

The Whispering Shaft

Quarterly Newsletter of the

C A R O L I N A T R A D I T I O N A L A R C H E R S

Keeping The Traditions Alive



Message from the Chairman

Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz hit the nail on the head when she said that there is no place like home. After 5 months on the Appalachian Trail there **really is no place like home**. I really missed my family during this time, but I also missed my archery family and I'm looking forward to seeing all of you again and shooting my bow.

I have spoken to several club officers and it's apparent that CTA has had another banner year. Attendance at shoots continues to be high and the recent planting of a food plot at Kerr Scott adds another jewel to our crown.

As always, the success of CTA is directly linked to the participation and contributions of our members. On behalf of the CTA Board of Directors and Club Officers I offer heartfelt thanks.

Best regards,
Dave Haggist

ATTENTION MEMBERS:

As many of you already know, the Officers and Board of Directors have approved a set of By-Laws that will be used to govern our club. If anyone would like to review the By-Laws they may do so at any club event or they may request a copy from the club secretary. If anyone has any questions or concerns regarding this matter they should contact an Officer or Director before October 2008. The By-Laws will be formally adopted in October 2008.

www.thecta.org

CAROLINA TRADITIONAL ARCHERS

MISSION STATEMENT

The mission of the Carolina Traditional Archers is the promotion of traditional archery and bow hunting. Members will adhere to the highest ethical standards whether in the field or on the range and hold in reverence the traditions and history of archery.

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

CAROLINA TRADITIONAL ARCHERS

2008 Club Shoot/Activity Schedule

September 13- Club Shoot
October 15-18 Club Hunt at W. Kerr Scott Reservoir
November 8- Club Shoot
December 13- Club Shoot

All club shoots are held at the Foothills BowHunters/CTA range in Maiden NC. Shoots have 20 to 25 3D animal targets. Shoots cost \$10 for members and \$15 for non-members. Lunch is included with the price of admission.

As the new editor of the Newsletter, I want to thank the previous editor Eric Ballard for handling both the Secretary and Editor positions for as long as he did. Barry Clodfelter and I felt that it would take two men to replace Eric, so he and I are dividing up the duties accordingly. This Newsletter will also be made available for downloading as a PDF file on our website.

I encourage you to submit any articles related to traditional archery, either in MS Word format or even in just a simple email. As you'll see from this month's newsletter, I'm all about photos! If you can, also include an archery-related photo of yourself with your article so that people can put a face with a name. My email address is joehenz@yahoo.com.

Joe Henz

Cover photo: CTA members try their hand at aerial targets at the January Club Shoot. Photo by Joe Henz

The Whispering Shaft, Carolina Traditional Archers (CTA) newsletter, is published on a quarterly schedule. All members are encouraged to submit articles and tasteful photographs about issues of interest to traditional archers and bow hunters. CTA Officers and Directors reserve the right to refuse or edit any material submitted for publication that they deem detrimental to traditional archery/bow hunting or to the Carolina Traditional Archers.

CAROLINA TRADITIONAL ARCHERS 2008 CLUB HUNT**October 15-18, 2008****W. Kerr Scott Reservoir Area**

Wilkesboro, NC.

Primitive camping will be at the Warrior Creek Campground Section-A spaces 1-25. NOTE: The gate to the campground is to remain closed at all times because it is already closed to the general public for the year. The campground is located next to the Marley's Ford WMA, where we will be hunting. **Please note that the directions to the campground are different than last year.** We are going through a different gate on the back entrance to the campground this year. The gate will have a dummy lock on it. **Please close and put the dummy lock back on the gate after you go through.**

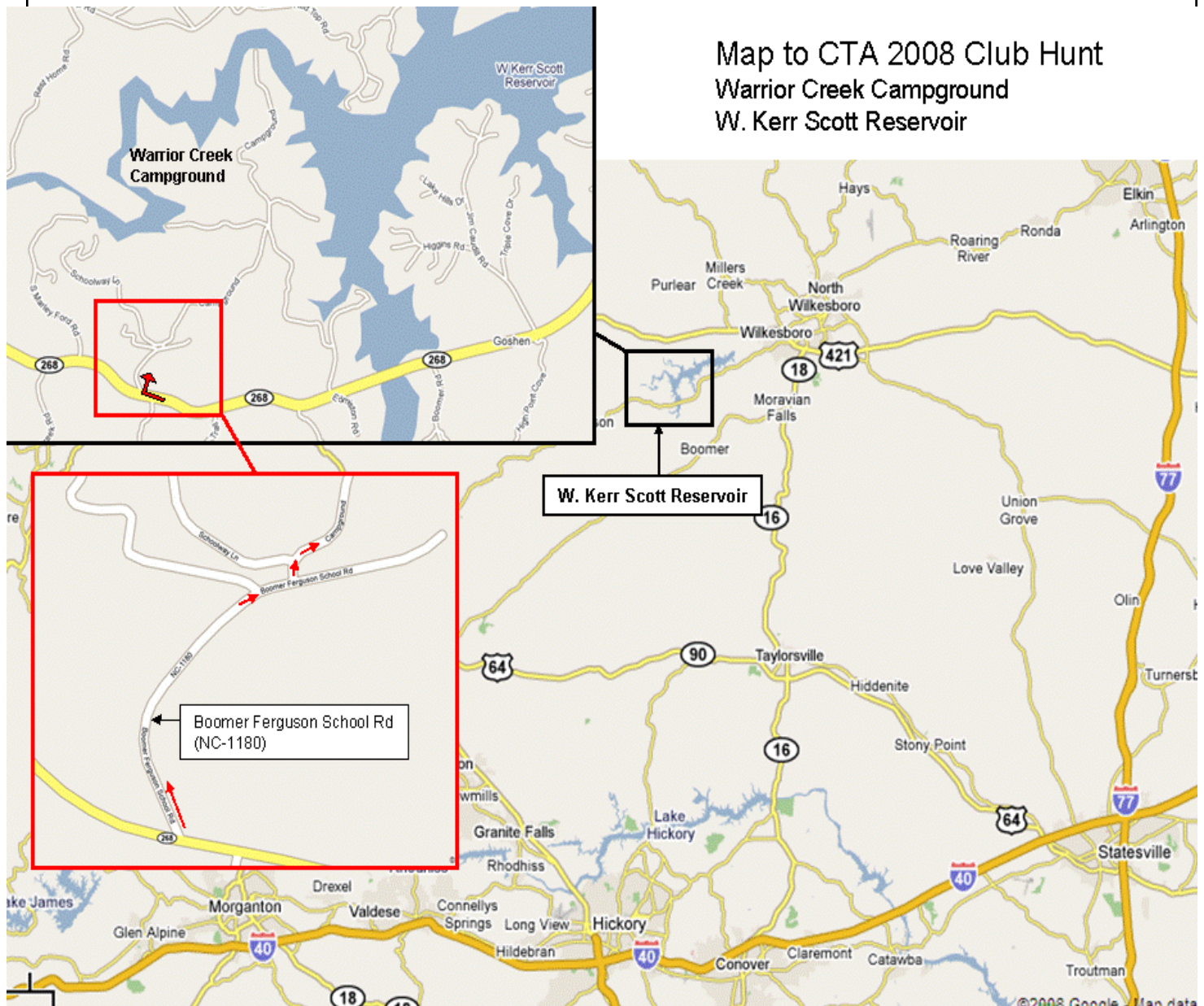
Directions:

See map below. Take NC-268 to NC-1180 (Boomer Ferguson School Rd.)

The GPS coordinates of the campground are: 36° 06' 53.73"N, 81° 17' 31.25"W

An abundance of information about the Kerr Scott Reservoir and the surrounding area can be found at their official website www.saw.usace.army.mil/wkscott/index.htm

Anyone needing additional information may contact Tony Lail at 704-462-1070 or Tommy Blackburn at 336-903-1322.



IN MEMORY

Herbert Alfred Reynolds 1936-2008

It is with great regret and sadness to announce that our friend and CTA Founder and President Herb Reynolds passed away at his home on July 23.



Herb was born and raised in the rural southeast corner of Missouri, near the Ozark Mountains and the Arkansas border. The son of a tenant farmer, Herb's family was poor. As Herb liked to say, when he was a boy if he wanted clothing he had to go out and pick the cotton for it himself. Whether that was true or hyperbole is unknown, as he also told his children that when he was a boy he had to walk five miles to school and that it was up-hill both ways. Years later though his adult children went to Missouri and did verify that the distance he walked to school was indeed about five miles...

Herb was introduced to archery as a little boy. For Herb's family hunting and fishing was a way to put scarce food on the table, and he used his bow and arrow to transfer rabbits from the vegetable garden to the stove.



Herb might have spent his entire life in Missouri, had his three best friends not decided in 1957 to visit the recruiter in town and enlist in the Army. Not wanting to be left out of the mix, Herb went with them. Alas, only Herb passed the army physical, so he had to leave his friends behind anyway!

Fortunately Herb made friends easily, and soon got in with a group of fellows from Alexis, North Carolina. Since they were stationed at Ft. Bragg, Herb would accompany his new buddies to Alexis on leave. That is where he met his future wife Pat, who was rooming with other girls who were dating Herb's army buddies. They were married in April of 1959.

Herb trained as a paratrooper in the Army, and liked to say that he'd flown in an airplane over thirty times before ever landing in one. He stayed in the Army for several years, including a stint in Germany with his young wife in tow, before returning to civilian life in 1963. The Reynolds settled in North Carolina, and Herb did carpentry and construction work for several years to feed his family, before getting a job with Southern Railroad (now Norfolk-Southern) in 1967. He was first a switchman, then an engineer.



While Herb's workday was with the railroad, his true avocation was archery and the outdoors. Much of his free time was spent hunting and fishing. Those who knew him in his younger years say that Herb was an impressive outdoorsman, incredibly strong, who could shoot a **ninety**-pound longbow with deadly accuracy. His friend Larry Long recalls spooking a deer while hunting with Herb in the late sixties in the Uwharries. The deer ran "wide open" away from Larry and past Herb—who instinctively made a snap shot, sending the arrow catching the running deer right behind the shoulder!

In 1982, at the age of 46, Herb's life changed dramatically. He suffered a massive aneurysm while cutting firewood. Alone on the back of his property, Herb managed to drive himself to the neighbor's house and collapsed on the horn of his truck to get the neighbor's attention. Herb nearly died right then and there. He spent five months in the hospital - three of the months in intensive care – and spent another five months in rehabilitation. The aneurysm had left the entire left side of his body paralyzed, including his throat, and Herb would battle with the health effects of that attack for the next 25 years.

The Carolina Traditional Archers Club got its genesis in 1983 at Herb's house, when a group of five or six of Herb's friends and fellow archers would come to visit Herb after his illness. Half a dozen guys shooting foam targets in Herb's backyard eventually grew into two or three dozen shooters filling up a make-shift parking lot in a neighbor's field across the street, and in 1996 the club finally had to move to another venue.

Never a quitter, Herb worked his body back into shape as best he could. At first, the man who once demonstrated his great strength by grabbing **two** 70-pound bows and drawing them back together, couldn't even pull a 15-pound children's bow. However, through hard work and sheer grit and determination he eventually regained the strength and ability to shoot a 60-pound longbow! Equally impressive, the man who was previously a half-paralyzed invalid became a hunter again, harvesting both a black bear and a wild hog with that bow. And so - in that strange way that makes sense only to the Almighty - Herb became even more of an inspiration to his fellow archers in his weakness and infirmity than he was in the strength and vigor of his youth.

Herb is survived by his wife Pat and his children Ward, Karen, Randy, and Carol.



Photo of a self-bow made by Herb, with a quiver made by his wife Pat.

Written by Joe Henz, based on interviews with Pat Reynolds and Larry Long.

Caribou in a Lean Year

by Tom McRary

SWEET! This thing might just come together. Fifteen minutes ago I was wondering if there was any hope of getting ahead of this bull to set up an ambush, and I wouldn't have given you a nickel for my chances. Now the bull had doubled back toward me and actually decided to bed down behind a large boulder. When the bull decided to double back I was caught somewhat in the open so I decided to just sit down and stay still, hoping I would pass for a rock. For all intent I guess I had done just that. With a favorable wind the only problem I now faced was that I needed to scoot six or eight yards to my right and the above-mentioned boulder would be between the bull and me. Then I could just sneak down there and introduce him to Mr. Zwickey! So when the bull looked away I did my best impression of a crab; maybe a big blue crab or perhaps a Dungeness. It was slow progress but it was progress....just a few more yards. Then it happened. The bull must have caught some movement and there I was; trying to look all innocent, yeah.....that's it, just an innocent little crab with no ill intent whatsoever! Guess they don't have crabs in Lac Minto or maybe I just looked more like a poor contestant in a Twister game than a crab. Right hand green, left foot yellow, left hand blue. Well, I'll save myself any more embarrassment and just say it didn't work out. But I am a little ahead of myself. Let's go back three days, back to August 30th.

Now, it's the 30th of August 2007 and we're flying Air Inuit to the Lac Minto region.

I've always found it fairly easy to sleep or at least nod-off intermittently during most air travel. With the exception of a few minor details the monotone drone of the DeHavilland twin-otter was almost enough to put me to sleep now. However, the first of those minor details was the half-inch gap between the top of the door next to me and the hull of the aircraft. Despite my best efforts I simply could not erase the image of being sucked thru this void just like *Goldfinger* was sucked thru the bullet-hole in the window of his jet in the Ian Fleming film by the same name. Never mind the fact that pressurization was not a factor as we were nowhere near the 30 plus thousand feet altitude that jets fly, nor the fact that *Mythbusters* proved that such an incident could not happen in the first place; still, that image kept my right hand firmly gripped to the part of the seatbelt (such as it was) that pulls it tighter to the point that my lower extremities were numb and screaming for blood to flow in that region again. I eased-up on my grip thus allowing some blood to flow.



Tom McRary is in the front row, far right. Next to Tom (front row, center) is fellow CTA member David Allen.

Secondly, I was part of a group of nine traditional bow hunters from North and South Carolina who were traveling to North Western Quebec in search of caribou. The anticipation of hunting in an unknown area for an animal one hasn't hunted before was just too much. All eyes were fixed on the tundra below seeking some indication of the caribou we were to pursue. Well, almost all eyes; mine kept veering to that open gap to my immediate left.

We were to hunt with Tuttilik Outfitters in their Deception Bay camp. CTA member David Allen served as a booking agent for Tuttilik and arranged the hunt. This camp is one of the older camps operated by Tuttilik and has reported numerous Pope and Young bulls. While any representative of the genus *Rangifer tarandus* would do; visions of wide racked, heavy massed bulls in velvet kept flashing thru our minds. And a question that kept running through each of our minds was "where are they now"? For the past several weeks preceding the hunt it seemed everyone who was hunting for caribou this year was looking (as I am sure they do every year) at the web site managed by the Canadian government which tracks the movements of both the Leaf River and the George River herds. And though the tracking collars are on cows it was reasonable to assume that the bulls would not be far away or at least we hoped.

As the hour long flight ended and we came to a halt on one of the shortest dirt runways I have ever seen we were greeted by the first group of hunters (mostly gun hunters) to occupy the camp this season. With them were the camp manager, his wife and more importantly, racks.....several racks! The stories and advice offered from the first group of hunters as we swapped gear suggested that this was indeed to be a good hunt. There were caribou around though not as plentiful as most outfitters show on their brochures. But the migration was not yet there; however, most everyone felt that it would be there soon. Many of the bulls taken by this group were harvested fairly close to camp. The others were taken just a short canoe ride up river. Oh, and the fishing hadn't been too bad either; trout, plenty of trout! We couldn't get unloaded quickly enough, but first things first. We had to get settled into our accommodations for the next few days.

The camps set-up/operated by Tuttilik are, as I understand them, typical to those operated by most outfitters in the region. After all, there are only so many ways to invent the wheel. Camp consisted of two bunkhouses approximately 10x12 constructed of plywood and tin roofing with three sets of bunks inside and an oil stove. There was a third bunkhouse that was for the camp manager. The cook/dining shack was of course larger and consisted of a gas stove/oven, table and chairs and all the pots, pans and utensils necessary to fix any meal one could conjure-up; keeping in mind that we were responsible for bringing our own food for this trip, and were restricted to 40 lbs. per person due to flight/weight restrictions. Water was pumped straight out of Lac Minto into the cook shack, as there was a generator in camp for that purpose and also to supply lights during early mornings and evenings until around nine. While there may have been some initial reservations about drinking straight from the lake without filtering first, that soon proved to be unfounded. That is some of the best tasting water anywhere. However, I did keep fairly close tabs that campmates and staff use the outhouse provided. Two other shacks completed the camp; a bathhouse with sink and shower (with hot water.....sometimes) and a meat shack for processing the meat into vacuum-seal bags. The hunter processes all meat as he/she sees fit with the exception of the front shoulders, which are donated to the Inuit people to augment their annual needs. There were two 20-foot wood canoes equipped with 45 hp. Mercury motors to transport hunters up and down the lake to other islands. While Tuttilik operates several locations on Lac Minto, camps are from 35 to 100 miles apart, and with 4500 sq. mile of area to hunt, intrusion by hunters from other camps is not an issue.

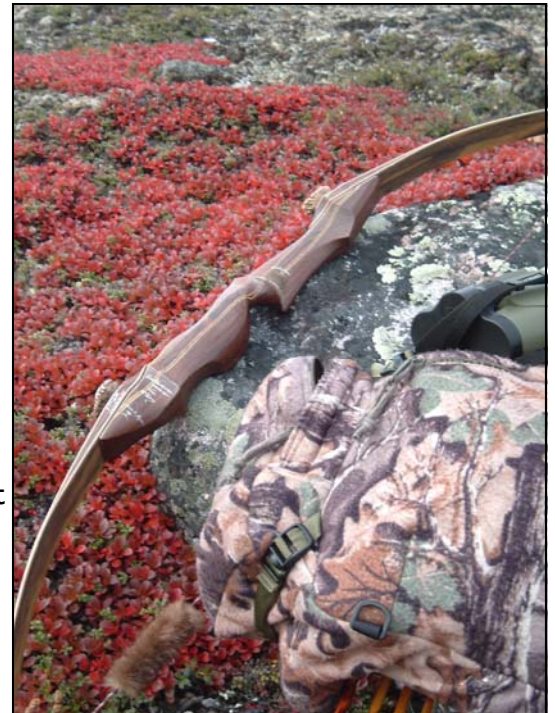
Once sleeping arrangements were settled (snorers in one bunkhouse, non-snorers in the other), gear stowed and licenses secured we still had half a day to hunt. Needless to say, bows and packs were quickly assembled (everyone wore a set of camo in) and we were off into the hills around camp. It wasn't long before the first caribou bulls were spotted. The bulls that were in the area at this time were, for lack of a better term, resident animals that had chose to spent the summer in this area instead of traveling further north with the main migration. Suffice-to-say, we felt that they had made a good decision.....for us! Most bulls were traveling in groups of six to eight though as many as twelve were spotted at times. Most were probably younger bulls, perhaps scoring in the high 200's if such things are important to you but they were plenty big enough for us. While it is sometimes dangerous to speak for others, I feel that it is safe to say that the other eight on this trip were having the time of their lives this day, and by days' end there were three bulls in camp. Indeed, this was going to be a good hunt!

During the days that followed we continued to see bulls; not the seemingly endless parade of caribou associated with the migration, but a few bulls each day. And each day at least one bull was taken. On the day mentioned at the beginning of this story the wind was too rough to allow travel by canoe and hunting around camp had been slow. So with little else to do it was time to stretch my legs and see some country. Herb Reynolds had stated at the Sissipahaw shoot a few weeks earlier that I should get away from camp if I wanted to find caribou, and that advice sounded good to me now. As it worked-out, that advice was solid but as related earlier, I didn't close the deal. That's hunting. But what a hunt! By the last day there were several caribou racks in camp and only Don Moore and I had not connected on a bull.



The group decided to travel by canoe up the lake in search of caribou and bear. Some members of the group including myself had purchased a bear tag and as this was our last full day to hunt it was time to go looking to fill any remaining tags, be it caribou or bear.

About five miles up the lake we found a small band of bulls and moved in to investigate. These bulls had come off a peninsula and swam over to the other side. We beached the canoe and looked the situation over to develop a plan to intercept any bulls that may be following. Little did we know just what was over the ridge. Hundreds of caribou were on their way, as the tip of the migration wave was reaching us! The place where the bulls had just swam to had some small evergreens which would allow us some cover so we quickly decided to canoe over to this spot in hopes that other caribou would take the same route as the earlier bulls. As we worked our way through these we could see that indeed other bulls were en route. This spot was the head of a bowl with relatively steep slopes on either side which means absolutely nothing to the caribou. They go where they want. The only thing to do now was pick as likely a spot as one could and wait. As the bulls came out of the water they milled around a moment and headed toward the large boulders David Allen and I had chose to hide behind and before we knew it they were all around us! No shot presented itself; however, a cow and calf practically turned themselves inside out when they almost stepped on me. As this group left the area I noticed that several more caribou, maybe twenty-five or thirty were on a trail on the other side of the bowl and several deep trails seemed to run on that side. There was a group of small evergreens close to where two or three of these trails merged and it looked from my present position to be a great place for an ambush.



Mixing trotting and duck waddling, I covered the 500 yards distance as quickly as I could to reach the position that I had felt would afford me a good ambush point. I quickly realized that this was indeed as good as it could get. As caribou were filtering thru the area I decided to test my little hidey-hole and as a cow and calf passed within twenty yards I test drew to see if it would go unnoticed or if some added cover was needed. They passed totally unconcerned and unaware. Now, where was a bull?

Over the next thirty minutes perhaps fifty caribou passed by within thirty yards, but most of the bulls were smaller, and with larger bulls passing just out of range I knew I only needed to be patient - but not too patient, as I didn't have much longer. A nice bull was headed my direction. And while there were larger bulls in the area, big enough would do. As the bull drew near I thought I remembered seeing double shovels but regardless, this was the one. He was about twenty-five yards out and as he passed the 90 degree angle and then quartered slightly away my fingertips touched the corner of my mouth.

The next thing I remembered seeing was the fletching just behind the last rib with the shaft angling forward. The bull ran approximately forty yards and stopped. He then turned around once and bedded. I watched for some time with a flood of emotions running through me. Elation, thanksgiving to our Creator for the caribou and the moment, regret that I could not share this moment with my son or dad, and that one emotion that has eluded appropriate description by men more eloquent in speech than I ever hope to be. It's regret in having taken something special from this earth (one of Gods' creatures) and yet it's not regret at all. As hunter/gatherer this is what we do. It is who we are and it's as natural as drawing a breath of air. It's our place in the overall scheme of life. Perhaps this feeling is merely respect.

In closing, I would like to thank all who participated in this hunt. Many memories were made which will last a lifetime. I hope to again go to this special place; it's one of the few places on earth where one can witness the natural wonder of a migration. Perhaps when my son Ben is older. And while we were not in the thick of things as far as migrations go, I don't think I would have wanted it any differently. The year 2007 was indeed a difficult year for many who went in search of caribou in Quebec. Much was written on hunting web-sites regarding this subject and most agree that this year's migration was just...well, off! But that's hunting; hunting caribou in a lean year.

Editor's Note: Tom lives the life the rest of us dream about: as this newsletter goes to press, Tom is hunting elk and mule deer in Montana!



So Glad We found Bows, Arrows and the CTA

by Jim and Maggie Vogt

We'd been collecting antique fishing lures for a while. We enjoyed going to Lure Shows, meeting some really nice people and enjoying the "special" find, but something was missing. Jim retired and we were searching for a new something to do. You can't fish or wander the flea markets full time, and we wanted something we'd both enjoy.

At this point our son, JT, sent Jim a "Bobby Lofton" longbow for Christmas. I must admit I was skeptical but I watched with interest while he shot in the back yard and soon we headed to Mississippi to visit JT who took us to Yazoo City (it really does exist) for a shoot. I was score-keeper for the guys and I began to think (after watching them) that even I could shoot. We found the club members and shooters pleasant, smiling, enjoying the outdoors - laughing over shots taken - made and missed - and I saw a challenge that I thought I'd enjoy too. Jim was already hooked!

Not long after that we went to a Tannehill, Alabama shoot and I asked for a bow - that put a big smile on Jim's face! We got me a little 26 lb. @ 25 inches and I began to shoot - but soon traded that for a 32 lb. @ 26 inches. I began to actually hit a target once in a while! Jim had been getting better and better, and our enthusiasm grew.



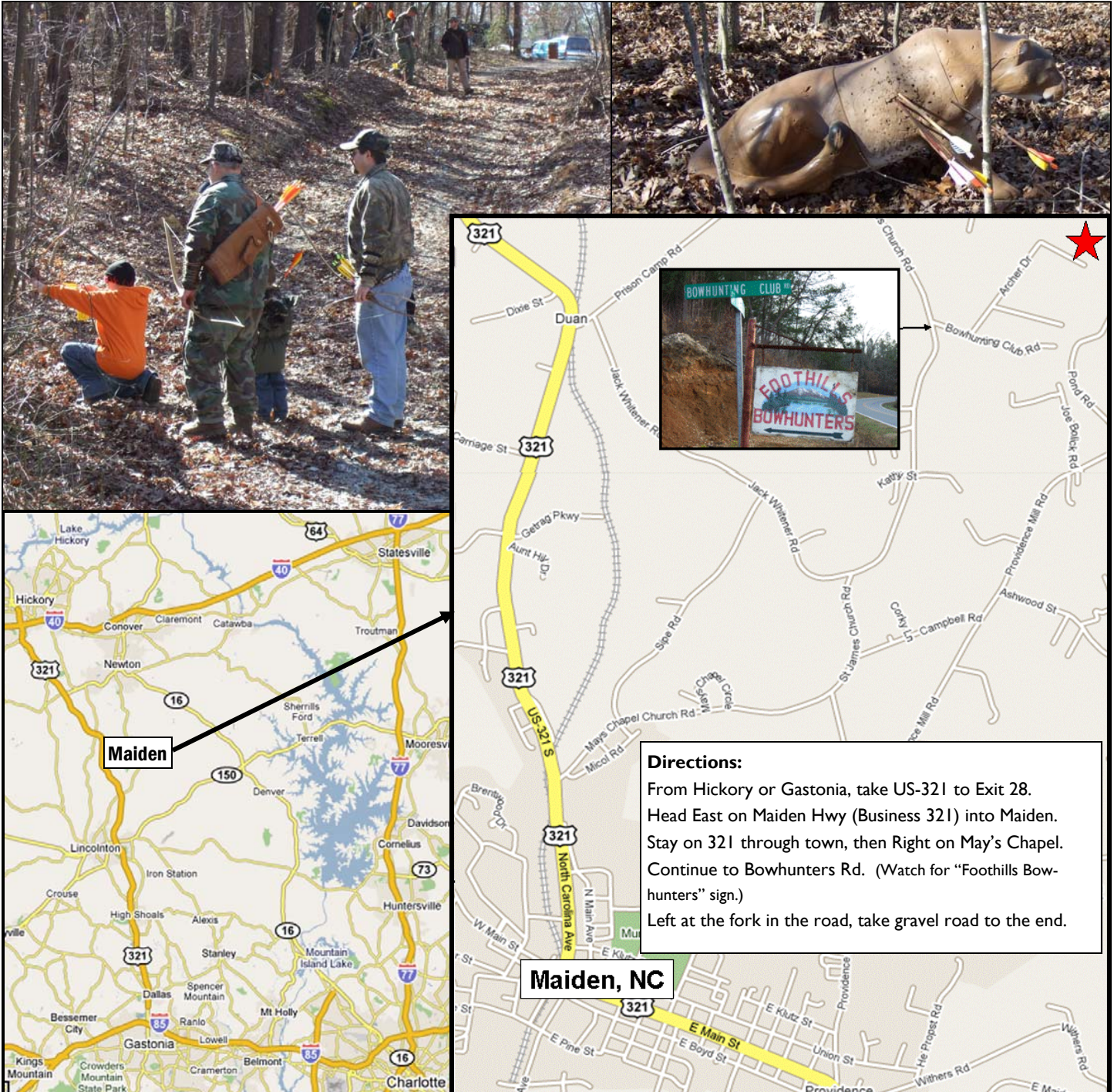
Our bows have grown and our love of shooting has grown, too. Then we found the CTA, and getting to know you all has been a great joy for us. Traveling to shoots has become our vacation and we try to visit as many as we can because of the shooting, naturally, but also because the people are almost without exception wonderful. We see families with children of all ages from babies to teens and young people as well as people our age and older (though that's hard to believe!). All of them polite, considerate and sharing a love of shooting and the outdoors. We really hope to see more families at the CTA monthly shoots - those little guys and gals are our future - and a joy to watch!

Editor's Note: Jim and Maggie have been a "quick study"; both routinely place high — and even win outright — traditional archery tournaments around the state.

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.

Shoots typically begin around 10 am, which gives everyone enough time to get around the course before lunch. Some diehards even do the course again after lunch. We typically wrap up around 2pm. All the foam targets are in the woods, amongst the trees, which makes for a realistic and very pleasant setting.





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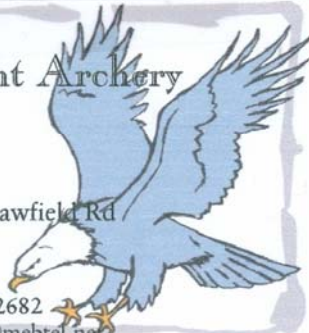
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