





Vol. 4 Issue II

On the Web: www.texasarchery.com.

Third Quarter 2000

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

This year is about gone, and hunting seasons are upon us. I hope each of you has a good hunting season, be it doves or deer.

The tournaments have gone well this year. Most all locations had a fair to good turnout. Next year has a bright promise to be even better. There was a definite decrease in participation after about mid-June when the weather started to get really hot. We are going to try to hold as many shoots as possible earlier in the year to stay out of the high heat. The Midsummer Meltdown in San Angelo was a success with 100 plus shooters competing. Butch Gleghorn and his bunch really did a good job with some tricky shots like a spinning javalina. This is a shoot everybody should try to make next year.

Election time is upon us again. The election ballot will be in this newsletter. There were more

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NEWS ABOUT CONNOR PHILLIPS

Hello, fellow TBoT members. Hope this letter finds everyone doing okay.

I am writing this letter to all of the people that have followed the progress of Connor Phillips to let them know that I received a card from Lou Phillips (Connor's Mom) telling me about Connor's progress. He has been one year without any treatments. His scans have all come back okay. He had another scan on the 15th of September, and I do not know the results of that test as yet. Connor started pre-kindergarten, two days a week, starting on the 5th of September. I'll bet he's excited. Sounds to me like the Lord put an Angel on Connor's shoulder so we all could be blessed enough to meet him, and to realize that a 3-year-old can overcome what we thought was impossible.

Thank you, Lord, for that. Our everyday problems seem so minute compared to what Connor has overcome. In the card Lou told me that Connor and his Daddy had left that morning to go to Mason to their deer lease, and Connor took his bow. She said he was talking about shooting a hog. Keep it up, Connor!

Another thank you to all that donated items for raffle, and to all the people who purchased tickets to benefit the Phillips family in their struggle to help Connor. Just always remember to keep him in your prayers. When I receive further updates, I'll pass on the information to all of you. Take care, and God bless us all.

Sincerely,

Debbie Keeling

(Continued from page 1)

people nominated this year than before, and that is good. After I contacted the individual nominees to ask if they would accept or decline the nomination, some elected to decline. It might be a good idea to ask the person whom you are nominating whether he or she would be interested in running for that position. That way if they are not interested, you would have a chance to nominate someone else.

We have edited the business card section of the newsletter to remove old cards that are no longer valid. We have tried not to remove any that are current; but if a mistake has occurred, please let Dan Lockhart or me know so that it can be corrected

Let me take a moment to thank all of the members and board members for a successful year. This year has gone pretty smoothly. This is a result of everybody working together.

Yours truly,

David Bailey

ELECTION BIOGRAPHIES

David Bailey:

Willy.

My name is David Bailey. I have been nominated to run for the president's position.

Last year when I ran for this position, I said that I wanted to this club grow in membership and in financial stability. Both of these goals have been met. We are stronger financially, and the membership is at an all-time high.

I said that I would involve the membership in decision making about things that affect your participation in the club. This has been done by the membership deciding key issues on ballots that were either mailed or included in a newsletter. If elected, I have no plans to do anything any differently. I want to see this club get stronger and to be

able to do more for its members. This past year has been a learning experience for me. Hopefully, this next year will prove to be just as rewarding.

Thank you, David Bailey

Bryan Keeling:

My name is Bryan Keeling. I am 35 years old, and I have been a serious bowhunter for six years. My family is also involved in bowhunting. We live on and manage a bowhunting ranch in Vanderpool, so I am around bowhunters year round. I am proud to be a traditional shooter. It seems traditional shooters have a better respect for what a person is actually capable of. My friend Wyatt Birkner got me back into bowhunting after many years, and I am very thankful to him for that.

Steve Hawkins:

Hello, fellow stick bow shooters. As you get ready for the upcoming huntin' season, election time is among us again. I would like to take this time to put a feather in the hat of David Bailey for doing a great job last year for TBoT. I think he would make a great president again this year! As for myself, TBoT has been a part of my life since we shot in Huntsville, TX, years ago. As vice president, I will try to help David in the upcoming year as much as I can. Thanks for the vote.

Steve Hawkins Ge

Genesis 21:20

(Continued on page 7)



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Trials and Tribulations of the Archer

Have you ever wondered why one day you make every shot (almost) and then the next you couldn't hit the side of a barn?????? Hopefully we can all share some insight into the ARCHER'S PLAGUE.

Over the years many people have tried to teach others to shoot. They end up trying to teach and force others who are just learning to shoot their way. Many of us have taken the advice from others only to find that it has created problems for us. Sore shoulders, improper arrow flight, and downright bad shooting are some of these results. Many times what the new or even the experienced archer should do is filter the best from all those who offer advice. We all shoot differently, and no one style is the perfect style.

I tend to use a variety of styles in my shooting. I have adopted the Howard Hill/John Schultz stance, Fred Asbell's mental lock, and the follow through of Fred Bear. Enough about mixed styles—let's get serious.... (only kidding—remember that archery should always be fun). More often than not I have witnessed an archer that was a great shot sometimes and not so great other times. When you take the time to analyze this, it can be broken down into its simplest parts.

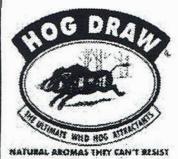
- 1) Has the bow been locked in the same place every time? Oft times I have seen an archer constantly trying to find the proper hand placement on his riser. Does it always feel the same? If it doesn't then it may be time to get out the tools (if you are handy) or take it to a bowyer and have them re-shape the riser to fit your hand. This usually isn't a great expense but well worth the cost.
- 2) Have you locked on your target? Are you seeing only that dime sized area that you want to hit or are you looking at the whole target? If you can't seem to concentrate on

that small spot then try this. Stare at the area you intend to hit until your eyes go blurry—but don't try shooting at this time. Now do it again and again until you can lock on immediately the same way only not as long. This type of aiming can even be done in front of the T.V.

- 3) When drawing the bow have you reached your anchor? Many times the archer thinks they came up to the same spot but, in reality they were off their face, or the hand was twisted. The latter seems to be more and more commonplace these days with many archers. Practice a few times just drawing the bow quickly.... check your hand placement—both draw and bow hands. Let down and repeat; this will help incorrect draw and also strengthen those muscles.
- 4) Do you perform a positive follow through? As we get tired, it is natural to drop our bow arm just as the arrow is released. Every time you shoot an arrow take about three seconds to mentally check you hand/arm positions. If you find you are not in the same position, do it over again until you no longer have to think about it.

These are only guidelines and not meant to be the end-all and be-all of archery. Hope all your arrows are on their mark.

(*Plagiarized from Doug McCoy's website at:* http://sites.netscape.net/mccoydoug/homepage)



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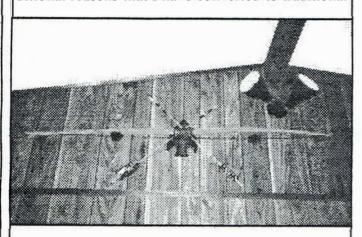
M.R. "Blockle" Blockburn

WHY I SHOOT TRADITIONAL OR "THE TWO THAT GOT AWAY!"

by Marvin Huckle

We all have our reasons why we shoot traditional archery equipment. For some of us it's the light weight and simplicity of a stick and string. For others it may be the sight of the beautiful, graceful arch of a wood arrow sailing through the air. Then there's the feeling of being closer to nature and using a weapon that came from the forest and has the spirit of the forest inside it.

But let me share with you the two other additional reasons that I have converted to traditional



archery.

A few years ago I became disappointed with hunting with a rifle. The challenge and thrill of shooting an animal with a rifle was gone. If I saw an animal, regardless of the distance, the animal was usually collected. Shooting an animal at a distance became very impersonal and became "shooting" instead of "hunting." It was time for a change.

Having shot a bow and arrow as a youngster, it was easy for an archery friend of mine to talk me into getting a compound bow and all the bells and whistles that go with it. Not long after that, I found myself on a weekend day lease, hunting deer on a ranch near Carrizo Springs, with a group of bowhunters.

We arrived at the ranch Friday afternoon and immediately set about stowing our gear in the

bunkhouse and going out into the pasture to scout and set up tripods for the next morning's hunt. As we were returning to camp to barbecue some fajitas, we noticed quite a bit of lightning and thunder in the northern sky, and wondered what we would do if it rained during the night.

The next morning when we got up, we discovered that the ranch had received over four inches of rain during the night, and there was only one four-wheel-drive pickup in the group. Two of the hunters were able to walk through the mud to their tripods, but the rest of us had to pile in the pickup to be taken to our tripods. Now let me tell you, you just haven't lived until you have ridden in the back of a pickup for one or two miles, slipping and sliding all over muddy ranch roads, with all four wheels throwing mud all over everything!

After being dropped off at my tripod, still in the dark, I began cleaning mud off my equipment and myself. There was sticky, black, south Texas gumbo all over everything—on the bow, on the arrows, inside the quiver, inside the fork of the limbs and the cams. Finally, I was able to nock an arrow and settle down to await daybreak.

As morning became light enough to see, I could see two nice bucks eating corn in the sendero and working their way toward my shooting lanes. There was a beautiful 10-pointer in the lead and a smaller 12-pointer following him. As soon as the 10-pointer stepped into my shooting lane, I raised my bow, came to full draw, and – I couldn't see the buck! Mud had completely covered my peep sight. Then as I tried to let down, the arrow fell off the rest and both bucks spooked and were gone!

Two years later, I was fortunate enough to go on an elk hunt in the beautiful Rio Grande National Forest in Colorado. Opening morning of elk season found me sitting in my ground blind approximately 30 minutes before daylight. Since I had a long walk to the blind, and to keep from sweating and creating too much body odor, I waited to put on my coat, cap, facemask, and camo gloves until I got to the blind. Then, I nocked an arrow and settled down to wait for daylight to arrive and for the creatures of the forest to wake up.

I did not have to wait long. A few minutes after daylight I heard the "klunk" of a hoof being

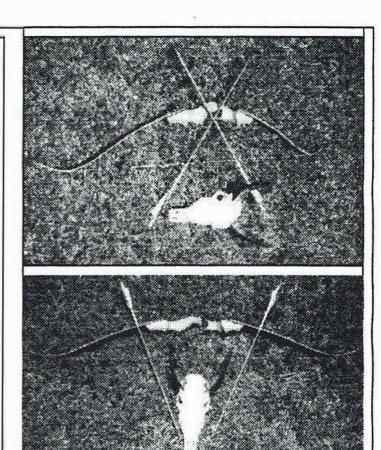
I did not have to wait long. A few minutes after daylight I heard the "klunk" of a hoof being dragged over a fallen aspen tree, and shortly thereafter saw the outline of a huge four by five bull elk working his way towards me. If he kept on the same path, he would cross my shooting lane at less than 15 yards!

Immediately I picked up my bow and – what? – I couldn't get my hand around the bow grip. (In the dark I had inadvertently reversed my gloves and put the right glove on my left hand and the left glove on the right!) I quickly looked down, saw the problem, and forced my hand around the grip. When I looked up, the bull was crossing my shooting lane.

I hurriedly snapped my release onto the string, raised my bow, and started my draw, but "click" was the next sound I heard as the release came off the string before I could even draw the bowstring! Again I had to take my eyes off the bull to attach the release, and when I looked up, the bull was disappearing out of my shooting lane.

Not to worry, he was behind some timber but headed right towards my second shooting lane at 20 yards. I quickly twisted around on my stool, raised my bow, drew the string, and as the sweat beaded on my forehead and the hair prickled on the back of my neck, waited for him to appear. This time I was ready! He was mine! Then he stepped into the open, facing directly away from me. All I could do was let down and watch his backside as he walked out of sight. Now you know why I shoot a stickbow.

Believe me. If you shoot and hunt with a compound bow and all its gimmicks, gadgets, and attachments, Murphy's Law will catch up to you, and at the most inopportune time. But more importantly, you will miss out on the sheer delight and pleasure of carrying the "spirit of the forest" in your hands, the sweet musical sound of the soft "thunk" of a stickbow's string, and the beautiful, graceful, and almost mystical arch of the arrow's flight.





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HAPPY MEMORIES

Life is filled by opportunities to create experiences that are implanted vividly on your memory. Bowhunting has provided me with many special occasions that are brought back to focus in my mind. The bugle of a bull elk just 15 yards away or the call of loon over a lake while bear hunting in the early morning at sunrise are just two of many examples. I have been blessed with the opportunities to bowhunt in four Canadian provinces and eight of the States. The most memorable of my bowhunting experiences was a trip down the "Moose John" outfitted by the late Jay Massey with friends Keith Bass and Rob Flinn.

In the September of '95 we flew to Anchorage and then to McGrath on Alaska Airlines. It was a real experience getting to ride in a plane overloaded with hunters packed in like sardines, excluding baggage. When our baggage arrived in McGrath, we contacted a bush pilot to fly us out into the wilderness in a Cessna 206. To land, there was a narrow opening on the side of a mountain above the headwaters of the "Moose John" River. Jay Massey had pitched a tipi on a bench above the river with a fantastic view of the surrounding mountains. What a sight--fall filled with colors in all their splendor! What a place to begin the hunt!

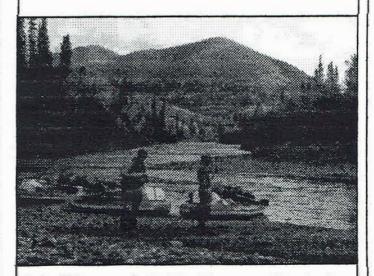
After inflating the rubber river rafts Jay had flown in attaching rowing frames, loading our gear, and a few instructions, we set off down the river with a last statement from Jay, "Next place out of the river is 130 miles down stream. Call when you get there and a pilot will come and get you." [The moment has come and what have I started? I have never been in a river raft and now I am headed down a wilderness river with no way out except to make it through to the end.] After bouncing off a few rocks, I started to get the feel of controlling the raft. Floating a river is quite an experience--having to watch the flow of the river over rocks and sweepers and to navigate through three logiams. Each day we would float the river and look for places to get off the river and call in moose. The weather didn't cooperate, though; it was in the unseasonably warm, which delayed the

rut. We were only able to call in small bulls, too small to be legal.

One day I had an answer to my call. For over an hour the bull would answer and then be quiet. He would call, and I would answer back. Finally he decided he would come and see who was calling. He came directly towards me, grunting as he came. At about 60 yards he started to circle, keeping just out of range. This one was definitely legal. When he got downwind, he just walked off. The next morning I decided to try again. On the second call he answered downwind. I circled about a fourth of a mile and called again. He answered again downwind. Again I made a half-mile circle and called again, and he answered downwind. Smart bull!

We were on the river 12 days. Every day was exciting and full of memories. It felt at times like I was totally alone in the wilderness, and I wondered what the early explorers through this country felt. What beautiful country! Even though we didn't bring home a moose, the experience will be forever ingrained in my memory. Hunting is not always about a kill, but it is about the campfires, shared experiences encountered, and sometimes just surviving.

Happy Hunting, Jerry Pilling



Rob Flinn and Keith Bass on Shoeleather Creek, Alaska. (picture by Jerry Pilling, Sept 1995)

You might be a Hard Core Bowhunter if ...

- 1. You wander aimlessly through the hunting department of your local Wal-Mart during the off season.
- 2. Your wife has told you that she refuses to wear any more of that funny smelling "perfume" that comes in the little brown bottle.
- 3. You go through the drive-thru at a fast food joint and your three-year-old child yells out at the intercom that he wants a super-sized order of backstraps.
- 4. You firmly anchor the mouthpiece of the phone to the same place at the corner of your mouth every time you use it.
- 5. You have your own tray in the refrigerator for scents and lures.
- 6. Your wife buys all your socks and underwear at the bow shop.
- 7. Your wife doesn't wear white or brown PJ's to bed during hunting season.
- 8. Your family eats dinner without you during October and November.
- 9. Your kids were afraid to have Santa land his sled on your roof.
- 10. Your children have watched more hunting videos than Barney videos.
- 11. You've ever gotten road rash from sliding down the tree you're hugging.
- 12. The term "tree-hugger" to you means someone who bought a cheap deer stand.
- 13. You shave your arm more testing your broadheads than you shave your face using a razor.
- 14. You've ever used the words "Bubba, treestand, big-un, and gutpile" in the same sentence.

(Continued from page 2)

Sandy Horne:

I was asked by David Bailey last year to help out with the secretary position. I can't believe a year has gone by and now it is time for elections. I would be honored to continue as your secretary.

I am married to Mark and have two step children Dustan and Heather. After working on the road in sales and Mark in the oil field only getting to see each other on the weekends, we decided to make a new life in the archery industry. I must say it has been a lot of hard work but also very rewarding. We have been lucky enough to be able to work together doing something we truly love.

I have really enjoyed getting to know so many new people at the shoots this year. It is my goal to continue the effort of increasing our membership in the coming year.





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LEGISLATIVE CHAIRMAN: Mack Freeman 817 Estste Drive Belton, TX 76513 (254) 039-7237

SURVEY RESULTS

The results of the survey concerning the Hill Country Shootout were as follows:

41 members voted; 33 voted to leave at its present location, 9 voted to move to a more central location.

Shoot Classes: 18 voted to leave classes as is, 25 voted to separate classes (wood arrow class and other than wood arrow class). Another class that was requested by a number of people is a seniors class.

Annual Banquet: 23 voted yes and 13 voted no, the cental area of the state being requested by the majority of the voters.

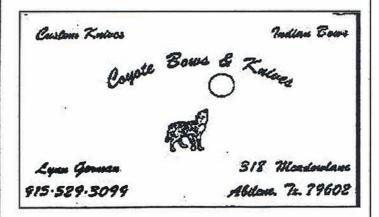
Newsletter by e-mail: 11 people requested the newsletter by e-mail.

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Dick Grande please call home.

WHO ARE THE TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTERS OF TEXAS?

If you are reading this, chances are that you are a Traditional Bowhunter of Texas.

Traditional Bowhunters of Texas is a statewide organization of people who prefer to use recurves, longbows, and selfbows as their primary choice of archery equipment. TBoT provides the opportunity for these people to get together and compare equipment, techniques, and hunting philosophies.

TBoT does this by sponsoring gatherings and shoots during the year and through the quarterly newsletter that is sent to all members. TBoT sponsors the Texas Hill Country Shootout each spring. This event is a leisurely weekend of hog and exotic hunting and 3-D shooting. TBoT also tries to hold satellite shoots across the state to offer the membership the opportunity to participate without traveling great distances. At all 3-D type events, children 12 and under shoot free, even if their parents are not members. Also, all children receive trophies, medals, or some other type of award for participation.

The quarterly newsletter contains information about activities within the organization, news of other traditional events across Texas, and stories—both factual and fictitious—submitted by members. There is a free classified ad section for use by the membership. If a member has a question about equipment or hunting situations, there are a number of bowyers, arrow crafters, and outfitters in the membership to answer questions.

So, if you are still wondering what or who the Traditional Bowhunters of Texas are, chances are, you are one. Why not take time and join today?

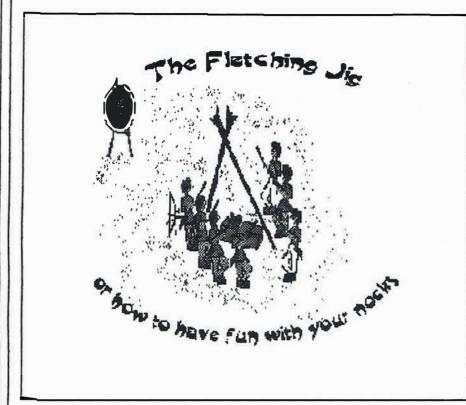
TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTERS OF TEXAS **Membership Application** Name Address Phone _____ Fax E-Mail Occupation Individual 1 Yr. \$10.00 Individual 3 Yrs. \$25.00 Mail to Traditional Bowhunters of Texas Family 1 Yr. \$15.00 P.O. Box 318 Family 3 Yrs. \$40.00 Boyd, TX 76023 *Business 1 Yr. \$25.00 *Business 3 Yrs. \$65.00 Life \$150.00

*Business memberships include dues and a business card ad in four issues of the TBoT Newsletter.

THE FLETCHING JIG

The fletching jig goes back to the Neolithic age, when men were men and lady archers were feared and unpredictable.

From the nearby diagram you can see a group of "archers" getting ready to perform the "fletching jig." The "fletching jig" is commonly found locked away in a box where it is kept under strict control as it is a



thing to be feared by all sane men. The history of its capture is another story for dark, long winter nights (or in a tent trying to keep warm).

As I was saying, the fletching jig is a dance to celebrate the capture of the "jig." The lady archers and gentlemen archers all form a circle around the jig's cage/box. When the "judge" blows his whistle, a great cry goes forth and the dancers all whip out their long arrows, fletches rampant. At this time, no other movement should occur.

When a second whistle utters forth from the "judge," the collected archers, known as the "jiggers" all step one pace forward, they raise their arrows and touch nocks forming a circle. During this

stage of the dance it is not unknown for some of the archers to see red, green and amber lights. If this does occur it doesn't mean they've been sniffing the "fletching glue" but only that the excitement has got to them and they are now in a state of "FITA."

Anyway, that is bye the bye, the jiggers now all rotate with their arrows at the ready and then retouch their nocks. The excitement is too much for some and they are known to issue old Anglo-Saxon curses during this stage. Well, the "judge" then blows his whistle and the jiggers then step back a pace and bow to each other. A short break occurs where much wailing occurs and then the jiggers move around in a clockwise fashion to repeat this exercise many times, many, many times, many times. In fact this has been known to go on for up to six hours on occasions.

The jiggers are allowed off for "collection" during the celebrations and it has even been observed that voyeurs with telescopes have been seen watching this rare and ancient dance. I hope that this has cleared up some of the mystique surrounding the "fletching jig," and we hope to see the members perform this in the future

LEGISLATIVE WATCHDOG

Dear TBoT Members:

It is with great concern that I address you with this matter! It has come to my attention that Senate Bill SB-2099 is presently in the Senate Finance Committee. This bill would institute mandatory registration of all firearms! It would also impose a \$50 tax on each gun. This bill has been kept very secret and for good reason. Bryan Keeling was kind enough to share this information with me. This is just what the gun grabbers want; they wish to take our second amendment rights away quietly but decisively. There is no time like now to call your senators. Let them know you oppose this bill.

If you've never called your senators, let me tell you what to expect. You will always get their secretaries, never the senator. When they answer, simply say that you are calling about Senate Bill Number SB-2009 and you are opposed to it. Ask them the Senator's view on the bill. Ask how he/she intends to vote. If the Senator's view is different from yours, ask why. The secretaries are always polite and never pressure you in any way. Why would they?—after all, they work for you!

I hope this has hit home with you as much as it did me. And I hope you will get on the phone about it. I am providing the phone numbers for our Texas senators. The toll-free number is no longer in effect.

Senator Phil Gramm (202) 224-2934

Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison (202) 224-5922

Sincerely,

Jerry Gasser

Editor's Note: In light of the Legislative Watchdog's letter (above), we print the following article which was received by Email. We are printing it as received with a disclaimer as to authorship.

WHERE WE'RE HEADED

by Robert A. Waters

You're sound asleep when you hear a thump outside your bedroom door. Half awake and nearly paralyzed with fear, you hear muffled whispers. At least two people have broken into your house and are moving your way. With your heart pumping, you reach down beside your bed and pick up your shotgun. You rack a shell into the chamber, then inch toward the door and open it. In the darkness, you make out two shadows. One holds a weapon--it looks like a crowbar. When the intruder brandishes it as if to strike, you raise the shotgun and fire. The blast knocks both thugs to the floor. One writhes and screams while the second man crawls to the front door and lurches outside.

As you pick up the telephone to call police, you know you're in trouble. In your country, most guns were outlawed years before, and the few that are privately owned are so stringently regulated as to make them useless. Yours was never registered. Police arrive and inform you that the second burglar has died. They arrest you for First Degree Murder and Illegal Possession of a Firearm. When you talk to your attorney, he tells you not to worry: authorities will probably plea the case down to manslaughter. "What kind of sentence will I get?" you ask. "Only ten to twelve years," he replies, as if that's nothing. "Behave yourself, and you'll be out in seven." The next day, the shooting is the lead story in the local newspaper. Somehow, you're portrayed as an eccentric vigilante while the two men you shot are represented as choir boys. Their friends and relatives can't find an unkind word to say about them. Buried deep down in the article, authorities acknowledge that both "victims" have been ar-

rested numerous times. But the next day's headline says it all: "Lovable Rogue Son Didn't Deserve to Die." The thieves have been transformed from career criminals into Robin Hood-type pranksters.

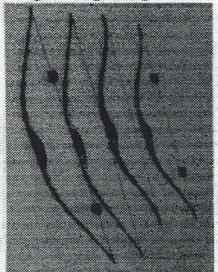
As the days wear on, the story takes wings. The national media picks it up, then the international media. The surviving burglar has become a folk hero. Your attorney says the thief is preparing to sue you, and he'll probably win. The media publishes reports that your home has been burglarized several times in the past and that you've been critical of local police for their lack of effort in apprehending the suspects. After the last break-in, you told your neighbor that you would be prepared next time. The District Attorney uses this to allege that you were lying in wait for the burglars. A few months later, you go to trial. The charges haven't been reduced, as your lawyer had so confidently predicted. When you take the stand, your anger at the injustice of it all works against you. Prosecutors paint a picture of you as a mean, vengeful man. It doesn't take long for the jury to convict you of all charges. The judge sentences you to life in prison.

This case really happened. On August 22, 1999, Tony Martin of Emneth, Norfolk, England, killed one burglar and wounded a second. In April, 2000, he was convicted and is now serving a life term. How did it become a crime to defend one's own life in the once-great British Empire? It started with the Pistols Act of 1903. This seemingly reasonable law forbade selling pistols to minors or felons and established that handgun sales were to be made only to those who had a license. The Firearms Act of 1920 expanded licensing to include not only handguns but all firearms except shotguns. Later laws passed in 1953 and 1967 outlawed the carrying of any weapon by private citizens and mandated the registration of all shotguns.

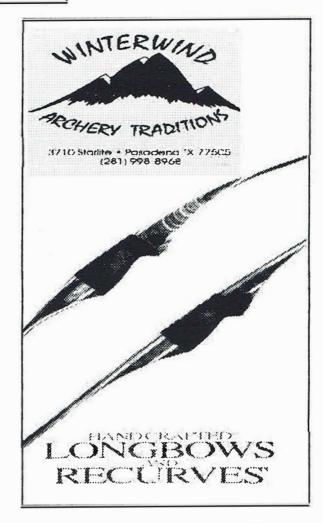
Momentum for total handgun confiscation began in earnest after the Hungerford mass shooting in 1987. Michael Ryan, a mentally disturbed man with a Kalashnikov rifle, walked down the streets shooting everyone he saw. When the smoke cleared, 17 people were dead. The British public, already de-sensitized by 80 years of "guncontrol," demanded even tougher restrictions. (The seizure of all privately owned handguns was the objective even though Ryan used a rifle.)

Nine years later, at Dunblane, Scotland, Thomas Hamilton used a semi-automatic weapon to murder 16 children and a teacher at a public school. For many years, the media had portrayed all gun owners as mentally unstable, or worse, criminals. Now the press had a real kook with which to beat up law-abiding gun owners. Day after day, week after week, the media gave up all pretense of objectivity and demanded a total ban on all handguns. The Dunblane Inquiry, a few months later, sealed the fate of the few sidearms still owned by private citizens. During the years in which the British government incrementally took away most gun rights, the notion that a citizen had the right to armed self-defense came to be seen as vigilantism. Authorities refused to grant gun licenses to people who were threatened, claiming that self-defense was no longer considered a reason to own a gun. Citizens who shot burglars or robbers or rapists were charged while the real criminals were released. Indeed, after the Martin shooting, a police spokesman was quoted as saying, "We cannot have people take the law into their own hands." All of Martin's neighbors had been robbed numerous times, and several elderly people were severely injured in beatings by young thugs who had no fear of the consequences. Martin himself, a collector of antiques, had seen most of his collection trashed or stolen by burglars. When the Dunblane Inquiry ended, citizens who owned handguns were given three months to turn them over to local authorities. Being good British subjects, most people obeyed the law. The few who didn't were visited by police and threatened with 10-year prison sentences if they didn't comply. Police later bragged that they'd taken nearly 200,000 handguns from private citizens. How did the authorities know who had handguns? The guns had been registered and licensed. Kinda like cars. Sound familiar?

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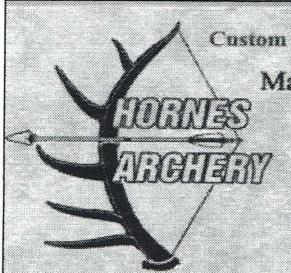
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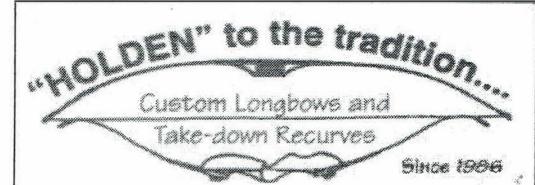


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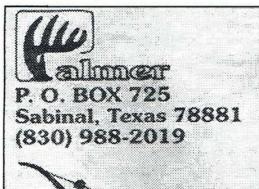
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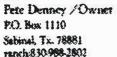
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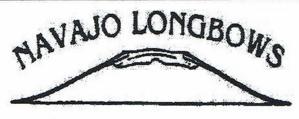
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