

THE WHISPERING SHAFT

Keeping the Tradition Alive.....



Quarterly Chronicle of the Carolina Traditional Archers Winter 2018



www.thecta.org



CAROLINA TRADITIONAL ARCHERS

MISSION STATEMENT

The mission of the Carolina Traditional Archers is the preservation and promotion of the ancient art of traditional archery through club activities and educational interactions with others. Members will adhere to the highest ethical standards in their support, practice, promotion and preservation of traditional archery and bow hunting. The Carolina Traditional Archers support sound wildlife management principles and seek opportunities to aid conservation efforts.

Member of:



Officers

PRESIDENT

Drew Sumrell
drewsumrell@gmail.com

TREASURER

Theo Lynn
theoalynn@aol.com

VICE-PRESIDENT

SECRETARY

Mark Rickard
mrickcta@gmail.com

EDITOR

Martin Seeley
amymartin1999@yahoo.com

Board of Directors

Tom McRary
tommcrary@bellsouth.net

Amelia Bryan
amelia.catherine.23@gmail.com

Wil Bryan
rogue23@gmail.com

Mary Hamner
marychamner@gmail.com

Jeff Holchin
jeffreyholchin@gmail.com



Letter from the President



Members and friends of CTA,

As numerous thoughts run through my head while writing my last “Letter From the President”, it has been an honor to serve as your president these past three years. I hope I will leave this position with the club a little better than when I started. It has certainly been a time of transition for CTA. After 30+ years of meeting in various locations, we were gifted a permanent home and I’m proud of the progress and improvements that we have made over the past three years. We have a lot of potential as a club and I trust the progress will continue in order that we may realize even more of the goals shared and envisioned by our members.

But for me, the most prized take-away from the past three years are the friendships that I have made with so many of our members. I have had the pleasure to work with and get to know many of you and it has certainly enriched my life. I have heard many of you remark about the camaraderie at CTA and it is certainly a valuable asset for our club. We have so many good, talented, skilled and giving members at CTA that it makes our club very special. The willingness to share our knowledge, welcome new members and help to improve our physical facilities has helped to fuel our growth in recent years.

No organization can be any better than its members and I am certainly proud to be a part of Carolina Traditional Archers. The future looks bright for CTA and traditional archery. Visitors and potential new members show up at every shoot. The groundwork has been laid by past administrations and the basic pieces are in place with our current property to move forward. I trust our membership will take advantage of what we have and continue the work required for Keeping the Tradition Alive.....

Drew Sumrell - President

From the Editor.....

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to all. I hope your season was successful and safe. The newsletter has taken great strides in the last couple of years with input from all of you. Thank you for your contributions.

Martin Seeley



2018 Calendar Of Events

January 6	Herb Reynolds Memorial Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
February 4	Club Shoot—Annual Business Meeting, 9am-3pm, Conover
March 3	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
April 6– April 8	Club Shoot—Traditional Skills Weekend & Turkey Warm Up, Friday, 12 pm– Sunday, 3pm, Conover and Club Auction
May 12	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
June 2	Club Shoot—Kid's Day, 9am-3pm, Conover
July 7	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
August 4	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
September 1	Club Shoot—Whitetail Warmup, 9am-3pm, Conover
October 6	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
October 17-20	Club Hunt at W. Kerr Scott Reservoir (TENTATIVE)
November 2—3	Club Shoot—Traditional Skills Weekend, 9am—3pm, Conover
December 1	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm , Conover



Club Happenings.....





FIRST HARVEST

Having grown up in eastern North Carolina in the 50s and 60s, Pitt County had very, very few deer, so I never learned anything about deer hunting until I moved to the northwestern mountains after college where there was a fairly good huntable population. I hunted a few years, but a growing family and a new business got in the way of much leisure time for hunting. Now in my 60s, I have more time to hunt and I've had a lingering "bucket list" item to fill of harvesting a deer and turkey with a traditional bow.

I started shooting a dogwood "stick and string" bow made by a family friend when I was ten. As I've become a more seasoned archer, I really wanted to fill that "bucket list" item so I've hunted more and more the past several years. Two years ago started a pretty steep learning curve and NO success. Last year I got close three times but could never quite get the shot off. Finally this year in mid-September I connected.

I was hunting on a friend's property who was begging for someone to thin the herd. Deer were consuming a lot of his garden and other neighborhood gardens. The deer have also been eating border plants, horning expensive shrubs and pruning young apple trees. So, how could I turn down that offer? I set up a pop-up blind on the edge of a small apple orchard and started hunting. Two deer came by the blind on the previous Saturday but they were on a mission to go somewhere and weren't interested in stopping to eat apples. BUT, they came back Monday morning with breakfast on their minds.

At first I thought it was a three point buck and a doe. The three pointer wouldn't give me a clean shot but the other deer started working closer. "She" became a "He" when he made several steps closer to the blind. A nearly broadside shot at twelve yards through both lungs with my 1968 Red Wing Hunter filled my "bucket list" and hopefully set me on a path for more success this season and for years to come.

He's not a huge trophy by any seasoned hunters standards but the success after several years of hunting was pretty sweet to me. I thought it only fitting to use the hide to make some buckskin. I haven't tanned a hide since college but will find some respectful uses for this hide.....and hopefully I'll have a few more hides to tan soon along with some fine table fare.

Drew Sumrell

The Band-Aid Bull

By Kyle Garrou

Next time, I'm taking a gun.

Fellow CTA member Rick Richard sold me on a classic horseback (pack train) hunt into the Thorofare Wilderness of Wyoming, to an area that is known as the most remote in the lower 48. Thirty miles from the nearest road, where no motorized vehicles are allowed and there's even a limitation on the size batteries that can be brought in. Helicopters can only be used in a matter of life or death or for the rangers to make sure the permitted outfitters are abiding by the rules. Our outfitter was Hidden Creek Outfitters of Cody, WY owned by Bill Perry, whom Rick has hunted with several times. A first class operation that entails packing in 80 +/- mule loads to establish (and remove) the camp each year. The ride / pack-in takes approximately 9 hours so you can imagine what's involved. We were there for the last week of bow season (9/11 – 9/17) and while those of us from the south would expect mild weather, you can't bet on it there. Snow should be expected and we got our share. This trip also gave me the excuse to purchase a large caliber handgun, as an encounter with a grizzly is a distinct possibility.

Rick and his buddy from Louisiana, Kelvin, picked me up at the Cody airport Sunday afternoon and we drove to Bill's ranch for a relaxing evening and great dinner. We were up early the next morning for the drive to the trail head, where we would mount up and begin our adventure. And it became an adventure right away. The reader needs to understand, that I hadn't been on a horse in 40 years and dad always told me not to try and ride something smarter than me. But most of the stock was experienced and well-mannered so the animals were not the problem. It was the trail. Or, should I say the lack of one. Oh yea, there was a trail, trouble was in places it was only about 18" wide. And, in numerous places, next to a sheer cliff with a bottom some 2,000' below. I'm not exaggerating. (Let me pause at this point to let Rick know that I really didn't mean all

those things I said about him as I stared down into oblivion during that ride.) Thankfully, the only incident on the ride in was when Rick's horse went down in a steep creek crossing, resulting in a bruised hip. Turns out, on his last trip out, at the same spot, he had another horse go down with him, so that spot obviously has his number. (I sincerely hope my prior curses were not the reason for that mishap.) Folks, the scenery on the ride in was breathtaking and anyone who doubts the existence of God just needs to take that trip...this could be no cosmic accident. In any case, about 10 hours after we set out, camp came into view. And none too soon. While the ravages of time may remove many of this trip's memories from my mind, my butt will never forget. A great dinner provided by a wonderful (hippie chick) cook called PJ set the stage for our hunt to begin the next morning.

The hunt was guided on a 2 to 1 basis but because there were only three of us, I was paired up with Brian all to myself. While Rick and Kelvin were led by Seth (age 35). We all learned something quickly and that was if you're pushing 60, pick the older guide. Both were great, I can't say enough about their ability, professionalism and overall great personalities. But by day 4.5 Kelvin asked if he could hunt with Brian (age 59) and I to which there was absolutely no objection. His company really made it more fun. Some days we simply walked from camp, while others we saddled up for a short ride to a different area or drainage. The old saying, "if you don't like the weather, just wait a few minutes" must have originated in Wyoming. The first couple days were too hot (low 80's) and then we saw thunder storms, hail, rain, sleet and snow. The last day for the ride out we awoke to clear skies and temps in the low 20's, but before we made it back to the trail head we were shedding most of the layers needed earlier in the day.



Day one had Brian and me working through the thick timber where we ran into a few cows, but heard only a couple bugles. I was having a ball but to run into a grizzly in that setting would have resulted in a mauling as even Doc Holiday would have never cleared leather in time. (Seth kept pepper spray attached to his chest, in addition to a .44, in case he had to dose himself in addition to the attacking bear.) Back at camp Brian made fun of me because he had to keep waiting on me as I found the wild raspberries irresistible. Rick and Kelvin, on the other hand, had plenty of excitement. There long hike into an area west of camp resulted in a close encounter with a true monster bull. Seth estimated him at 370" and he came right in bugling to 30 yards but as we all know or would learn, any movement will be detected and the bull spun out of there before an arrow could be loosed.

We all heard and saw elk daily but my 1st big chance came on *day three*. Brian and I hiked way up to a much higher elevation where on the way we spotted a group of 9 bighorn sheep. Our first cow call was answered by a bull I finally spotted on the crest of a ridge 1,000 yards to our west. One more call and here he came. It's amazing how fast elk can cover ground and I set up in a little group of spruce trees while Brian called from about 30 yards behind me. We were expecting him to come up through an opening about 20 yards in front of me. As I knelled there it wasn't long before I saw him walking along the ridge about 100 yards to my right. I don't know what made me glance to my left but when I did, all the air left that mountain. As I tried to gather enough oxygen to remain conscious a BIG bull was bearing down on me at 35 yards. I mean straight at me and any movement would have ended the encounter. He finally stopped 9 steps away and I could see the drool dripping from his mouth and count his eye lashes. Finally, he took one more step and while I could no longer see his head thanks to the brush I was in, he was evidently not so handicapped. I picked a spot and drew but he obviously caught this movement and just as I released he spun to make an exit. I was shocked to see the arrow sticking out of his rear end with only a couple inches of penetration. He ran about 25 yards and turned to look back. He didn't seem to notice the arrow and there was no blood. Another arrow flew just under his chest and he jumped about 10 more yards and looked back again. The third

arrow fell well short and he walked off still apparently oblivious to the arrow protruding from his hind quarter. So, there I sat, tore all to hell, with only one arrow and here comes the other bull. (Brian had noticed there were two but was unable to let me know as we were at that point separated.) It was obvious that the first bull was not seriously hurt but I was actually thankful that the second came no closer than 35 yards as I had had all the excitement I could stand at that point. We gathered my arrows and I trailed the first bull about 50 yards looking for my arrow and verifying there was no blood, when Brian yelled for me to come quick. You guessed it; another much bigger bull was standing on the ridge where we saw the first one. Brian guessed that this was the monster that Rick and Kelvin encountered on day one and that he was through coming to calls for a while, which proved to be true. As we stood there, completely spent, we looked to the east and saw both bulls (sans arrow) walking nonchalantly around the point of a ridge 1,000 yards away. Brian said he thought he knew where they were heading and that we'd give them another go in a couple days.

Fast forward to the afternoon of the next to the last day. Kelvin had now joined us while we sat on a meadow in a drizzle, snow and a moving fog watching and listening. It wasn't long before we were hearing and finally seeing a couple bulls, but they were over a mile away feeding on slides above the tree line. We could barely make out the bulls but Brian said he saw one with a Band-Aid on his butt. (Har, har, har.) Everyone loves a guide who is also a comedian. Despite the weather it was an interesting afternoon and we saddled up just before dark, confident that we would find them there in the morning. Rick and Seth in the meantime had a close encounter with a sow grizzly and cub. They were less than 20 yards away when Rick saw Seth backing up toward him with the bear spray in one hand and .44 in the other. Rick drew his pistol too and they backed away without the sow ever realizing they were there, thanks to a fortunate wind.

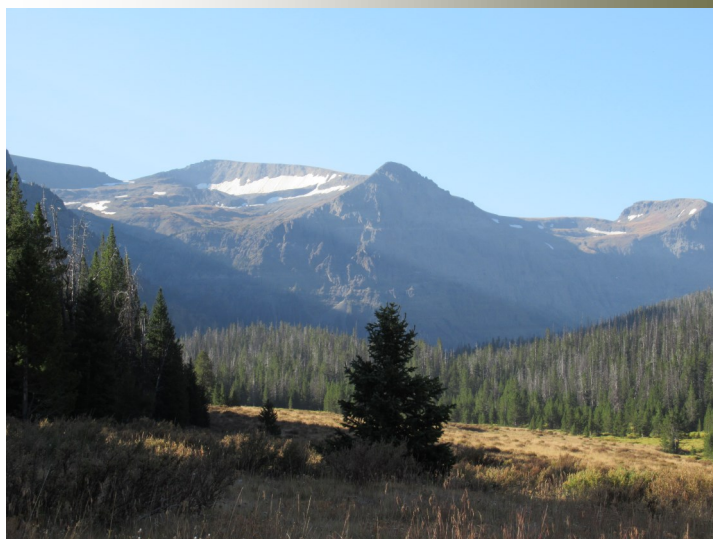


The last morning Brian, Kelvin and I were making our way above tree line hoping to meet the bulls from the previous evening. No sooner had we neared the spot we picked out the day before than Brian's cow call elicited an immediate response. CLOSE! Brian said, "Set up...NOW"! Kelvin and I set up about 30 yards apart and here he comes. Not a monster bull, but it was the last day and a spike would be in danger. The bull came down, hung around a couple minutes but walked off never coming closer than 45 yards. No sooner did he get out of sight than here came another rag horn bull. He too would come no closer than 45 yards but it made for an exciting final morning. I complained to Brian that it would be easier if he would just call in one at a time.

As said earlier, the ride out the next morning was beautiful. I commented that there were more grizzly and wolf tracks in the trail than hoof prints. Thankfully we heard no wolves while there, as one howl will shut down the bugle. The ride out was uneventful, other than a brief rodeo while crossing a bog as 3 horses sought to occupy a space barely big enough for 1. And I had learned to trust the horses who, "don't want to fall off the trail any more than you do", so the fear factor was not as intense as the trip in. As a footnote; while Rick and Kelvin killed time waiting for my plane to arrive they visited the Buffalo Bill museum. There was a raffle for a classic Camaro worth over \$60k. Kelvin who collects and re-

stores classic automobiles, WON IT! Maybe we would have all tagged out if he hadn't used up all our luck winning that car?

As I said at the beginning of the story, next time I'll take a gun. And my sights will be set for a bull with a Band-Aid on his butt.



The Hunter's Feast.....

GROUND ELK SPAGHETTI **SAUCE RECIPE**

Ingredients

1 ½# ground elk
1 medium onion
3 tablespoons minced garlic
2 ½ cups tomato sauce
1 16 ounce can diced tomato
1 small can tomato paste
1 14 ounce can mushrooms
1 small can black olives, sliced or diced
2 – 3 teaspoons dried oregano
2 – 3 teaspoons dried basil
2 – 3 teaspoons dried thyme
1 or 2 tablespoons sugar
1 – 2 teaspoons salt
1 – 2 teaspoons black pepper
½ to 1 whole green bell pepper

Directions

In large Dutch oven or pot cook meat until almost brown. Drain liquids. Add onions and garlic. Cook until meat is thoroughly browned and crumbled well. Add remaining ingredients and, ideally, let simmer for 2 – 4 hours to let seasonings permeate. Taste often and add more spices toward end if not enough “Italian” seasoning. Dry seasonings vary greatly, depending on the age and quality of the product. Tasting is necessary. Try fresh seasonings, but be prepared to use more. Serve over spaghetti noodles with a simple lettuce salad, garlic bread and dry red wine.



NOTE: Substitute any game meat in place of elk.

Trail Cam Corner.....



MOULTRIE

○ 53°F

MOULTRIECAM

19 OCT 2017 08:29 pm

Archery Humor.....



Member Shots.....



First Hide by Drew Sumrell

Photos from the Past.....



Mr. Pearson is a diversified hunter, having taken many species of game.

Product reviews.....

Product Review

By Dave Haggist

LL Bean Wool Sweater

I have always enjoyed wearing a sweater while hunting but could never find an acceptable wool/camouflage version until just recently.

An offering by LL Bean is constructed of high quality wool, has a great camo pattern, and is hand washable. Upon receiving my sweater I was impressed with the fit and cotton patches on the elbows and shoulders prevent stretching. Like all wool products the material is whisper quite. The sweater is offered in a crew neck and Henley style.



About our Club Shoots.....

Our monthly Club Shoots are loads of fun! If you like traditional archery, or even if you're just curious as to what traditional archery is all about, you owe it to yourself to check us out. It's an event the whole family can enjoy.

All club shoots are held the first Saturday of the month at the Carolina Traditional Archers Club: 6072 Timber Ridge Rd, Conover, NC. 28613. All shoots run from 9am - 3pm. We set out twenty 3-D animal targets. All the foam targets are in the woods, amongst the trees, which makes for a realistic and very pleasant setting.

Shoots cost \$10 for members and \$20 for non-members. Meal is included with the price of admission and first-time visitors shoot and eat for free!



Submissions.....

Submissions to the Whispering Shaft are always welcomed. Articles must be traditional archery/bowhunting related and whenever possible sent via email. The editor and club officers reserve the right to reject submissions as well as make changes for formatting purposes or grammatical correction.

Submission Deadlines

Spring: March 20th

Summer: June 20th

Fall: September 20th

Winter: December 20th

Photograph Submissions

A Walk in the Woods: (Nature, landscape, wildlife photos)

Photographs submitted cannot contain people, domestic animals or manmade structures. A description of the photograph to include the subject matter and where the photo was taken is needed.

Bragging Wall: (Harvest Photographs)

The animal must be placed in a natural setting (no truck beds, ATV, etc.) and position with blood wiped away and tongue in mouth. The hunter's bow, quiver or vegetation must cover the arrow wound. A description of the photo that includes the species, where the animal was taken, and equipment used is needed.

Submit to: davidhaggist@yahoo.com

amymartin1999@yahoo.com

Stay connected with Social Media....

Follow us on Twitter:

Tweets by @CarolinaArchers



Join our Facebook Page:

Carolina Traditional Archers



Visit our website: www.thecta.org

