walked slowly down the trail to give me a broadside eight-yard shot.

As I started to draw I gave myself all the lectures that must accompany situations like this. Just as I've read many times, suddenly, there were my barred turkey feathers right behind his shoulder. I simply couldn't believe it! I was shooting a new Crow Creek take-down longbow. It is a sweet shooting bow that I shoot more consistently than any bow I've ever shot, yet, to see my fletching on the side of that buck was unbelievable. He ran in a short semi-circle, then, straight away.



As I think back now, my thoughts and actions were amusing. I slowly packed my gear. I had either killed or missed the largest buck I had ever shot at with

archery tackle, and I was finished for the day. I dreaded going to the spot of the shot, because, even though I saw the arrow in the deer, I just knew that somehow, when I checked, my arrow would be sticking in the ground as it has been so many times. With my small light I saw no arrow, so I went to the truck and got my lantern. Now I was nervous. When I searched this time, I not only didn't find my arrow, but I saw blood immediately where the buck had run. I was ecstatic! Driving a short way to a friend's house, I called home and to Bruce Golt's. I wanted someone to help and to share the experience. As I get older, life's joys are somehow emptier if not shared with close friends. My son came also and we started trailing around 10:00. When we stopped trailing to eat some food that Bruce had brought, I was so nervous that my son said, "It'll be all right, Dad, just settle down." That was out of the question! We went just a little way farther, and I saw the buck down beside a huge tree. He had gone at a dead run for 332 yards. Remarkable!

The three of us thanked the Lord for His goodness and our success in the hunt. The buck weighed 190 pounds and had a nice eight-point rack. I told Daniel and Bruce I was waiting for my alarm clock to go off, because I must be dreaming! How wonderfully Blessed we were! I would have been simply thrilled with the doe that came out first. I would have been over-joyed with the eight-pointer that winded me and ran off. God, however, had blessed me far beyond what I had ever imagined.

It is the same situation for those who are believers in Jesus as Savior and Lord. Folks talk of having a "cabin in the corner of gloryland", but God doesn't have any "cabins" in eternity. Jesus called them "mansions" in John 14:2. He said, "If it were not so, I would have told you." We can't imagine in our wildest dreams the eternal realm God has prepared.

Chaplain's Letter

Continued from page 12

The Bible says in 1 Cor. 2:9, "No eye has seen, no ear has heard, no mind has conceived what God has prepared for those who love Him." The beauty and glory of heaven can be read about in Revelation 21, but listen to a few of these descriptions. The outer walls of the holy city are 1,400 miles long, wide, and high, and are 200 feet thick. They are made of jasper. The city is made of gold so pure it looks like glass. The twelve foundations of the city are made of things we consider luxurious - sapphires, emeralds, amethyst, etc. The twelve gates are each made of one huge pearl. The streets are made of pure gold. The Bible says it won't have any need of the sun and the moon, for the glory of God and Jesus will give it light. I can't imagine the shekinah glory of God reflecting off the walls of gold pure as crystal and the precious gems of the foundation.

Revelation 22 tells us of a river as clear as crystal flowing from the throne of God down through the middle of the great street with a tree of life growing on each side. Simply amazing, yet, what is more glorious is that God the Father and Jesus, the Lamb of God, will be there. Revelation 21:3-5 declares, "The dwelling place of God is with men and He will live with them. He will wipe every tear from their eyes. There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain....Write this down for these words are trustworthy and true."

Revelation 22:3, "...His servants will serve Him." We won't be changed into angels with wings and halos, flying around playing harps. We will worship and serve Him throughout eternity in the new heaven and new earth He will bring into being after this earth has been judged and passes away. Just as my hunt was made richer by my son and my friend being there, the Scriptures say that we'll enjoy eternity with family, friends, and believers from all ages. We'll again be with people we love and never experience the pain of

separation and death again. Jesus said in Matthew 8:11, we "...will feast with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." We'll see Moses, David, Isaiah, Paul, Luke, and John. People from every language and nation will be gathered there.

Sometimes life is hard - unbearably hard. If this is it, if this is all of life, what a tragedy! The hope of mankind is that there is more than what we experience in this life. There is much more. Paul said in Romans 8:18, "...our present sufferings are not worth comparing with the glory that will be revealed in us." The glorious existence we'll have with Christ in eternity will make the troubles of this life fade away. When I walked up to that buck that night, I completely forgot the hours on the stand, the cold, the mosquitoes, and every-thing else. The celebration of the moment was overwhelming! When we stand before the throne of Jesus, see Him in all His glory, see the nail prints in His hands and feet, and see the spear print in His side, the Bible says we'll bow in worship. In that awesome moment the sorrows of this life will disappear completely. What glorious promises for the next life. Don't be deceived by some popular books or shows like "Touched by an Angel". Everyone is not escorted into heaven at death. Eternity with God is promised to those who, according to Revelation 21, are "saved", whose names "are written in the Lamb's Book of Life", the "redeemed", or "those who follow the Lamb". It's expressed in many ways, but the message is the same. Only those who have made Jesus their Lord have hope of heaven. The Scriptures tell us that the "unbelieving, the vile, the murders, the sexually immoral, shall have their place in the lake of fire." What a wonderful future Jesus has made possible for those who love Him! Please consider His free gift of life. Paul told the Corinthians that God's promises in Christ were "yes and amen"- not maybe! The promise of heaven is sure for those who are Christians. Make it

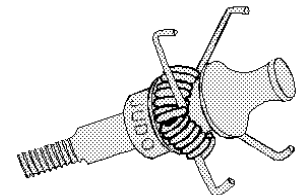
Otis Seese

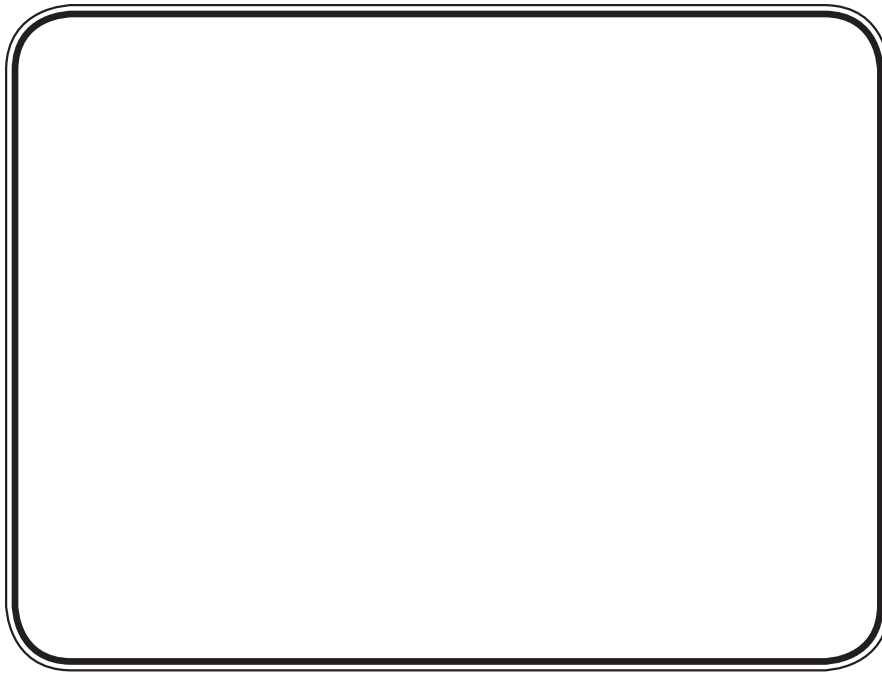
The Royal

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stand a chance on a turkey. Immediately, I started to run out into the field to where I last saw the weeds moving. As I neared the spot I thought they might be I stopped, nocked an arrow and started to zig-zag across the field. It was only a minute before a half dozen birds erupted up out of the field in front of me. This time there was no time to think, just pick a bird out and the arrow was on its way. I can still picture that arrow in my mind striking one of the birds directly on the wing butt as she came crashing back down into the field. I sat down in the field and admired my trophy. Even though it was a small hen it had to be one of the biggest thrills any animal has given me while hunting with traditional equipment. After a quick photo session I was on my way home. Little did I know that this would be the same spot that I would take a jake the following fall.

Last year as I drove by that spot I was saddened to see a housing development had replaced the golden rod field. That small stand of oaks that had produced so many memories had been cut down as well. This has happened to many of my spots over the years but this one in particular was a real loss. I often look at those pictures and think about that day and how fortunate I was to be dealt The Royal Flush.





I guess by now if you are making or are interested in selfbows you have been out looking for some Southern arrowwood from the past articles. I am sure you have found that Southern Arrowwood is hard to find until you really develop an eye for finding it. So I think we should talk about Multiflora Rose for awhile. Everyone has heard of someone using wild rose for shafting from time to time, but that it only grows in California. Multiflora Rose is so easy to find and I am sure all of you that hunt are familiar with it and do not even know it. I am definitely sure if you did any rabbit hunting you know darn right what it is, but might call it a different name, like green briar. Yes that is right, that nasty, thorny, pain in the butt stuff that is always in your way, can be made into arrows.



A close up view of multiflora rose leaves

We shall start with gathering the shafts and what you need to know to do so correctly. You can gather them anytime of year if you can get to it. The

most ideal time is winter as you can see into the bush and do not need to bother with it if no suitable shafts appear to be in it. The branches that are about two years old and have a little bit of green and brown on them are what we are looking for. This years green shoots look to be the right size, but will spine way too light and will be too brittle. The ones that are part green and brown and are about the size of your little pinkie and look to be just a little too big to make a shaft are what we want. You see, Multiflora Rose shrinks in diameter a lot while drying so they need to be a little larger when harvesting shafts. The young green shoots also have a larger pith core making them spine lower. As they get older they stiffen up and the pith core reduces in size.

Now that you have some shafts picked out, get in that bush and cut them out. But wait, are you properly attired for gathering shafts? Another reason for gathering in the winter is the heavy clothes needed to keep the thorns out of you. You must be covered in heavy clothes like jeans, gloves and a tough jacket. Those thorns always seem to win even with the proper attire. Now lets get back to cutting them. If all you have is a saw it will work just fine, but a pair of anvil pruners do you rather nicely. They get you in and out quickly and all the motion of the saw seams to draw

the attention of those evil thorns and they seem to descend upon you and attack. When you do cut them, leave them about 36" to 40" to allow for waste or moving to the light spined side to best straightening side.

Now you should have several greenish brown sticks with some harsh thorns on them. First things first, get rid of those thorns! I use the back of my buck knife to slide down the shaft and pop them off. You also can slide a sharp knife under them and they pop right off. Just make sure you get them off. Once you get into those Multiflora bushes you will understand why those thorns need to be removed at the earliest convenience. After 15 minutes of gathering shafts you will know why Carhart clothing and leather gloves is a must for this project. With the shafts all dethorned you should sit down with a knife and scrape the bark of the shafts. The cambium will turn brown in several minutes so if you missed any it can easily be seen and then removed.



The venerable multiflora rose bush
Once they are all clean you need to practice hand straightening the shafts while they are green. The shafts will take a lot of abuse right now and flex more than you think they will. Do not worry if you break any. Multiflora grows everywhere and shafts are not hard to come buy. You are learning now, so just experiment. The shafts will take the straightening you put on them but will not hold that shape for now. They will slowly go back to their original shape because they are too high in moisture content. As they dry more in a day or two you will notice they are getting a bit stiffer and start to keep more of the shape that you straighten them to. You must keep

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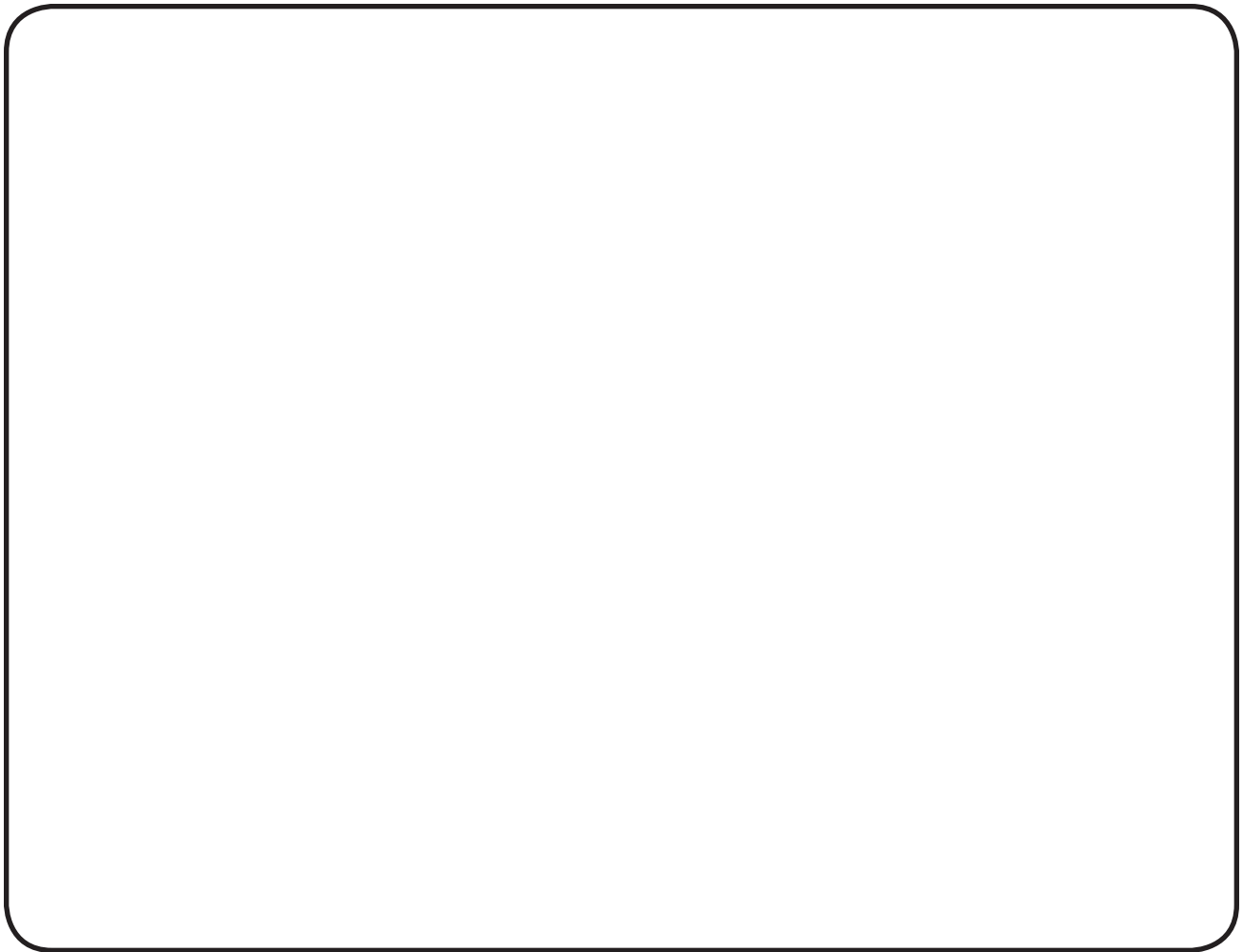
up on them everyday and straighten them as they dry. No need to bundle shafts as written in some Indian books. Multiflora Rose shrink so much they would go right back to the original shape. Once they dry they are pretty much finished except for spining and cutting to length.

After the green straightening is finished you can secondary heat straighten, but they do not always respond well to heat and will sometime split along the length while heat straightening. This is why it is so important to green straighten every day or even twice a day if possible. They can be worked with heat, but will not respond as well as southern arrowwood or dogwood will. Minor bends can be taken out and larger ones can be worked in stages if needed. Just go slow and who cares if you break any, you learn more from the broken ones than the ones that went too easy. Just remember like with any wood shafts, if you heat them do not cook them. Cooked wood is brittle and will break easily.

When making your selfknocks or setting trade or stone points just be careful not to thin it down too much because of the pith core. Also, always shoot the thicker end first on this shafting. It will help to preserve the shafts as the thin ends will split in the front on hard contacts. A layer of sinew binding in front of self knock and behind the broad head is a must. These shafts split real easy with any pressure from the center of the shaft. So save yourself time and just put the sinew binding in.

Multiflora Rose will make a great primitive shaft. It is not as tough or heavy as Southern Arrowwood and it will always have a slight waviness to it. It makes them real primitive looking and they still shoot just fine. They put the straight as an arrow quote out the window and really drive other archers crazy when you break out your snaky arrows and shoot just as well as they do.

Just in case anyone wonders how good they are and what I am shooting this year. I have a 47" Osage reflex, deflex, reflex, bow that is 55 lb. @ 26" and I will be using Multiflora Rose shafts out of it spined at 42 lb. with steel trade points. Maybe I will even get lucky enough to submit a picture of the little bow, Multiflora shafts and the harvest they make.



Of Wyoming Speedsters and Waterholes



At the 1998 *TBM* Banquet, my name was drawn as the lucky winner of the antelope hunt on the beautiful Werner Ranch just outside Douglas, Wyoming. Wyoming's license system is by lottery and we couldn't apply until March 30th of 1999. We were notified in July that we had both drawn antelope tags. Now the planning began in earnest, airline reservations to be made, packing to do and sharpening both shooting skills and broadheads. A year and a half later, I'm finally on my way along with Pennsylvania longbowman, Leonard Scarborough.

I had hunted with Jim Werner in 1993 and again in 1995, taking two nice antelope and a 5X5 mule deer. Needless to say, I was thrilled at the chance to return. The Werner's have their basement set up with three bedrooms and two baths along with a family room area complete with a pool table to accommodate hunters. Breakfast and dinner are eaten along with the Werner's in their dining area and lunches are packed for the long days spent in blinds. A typical day in the blind begins at 6:30 A.M. and ends about 7:30 P.M. The blinds are either canvass or wood structures overlooking water holes with shot opportunities in the less than 20 yard range.

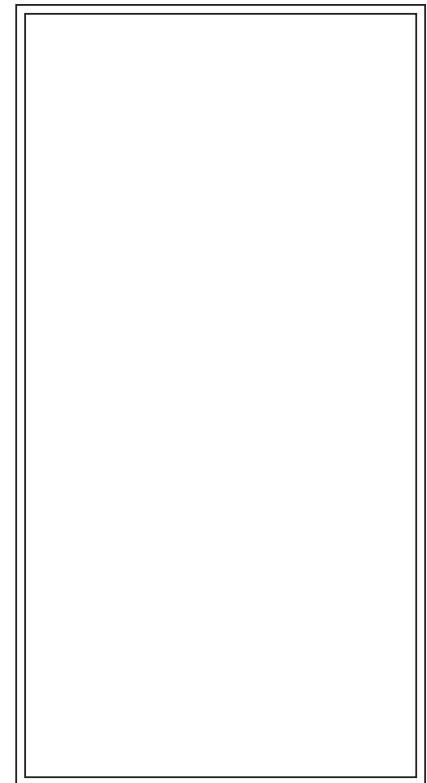
Leonard and I were booked for middle week of September. Unfortunately it had been raining the first week

and there was still a good bit of water in the ravines, making it tougher to get antelope into the water holes. We had both seen animals but Leonard wasn't fortunate enough to harvest one of these prairie speedsters. With the standing water starting to dry up on the fourth day of our five-day hunt things started turning on. I had 6 yearling bucks come to the water at the same time and when they left a nice mature buck came in and presented a 12 yard shot. The arrow flew straight to its mark and did its intended job quickly.

Jim Werner and I had taken the antelope to Douglas Meat Processing to ready it for the flight home. We also caught up with Kimberly Lutz of Glenrock who handled the taxidermy arrangements. I must say that every one we dealt with on this trip were very friendly and accommodating.

If you're interested in an antelope hunt, I highly recommend the Werner Ranch. The accommodations were comfortable and the food was plentiful and quite tasty. As I've already said, the Werner's were quite anxious to please their customers. The total cost of the package would normally run in the \$1700.00 range. This would include the airfare to Denver, a rental car for the five-hour drive to the ranch, cost of license and tags and the actual hunt fee. Of course in this case, I was fortunate to have had *TBM* pick up the tab. I can't

thank them enough for making this trip possible. If any *TBM* members are considering going to the Werner Ranch, feel free to call or write and I'll answer



Experience at Greenridge, The First of Many

by Chris Koch



Member Chris Koch with his doe taken during the '99 Greenridge Hunt.

As I downshifted the automatic shift lever into low gear, the Explorer responded gratefully and continued its labored climb up the dusty ridge road which had served as our passageway into the majestic state forest of Greenridge. The creaks and groans of the Ford echoed my own tired muscles's sentiments, brought on by the exhaustive previous three days of bow-hunting for the elusive white-tail deer of mountainous western Maryland. Glancing at the digital clock, I realized that in less than three hours and about 180 easterly miles later I would be arriving home on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Departing Greenridge State Park was definitely a bitter-sweet process. I decided to roll down the windows, and soak up the sights and smells found only in the mixed hardwood forests of the mountains of western Maryland. Who knows, it could be awhile until my next visit...

This particular trip out to Greenridge was to participate in the The Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland's annual, white-tail deer hunt. I had been out to Greenridge the previous year with TBM and found the entire experience enjoyable. This year, I managed to put the necessary daily responsibilities of work and family on autopilot, so as to be able to arrive at Greenridge on Thursday afternoon and hunt through Saturday evening. A friend, John Reed, was also interested in going out on Thursday, so we joined forces as hunting partners. John was one of the individuals responsible for my rediscovering the sport of traditional archery. Several

years earlier, John had generously lent me one of his recurves to participate in target shooting at the 3-D range shoots held by Tuckahoe Bowmen at Tuckahoe State Park outside of Denton, Maryland. John had said that if I liked the bow I could buy it. Before I knew it, I was hooked and the proud owner of an old Fred Bear recurve.

This trip started out on the back of a cold front coming across the nation from the northwest. Departing the eastern shore on Thursday morning, the sky was overcast and ominous. Fortunately having seen the radar and satellite data on the trusty weather channel, both John and I were confident that the farther west we drove, the clearer the weather would become. So we packed the Ford Explorer (it looked like we were going for 3 weeks instead of 3 days!), and headed west across the Chesapeake Bay Bridge toward Greenridge State Park. Having stopped for lunch along the route, we arrived at the Ranger Check-in Station a little before 2:00 pm. The weather cooperated picture perfect. Despite a fresh 15 knot wind from the north, the sky was clear and the air was dry. An added bonus of the previous nights rain, we noticed, was a quiet forest floor, perfect for a quiet approach to and from a stand.

We planned to establish our own campsite remote from the main TBM campsite, knowing that most of the members would not be expected to start showing up until Friday. Our plan was to camp near where we intended to hunt, that way we could come off stand Thursday evening and have our camp

right there. This also seemed like a good way to get started on Friday morning. We would be able to go right from the tent to our stands without having to traverse the myriad of switchbacks and serpentine dirt roads leading from the TBM campsite to our hunting area. Setting up camp as quickly and as minimally as we could, John and I were soon in our camo, our backpacks provisioned, broad-heads sharpened and our bows strung with anticipation. I was going to hunt a ridge-top from a portable tree stand, in an area where I had hunted the year before. I knew deer were in the area and had actually let an arrow fly unsuccessfully the previous year. John was planning to hunt from the ground and had scouted an area which showed on the topo map as a saddle formed by two adjoining ridge-tops. We were to be hunting about three-quarters of a mile from each other, as the crow flies. This close distance did not concern us in that we were separated by a steam bed which was thick with heavy briars and underbrush which served as a natural barrier, as well as a perfect bedding area for our quarry. With final checks of our gear and well wishes to each other, we were off to our respective hunting areas. We both agreed to return about 7:45 - 8:00 pm. This would give us a full hour after sunset, one-half hour after legal hunting hour, to return to camp.

Approaching the area where I was to hang my portable tree stand, (I used strap, non-invasive tree steps due to park regulations, this was the first time I had used them and found them to be much more difficult to use than the

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screw-in type I had been accustomed.) I jumped a young buck and three does a mere 25 yards from the tree I had selected. They alerted each other with a snort and off they all bounded, away toward some unseen sense of security. Undeterred, I proceeded to hang my stand and got settled in to enjoy another evening of watching the forest prepare to turn over the watch from the day creatures to the night creatures, and hopefully, that would include the participation of a white-tail deer. By the time I was ready, it was only 3:45 pm. Sundown was approximately 7:05 pm. I had about 3 hours and 20 minutes. Granted, this was a long time to be on stand, but my goal was to get in early, let the forest quiet down, and give myself every chance to successfully harvest my deer. A trophy was not in my plans, a deer was. At approximately 5:00 pm I saw three does (maybe the ones I spooked earlier) silently coming down a trail following the ridge, toward my area. They never did get close to my stand, remaining at a safe 30 yard distance, separated by heavy cover. I did notice that they all stopped and browsed on what I thought to be acorns, under one particular group of trees. (Later I would find out from TBM member, Bill Owens, that the trees were choke-cherry trees laden with a dark blue berries.) Although I did not get a shot at these deer, I delighted in watching them for what seemed like hours, before they simply disappeared without a sound. Poof. As quietly as they came, they left. I never heard them arrive, I never heard them leave.

Around 6:00 pm I noticed two more deer had arrived at the base of the choke-cherry tree. They too appeared to browse heavily on the downed berries. With no additional animal movement in sight, I watched these two deer as long as the fading light allowed. Finally, they seemed to disappear right before my eyes, blending into the background of the forest floor. I knew they were still there, it was just that their coloring was so well adapted, I could no longer see them unless they moved. Without these deer to watch to pass the time, I shifted in my stand

Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland to look out at the meadow edge I was hunting. The sun had just set, yet there was plenty of light in the fading twilight. Facing the meadow I saw nothing move, except two young jake turkeys. Then at last light, I heard a distinctive tch, tch, tch

of carefully placed, cautious hoves on dried leaves, directly beneath my stand. Without moving, I glanced downwind to my left and saw one of the choke-cherry deer I had been watching, looking up at me as he attempted to skirt past my stand. Passing downwind he had obviously caught my scent! (Why couldn't he have passed 10 feet to the right and come in upwind!!) With a quick frightened gallop the spike buck moved hastily to safer ground in the meadow and stopped at 22-25 yards. I knew this was my last opportunity. The shooting distance was just inside the edge of my effective range, so I decided to give the shot a chance. With the broadside young spike looking directly at me, I raised my bow, and began a long, slow draw which seemed to last an eternity. Finally, with the vitals in my sight, I loosed the arrow.

The deer jumped 10 feet and then slowly moved to the center of the meadow. Was he hit? I could not tell. It seemed that the arrow went high of its intended mark. Watching the spike, I determined that I had again missed! This was the same area where I had missed my doe last year. Disappointed that I had missed, yet relieved that it was a clean miss, I waited until total darkness then went out and retrieved my arrow. Clean. No hair to be found in the meadow. A confirmed miss. Time to head back to camp and meet up with John. Sure wish I had that shot back...

7:45 pm, met up with John at our remote camp, and swapped stories. John had seen deer too. This was as good a place as any to hunt. We decided to concentrate on this area tomorrow. Jumping into the truck, we headed to the TBM base camp and again shared stories and swapped tall tales of days hunting. Friday morning and evening we hunted our area with no success. John and I had continued to see deer but for one reason or another we were not presented with the opportunity for

a shot. At Friday night's campfire John and I decided to give our area a rest. I think both us flat-landers needed a bit of a rest as well. Hunting a new area in the morning meant that we could sleep in a bit longer. At least until civil twilight when we would be able to see well enough to make our way into unknown terrain.

The nagging chatter of the alarm sounded me awake at 6:20 am. I had decided to hunt a ridge of mature oaks that rose from a thicket of cut-over, that was no more than 6-7 years old. I was convinced that this thicket held plenty of deer that just might be making a daily routine of having breakfast on some of those oaks up on the ridge. Dressed and out of camp in 10 minutes. Just enough light to make my way without stumbling around. At the trail-head I was stopped short by the sight of a parked truck. Up until then John and I had not really run into any other hunters that limited our range of hunting territory. I had forgotten that the day was Saturday, normally a busy day in a public hunting area. No problem, it was a big ridge. I backtracked and headed about 600 yards to the east where the other end of the ridge had another trail entrance. Fifteen minutes later of hiking up the winding dirt road I finally reached the other trail-head only to find a parked jeep! My heart sank. By now my magic hour

for hunting was dwindling fast. Quickly I regrouped my thoughts and remembered John telling me about a ridge that ran along Fifteen Mile Creek that showed heavy sign. I found John's ridge and followed several heavily used game trails. Reading the sign, I was sure from the many worn rocks and logs, that these trails must have been used by several generations of deer.

I have to admit that I am not accustomed to hunting from the ground. I have always felt the advantage gained from sitting 12-15 feet up off the forest floor was more than worth the effort of hanging a stand. I have always been constantly amazed at the stories I have heard about ground hunters walking into 8-point bucks

a n d watching as the does came right down

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the trail

. My experience with running into deer while I have been on the ground has always culminated in a snort that sounded like an air-hammer blowing a hose, freezing me in my tracks as the departing deer (s) flagged their white tails telling all other deer in the vicinity of the intruder's whereabouts. Despite my lack of confidence, I continued to walk stealthily through the forest, avoiding any sticks or twigs that might snap and signal my approach. After walking for a while, I would sit down or lean against a tree and just watch for any approaching movement. The squirrels and chipmunks provided my only amusement. It looked like another beautiful day in the forest was to be my only reward. The way the morning had started off, it did not foretell the excitement that would ultimately await.

At 9:10 am, I decided to proceed toward a pre-arranged rendezvous spot with John down by the creek. The easiest way for me to get there was via the old jeep trail. The trail cut between two ridges and ran through a meadow which occupied a saddle between two other ridges. From the meadow it then meandered down several switch-backs to the creek's flood-plain. I was certain that even if I was late to meet John at the creek, I would surely see him along the jeep trail. Toward 9:25 am, as I ascended the trail, the edge of the meadow came into view. I was no longer in hunting mode, I was walking my normal stride and had all my arrows safely stowed, parallel and snug in their quiver. The sun was flooding the meadow from the east as I approached from the darkened forest to the west. That's when I noticed a flicker of movement which served to freeze me in mid-stride and signaled a change in the morning's hunt. The familiar tail flicker of a contentedly browsing deer! Two deer! One smaller, half-in and half-out of the forest, cautiously facing the meadow. It's head was behind a large gray oak. She could never see me. The other deer, a bit larger, had completed its commitment to the meadow and was now bathed in sunlight. With both deer

Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland facing east, staring directly toward the blinding rising sun, I knew that should they glance toward me, I was next to invisible in the dark, thick forest. The wind was light and from the south. At right angles to us, there was little worry that I would be detected. Fortunately, I had made no noticeable noise on my approach. Perhaps I had been walking quietly out of habit of the previous three hours. Never-the-less, I could not believe my fortunate circumstances. Without haste, I nocked my choice arrow. The larger deer in the meadow turned to give me a broadside shot to the right side. I had some light vegetation in the way but the leaves yielded a small window about one square foot, more than enough. Outside that window, I'd miss her anyway. This was my only chance. I drew to full draw, checked my target, and let the arrow fly.

Time seemed to stand still. The next sound I heard was my arrow bounding off rocks as it came to rest 15-20 yards past the deer! The smaller deer bolted east at the noise, crossed the meadow and disappeared into the woods at the far side of the meadow. Although my deer never even flinched, she was definitely on alert, as evidenced by her ears and stance. She walked about 15 yards, looking for the source of the disturbance. Then not being able to locate it, she walked off into the woods toward the north. I could not believe it. I had missed again! I froze in position for the next 15 minutes. I was still in full camo hoping that both deer would browse their way back toward me in an attempt to catch up with each other. Other than the arrow on the rocks, there had been no other disturbance and certainly they had not seen me. Then I heard an alert snort downwind and to the north of me. I was sure that my deer had circled around, picked up my scent and was sounding the alarm. Well, time to go meet up with John. I broke free of my position and casually approached the meadow to retrieve my arrow. There it was, right where it should have been, only it was covered in solid crimson from the broad-head all the way along the shaft to the feathers. I had hit the deer! A quick inspection showed a solid blood trail from the meadow leading

into the forest. Rather than pursue, I decided to find John and let two sets of eyes work together. As anticipated, I found John coming back on the trail. We both set off from the meadow and within 2-3 minutes found the deer fully expired no more than 100 yards from where she had been standing when I took the shot. The 2215 arrow tipped with a two bladed Zwicky Eskimo had done its job, passing between the 4th and 5th ribs.

We quickly dressed the doe out, took her into town

to check her in and then made our way back to the TBM base camp to share our excitement with our fellow members. It turned out to be the first deer harvested at a TBM Greenridge gathering. The group that gathered around the deer was certainly a congratulatory group. I looked out at the group and saw the eyes of many more experienced and better hunters than me. This deer was their deer as much as it was mine. And in many ways it was, for I know that as a traditional bow-hunter, many of the skills I have acquired and continue to acquire, were gained from many of the same people gathered around that deer. Bill Shields put a recurve into my hands after my not having held a bow since I was a kid, John, as mentioned earlier, had sold me my first bow, Sam Durner had made the string for my bow, and Bill Skinner and John Hutter helped show me how to skin and butcher the deer. Even the bow I had used was acquired at the spring MATC in Baltimore. I had purchased it after soliciting input from several members of TBM. The list goes on and on. And hopefully so does the tradition. (Later that evening Bill Owens harvested a fine mature doe with his new bow, won at the TBM banquet. Eight TBM members helped to successfully track it Sunday morning when Bill had to call off his search Saturday night due to failing light. That's the meaning of TBM!)

The Ford lurched upon hitting the last pothole in the final stretch of the mountain road, jarring my thoughts back to the journey of returning home. As I caught up with the traffic on Interstate 68 headed east, I felt confident of one

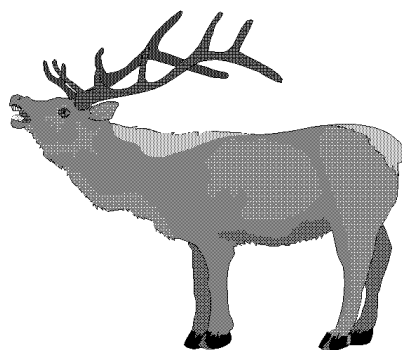
Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland

thing... if I'm lucky, you can look for me in Greenridge next year!



Editor's Note

Chris wasn't the only one to score at Greenridge. Fellow member Bill Owens (pictured at left) also harvested a nice doe Saturday morning. Congratulations to both on jobs well done!



Repairing Those Primitive Shafts

By F. Kirk Drier

The colors of the forest in October were beautiful, and with the clear blue sky, and light cool breeze, it made for a day of perfection. The first wooden missile hissed its way to its intended target, followed by several more, each one biting deep. The last arrow as a matter of fact struck with a loud "crack". "Oh, no," I groaned and glancing over at my shooting companion for the day, I yelled "Kate!" in mock anger. "You broke my nock." She merely grinned and said, "Yeah well you broke one of mine last time, and still haven't fixed it yet." Some of you probably know Kate as the diminutive archer and lady bowhunter seen at some of the TBM shoots and occasionally on the Assateague Island sika deer hunts. Both of us work at the Oregon Ridge Nature Center in Baltimore County. I teach a course on wooden bow making in January with Keith Harrison, a naturalist from the Irvine Natural Science Center and a spring course in April on classic, traditional arrow making. Hence the basis for this article, how do you fix a self-nocked arrow that has just had its entire side of the nock sheared off, or (worse case scenario) the whole thing obliterated by another arrow? In years past, I would ruefully look at the ruined arrow contemplating all the time that went into it, then I would promptly snap off the metal point for salvage and "chuck" the rest onto the forests litter layer. About five years ago, Dr. Errett Callahan (a primitive technologist and anthropologist in Lynchburg, VA) showed me how to repair such damaged arrows. As a matter of fact, I saw some of his arrows which were "destroyed", and yet somehow he had managed to glue and splice them back to shootable condition. In other words, "I believe in the healing power of sinew and hide glue."

My favorite repair materials tend to be sinew; saved from the back

straps of deer I've taken. Once dried, it lasts for years, and I store mine in cloth sacks, tied shut to protect them from dermestid beetles which eat them. (Do not freeze it, as it can and will suffer freezer burn.) In lieu of back strap sinew, remove the tendons from the back legs, or the front legs for that matter. I prefer the back strap sinew because it's longer and easier to separate the various component fibers. See John McPherson's indispensable little booklet "From Field to Freezer", Prairie Wolf Press, to learn about sinew removal. Hide glue can be obtained at almost any supermarket in the form of Knox unflavored gelatin which is made from pig bones and skin. (See the Traditional Bowyers Bible, Vol I, chapter 8 on glue by Tim Baker, Bois d' Arc Press, for some excellent statistics on glue strength and manufacture.)

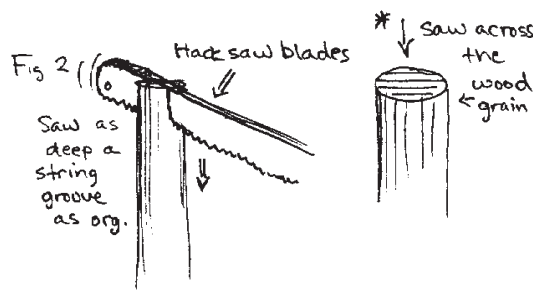
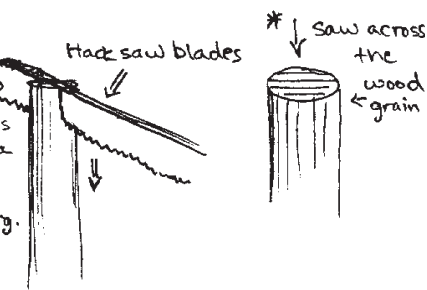
So lets begin by gathering some basic tools. I use a hack saw, a ruler, my work bench vise, a small thumb sized plane, 220 sandpaper, a master mechanic's 6"x 1/8" round file, an arrow shaft dowel of the same material as the broken nock, hide glue, sinew, double boiler (tuna can in a pot of boiling water), fine toothed bastard file, and three hacksaw blades taped together at opposite ends (so that you have room to saw) to hold them together.

One of the first things I do is to pull one of the arrows from the batch, which the damaged one came from. This one will act as a model for the repair. Additionally, put several sinew fibers in lukewarm water to soak and rehydrate. Pour a package of hide glue into your tuna can, pour water on top of the glue to just barely cover it, and set the can floating on boiling water in a pot to melt.

All of my self-nocked arrows

have some slight variation, and I try to match them as closely as possible; but I don't strive for absolute perfection (too much work for me). I take the arrow shaft dowel and basically make an entire new self-nock as if I am manufacturing a new arrow. If my nock is a tapered nock, using the plane I lightly taper

the end of the dowel to match the diameter of the original arrow. (See Fig. 1) That done, I lightly sand away the plane marks (grooves cut into the wood). Clamp the arrow dowel into your vise. (Fig.2) Incidentally, your vise should have something in the jaws to protect the wood shaft from deformation (like a leather pad). Next, using the 3 hacksaw



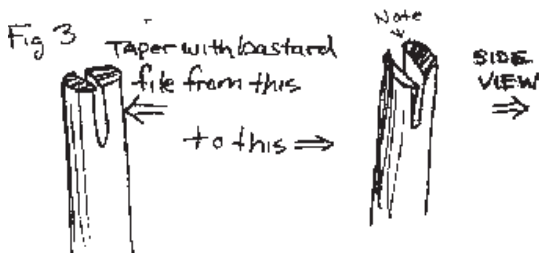
blades, I saw down into the shaft being careful to saw across the grain of the wood. (Fig 2) Saw as deep as the string groove on the original.

With that finished, I take the bastard file and angle the tips of the nock inward. (Fig 3) I then remove the dowel from the vise and using the 6"x 1/8" round file I file the string groove smooth on each side rounding the in-

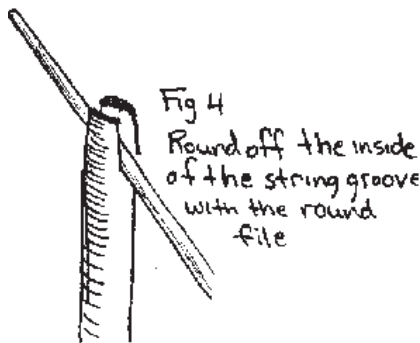
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sides of the nock where the string (Fig. 4) will rest so there are no sharp edges. Take the 220 sandpaper, fold it in half

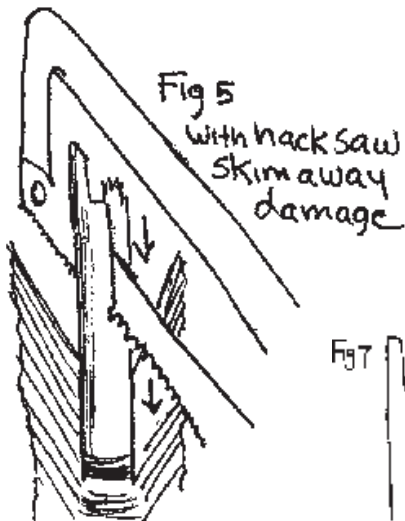


and then pull it lightly through the nock like you were pulling floss through a



tooth notch. This also mildly rounds off any potential sharp edges on the sides.

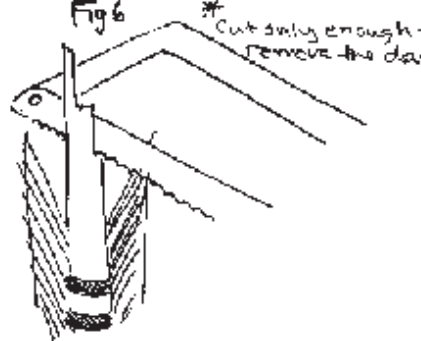
Now take your newly created nock and lay it alongside one of the arrows from the original dozen to see how it compares. It should be pretty close. Make any necessary adjustments. Make sure that the vise you are using has leather in the vise jaws to protect the arrow. Pick up the arrow with the



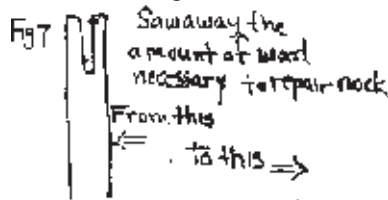
Traditional Bowhunters of Maryland broken nock and gently clamp it in the vise (feathers and all). Too tight and you crush feathers, too loose and the arrow slips. Using a hack saw (not the

taped together) make a cut down through the top, sawing straight down to cut away the damaged side of the nock. (Fig.5) Only cut away the damage. Do not try to cut the nock equally

down the middle! There are many different reasons for this, one of which is you can seriously weaken the other side if you stray too far. As my friend Keith Harrison once said after I showed him a self-nock repair, which had failed, "You can't expect a glue joint to hold on end grain." So only skim away the damage, leaving most of the wood intact from the original. Once your downward cut is at least 3/8ths of an inch below the damage, take the hacksaw and come in from the side and cut a notch into the shaft which (Fig 6) meets up with the bottom of the cut, which was made from the top. The piece of broken nock should

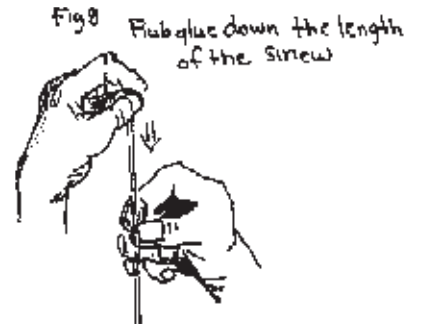


now fall away. Take the bastard file and carefully file away any splintered wood from both surfaces of the cuts, so that they are clean and smooth. This prepares them for the glue joint. Remove the arrow from the vise and lay it aside for a second. You now need to pick up the newly crafted nock/dowel and place it in the vise. (Fig 7), With



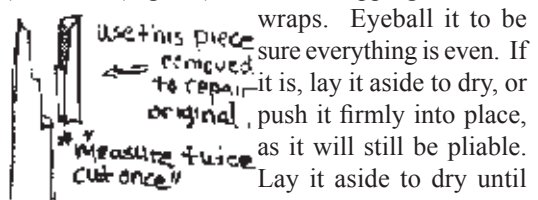
the hacksaw, cut the nock in 1/2 while eyeballing it to be sure that it equals or exceeds the amount of wood missing from the original arrow; measure and or (eyeball) this to be sure you are removing enough. You can always use the file and file away any excess. Be sure that the cut is deep enough. The piece removed will be glued to the original arrow nock we wish to repair.

Take the nock/dowel out of the vise and discard. Keep the small piece of wood sawed from it. Place the arrow needing repairs back into the vise, taking care not to crush the feathers as in the first time we did this. Place the nock repair wood onto the arrow needing the



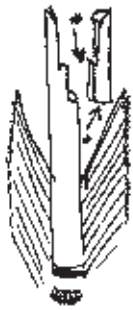
repairs to see if it matches perfectly. If it

doesn't, then use the file to adjust it till it does fit correctly. Have warm hide glue in the double boiler near you, as well as the now soaked and pliable sinew. Remove the sinew from water and squeeze excess water from its length. Dip the finger on your right hand into the warm (not hot) glue (Fig. 8). If it's too hot for your fingers, it is too hot for the sinew. With the sinew hanging from the index finger and thumb of your left hand, run the glue down the length of the sinew (Fig. 9). Lay sinew down for one second and pick up the piece of wood cut for the repairs. Dab a bit of glue on its cut surfaces and stick this against the arrow nock. Pick up the sinew and wrap the sinew around the (Fig. 10) shaft, overlapping the other wraps. Eyeball it to be sure everything is even. If it is, lay it aside to dry, or push it firmly into place, as it will still be pliable. Lay it aside to dry until



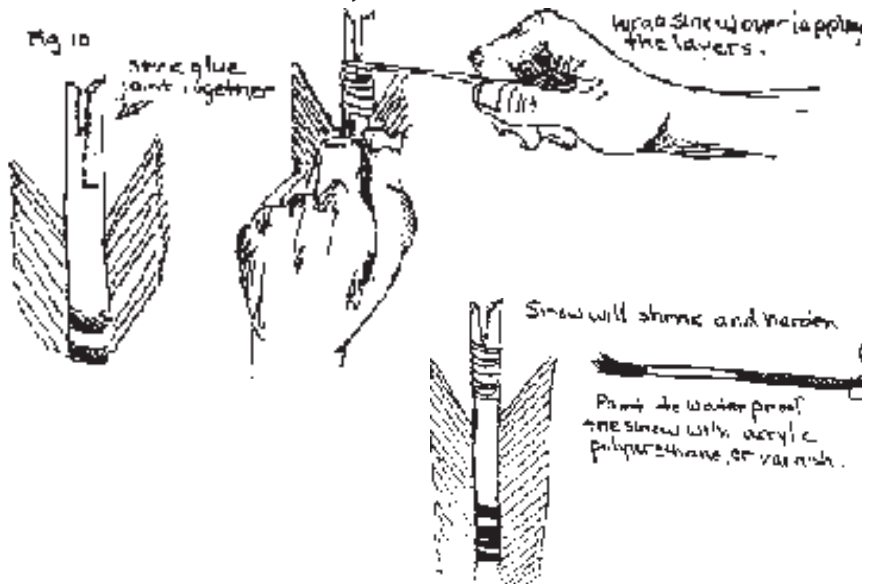
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the next day. Paint the finished nock re- pair with varnish, polyurethane, or acrylic. You may now (after it dries again) place your arrow back in where it truly belongs, your quiver.



And now it's off to the target butts once

again!



The Royal Flush

by Mike Wheeler

In the fall of 1994 I finally had convinced myself to try and take a turkey with my longbow. Even though I have always wanted to try, my confidence with a bow was lacking. I have been pursuing these magnificent birds for years and even though I had taken close to thirty birds with a shotgun in three different states I have gained respect for their eyes, hearing, and overall survival instincts. It seems that more often than not the wild turkey has a way of down right humbling even the best of hunters. I also realized that it would take the perfect set up since blinds were illegal.

I was hunting on a piece of property in northwest Pennsylvania just outside the small town of Slippery Rock. While hunting whitetails that fall I was consistently seeing a small flock of about 17 birds. Having seen these birds so many times and just the mere fact that I hadn't run into another hunter all fall was enough to convince me it was now or never. My plan would be to bowhunt for whitetails in a small stand of oaks the night before turkey season opened. The birds normally roosted nearby and hopefully on the way out from my stand that evening I would be able to scat-

ter the flock for a morning hunt. As I climbed down out of my treestand and made my way through the oaks it looked as if the birds might have not roosted in their usual spot when all of a sudden the trees exploded. Turkeys were flying in every direction as I strained to see in the fading light. I noticed one bird in particular glide across the cornfield into a small woods. I knew the area well and decided I could slip into that woods before light and set up without making too much noise. Turkey hunting has always made me excited and that night I tossed and turned as I tried to picture that cedar arrow disappearing into the side of a nice fall bird.

I was up, dressed, and on my way before the alarm even had a chance to sound off. Slipping into the woods before light I was able to locate a big stump and fallen log to set up behind. As the morning sky began to show light I gave a couple of soft yelps on my diaphragm. Immediately I heard a response from a bird roosting nearby. It wasn't long until I heard the sound of wings beating and knew the old hen was on the ground. I wasn't even through

with a series of lost hen calls when the clucking became louder as the hen made her way in my direction.

My fingers tightened on the string as I caught my first glimpse of the bird coming straight at me. This presented a problem because I was unable to draw as the bird walked to within 5 yards of me. Fortunately, she did not spot me and started to walk off. I was able to draw and shoot when the hen was about 15 yards away and my heart sank as I watched my arrow sail between her legs. There was no doubt that I had failed to pick a spot as the bird took flight and sailed back across the cornfield to where she had come from the evening before.

At that point, there was nothing to lose except to head in the that direction. Hopefully, I would be able to still call in one of the other birds that still hadn't joined back up with the flock. As I made my way along the corn I could hear sounds of clucking, yelping, and an occasional kee-kee run. Stepping out of the corn and into a small stand of hardwoods I was able to catch a glimpse of about a dozen birds entering a golden rod field that was about waist high. Looking across the field I could tell where the birds were by watching the tops of the weeds move.

That was when it hit me, if I could shoot pheasants out of the air I might

Schedule of Events

Jan. 16.2000 Winter Meeting and Shoot, at Baltimore Bowmen on Harford Rd.
in Baltimore. Range will open at 9:00 a.m. and remained
open after the noon meeting. This meeting will see the induction of
our new officers as well as the judging of the T-Shirt contest entries.
Directions: take Balto. Beltway (Rt. 695) to Exit 31 North.
This puts you on Harford Rd. (Rt. 147) travel about 2 miles and
Baltimore Bowmen's Range will be on your right (watch for the
orange sign).

Jan. 22. 2000 Annual TBM Assateague Sika Hunt, see pg. 7 of this issue for full details.

Feb. 19, 2000 Annual TBM/Schrader's Pheasant Hunt and Pig Roast, see pg. 15 of this issue for full details.

March 11, 2000 Annual TBM Banquet to be held at Fort Meade Officer's Club in Anne Arundel Co.. Guest speaker will be outfitter Jake Powell. Also refer to add on pg. 20 this issue.

May 19-21, 2000..... 9th Annual Mid-Atlantic Classic held again at Baltimore Bowmen's Range in Baltimore. **Reminder:** Volunteers will be needed so why not contact MATC coordinator, Bill Skinner, now.

Note: As of this writing no dates or arrangements have been made for the **Nutria**

Don't Forget Membership Renewal is Due
Before Jan. 31, 2000