

FLIGHT

(200-220)



VIRGINIA BOWHUNTERS

THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE VIRGINIA BOWHUNTERS ASSOCIATION

FLIGHT NO. 4

JULY/AUGUST 1989

VOLUME 31



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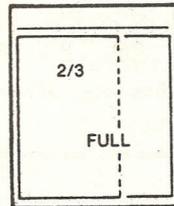
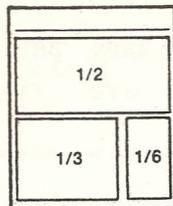
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Flight Deadline

The deadline for the Sept-Oct. issue of FLIGHT will be Sept. 24, 1989. Submit your articles of interest to the editor prior to that date. I encourage readers to send in letters to the editor. Remember, this is your newsletter.

Augusta Archers Host VBA State Closed Championship at the Augusta Archers Range, Staunton, Va. September 2 & 3, 1989

Registration:

Pre-registration by mail must be postmarked by August 26th.

Friday night, Sept. 1st, 6 pm to 9 pm.

Saturday, Sept. 2nd, 8 am to 9 am.

Registration Fees:

\$15.00 each, \$30.00 per family.

Rounds:

Saturday Sept. 2nd, 1st Round 10:30 am.

Sunday Sept. 3rd, 2nd Round 9:00 am.

Contact Person:

Ron Neville
1411 Armstrong Ave.
Staunton, Va. 24401
703-885-5648

Limited on range camping available, no hook-ups, porta-johns available. Water and showers available in club house.

Other camp sites available: Reservations should be made in advance.

Shenandoah Acres Resort 703-337-1911
Shenandoah KOA 703-248-2746
Walnut Hills 703-337-3920

Things to see and do:

- American Frontier Cultural Museum
- Shenandoah Outlet Mall
- Woodrow Wilson Birthplace
- Blue Ridge Parkway
- Gypsy Hill Park
- Shenandoah Acres
- Statler Brothers Museum

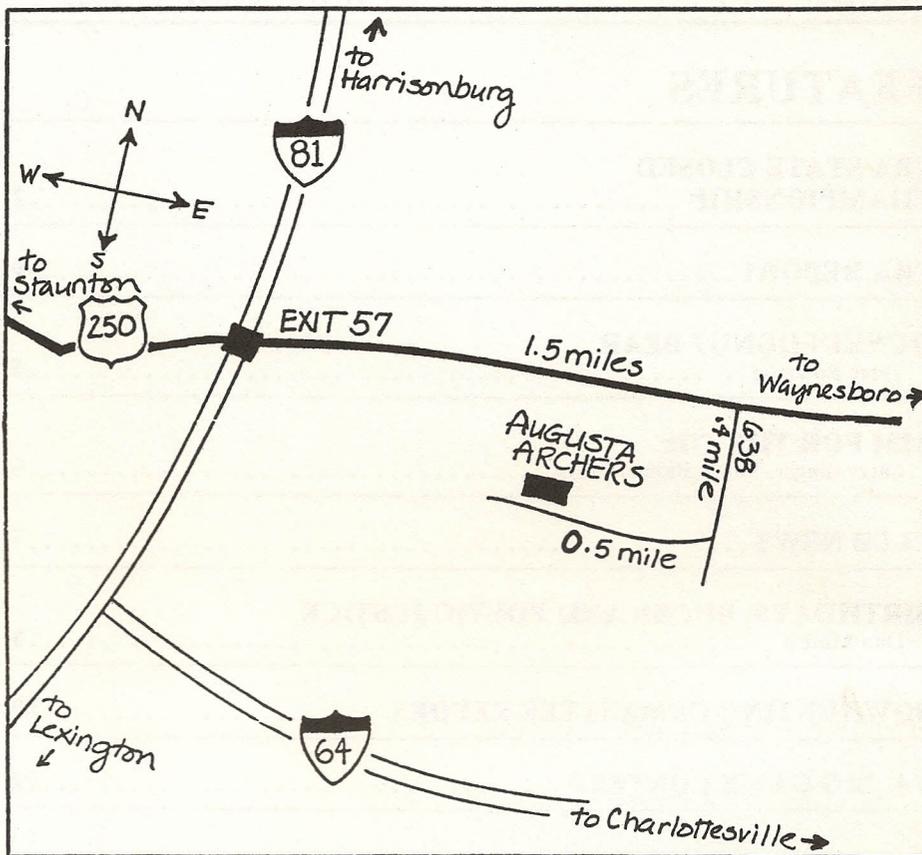
Hotel Prices for the State Open

Comfort Inn 1-703-886-5000
1—person: \$41.95
2—people: \$46.95
Extra person: \$8.00
10% discount—ask for Mary Snead.

Shoney's 1-800-222-2222
1-2—people: \$37.00
3—people: \$41.00
4—people: \$45.00

Identify yourself as a competitor in the State Archery Championship.

Econo Lodge 1-703-885-5158
1—person: \$25.00
Extra person: \$5.00 each
Identify yourself as a competitor in the State Archery Championship.



VBA State Close Pre-Registration

Single \$15.00 Family \$30.00 Unlimited-Release Yes No

Name: _____ Adult Young Adult Youth Cub

Address: _____ Birthdate if Young Adult, Youth or Cub

Club: _____ Mo Day Year

VBA No. _____

Soc. Sec. No. _____

Division Circle One
FS FSL BH BB BHFS BHFSL

Limited-Finger Shooter Yes No

Send Pre-Registration form to:
Ronald L. Lotts
Rt. 1, Box 159
Fishersville, VA 22939

VBA REPORT

Correspondence to and from VBA President:

April 13, 1989

Mr. Robert W. Boardwine,
District Ranger
New Castle Ranger District
P.O. Box 246
New Castle, VA 24127

April 17, 1989

Dear Friends:

Because of your strong interest in the Wallop-Breaux Sport Fish Restoration Program, I wanted to make sure that you were aware of the changes that I have just made to the Reagan Administration Budget for 1990.

On March 7th, I directed the Office of Management and Budget, in its current consultations with the Congress on the Fiscal Year 1990 Budget, to take the position that there should be no cap on the vital sport-fish restoration program of the Wallop-Breaux Trust Fund. I have long been an active supporter of the Wallop-Breaux program and my position is clear. These funds should be used for the purposes intended: to develop and restore our fish habitats and fishing environments. The step that I have just taken will ensure that this policy is carried out.

Your expression of concern, along with many like yours, is greatly appreciated. It was instrumental in getting this policy brought to my attention. Sincerely,

President George Bush

Dear Mr. Boardwine:

This refers to the All Terrain Vehicle trails that are being considered for the Patterson Creek area of Botetourt County.

At a recent meeting of the Virginia Bowhunters Association, which consists of some 1,600 plus members, the matter of ATV trails on National Forest property was discussed. While we did not have the benefit of any written material at our meeting concerning these trails, we did have advice from several members who were somewhat familiar with the subject. Many of our members hunt with bow and arrow on Patterson Creek and they expressed concern about ATV's being in the area during the early archery season. Concern was also expressed about what effect ATV's might have on the various forms of wildlife insofar as nesting, mating, feeding, etc. are concerned in an area considered to have a higher than average density of wildlife. It was generally felt that there are certain sections of the Jefferson National Forest that do not have the concentration of game as this area because of a

lack of food, cover, etc., and that if ATV trails are established in the Forest, areas with a lighter density of wildlife should be chosen.

More important than the above, our Association is concerned that the Forest will be misused and abused. The establishment of ATV trails would set a precedent that would be hard to overcome or ignore if, for example, dirt bike riders wished to use these trails or asked that special trails be established for them. Also, how about other recreational vehicles such as jeeps, etc.?

It may appear that our members are prejudiced against ATV's. This is not necessarily the case as some of our members are ATV owners. Their feeling is, however, that the riding of such vehicles should take place on private property or in locations already established for such purpose.

The members of Virginia Bowhunters Association are, at the present time, opposed to establishing trails on public land for the use of All Terrain Vehicles.

We would be interested in your comments in connection with this matter. Sincerely,

Clinton Western, President
Virginia Bowhunters Association

Virginia Bowhunters Association Receipts & Expenses For Fiscal Year June 18, 1988 - June 12, 1989

Receipts (Corresponding Secretary's Report)	\$39,234.99	Corresponding Secretary Salary	3,117.76
Interest on Checking	214.32	Federal Withholding Tax	975.08
		State Withholding Tax	164.33
Total Receipts (June 18, 1988 - June 12, 1989)	\$39,449.32	Corresponding Secretary Petty Cash	1,750.33
Expenses		Field V.P. Petty Cash	64.32
Officers Travel Expenses	\$ 3,758.42	Printing Expenses	3,456.21
NFAA		Bank Service Charges	198.05
Membership Dues	\$13,194.00	Office Equipment	402.63
Charter Fees	180.00	VA Hunter Show	250.00
Affiliation Fees	30.00	Office Supplies	66.84
Constitution & Bylaws	118.12	Postage	44.85
Insurance	250.00	Raffle Prizes	497.03
20-Pins	452.85	State Corp. Fee	25.00
Patches	304.00	VA Wildlife Federation	
	14,428.97	(Membership Renewal)	400.00
Awards		Refund on State Indoor	15.50
State Trophies	3,165.13	Total Expenses - June 17, 1988 - June 12, 1989	\$34,122.11
VBA Pins	947.16		
Bill Bennett (Plaques)	234.50	Net Profit For Year	5,327.20
	4,346.79		

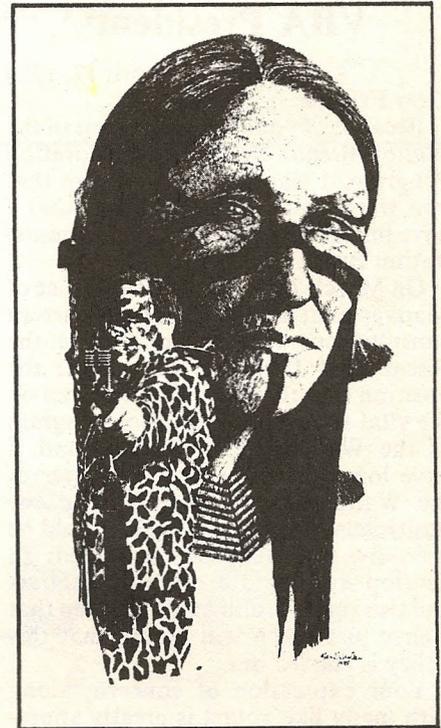
C.D. Miller, Treasurer

Virginia Bowhunters Association Budget Proposal 1989-1990

Receipts:		
Membership Dues		\$16,500.00
Flight Advertising		250.00
VBA Charter Fees		270.00
Patches & Decals		100.00
VBA Pin Sales		1,300.00
Shooters Fees		480.00
20-Pins		840.00
1/2 Registration from State Shoots		3,400.00
VBA Hats		<u>150.00</u>
	Receipts -	\$23,290.00
Expenses:		
Officers Travel Expenses		\$ 4,500.00
Insurance		250.00
Administrative Expenses		
Cor. Secy. Petty Cash	\$1,800.00	
Field V.P. Petty Cash	100.00	
Office Equip. Repair	560.00	
Office & Computer Supplies	<u>400.00</u>	
		2,860.00
Corresponding Secretary's Salary		
Salary	3,200.00	
Fed. Tax & FICA	1,000.00	
State Tax	<u>180.00</u>	
		4,380.00
Trophies & Awards		
VBA pins	2,000.00	
Trophies For State Shoots	3,900.00	
Patches & Decals	300.00	
20-Pins	<u>500.00</u>	
		6,700.00
Flight & VBA Printing		3,500.00
VA Wildlife Fed. (Membership)		400.00
VA Hunter Show		250.00
Bank Service Charges		200.00
Camp Fantastic		<u>250.00</u>
	Expenses -	\$23,290.00

C.D. Miller, Treas.

V.B.A. Bowhunter Prints



For ordering prints or information contact:

Ken Schuler
Rt. 1, Box 232
Linville, VA 22834
(703) 833-2714

Mel's Pro Shop

8008 James Russell Drive
Manassas, Va. 22111

"If I ain't got it, I'll get it"

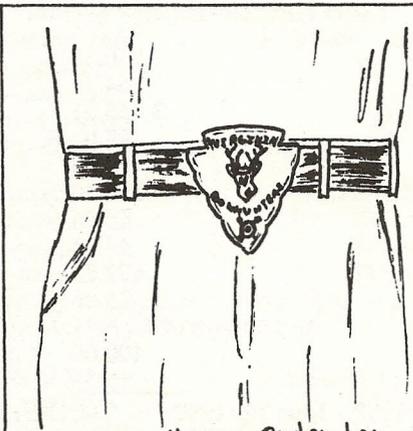
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Rt 3 Box 364
Smithfield, Virginia 23430

Dunkin Donut Bear

by Terry Bowman

Suddenly I heard a crash off to the left of my tree stand, approximately 40 yards away. Certainly no bear would make that much noise. It must be a moose! Then the crunch, crunch, crunch started getting closer. Thirty-five yards and then thirty. My vision was still blocked by the heavy underbrush next to the swamp. Then I heard a loud belch. Could this possibly be the bear I was looking for? Or was it Smitty with a bad case of indigestion?

It had been over a year ago since we first started planning our Spring bear hunt in Canada. Randy Armentrout, Mark Michael, Bob Smith and myself are all dedicated bowhunters. We love the sport but have never ventured far looking for game. Only one of us, Randy, had ever killed a bear and that was just last year.

Our neighbor and good friend Dave Proctor contacted Rod Hilligas in Johnstown, PA, who in turn set up our bear hunt with Glen Geist in Gogama, Canada. Glen is an outfielder who controls 52 square miles of excellent hunting just outside of Gogama. He runs a motel, service station, and restaurant, and caters mostly to bowhunters.

The spring bear season starts in early May and lasts for five weeks. Baiting is permitted and Glen started the season with over one ton of stale donuts and pastries he had collected over the past year. That's what he used in his fifteen baited sites.

We left Virginia at 1:00 a.m., on June 2, 1989. It was a 17 hour trip in two vehicles stuffed with bows, portable tree stands, coolers, insect repellent, clothes and *lots of food* which our wives had graciously put together for us. Just 30 minutes before we left home, I killed a small copperhead snake on our back porch. My wife objected to me leaving her with the snakes but I reminded her it was only the second snake we've killed around the house in 17 years, so she shouldn't be alarmed.

We made good time until we got to Dubois, PA. At this time, the clutch fan went out of one of our pick-ups. After a two hour delay, we were on the road again. We spent that night in Sudbury, Canada, got a good nights sleep and were off to Gogama early the next morning.

We reached Gogama at 10:00 a.m. on June 3rd, checked in with Glen, our guide, and met two bowhunters who were just ending their hunt. One had killed a bear and the other had not seen anything all week.

After talking to our guide, we found out that five out of fifteen baits were hit the night before and of the ten bowhun-

ters visiting his camp this year, four had killed bear. Randy braggingly joked we were going to improve his success ratio.

We were taken out to our bait station at 2:30 p.m., that very first day we arrived there. I placed my portable tree stand only eight yards from a bucket of donuts. My bait had not been hit for a couple of days, but Rod thought it was due to be hit again! I was amazed how close I was to a major highway. After traveling through hundreds of miles of wilderness, here I am only 75 yards off the major highway.

By 3:15 p.m., I was settled in to my portable stand. Mosquitos and black flies were swarming me by the thousands but I was prepared. My pants legs and collar were tightly strapped down with duct tape. The wide brim hat I wore stretched the head net I was wearing out away from my face. I also had drenched my face and hands with muskcoil to keep them bug proof. I was ready when my dunkin donut bear arrived.

It was 9:15 p.m. when I heard the belch to my left. When I saw the four paws in the brush walking towards me, I realized it wasn't Smitty belching after all. It was my dunkin donut bear.

The bear moved slowly but constantly from my left to directly in front of me. At thirteen yards, he stood up on his hind legs and scratched his back on a nearby tree. It was then I realized how huge this bear was. My donut eating friend stood nearly seven feet tall. Realizing all of his vitals were vulnerable to me, I slowly drew my PSE Fire Flight to its maximum, when suddenly a red squirrel started chattering not five feet from my head. The big bruin dropped down on all fours before I could release my arrow. It seemed like hours until he moved out from behind the brush. Then he stopped behind the brush again and was looking at the base of the tree I was in. My knees were knocking and I still had my bow fully drawn. Could I possibly hold it back any longer? The bear moved closer to me. Finally, he stopped at eight yards and slightly facing me. I knew the angle wasn't the best, but I felt it was time to release my arrow or he was going to be gone.

My 31" XX75 went home behind the shoulder. He whirled and ran out of sight not making any other noises. I knew he left carrying my arrow with $\frac{3}{4}$ penetration. I waited until 9:45 p.m. to come out of my tree stand. At that time, it was getting dark enough to come out of the woods with the flashlight on.

I was kicking myself all the way back to camp. Why didn't I wait for a clear broadside shot? After 30 years of bowhunting, I should have known better.

Arriving at camp, Randy tells us about the bear he hit. He shot through a bear at

20 yards and was sure it layed only 50 yards from his stand. I then told everyone about my seven footer and I could see the disbelief in the eyes of the guide and my hunting partners. No one believed there was a seven footer in the area.

We retrieved Randy's nice 130 lb. female that night, but Rod thought it best to wait and trail mine in the morning. No one had any desire to trail the big bruin in the dark.

Needless to say, I didn't sleep that night. We were up at 7:00 a.m. and on the trail of my bear by 8:30 a.m. Very little blood was found, but Rod and Glen put on one of the best trailing exhibitions my hunting partners and I have ever seen. Since it was a heavy bear, it left marks through the woods which a smaller bear wouldn't have left behind. Such things as turned over leaves, snapped twigs, tracks in mud, and grass smashed down by the bruin helped us find him 200 yards from where I shot him.

Joy and relief swept through me as our hand shakes turned into hugs. It was a very emotional time for me. Who could have imagined my first bear would be killed on the first day of a six day Canadian hunt, weigh 346 lbs., and could possibly score in the *Pope and Young* records. Glen and Rod agreed this bear would have weighed 450 lbs. in the fall.

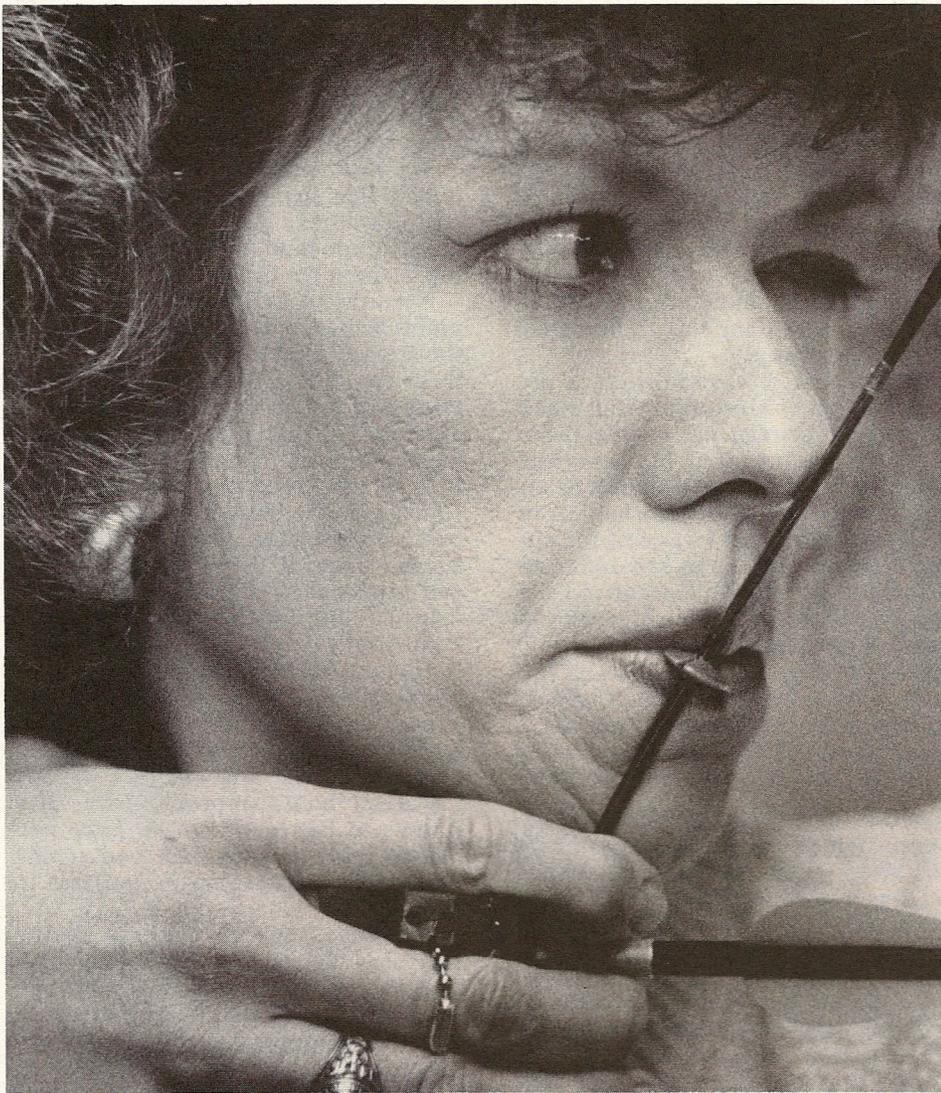
We decided to pole the bear out the necessary 300 yards to the road. This sounds easy, but carrying a bear through a mucky swamp and fighting off *Pope and Young* mosquitos is definitely not my idea of a good time. Once I even found myself laying on my back with the bear on top of me. Fortunately, we had plenty of good help.

Since Randy and I killed bear on the first day of our hunt, we had five days to fish, eat, sleep, play cards, and tell tall stories. The four of us caught nine Northern Pike from 21" - 24" in length.

Mark and Bob each saw bear but couldn't get the real good shot they wanted. The four of us saw a total of seven bear in six days of hunting.

We packed up and left the Vagabond Motel in Gogama on June 9th. Several friends were made and many fond memories will never be forgotten. My thanks to Rod Hilligas and Glen Geist for making this hunt so successful. We are hoping to come back again next year and try again for another one of those *Dunkin Donut Bears*.





Archer Aims for the Top

by Larry Singer

Debi Barker has set her sights on becoming the best woman archer in the United States.

By the end of 1989, she may just reach that goal.

Debi, a resident of Shenandoah, has won the Virginia State Archery Championship two years in a row and won the Mid-Atlantic Regional Indoor Championship, which includes competitors from Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, New York, Connecticut and the District of Columbia, in 1988.

This year, in addition to defending her regional championship, she will compete, for the first time in her career, in the national championships at Watkins Glen, N.Y.

That Debi should be a serious contender for some sort of national title is not surprising.

"We've always been competing in something. Before we got into archery

we were shooting skeet," said Jim Barker, her husband and coach.

Although she enjoyed blasting fast-moving clay pigeons out of the sky, it wasn't until she fired her first arrow at a stationary target four years ago that she felt she found her niche.

Had it not been for her husband's love of bow hunting, she might never have made that discovery.

Jim, who was recovering from knee surgery, once practiced with his hunting bow in the back yard nearly every day; and would then go hunting with a close circle of friends at the edge of a nearby wooded area.

"I got tired of Jim taking off, going bow hunting and leaving me behind all the time," Debi said.

"So Jim bought me a little Fork Lightning compound bow and put me out in the back yard, ten yards from the target. He put some sights on it, put a tab in my hand and told me to draw it back.

"When I let my first arrow fly, both of my eyes were closed. I was terrified, but

somehow, I managed to hit the target. After that, I thought it was a lot of fun."

After that first arrow, it didn't take Debi's archery abilities long to catch up with and surpass her local male counterparts. Soon Debi was consistently hitting the bull's-eye at distances from to 40 yards.

"It only took Debi a couple of weeks before she was consistently outshooting me and my hunting buddies," Jim said.

"It didn't take long to see that when it came to archery, she was a natural."

"That's what he tells me, but I don't know if I am or not," Debi confessed.

The reason for her persistent lack of confidence, despite her collection of trophies, is a lack of competition from her own gender. As she did in the beginning of her archery career, she is forced to compare her score to those of men.

"When it comes to archery, I don't think that I'm that good at it, but I've had quite a few men tell me that I'm extremely good at it. In this area there aren't very many women shooters and there are very few women who shoot the same style as I do."

The style that Debi shoots is called freestyle limited, which means she shoots with a scope and uses her fingers to pull back and release each arrow.

For the past three years, Debi used a style called bowhunter freestyle limited. Instead of a scope, she sighted in on her target using one of five pins.

Debi expects the change in style to boost her scores and her marketability in the eyes of the manufacturers of archery equipment who might wish to gain her endorsement for their products.

Last year, her top score was 292 out of a possible 300 points. This year she has shot 296 in practice.

Although it is early in the archery season, Debi has already shot 293 at one tournament.

"When I can shoot 299s and 300s consistently, then I'll have more confidence in my abilities," Debi admitted.

The battle that Debi now finds herself fighting most frequently is one with herself instead of her competition.

"The practicing is the easy part, but when I step up to the line in competition and they tell me that the next five arrows count, that's a whole different ballgame," Debi said.

For Debi, the efforts required to gather the concentration needed to hit a target dead center 60 times, at distances between 20 and 80 yards, is divided into three separate but unified stages.

The first stage is the ability to mentally blank out and ignore the competition standing on either side of her as she shoots.

The second stage is what she refers to as "getting her style together," or estab-

Continued on Page 9

CLUB NEWS

Sherwood Archery Club

Sherwood Archery Club, Roanoke, Virginia, has recently started to have 3-D Animal Shoots for those Archers, who primarily like to Bowhunt. These shoots are based on a 20 target course that has been specifically laid out to present to the Bowhunter, the actual types of hunting circumstances that are encountered in the field. The distances are unmarked and the archer must shoot from designated markers at each target, which is a 3-Dimensional animal that looks like the real thing! Distances that are shot range from 10 yards up to 50 yards. No shot is impossible to make, however, most shots have to be studied to see the most appropriate position.

We, at Sherwood Archery Club, would like to invite your members to participate in our shoots this summer and early fall. Listed below are the dates for the remaining shoots. If there are any questions, please don't hesitate to call myself, Rick Mowles, 703-774-9587, or Keith Martin, 703-774-9008.

August 12, 10:00 AM-1:00 PM,
Registration

September 9, 10:00 AM-1:00 PM,
Registration

September 23-24, Bowhunter's Clinic

October 1, 10:00 AM-1:00 PM,
Registration

Look forward to seeing you on the Range this summer. Thank you and have a nice day!

Two Rivers Archery Club Front Royal, Virginia

Two Rivers Archery Club has opened it's new range! The Club has finally been successful in purchasing a tract of land for a more permanent home. With much work by many members from our club and other supporters, we were able to hold our annual at our new home. Although we only had 14 targets installed, everyone seemed to enjoy the range. We wish to thank everyone who attended for their support. With good weather and support, we hope to have the second 14 targets and improved parking ready for our July Pin Shoot.

The new range is located 3 miles north-east of Front Royal at the intersection of Happy Creek and Dismal Hollow Roads. The range is almost entirely wooded and most targets offer level shooting. Hope to see you soon and good shooting!

Northern Virginia Archers Annual Deerslayer September 9 and 10 Casual and Multiple Registration

NORVA will host its annual Deerslayer tournament on September 9 and 10. All deer targets will be used. Registration will be taken on Saturday from 9 am till 1 pm and Sunday from 9 am till 1 pm. Awards will be given out at 3:00 P.M. (Sunday) All classes will be recognized and we will have an open class for the new shooters.

Food and drinks will be available. Door prizes will be awarded on Sunday, just before the awards. We will have of novelty shoot while the scores are being tabulated. If you need directions to our club, please feel free to call Jim Little (703) 590-6838.

NORVA will also host an official animal round on August 13, 1989.

1990 Important Dates

At the VBA September quarterly meeting, the scheduling session will be held on Saturday evening, September 23 beginning at 7 pm, for the purpose of VBA clubs to schedule their 1990 shoots. When planning your dates, be sure to consider the following dates.

VBA meetings

January 13-14

March 17-18

June 9-10

September 22-23

State Indoor (Kingsboro)

March 10-11

State Open (Bowhunters of Rockingham)

May 19-20

Mid-Atlantics (Hosted by

Black Knights, New Jersey)

June 23-24

State Closed (bids—Warwick,

Augusta, Sherwood)

September 1-2

Bowhunters Jamboree

September 15-16

East - Princess Anne

West - Sherwood

North - Shen. Co. Archers

April 15 is Easter Sunday and Mother's day is May 13.

Princess Anne Bowmen 5th Annual Tidewater Championships August 27

Princess Anne Bowmen is proud to host the 5th Annual Tidewater Championships to be held on August 27, 1989. Registration is closed at 9:30, shooting starts at 10:00.

VBA State Bowhunter Jamboree September 16 and 17

Princess Anne Bowmen is proud to host the VBA State Bowhunter Jamboree on September 16 and 17, 1989. We have had many years of experience hosting this tournament and feel we hold the best bowhunter shoot in the state. Come join us for fun shoots and competition.

20-Pin Winners May 15-June 18, 1989

Field

Tony Bird, Virginia Beach

Gary Blackwell, Pilot

John Graybill, Jr. Roanoke

Thomas C. Carpenter, Staunton

Lee Harlow, Mt. Solon

Hunter

James M. Mauk, Roanoke

Roberta Owens, Norton

John Graybill, Sr., Roanoke

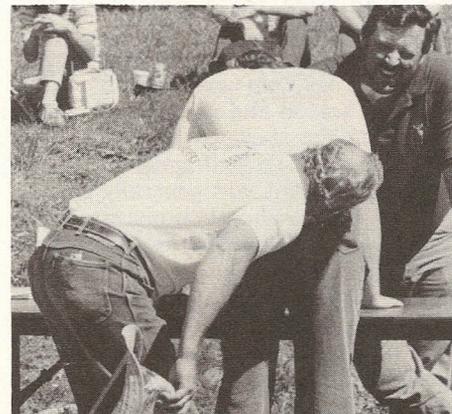
Tony Bird, Virginia Beach

Chad Waybright, Roanoke

Thomas C. Carpenter, Staunton

Gary Blackwell, Pilot

Russell A. Morris, Hurt



Joe McManus paying off his debt to Jim Barker at the 1989 VA State Open in Men's Barebow AA Division. Nobody was able to take a Nock off of Jim's new crested arrows during the tournament.

Birthdays, Bucks and Poetic Justice

by Dan Mathis

I hunt because I crave the adventure and nothing puts adventure in a suburban wood lot like a white-tailed deer.

I'm a Navy man, stationed in Virginia. Lately I've hunted in some fairly remote areas of the Virginia Blue Ridge Mountains. I also make the journey back to my rural home in Bradford County, Pa. when my schedule permits. These areas are what I think of as classic deer habitat. Both areas are reasonably remote and I always get the feeling of being on an adventure when hunting either place. A few years ago, I discovered a unique hunting area, on an airfield not 15 minutes from my suburban home. Let me tell you about one of my adventures there.

It was the Saturday after Thanksgiving, the day of my oldest daughter's sixth birthday party and the last day to hunt this particular piece of federal property. The birthday party was to start at 10:00 am. Hey guys, the heat was on: 3 days previous, I had been aboard a ship at sea for five weeks, returned home, took up my bow and headed for the woods. I did catch a bite with the clan on Turkey day, but not much else in the way of holiday festivities. I got soaked twice hunting in a steady drizzle. I had also hunted for two weeks prior to the at sea period without any luck and the year previous had failed to put venison in the freezer. The last words from the wife on this day were, "get a deer or be at the party!"

Well, for three days it had been raining off and on, though mostly on. The wind was nearly fierce and particularly fickle. That morning, the rain was off but the wind was definitely on. I arrived first, as is my habit, at the check-in station and stood in the night getting myself adjusted for a time until the warden arrived.

There were only a handful who hunted this area. They were never the same from season to season and normally changed even from the start to the finish. The warden had designated spots for us to check out to, but was generally liberal with veterans who demonstrated an amount of woodsmanship and reliability.

As I was preparing some gear on the tailgate of my truck in the darkness, Roger's truck rolled into the parking lot. Yes, that's right, and there is a significant paved thoroughfare immediately adjacent to it. Roger pulled up beside me and killed his engine and lights. I knew he would rummage around for a bit, so I continued my efforts. A minute or two passed as I strapped on my butt

pack and stuffed a couple of tree steps into their pouch. Roger emerged from his truck cab and moved to the back of his truck. I closed my tailgate and shell top as he opened his. We exchanged greetings as he poured a cup of coffee from his thermos. I proceeded to the cab of my truck and withdrew my bow from the passenger side floorboard. We hovered over his clipboard briefly. Roger sipped at his cup as a jeep entered the parking lot. We both glanced up at the familiar vehicle and I told Roger I would be across from "eight". He penned my name into the appropriate blank on his clipboard and grinned, "maybe the weather will break." I returned the grin and headed across the lot. We both knew the weather would last for another couple of days.

A total of four of us would hunt there that day, but I would not see even one of them.

I proceed down a dirt road, east for fifty yards over some railroad tracks and headed north. The way is pocked by mud holes and winds a bit, but I had been this way so many times that I had each variation memorized; walk to the right here, it's a little higher; stay in the center at another location to clear the deep ruts; and so on. The suburban glow cast just enough light to distinguish the contrasting lights and dark.

About a third of the way to my destination, I must head east again. There is also a street light at this point and it yields a harsh light about the shade of a pink grapefruit. I always keep the brim of my hat between this light and my eyes, just peering out ahead, in order to protect my night vision.

As I trucked along, the wind pushed the grass that stands on either side of the little trail this way and that and tugged at my hat from different odd angles. I naturally contemplated the odds of success this day and what time I needed to head back to make the party. I figured the odds were not what I had experienced at the other times and postponed the decision on when to quit. The hard road and obnoxious light approached near. My road took a fork to the east and I did likewise. The hard road rests on a raised bed about five feet in elevation. As I came within the circle of the lamp and headed east, I noticed motion on the other side of the raised street. To my right was a large stand of woods, to the left was the raised road and beyond that an open area. From this open area and on the road stepped a nice buck. The wind was blowing directly in my face and the buck proceeded across the street and down the bank and stopped broadside at about fifteen yards. The light clearly illuminated his antlers and I admit to experiencing a twinge of temptation. I generally figure on seeing about one buck for each three hours spent in the woods

and I grinned at the prospect of seeing that one buck before legal shooting light. He proceeded on and so did I, he ignorant to my presence and me contemplating abstracts like poetic justice and probably feeling a little smug.

I slogged along with a couple of breaks along the way. It was about a forty-five minute walk to my stand, with the last fifteen a stalk through thick honeysuckle. I arrived in good shape and got situated quietly. I sat in the darkness and thought of everything tree standers think under these circumstances. There was still maybe thirty minutes before first light when the wind began to steady up on my face. Being an optimist, I viewed this as good luck, especially since I faced the direction I expected to see deer. Hey, I've done this before and in fact at this location, I had an alternate stand location set up to take into account the wind. Normally, the wind shifts to my disadvantage shortly after I make my stand selection, so it was only natural to view this development as good fortune.

While I waited for shooting light, I wrestled with the problem of quitting time and my daughter's party. Forty-five minutes to the truck, fifteen to drive to the house and fifteen to get cleaned up. I would leave at 8:30.

I noticed that, as it started to become dawn, the wind subsided a bit and the rain began again. Not a down pour nor a drizzle, but a good steady rain. The temperature was relatively cool and I was wearing several layers of wool. I rationalized that by 8:30 I would be ready to quit. With shooting light came the usual assortment of suburban wildlife, but no deer. No airplanes either and I blessed the weather for the relative solitude. The ceiling was low and I watched as it hurried along not much above the tree tops. About 8:10 the rain turned into a drizzle. I was soaked, but not yet miserable.

It was actually a pretty fair day, as I recall it now. Not much in the way of game, but it can be fun to observe the weather. The woods are affected by it if you look. Everything is more subdued in rainy weather. Both color and sound are affected by weather in this way. All of the trees and plants were bent and tossed by the wind and rain. It appeared that they were so fatigued by the prolonged dreary weather.

So at 8:30, I told myself, "just five more minutes."

At 8:35, I stalled some more. Just about then, I perceived movement in some thick pines to my left. Right away I could see it was a buck and he was headed my way. I took a quick glance to verify my bow was ready. The deer

Continued on Page 9

Birthdays con't

stepped into an opening and here we go: as I estimate distance and shot placement, tunnel vision began to close in. The bow was in front of me and pin selection was made almost without thought. The range was ten yards or less and when I released, the placement appeared about ideal. As the buck fled into the brush, I could just see some fletch high on his right shoulder. From 17 feet up and only ten yards away, that would put the exit wound just about right. I launched a follow-up arrow to mark the point of impact, then settled into my seat to collect my senses. I peeled my tongue from the roof of my mouth and blinked a few times to regain some peripheral vision. My breath came in deep draughts as my heart resumed its normal business.

I have been advised not to bowhunt in rainy weather because the blood trails are so tough. I hunt when I can and if it is raining, I become that much more selective about shot placement.

Even still, I was anxious as I lowered the bow to the ground. I had heard a loud cracking sound as he disappeared and guessed it to be the sound of the arrow breaking.

I had my follow-up arrow at the point where he stood at the time of the shot and I figured the broken arrow would be easy enough to find. After that, I was uncertain.

I found very little blood between the beginning of the trail and the broken arrow, but a deer making a getaway in panic leaves plenty enough other sign. The buck had fled straight away and then veered sharply to the left between two saplings. This was where the arrow sheered and there was blood sign here. He crossed a faint logging road and on the other side, two trails forked into some thick pine and low holly. I could not stand upright. No sign after 30 yards so I doubled back. The right fork was thicker yet and still no sign. I went back to the last blood sign and looked around some more. I could trace sign as hoof prints and bent blades of grass out to the faint logging road. It had to have been a hard turn at this point, so I backed off a bit and walked along the old road's edge on the near side. This road had grown over with grass and honeysuckle some time ago with growth as high as three feet in places. After about ten yards, I detected something odd about the shrubbery in the road. I stepped carefully up to the spot and studied it closely. There appeared to be a part in the grass that was not natural. As I carefully opened the part to see the ground beneath. I was thrilled to see a splayed hoof print! A few more steps and I found some blood spattered on a large broad leaf. I'm no botanist, but I'd bet that plant was one

of those Catcher plants. You know, the kind that catches blood sign for the hapless. Now I moved with a little more urgency and in a matter of yards came to another road that ran north south at right angles to the faint road I had been on. I crouched down and peered into the dense brush directly ahead of me. Like a golfer lining up a putt, I studied for some minutes; not a hint. I shifted to try a different angle; still nothing. I stepped up to the edge of the brush and studied. Dark clouds overhead continued their interference. I backed off and decided to check up and down the road a distance, just in case he veered off again. Immediately to the north was a small, brush choked rill. I turned left and crossed it peering to my right into the tangle. I moved along slowly and tried to look for something out of place. Just on the other side of the rill, I saw him lying in the brush, dead! I raised my bow over my head and allowed the tension to escape in a loud roar. On the Pope and Young scale, this one wasn't worth getting the tape out for, but he would be a hit with my wife and the challenge of taking a foul weather deer with a bow was exhilarating. I tagged and dressed him there and did not mind the rain the least. I drug the animal north to a spot I could reach with my pickup. Off I headed to the parking lot at a leisurely pace. I intended to savor the remainder of my time afield.

Roger was coming up the road just above where I had seen the street lamp buck. We talked for a while about the other hunters and the bad weather. I told him I was heading back for my truck to pick up some venison. He raised a brow and headed back to the parking lot with me. When we got the deer, he asked the obvious questions about range, tracking conditions and so forth. We hauled him the rest of the way to my truck and then a quick ride back to the parking lot. Roger is not a bowhunter and asks many questions, especially about the effectiveness of archery tackle. At his truck, he made some records and we swapped tags, according to state law. He took a few pictures and, as it was almost 10:30, I headed home.

I backed into the driveway and opened the garage door. The door to the house quickly opened and there were eight six-year-old girls looking at me quizzically. Behind them stood my wife, arms folded in front of her and brow furrowed in concern. "There better be a deer in that truck", was all she said. I turned to the tailgate and eight little observers huddled 'round. The gate dropped with a bang. The girls squealed and headed in opposite directions: some straight to the house, others closer to the truck. A big smile on my wife's face made it all about perfect as I slid the buck out of the bed

for a brief biology lesson. But priorities being what they are to a six-year-old girl, my pupils soon headed back to the birthday festivities.

Deer are a special part of my life. I have done some crazy things in the cause of hunting them. The rewards are many though. That rainy fall day had many aside from venison. The street lamp buck maybe chief among them. Tracking a deer in wet weather was a personal milestone. The look on my wife's face after I opened the truck up as well as the antics of all those wide-eyed little girls will stay with me awhile. Just sticking it out through three days of bad weather and over an important holiday, I supposed is worth something.

Like I said, I hunt because I crave the adventure.

Aims for the Top con't

lishing an unerring consistency in the way she stands, draws back her bow, concentrates on her target and releases the arrow.

Debi has established a precise and definite rhythm for every move she makes on the firing line. Her effectiveness in competition depends upon the consistent maintenance of that rhythm.

The third stage is the necessity of forgetting a badly shot arrow and not allowing a mistake to disrupt stages one and two.

"Most of the time she's really good at putting her mistakes behind her and not letting her mistake destroy her concentration," said Jim with more than a hint of pride in his wife of 15 years.

Although Jim is a competition shooter who has done well in numerous tournaments, he feels no jealousy over his wife's talents, but instead basks in the glow of her abilities and achievements.

When asked to share the secret of her success, Debi's first words of credit are aimed directly at her husband.

"The most important thing is being lucky enough to have a top-notch coach and Jim is a great coach. He's taught me most of what I've learned and know about archery.

"After that comes practice and patience. A lot of practice and a lot of patience."

In the final analysis, Debi's unwillingness to accept anything less than perfection has made her a champion.

"When I draw back the bow, I visualize the arrow being in the dot in the center of my target," she said.

"I'm always telling myself, that is where it has to go. I'm not happy if it goes anywhere else."

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BOWHUNTING COMMITTEE REPORT

Virginia Bowhunters Association Bowhunting Committee

The Bowhunting Committee is proceeding with plans to stage a Virginia Bowhunters Rendezvous in September of next year. We are seeking any help or support from Clubs or individuals within the VBA. The site for the event will be selected at the June VBA meeting.

The Bear Hunt Raffle was won by Brad Curl of Front Royal. Almost a thousand tickets were sold. We wish to thank those Clubs and fellow members who sold tickets. While I realize the short time period for selling tickets, I was disappointed that one third of the clubs that requested tickets returned them without selling any. If we are to be successful in staging the Rendezvous, we will need the support of all VBA clubs to raise money. I am hoping for a better effort with our next fund raiser.

The VBA Bowhunter Prints are still available from Ken Schuler. Cost is only \$30.00 with \$10.00 going to the VBA. There were only 300 prints made so supplies are limited.

Bill Bennett Big Game Application 1988-1989

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Stedman E. Ratcliffe, Rt. 1, Box 1081, Hardy, Va. 24101
Denny Maggard, Rt. 1, Box 120, Round Hill, Va. 22141
Ricky Dove, 1510 Meadowbrook Dr., Blacksburg, Va. 24060
David Proctor, Rt. 1, Box 358-B, Keezletown, Va. 22832
Ronald J. Shelton, 9163 Broken Oak Place, Burke, Va. 22015 (4)
Gary W. Blackwell, Rt. 1, Box 47, Pilot, Va. 24138
Gary W. Maggard, Rt. 1, Box 120, Round Hill, Va. 22141
Ronald J. Shelton, 9163 Broken Oak Place, Burke, Va. 22015
Joel J. Lukenhouse, 9916 Natlick Rd., Burke, Va. 22015
Ed D. Clowser, Jr., 90 Hilltop Rd., S.W., Roanoke, Va. 24014 (2)
Bo Beverly, Rt. 2, Box 262, Pound, Va. 24279

Guide Services

The Bowhunters Com. would like to congratulate John Stockman on his successful mountain lion hunt (see enclosed photo). John and Tom Kidwell used Boulder Creek Outfitters of Peck, Idaho. They were very pleased with their hunt and have booked a deer hunt for the upcoming season. Boulder Creek's phone number is (208) 486-6232.



William Ware of Virginia Beach has used Cove Creek Outfitters of Colesville, Va. for four years. They are located 20 miles south-west of Charlottesville, and offer fall bowhunts, spring gobbler, and smallmouth bass fishing on the James River. Bill rates them first class and friendly. Contact Donnie Mawyer (804) 295-6589 for more information.

Dennis Reed, 1572 B Statesman Rd., Ft. Belvoir, Va. 22060
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Percy Haraway, 554 Ingram St., Danville, Va. 24540
David E. White, 2600 N. Van Dorn St., Alexandria, Va. 22302 (2)
Joe Cloud, Rt. 2, Box 422A, Marshall, Va. 22115
Nick Taylor, Rt. 3, Box 115, Elkton, Va. 22827
Gregory O. White, 2910 Karen Dr., Chesapeake Beach, MD 20732
Walter James Kimble, Rt. 1, Box 116, Star Tannery, Va. 22654 (2)
Blair A. Peterson, 5703 Buckingham Palace Cr., Alexandria, Va. 22310
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Michael Lee Ware, Sr., P.O. Box 675, Jerry A. Williams, Rt. 522 South, Box 157, Front Royal, Va. 22630 (3)
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Jim Melton, 1047 Meadowlark Dr., Harrisonburg, Va. 22801
Tony Wittig, Rt. 2, Box 47 B, Broadway, Va. 22813 (2)
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Dan Lawrence, 507 Miles Ave., Hopewell, Va. 23860 (1 turkey)—(2)
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Charlie Parsons, P.O. Box 522, Wise, Va. 24293
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Michael C. Bernier, 8605 Lombardy Lane, Alexandria, Va. 22308
Willie Henry, 588 W. Strasburg Rd., Front Royal, Va. 22630
David P. Conrad, 5561 St. Charles Dr., Woodbridge, Va. 22193
Ralph Lawson, 1907 Radford Dr., Woodbridge, Va. 22191
Rim E. Murphy, 6492 King Louis Dr., #101, Alexandria, Va. 22312

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Bill Bennett Big Game Application 1988-1989 Cont.

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 James Durham, Rt. 30, Box 164, King William, Va. 23086

Notes

The Bowhunters Com. needs your input. Please send me any information on Guide Services, either good or not, and hunting equipment you have tried.
 Rob Pecora, Rt. 1 Box 512A, Hume, Va. 22639 (703) 364-2158. Thank you!



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1989
50th Annual
Virginia's Big Game Contest
Eastern — Western — Virginia State Championship
Virginia Big Game Citations

Whitetail Deer — Eastern, Western, and State Championships

Class I - 9 points & above
 Class II - 7 & 8 points
 Class III - 6 points & under
 Class IV - Archery

Black Bear — One class - Eastern, Western, & State Championships

Wild Turkey — One class - Eastern, Western, & State Championships

Virginia Big Game Citations. The Va. Dept. of Game will award Big Game Citation Awards for the following minimum scores:

Deer: 140, Bear: 20, Turkey: 50. Bear, deer, & turkey must be entered in the appropriate regional contest to be scored for the contest and the citation. Regional contest are the only location that entries can be scored for the contest and citations. Do not send or take entries to the Game Dept. in Richmond.

Entry Requirements: All entries must have been legally bagged in Virginia during the 1988-89 hunting season with a legally accepted sporting weapon. Game bagged east of the Blue Ridge must be entered in the Eastern Regional. Game bagged west of the Blue Ridge must be entered in the Western Regional Contest. Score determined by the Virginia scoring system using antler measurements for deer, skull measurements including lower jaw bone for bear. **Turkey - submit beard, legs with spurs attached, and weight certification tag. All entries must be accompanied by the Virginia Big Game Check Tag. Absolutely, no exceptions.**

Western Regional Contest - September 8 and 9, 1989. Entry deadline: noon, September 9, 1989. No exception. Location: Rockingham County Fairgrounds, Harrisonburg, Va., on U.S. 11, 1.6 miles south of exit 62 off I-81. For more info, call or write: Boyd E. Skelton, Executive Director, I.W.L.A., 412 North Main St., Bridgewater, Va. 22812, phone: 703-828-3393

Eastern Regional and State Championship. September 22 and 23, 1989.

Entry deadline: noon, September 23, 1989. No exception. Location: Bruton High School, 185 Rochambeau Dr., Williamsburg, Va. 23185. For more info, call or write: Robert L. Faison, III, President, phone: 804-357-7834 or Charles A. Rogers, Executive Director, phone: 804-220-3711, Virginia Peninsula Sportsmen's Assoc., P.O. Box 1933, Newport News, Va. 23601

Sponsors: The Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries, The Virginia Peninsula Sportsmen's Association, Inc., Rockingham-Harrisonburg Chapter, Izaak Walton League of America.

Special Displays

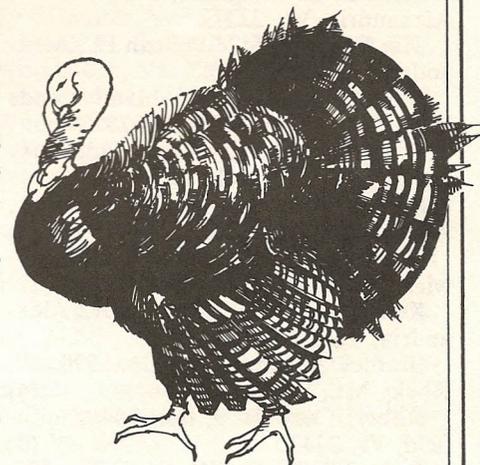
Historical Class For Deer — Eastern Regional Contest Only. Any deer legally bagged anywhere in Virginia, any season prior to the 1988-89 season that has never been entered in either regional contest is eligible for entry in this class. This is a one time only **Historical Class at the Eastern Regional Contest. This class is not available at the Western Regional Contest.**

The Dick Idol Whitetail Deer Display will definitely be displayed at the Eastern Regional Contest. This includes the Hole in the Horn Buck (#2 non-typical in the world), the #3 and #5 non-typicals in the world, the world record archery kill which is the all time #3 typical in the world, many state records, many other large typicals and non-typicals with high standing, plus many oddities. Total of 75 to 100 deer trophies in this display.

The Past Annual State Championship Winners from the first contest in 1940 through the 1988 contest are being invited to be displayed including the new all time Virginia State Champion Whitetail Deer from Wise County. Va.

Many other taxidermy and sporting good displays.

The Eastern and Western Regionals and the State Championships are the only contest recognized by the Virginia Dept. of Game for State Honors and State Big Game Citations.





SECOND CLASS POSTAGE
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VINTON, VA.

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