

Michigan Bow Hunters

NEWS



VOLUME 3 - NO. 5

APRIL 1968

'Nockin' 'Round The North

by LIZ GALL

The sucker season is open and some bowmen will spend many evenings on designated streams, trying for a big one or a good eatin' mess or both. This is the white sucker or *Catostomus Commersoni*. Some say that suckers eat trout eggs. However, there is no proof of this. They do eat eggs of other fishes when they are available, plus insect larvae, worms, algae and other aquatic plants. The mouth of the sucker is located underneath its short blunt snout and this fish procures a good amount of its food from the bottom of the lake or stream. In early spring they leave pools, lakes and rivers where they usually live and crowd smaller streams to spawn in swift water over gravelly bottoms. Multiplying rapidly, they reach a length of over twenty inches. Many people eat suckers but their greatest use is food for various commercial and gamefish raised in hatcheries throughout the state. Seasons for shooting rough fish with bow and arrow coincide with the spearing season and dates are listed in the fish digest given each purchaser of a Michigan fishing license. Seasons are as follows:

April 1 - May 31 - Designated streams, lower peninsula

May 1 - May 31 - Designated streams, upper peninsula
Suckers, redhorse, carp, bowfin and gars.

May 1 - August 15 - Designated waters, carp, bowfin and gars.

Don't forget to enter your rough fish taken with bow and arrow in the MBH Carp Contest. There is an additional prize for the largest rough fish other than carp.

Let's remember to use care with cigarettes and matches. Because of

the light amount of snow, state foresters fear a very dry season in the woods this spring.

There was still a good covering of snow on the ground when I heard the first crow of the year and it made the sunshine warmer. Long icicles along the eaves dripped and chick-a-dees drank and talked of spring. At dusk two nice big deer came up our hill and pranced right up the middle of

the road past our place. We watched them alternately walk and caper along almost to our neighbors house before they left the road, clearing the barbed-wire fence in one beautiful bound -- pure delight to see.

Tracks in the snow, winter feeding evidence and many sightings tell us that there are still a lot of deer in our

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V.P.'s Message

Many people have written to me, both in favor and against H. B. No. 3612 and S. B. No. 982, that would allow the hunters (bow and arrow) to hunt from a tree, deadfall, scaffold or raised platform.

I am sorry that many of our hunters do not support MBH on this bill. There are many reasons why we feel these are good bills and would help the bowhunters. Here are a few reasons:-

1. The archers would be more apt to have closer shots and therefore a better shot which would mean less wounded deer.
2. The archer would be able to be more selective when he knows he is not liable to spook the deer when he attempts the shot.
3. You would be more likely to hit vital organs when shooting from above the ground and also with complete penetration you would have a greater amount of blood quicker and therefore a much easier tracking job.
4. It is not felt that this takes more advantage of the deer than hunting from the ground in a blind, on the down wind side of a runway.

At the present time there are several states that allow hunting from trees with bow and arrow. If we want our State to be a leader then we must have better hunting conditions. Passage of either the Senate or House Bill would help a great deal towards this end.

Also in the process is House Bill Number 3701 that would allow bow and arrow hunting in Zones 1, 2 and 3 from October 1 to December 31 except that the season shall be closed during any season open to the taking of deer with firearms.

The MBH has made great progress in the past few years in making the hunting conditions for bow hunters in this state better and with the help of all our members the MBH will make this state the leader for archery hunting.

Let's all get behind the following bills and give them our full support. REMEMBER the bill numbers:---House Bill 3612, Senate Bill 982 and House Bill 3701.

Douglas L. Bartrem
Vice-President
Michigan Bow Hunters

'Nockin' 'Round The North

by LIZ GALL
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north woods. But, there is only one kind of deer here now -- The SMART ones. All the stupid ones have been killed long ago and new fawns have that alertness born in them that, to survive they must be extra cautious. This is one of the reasons you can no longer take summer drives and enjoy the sight of them. They have learned, from being shot at from cars that cars and roads are a very great danger to them -- so they stay back away from such things and venture out only at night. Year by year they become smarter and smarter.

Time was when their natural curiosity was a very pleasurable and sometimes surprising thing. I recall a comical incident that happened in that time -- when the October woods belonged to the Galls and those few brave souls we could enlist to hunt with 'those crazy bow and arrow people.' I was returning to camp just at dusk during the first week of the season, walking slowly and stopping now and then to watch for movement along the trail. As I got close to camp I could barely see two deer cross the trail ahead. Aware that there might be more of them watching and not having much cover between them and me, I decided to get down on all fours to get close enough for a shot. I had crawled a short distance when I decided to stop in a small dip in the trail and check on their whereabouts. Staying on my knees and raising up slowly from my hands a slight move-

ment to the right caught my eye. I turned my head ever so carefully -- and stared a nice big doe right in the eye: Which of us was the more startled, I do not know -- as we both stared open mouthed at each other with our noses inches apart. It was one of those situations when you are taken so by surprise that you simply freeze and do nothin'. Well then, it struck me funny and I started to laugh, as the deer turned tail and fled into the brush -- from which haven she watched as that "crazy hunter" chuckled her way down the trail to the evening campfire, and to tales perhaps taller than this one.

DISTRICT NEWS

CARP SHOOT

The annual District 7 Carp Shoot will be held at the public fishing site in Douglas, May 18th and 19th starting at noon on Saturday and ending at noon Sunday according to word received from Governor Deuaine Lake.

There will be hot coffee, donuts, sandwiches available along with camping as in the past. The entry fee is \$1.50 each with prizes of \$25.00 in cash for the largest carp brought in and other cash prizes on down the list depending on the number of participants. All entry fees will be returned in cash prizes.

Some of the largest carp ever recorded by the M.B.H. Carp Contest have been taken out of this stretch of the Kalamazoo River. Carp, like the Coho grow to very large size in Lake Michigan due to the abundant food

supply and fresh water of the big lake. Then when the water temperature is right the carp head up river looking for the muddy waters of the Kalamazoo to lay their spawn.

Directions: From I-96 turn at 89 Fennville Road exit for three (3) miles, then turn north on 63rd Street for three (3) miles to public fishing site. **Signs will be up.**

Don't forget your lanterns. Fishing licenses too.

SUCKER SHOOT

Tuscola County Archers and Michigan Bow Hunters District 6 will hold the twelfth Annual Sucker Shoot April 20th, 1968 from 7:00 P.M. till 7:00 A.M. Sunday morning.

Registrations will be at the Tuscola County Archers Club House, with a donation of \$1.00. There will be prizes for fish in all categories plus the usual door prizes. **DON'T FORGET YOUR 1968 FISHING LICENSE.** Also bring waders and a light. Gasoline lanterns are best.

Refreshments will be served at the club house all night. To reach the club house take M-81 west out of Caro about three (3) miles to the Caro State Hospital and turn south. **Signs will be out.**

Don't forget to register in the club house before starting to fish even if you know where to go and have participated in previous years sucker shoots. This years shoot is about two weeks later than last year and everyone is looking forward to the best weather conditions. Won't you join us? We know you will have a barrel of fun.

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Use the application blank below to renew your membership or sign up a friend.

Michigan Bow Hunters Membership Application Blank

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New Renewal Individual __ \$3.00 yr. Family __ \$5.00 yr.
Family membership includes man, wife and children under 17

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LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Mary,

After I made up my mind that I would like to write some of my hunting experiences to the Michigan Bow Hunters, I did start to write! But what started out to be some short letters ended up being a book. The Chapters that I'm sending you are as I originally wrote them. They will be expanded to explain a lot to non-archers. The book in twelve Chapters represents a dozen fun years in the Michigan woods with a bow and arrow and the love of the outdoor chase that ties people together with an understanding one cannot describe. The struggle to promote and proliferate a sport.

Yes I did all right in the tournaments, but it has always been the beauty, the challenge and the magnificence of woodland life that made the bow and arrow a part of my life. I think that the only game that escaped my arrows -- and maybe for the best, was the wolf. If I had chosen at the opportune moment I could have hit him over the head with my bow instead of missing him at a few feet with the arrow.

I hope that a lot of people thinking of bow hunting can read between the lines the instruction and the fun that exists even on a non-productive hunt.

The people and the events are essentially true. I've combined several events into one to keep the pace. The people are completely real although I've mixed and changed names to keep some who embarrass easily completely at ease. If I said that these experiences were true I don't think anyone would believe me, because the truth is unbelievable. Therefore I've made no attempt to separate truth from fiction, but to the right person, if he can place himself there he will remember what happened.

So let's get started "HUNTING WITH MICHIGAN SLIM."

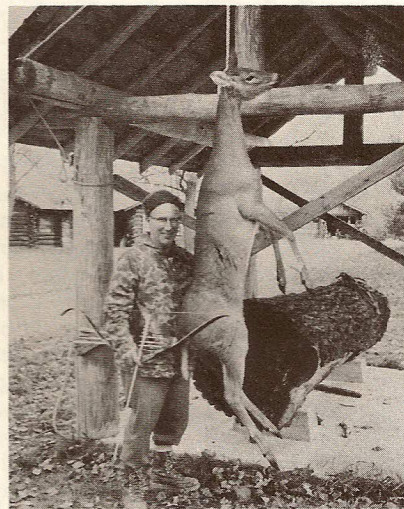
My best to all Michigan Bow Hunters,

Kenneth R. Hoffman

Editor's Note: -- Some time ago we asked Past President Kenneth Hoffman if he would like to contribute some of his hunting experiences to "MBH NEWS". He readily agreed and Chapter I of "Hunting With Michigan Slim" begins on this page. Our older members remember Ken well but to our newer members we feel he should be introduced.

Ken was a real fanatic when it came to bow hunting or for that matter any kind of hunting or fishing. He spent

every minute he could in the woods and arranged his vacation for hunting seasons. He served as Governor of District 5 and went on to two terms as MBH President from 1959 to 1963. In 1963 he was re-elected to a third term as President and it was during this term that he was offered a better position in another State and resigned as President and moved to Connecticut where he still resides. Kens years as an executive and member of MBH were very productive years and he contributed a great deal to MBH goals and growth. It is hoped that our bow hunter members will pick up some helpful and useful hints from his many years of bow hunting experiences.



Lloyd Bastian of Southfield and his 110 pound doe taken in Gladwin county.

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HUNTING WITH MICHIGAN SLIM

by KENNETH R. HOFFMAN

Chapter I -- Hello Bow and Arrow.

I was first introduced to bow hunting when I moved to the Bay area of Michigan, dragging with me a car-

IN MEMORIAM

Bert Jones of St. Helen, one of Michigan Bow Hunters charter members and a Governor of District 3 for many years passed away Saturday January 6th in Mercy Hospital, Grayling, where he had been admitted ten days earlier.

Bert was a trapper and fishing guide in later years and one of the early avid bowhunters. The first annual MBH Deer Silhouette Shoot was held at St. Helen on his property and he was very active in Michigan Bow Hunters until the last few years.

ton of hand carved duck decoys and a raw boned retriever. A lot of my life had been spent on the edges of cities and small towns where you could practically walk out the back door and start hunting. Somewhere along in my growing up my Uncle Bob had placed an old hex barrel 22 rifle in my hands. That's where a love of hunting started. Later there were all sorts of shot guns and rifles to go along with the game the Mississippi River bottoms and flood plains could offer Quail, ducks, geese, rabbit, squirrel and pheasants. There was plenty of fishing lulls in hunting. I had read lots of exciting stories of Big Game hunting in the Outdoor magazines but never really expected to get a chance at it until I was transferred to Michigan. For a long time I never forgot the thrill of a triple on quail -- then I had a shot at a whitetail with a bow. This bowhunting did look like something different.

It had some real challenges. With my old single 22 as a kid, it wasn't whether I could hit a squirrel but if I could find him. I'd plop down under the old walnut tree and if he stuck his head out, there was stew in the pot. With the bow you not only had to find them but worry about if you could get a shot and after you had the shot, could you hit?

Of course I never was a big guy; about 5'6" and 145 pounds, so when Chuck took me over to Cliff's basement and stuffed a 75 pound self bow in my hands, I was afraid I wasn't tough enough. When I shot the darn thing the first time without an arm-guard I was ready to hang it up.

But my curiosity and the challenge was too much so I bought me an "Outfit." It consisted of an old 55 pound Deerslayer, a recurved bow with rawhide backing, a quiver with

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Michigan Bow Hunters

P. O. BOX 4
FLINT 1, MICHIGAN-48501

FIRST CLASS

HUNTING WITH MICHIGAN SLIM

(continued from page 3)

a rattail assortment of a half dozen broadheads, a couple of blunts and five target arrows -- but this time I wasn't to be fooled so I bought a finger tab and arm guard.

It was May and the leaves were just beginning to green up and the mosquitos hatch. I put a bale of straw at the back end of my yard next to the swamp. About five minutes trying to shoot was about the most you could last. I'd been to a lot of river bottoms fishing for catfish all night but these were the biggest and fiercest mosquitos ever encountered. One of my neighbors introduced me to bear grease and citronella, of course then I didn't have any other friends left except my dog. Then somebody invented 612. So now, I could practice. After I had been shooting for a while, what should turn up but an organized archer who belonged to a club. The club had some bales of straw arranged as a field course on a city park and it was continually destroyed by vandals. I did get some good exercise working on the range along with shooting practice and instruction. I couldn't figure out all that the club members were trying to tell me because most of the instruction was argument about whether to shoot with a sight or without and telling me all about all of the nice tournament equipment I could buy. I've got to admit that those arrows of mine were pretty sad. I broke up my first arrows (not by anything - but hitting trees) and bought a new set of practice arrows, then proceeded to shoot a few regional tournaments. By fall I was able to hit about 150

out of the possible 1120 on a 56 target field course and now that I was pretty good, I was eager to go hunting. It was at this time I found out about the Michigan Bow Hunters, a state bow hunting and conservation organization. They sponsored a shoot at deer and bear targets at real hunting distances just before the opening of hunting season. The Michigan Bow Hunter shoot left me in a fearful state of mind, 'cause even those close silhouettes (at 7 feet) were only maimed by my arrows hitting the end that goes away last. Little did I know that this was the part of the deer I'd see the most of during this season. But I did meet Slim at this shoot.

My two arrows had missed the bear target and I stood back while the rest of the group finished shooting. All of a sudden I was startled by Slim standing right beside me. It was a brushy path coming from the last target -- but I hadn't heard a sound. Slim was not slim, in fact he was heavy - about 5'9" and 210 pounds and his soft brown eyes had a twinkle in them as he winked at me. When we took off he chuckled to Bill and Jim, two of my shooting partners, that there was not any more practice time left for them because the season started next week. On the last few targets Slim appeared several times and Bill and Jim told me about him.

I sought out a group including Slim around a camp fire that night. These hunters were real woodsmen and I clung on every word. They talked of the patience of blind hunting; to find a place where the deer trails passed, construct a nonobvious hiding spot

and wait for deer. Many liked the thrill of still hunting or stalking - to hear these experts, one slipped with out a sound, through the woods and dry leaves until he came upon a deer. He then had a shot. Then there was driving, which is done in gangs. Surround the area with hunters in blinds to still hunt, while the rest of the party drive the deer.

This seemed to produce lots of excitement with brown bodies and white tails flitting here and there among the hunters. The success with this method seemed to be lower than other methods. Of course the entire success of all archers was about 3 to 5 per cent. As we got to the bottom of that two gallon pot of black coffee and had a few beers, I had heard tales of bucks and does, skunks and coyotes, wolves and bobcats, of poaching, of lumbering days, of lost in the swamp and when there were only three deer in Roscommon County - where today the hunting pressure during rifle season is almost 29 hunters per square mile.

After that night I was a bow hunter!

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