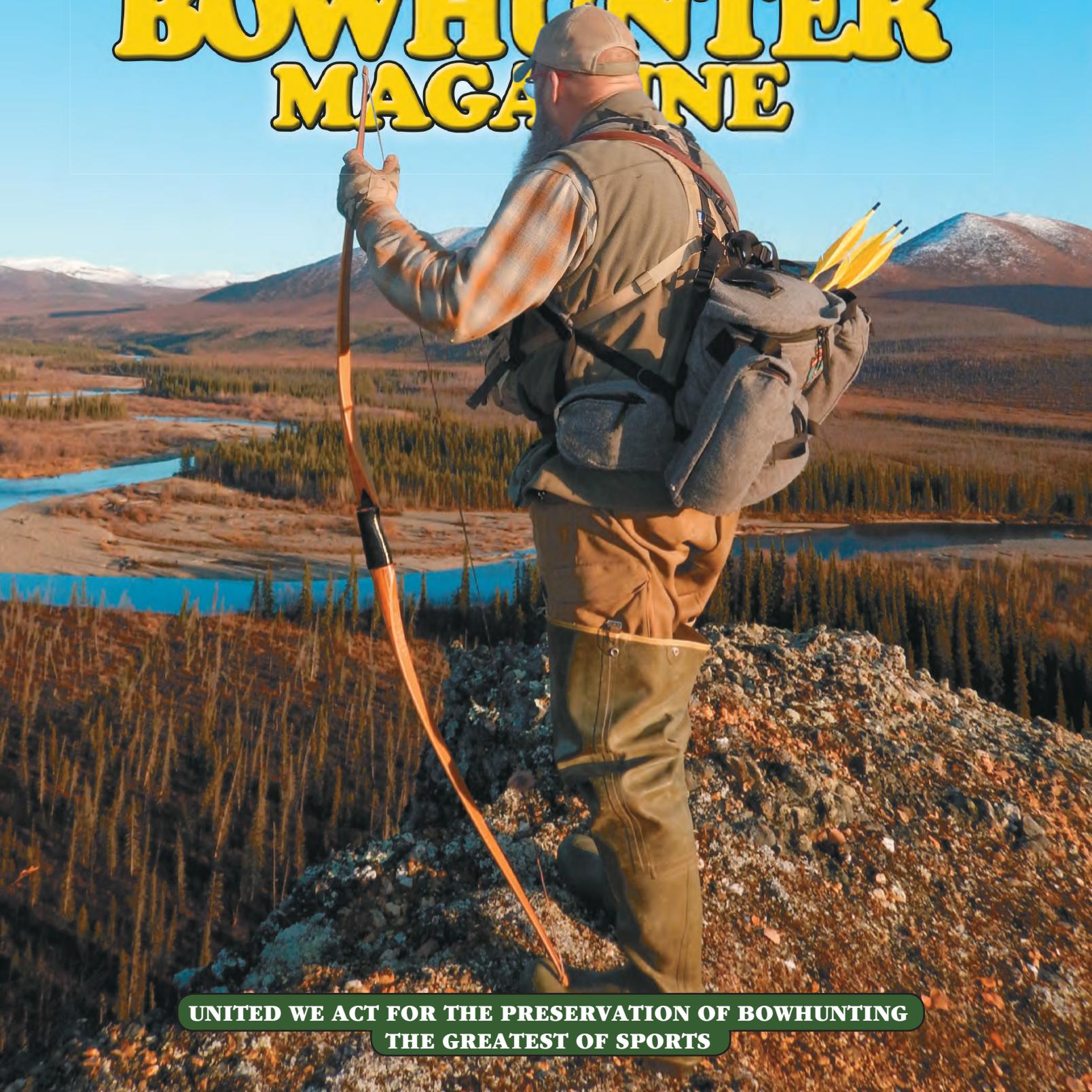


Official Publication for the members of the Professional Bowhunters Society

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Cover Photo - Bubba Graves in the Brooks Range of Alaska on a moose hunt.

THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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President's Message

by Matt Schuster
matt@easterndynamicsinc.com

Your organization is doing well. In 2021, we picked up three hundred and thirty three new members and show no signs of slowing down. Thanks to all of you who stay involved, support the promotion of conservation, fair-chase bowhunting, and responsible practices both while out in the field or just sitting around the fire with friends. You, the members, are what keeps those who join PBS in PBS. I recently hosted Mark Wang and Kevin Bahr for a hog hunt in Georgia at The Paradise. They bought the hunt at the Springfield Gathering and it was not an easy hunt because the wind seemed to be always on the side of the pigs but it was successful when Kevin took a pig on the last afternoon. The Paradise is run by Sam Roberts, a long-time PBS member and he made a comment to me once that stuck with me. He said, "We have had a lot of jerks down here hunting over the years, but every

one of the PBS guys who comes down here has been a great guy." Could not have said it better myself.

At our recent successful Biennial Gathering in Reno, Council announced that the 2024 PBS Gathering will be held on March 14th-17th in Lexington, KY, a beautiful location within driving range of a huge percentage of our membership. It also has numerous attractions for those who want to spend some extra time (especially those that like bourbon!) in the area, attractive rates, and features that have made previous locations popular such as free breakfast, free shuttle, free parking, etc. Go ahead and put this one on the calendar now!

Other than Harmony Receveur, who is the most important person alive in keeping our organization running smoothly, we are an all-volunteer organization. I say that to remind everyone to thank those who they

see manning a PBS booth, putting on a hunt, doing a seminar, donating an item, or even supporting the magazine with articles. As one who is involved, I can promise you that none of these folks are looking for thanks or recognition, they do it because they want to give and they get much in return. So as I run out my last year as President, let me say thanks to all of you for giving so much and making PBS such a thriving organization.

To beat a dead horse – don't forget that we are here to help if you see legislation that might damage or promote bowhunting opportunities in your state. The sooner we know, the better since we are not set up to react in just a day or two, but we can help with either an email blast or an official letter from the PBS if needed.

One final note. Y'all know that I am not on social media. I am too busy and uninterested to make myself participate even though

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I have tried in the past. So when I get something forwarded to me, it is usually negative. I have seen some shameful and embarrassing (to those posting - at least they SHOULD be embarrassed) public fights involving traditional bowhunters. I was informed of one recently because PBS was touched peripherally, but not enough for us to get involved.

But folks, PLEASE, think before you post or write anything that could possibly be made public. The written word is powerful, easily misinterpreted, and often taken out of context. If you do take offense to something written, call the guy up and work it out. Public personal fights between traditional bowhunters reflect poorly on all of us. Enough

negative stuff.

Hope all of you are getting after hogs, turkeys, and bears soon! I know I am. Hope to see you in the woods.

Best,
Matt Schuster

Vice President's Message →

by Terry Receveur

Terrance.Receveur@Taconic.com

By the time you read this report our 2022 Biennial Gathering will have come and gone. I'm certainly hopeful all went well and a good time was had by all. As I write this we are in the final stages of preparation and as always I'm very impressed with the hard work our Council and home office put into these Gatherings. President Matt Schuster, Office Manager Harmony Receveur, Council members Preston Lay, Jeff Holchin, and Sean Bleakely have put in numerous hours to ensure our membership have a great experience. The details that are required to pull off a successful gathering are immense and include everything from meal planning to donation management and hotel arrangements. I want to personally say thank you to these fine individuals for all they do. Jeff Holchin is ro-

tating off Council and he will be missed. Jeff is a tireless advocate for PBS and few have done more for the organization. Thank you Jeff and I'll see you in camp soon.

I also want to thank all those who stepped up and donated hunts, trips, bows, gear, artwork, knives and the myriad other items for the raffles and auctions. The generosity of our membership never fails. Finally, a sincere thank you to all who made the trip to Reno and made a statement that COVID will not win. I missed seeing everyone but unfortunately I was unable to make it due to travel difficulties.

I wish all a happy and healthy summer filled with fun and adventure.

Aim small and miss small.

Terry Receveur



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STORY OR PICTURE?!**

send it to us!

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Council's Report

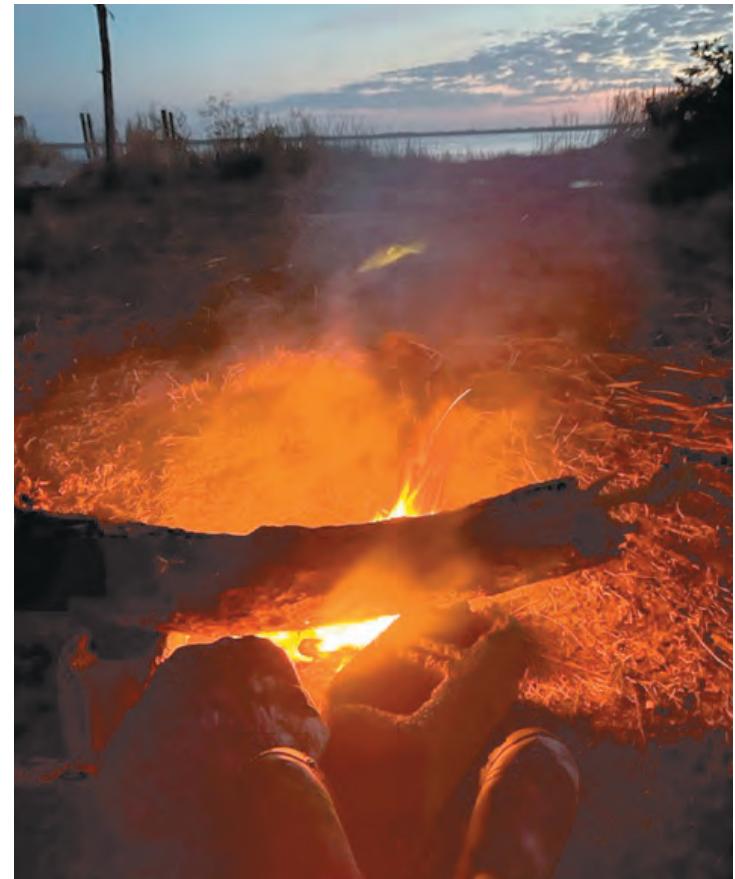
by Jeff Holchin
jeffreyholchin@gmail.com

I am writing my final Council column while doing what I love: participating on a Membership Hunt with several boatloads of my PBS friends, most that I know pretty well and several that I have just met. We are camping on Rattlesnake Island along the coast of Georgia, hunting wild hogs with our bows and arrows, cooking some great meals, enjoying pleasant weather while much of the country is still battling cold winter conditions, telling hunting stories around the fire and just enjoying life. We might even kill some pigs.

But honestly that isn't really that important. What a blessed man I am! Especially because without my membership in the PBS, this would not be possible. Only God knows what my future holds, but I hope that I can continue to enjoy such benefits for a long time.

I am very thankful for the opportunity to serve the PBS as a Councilman. Heck, it was an honor to even be considered as a candidate three years ago. It's been a great experience because of the quality of people that I get to work with, and because of our members. I believe that as an organization, we've made progress these past three years, especially with pulling off the Springfield Banquet during those uncertain days at the beginning of the COVID-19 crisis. Things have settled down considerably as we head into the Reno Banquet. At this time we don't yet know if candidate William "Bubba" Graves or Andy Houck will replace me, but we will win with either candidate! I know both of these fine men and think that either will perform well on the PBS Council. I look forward to seeing as many of you as possible at the Reno Banquet. Good hunting to you!

Jeff Holchin



Council's Report

by Preston Lay
longbow@cimtel.net

I t's snowing today and the ground is covered. It makes me want to grab the bow and head off to the thickets in search of rabbits. The seasons are mostly closed now and each one that comes and goes are reminders that all things have seasons and our own season will someday close, too. It serves to remind us to go on that trip of a lifetime and then plan another. Meet that

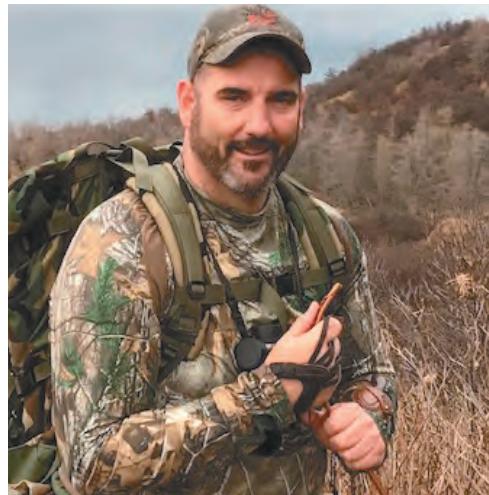
bowhunter that inspired you through distant writings, to pick up the bow and begin the journey of passion we so enjoy.

What better organization than PBS? Most likely one of our members inspired you many years ago. You will find a friend in them and discover that they desire to help you. Our grand membership is in my opinion our greatest asset. We think alike, we

have the heartfelt passion of the bow and arrow. It's so great to have an organization of like-minded bowhunters to encourage and promote our sport.

We have had many members donate hunts and items for the Gathering in Reno. I say thank you from the heart. Your generous contributions help PBS continue to promote bowhunting in its purest form. If you're a new member consider coming to a gathering, a biennial or a odd year. Watch the magazine and website for information about upcoming events. Don't forget the membership hunts. This is probably the best way to make new friends and plan future adventures. Don't forget to send in pictures or articles of your bowhunting adventures. It's a great interest to the membership to learn and see other PBS members in action. I hope to see you in the future. Shoot straight and God bless!

Preston Lay



As of this printing, I will have completed my first year serving on PBS Council. By serving on Council, I've been fortunate to be able to give back to an organization that's given me so much over the years. One of the responsibilities of Council is to review and vote on applications for Regular Membership. This year we've had four outstanding candidates who have submitted applications for Regular Membership that were passed. Congratulations to Todd Brickel, Dennis Jackson, Crispin Henry and Kevin Hall as our newest Qualified Regular Members. One unique feature of PBS is that we have a split membership with Associate Members and Qualified Regular Members (QRM). This fact can be confusing to both new members and those outside of PBS who do not understand the history behind it. When PBS was started over fifty years ago, field archery was a huge and popular sport with the general population. The founders of PBS were concerned that it might evolve into a target shooting club and wanted to ensure that it remained a one-hundred-percent hunting organization dedicated to the protection of bowhunting seasons and the promotion of the woodsmanship and ethics necessary for one to become a knowledgeable bowhunter capable of mentoring others. To achieve that, they made sure that those that controlled and ran the organization would always be passionate, dedicated bowhunters by instituting a split membership. There is no stigma at all to being an Associate Member! We have many long-time members who choose to remain Associates in spite of the fact that they easily meet the qualifications to become a QRM, and we value them greatly as we do all members. That said, becoming a QRM shows a great

Council's Report

by Sean Bleakley
seanbleakley45@gmail.com

level of dedication to PBS, and allows a QRM to do three things that Associate Members can't do: Vote in elections and on changes to the PBS By-Laws, run for office, and sponsor another member for QRM. *Associates enjoy every other feature of PBS.* After two years as an Associate Member, anyone who meets the qualifications to become a QRM is welcome to apply.

Sean Bleakley

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Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

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t was really great to see many PBSers in Reno at the Gathering. We are a big family. I enjoyed all the seminars and speakers. Sandy and I had a great time. The plane flights there and back were crazy! I have always looked at air travel as an adventure. We have been flying for hunts, PBS Gatherings, work, vacations, and ministry for four decades. Most of the time it has been no problem – smooth sailing through airports and flights. I booked our flights to Reno three months ahead of time, and a month out the carrier cancelled them. I got an e-mail every day to call an eight-hundred phone number and that I couldn't choose new flights on their app. The first time I called I was on hold for four and a half hours. Really?! I gave up for the day. The next day, two and a half hours. What?! I let a couple weeks go by and tried again. This time they gave me the option of a call back. I punched the number and two hours later a guy called. We got disconnected and I had to start all over. Two hours later a very nice

lady called and rebooked our flights. On departure morning, at O-Dark Thirty, we got to the airport and we were told the plane was overbooked and that we were on standby. It was not what we wanted to hear. I had gotten a message that we could receive a payment to cancel our flight to Charlotte. There was another flight later in the morning but it was also overbooked and he said the standby list was long. He tried to give me the song and dance that the next day's flights were the same. I calmly stood my ground and he finally rebooked us for the next morning. We spent a night in Charleston, WV. The next morning we made it to Charlotte and then Dallas. We were told in Dallas that the flight to Reno was overbooked and we were going to have to spend the night. After politely standing my ground again, we did get a flight in the morning. Initially we were told both flights out the next day were totally booked, and again I got an email that they would pay us to drop the flight. We finally made it to Reno on afternoon of the third day, but praise the Lord in time to pick up our registration packet and make it to the Thursday night get together and meal. We didn't miss any of the Gathering. Going home was more timely but in both directions they changed flight gates on us (and terminals - BTW - It is a long way from one terminal to another in Charlotte and Dallas) and changed our seats numerous times... it was literally like the Three Stooges were in charge. We ended up not sitting together on any of the six flights. Crazy!

Life can get crazy for any number of reasons at pretty much any time! I like order to my time, and organization to my things, like most of us do. We as bowhunters are used to planning our hunts, organizing and maintaining our gear and staying in control of situations we are familiar with. The problem comes when we are at the mercy of someone else for certain details of the day. We pick hunting partners because

Crazy!

we get along good with them, but we keep them long term because we can count on them. Bottom line though is people are not perfect, so they can fail you, and for all our planning, things sometimes go sideways.

- James 1: 2 My brethren, count it all joy when you fall into various trials,
3 knowing that the testing of your faith produces patience.
4 But let patience have its perfect work, that you may be perfect and complete, lacking nothing.**

We live in a fallen world and things do not always go right. Look at how crazy our world is now. Russia invaded Ukraine a month ago and the nations of the world are on edge. North Korea has been test launching intercontinental missiles capable of reaching Washington DC. Forest fires, hurricanes, tornadoes, earthquakes, tsunamis, and other natural disasters are increasing. The gas prices keep rising and inflation is taking a bite out of all of our budgets. There are so many things totally out of our control. We have to put our trust in the Lord in every circumstance. Our attitude is very important. Nobody enjoys hunting with someone that is a whiner and complainer, or who gets mad. These attitudes never help a situation. James took attitude to another level. Instead of whining, complaining, or anger, he said we are to count it all joy when we fall into various trials. He says when, not if. Hard times will come. You cannot have joy during a trial without the help of God. He is the one that gives us the kind of joy and peace that the world cannot give. It does not depend on what we are going through. We can have the craziest day imaginable and yet He is there with us every moment, every step of the way. You do not have to give way to any other reaction. Joy is ours to have!

- Psalm 34: 17 The righteous cry out, and the LORD hears, And delivers them out of all their troubles.
18 The LORD is near to those who have a broken heart, And saves such as have a contrite spirit.
19 Many are the afflictions of the righteous, But the LORD delivers him out of them all.**

John 16: 33 "These things I have spoken to you, that in Me you may have peace. In the world you will have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Yes, we will have tribulations. Troubles will come. Trials will try to overwhelm us. But... our Redeemer lives! Jesus has overcome the world and He promises to deliver us out of all (ALL) our afflictions. My good friend, Monty Browning, was the speaker at the Friday night banquet in Reno. With great photos and an enthralling recount he told us the story of his and Bryan Burkhardt's moose hunt in Alaska last year. Monty killed a whopper of a bull. On a later day he went back up to the site of the kill where some ravens were staying up in trees. A big grizzly bear had taken over the moose carcass. He told us his handgun was in the pack on his back and he grabbed a can of bear spray as the bear instantly came at him in a full out charge. As the bear rapidly closed ground to just feet, Monty threw his arms up and yelled loudly. The bear diverted his charge and left. Monty knows who His redeemer is and made that very clear. Some days are crazy. That was one crazy day! All you have to do is call on Him and Jesus will be your redeemer too when it gets **Crazy!**

ELECTION RESULTS

Congratulations
Bubba Graves!

Vote Totals:

139 Bubba Graves

92 Andy Houck

10 Abstain

Thank you to Jeff Holchin for all his contributions on Council.



Welcome new members to the PBS family!

DECEMBER

Robb Cotiaux - New Gloucester, ME
Kolby Christiansen - Wellsville, UT
Jeff Stonehouse - Simla, CO
Guido Paparoni - Dallas, TX
Chuck Mathews - Girard, PA
Andrew Briley - Durham, NC
Robert McGowan - Coopersburg, PA
Joshua Streichert - New Woodstock, NY
Roger Rea - Oakmont, PA
Patrick Patterson - Roanoke, VA
Nicholas Heatwole - Yuma, AZ
Grant Rung - Meridian, ID
Mike Young - Orangeburg, SC
Thomas Lambard - Mobile, AL
Ronald Dale - Middleton, ID
Joseph Hart - Moores Hill, IN
Jim Velazquez - San Diego, CA
Alex Hedman - Eagle River, AK

JANUARY

Scott Peters - Bristol, TN
Steve McCloskey - La Luz, NM
Rick Hammond - Olpe, KS
Richard Parent - Alto, MI
James Veldhaus - Cincinnati, OH
Dani Tassell - Gum Spring, VA
Sterling Cox - Benbrook, TX
Frank Betoulaud - Alcoa, TN
James O Kinchen III - Louisville, GA
Kameron Rung - Livingston, MT
Ben Rich - Fairbanks, AK
Shellie Goddard - Herlong, CA
Buck Ernst - Comer, GA
Tyler Carlson - Florence, MT
Noah Nichols - Denver, NC
Jered Shofner - Weldon, IL
Kevin Bishop - Elizabeth, IN
Russ Kienitz - East Liberty, OH

Alfred Gemrich - Delton, MI

Chad Wassink - Holland, MI

Mike Goldman - Nunica, MI

Brian Bunch - Grosse Point Woods, MI

Pat Tappenden - Coldwater, MI

Frank Oltman - Bay City, MI

FEBRUARY

Matt Ottaberry - Athens, TX
Hayden Blake - Johnson City, TN
Michael Costello - Lincoln, DE
Joseph Kuback, Sr. - Verona, NJ
Ethan Neidhart - Rutland, OH
Craig Gioncola - Lafayette, NY
Rodney Johnson - Harlingen, TX
Justin Kestler - Charlotte, NC
Steve Moore - Barnesville, OH
Les Scott - Roanoke, VA
Hunter F. Cain - Spearfish, SD
Lee Meyers - Queens, NY
Paige Spietz - Odessa, MO
Jose "Rick" Diaz - Las Cruces, NM
Michael Gibson - Waterloo, IL
Leon Hinton, Jr. - Burlington, NC
Nathan Napier - Claysville, PA
Patrick Harden - Browns Valley, CA
Jonathan Scharff II - Raeford, NC
Kyle Maddox - Eskridge, KS
Bradley Hudson - St. Libory, IL
Ronnie Vasseur - Brookport, IL
Rick Rork - Litchfield, IL
Rich Holtquist - Farmington, AR
Joseph Cafiso - Sicklerville, NJ
Ron Mead - Craig, CO
Scott Gates - Charleston, SC
Sidney Lopez - Seminole, TX
Shane Harden - Marysville, CA
Kyle Schroeder - Girard, IL
Alexander Charbonneau - Bozeman, MT

Tim Channell - Moreland, GA

MARCH

Jordan Alvis - Emmett, ID
James Ryder - Buckeye, AZ
Taylor Smith - Blairsville, GA
Robert Power - Ewing, MO
Dean Bare - Deep Gap, NC
Joshua Rickman - Blanco, TX
Justin Wells - Marquand, MO
Doug Andrews - Rostraver Township, PA
Barrett Burns - Dyersburg, TN
Brian Street - Marion, NC
Donald George - Harrisville, WV
Brian Aubrey - Bettendorf, IA
Jeremy Evans - Grandy, NC
Kurt Holmes - Nashville, TN
Gary Renfro - Idaho Springs, CO
Connie Renfro - Idaho Springs, CO
Isaac Cruz - Marietta, NY
Yote Robertson - Palmer, AK
Charles Timm - Spring Creek, NV
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William Moran - Bridgewater, MA
Robert Richard Johnston III - Batavia, IL
Lucas Coates - Sioux Falls, SD
David Helfrich - Crestwood, KY
Marco Di Pasqua - Segrate, MI, Italy
Daniel Ard - Lovettsville, VA
Isaac Perez - Washington, IL
Ruben Perez - Washington, IL
Trayden Kamprauth - Johnson City, TN
Clay McGuire - Woodward, OK

Regional Profile

This is an ongoing segment in the magazine titled “REGIONAL PROFILE”. In this segment we will highlight one state and give a brief explanation of species available to hunt, out of state license fees, public land opportunities, and any other information that might be helpful to fellow members interested in taking advantage of that state’s hunting opportunities. This addition will probably be an evolving process so

any suggestions or comments are welcome!

Ideally, we would like to select a state in one region then move to another region altogether and continue the cycle until we have eventually covered all states. So please give some thought to contributing to the magazine in this small way for upcoming issues.



Alabama



By Steve Spence

In the deep south, there is a difference between a yankee and a damn yankee. A yankee is someone from north of the Mason Dixon line that comes south for a visit. A damn yankee comes and stays! I’m the latter. I relocated from Pennsylvania to Alabama in 2001. I moved here blind so to speak. I was aware that Alabama had long hunting seasons with generous bag limits but that was about it. I knew nothing of the land, the game or how to hunt it. The first thing I did was look at the PBS Membership Directory to see who I could reach out to. If memory serves me correctly, there were only two other PBSers that called Alabama home at that time. One was in north Alabama and one in south Alabama – both several hours from my home in central Alabama. In typical PBS fashion, my calls were more than welcomed and I soon had an invite to visit Sterling and Krista Holbrook and hunt hogs with them at Choctaw National Wildlife Refuge. It was there that I met another PBS member, Tony Franklin.

Alabama is quite diverse with high mountainous ridges and deep valleys, foothills of the Appalachians, Black Belt prairie, flat coastal plains, river deltas, lakes, springs, huge cave systems, swamps, gulf and bay coastlines, and barrier islands. The state has 670,000 acres of national forests – most of which is comprised of the Talladega National Forest and William B. Bankhead National Forest. Two smaller sections are included with the Conecuh National Forest and Tuskegee National Forest. We also have thirty one Wildlife Management Areas inclusive of 768,000 acres of public hunting and ten National Wildlife Refuges which also offer many hunting opportunities. If public land access is not your style, there are many opportunities to hunt private land through leasing and occasionally you find a gem by knocking on doors and asking for permission. Leasing opportunities vary greatly from some very well managed lands to the average hunting lease depending on how much you want to spend and how far you want to travel to hunt.

Deer, turkey, and hogs are the staple of the Alabama big game diet. Deer hunting is king in Alabama. There are 199,000 licensed hunters with 180,000 of those pursuing whitetail deer. The state is comprised of five deer zones and seasons open as early as October 1st and run through February 10th in most areas. The zoning is aligned with rut dates in each area. Alabama is quite unique in that there are five distinct areas where

the peak rut occurs at a different period each year. If you like to hunt the rut, you can literally hunt rutty bucks from late November through early February by traveling to each area. The rut timing phenomenon is generally attributed to how and where deer were restocked in the 1940s through the 1960s. The downside is, based on my experience, that the Alabama rut is less defined and less intense than what you would experience in other parts of the country. Years ago, you could shoot a doe a day and a buck a day throughout the season. Thankfully they have limited buck harvest to three antlered deer per season and one of those must be at least a four-point on one side. This has increased the quality of bucks in recent years. While the four-plus month long deer season sounds fantastic, be aware the gun seasons come in in early to mid-November so you likely have to compete with the fire sticks for three of those months.

Alabama will probably never be a destination state compared with mid-western deer states like Iowa, Illinois, or Kansas but Alabama will surprise you. There are plenty of trophy deer in Alabama. Just peruse social media and you will see a ton of good bucks coming from the Yellowhammer state. If you are looking to come to Alabama for a big buck on private land or a WMA – I would look to the area called the Black Belt. Located in the southern third of the state, this area has prime soil qualities, more agriculture than other areas and extends across the state from east to west. The Alabama Black Belt consistently produces quality bucks. There are several hunting lodges to host the traveling bowhunter.

If you are a public land, do-it-yourself type of person you can do your research and find great deer hunting in many of the WMAs throughout the state. As mentioned earlier, there is over 500,000 acres of national forest in the north central part of the state and the Bankhead National Forest consistently produces huge bucks by Alabama standards, many over 200 pound and 150” plus deer. There’s a lot of area to scout to find those deer but they are there for the hard-working hunter.

One more tip to the traveling bowhunter that I did not mention previously but the U.S. Army Corp of Engineers has land along the vast river system in Alabama and many of these lands are open to archery only hunting and accessing them by boat is a nice way to avoid the crowds. When the late season, deep snows and brutal winter winds hit your white-tail woods, a trip to Alabama might just be the ticket to extend your season.

When I was a kid growing up in Pennsylvania, Ben Rogers Lee was the most famous turkey hunter I knew of. In fact, he lived in Coffeeville, AL – the same little town that the Holbrooks lived when I first moved here. Alabama was famous for spring gobbler hunting. Alabama once led the nation for highest turkey population at 500,000 birds. Biologists have reported in recent years that populations are declining and latest estimates range between 300,000 and 400,000 birds in the Yellowhammer state. Neighboring states are reporting similar trends and states are likewise revising seasons, regulations, and bag limits. If you've hunted Alabama gobblers in the past, you would do well to review the current



regs as there have been a number of changes introduced for 2022. Most notably there is a one gobbler a day, four per season limit and decoys are not allowed in the first ten days of the season. Again, an out of state spring hunt to Alabama may be attractive as the seasons start in late March while it's still cold in most parts of the country. There is not a fall turkey season in most areas of Alabama.

Alabama did record its first documented case of CWD just recently. Be sure to check regulations for transportation of any harvested game before crossing state lines.

I hear many bowhunters say that feral hogs are a favorite species to hunt and I can attest that they are fun and challenging. Every county in the state reports that hogs are present. Feral swine are considered a game animal but have no closed season and no bag limits. However, if you are going to hunt them on public land, be sure to check the regulations of the specific WMA or national forest or refuge as there may be further restrictions. Also, there is a new regulation that allows hunting hogs at night so if that is of interest, please check the link to the regulations later



in this article. Even though hogs exist throughout the state, the densest populations are in the southern part of the state and particularly along the Tombigbee and Alabama River drainages and the Mobile Delta. Year-round hunting is possible but I can attest that the warm months can be pretty rough with high temperature and humidity and plenty of bugs. My recommendation for a hog only hunt would be late winter through spring. Hog hunting can also be coupled with a deer or turkey hunt as well. Several of the WMAs offer good hog hunting and many of the lodges and leases in the southern part of the state cater to the traveling hunter. An online search will turn up plenty of options.

Finally, worthy of a mention when talking big game are Alabama alligators. This is a unique hunt and unfortunately right now it is only open to Alabama residents. The state record was shot in 2014 and was fifteen feet long and weighed more than a thousand pounds!

On the small game front with a bow, plenty of upland species such as rabbits and squirrels provide lots of action for those inclined. If you come in state for a bow hunt and bring a scattergun, you might be in an area where quail offer up an opportunity for classic southern gentleman's hunt.

While there is no hunting season currently, there are black bears in Alabama. You might run into one anywhere, but they frequent the NE mountain area and the Mobile Delta area. Bear populations are on the increase and in speaking to a biologist last year, she indicated that hunting opportunities are possible in the not-too-distant future. I for one just like to be in the woods when there is a possibility you might see a bear. They are just fun animals to observe.

I do want to paint an accurate picture of Alabama hunting for anyone who might consider traveling here. By no means an effort to cast a dark shadow over the many positives that Alabama has to offer, I would be remiss not to mention a few things. Conservation ethics in general are not what I have

~ continued on page 10 →



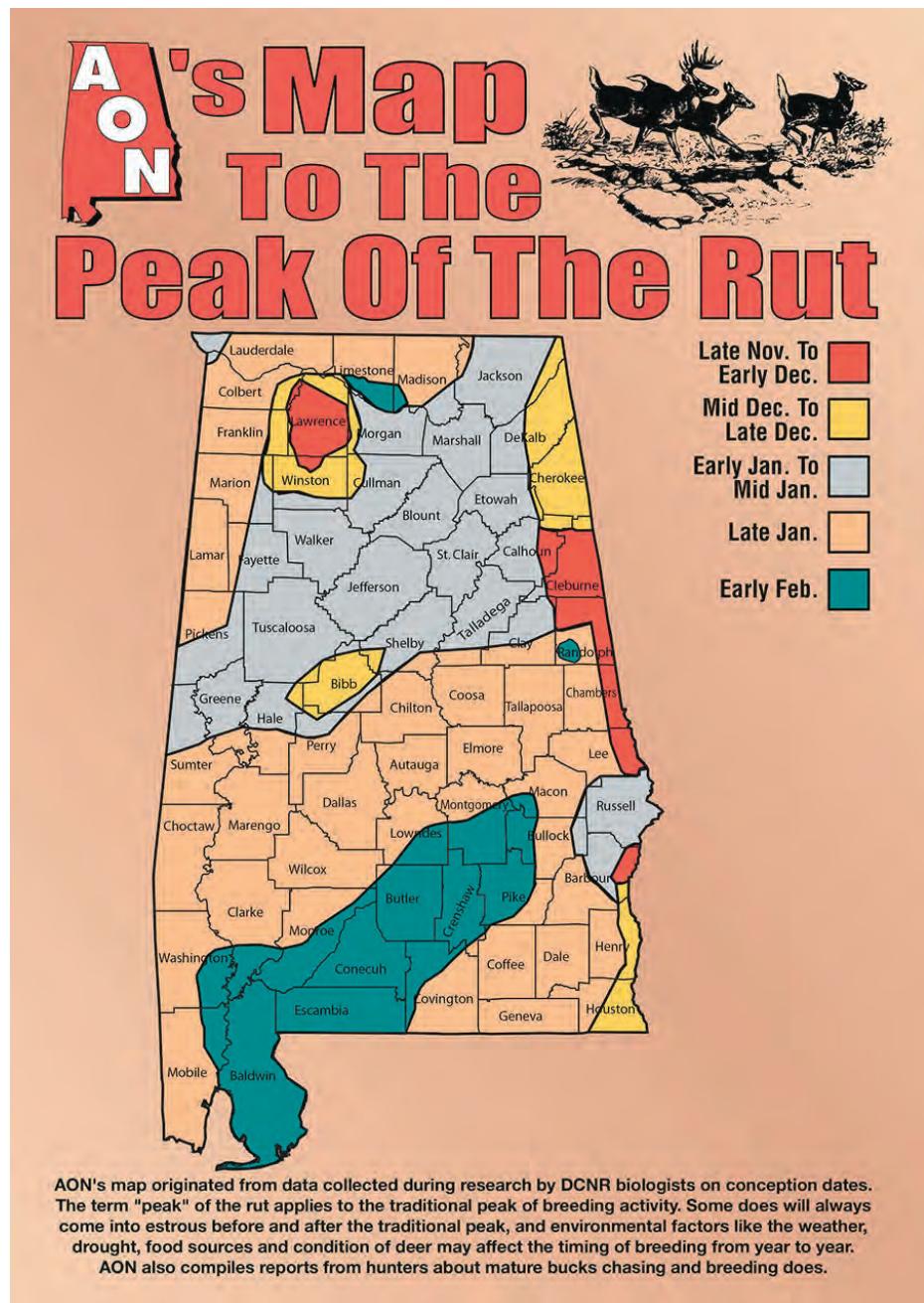
experienced when living in other areas of the country; to the point where it is a cultural difference. Knowing PBS members and our ethics and values, you should be aware of this. I know these are not issues only here in Alabama as I hear hunters from across the county speak of the erosion of ethics and morals that we hold in high regard. A few things that might specifically affect you on an out of state hunt: baiting is legal and common in Alabama. It's been common longer than it's been legal. Baiting is not allowed on most public lands, but I would not be surprised if you stumbled upon a corn pile. Baiting most definitely affects natural travel and feeding patterns. Also, crossbows are legal in Alabama and their use has skyrocketed in the past few years. I have not been able to find the statistical data but based on observation, a high percentage of the archery harvest is by means of the crossbow.

A few other notable things that bowhunters might like to know about Alabama. Alabama Society of Traditional Bowmen is the state level organization for traditional bowhunters and host a number of shoots in the spring and summer. The Howard Hill Classic is one of the larger traditional shoots in the southeast region of the US and it is hosted at Tannehill State Park in June. This is a fun shoot and generally has a

number of vendors present.

Speaking of Howard Hill, many don't know that Howard was born and raised in Alabama. Hill chased small game with his bow as a youngster before going on to college in Auburn, Alabama where he excelled in several athletic fields. He moved away once he started a career and went on to become one of the most famous archers and bowhunters in American history. There is a good article in the Traditional Archives column of Traditional Bowhunter in the Fall 2021 issue about Mr. Hill. Another famous archer that still calls Alabama home is Byron Ferguson. Byron is a fantastic exhibition shooter and author of some books and videos that many in this community find helpful.

The current PBS roster, available from the website, lists thirteen members in Alabama. I will go out on a limb and say that reaching out to any one of these members would likely be helpful to the traveling bowhunter. There are too many options to detail in this article regarding non-resident licenses and fees but in general an All Game Annual license will run \$329.70. All the fees and regulations can be found by the following sources: Outdoor AL smartphone app/www.outdooralabama.com/800-888-7690.





2022-2023 PBS Membership Hunts

Here is a current list of the planned 2022-2023 Membership Hunts:

1 October 2022

Land-Between-The-Lakes (LBL) Kentucky

Land-between-the-lakes (LBL) hunt on the KY side from October 1-9 for whitetail deer and Turkey. Thousands of acres of prime country to hunt. There are cabins for rent but also tent camping available, and unbelievable cooking! Contact Mark Wang at markhw19@yahoo.com if interested - pretty high capacity and the cabins are full already.

2 October 2022

Northern Pennsylvania Deer Hunt

Northern PA deer hunt with Tim Denial and the Mercer County Bowbenders - come experience the hardwoods of PA with Tim Denial and friends in mid-late October. Stay at a nice campground with showers and hunt thousands of acres with Tim. Contact Tim Denial at zebdenial@gmail.com if interested.

3 October 2022

Arkansas Ozark Hunt

Colby Farquhar is planning on grabbing a non-resident license for Arkansas this fall, and spending a few days hunting deer/bear in the Ozark National Forest near Fort Smith, AR. This will be a new area for him, so it may be a complete bust. But he wanted to put the invite out there if any other PBS members were interested in joining him for an exploratory hunt and some comraderie around a campfire, sometime in the first ten days or so of October? You can stay and hunt as long as you want to, and there is a ton of public ground in the state. A five day non-resident license is good for deer, and is \$180, a non-resident annual runs through June 30, is good for deer/bear/spring turkey, etc and is \$350. Contact ok_caveman@yahoo.com if interested.

4 October 2022

Blue Ridge, Virginia Hunt

Blue Ridge VA hunt for whitetail deer, turkey and black bear - usually runs for a week towards the end of October. Many thousands of acres of hardwood ridges to hunt, it helps to be in decent shape for this hunt. Randy Brookshier hosts this annual hunt and does all the cooking, which is awesome and not for those on a diet; contact Randy at stykbow59@comcast.net if interested. Size limit is usually around ten hunters.

5 December 2022

Blackbeard Island, Georgia Hunt

Blackbeard Island GA hunt for deer and hogs - this is the nation's oldest organized archery hunt on an island with ancient oaks, Spanish moss, giant rattlesnakes, big gators and lots of history. The deer are tiny but still fun to hunt, there were plenty of hogs for the 2021 hunt and the weather is usually pleasant. This hunt is usually the first full weekend in December (arrive and scout on Wednesday, hunt Thursday-Saturday, and depart on Sunday), there is no limit on the number of hunters who can join this hunt, and our own Jerry Russell will use his boat to shuttle hunters to/from the island. Contact Matt Schuster at matt@easterndynamicsinc.com to sign up.

6 January 2023

Arizona Javelina Hunt

Arizona Javelina, mule deer and Coues deer from January 1, 2023 until about January 10th or 12th or 14th or whenever folks decide to head home. Rick guarantees warm clear sunny weather... and great food! Contact Rick Wildermuth at Rwildermuth2@cox.net if interested. Another classic Membership hunt.

More possible dates to come. Visit www.professionalbowhunters.org and click on the Member Hunts tab for an up-to-date list.

THE LOVE BOW

By Jerry Oliver

The morning of November 5, 2021 dawned cold and clear. I was perched in one of my favorite stands that I call the One Hundred Percent Stand. It is on a ridge where there was an old logging road running through with a high point behind me. Bucks are always cruising through looking for does and making scrapes. The prerut was on and they were looking.

I was hunting with a very special bow that morning that my fiancée, Sherry Wells had surprised me with as an engagement present. She had Stalker Stickbows build me a custom recurve personalized with the words "Love Always, Sherry." NOW if that was not enough, on Valentine's Day, she had Stalker Stickbow make me a matching set of longbow limbs. Cupid shoots a bow and I was heart shot. All my buddies were wanting to get divorced and remarried to see if they could get a new

bow. The crew at Stalker Stickbows wanted to know if she had any sisters.

The first action of the hunt came at eight o'clock that morning. A very large doe came from behind me and walked down onto the logging road. Now keep in mind I eat a lot of venison and had three doe tags. I got my bow off the hook it was hanging on and prepared for the shot. The doe was standing in the road blocked by a limb. She cleared the limb and the arrow was gone although it didn't hit where I wanted, I made a fatal shot and the doe was down. I retrieved the doe and headed to the butcher. Now that the doe was taken care of, I shot my bow some to get ready for the evening hunt. I was going to hunt a different area that evening I call the Walker Farm. I had several stands up there. I decided to hunt a stand just inside the woods bordering a hay field. From my past experience I knew the bucks moved through there and fresh scrapes and rubs

→ *~ continued on page 14*



Mediocre Tips from a not-so-old-timer



A January 2022 pig. If the author ever missed, he may have missed one before killing this one, but he refuses to say if that happened.

By Matthew Schuster

I don't think of myself as aged until I see pictures of myself and am routinely shocked at how old I look. My daughter says that is only because the photos highlight the white in my beard, but she is sweet and must believe that I will leave something to her in my will when my goal is to spend it all on hunting trips. If she wanted money, she should have married in a much better way. Anyway, I have been carting around a bow for well over forty years and usually manage to put eight to ten critters in the freezer every year - sometimes a few more, sometimes a few less, and while doing that have learned all sorts of stuff – some of it useful. Any success I have is based way more on the fact that I have no life and hunt a lot rather than that I am an expert on anything. My friends may find that I have learned anything surprising because the list of things at which I excel is a pathetically short

list. I am good at managing accounts and running a business, mediocre at writing, great at disappointing women (which I do effortlessly), was a good athlete before my body decided to wear out and I'm pretty darn good at killing deer and hogs in the southeast. Notice I did not say trophy deer and hogs. I am not a hunter of trophy animals so every better-than-average critter on my wall was just the one that happened to wander a little too close on what was a poor day for him.

So here are my tips:

First, choose your hunting companions wisely. Nothing can ruin a hunt more quickly than being stuck with a guy prone to boorish or overly competitive behavior. Boorish behavior does include telling too many personal hunting stories in an attempt to one-up everyone else. If your mouth is expelling more than half the words around a crowded campfire, you might want to think about that.

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proved it. About thirty minutes before dark, I saw a deer approaching. It was a young eight-point buck and was going to walk right under my stand. I prepared for the shot and shot right under the buck, still struggling with picking a spot, but the hunt was not over. The buck didn't know what happened. He ran over about thirty yards and stopped behind a tree. I nocked another arrow and when the buck stepped out the clean-up arrow was gone and in flight making a fatal hit and deer number two for the day went down. All with the special bow! The deer ran across the hill and down the other side and expired. When I got down and went over to where the buck was standing, I had a good blood trail. I tracked the buck across the hill to where he lay. Not Pope and Young but a nice two and half year old; plenty of meat for the winter.

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I know a few guys who I honestly love, but after a few hours, I love to see them leave too, just for some peace and quiet. That said, most of my hunting buddies are PBS members and I have not ever had a problem with any of them even when on a very poor hunt. I once spent five days in Alaska stranded in a small leaking tent trying to stay dry in a relentless freezing rain with a broken cook stove and little food. Because I had good company, I still look back on that time with fond memories. Like most of you, I have also shared camp with guys who made me want to wear earplugs all day so I won't describe any of them.

One of my few actual useful tips – if you hunt from a tree-stand and find it uncomfortable, try wearing a small fanny pack to fill up that space between your lower back and the tree – it will make things a lot more comfortable. Just be sure to make sure it won't pull bark when you stand up to shoot. My little pack is full of napkins, wet wipes, and other useful items.

One I learned from Joey Buchanan – if you find yourself without glue and need some, you can melt and use any nylon rope to reattach a broadhead or field point in the field.

Keep rubber gloves, boot laces, and pliers in your fanny pack – the gloves come in handy for all sorts of things especially in the south where I often use them to avoid poison ivy. The boot laces do too, from tying off branches to clear shooting lanes to actually replacing boot laces. The pliers come in handy when your buddy misses and you need to pull his broadhead out of a tree. I don't need them because I never miss.

Always keep a full quiver because you just might need that one more arrow. Folks carry few arrows for two reasons: overconfidence in the belief that they only need one or two arrows, or lack of confidence thinking they will never get multiple opportunities. A good friend, one who rarely makes a poor shot, and I spent hours chasing a mule deer buck around as he reused arrows previously shot because he only put three in his quiver that morning. I can hear his words even now, "I never need more than three arrows." We did get the buck, but it was not a story one would tell, and no arrow was used in the eventual dispatch of that poor critter. My buddy

I realized it was going to be a tough drag out. It was going to be in the twenties that night so I decided to leave him till morning. I have a strong fifteen-year-old son that would make the drag much easier. Skylar and I were back at daylight. We took a few pictures and started the drag up over the hill to the Gator. We were off to the butcher with deer number two.

I started Sherry shooting in the spring and quickly she was bit by the traditional bow shooting bug. She caught on fast. One might say she was a natural, her form is great. She hunted with me in the fall and got a couple opportunities but didn't connect. I think 2022 will be her year I know I will harvest many more deer with the special bow called "The Love Bow."

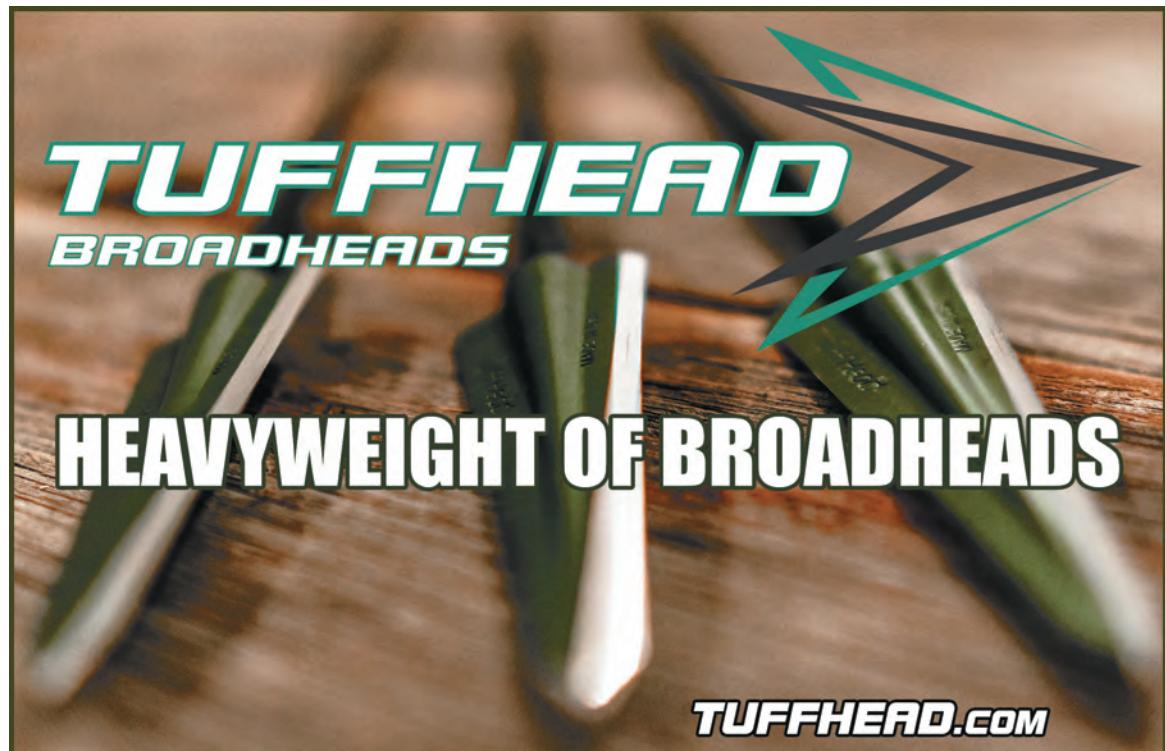
won't make that mistake again. I have also had multiple guests de-quiver on pig hunts resulting in an early exit to camp. Personally, I don't need many arrows because I never miss.

Eat lunch at Publix, Kroger, or some other place where you can get an unlimited supply of white napkins. I used to eat at Subway but they changed their napkins to brown so are no longer useful to mark a blood trail so I don't eat there anymore. Never go in to the woods without a pocketful of white napkins. They hold up better than toilet paper and work just as well when needed – but you need white ones to be sure you do the job right no matter how messy that job might be. And white does show up much better when marking a blood trail.

Always carry a small knife/broadhead sharpener of some kind. I carry a little one that is not much larger than a credit card in case my buddies, who frequently miss, need to re-sharpen a broadhead, or because I frequently have to touch up my knife while boning out one of the critters that I never miss.

Practice visualization and self-affirmation as much as possible – especially telling yourself and others that you never miss. It hasn't worked for me so far, but I am confident at some point it will.

Real advice - hope for a lot, expect much less, and be satisfied with even a little. And mostly hunt in a way that makes only one person happy - that being you. And if you miss, which I never do, be grateful that you had an opportunity.



2021

Profit and Loss Statement January - December

Revenue

Associate Member Dues	\$32,047.20
Regular Member Dues	\$11,960.19
Magazine Ad Income	\$3,540.00
Merchandise Sales	\$4,720.34
Odd Year Gatherings	\$8,578.00
Biennial Gathering 2022 Registrations	\$16,925.00
ETAR	\$1,750.00
Tennessee Classic	\$411.00
Misc. Member Contributions	\$1,035.00

Revenue Total **\$80,966.73**

Expenses

Magazine (4 Issues)	\$26,137.35
Merchandise	\$5,149.03
Biennial Gathering 2022	\$890.25
Travel/Meals/Hotel For Council Meeting	\$2,557.59
Advertising-Stickboys	\$759.88
Credit Card Processing Fees	\$1,130.97
Paypal Fees	\$843.17
Po Box	\$134.00
Shipping/Postage	\$737.84
2022 Election	\$36.00
Phone	\$100.00
Liability Insurance	\$3,925.00
Accounting	\$1,150.00
Payroll	\$26,698.52
Office Supplies/Expenses	\$460.86
Website/Forum/Email Blasts	\$598.00
Contracted Labor-Holchin	\$150.00

Projected Total **\$71,458.46**

Total Profit/Loss for 2021 **\$9,508.27**

2022

General Expense Account Budget January - December

Estimated Revenue

Current Associate Member Dues	\$32,000.00
Projected New Member Dues	\$7,000.00
Regular Member Dues	\$12,000.00
Merchandise	\$4,500.00
Magazine Ad Income	\$3,500.00

2022 Banquet Income

Meals	\$26,541.00
Auctions	\$60,000.00
Merchandise	\$4,000.00

Subtotal For Banquet **\$90,541.00**

ETAR/Tenn Classic/Etc \$2,500.00
Misc. Member Contributions \$800.00

Projected Total **\$152,841.00**

Estimated Expenses

Magazine	\$27,000.00
Merchandise	\$2,500.00
2023 Election	\$36.00
Stamps/Postage/Shipping	\$800.00
Phone	\$300.00
Liability Insurance	\$3,778.00
Accounting	\$1,800.00
Credit Card Processing Fees	\$1,200
Payroll	\$27,000.00
Office Supplies/Expenses	\$500.00
Website/Forum/Email Blasts	\$675.00
Advertising	\$800.00

2022 Banquet Expenses

Hotel And Food Fees	\$45,000.00
Travel	\$6,000.00
Auctioneer	\$1,200.00
Nametags And Plaques	\$1,800.00
Merchandise	\$2,000.00
Mugs	\$1,000.00

Subtotal For Banquet **\$57,000.00**

Projected Total **\$123,989.00**

Estimated Profit/Loss for 2022 **\$28,852.00**

Olé Mexico

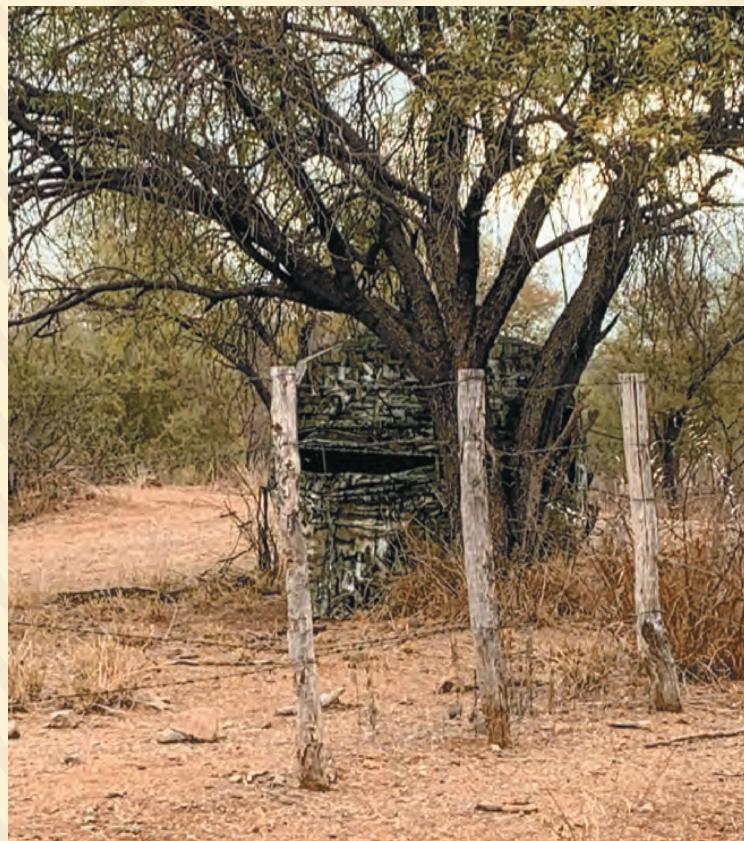
By Allen Clark

In January I was invited to hunt the elusive Coues deer down in Sonora, Mexico by my good friend, Frank. I accepted the challenge and made the necessary travel arrangements. I had hunted these deer before without success, so I was excited to try again. We would be flying into Hermosillo, then driving three and a half hours south east to a ranch located in Suaqui Grande.

The time went by quickly and mid-January arrived. I flew to Phoenix and stayed overnight to be ready to catch the early flight to Mexico. I arrived in Hermosillo and went through customs. Frank picked me up and we headed out of town to the ranch. This year had been very hot and dry making waterholes very productive and with temps in the 80's it would be a welcome change from winter at home.

Arriving at the ranch we settled into an old abandoned ranch house that would be our home for the week. Frank took me out to a couple of waterholes that he had blinds set up nearby. I was particularly fond of one as it was a close fifteen yard shot to the water; just about right for a longbow.

After a good night's rest up from traveling we were up early and off to the blind with plans to sit all day. This area reminded me of Africa and south Texas with the low thick brush. I got my equipment positioned in the blind. Shooting a longbow out of these blinds can be tricky as there was not a great deal of room to do so. Over the years I have learned a system that works for me, I set up in one corner and



shoot diagonally through the other.

I began to see deer as soon as it got light. They came in cautiously to a small seep that was leaking from the tank, just on the other side of a five-strand wire fence. Throughout the morning I watched several bucks come to the seep to drink. They were in good range but the wire was in the way. At midday I got out of the blind and spread the wire apart so I could get a good shot. I settled in for the afternoon and soon more deer began to show up. Lots of does and small bucks came in and by the looks of it, I would have a shot through the fence. My first day in Sonora was all I could expect. Twelve bucks and multiple does visited my setup. I was excited to see what day two would bring.

I got up early on day two. It was cloudy with a possibility for rain - not good. Sightings were slower as it was cooler. By nine o'clock I had not had any action, so I wasn't expecting to see any so soon. I peeked out and saw three bucks coming out of the brush heading right to the water. Soon several others joined them. I heard loud steps approaching as three cows came in and of course, ran the deer off. The cows drank their fill and moved away.

I expected the deer to come back, and when they did I would be ready. A couple hours later three bucks came in. Two small ones and a nice one I would shoot if given the chance. The bigger buck pushed the smaller ones away and began to drink. My chance arrived. I posi-



tioned myself, anticipating the shot. He was seventeen yards broadside, with no clue I was nearby. It was all up to me now. I drew my bow and focused on a spot low on his chest. I anticipated him to duck and he did exactly that. My arrow caught him perfectly. After a short thirty yard dash, he was down. Just like that I had my first Coues buck and I was elated.

I gathered up my gear and made the short walk to him. After a few pictures, I got him over to the blind and ready for extraction.

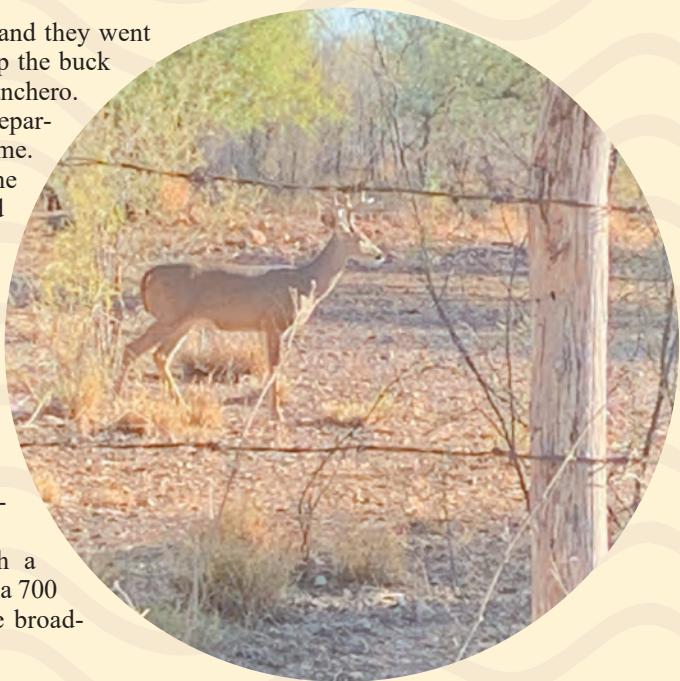
I was five miles from the camp and did not expect to be picked up until dark. I decided to walk up the road to a local cowboy's house to see if I could get some help. As I got close, I could hear Mexican music coming from inside. I stepped onto the porch and called out. Soon two cowboys came to the door giving me a strange look. I stuck out my hand and suddenly they warmed right up to me. I soon realized they spoke no English and me not much Spanish. I used hand signals to communicate my situation to them. We got in an old

truck, I rode in the back, and they went to the blind. We picked up the buck and they drove me to the ranchero.

I spent the afternoon preparing the buck for the trip home. The cowboys watched me complete the task. I pointed to the meat, then at them. They picked it all up and left.

I spent the next couple of days looking for javelina and exploring the area. I ran into a few but no shots were presented. I had a great time in Sonora and I am planning a return visit.

I shot this buck with a Stalker longbow, 59# with a 700 grn. arrow and an Eclipse broadhead.



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PBS in The Age of Social Media



By Roy Alan Goo

In an age where social media serves as the prevalent way to meet and network what possible value could the Professional Bowhunters Society bring? I had heard the PBS mentioned in passing but wondered what possible benefit PBS could provide? Especially for someone living in a location as geographically distant as Kaua'i?

It was an episode of the Stickboys podcast that piqued my interest. They seemed to be addressing me directly as they described the experiences of new members who, not knowing anyone, attended an event or a hunt and instantly made lifelong friends who share the same values of appreciation for the hunting experience and seeking the more difficult chase. So on a whim I decided to join. My wife had a good laugh at me joining the “Professional” Bowhunters Society as my hunting success rates and experience (or lack thereof) certainly do not qualify me as a “professional”.



It has always been a core value to give more than you take and I believe it was Dalton who said: “ You will get out of PBS as much as you put in.” I had already had another PBS member, Todd Szmania spend countless hours offering coaching advice over email, so upon joining I decided to post on the PBS forum an open invitation to take around anyone who was interested in hunting goats in Kaua'i. I don't have much to offer in terms of archery form, woodsmanship or general know how, however the one thing I do have, is a knowledge of Kaua'i's terrain and where to find goats.

To my surprise my post got dozens of responses from veteran and new members alike welcoming me to the fold and a couple of private messages with members expressing interest in coming to Kaua'i. One early morning in December just three months after joining, fellow PBS member Mark Stevens jumped in my truck and we made our way to the west side of the island and up the winding roads that lead to the top of the Waimea Canyon, “the Grand Canyon of the Pacific.” We spent the day climbing the steep cliffs of the canyon diving deep into valleys to ambush goats as they came down from the ridges. People talk about being in “elk hunting shape” but if elk hunting is a marathon, Kaua'i goat hunting is a 100m sprint.

Goats are not difficult animals to hunt, it is the terrain that makes it challenging. Often you are navigating steep cliffs over open terrain to

get above and within shot range of a bedded or feeding goat. Keeping your balance and avoiding the multitude of eyes is only half the battle. Often you may be able to get a shot but in a location that would make recovery impossible. There is no room for bad shots on these cliffs, if the goat is able to make it more than fifty yards it will undoubtedly find a steep wall and proceed to fall several hundred feet into the canyon below.

Mark's first opportunity came as we spotted a group of goats above us on a narrow ridge. We quickly hiked around and up being careful to stay out of sight and downwind. Getting up on the ridge took crawling on all fours, being careful not to bear weight on any loose rocks. Upon reaching the top of the ridge we watched as several hundred goats poured down the valley adjacent to us and congregate on a bare red dirt knob at the end of the ridge we were on.

I knew the knob well as it is the goats' favorite lookout and safe haven being flanked 270 degrees by vertical cliffs. I watched as Mark slowly made his way to the knob in hopes of a shot. I was impressed by Mark's restraint as he let the goats pass within twenty yards of him knowing that a shot would lead to both a lost arrow and a pulverized goat at the bottom of the valley.

After working his way back to our packs at the top of the ridge Mark had a huge smile on his face, reveling in the thrill of seeing the sheer number of goats thunder past him and marveling at the white-tailed tropical birds that circled overhead. Clearly valuing the experience more than a trophy I knew I had found a kindred spirit. Mark did get another chance on a tasty nanny later that afternoon on another narrow ridge overlooking the waterfall responsible for carving out the canyon millennia before. A perfect shot and the goat had no idea what had happened. It took a couple steps looked around and collapsed making for a quick and easy recovery.

With my only experience being hogs and goats, I have always field dressed and deboned my harvest by hanging it upside down from a tree but Mark patiently taught me how to use what he called the “gutless” method to field dress on the ground.

So what value can PBS bring in the age of social media? It turns out quite a bit. Through PBS I have found a tribe of like-minded sportsmen and women who share the same values and are always willing to share whatever knowledge and experience they have. You establish bonds that can only be forged the old-fashioned way: by sharing a hunt or sharing a meal, try that on Instagram! After my experience hunting with another PBS member I will definitely make it a point to make the trip across the water to attend some of the in-person events and perhaps a hunt or two.

Easy Goat Adobo Recipe

Ingredients:

- 3 lbs goat meat
- 1 large onion quartered and sliced
- 2 tablespoons minced garlic
- 1/3 cup white vinegar
- 2/3 cup soy sauce
- 1 bay leaf
- Black pepper to taste
- 2 potatoes (optional)

In a large pot, brown goat meat. Remove and saute onions and garlic. Return goat meat to pot and add vinegar, soy sauce and bay leaf. Cook until meat is tender. Optional: Add potatoes. Serve with white sticky rice.

Note: To decrease gaminess of goat (especially if goat was harvested from a dry environment or is an older billy) soak goat for 24 hours in vinegar before cooking.



THERE'S ALWAYS A STORY

By Preston Lay

It was late morning, and the wind was really blowing. Now gusts were over forty miles per hour, but it was November 12th and the bucks were on the move. I already had two mature bucks pass by within easy bow range and a third young buck cruised by acting like the kid he was. I tipped my hat and hoped to myself for him to show up in a few more years. All of a sudden, I saw a buck coming off the ridge in my general direction. I snapped into action and grabbed my bow. He was the buck I was hoping for on this day.

The stage was set the evening before. I went to a farm that's been very good to me in past years. It has a big block of timber that is surrounded by agricultural fields and it holds several resident does. During the rut, bucks travel from afar and will hang out a few days in that timber checking the status of the does. It's a perfect set up for a bowhunter.

That evening when I arrived, a neighboring farmer was getting a big round bale of hay positioned on his flatbed truck. We had a loud, long conversation about life. He wished me luck and I walked the field edge to parallel into my stand, which is about four hundred yards into the timber. As I walked, I was looking down for fresh tracks along the field edge. When I arrived at my chosen fence crossing, I crossed over and took one step. Suddenly, I heard a commotion about fifty yards behind me. Less than ten yards from where I just walked, a dandy buck jumped from his bed and boogied out of there.

It amazes me at their cunning ability to hold under pressure. He watched me walk by but when I crossed the fence into the timber where he was bedded, that was too much for him. As I continued to my stand, fresh buck sign was abundant. When I settled in my treestand, I observed two fresh scrapes within twenty yards. The evening passed



uneventfully, but my mind was made up where I would be the next morning.

Morning dawned cold and very nice. A very old buck passed at less than ten yards. He had very long split brow tines and lots of mass. He was cruising, so I didn't have a lot of time to decide but I gave him a pass anticipating more encounters. Soon, another mature buck



tempted me, but I kept on point knowing what might come. As the morning progressed the wind was becoming an issue. My tree was swaying with each gust and hearing a deer approach was out of the question. I was relying on my eyes. I was prepared to sit all day, wind or no wind. November 12th is the time to stay in a tree in Oklahoma.

At 9:30 I caught movement coming off the ridge. I immediately recognized the buck from the previous evening. His travel route was taking him just beyond my range. I gave a loud mouth grunt and he heard it, turned and walked straight to me. He stopped head on at eight yards looking ahead for the generator of the grunt. As he turned to walk away in the high winds, I drew the bow and my right elbow clashed into the tree trunk breaking my shot routine. A perfect, ten-yard broadside shot messed up! He walked on and when he was at seventeen yards I was able to draw and release. The arrow disappeared perfectly, driving into the ground beyond the buck. I watched the buck fold up less than fifty yards away just the way we hope for.

It was interesting when I observed the buck coming on the ridge. I noticed he was limping on his front right leg as he walked. Later during the skinning, I saw that he had very recently been arrow shot in the shoulder. The arrow/ head was gone and the area was bloodshot. It made me wonder about the hunter. The shot was in a good spot just didn't penetrate through into the vitals. How long did the search last, are they still looking, what kind of broadhead? I recently read Gene Wensel mentioning, when we choose to create close encounters there's always a story. This hunt is no different, an interesting story that will forever be a fond memory and will last my lifetime.

Preston Lay is a PBS Councilman from Jennings, OK. On this hunt Preston used a Black Widow recurve bow, carbon arrow and Zwickiey broadhead.



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Gary's Arrows

A Tribute Tale of Two Arrows

By Pat Cebuhar

Atall, broad shouldered, clean cut man with a distinctive voice operated an archery shop out of his basement. Most evenings and weekends after his day job as a painter at International Harvester, Gary Orwig could be found making arrows, selling bows, or chewing the fat with other bowhunters in that little basement. Gary could be described as an archer and a bowhunter but he did not let that define who he was. He was first a believer, a husband, father, and grandfather. He was a family man, archery and bowhunting was part of what his family did. Gary's wife, Sandra was an excellent archer, his kids, Candy and Brian grew up at the archery range. Gary was a founding member of our local archery club, the Black Diamond Archers, founding member of the Central Illinois Bowhunters, and a PBS member during the 80's-90's.

That little basement archery shop was where I first met Gary, back I think in 1974. As a teenager with a burning desire to bow-hunt, I'm sure I became a nuisance to both Gary's Archery Shop and Arrowland Archery operated by Bear Gardner. They were the local hangouts of accomplished bowhunters in the area. Hanging out there I listened, asked questions, sucked up information like a sponge. It kept me out of trouble; there were worse places a kid could have hung out.

Over the years I got to go to the Bowhunter Nationals in Terre Haute, IN, the Traditional Nationals at Cloverdale, IN and some bigger club shoots with Gary and his son, Brian. Later on we hunted carp locally and in Wisconsin, followed by hunting together in Missouri for a few years. Gary was a pretty laid back guy and enjoyable to be around. Gary just enjoyed the hunt and never let things get too serious. A Howard Hill longbow in hand and a back quiver full of white feather fletched arrows became his trademark equipment in the later years. In his earlier years it was a common sight to see Gary after work with that equipment astraddle a Yamaha dirt bike, back quiver strapped on his back and a pvc tube held the longbow to the motorcycle, sticking up like a periscope. The most impressive photo being of a small buck he'd taken strapped to the back of the motorcycle to haul it home. Although he shot a lot he wasn't exactly a Howard Hill shot with the Hill bow, but it never bothered him.

Unfortunately, in January of 2021 Gary passed after a battle with cirrhosis. He lead a clean life and never smoked or drank a drop, but prescribed medications over the years took their toll. It was sad that due to the Covid cancelations of 2020 our Central Illinois Bowhunters 50th celebration was postponed until August of 2021. Gary was a founding CIB member. We were looking forward to getting many of those original guys back together. Gary had shot a buck October 3rd of 1970 and it was the first recorded buck of the new organization. Gary's son, Brian and his wife, Natalie brought that mounted deer to CIB's 50th Celebration along with some other memorabilia. I had asked Brian earlier if he could give me a couple of Gary's hunting arrows. I wanted to take Gary hunting one more time be it through his arrows. Brian gave me two of Gary's trademark white feather fletched wood arrows from Gary's back quiver at the CIB event.

As I sharpened the broadheads I reminisced about the nearly fifty years of shoots, hunts, campfires and events shared with Gary. I was



Gary Orwig, WI. 100 lb. 4 pt. Sept. 16, 1978

determined to shoot a deer with one of Gary's arrows. It was strange as I placed that white fletched arrow in my bow quiver next to the natural barred fletched arrows of my own. I've never been a fan of that much white in the hunting woods but I have to admit you can sure see where your arrow hits.

The white fletched arrow became my number one arrow each time I got in the stand and I thought of Gary on every hunt. I was like a little kid with a crisp five dollar bill in his pocket. I was ready to complete my quest to honor Gary's memory. Arrow number one's first flight was at a coyote I called in. The coyote came in and stopped within my shooting range (close) but stopped where I couldn't shoot. Wiley sensed something wrong and turned to leave and as he did, Gary's arrow missed the mark. I sharpened arrow one. Arrow one's second flight a few days later was at another coyote passing by. The arrow hit, and looked good with the coyote growling and biting as he tore out down a standing corn row. The blood trail was really good, I found the two halves of the arrow, and I expected to find the coyote at any second. Five hours later I was unsuccessful. I sharpened arrow two and placed it in the bow quiver.

I had passed up several deer over the course of the season including one eight-point buck I probably should have shot but I was waiting for something a little bigger. Arrow two was on the string, resting on the shelf, reluctant coyote three came to the call. Slipping along the fence row, he came right to the tree, so close I had to lean out over the stand to even see him. Leaning out to shoot, I shot right over his back. The coyote rapidly left swearing he'd never fall for a squirrel in distress call again. Darn it, I couldn't believe it. Thinking



Gary Orwig, II. 4 pt. buck Nov. 6, 1971

things over as I resharpened arrow two, I didn't remember Gary ever shooting a coyote. It wasn't looking like I was going to either with one of Gary's arrows.

October 26th

The evening of Oct. 26th, while contemplating what stand to hunt I thought about the recent rain and river bottom flooding. When the river floods it pushes the deer and turkeys up out of the bottoms and the wind was out of the east which was right for a couple of stands.

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That scenario played out as first a spike then an eight-point came into the standing cornfield. A little later at five o'clock, a nine-point came along and offered the perfect opportunity. The tribute arrow was on its way and buried to the fletch in the buck's side. The eight yard shot was good through the lungs and I heard him crash about eighty yards away. The Bear Razorhead had done its job, and then some. The opposite front quarter was devastated by the broadhead. The blood trail was easy. But the buck lay belly up suspended atop some thin brush over a deep wash on an extremely steep hillside. If he had fallen he'd have gone all the way down the wash to the bottom of the draw, which was reminiscent of the Grand Canyon. I got around the head of the wash and grabbed a leg and he began to slide. I got him stopped and tied a front leg off to a sapling, in hopes that the next move he wouldn't go to the bottom. I grabbed a hind leg and got him over to solid yet steep ground and field dressed him while he was still tied off. After a short thirty yard drag he was up on flat ground.

The arrow is mounted on a board with the antlers and dedication plaque. It hangs next to a set of antlers and arrow with a similar tale in dedication to late PBS member, founding member of CIB and friend, Fred Miller.

PBS Quote

"I believe bowhunting is the most challenging sport going if we don't ruin it with gadgets making it super easy for everyone to kill a big game animal. There are a lot of people out there calling themselves bowhunters who are no more than target shooters or bow and arrow deer hunters. These people are only fooling themselves. They are missing out on the very best part of bowhunting."

- GARY ORWIG

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ARMORED CATFISH: BOWFISHING'S TOUGHEST TARGET

By Terry Receveur

There were at least six dark fish shadows in the tannin-stained water of the South Florida canal. My son, Tyler and his wife, Sierra focused on a target, compensated for refraction, and on three, sent a Muzzy tipped fish arrows on their way. They both connected with the target and reeled in a prehistoric looking armored catfish.

What the heck is an armored catfish? The cool looking catfish with thick boney plates are commonly referred to as armored catfish, suckermouth catfish, or plecos. Due to irresponsible aquarium owners releasing the non-native fish into the wild they have become overly abundant in freshwater ponds, lakes, and streams. The armored catfish are native to tropical South America and Central America and were introduced to Florida back in the 1950's as part of the growing aquarium trade. In home aquariums, they are used to clean the bottom of the aquarium and control algae.

There are three dominant species of armored catfish in Florida, but to the untrained eye they all look very similar. The sailfin catfish, the vermiculated sailfin and the hypostomus (plecos). All three have rows of bony plates covering their entire body except for their bellies and a disc-like protrusive mouth under the head which is used like a suction cup to attach and feed on algae encrusted objects. The only real difference between the three are the pattern of the dark spots on them. Sailfin and vermiculated have a worm-like pattern of dark markings and the pleco is a shorter, stouter fish with a pattern of black spots on the head.



~ continued on page 26 →



~ continued from page 25

Depending on the species they can grow to lengths up to twenty-four inches and weigh three pounds. They are known to create long burrows along the shoreline where the female will deposit her eggs during the spawn. These burrows are a nuisance and hazard because they can collapse under the weight of a human resulting in injury. The burrows also increase the likelihood of erosion along canal and lake shorelines.

Armored catfish live in nearly any type of slow-moving stream, canal, pond, or lake and are most frequently found along the shoreline and in shallow waters. Perfect for bowfishing from shore or from a boat.

Standard bowfishing gear works well on armored catfish, but you should ensure the arrow tip is a chisel point and do all you can to keep it sharp. A fairly heavy bow is ideal, but 35 – 40# bows will work well. I have enjoyed great success in August when the sun is high, and the water is warm. The fish seem to enjoy sunning themselves in relatively shallow water on rock or sandy bottom shorelines. This provides for easy spotting of the fish and shots that aren't too difficult. While cruising a shoreline in your boat it is not uncommon to see up to a dozen fish on one flat spot of rock or sand. A relatively short two hour outing with three or four shooters can result in over one hundred shots fired and thirty to fifty fish landed. What makes the outing even more fun are the other opportunities that may present themselves. We have shot gar, mullet, bowfin, and giant tilapia. What makes it even more appealing is that it can be combined with other pursuits in Florida. Whether bass fishing, alligator hunting, hog hunting, beach lounging, Disney park visits or any number of other popular activities you can always schedule an afternoon or evening to shoot some prehistoric fish.

As with any type of hunting or fishing, be sure to check all local and state regulations. However, armored catfish are a non-native fish and there are no limits or basic regulations in the harvesting of them. You are also asked not to return them back into the water alive. If you choose to not process and eat them, do not leave them on the shoreline to rot in the sun. Leaving them on the shoreline will attract unwanted





scavengers and the odor makes for a very unpleasant experience for other users of the waterway. If you don't want the fish, take a sharp knife and slit the belly open to prevent the fish from bloating and floating. After slitting the belly just pitch it into a deep portion of the water and it will be returned into the food chain within a short period of time. Alligators and turtles particularly enjoy the benefits of this approach.

Ok, now the big question; are they any good to eat?

Armored catfish have bony plates, not scales. These plates can shred your hands, so use of gloves is recommended. The hard exterior can seem daunting for filleting, but the fish has a soft spot next to its dorsal fin. Insert the knife in beneath the fin and follow the spine toward the tail. At the tail, make a small, outward diagonal cut. Make the same diagonal cut by the head, and the flank will open up. Use the tip of the knife to clean off some of the capillaries, and insert it about half an inch, between the thick skin and fillet. Using your thumb, slowly pull the fillet off the skin, like peeling an orange. Armored catfish have high hemoglobin content, which gives them a firm, hearty texture. The meat is great for baking, grilling, fish chowders, stews, and can serve as a substitute for ground meats in fish patties, fish tacos, meatballs, or empanadas. You can even cut through the thick layer of belly skin,

remove entrails, and then prepare it like a lobster within its shell. Add a little butter, some bacon, and a sprinkling of Everglades Seasoning and enjoy. The majority consensus is the taste is pretty good if taken from clean water.

A couple recommended recipes from Chef Lupita Vidal of La Cevichería in Villahermosa, Tabasco, Mexico are below:

Pez Diablo Burger

(Armored Catfish Burger)

1 pound armored catfish fillet
2 ounces dried oregano
1 ounce cilantro
1 ounce parsley
2 ounces chaya (or spinach if not available)
2 garlic cloves
4 ounces bacon
1 red onion, finely chopped
Salt and pepper
2 cups flour
3 eggs, beaten
2 cups Panko or bread crumbs
Grind fillet in a grinder or blender.
Add herbs, garlic, and bacon. Blend again.

Pez Diablo Albondigas

(Armored Catfish Meatballs)

Had to add the fancy name for Kevin Bahr!

Meatball

1 pound armored catfish fillet
2 ounces dried oregano
1 ounce parsley, chopped
1 ounce cilantro, chopped
1 egg
Salt and pepper to taste.

Grind the filet in a grinder or blender.

Mix herbs in well. If necessary, grind or blend again with the herbs.

Add salt, pepper, and egg.

Mix well, then divide the mixture to form meatballs with your hands, about 2 or 3 ounces per meatball.

Place them on a plate and leave in the fridge while you prepare the sauce.

Sauce

2 pounds tomato, or 24 oz canned tomatoes
1 white onion
2 cloves garlic
1 ounce cilantro
1 1/4 cup water or chicken stock
2 potatoes, cubed

Blend all ingredients except potato until they form a smooth sauce. Add sauce to a saucepan on low heat and season.

Once the sauce begins to bubble, add potato, then meatballs.

Cover saucepan and let meatballs and potato cook on low heat for about 10 to 12 minutes.

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Regular Member Profile

Kevin Hall South Lake Tahoe, CA

I am currently enjoying my 67th year on this planet, 49 years of which I have been involved with organized archery and bowhunting specifically.

College brought me into Olympic style inter-collegiate competition. Big game bowhunting came into the picture a few years later, with a borrowed recurve, then a compound bow (1980), then a longbow in 1988. Taking up the longbow, I never looked back.

Hunting has been a primary focus throughout my life. Fishing has been a major distraction also, although not as much as of late. My high school sweetheart and wife Rose, has been extremely tolerant and supportive of my hunting passion. Telling me, before saying yes to my marriage proposal, "Pick hunting & fishing or golf, but not both." I kept my promise.

I have had the great fortune to get to know and hunt with a few big names in archery history, most notably Bowyer George "Tim" Meigs and his wife, Fern. Tim, not only a companion chasing caribou and javelina, but also my mentor in creating my own line of longbows. Gene Foster taught me the art of crafting detailed cedar arrows from raw materials. I have been lucky that many more of the "old timers" now gone, have had direct influences on me to instill the traditional hunting life.

As President of our local club for twelve years, I gained insight into the workings of maintaining and then closing (2007) a fifty year old organization, South Lake Tahoe Bowmen. As in



all clubs,
an excessive
amount of
responsibility fell upon a few
to take care of the many. Organized archery takes a lot of work.

In 1988 I became a silent PBS associate member. By 2015, with local hunting buddies and contacts fading away, PBS became a focal point to find like minded hunters. Attending the PBS elk hunt at Bill Kissner's place in Colorado had given me that opportunity. Meeting great fellow hunters with the same values, determinations, ethics, life views, and camaraderie had inspired me.

Today, after being involved with four PBS hunts, the realization is the PBS "fits." The time has come to connect with more great folks, contribute more to a well grounded organization, and become more involved at a higher level. Time to move on up from the back row spectator.



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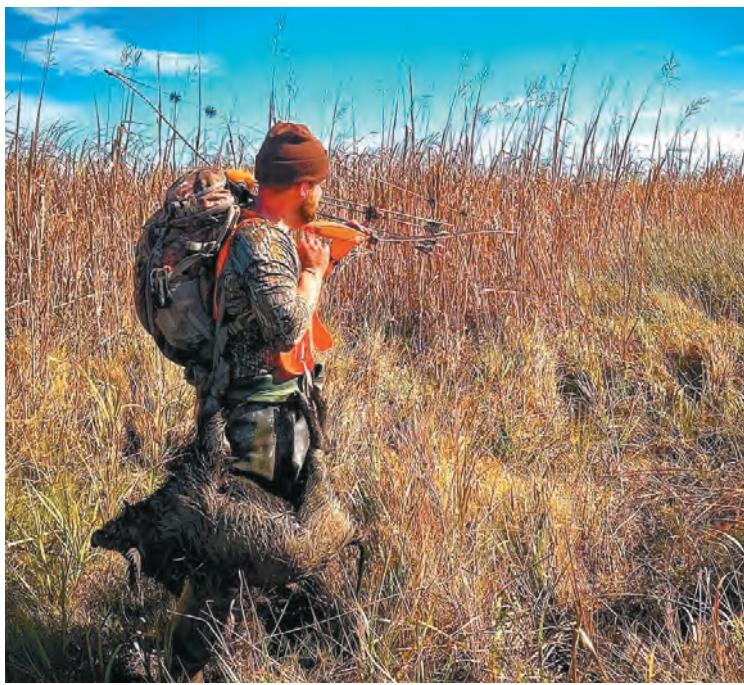
By Alvin Martin

Thirty miles into my twelve-hour trip from PA to GA, I pointed my car south on Interstate 81. As the speed increased, so did the noise coming from the roof whipping through the kayak I had attached to the roof. Fourteen hours later, after a couple of power naps and catching up on some Stickboys podcasts, I arrived at the boat dock to find a beat-up Carolina skiff and a smiling Jeff Holchin for pick up. This would be my third trip in four years to the salt marshes of Georgia with my PBS buddies on this Membership Hunt that Jeff Holchin and Tim Antoine host. After loading my gear and kayak in the boat, we zipped off three miles down-river towards the Atlantic Ocean, to an island where we'd be camping for the hunt. Many years ago, I was at the ETAR event in PA and ran across the PBS booth - Bo Slaughter apparently said something to catch the attention of this shy young man that I liked about the PBS, so I joined and that proved to be a great decision. As I started receiving the magazines, I was all the more impressed that I had found like-minded bowhunters that I find few and far between around home. I finally decided to attend this Membership Hunt but couldn't get in that first year that I tried, but was persistent and got in the next year. My persistence paid off for sure!

There were ten PBS members in camp this year; Tim and Chuck had also driven down from PA and were the first to arrive, the day before I did. Cap'n Jeff and I arrived at Rattlesnake Island and I quickly set up my tent. With the warmer temperatures in the forecast, Rattle-

snake Island is no place you want a floorless tent. Lots of rattlesnakes were seen on this hunt, along with some gators, since the temps climbed up into the seventies. I brought my kayak on this hunt to paddle up the small tidal creeks where the boats couldn't get to. I believe bowhunting and the silent, relaxing feel of kayaking go hand in hand, so off I went up the tidal creek next to camp. This was a week of the super tides, apparently caused by a recent nor'easter. With the tide being up, I had no problems getting upstream a good way before I got out to look around. However, there was just too much water and no pig sign there, so I went back to camp to enjoy the evening, the arrival of the rest of the crew and fellowship around the campfire. Throughout the next couple of days, we found less pigs than the previous years, but we still had some opportunities but they favored the pigs. I was enjoying the warmer climate, seeing the various critters and hearing the happy birds as they were returning from their southern migration. There was still snow on the ground back home in Pennsylvania, so it would be awhile before these birds show up there. I was walking the dike by camp one day and saw a rainbow and when I got to where it looked like it was touching down, I heard pigs in the marsh and thought, "To heck with the gold, I'll take the pigs!"

Though we were starting to find some pigs and some arrows had been flying, it came down to our last day of hunting to put some pork in the coolers. Jeff said we should load my kayak on the skiff and try a small cluster of islands upriver that were very difficult to access, in fact my kayak would be the only way get up the small tidal creek that flowed



→ *continued on page 32*



~ continued from page 31 ➤ between these pine tree-covered islands. As I was working around the new territory, I came around a patch of reeds and spotted a black blob - there was a big black pig standing there looking at me in surprise! Now those who have hunted pigs may know what I'm talking about, but sometimes pigs will look at you in confusion if you stand perfectly still, to figure out what you are; that look reminds me of a coworker with little ambition when I give them their day's assignment... It turned out there was a group of three black pigs, probably a hot sow with two boars. Soon I nocked an arrow on my 70# longbow and things got pretty exciting, some arrows were loosed, and I was blessed with taking a large boar. To say the least, dragging a two hundred-plus pound boar through knee deep marsh and wrestling it onto a small kayak is no small task. Now I know why some of the guys prefer the smaller pigs, like the one Dalton shot on this same day! When we finally got back to camp, we learned that two more pigs were killed that day, which was a good ending to this adventure. Jeff Walton even got charged and knocked down when he shot his boar, and had to use his bow to keep the angry porker from chewing on his legs until it died. Dalton got it all on video, which will

soon be a Stickboys YouTube video I suppose. I was one happy camper - I got to go home with pork to pressure can to feed the family. Thanks PBS, for the camaraderie and the memories!

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Sean Bleakley working hard at the bucket raffles

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Best One Arrow
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Dick Robertson with Robertson Stykbow

Best Professional Arrow
(not pictured)
Rick Stillman

Best Amateur Arrow
(not pictured)
Jack Denbow

Jerry Pierce Bowyers Contest
(not pictured)
1st Place Amateur - Ken Hoehn

Jerry Pierce Bowyers Contest
(not pictured)
1st Place Primitive - Paul Bruner

John Rook Award
(Not pictured)
"Grub" Matthews

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**Glenn St. Charles Award
Dr. E. Don Thomas Jr.**



**Tom Shupienis Award
Norman Johnson**

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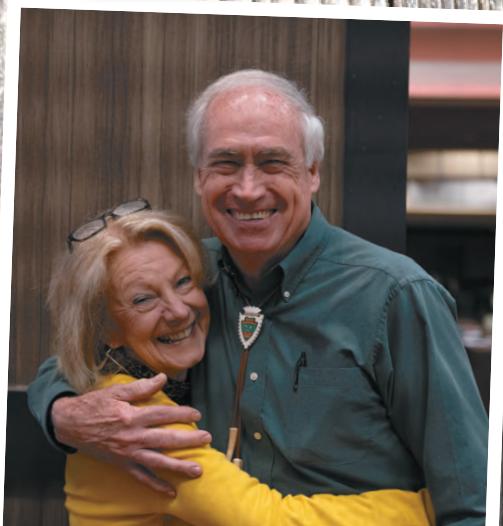
Saturday Night Guest Speaker Connie Renfro with her husband Gary



Saturday Night Banquet Dinner



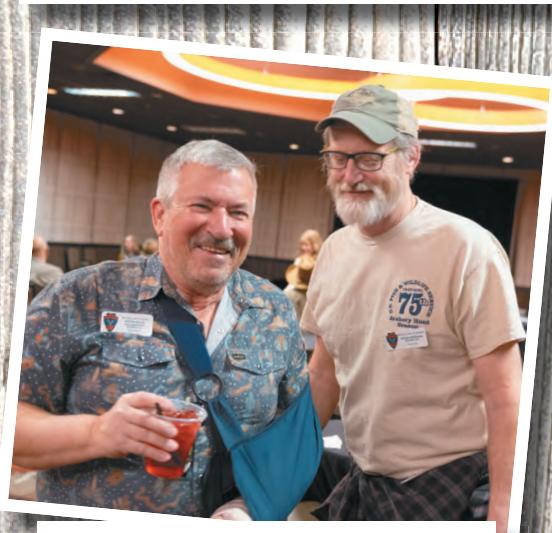
Bryan Burkhardt and Monty Browning duel it out in a Silent Auction



Friday Night Guest Speaker Monty Browning with his wife Annie



Norm Johnson, Vance Henry, Steve Chappell, Eric McKee, and Tony Poccia



Kevin Bahr and Steve Hohensee

2022 BIENNIAL GATHERING | RENO, NEVADA



Another Successful Ladies Luncheon



THAT PIVOTAL MOMENT

By Jeff Holchin

Isn't it ironic that we bowhunters can spend weeks, months or even years preparing for a special hunt, and then try day after day during the hunt to fill the tag, yet the success of the hunt often depends on how we perform in that PIVOTAL MOMENT of the hunt? Similar to Faith Hill in her song, "This Kiss," I am talking about that critical period of just a few seconds in which things can go one way or another – make the right move or do the right thing, and you will soon be smiling; make the wrong move or do the wrong thing and you will be frustrated. This has been true for many years for me, and because I often "choke" in the PIVOTAL MOMENT, my game room is lacking numerous trophy-class animals that I had right there, yet they escaped...

One time I was bowhunting during the peak of the rut in Illinois with a dozen does and one medium-sized buck feeding on acorns around me, when a huge buck appeared just out of range and snort-wheezed at the buck – I was so shocked at hearing this sound in person for the first time, that I froze and did nothing during that PIVOTAL MOMENT, so my dream buck lost interest and walked away. Imagine my disappointment when Barry Wensel informed me that if I had just wheezed back at the buck, he most likely would have marched over to offer a chip shot at the biggest buck I had ever seen. Another time I got within range of a big woodland caribou bull sunning himself on a house-sized rock in Newfoundland – I could see his chest and should have just taken the shot immediately, but decided to wait for him to stand up and offer an easier shot. Then the wind swirled, he caught my scent and he jumped off the rock, which was a MUCH harder shot to make. I recently found myself in moose camp with Kevin Dill in his secret moose valley in Alaska, where we each had our own PIVOTAL MOMENTS on consecutive days, but the outcomes were very different. The long narrow valley we hunted was custom-made for bowhunters, and I had hit the bowhunter's jackpot when I received an invitation to join Kevin. In the course of discussing our hunting plans, Kevin mentioned that he needed a partner with a "strong back but weak mind." I said, "I'm your man" and the planning began in earnest for our 2021 adventure.

I had to pinch myself when we were flown into Kevin's "moose valley," still not believing my incredible luck. For years I had listened wide-eyed and slack-jawed to the moose hunting stories of Monty Browning, Mike Mitten, Bryan Burkhardt, Kevin Dill and other PBSers; now I would get to experience it myself. While I was not a rookie to either moose hunting or wilderness hunting, having killed bull moose with my recurve in Wyoming and New Hampshire and had unsuccessfully chased moose and caribou in Newfoundland (where I had PIVOTAL MOMENTS with both animals), I was looking forward to learning as much as possible about moose hunting from an expert like Kevin. There was a nice bull moose bedded in the willows across from our campsite when we landed in the wilderness valley, and we watched that bull and a

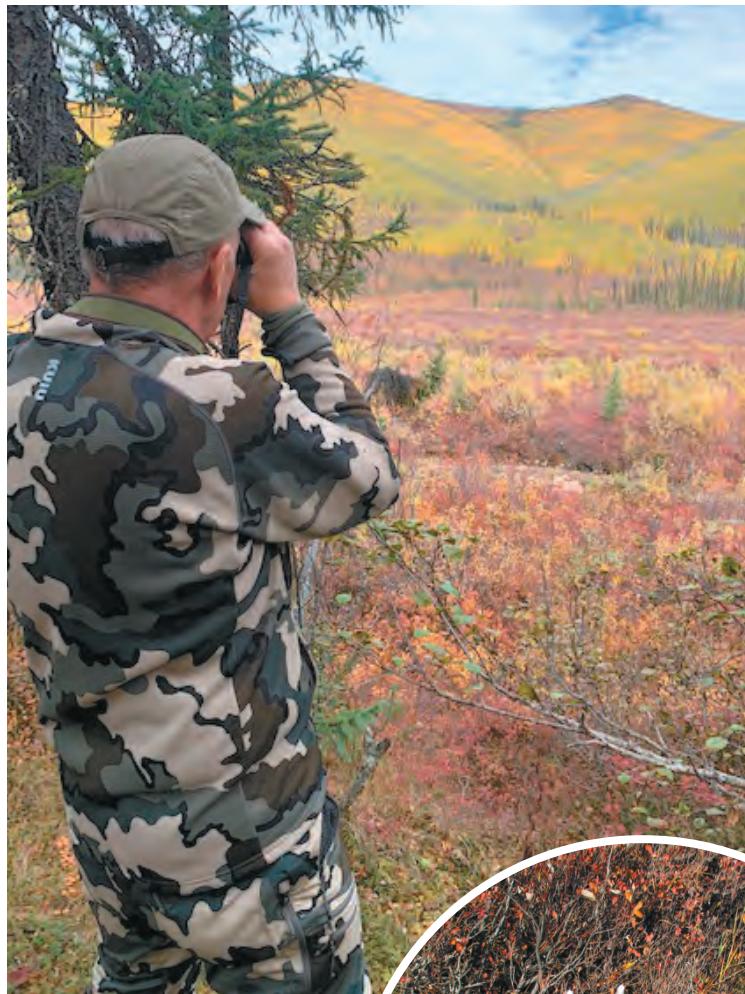


smaller bull pester several cows as darkness overtook us. My excitement level was at a ten on the scale of one to ten.

Lesson number one was provided on the very first day as we set up our camp, when Kevin informed me that we would "cold camp," talk in whispers, avoid making any loud noises, stay in our camo all the time and generally try to avoid alerting or spooking the resident moose, which included a handful of cows, calves and small bulls.

Lesson number two was that patiently watching and waiting for good ambush opportunities is a better method than walking all over the place, leaving scent and spooking the moose. This one was hard for a ridge runner like me, but you simply can't argue with Kevin's success rate with this method. Kevin had two designated "perches" to sit and glass from, one upstream from camp and the other downstream from camp, but only by several hundred yards. For the first several days, we would split up and spend half a day on our respective perches, then return to camp for lunch and switch locations for the rest of the day.

Lesson number three was also a hard one for me but I understood the logic in it – don't get distracted by shiny or pretty things and focus on big bull moose! One day from the downstream perch, I glassed up



four shed moose antlers, including one really big one. I LOVE shed antlers, so it took all my willpower to not walk across the tundra and snatch up those white bones, but doing so would leave my scent and perhaps a moose would see me and spook. Another day, a pack of twelve wolves followed a cow moose into the valley, with white, grey and black color phases among the wolves. They followed her up into an old burn and I watched and listened intently from my perch, occasionally seeing animals moving around in the thick vegetation for more than an hour, until there was a commotion of running animals, branches breaking, brush cracking and several other moose running out of the burn, including a big bull. The wolves then began howling and I ran back to camp, thinking about the wolf tag in my wallet and the possibility of filling that tag with my bow if the pack was distracted at a kill (which is how I interpreted the reason for the howling – Kevin wasn't so sure and he has a lot more experience with wolves than I do). But Kevin quietly explained that killing one of those wolves might just ruin our moose hunt, with all the scent we would leave if we went after them, the subsequent wolf howling by the pack if we killed one of them, the residual scent of wolf (which moose hate) and the disturbance of having the plane come in for the pelt (we didn't take any salt with us for a pelt). We had spent a



lot of time, effort and money for this moose hunt, so it just didn't make sense to risk ruining it over a wolf, but I have to admit I would have gone after those wolves if I was solo.

Lesson number four was to avoid the temptation to use regular or video cameras while hunting – one of Kevin's previous partners here might have ruined a great chance to kill a bull when he pulled out his camera as the bull approached; I myself accidentally spooked a moose early one morning when the flash from my digital camera was noticed in the low light. Not good! I also had a Go-Pro video camera in my pack but wisely decided to leave it there for this hunt.

We began seeing bigger bulls cruising up and down the valley on day four, so we began spending the entire day together so that we could team up on the stalks. We made our first stalk that day, after we saw a nice bull coming down the valley. Kevin had let out some cow calls shortly after dawn from camp, so it was possible that this bull had heard the calls and was looking for the source, but we guessed wrong for our ambush spot and the bull passed by safely out of range. We made similar attempts on days five and six, and finally on the morning of day seven, I had an excellent chance to arrow a big bull moose. We were watching a small bull harass a vocal cow and her calf about half a mile up the valley when a big bull appeared, coming down the valley. We watched him for just a few minutes to gauge where he was going, then took off for "the hump" directly across from camp. Moose can cover ground very quickly when they are cruising, so we were determined to quickly get to the bottleneck between the hump of trees and dirt and the hillside burn; Kevin and I had seen moose pass through this spot each day and from his previous hunts, Kevin knew that many cruising bulls would pass by the hump. We took our positions about thirty yards apart and Kevin quietly cow-called every once in a while. We were on high alert for more than an hour, then regrouped to discuss our plan B. Maybe the bull had gone up into the burn, as other bulls had done? Kevin decided to

head back to a perch while I stayed to guard the bottleneck, but I turned slightly to face the burn more squarely, thinking the bull might emerge from there. Imagine my surprise about an hour later when I happened to glance behind me and there was a BIG bull moose silently approaching the bottleneck from the opposite direction! I thought it was a different bull coming from the down-valley area. He was only twenty five yards away and closing fast, but he seemed unaware of me, so I began slowly pivoting to my right and drawing my bow for a shot,

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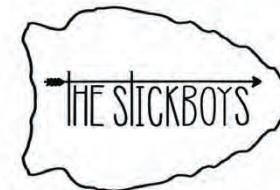
trying not to look at his huge rack but instead at the crease behind his massive shoulder. He had to pass behind a spruce tree at twelve yards and I planned to shoot him when he emerged in a few seconds, but he either saw, heard or sensed me because he stopped midstride behind that spruce tree, with his vitals perfectly covered. For a PIVOTAL MOMENT I froze and did nothing, hoping that he would take just one more big step – big mistake! I learned the following day that if I had just uttered a soft “mmmmffff” bull grunt, I might have killed him. Instead, he turned directly away and I finally tried a bull grunt when he was at about twenty five yards away, causing him to stop quartering sharply away in a pose that sorely tempted me, but the last thing I wanted was to just wound him so I held my fire and watched him walk out of my life. Those antlers seemed to grow bigger with each step, and I managed to snap a few photos of him before he disappeared into the burn. What an experience, very thrilling but also frustrating! How can you have a big bull moose at twelve yards and not kill him?

The very next day, Kevin had his own PIVOTAL MOMENT and showed why he is an expert at killing big bull moose. The previous night, as we ate our Mountain House meals in his tipi and recounted my moose encounter (from his perch, he saw the bull come down the valley until it was almost into the bottleneck I was guarding, then stop and circle around behind me, expecting to see my arrow appear in the bull’s chest at any moment), Kevin mentioned a Monty Browning story in which Monty and a big bull moose were playing peek-a-boo around a tree, going round and round several times, until Monty let out a few soft “mmmmffff” bull grunts, which caused the bull to stop and begin rocking his rack, which in turn let Monty put an arrow into the bull’s lungs at extremely close range. Kevin remembered that lesson and would soon put it to use! As daylight seeped into Moose Valley on day eight, Kevin and I carefully eased to the upstream perch and began glassing. It didn’t take long to spot a bull’s white rack that actually looked like two sheets of plywood from half a mile away. The bull seemed to be on a mission and after a few seconds of watching, Kevin said, “Follow me, I think I know which trail he will take.” It took us about five minutes to locate the same two tall skinny spruce trees where Kevin had a close encounter with two small bulls on his previous hunt, in the middle of the valley. We soon saw that huge white rack floating down the valley over the short willows, and when Kevin let out a few sexy cow calls, the bull locked onto our location, began rocking his antlers and headed our way. Things were looking good when Kevin flashed a “thumbs-up” sign from his tree about fifteen yards ahead of my position, but then we saw a cow moose come down from the burn and intercept the bull. Game over, I thought, but amazingly the bull hooked the trashy cow in her rump with his rack, sending her running back to the burn. Several more sexy cow calls from Kevin and the bull was soon standing just twenty yards from both of us, broadside to Kevin but quartering towards me. Kevin was stuck facing up the valley because he couldn’t move as the bull approached, but the bull was ninety degrees to his right and on full alert, looking around for the sexy cow that should have been standing right where Kevin was hiding. (We actually had a moose decoy with us, but of course it was back in camp – it would have been interesting to see what effect, if any, that decoy would have had in this situation.) The seconds ticked away and I could see the bull tensing up to leave us – our PIVOTAL MOMENT was here



when the outcome of this encounter was uncertain! Then Kevin gave a really soft “mmmmffff” bull grunt and that changed everything! The bull responded with the very same call and they went back and forth a half dozen times, then the bull turned slightly and began raking a bush with his huge rack. I was at half draw, and I saw Kevin slowly rotate to his right while drawing his longbow, then send his heavy arrow with a razor-sharp two-blade head into the bull’s chest from about twenty yards away. The bull grunted, then lunged past me and I instinctively finished my draw as I swung with the bull and put my arrow just three inches from the fletching of Kevin’s arrow in the bull’s chest – my best running shot ever on a big game animal! The bull made it less than one hundred yards before piling up on dry ground, just two hundred yards from the airstrip where I would later pack the meat for pick-up. THAT, my friends, is how to properly handle a PIVOTAL MOMENT! Thank you, Kevin Dill, for those valuable lessons. I hope to do better when my next PIVOTAL MOMENT happens.

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HUNTING THE KAIBAB

By Rick Wildermuth

Nearing the end of this six hour drive, only a few miles to my camp site for a nine day hunt, I pulled off the hard-surfaced road onto a good forest road and noticed the big sign was still in place telling folks about the dangers of entering a burn area. Sixteen years previously the Warm Fire swept thru about forty thousand acres of beautiful ponderosa and aspen forests. Some of those ponderosas were more than six hundred years old. And looking across the burn area I could see the aspens were returning in full force. What a great sight.

I moved to Arizona from Pennsylvania nineteen years ago. At that time an OTC tag was required to chase mule deer in the Kaibab Forest and I made this trek many years in a row. Deer hunting is now a draw, hence, I had not been here in five years. It was great to be back.

About a half mile from camp, movement on my right had me braking then watching two mule deer watching me. They were moving along but stopped to ogle my old pick-up. The two year old racks looked identical, so I snapped a photo and dubbed them the twins. Deer season would open the next day so maybe, just maybe, I'd see them again with bow-in-hand.

Several minutes later, after turning twice onto less-used dirt tracks, I found my old campsite. The fire ring was a mess, no one had used it since my last camp. It was only 4:00 p.m. and with plenty of daylight left I was able to take my time in setting up camp. Later after a good meal it was time to watch the stars. Unfortunately, the moon was up and full so the stars were not that visible. I spotted some satellites and a shooting star and it was off to bed, totally ready for the 5:00 a.m. wake-up.

I was hunting the Kaibab National Forest in Arizona which comprises an area of about 1.6 million acres, extending north and south of the Grand Canyon. Ponderosa pine and aspen dominate the landscape with blue spruce and fir mixed throughout. My tags were good for the northern section of the National Forest. The Kaibab Plateau covering 655,000 acres. I had tags in my pocket for mule deer, turkey, which is an OTC tag and elk. The general hunting license also allowed me to harvest the most beautiful squirrel there is, the tassel-eared Kaibab. It's hard to miss spotting them with their fluffy white tail.

The Kaibab Plateau is known for turkey and mule deer hunting. Elk is not wanted as the Arizona Game and Fish commission manages this area for trophy mule deer. There are plenty of warnings when buying the elk tag about having almost no chance of seeing an elk let alone harvesting one. Seven hundred and fifty tags are up for grabs each year and they never sell out during the draw process. Left-over tags are then offered for purchase at \$48. The season for this tag for 2021 was April 14th through October 7th and October 22nd through December 31st. I was already here for deer so you just never know. I did see one young bull in my hunting area about twelve years ago and that's it, after having spent many hours and days roaming these woods.

One day after an early lunch I started my mid-day sneak around 11:00 a.m. and things got fun quickly. I had traveled less than a half mile from camp and had just worked my way down a small hill through an aspen grove. No way to keep really quiet when hiking thru aspen, too many small twigs lying unseen under the fallen leaves. Anyway, after making more noise than I wanted I got to the bottom and stood for a moment letting things settle down.

I looked up onto the next slope, maybe eighty yards to the top and I spotted four legs on the other side of several small aspen. The legs looked long. Then I

→ *continued on page 42*





~ continued from page 41

noticed the hind quarter was very dark.

Someone pinch me, I thought. My binoculars confirmed it was an elk. Everyone had told me I'd be "wasting my money" only making a donation to the wildlife and "there are not elk on the Kaibab." But there he was, a ragged horn, uphill, about sixty yards. No way. And I thought I was noisy going down thru the aspens. Maybe I was quieter than I thought.

While watching this fella standing there looking around I spotted movement not far to his right. NO WAY! There was this really nice mule deer buck browsing. The buck took several steps and bedded, going maybe fifty yards. He was BIG! When he bedded I could no longer see him since there were several well positioned trees between him and me. My heart was pounding.

The deer was in his bed, near the top of a hill, his back was facing the hilltop, wind coming over his back to capture the hilltop scent, his eyes scanning the world in front of him. What a perfect setup to stalk

this buck. He couldn't see me with the trees between us and the wind was in my face. I thought I could get within twenty yards of this buck without being seen.

BUT, I couldn't move because of the rag horn a few yards away. Then something behind me, up on the hillside I just came down, started making a racket. It sounded like a raccoon-sized animal was climbing a tree. So of course, that elk was looking directly over my head watching and listening. I had to remain a statue, no way I could stalk that deer or the elk. My mind was all over the place conjuring up different strategies. But the only thing I could do was show some patience.

Minutes passed, turning it into a stalemate. I glanced down at a small aspen several yards away and noticed that the sun threw a shadow right at the base of it. More minutes passed and I watched that shadow moving across the tree base. I couldn't see the deer, the elk was looking over my head, and minutes were passing.

More minutes pass when I felt a bug, probably a big ant, climbing up my leg. Then it was biting on the back side of my knee, a very tender area. I didn't want to move and it was probably only a big black ant, how bad could it get? Finally the elk dipped his head for some reason---a quiet whack and dead something on my leg--- then I was back to being a statue because the bull went right back to looking over me.

I kept looking at my shredded floss for the wind, and it was still blowing in my face so the patience continued. One or the other of those fellas needed to make the next move. A few minutes later I suddenly saw the deer stand up. He took one step toward the elk and then was gone. The elk may have moved first, I don't know. All I know is they took off together. I looked down at my floss and the wind was still in my face. The wind must have swirled at one point because I certainly was not making any noise or motion. Those friends up on that hill were just wanting to hang out for the afternoon and I guess I spoiled their plan.

Now that was really cool. The stand-off lasted about thirty minutes. A ragged horn and a big bedded mule deer buck around fifty yards away and all I could do was watch and dream.

There are elk on the Kaibab, obviously. And that young bull certainly must have a mom and dad, probably a sister, maybe even a cousin. I'm sure glad I purchased that \$48



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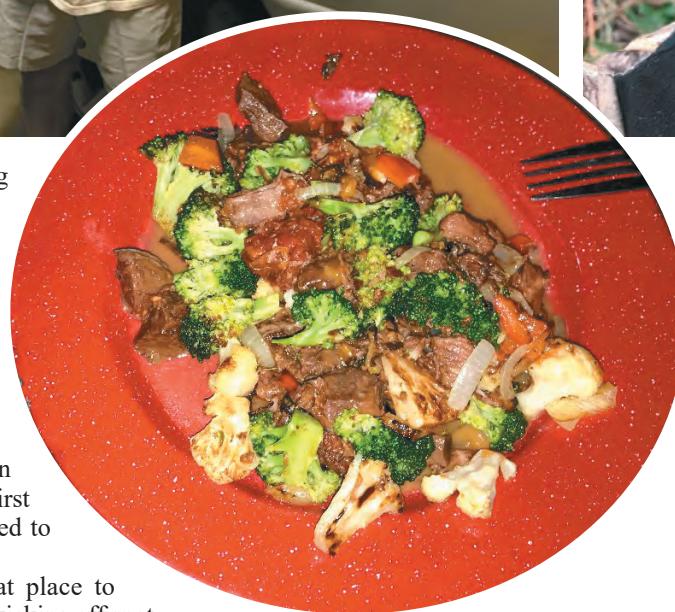


tag, how I would have felt having seen him and having had zero opportunity for a harvest?

Back at camp I opened a jar of canned meat given to me by Preston Taylor which contained wild cow, bear and deer meat, cooked and seasoned. I sautéed onions in a little butter and olive oil, added broccoli and some cauliflower and no spices, mixed in the meat. WOW. This was my first taste out of that jar. WOW. I need to get more.

The Kaibab Plateau is a great place to spend time. Jacob Lake is a good kicking off spot. There is a small store and restaurant along with several motel rooms. Campgrounds are close by with all the amenities. Travel forty three miles south of Jacob Lake and you will be on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. And what a view you will have. The North Rim averages one thousand feet higher than the South Rim, where most visitors tend to go. The high point on the North Rim is Point Imperial at 8800 feet and what a view from there. And you will find very few visitors as the area is a much longer drive to get to for most tourists when compared to reaching the South Rim. The North Rim Lodge is a good place to stay along with more campgrounds close by. When hiking keep your eyes open. You just may see some bison feeding in the next meadow. The herd is over two hundred head. They can be hunted on the Kaibab but this herd has learned not to leave the National Park where it is safe from hunters.

Should you head northeast of Jacob Lake you will be traveling from over 8000 feet to 3500 feet in an hour. Along the way, on your left, will be the beautiful and rugged Vermillion Cliffs. And then there is the Navajo Bridge which crosses the Colorado River near the northern end of the Grand



Canyon. The bridge is four hundred and seventy feet above the river. Drive across or park and walk the older Navajo bridge and have your camera ready.

Once you finish with the photos you can drive right down to the river and park at Lee's Ferry which is a world-class rainbow trout fishery. The last survey I read found over ten thousand trout for every mile of river. Artificial lures only. Hire an outfitter and rent a kayak (or bring your own) and you will get a ride fourteen miles upriver to the Glen Canyon dam. From there take your time floating back to Lee's Ferry getting your line wet along the way. Did you ever think you could float thru the Grand Canyon and catch big trout? Now's the chance. If you have the time, stop and set up a camp for a night or two, right on the river.

I didn't take any shots at an animal but what a hunt! Just before opening the garage door at home, announcing my arrival, I made last-second adjustments to the wild-flower bouquet I picked. Honey, I'm home!





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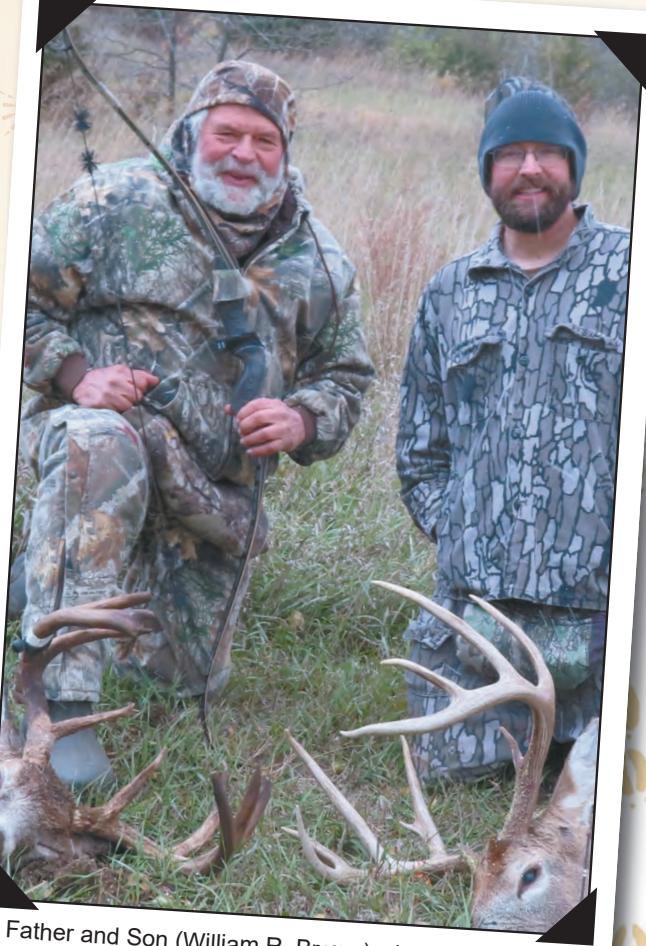
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MEMBER PHOTOS



William R. Brown in November 2021 with an Iowa buck.



Father and Son (William R. Brown) with their 11 point Iowa bucks with 45 pound recurves



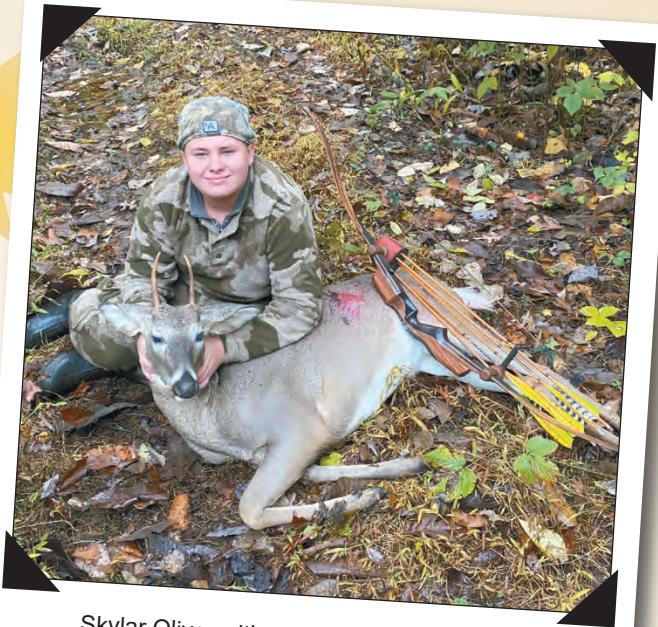
Bob Boyd took this buck in November 2021 with his Slick Stick recurve and Wensel broadhead.



Joel M. Riotto took his Dale Dye bow to Alberta, Canada and came home with this nice, big bear.



Jerry Oliver in 2021 Kentucky hunt



Skylar Oliver with his first traditional harvest



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Steve Young with a buck taken in November with his Blacktail longbow while hunting with fellow PBS Regular Dwight Wilson at Happy Camp.

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Bill Stonebraker still at it at 78 years old with one of his 2021 bucks in Iowa.



Seth Lankin took this Ohio buck with his longbow.



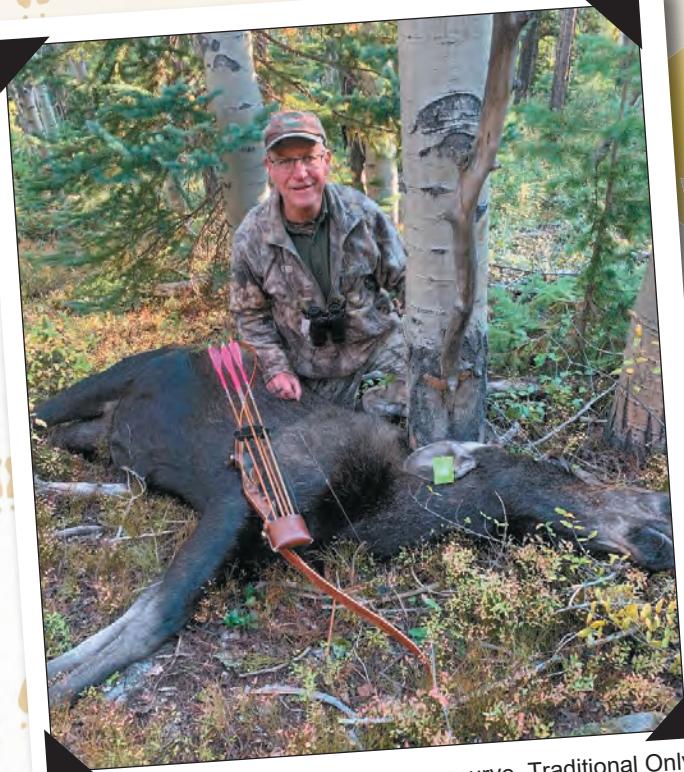
Doug Vandergriff with a nice Tennessee buck taken with his recurve



Steve Goldsmith killed this NJ buck in November 2021 with a Blacktail Columbia takedown, cedar arrow with a Zwickey head.



MEMBER PHOTOS

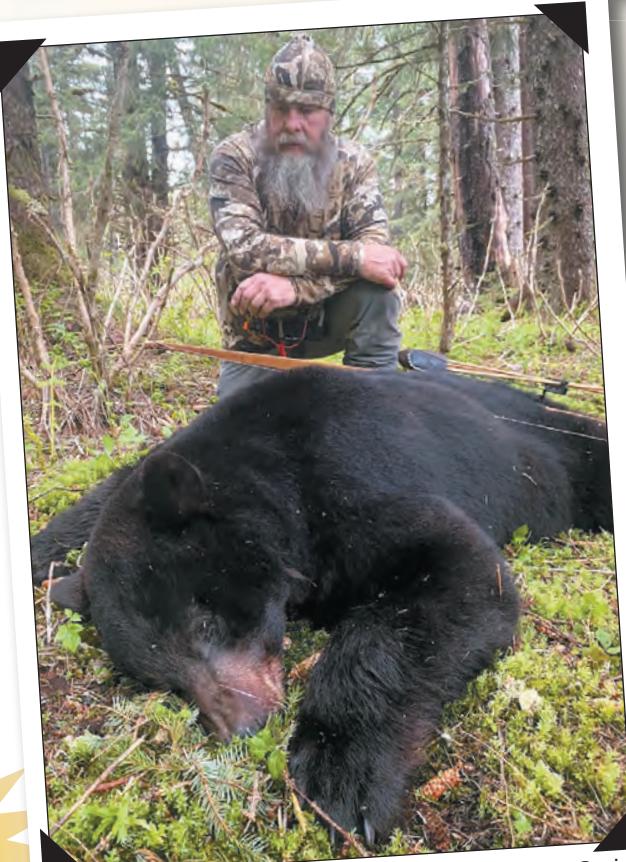
I shot the moose with my Robertson recurve, Traditional Only shafts with a Woodsman broadhead. The moose only went forty yards after the heart shot. Photo, packing, butchering, and nonexistent video of the shot by Dale Karch.



I shot the doe with my "Robertski" recurve (Robertson riser, homemade limbs). Traditional Only shafts with a Woodsman broadhead. 60 yd bloodtrail after the heart shot. Photo, dragging, and butchering by Joe Lasch.



Wayne E. Miller. At his Illinois home & happy.



Bubba Graves. Spot and Stalk. Southeast Alaska Spring of 2021. Used a Wes Wallace longbow with 750 grain arrow and single bevel Grizzly Alaskan broadhead

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