



TBoT Newsletter



Vol. 7 Issue I

On the Web: www.tbot.org

First Quarter 2003

IMPORTANT: Note these schedule changes!
The following changes have been made since your Shoot Schedule was mailed to you.

1. There will not be a shoot at Canyon Lake on February 8. It has been changed to May 3.
2. There will not be a shoot at Tyler on April 12-13. It has been changed to April 26-27.
3. TBoT shoots added:
 - April 12-13, Springtown
 - April 26-27, Banana Bend
 - June 28-29, Princeton
4. Non TBoT shoot added:
 - March 8-9, Longview

If you are ever in doubt as to the details (date, location, contact person, etc.) of a shoot, go to the INTERNET web site: WWW.TBOT.ORG. Remember, the TBoT website should be your primary source for up-to-date information. If you have a *VALID* E-MAIL ADDRESS in the TBoT database, you will also receive an email informing you of future TBoT shoot date changes.

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LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT

Hey, TBoT Members – Deer Season is over. Hope you had a productive season and didn't lose too many arrows. My season didn't go as I had planned – the "Big One" is still out there. I had a great time and saw a lot of deer and turkey. I harvested a doe, but didn't get a shot at the buck I wanted, but there's always next year.

TBoT has added several 3-D shoots this season. Look for the schedule in this Newsletter or on our website. Also in this Newsletter there is a nomination form for TBoT officers. Be sure and fill out the form and mail it to P.O. Box 239, Danbury, TX 77534. We need every member to nominate and also, at the appropriate time, vote for whomever you feel will do the best job for TBoT. I think we moved forward this last year and we need to continue to make TBoT the best it can be. Texas has a very good representation of traditional hunters and shooters, and TBoT could be one of the best traditional archery organizations in the U.S., but it takes dedication and hard work. The officers you have in place now are very hard working and have done anything I have asked them to do.

The Hill Country Shootout, held at the Bug Scuffle Ranch, is coming up March 29th & 30th. Make plans to attend. There is on-site camping for the shoot; and there will also be vendors, bowyers, and concessions available. This shoot is fun for the whole family and will be one of the best shoots you'll ever attend. We are looking forward to a great 3-D season. Attend as many of the shoots as you can. Let's all support TBoT.

Glenn Bryant

HELP NEEDED!!!

Pat Handley, your Range Captain, and your other officers, need your help setting up and taking down the range for the Hill Country Shootout. This is always an excellent course with a lot of great targets, but setting up and taking down requires a lot of effort.

If you can come early (before Saturday) or stay late after the shooting is done and the awards are given, please email Pat at phandley@rionet.cc or call him at (830) 876-5324.

Don't delay—Pat needs to know how much help he'll have. The Hill Country Shootout is in Vanderpool on March 29th and 30th this year. Thanks in advance!!

THREE LEFT—ONE STAYED

by Bill Decker

After all my anxious waiting, my new recurve from Mark Horne of Horne Archery arrived. As expected, it is a great shooting bow! I took it to the local archery shop where we shoot pop-up targets on Thursday nights. Several of us decided to try out a new place to hunt that is within 30 minutes driving time of the house. Mr. Tinsley has just over 200 acres of thicket fenced in with Fallow, Axis, Whitetail, and hogs. With all of the rain we have received this fall, water and mud were (almost too) plentiful. Thank goodness he had a six-wheeler and a four-wheeler to get us in to and out from the stands.

We arrived at the gate at 5:30 AM, where we met the owner's nephew, who took the four of us to our hunting areas. After we settled in, the wind picked up and a short downpour soaked the wood again. After four hours of sitting and not seeing a thing, it was time to be picked up. The others reported seeing plenty of animals, but not getting a shot due to the animals catching their scent or just staying out of range. Mike said he had to go in because of work, Danny went in due to not feeling well, and Ken left because the pump on his septic system had gone out and he needed to replace it that evening. Before leaving, Danny showed me a natural ground blind close to where he was hunting. It gave great cover and provided good visibility of the feeder just 13 yards away. Three left – one stayed.

After I pulled my truck under a tree, ate a light lunch, and took a nap, it was time to head out again. I crawled into the blind that we set up before lunch and sat on a white five-gallon bucket, placing my equipment so it could be reached with a minimum of movement. The nephew who had brought me out on the six-wheeler checked the feeder while he was there and set it off in the process. Within 15 minutes of his leaving, I heard something moving in from my right. It was seven Axis deer doe; the biggest one was head butting and kicking the others away from the corn. They were only 13 yards from me. I slowly raised my bow and drew when the largest doe turned broadside. When I released and the arrow hit home, they all tried to turn inside out getting away. "My" doe ran straight away from me so that I could see the arrow sticking out about four inches from both sides. Soon the other deer started to filter back in along with the herd of 25 to 35 deer that I did not know were there before. I sat for thirty minutes before "busting out" of the blind, causing a stampede of deer in all directions. With both lungs hit, the doe left a very impressive trail to follow. She ran for 30 yards before going down. What a way to break in a new bow—first hunt with it, first deer. After processing, the meat from this deer filled a 32-quart cooler. The hide is being tanned and should make a beautiful rug or quiver. Three left – one stayed.

DID YOU KNOW?

Two out-of-state archery clubs hold life memberships in the Traditional Bowhunters of Texas! We should consider it a compliment to our organization that these clubs would "invest" in us. These clubs are the Louisiana Traditional Bowmen and the Michigan Traditional Bowmen.

Many of our East Texas members attend Louisiana shoots and tournaments, and many of their members, including the leadership, attend some of our shoots. Each year the LTB sponsors the Sterling Harrell Memorial Louisiana State Championship Traditional Shoot and Rendezvous near Shreveport, this year on April 11-13. For more information you may contact Charles Sanders at (318) 688-9519 or csand@shreve.net, or Michael Harbison at (337) 725-3616 or bayoutadarchery@centurytel.net. *(The editor found this information on the internet. Unfortunately, I could not find information about the Michigan Traditional Bowmen, but our Secretary-Treasurer has their mailing address if you are interested.)*

We highly recommend that if you are traveling near to one of these clubs, you should try to participate in one of their shoots or tournaments. And be sure to tell them that you are a TBoT member and appreciate their interest in our organization.

LOCATION, LOCATION, LOCATION

Some directions to shoots are provided below. If you do not know where to go, we suggest that you call the contact or look on the internet at www.texasarchery.com and look up the club. Many clubs have their own website or a map at www.texasarchery.com.

HILL COUNTRY SHOOTOUT—Bug Scuffle Ranch is located just west of Vanderpool on Highway 337.

DENTON COUNTY ARCHERS—From Denton, take Hwy 380 east, cross the Trinity River at the head of Lake Lewisville. Range is located on Tipps Rd between Mosely Rd and Pottery Shop Rd. Mosely Rd is the first road on the right past the river/lake bridges.

BEAUMONT TROPHY HUNTERS—The range is located in Beaumont (Fannett, TX) at the intersection of I-10 and Hwy 365.

HEART OF TEXAS BOWHUNTERS—From Fort Worth: Take Hwy 199 to Springtown. After passing Hwy 51 go 3 miles to Gilliland Rd. Turn right and follow sign to Three Skillet Rd. Turn right on Three Skillet Rd and follow signs to range. From Weatherford: Go north on Hwy 51 to Springtown. Turn left on Hwy 199; go 3 miles to Gilliland and turn right. Follow signs to Three Skillet Rd. and proceed as above. From Decatur: Go south on Hwy 51 to Springtown and turn right on Hwy 199, go 3 miles to Gilliland Rd and proceed as above.

Help our club to grow—tell someone about TBoT!!

Traditional Bowhunters of Texas

2003 Nomination Ballot

It is again time to nominate officers and area representatives for the upcoming year. The offices of president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer are elected on a yearly basis. Area representatives, the range captain, and the legislative chairman are elected for a two-year term.

Listed below are the positions to be elected and the person who is currently holding each position. To the right of each is a space for you to write in your nomination for that position.

Please return this nomination ballot as soon as possible to the address below or send nominations by email to peggyjcasey@earthlink.net. Nominations will also be accepted at the Hill Country Shootout. The deadline for mailed or emailed nominations is March 20th..

| | | Nominee |
|----------------------------|-----------------|---------|
| President | Glenn Bryant | _____ |
| Vice-President | Bill Decker | _____ |
| Secretary | Peggy Casey | _____ |
| Treasurer | Peggy Casey | _____ |
| Range Captain | Pat Handley | _____ |
| East Texas Representative | Anette Walding | _____ |
| South Texas Representative | David Oakes | _____ |
| Representative at Large | Sam E. Stephens | _____ |

Please mail your Nomination Ballot to

Peggy Casey
P.O. Box 239
Danbury, TX 77534

or email as directed above.

A JOURNEY BACK TO BASICS

by Kevin Satterwhite

This last year I went on a journey....a "Journey Back to Basics." Well, I guess that honestly this journey started many years ago. I began hunting with my father when I was about 12 years old and shot my first deer at the age of 16. When I was 22, I bought my first bow, a compound, to extend my hunting season. I truly enjoyed hunting. The bow was just another tool to practice what I enjoyed. After killing a few deer with a bow, I began to enjoy the aspect of getting close to the game and the challenge associated with bow hunting.

During the last few years I had become friends with a man by the name of Rick Fisher at my church. I had no idea of the influence this man was about to have on my hunting. From time to time he would tease me about putting down my "training wheels." He was never condescending about my hunting with a compound, just encouraging that he wanted me to try traditional archery.

As time passed I learned that Rick built takedown recurves. During February of 2002 Rick and his wife began to make comments about a recurve that he was building. Rick's wife would comment about how beautiful this bow would be once completed. Rick would tell me how good this bow would shoot. I began to get the feeling that this bow was being built with me in mind. In March of 2002 Rick brought the riser to church one day to see how it fit in my hand. It was a truly beautiful work of art.

There was one thing about traditional archery that had me interested. I was always concerned that one of the hundreds of bolts, screws, and clamps on my compound would come loose, bend, or otherwise fail and compromise the performance, accuracy, and effectiveness of my bow. I guess that you could say I was somewhat paranoid of the possibility of my bow letting me down. I noticed that with a recurve there was very little to go wrong...no sight pins to bend, no screw in the rest to come loose...the recurve was...."basic."

I began to talk to my wife about buying this bow. I was nervous about spending money on something that I might not use. My wife encouraged me, telling me that Rick had built this bow with me in mind and that it would be special to own even if I never hunted with it. On March 30th Rick had told me that the bow was ready to shoot, so I went to his house to give it a try. The bow was inscribed "Custom made for Kevin Satterwhite by Rick Fisher Acts 2:21." What an honor...a bow made just for me by my friend. Upon bringing it home my wife commented about the beauty of the bow. She was more excited about this bow than any other piece of hunting equipment that I had ever owned.

I could not shoot well at first and my forearm took a beating for the next week or so, but I practiced daily. Over the next few months I continued to practice, getting better with each practice session. I was finding that I truly enjoyed shooting. For several years I enjoyed hunt-

ing and would practice with my bow enough to be competent and make lethal and humane shots. Now I actually enjoyed shooting. I began to attend the local 3-D shoots and met a lot of nice traditional shooters in the process. Several of these traditional archers have become encouraging friends who have helped me become a better archer and therefore a better hunter. I enjoyed shooting the recurve so much that I sold my compound and dedicated myself to hunting with my new bow.

When the August temperatures were approaching 100 degrees, I decided that it was time to go check out my new deer lease and build some ground blinds. You see, I cannot build a blind, put up a feeder, or work on the deer lease unless the temperature is at least 95 degrees. Doing all this work during the cool spring months would be too easy, and I have some internal desire to suffer while working on the deer lease. The lease is south of San Angelo and covered primarily by mesquite flats and cedar flats. I did find one nice stand of tall oaks next to a dry creek bed. The temperature under those tall shady oaks seemed at least 15 degrees cooler than the rest of the ranch. I thought that surely during the warm months of bow season the deer would come into this area to eat and take a rest in the cool shade. I built a ground blind and set up a feeder. I knew that I would be in this blind on the morning of September 28th.

Over the next month and a half I spent many hours daydreaming of what might happen on the morning of September 28th. I was hoping to take a deer with my recurve. Rick had informed me earlier in the year that nobody had ever taken an animal with one of his bows. Rick and I had become good friends, and I wanted to be the first one to kill an animal with one of his bows.

On September 27th I left Houston at midday to make the seven hour drive to San Angelo. I arrived at the lease and unloaded my hunting gear and strung up my recurve and shot a few arrows. I was shooting well and was confident that, given the opportunity, I could make a quick, humane kill shot on a deer. That night I arranged all my gear and set out my clothes and lay down for a good night's sleep. I slept only a few hours before I woke and was unable to go back to sleep. I was like a seven-year-old on December 24th. The excitement and anticipation of what would happen the next morning prevented me from sleeping. I finally fell asleep about one hour before the alarm was to sound. My alarm rang during the early morning hours, and I got up and began to get ready for the morning hunt. I ate breakfast and listened to the weather radio to see which direction the wind would be blowing. The wind would be good for the blind that I wanted to hunt, so I showered, got dressed, and headed out into the moonlit night to my chosen blind.

I sneaked into the blind as quietly as possible, setting off the feeder with my flashlight as I entered. Once in the blind, I arranged all my hunting gear and relaxed for the hour-long wait for daylight. As I sat back in my chair with my eyes closed, I prayed that God would give

me a good morning as I enjoyed His creation. Before the sun rose I heard footsteps coming out of the dry creek bed and opened my eyes to try to see the source of the noise. In the moonlight I could make out the shape of a deer as it made its way to the feeder. Within 15 minutes another deer made its way to the feeder under the cover of moonlit darkness.

As the darkness made way for morning light. I could tell that one of the deer under the feeder was a buck and the other was a doe. I wanted to wait until I could see better to determine if the buck was the type of deer that I was looking for. As the sun became brighter, I could see that this was a young buck and not what I was looking for, but the doe looked like she would taste good. I waited for her to get in a position for a good shoot. Just as I was leaning forward and beginning to draw the bow, the feeder went off and both deer scattered.

I was hoping that the doe would come back and finish her morning meal. The buck came back in and began to eat, but the doe was nowhere to be seen. About that time I could hear more footsteps coming in from the creek bed. As the deer entered the stand of oak trees I counted six does. I picked out the largest of the group and began waiting for a good shot. First she was not in a shooting lane, then she was facing away from me or toward me, and then there was another deer behind her. My heart was beating faster and harder by the minute. I closed my eyes for a moment and tried to settle myself down. After what seemed like an hour but was only minutes, the doe was broadside at 10 yards eating corn with no deer behind her. I lifted my bow and thought to myself, "Don't grip the bow too tight, pick a spot, get all the way to the anchor point, and make a smooth release." I focused on a spot behind her shoulder and before I knew it, I felt my finger in the corner of my mouth and the palm of my hand against my jaw, and the arrow was gone.

To be honest, I did not see the arrow hit the deer but heard it as it hit a feeder leg. I immediately knew that I had a pass-through or a complete miss. I watched as the doe ran off with the other deer that were under the feeder. They all went behind two large oaks and disappeared into the brush. I noted the time on my watch and waited a while as I gathered my gear. I then eased out of the blind silently only to find that some of the deer were coming back into the stand of oaks. As they left the area I sneaked over to the feeder and found the arrow, which was covered in blood. I inspected the blood and found that most of it was dark with some bubbles, but there was no stomach matter. I surmised that I had probably hit the doe in the back of the lungs and liver. I knew that it would be best to give the doe some time and therefore I sneaked out of the area and went back to the camp house.

Once back at the camp house, I removed my camouflage face paint and sat down and had a drink and a snack to waste some time. I waited until one hour after the shot and then made my way back to the feeder. I

looked where the doe had been standing and found some blood. I followed a good blood trail for about 50 yards, and there lay my first traditional trophy. I had hit the doe a little farther back than I had hoped, but it was still a quick and humane kill. I thanked God for the blessing that He had given me that day. I was as proud of that deer as any that I have ever taken. I had worked hard for seven months, practicing, scouting, and building blinds. I had just taken a deer with a bow that my very own friend had made. I had just completed my "Journey Back to Basics"!



Kevin Satterwhite
Practicing with His New Recurve



We would call this a successful
"Journey Back to Basics."

THOUGHTS ON CORRECTNESS

by Johnny Burkhalter

I killed a deer this last fall. He would make no trophy book and frankly would qualify for few glowing adjectives. The story of the hunt and its final termination is not extraordinary, but I think it would be interesting to your average traditional hunter. However, these simple facts are not the issues to be explored within. You see, I would like to share this story with others by mouth or by written word, but hesitate. My time spent reading articles in many fine archery and hunting magazines, reading archery message boards, letters to the editors of various publications, and eavesdropping in bow hunting chat rooms has sensitized me to the delicate matter of how to present a tale of this type. The proper manner to tell the tale is where my dilemma lies.

It seems, these days, that the hunt is no longer the most significant aspect, but rather the sensibilities of the audience. We must not only couch our story to capture the interest of the hunter but also endeavor not to offend feelings, attitudes, or beliefs about how and with what the hunt was conducted. To offend is apparently a very easy matter, and by some accounts, to offend threatens the very survival of our hunting tradition. I read one article suggesting that the wearing of camo in public threatens our hunting rights. I shudder to think what a clumsy word spoken or published might do.

For example, there is the matter of correct language. Did I kill, take, dispatch, harvest, or reallocate this fine animal? It seems we must soften, cover, or simply distort the truth of what happened, in order to prevent the ire of the non-hunting community or to fool PETA into not realizing what we are actually doing. Additionally, the many issues of how the animal was hunted, i.e. was he baited, public land or private, how much if anything did the hunt cost, distance of shot, shot placement, equipment utilized, or how the equipment was manufactured may all rouse vocal criticism, or offend, to mention a few of the mines on this dangerous ground. Whether I aimed or relied on instinctive methods to direct my missile is an issue of contention for some. However, the most contentious issue may well be encompassed in all of the above. That is the issue of whether or not this animal was treated with the appropriate amount of ethical regard. Therefore, I must explore fully this issue prior to the telling of my tale.

Before examining the area of ethics in general, a working definition is appropriate. Ethics is understood to be the moral principles that guide what is right and correct. Morals are the standards used to evaluate actions on the basis of some broader cultural context or religious standard. Regardless of which standard we apply, the inescapable conclusion is that ethics are underpinned with cultural values. In order to address this issue of ethical treatment of my deer, we must then decide whose cultural standard we should use. Should it be the standard of the non-hunting public, or perhaps the culture of a more specific group like the Amish, Quakers, Navajo, West Texas redneck (with all due affection), or since the deer is the object of our concern, should I choose to examine this ethical issue from his cultural context? Let's try that.

While I had the opportunity to know the deer in question for only a few minutes before I reassigned him and thus could not be considered an expert on him as an individual, I have spent 35 years studying his species' life cycle here in the arid southwest. I have shared the countryside during the persistent droughts and through the infrequent times of plenty. I have read the many articles published by wildlife biologists on the life and times of the North American White-Tail. In short, I believe I, in a most general way, know enough about the deer's culture to comment further.

My deer was born 6 1/2 years ago, if the story of the teeth can be trusted. That would have been the spring of 1995. [Editor's Note: Article written earlier than 2003.] It was one of our average years for rain and marked the beginning of a five-year-and-counting drought. His mother more than likely gave birth to twins and had sufficient forage to give him and his probable sister a good start on life. His mom began driving him away by fall with kicks so sharp that if they caught his ribs just right could easily have shattered one. If he persisted in trying to follow her into November, then any number of rutting bucks drove him away with sharpened antlers. To stand against one of these challenges would have led to serious injury or death. Next fall found him in all likelihood an unremarkable six-point for his genetics were not blessed with what it takes to be a "Muy Grande." He watched the mating season from the sideline, brushed aside by better-endowed peers and his elders. The next few years were rough for with little rain to flower the soil, he ate whatever the sheep and the Spanish goats overlooked or could not reach. Each January, his life hung by a nutritional thread. In some regards, however, he was doing well. His "less than" antlers had not tempted a hunter's bullet or arrow. He had avoided catching his hind legs in the vice-like top strands of any one of the barbed wire fences that crisscross the West Texas landscape to control beef and dairy cattle. He stayed away from the roads—oilfield, county, state, and interstate, where he had a great risk of being struck by a few thousand pounds of speeding steel, rubber, glass, and plastic. He was fortunate enough to be away from the agricultural fields during the spraying of pesticides and even more fortunate that he had not ingested a lethal dose of whatever coated his browse in and around the fields. His home turf had not been invaded by urban sprawl or destroyed by the root plow to make room for more cotton, wheat, soy, or milo fields. In his third, fourth, fifth, and sixth years, the mountain lions did not get him, and during the rutting seasons, he survived many mock battles. Even more, in his latter years, he survived serious bone rattling confrontations with fellow, impassioned competitors. In those fights, a missed step or the wrong angle could have broken a leg or neck. He learned his stuff and by his sixth year was at the top of his game. Had he not died the day we met and all of the above mentioned did not catch up to him within the next few years, he would have, in the next couple of years, experienced the inevitable fate that all of us share. Mother Nature is not kind to its geriatric offspring. Deer, as they age, slowly grind their teeth down, and eventually they fall out or reach *Continued on page 11.*

***** IMPORTANT CHANGES IN SCHEDULE *****

There have been multiple schedule changes since you received your Shoot Schedule in the mail. See page 1 for changes as of this printing, but ALWAYS go to the website, www.tbot.org, for the most current information.

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. \$15.00

Individual 3 Yrs. \$30.00

Family 1 Yr. \$20.00

Family 3 Yrs. \$45.00

*Business 1 Yr. \$30.00

*Business 3 Yrs. \$70.00

Life \$150.00

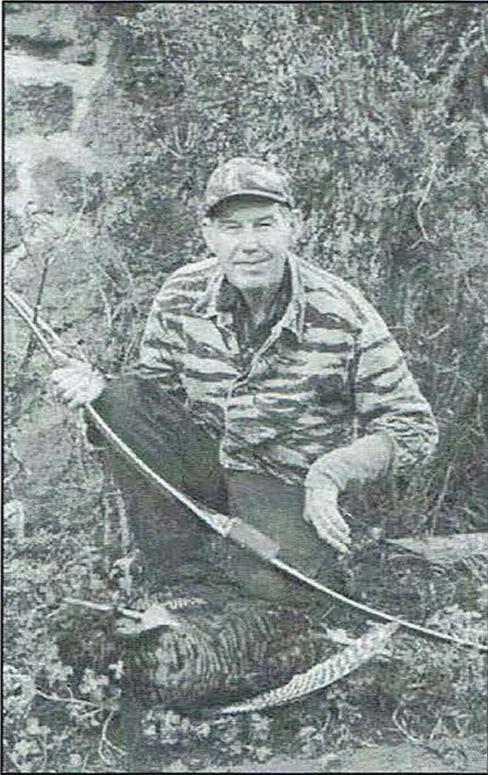
Mail to
Traditional Bowhunters of Texas
Box 239
Danbury, TX 77534

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

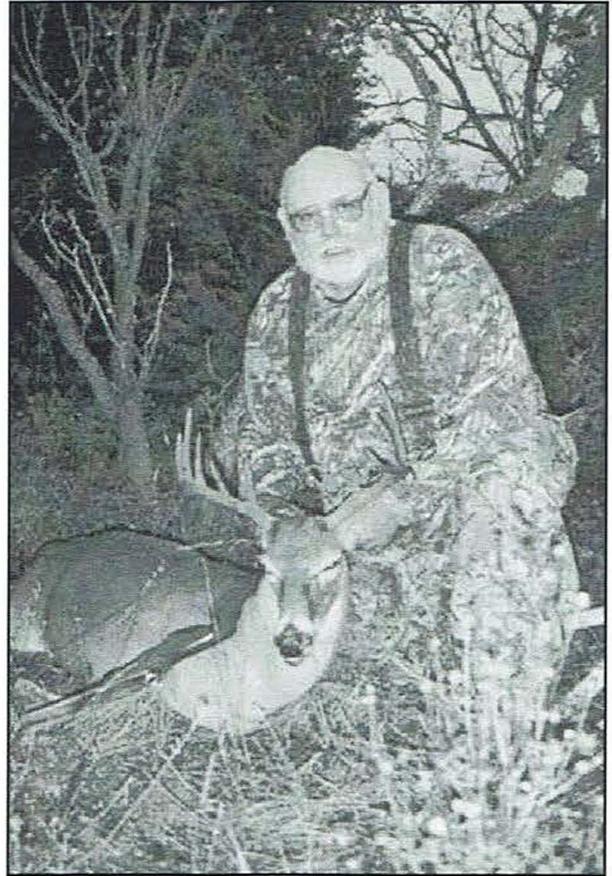
2003 SHOOT SCHEDULE

These are subject to change. For latest information see Shoot Schedule on internet at www.tbol.org. We will also try to post specific times and directions on the website. Do not hesitate to call the contact(s) with your questions.

| DATE | LOCATION | CONTACT | PHONE NUMBER |
|--------------|--|--------------------------------|---|
| Feb. 2 | Denton Denton County Archers | Lloyd Hensley | (940) 837-5661 |
| Feb. 15-16 | Corpus Christi Tejas Bowmen Archery Club | Robert Garcia | (361) 991-0491 |
| Feb. 22-23 | Beaumont Trophy Hunters Archery | Bill Decker | (409) 722-0177 |
| **Mar. 8-9 | Longview | Larry Lewis Dan Clark | (903) 758-1529 or LLewis75605@cs.com (903) 663-8692 |
| Mar. 15 | Madison County Shooting Shack Archery | Steve Kelley | (936) 349-0760 |
| Mar. 29-30 | Vanderpool Hill Country Shootout | Bryan Keeling | (830) 966-5185 |
| Apr. 12-13 | Springtown Heart of Texas Bowhunters | Michelle Lewis | (817) 485-2979 |
| Apr. 26-27 | Tyler Tyler Bowhunters Club | Dan Seal | (903) 842-1907 (home) (903) 530-5042 (cell) |
| Apr. 26-27 | Banana Bend Bowhunters | Gary Dunn Bill Decker | (281) 421-2590 (409) 722-0177 |
| **Apr. 26-27 | Abilene Mike Kilpatrick Memorial | Brett McCartney Brad Walker | (915) 893-4415 (915) 672-9003 or blwalker3@cox.net |
| May 3-4 | Canyon Lake | Mark Petite | (830) 625-3977 |
| **May 17-18 | Chester Glenn Parker Stickbow Roundup | Bill Decker | (409) 722-0177 or bdecker@nederland.k12.tx.us |
| **May 24-25 | Fort Worth Texas State Longbow Championship | David Sykes | (817) 332-1219 |
| June 7-8 | Memphis Rolling Plains Traditional Archery | Mike Godfrey | (806) 259-3008 |
| June 28-29 | Princeton Collin County Bowhunters | Bud Murphy | (972) 359-8876 |
| July 12-13 | San Angelo Midsummer Meltdown | Butch Gleghorn | (915) 944-3517 |
| **July 26-27 | Austin Texas Traditional Championship | Ed Mahr | (512) 567-3592 |



David Adams and Turkey
 11" Beard, 21 Pounds
 October, 2002
 Tom Green County
 Waldon Longbow



Butch Gleghorn and 12-Point Whitetail Buck
 Field Dressed at 106 Pounds
 October 14, 2002
 McCulloch County
 Hill Country Recurve

For all of you hunters who were successful this season, here's a good jerky recipe.

Venison Jerky

- 3 lb. venison – sliced super thin
- 1 bottle liquid smoke
- ½ c. black pepper
- ¼ c. seasoned salt
- 1/3 c. dry onion powder
- 1 dash lemon pepper
- 2 tbsp. garlic powder
- 1 dash cayenne pepper

Use a large container with lid. Mix all ingredients (vary spice to your taste). Add meat. Shake well. Refrigerate 24 – 48 hours, shaking often. Spread in dehydrator. This takes usually 36 hours.

The above is the first recipe to be submitted for the Newsletter. Why don't some of the rest of you send in a favorite game recipe? Thanks, Glenn & Sharon Bryant, for this one.

If you see R. U. Grande (or Dick, as you may know him), please ask him to call home.

The deadline to send in pictures or stories for the next TBoT Newsletter will be March 15th. Future deadlines for 2003 will be June 15th and September 15th. As always, we prefer to receive Word documents and pictures via email, but we'll edit any legible story you send to us. You can even send classified ads, fictional stories, archery jokes, recipes, or anything you think would be pertinent or interesting to your fellow Traditional Bowhunters of Texas members. See page 17 for more information.

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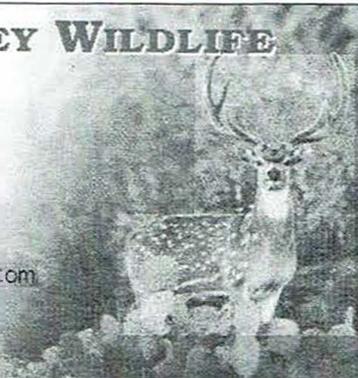
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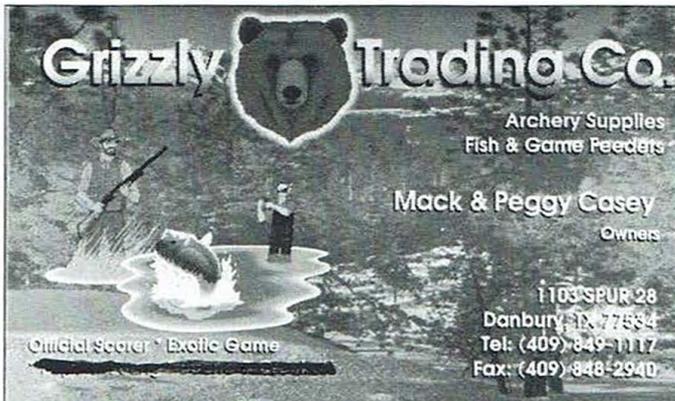
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Thoughts (continued from page 6)

the gumline, polished into smooth cups increasingly ineffective in aiding in the process of digestion of their food. In other words, they slowly starve to death but more likely will weaken and succumb to disease or parasites.

So, within that cultural milieu of the White-Tail, what is my ethical role? It is clear that I have could participated in the death of this deer in many other ways. My clothes are of cotton or wool. If not that, they are petroleum-based nylon. Had he come in contact with them, chemicals involved in the production of these items clearly could have ended his life. When I eat, whether it is corn, bread, beef, mutton, or even a carrot, I participate in habitat loss. When I drive, I am a threat, either at the wheel or with my support of what is required to fill my gas tank. A predator by genetic history, civilized by societal standard, how do I fit into the deer's culture? If I kill him in a relatively quick manner, taking his antlers, hide, and flesh for use, have I violated the natural order in which he lives and ultimately dies? If I apply a human standard of ethical treatment of all life, I suppose I have. However, if I apply the ethics of predator and prey, a standard his genetics and mine have prepared us for, am I immoral? Am I unethical?

Ethicality aside, then there are numerous other issues that threaten to rouse the disapproval of my fellow hunters. I must confess this deer was "transitioned" from ambush, using corn as bait—something the spot and stalk hunter would find unsportsman-like. I used a self-bow, which would please some, but since I used a band saw and power sander to build it, others would view the bow, and thus my accomplishment, in a lesser light. I used a broadhead manufactured by a well-known company, and my favorite bowyer Ken VanDeman made my arrow, which further removed my personal efforts from the traditional process. There is no limit to the manner in which these confessions may insult or at the least prompt a few condescending comments.

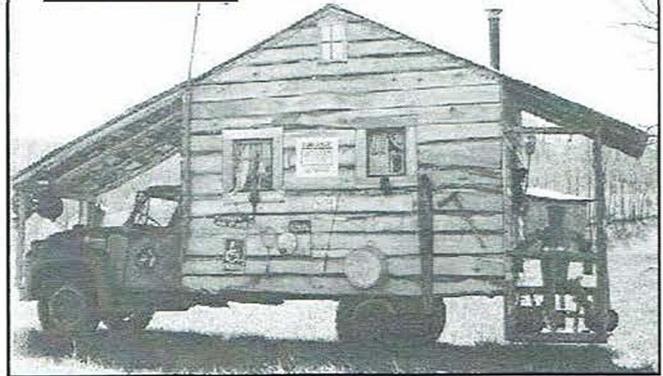
If by now you have not begun busily drafting a letter to the editor for publishing such a humble confession, you must surely see my dilemma. Do I write or even tell such a story of a hunt I will remember for a lifetime? And if I do, should I carefully gauge the sensitivities of my audience and dodge the truth of the act with corrected language, vague images, and omitted facts. If I do otherwise, will I inadvertently contribute fresh fuel to the "anti-hunting contingent"? Will I spawn letters to the editor that others will deride as being divisive of the traditional ranks and thus weaken our sport? Maybe it would be best to just keep my story silent and not risk offending anyone. Or, should I follow the wise counsel that says, "When you silence or shape your truth as to not offend, then the offended own your truth."

NEWSLETTER ON-LINE

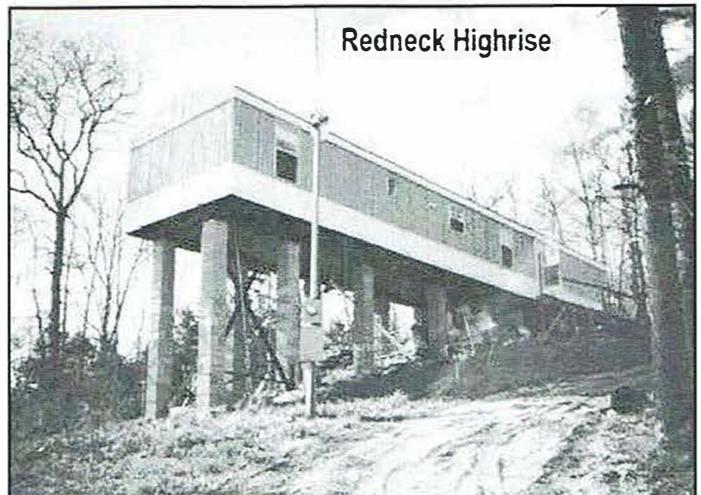
We are still seeking TBoT members who would like to read the Newsletter on-line (in color!) instead of receiving it in the mail. If you want to sign up for this option, send your request by email to carollockhart@iolbv.com. Thanks ahead of time!!

And now, to offset the excellently expressed "politically correct" thoughts you just finished reading, here's some Redneck Humor. Please, no complaints to the Editor about these—we just had space to fill and you didn't send in quite enough pictures and stories to fill out our 20 pages. No offense meant to ANYONE!!

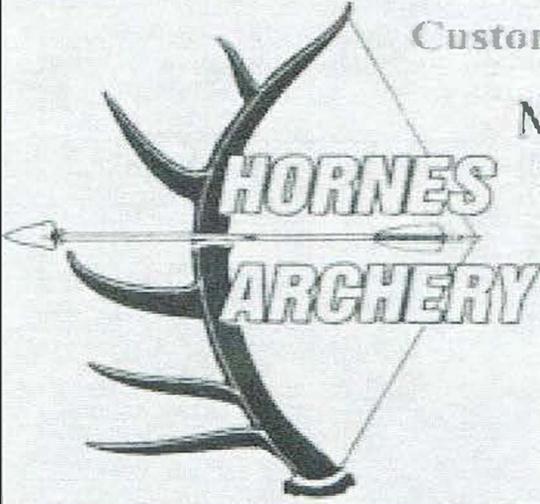
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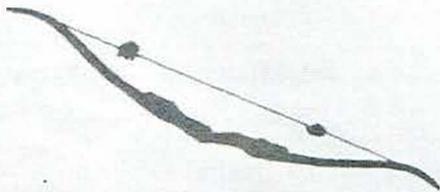
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NEW YEAR'S HUNT

by Kevin Satterwhite

On New Year's Day we had a surprise birthday party for my dad. Everything wound down around 5:30 PM. After all the guests left, I stacked all my gear in my office so I could quickly load my truck the next morning. I had been suffering from a cold over the last several days, and my wife was trying to talk me out of going.....NO WAY! This was the last weekend of the season, and I wanted to hunt. The weather forecast was awesome—clear skies with lows in the lower 30's and highs in the 60's. I had already shot my limit of deer on this lease and had a goal to take a turkey with my recurve and capture it on video. The alarm sounded at 4:00 AM and I got up, showered, and threw all my gear in my truck. At 4:45 AM I was sitting in my driveway with the truck running and had thoughts of staying home because I did not feel well. I decided that I would probably feel better later in the day; and even if I did not feel good, I could be sick at the lease just as well as I could at home! I put the truck in gear and pointed it west for the seven hour drive to San Angelo.

Upon arriving at the last gas station before my lease, I pulled in, topped off the tank with gas, and called my wife to let her know that I had arrived safely. I pulled through the gate at 11:30 and was getting excited about the possibilities the weekend held. I stopped by the stand that I intended to hunt this weekend to see if the feeder was working. There were several turkeys in the area as well as several does. The feeder had been working and was cleaned out that morning. I proceeded to the camp house to find that I was at the lease by myself at this time. I thought that several hunters would be here because they had not shot their bucks yet. I unpacked my gear and settled in a little and took care of a few chores.

On Thursday evening I headed to the stand at around 3:00 PM. I got settled into my ground blind in this stand of oak trees next to a dry creek bed. I set up my tripod and video camera and settled in for the evening hunt. The action was a little slow at first, but at around 4:15 I heard footsteps and saw a doe and a nubbin buck making their way into the feeder. They were very nervous and left after a short time. As light began to fade, I heard more footsteps coming from my left. I looked over to see two gobblers coming in. I turned on the camera and began recording. I waited until they made their way under the feeder and began to eat. I got my bow and checked the viewfinder on the camera to be sure the gobbler I wanted was in the picture. I picked a spot right where the wing connects to the body and focused on that spot and began my draw. I drew the bow and released only to see the turkey turn and the arrow sail left of the bird. The gobbler that I shot at flew to my right about 40 yards and stood around trying to decide if he wanted to come back in to the feeder or not. I replayed the shot on the camera and decided that it was a clean miss. Eventually the turkey roosted in the trees above me. I decided that I would get out of the blind and leave before all the turkeys roosted. I got my gear together and left, picking up my arrow on my way out. I noticed that the arrow had some feathers and a little greasy sub-



Hunting Spot on Dry Creek Bed

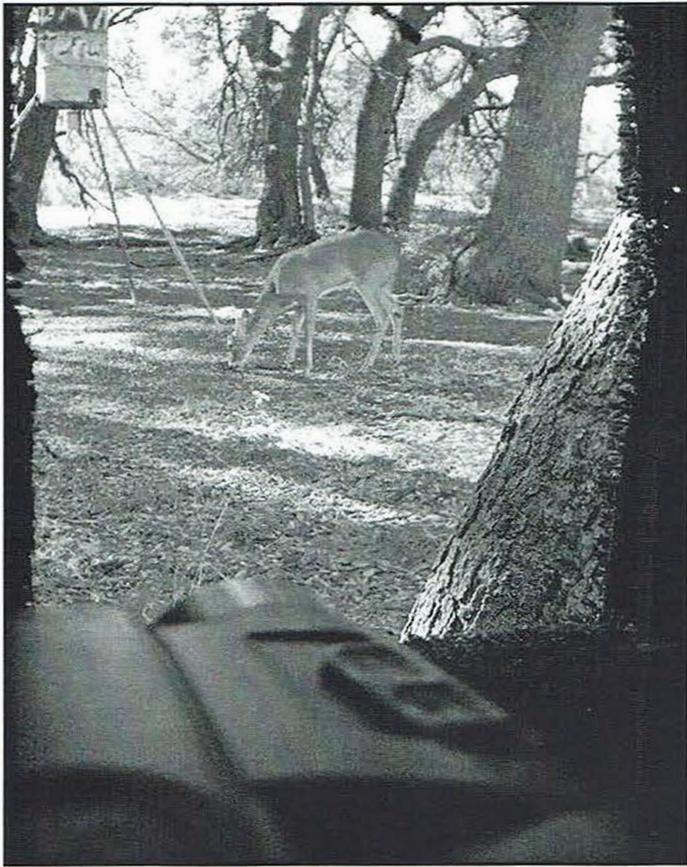


Kevin's Transportation

stance on it. As soon as I got back to the camp house I reviewed the shot again and saw that the arrow did nip the top of his back just above his tail. I am sure that he was fine because I watched him for almost an hour after the shot.

I awoke to 30-degree temperatures. I showered, camouflaged my face, and headed to my ground blind early. I wanted to get in my ground blind and settled in before the turkeys woke up. I settled into the blind and set up the camera and put all my gear in place. I lay back in the chair with my head up against the blind and checked my eyelids for holes.

As it began to get light, the woods came to life. The turkeys started their morning ritual of discussing the things that turkeys discuss for about 40 minutes before flying down. During all this loud conversation I heard some footsteps coming in on the trails to my left. It was the doe and nubbin buck from the day before. They fed for a few moments before leaving. As she was leaving, a young seven-point buck came into my feeder from my right and began to eat.



Doe at Feeder
(Notice the camera in the foreground.)

Then I heard the turkeys begin to fly down. None were roosted in the trees above me, but they were not far away. I continued to watch the young buck and listen to the turkeys as they communicated behind me. I then heard more footsteps and looked to see two gobblers coming in from my left. Now it was time to make amends for my miss the previous day. I turned on the camera, nocked an arrow, and waited for them to feed into my shooting lane. I decided that the one to the right had the best beard and I would try to shoot him. I waited until he ate his way under the feeder, which gave me the best angle to get the shot on video. I picked a spot right in front of where the wing connected to his body and focused on it as if I were trying to burn a hole in it with laser vision. I began my draw, came to anchor, and released to see the arrow arcing like a guided missile directly to the spot where I was focused. The turkey started to fly and then did a 180, landed, and took off again. I could see as he was flying that the arrow was still in him. He and the other gobbler both flew to the same area about 40 yards away and landed behind some brush. I watched for a few minutes. Eventually one gobbler walked out onto a trail and left. I reviewed the shot on the camera and saw that the arrow had hit directly where I was aiming. It appeared that it got about one foot of penetration before he flapped his wings, pulling the arrow out some.



Kevin Satterwhite's New Year's Day Gobbler

I waited a few more minutes and went to see if I could find my turkey. It took me only a few minutes. He was lying where I saw him fly to with the arrow still in him. I said a prayer of thanks, admired him for a few minutes, and carried him back to the blind. I took some pictures of my trophy, complete with nine-inch beard, loaded him in the back of my truck, and made my way back to the camp house.

I hunted for a few more days, seeing more turkeys and deer, but never getting another shot at a gobbler. It had been an awesome hunt with great weather. I was able to fulfill another one of my goals for this year. I started out this deer season with several goals, two of which were to take a deer with my recurve and to shoot a turkey with my recurve and capture it on video. I had now completed these goals.

With this, my greatest deer season ever had come to a close. I am so thankful to have been so blessed while hunting this year. Now I must make goals for next season.....I think they will involve cedar arrows!



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VICE-PRESIDENT: Bill Decker
808 Hess
Port Neches, TX 77651
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bdecker@nederland.k12.tx.us (during school year)

SECRETARY/TREASURER: Peggy Casey
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TBoT REPRESENTATIVES

EAST TEXAS: Anette Walding
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NORTH TEXAS: Mark Horne
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FROM YOUR EDITORS

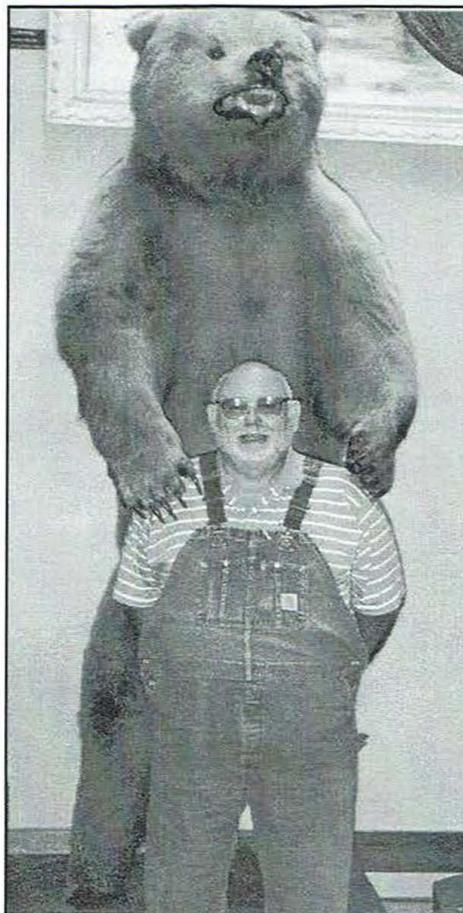
Thank you for your stories and pictures. This Newsletter is YOURS, and you have contributed well.

Thank you, too, to those who have elected to receive the Newsletter by email or to read it online at www.tbot.org. We'll be testing the email method this edition with a few respondents. If you want to try receiving your next Newsletter by email or simply want to read it on the internet, please send a request to carollockhart@iolbv.com.

Remember, those who send pictures and stories that are published will receive a TBoT cap or t-shirt (give the desired size of t-shirt with your article).

We will be glad to proofread and edit your story for you. We prefer to receive Word documents by email at the above address, but any typewritten or legibly written article is fine. Send by mail to TBoT Editor, 2513 Manchester Dr., Bryan, TX 77802. Next deadline for stories and pictures is March 15th.

We also want to express our appreciation to the officers for their support and encouragement in the publishing of the TBoT Newsletter.



Butch Gleghorn, West Texas Representative, at the Fred Bear Museum. (Editor's note: We goofed! Butch, we apologize that this picture wasn't in the last Newsletter with your article about the Museum.. It was "stuck" in the envelope and we didn't see it until after the Newsletter was published.)



Traditional Bowhunters of Texas
Profit and Loss
January through December 2002



| | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| Income | |
| Dues | 2,420.00 |
| Entry Fees | 1,332.00 |
| Raffle Tickets | 325.00 |
| T-Shirts and Caps | 982.00 |
| Income-Other | <u>14,990.50**</u> |
| Total Income | 20,049.50 |
| Expense | |
| 50/50 Split | 5.00 |
| Advertising | 247.50 |
| Cost of Sales | |
| Awards | 2,941.02 |
| Caps & T-Shirts | 3,014.00 |
| Equipment Lease | 1,030.00 |
| Raffle Prizes | 284.59 |
| Targets | <u>1,634.00</u> |
| Total Cost of Sales | 8,903.61 |
| General Overhead | |
| Bank Charges | 64.15 |
| Food | 673.03 |
| Insurance | 638.00 |
| Newsletter | 3,181.90 |
| Office Supplies | 149.85 |
| Post Office Box | 47.00 |
| Postage | 737.87 |
| Returned Checks | 165.00 |
| Returned Postage | 15.00 |
| Storage | 550.00 |
| Supplies | 159.52 |
| Travel | 190.49 |
| Web Site | <u>162.00</u> |
| Total General Overhead | 6,733.81 |
| Uncategorized Expense | <u>0.00</u> |
| Total Expense | 15,889.92 |
| Net Income | 4,159.58 |

** Records not clear enough to determine where the income came from: dues, entry fees, etc.
This amount came from the beginning of the year, it is fair to say that \$8,000.00 was
generated during the Hill Country Shoot.



Traditional Bowhunters Of Texas
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 Cubs and Mini Cubs Shoot Free

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