

December, 1959

DEVOTED TO ALL PHASES OF ARCHERY

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COMPLIMENTARY

ARCHERY



IN CANADA

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WINDSOR BOWMEN

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Archery At Work!

The York County Bowmen are seen at work here making a new extension to their clubhouse which will enable them to shoot indoors winter. All the work has been voluntary—and done by members of the YCB.



ARCHERY IN CANADA

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Meet Your Camera

—Ross V. Smith.

The strange-looking numbers with a small "f" preceding them on your camera are not Egyptian hieroglyphics but really a simple system of settings that you use to control the amount of light passing through the lens to strike the film, and which in turn, are also controlled by a door that we call a shutter.

These "f-numbers" are merely fractions of the lens size. When you buy a camera or see one advertised they generally specify the lens size or rather, its value, such as f/3.5 or a f/1.9 lens, or some such figure denoting the value (focal length value) of that lens. The other "f-numbers" found around the dial of the lens then are nothing more than fractions of the lens focal length as illustrated here in the pictorial drawing.

It is common practice to value the lens at its widest opening. And remember also that the greater the f-number, the smaller the opening. In other words a f/22 opening is very small whereas a f/2.8 is a large opening.

On one side of f/8 is f/5.6 which will let in twice as much light, and on the other side is f/11 which will only let in half as much light as f/8. This doubling and halving business continues in either direction from the smallest opening to the largest opening. In some cameras these openings or apertures as they're called are divided again into quarters and even eighths.

Working in close relationship to these aperture sizes are the various shutter speeds such as 1/25, 1/50, 1/100 and so on, and you'll find that there are equivalents in their relationship. For instance if you are using a Verichrome film on a clear sunny day taking a picture of Aunt Mary sitting on the lawn, you would set your camera to f/11 and use a speed of 1/50th of a second. But if Aunt Mary was being frolicsome and began running around, you would have to use a much faster shutter speed, and in doing so, it would also necessitate changing the lens aperture size. Therefore if you doubled the shutter speed to 1/100th of a second, you would also have to increase the lens aperture to let in twice as much light. Since then 1/50th at f/11 is equal to 1/100 at f/8, these are called equivalent exposures. Therefore quite often the shutter speed you may need for a particular picture will determine the equivalent exposure to use. Once you know the basic exposure of the particular firm you're using, you can easily apply the exposure equivalents to suit most picture situations.

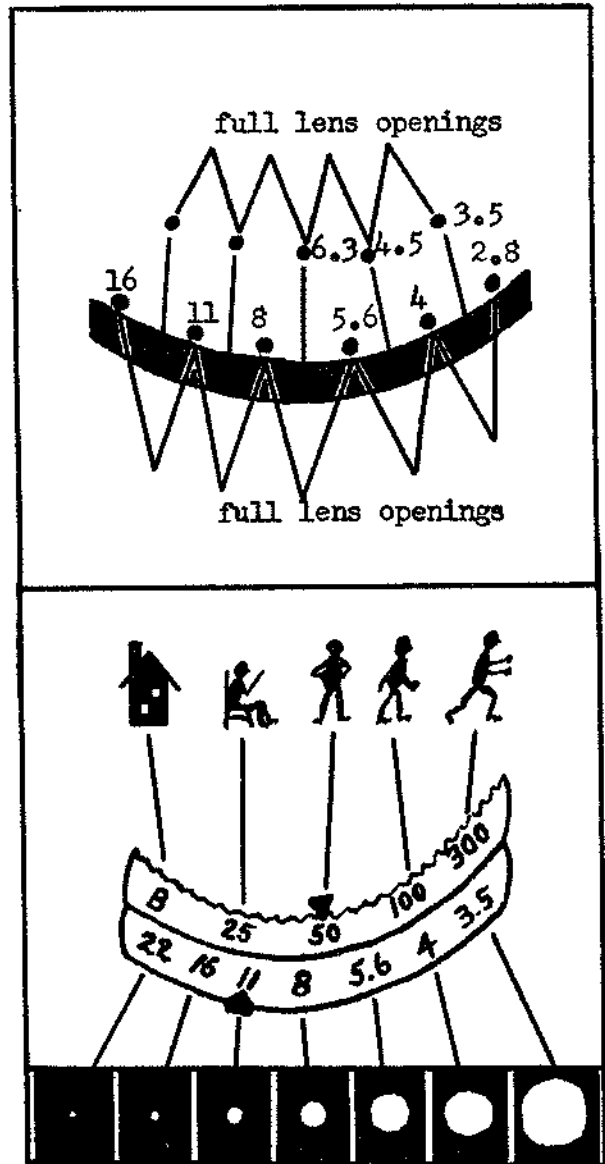
But before leaving this topic, it should be mentioned very briefly that lenses have unusual characteristics in that the smaller the lens aperture opening the greater area of both near and far objects will be in sharp focus and likewise the larger the aperture opening the lesser the area of near and far objects will be in sharp focus. This characteristic is called Depth of Field and will be discussed in a later article. It means that if you wish to have objects in the distance in sharp focus you must set your camera to its smallest opening and focus to-infinity. Sometimes the word infinity is giving in terms of a symbol marked on your camera which looks like a flattened figure eight lying on its side.

In closing this article, a few words regarding shutters should be explained here. Actually there are dozens of kinds of shutters, but perhaps the most common type is the between-lens shutter. On most shutters you will find one or both of the markings "T" and "B". The "T" indicates "Time" and for this setting one pressure upon the lever opens the shutter which remains open until closed again by a second pressure. "B" is the "Bulb" which when pressure is applied to the lever opens the shutter and closes as soon as the pressure is released. The instantaneous speeds varying anywhere from 1 second up to 1/500th of a second may be found on average cameras. Some of these shutters must be "cocked" or "set" by operating a lever before you can function the shutter-release. This saves loss of film through accidental exposure, while other types of cameras are cocked only when the film is advanced, thus preventing double-exposure.

And finally with regards to different types of cameras, it would be rather difficult to list them all because special demands have resulted in special cameras such as the microfilm, macro, metallo-graphic, astronomical, cystoscopic, photomicro, ophthalmic, and dozens more. However, after considering the essential functional parts of the camera the following table shows their general design

and purpose which will be discussed in next month's article:

	Rigid	Box Cameras Twin-Lens Reflex Single-Lens Reflex (some) Miniature (some) Aerial Movie
Roll Film Cameras	Folding	Roll Film pocket Miniature (some)



"Baron" woofed at us to say, his people, Shei & Joe Irwin wish all their Archery friends their very best wishes for this joyous holiday Season.

Windsor Bowmen Report

—Howie Aitkenhead

November 1st saw the start of the indoor season for the Windsor Bowmen at the Riverside Arena. Each Sunday approximately archers come for practice and competitive shooting in order to good shape for the Mail Matches ahead.

The now annual Director's Venison dinner was held on November 20th, at the home of the Breitensteins. Twenty-two pound mouth-watering venison plus numerous side dishes was stuffed by seventeen Directors and their wives. The women didn't eat much though!

Congratulations are in order for Art Arbour who broke the record with a score of 522. To do this he shot six golds along with other ends which were just slightly lower. I guess we will have put Art on the Windsor Team.

Next month I will have some reports about the annual Ba and our experience with Archery golf—so until then, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

'etticoat Patter''

—by Sheila Irwin.

By the time you read this you should be in the throes of Christmas preparations—unless of course, you are like me and leave everything until the last minute—so I would like to take this opportunity to wish everyone a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy Prosperous New Year.

In particular I wish our editor, Helen Breitenstein, a prosperous year and believe me, I think this paper could certainly use one! Helen suffers as much from lack of news from the clubs as I do. In his column alone I wouldn't blame her if she QUIT! We started a column in the merry month of May, I wrote to every individual in Ontario requesting they nominate a girl as a women's letter and 7 months later I can count on one hand the clubs that have replied. Even at that I still haven't heard from ANYONE for the last 4 months. Have you ever tried to write a letter when there is no news? You know what a chore that can be so how about dropping a line to us once in a while . . .

Made it over to the New Method Shoot sponsored by the Brantford Women in October. Think these enlarged targets are a good idea. Personally, I cannot see that it will improve my accuracy to any extent and believe me, it could sure stand improvement! Unless they start raising deer with larger vital areas to me their size doesn't seem to be much help. The weather wasn't behaving too well and the hearty stew the gals put out at noon was very welcome. Met in the P.M. with Betty Ford and April Austen—first time I have seen Betty in ages but she tells me a rib injury prevented her from attending shoots. This same character is going after deer on the Bruce Peninsula this season, so here's hoping she connects! Trophies were won by myself, April Austen and Priscilla Harkins—Priscilla, who hails from the Chemical Valley Bowmen in Sarnia,



Priscilla Harkins, high ladies' winner at New Method Shoot, Brantford.

the top ladies' prize. She has been in archery for the last several seasons and she holds the Canadian Women's, Instinctive Canadian Field, Ontario Target and Field, and as Priscilla puts it "the most famous club trophies". Keep up the good shootin' gal during 1960. See the Department of Lands & Forests granted us a season for guns and bows and arrows in Southern Ontario. Can't reconcile two myself but perhaps the noisy shotguns will drive the game into the bows!



Sheila Irwin and Art Berry—Manitoulin Island, 1959.

—Photo by Joyce Berry.

See Pat Markham and husband Harry have returned victorious with a 20 point 900 lb. moose shot in Newfoundland. Don't know what I would do if a darned great moose suddenly loomed up at me but the chances are I would beat a hasty retreat. Never feel quite safe with those outsize animals! Pat tells me this was her first sight and taste (!) of the ocean—our Patty also had herself a ball with those delicious lobster dinners they serve in Maine.

Joyce and Art Berry and myself have just returned from an 8-day jaunt up on Manitoulin Island where we valiantly tried for our deer but what with rain, snow, sleet, hail, thunder and high winds the deer were hard to find. I managed to shoot me a squirrel and a rabbit and the latter sure tasted good! Some of the gals from Humber Valley Archers were up too but have not heard from them as yet.

Picked up this month's recipe from the "Sudbury Star" and I hope you all try and enjoy cooking this cake . . .

Favourite Recipes: DARK FRUIT CAKE

2 cups seedless raisins	1½ tsp. baking powder
1 cup currants	1 tsp. salt
1½ cup seeded raisins	1½ tsp. cinnamon
1½ cup candied cheeries (halves)	½ tsp. nutmeg
1 cup cut-up dates	½ tsp. ginger
1½ cups cut-up mixed candied fruit	¼ tsp. mace
½ cup cut-up candied pineapple	¼ tsp. cloves
1 cup pecans	1 cup butter
1 tsp. finely chopped candied ginger	1¼ cups brown sugar, packed
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour	6 eggs
	¼ cup molasses
	¼ cup cold strong coffee

Heat oven to 300 degrees. Line a 10-inch tube pan with greased heavy brown paper.

Mix fruit, nuts and ginger in a large bowl. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices together over fruit mixture, mixing well so that all the fruit is well coated with flour.

Cream butter, add sugar and cream until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in molasses.

Add fruit-and-flour mixture to creamed batter alternately with coffee, beginning and ending with fruit-and-flour mixture and mixing thoroughly after each addition.

Pour into prepared pan and bake 3 to 3½ hours.

NOTE: To mellow cake and store without danger of moulding, cool completely, then peel off paper. Soak several thicknesses of cheesecloth in sherry, rum or brandy. Wrap cake tightly in cloth, then in aluminium foil. Store in airtight container. If cloth dries out moisten it again.

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421 Ross Ave.,
Dunnville, Ontario

Well, folks, beings as this is what I call the lull between the storms—no outdoor shooting and no indoor shooting (not mail matches anyway)—I don't have much to report.

I do have one very important item I'd like to use up a few lines on though, and that is ELECTION. By the time you are reading this I will have sent out ballots to each and every H. & F.A.O. member in good standing for you to make your choice of the executive for next year, and in the case of the secretary and treasurer for the next two years. Now it is entirely up to you to put the people in office that you think will do the best job and the only way you can do that is to mark your choice as soon as you receive your ballot and get it back to yours truly IMMEDIATELY. For obvious reasons we have to put a time limit on this, so please VOTE AS YOU LIKE—BUT DO MAKE SURE YOU VOTE and be prompt—get your ballot back to me in the specified time or it can't be counted.

With this thought in mind I'll leave you for this month, wishing you and yours a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy, Prosperous and Good Shooting New Year.

Your secretary (for another month),
BEULAH B. GLENNIE.

Hunting—Harry Markham, Newmarket.
Tournament—Ron Macdonald, Guelph.
Trophy Chairman—Al Kusick, Galt.
Assistant Trophy Chairman—Vic Kinsella, London.
Director without Portfolio—Ross V. Smith, Sudbury.
Rules—John Randall, Sarnia.

Photo Contest:

Shown here are the pictures that took Third and Fourth in the Photo Contest. As you can see, these are all informal shots keep this in mind for next year, if we can persuade Ross V. Smith to run this contest again.



President's Message:

Dear Members and Friends:

As this will be my last message in office as President, I would like to say that it has been an experience which cannot be measured in any simple way.

I have learned more about archery and archers than one could dream possible. In many cases, I have been disappointed, but in most cases I feel that I received very good co-operation and support.

This brings me to a rather pet peeve which I have harped on for some time. Although most of my personal ventures met with some form of support I believe that the rest of the executive were let down considerably in this past year. They have worked every bit as hard as I have and deserved the same support.

These last two years I feel have been very fruitful for the H. & F.A.O. every way but financially. The members now pay only one dollar membership and receive this archery publication (One dollar value) free of charge. In other words, everything else the H. & F.A.O. has to offer has been absolutely free this past year. Now our treasury could stand a little fattening diet and our Indoor Mail Matches will offer a perfect opportunity for every H. & F.A.O. member to pitch in and add those calories.

All clubs have been contacted regarding a Team League and I sincerely hope that every club will give it some real honest consideration.

I would like to say "Thank You" to all members of the executive for the past two years—in particular three women who had, like most of us, no previous experience on the Board.

Special thanks to our Secretary, Mrs. Beulah Glennie; our Treasurer, Mrs. Rita Kinsella; and our Membership Chairman, Mrs. Gladys Gene.

By singling these out, I mean not to slight the efforts of any one else, but these three had duties that needed attending to almost every day or at least several times a week and never a complaint came my way. The efforts of the other Directors was also greatly appreciated and also those of the Nominating Committee which only recently finished a most discouraging task.

I hope that next year as your Past President I will be able to be active in the organization. I also hope to be competing against a lot more members in the mail matches both this winter and next summer. Not very many members were willing to run for office this year and I think that we can show our appreciation to them by supporting them when they take office.

At the time of this writing, ballots are being prepared for the annual election of officers, so mark them and return them after giving it some real thought. We have two good candidates for President in Mr. Kusick and Mr. Kinsella and in the interests of everyone concerned—may the best man win.

In closing, once again Thank You to some 600 archers across Ontario and our friends from across the border who have helped make so many shoots in Ontario the success that they were.

—Val J. Breitenstein.

Executive — 1959

President—Val. J. Breitenstein, LaSalle.
Vice-President—Al Kusick, Galt.
Secretary—Mrs. Beulah Glennie, Dunnville.
Treasurer—Mrs. Rita Kinsella, London.
Membership Chairman—Mrs. Gladys Gene, Windsor.

Publicity:

I would like to ask all clubs to co-operate with me once in compiling an up to date list of Club Executives.

When your club has had its elections, please send us a list of the names and all the people who are so busy engaged

ning your club. If you are in mid-term—would you write to me and let me have all the information.

Another item also—as Publicity Director I would urge all clubs out a listing in the Yellow Page of their town or city Telephone Directory under Archery Clubs. This is for people who don't know how to contact their local club. A small item—yet it could mean a lot to every club. Visiting archers could rest assured that they could always contact some one in a local club should they be out of town on a visit or business. Do it now!

Also in this same capacity, I would like to see a news item from every club all across Canada in our paper "Archery In Canada" every month. Nothing doing? Nonsense. Let's have a word about each of those novelty shoots that are being used in either Indoor or Outdoor Shooting!

Another angle to promoting archery—and this was suggested at the Convention—was that each club could—to familiarize our Sports Writers to our sport and the scope of archery to-day—send copies of our archery paper to these individuals.

May God bless you all and see you safely through our Joyous day Season. Merry Christmas One and All. Joyeux Noel!

—Helen Breitenstein, R.R. No. 1, LaSalle, Ont.

New Club Forms:

Well, here we are—a brand new club—"The Bowmen of Ontario". Even though the club is in its infancy, most of the members have several years of Archery tucked under their quivers. We are one of—if not the first club to have a closed membership in Ontario. We believe that in this way we will have a one hundred per cent active club. Of course we will support archery right down the line, being completely affiliated with the H. & F.A.O. and the C.A.A. By the time this article goes to press we shall have had several meetings and a couple of social events—and we hope—being held indoors.

Being as I can think of nothing else to say at present I shall leave you all our best for the coming season and remain—

Yours in Archery—Rita Kinsella—Public Relations.



SEASON'S GREETINGS

from



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WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Bob Cat"

—by Bob Hrycyk, Windsor, Ont.

Northern Michigan was our destination, and with one goal in mind for Bob Reddam and myself. That was to get a deer! But we had bad luck on our deer hunt, I thought of writing about some of the many incidents that happened to us.

It was the third morning of our stay at the home of Mrs. Fanny Reddam in Michigan, when she called us down for breakfast at 5 o'clock.

As we shuffled to the table, with our eyes feeling as though we had sandpaper eyelids, the aroma of fresh eggs and bacon caught our nostrils. Best of all was the coffee which after a few cups would keep our eyes open, so we could see what to eat.

After breakfast and a cigarette we were on our way to the swamp we had picked for this certain morning's hunt. It was the first time where we had seen three doe's the night before.

It was still dark as we stationed ourselves at the edge of the swamp overlooking a small clearing in which we had seen the deer. The swamp was a place that no one would want to get lost in its dark shadows. The evergreens looked as though a fire burnt away up the trees leaving the top half green and the bottom half brown and mossy, indicating how sunless and dense the swamp really was.

From where I was lying I couldn't see Bob or anything but the moon in front of me. The moon was throwing a small amount of light on the clearing and if anything moved across it I would see it. Around me were those creepy trees, scattered somewhat, as I sat near the clearing. I could see that the moon was getting pale and new daylight would soon be upon us.

Lying on my side against a mound of earth with my bow in my hands I was ready for anything—well, almost anything.

I was listening to the sound of the swamp behind me with all ears, crackle and pop which was making me a little nervous, but I was concentrating on the clearing, when from the corner of my eye I saw something move on the right of me. I slowly turned my head.

At first I saw nothing but dark shadows—'til again it moved! It was a "Bob Cat" no more than twelve feet parallel to me! The cat was looking over the clearing the same as I, but with a different intention. His was to cross the clearing in safety.

My first thought was to take a shot at the cat, but remembering the reason on them was not open, I relaxed the grip on my bow.

I watched the cat take one bound to the very edge of the clearing still keeping himself inside the shadow of the swamp. Then I looked back into the shadows and a few seconds later I could see something behind me! I kept my eyes on the cat in front, and my hand reached for my knife and hoped the cat's cousin wasn't behind

Still unaware of my presence the cat in front started walking very slowly across the clearing, stopping every few yards or so looking back to the swamp.

I didn't mind the cat walking away for if you have had the chance to see a Bob Cat you'd know what I mean. It was the idea of the cat looking back that bothered me,—wondering if any glassy eyes were looking at the back of my head.

By this time the cat in front was across the clearing and at the edge of the woods. Then in a flash he disappeared.

I slowly turned my head to see if there was anything behind me, but nothing was to be seen. Daylight soon came and a couple more hours of watching the clearing with no sign of deer. We called it quits for the morning.

When I told Mr. Manier of my experience with the Cat, he mentioned that there were few people who ever saw a Bob Cat just sitting. It's usually when you are driving them in a hunt that you'll catch a glimpse of one.

I came home without a deer, but with a lot of experiences that I'll remember for a long time.

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Saskatchewan Archery Association

—Gerry Felkl.

As far as the archery season went we had a poor year. It was about 19 to 25 above during the first week we were out. There were 18 of us who camped out in the Crystal Beach game preserve located at Harris, Sask. We put up tents Saturday evening and Sunday. There didn't seem to be as many deer around as in other years. We didn't see as many as we figured we should. In past years it was nothing to see 50 or more in a half hour while driving around the Preserve.

Sunday evening we made up our usual pool, a dollar per archer plus ten cents for each shot we took, to be won by the one taking the first deer. Returning to camp for lunch we were surprised and delighted to see a fine mule doe hanging in a tree behind Gene Gazda's tent. This was the first one that had been taken so early in the week. Last year's first deer was taken on a Wednesday.

Gene, along with Vern Clelland and Glen Lamont was prowling through the field looking for deer sign when he saw the doe and several others camping over a rise about 35 yards in front of him. They all stopped. They looked at Gene and he looked at them. The deer then turned back down the rise. All but one. She stood staring at Gene as he drew his Custom Wildcat bow and took careful aim. As he released, the deer jumped sideways. It was a good move for Gene, as she jumped right into the path of his arrow. The arrow penetrated about 10 inches into the centre of her chest. She turned and ran down the hill. Harve waited a while and started over the rise to pick up her trail. He followed it 250 yards and on reaching the top of the hill spied her 50 yards further ahead. She was lying down. He waited till she put her head down and rolled on her side, then he went over to her and brought her into camp. Gene just made the deadline for his S.A.A. membership as he bought it the day before. He therefore receives his S.A.A. big game award for the deer. This is his first. He also, incidentally, won the pool mentioned earlier.

After a good lunch we headed back to the hunt. Many deer were sighted and many shots fired. That evening we returned to camp tired and with huge appetites. Hanging behind Lorne Walker's trailer was another deer—a whitetail doe this time. Lorne said he hunted along with his dad, Harry, Ralph Mueller, Bob Kopp and Merv Chamney. He was sitting in some brush alongside a well used trail when this doe came bounding along. He passed within 3 yards of Lorne. He hit her in the side. He trailed her for approximately 150 yards. This is Lorne's third deer with the bow in 2 years. Last year he was runner-up in the S.A.A. Big Buck Contest. He uses a Royal Line Bo-Kit bow.

The next day dawned bright, clear and 17 above. The coleslaw and food were frozen in the tents. This failed to cool our enthusiasm. Filled with confidence we once more took to the bush. This time we organized drives. These drives produced many deer and many good shots. However, unfortunately none connected.

Wednesday morning Gene Gazda's party decided to pull up stakes and head back to Regina. Gene's deer was frozen stiff. It could be placed on all four legs and it would stand up. So we decided to re-enact his hunt before the movie camera. The stage was set. The doe "stood" in the trees. There was Gene creeping up on it. A perfect stalk. At 10 yards he slowly rose, quietly drew and fired. He missed. The scene was repeated, Gene missed again. Five times he repeated the act and five times he missed. On the sixth, he scored. The deer's front leg came out from under it (with the aid of a rope). It slowly sank to the ground amid cheering and much laughter from the onlookers.

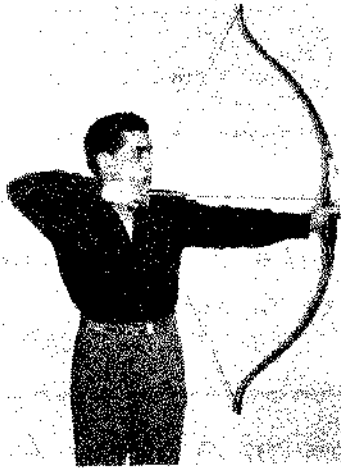
That afternoon we once more took to the trail. This was the best afternoon of the week. A nice buck walked out and stood in

CONGRATULATIONS

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front of Glen Lamont. He drew and took careful aim. However, this buck was safe, as it was also standing in front of Merle Fribance, who was directly in line with it, only on the other side. It was fortunate these two saw each other over the back of the buck.

Doug Herriot, our target and field champ for this year, was sitting in some low brush at the edge of a thick stand of trees. A doe ran out nine yards from him. His shot passed just in front of her chest.

He started to notch another arrow when a buck came charging out of the trees nearly running him down. With his eyes on the buck and his fingers all thumbs, by the time he had his arrow notched the buck had gone. All in all, it was a pretty exciting week. There were some fine shots missed, but there is always next season. We planned on staying two weeks, however when we arose Friday morning there was about a foot and a half of snow on the ground and more drifting in. So we decided to leave. There were seven cars of us and it took us an hour and a half to reach the highway 1½ miles away.

* * * * *

Our candidate for poorest and meanest "sportsman"? Sixteen-year-old Jim Kidd was hunting at Harris for his first time with the bow. He hit a nice does and found her blood trail. It was pretty good so he decided to wait half an hour. When the time had passed he followed the trail over a hill. There was his deer. However, there was also someone there loading it on a truck. When Jim said it was his deer this so-called sportsman said he had his deer tag on it and what was Jim going to do about it. He then got in his truck and drove off. This is in our opinion the lowest form of human who does not even deserve the name of "man" of any kind, sportsman or otherwise.

* * * * *

Rudolph Thommas of Watrous got his second deer of his life this year. Last year he took third place in the S.A.A. Big Buck Contest. He fired his first arrow at his first deer and hit it in the chest. This year he fired his second arrow at his second deer. The arrow struck the buck's leg glancing up into the chest cavity. How's that for a shot. Both deer were shot near Watrous. Rudolph shoots an Apache bow.

* * * * *

Due to poor weather conditions only five deer were taken this year (up to this writing). The lucky hunters were:
Gene Gazda, Regina.
Lorne Walker, Humbolt.
Rudolph Thommas, Watrous.
Barry Beasley, McLean.
Jim Kid, Saskatoon.

The following from a letter from our American friend & archer, Vince Falbo, Niagara Falls, N.Y.—"I would like to say closing that I have never attended two nicer shoots than the Ind John and the one at Galt. Nor have I ever shot with a nicer group of fellows. Good Shooting—Vince." (Our thanks to Arnold Glen to whom this letter was written).

Welcome!

Word has just reached us that a new club is forming in East of Toronto, in Scarborough, and will be called the Scarborough Archery Club. So you archers on the East side of Toronto, wait for this new club—they will be active about the first of the year. This news comes from Dave Shand, who may be reached through Mackey's Sport & Hobby Shop, 2379 Eglinton Ave. E., Scarborough. The Best of luck, Dave.

Help! Help!

We of this paper need YOUR help by way of subscription give your friends a subscription to *Archery In Canada* and we will mail it in time so that you can put it in their Christmas Stocking.

To our friends who have so kindly gone all out and put their Christmas Greetings in this issue, may I say Thank You. We really did need the money.

It seems that finances are the bane of Archery publications—let's hope that all archers will support this publication that once again, we won't be without any news at all. I can remember how terribly lost we were when our Canadian Archery Editor was Jack Askham; and the Canadian Bowman—Editor I Edie, were forced to cease publication due to lack of support. This is to be our fate because the archers don't care enough? —

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Moose Hunt With Bow and Arrow

(As told by F. V. Roen of Schreiber, Ont., to Ross V. Smith)

Our unsuccessful moose hunting expedition with bow and arrow movie camera this year proved one thing to us; first, next year will be successful and get a moose, secondly, we will go at the inning of the season rather than at the end of it because of the redictable weather conditions that we ran afoul of this year.

Arrangements had been made with Stan Deluce, manager and owner of the White River Air Services who was sponsoring this expedition, to fly back in to a lake several miles north of White River the morning of October 17th. I left my home in Schreiber 125 miles west of White River the afternoon before, travelling by car led down with grub, extra clothing, camp equipment, my 80 lb. 60 lb. fibreglass bows with 18 Bearhead hunting arrows, and a .308.

No sooner had I got under way when the weather turned bad. I stopped off at Terrace Bay for a beather and took the opportunity of visiting the local L.C.B.O. for medicinal purposes in case of further cold, snowy weather. Finally I continued on my way, reaching White River in the dark at 6:30 that evening going directly to the lake to meet Stan Deluce.

With Stan was a Mr. Ed Dennis of Sudbury, another C.P.R. motive engineer like myself, who I learned was to accompany me on my trip instead of Stan. After five minutes with Ed, also a C.P.R. man, we fast became good friends and my disappointment Stan not coming along was quickly forgotten. And I would like to add here that Ed certainly proved to be a very capable bush companion and in my books, one of the very best woodsmen.

The next morning at the air base loading the plane, I felt like a bride anticipating the hunt before us. Unfortunately the weather still remained blustery and snowy, but we took off at eleven o'clock, making several passes over White Lake to warm up the plane's engine before heading into the northern wilderness. We went directly north and by checking my pocket compass and using Stan's old map with his assistance, I was able to follow our exact route. While Ed sat up in front with Stan in the Cessna 180 cockpit I unslung the 16mm. camera to pan some aerial shots and much to my delight we passed over a very large flock of snow geese about 1000 feet below us, and we were flying at an altitude of some 1500 feet.

Arriving at the lake, we circled several times trying to pick out a suitable camping site, and found that all the small creeks and bays were frozen in, so finally chose a point at the end of the lake and landed in as close to shore as possible.

Ed volunteered to wade back and forth since he had the forest to bring along hip rubber boots, to unload the gear from the plane and ended up by "piggy-backing" me to shore also. Stan lost some time taking off to return for our canoe which necessitated leaving behind account of the amount of gear that we had brought along. While waiting for Stan's return we busied ourselves making camp. Ed had just finished setting up the tent when Stan returned with his canoe and 3 h.p. motor. Following farewells to Stan with instructions not to forget us and pick us up the following Tuesday morning, Ed and I made a hurried cup of good hot coffee and then went to take a look around the lake.

On the lake were literally hundreds of blue-bills and black ducks, a real paradise for duck hunters, believe me, and while circling along the lake examining the shore-line through binoculars any sign of our main objective, moose, a large flock of geese in the air. Discussing what to do next, Ed pointed to still another flock of mallards flying in and handed me his 12 gauge shotgun and asked me to try my luck, as a duck supper would sure taste good. I went to go with three fast shots and saw one duck fall, the first duck I had ever shot.

Paddling along we came upon a very small island not much larger than 25 yards across in either direction and Ed remarked that after a bite to eat back at camp he was returning to this island to get himself some ducks. In the meantime the weather had turned considerably colder that the spray off the lake would freeze on the camera lenses, so we turned around and headed back to camp, and Ed and I were hungry and determined to make short work of the duck.

Following a wonderful meal, Ed shoved off for the island while I stayed myself around camp gathering wood for the night's fire and making preparations to bed down for the night. About dusk, Ed returned looking half froze but greatly excited over the fact that he had just spotted not one, but four big moose on that island. He went on to explain that while he was sitting in the canoe "quacking" his fool head off to bring the ducks into closer range" these four moose walked up to investigate all the noise I was making and while I sat with only my shotgun, my 30.06 here at camp, and the movie camera tucked away in the tent". Needless to say, we both went in pursuit of moose that night.

Because of our moose dreaming, we were both wide awake at dawn the following morning only to find that an inch of snow had fallen during the night freezing a hard crust on top. After breakfast we were both away, headed for the "island of moose" loaded down with Ed's 30.06, my 80 lb. bow, a quiver full of arrows, and the movie camera. Our intentions were to hide in the brush and wait for the moose to come down for their morning drink. But after waiting for a couple of hours, shivering from the cold, we decided to cross the island for a look, and upon returning to our original landing place we saw where one moose had come across from the woods onto the island and right on through, passing us somewhere along the way, and had kept on going towards the mainland. We crossed the island a couple of times more hoping to spot another moose, but walking on that frozen snow was just like walking on iceflakes for the noise it made.

Feeling quite downhearted over our luck, I did however manage to shoot two partridges with the bow and headed back to camp for lunch. After lunch I went along the shoreline by myself while Ed stayed in camp, and I remained in concealment until dark. I was mighty thankful that the canoe had a motor, otherwise I might have upset the canoe from shivering so much from the cold. But I was still determined to get myself a moose regardless of the weather.

Again the following morning we awoke at 4 a.m. full of determination only to have our hopes dashed to the ground, for everything outside had frozen with ice as far as the eye could see. We ran down to the lake, already covered with ice, wondering what we would do next about getting out of there since no plane could ever land on thin ice. But looking out across the near-frozen lake we spotted enough water in the middle to permit a plane to land, but realized that we still had another day to go yet before Stan would return and by the looks of the weather there was every possibility that that bit of open water would freeze solid before he came.

The next hour or so was spent in chopping the canoe out of the ice and considering the chances of walking some 30 miles inland to a known pulp camp belonging to the Abitibi Pulp & Paper Co. near Regan. It would be a mighty hard, long trek through the bush and although neither Ed nor myself were worried about getting lost since we both had good compasses and a map, the going would certainly be tough. We spent the entire day around camp with nothing else to do but wishful thinking.

That night when we bedded down, it was with a prayer that a wind would come up to help keep that small area in the lake free of ice. All that day, the weatherman had thrown the book at us, perhaps during the night he would relent and give us a chance to leave by plane on the morrow.

Our prayers were answered, for during the night a wind did come up which greatly helped, keeping the small section open, nevertheless it was necessary for Ed and I to chop some 500 yards of ice to permit the plane to land safely.

(Ed quotes: I only hope that next year I can give you really something to write about because I am not going to give up so easily. I've shot 7 bear with the bow, and I'll get a moose too.)

Christmas Greetings

- Helen and Val Breitenstein join their son Bobby, in wishing all their friends, both here in Canada and in the United States, a very joyous Holiday Season. (Windsor Bowmen)
- Mildred and Glen Kettlewell send Christmas Greetings and hopes for a Happy New Year to all their Archery friends. (Windsor Bowmen)
- David, Ian, Anne, Lilian and Joe Davy send Christmas Greetings and New Year's wishes to all the archers they have met throughout Ontario. (Windsor Bowmen)
- Season's Greetings to all our Archery buddies—Shirley and John Dupcza and family. (Windsor Bowmen)
- Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all my archery friends—Louie Tuma. (Windsor Bowmen)
- Season's Greetings to all our archery friends on both sides of the border—Tony Warden and Family. (Windsor Bowmen)
- Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all our friends—Barbara and Al Sims. (Windsor Bowmen)
- Merry Christmas and a lot of Six Golds for the New Year—The Etchers. (Windsor Bowmen)
- Have a Happy Holiday Season—Dick Young. (Windsor Bowmen)
- The Oxford Archery Club sends Season's Greetings to all archers everywhere. Nellie Haney.
- Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all my archer friends everywhere—Steve Shully. (Galt Bowmen)
- Season's Greetings to everyone—Bruce Poland. (Galt Bowmen)
- Ernie and Millie Obediah send their warmest greetings for a Merry Christmas to all their Archery Friends in Canada and the United States. (Brant Bowmen)
- A very Merry Christmas to all my Archery friends in Canada and the United States from Mill Obediah, Oshweken. (Brant Bowmen)
- Dale and Wanda Michener wish to send Christmas Greetings to all their friends and fellow archers in Canada and the United States, and best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year. (Dunnville Bowmen)
- Season's Greetings to everyone—Pete and Karen Scott. (Galt Bowmen)
- The Al Kusick family wish all their friends a very Joyous and Happy Holiday season. (Galt Bowmen)
- The Maple City Archers of Chatham wish all their fellow archers a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.
- Season's Greetings to all our friends—Barbara and Harold Thompson, St. Catharines.
- Season's Greetings and good shooting in the New Year—The Glennies, Dunnville.
- Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year from Glencraft Archery to all our patrons and fellow archers.
- The members of the Forest City Archers send Christmas Greetings to all their friends in archery, in both Canada and the United States.
- The executive of the Saskatchewan Archery Association take this opportunity to wish each and every one of its members and those associated with archery, best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year—Gerry Felkl, Secretary-Treasurer.
- To all of our Archery Friends, wherever you may be, a Very Merry Christmas, from the five Kinsella's, Vic, Rita, Vicki, Toni, and Tommy.
- To all our friends in archery, all over the world, are sent best wishes for a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year, from "The Bowmen of London", (Canada).
- Christmas Greetings to all in Archery—The Bob Mitchell Family, Windsor.
- Like man—a Cool Yule and a Frantic First to all you Archery folk—Howie Aitkenhead.

Forest City Archers—The best of luck to you Helen, and we hope "Archery In Canada" is here to stay.

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