

Michigan Bow Hunters

NEWS



VOLUME 3 - NUMBER 8

JULY 1968

V.P.'s Message

The summer months are now upon us and it will not be long before the fall hunting season will be here. As you know the archery hunting season in Michigan has been extended statewide from October 1 to November 14 and then from December 1 to December 31, 1968.

It was a little disappointing that the bill for the raised platform failed to pass. I feel that Michigan must keep up with the other states and this is one thing that most every state has. I hope that the members will again support us in the next legislative session when we can again try for the raised platform.

Some things are coming up already that we will ask to be introduced in the next legislative session. If anyone has any ideas write them down and send them to me at 203 West Weiland Road, Lansing, Michigan 48906.

Let's not forget that the silhouette shoots will soon be coming up and this will afford every one of the opportunity to try out the new bow and arrows that we are buying to get that big buck with this fall. The Sixth Annual "Bear Silhouette Shoot" will be held August 24 and 25 in Marshall at the Wilder Creek Park Range and the Nineteenth Annual "Deer silhouette Shoot" will be held at Clear Lake just north of Atlanta on September 28 and 29. Mark your calendar and make plans now to attend these two shoots.

Douglas Bartrem
Vice-President
Michigan Bow Hunters

Boosting M. B. H. Memberships

The recent article by our vice president, Douglas Bartrem, on increasing our membership has resulted in some thoughts on this matter on my part. For one thing no one in District 9 has won the membership contest since I have been district governor. Now I am not saying I am only thinking of District 9, but it is the most populous district and should provide ample opportunity for several people to help expand Michigan Bow Hunters and to win an appropriate prize for their efforts. So come fellows, you have until September 30.

Further ideas on boosting membership would include staging an organized hunt. A person who has access to an area suitable for a rabbit hunt

would be of considerable interest to me and undoubtedly to some of the other governors. A pack of hounds and a suitable area for a bow and arrow fox hunt should interest many.

This is not limited only to individuals as clubs can help too. Hunting type shoots should attract new and old members. Michigan Bow Hunters will help you advertise the event but be sure and give us a couple of months advance notice to permit meeting the printing deadline. In my district if my time permits, I'll help you in these events.

I would especially like to have a representative for Macomb County in the eastern or northern part of the county. There is no one there now taking care of Michigan Bow Hunter memberships.

If you can help us send a letter to me, Rex Holbrook, 1650 Avondale, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103.

'Nockin' 'Round The North

by Liz Gall

July a'ready and summer half gone. After the early spring dry spell, things sorta settled down to weekly rains and early morning dew. Trees, grasses and wood plants became green and lush. Pasture lands boast a nice stand of "eatin' stuff" and the hay crop looks good. Deer can and do feed easily in these fields with fawns well hidden in near-by woods or bushy fence rows.

Fox and coyote dens are numerous and sightings of these animals more prevalent -- an indication that they are probably on the increase.

Berry blossoms escaped the frost and if the rains don't give out entirely in that hot time of August, the crop should be good.

All game and wildfowl plus the birds will be glad for the juicy goodness of berries. But there is one animal in particular that will be happy for more food. Old Bruin got a bit out of his territory recently in search of grub -- wandered into the city of Cheboygan and was treed by dogs near the court house. Really shook up a few of the residents for a time, till he was captured by the conservation department and taken back to the woods for release.

Partridge, in spite of fox, raccon and other predators seem to have hatched a good nesting. Ruffed grouse, partridge or pats as they are known in this country, are a scratching bird. Wintergreen and dogwood are some of their favorite foods. They live and nest on the ground in wooded hills and fields. The young are hatched in the spring and can run immediately and can fly within a week. The hen follows her brood as they search woods for food -- instead of leading them as domestic fowl do. Sexes look alike, do not flock and inhabit lowlands and openings of young hardwood through-out the northern two-thirds of the state. While hunting them in the U.P., special care must be used in identification. Spruce Grouse or fool hen can easily be mis-

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'Nockin' 'Round The North

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taken for pat. It flies much like the ruffed grouse but usually lands in a tree, sometimes will not even flust. It's smaller in size and sexes do differ in plumage. There is NO HUNTING season on these birds for the simple reason that, they behave so foolishly, that they could be wiped out with no trouble.

Michigan's native wild turkey was exterminated by the 1890's as were the great forests they inhabited in southern Michigan. Their range went no further north than Saginaw valley. Interest was aroused in the bird after publicity of turkey success in Pennsylvania in the early 1950's. The Michigan Conservation Commission obtained birds from Pennsylvania Wild Turkey farm at Julian and began releases in Allegan State Forest in March of '54. Releases have been continued through the years and now wild turkeys are showing up in many areas of the northern lower. Only Emmet county in the 8 northern counties of District 2 has had no evidence of them. Black Mountain, east of Black Lake in Cheboygan county has been the location of a recent turkey release. November of '65 a season for hunting wild turkey in the Baldwin area by permit was opened. Flocks have increased enough to allow an added spring season by permit. The experts say that the way to hunt these birds is to become adept at wild turkey calling.

Fishermen, picnickers and other folks in the woods are being watched carefully for littering. Conservation officers are cracking down on litter-bugs and wildlife kidnappers. Any one found in possession of a wildlife baby can expect to be issued a warrant. There will be no warning -- it is strictly against the law to confine any wild animal. If you should see a fawn or other woods creature baby all alone, do not assume that the mother is dead. Often she is right close by watching YOU from cover. If you should see a fawn in the vicinity of a dead deer report it to a conservation officer. He will see that the orphaned animal is cared for till old enough to fend for itself.

Summer time is dangerous for wild-fowl and game. The young are not wary of highways -- have not learned the danger of motorized vehicles. Drive carefully when you travel. Save their life if you can.

Have a good summer -- and take care of your hunting lands.

The Late Bow Season

by REX HOLBROOK

Governor of District Nine

Michigan bow hunters enjoyed their first late season hunting for deer in 1967. This season had much interest from the time the bill was introduced in the legislature, through passage and until the season started. Then it seems little was heard, nor was hunting activity much in evidence as far as I could note.

Comments were made to me that people just did not know where to go to find open land to hunt. I personally hesitated to recommend areas because I have hunted only one small private area for two years and did not know conditions in general in the Ann Arbor area. Previously my experience had been that the deer in this area tend to move from time to time. I sent fellows to a spot I had been hunting in three years ago and they couldn't find a track; however, a partridge hunter told me that a mile and a half south he saw several bow hunters one day and two of them had shots at deer that day. This was the Waterloo area.

I started to talk to bow hunters and the archery shops in this area and found that at least 25 to 30 did hunt. Also they had seen others in the field. In general, it seemed the bow hunters were going to where they had seen deer earlier and sitting in a blind. Then I ran into another partridge hunter who hunted in December and he commented that his setter had taken to pointing bow hunters and there were too many archers in his favorite bird cover which was tamarack swamps.

I personally had been hunting my October spots with no luck so I tried a swamp on the east end of the property. I then saw deer but too late to work out a method to get close enough to shoot. I did hear of two deer killed in Washtenaw county in the late bow season. Conservation Officers did not know of any kills but officer Don Boyer stated he had checked several groups of bow hunters. Mary Taylor had advised that eleven kills in the late season were sent in to the Michigan Bow Hunters out of a total of 170 sent in by members. At our annual meeting it was noted that at least five more deer were killed by members which were not registered with the secretary for big game awards.

So it appears that the opportunity is available. It should be a bit of a challenge to us this fall. Let's remember to take a good look at the thick cover and for the Detroit area fellows, the Brighton, Pinckney or Waterloo

areas should yield shooting if a bit of scouting is done.

Editors note: The late season will be of even greater interest this fall with the extended season being state wide. We would like to hear from some more of our members on their late season experiences.

Bay Port Carp Shoot Successful

The Bay Port Chamber of Commerce first annual carp shoot held May 26th was a success in spite of bad weather which did hold attendance down. The hardy archers who did venture out had very good luck and some fine shooting they brought in over 5000 pounds of carp.

First prize of a Browning Bow went to Wayne Wendt of Saginaw for his 29½ pound monster. Second prize of a dozen glass arrows went to George Harder of Bay Port with a 25½ pounder. Third prize of a fine rod and reel was won by Larry Kelly of Bay Port with his 24½ pound carp. The rainy weather wasn't enough to stop the lady archers either and Dawn Ball of Lansing took first prize in the ladies division with 19¼ pound carp. We bet she had her hands full with that one. There were also prizes given for Gar (largest 3¾ pounds) and Bowfin or Dogfish (largest ½ pound and only one shot) and prizes for the junior archers as well.

Everyone who went out shot fish and said they could have brought in more but were going after the big one. The fellows who had to pack the fish in boxes and load the trucks were glad they didn't bring in more. At any rate we had 100% success with no one getting skunked.

We were also honored by a visit from the president of the Michigan Bow Hunters, Mr. Earl Foerster and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Taylor, District 6 Governor and the secretary.

The Bay Port Chamber of Commerce is looking forward to better weather for next years event and will have some fine prizes and big carp waiting for you. See you then.

Frank E. Burghy, Chm.

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Hunting With Michigan Slim

by KENNETH R. HOFFMAN
Chapter IV--

Hunting Bear in The Spring

For many years Michigan had a Spring Bear Season which started just after Decoration Day. It was open to hunting with dogs and guns on the small game license. Of course if you hunted with a bow and arrow you were not allowed to use dogs. Never could figure out what good reasoning the rule setters used, except that they must have thought us strick hunters were such poor shots we'd be hitting the dogs and they weren't in season. Anyway it was about that logical. Carl Johnson of the famed Michigan Bear Hunters tried for a number of years to work out a combination hunt in the spring, but we just never got together and the no spring hunting with dogs and bow and arrows was one reason. We did hunt a lot of bobcat the following winters with Ham Sheveline and his bunch of Bear Hunters in the U.P.

So many hunts and group explorations usually turn out to be started by a gang who've heard stories and want to take off into the wild unknown and romantic, exciting adventure. Nobody really knows what they're doing, but if you are the right kind of person and can free yourself for fun don't ever pass up the chance. That's the tenor of my first bear hunt.

One of the real talkative guys about town by the name of Riff had heard that this Spring Bear Hunting in the Porcupine Mountain State Park was the most. They didn't allow dogs in the Park so we wouldn't be bothered by guns. Then there were some nice camp sites and even some cabins available. I think that the Porcupine area is one of the most beautiful area in Michigan. After seeing Gail, we agreed to accompany the group. Trout season was on so there were other incentives besides bear. Altogether Riff had worked up about seven fellows to take a week off for the hunt. We almost automatically divided ourselves into two groups. The first group of three of us were fellows who had either done a lot of bow shooting or were very interested in Archery. Gail was the most learned and I must say I was elated to have the chance to camp with him. The third member of our group was Ev. He was not a particularly good shot in tournaments, but always did well at the MBH silhouette shoots and was a very successful hunter. He was a quiet, friendly guy you could trust

on a hunt, a guy who'd grow on you. We later became the best of friends. Oh yes, he was a great fisherman.

The second group on the hunt consisted of Riff, the guy with the idea. He was a great guy among men. He could do or would try anything. He wasn't a particularly good shot with the bow but was fast and sharp with both a rifle or trout rod. He'd gained fame as an archer by hitting a deer with an arrow and was so surprised when the deer didn't drop, that he let out a warhoop, grabbed his hunting knife and raced after the deer. Somehow he leaped on the deer's back and brought it down with the hunting knife. For this he was known to be afraid of nothing--and I don't think he was. I always like Riff but he was unpredictable. He was a natural woodsman. The others sharing this cabin were Harry, a trout fisherman only, who went along to catch that record trout down by the mouth of the Carp River. Chuck, my old buddy who first put a bow and arrow in my hand. Many years before we had hunted together for all game but especially the ducks out along the Kaw River in Kansas. Chuck just shot a bow once in a while, but loved this unknown stuff. Walt, was a good friend of Riffs and at times a real joker. He was probably the least experienced bowman of the bunch.

We took off after work Friday night in two cars. Ev had an old panel truck, with Gail and I as passengers. Right after work meant about 9:00 P.M. by the time we'd gotten all collected; although the arrows had been fletched, broadheads sharpened, and all other gear had been ready for a week.

Dawn was breaking as we drew up alongside the road where a

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Carp Shoot

by DEAUINE LAKE

Governor District 7

Cold and wet weather was the order of the day for the District 7 shoot held May 18 and 19 at the Douglas fishing sight on the Kalamazoo river. Each year we keep our fingers crossed, hoping for better weather but the weatherman just doesn't want to cooperate. From now on we'll forget about the weather and schedule the dates and hope for the best.

Lee Statler shot the largest carp, a real big one weighting in at 36 pounds. Wanda Henson led the womens division with her 10¾ pounder and junior boy Ken Statler took the junior division with his carp weighting 13¾ pounds. Fred Buttery and Hank Burggraaf lead the 2 men team division for the most fish brought in with 326¼ pounds. Quite a few gold fish were brought in to the weighing station, in fact a great many more than usual.

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FIRST CLASS

Michigan Slim

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stream flowed north toward Lake Superior in the Porcupine Mountain State Forest. We'd passed up going to our cabin for an early morning hunt. The other car load of guys were probably already asleep. We put our equipment together and by that I mean bow and arrows and a hunting jacket with all the essentials, particularly my compass. Without that I'd be lost after five minutes on the trail. I started up the west side of the stream. There were wisps of mist filtering up through the new wet green of the trees. The sky was cloudless and the red hue was fading as the sun started to remove the frosty nip from the air. I started off at a slow shuffle, similar to one I would later see Slim use to perfection. If you try to move too quietly then you don't make any progress and when you do break a twig it sounds like a cannon. The shuffle lets you move at a slow pace as any animal makes moving through dry leaves and across rough ground. You can walk right into the middle of a feeding herd of deer with this sort of pace.

The terrain was up hill for the first half mile as I came out on a level area. The water of the stream was color of the iron country as it widened typically, the orange-brown, rusted and branched. Since this was just a little exploring trip I took the easy, right hand fork farther west and did not try to cross the water. The woods was alive with all little running creatures. In early spring the wood chuck have a beautiful reddish color almost as if to try and match the water. They're quick and can dash out of sight in the wink of an eye. I'd taken a couple of shots at about fifty feet with no success. The trail started down slightly and arrived in a rocky dell, as the stream dwindled to a trickle and meandered into

a marshy area. The sun was brightly up in the sky by now as I'd been travelling for about two hours. It had been over an hour since I'd heard anything from my buddies and I was probably three miles from the truck.

I stepped across a little muddy draw and there in the soft earth was bear print. The tracks of all feet were plain and it looked as if he'd gone across my path from right to left. The prints disappeared as the trail went onto drier ground. The grass was beginning to spring back up out of the tracks. Had I known more, I would have been alerted because I wasn't more than twenty minutes from when the tracks had been made. I entered a fairly heavy growth of low brush. Off to my right there was a crash almost like a decayed old tree giving up the ghost to topple to the ground. I stopped and listened to the silence which had crept all along the swamp. After a few minutes there was a rending crash and splintering of wood. I moved over a short distance and knelt down facing the direction of splintering saplings. My mind raced as I tried to place what was happening. I had my bow armed and in my mind was the thought that maybe one of the fellows would show up to help, as

it finally dawned on me that I was in the close proximity of a bear and armed only with my bow and slim arrow. All at once right next to me there was a rattling clack, clack, clack! I quickly turned to look behind me! Nothing! Then the knocking began again! With my eyes and ears tuned to infinity I tried to locate the source of that rattling. Then, I looked down at my arrow lying across the bow! It was jumping up and down against the arrow rest. My arm was shaking so that I couldn't keep the whole rig still. As the arrow hit against the rest on the bow, it gave a clack, clack, clack -- the strange knocking noise that had almost frightened me out of my pants a couple of minutes before. The humorous realization brought me out of my fear and I went toward the sounds that I'd heard about ten minutes earlier. But, the spell was gone and so was the bear and I trudged back to the truck trying to think up an excuse to tell my adventure to my buddies but not admit to what really happened.

Editor's note: Michigan hasn't had a spring bear season for quite some time. In fact bear can be taken only in the UPPER PENINSULA and even CUB BEAR ARE OFF LIMITS.

Michigan Bow Hunters



19th ANNUAL DEER SILHOUETTE SHOOT

SEPTEMBER 28-29, 1968
at Clear Lake - Atlanta, Michigan