

Summer Postal 1965



THE "BRITISH ARCHER" POSTAL LEAGUE

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ALBION ROUND

SUMMER 1965

DIVISION IV			
ALBE	1,201	Rodbur Forest	1,333
Albion	1,200	ChW	1,292
Eastbourne	1,252	Montford	1,319
R. Pugh (Shadow) Score			
Mr. M. Taylor (ALBE)			682

ALBE	1,132	Eastbourne	1,206
ChW	1,189	Montford	1,253
ChW	1,200	Rodbur Forest	1,243
F. Parkbur (Shadow) Score			
Mr. M. Taylor (ALBE)			682

ALBE	1,214	Albion	1,286
ChW	1,241	Eastbourne	1,281
Rodbur Forest	1,282	Montford	1,348
R. Pugh (Shadow) Score			
Mr. M. Taylor (ALBE)			674

ALBE	1,206	Montford	1,307
Rodbur Forest	1,200	ChW	1,262
Eastbourne	1,200	Albion	1,296
C. Pugh (Shadow) Score			
Mr. M. Taylor (ALBE)			671

ALBE	1,262	ChW	1,241
Montford	1,267	Albion	1,273
Rodbur Forest	1,240	Eastbourne	1,314
R. Pugh (Shadow) Score			
Mr. M. Taylor (ALBE)			670

LEAGUE TABLE - DIVISION IV						
Club	A	B	C	D	Av.	Pt.
ALBE	1	1	1	1	1,212	4
ChW	2	1	1	1	1,243	4
Montford	3	1	1	1	1,282	4
Eastbourne	4	1	1	1	1,273	4
Rodbur Forest	1	2	1	1	1,282	4
Montford	1	2	2	1	1,307	6

LEAGUE TABLE - DIVISION IV						
Club	A	B	C	D	Av.	Pt.
ALBE	1	1	1	1	1,212	4
Rodbur Forest	1	1	1	1	1,240	4
Eastbourne	1	1	1	1	1,273	4
ChW	1	1	1	1	1,273	4
Montford	1	1	1	1	1,282	4
Montford	1	1	1	1	1,307	4

THOUGHTS ON THE BEST GOLD

"Wonder if this will be my lucky day? - haven't won the money for sometime now. Who says it's luck, this is a test of skill - target's too small to rely on chance."

"That's five gone and haven't hit it yet. If the litty's going to be mine it's got to be this one. Expect some rotter's put one slap in the middle already - not much use trying - still, you never know."

"Bit of cheek, week before last. Shall we have a best gold? says he. Collects the tanners before we started, does he? Then slapped his first three arrows bang in the middle, at a hundred yards, too."

"Now, just this once, try to remember all you've been told and all that you've read."

"Nock arrow properly, fingers on string in approved manner - must not forget to pull with third finger. Draw nice and easy, slowly back, not too far - must not strain - get into the bow, take it across the shoulders. Everything O.K.Y. Chin, nose, bow window....."

"Concentrate you fool, think what you're doing. You can listen to the chatter in a minute, they'll still be at it."

"Pin on gold? No, a little higher. That's it, just right, ready to loose."

"Damn this wind, can't it stop for a moment - blown me off aim. Can't get back on the gold. Fingers hurt, muscles ache, beginning to shake. If I don't loose soon I'll have to come down - mustn't do that, they'll think I'm really after the money. Here it comes, hit it as it goes past. Phew! What a relief."

"That a splendid shot - look at that arrow - steady, beautifully steady - not a waver - dead in line - reckon that's going to hit the pinhole."

"Book says you should'nt watch your arrow in case you lift your head but who could resist a beauty like that one."

Long time getting there - haven't heard it hit yet - co-er! missed!

MORE MUSING?