

# STICKTALK



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# STICKTALK

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**Front cover photo by Fran Gibbs**

David Nolan shooting at Tomahawk Archers,  
March 8 2020

**Back cover photo by Fran Gibbs**

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# Editor's Point

By Fran Gibbs

I could start with some commentary on what a crazy year it has been for the Gibbs household so far. But for the first time in memory, I know for a fact that variations of our ups and downs have been echoed and mirrored in most households all over the world. That's beyond bizarre, and yet also unifying.

It has been encouraging to hear so many stories of people helping one another the world over. Closer to home, it's been awesome to see members of my extended longbow family using their love of the outdoors and archery to connect with one-another and bring moments of escape and peace to their every day lives.

To be totally honest, it was difficult to pick up momentum on this issue of STICKTALK amidst the uncertainty and chaos. When I got some time off work and could finally bring it all together, it was amazing and humbling to discover how many small, yet lovely moments of joy and inspiration there were to be found in the stories within these pages. The task I had been struggling to face turned out to be exactly what I had needed all along. As I've immersed myself in the issue, each and every contribution has had a little something to offer me.

Jill Burkhead's article reminds me of the satisfaction and sense of purpose we can find in service to others, especially when it pushes us beyond our comfort zones. Service is not about what we can do for others while it's easy and convenient; it's about what we can do for others despite our own insecurities, fears and challenges. I needed to hear that.

Sharon Buckley's poignant stroll down memory lane tugs at my heartstrings as I consider how many fond memories I've already accumulated in my few short years in the MLA. Her story really illuminates what I cherish about this association: it has less to do with longbows, and so much more to do with the people the love of longbows has brought together.

In our beloved Notes from the North Country, John McIntosh describes how after a long winter, spring is the time for sowing the



seeds for those things we wish to harvest. This idea spoke to me now, more than ever. What a long winter we've had, metaphorically. Despite the fact the buds are in bloom and the trees are unfurling their foliage, it feels as though our collective winter, that period of withdrawal and hibernation, has been prolonged. And yet, spring is indeed upon us, and we can still sow our seeds.

We have been dealt some heavy blows at the cancellation of some of our favorite bow-shoots, and we're each holding our breath as the year progresses. However, we cannot forget that our longbow community is a garden that we can still sow and tend to in the meantime. How can we stay active and connected within our community? We may not be shooting shoulder to shoulder, but we can still encourage and uplift one-another.

As you spend time in the woods or with your bow, snap a few photos. Write about your experiences or relive some favorite or funny memories and share them with your community within the pages of STICKTALK. You just never know the joy and inspiration your words might bring to another that truly needs it.

I am deeply grateful to all of you for the opportunity to make your voices heard and bring your stories and humor and memories to the "campfire" of every family in the MLA. Thank you, and please keep 'em coming!



# From Under the Brim

By President  
John Buchin

We are nearing the time once again of our outdoor 3D shoots and camping season, typically kicked off by our Spring Shoot/

Membership meeting, May 1st-3rd, held again at Land O'Lakes Bowmen, in Fenton Michigan.

Also coming up, on Saturday of Memorial Weekend, we will have a booth at Charlton Park, in the Historic Village, as usual, with a kids (and adult) range.

You will see in this issue there are some changes coming to Council. Longtime members Floyd and Caroline have stepped away from their seats as of our March meeting. They have had such a huge impact with this organization, as well as traditional archery. Always inviting people in, and going above and beyond to open the doors for people to get a taste of what we enjoy... "the Longbow Lifestyle." Serving on the Council without them will not be the same. As a member and a Council person I cannot thank them enough for what they do, have done, and have weathered as Council members. They are a huge part of why the MLA has become what it is today.

Stanley VanLiere has also decided to not renew for another term. He, along with Nancee, have been fantastic assets to the Council and Club. Serving at the many outreach events, as well as the GLLI. We appreciate everything they have done for the club and Council.

Jamey and Jill Burkhead will be renewing, and Jamey has decided to run for the position of

Recording Secretary, and is acting as Interim since the March meeting. Nicole Sayer is also running for a new position, as Membership Secretary. She, too has stepped into the position as Interim as of the March meeting.

Don Grice has put in a bio for a seat, as you will read later in this issue, and was voted on by council at the March meeting. Don will make a great addition to the council.

Rob Jones, Denise Glassburn, and myself have turned in bios to serve another year in our respective roles. This will be our 4th year in the President and Vice President positions, and Denise's 2nd full term as Treasurer.

That being said, Jill has written an article included in this issue about serving on the Council, and how it has been a positive impact in our personal lives, and what it means to us to serve or have served the MLA as a Council member. It has been encouraging to see many asking about what it takes to be a Council member, and would like to encourage more members to consider joining. I am one that does not want to wear out my welcome serving in this position, but I can tell you I have enjoyed everything it has brought to me. Being on the Council gives me so much more appreciation for the club.

I hope to see you all soon. Longbows Forever!

\* Due to the current situation at hand at the time of publishing, we were forced to cancel the Spring shoot and the Kelloggsville day which is usually held this time of year. We have also recently learned that both the Charlton Park Days event, and the Marshall Primitive Rendezvous have been cancelled as well.

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## Your Mailing Label is your Membership Card

Your membership and date of renewal is calculated on a quarterly basis. Please refer to your STICKTALK mailing label as it is your membership card and contains your date of renewal. Cut the mailing label off your copy of STICKTALK and put



it in your wallet, or bring the entire magazine, and you will be ready to flash your ID for MLA discounts at all our MLA functions.

Congratulations on being a member of the greatest longbow organization in the nation!





# Membership Report

By Nicole Sayer

Currently, we have 484 active memberships. There were 23 memberships that failed to renew this past fall and have received their last issue of STICKTALK this past winter. This will be the last issue for 25 households that have expired in January. There are 38 household memberships that expired in March.

We have added 29 new memberships since our last issue.

The MLA is represented in six countries: Canada, Norway, the Netherlands, South Africa, the United Kingdom, and of course the U.S.A.

We have representation in 23 states across the Union: we range as far east as Maryland and New York, south to Alabama, Georgia, and Louisiana, and west to Oregon.

Check the lower righthand corner of your mailing label to see when your membership expires and be sure to renew accordingly. Remember, you can easily renew online or gift a membership at [michiganlongbow.org](http://michiganlongbow.org)

Bradley Adams	Thomas Dunn	Robert & Jenni Koetje	James Noone	Chad & Anna Wassink
Tom Allen	Matt & Carolann Hall	Dave Kraemer	Kevin O'Brien	Tom & Annie Wendt
Doug Altrogge	Michael Heinze	Heith & Tammy Lantz	Larry & Linda Papke	Greg Wisinski
Bivouac Bows	Nathan Hoffman	Lisa Lewick	Ben & Vicki Satran	Robert Wyels
Tim & Terri Boer	Abigail Huber	Dan Meier	Dave & Shannon Slater	Jose Ybarra
Steve & Dawn Brady	Earl & Patricia Jorgensen	Herb Meland	Matthew Vandermoere	

## Calendar of Events

Please check with the club or organizer for status updates closer to the date. If you know of additional events, please email the Editor at [STICKTALK@MichiganLongbow.org](mailto:STICKTALK@MichiganLongbow.org)

Date	Event	Location	Contact
May 16-17	Barryton 3D Archery Challenge	Barryton, MI	Doug Jackson 989-317-5716
17-May	Tomahawk Archers: Spring Bear & Turkey	Temperance, MI	TomahawkArchers@yahoo.com
May 22-24	Marshall Primitive Archery Rendezvous (CANCELLED)	Marshall, MI	Guy Dasher 419-796-7269 Mike Damon 517-795-7987
May 23-24	3-D Archery @ The Scout Ranch Camping Available	Metamora, MI	Bob Cudney 810-941-5257 Tabitha Kaboni 810-705-3131
7-Jun	Tomahawk: World Dragon Shooting Day	Temperance, MI	TomahawkArchers@yahoo.com
June 20-21	Oakland County Sportsman Club Trad 3D shoot. Camping available	Clarkston, MI	BobAyotte1@gmail.com 248-766-5746
21-Jun	Mudjaw Bowmen 30 - 3D shoot	Erie, MI	MudjawBowmen.com
July 10-12	Michigan Bow Hunters Rendezvous Camping available	Harrison, MI	MichiganBowHunters.com
12-Jul	Tomahawk Archers: African Safari	Temperance, MI	TomahawkArchers@yahoo.com
July 17-19	Barryton Stick Bow Shoot Primitive camping available	Barryton, MI	Doug Jackson 989-317-5716 traddoug@live.com
26-Jul	Mudjaw Bowmen 30 - 3D shoot	Erie, MI	MudjawBowmen.com
Aug 6-9	Great Lakes Longbow Invitational	Hastings, MI	MichiganLongbow.org
16-Aug	Tomahawk Archers: Elk & Muley	Temperance, MI	TomahawkArchers@yahoo.com
Aug 22-23	Mudjaw Trad Weekend, some camping.	Erie, MI	MudjawBowmen.com
Sep 5-6	3-D Archery @ The Scout Ranch Camping Available	Metamora, MI	Bob Cudney 810-941-5257 Tabitha Kaboni 810-705-3131
Sep 19-20	Fred Bear Memorial Shoot Camping available	Ypsilanti, MI	MichiganBowHunters.com

# In Light of Current Events...

It is with heavy hearts and great sadness that the Council has had to vote to cancel the 2020 Spring Shoot/Membership Meeting. With the Recent Presidential advisement of extending the Social Distancing, and further Executive Orders coming from the Governor's office, we find ourselves in a position that we need to consider the health, safety, and well-being of our Membership and their families.

We are in untraveled waters right now, with many questions going unanswered. Our social environment is changing hourly at times. We are not sure about the state of the rest of the season at this point, or when and how we will be able to navigate having a membership meeting this year. Currently, we only have a few items we need to go over with the membership for vote. The Council will be discussing how to best proceed from here, and we will most certainly work hard to keep the Membership up to date

with any changes as they come. We do not know what this means for the GLLI as of yet, as that is several months away.

We still hope we will see the light at the end of this dark tunnel soon. Please stay safe out there, and keep shooting. We may not be able to share the grounds together in person, but we still can share our experiences on social media, and in the pages of STICKTALK.

I would like to ask if you do get out to let some arrows fly, that you get some pictures and maybe a few words about your time out shooting during this Social Distancing period. It is as important as ever that we share these getaways with our STICKTALK editors, Fran and Tom Gibbs, at [STICKTALK@michiganlongbow.org](mailto:STICKTALK@michiganlongbow.org)

We certainly miss you all, and look forward to brighter times.

Longbows Forever, John Buchin



## Treasurer's Report

by Denise Glassburn

As we are moving into Spring, I am so excited to start getting outside and enjoying the warmer weather. Warmer weather means that we are getting into Archery Shoot Season. On March 8th we enjoyed the archery shoot that Tomahawk Archers dedicated to the MLA. The weather was so nice it was so much fun walking in the woods and enjoy the outdoors. I shot better than I did in January so I was happy. I got to see a few of you and the club made a \$145.00 donation to us. Way to go Tomahawk!

I'm so looking forward to seeing you all this season; although so much is up in the air right now, I am holding out hope that some of the season's events can go on as planned and before long we will be enjoy each other's company again.

I was glad to have been able to see a few of you at the Traditional Archery Expo in January and the Annual Winter Banquet in February. The banquet was so much fun and we aced it, just say-

ing. But it was you, our members, who really came through. We had an awesome banquet and with all your generosity we will be able to do great things this year for our organization.

Banquet Income	Budget	Actual
Ticket Sales	\$ 4,800.00	\$ 4,150.00
Live Auction	\$ 3,000.00	\$ 6,205.00
Bag Raffle	\$ 4,000.00	\$ 3,255.00
Card Raffles	\$ 0.00	\$ 805.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 11,800.00</b>	<b>\$ 14,415.00</b>

Banquet Expenses	Budget	Actual
Dinner Cost	\$ 5,035.00	\$ 4,586.00
Arrow Award Contest	\$ 150.00	\$ 150.00
Dessert Award Contest	\$ 150.00	\$ 150.00
Award Gifts	\$ 300.00	\$ 154.00
STICKTALK Awards	\$ 150.00	\$ 168.99
Misc. Expenses	\$ 150.00	\$ 22.61
Bow Giveaway	\$ 500.00	\$ 500.00
Licenses Fee	\$ 50.00	\$ 50.00
Credit Card Fees	\$ 100.00	\$ 79.12
Africa Hunt 50/50	\$ 0.00	\$ 1,000.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$ 6,585.00</b>	<b>\$ 6,860.72</b>
<b>Profit</b>	<b>\$ 5,215.00</b>	<b>\$ 7,554.28</b>

# Spring 2020 MLA Council Meeting

## March 8, 2020

**Attendance:** John Buchin, Rob Jones, Denise Glassburn, Jill Burkhead, Jamey Burkhead, Jeremy Sayer, Nicole Sayer, Caroline Wells, Don Grice, John Glassburn, Jim Kinsey, Floyd Wells. Absent: Stan Van Liere

**Membership Report:** 530 members currently. Still checking January and March expirations. Suggestion was made to check membership status at GLLI when members pay for shooting fees.

**STICKTALK Report:** Still Alive and Well.

**Treasurer Report:** Report was presented by Denise Glassburn (see Treasurer's report in this issue). Discussed pricing for printing and distribution of STICKTALK. Found that other vendors have comparable pricing and will stay with Greenman. Discussed seeking price comparison for liability insurance. Motion to accept Treasurer's report: R Jones, second by J Sayer, all in favor.

### Old Business

**Trademark Update:** Trademark registration is still waiting on approval by the Federal Gov't. Jamey will inquire with the attorney about any charges that may still be pending regarding the initial application for registration.

Trademark attorney did ask if the MLA would need International registration. After discussion with the Council it was determined that risk doesn't justify the cost of \$1500 per country to register in every country we have members outside of the United States.

**Expo:** According to Bob Brumm there were 1700 people in attendance at the Expo this year which is the average. Merchandise sales at the Expo were down \$300 from 2019.

We will discuss the possibility of changing booth locations to achieve better visibility of the MLA booth by attendees. A discussion was had regarding a possible revamp of the scheduling of volunteers at the booth as well as coming up with new ideas for youth projects at the expo.

**2020 Winter Banquet:** Income for the banquet was up this year (see Treasurer's report).

From the feedback provided by our members we feel that everyone was pleased with how well it all came together with the earlier start time and pre-drawing of raffle items. There were only minor issues addressed to Council members which pertained to the food and understaffing of banquet hall employees. There was a discussion about shopping around for other venues, preferably one with hotel and banquet facilities in the same building or on the same property.

### New Business

**Compton Banquet:** Compton Traditional Bowhunters approached the MLA and asked if we would be interested in running their banquet in 2021. There was a list of responsibilities and costs associated with the venture. After much discussion and a day to think this idea over it was decided by the Council that in the best interest of the membership and the organization as a whole, the Council respectfully declined the offer from Compton.

**Scholarship:** To be announced at Spring Shoot (now announced in this issue of STICKTALK).

**Council Members' Intentions:** It was brought before the Council that Floyd Wells and Caroline Wells will be resigning from their Coun-





cil positions effective at the close of this Council meeting. Thank you for all of your years of dedicated service to this organization.

At this time Nicole Sayer will be stepping in as Interim Membership Secretary and Jamey Burkhead will act as Interim Recording Secretary.

The Council also welcomed Don Grice to the MLA Council. Don had submitted his bio and was voted on unanimously by the Council.

Caroline Wells presented the WSDS Dragon Shooting Kit that was being made and sold for \$25 to raise funds to help support World Dragon Shooting Day. A motion was made by Caroline Wells, seconded by Jamey Burkhead and passed by Council to purchase 10 kits for \$250 in support of WSDS.

A motion was made by Denise Glassburn and seconded by Nicole Sayer to draft language and

present to the membership for a vote at the spring meeting to amend the by-laws in item 4, paragraph D, sub paragraph I, Regular Members. The draft will seek to change the age from 18 to 21. In favor: 8. Opposed: 1.

**Spring Shoot:** Denise Glassburn presented an idea to have a family movie night in the clubhouse Saturday evening.

The idea of a kids pumpkin shoot was also presented along with possibly an intro to arrow building for the kids.

It was also confirmed that 3 more bows were to be ordered from Black Rhino for the youth program.

Motion to adjourn by Jamey Burkhead and seconded by Nicole Sayer, all in favor.

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## Notice to Membership:

### THE MLA COUNCIL IS PROPOSING AN AMENDMENT TO THE ASSOCIATION'S CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS

The MLA Council will be introducing a proposal to amend to the Association's Constitution and By-Laws at the Annual Meeting of the Membership on May, 2, 2020.

The proposal is to amend the definition of Family Members as described in Article (4) Membership/Section D- Categories of Members/Subsection IV- Family Members.

#### Current Language:

IV. Family Members shall mean and include those designated persons in the immediate family of regular members such as the spouse of a regular member or those persons under age eighteen (18) who live in the household of a regular member and which regular member shall be in good standing and has paid the fees, dues and assessments for the period required to permit the spouse or persons under age eighteen (18) to qualify as family members.

#### Proposed Language:

IV. Family Members shall mean and include those designated persons in the immediate family of regular members such as the spouse of a regular member or those persons under age eighteen (18) twenty-one (21) who live in the household of a regular member and which regular member shall be in good standing and has paid the fees, dues and assessments for the period required to permit the spouse or persons under age eighteen (18) twenty-one (21) to qualify as family members.

This proposed amendment will be presented to the membership under New Business on the Meeting of the Membership Agenda at the Spring Shoot and Membership Meeting on May 2, 2020.\*

\*Proposal to be presented at a later date yet to be determined due to the cancellation of the Spring Shoot and Membership Meeting.


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# Bio's for Council Seats



John Buchin

For those who have not yet met me, my name is John Buchin. I have served on the Council for a while now, and have enjoyed every moment of it. The experience has been beyond rewarding. I am married to Diana, my wife of 19 years this May, and have one daughter, who will be taking her first steps into the adult world this May as she graduates from High School. I enjoy making selfbows, longbows, as well as making arrows. I also have a minor obsession with hunting wild turkey with the aforementioned tackle. I would like to renew my seat as President for one more year.



Rob Jones

Hi all, Rob Jones here. I would like to renew my Vice President role in the MLA Council for another year. I have been on the council for a few years and have served this role for a few years now. I love the long bow and wish to share with as many as I can. I love to hunt with the bow and love to shoot also. Thanks for your consideration!



Denise Glassburn

Greetings MLA family! After filling an open position in 2018, I have now been the MLA Treasurer for over a year in a half. During this last year I have been working hard to help make the MLA a stronger and more stable organization and I feel that my work is not done yet. I hope that my work on the Council has made a difference for you. I would like to continue serving as Treasurer if the MLA Members want me. See you at the Council meeting. If you have any questions please reach out to me.



Jill + Jamey Burkhead

Hello, we are Jill and Jamey Burkhead and we go together like a bow and arrow because you can't have one without the other. We have enjoyed volunteering our time with the MLA, especially at the outreach events like Charlton Park Days, Barry Youth Outdoor Day and Expo, to name a few.

Jill took over the position of Merchandise Coordinator three years ago and joined Council two years ago. She is looking forward to continue serving the organization on the Council as well as continuing on as Merchandise Coordinator.

By now most of you know me, Jamey, beyond just the turkey shoot guy or the high meadows shuttle coordinator.

I have enjoyed the last four years on the Council and look forward to many more. I have offered to assume the responsibilities of Recording Secretary to fill the upcoming vacancy. These are some big shoes to fill but I am up for the task and look forward to seeing what the future holds. We look forward to working with all of you in the upcoming year.

Til' our paths cross again...





## Nicole Sayer

Hello all! I'm Nicole Sayer. I've been part of the MLA for five years and a Council member for one. I'm looking to take over the position of membership secretary as Caroline Wells steps down.

I am currently a homemaker and home-schooling mother of two teenagers, a

voice of reason to a legal 'adult,' and one half of a nearly two decade-long marriage. I help out with our local high school's band booster program, shuttle my youngest child all over the state, help teach a local taekwon do class, am in training for my master's rank in taekwon do, and have begun an adventure in the fun world of real estate!

I've helped Caroline over the last few months and have enjoyed getting to meet some of you as you've renewed your memberships at the Kalamazoo Bow Expo and Winter Banquet.

I'm excited to be helping out and getting to meet you all as you renew your memberships!



## Don Grice

I consider my love of the longbow a story of dormant fate. I have fond memories of shooting my cousin's yellow fiberglass bow as a young lad. I distinctly remember the captivating arc of the arrow as it drifted through the air in my parent's long and narrow

backyard. Day after day we would spend hours flinging and fetching arrows. Unfortunately, this newfound infatuation with archery was short-lived. A few months after my introduction to the stick and string, my cousin joined the Air Force and moved away, which eliminated my connection to archery.

Following his departure, my fascination with the flight of the arrow quickly receded into the background. Subsequent years were filled with

other activities like karate and baseball. My parent's back yard was converted from an archery range to a makeshift baseball field and any thoughts of archery were soon gone.

It wasn't until many years later that I was re-introduced to archery via the compound bow. Despite the attraction of modern archery components, I found myself drawn to the memories of the stick and string. Then, approximately seven years ago my dormancy broke when the opportunity to build a longbow with a family friend presented itself. An almost magical reconnection with the emerging stick and string resurfaced as the simple and sleek form of the longbow took shape during the build process. Upon the release of the first few arrows from my newly created longbow, I knew my time with a compound bow had concluded.

Now seven years later I, my wife Diana, my son Justin, and my daughter Kalie, are all committed longbow archers. This deep-seated love of the longbow and the longbow lifestyle that is so aptly presented by the Michigan Longbow Association is what I would like to share with others through a position on the MLA Council.

Humbly submitted, Don Grice

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# 2020 Winter Awards Banquet

By Thomas Gibbs

The date was February 15th, 2020. My dear wife, Fran and I were about to be on our way to Woodshire Place Banquet Hall for the one and only Michigan Longbow Association's Annual Winter Banquet. My very first introduction to the MLA was at a previous edition of this particular event, as Fran's guest before I'd ever even shot a bow. Good memories were in the air as we collected the awards to be handed out for STICKTALK contributors and I was bursting at the seams with enthusiasm! After all, the dessert contest was imminent... But I'm getting ahead of myself.

After our pleasant trip up to Fowlerville, only getting lost and driving a half an hour out of our way once, we arrived. Losing that precious time meant that by 3:30 PM, seating was already limited but we managed to score a fantastic table full of excellent company.

Fran's most immediate priority seemed to be to get our pre-purchased raffle tickets into the raffle item bags as quickly as possible. I knew well enough that the best way to prolong my usefulness would be to assist in writing on and tearing apart

the tickets with haste! So write and tear I did. Then began the browsing of the raffle room's coveted items... Back and forth, to and fro we wandered, placing tickets in the brown paper bags of our most desired trinkets, targets and sharp bladed objects. When finished, our fingers were crossed that we might win something epic this year.

Somewhere between taking pictures of members and socializing, I found myself photographing the delectable desserts that were to be judged during this year's contest. Ah, but they all looked so spectacular. MLA Council member Nicole Sayer uncovered the awe-inspiring sugary food exhibits so that I could get better photographic evidence of their existence before they were promptly consumed. I jokingly (yeah, right) asked who exactly I needed to bribe to be one of the judges, when Nicole revealed to me that she was in fact the one running the contest, AND there was one more slot open for a judge. My heart skipped a beat! Could it be true? Was I going to be able to try each and every one of more than twenty delicious desserts... and before dinner was served? I nearly fainted.

The time spent waiting until the contest felt like an eternity but when it happened, I can attest that it was all worthwhile. I can only thank all the contestants for making everything bad in life that I have ever endured, completely worth it in that moment. Every single one of you were winners in my book. I would also most certainly like to thank Nicole for proving to me that dreams really do come true!

When dinner was served, I was very much full and buzzing with a sugar high. I ate very little and only remember that the food was quite good, though I could not tell you what exactly was eaten. Highly enjoyable conversation was had with stellar company and I found myself unendingly grateful for the wonderful people that the MLA has brought into my life.

Eventually, the time came to pass out awards and Fran and I were up! It was a real treat for us to be able to honor all of the past year's STICKTALK contributors in attendance that day and give mention to all of those who weren't. I would like to take this moment to thank each of you again, especially those who won the Editor's Choice awards for their outstanding dedication to







this publication: Nick Viau, Suzanne Schmier and John McIntosh. Great job!

After the game awards were handed out by President John Buchin and Thom Jorgensen, it was auction time. Two tremendous human beings, Floyd "Bub" Wells and Paul "Canada's Greatest Superhero" Pardy grabbed the microphones and made it look easy! These exemplary examples of auctioneering action successfully sold item after item at great deals and in record time.

Finally came the raffle! The tension and excitement in the dining room was high. Would I win something cool? Would Rob Jones know I probably wasn't mature enough to handle sharp objects? Hopefully the answers would be 'yes' to the former and 'no' to the latter, as always. When all was said and done, Fran and I did win some fantastic things. The money spent on raffle tickets was well worth it and I can only aspire to buy more next year. However, I think Rob knew better about the 'sharp objects' thing...

All in all, I have wonderful memories from the

Winter Banquet. It flowed better and more professionally than I have ever seen before and the Council members deserve a huge pat on the back for just how exceptional a job they did. I personally want to thank each and every one of them (especially Nicole, coz desserts) for making this most beloved MLA event one for my personal record books.

Lastly, even though this has become a bizarre year for all of us as of the printing of this issue, I feel endlessly grateful knowing that when the next MLA event does come around, I'll be united with all of you wonderful people again. Thank you all for giving me something to look forward to just for being you. I can't wait to see your smiles and shoot with you again!



# Arrow Making Competition

By Jeremy Sayer

This past Winter Banquet was a fun one. We had good food and fellowship. We were also able to see what a few of our resident arrow artists could do.

There were three entries for the arrow contest this year. Our three contestants for this year were John Buchin, Willie Soto, and Ken Scollick. Each set of three arrows were lovingly handcrafted and beautifully made to be judged by members of the club. They were then auctioned off with all proceeds going to benefit the club.

First place, and bragging rights, went to John Buchin, second place went to Willie Soto, and third place to Ken Scollick. Each man walked away with a cash prize.



We'd like to thank the three entrants and all of you who voted for your favorite set of arrows. We're hoping for a little more competition next year, just to keep things interesting. So, set your sights on the bragging rights and the cash and make sure your arrows are on the table next year.

# Desert Contest

By Nicole Sayer

Happy Spring, everyone! The Winter Banquet was such a blast this past February. I was very excited to run the dessert competition. It was a fun opportunity to get to meet and interact with a few of our members. I'd like to thank everyone who participated; both those who brought some super delicious desserts and those of you willing to risk an extra pound or two to taste them all. You all helped make the banquet tasty and fun.

Our three winners this year were Caroline Wells with her Chocolate Mint Dessert, Diana Buchin with her Sex in a Pan, and Diana Grice with her Salted Carmel Cake. Congratulations again to all three of you ladies!

I'd also like to thank our judges, Brook Mudry, Joe Callahan, Tracy Jackson, Vadie Ball, Hunter Nevins, last minute addition Thomas Gibbs, and the tie breaker Shelly Mudry. You guys had a hard job, thank you all for your top-notch judging abilities.

We did have one dishonorable mention. Joe Callahan was very vocal in his distaste for the McDonald's apple pie entry submitted by Tracey Balowski.



Keep up the baking and make sure to bring your best next year!



# Ace's Campfire Column

By You, MLA's members

*I am MLA's Ace! My column is the place to share your funny stories, recipes, jokes, antics and memories. See you at the campfire!*

## Ace's Restaurant Review

Location: Woodshire Place, Fowlerville MI

Date: Feb 15, 2020

I was merrily on my way to a local bar for a fun Saturday night out, back in the ole days when such a thing existed. Hard to imagine right now, I know. Anywho, here I was driving down the road and this big brown restaurant called Woodshire Place caught my eye. It doesn't appear on my local dining guides, but it looked busy, so it must be popular. I decided on a whim to stop in and check it out. Parking lot was completely full when I arrived and venue was packed; surprising, considering its small-town location. Hostess looked pretty busy chatting up some other diners so I just slipped past and seated myself, no problemo. Honestly was hoping for a quiet booth in the corner but no such luck. Came across a spare seat between some weirdos who were talking about spine-weight when I wedged my way between them. Chiropractors, maybe?

Had to wait a long time to get our food because the server was some happy amateur who might have been better at his job if he wasn't so busy boasting about his fresh ink. He was clearly showing favoritism and I swear our table was last to be allowed to get our

food. Evidently, I came on buffet night. Got looked at funny when I asked for the drink menu. Confusing, considering there were no shortage

of adult beverages around, but whatever. Some of my fellow diners looked like a tough bunch and I didn't want to push my luck.

Dinner was delicious but I had no idea it included entertainment too! A dapper-looking Canadian chap with a booming laugh and a tall, amiable fellow with an extraordinary hat and inexhaustible enthusiasm auctioned off various items with great flair, including some terrifying looking equipment to test aforementioned spine-weight. Not sure I'd want to find out firsthand how this is used. Two loaves of bread auctioned for an astronomical price; I had no idea being a baker was such a lucrative enterprise! Note to self, must find out what exactly the secret ingredient is that makes these highly sought-after, premium baked goods so valuable. Attempted to ask my table-associates and they just laughed. Clearly this is a well-kept secret. To my growing alarm, several knives, axes and other lethal-looking weapons were auctioned to people who appeared well-versed in their usage. Yeah, that decision not to push my luck was looking better and better.

Before long, people's eyes were glazed over from the consumption of salted caramel cake and other delectables and I used the opportunity to sneak away, leaving a few tenners on the table for the bill that never came.

Overall, would recommend to a friend. Service was dubious (c'mon, he's clearly just working this job to pay off his new tattoo) but food was good and entertainment was top-notch.

Pro tip: wear plaid and brush up on some chiropractic jargon to fit in better with the locals.



# Banquet Raffles and Auction

Bag Raffles	Donor	Winners
Green Bag	J & D Glassburn	Bob Jones Sr.
Camo Women's Purse	J & D Glassburn	Katie Mansfield
Towels, jars, and oven mitt set	J & D Glassburn	Ben Safran
Happy Camper Tire Cover	J & D Glassburn	Kim Summers
Feather bag	J & D Glassburn	Bob Jones Sr.
Multi Color Candles	J & D Glassburn	Bob Jones Sr.
Wildlife Throw	J & D Glassburn	Joe Callahan
Jewelry Dish	Katie Mansfield	Erin Mahoney
Silver Feather Necklace	Jill Burkhard	Michelle Mudry
Longbow; A hunting life book	J & J Burkhead	Richard Cross
MLA Bag	MLA	Richard Cross Terry Folts
Kids quiver with glove	Floyd Wells	Rich Haught
Quiver	Floyd Wells	Sam Morello
Backyard Farm Basket	Nicole Sayer	Bob Jones Sr.
Handmade Pens	Lane Sayer	Caden Ziemba Joann Kruko
Shooting Passes	Tomahawk Archers	Floyd Wells x2 D Glassburn x2 Bruce Folske
Kitchen Décor Basket	Memory of J.Austin	Ron Eurick
Kids Hunting Toy Set	F & C Wells	Richard Nika
Kids Hunting Toy Set	F & C Wells	Robert Wyaman
Kids Hunting Toy Set	F & C Wells	Jeff Burns
Kids Hunting Toy Set	F & C Wells	Jeff Burns
Large Camo Pants	F & C Wells	Ellen Denny
All Weather Target	Floyd Wells	Daniel Klee
Electric Knife Sharpener	The VanLieres	Donna Jones
Handmade Card	Pam Swiler	Ellen Denny Gene Hickey
Wood Burned Bottle opener	Donna Jones	Matt Wirwicki
Wood Burned Cutting Boards	Donna Jones	Joe Callahan
Back Quiver w. bear hide trim	The VanLieres	Lisa Soto
Premieredge knife	The VanLieres	Sharon Buckley
Bucket of Senew	Jerry Lubber	Richard Nika
Camo Blanket	Jerry Lubber	Bob Jones Sr.
Men's Shirts 2XL	Robert Jones	Daniel Klee
Men's Shirts XL	Robert Jones	Rob Kruko x2 Frances Gibbs
Elk Sinew	Jerry Lubber	Daniel Klee
Men's Shirts LG	Robert Jones	Richard Cross Coby Kopec
Women's Shirts	Robert Jones	Gene Hickey Sharon Buckley
Michigan Bowhunters Quiver	Jerry Lubber	Floyd Wells
Thermacell Refill	Paul Parady	Mike Fink
Pocket pal knife sharpener	Folske	Richard Cross
Puzzle	Folske	Kim Westendorf
Towel, Scarf and Scrubbie	Carole Morello	Donna Jones
Leather coaster set	David Balowski	Derek Sheehan
Robin Hood Book	Carl Johns	Derek Sheehan
Bows on the Little Delta	Carl Johns	Terry Folts
Wine with bottle holder	Carl Johns	B. Gardener
Books	Terri Folts	Frank Oltman Paul Gaslorek Mike Schreiber Jaime Burkhead
Laundry Basket	Coby Kopec	Cary Cox
Wool Hood	Coby Kopec	Matt Stoutjesdyk
1-year Magazine Subscription to Traditional Bowhunters	Trad. Bowhunters	Donald Grice Joe Callahan
Love Wall Décor	Joe Callahan	Coby Kopec
Knife set	Sam Zimba	CJ Burns
Knife set	Sam Zimba	Susan Sheehan
Stand Kit	Sam Zimba	Hunter Nevins

Bag Raffles	Donor	Winners
Petoskey Necklace	G & E Denny	Ron Eurick Brian Carpenter Ben Safran
Bear Metal Sign	M & H Wirwicki	Frank Oltman
Fleece Hood	Coby Kopec	Caden Ziemba
Bow Sock	Coby Kopec	Richard Cross
Wall Hangings	Gene Hickey	Chris Jones
Lady's Basket	Gene Hickey	Allison Butkiewicz
Coffee Mug Basket	Gene Hickey	Tracy Benavides
Honey Set	Gene Hickey	Vadie Ball
Spyderco Knife	Derek Sheehan	Steve Laduecer
Knife Sharpener	Derek Sheehan	Shawn Keck
2 Line Scale	Brian Carpenter	Tim Boer
Lg BowHunting Sweatshirt	Brian Carpenter	Carole Morello
Arrow Decorations	Brian Carpenter	Cheryl Butkiewicz
Sleeping Indian Shirt	Brian Carpenter	Ellen Denny
2XL shirts	Brian Carpenter	Hunter Nevins Jaime Burkhead
Camo Ram Jacket	Brian Carpenter	Greg Denny
Bow & Arrow Decorations	Steve Viau	Catherine Hunter
Youth Quivers	Nick Viau	Ben Safran
Youth Quivers	Nick Viau	Brian Trash
Youth Quivers	Nick Viau	Gene Hickey
Youth Quivers	Gene Hickey	Richard Nika
Take Down Case Small	Gene Hickey	Jared Benavides
Possibles Base	Gene Hickey	Shawn Keck
Fletching Jig	Gene Hickey	Cary Cox
Beach Art	Jodie Short	Tracey Balowski
Leather Journal	Gene Hickey	Caden Ziemba
Neck Knife	Del Brado	Erik Peters CJ Burns
Bolo Tie (arrowhead)	Del Brado	Heather Wirwicki
Golf Balls and Tees	Del Brado	Carl Johns x2
Knife Set	Eurick	Catherine Hunter
Kwikee Kwiwer	Gene Hickey	Donna Haught
Buck Wall Clock	M & H Wirwicki	Daniel Klee
Bag Target	M & H Wirwicki	Frances Gibbs
Vintage Arrows	Dareen Schelling	Nicole Sayer
Blanket with Pillowcases	Denise Yan	Lisa Soto
Bird House	JoAnn Kruko	Donna Jones
Grain Scale	The Krukos	Gene Hickey
Inflatable Buck	JoAnn Kruko	Diana Buchin
Buck with Doe Print	Brian Carpenter	Bob Jones
Wood Turned Pen	Ken Scollick	Lane Sayer x2
Branner Fedora	Cary Cox	Charles Butkiewicz
Water Buffalo DVD	Cary Cox	Rob Kruko
Sharps Bowie Knife	Cary Cox	Diana Buchin
English Muffin Bread	Brian Carpenter	Cheryle Eurick Donna Jones Michelle Mudry Richard Bulter
Arrow Keeper	Gene Hickey	Richard Cross
Knife Sharpener	Gene Hickey	Dan Toles
Electronic Mist & Scent	Gene Hickey	Dan Toles
Chess Game	Ronald Winter	Patrick Brown
Flashlight	Ronald Winter	Lori Klee
Treestand Rope	Ronald Winter	Richard Nika
Lighter Fluid & Handwarmer	Ronald Winter	Doreen Schelling
Deer Target	Joe Callahan	Diana Buchin
Cinnamon Bread + pan	Jamie Burkhead	Thomas Gibbs
Chili Raffle Draw	Danny Every	Matt Strabbing
Whitetails Unlimited	Gene Hickey	Richard Nika
Finger Tab	Gene Hickey	Daniel Klee
Braided Bowstrings	Gene Hickey	Richard Nika
Bow String	Gene Hickey	Daniel Klee





Bag Raffles	Donor	Winners
Michigan Bowhunters Book	Gene Hickey	Breeann Gardener
Looking Deer Print	Jerry Keck	Hunter Nevins
Modern Wolves	The Burns	Katlin Keck
Tree Stand	J&J Doe	Gene Hickey
Camo Vest	J&J Doe	Jared Benavides
Butt Out 2	J&J Doe	Richard Nika
Stanley XL Thermos	Ronald Winter	Susan Sheehan
Stanley Thermos Mug	Ronald Winter	Donna Jones
Stanley Classic Food Jar	Ronald Winter	Jaime Burkhead
Wood Burned Ornaments	Fran Gibbs	Dick Gardener Ruth Keck Jill Burkhead George McKinney Ruth Keck Breeann Gardener
Bag Target	Gary Summers	Bruce Folske
Right Wing Turkey Feathers	Don Toles	Daniel Klee
A Hunter's Fireside Book	Rick Butler	Charles Butkiewicz
Corey Ford Sporting Treasury	Rick Butler	Diana Grice
Magnum Lift System	Rick Butler	George McKinney
N. American Hunt. Club Books	S Stoutjesdyk	Steve Keck
Silver & Turquoise Necklace	S Stoutjesdyk	Denise Glassburn
Feather Earrings	S Stoutjesdyk	Donna Jones
Etched Gloss Mug	S Stoutjesdyk	Ken Scollick
Bear Archery Book	Pat Brown	Steve Keck
MLA Mug	MLA	Jill Burkhead Linda Leroux John Kopec Meghan Ziemba Nathan Burkhead Jerry Keck Kim Westendorf Lynn Gaslorek Nicole Sayer Donna Haught
Special Raffles	Donor	Winners
St. Joe River Bow (\$200)	D & T Balowski	Gary Summers
Kalamazoo Bow Works	David Darling	Nick Viau
Longbow from MLA Bowyer (\$500)	MLA	Ben Hammond

Live Auction	Donor	Winners
English Muffin Bread	Brian Carpenter	Rob Jones
Traditional Arrow w. head	Don Gilson	Caroline Wells
Alaskan Yellow Cedar Shafts	David Cartwright	Ken Scollick
Can of Chili - Buy in for Spring Shoot Chili Cook-off	Denny Avery	Matt Strabbing Sam Ziemba
Bow and Arrow Rack	R & J Kruko	Ben Safran
Rapid River Knife	Ken Scollick	Nicole Sayer
Birch Bark Quiver	Steve Viau	Josh Himebaugh
Ron LeClair Shrew	Rick Butler	CJ Burns
Multi Fletcher	John Glassburn	Joe Callahan
ASWA Spine Tester	Jerry Lubbers	John Buchin
12 Lost Nation Arrows	Brian Carpenter	Jared Benavides
12 Custom Arrows	The Krukos	Rob Jones
6 Custom Arrows	The Krukos	Lane Sayer
12 Arrows (45-50)	Java Man Archery	Nicole Sayer
12 True North Arrows	Bob Wayman	Jeremy Sayer
Bow Rack	Don Grice	Diana Buchin
Nikon Binoculars	Ronald Winter	Joe Callahan
Leather & L.L. Bean Knife Set	Ronald Winter	Justin Grice
Vintage Back Quiver	Jerry Lubbers	George McKinney
Shaf Chk	Jerry Lubbers	Tim Boer
Hickory Flat Bow	Greg Denny	CJ Burns
Canvas Backed Print	Terry Foltz	Frank Oltman
Custom Made Knife	Terry Foltz	Jeremy Sayer
Spine Tester	H & M Sheridan	Jared Benavides
Footed Shafts	David Cartwright	Ken Scollick
Wood Chuck	Jerry Lubbers	Coby Kopec
Commemorative Arrow Pen	Jerry Lubbers	Tracey Balowski
Lg Asbell Wool jacket	Stanley VanLiere	Katy Darling
Kershaw Knife	Stanley VanLiere	CJ Burns
Hand-Burned Tomahawk	Donna Jones	Tracey Balowski
12 Premium Cedar Shafts	Jerry Lubbers	Frank Oltman Ben Hammond Katy Darling x2
Sitka Spruce Shafts	Jerry Lubbers	Ben Hammond
Right Hand Custom Quiver	Great Northern	Steve Keck
Left Hand Custom Quiver	Great Northern	Bruce Folske
Safari Hunt	Trophy Game Safaris	Jess Goodman
Bivouac Bow Co. Bow	Bivouac Bow Co.	Steve Keck

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# If Not Me, then Who? If not Now, then When?

By Jill Burkhead

The MLA Council is always looking for fresh new ideas from its members, preferably those willing to take a seat at the table and see those ideas through to fruition. If you have ever considered joining council but you were a little apprehensive, take a moment and read what some of our past and present council members had to say about their time on council.

“10% of the people, do 90% of the work.”

“For 15 years my husband was always the ‘official’ council member, with me tagging along. We are a family organization; in most families, the spouse and children come along for the ride, when a council seat is taken. Going to meetings, writing reports, phone calls, representing, is the life of a council member. It's not a tough job, but it's a great way to get to know your organization and meet more people.

The inner workings are amazing. Many hands make light work. Feeling like you are making difference, helping the organization grow, watching things change, contributing personal specialties, are a few of the reasons to become involved.

Everyone has something special to bring to the table, the council table is a special place to be.”

“Serving on the MLA council can be summed up in one word for me. Rewarding. We're fortunate to have a great organization full of great people. From the first GLLI my family and I attended we were impressed with the caliber of people there. It's an honor to serve a group that is so generous, kind, and gracious. Serving on the council is definitely work (more than 4-5 hours per year no matter what Rob says), but there's no doubt that it is worth it.”



“I grew up volunteering and serving others, so joining Council came natural for me. One of the most rewarding

takeaways is working with the youth. They're the future of this outstanding organization. My mom always said, 'A girl scout always leaves a place better than she found it,' and I intend to do just that.”

“I love doing the kids Silver Arrow with Nick and seeing all the smiling faces as they compete. I also love doing the kids shooting area, and watching the kids and parents getting the little ones started shooting their bows. The 3 to 5 year old children are amazing shooting for the first time, and what great times they have! They're all smiles. They get their first bow from St Joe River Bows and are hooked for life. The camping life is unbelievable and the stories around the different campfires are always amazing. Just one great big family, and then there are the guitars and singing around the campfires. The fun can't be beat. Just go visit the different camps, you'll always be welcomed with open arms. Everyone is family.”

“I had the honor of serving a few terms on the council, and I'm very proud of what we accomplished in those years. Most of us know the joys of volunteering for a youth event or community outreach program; for me, serving on council was even more rewarding. There is a weight to being responsible for decisions that will affect the entirety of our organization, but it is lessened by knowing you are sharing in each vote with people motivated to ensure that we are around for generations of longbow enthusiasts to come.”

“It means serving others and helping teach others about traditional archery. I can use my skills and talents to help the organization be strong for other generations. Along the way, I have created a new family and friends for life.”

“I am a people person. I love to help people. The joy of helping a new person, whether it's a child or an adult, shoot an arrow the first time and hit a target is one of the most awesome things I've gotten to encounter as part of the Council. When I got the chance to join the Council, it was a blessing in disguise. It gave me purpose with archery. I love to shoot and be with friends in the woods or on the 3D course. The time spent with my friends





on the Council is time that will never be forgotten. They are more like a family than a bunch of friends. There may be a few nuts on that tree, but I would not change it for the world."

"What comes to mind is that it means giving back to the club. Helping take responsibility for putting on the events. Helping to steer the club forward. It means pushing my comfort zone, putting myself in a position where I need to interact and get to know other club members."

"The MLA found me at a tough time in life. Turmoil at both work and home. The friendly, welcoming atmosphere was just the remedy. I felt compelled immediately to give back to an organization that had been so inviting to me. I started with lots of volunteering. While helping at GLLI, Floyd asked me if I had ever thought about joining the Council. He discussed with me how serving on the council would enhance the experience beyond measure. I had no idea how correct he was. It has given me the opportunity to share the Longbow with so many people from so many different walks of life. It has grown to become not

just a large portion of my life, but a large part of my household. I would like to extend the invitation to anyone who has that feeling of wanting to give but are unsure of what to expect: try it. You will not regret the experience at all."

"I've never been one to join most organizations, usually for fear of being disappointed that it isn't what I perceived it to be from the outside looking in. With the MLA I started out slow, one year at a time. As I felt more comfortable and got to meet people I started volunteering at events. However, I still said I wouldn't take on a leadership role. So now that I have been on council for a few years I can say that it is exactly like it appears from the outside: one big ol' family. And just like



every family, we have our ups and downs, but in the end everything always works out. I won't sugarcoat it, this is a lot of work but what you take away from it is priceless."

"I was never one to join a board or even an organization. I came and went as I pleased without obligation or duty. I hit the shoots I wanted to hit. The lineup was seldom the same year-to-year. I enjoyed the freedom, but it was missing something. There was no connection - no commitment. I was passionate about the longbow but wasn't doing anything to advance or keep it alive. Then, I had a conversation with Floyd Wells that changed everything. It stemmed from my lack of participation. 'Wait, you're not camping? You're missing everything, my friend! The after-hours are what makes this organization great.'

"I took what he said to heart and mulled it over the next few months. During that time, the board was looking for Council members. Thom Jorgensen, knowing how passionate I was, recommended I join. I did that Spring and the rest is history. A new world opened up in front of me. I soon learned that the dedication of a few committed members are what make this organization what it is. Without that, it will slowly die.

"My time on the Council and during my presidency was difficult. It was a lot of work and stress, especially to do a job you aren't being compensated to do. I sacrificed a lot and it kept me up nights. But that was only because I cared so deeply.

"We accomplished great things during my tenure. The MLA changed - evolved. I don't regret a single minute of it. In fact, some of the greatest moments of my life happened while serving this organization and I will look back on them with pride and fondness.

"To quote Floyd a second time, 'you get out what you put in.' I heard this many times during and following my tenure and it is absolutely true. The deeper you sink your roots into the MLA, the better you and the organization become.

"I was happy to do my time and was sad I had to end it.

"The world is changing. People have less time than they used to. Organizations are struggling to fill much needed voids in their leadership. Some have faced collapse more than once.

"Let's not allow the MLA to meet that fate. We are thriving and our leadership is waiting for the next group of people to take their turn.

"Take your turn. Get involved. You won't regret it."

## Youth Scholarship

The Michigan Longbow Associations is proud to announce the recipient of the 2020 MLA High School Scholarship. This years \$750 scholarships is being awarded to Julius Tapia from Kenton, Ohio. Julius is the son of Ryan and Young Mi Britton and is currently a Senior at Kenton High School. Julius has been very busy during the last four years of high school, participating in Marching Band, Pre Band and Choir Band. He also played baseball three years, and varsity lettered two of those years, while continuing to earn a place on the honor roll all four years.

Julius plans to attend Marietta College, majoring in Petroleum Engineering.

The MLA would like to say Congratulations to Julius on his graduation and best wishes to him for his future plans.

Way to go, Julius and Class of 2020!




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# Clearing the Troubled Mind

By Andrew Zwerk

*"Nothing clears the troubled mind better than shooting a bow" Fred Bear*

Obviously, all of my MLA brothers and sisters are fully aware of the crazy, chaotic, stressful state of the world today as a result of the COVID-19 pandemic. Whether observing a strict quarantine, venturing out for work, struggling with finances because of lost income or some combination of these and other issues, the days we're living can be trying and tiring.

Now, more than ever, our shared love of the longbow can help calm our frayed nerves and troubled minds. Now, more than ever, do yourself a favor and fling some arrows! Now, more than ever, shoot your bow in a way that is most comfortable for you and brings you the most joy. Light or heavy poundage, shooting for extreme accuracy or blank baling, enjoy and embrace the



beauty that is our shared passion. Feel the stress fade away with every release of the string and arc of the arrow. Now, more than ever.

My son, Eli, and I have been shooting more than usual the past few weeks, usually at his request. While he's always loved the longbow, I've felt that even he, at 11 years old, was recognizing the calming effect an hour of shooting could have in the midst of all that has happened to upend his normal routine. As the weather has warmed we've transitioned from the garage and backyard to wandering the woods searching for trophy stumps. And while we're in the woods, longbows in hand, and chatting the day away, all is right in the world. Even perfect. And my mind, our minds, are no longer troubled.





# Memories from Thirty-Five Years Of Bow-Shoots

By Sharon Buckley

In 1986-87 Ronald Reagan was president. The US bombed Libya; the Iran-Contra affair took place; the Chernobyl nuclear disaster happened; once-in-a-lifetime Halley's Comet appeared in the solar system; the Challenger exploded; Pan-Am 73 was hijacked; there was the FBI Miami Bank shootout, the biggest shootout in FBI history.

In that time, I suffered almost as bad a fate – I had to sleep on the ground in a tent and use a five pound coffee can for a toilet at my first ever long-bow shoot weekend. My husband had said "I've been making arrows with this old fella named Owen, and he says he goes to these weekend shoots where everyone wears old traditional dress like fur trappers, Indians, cowboys, knights in armor, and they shoot targets with traditional long bows. You want to go?" Well, "NO!" I'm a city girl from Detroit, what am I gonna do in a tent and with people like that? But, I finally said ok when he said we could take Jaimi, our five year old granddaughter. She'd have fun.

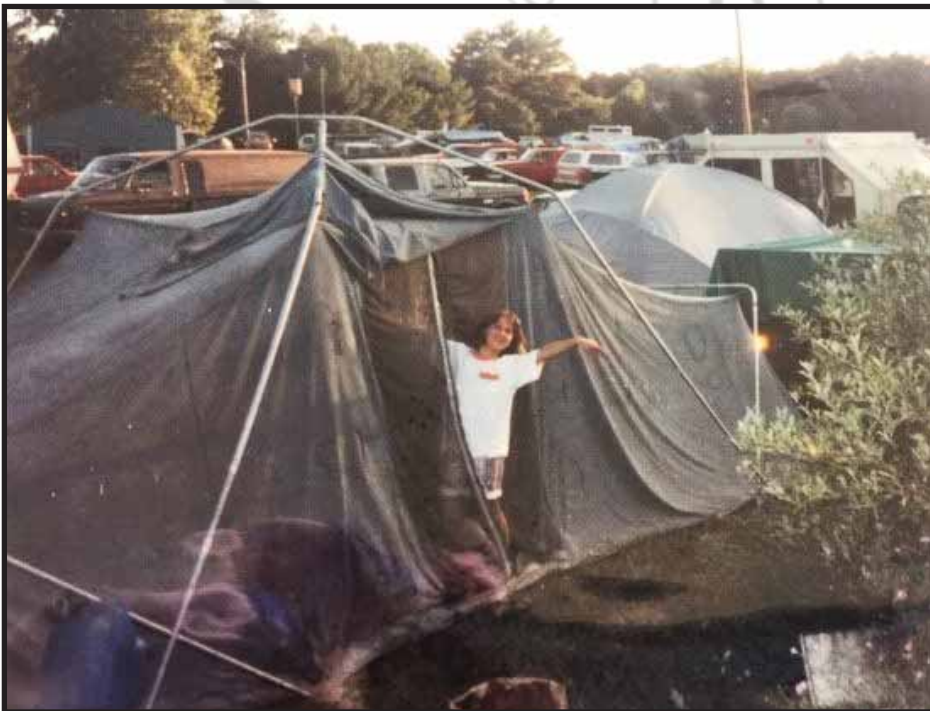


*Bill and I with our granddaughter, Charlotte*

We took the old blue canvas tent my dad had bought when I was a kid. It was forty years old and all stained up and the zipper was broken. We had lost the center pole so we held up the tent with a broom handle which was too short, so the tent was all saggy. It took four hours to put up, with help from about ten people at the camp. Over the years a lot of fun was poked at the Buckley family over that tent.

Now Jaimi had been taught by our daughter, Lisa, not to point when she saw something odd, but to squeeze hands instead. The first morning we came out of the tent she started squeezing my hand furiously. The guy in the teepee next door had

*The infamous blue tent*



*Bill with our granddaughter, Jaimi*







*Bill and our grandson, Jack*



*Bill teaching our granddaughter, Charlotte, to shoot*

come out bare-chested, feathers in his hair, a loin cloth on so that both flanks were exposed. Grampa said, "No making fun, now, I told you they do everything like in the olden times, traditional." She said, "But Grampa, he has an electric razor!"

Jaimi continued to come to the shoots with us till she was fourteen. Around that time our son Pat's boy, Jack, turned five and when he'd visit from Green Bay, he'd come with us. One time in around 1997 he and Grampa left camp in flip flops and bathing suits to find the river for a quick swim. I knew after two hours that something was really wrong. They finally appeared after walking about eight miles. Jack had kept saying "Grampa

*Charlotte learning to brush her teeth bow-shoot style*



are we lost?" "No, Jack, we're not lost," Bill would tell him. Bill gathered skulls, and rocks and feathers, or whatever, trying to make the escapade fun. Finally Jack said "Grampa, we're lost aren't we?" and Grampa said, "Yes, Jack, I'm afraid we are lost." A truck laden down with stuff to sell at the shoot passed so they finally knew they were on the right path. However, the truck was so full they couldn't fit in, so they had to walk the last couple miles. The guys kidded Bill about that for years.

Jack came to the shoots for about ten years. By then our youngest daughter Janeen's child, Charlotte, turned five and we started bringing her. She thought brushing our teeth and spitting on the ground was the coolest thing ever.

At the GLLI that first year a man had come with his three little girls. They set up their tent near Bub and Caroline Wells, near where we were. It was Paul Parady with his daughters Annabel, Kathryn, and Alexis. Charlotte and those lovely girls became fast friends and remain so to this day, ten years later. After that first meeting, Annabel wrote a wonderful article for STICK-TALK telling about the great kid they met, named Charlotte. She just wrote another great article in the Winter 2020 edition about her dad, Bub Wells, and my husband, Bill, and how each man had so positively affected her life. That article is what





*Making memories at Moo-Ville with the Pardy girls*

prompted me to write about how these people, these weekends, have affected my own life.

When Jaimi and I first started coming, I thought "I have nothing in common with these women! They raise goats, and shear them, and make blankets out of their fur, and show them at the fair, and can fruits and vegetables, and cook with big iron pots over open fires. And shoot bows! All I do is go to work in an office." I was telling the women one day about redecorating my

*Char hanging out with Carl, John Vasos, Grampa and James*



*Bub and Caroline Wells' wedding*

house and going to Lowe's so much that they knew me on a first-name basis there. The women invited me to go to the store that day, but I didn't go. When they came back, little Ellie, Rob and JoAnn Kruko's daughter who was about eight at the time, had brought back a sign that said "Gone to Lowe's" and hung it on my door. That sign was the catalyst that made me think maybe I could be friends with these women and their kids. How sweet that was of that little gal and the ladies.

I watched Ellie Kruko and her sister Molly grow up over a number of years at the shoots. They'd leave at times to show their goats at the local fair. After several years, when Molly was about seventeen, I asked JoAnn where she was.

She had always come to the shoots. JoAnn said "Oh, she's in Japan. She's fluent in Japanese and she's gone there to teach!" Wow, how impressive!

So many stories I can tell now after thirty-five years! I sat around so many campfires with Jimmy Doolittle and his mom Wanda playing guitar and singing with Bub. It took me many years to come out of my shell, but now they let me join in some, playing and singing with them. Wanda still calls me the coffee lady, as I always supply her with coffee





*The whole family together at one of the shoots*

in the mornings when she comes. There have been so many meals made by Miss Caroline and Karen Pardy that they invite us to; there's the chili cook-offs, and my white chicken chili; Ole Sagamore and his great outfits; the Maid Marion shoot, in which my daughter Lisa came in 2nd last year. At one shoot my whole family was able to come including my nephew Brian from Florida, my sisters and brothers-in-law, even Jaimi and her husband Temme and their two little girls from California. Grampa taught another generation to shoot! Brian was so impressed that it seemed like he was part of a big family for that weekend. He said it was something he'd missed during his life, since he had a very small family.

Bill's cancer came back in 2017, but he wanted to keep going to the shoots. One day we shot

*Jimbo Andreson and Bill*



*Temme and our granddaughter, Laila*

the course with Jimbo Andreson, who also had cancer. The rest of us wanted to give up mid-way through, but Jim was determined to

finish the course. Janeen shot the course with Jim while Lisa carried a lawn chair through the course so Bill could sit between targets, despite him insisting he didn't need it. He did.

When Bill died, I was able to give one of his bows to Carl Johns, a good friend of Bill's who always brought his bacon and eggs over for me to cook. I had a bow for Bub Wells, for Paul Pardy, and for James Troupe, the only black man to come to the shoots in the 80's and 90's. They had all been good friends to Bill and I.

Over the years, tenting had gotten to be too much so we'd graduated to a camper. However, I couldn't handle it without Bill so I sold it. Then to make it possible for us to keep going to the shoots,

*Bill with our granddaughter Laila*





Lisa bought a kitchen and a tent she could put up by herself. Lis and I play guitar in front of that tent for Carl Johns, Denise Van, Sam and Carole Moreli and the group – I can even get Lis to sing The Wreck of the Edmond Fitzgerald on those nights.

Janeen went through invitro and lost triplets in about 2004. When she miscarried, JoAnn Kruko made her a prayer shawl, even though she had never met her. It had Japanese coins on the corners that Molly had sent from Japan just for that purpose. When Janeen finally met JoAnn at a shoot two years later, she just ran across the camp and threw her arms around JoAnn.

When JoAnn Huddle and I saw each other across camp after each of our husbands died, we just made a beeline for each other and stood hugging. We never said a word. Last year at the GLLI when John Stewart asked me how to get through the loss of his wife, I said you should have come for the whole weekend, not just the Memorial Shoot. Let these people comfort you – they will. Whatever you do is right, and they understand. You'll be hard-pressed to find a group of people more loving and understanding. I will never forget my granddaughter Charlotte and I next to each other shooting a memorial arrow for Bill at the last GLLI.

A big guy named Grant showed up from Tennessee a few years ago. We got to the GLLI and he



*Rob Kruko, Me, JoAnn and Ellie Kruko, Bill*

was the only one parked, and he was in our spot! I hollered at him, "Hey, move that truck, you're in my spot!" We all laughed when he jumped up, offered us a drink and food and he still does that – he takes care of us girls when we show up. Everyone takes care of us, helping set up our tent and kitchen, feeding us and hugging us. It's like coming home to our big family every time we get together. It's so neat.

There was one night we girls took off in a golf cart to the lake and went skinny dipping'. That was the year my nephew Brian was with us, so we took him too! Of course, nobody brought a towel, so we had to wrap ourselves in paper towels after our swim! On the way back we were all singing as loud as we could "You Don't Hafta Call Me Darlin, Darlin!" So many women say they want to be a part of that when we do it again!

There are so many more memories – the Mexican pot luck nights; my girls lifting up Andrew Harper's kilt with their bows; all the trips to Mooville for ice cream at the GLLI; Monico Adkins eating a six-foot-long bag of popcorn, not letting it go; the Gault family of about 10 members; all the kids playing "Bloody Murder" with flashlights in the pitch dark every night, every year. I was so nervous that first

*Char and the Party girls*





year, letting Charlotte stay out until eleven o'clock. Bill said, "Nothing to worry about here, with these people." Annabel still walks her home at the end of the night all these years later. I remember drinking homebrew with Paul Gasiorek the fireman out of a big jug, and his wife Lynn making each of us a blanket when Bill was so sick. We took his blanket right to the nursing home and he loved it.

One year during our camping days, I said "I'm never sleeping on the ground again!" The next year Bill brought an air mattress. Not wanting anyone to see what he had, he walked up to the clubhouse to blow it up. Hello?! Walking back with that thing all blown up, the guys were all laughing and cat calling – he was so embarrassed. The next year, though, every woman in camp had an air mattress with an attachment one of them brought me to plug into the car's cigarette lighter to blow it up. No more trips to the clubhouse.

There was the night Kenny Scollick danced the hula at the campfire wearing a coconut bra and then he got out his bow with the shot glasses attached for everyone to do a shooter off of. I remember talking to Vanny, Karen Pardy's mom, who was the sweetest mom ever. Lisa and I traveled to Canada to see her in the hospital. She passed away two days later.

I'll never forget the Pardy girls and Charlotte screaming and running toward each other to hug every time we got to a shoot, and the song the four girls made up for Bub and Caroline's wedding: "Bub Bub Bub and Caroline~~~Floyd."



*Me with Kenny, Brian and Carl*

Paul always kidded Bill about his lousy shots and missing the little blown-up balloon. So, at one shoot he and Annabel showed up with a balloon for Bill that was about 6' across. I never saw Bill laugh so hard.

Every year I watched the 21-Arrow Salute, till the year we participated when I wrote 'Bill Buckley' on an arrow, Lisa wrote 'Debbie Boone', and Janeen wrote 'Faye Shamoun' for the loved ones we had lost that year. We still shoot those arrows every year. It is so moving when Brian Carpenter says "...You go, I stay..." I cry every time he says it.

That's a condensed version of thirty-five years of experiences at bowshoots. I'm so glad I agreed to sleep on the ground in a tent and use that coffee can all those years ago.

Now, if I could just learn to shoot.





# Stump Shooting

By Craig Ziecina

Rome and I escaped the statewide lock down again, running to the woods like little hoodlums enjoying nature. A strong mental attitude will get you through anything!

We spent a couple hours within the tree-line, hiding in the woods on our property playing "if that was a deer" scenarios and stump shooting with our trad bows.

The sounds of nature replaced the panic and chaos we see on social media and the news. The thought of coronavirus left our minds as quick as the first arrows left our strings. We will continue to live, continue to thrive and continue to remain positive and endure whatever the future holds.



My mind quickly forgot about everything else, helping me identify the simple things. The simple things making me want to hold these moments, squeezing them tightly, and never let go.

Many emotions filled my head as we walked through the dry leaves, finding deer sign, seeing chipmunks, ducks, cranes, and squirrels. I cannot think of anything better than spending quality time with my little buddy.

Rome has become a great shot with his longbow, and takes everything more seriously in the woods. I see myself, 35 years earlier as he walks and stalks ahead of me. Each stump is a trophy elk, a beautiful whitetail or a strutting Tom. Unfortunately we can't stop it, and Time has disap-

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bows, but they are the sexiest."*



peared over the years, leaving the distinct detailed memories which remain.

I remember my first rabbit, my first deer, and my first archery harvest. The chapters begin to pass and I enter the portions of my life when traditional archery was found. I feel the excitement for what lies ahead for Roman. I will be here to see his first harvest, and many decades of trad harvests as he learns, grows and becomes what I am today. Today, as every day, I'm a proud father, with time to think, appreciate and enjoy what I have experienced, and what he has and will experience.

Its amazing how time changes equipment. A one piece fiberglass bow handed down by my father has been replaced by todays cutting edge technology. Rome draws and shoots his St. Joe River Bow like it is an extension of his arm. The fiberglass of years gone have been replaced with laminated limbs.

The slow arching arrows are now replaced by fast flying micro diameter carbon shafts. Roman's bow is only 18#, but sends an arrow like a 35# bow. He has an edge I was never able to retain.



I'm confident he would appreciate the advancements I've seen in my lifetime.

Roman will be walking behind his own son one day, sharing the same thoughts as I did today. I'll be there also, walking slower, as a proud Grandfather following behind.

It was a perfect evening tonight, as we watched the sun fade, still holding our bows. I am very fortunate and feel more alive after spending a few hours in the woods. Roman and I share a special love for traditional archery, and it warms my heart and soul to have the opportunity.

Thank you for experiencing it with us!



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# Naming Critters and Other Rants

By Floyd Wells

Now, I don't have lots of opinions on things. I don't push agendas onto the unwilling. Mostly I just don't care what others think, nor do I believe anyone cares about what I think. Still there are a few things that have been festering under my hide for a time. I would suppose it all started around the time of the invention of video, when folks began to film themselves with the intention of sharing what they did or saw with others who might be interested. Yup, I'm thinking it was the birth of public media in all its various forms, both good and bad.

At any rate, this past fall, I have had the opportunity to view some Youtube hunting shows during my surgery rehab. It's something I've never done much of. Rehabbing: YES. Watching hunting videos: NOT! While I find a lot of things I see on those shows offensive or actually laughable, there is one thing that has become common place that really bothers me. I'm not sure why, but giving a particular animal a "name" just sticks in my craw.

A camo clad hunter with black lines painted on his face looks into the camera and whispers, "I got the chance to shoot Ralph today but I'm holding out because Oscar has a 12" G2 and he would look real nice hanging above the mantle next to Bridget. Wouldn't they make a nice pair?" Cripe. I even have friends who are doing this stuff. I mean, it's OK to identify the animal, describe them for what they are. There's no sin in that. The "Wide 8" or the "Little Forky", but "Rocky" and "Terminator"? Come on, *really*? It just doesn't sit well with me, is all. Do what you will I guess, but I'm telling you, it's not right.

I had just started back to work after having recovered from an emergency appendectomy when the weather began to feel like fall. Now past the middle of October, the whitetail rut was slow to start. There were no scrapes or rubs to be seen anywhere in their usual places. Too warm for too long, may have been the reason. We had seen deer during the early part of the month but as usual they seemed to have moved off. No doubt just avoiding the areas where we had been leaving scent for the better part of 3 weeks.

We here at the farm have long since traded hang-on stands for the stability of ladder stands.

There are a half dozen to choose from every time we walk into the woods behind the house. On this particular evening I chose the "Beech" stand. The ladder now rests against a tall maple tree about 20 yards north of where it was originally placed. The tree where I put the stand to begin with was a huge beech tree with saplings growing under it. The set up was about as perfect as any I've ever made: right at the end of a ridge with the terrain slop-





ing away and a well used deer run seven yards to the left. Perfect for a right handed shooter. Problem is that in all the years it stood there, I only released 2 arrows from it; one at a buck and one at a turkey. Both were less than ideal shots and both resulted in misses, so the ladder was moved 20 yards to the north and success has been much improved since.

The new placement isn't ideal since there is no cover. It's just a straight trunked tree out in the open. The stand doesn't even cover a well used trail, just an area that the deer pass through. It is 45 yards to the field in front and 65 yards to the field to the left. There are woods behind and to the right but the corner of the field in front lies adjacent to a transition of terrain. It's where the mature hardwoods change into blow-downs, brush, and lowland growth. This transition zone has always been a staging area and travel corridor for deer. This corner is one that the deer favor as they move from that bedding area to feed each evening. A rare northwest wind allowed the use of the "Beech" stand this evening so that is where I was.

We have lots of squirrels in the woods here. We have an occasional gray but not many, and no blacks here even though there are some only a few miles away. There are mostly fox and red squirrels. One of the wife's tales heard as a kid is that fox and red squirrels can't live together due to the temperament of the reds. However, while I'm not a squirrel expert by any means, there seems to be just a whole lot of both kinds living in harmony here at the farm, running and chasing and playing. There is no discord. Their antics keep me entertained while I spend time waiting for the more preferred game like deer and turkey. While they are game animals, we don't hunt them here in favor of the joy they bring through obser-



vation. Please don't misunderstand, there are the odd sightings of raccoon, mink, possum, fox, coyote, birds and the like but the squirrels are the most consistent presence in the woodlot.

I was watching a young bushy tail acting the fool as he frolicked about the forest floor looking for hickory nuts and romping about as the mood struck him. As he made his way toward the corner, I noticed a shadow coming around a big oak tree. It didn't take me long to determine the shadow had legs and antlers. The buck was feeding on acorns making his way slowly toward my position. When his head moved behind a tree at 50 yards, I took the opportunity to get up, my knees popping loud-





was closer than that". I already know *before* I release the arrow.

"How far away will a 40# bow kill a deer?" Goodness, I dislike questions of this kind, and they can be seen all the time on the internet archery forums. Hitting a target is one thing, shooting at a living animal is something entirely different. The question should be: "Where will the animal be by the time the arrow gets there?" Alas, I regress.

The buck was nearing the top of a blow down that would determine if he would become a target or simply an observation. If he turned to the right, he would walk by, outside of my self imposed limitations. If he turned left, he would be on a path that would bring him well within bow range. Most deer turn right but to my surprise this animal turned left, proceeding toward me from right to left. At 12 yards he stopped and bobbed his head up and down, attempting to get me to move. I have a firm belief that prey animals are equipped with a sense that alerts them when they are being watched by a predator. The older and more sophisticated that animal, the sharper the sense is honed. I never looked at him straight on. I only watched from my peripheral vision and then only with the occasional glance. After a short pause, the buck determined that the tall object before him was no threat and with the wag of his tail continued on his way past the stand.

ly in the still evening air. The buck paid no mind and continued to feed in my direction.

There are rules in my world of traditional bow hunting; some that can be broken as the need arises, and some that can not. All of my stands have boundaries that are memorized at the start of the season. I know that if the targeted animal passes on that side of the tree he is at 23 yards. If he passes on this side he is at 19 yards. If the intended target passes along the far side of that blow down he will be at 25 yards and if he passes on the stand side he will be at 18 yards. I have a set limit in regards to shooting distances on animals that are not alerted. Closer is always better until it effects the shot angle. I don't shoot at animals just because it "feels right" at 38.5 yards. I don't look at the distance and say "I thought he

The buck was quartering away, looking forward when I slowly began my move. In one fluid motion I twisted at the waist, bringing my long-bow to position all the while drawing the string to my face. It is a conscious swinging motion that is accomplished in an unmeasured sequence of time. My hand touches my face and the home-made cedar arrow is on its way. The big Magnus 2 blade crosses the 9 yards that separate the buck and I in a twinkling and he's off. I am amazed that for the first time in recent memory, the arrow is not on the ground with a complete pass through. Rather, it is buried to the feathers with a foot of the busi-

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ness end sticking out of the right side of the buck. Spinning to the right with his first jump he lunges straight away. His shoulder blade snaps the shaft as he plants for his second jump. The deer is dead on his feet running toward the west field. He almost makes it to the edge before going down. I watch his tail flicker several times and then he is still. I wait the customary 20 minutes to make sure the deer stays down and for the adrenaline rush to subside. I pack up and make my way over to claim my prize. He is a good deer, sporting a wide 8 point rack. He is heavy through the shoulders with a thick neck. I am happy with the accomplishment.

I grab his rack and exert the effort to drag the big bodied animal out into the field. I whistled for Mrs. Caroline who is making her way from another part of the woodlot. In the fading light she finally locates the origin of my quail calls. I share the high points of the event upon her arrival then drape my day pack over the deer's body to

deter the coyotes. Caroline is excited for me but deep down I wish the opportunity had been hers. My bride and I hold hands as we start for the house in the glow of a fall sunset. We both are pleased to have venison for the freezer. I, for one, am pleased knowing that there is a new Polaris 4x4 that will make the transport to the barn much easier this year. If only the backrest I put on it didn't rattle so much.

Have I ever told you how much I hate rattles?



# Mystery of The Wind

By Steve Van't Hof

*"The wind blows to the south and turns to the north; round and round it goes, ever returning on its course." Ecclesiastes 1:6*

Ah, the wind. How many times have we heard (and preached), "keep the wind in your face"? How many of you haven't been busted by it? I thought as much.

So, what do you do? How many of you attach a piece of dental floss near the end of your bowstring? How many attach a feather to the end of that piece? (Blue jay feather for my green and black limbed bows; turkey feather for the rest.) Have you ever used a milkweed pod? What about a store bought squeeze bottle of powder? Or, do you just rely on what you observe around you?

But nature sometimes lies, or at least doesn't tell the whole truth. Have you ever felt the wind in your face but noticed that the clouds were moving by in the opposite direction; or tree tops appearing to bend against the wind? Often there seems to be more questions than answers.

How should I, as a traditional bowhunter, deal with this? Buy the latest and greatest scent suppressor clothing? How about one of those battery operated instruments that supposedly destroys scent molecules as they leave your body? Or, do we attempt to defeat the wind a more natural way?

About a decade ago I cut out the first of several articles from a reputable outdoor magazine in

which the author and his law enforcement friends set up scent tests. The deputies' K9 dogs would be taking the exams. (Now, keep in mind that a whitetail deer's nose contains about 100 million more scent receptors than a dog's.) These tests were conducted over several years to keep up with the ever burgeoning market of new scent control products; the final one occurring last summer with the K9 dog up against an Ozonics unit. To summarize: the dog found every hunter utilizing scentless soaps and shampoo, baking soda, cover scents, and scent suppressor clothing within 20 seconds. It didn't matter what the combination was. And, it took up to 20 seconds only because the dog had to check all six test boxes before zeroing in on the only one holding a human. However, when the hiding human used an Ozonics unit along with all the other scent control steps it took the dog up to 50 seconds. Make your own judgement.

I'm sure some of you (if not all) are thinking of your own experiences; some successful and some not so much. How can it possibly be that at times deer spook when the wind is in your favor? Yet other times deer are trad-bow close, directly downwind, and still allow one to pull off a shot.

In October of 2002 this is exactly what happened to me. While seated against an oak on a fence line one evening, I had the west wind in my face. In front were numerous other oaks, many of which were dropping acorns. Immediately behind me was an alfalfa field. Out of the corner of my eye I noticed two small bucks pop out to the south and begin feeding up the edge on the acorns. As they fed I slowly eased around, finally facing the field on my knees. On they came until they were only a dozen yards away directly downwind. The







spike watched as I slowly drew to anchor and put an arrow through the chest of the three-point. Who knows, maybe there was an errant cross breeze in the short distance between?

In 2014 I had two run-ins with the biggest buck I've ever seen on the land I co-own in Newaygo County. He was a behemoth with a bone-white eight-point rack. Although the rack was not the biggest, his body certainly was. If any buck would ever dress out over 200 pounds this buck was

it. The first encounter occurred when I spent an evening in late October seated on the ground in the same oak grove bordering a huge cut cornfield to the east. The wind was out of the northwest. He and I both watched younger bucks chase does throughout the cut corn. Twenty minutes he stood there watching, finally fading back into some heavy brush.

The afternoon of November 6 again found me seated against a large oak. At 5:30pm the same big buck made another appearance at the top of the field. This time though, he was facing my location. After watching a couple of does in the cut corn he nonchalantly walked toward me, crossed the fence and cut west. As he starts angling southwest, he's only fifteen yards north of me. Thirty more feet and he'll pass behind a cluster of oaks allowing me to draw. And then the unthinkable

happens. Since 2pm that afternoon the wind was a steady breeze out of the west. Now, however, almost 4 hours later at the very moment he approaches, I feel it. First, a slight tickle on the back of my neck. Then, the feather hanging from the top of my bow starts dancing towards the buck - a southeast wind. The big eight stops and looks intently all around. Slowly he backs up, turns and trots off toward the north. No panic, no snort, no leaping bounds; just a controlled, almost calculated exit. I never saw him again.

Well, okay, it seems to me that the best advice is to stay downwind. But, isn't that a good thing? It sure keeps the whole process simpler. And isn't that our goal as traditional bowhunters? I would go so far to state that the process trumps the product (outcome); not just by way of the weapon we chose but our other equipment (or lack of it) as well.

When the wind dies down and allows one to hear that heart-pounding crunch, snap, crunch of an approaching deer, that's why we hunt. But, when that same wind sighs through the pines and rustles the oak leaves; well that is akin to hearing my favorite classical music piece.

In the Bible it states "He makes winds his messengers (angels)..." (Psalm 104:4). Elsewhere it flips that around to say "...He makes his angels winds..." (Hebrews 1:7). Sometimes these messengers help us in our hunt. Other times they alert the deer. I can live with that.

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# Notes from the North Country

By John McIntosh



Here we are, into March. Winter in the western UP was pretty mild, not a lot of hard, cold temperatures. Most of our snow came early then was really mild, only around 160-180" of

snow here at Lost Arrow Acres this winter so far. Many days were in the 30's and 40's in February. None the less, wintery months are long, and to live here you have to enjoy it, and have a plan to keep yourself busy. But spring is on the horizon. One part of spring is that it's time to plant seeds for future harvests. Gardening, preparing hunting areas, scouting, shooting our bows. We must sew the seeds for what we wish to harvest later.

A few weeks ago, my nephew Ty messaged me for some advice on arrows. When he was a youngster, we had him attend Camp Wilderness when I was teaching at Camp, and I gave him a recurve that was given to me from a mentor of mine for the purpose of passing it along to someone interested in traditional archery. Ty shot that bow well, but as time went forward, he was lured

by the efficiency and ease of modern bows. I suspected that might happen, but I knew based on the look in his eye as a kid shooting that trad bow, someday he would return to his roots.

Well, that time is at hand. He asked me what arrows to use for his recurve, a different one than his original. He explained he has been very successful at taking deer with his wheel bow, and frankly, he had found it to be too easy. Too mechanical. He wanted to get back to traditional archery. We chatted for a couple hours, and I got







him going in the right direction. The seeds sewn many years ago, are once again bearing fruit. I told him at some point I will see to it he has a longbow in his hands. More on that later. But the point here is, a young archer is coming back to where he began, and had it not been for planting that seed of simple bows in him as a young kid, he never would have that experience to draw him back. I'm excited to follow his progress.

Our paths in life are many. Sometimes we must stray from the right path to learn. The path we end up on may twist and wind in many directions before it leads back to where we are meant to be. It may lead us to places we didn't expect to end up, or may lead us to something that we wanted to do for some time, but the timing just wasn't right.

As I mentioned, winters are long in this amazing peninsula I call home. I have never had

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*Perforate at line, send to address on back.*

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a problem keeping busy and enjoying them. This winter, after the holidays, I decided to spend as much time in my woodshop as I could. Something had been gnawing at me for a very long time. My path had not yet led me to this point but now, finally, I knew it was time. I created my first bow form, got the shop set up, and finally built my first longbow. This first one was as

much a learning process, as it was a homecoming for me. I've wanted to do this for so long, but lacked the time, the right tools, the space, to make it happen. Once I got that all together, I dove in. My first bow, *Addiction*, turned out quite well. Not without a few challenges, and a few screw ups, but in the end, a nice shooting bow of my own. There is no better feeling than loosing that first arrow from your own bow.

I'd be remiss if I did not mention how thankful I am to the several bowyers who have endured my questions, offered their advice, and helped me learn via so many texts, phone calls and messages. For many years I have admired the craftsmanship of the many bowyers associated with the MLA. They truly set the bar high, and set a great example.

Eventually, through scraps of wood, sawdust, and determination, a bow emerged. Yes, there will be more. This is my addiction. Longbows are my drug of choice. To combine two of my favorites, working in the woodshop, and building bows, is a path that was meant to happen for me at some point.

There is no limitation as to where your path with the longbow may lead. Follow it. Trust it. And enjoy every minute of the journey.

As for my nephew? Yeah, I'm gonna be building him his first longbow soon.

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*Perforate at line.*

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