

# 'The Bowmen News'

The Newsletter of the Fort Collins Archery Association

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[www.ftcollinsarchery.com](http://www.ftcollinsarchery.com)

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If you would like to receive this news letter electronically please send a message to [newslettereditor@ftcollinsarchery.com](mailto:newslettereditor@ftcollinsarchery.com)

## Upcoming events

<b>FCAA 3D Leagues (Every Wednesday)</b>	Cont'd

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## An important message from our club president.

During the Fort Collins city budget cycle, club leadership learned that the city's support of the FCAA Archery Range was potentially in jeopardy. That is, the budget that helps us maintain the public outdoor range was being reviewed and might be cut. Treasurer Rodney

Albers, and president Michel Magers were expecting a meeting last Wednesday at the range; but the city Parks & Recreation Dept. cancelled the meeting and reports that Fort Collins is planning (*at the present time*) to continue funding the range in the new (biennial) budget. Realizing that "it's not over until..."; club leadership will follow this closely to ensure uninterrupted operation of the range and complete access for club members. Magers asked members at Wednesday's 3D shoot to watch for future communications and possible requests for action to help maintain operation of the range.

**Michel D Magers, President FCAA**  
"Longshot"

## Tip of the Month:

**Vanilla, is an irresistible sent to deer and elk.**

If you have any tips you'd like to share, please send them to me.  
[newslettereditor@ftcollinsarchery.com](mailto:newslettereditor@ftcollinsarchery.com)

## Broadhead tuning – Being ready for the hunt!

It has come to my attention that the discovery of the process of 'tuning Broadheads' is / or /can be overwhelming. The opinions of archers on this subject are as the number of blades of grass in your lawn. Without going into much detail of what I found and the variety of my find, I'd rather direct you to a method that I personally have tried and have had some very pleasing results. I might add that when one is 'testing the flight' of their broadheads you must keep in mind that you can't shoot your broadheads in a group and expect to have your arrows not damaged. I know this sounds like a 'no brainer' but it happens. The other item is that when you do tune your broadheads the method is to shoot an arrow that has a broadhead on it first then shoot a standard target tip arrow and see if they place in the same spot. If so, then do it again.

*Two elements for successful tuning:*

There are 2 dominate elements that have always surfaced to be true regarding the tuning of Broadheads, whether you are a traditionalist or a compound archer. Those elements are 'Helical Fletching' & 'Proper Paper Tuning'. The Helical Fletching is pretty much a no brainer. Most archers opt for the 2 inch or smaller vanes/fletching. This is 'ok' but in most installations, the vanes are 2degree off-set and rarely helical. As a general rule of thumb, whatever the manufacture installs on the shaft or recommends should be considered. Now I know I raised some hair on that statement. I know you'll tell me, 'I buy my arrows as bare shafts and do my own.' Great! But consider the helical installation IF you are going to use them for hunting. Allow me to explain. The helical design for the arrow fletching, has the same effect as the rifling in a rifle barrel. The rifling in the gun barrel causes the bullet to twirl or spin. So the helical fletchings of an arrow causes the arrow to spin, so that it stabilizes quicker. As most of you who have gotten to know me, I have done some really wild configurations with my arrow fletchings. I have tried configurations by adding vanes, using a mix of small 2inch blazers and 4inch fletchings, placement on the shaft. When it came down to it the best results I experienced was the helical configuration, the wind, the aerodynamics of the arrow, whether the vanes lined up with my blades made NO difference. The only item that I must note here is that I did not test the FOB Starflight.

The second element is 'Proper Paper Tuning'.. Much to say on this topic; but the short of it some think that it is almost impossible to get a 'bullet hole' because of the flex the arrow goes thru after the shot. Truth be told, if your bow is not shooting anything close to a bullet hole then you will most definitely experience inconsistent flight with your broadheads. When you do a paper test and it is not close to a 'bullet hole' then here are some very easy steps to correct it.



A.



B.



C.



D.



E.



F.

- A.** If your bow is in tune this is what you will see, the arrow shaft centered around the fletching.
- B.** Move your arrow nocking point down or your rest up.
- C.** Move your arrow nock up or your rest down.
- D.** Move your arrow rest out, away from the bow. If this does not

correct the problem try backing the weight of your bow off, choose a stronger (stiffer) arrow, or decrease your point weight.

**E.** Move your rest towards your bow. If this does not correct the problem try increasing your draw weight, go to a less stiff arrow or increase your point weight.

**F.** You may have a combination of more than one problem resulting in many different paper "prints". Work on the two problems separately and make small changes.

*(The above illustration is based on a 'right-handed' archer)*

Keeping these 2 elements in mind, your success for proper broadhead placement will be exactly as your target arrows.

### FCAA – Local News

Our very own Ken Yoder, doing what he loves...archery. Thanks Ken for your committed passion.



Reporter-Herald/Gabriel Christus

Shelby Lynne, 10, from Loveland, shows her archery bag to Ken Yoder, a representative from Fort Collins Archery Association, during her 4-H shooting sports interview Tuesday at the Larimer County Fair.

### Featured Hunting Story

Trevon Stoltzfus  
CO Mountain Goat  
07/16/09

The phone rang loudly, waking me from my mid day stupor as I scanned my computer screen trying to decide where to start answering the numerous emails that I had in my inbox. "I drew, I drew a bighorn sheep tag." The voice on the other end proclaimed excitedly. It was my good buddy Marc Smith who had been applying for sheep and mountain goat even longer than I had. "Awesome! Congratulations!" I replied as I was caught up in the excitement of his voice. "Have you checked the draw results to see if you drew?" he asked. "Not yet," I replied logging onto the Colorado Division of Wildlife's website. As the website opened up I couldn't believe I had been so busy that I had forgotten that this was the week when the draws for sheep and mountain goat tags were to be posted.

"Well, did you draw?" Marc asked sensing a silence from my end of the line. "There must be a mistake!" I whispered back blinking my eyes in disbelief as I looked at the Colorado mountain goat draw results. "What do you mean, what does it

say?" Marc shot back. "It says I was successful on drawing a mountain goat tag," I stammered not believing my eyes. "That means you are going to be bowhunting mountain goats this year," Marc exclaimed confidently laughing at my dumbfounded response. Suddenly a wave of excitement swept over me as the reality of drawing such a coveted tag sunk in. I leapt out of my office chair, knocking over my coffee, and pumped my fist in the air screaming repeatedly, "I drew a mountain goat tag! I drew a mountain goat tag!"

The days that followed my goofy realization at having drawn a coveted Colorado mountain goat license seemed to fly by. A multitude of phone calls were made to various wildlife biologists, ex-mountain goat hunters, and anyone that held any knowledge of these awesome high altitude creatures and would allow me to pick their brain. I had a "team" meeting at my house where I invited friends over to help me make a plan of attack for my hunt. I spent hours scouring over maps and trying to understand my various access points into my hunting unit in order to be able to get up to the more than 13,000 feet that these Colorado mountain goats call home. The snow finally melted in the high country of Colorado in July opening up the road system. I personally visited all of these different trails learning the topography and terrain. My archery practice took on a new level of obsession as each night of shooting my passion for bow hunting was energized by the motivation of my upcoming mountain goat hunt. I engrossed myself in everything pertaining to mountain goats and the environment they lived in. To say I was obsessed was an understatement. I even caught myself, all too often, daydreaming about closing the last few yards to within bow range on a magnificent snow white haired mountain goat topped with jet black horns in the high country of Colorado.

The day finally arrived to head up and set up my base camp. My dad, who was going to be capturing the entire hunt for a TV show (Muzzy's Bad to the Bone Bow hunting – viewed on the Outdoor Channel) that was interested in airing the footage, joined me on this dream hunt. It had been a long time since we had gotten a chance to share a hunt together. I had decided to use an older 18 foot enclosed box trailer as our "poor man's RV" rather than tents as the trailer would allow us to get up off the ground when we slept and out of any inclement weather. We chose a spot well below timberline to call home, and before we knew it we had gathered wood, organized camp, and were itching to scout the last few hours of the day. Heading up to over 12,000 feet we sat down and immediately spotted some goats on a distant ridge. The wind was blowing and the temperature felt colder than it really was. The two goats across the bowl from us were a mature billy and a young nanny. We were still a whole day from the hunt's opening morning and we left the ridgeline after dark feeling eager and excited to scout more the next day.

The following morning found us socked in with fog in camp and we didn't make it to the ridge to scout until 2 hours after sunrise. The wind was howling and dad and I were glad to have packed our Rivers West rain gear that we quickly put on to help stop the wind-chill. We looked over a lot of country that morning and into the afternoon and our spirits dropped as we failed to find any mountain goats that we could strategically put to bed that night and make a play on first thing the next morning. The mountain goats, just like us, did

not like the bitter cold wind and were tucked away in the cliffs out of the wind and out of sight of our spotting scope.

Back at camp, as dad and I crawled into our sleeping bags, we discussed our options. Based on my prior research and scouting I knew that this area held a good number of goats, and some mature goats to boot, but they had just seem to disappear. Finally after much discussion we made a decision that the following morning's sunrise would find us with our packs loaded for the day and hiking to a few distant bowls in order to locate the missing mountain goats we knew called this ridgeline home.

According to plan the rising sun found dad and I over a mile from the trailhead working our way to an adjacent basin to glass for the missing goats at first light. As we approached our first glassing vantage point my dad quickly pointed out four rag horned bull elk that were sparring just 500 feet below us. It was a mostly playful contest and we captured on video their frolicking antics as the morning light increased. The elk moved down in elevation and we settled down to pick apart the cliffs and ledges of the basin below for any mountain goats sunning themselves in the rocks.

After glassing extensively we moved on to the next bowl that held a beautiful crystal clear lake cradled in the crags 1000 yards below us. Finding nothing from our first set up, dad and I left our packs, video camera, and my bow and moved down a side ridge to get a better look back into the cliffs below our original position. "Nothing!" I sighed shaking my head. The sun was now a couple of hours old and we had yet to spot one of these white "monarchs of the Colorado Rockies" despite our intense glassing efforts. Frustrated I motioned to dad that we should get up and go back to our packs and noticed he was frozen staring back up the ridge. I followed his gaze to find he had a small mountain goat right next to where we had originally left our packs, video camera, and my bow. Immediately I threw my binoculars up to see if this was a mature goat as my heart started to race. I quickly realized it was just a young immature nanny that was enjoying licking the sweat off our Badlands 2200 backpacks for the salt content. Dad and I slowly worked our way back up to the packs and retrieved our equipment scaring the small mountain goat off to a mere 20 yards where we proceeded in taking more photographs and video of the young female.

The little goat wandered off as if annoyed by our presence and we headed down a knife back ridge to look into one more basin. As dad and I climbed a small rock outcrop on the ridge we were surprised to see a herd of 15 or more mountain goats meandering about 250 yards in front of us on the same ridgeline. I immediately stopped and pulled out my spotting scope to scan for any mature goats. The lead goat was much larger than the rest and completely slicked off and clean of any of last year's wool. I watched as they topped over and disappeared behind another rock outcrop further down the ridgeline. My adrenaline was pumping. In mere seconds my mountain goat adventure had changed from discouragement to pure excitement.

Dad and I agreed we needed to hustle up and get to the next rock bluff and see what and where this small herd of goats was heading. Less than 250 yards later and an elevation of 13,200 feet found us out of breath and peeking over a large rock to discover the entire herd bedded less than 70 yards below on a small flat on the crest of the ridge.

The nearest cover was over 50 yards away and the largest goat in the bunch was bedded right in the middle of the herd. I knew that I would have to get creative to make this stalk

work and get myself within bow range past all the other eyes and ears in the herd.

During my research phase of the hunt Jeff Lampe, a buddy of mine, had a few years earlier used an all white suit and mask and stalked within seven yards of a wary billy he had killed with his recurve bow. I pulled the white suit, which very closely resembled a KKK costume but without the pointy hat, out of my pack thinking that this idea was so crazy it just might work. This was the perfect time to think outside the box and put the suit on, pretending to be a mountain goat myself. I set my dad up on a tripod with a perfect view of the bedded goats below and garbed in my new white "goat suit" worked off the edge of the rock outcrop seeking to get the wind in my face and approach the herd from the right side of the ridge. As I worked my way around the rocks and to the edge of the ridge, just out of sight of the bedded goats, I looked up to see my dad give me the thumbs up sign signaling the video camera was recording the whole event. Realizing I would soon be in sight of the goats I knocked an arrow and bent over with rangefinder in hand doing my best imitation of a goat walking nonchalantly.

To my amazement, as I closed the distance on the herd, I got absolutely no reaction from the mountain goats. As I walked into the bedded herd a small nanny, whose eyes were closed and less than 6 yards away from me, opened her eyes as she lifted her head looking at me quizzically. She paused for a second and returned her head back down to her napping position and closed her eyes again. "It's working!" my brain screamed at me, not in any way helping me control my surging adrenaline. I looked up to see the largest goat in the herd stand up in front of me and ranged the large white body keeping my eyes from fixating on the horns. I knew this was the goat I had come to this high magnificent ecosystem to harvest. My rangefinder told me 15.5 yards to my graceful quarry as I clipped on my release. As I came to full draw the rest of the herd stood up looking at me as if I had suddenly appeared out of nowhere. The big goat took three steps giving me a clear broadside shot. I allowed my 20-yard pin to settle low behind the shoulder and sent the arrow home. Goat pandemonium is the only way to describe the next few seconds as the confused goats scrambled for the cover of the waiting cliffs below. My goat was hunched over and stopped quartering away from me a mere 20 yards from what could be a 1000-foot fall to the bottom of the cliffs. I estimated the distance at a shade over 30 yards and sent a second arrow into the white wool seeking to drop it before it had a chance to go over the edge. The goat took another three steps and stopped. Within five seconds the awesome creature was laying flat on its back and had breathed its' last breath safe from a possible damaging free fall.

As the mountain goat lay motionless in the snow I knew I had just completed the pinnacle event of my short bowhunting career. I had taken a beautiful Colorado mountain goat on public land on a do-it-yourself archery hunt, captured the whole event on video, gotten within final bow range using a somewhat unconventional method, and best of all shared the whole experience with my dad.

I was shocked as I approached the glorious white beast that had expired so quickly was in fact not a billy, as I had first assessed, but a very large nanny with massive bases. Using every "trick" in the book to gauge a mountain goats sex;

from its body size, horn base width, and horn configuration I had been fooled. It didn't matter, this Colorado mountain goat was a tremendous trophy of a lifetime, and my greatest "Muzzy Moment" of my short lived hunting career.

As I lay on my back in the snow looking up at the brilliantly blue sky and doing my best to contain my excitement, I replayed the events that had just transpired over in my mind. All the waiting, researching, scouting, working out, and practice had been well worth what I felt at that exact moment. I tried my hardest to stop time so I could bottle that memory for future reference and relive this cherished moment when I was king of the mountain for a day in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado.



### **Next newsletter – November.**

#### ***Articles:***

*Some hunting stories*

*Keeping fit for the next season*

*Survival in the wild (from last edition)*

#### **Special Note:**

##### **Incentive:**

*If you have been assisting with the FCAA work-days, you get your name put in to be drawn for a chance to win gift cards to Arrow Dynamics. Those who help on the final work day of the year on October 3 will begin the eligibility for the 2010 drawing.*

# FCAA Membership Application

Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

E-Mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse: \_\_\_\_\_ Children: \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Newsletter by email (yes or no)? \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

Dues: Single Year: \$20.00  
Three Year: \$50.00

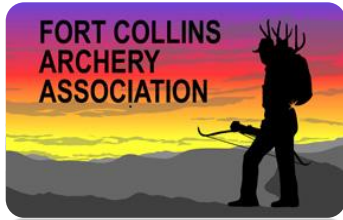
Make checks payable to: Fort Collins Archery Association

Mail to: Fort Collins Archery Association  
P.O. Box 270493  
Fort Collins, CO 80527-0493

FCAA Use Only

- Card Issued
- Payment Received
- Mailing List Updated





### **The Fort Collins Archery Association**

- We are a group of people united by an interest in archery.
- Our membership includes both active bowhunters and target archers who have never hunted.
- We maintain *for the public* the Fort Collins outdoor archery range on land owned by the City of Fort Collins Parks and Recreation Department.
- We work with local organizations and businesses to provide support for youth archery programs, sponsor benefit shoots and host competitions.

[www.ftcollinsarchery.com](http://www.ftcollinsarchery.com)

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