

STICKTALK

Longbows Forever!



**THE OFFICIAL PUBLICATION
OF THE
MICHIGAN LONGBOW ASSOCIATION**

Musk Ox Hunt
Mentorship
Trials of a Flintknapper



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STICKTALK

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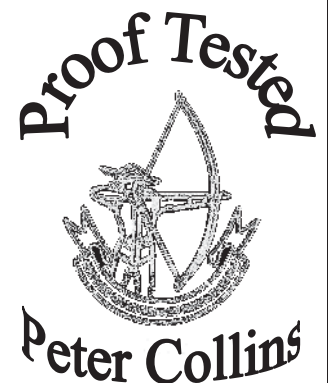
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Editor's Point

With Ms. Caroline and Bub

Wow! What a great summer it was! The camping shoots were tremendous. There were great courses, great weather, great food and great camaraderie. How could it have been any better?

The year 2014 will go down in the books as a transition year for the MLA. There are so many exciting and innovative approaches being explored by the MLA Council. At the MLA Spring Shoot in May we asked the newly elected Council members to take this club into the 21st century, and they have done that. With a renewed energy and enthusiasm they have expanded the scope of this club a hundredfold. It truly is an exciting time to be involved in the Michigan Longbow Association. A new website, new organizational classification, mentoring programs, partnerships and promotion are all being coordinated for a brighter MLA future.

If you are an MLA member in good standing and wish to be a part of the steering committee for this growing organization, please consider running for a Council position by placing a short bio in the next issue of *STICKTALK*. Or if you are already on the Council and wish to run for an office, you will also need to announce your intentions in the next issue. We embrace new ideas and creative methods to make the longbow lifestyle as viable today as it was 30 plus years ago, when this organization was still in its infancy.

The hunting season is here and many of us have transitioned from our summer target rigs to our hunting equipment. Heavier bows and arrows can be a tough adjustment after using our light-weight 3D equipment through the warm weather months. Remember while you are out in the woods this fall, to snap lots of photos and take field notes so that you can write all about your experiences for *STICKTALK*. By sharing your sto-



ry with other MLA members you are working to build a community of traditional archery steeped in the longbow culture.

We had the opportunity to share a campfire at the GLLI with one of the fellows from Tennessee. Grant had been to most all the traditional shoots east of the Mississippi, so we asked him how the GLLI rated with those other shoots. He told us it was the best organized shoot of them all with lots of competitions to enjoy. He said that he felt the difference was the tight knit, almost family-like atmosphere surrounding this shoot. Then he said something that took us a bit by surprise. Grant felt that it was our club "newsletter" that makes a difference with our membership. He went to great lengths to explain his experience with published communications, finally saying that it is *STICKTALK* that is the glue that holds the MLA together. By giving everyone the opportunity to share their story, *STICKTALK* helps to create an environment where each member feels a part of the community of longbowmen.

Enjoy your fall. Remember to share your tale by sending us some material to print in the next edition of *STICKTALK*. We'll do our best to make you famous.



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President's Corner

Nick Viau

Summer is officially over and we'll be well into hunting season by the time this sees print (for those who partake in the chase). I'll be kicking around Michigan in October, but am looking forward to a week in Georgia with friends come November. As much as I love Michigan, I enjoy getting out of state once a year. It adds perspective to the norm and refreshes the soul.

As you read this issue you'll see we've had a busy a year thus far. In addition to the Great Outdoor Youth Jamboree (GOYJ) in Hudson, we elected to put up a booth at Charlton Park for the Barry County Outdoor Youth Day as well. Both events were well attended and simply showing up put the MLA in front of over 2,000 people. The latter even got us on the news!

Our showing at these two public events is significant because they were interactive displays with a range, bows, arrows, and coaches, and attendees could shoot. That is two more well-attended opportunities at which the MLA was able to get the longbow into the hands of the public. Should the GOYJ and Barry County events be held annually (that is the plan), the MLA will have four opportunities a year to showcase the longbow on our events calendar: GLLI, GOYJ, Barry County, Kalamazoo Expo. That isn't counting opportunities with Scouts, elementary schools, and other organizations.

The more we do in the community, the more our word gets out. I've already been approached by two different Scout troupes to help them get their archery badges. Before GOYJ was over, we were approached by the DNR to appear at another outdoor event the end of September. Unfortunately, that was three in one month on consecutive weekends and we didn't have the staff—that could change in the future with volunteers.

Things are happening and it is a very exciting time to be involved with the MLA! And we're not through yet. Our website is also expanding. Members will soon be able to create an online account with the MLA, which will allow them to manage their membership renewals, buy merchandise and banquet tickets (now on sale), receive communications, and even vote on MLA issues that may pop up between meetings.

The latter couldn't be more timely, as your Council needs your help with a matter of utmost importance in regards to the longevity of the association!

As most of you know, the Michigan Longbow Association was intended to be a nonprofit organization and has been filed as such with the state of Michigan since 1992. We've acted as a nonprofit ever since, but have-

n't actually been filed with the federal government for the same nonprofit status. While this is a technicality, it is a crucial one, as not being filed with the federal government means that donations to the MLA cannot legally be written off on your taxes, and the MLA is not eligible for a Michigan gaming license (which is necessary to conduct raffles of any kind).

When the MLA began we were very small and the laws were different. We are no longer small. We are in the public eye. We are on the Web. We are on social media. We have over 500 members. The GLLI brings in over 800 people and has the capability of bringing in many more. Things have changed and we need to act accordingly to preserve and grow our organization for future generations.

Your Council has made every effort to do just that. We've done the research, consulted a non-profit attorney, and have taken steps to file as a 501(c)(3) Educational Nonprofit, which suits us nicely with maximum member benefit. The attorney recommended becoming a 501(c)(3) specifically after seeing what we do, reading *STICKTALK*, and examining our Bylaws and Articles of Incorporation. As an archery organization whose mission is to gather for, and share, the longbow, we fit the mold perfectly. (Other archery organizations, Comptons for example, have 501(c)(3) status.) It will also enable us to bring back the raffles everyone looks forward to participating in and allow those who donate items to legally deduct the value of their donation (s) on their tax return. It is a win-win for all.

Here is where YOU come in. Since the MLA Bylaws and Articles of Incorporation were written so long ago, they do not contain the specific language now required for the status we seek. Our attorney is working to bring both documents up to current requirements. These changes will not alter the MLA in any way, but are necessary to file. As per our bylaws, any amendments must be voted on by the membership and a special meeting must be called to do so. We will have this meeting Saturday, December 13 and you will be receiving a notification in the mail regarding the details of it. We realize the timing is not ideal (it isn't for us either), but this needs to be done. Fortunately, we've added a way to vote via absentee ballot. A ballot will be included with the notification and there will be an easy way to vote online in addition.

You will be receiving this letter in November, so please keep your eye out for it and participate in the vote. You can make a difference and we need you! Thank you for your time and have a happy holiday.

Sincerely,

Nick Viau
"Longbows Forever"



Letter to the Editor

This year's GLLI was one of the best yet! My family and I had a blast and NO doubt about it, this shoot is my grandkids' favorite of all the shoots. I just want to thank the MLA Council for putting on this awesome event; trust me, I know how much work goes into an event like this.

There are just so many great people that came together to pull this off and I just want to thank each and every one that had a part in this from the MLA Council to vendors that donated the awesome prizes, the clubs that set up the 3D courses, and the people who just jumped in to help anyone who needed help.

One of the biggest things that sets this shoot apart from all the other shoots (and there are some other excellent shoots in this state) is the numerous novelty shoots and events for all ages, but what really strikes a chord in my heart is the attention given to the kids. Well done MLA Council, well done!

Not only did the first 3 places in every age division in the Silver Arrow get medals (awesome looking at that) each kid that entered received a T-shirt plus each kid that participated received a special prize. But wait—there is more: the winner of each age group received a brand new bow, how cool is that! I mean it! That is unbelievable.

I could go on and on about this shoot but I will save some for another time. However, there were a few people that I would like recognize and I know I will miss a few people that should be mentioned and I apologize in advance for missing your name but your efforts are and were greatly appreciated.

First and foremost my hat goes off to Caroline and Floyd as they seemed to be the hammer and nails that held this ship together as well as great representatives of what the MLA is all about!

Paul Wilburn totally ROCKS, absolutely incredible. Year after year he makes the competition part of archery as fun as fun can be. Well done Sir Wilburn of the

Hastings Clan! Of course forgetting not his band of merry men like Todd, Rob and Nick to name a few!

To follow suit we have Denny Avery and Bob Wyman who worked tirelessly at the famed Turkey Shoot. The added touch of the Turkey Shoot just for the kids on Sunday morning—what a great opportunity for the kids to just compete among themselves, well done men!

Well done Nick Viau, way to take hold of the bull by the horns and grab control of what could have been a stampede. And Thom Jorgensen for your calmness and levelness you bring to the Council as well as your warm and welcoming smile that invites people to want to be part of this great family.

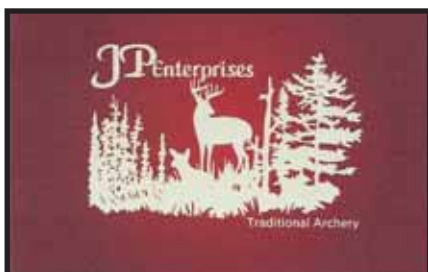
Then thank you, Mr. Gault, on making it possible for the people to be able to use their credit cards at the sign up booth.

Bless your heart, John Vasos, for your encouraging message Sunday morning on the importance of unity in the brotherhood and how we all need to support one another if we want to be successful.

Then there are the "Ole" work horses like Ken Scollick, Denny Every and Greg Denny that go above and beyond the call of duty, and never once thinking it's work but just doing what it takes to make things happen because that is just what they do.

I know I have left many wonderful people out but I hope they know that the Wilcox/Ashley family does not take it for granted and that everyone of their efforts was greatly appreciated.

Thank you MLA from the bottom of our hearts.
Jeff and Jennifer Wilcox





GLLI Turkey Shoot 2014

By Bob Wyman

The 2014 Turkey Shoot was put on by Denny "Old Sagamore" Every with a little help from Bob Wyman. It has come to be a perennial event at the GLLI, that is great fun, and a must-do for attendees.

It seems there is no generational gap in the participants. Case in point; the first 15 archers were under 12 years of age. Many targets are broken and approximately 60 archers qualified for the finals. The adult qualifiers shot late on Saturday, and the juniors shot on Sunday morning.

Denny focused on having qualifiers shoot from different positions for elimination. Toward the final round, there was some difficulty with shooting from one of those reclining gravity chairs. It seemed very difficult for all of the remaining contestants, and all missed. Everyone knew they were all very good shooters. One had to wonder if it was an impossible position to shoot from, or our finalists became too relaxed in such a comfortable seat. Years ago there was a tree stand that would put one in a similar "relaxed" shooting position. (I never purchased one for fear I would be snoozing at the time of deer arrival.)

John Nail from Bedford, Indiana, was declared the winner after excellent shooting. Jay Carlson from Attica, Michigan, took second place. Jacob Ashley, 15 years old, of Greenville, Michigan, performed very well, and won the junior division. The fine commemorative award arrows were made by Ken Scollick.

During the Braveheart Clout, another archery contest

created by Denny Every, spectators witnessed the best synchronized release times heretofore ever seen in this event. Denny has stressed this over the years, and one has to wonder if folks have been practicing "release on command". The accuracy was very good also, especially considering a fair cross breeze. Joe Shea from Middleville, Michigan, was knighted and declared the winner with an excellent shot. He took home the \$100.00 prize.

A special word of thanks needs to go out to Linda Campbell, her son Cory, and his friend Charlie Williams for their help throughout these events. Traveling from Lakeland Florida, Linda is the sister of Mike Hirzel, one of our fine ex-presidents. Also, thanks need to go out to Gage Druia and Jarred Burns for their help in the tear-down and packing up.





21 Arrow Salute

Each year the members of the Michigan Longbow Association set aside time at the Great Lakes Longbow Invitational to celebrate the lives of family and friends who have been laid to rest in the past year. On Saturday evening 21 archers formed a single line on the parade grounds of Charlton Park to pay their respects in this solemn ceremony. Instructions were given to the participating archers and Dean Hall shared a most fitting eulogy on behalf of all those individuals whose life we were to honor. "The Northern Californian tribe of Ishi, the last member of the Yahi, and mentor to Saxton Pope and Art Young, had no word or phrase for "good-bye." They would simply say, "you go, I stay." So to our friends we say, 'you go—we stay,' and by the grace of God we will meet again in a happy place where the environment is pure, our joys boundless, and game bags heavy with fond memories and joy." The eulogy completed, the commands were given, "Archers

Ready!" "Draw!" "Loose!" 21 whistling flu-flu arrows were sent skyward.

In memory of...

- John Beckwith*
- Ken Beckwith*
- Gene McGlashen*
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- Eugen "Doc" Garris*
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Sherwood Challenge

by Paul Wilburn

This year archers tried to poach the King's deer but were caught red-handed. They were then charged by three mounted, royal foresters, resulting in intense speed shooting for survival, followed by the semi-finalists facing each other in sudden-death duels.

Todd Greenwald vs. David Stull and Mark Carpenter vs. Kerry Stout. Bob and Todd both survived to face each other in the next round, as did Jacob and Kerry.



8 archers made it into the semi-finals to face each other in sudden-death duels (L to R): Bob Butnari vs. Doug Schmeir, Dave Huddle vs. Jacob Ashley,



For the final duel it came down to survivors Todd and Kerry, with Todd Greenwald beating Kerry by a split-second to become the 2014 Sherwood Challenge Champion.



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Silver Arrow

by Paul Wilburn

A classic GLLI tradition! Every round one of each archer's 3 arrows must strike the gold in order for them to advance, and each round the distance to the target is increased. Shooting continues

Kerry Stout and Mark Mingerink. Two were left after the 6th round: Herb Henderson and Kerry Stout.



until only one archer strikes the gold. Five archers were left after the 5th round (L to R): Terry Folts, Jonathon Bergsma, Herb Henderson,



Kerry Stout became the 2014 Silver Arrow Champion in the 8th round at approximately 60 yards, with 2 of his 3 arrows striking the gold!





Kids Silver Arrow

by Paul Wilburn



This year our MLA kids got zeroed in on a classic 'Robin Hood' style wand shoot before facing the challenge of giant Michigan mosquitos (scientificname: bloodsuckiousmaximus.)

7 and Under Winners (L to R):
3rd Eli Zwerk, 2nd Brennen Mingerink, 1st Eli Greenwald





8-11 Winners (L to R):

3rd Katie Burkhead, 2nd Andrew Ashley, 1st Gage Druia

12-15 Winners (L to R):

3rd Adam Lowell, 2nd Bryce Marsh, 1st Jacob Ashley





Musk Ox Hunting

by Ted Judson

Sitting around our campfire at the 2004 Compton Rendezvous, Dale Karch and I began talking about hunting musk ox. Both of us agreed that hunting in the fall would be better than a late spring hunt, where the temperature could drop to -20°F , so we decided to investigate what would be involved in setting up a hunt. It didn't take long for the hunting party to grow to four hunters; Bryan Burkhart and Len Rinke, also Compton members, had overheard us discussing our plans and agreed that a musk ox hunt would be great.

After the rendezvous, I called Mark Beuhrer of Bowhunting Safari Consultants for some additional information. He advised that they had an open date in September 2005, at the village of Holman Island which is located on Victoria Island in Nunavut. Within a day or two after I first talked to Mark, I called him back, set up the date, and we sent our deposits in.

Then we started wondering what we had gotten ourselves into. None of us had ever hunted

that far north before; Bryan and I had hunted caribou at McKay Lake in the NWT, but Holman Island sits 125 miles inside the Arctic Circle. In fact, if our calculations are right, it's closer to the North Pole than it is to the Arctic Circle. We knew that a musk ox is an animal that weighs between 400–600 pounds and has long hair, but we never realized that at one time they ranged as far south as Ohio and all the way into France. During our caribou hunt in the NWT, Brian and I had both eaten musk ox steaks so we knew that the meat would be delicious.

Part of the adventure of the hunt was setting up the airline schedule to get us to Holman. Since we're basically in the lower Michigan area (Dale is from Northern Indiana), Dale and Bryan spent the night before our flight at my house. We flew from Detroit to Minneapolis where we met Len, who was coming from the Grand Rapids area. From Minneapolis we flew to Edmonton, Alberta, then into Yellowknife, NWT, arriving in the late afternoon. We spent the rest of



in Yellowknife just looking around at the museum.

The next morning we took off for Holman Island. We had several stops along the way; some of which had no name. The last stop was Coppermine—I remember this one in particular since it was where I saw my first iceberg. After a 4-hour flight, we landed at Holman Island. It is a community of about 300 Inuit; Kevin Dunn, who is the liaison between Adventures Northwest and the Inuit people we would be hunting with, met us there. Imagine our surprise when we landed at Holman and found a golf course! It happens to be the northernmost 9-hole course in the world.

We spent that night in a hotel (the only one in the village) and to say it was pricy would be an understatement! Everything brought into Holman comes in either by plane, or one of two barges in the summer when the ice is out. That evening we met our guides and their helpers, and we made plans to set out early the next morning on 4-wheel ATVs to begin our musk ox hunting adventure.

It was evident in talking to the guides that they were very experienced with rifle hunters and compound bowhunters; but we were the first bowhunters they had guided who used traditional equipment. They were very interested in our equipment and invited us over to a local archery range they have set up in the community curling rink. When we got to the curling rink, there were about 20 – 30 people there, including 10 – 25 children. One of the elders of the village told us that they had hunted with bow and arrow in the past; but most of the children in the village today had never experienced traditional equipment. It didn't take long before a target was set up and there was a shooting contest going on just to see how proficient we were with our equipment. Several

of the local youngsters brought out their compound bows and shot along with us.

One of the children in the group was a boy that I guessed to be about 15 or 16 years old. Patrick is a special needs child that the village takes care of; he works at the local grocery store stocking shelves. He was the first to come to meet us on his 4-wheeler; he was the first one at the archery club. He was interested in shooting our bows, but was very shy. Patrick took a liking to Bryan and me, and between the two of us we finally convinced him to try our traditional equipment. After shooting for what seemed like an hour, he hit the cap from a milk jug that we were using as the bulls-eye on the target! You would have thought he had just won an Olympic gold medal. The smile on his face was unbelievable. We took lots of pictures; there was a lot of backslapping.



After a long shooting contest, and just generally a good time, we headed to the hotel. It was really a series of double-wides, or construction trailers hooked together. The rooms were very nice, but sparse. The price of each room was a little staggering -\$200.00 per person, which included a meal in the cafeteria.

The following morning after the guides and helpers were assigned to a specific hunter, we packed up our gear on homemade wooden sleds pulled behind 4-wheelers. The exception was one guide (who happened to be my guide, King David) who chose to pull a 2-wheel trailer. On the trail, we sat behind our guides on the 4-wheelers. I'm not a small guy, and King David makes at least two of me, so to say that our 4-wheeler was overloaded would be an understatement! We were finally off on our musk ox hunt adventure.



The weather was different than expected. The temperature ranged from about 50° F during the day and maybe 30° - 35° F at night. We had no rain or snow, just sunshine. Our plan for the first day was to travel out about 50 miles and set up camp. As we set off, there were the four hunters on the sleds and ATVs with the guides and four helpers along, one for each guide/hunter pair and a couple of extra guide/helpers.

It had rained the week before, so the trail we followed was very wet and muddy. We had to get off the ATVs and push them through the water and mud several times, but overall it was a fairly comfortable trip. Probably because of all the foam rubber and caribou hides that were wrapped on the racks on the ATVs for the hunters to rest against behind the guide who was driving.

During our trip out to the lake where we planned to set up camp, I was on the lead ATV with my guide, King David, when we spotted a musk ox about a mile away. We got off the ATVs, and after checking it out with our spotting scopes, we decided that it was a large bull. After about a ¾ mile hike, we again located the bull in the rocks at the top of a steep hill of shale. King David advised that if we climbed up, I could probably get a shot at him since the animals feel safe when among the rocks. After a fairly steep climb, we got up to within 15 yards and I put my first arrow in him. I made a good shot, but the musk ox started to run downhill towards me. It came within 5 yards and I shot a second time. From that point the animal changed directions, ran about 20 yards, and died. My traditional equipment - a 61# Wes Wallace longbow and footed shafts tipped with Wensel Woodsmen broadheads - had worked flawlessly.

I was so happy to be able to take this animal with a humane kill. By this time Dale, Bryan and

Len all joined me for the celebration—lots of high fives and congratulations. We checked out the musk ox since this was the first one that any of us had seen up close. It was a mature bull weighing around 600 lbs. The size of the horns didn't matter; we were all hunting for a good representative of the species. We really didn't know the difference between a record bull and an average size one.

Because my animal was so far up in the hills, we skinned it out right on the spot and put the meat in the trailer. King David, his helper, and I started off for camp along with the hide and head while the other hunters started looking around for their chance at a musk ox. We had only traveled about three or four miles when we spotted several herds off in the distance, past where we planned to put our campsite. We pulled up into the camping spot - it was just a rocky ridge overlooking a beautiful lake. That was when it dawned on me that it was going to be a little difficult setting up tents and pounding tent stakes into solid rock. By this time, the wind had started to blow. We set up the tents, and instead of staking them down, the ropes were tied around huge boulders, the 4-wheelers, and even the trailer!



Within an hour or so Bryan and Dale returned to camp with their guides. They had both been successful and taken their musk ox on the first day. Bryan had made a great stalk on his up on a rock ridge. We were able to see some of his hunt from



camp, but couldn't see what a great shot he had made. The animal ran about 100 yards and Bryan had to make a good stalk to seal the deal. Dale had wandered to the other side of the lake with his guide, Morris, where they spotted a small group. Dale got within 20 yards of the animals and made a one shot kill. Later that evening, Len returned to camp. He and his guide had seen some mature bulls, but they just couldn't get close enough for a good shot.



That night there was a lot of celebration going on in camp. As we sat around the campfire, it became evident that this was different than some of the other guided hunts we'd been on. Each hunter was assigned to a guide and he did everything required to support you. You slept in the guide's tent with him and his helper. Each guide had his own food supplies and prepared meals individually for 'his' hunter. We didn't eat as a group with the other hunters. We had very nice meals; we stayed up quite late because it didn't get dark at all. The tents were basically 10 x 10 wall tents without floors. Caribou hides and blankets were put on the ground and our sleeping pads, air mattress and sleeping bags laid on top and you crawled in for the night. I can't speak for the other hunters, because I didn't check their tents out, but I can tell you that in my tent with King David, the helper and me, we had a full tent. The Coleman stove in the tent was used for both heat in the morning and for cooking. I don't care to be in a tent with a Coleman stove, so I made sure I was up and dressed early enough to be outside while King David was cooking breakfast.

We spent some time that morning comparing the three musk ox we had taken. Although there was some difference in the color of the horns, all three were about the same in size and the shape of the horns. We could tell that Len was getting anxious to get out hunting again. As the rest of us were sitting around in camp, Len and his guide took off toward a herd of musk ox that was proba-

bly a mile to a mile and a half away. After about 30 minutes or so, Bryan and I walked to the top of a ridge that overlooked the valley where we could see Len stalking a musk ox. Dale was with Len in case he had a chance to videotape the hunt. It was quite an experience to sit on the ridge and watch Len working his musk ox. Len would get close and the animal would move; Len got behind a rock and the musk ox moved again. Finally Len got a shot; it was a little far back, but the musk ox held its ground. In about 15 minutes it had only moved about 50 yards, so Len got up and put another arrow in it.

Here we were on the second day of our hunt and all four of us have shot our musk ox. We could tell that the guides were getting antsy to head back to town because their jobs were over. We did talk them into staying out on the tundra another day. We traveled to a nearby lake to fish for lake trout. We all caught a few, not of any great size or quantity, but the lake was in a pristine area; the water was crystal clear. We had a good day just talking with the guides and helpers.

On the third day we packed up and headed back into town with all of our meat, hides and skulls. The trail was a lot better on the way back; the ground had dried up and driving the ATV's was much easier. Once we got back to town, two of us went back to the hotel to spend the last night and the other two were invited to stay with their guides at their own homes. I went with King David and had had musk ox steak and sampled musk ox pizza. The houses are very nice, very modern with satellite TV. They all have phones and the children are all very computer literate because of the time they spend on the Internet.

We were invited back to the curling rink to have another shooting contest. Patrick was there again. We all had a great time showing the children how to shoot our traditional bows and arrows. Our prediction that Patrick would be visiting the 3Rivers website was correct. When we got back into town, we found out that Patrick had already checked out the website and was questioning Dale about Tomahawk bows.

On the final day in Holman, we all went and played the golf course. I think Bryan is the only one of us who had played seriously before, but we all had a good time. You tee off from a piece of Astroturf; all of the greens are made of Astroturf too. Pretty much everything else is rock. When your ball lands in the rock, you're allowed to move it the nearest tuft of grass so you don't



kits and pencil sketches. But most of the day was spent preparing for the flight out early the next morning.

After another night in the hotel, we headed to the airport. We planned on taking our musk ox with us to Yellowknife to leave at Robertson's Taxidermy. Several of us had used their services in the past and were very satisfied with their work and delivery to the States. We were asked to leave the meat with the guides since it's one of their sources of fresh meat, but we each

on the next swing. Later on that day, we went shopping in an arts and crafts store where we were able to purchase woodcarvings, Inuit sewing

kept one steak to enjoy ourselves.

The musk ox is an amazing creature. This is just one of those adventures you have to experience for yourself. It's difficult to put into words the feelings you have when you first see the vastness of the tundra or a snowy owl flying overhead. The experience of meeting the Inuit and seeing how they cope with living in the Arctic environment is one I will never forget.



Ted has been bowhunting for more than 50 years - most of it with traditional equipment. His hunts have included trips to South Africa, New Zealand, Mexico, Canada and Spain as well as many locations in the U.S. Ted worked as an engineer for Champion Spark Plug Co. for 35 years before retiring in 2009. He and his wife Janet have been married for 39 years and have lived in the Blissfield, MI area since their marriage.





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Bowyer Visits West Campus

Webster Kinney



At the invitation of Webster Kinney and the administration of Bay Mills Community College, experienced bowyer (bow builder), Charles Miller, recently visited the West Campus. Charlie, as he likes to be called, was invited to lend some seasoned experience to the Bow Building 101 class at the community college. After just one day of his class, students and instructors alike, saw how they could improve their own bow building techniques. Charlie owns and operates "The Bow and Arrow Rack" in Saginaw, Michigan. While Mr. Miller is an accomplished bowyer, he is planning on just making cedar arrows along with some beautiful cabinets to display them in.

Mr. Miller also came to teach Dennis Carrick how to make and fletch arrows here at the West Campus of Bay Mills Community College. Dennis will someday take over for current instructor Webster Kinney when he retires from the rigors of teaching.

With the introductions of exotic wood choices, students will see a rise in material costs to build a longbow. The cost to build a basic longbow will remain at \$95.00 dollars, however, extras, such as more exotic woods, will cause the material cost to climb. One thing to keep in mind when viewing those beautiful custom bows: the simple, basic student-built longbow will shoot as straight and true as any on the market today.



A Call to Council

As you can see by our council roster, there have been several changes since our May membership meeting. John McIntosh and Matt Beard have decided to step down due to family obligations. We wish both Matt and John the best as they are both exceptional members whom we know will be involved at a volunteer capacity when needed. Keith Jackson has since stepped up to fill one of the vacancies and is a welcomed addition. We appreciate his service and ask that you welcome him into the fold when you see him. He is already bringing some great ideas to the table for next year's GLLI.

Ken Scollick has announced he will be officially stepping down as MLA Treasurer and Membership Secretary in May. The announcement was first made in our winter Council meeting last December and he has been working with us to transfer his responsibilities since so the transition is seamless. This is something Ken has thought about for some time, but no one had come forward to fill the position. Peter Collins announced his interest since he and Ken were planning to work together on a budget subcommittee. He is currently serving as the interim and will be officially running for the seat in May.

As you know, Ken has held this seat for some time and wore a number of hats well outside his responsibilities. There was little he wasn't involved in, including nearly every facet of the GLLI. We are sorry to see him stepping away, but your current Council members picked up the ball for the planning of the GLLI and are continuing to run with it. We know that Ken will always be there as a member and advisor and we are extremely thankful for all he's done. Probably more than he will ever know.


Ultimately, there will be open Council positions in May. If you are interested, please write a brief bio and send it into our STICKTALK editor (sticktalkeditor@yahoo.com) in time for the Spring issue.

Welcome New Members And Those That Have Been Away...

Scott Anderson
 Brian Austin
 Robert Ayotte
 Thomas Becher
 Audrey J. Berning-Matell
 Bruce Bitterman
 Brett and Angela Bowers
 Don Brighton
 Andrew Buddies
 Cory Campbell
 Mike Cataline
 Adam Cornell
 Gene Darby
 Joe and Vicki Doyle
 Richard Endress
 Bruce Fowler

Richard Galicki
 Brent and Maria George
 John and Denise Glassburn
 Ed Henson
 James Hill
 Dave and Joann Huddle
 Deborah Kautz
 Andrew Kemp
 Richard Kemp
 Steve Kennedy
 Thomas Kiger
 Joseph Lambert
 Bud Lange
 Art and Karla Luckman
 Jacob Lutz

Larry Lee Makenzie
 Bruce McArthur
 Timothy Miller
 Grant Morgan
 Jon Mudry
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“If you build it, they will come...and shoot it”
Recapping the Barry County Outdoor Recreation Youth Day

by Nick Viau

It was an early morning in September, but it was behaving a bit more like autumn. At least, the bowhunters in the group thought so. The booths were set up, the range erected, the bows unpacked, and the coffee had just been delivered. Some yahoo, having spied a pile of wood, even thought it'd be a good idea to start a fire in the Pavilion's fire pit, which smoldered, popped, and hit us with a nostril full of GLLI nostalgia whenever the wind changed directions.

There were ten of us in all—Councilmen and volunteers from across the state—hoping to pop a balloon or two with a well-placed arrow. There was excitement in the air, sort of like the kind you get before any traditional gathering, but different in that it wouldn't be our longbows doing the shooting. We had other reasons for attending—the *worthiest* of worthy, in fact—to put a kid or two behind the string and teach them how to make it thrum. But as the wind picked up and the rain drops slapped against our cheeks, we began to feel like our assembly was doomed.

The Barry County Outdoor Recreation Youth Day was in its infancy after all, and the folks at Charlton were unsure of the turnout as it was. The weather conditions were most certainly not helping. The veterans in



our group, fresh from the Great Outdoor Youth Jamboree in Hudson, were a tad more optimistic, having weathered a barrage of over 1,500 eager outdoorsmen the prior Sunday and were itching to do the same before the arrival of the rain.



Thankfully, as if God himself backed the mission, the clouds parted and the sun warmed the park in time for our first cus-

tomers: a little blond girl of eight and her college-bound big sister. We immediately pulled our hands from our pockets and snapped to attention, as this little lady was itching to do some shooting. We were more than happy to oblige. She'd held a bow once or twice before and with little coaching was the first to pop a balloon. She lit up the moment it burst, causing excitement to ripple through all in attendance, including big sister who had only come to supervise at Mom's request.



The itch had spread, so it seemed, and we put a longbow in her hand to scratch it. Before long, the two were making short work of our balloons and foam blocks and the sound of wood thumping foam filled the grounds. A crowd gathered shortly after and the result sounded like popcorn. A line had formed, balloons were exploding, our bag targets were swaying, the foam gophers were flying off the rotisserie machine, and anything solid down range had at least one hole in it, including the stuff we weren't supposed to shoot.



Laughter filled every drum within earshot and the atmosphere was carnival-esque. It made me think of going to the fair when I was a child, though that could have been the smell of the pulled pork wafting from the BBQ vendor next door.

From 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. we were mobbed by toddlers and teens of every disposition, anxiously waiting to take their place at the

line while parents, grandparents, and guardians looked on, cheering and snapping pictures. Repeat offenders were common, some of them so frequent we knew them by nickname and they knew exactly which bows they wanted to shoot, which arrows flew the best, and the coach they worked with the time before.



The spectacle would have made any self-proclaimed toxophilite proud and would have continued well into the evening had we not had to barricade the line from the waves of approaching kids wanting desperately to fling one more arrow. Even then, as exhausted and hungry as we all were, it pained us to turn them away.

The aftermath was a sight! Balloon remnants littered the ground, the shooting line had been pounded flat, bows were everywhere, the candy had disappeared, and at least a third of our arrows were missing points, nocks, fletching, and any willingness to be shot, which could mean only one thing — it was a good day.



I arrived home a happy mess: proud of my staff, proud of the Michigan Longbow Association, and proud of myself. Approximately 500 people made it out that weekend, the majority of them kids, which brought everyone involved a great deal of satisfaction. Considering the weather and the fact that youth football season is in full swing, it would have been greedy to ask for more, though I believe we'll get twice as many next year once the word gets out. An event as positive as this is too hard to keep covered up.

We'll be there regardless — longbows and all. I can guarantee it.

For more information about this event, please contact Joanne Barnard @joanne.barnard@mi.nacdn.net, or visit, www.barrycd.org/.





Trials of a Flintknapper

By Steve Laut

My name is Steve Laut; I'm 59 years old. In the spring five years ago I was bitten by the flintknapping bug. That day at an antique tractor show we visited the lost arts barn. While my wife and daughter were smitten by a gal doing finger weaving, I wandered off. I went back outside and took a look around to try to decide what to do next. That's when it happened. This guy was sitting with a few kids on a blanket spread on the ground. "You should try this," he said. I thought I knew what he was doing but I hesitated. It was as if a part of my life a long time ago went running through my head.

As a kid (and all my life really) I've collected and surface - hunted arrowheads with my dad and brother. My dad was quite an avid collector and I remembered one time at the Father - Son banquet at church he demonstrated how arrowheads were made. It must have impressed me back then because in the fourth grade I braved *Show and Tell* with the same odd screwdriver looking tools he used. With those odd tools I nervously crunched out some of the most awful looking excuses for an arrowhead ever; I was so embarrassed. The funny thing was a lot of my classmates were totally amazed that I could do something like that and

they wanted to know more. Unfortunately I didn't. That *Show and Tell* was the end of my flintknapping for almost fifty years.

"Hey you should try this." His words brought me back to reality.

"What? Make arrow heads?"

"Yup," he answered. "I can show you how."

"Uhhhh well how much does it cost?"

"It won't cost you anything. Just sit down right here and I'll show you."

I immediately began to wonder, "Who is this guy? What is his angle?" He seemed very insightful. He knew words like chert, flintridge and chalcedony. (Pronounced "cal-sed-knee" not "chal-se-doe-knee.") I had only seen these words written but never heard them said. He was quite colorful, wearing a beret-style wool felted cap and an earring. All Michigan flintknappers would have known it was Dan Hovatar.

Several hours later Dan was ready for a break. My wife and daughter came to get me, having exhausted the spinner's repertoire. Dan looked up at my wife and said, "He's hooked." I must have asked a million questions that day.

Questions like: “Where did you get all these rocks? Or “Why are your chips so long and my chips so short?” “It’s the conchoidal fracturability of your stone,” came his answer. “MY WHAT?”

Dan told me that I needed to come and meet the Michigan flintknappers at Chelsea, Michigan, the first weekend in April. But that was a month ago. Did I have to wait a year to get more of this? Dan told me the group meets about 4 times a year at different locations and I could learn as much as I wanted. The next meeting was in Ludington, Michigan, in July. This was an unexpected enlightenment that could complete my bowhunting circle.

I went home and made myself, to the best of my recollection, a tool set in a matter of hours. I began to knap everything in sight. I knapped until I ran out of material. Then I remembered Dan saying something about the internet. Well that was a problem for me, being old school. The World Wide Web was intimidating to me, but I had a secret weapon in Morgan, my 12- year old daughter. We took our lap top computer and headed for the local McDonald’s. She hooked me up to the free Wi-Fi and plugged me into *You-Tube*. Unless you have a mentor nearby, flintknapping on *You-Tube* is the next best thing for the beginner. So instead of going back in time, flintknapping actually catapulted me into the new electronic age.

I started making plans for Ludington. Selling my wife on the idea of seeing the beautiful beach and the waves of Lake Michigan was easy. I also mentioned to her that there might just be a “Knap In” at the fair grounds that we could check out. At the fairgrounds that day there were a handful of knappers. There were guys like Roger Worrberscherken who before my eyes knapped out a 5-inch Burlington Dovetail. I watched as he created two perfect notches with an old buffalo rib. And then he reached out and gave it to me. I guess he could tell that I had been bitten. I bought my first antler billet from him that day.

Eric’s Rocks was there. Eric sold rocks but his displays were a candy store for knappers. There was flint and chert pieces of all kinds and I jumped right in. I dove straight for a boulder of obsidian that weighted more than 2 bowling balls. Before Eric could shout the words, “Don’t pick that up, it’s sharp!” I felt tiny cuts pierce my palms forcing me to set the rock down. I thought, “So you wanna be a flintknapper. You had better slow down and start with smaller pieces.” I left carrying a bucket of rocks, having learned many things. Not the least of which was that obsidian is the sharpest edge known to man.

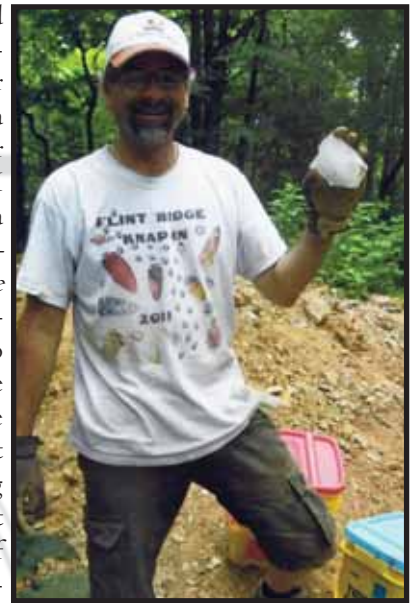
You never know where life is going to take you. Looking back, I’ve met so many people who have helped me. So many people with so much in common. For one, most of these people shot bows and a lot of them were longbows. I became motivated to complete my hunting equipment with a knapped arrowhead on a wooden arrow. I had

been shooting and hunting with a home-made selfbow ever since picking up a Primitive Archer magazine in 1995. I then got a hold of a copy of the *Traditional Bowyer’s Bible* and after three attempts, I was able to hack out a 60# osage bow. It was a horse leg of a bow but it shot well. The feeling of shooting that first bow off the deck of my home was so rewarding. It was surprisingly fast I thought. “Oh yeah, I’m hunting with this!”

In 1979 I put my bow down for 4 years to attend chiropractic college. That bow was a \$33.00 right handed Bear Grizzly that I had purchased with my paper route money in high school. After graduating from college in 1983 I stepped up to a left-handed Darton compound bow with a peep site, kisser button and 4 pins sighted in at 10 yard increments. I was shooting better than I had ever shot in my life. Five years and some very nice deer later my bow came apart after I left it lay in the sun one summer day.

It wasn’t long before I fell for a Brown Bear compound. I set it up with all of the same pins and peep sight. But like all things in life, your hunting plans don’t always come together. One morning in the dark I was trying to get to my new found buck haven, when I got tangled in the brush, and unbeknown to me, knocked my sight pins down a fraction of an inch. It was unbeknown to me, that is, until a beauty of a buck walked by at 15 yards. My arrow sailed a foot high over his back! Maybe it was the bow. Maybe it was the sight. Maybe I just wasn’t careful enough. Every year it seemed that my bow would go out of tune in mid-season. I would panic if the guy who had sold me the bow wasn’t there to fix the problem. Those problems always cost me money and hunting time—two things I just hate to give up. That is what made the longbow so appealing to me. It was so simple.

At the Traditional Archery Expo in Kalamazoo, Michigan, I recognized a name at one of the venues of a man that I had met before. Twenty years earlier on a pheasant hunt I had met Floyd Wells. Although his hunting dog was impressive it was his arrows that caught my eye. Home-made wooden arrows with goose feather fletching. I had to meet him again, being I had just become a new member of the Michigan Longbow Association. Floyd encouraged me to attend the traditional shoots in the state,





so I did. My first longbow event was at Charlton Park in 2009. It was the Great Lakes Longbow Invitational where it rained all day on Saturday and everything was still drenched on Sunday. Yet there was excitement all around. From the time of registration till the closing raffle, the excitement never waned.

I recall being really pleased with the ranges that weekend. Shooting at the GLLI was different than trying to shoot at our local conservation club. I with my selfbow felt a little out of place there. With the MLA no one asks you if you are going to hunt with...THAT." No one has a range finder or a pair of binoculars to see the kill zone, so there was no waiting. It was so refreshing to shoot an arrow and then go directly to the next target. It was fun to see everyone shooting longbows and to see all of their traditional gear. So many thoughts ran through my head as I enjoyed that first longbow shoot.

It was a year later at the GLLI that I noticed a few flintknappers off together in a bunch. After shooting the ranges I, still quite green and excited about knapping, got up enough nerve to talk to this group. I sheepishly spoke with Don Gilson, who was happy to give me a few pointers. It seemed that, each year as I left for home after Sunday's raffle, even though I didn't win, I felt so satisfied.

My equipment has come full circle since being introduced to traditional and primitive gear. My dad was a bow hunter and archer since the 30's. He used to pack up the Rambler station wagon with my older brother and me to head up to Tuttle Creek Marsh. I'd wake up in the station wagon and they would be gone hunting. I'd get my bow out and string it. Put on my boots and coat and head off down the two track road. I couldn't have been much more than 6 years old at the time. When I walked through a field a rustling in the brush across the creek caught my attention. Then two ostriches ran away. They bounded across the field and I watched them go. My brother laughed at me when I told him the story. "Those weren't ostriches, you knucklehead. You just saw your first deer!" I guess it must have been their raised white tails that made me think differently.

I owe a lot of memories and pursuits to my dad and brother. We were a hunting trio for many years. My dad made all of his own equipment, from static recurves, to

flight bows and even fiberglass bows. I grew up smelling burning feathers, cedar shafts and two part resin glue in the house. I suppose it is no wonder my path has taken the turn that it has.

When it wasn't deer hunting season we would go out arrowhead hunting in Monroe County. We would *surface* hunt through the corn and bean fields. My dad would initial my finds with an ink pen. He would mark it something like "S.L. 69 9-1". That was my name, the year and the site number. This places a recorded value on the piece. An arrowhead without such a marking is lost to history. Soon to be forgotten as to where it was found. Even if you just have the county written inconspicuously on the "b" side it won't harm the value of the piece. One benefit of flintknapping is you attain the ability to recognize where the material came from. It's enlightening to know more about what you have found. To think that an arrowhead, dart point, knife blade or tool was mined in Flint Ridge, Ohio, but found in central Michigan.

There have been some incredible finds at Flint Ridge Earth Works in Ohio that were mined in Yellowstone Park. Imagine that journey 2500 years ago. After watching a flintknapper just a few minutes one can appreciate and the care and skill it takes to make an arrowhead. Few realize it is indeed possible to learn these skills. Most knappers I've met have been at it from 5 to 40 years. You can



see who the newcomers are because you can see the excitement in their eyes when a flake comes off in their hand or a question asked has a revelation that is rewarding.

I remember one conversation I listened in on when a new flintknapper asked an old flintknapper how to get to the next stage of his newly formed preform knife blade. I didn't know much at the time so I listened when the old timer said, "You had better support it well." The new flintknapper sat down again and within a few minutes had a two piece preform. That was a conversation that could have taken place 10,000 years ago. To me it was priceless.

For the past three years I've been confident enough to hunt my favorite quarries with flint tipped arrows, self bows and other equipment fashioned by me. The whitetail will always be my choice of game if I had to choose a favorite. Michigan hunting laws are nice due to the fact that seasons overlap. Wild turkey have been a special challenge I've undertaken and have found new respect for the species when hunting with primitive equipment. Trying to draw on one without the use of a tent blind can be a difficult task. I've managed 7 shots over the last 5 years. Only once have I done everything right...almost.

My most recent shot was from the same tick-infested willow patch blind that I had flubbed up on a big gobbler the year before. On that shot at 15 yards my bow was canted and caught the inside of my pant leg. The bird had corkscrewed me into shooting from a seated position with the bow between my legs. My arrow only floated out past my set up about 7 yards. I was determined not to let it happen again. This time the tom came in with two jakes that were already checking out my decoy. The bird never caught my movement as I drew my flint tipped arrow. I picked a spot on the tom's wing butt and let fly. Did I say almost? My arrow hit exactly where I aimed. The bird jumped straight up with the arrow in tow but then in that same moment the two separated and went in different directions. Upon inspection I found a very clean arrow and one thick short feather severed at the base. I felt a little disappointed because I had done everything right. What more could I have done? Don't shoot for the wing-butt?



I'd like to thank all the volunteers who put on those shoots. I know it takes a lot of effort. You really can't go without saying thanks to the people attending. If there was the greatest shoot in the world and nobody came...well there you go. I really appreciate seeing all the bows, arrows, and accessories everyone is carrying around. The last seven or eight years have gotten hard on the economy and when you see the kind of enthusiasm the MLA shoots inspire, well I feel it can only get better. Keep it fun, family oriented and interesting 'cause I think it's a winner. I'd also like to thank all of the bowyers and knappers for putting up with me asking to explain one more time what a "platform" is. I want to thank my wife and daughter who have helped me with words of encouragement and share their excitement every time I show off another point however crude it may be.

So here I am 59 years old and wondering what is around the corner. Some ideas are floating around in my head. I'm thinking, longer, wider, maybe thinner notches. Maybe I'll make another dugout canoe. A little bigger this time, a little wider. Whatever I choose I know I will never look at another tree or rock quite the same way as I have in the past.

Steve was born and raised in Michigan and currently resides in Lenawee County with his wife and daughter on a small farm. He has practiced Chiropractic for 30 years in Hudson, MI. He grew up learning the art of hunting from his dad and older brother.



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The MLA: As My Creative Outlet

by Paul Wilburn

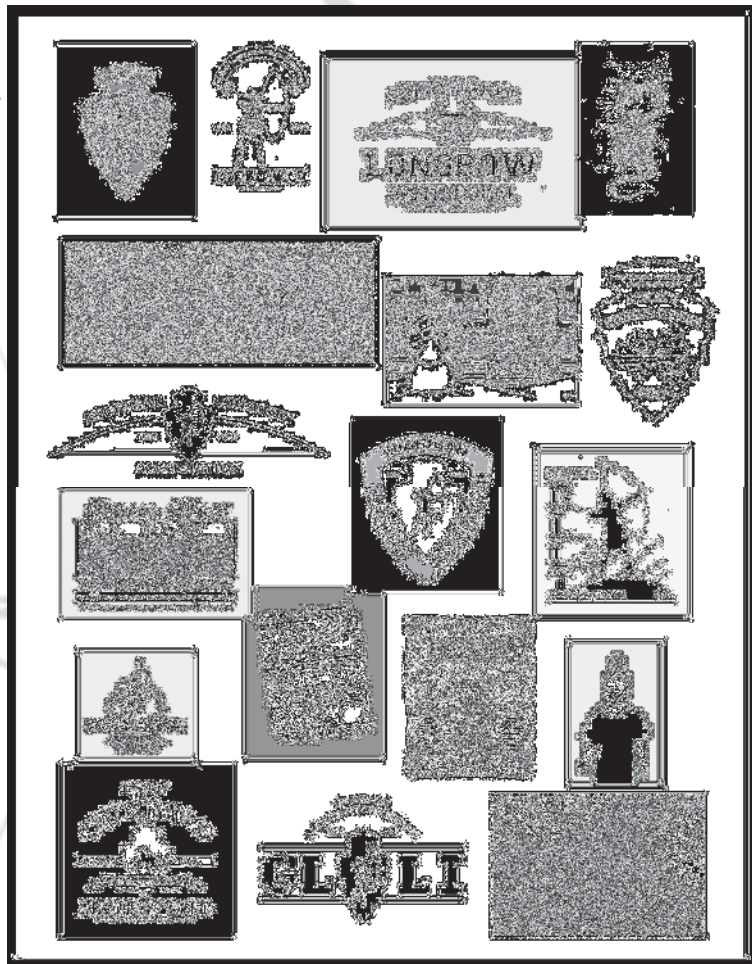
By the time anyone reads this I will be well into my 22nd year of teaching elementary art. As an art teacher I am often asked what kind of art I do myself. I'm sure most people expect my reply to be painting, sculpting or the use of other common visual arts mediums. I use to say that I dabble in many things, mostly leather and metal work as it relates to my medieval reenactment hobby. But starting a few years back my answer changed as I realized that a significant portion of the art I create revolves around the Michigan Longbow Association, and that I do graphic design more than anything else.

It all started a decade ago when I first joined the MLA Council. Like most volunteers, I wanted to find ways I could best contribute to the organization, using my strengths. Initially, no one requested my art services; I just created designs and then presented them to the Council for consideration. I am thankful that, more often than not, they indulged me.

One of the first things I did was upgrade the MLA logo that was being used at the time. It initially featured a weak, serif-style font that I replaced with a bolder one that could be read more easily from a distance. I also added the 'EST. 1983' to fill in a blank space up top and balance the design.

But it still bugged me that the logo read 'MICHIGAN LONGBOW ASSN' and that the organization name was lost a little in the overall design. The tricky part was creating a new logo that addressed these issues and yet honored the original design. After all, we are a 'traditional' organization. My solution was to create a bolder design, with an increased font size, that incorporated the original flint-knapped arrowhead, as well as the original Robin Hood character—only in a bolder silhouette form. Everyone seemed to like it, but there was a real reluctance to adopt it. Of course, at that time, allowing anything but wood arrows at MLA events was unthinkable as well. But my alternate logo was 'unofficially' used for various graphics for nearly a decade, and the Council finally voted to adopt it as the MLA's official logo last year.

One of the other things I noticed when I first started was that the same GLLI T-shirts, with the round 'Drift Back in Time' canoe logo, were being sold year-after-year. I love the design, as I'm sure most of you do, but after I had a couple in the closet there was no need to buy more. So, one of the things that has brought me the most satisfaction over the years has been creating



a variety of GLLI T-shirt designs. I love seeing people walking around wearing shirts that feature my art. I was especially proud of this year's GLLI shirt because it featured the MLA logo that I created on the front, and one of my all-time favorite GLLI designs on the back.

Along the way I have also designed flyers, posters, magazine ads, postcards, archery targets, awards and even a cake for the MLA. For a decade the MLA has provided me with an amazing creative outlet, and I am truly thankful for every opportunity. That being said, it is probably long overdue for me to move on and focus my creative energies elsewhere, and in a new way. So, that is exactly what I'm doing. In a recent *STICK-TALK* a call was made for graphic designers. I don't know if anyone has answered that call yet, but I am sincerely looking forward to seeing MLA/GLLI designs that are created by other artists with fresh styles and ideas. So, who's ready to step up and use the MLA as their creative outlet?





You Can Now Purchase Your Banquet Tickets!

Usher in the new year MLA style. The 2015 Winter Banquet will be held on **Saturday, February 21** at the Woodshire Place banquet facility (6520 W. Grand River Rd, Fowlerville, MI 48836). The doors will open at 4 p.m. with dinner to follow shortly after. As per usual, members can look forward to:

- MLA merchandise for sale
- Awards ceremony (game awards, *STICKTALK*, etc)
- Dessert contest
- Brown bag raffle (Don't forget those items!)
- Live auction

Tickets will be \$15 for adults and \$7.50 for children 6 and under. We've made special arrangements with Woodshire to increase their capacity to 184, which

would be our best turnout to date. For more information and to purchase your tickets online, visit www.michiganlongbow.org/winter-banquet or send payment to:

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Item	Donor	Winner	Amount
STICKTALK 101 Bow	Matt Wirwicki	Chris Gault	\$ 300.00
Hatchet	Bark River	Sam Morello	\$ 280.00
Glen St. Charles Signed Arrow	Paul Kocefas	Nick Viau	\$ 40.00
Cherokee Slim Quiver	Anonymous	Dan Klee	\$ 55.00
Ron LaClair Knife	Traditional Archery Shoppe	Paul Pettibone	\$ 80.00
Knife	Bark River	Jay Carlson	\$ 80.00
Flint Knife	Steve Laut	Rob Jones	\$ 55.00
Tuff Heads	Anonymous	Derek Sheehan	\$ 45.00
GLLI Arrow (orange)	True North Arrows	Caroline Wells	\$ 50.00
GLLI Arrow (orange)	True North Arrows	Nick Viau	\$ 25.00
GLLI Arrow (orange)	True North Arrows	Sam Morello	\$ 20.00
GLLI Arrow (orange)	True North Arrows	Mark Portner	\$ 20.00
GLLI Arrow (orange)	True North Arrows	Bill Buckley	\$ 20.00
GLLI Arrow (orange)	True North Arrows	Todd Greenwald	\$ 20.00
GLLI Arrow (pink)	True North Arrows	Caroline Wells	\$ 20.00
GLLI Arrow (pink)	True North Arrows	Dan Klee	\$ 25.00
GLLI Arrow (pink)	True North Arrows	Mark Portner	\$ 20.00
GLLI Arrow (pink)	True North Arrows	Joann Kruko	\$ 20.00
GLLI Arrow (pink)	True North Arrows	Charlie Mansfield	\$ 30.00
		Total	\$ 1,205.00

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Sheri Anne Designs

GLLI Silent Auction



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Wool + Movie Combo #2	Two Tracks	Derek Sheehan	\$ 20.00
MI Art Glass - Stained Glass	Jeff Burns	Mike Deppe	\$ 70.00
Predator Camo Shirt	St. Joe River Bows	Sam Morello	\$ 25.00
Spinrite Crestor	Spinrite	Dan Eckert	\$ 105.00
Wool + Movie Combo #1	Two Tracks	Matt Stoutiesdyk	\$ 20.00
Deer Grunt Tube Call	Crooked Talon Calls	Matt Stoutiesdyk	\$ 15.00
Marbles Knife	Andrew Zwerk	Thoryn Begey	\$ 25.00
Custom Pen	Ken Scollick	Chris Gault	\$ 25.00
3 Wines & 2 Glasses	Lakeview Wine Cellars	Carole Morello	\$ 40.00
Custom Side Quiver	Steve Viau	J. Beemer	\$ 60.00
Arrow Rake	True North Arrows	Denise VanRaemdonck	\$ 13.00
12x 2117 Arrows	Andrew Zwerk	Hugh Barden	\$ 33.00
Woody Weights	Mike Deppe	Paul Pardy	\$ 20.00
Arrow Finder	Demetrios Papatriantafyllou	Bob Jones	\$ 20.00
Arrowmat Target Face	The Fin Family	Vanessa Mahabirsingh	\$ 15.00
Tumbler Flag Quilt	John Pelton	Jill Burkhead	\$ 50.00
Ace Spine Master	Ace Archery Tackle	Jamey Burkhead	\$ 70.00
Grizzly Broadheads & DVD	Emerald Archery	Andy Pollina	\$ 30.00
Neck Knife	Del Bradow	Dan Klee	\$ 16.00
Custom Pen	Ken Scollick	Gary Summers	\$ 25.00
Predator Pants	St. Joe River Bows	Todd Greenwald	\$ 45.00
4 GLLI 30th Mugs w/Etchings	Sheri Anne Designs	Joe Doyle	\$ 25.00
Yuengling Lager	Todd Greenwald	JD	\$ 30.00
Fleece Quiver	Andrew Zwerk	Bill Buckley	\$ 30.00
Jewel Weed Kit	Back to the Primitive	Lori Klee	\$ 9.00
Basket Quiver	Bob Wyman	Dan Klee	\$ 70.00
MLA Wood Plaque	Sheri Anne Designs	Jay Carlson	\$ 21.00
1 Dozen Custom Arrows	Lost Nation Archery	Dan Klee	\$ 80.00
Turkey Call	Crooked Talon Calls	Herb Henderson	\$ 30.00
Arrow Rack	Charlie Miller	Don Tedly	\$ 45.00
MLA Clock	Del Bradow	Charlie Miller	\$ 5.00
Stained Glass MLA Emblem	Jeff Burns	Mike Deppe	\$ 40.00
GLLI ??	Loss Creek Arrows	Sam Morello	\$ 65.00
	Total		\$ 1,192.00



The Great Outdoor Youth Jamboree II

by Floyd Wells

The Great Outdoor Youth Jamboree II was held at Hudson Lake State Park in Clayton, Michigan on September 7th. This is a joint venture by Pheasants Forever, Pheasants Restorative Initiative, Cabela's, and the Michigan Department of Natural Resources to expose young people to the joys of the out-of-doors. Forty plus outdoor disciplines were presented in an interactive, hands-on format that allowed attendees to experience first hand the skills needed to be an accomplished outdoorsman.



Once again the Michigan Longbow Association had the #1 booth site for this event which saw it's second year attendance nearly double with more than 1600 visitors. While there were BB gun shooting booths, fishing stations, tomahawk throwing and a myriad of

other activities to participate in, the MLA booth had a continual flow of eager learners.

Both adults and children tried their hand at shooting



the longbow at the MLA booth. This year the shooting venue was adequately staffed with knowledgeable volunteers who instructed hundreds of first time shooters in the basics of archery. Bulls eyes were hit, balloons popped, clays crumbled and CD's shattered. It seemed that everyone left with a smile. But that wasn't all there was to do. Steve Laut was there with his flint knapping station and Matt Wirwicki displayed his craftsmanship at his self bow booth. Together these stations gave a well rounded representation of the "traditional archery experience."



Many discussions on the "longbow culture" were had on that Sunday. Some merchandize was sold and some new members were signed up, but most of all, the MLA was a visible, viable part of the Michigan outdoor community. Hats off to those hard working MLA volunteers that continue to carry the longbow into the 21st century.





Mentorship Through Giving...



Relationships are a priority to us, and we place a premium on them when we do business. Our vendors are members first and foremost, and they support us as much as we support them. We are very proud to say that the majority of our vendors operate right here in Michigan and are in attendance at our events, whether in a booth or lending a hand.

There are many ways for vendors to get involved with the Michigan Longbow Association and we cherish that involvement. One such way is by donating items to our auction and prize tables. We have a rich tradition of sup-

port from our members and vendors in regards to these activities and to show our appreciation, we'd like to list those who recently donated at our annual Great Lakes Longbow Invitational.

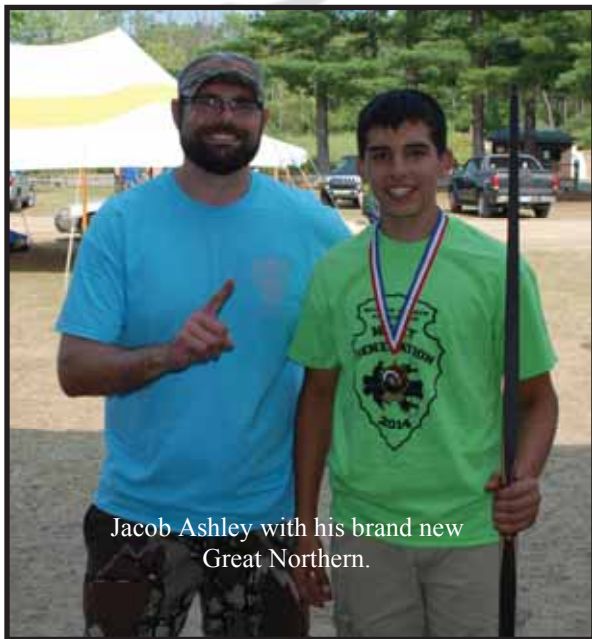


Our Vendors...

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Charlie Miller Arrow
Racks
Dinks Feather Shop*

*Eagle Flight Archery
Elk Ridge Archery
Emerald Archery
Great Northern Bow Co.
J&M Traditionals
Lake View Winery
Lost Nation Archery
Michigan Art Glass
Moo-ville*

*North End Outfitters
Ron Leclair
River Raisin Bows
Sheri Anne Designs
Spinrite Cresters
St. Joe River Bows
Stick Bow Supplies
Trad Archers World
True North Arrows*



Jacob Ashley with his brand new Great Northern.



Eli Greenwald with his new St. Joe River longbow,...



Gage Druia with his brand new Bear Kodiak, donated by Bear Archery





The Sky's The Limit

John Buchin

“Archers...Ready?” “Ready!” And with a silent thumbs up at waist level, unseen from the archers on the shooting line, Keith Jackson has given Floyd Wells the “release” signal for the foam target thrower. A 12” foam disc is released into the air, its path different on each release, and is instantly buzzed by arrows, much like hornets after an intruder. Aerial Archery has arrived at the Great Lakes Longbow Invitational. Archers of all ages met the great equalizer. Seasoned, keen-eyed archers pick off several discs, and those same archers missed as bad as newbies. Tom, the maintenance guy from Charlton Park, even got in on the action. In all the years he had worked the GLLI at Charl-

ton park, he had yet to loose an arrow with a longbow. Ever. His first arrow, Tom's first shot ever, was a disc that was descending from 16 feet in the air. Tom nailed it! His and all bystanders’



reaction was priceless! Time and time again, arrow holders and buckets were emptied. Foam discs and flu flu arrows littered the range. Picking them up never became laborious, as all were laughing, smiling, and archers “ribbed” each other about who shot what. Lexi, the arrow girl, would have 5 alike arrows in each arrow holder, and the foam discs all stacked and ready for Floyd or Keith to send airborne, all before most returned to the shooting line. Volunteering to help with the shoot was absolutely a blast. It wasn't even work, really. I had a blast helping Floyd and Keith with the shoot. I look forward to the aerial launcher's next appearance in the spring!





His Blessing

*God blessed the man who first had the notion,
to use stick and string to put arrows in motion.
Straight or recurve you decide which is right,
to bless an arrow with the gift of flight.*

*Fred Bear, Ben Pearson, and Bob Lee,
designed their recurves for guys like me.
Widow, Great Northern, or Steve Turay,
will craft a straight bow, built your way.*

*An olde English longbow made of yew,
tall as the man from hat to shoe.*

*Once meare heath of elm was all the rage,
but the king of wood, I say, osage.*

*Take minutes learning the traditional bow,
and a lifetime perfecting what you know.*

*The arrow choices are numerous too,
there is cedar, doug fir, or even chundoo.*

*Fiberglass, composites and carbons are good,
but I prefer arrows made of wood.*

*Feathers of turkey or goose, right or left side,
all shafts need a rudder as their guide.*

*With all these choices here's what I know,
God blessed man with the traditional bow.*

*Doug Jackson
January 27, 2013*





The Parting Shot

by Thom Jorgensen

Fall is in the air! I found a nice little scrape yesterday, and I can see some wild turkeys working down the distant tree line this morning. Like many MLA members, I

look forward to this all year long! For me, all of the tuning and practice the entire rest of the year is for what happens right now!

The 2014 hunting seasons are open from coast to coast and many of our members are choosing to carry their longbows afield in pursuit of game. I'll be hunting with my longbows for deer and hogs across a few states, plus I could get a Michigan turkey or Georgia black bear if those opportunities present themselves in accordance with my tags. I've talked to other members who have longbow hunting plans including: whitetail, mule deer, pronghorn, elk, bear, and moose.

Seeing as we are right in the middle of all this hunting going on, I thought this would be the perfect time to make an announcement. Paul Wilburn has asked me to take over the MLA Game Awards. I've been holding the backup copies of the forms, pictures, and archives for the past few years so I thought I was the "in the wings" guy for this for a while. Paul said that he is ready to pass this torch, and I'm ready to continue in his footsteps. Three things for you to know:

- First, I'm using the same application forms so all the data in our archives will be uniform. You won't have to fill out anything extra, but it won't be any less either.
- Second, forms are available on the *michiganlongbow.org* website for you to download and print. If you would like an application form mailed to you, please give me a call and I will send one out.
- Third, note that you now need to send the applications either to my mailing address or my email address. Both are on the current application forms and inside the front cover of *STICKTALK*.

Paul setup a fantastic system for collecting data about the successes of our members employing longbows for hunting. He has also created a nicely detailed archive of all awards presented. I really enjoyed referencing weather and location information on our archives, I was also inspired (and sometimes awestruck) by the wild successes of some of our members. After I update the archives with the 2014 awards, I would like

to put this information back on our website for everyone to share and enjoy.

Aside from the Game Award info above, I wanted to talk about one last thing regarding hunting season. Last year I did a whole Parting Shot about an unfortunate hunter and his perspective on safety. A few weeks after that article came out another friend of mine (a lifelong bowhunter) took a fall out of a tree. Luckily the extent of his injuries were a dozen or so stitches in his head, getting the wind knocked out of him, having to ask his wife to drive him to the hospital, and the humiliation of having to tell all his buddies what happened. I think it went about as well as it could have, all things considered, and it could have been much worse. This brings me to the short reminder list:

- Don't leave the ground without proper safety gear.
- Check all your straps and ropes, replace anything that's worn or old.
- Check all the bolts and connectors on your ladders, sticks, and stands.
- Replace your harness if it's old or no longer fits right.
- Review the safety videos that came with your gear, check their website or youtube.com if you lost the originals that came in the box.

None of that should need to be said, but we're always getting new members so it can't hurt.

I would like to wish everyone going out hunting the very best of luck this season. Be sure to send me those applications with your successes before January 5th. Oh, and don't be too worried if I don't reply quickly to calls and messages as I will be out hunting quite a bit myself!



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