

THE WHISPERING SHAFT

Keeping the Tradition Alive.....



**Quarterly Chronicle of the
Carolina Traditional Archers
Fall 2017**



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.

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Letter from the President



Members and friends of CTA,

It doesn't seem possible that we are entering the 4th quarter of the year already, but so the calendar says. And with falling leaves and cooler temperatures your management team is already working on things for next year. One of the first and most important items will be to facilitate a smooth transition to a new management team for the coming year. As many of you already know, I'm stepping down as president and since we have not had a vice-president this year to move into the president's chair, we will need to do some extra work in forming a new team.

As things stand right now, we will need a new president, a vice-president and possibly four board members. That's a big transition. We will need some new people to step up and carry the torch for a while. I have talked to a few of you already about helping with the new team, but we will need others to share a bit of their time to keep CTA growing and thriving. We have made too much progress in recent years to let our momentum wane at this point. That would be very disheartening for sure.

We will be discussing things at upcoming shoots, updating members via email and working to make this a positive transition. A lot of members doing a little work can accomplish much. Please give some thoughtful consideration as to how you can help.....and who you know in the club that you can encourage to get involved and help. This is YOUR club, not someone else's club. It is rewarding to be involved and help make good things happen. We have a lot of talented and skilled members and we need a few to raise their hand and step forward. We ALL have ways to contribute and make CTA a little stronger and better.

We will be accepting nominations during December. You can nominate yourself or nominate someone else. Nominations will close on December 31st and we will put ballots together in January for a February vote. The new team will take over in March. You are important. Step forward and help, if a few hours or a hundred hours. We need every member.

We have had some good management teams in recent years. Let's "Keep the Tradition Alive".

Drew Sumrell - President

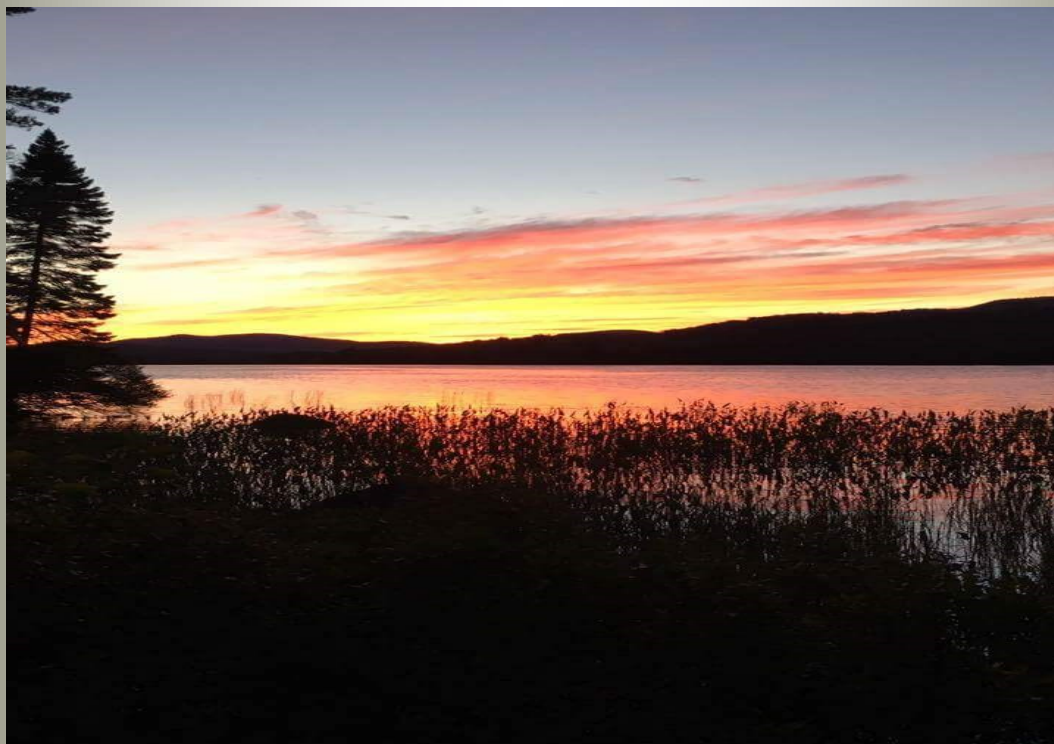
From the Editor.....

Martin Seeley

As always, thank you for the recent contributions of pictures and articles for this latest issue. With everyone's assistance, the publication has continued to grow and I believe we are finally in a good spot with the publication. However, with that being said, this will grow stale and 'boring' over time, so please any new ideas you may have to keep the publication fresh and interesting!

Good luck this season and be safe.

Martin Seeley



2017 Calendar Of Events

January 14	Herb Reynolds Memorial Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
February 4	Club Shoot—Annual Business Meeting, 9am-3pm, Conover
March 4	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
March 31– April 1	Club Shoot—Traditional Skills Weekend & Turkey Warm Up, 9am-3pm, Conover
May 6	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
June 3	Club Shoot—Kid's Day, 9am-3pm, Conover
July 1	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
August 5	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
September 2	Club Shoot—Whitetail Warmup, 9am-3pm, Conover
October 7	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm, Conover
October 18-21	Club Hunt at W. Kerr Scott Reservoir
November 3—4	Club Shoot—Traditional Skills Weekend, 9am—3pm, Conover
December 2	Club Shoot, 9am-3pm , Conover



Club Improvements.....

Many thanks go out to CTA members Mike Kirby, Drew Sumrell, Jim Jordan, and Dave Haggist for cleaning and organizing our target trailer. Dave Haggist also donated a leaf blower and power cord to keep the trailer tidy.



Let Pictures Tell the Story

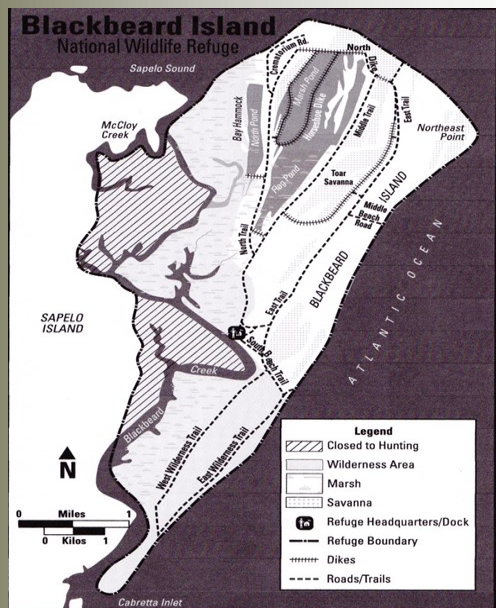
By David Haggist

With the availability of photo book companies such as Shutterfly, putting together a series of photographs to tell the story of your adventure from beginning to end couldn't be easier. In addition; digital photography has allowed the taking of an unlimited number of photographs. But just like your excursion; there has to be some planning to achieve the desired results.

Think of your photo book just like a novel. There's an introduction, a middle, and finally a conclusion or wrap-up. I will use an out of town hunt as an example.

Introduction

Some of the photographs in this section could be fletching arrows, sharpening broadheads and practicing tree stand shots. Photos of packed gear, airline tickets, map of the hunting area, and pics of fellow travelers at the airport could also be a part of this section. Again anything that would relate to the preparation for the hunt.



The Middle

In this section photographs would be about the hunt itself. Pics of hanging tree stands, setting up camp, and landscape photos of the hunting area. You could also include pics that tell the history of the area. Do not leave out candid photographs of camp life, as these will hold special memories years later.



Conclusion

Although you hope for a harvest pic in this section, remember that harvest pic does not have to be yours. Your hunting partner's success can also become a memory that you will cherish years from now. Also don't forget to include group shots and pics of breaking camp. Be sure to include commentary along with your photographs as this will further enhance your final product.

Unlike photos stuck in box, photo books can become conversation pieces when display in the gathering areas of your home. And like written journals become cherished as time passes.



IDAHO or BUST

An Unforgettable Trip to Idaho to Bow Hunt for the Majestic Elk Part II

By Jim Jordan

I thought, the darn gas tank was leaking, not gushing out but drip, drip, drip enough to be concerned about. I still have to look to Heaven and say "Thank you Lord for looking out for us". It was a small miracle that the fire in the little pickup never ignited the gas that was leaking from the motor home.

What do we do now? That was the question my daughter and I were asking ourselves. Well, there was only one thing we could do and that was to trudge on to Des Moines. Maybe we could get it repaired there. So off we go, "Westward ho", down the old rough, rough I-80 toward Des Moines. I'm still waiting for the US highway department and the Iowa's highway department to send me enough money to cover the repair bills where the rough road shook my vehicles up like scrambled eggs as we traveled through Iowa. That was the only rough stretch of I-80 toward Des Moines that we traveled on. I guess I'll have to wait until China is made the 51st state or maybe longer before they will pay up.....HA!

As we traveled down I-80 toward Des Moines my mind was filled with "What next, what next, what next?" Just maybe this episode will be the last of the bad luck. I hope so. As we're traveling along toward Des Moines all the western sky in that direction was looking very dark and stormy. I thought to myself, we are in for some bad weather. Sho-nuff the closer we got to Des Moines the worse the weather got; windy, rain, thunder and lightning and very dark. We finally make our way to the "Big City". The rain was really pouring down as we pulled into Bassleman's Truck Stop. We could look back in the eastern sky from where we had come and see that there was some kind of bad weather going on back there. The next day we learned that there were nine tornadoes that touched down in the general area we had traveled through. No doubt the Good Lord had been watching over us as we traveled along.

I waited in the vehicle until the rain subsided enough for me to duck into the garage area and inquire about some help. I told the attendant I had a problem and I was hopeful he could help me. He asked me what kind of problem I had. I told him the gas tank on the motor home had a slight leak and before I could say anything else he broke in "we don't do gas tanks, don't know anybody that does". I thought "big help you are" but I thanked him and went back to the vehicle to think the situation out. I thought, well, I'll find out just how good my Allstate RV Road insurance is. I called their 24/7 phone number and was greeted by a helpful person. She gave me a couple of names and phone numbers that she said might be able to help me or direct me to someone that could help. The first number I called, no one was at home. The next number I called a gentleman answered. I proceeded to tell him my problem. He wanted to know if I needed to be towed in. I told him no, I only need my gas tank repaired. His reply was "I can't help you there buddy, but I'll give you a name and number of a guy that just might be able to help."

I got the number and called the guy and told him what kind of problem I had. His answer to me was, "I'm sorry friend but I don't work on gas tanks but I can tell you what you can do if the gas isn't gushing out. If it is just a small leak, take a bar of soap, just plain old soap, and rub over the crack or leaking spot as hard as you can, if you can get to the spot. The soap will seal the crack up temporarily. In the meantime I'll give you a name and number of a place only two or three exits from where you are that might work on motor homes. This place sells and does repair work on road tractors and trailers. I think they do repair work on motor homes but I'm not sure. That's about all I can help you with friend." I thanked him, said good-by and dialed the phone number of Truck Country.

That was the name of the place the gentleman told me about. I talked to the service department supervisor. His name was Chris. I told him my problem and how I had gotten his name and number. He told me to bring my vehicle on in and they would look the situation over and see if they could help me. After checking the situation over Chris said he felt sure his repairman could weld the tank. The gas that was left in the tank had to be drained and the tank removed and taken to the repairman for a look-see to determine if it could be repaired. While all this was going on, my daughter and I went to the lounge to rest and catch a few Zs.

About noon Chris came up to the lounge and said "Jordan, I've got some good news and I've got some bad news". I told him to give me the good news. I don't need any more bad news. Well it turned out the good news was the guy could weld the gas tank. The bad news was he couldn't guarantee the weld. He said it might last two hours, two days, two weeks or maybe it will last indefinitely, but he couldn't and wouldn't guarantee it. I told Chris to tell the man to weld it, I'll take a chance.....Columbus took a chance. Chris said it would be late in the evening before it would be ready for us to get back on the road westward bound. About 8:00 pm and my billfold \$412.00 lighter, we were "westward Ho" again.

During the day while they were working on the gas tank for the motor home I thought to myself, when you get to Cabela's sporting goods store in Sidney, Nebraska stop and ask if you can leave the little "dead soldier", my Nissan 4x4 pickup there until we come back through from elk hunting. Cabela's is real good about helping hunters that are having trouble with their vehicles. They will allow you to leave your disabled vehicle in their parking lot and will see that no one will bother it or mess with it until you come back through and pick it up on your way home. Well we pulled into the Cabela's parking lot in Sidney, got out of my motor home and went in-

side to ask the very nice lady at customer service if we could talk to the manager. The lady was very pleasant and helpful. She summoned the manager up front in only a few minutes. He and I introduced ourselves and I told him my problems and that I would like very much to be able to leave my little "dead soldier" Nissan in his parking lot in an out-of-the way space for a while. I told him we were on our way to Idaho for an elk hunt and that I would pick it up on our way back home. He said "Sure" but oh wait, how long are you going to be gone on the hunting trip? I told him we had planned to be gone approximately two, maybe three weeks.

He dropped his head and said "man, I'm very sorry but I can't allow it for that long. If you were only going to be gone for about a week I could accommodate you and let it stay here. We would look after it for you but we are having a big sales affair in two weeks and I'm going to need all the parking space I have. I'm sorry but I can't let you leave it for that long. I told him I appreciated very much that he would allow us to leave it for a week but no hard feelings, no problem. I understand but we'll just pull the "little fellow" along behind us to Idaho. We looked around in the store for a little while at all the goodies, then we got back on our way to the big elk hunt in Idaho.

Back on the interstate again, Idaho bound, we were making pretty good time considering we had lost one complete day in Des Moines, Iowa having the gas tank repaired. In the back of my mind I kept wondering what was going to go wrong next and at the same time hoping and praying that all the bad luck was over and done with.

The rough trek across Iowa and the rough I-80 was many miles behind us and now the long track across Nebraska was over with I thought to myself as we crossed the Nebraska/Wyoming state line.

My spirit began to pick up a little brighter as the miles of interstate in Wyoming began to rack up behind us. And the miles to our destination became fewer and fewer. Although I was almost exhausted from driving, almost no sleep and the sheer tension from all the bad luck that had fallen us up to this point, I was still in a good frame of mind, a little grumpy but all in all I still had a pretty good outlook if I do say so myself.

Upon renting the U-Haul dolly in Elizabethton, Tennessee. The deal was I would drop the dolly off in Rock Springs, Wyoming, I would drive the motor home and my daughter would drive the Nissan 4x4 on the rest of the way into Idaho and upon returning thru Rock Springs, Wyoming on our way back home. I would rent the dolly back north to Wilkesboro, NC. We had not planned for the little Nissan to be a rolling bucket of dead weight. When we rolled into Rock Springs on Saturday evening our luck held true to form, there wasn't anyone there so we could explain our situation to them or be able to leave the little pick-up truck there for us to pick up on our way home from Idaho. So what the heck, up Hwy 191 toward Jackson, Wyoming we went. I'll tell you, for sure there is a long stretch of Wyoming Plains, almost like a desert up Hwy 191, but beautiful territory. We finally got into Alpine, Wyoming late Saturday night, actually early Sunday morning. We were supposed to meet up with my old friend, Gene Canter, there at Alpine. We were to get our food supplies and things we needed before we went over into Idaho's McCoy Creek hunting area. Well we finally got up with old Buddy Gene, got our essentials and proceeded into McCoy Creek. I'll tell you for certain, Idaho is one beautiful place, rugged, gorgeous, breathtaking country. We got to our destination on Sunday afternoon around 3pm, found a pretty good place to park the old motor home and the "Little Dead Soldier", finally we were there, Idaho. It was really great to look around and see the Creators handiwork, absolutely gorgeous.

My daughter had never been out west so she was all bug-eyed as was I when I went to Colorado in 1978. She grabbed the binos and sat on the bank beside the motor home and glassed the hillside hoping to see an elk or mule deer feeding in one of the high meadows or parks as they are called. She and I had been sitting there resting, talking and glassing the hillside for about an hour when all at once the elk started bugling like crazy across the valley where we were sitting. We couldn't see the elk because they were back in the dark timber, but man-a-alive they were talking it up. This was Sunday evening August 29th. The elk archery season was to open the next day, Monday the 30th and run through September 30th. I thought just maybe with all the bad luck we've had getting here, just maybe one of those bulls might be mine. I could visualize one of them on the ground with my arrow through his rib cage with me and Malena skinning him out and quartering him up for the pack out. While we were sitting there resting, watching and listening an Idaho wildlife officer came by and stopped to talk for a while and to check my hunting license and tag. While he was there the elk cut loose again bugling their fool heads off. The officer was a very nice young gentleman. He talked and listened for a while. He said it seemed very unusual that the elk were bugling that much this early in the season. As he was leaving he said "You guys seem to be at the right spot. Get a big-un."

Well "dark thirty" rolled around very early. My daughter and I ate us a poor man's round steak sandwich, which for those of you who don't know what that is, it is a bologna and cheese sandwich with mustard, tomato and whatever else you want to put between two pieces of loaf bread. It's very, very tasty when you are so darn tired you can't prepare anything else at the time. As a matter of fact, it's very, very tasty anytime. We sat around and listened to the early night sounds for a while, then sacked out early anticipating the next day's hunt.

I was asleep before my head hit the pillow but it seemed that my head hit the pillow just as the 4:00am alarm clock started to sound off. It didn't take long to fix breakfast. As a matter of fact, just tear the wrapper off a Natures Valley Granola Bar and a glass of juice and you're done. Then you're off and at it, up the mountain side hoping and praying a big elk might step out in front of you.

Well, we climbed the mountain, walked around the mountain, looked, called with the cow calls, even bugled softly a time or two but not one elk to be seen or heard. They must have crawled under the rocks or the fallen timber. They were there the day before but they were not there when we wanted them to be. The smell of the bull elks was there and the sign where they had horned the bushes and tree and the scrapes where they had plowed the ground with their hooves was there but not one elk to be seen or heard. We did get to see a very nice mule deer buck but we were not hunting for him.

We came out of the woods just a little while before dark. On our way to the motor home we met some bow hunters from Michigan that stopped and talked for a few minutes. One of them had taken a nice 6x6 bull elk early that morning with his bow. They were on their way back to camp from taking the meat to Alpine for processing. Needless to say they were a happy bunch of guys.

After talking with the group of bow hunters for a little while we made our way on down the road to our motor home with thoughts of a good hot TV dinner "nuked" in the microwave. WRONG! My daughter sat down on the bank to glass the hillside hoping to see an elk come out into one of the parks to feed, while I cranked the generator so we could have electrical power for the microwave. The generator had been running for a few minutes when my daughter decided to go inside to prepare the TV dinners. Well, she opened the door to step inside. When she opened the door her mouth flew open with "Daddy, Daddy, there must be something on fire. It's full of smoke". I shut the generator down

as quickly as possible and ran inside to see what was going on. I grabbed a piece of cardboard, opened the doors wide open and tried to fan the smoke out. ASAP After the smoke was cleared out there was a smell of electrical wires burning, but I couldn't see anything. I told Malena to watch while I cranked the generator up again and see if she could see anything, any sign of fire or smoke. Nothing could be seen, so I tried the microwave to see if it would work. You guessed it. Bad luck had struck again. The power inverter on the generator had burned out, short circuited some place, so no hot TV dinners. Good old poor man's round steak sandwiches again. Oh well, very few comforts of home in the old motor home.

Day one of the Idaho hunt behind us, with what some people call a hunter's luck which is a tired butt and a hungry gut. "Bedtime thirty" rolled around very early because 4:00 AM would roll around very early. Well it seemed as though my head and tired old body had just hit the bunk when the 4:00 AM bells were ringing. I listened to the last jingle of the alarm bell, then silence. Oh my God how bad I feel. The fatigue and tension had finally caught up to me. Man, did I feel bad. Oh well, I came to Idaho to bow hunt elk so get up and get started. I got up and when I stood up to get my hunting clothes on my nose started pouring blood. This never happened to me. I never have had a nose bleed. I guess the tension and fatigue took its toll on me. The driving every inch of the way from Roaring River, NC to Idaho and everything that happened in between the two locations just "walloped" the old body. I guess the country song "I'm not as good as I once was, but I'm as good once as I ever was" holds true to form for a lot of us old farts. My daughter was still about half asleep up in her bunk so I got her attention with the little statement I made, "Darn it, if I can get my nose to stop bleeding we're going back to Carolina at daylight". My nose finally quit bleeding and I laid back down on my bunk and dozed in and out until daybreak.

About 7:00 AM my daughter sat down on the bank to glass the hillside one last time. All at once those darn elk started bugling again. I told her to just listen at those bulls, they're laughing at us because we're heading back to Carolina. But they can laugh all they want to, we're leaving. If the Good Lord's willing there will be another time. So we packed up everything and checked everything out to make sure all was well. The trip back home was well and good. No bad luck or anymore mishaps. All in all it was a good trip, an experience my daughter and I will never forget, that's for certain. It only cost approximately \$5,0000.00, give or take a couple of hundred bucks, for all the enjoyment, headaches, heartaches, bad luck. But I wouldn't trade the time and experience for anything in the world because Malena and I got to go out west together.

Shoot straight and true

From the heart

Work to build our sport

Don't break it apart

Jim Jordan

The Hunter's Feast.....

ROAST GROUSE RECIPE

Ingredients

4 grouse, cleaned and quartered

2 TBS butter
2 TBS canola oil
1/2 cup flour
1 tsp salt
1/2 tsp oregano
1/2 tsp freshly ground black pepper
celery, onion, mushrooms, carrots - quartered
1/4 cup [chicken broth](#)
1/4 cup white wine
1 TBS butter, melted
1 tsp [homemade garlic powder](#)
1 tsp [homemade onion powder](#)
1/2 tsp thyme
1/2 tsp parsley

Directions

PREHEAT oven to 350 degrees. Spray a 9x13 pan with canola or vegetable oil; set aside.

Mix the butter and canola oil together in a large skillet and heat to medium. Mix the flour, salt, oregano and pepper together in a resealable bag. Add the grouse and shake well until evenly coated. Place in the heated skillet and brown all sides; remove.

Place the quartered vegetables in the bottom of the prepared baking dish and place the browned grouse over the vegetables. Mix the chicken broth, wine and butter together and pour over all.



Trail Cam Corner.....



What's Your Set Up?

We are blessed at CTA to have a wealth of knowledge among our members along with the generosity to share it. As we begin another bowhunting season, several members have shared their hunting set ups.

Joe Tilford

Bow: Centaur Triple Carbon Elite 60" — 43 pound

Arrow: Gold Tip Velocity 500; 450 gr.; 22% FOC

Broadhead: Wensel Woodsman

Tip: Hunt as often as you can. The more you are out there the more you will see.

Tony Lail

Bow: 2002 Lynn Harrelson Take down recurve; 58 Inches; 56 # at 28 inches, drawn to 27

Arrows: Easton Legacies 2018, 545 grains

Broadhead: Magnus Classic II, 125 grain

Tip: Use a puff bottle to check wind, easy to do and can watch swirls better.

Dave Haggist

Bow: 1975 Bear Magnesium A Riser, 56 inches

Draw Weight: 50 lbs.

Arrows: Easton Game Getters, 520 grains

Broadhead: Ace, 125 grain

Tip: Using a bow holder on my tree stand reduces my movement

Bud Blalock

Bow: 1972 Bear Super Kodiak

Draw Weight: 45lbs

Arrows: Gold Tip Traditional

Broadhead: Bear Razorhead

Martin Seeley

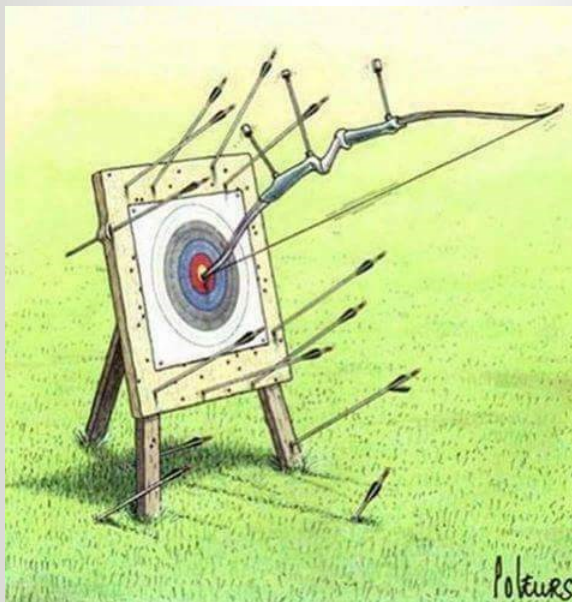
Bow: Massie Longhorn

Draw Weight: 48 lbs

Arrows: Ash Shafts from Alleghany Mountain Arrows woods with wild turkey fletching

Broadhead: Bear Razorhead

Archery Humor.....



Member Shots.....

Bud Blalock with a deer he took with a vintage 1972 Bear Super Kodiak and Bear Razorhead



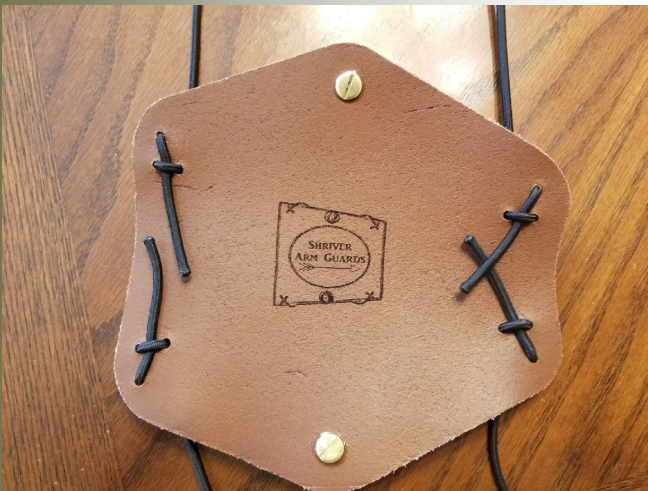
Photos from the Past.....



Product reviews.....

A couple of years ago, I lost the armguard I had used since 2001, the first and only armguard I ever (mostly) used when I took up the traditional journey. I own 2 other armguards that are beautiful and well made, but the leather is just too heavy for me in the warm NC climate. My search for another armguard has finally concluded with the purchase of a Shriver Arm guard. The arm guards are available in black, brown and tan, adult and children sizes. This arm guard is made from 8/9 oz. high quality bridle leather. The buttons are solid brass engraved post, with an easy on/off and adjustment cord system.

I purchased the armguard made specifically for Compton Traditional Bowhunters which can be found at : <http://www.comptontraditionalbowhunters.com/Store> or you can visit Jerry's website for additional options: <https://shriverarmguards.com/>



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

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