

Official Publication for the members of the Professional Bowhunters Society

THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

UNITED WE ACT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF BOWHUNTING
THE GREATEST OF SPORTS



Get more of the mail you actually want!

		US	Canada	Foreign
1 year	(6 issues)	\$35.00	\$45.00	\$55.00
2 years	(12 issues)	\$61.00	\$81.00	\$101.00
3 years	(18 issues)	\$86.00	\$116.00	\$146.00

Circle One. US Funds Only!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Country _____

Phone _____

Email _____

Please include complete address & phone number. US Funds only. Send a copy of this form with your check or money order, call us with your details, or go online to subscribe.

www.TradBow.com

(888) 828-4882 • Subscriptions@tradbow.com

P.O. Box 15060, Boise, ID 83715

PBS Magazine: Published quarterly by the Professional Bowhunters Society®. Contributions (manuscripts, photographs and/or artwork) are welcome and must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope if they are to be returned. All material will be handled with reasonable care; however, the publisher assumes no responsibility for the return or safety of manuscripts, photographs or artwork.

THE EDITORS of PBS reserve the right to edit or reject any and all material which may be deemed harmful to the Professional Bowhunters Society® or to the sport of bowhunting.

The views expressed in articles appearing in this magazine are those of the authors and not necessarily those of the Professional Bowhunters Society®.

The staff and publishers of PBS Magazine would like to emphasize to the reader that they should not assume that every product, individual, or service advertised herein has been fully investigated for its credibility, ethical business practices or moral character. Should the reader encounter a problem when dealing with the advertiser, please call this to the attention of the publisher. An objective evaluation of the situation will be rendered, and in the event the advertisement, service, product or person is considered by the PBS to be misleading, every effort will be made to withdraw such advertisement from the publication. The readers should not consider as an endorsement by the PBS products or services mentioned in articles submitted by contributors.

Materials submitted for publication or advertising should be sent to **PBS** by email to pbsmagazine@gmail.com, or by mail to P.O. Box 22631, Indianapolis, IN 46222-0631.

PBS Magazine is assembled by the Charles City Press, Charles City, Iowa and printed by Sutherland Printing, Montezuma, Iowa.

This magazine is published as part of the overall program of the Professional Bowhunters Society® to educate its members and other readers. It is also a purpose of our publication to provide information and opinion that is timely, practical and readable. As it is also one of the objectives of the Professional Bowhunters Society® to be a forum for the free expression and interchange of ideas, the opinions and positions stated in signed material are those of the authors and are not by the fact of publication necessarily those of the Professional Bowhunters Society® or The Professional Bowhunters Magazine. Publication does not imply endorsement. Material accepted for publication becomes the property of the Professional Bowhunters Society® and may be printed in the Professional Bowhunter Magazine and PBS's electronic media. No material or parts thereof may be reproduced or used out of context without prior approval of and proper credit to the magazine. Contributing authors are requested and expected to disclose any financial, economic, professional or other interest or affiliations that may have influenced positions taken or opinions advocated in their articles. That they have done so is an implied representation by each and every author. Manuscript preparation guidelines may be obtained upon request. The editors welcome submissions.

On the cover: Photo credit to Jesse Johnson.

THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

CONTENTS

Volume 46 - Number 4 - WINTER 2023

DEPARTMENTS

<i>President's Message</i>	2
<i>Vice President's Message</i>	3
<i>Council Reports</i>	4
<i>PBS Contact Information</i>	5
<i>Index to Advertisers</i>	IBC
<i>PBS Merchandise</i>	IBC

REGULAR CONTRIBUTORS

<i>Chaplain's Corner - Be the Light</i> by Gene Thorn.....	6
<i>Welcome New Members</i>	13

SPECIAL FEATURES

<i>New Qualified Regular Members</i>	2
<i>Candidates for Open Councilman</i>	7
<i>Biennial Gathering</i>	8
<i>Associate Member Profiles</i>	14
<i>PBS Membership Hunts</i> by Jeff Holchin.....	25
<i>Survival Hunt Challenge</i> by Steve Hohensee.....	31
<i>Second Annual Virtual Clout Tournament</i> by Steve Hohensee.....	45
<i>Member Photos</i>	46

ARTICLES

<i>An Idea for Deadheads</i> by Paul Quigley.....	15
<i>Just One Day</i> by Russell Lantier.....	16
<i>Jay's Hunting Story</i> by Jay Henderickson.....	19
<i>2023 Bighorn Mountains OYG</i> by Steve Hohensee.....	20
<i>Northwestern PA OYG 2023</i> by Tim Burris.....	24
<i>Wee Little Piggies</i> by Jesse Johnson.....	26
<i>Never Too Old? Never Too Young!</i> by Steven Platek.....	28
<i>Tuesday</i> by Daniel Novotny.....	32
<i>Bucks, Bows, and Birthdays</i> by Ray Byler.....	34
<i>Haunted</i> by Brad Jones.....	35
<i>Your Eyes Are Your Guide</i> by Manuel Cervantes.....	36
<i>Our Friend Brian: Tribute to Brian Tessmann</i>	38
<i>Off on the Wrong Foot in the Land of the Long White Cloud</i> by Jim Akenson.....	41

President's Message

by Norm Johnson
recurve3691@gmail.com



It is my hope that the membership had a safe and successful fall hunting season! The delivery of this issue marks the final move in preparations for the upcoming gathering in March. Those of you who may be on the fence about attending and or have questions please feel free to reach out to any of the current Council with those questions. We are here to serve.

As you all know by now, our last magazine issue was a special edition issue to celebrate our rich sixty-year history. A big thank you to the current Council for their efforts to make it a special collector issue. I would like to thank the many members who contributed content as well. With the amazing growth we have experienced within our membership the timing of our celebration and giving our new members a look into our rich history is a way

to help cement a lifetime commitment as a member.

Sean Bleakley's three-year term on Council will end on February 29th. I would like to say for the record what a privilege it has been to work with Sean. He represents PBS well. His service and conduct is simply exemplary. I will personally encourage Sean to continue moving upward into future leadership.

With Sean's term ending, you will see in this issue we have two fantastic candidates running to fill Sean's ending term. To our voting members, please use your voting privilege and take the time to vote. Also, if you have yet to sign up for electronic voting, please consider

doing so. All that is needed is the ability to receive and send email. It is no more complicated than that. This election cycle marks five years of electronic voting being implemented. It is convenient, easy, and secure and helps ease Harmony's tremendous workload.

I look forward to seeing everyone in Lexington!

All the best,

Norm Johnson

New Qualified Regular Members

We list the following names of members who have applied for regular membership in PBS and have been approved by the Council. These individuals have completed a lengthy application and are currently in their one-year probationary period. If you are a regular member and see any reason why any of these applicants should not be accepted, please send a signed letter stating your reasons to PBS Senior Councilman Preston Lay, PO Box 73, Jennings, OK 74038.

Please note, the Council can only take into consideration statements that can be defended. FACTUAL STATEMENTS ONLY, not hearsay or personal unfounded opinions, can be considered as reasons to reject any of these applicants.

-PBS Officers and Council

Associates applying for Regular status:
Scott Record, Kevil, KY

Bison Gear Packs



Tom Phillips, Owner
Peru, Massachusetts
973-224-5674
bisongearpacks@aol.com

Request a brochure through text or email

HANDMADE IN THE USA ONE AT A TIME
Packs that Hunt for Adventure

Like us  on 
Follow #bisongearpacks on 

Coming Soon!
Elk Hunter & Lemhi pack

Vice President's Message

by Ethan Rodrigue
ethanrodrigue@gmail.com



I hope everyone enjoyed the special sixtieth anniversary quarterly as much as I did! I also hope everyone is looking forward to the upcoming Lexington banquet, as this being our sixtieth year, it will be very special. Lots of preparations are still underway and there is much still left to do, but we are diligently working on it. Please remember to contact the appropriate councilman with any donations for Lexington, this is a big and important task for Council to keep up with and the better prepared we can be going into the gathering, the more smoothly we will be able to manage things. For hunts being donated, please contact Councilman Sean Bleakley. For auction donations, please contact Councilman Randy Brookshier, and anyone wanting to have a vendor booth,

please contact Councilman Bubba Graves. All of Council's contact information is in the front of every quarterly magazine on the page noted in the table of contents.

If this will be your first time attending a PBS biennial gathering, please be sure to try to attend the Thursday night social. This has traditionally been the "unofficial start" to our gatherings and is a relaxed and informal dinner with time to get together and catch up with friends that we don't see near enough. We would like to use this time to welcome all of our members in attendance for their first time.

Another reason to be excited right now is it is finally hunting season! Many of you will have already been on some great adventures by the time this quarterly issue finds you. Sev-

eral membership hunts have taken place with more to come, and there is one underway as I type this! I hope everyone enjoys safe, and productive bow seasons as we all make more memories! Time in the field is something we all cherish but don't forget about the really important things in life, our faith, family and loved ones. As an organization, we have recently had to deal with the loss of some of our PBS family, and several others still have some trials and tribulations ahead. So keep that in mind as we enjoy what the Creator has given to us this fall, and remember to be thankful for our loved ones, and the time we are privileged to have in the outdoors.

Ethan Rodrigue

• Gould's Turkey
• Javelina
• Coues Deer

Durango, México

Book Now!
• nunezfernando@gmail.com
• alfonsofcs@gmail.com

www.stickbowhunts.com

Blitz-Broadheads

Fast, Fierce, Silent
Made in Germany

- Double bevel 35" cut-on-contact convex edge
- Razor sharp trailing edge 70"
- Cutting width 1.18", ratio 1.85:1, thickness 0.07"
- 'Surgical' stainless steel 440B
- Rockwell hardness 58 HRC
- Weight 225 grain, with adapter up to 370
- Works with wood-, carbon- and crossbow shafts

3 broadheads come with 1 Blue Belgium Wetstone in a leather pouch

www.blitz-broadheads.com

Council's Report

by Sean Bleakley
seanbleakley45@gmail.com

As I write this column, the whitetail rut is heating up here in the east, by the time that you all read this, the season will more than likely winding down.

Our upcoming Gathering is like a family reunion and many "family" members I only get to see every two years. One family member whose absence will be felt will be Brian Tessmann. I didn't know Brian as well as many other members. He was one of the first members to introduce themselves to me at my first banquet in 2014. He was also the one who talked to me about applying for Regular membership. We lost Brian on September 23, he was a popular member and former Councilman and will be greatly missed.

Our membership has been growing rapidly

over the last few years, and our demographics are becoming younger. That is extremely important for the longevity of the PBS. Thanks to social media, specifically podcasts, we are getting the word of the PBS out there and it's finding the younger ears. Although I don't watch much YouTube, many of our younger members promote the PBS on their YouTube channels. Thank you to all who have been getting our brand valuable exposure!

I would also like to encourage any and all Associate Members who qualify to apply for Qualified Regular Membership. If you eat, sleep, dream about, talk about bowhunting, you're the person we want in our ranks. A question that I often ask is, "Are you a bowhunter or do you hunt with the bow?" There is a difference. In my opinion, a bowhunter is a person who will hunt with



their bow no matter what. They will hunt with it all through the hunting season and never pick up another hunting implement to fill a tag. A person who "hunts with a bow" is the casual hunter who bowhunts during the archery season, picks up the rifle or shotgun during firearms season, or the last few days of a hunt to fill a tag. There is nothing wrong with that at all, but these are the things one needs to consider when applying for Regular Membership. It's definitely something to talk about at Lexington. See you there!

Sean Bleakley

Council's Report

by Bubba Graves
williamgraves187@gmail.com

As we continue to celebrate our sixtieth Anniversary as one of the best bowhunting organizations, I'd like to reflect on the success the PBS has had in the past year. As of this writing we have gained 362 new members and at this rate we will no doubt be beyond 400 new members by year's end. This type of growth is exactly what we need.

Along with the growing number of new members, we have enjoyed success in other activities such as our virtual events, odd

year gatherings and Membership hunts, all of which are very popular.

Our members continue to exemplify what the PBS mission is all about. They choose to impose limitations on themselves and choose bowhunting as their primary archery interest. I love it when September comes around and all the PBS social media pages come alive with posts of animals taken with the simplest of equipment.

Our members astound me with their eagerness to share their knowledge and experi-



ences with anyone seeking such knowledge. After all what's the sense of gaining all this experience and knowledge if you're just going to keep it to yourself Keeping Knowledge Through Experience alive is a very important mission of the PBS and its members.

Setting a good example and serving as a role model to the youth and others is some-

thing I have witnessed personally on numerous occasions while being around PBS members. I suppose that is why I chose to have hunting partners that are PBS members.

As the year comes to an end, we no doubt have our eyes set on Lexington, KY. This is going to be an event that you will not want

to miss. Hopefully you have made reservations and purchased your packages for the biennial gathering where we will continue to celebrate our 60th anniversary.

As always, I challenge each of you to be more involved with your organization, be a better representative of our organization

and the sport that we love, mentor a new bowhunter, promote the PBS, recruit a new member and be a positive example for all to follow.

Bubba Graves

Council's Report

by Randy Brookshier
stykbow59@comcast.net

I sit here writing this column at one of the most exciting times of the year for me. Friends and hunting partners are returning from western hunts for elk, mule deer and antelope while others are returning from Alaskan adventures. Early bow seasons are just starting to kick off in most of the eastern states and all of the months of planning, saving time off, scouting and practicing is getting ready to pay dividends in the deer woods. I hope each of you have a safe and successful season. While you are embarking on these hunting adventures keep in mind that all of the content for our magazines is member submitted. If you've had a memorable hunt, hunted a new area or had a new experience, think about writing an article for the magazine. Along those same lines, if you hunted someplace that you enjoyed and think

you may want some company, think about hosting a membership hunt.

This has been a great year for our membership hunts and Odd Year Gatherings. A lot of guys are hunting a new area or new species through their contacts within the PBS and we have picked up an unprecedented number of new members over this past year. Hopefully we can keep this membership surge rolling until the Biennial Gathering in Lexington and a lot of our new members will show up there.

Speaking of our gathering... I believe this is going to be one of our best attended gatherings ever. If you haven't already made your reservations and bought your tickets, consider going on and doing so now. If you are going and you have a friend in your circle that you think might be a good fit with the PBS, consider inviting them or purchasing a ticket for



them to the banquet.

One of our big draws at every banquet is the auction items and items donated to the various raffles. Think about supporting the PBS with a donation to the raffles. It can be arrows, leather goods, art work or other items that you made or you can purchase an item and send it in as a donation. You can send your donated items to either myself or Herb Higgins.

I hope to see you all in Lexington.

Randy Brookshier

Professional Bowhunters Society® Council

President

Norm Johnson
1545 Decker Pt. Rd.
Reedsport, OR 97467
Phone: (541) 662-1242
Email: recurve3691@gmail.com

Vice President

Ethan Rodrigue
30786 S. R. 30
Pikeville, TN 37367
Phone: (423) 448-9658
Email: ethanarodrigue@gmail.com

Council-At-Large

Matt Schuster
1663 Ivey Road
Warrenton, GA 30828
Phone: (404) 386-2229
Email: matt@easterndynamicsinc.com

Secretary/Treasurer/ PBS Magazine Editor

Harmony Receveur
P.O. Box 391
Brownsburg, IN 46112
Phone: (801) 888-3802
email: pbsmagazine@gmail.com

PBS Office

Harmony Receveur
P.O. Box 391
Brownsburg, IN 46112
Phone: (801) 888-3802
Mon.-Fri. 10:00 AM-2:00 PM EST
email: professionalbowhunters@gmail.com
PBS Website: professionalbowhunters.org

Councilman

Sean Bleakley
130 Lindsey Ave
Buchanan, NY 10511
Phone: (845) 243-4226
Email: seanbleakley45@gmail.com

Councilman

Bubba Graves
1069 CR 2907
Dodd City, TX 75438
Phone: (907) 712-7856
Email: williamgraves187@gmail.com

Councilman

Randy Brookshier
3975 Apache Rd
Salem, VA 24153
Phone: (540) 384-7376
Email: stykbow59@comcast.net

Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

912 Kedron Rd., Tallmansville, WV 26237
(304) 472-5885 pethorn@hotmail.com

I watched the yellow fletches and chartreuse nock spin across the hickory flat. The arrow struck just a bit behind where I was looking and the buck kicked, stumbled a bit, and scrambled into the shadows. The light was fading as I gathered myself and clipped a rope to and lowered my pack to the ground, and then my bow followed. I climbed down to the ground, sat down, and waited a half an hour. Dark was closing in so I got my flashlight out of my pack. I walked to where the buck was standing when my arrow struck him and spotted a tuft of hair on the ground. I saw a splatter of blood about six feet down the path in the leaves. It was not bright and frothy. It appeared darker. I did not see any stomach matter. About twenty feet on around the hill I found a smear of blood on a sapling. I got my partial roll of toilet paper out of my pack and hung a piece from one of the sapling's limbs. It was really getting dark. I suspected a liver hit and decided to give it more time. I walked off the hill and back to my truck parked a half mile away. I ate an apple and a Payday bar I had left from my lunch. I had some coffee left in my Thermos, so I poured and drank it slowly. I knew I had a Coleman lantern, fueled up and ready, in the back of the truck. I had left it in there from a camping and fly-fishing trip back in September. I opened the cap lid and dropped the tailgate. I took a quick look with my flashlight and didn't spot it. There were several boxes and crates clear up front, so I crawled up inside and started rooting around. No lantern was to be found. It was stored in one of the old green metal Coleman lantern cases. It should have been in one of the crates. I rooted around one more time - yielding nothing? What? I know I made a conscious decision to leave it in the truck. I sat on the tailgate wracking my brain. Suddenly, I remembered where I put it. I had been camping at Kumbrabow State Forest Campground and the road going in was full of holes and the curvy rough ride had caused the mantles to crumble. When I packed up to leave, I set it in behind my seat on a folded quilt and wrapped it up around it for protection. I walked around the truck and looked. Success! I pumped up the lantern and lit it. The golden light and hiss of the Coleman was a welcome sight and sound. It may be old school, but nothing lights up a blood trail like a gas lantern, that I have used anyway. By the time I climbed back up the hill to my treestand, two hours had passed since the hit. It was a tedious, sparse and sporadic blood trail around the bench, into thick cover, and then down into a side drainage. Persistence paid off, as it usually does. In the lantern's light I saw the white belly of the buck laying behind a log ahead of me. Praise the Lord! The arrow had broken off and the fletching end was crosswise in his body cavity at a slight angle. As I suspected, the two blade broadhead had skewered the liver, but the shaft essentially plugged the entrance and exit holes so the blood trail was diminished. The light from the lantern really made the difference.

Isaiah 60:1 Arise, shine; For your light has come! And the glory of the Lord is risen upon you.

2 For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
And deep darkness the people; But the Lord will arise over you,
And His glory will be seen upon you.

BE THE LIGHT!

3 The Gentiles shall come to your light, And kings to the brightness of your rising.

4 "Lift up your eyes all around, and see: They all gather together, they come to you; Your sons shall come from afar, And your daughters shall be nursed at your side.

5 Then you shall see and become radiant, And your heart shall swell with joy; Because the abundance of the sea shall be turned to you, The wealth of the Gentiles shall come to you.

Isaiah looked across the expanse of time and prophesied the coming of Jesus Christ, the Light of the world. The darkness of His death on the cross would be followed by His resurrection on the third day. His Light is the salvation of every person that accepts Him as their Savior and follows Him. All the blessings of God's kingdom and eternity in heaven are found in His light. He has imparted His light in us.

Matthew 5:14 "You are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hidden.

15 Nor do they light a lamp and put it under a basket, but on a lampstand, and it gives light to all who are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in heaven.

My Coleman lantern was hidden behind the seat under a quilt. Fortunately, that day I found and uncovered it. That light was undoubtedly the deciding factor in finding my buck that evening. Likewise, our light shouldn't be hidden. People can see the light inside and outside of us. Matthew likened us to a city set on a hill. This world is very dark in our time. I have flown into numerous cities at night. The lights are what you see first and make the biggest impression. The light of Jesus in us can bring salvation, healing, and deliverance to desperate people in this lost and dying world. Hopelessness is rampant, but Jesus is the hope that brings life to a person. He brings the possible to impossible situations. That light brings wisdom through the Word of God where there were no answers. This is light that makes a difference. We must let our light shine. Let us **Be the light!**





Councilman Candidates

Dave Earley

Well, here I am running for Council again – it is an honor to be asked, and let me start by thanking all those who voted for me last time. Based on some conversations with PBS members, I have tweaked my bio a bit, rather than just reprinting what you read last time.

I was recently asked what my priorities might be if elected. First, I would strive to listen to membership, fulfill the duties assigned to my specific Council seat, and continue the work of current and former Councils. Secondly, I would suggest we consider expanding efforts to protect future bowhunting opportunities for our children and grandchildren. PBS has a long history of opposing various threats such as the crossbow and the air-bow; I would argue that



working to protect future access and opportunities are worth fighting for as well. Two areas near and dear to our hearts involve long archery seasons, and access to huntable land.

As Norm recently pointed out in his column, technology threatens our long hunting seasons. Is it time to consider PBS involvement in strategic requests for trad only seasons? As far as land access goes, when I started bowhunting more than

forty years ago, I had handshake access to almost a thousand acres of prime northeastern Ohio whitetail habitat; today that number is about two hundred acres. A quick review of social media shows an increased focus on hunting opportunities on public land; should PBS also consider getting involved in access issues such as corner crossing in the west?

PBS has been a guiding light to me over the years, particularly in my early learning process when so many Ohio guys encouraged me to switch to a crossbow 'to be more successful'. Friendships made here have enriched my life, and PBS offers a much-needed alternative to the instant gratification, buy your success, screen obsessed world we seem to live in. As our family prefers wild-caught protein, I am primarily a meat hunter; my greatest 'tro-

phies' are the new hunters I have helped to mentor.

My venison-loving wife and I own and operate Chrysalis Family Solutions in Wooster, Ohio, a mental health treatment, consulting and training business. Our work is our ministry, and we focus largely on special needs children, marital and family counseling.

While I have not been active as a volunteer in the bowhunting world, should I be elected, I have professional skills and experience that may be helpful to PBS as we continue to grow. Prior to opening Chrysalis five years ago, I had a career in various senior management and executive positions with large nonprofits serving troubled children. In addition, I have served on a couple of boards of directors of similar organizations with national and international reach, with experience in program

management, strategic planning, and finance. Some of these experiences might serve PBS.

Angie and I have six children, including three adopted special needs. We are also active in our church where I am an Elder.

Equipment wise, except for my rookie season, and a few seasons impacted by two major shoulder injuries twenty years apart when I dusted off a compound, I have hunted forty years with recurves and longbows. Primarily a treestand hunter, I am currently trying out saddles.

Finally, I was blessed to be raised in a 'service above self' oriented family, and taught to do whatever it takes to get a job done. It would be an honor to serve on Council, and I pledge to bring this ethic and my professional experience to PBS if elected.

Dave Earley

Tim Denial

Hello fellow bowhunters!

My name is Tim Denial and I am running for Council. First of all, a little bio of myself. I am sixty-eight years old and I am retired. I have been married to my wife, Cindy for forty-eight years, and we have three grown children.

If you have been to an Odd Year Gathering here



in northwest Pennsylvania, you would have met

all but our oldest son who lives out of town with his family.

I did not grow up in a hunting family and really did not get into hunting until after high school and that was somewhat sporadic at best.

My early years of hunting sitting on a branch in an apple tree produced zero game taken.

The deer seemed to sense I was of little danger. Still to this day I'm not much of a threat.

I joined the PBS in

1989/90 I believe. It was a cool magazine and I was deep into bow hunting at least in my mind.

About twelve years ago I started to be more involved and all for the better.

My goal if elected is to perform the duties of a junior Council member to the best of my abilities (albeit somewhat limited).

Another goal is to also create a welcoming atmosphere to fellow new, longtime and future members.

People quite often ask when approached about joining, "What's in it for me?"

I give them the standard sales pitch and such, then also add, "Not much if you are just looking for a magazine." As for myself I tell them I started to put a little effort in and have been rewarded tenfold.

Please vote. I believe you will be well served by either myself or Dave.

Shoot Straight,

Tim Denial



**PBS 2024 BIENNIAL GATHERING
LEXINGTON KENTUCKY
TICKET ORDER FORM
MARCH 14-17, 2024**



Name _____ Regular Life _____ Regular _____ Associate _____

Spouse/Guest's Full Name (if attending) _____

Children's Names (if attending) _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Phone _____ Email _____ First Time Attending a Banquet? ☐

Individual Pricing:	Thursday Social	# _____	@\$35	\$ _____
	Thursday Social-CHILD	# _____	@\$20	\$ _____
	Regular Life Member Breakfast (Friday)	# _____	@\$28	\$ _____
	Friday Banquet and Auction*	# _____	@\$45	\$ _____
	Friday Banquet and Auction-CHILD****	# _____	@\$20	\$ _____
	Saturday Banquet and Auction**	# _____	@\$45	\$ _____
	Saturday Banquet and Auction-CHILD****	# _____	@\$20	\$ _____
	Ladies Tour (Friday)	# _____	@\$99	\$ _____
	Ladies Luncheon (Saturday)***	# _____	@\$30	\$ _____

Half Draw Package:	1 Friday Dinner & Auction Ticket	# _____	@\$120	\$ _____
(Thursday Social ticket	1 Saturday Dinner & Auction Ticket			
sold separately)	100 "General" Raffle Tickets			

Full Draw Package:	2 Friday Dinner & Auction Tickets	# _____	@\$240	\$ _____
(Thursday Social ticket	2 Saturday Dinner & Auction Tickets			
sold separately)	200 "General" Raffle Tickets			
	Additional "General" Raffle Tickets	# _____		\$ _____
	100 for \$50; 50 for \$25; 25 for \$15			

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED: \$ _____

*Friday Dinner Choice: _____ Honey Pineapple Chicken _____ Crab Stuffed Tilapia _____ Carved Tri-Tip Beef Roast

**Saturday Dinner Choice: _____ Bourbon Glazed Pork Loin _____ Grilled Salmon _____ Slow Roasted Prime Rib

***Ladies Luncheon: _____ Lemon and Rosemary Chicken _____ Seasoned Broiled Tilapia _____ Chicken Primavera Penne Alfredo

****Kids Friday and/or Saturday Dinner Choice (Put an "F" for Friday choice and "S" for Saturday choice):

_____ Mini Pizzas with French Fries _____ Chicken Tenders with French Fries

As an added bonus, any one (family) sending in their registration form by December 31, 2023 will receive 25 free "General" raffle tickets.

Register online at professionalbowhunters.org or if mailing in registration please make all checks payable to PBS and mail to: PBS, P.O. Box 391 Brownsburg, IN 46112. For questions call (801) 888-3802.

Credit Card # _____ Expiration Date _____
Signature _____ CVV _____ Billing Zip Code _____

Ticket order reservations made before January 1, 2024 will receive a souvenir name badge upon arrival in Lexington. Deadline for receiving this form in the PBS Home Office is March 1, 2024. Tickets will be picked up at the PBS registration desk in Lexington. Tickets will NOT be mailed.

Professional Bowhunters Society

MARCH 14TH- 17TH, 2024

CLARION HOTEL

1950 NEWTOWN PIKE, LEXINGTON, KY 40511



TO RESERVE YOUR ROOM

TO BOOK YOUR ROOM AT THE CLARION HOTEL IN LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY YOU CAN CALL OR BOOK ONLINE:

PHONE NUMBER: 859-233-0512. MENTION PBS TO GET OUR GROUP RATE OF \$115

WEBSITE: [HTTPS://WWW.CHOICEHOTELS.COM/RESERVATIONS/GROUPS/VF26C1](https://www.choicehotels.com/reservations/groups/vf26c1)



PBS Vendor Program

\$100 VALUE DONATION

ADVERTISING ON THE WEBSITE FOR 6 MONTHS, AS WELL AS AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE LEXINGTON 2024 GATHERING PROGRAM

\$200 VALUE DONATION

PBS WILL WAIVE THE VENDOR BOOTH FEE (\$150)

\$1000 VALUE DONATION

FREE HALF DRAW PACKAGE (INCLUDES ONE TICKET FOR FRIDAY & SATURDAY NIGHT DINNER & AUCTION, 100 RAFFLE TICKETS)

\$2,000+ VALUE DONATION

HOTEL ROOM COMPED FOR ONE NIGHT AND ONE HALF DRAW PACKAGE (INCLUDES ONE TICKET FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHT DINNER AND AUCTION, 100 RAFFLE TICKETS)

PLEASE SEND GATHERING DONATIONS TO

HERB HIGGINS

4772 OLD SMITH VALLEY RD
GREENWOOD, IN 46143

CONTACT BUBBA GRAVES TO SIGN UP TO
BE A VENDOR

WILLIAMGRAVES187@GMAIL.COM
(907) 712-7856

Special Guest Speakers



FRIDAY NIGHT: ALAN ALTIZER

ALAN ALTIZER CURRENTLY LIVES IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTHEASTERN TENNESSEE WITH HIS WIFE KRISTY AND SON GABE. HIS DAUGHTER AND HER FAMILY ARE NEIGHBORS SO FUN TIMES WITH GRANDSON CHARLES ARE OF HIGH PRIORITY.

NOW 64 YEARS OF AGE, ALAN HAS SPENT 60 OF THOSE YEARS BOWHUNTING EVERYTHING FROM FROGS TO BISON, WITH HIS FAVORITE BEING MATURE WHITETAILS. HIS BOWHUNTING ADVENTURES HAVE CARRIED HIM THROUGHOUT NORTH AMERICA, HUNTING FROM MEXICO TO THE CANADIAN WILDERNESS. ALAN WAS ONE OF THE PIONEERING BOWHUNTERS WHO DOCUMENTED THEIR HUNTS ON VIDEO FOR NEARLY 20 YEARS. FOLLOWING THE 9-11 ATTACKS, ALAN LEFT THE HUNTING INDUSTRY TO WORK AS A SECURITY CONTRACTOR. DURING THIS TIME, HE CONTINUED TO HUNT WITH HIS TRAD BOW AND NEVER LOOKED BACK.

TODAY ALAN CONTINUES TO SUPPORT BOWHUNTING THROUGH SUPPORT OF THE PBS, AS A WRITER FOR VARIOUS PUBLICATIONS INCLUDING BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE AND TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTER, AND AS A MEMBER OF "THE STICKBOYS PODCAST". HOWEVER, HIS GREATEST JOY IS WORKING WITH NEW BOWHUNTERS AND PASSING ON THE GIFTS OF TRADITIONAL ARCHERY AND FLINTKNAPPING. THIS ESPECIALLY IS TRUE WITH HIS SON GABE. GABE IS A VERY ACCOMPLISHED HUNTER AT THE AGE OF 14 AND HAS TAKEN SEVERAL ANIMALS WITH HIS RECURVE AND WOOD ARROWS. GABE IS THE BEST PART OF ALAN'S BOWHUNTING CAREER. ALAN THANKS THE LORD JESUS FOR MAKING HIM A BOWHUNTER.



SATURDAY NIGHT: CELEBRATING 60 YEARS OF A SPECIAL HISTORY AND LEGACY



THE PBS HAS REACHED A MILESTONE OF 60 YEARS AS A STELLAR ORGANIZATION WITH A GOAL OF EDUCATING BOWHUNTERS AND UPGRADING BOWHUNTING ALL ACROSS OUR NATION, AND WELL BEYOND OUR BORDERS.

THROUGHOUT THE JOURNEY THE PBS HAS BEEN A PART OF SOME MAJOR MILESTONES THAT HAVE IMPROVED THE ETHICS AND THE PRESERVATION OF BOWHUNTING. WE HAVE BEEN BLESSED TO HAVE MANY NOTEWORTHY PIONEERS BE A BIG PART OF OUR MEMBERSHIP ALONG THE WAY, INCLUDING GLENN ST. CHARLES, JAY MASSEY, FRED ASBELL, BOB SWINEHEART, ROGER ROTHHAAR, GENE AND BARRY WENSEL, AND MANY MANY OTHERS.

JOIN US AS WE INVITE SOME OF OUR OLDEST MEMBERS TO COME FORWARD AND SHARE STORIES OF THE PAST. WE WILL ALSO HAVE A SLIDE PRESENTATION THAT WILL BRING BACK 60 YEARS OF MEMORIES AND A UNIQUE HISTORY AND LEGACY TO BE VERY PROUD OF. IT WILL BE A NIGHT FOR THE HISTORY BOOKS AND YOU WILL NOT WANT TO MISS THIS EVENT.

Ladies Tour



Horse and Barrel Tour

MARCH 15TH, 2024

\$99 PER PERSON

COME AND JOIN US FOR A TOUR THAT GIVES THE PERFECT TASTE OF KENTUCKY. TOUR BUS WILL LEAVE AT 10:30 AM FROM THE CLARION HOTEL AND WILL TAKE GUESTS TO THE HISTORIC **CLAIBORNE FARMS** (FOUNDED IN 1910) FOR AN 11 AM PRIVATE TOUR. THE FARM TOUR CONSISTS OF A WALKING TOUR AROUND THE FARM TO MEET THEIR STALLIONS TO FEED THEM MINTS AND POSE FOR PICTURES WHILE THE GROOM EXPLAINS THE HISTORY OF THE FARM. YOU WILL ALSO VISIT SECRETARIAT'S GRAVE AS HE IS BURIED THERE.

AFTER THE HOUR FARM TOUR, THE BUS WILL TAKE YOU TO **DOWNTOWN LEXINGTON**. YOU CAN CHOOSE FROM MANY OF THE LOCAL RESTAURANTS IN THE AREA FOR LUNCH. AFTER LUNCH THE TOUR GROUP WILL MEET AT THE **BOURBON THEATRE AT LEXLIVE**-A LUXURY THEATER WITH OVER 80 FT SCREENS AND HEATED LEATHER RECLINERS. THIS BOURBON THEATER IS A NEW WAY TO LEARN ABOUT BOURBON AND ENJOY A FOUR POUR BOURBON TASTING IN THE THEATER AS THE MOVIE WALKS YOU THROUGH THE PROCESS OF BOURBON MAKING AND THE HISTORY OF BOURBON.

LIMITED TO THE FIRST 55 TO SIGN UP. IF THERE IS A HUGE DEMAND ABOVE THIS WE CAN LOOK AT GETTING A SECOND TOUR BUS.





KNIFE

Open to all. The membership will vote on the Best Hunting Knife. All entries become the property of PBS and will be highlighted in the Saturday Night Auction. Entrants need not be present to win. Entries can be sent to Herb Higgins at 4772 Old Smith Valley Road, Greenwood IN 46143. Please note clearly that the knife is to be entered in the knife contest. Include an index card with entrants name, address, phone number and any other information that you would like the judging membership to know about your entry.

PHOTO

Participants may enter multiple photos per category , All photos must be 8"x10" prints , All photos become property of PBS , All mailed photos must be received by **March 5, 2024**. Photos may be hand delivered at the Gathering. Each photo must be marked with entrants name, address, phone number and email address. All photos must be on photo paper or light backing material. No matting or framing. Please package photos to prevent bending and send to Herb Higgins at 4772 Old Smith Valley Road, Greenwood IN 46143.

- LANDSCAPE/WILDLIFE
- HERO SHOTS
- YOUTH

ARROW BUILDING

Open to any PBS member in good standing. Members need not be present to win. If the arrow shaft is footed, self-nocked, or inlaid, then all work must have been done by the entrant. No sharp broadheads or field points. No illegal components (eagle feathers, etc.) All entries become property of PBS

- BEST MATCHED 3-ARROW SET PROFESSIONAL CLASS
- BEST MATCHED 3 ARROW SET AMATEUR CLASS
- BEST ONE ARROW ARTISTIC — THIS CAN BE PRIMITIVE, ARTSY, OR WHATEVER THE MAKER DESIRES.

Each entry must be titled and include an index card with the title, entrant's name, address and any other pertinent information that the entrant wants the judging members to know. Send INDEX CARDS ONLY (or e-mail) to Harmony Receveur at the home office--PBS, P. O. Box 391, Brownsburg IN 46112 (or by e-mail: professionalbowhunters@gmail.com) before February 15, 2024. This will give us an idea of how many entries and allow us time to make display signs for each entry. Deadline for arrow arrival at Gathering is noon on March 14, 2024. Those members planning to attend are asked to please bring entries with you. For those not bringing their arrows, they can be sent to Herb Higgins at 4772 Old Smith Valley Road, Greenwood IN 46143. Entries must reach Herb before March 5.

JERRY PIERCE BOWYERS CONTEST

- PROFESSIONAL CLASS: CAN BE RECURVE OR LONGBOW MADE BY THOSE WHO SELL BOWS COMMERCIALY
- AMATEUR: CAN BE RECURVE OR LONGBOW MADE BY THOSE WHO DO NOT SELL THEIR WORK
- PRIMITIVE: SELF BOWS ONLY

Bows become the property of PBS and are highlighted in the Saturday Night Auction

Welcome New Members to the PBS family!

SEPTEMBER

Chris Smith - Mooresville, IN
Michaela Jones - Stanford, KY
Benjamin Noblit - Snow Camp, NC
Ronald Miller - Lafayette, LA
Jacob Lyons - Waddy, KY
Dustin Groves - Benton, KY
Matthew Mora - Horseshoe Bay, TX
John Hunt - Guilford, VT
Richard Jaskowski - Roscommon, MI
Jason Sparks - Mystic, IA
Arthur Keefer - Rimersburg, PA
John Carnahan - Baltimore, MD
David Unger - Millarville, AB Canada
Aaron Cowhy - Plymouth, MI
Zachary Houck - Dover, PA
Shawn McDuffie - Fort Dix, NJ
Edward Lay - London, KY
Manuel Weiss - Crawfordville, FL
Henry Torres - Clovis, CA
Daniel Bowman - Cleveland, GA
Josh Adamson - Woodburn, KY
Kevin Mackie - Brule, WI
Christopher Costigan - Quincy, IL
Brad Babyak - Crucible, PA
Tyler Alan Davis - Ceresco, MI
Clancy Cleveland - Prescott, AR

OCTOBER

Chris Alvarez - Homestead, FL
Randy Lee Ennis, Jr. - Sumerduck, VA
Edward Wagtowicz - Jackson, NJ
Joe Callahan - Saginaw, MI
Eric Parker - Seymour, IN
Forrest Davis - Lynnwood, WA
Joshua Rinkel - Shepherdsville, KY
Nathan Fikkert - Newberry, FL
Gerard Decaro - Middletown, NJ
Daniel Nance - Anniston, AL
David Neshek - Tomahawk, WI
Nathan Simmons - Clarion, PA
Ryan Bowers - Jourdanton, TX
Derek Smay - Dunedin, FL
James Chris Grigsby - London, KY
Michael Klemme - Dunnville, ON, Canada
Scott Klouw - Ozark, MO
Ronald Schoening - Huson, MT
Lucas Ruholl - Dieterich, IL
Jacob Gowdy - Drumbo, ON, Canada
Frederic Caujolle - Viroflay, France
Adam Alan Spears - Cannan, IN
Daniel Dutton - Poolesville, MD
Cory Braden - Grove, PA
Kevin Maisel - Marengo, IL
Mike Yoder - Apple Creek, OH



www.footedshaftllc.com
Complete Traditional Archery
Retail, Online, and Mail Order Business
Large Selection
of new & used bows
Bow Consignment

THE FOOTED SHAFT

44 Shaffer Ln.
Toston, MT 59643
(888) 288-7581



LISTEN AND WATCH

THE STICKBOYS

100% PURE TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTING

 [HTTPS://THESTICKBOYS.LIBSYN.COM/](https://thestickboys.libsyn.com/)

 [HTTPS://WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/
CHANNEL/UCRB208N37MMROD8RcKtHH6G](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCRB208N37MMROD8RcKtHH6G)

ASSOCIATE MEMBER PROFILE

BOB HALBERT LEBANON, TN

My return to traditional archery is pretty lengthy. If it had a title it would be either Full Circle or I've always been a traditional hunter (just didn't know it). Full Circle because in the mid seventies I bought a 45# bear kodiak hunter at age fourteen I'm soon to be sixty. Shot and hunted with it never harvesting a deer only a couple groundhogs and a squirrel. The compound bug hit and I bought and hunted with one for next forty years I would say fairly successful especially with limited time(raising family,work etc).Then for some reason bowhunting became not as exciting as it once was. That's when I picked up my old Bear bow that I had as a teenager... it was fun again! Now the learning process. My first thought was I needed a better bow so I ordered a custom bow. After receiv-

ing my bow I practiced and practiced but still lacked consistency, next step I purchased an ILF rig so I could practice form with lighter limbs. My next step was trying to find someone for advice on traditional bow shooting. That's when on a job site I met a guy that shoots at Buck Hollow in TN and he said to come on down. I made a call and they said they were setting up that weekend for Pre-Spring Fling and come on down. Great bunch of guys, treated me like I'd been shooting with them for years. The people that you meet at traditional shoots are truly some of the finest people you will ever be around. I highly recommend going to any 3-D shoot you can attend. Now back to "Full Circle". After a couple of years hunting I managed to kill a small buck with my ILF bow. I don't remember when I had this much excitement shooting at a deer. Almost shook out of the tree on a

five-point. I had finally killed a deer with a recurve. What's next? I'm going to try my old Bear Kodiak Hunter I had as a kid! So after getting a new string, setting up arrows and much practice it was time to hunt with my old bow. Traditional hunting has allowed me to see things that would never see hunting with a compound. For example I got into a stand one evening about fifteen minutes later I saw a doe and a 150ish ten-point stood up in a briar patch. He was downwind of major doe travel area scent checking any doe that came through. He did this for two hours until a doe came by that he couldn't get downwind of. He moved within fifteen yards never giving me a shot I was comfortable with. I didn't get a shot but learned a lot about big buck behavior. With a compound I would have had a shot much earlier and missed out on the learning process. That night my brother sent a group text

joking that "I needed to put some wheels on my bow." My reply was, "I took my training wheels off a couple years ago." The next morning I was sitting in my stand complaining about the weatherman's inability to predict wind direction when around a point came a deer we called the Big 6. He came down the edge of a CRP field at twenty two yards I drew and stopped him. At the release he dropped and I hit him in the spine. It wasn't my best shot but it was effective. I immediately put another finishing arrow in him. I had to sit down. I'd done it. I killed a deer with my Bear bow that I'd bought as a fourteen year old. My first text was the picture of the deer with the statement, "Told you I don't need any training wheels!" I've killed lots of

deer many bigger than this six-point but none that was more exciting or that I'm prouder of. Now the "I've always been a traditional hunter" part of my story. I say this because in all my years of compound archery I've always wanted to get stickbow close before the shot. I enjoy getting close and personal with whatever I'm hunting. I have to end this with thanking the many people I've talked to about traditional archery from bowyers to hunters to world class archers they are some of the finest people on the face of the earth. Next I want to thank my wife, Amy for being supportive and understanding of my bowhunting lifestyle. Most of all thanks to the good Lord above for giving me the guidance, ability and opportunity to do all that I do.



ASSOCIATE MEMBER PROFILE

NIC GILLOT OAKMAN, AL

I started hunting at the age of ten with the knowledge that my grandfather, who passed when I was two, lived for the outdoors. It was my connection to him even though he wasn't around. I began bowhunt-

ing at eighteen with a compound, and in 2020 at the age of twenty nine, I finally picked up a stickbow. I finally decided to join PBS in 2023 for their efforts they do behind the scenes for archery and to support a group that cares about the outdoors

with gatherings, hunts, and friendships. I want to support efforts that'll preserve hunting, especially traditional, for my two young boys. I'm a no body, and I'm OK with that, but I can proudly say that I am the PBS.





An Idea for Deadheads

By Paul Quigley

So you first saw him as a button buck and watched him learn and grow, several times wandering past your blind, eating the acorns scattered about. He was an early fawn but shows plenty of potential by how much he has grown.

Next season, he's a nice little eight-point that needs a few years to mature. Years after that, now a 120-class buck, you have him fifteen yards quartering away and just smile...next year...

Now, September rolls around, and you've watched him all summer. You're anxious to have a try at him this season, and he's using the same bean field just about every day.

October begins the game of cat and mouse, you trying to figure out on which trail to ambush him while not alerting him to your presence. You hunt little and watch more, waiting for the conditions to line up.

October drifts into November. It has been a dry month in a drought year, so water holes are steadily disappearing. You pick your spot for the evening - a little dip in the field on the edge of the ragweed in a trimmed-out multi-flora rose bush. You hear them gliding through the ragweed behind you, only given away by an occasional snap. Fingers tighten on the string; you're ready. He stops about fifteen feet from the edge and just stands there until after shooting light has passed. Damn it! You are now pinned in your blind for an hour after dark till he moves through. "I'll get him tomorrow," you tell yourself.

After three more close calls that week, you are sure he will be yours on the next hunt.

You arrive earlier than usual, the wind perfect, and set up, patiently waiting for the first does to filter into the field. Nothing. Maybe they're just late, but darkness falls, and no deer show—next time out and the same results. Sunday has you glassing the field, and again, nothing but the buzzards, and they seem more concentrated than usual. The next day, you hunt the morning, not the evening, and notice the buzzards landing in the big cherry tree just inside the reeds. At 10 a.m., you drift over, curious about what they have found, hoping it's not what you think. Sadly, it is.

Blue tongue, also called EHD, has taken your buck and many others around your hunting area. You find them well into the winter. All in

different conditions. Some with skulls that can be bleached out nicely still. Others, they are too stained to clean, destined for the barn.

Well, I've come up with an alternative that even the wife will approve of. It's relatively easy and cost-effective; the most expensive thing will be the hanger to put it on the wall. You only need a few cans of fleckstone spray paint, pewter or bronze, and a primer.

If the antlers are damaged, you can easily repair them with Apoxie Sculpt from your taxidermy supply catalog, or if the repairs are minor, any sand-able epoxy putty. It's as simple as rebuilding the damaged areas and ensuring the skull is free of dirt and any leftover dried flesh. The dry stuff can be removed with a bit of light dremel work. Then shoot a few coats of primer. After it's dry, paint it with your chosen color. Be careful with the over-spray of the fleckstone types of paint; that stuff sticks to everything, even the family cat.

The photos show the steps; it's straightforward, and the buck that almost was yours can become a work of art on the wall. Total cost: twenty five dollars in paint and putty, nice hangers can be found online to fit the desired location. Barn wood panels can be bought or made to frame your masterpiece. You can even make a pedestal base and shoot the whole piece. If you try this option, the skull can be anchored solid by plugging the sinus cavity from the back and filling with auto body filler or epoxy a piece of wood you have shaped to fit on a sander inside the canal. I then shaped a block to fit the roof of the mouth and screwed it to the one in the sinus canal. Don't over-tighten and break the bone, snug is good enough - drill up through your base and use a three inch screw to anchor the riser of your pedestal. A little wood glue between both steps will help make sure you're squared up before it dries. Attach the bottom to the upright, fill the seams with putty, let dry, and spray away. Have a few old sheds lying around? One can make a cool pedestal base for a skull by screwing a few together and then shooting them in the same way. Have an old fence post, especially one that's been rubbed? It makes an excellent option for several skulls to be displayed.

You can get creative with this; just let your imagination go. Hopefully, this little idea helps to preserve some of the memories of the ones that got away. Well, kind of got away...

JUST ONE DAY

(BOWHUNTING IN AFRICA... FIELD NOTES)

By Russell C. Lantier

One look at the national bowhunting publications will tell you that Africa has become a popular bowhunting destination. Still, I personally never gave it much consideration until just a few short years ago. Then after nearly two years of planning, this past June 27th, we crossed the Atlantic in search of adventure.

I did a lot of homework during those two years. I studied animal identification guides and tried to learn what to look for when judging trophy animals. I read bowhunting articles and watched videos on Africa. But on reflection, and now that we've returned, I don't know if anything can prepare a person for Africa's sheer quantity and quality of animals. It must be seen to be appreciated!

I took extensive field notes while spending long days in the blind. What follows is just one day.

JULY 13, 2001

8:15 a.m.

I head out with Antonie (my professional hunter or P.H.) to the "Mamba" blind once more, but this time, he will be with me. After only twenty minutes, we begin to see the slow arrival of kudu cows, followed by small kudu bulls, springbok, and a large (38") gemsbok cow.

The assortment of kudu comes in quite comfortably; however, the gemsbok is the most untrusting of the lot and stands off at forty yards. After the kudu enjoyed the salt for some one-half hour, one member of the herd spooks at something akin to its own shadow and sets off a chain reaction. In a flash, they are all off in a cloud of dust.

Not long afterward, I spotted a lone red hartebeest coming in from the opposite side of the waterhole. It is quite shy and uncertain of its approach. After getting the "thumbs-up" from Antonie, should it approach, it took a few bashful steps to the far side of the water. I knocked an arrow and prepared for any shooting opportunity he might provide. It stopped at the opposite side of the water... never any closer... always head-on... never providing an opportunity for a shot. After drinking his fill, he disappeared as quietly as he had arrived.

Following his departure, a duiker appeared at the same location. It is a shy and diminutive little guy... much smaller than our whitetail deer. But like the red hartebeest, he never offered a shooting opportunity and was gone.

After another short respite, Antonie spotted a quite nice kudu bull coming in from our right. By his estimates, it was fifty to fifty-one inches... a shooter in my book.

However, given the fact that a trophy waterbuck was in the shadows beyond, he suggested that I pass on the kudu bull in the probability that the kudu's presence would assure the big waterbuck that all was well. There would be other opportunities for a quality kudu later.

His knowledge of animal behavior was right on the mark, and the next minutes were intense. The big kudu bull came into the water as hoped, but fortunately, I never had to decide which animal to choose. Unfortunately, neither the big kudu bull nor the big waterbuck bull ever presented a proper shot, even though they were under twenty yards. The kudu bull wandered casually off with a full belly, and shortly afterward, the waterbuck was spooked away by



some unknown gremlin. It is Friday the 13th!

Perhaps another day, the gods of the hunt will shine more favorably?

10:15 a.m.

More kudu cows. Quite a morning indeed!

12:00 noon

A small herd of young kudu bulls, cows, and calves began filtering into the salt and water from our left. At first quite nervous, they finally settled down and began drinking and licking at the salt, each according to their pecking order.

They were calm until a trio of playful ostriches, one male and two females, began to run around the dry riverbed with all the youthful energy of five-year-olds on a playground. The kudu spooked away as the ostriches continued their games of chase.

All the while, a second group of kudu, and the second quality waterbuck of the morning were moving in from the right. They would never continue their journey into the water if the ostriches continued to misbehave. So Antonie discretely scooted the troublesome ostriches off with a wave of his hat from the window on the left of the blind, without disturbing the incoming animals on the right.

As the big waterbuck bull approached, I hoped to, at long last, release an arrow. The rest of the world seemed to stop... everything was quiet and still as he moved into the water at only fifteen yards. But he moved just barely too far to the right and jammed me against the left wall of the blind. I was unable to get the proper bow clearance necessary for the shot.

With the same abruptness as his move to the left, the big waterbuck began to move back to the left. Whew! All hope was not gone. I believe it was both Antonie's and my belief that he was heading for the salt. But rather, he stopped at the water for another drink, again at only fifteen yards distance. But this time he was quartering ever so slightly forward, with his near leg tucked comfortably back, closing the door on what was to be the final opportunity for a shot. Now that he was gone, I could finally breathe. It is Friday the 13th!

3:00 p.m.

After lunch at the lodge: As the Land Cruiser arrived near the "Kudu" blind, Antonie asked if I would mind walking the final three hundred or four hundred meters to the blind so as not to cause any unnecessary disturbance.

The norm here in Africa is to drive the hunter directly to the door of the blind and drop him off with his personal equipment, chair, and a cooler with snacks and/or drinks of his preference. This afternoon, we would forego the cooler... too much weight and bulk to carry in the loose and sandy Namibian soil.

As we approached on foot to the "Kudu" blind from the sandy road, we spooked a quite large herd of kudu already "on-site." But I didn't spot any large bulls in the fleeing masses. If Antonie saw any, he did not comment.

We settled in and began the wait. One hour passed by without any activity. It was a time to read, write, or simply be alone with one's most private thoughts.

4:00 p.m.

A lone duiker came into the remnants of what once was a large waterhole. A malfunctioning water pump rendered this waterhole to mostly mud with only small puddles of water available to the thirsty animals and the wide array of birds.

With the exit of the duiker, I spotted the first set of kudu legs beyond the bush some sixty or seventy yards away. The Namibian bushveld restricted the view of his headgear. All that could be seen was a slight glint from the sun shining off the horn from just above his ears. Even the view through the binoculars would not reveal his size.

After several long minutes he finally stepped aside. He was a very small bull, but his appearance gave promise of the beginning for this evening's migration to water and salt. And soon, more animals slowly appeared moving in the shadows of the bush.

Then I saw what appeared to be a larger bull, farther beyond and deeper in the bush. He stood practically motionless and surveyed the area for nearly thirty minutes. Even Antonie's experienced eye and the high-powered optics couldn't provide a clue to the size of his horns. He was just barely too deep into the bush to get a fix.

As abruptly as a trout might strike the fly, he stepped into the open, and without further hesitation, headed straight for the limited supply of water. Almost immediately, I knew it was a quality kudu bull, but Antonie's approval started the flight of the butterflies deep in my gut. Perhaps it was the desire to disprove this Friday the 13th jinx, or maybe it was just something as simple as the size of the large horns that had me so keyed up, but I just sensed that this was going to be "my time." There was just something different about this big kudu; I was as excited and tense as I have ever been in any hunting situation.

The big bull stopped at the water and drank his fill. Even though he was just at the edge of my comfortable shooting range, his head-on profile prevented any shot consideration.

After drinking, he turned away and paused as though to return to the safety of the bush. "Oh no, is that all there is?" I thought. Then as though my thoughts and hopes were transmitted via some unknown sixth sense, he turned back towards us and crossed the water's edge

to the salt lick that lay only twelve yards from the edge of the window.

I had already nocked an arrow and was in position to shoot whenever the moment presented itself. Now, it was not only the butterflies performing their winged dance, but my heart was pounding like a jackhammer in the hushed stillness of the blind. I was as tense and alert as I can ever remember. But just as at the waterhole, the huge bull was quartering forward. All was not settled.

Five minutes went by, and he never budged. It was all too obvious he was quite relaxed and comfortable with his misgiven belief that there were no predators at the waterhole, for he never lifted his focus from the block of salt.

Other animals began arriving at the site: more kudu... cows, calves, and smaller bulls. Still, the big bull licked away at the salt, never lifting his head or shifting his feet.

Ten minutes passed. I never allowed my gaze to wander from the bull's side for more than a fraction of a second. As with any predator, one must be prepared to take advantage of the slightest lapse in vigilance on the part of the prey. My nerves were as tense as the proverbial tightrope. My heart was still pounding.

More animals came in, and I could see in the distance and my peripheral vision, another large bull was coming in from the far side of the salt. I hoped this other bull might challenge the big bull already at the salt block. Here-to-fore, several lesser bulls had shown interest in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18 »



**THE BEST
BOWHUNTING
IN THE
WORLD...**

WE CAN TAKE YOU THERE.

FOR A FREE BOWHUNTING CATALOG, CALL:
(800) 833-9777
WWW.BOWHUNTINGSAFARI.COM

**BOWHUNTING
SAFARI
CONSULTANTS**

the salt, but they were not up to challenging the bigger bull's place at the lick. It was obvious he was at the very top of the pecking order.

Fifteen minutes passed. My heart rate never eased, nor could I relax even for a moment. Antonie was just behind me, by a mere two feet, and I whispered ever so softly, "How big do you think he is?"

"Fifty-five inches," was his whispered reply.

Oh, my God, now I was beyond a wreck. "I didn't need to know that," I thought. My nerves were getting more frazzled by the minute. I was still focused and tense, but now I was trying to take deep breaths to try and relax.

I believe Antonie was beginning to find my frazzled condition somewhat amusing and whispered again, "Relax, it's only a kudu. It's not a lion."

The humor served its intended purpose. It made me smile, and I could relax, but only for the briefest of moments. I didn't want to allow myself the luxury of being distracted, and in a heartbeat, I was again focused on a spot on the animal's side... waiting... hoping for him to turn and give me the shot I needed... and still trying to take deep breaths.

More animals came in... duiker, black-backed jackal, and more kudu. Still, the big bull went unchallenged at the salt and did not

budge. His head was down all the while.

Without warning, he lifted his head, arched his body to turn. In a flash, my bow was half drawn and preparing for the shot. But as quickly as he lifted his head, it was back down at the salt. He never shifted his feet and his quartering forward angle remained unaltered... all the while at only twelve yards.

Twenty minutes passed. I'm not sure how much more of this I could take. My pulse was still racing blood rapidly through my veins, and I thought Antonie could even hear my heart pounding. I had not shifted or relaxed my arms. My level of focus was the same from the moment the bull locked onto the block of salt. My arms were turning to jelly, and I wondered if they could be called upon to perform when the shot would finally present itself.

And suddenly... suddenly, a large unscheduled bird swept over the big bull, with wings flapping loudly, and the entire area was as void of animal life as the surface of the moon. They were all gone in less time than it takes to blink. Whew... I could finally breathe normally again. Certainly, I was disappointed it was not "my time" as I had earlier hoped, and yet there were no regrets! That's the reality of hunting with a bow. I wouldn't have it any other way... well, on second thought! It is Friday the 13th!

The word "intensity" does not begin to describe the past twenty-plus minutes ade-

quately. He was a magnificent animal, and I am thankful for having had the opportunity to have been so near to success. Events like these give meaning and value to the word "hunt."

7:00 p.m.

Back at the camp this evening, we learn that T.J. made short work of a fine thirty-sevent-and-a-half-inch gemsbok. I suppose Friday the 13th jinx has no meaning for some.

Bowhunting Africa is an awesome adventure and can offer good value for your bowhunting dollar. Daily rates can range from \$150 to \$400 daily or more. And the low-end daily rates do not necessarily mean you're getting less for your hunting dollar. In many cases, it indicates that the hunt provider owns the land and doesn't have to pay third-party concession fees. Depending on the number of animals you want to take, a ten-day hunt could cost as little as \$1,500. Add another \$1,800 for trophy fees (Greater Kudu, Gemsbok, and Warthog, for example), approximately \$1,700 for Trans-Atlantic airfare from Louisiana, and a few more dollars for tips and in-country travel... and you're in at under \$6,000 for a ten-day hunt. Now compare that to guided hunts in Colorado or Montana... or even those right here along our Mississippi River. If you do your homework, it can add up to a great hunting value.

Don't LOSE your Trophy!

"The Tracker"™

Includes one 17# or 30# "The Tracker Spool"

Bowhunters' Tracking & Recovery System

Follow tracking line to recover your trophy

- Mounts on traditional and compound bows
- Flat trajectory at reasonable distances
- Detailed how-to instructions & tips included





FREE Shipping – Promo code: 23

Tracking line attaches to arrow (Arrow not included)



Exclusively Sold by TurkeyHuntingSecrets.com 877.267.3877 (24/7)

Jay's Hunting Story

By Jay Hendrickson

After reading a great article in the summer PBS Magazine by Gary Brown, titled "Patience, Persistence and Perseverance," it quickly reminded me of a similar situation I found myself in a long time ago. My story dates back to November 2, 1975.

I was up early and well into the woods I intended to hunt. It was a rain threatening cool November morning. My time was spent silently moving through the woods for a couple of hours with no deer sightings... just a couple of squirrels. The weather was starting to close in, so I decided it was best to head back out to where I parked my vehicle. I was walking down a heavily used deer trail when suddenly I saw a flicker of movement about seventy yards away. My instinct told me it was a deer, so I quickly ducked off the trail and hunkered at the base of a large white pine. Wow, what a sight to behold when a nice sized buck stepped into view. He was walking straight towards me on the same trail I was just on, a few yards off to my left. He was slowly walking and feeding as he headed my way. All of a sudden, behind him stepped out another buck with antlers about the same size. As I pondered the situation, I said to myself this could result in a great opportunity or fall completely apart. To my surprise and complete shock, out stepped a third buck. Again, with a rack equal to the first two. They all had eight points and looked like triplet brothers. At this point, I was not confident that I would get a shot as they were all face on, slowly meandering up the trail. They appeared very alert with heads bobbing up and down. Three sets of eyes on full alert! I had nocked an arrow and was ready should a shot present itself. The gap was closing as they walked straight at me. Here is where lady luck came to my rescue. Suddenly, buck number one made a couple of steps to the left off of the trail. He was broadside at twenty-eight yards. (I measured the distance later in the day). It could not have been a better shot, behind the right shoulder and middle of the body. Not a pass through but great penetration. I was able to view the arrow as the deer ran off. I figured at that time a double lung shot for sure would result in a quick recovery.



I sat right down to calm my self and to confirm that I just killed a buck. After waiting about thirty minutes, I was off to collect him. Need to mention that it had been raining while I had waited. Certainly, it would not take long having made such a good shot. I had watched him run about forty yards where he turned towards the right and ran out of sight. I walked to the spot and stuck an arrow in the ground for a reference. I might add that I retrieved the arrow with a few spots of blood. The rain had washed most of the blood from the shaft. As I proceeded on my search, I was unable to distinguish any blood. I searched for two hours to no avail and decided to get some help by getting some archery friends to help out. We searched for another couple of hours. No clues! My friends finally left. I shot the deer at 9 a.m. and it was now 2 p.m.

I retreated to where I left the arrow and just stood there knowing that somewhere in these woods my deer lay dead and was waiting to be found. I thought, "Hang in their Jay, keep looking as it ain't over till it's over." Standing there, I noticed the ground slanted a little downward to the left. Knowing that a hard-hit deer likely would go downhill, I decided to start walking by placing every step towards the lowest point on the ground. We are talking only a few inches per step for many yards. Suddenly, the downhill became more prevalent, and it was taking me in a complete U turn in the direction opposite of the area that we had been searching.

I pushed on and probably traveled about one hundred and fifty yards. In front of me appeared a house with a beautiful, manicured backyard. Completely around the yard was a deep ditch, likely built to divert rainwater from the property during flood periods. As I viewed the property, I was suddenly taken aback when I spotted the tips of a deer rack sticking up. There he lay in the draining ditch. I felt so relieved that I finally found him. He was shot at 9 a.m. and as I stood admiring him my watch now showed 4 p.m.

Quite a day! Game over. This brings me back to the beginning of my story citing Gary W. Brown's article on "Patience, Persistence and Perseverance". These traits certainly paid off for me on my most memorable and unforgettable hunt so many years ago.

2023 BIGHORN MOUNTAINS O.Y.G.



By Steve Hohensee

Wow! What an incredible event we had this year at our Bighorn Mountains OYG! There was a great turnout from the west coast to the east coast, north to south, and many states in between. I arrived on Tuesday to find several people had come before I did, which made setup much easier.

Eventually, about fifty five people trickled into our event, from less than a year old to a few of us “white hairs.” Incredibly, we had attendees from nineteen states, including Wyoming, Washington, California, Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, New Mexico, Colorado, Montana, South Dakota, Nebraska, Texas, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. I’m dumbfounded by the distances folks drove to attend!

We couldn’t have asked for more excellent weather to view the incredible scenery at our high elevation. A perfect blue sky every day, and the night it rained, it didn’t start until bedtime and stopped before the first coffee pot went on the stove the following morning. Several of us spotted an elk herd in an alpine saddle from our camp below.

We had four novelty events this year, including a nine-hole archery golf course that was open all day, every day, and proved very popular, not to mention a great money maker (pleasing “Steve from Accounting” to no end), with seventy five rounds shot. At the end of four days, we had a three-way tie with an exciting shoot-off between Brian Koelzer, Eric McKee, and Jeff Cooper.



NOVELTY EVENT PLAQUE WINNERS

Archery Golf:

Brian Koelzer (MT)

Whistle Pig Shootout:

Duane Krones (IA)

Clout Tournament:

Randy Brookshier (VA)

Goblin Shoot:

Colton Gilman (MT)

Other novelties included the “Whistle Pig Shootout” where the first person to hit the target at a long distance was the instant winner; a “Clout Tournament”; and the “Goblin Shoot” with targets straight out of “Lord of the Rings.”

We set up a centralized kitchen area close to a fire ring with a U.S. flag and a PBS banner that served as the camp hub. Bubba kept me fed in the mornings, and two massive potluck dinners with numerous Dutch oven cobblers kept everyone happy on Friday and Saturday evenings. Many people kicked in food and helped with meal preparations, but Craig Burris was our top chef those two evenings, going above and beyond as he always does in the camp kitchen.

Somehow, we lucked out and had the intersection of what surely must be three of PBS’ greatest guitarists! Chad Slagle performed on Friday evening around the campfire and one last song on Sunday morning for a request he missed on Friday. Thanks for playing “Ghost Riders in the Sky” for me, Chad! We all enjoyed Brian Koelzer and Mark Baker’s playing on Saturday evening. Thank you for NOT playing any Nickelback, Brian!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23 »





DONORS

- Eric McGee/Great Northern Quiver
- Tim Denial
- Mark Baker
- Joe Lasch
- Dan Brockman/Crossfire Forge
- Walt Francis

We had quite a few generous donations this year, and we put everyone's name in the hat, once for attending, once for each round of archery golf, and once for each novelty shoot.

Bubba Graves' stepson Boyd and family attended their first PBS event, an enjoyable family without Bubba's "gruffness." An anonymous member realized that the ten-year-old son didn't have a bow, so one was purchased from Kevin Hall and the arrangement made for me to work it into the drawing to make it appear that young Jep's name was drawn! Immediately, another member passed the hat, and funds (plus an extra fifty dollar donation to PBS) were collected to buy younger sister Sydney a bow too! I know I saw one set of damp eyes in the crowd.

Thanks also go out to folks who brought personal loaner targets that we used on our practice range and those who donated targets for this and future OYGs.

Bubba Graves: 2 Imps, Coyote
Steve Hohensee: Goblin
Craig Scariano: Groundhog AKA "Whistle Pig"
Mike Haines: Moose

There are so many people to thank for helping to make this OYG such a special event, but this one is extra special, so we'll finish on it. Thank you, Scott George, for bringing many cases of beer on ice for the entire camp (only those over twenty one, of course!). It's so enjoyable to pop a cap off a bottle, sit by the fire, and share time with so many outstanding PBS members in attendance. Here's to doing it all over again in July of 2025!

SAVE THE DATES

VIRTUAL EVENT — SCHEDULE —



JANUARY 13:

Virtual Rabbit Hunt

Find more info on page 40!

APRIL 6:

Virtual Clout Tournament

Find more info on page 45!

MARCH 2:

Virtual Conservationist Day

MAY 18:

Virtual Bowfishing Day

St. Joe River Bows The Tradition Continues



100% Custom One of a Kind Handcrafted Longbows & Recurves
Bows for the Entire Family - StJoeRiverBows.com - 517-617-3658





By Tim Burris

It was Friday morning when I turned west on I-80 and headed towards the Odd Year Gathering held in Northwestern Pennsylvania. I missed the 2021 OYG, so I was really looking forward to this one. The sun was bright, I had the highway almost to myself, and I had some great tunes playing. This is the opposite side of the state from my home, but six hours flew by, and I was soon turning into Tim and Cindy Denial's driveway.

First off, Tim and Cindy are the greatest folks you will ever meet. Of course, that's no surprise – we're talking about the PBS. They set up their barn to serve food with a dining area that just seemed to encourage folks to gather and talk. The food was great. The main part of the barn was set with tables and shelves that filled up with donations for bucket raffles. Talk about the generosity of people donating bows, arrows, knives, and some priceless memorabilia. Oh, that's right, this is the PBS. Cindy had organized a few of her friends to run the "kitchen" as well as registration and raffles. Tim and Cindy, their family, and friends sink their heart and soul into this event.

Walking up to the barn was such a joy. Old friends and smiles. Meeting new people and exchanging shared experiences. I grabbed something to eat and shared greetings with old friends whom I hadn't seen in too long. Too long.

After registering, I grabbed my bow and set off on the course. Tim has a 3-D course set up on their property that winds through some fields, across a little creek, and up into a hemlock forest. Targets were at shooting distances and shooting situations. Some set ups beg you to risk an arrow, or test your confidence.

When I got back to the barn it was great to see a cadre of folks chatting. I had shot alone, now I was ready to be back with people. I pulled up a chair. Maybe there wasn't a campfire in the middle, but the glow was there. I stayed until dark, then headed to my hotel in Erie. Lots of people were camping at Tim and Cindy's, but others were also staying in Erie. It is a short drive back and forth.

I came back Saturday morning and ran into some folks from the Pittsburgh area, the opposite side of the state from me. We ended

up shooting the course twice and chatting on all manner of things: bow building, schools, hospital systems, bears, deer, arrow finishes and shooting styles. We also remembered those who were no longer with us.

In between shooting the course, I chatted with folks. A lot of people arrived just for Saturday and there were lots of people I was really happy to see again. It was great to see the folks from western New York. We asked each other about people we both knew that weren't able to make it this year. Heck it was great to see the folks from Virginia, and the Carolinas, and all the other places that people journeyed from to get to this OYG.

During the weekend I would ask myself what makes these Odd Year Gatherings so special? I have been attending OYGs since they were held at Denton Hill. Yes, it's the people, but it is more than that. If you are new, you are made to feel welcome. I remember meeting John Rook, Bill Hassemeyer, Jerry Brumm, and Ben Dodge among lots of other people at my first OYG. I was a relative newbie but had great conversations with all of these men that have stuck with me over the decades.

Another thing that I think is special is that Council members (past, present and future) travel long distances to attend. There have been OYGs where weighty subjects were discussed (and debated), others where we shared hopes and dreams and others where we just had fun shooting arrows. Having Council members in attendance gives them a great opportunity to read the pulse of the membership. It also gives them the opportunity to take regional ideas back to the rest of the Council.

Finally, bowhunting is the tie that binds us together. We may have different religions and politics and educations, but I can be just as mesmerized listening to someone talking about the perfect shot on a squirrel as I am hearing the tale of a moose hunt.

While this could be a brief report on a great OYG, I hope it inspires folks to attend an Odd Year Gathering. If you missed a few, trust me, you've been missed. If you have never attended one, it is worth the drive.



2024 PBS MEMBERSHIP HUNTS



By Jeff Holchin

The PBS has had some great membership hunts this year, with many members hosting and attending bowhunts for a variety of animals in many states. We had several new ones, which is great, and we still have the Blackbeard Island GA hunt for deer and hogs coming up in December. Here is a current listing of planned 2024 Membership Hunts – do yourself a favor and try to attend at least one of these hunts or better yet, consider hosting one yourself. I am still considering a FL hog /Burmese python hunt immediately before the upcoming Banquet in March 2024, if I can locate a suitable location for the event and there is some interest. Contact me at jeffreyholchin@gmail.com with questions. We're all about adventure and fellowship here at the PBS! Hope to see you at one or more of the following hunts:

1. Arizona hunt for javelina, mule deer and Coues deer from January 1, 2024 until about January 10th or 12th or 14th or whenever folks decide to head home. This is a truck-camp type of hunt on public land. Rick guarantees warm clear sunny weather (jk)... and adventure with great food for sure! Contact Rick Wildermuth at Rwildermuth2@cox.net if interested. This is a classic Membership hunt and we sure appreciate the work that Rick puts into this hunt. Everybody that attends always has fun.

2. Davis Mountains TX hunt for hogs and javelina - Councilman Bubba Graves will again host the famous Davis Mountains Hunt for hogs and javelina from January 27 to February 4, 2024; unfortunately, it is already full but if interested, you should contact Bubba ASAP to get on the back-up list because cancellations do happen and you might still have a chance.

3. TX hog hunt – Jesse Johnson will host a Membership hog hunt from Feb 22-25th at the Pat Mayse WMA in Arthur City, Texas. Contact Jesse at 972-800-9212 or Ojesse0john@gmail.com if interested.

4. Ft Stewart GA hog hunt – this new hog hunt will be held at the army base at the end of February 2024, probably a long

weekend, hosted by Mark Poynor. There is a campground and a vast amount of area to hunt. It should be cheap, with just the base pass and GA small game license required. Contact Mark at markpoynor@yahoo.com or 912-321-8350.

5. Possible Catskills NY hunt for turkeys – Councilman Sean Bleakley is considering a spring turkey hunt for either May 2023 or 2025 in the Catskills of upstate New York. There are thousands of acres to hunt and the turkey population is healthy now, unlike in many states with a declining population. Over the counter license and it is reasonably priced. Contact Sean at 845-243-4226 or seanbleakley45@gmail.com.

6. Georgia mountains black bear hunt – Jerry Russell will again lead this public-land hunt in September - you will learn how to do it from an expert in bowhunting mountain black bears but you had better be in shape. The key is to find the right elevation where the white oaks are producing and be willing to get there for spot/stalk or to hang a stand on a tree that's dropping akerns. Contact Jerry at stickbowjerry@hotmail.com for more details or to get on the list.

7. Land-between-the-lakes (LBL) hunt on the KY side at the beginning of October 2024 for whitetail deer and turkey. Thousands of acres of prime public land country to hunt. There are multiple cabins for rent but also tent camping available, and unbelievable cooking! Some nice bucks hit the ground here in 2022. Contact Mark Wang at markhw19@yahoo.com if interested – there is a pretty high capacity but the cabins fill up fast. This annual hunt has become a classic as the hunters figure out the area and fill some tags. Many of these hunts either have a low capacity or fill up very quickly, but this one is an exception to that rule.

8. Eastern Shore MD hunt for Sika deer – Several members hunted the Blackwater National Refuge this fall and had good action, so Randy Brookshier, who knows this area and hunt very well, will host this new hunt in mid-October 2024 -

contact Randy at stykbow59@comcast.net if interested. Size limit will probably be around 10-12 hunters.

9. Northern PA deer hunt with Tim Denial and the Mercer County Bowbenders - come experience the hardwoods of PA with Tim Denial and friends from October 28 to November 2, 2024. Stay at a nice campground with showers and hunt thousands of acres with Tim. This will be in Warren County, management unit 2F and PA hunting licenses go on sale on June 1. This is a great time to experience the Northwoods of PA. Contact Tim Denial at zebdenial@gmail.com or 814-392-8785 if interested.

10. 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 2022 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. You will need both a GA big game license with deer tags and the NWR permit to hunt, and must follow the refuge rules to the letter. Contact Matt Schuster at matt@easterndynamicsinc.com to sign up. How often can you enjoy a beautiful sunrise over the ocean and hear waves crashing on the beach while watching deer or hogs feeding towards your stand? That alone is worth it.

11. Summer of 2024 (July/August) - Trip to Namibia that can only take 4 hunters. Over 20 species available on 20,000 acres. I've hunted this concession several times, including the summer of 2023 which was an excellent hunt. I would help with all travel planning. The last group of PBS guys took 27 animals. Contact Jerry Russell for details: stickbowjerry@hotmail.com

**For additional information and an updated list, check out the website
www.professionalbowhunters.org/member-hunts-2023.html#/**



By Jesse Johnson

By mid-August, I am pretty burned out on fishing. Don't get me wrong! I love burning a crankbait for bass, running limb lines for delicious catfish, jigging stumps for crappie, or traveling north to lay down a fly for trout (or any other local warm water species that will bite). However, August means September mountain hunting and October white-tails are near. Therefore, I change my casual summer archery practice to daily shooting. I begin fine-tuning my gear and studying topo maps. Most importantly, I begin hiking my local public land with a weighted pack to get in better and better shape. By itself, with or without a bow, I love to hike! However, walking with a traditional bow on Texas public lands means the chance to wander up on a hog, and hogs provide extra motivation for 95+ degree journeys.

Typically, after a few weeks of my routine, I have had a few encounters and perhaps some pork in the freezer. However, 2023 has been different. Texas had an abnormally hot summer: no rain and 105-degree heat. However, fall is approaching, so I make myself get out. I have changed my

tactics for this year to prevent a possible heat stroke. I mapped a three-mile loop with a watering hole 1.6 miles in that allows me to sit down, cool off, and ambush anything that comes in to drink. For three weeks, I've hunted this water hole a few times a week. It's been pretty fun! I had several coyote encounters - boy, can they duck an arrow with ease!

I've seen a couple of good bucks, numerous doe and fawn groups, and even had pigs skirt me, but never during shooting light. As September approached, the daily temperatures began to cool, so I ditched the waterhole and began hiking larger loops. For those who do not get to hunt hogs, the best method is still hunting, but quickly. Stay near fresh sign, but, most importantly, cover ground while listening for audible squealing and movement. Once you find the group - slow it down, play the wind, and stalk with as much stealth as possible. However, please take into account their vision. They see better than they get credit for and may have a better sense of smell than whitetails.

One random Tuesday morning, I received a wonderful email from a colleague requesting to delay our meeting to 11:00 a.m. I

quickly informed my wife I planned to get up early to hit the trail for a few miles before heading to work. The 5 a.m. alarm came quickly; after a light breakfast and a cup of gas station coffee, I was on the way. I was on the trail by 6:15 a.m. and knew I had a chance of getting on hogs, but the main goal of the morning was to get some good exercise, enjoy my hike/loop, and spend some time in prayer. Half a mile into my hike, I was rudely interrupted by squealing!

I looked at my GPS and knew precisely where the hogs were. A clear cut not far from me produced excellent browse and, more importantly, a plum thicket that should be making fruit. I adjusted for a downwind approach and pursued quickly. Within a quarter of a mile, I spotted a loan boar viciously and noisily rooting in tall grass. I dismissed the thought, "This will be easy." However, it was. I was able to follow a well-worn game trail into the field and stalked within twelve yards. When he turned, I hit full draw and made an excellent shot - tucked tight into the shoulder. He took off and soon was out of sight. I took a compass bearing of his last location and approached the arrow to review. Immediately, I was again interrupted

by squealing! I looked east, and a nice-sized sow was directly underneath a plum tree, gorging herself on fallen fruit. I had to loop around her to get a perfect wind, but within minutes, I was within fifteen yards, with tension on the string waiting for my preferred quartered away shot (Thanks, Clay Epperson). Finally, she pivoted; I hit anchor and sent another well-placed arrow into her back rib and through her offside. Luckily, she only ran about seventy yards, and I heard her crash.

I was confident I had two good hogs on the ground. However, due to being overwhelmed by the mass chaos, I took another compass bearing and shot my blunt tip to the location where I hit the sow to create a visual reference for where she was standing. This tactic has helped me tremendously in the past. It is easy to forget minor details once you approach the location of the shot. Right after I shot my blunt, I was shocked to see more hogs a hundred yards away! This couldn't be happening! How lucky could I be? I checked the wind and had a perfect angle for the approach. I quickly pursued and located a ninety pound boar working towards me feeding. Every time his head went down, I got closer. Within fifteen minutes, he was within thirteen yards and I was down to my last broadhead - Zwickey No Mercy. (I shot the other two with three-bladed Woodsman) I drew back and slightly rushed my shot. However, I clipped the bottom part of his spine, and he dropped. Within a few minutes, he bled out. My exit hole caught the top of his lungs.

Before approaching, I sat on the ground and gathered myself. I was only forty-five minutes into my hike and had shot three hogs. Two of which I knew were down. I took time to thank the Lord for an incredible morning. I then gathered my gear and decided to track the first hog of the morning. I knew I hit him right in the crease but could not find a blood trail. The lack of blood did not surprise me. I was in tall grass in an overgrown cutover, and there was so much dew that my pants were soaked! I decided to grid search and, within forty-five minutes, had not located the hog. The temperature was now in the high nineties. Therefore, I decided to go back and quickly process the other two hogs and get them in a game bag - in the shade to cool off. My Gabbard knife and Hammer and Spear knife made quick work of both hogs. I do not mention this to be a gear nerd.

I use these tools because they are high quality and handmade by two fellow PBS members I consider good friends. Thanks, Justin and Rob.

After processing two out of three hogs, I spent another thirty minutes searching for the boar with no luck! I was upset but not surprised. A hog's anatomy is weird. Their hearts are low, and their lungs are high and forward. A well-hit hog does not go far, and my search was thorough, so I surmised that I ran the arrow down the boar's shoulder, and he left the scene unhurt. Hogs are tough animals. I was sad that I did not recover all three pigs but was happy to have a backpack full of delicious organic pork to make me feel better. As I was hiking out, I felt a rush of excitement! Fall was near, and months worth of stickbow pursuits were on the horizon! Good luck to all my PBS brothers this season. Stay in touch, post pictures, and share your "knowledge through experience" with us all. If you want to check out the video of my hog hunt and other adventures, please email me - at 0jesse0john@gmail.com. My videos, while not professionally edited, are simple and clean. My purpose for making them is to preserve the memories and lessons learned in the woods and on the water.

GEAR NOTES:

Primatech Longbow, 45lbs at my draw length, Gold Tip traditional carbon arrow with 200-grain heads, Woodsman and Zwickey's.



D
W
F

Leather Artistry

High Quality

Hand Made Custom Leather

- Archery Accessories
- Hand Bags, Briefcases, Carry Cases
- Knife Sheaths, Belts, Straps, & Slings
- Several Styles of Comfortable

MOCCASINS

For Order Inquiries Please Call or email

Dennis Filippelli PH: 724-747-2032

filippellidw1491@gmail.com Check out Face Book

dwleatherartistry.com

Never Too Old?

Never Too Young!

By Steven M. Platek

When I started hunting I heard it a million times or so, “Never too old to start.” I often felt like those folks were wishful optimists and that trying to teach this old dog new tricks was just too much. But, I’m not one for taking an ‘L’. So, I pushed ahead and have tried to learn as much as one can from various sources such as podcasts, YouTube, and personal relationships. Heading into the 2022-2023 hunting season, which would be my 4th hunting season ever, I knew there was going to have to be an adjustment. My newest child had turned two and was essentially my sidekick through the summer. His mom and I had talked about the possibility of him joining me on a hunt or two; we discussed the safety and what we really wanted him to get out of the experience – a love for the outdoors. We scouted and checked cams once or twice a month over the summer and faired pretty well, especially if it was coupled with a splash in a cool mountain trout stream and an ice cream cone from the mountain creamery afterward.

My schedule at the college where I teach was fairly free on Tuesday and Thursday. Tuesdays were historical days that I would hunt or fish by myself, because Presley was at his grandparents’ house. Thursdays were our boys’ day. I really wanted to teach him what I had learned about hunting in the past three seasons and realized the mutual benefit of teaching; the old saying goes you don’t ever really know something unless you can teach it.

The question that his mom and I, my neighbors and our parents all had was “Is he too young?” I asked everybody that would entertain the question, “is he too young?” A lot, I’d say most, agreed he was too young and that I ought to wait until he was eight, nine, or ten years old, when he could “sit still.” But, that didn’t feel right. I thought about the many tribal nations I had read about in school and wondered how our ancestors approached such questions. The answer I fell upon came from a relatively well-known scientist, Peter Gray, who was able to observe that many tribal nations allow their children to play virtually all day; sometimes children play with other children and many times that’s play within the realm of the hunter-gatherer lifestyle. More-



About to start our journey into the woods and into a life-long adventure of being best hunting buddies.

over, in their play children had to learn an immense amount of information about the natural world, everything from different species of animals and plants, to how to move effectively through the wilderness. What’s edible; what’s toxic. What’s good sign; what’s not. Their lives may very well have depended on it. The modern human child rarely gets this experience of uninterrupted play in a wild place. I decided to not take the advice of several accomplished hunters to wait until he was ten and took Presley hunting at the age of two.

I guess the rationale of most hunters was that the idea of toting along a two year old would seemingly “ruin” the hunt. It’s pretty common knowledge that two year olds can’t sit still or be quiet for more than a few seconds, and Presley is no different. Since movement and sound are the antithesis of camouflage kids don’t make particularly great hunting partners. Some tackle this challenge with ground blinds, which can be extremely effective. A few fellas advised me to setup a blind on some trails and let Presley watch a Netflix show or play with a

toy until, if we were lucky, an animal strolled by. As I mentioned in the opening paragraph, I’m a new hunter and I’m not really good at sitting still myself. I often find myself hanging a stand, or setting up a blind, sitting for a bit, but then getting up and moving. I realize this isn’t the most effective way to ambush hunt, but it’s also not as boring as sitting in a stand for 4 hours waiting. Personally, I am using this adventure into hunting as a means to get away from the technology and the cultural ADHD that plagues most of our brains. I digress. I didn’t want to view taking Presley hunting as “ruining” my hunt, I wanted him to learn in the wild places I frequent. I wanted him to become comfortable in the woods. In fact, this was more important than us harvesting anything. If I was keeping score, the 2022-23 season was my second best season with me killing one black bear and four deer. But, the adventures that Presley and I had easily made it the best season to date.

Georgia, or the south, might actually be the best place to introduce youngsters to hunting

and the outdoors. The weather during most of hunting season here is temperate and on some days downright warm. On our first outing we were definitely warm. We had long sleeves and long pants on, but that was just to keep the critters at bay. I knew I couldn't take him deep into national forest, or maybe I did not want to, for fear he would get ... you know the way two year olds get when they aren't having fun. I wanted this to be a positive experience for us both. I wanted him to experience the outdoors, but also have the option to say enough is enough when the time came. I decided to take him to my hunting lease in White County. Still hilly, but not mountainous by any stretch. Plenty of game, but also not a shooting gallery. My expectations were low with respect to seeing game, and even lower with respect to harvesting game, but I kept an optimistic attitude about spending a few hours in the woods with my little buddy, knowing there were ice cream cones due at the end of the day.

I planned the day around his afternoon nap, which typically occurred between 1-3pm. We left the house shortly after breakfast and arrived at the lease about 10 a.m. After making sure I had the requisite snacks, drinks, bug spray, and first aid materials in his back pack carrier, I loaded him in and grabbed my recurve (it was bow season). The lease is about two hundred acres of hardwoods and laurel thickets. The acorns did not really do well this season so I was hoping that a few historical spots would be the ticket. Maybe we'd see a deer track, an old rub, a bear den, or a great big pile of bear scat. What two-year-old wouldn't be fascinated by seeing poop? The property is set up essentially like a bowl with a creek bisecting the bottom running west to east, dumping into the Chattahoochee river. The parking area is on the south side of the bowl and the "big" ridge represents the northern most property boundary. There is a small, overgrown "trail" that serves as access and all but about three hundred yards are locked in by private parcels. Access involves a reasonably steep decline into the bottom, from which you can choose from a number of finger ridges to scout and/or hunt. On this day, with Presley on my back, I knew we'd not be climbing any of the bigger hills, but heading to a decent flat, where I had some deer on camera in August and where I had harvested a small buck the year before and a bear on opening day. The walk in took about twenty-five to thirty minutes. Presley was in awe, grabbing laurel leaves as we hiked in, looking around, smelling the wild scents that one only gets when in the woods and was begging me to let him walk. About thirty yards from where we were going to sit and eat lunch and change the batteries in a trail cam, I put him down on the ground. The leaf stripped growth of some blue berry bushes were up to his chin, making his walking quite a challenge. He fell more than



"Daddy, I am hiding...can you see me?"

once, but shook off any dirt and kept trucking. At one point he veered off toward the east and I let him explore. When he realized I was ten yards away he gave me the look of "come get me, please." I obliged.

The area I wanted he and I to sit used to be home to my ground blind. I shot a small buck out of that blind the season before with my Mongolian bow at about eight yards. The blind had been destroyed by bears, as will happen, when I mistakenly thought it would survive the winter, spring, and summer. I had hung a stand here in July, but we planned to just sit at the base of a tree that had an almost perfect little seat naturally carved out for us. I sat Presley down and opened the lunch I had made him: Peanut butter and jelly sandwich, some goldfish, and strawberries and he made short work of it while I changed the batteries in a trail cam. He explored the area discovering a mushroom, a centipede, a spider web, and a moth that he tried catching, to no avail. It took about half hour to eat the lunch and change the batteries, after which I indicated it was time to start making our way back to the truck. My plan was to keep our first outing short and sweet. So, I turned to grab the backpack carrier and I notice a slight flick of a tail behind a blown down pine tree that produced a mess of cover about thirty yards away. I didn't think Presley had seen the deer so I turned and planned on directing his attention toward it, only to notice that Presley had gone completely quiet and was

laser focused on the deer. It was a rather large doe. I knelt next to Presley and we watched her in complete silence and as still as a statue for about ten minutes as she hopped, dipped, and bobbed her way through the blow down not making a single sound. Neither one of us was wearing camo, but she didn't seem to see us until she was about twenty five yards away from us. My bow about seven yards away leaning up against the tree that was home to the trail cam. When she finally laid eyes on us, she bobbed her head three times, licked her nose and sniffed the air forcefully. Eventually Presley couldn't hold the stillness and leaned into my face and said at full volume, "Deer daddy!" She ran away, disappearing into the laurel that was the backdrop to the blown down pine. There is no other way to explain his excitement other than totally stoked!

After talking about how cool that was, we packed up for the day - and what a day it had been. I loaded him into the backpack carrier and started off, making my way back to the truck along a path that was different then the way we had come in. Presley and I were chatting about how cool it was to see a deer and ice cream cones, when I got a feeling I should look behind me. I am not sure what caused me to look back, but there she was. The doe that just checked us out was back. I thought to myself she was probably twenty yards away. Again, without instruction from me, Presley

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30 »

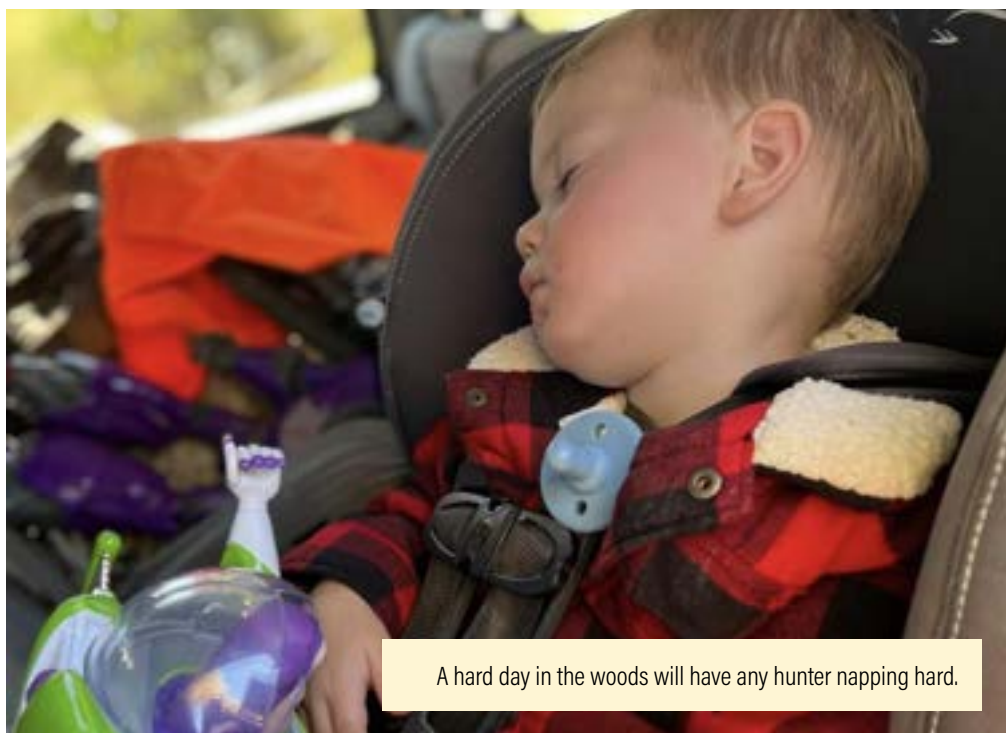
went quiet. I stood as still as I could with a two-year-old on my back trying to see the deer around my head. Eventually after about a five-minute standoff, I slowly turned my head and whispered, “Should I shoot bud?” I didn’t even have an arrow nocked. He didn’t give me a verbal answer, but I could see in my periphery his head was nodding yes. I slowly nocked an arrow and I watched her. There was a lot of laurel and blowdown in between her and us, and I can only imagine that it was producing front cover that was occluding her interpretation of what we were. There was one opening in the cover that would allow an arrow to pass if she were to bless us with an opportunity, and she did. She painstakingly, and slowly fed on the few acorns and browse in the area eventually reaching the opening with a quartering away shot. I knew if we were going to do this it was time. I focused on a tiny tuft of hair just back of the so-called vital V area, which I knew would cause the arrow to enter near the back ribs and pierce both lungs, maybe clip the heart. I visualized the shot and eventually drew, anchored, and loosed the arrow. At almost the exact moment of release the excitement of the moment got the best of Presley and he shifted from looking over my left shoulder to looking over my right shoulder. The arc of the arrow was almost in slow motion right past her front left shoulder and into the dirt. This time, she ducked and bolted out of the area, for good.

“Daddy miss?”

“Yeah, buddy, Daddy missed. But, wasn’t that cool?” He agreed it was fun. We walked over to grab our arrow and made our way back to the truck. You’d think one might be disappointed because of missing. Another hunter might use that as evidence that two year olds “ruin” hunts, but both he and I were over the moon. We saw a deer. We had a shot. And, we missed. This was hunting. This was the best day I’d had in the woods since starting my hunting journey.

He napped hard on the way home having taking in so many new experiences. Mom came home from work about two hours after we got home “Did you have fun hunting with Daddy?”

“Daddy miss!” He exclaimed with a smile from ear to ear. The rest of the season if Presley was home and I was at work or out of the house, I would be greeted with “deer hunt, daddy, deer hunt?” And we did go several more times. On one outing in November, we bumped a small spike buck tending to an even smaller doe. We saw a lot of squirrels, opossum, an armadillo. We didn’t see any other big game animals. Our outings moved from thirty minute bouts to one hour, to ninety minutes, to two hours. On some days we’d spend two



Catching trout after the hunt and practicing with his osage longbow at home. That bow was won at the TBG banquet.

hours in the woods eating lunch, clearing an area of dried leaves to sit on a point and then wrap the day up with an hour of trout fishing at a nearby mountain stream.

I can’t see how anybody could see that experience of missing a deer as anything but a huge success. It surely has shown this new hunter that there is more to hunting than killing. And

hopefully this short, but exciting experience has instilled in Presley that hunting isn’t easy. It’s a good model for life. You might do everything right and still not get the outcome you thought was going to happen, but you keep on trying; keep on learning. I have a feeling little Presley, who will turn 3 in just a few short months hasn’t seen his last day of hunting.



The PBS Survival Hunt Challenge

By Steve Hohensee

When was the last time you shot an azimuth? How about built an overnight shelter without just pitching a tent? Even we PBS members are prone to just pushing a button and having our electronic location appear before our eyes and walking fifty yards into the woods and climbing into a tree stand as the extent of our adventuresomeness.

Back in the late eighties and early nineties, traditional bowhunter and author Sam Fadala often wrote about going on survival hunts for several days or more at a time, limiting himself to one cup of rice per day to survive on plus any game that he could bag with his bow. I believe that Sam was living in Wyoming at the time but may have done some of his hunts in Arizona or New Mexico. The details that Sam wrote about have faded over the years in my mind, but the concept has stuck with me, and I brought it up to Bubba Graves a couple years ago and told him, "We need to do that sometime."

There is nothing that makes the mind reflect more than when you are sitting in a scorching hot antelope blind for sixteen hours a day, no book to read, no antelope in sight, so I started to plan for my own Survival Hunt and then realized it would make a great PBS program! The ultimate goal of the PBS Survival Hunt Challenge is to build and hone woodsmanship skills in a wildland setting with an emphasis on utilizing bowhunting skills. The Survival Hunt is also a great opportunity to do some exploring, adventure seeking, photography, look for arrowheads, shed hunting, fossil collecting, and scouting for the upcoming season.

The beauty of a survival hunt is the opportunity for off-season adventure; a survival hunt can be done nearly anywhere, at almost any time of the year including outside of regular hunting seasons and should only cost dollars per day which is significant for most of us in these days of out-of-control inflation and insane fuel prices.

Yes, the timing seems to have parallels to the TV programs "Alone" and "Naked and Afraid" but my motivation for a PBS program was truly 100% Sam Fadala's writings.

Planning For Your Challenge

Every person's Challenge is going to be different. The number of days may vary, terrain, season, size of the landscape available; site specific conditions will change what gear you should plan on taking on your Challenge. Site specific conditions should be considered when planning your Survival Hunt and selecting gear.

The intent of the Challenge is to be mobile and that any overnight camp locations would be abandoned after each night and the individual or team would trek and explore and use a new camp location each successive night. There is no reason a canoe or kayak couldn't be a part of an individual's Challenge. A Challenge, either in part or in whole, could be accomplished with a partner.

To properly prepare for a Challenge will necessitate knowing hunting and fishing regulations for both game and non-game species, learning to positively identify any edible plants and learning how to prepare and cook that which is unfamiliar ahead of departure.

Duration

Any combination of days for a total of seven days and at least one bow kill (to include field processing, preparation, and consumption) of any legal species is required to meet the achievement of completion of the PBS Survival Hunt Challenge. We can revisit and modify the number of days or establish different levels of accomplishment in the future if there is enough interest.

Patches For Participants

We now have a patch design for the Survival Hunt Challenge thanks to the skills of Rob Burnham. About twenty patches will be made and available to members that

complete the challenge. Only one patch will be made available per member for each seven day challenge completed. One of my new years goals is to complete the Survival Hunt Challenge during 2023. The first ten members that complete the challenge, complementary patches are on me! I'm looking forward to hearing about other members' journeys in completing their challenge.

Final Thoughts

Not every PBS member is going to be interested in taking the Survival Hunt Challenge but hopefully it will generate enough interest for some of us to refine our woodsmanship skills while having another excuse to roam the woods and hills with a bow in hand! Any member out there that decides to do the Challenge, please document, and share your journey with other members on the website and in the magazine.

SAMPLE GEAR LIST:

- ✓ Archery Gear: no limit on arrows!
- ✓ Ruck Sack
- ✓ Bed Roll (i.e., Wool Blanket and Pad)
- ✓ 8' x 10' Tarp
- ✓ Climate/Weather specific clothing
- ✓ Poncho
- ✓ Knife
- ✓ Hatchet or Saw
- ✓ Matches or Fire striker (no lighters)
- ✓ Map and Compass
- ✓ 50-100' of Cord
- ✓ 2 fishhooks and 2 flies plus 30' fishing line per day
- ✓ Canteens or Water Bottles
- ✓ Water treatment/filter
- ✓ Flashlight
- ✓ Pot with lid
- ✓ 12" x 18" sheet of foil per day
- ✓ 1 cup of uncooked rice or beans per day
- ✓ 2 bouillon cubes per day, salt, pepper
- ✓ 1/4 cup coffee grounds or 2 tea bags per day
- ✓ Any prescriptions, sunscreen, toothbrush
- ✓ TP
- ✓ Small 1st aid kit
- ✓ Camera/paper/pen: to record your journey
- ✓ Wallet/any licenses/permits

For more info.visit:

www.professionalbowhunters.org/pbs-survival-challenge



TUESDAY

By Daniel Novotny

Here I sit on a rocky, brushy, covered with thorns hillside in West Texas again. It's been two years since my first adventure here, and I'm amazed at the difference since the last trip. Two years ago, it was sparse and dry, with about four inches of rain for the year. Last year, they had a good year, as told by the rancher, with fourteen inches of rain. I am looking at all the yucca plants starting to bloom; the prickly pear was succulent and juicy, and the grass was tall. Different kinds of cacti and flowers blooming everywhere. It made the inhospitable walking on rugged rocky terrain more tolerable.

There, I heard it again. The sounds of a couple of javelina squabbling just around the curve of the hill and down the ravine.

I knew just where they should be. I kept a close eye out as I eased forward to peer over the ravine's edge. The brush in the bottom was so thick I couldn't make out anything, even with binoculars. I texted Mike McDonald, who I knew was headed this way, that I heard javelina below me. As I waited and watched, I saw a side-by-side descending the mountain trail toward me. It was a group of aoudad hunters coming back down. They came by me and saw me when they were about five feet from me. Effective camo, I think.

Mike made his way down on the opposite side of the ravine as I went down my side. Together, we found NOTHING! They were gone, who knows where, vanished like the little ghosts they are. Thus began several days of fruitless pursuit, of hearing them but not finding them or seeing a quick glimpse, and then they were gone - which was Mike's story.

Back at camp that first morning, we found that the newest member of the group had scored. Rich's son, Steve, killed one the first morning

with his compound. Later that afternoon, he got a second. Wow, we were thinking, this was a good start, or was it beginner's luck?

As the days went on, we began to believe it was luck. Sightings were sparse and quick. The javelina were spread out in small groups and scattered on the hillsides. The prickly pear was juicy and being chewed. Dave found a group on a level bench where you could look down on camp but couldn't close the deal. We just kept checking new spots to see sign. It was evident that they were all over on the hills but finding them for a shot was challenging.

Come Thursday, Mike and I went back to the area we started the first day. Mike and Greg had been in that area the afternoon before, and Greg had seen some up above him at several hundred yards. I thought they weren't spooked and might be around there, but could I find them? I moved across the mountainside toward a steep ravine that I had seen good sign previously and eased up so I could look down without being spotted. At the edge, I heard javelina squalling with each other high above me on the hill. I started to make my way up, but in this country, there's little way to hurry with the loose, rocky footing, especially for an old guy with two replacement knees. Halfway up, I spotted movement thru the brown grass. My first impression was it looked just like the top of a groundhog running into a bush. I quickly realized this was a half-grown javelina.

Then two bigger ones appeared above me to my left, and they moved into the cover of a big green bush. One of them spotted me and came out the downhill side of the brush to take a closer look at me. I hadn't been moving when they ran in, which helped my situation. So there I was with an arrow nocked and a nice javelina, his hair all raised, staring at me from under ten yards. Quickly, I drew and shot in one motion. The arrow hit, and he ran into the bush with a lot of brush-cracking and



rustling around. Then, all became quiet.

Seconds after, a second large javelina came around the bush and was staring at me with hackles raised. When he turned broadside, I took a shot. The arrow hit him perfectly left and right but low and must have just grazed him. The arrow hit something and bounced back toward me with the broadhead end broken off. I watched the javelina run uphill along with the small one and another one.

I looked around the bush and saw the first javelina lying there dead. He only lasted seconds. I went uphill, trying to follow the second. I managed to follow about thirty yards and lost the trail they were on, so I continued uphill as I got near the top. After trying to find them with no luck, I headed back down to retrieve my dead one. I went down to the bush and went around it only to find a bloody spot but no javelina. So now I was puzzled and quite concerned. I saw a trail away from the bush and followed the blood sign for maybe twenty yards before losing it again. Being quite upset at these events, I started downhill again and eventually eased around a large bush and saw the arrow I had shot at the second javie lying there. Realizing I was turned around, I found the correct bush, and there lay my first javelina dead, exactly where he was supposed to be.

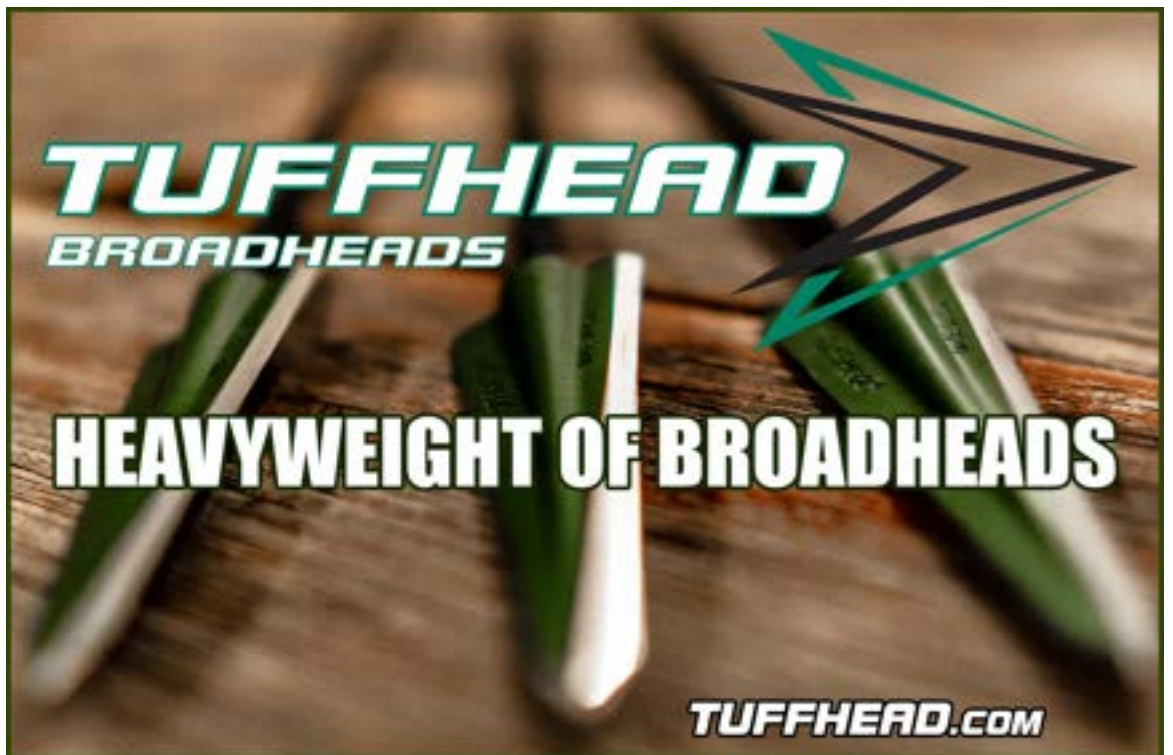
I texted Mike and directed him to the ravine below me, where I heard more. He made a great stalk, but they were gone again. We then headed for the side-by-side, dragging the javie down the hill. Mike came and picked me up, and we headed out. I was staring up at the hillside when he suddenly stopped. There was a rattlesnake curled in the road in front of us. Not wanting to hurt or kill him, I used my walking stick to try to

nudge him off the road. What happened? He went under our vehicle and ended up coiled right next to where the driver would step when getting in. Mike told me, "Keep him occupied while I get in the other side."

So I did, and he was able to get in and back up away from the snake so we could leave. The weather was turning colder, and we hunted Friday morning with no luck. It stayed in the thirties all day with a good wind.

We would pack up and leave early Saturday morning, and when we got up, there was an inch of heavy wet snow on my truck and still coming down. It made for an exciting pack up and drive out on ten miles of Texas red clay roads.

Our group of eight hunters only took three javelina this trip.



BUCKS, BOWS, AND BIRTHDAYS

By Ray Byler

I stood with my longbow gripped tightly in my left hand, tension on the string, all the while trying to still my racing heart. The tension mounted as he turned and started to head around to my right. I silently thought, "No, please" as I have absolutely no shot there. As if he heard my thoughts, he wheeled around and went around a fallen tree and came straight in to me. At a mere fifteen feet, straight down, I took the difficult shot as it felt right. I saw the arrow strike true and then he was gone.

I collapsed shaking while I tried to gather my thoughts and then gather my gear to head to where Charlie, my horse, was patiently waiting. Heading the few short miles home I digested what had happened and how I needed to go about recovering this buck. Son #2 is in Virginia courting, so he is a no-show. Son #1 is married and on his own. He would have to be called to come and help, which I did when I arrived home. Son #3 has just taken a shower and although he was excited for me, didn't show much enthusiasm about heading to the woods for the recovery.

I ate, or tried to eat, some supper and paced the floor until son #1 showed up. We loaded up and headed back to the area while I replayed the scenario that I took part in. How did I choose this ridiculous spot to sit in tonight because no one but the deer would have thought it was a good place to hide? I remembered the sounds of what sounded like two bucks fighting and then my two short grunts that brought him in after he had declared himself the victor.

We arrived at the shot site and the search began. With the arrow possibly not exiting we were looking more for the body of the deer itself rather than blood. We searched out two hundred yards and then swung left into the standing corn, but no luck. We spread our search out in other directions and sure enough, by chance or luck, son #3 found a drop of blood.

Hope was rising. We gathered and discussed the matter. With the temperatures being what they are, if we didn't find him that night he would spoil by morning. We started out on the most agonizing, slow blood trail I'd ever been on. We thought that our noses detected the smell of a dead deer and our hope was rising higher. A

drop of blood here, then six to eight feet away, another drop or two. To help settle my nerves I made loops ahead hoping to spot him.

Son #1 started hollering and leaping around and my heart leapt, thinking he has found him. Turns out a hornet had been attracted to his headlight causing us a comical moment and momentarily breaking our trains of thought. This happened several times through the night. I was circling again and as I had an encounter with another hornet, I spotted a drop of blood. We had gained fifty yards.

We were finding more consistent blood and our hopes rose higher. We followed it to a small dry ditch and there we tried to make the decision to come back that day. I briefly consider it but I have a wedding to attend tomorrow, so I forged on.

I shined my light across the ditch looking for a way for us to cross over and there he was, laying in the light beam. I let out a whoop that was powered by the emotions and anxiety of the last few hours. Sons #1 and #3 plowed through the brush in my direction while sleeping birds flushed in alarm. We celebrated and in the middle of the dark woods we gave thanks and then babbled like a bunch of little children.

The arrow had done its job and more, taking out one lung and the liver before heading through the stomach, making the field dressing chore a little more interesting. I took a compass reading to determine a route out. Sons have their doubts but they follow. We (they) drag while I selected the best path. Charlie the horse is patient while we load the smelly deer up. Sons #1 and #3 suggest that I sit in the back with my smelly deer, I think they were just jealous.

As we headed down the road towards home I looked at my watch. 12:00 a.m. I announced the time to my sons and wished myself a happy birthday! They glanced at each other and then muttered something that I didn't catch.

We arrived home and bless her heart, my good wife had waited up for her brave hunters. She was worried that we'd gotten lost, but I explained how these things sometimes take time. Although she admired the buck briefly, she was not nearly as impressed as we were and didn't jump

around whooping. She offered to get tubs of ice for the big cooler and then told me in a very firm tone that she was going to bed.

I quietly skinned the deer, quartered it and placed it in the cooler. With that done, I headed in to a nice hot shower. Sons #1 and #3 were in their beds by then. I realized that my calorie count was at zero and decided to celebrate my successful hunt and my birthday with a bowl of Moose Tracks ice cream. I tried to relax and unwind while I was enjoying my snack. I turned the lights off and headed to bed. It was 2:00 a.m. and I was exhausted. I dozed briefly, but couldn't sleep. Must have been the ice cream.



THE LIFE
can only be
found on the
Sportsman
Channel
Quarters 1&2

Wyoming- Antelope, Elk & Deer - hunting large private ranches with high success on trophy animals.

Idaho- Black Bear & Mt. Lion - hunting over a million acres of public land as well as over 150,000 acres of private land. High success on color phase black bear.

**Experienced
Archery Guides
Quality Facilities
w/Great Food
License Assistance**

Table Mtn. Outfitters
www.TableMountainOutfitters.com
TMOHunts@gmail.com
 307 632-6352
 PO Box 2714, Cheyenne WY 82003
 WY #29 - ID #11532

HAUNTED



By Brad Jones

“I’m cold!”

The Wyoming high country was catching one of those early September snowstorms, and the wind was going right through my inadequate clothing. I was a third grader, and this was my first taste of the Bighorn Mountain elk woods. And what a first impression it left! This was the first time my dad let me trail him while elk hunting, and my parents had allowed me to take the previous Friday off of school. With Labor Day, this was a four-day weekend doing what I had dreamt of doing more than anything in my young life, and the trip hadn’t been a disappointment.

We had numerous close calls with dandy bulls, and while no shots were taken, I was hooked. Mother Nature had some surprises in store though, and the weather my last morning was the “icing” on the cake. As I recall, all I had were tennis shoes. I was half-frozen only a hundred yards from the truck.

There were three of us that morning — my father, me, and our family friend, Gary Cole. Gary was not only the fella responsible for getting my dad and many others in our community into bowhunting, but he had also talked my parents into buying me my first bow a couple of years prior. A gift I’ve never forgotten. I likely shot a million arrows out of the youth Bear recurve, a habit I’ve still not broken. In the forty years following, my accuracy may not have improved, but my love for the sport has grown to life-altering proportions. Bowhunting elk is what I do.

The weather had been fantastic on my trip, but the weather gods replaced the late summer conditions with an early September squall the last night. Wyoming weather! That last morning on the mountain, we planned to ride together to the place we would park atop the mountain, and then Gary and Dad would split up and hunt back to camp. It was that whole getting back to camp thing that I was dreading; my ride home was there waiting.

The three of us worked our way off the top and down toward the tree line, where we would split up, but before we got there, we heard a bugle. He was close. It was a windy day but not a crazy, deafening wind, and the bugle sounded crystal clear.

We headed in toward the bull, which was talking regularly, aiding in our approach. The snow was coming down reasonably hard, which, combined with the breeze, made for quiet walking. It seemed like I went from frozen to excited in no time.

It wasn’t long, and we were peering out of the trees and into the park where the bull was sounding off. There was a large herd out there, thirty to forty head with a couple of spikes and a smallish six-point who was making all the racket. With the snow and the wind, I don’t think that

any of us had figured on getting on elk up this high, and with these ideal stalking conditions to boot. Dad and Gary made a quick plan. We decided to dip further into the trees and quietly stalk in close. An idea that almost worked. The bull bugled often enough that sneaking through the trees out of sight of the herd was reasonably straightforward. We moved along for a good ways, and when the two adults thought the time right, we eased our way out of the dense mountain forest toward the park, with me, of course, bringing up the rear. I can remember looking around the two adults and spying a spike. That spike, and the rest of the herd, were not in range, so we dropped back into the timber to make another move. In short order, we moved what we thought was far enough, then stalked back to the park with the same results. We just needed to be closer. With me again staying behind the fellas with the bows, all I could see was a cow, but apparently, that cow was the closest elk to us. We had to move again. After all, the third time’s a charm.

However, this time we approached the park to find the elk gone. We knew with the silent walking conditions and a steady wind; we did not spook them. But with that wind and snow, an early bedtime for the herd made sense. Honestly, it was surprising in the first place to find them out in the park on a day like that. The rest of this hunt was going to be quietly following tracks. So, the three of us left the cover of the woods to figure out where the herd had slipped into the trees. And this is where things went a little sideways. There were no tracks. Thirty to forty head of elk leave tracks. These didn’t.

All three of us had heard the bugle. All three of us had seen the herd. But there were no tracks. I don’t remember if it was Dad or Gary who thought that some violent wind gusts had blown snow in the tracks. Our tracks in the trees were clear and visible, so we looked inside the trees but saw nothing but virgin snow. There had been no elk there at all. I can vividly remember the mystified and somewhat terrified look that Gary and Dad gave each other, but few words were spoken. We just silently worked our way off the mountain and back to camp.

I’ve thought about that day a million times over the years. As a third grader, “boogeyman” issues were still a thing. However, this was different. Different in ways I couldn’t and still can’t explain. A few years later, at a family holiday, we were swapping elk hunting stories, and I started to speak of the ghostly event, and Dad stopped me. He pulled me aside and said that we don’t talk about that. I was out of high school before he and I ever did. Gary is gone, and I regret not ever asking him about it. Then again, maybe some things are magical enough that no words are sufficient.

In life, we all have our passions. Blessed are the ones who are truly haunted by theirs...



YOUR EYES ARE YOUR GUIDE

Control your eyes and you control everything!

By Manuel S. Cervantes

All you have to do is control your eyes; yes, that's it, don't worry about anything else. We are all equipped with this super sophisticated processor called the subconscious mind. Unequaled by any computer ever built.

Simplify, simplify, simplify! Anything that's not contributing in one way or another to make your technique more reliable, solid, and consistent; is probably contributing to make it worse or HURT IT! In other words, eliminate anything distracting from the task at hand, and that task is to keep your eyes on your target from the moment of starting to draw until the arrow has hit your mark. Doing this right feels like it's impossible to miss; you are now guiding that arrow to the target with your almighty subconscious mind. That arrow in the air flying is simply following your eyesight, the gateway to your brain. Your vision is one of the main gateways to your subconscious, the super-powerful processor!

Once your archery technique has been mastered, leave it all to the subconscious mind, it can execute those simple actions without a problem flawlessly! Through your eyes, feed your processor the correct information very straightforwardly; although this may not be so easy to execute, "easier said than done!" This information is nothing other than the precise location where you want your arrow to hit. That's all it needs, the exact center of the center of your target. The rest of it has been taken care of; because it has already been trained and learned, and that software in the super-powerful processor will just run to perfection... as long as you don't allow distractions!

Now, let's add that the training and the learning of solid archery technique has to, of course, be done in a cognizant state of mind. Hundreds and actually thousands of repetitions of the right mechanics have to be performed in a conscious state of mind. This is how we program the super-powerful processor we call the subconscious mind! But once that software is in place, that's it; all will happen naturally and correctly unless we let our consciousness interfere one way or another. Herein lies the main difficulty of learning instinctive archery. The sources of distractions can be numerous. A noise, voices, vehicles, a moving object or animal, a bird, the wind, the sun in your face, twigs on the arrow's flight path, etc... this is where we really need what we call concentration, pure, solid and unequalled determination to focus on the center of the center of your intended target. We have to dig deep, which to me means deeper focus and stronger willingness or desire to hit our spot!

Our ancestors could not afford to get distracted by anything simply because their livelihoods depended on this very concentration. This partially explains why some of today's hunters are not as successful. That is, in today's world, if my bowhunting is not successful, and my freezer is still empty at the end of the season, and this has happened to me more times than I care to admit, all I have to do is take a trip to the

the supermarket, and the problem is solved! In many ways, this is sad because it takes away that pressure a bowhunter needs to be determined to try harder, in fact, to try as hard as you can possibly try, because your life and your loved ones' lives may depend on that arrow in flight, and you absolutely must make it happen! One very famous athlete once said: "Pressure is a privilege". These words are written on the wall at the gateway of the Arthur Ashe Stadium in Flushing Meadows, New York, and the quote belongs to one of the greatest Tennis players of all time, American Billy Jean King.

So, what are you waiting for? Learn solid technique, and run with it for the rest of your life! Once that's been done, you don't have anything to worry about, just your eyes. A learned technique is something we can execute over and over without any conscious effort, so your entire concentration can be on anything else you decide to place it on, and that is nothing other than THE TARGET!

When we are bowhunting, we need to be completely immersed in the experience, especially the moment the animal is within our eyesight. Forget about everything; nothing else matters. It's you and your quarry; that's it! When in the fields or mountains, leave everything behind. Any and all distractions from work, social circles, or family need to be placed on hold for a while. We need to isolate ourselves completely from the outside World, and this is the only way we can achieve the super-deep concentration that's so necessary for good archery when under pressure! In fact, this is how we can totally eliminate this pressure because we are so focused on our target that there is no room for anything else, and the nerves and uncertainty go entirely away. In sports, that's often called "being

in the zone". That means perfect execution of a function in the heat of the moment! The stakes are huge, kill or die, or just about! Hit your target or miss it!

Something worth mentioning here, and this may not be what some readers would like to hear, but "the truth is liberating". I did not make that up; someone much more intelligent than me did. Anyway, here it is. Anytime you get yourself focusing on anything other than the center of your target, be it paper or flesh, you are robbing yourself of the sheer and pure pleasure of the moment, that instant when the arrow is let go guided by your superpowers and not some mechanical aiming method. It does not feel the same, it's like something is missing, an indescribable sensation that is lacking self fulfillment. Kind of like sunny side-up morning eggs without salt! Ha!

Missing is familiar to all of us bowhunters, and we all know this feeling of dread. We call ourselves horrible things and terrible names. It's a very lonely moment, where you want to jump off of a cliff or maybe cry. So you take some deep breaths and start ruminating about it. For minutes, hours, days, years, and for the rest of your life. There, another lifetime memory! Not nearly as pleasant as the one where you actually made the shot and killed a nice buck. Go practice some more, ingrain the solid archery mechanics, and make sure the software in the super powerful processor is running smoothly. Once that's done, all that's left is to keep your eyes on the spot!

For some of us, it's instinctive or nothing, and long live instinctive archery! This is how Robin Hood split that arrow, and this is how Genghis Kahn's super-organized massive armies released millions of arrows to conquer the known world in the 1200s, and this is how the Battles of Crecy and Agincourt were won!



ADDICTIVE ARCHERY

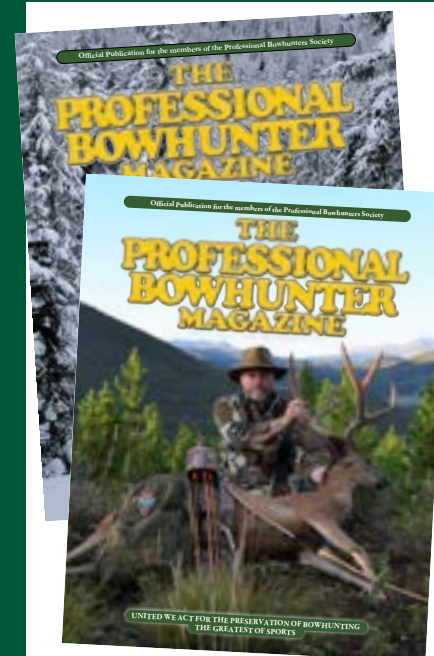
(503) 881-4963

addictivearchery.com

Gervais, OR

Call For An Appointment!

TRADITIONAL ARCHERY SUPPLIES • CUSTOM ARROWS



DO YOU HAVE AN INTERESTING STORY OR PICTURE?!

Submit to our Home Office by:

JANUARY 15TH
for March issue

APRIL 15TH
for June issue

JULY 15TH
for September issue

OCTOBER 15TH
for December issue

Email:
pbsmagazine@gmail.com

or Postal Mail:
P.O. Box 391
Brownsburg, IN 46112

Our Friend Brian

Brian Tessmann was a friend to the Ojibwa Bowhunters Club, but more importantly he was a friend to archery. When you've known someone for thirty plus years, it's hard to remember when you first met. I remember talking to Brian and finding out that he thought I was a longtime Ojibwa member when he joined Ojibwa and I thought the same of him. However, we both joined about the same time- sometime between 1988 and 1992.

We started going to traditional shoots. At that time there were only two: Coon Rapids and Eau Claire. These shoots were very well attended. Coon Rapids at the time had over six hundred shooters. The light bulb went off in our heads and we can thank Brian for two traditional shoots that we have to this day at our Ojibwa club.

Brian did more than love archery. He supported archery. He was a Wisconsin Bowhunter Association member since 1980, and a life member since 1996. In 2004 Brian was a WBH Director. That fall, the president of WBH, Mark Houslet, killed a deer with a recurve glass laminated bow made by Earl Hoyt and given to Art LaHa in thanks for being able to hunt at 'The Bear' in Vilas County, Wisconsin. That bow was a piece of Wisconsin history. It got Brian and Mark talking about preserving Wisconsin's rich archery history. That started the Wisconsin Bowhunting Heritage Foundation, Brian being the first President. This all turned into the Wisconsin Bowhunting Museum. It has the first modern deer bow kill in it. This deer was killed by Roy Case on December 6, 1930. The deer mount is pre-

served with all the equipment used to take it. Roy Case and that deer are responsible for the start of our bow seasons, really the path we've chosen to follow. Thanks to Brian for putting it in Clintonville, with other historically important items of Wisconsin bowhunting history.

Locally, Brian was also a member of Wisconsin Buck and Bear Club. Joined in 1982, he served as president, board member, was on the scholarship and award committee. He also wrote the foreword to the first record book.

Nationally, he joined the Professional Bowhunters Society in 1980 and later became a Qualified Regular Member. He served on Council 2010-2012. His membership with PBS helped bring the PBS Midwest Odd Year Gathering to Ojibwa.

Brian joined the Pope & Young Club in 1987. Became a senior member in 2005 and started measuring for them in 1986.

Compton Traditional Bowhunters was started in 1999. He joined in 2003 and became a life member in 2007.

These are the affiliations I could track down. For these organizations he scored 606 animals. This is an incredible accomplishment. The time commitment is not measurable.

I'm happy to say, we, as Ojibwa Bowhunters, are very lucky. Ojibwa Bowhunters was Brian's archery club and Brian Tessmann was our member.

-Todd Szmania

It usually wasn't hard to tell if Brian was in the area because you could hear Brian's distinctive laugh as he was telling the story of one of his many outdoor adventures: Tales of



Alaska, Canadian escapades, but his most favorite were the stories from Northern Wisconsin. People usually gathered around and listened and laughed as Brian spun the hunting tales. Tales is a strong word, because I don't believe that Brian had to embellish any part of the stories. We all know that when you spend enough time outdoors, that crazy stuff happens. Brian spent enough time in the woods and on the water, that plenty of crazy crap happened. One of Brian's many gifts was the ability to actually remember all of those details and be able to repeat them. This is one of his gifts I will miss dearly.

I met Brian at Ojibwa Bowhunters shortly after I joined in 2005. We were both traditional shooters and we quickly connected as Brian's Northern Wisconsin cabin was only about fifteen miles from the Northern Wisconsin land that I hunted. Brian also had a love for a good gun dog and was passionate about chasing ducks, particularly wood ducks. I also love a good gun dog, so we always had lots of stuff to talk about. I really got to

know Brian when he brought the Midwest Odd Year Gathering to Ojibwa and I began helping him out with it. By the next gathering I was co-chairing it with him (and the next six after that). With Brian's influence I joined PBS and traveled with him to several of the Biennial Gatherings. Long road trips will either make you want to not be friends or cement friendships. Brian became my friend. In fact, on our trip to Springfield, Missouri in 2020 I asked Brian if he would be my PBS sponsor for regular membership. That is if I ever meet the hurdle of the right number of critters. Of course, Brian said that he would.

Brian was a good friend to many and a pivotal figure in all things archery in the State of Wisconsin, from his early and continued involvement with Wisconsin Traditional Archers, Wisconsin Bowhunters Association, and being president of the Wisconsin Bowhunters Heritage Foundation. His love of archery extended into national organizations like Pope and Young and of course the fellowship of the PBS.

Brian was kind but was not

afraid to speak up for what he believed in. Brian left us as better people for having known him. He lived for outdoor adventure and for outdoor adventure with his friends. I will miss my friend Brian. I will remember him with each sunrise whether I'm sitting in a duck blind or in a tree waiting for that Northwoods Bruiser to walk by. Feathers in the wind my friend.

-Ferry Leveille

I've known Brian for more than twenty-five years. I have hunted with him from NW Wisconsin to NW Alaska to NE Oregon. Brian was an accomplished bowhunter and a great guy to have in camp, whether that be in a tent in the mountains or on the tundra, to his cabin in the big north woods of Wisconsin. Not that he never got upset with someone or some situation, but it was rare to see him without a smile on his face. Brian was the consummate volunteer, which is what PBS depends on. He and I served together on PBS Council for three years. He was involved in so many bowhunting and other organizations, I won't attempt to list them all here. He never shied away from work, whether being the President of the Wisconsin Bowhunting Heritage Foundation and Museum to selling raffle tickets to working on targets at Ojibwa Bowhunters range to garnering donations for various bowhunting organizations and causes. Most of all, I will always remember Brian for being a great friend, an ultimate outdoorsman and a genuinely good human being. See you on the other side, brother.

-Kevin Bahr

Most PBS members will know Brian Tessmann as a lifetime member, former Councilman, advocate for traditional archery and accomplished big game hunter. But what I will most remember Brian for is his love of all things outdoors, including small game hunting, bird hunting, fishing, carp shooting and just spend-



This tribute was made by John Romans to honor Brian. Each arrow is signed by one of Brian's hunting buddies. Overall the basket holds 109 signed arrows. This basket will be placed in Brian's hunting cabin under his 12-point buck - a fitting tribute to a great man.

ing time in camp. Brian and my brother Mike were close friends. When my brother passed away from cancer Brian invited me up to his northern WI camp, gifted me my first membership to PBS and demonstrated what true friendship means. Brian was modest (his involvement in the archery community / clubs was extensive) but if you were lucky enough to wrestle stories out of him, there were hunting "how to" lessons to be learned and a clear ethical approach to his thinking. Brian had a lasting impression on all that knew him, he changed the way people think and won't soon be forgotten.

-Dave Nesheke

I met Brian when I was fifteen years old in the summertime. He was a board

member at Ojibwa bowhunters, and I, a new member to the club. I was a young ambitious new Bowhunter who learned my novice woodsmanship from my father. By the coming fall, I was invited to hunt with him at his property in northern Wisconsin. Over the following years, Brian took me under his wing and became a dear friend of mine and a mentor. He shared countless traditional values, ethics, and skills with me. Mostly, creating invaluable memories and a truly missed friendship. I'm thirty-four now and am the utmost excited to share everything I learned in those woods from Brian with my new favorite hunting buddy, my six-year-old son Scott.

-Hawk Larson

I don't know how to put forty years of knowing someone into a couple of sentences. I first met Brian while doing some research for a record keeping organization. I didn't know that would be the start of a long friendship that would span all these years. From going out every spring to fish for panfish with him in the front of the boat to shooting our bows throughout the summer and then spending time in the falls chasing whitetails up at his cabin in Rusk County or just calling to see if he was up for breakfast. All of these will be so much different without Brian here.

The traditional community lost a good man, and I lost a great friend.

-Deah Bodoh

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40 »

It's true; "You know a lot about a person once you spend time in hunting camp". Anyone who had the privilege to share a camp with Brian Tessmann, knows he was an outstanding person, very good hunter and just an all-around great guy. I first met Brian at Whiffin Archery while shooting an indoor bowhunting league, when I was sixteen years old (1976). We became instant friends. Through time and many hunting camps, we became more like brothers.

I followed his lead and joined WBBC, WBH and WTA. We were in the first Pope & Young measuring class together. He was my sponsor in joining PBS as a regular member. For these associations and others, Brian was always there to help. Serving on councils, being a board member, or just making a cool antler buckle for an auction, Brian was

there. If I went to any banquet or archery shoot, I'd look for Brian first. It was always good to see my big brother!

I would get up in the morning at hunting camp – smell coffee & see Brian playing solitaire (he loved to play cards). He'd always say "Good morning" even if it wasn't. Camp dinner was any kind of meat, and a lot of it! Grilled or in the crockpot. Everything else was just fillers!

I'll miss seeing his headlamp shining as he waited for me to come out of the woods after an evening hunt and talking on the way back to his cabin about how we'll be able to arrow a big buck tomorrow. In my last few visits with Brian, we talked about fishing trips, grouse and duck hunting, and especially bowhunting. He told me to always hunt hard, get involved and keep showing others "the right way"! Brian told me he'd still wait for me on the trail, and he'll find some good hunting spots for us in the future.

And that he'll try to push some bucks my way!

I told him I won't ever say goodbye – just "so long 'til we hunt again."

-John Romans

P.S. I heard you can hunt on the same day you fly to heaven!

I first met Brian when I re-joined the Ojibwa Bowhunters of Milwaukee archery club after a twenty-year absence. We became friends fast, as I'm sure it's because we were both traditional bowhunters. We worked together remodeling our clubhouse and other projects at the club. On one of our trips together to Comptons or The Traditional Bowhunters expo in Kalamazoo MI we stopped at the PBS booth and he handed me an application and said you're the kind of person we want in the organization. I signed up right there and from there on I got to meet some really

good people, Kevin Bahr, Greg Darling, TJ and Robin Conrads, to name a few. Brian and I ran the first Midwest Odd Year gathering at Ojibwa (Brian did most of it as he had all the connections)

I only got to hunt with Brian a couple of times. A few Ojibwa rabbit hunts and one extremely cold final weekend of the season at his beloved cabin. I don't think the temperature got above zero the whole weekend. We hunted Saturday morning and afternoon and Sunday morning, even though it was thirteen below zero. No animals were taken but it was a great time. On Saturday night we must have played ten or eleven games of cribbage and I won all but one even though Brian was a professional card player. Two days before he passed when we were reminiscing about that cold hunting weekend he said "you kicked my butt in cribbage". I will miss Brian, as so many will.

-Roger Dunbar

— 2ND ANNUAL PBS — VIRTUAL RABBIT HUNT JANUARY 13-14 2024



SELECT YOUR HUNTING LOCATION OR ORGANIZE A LOCAL GROUP OF OTHER MEMBERS TO HUNT TOGETHER. IF YOUR SCHEDULE DOESN'T ALLOW YOU TO PARTICIPATE ON JANUARY 13/14 THAT'S OK, ANY DATE PRIOR IS GOOD TOO, JUST GET OUT THERE AND ENJOY A DAY AFIELD!

SEND ACTION/SUCCESS PHOTOS TO: STEVE HOHENSEE AT STEVEH.WYOMING@PROTONMAIL.COM OR BY TEXT TO 307-299-7040.

ADDITIONAL DETAILS AND EVENT REMINDER WILL BE RELEASED BY E-MAIL BLAST SO MAKE SURE AND HAVE A CURRENT E-MAIL ADDRESS ON FILE WITH THE HOME OFFICE.

REMINDER TO PURCHASE A 2024 HUNTING LICENSE AHEAD OF THE EVENT!!!



Off On the Wrong Foot In the Land of the Long White Cloud (New Zealand)

By Jim Akenson

Many of my bowhunting friends know I have been on a long-term quest for a “free-ranging” mature red stag for many years. Relatives, such as my wife Holly, feel I never shoot one because it gives me an excuse to

go back to New Zealand, seemingly over and over, with this unattainable quest. There might be some truth to that, but I do try to successfully harvest one of these wild deer species – long ago (140 years) introduced to New Zealand.

Before this year we were last in New

Zealand in 2017. We had planned to return in 2020, but Covid restrictions abolished those plans. For the trip this year (2023), we planned to focus on two places on the South Island – one in the Southern Alps Highlands and the other on gentle rolling hill terrain in a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42 »

A fine NZ brown trout caught on a #16 green midge.



» CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

dense forest. I knew the Alps segment would be demanding, so I exercised more than usual before the hunt doing some vigorous walking and carrying a backpack with weight. My practice shooting was going well with my Liberty longbow, and I felt ready for this trip, starting at the end of March to the third week of April.

Our six hour drive to Portland (PDX) was a mere warm-up for the long flight from PDX to LA, then to Auckland, NZ (North Island), and ultimately Christchurch (South Island). We were full of anticipation as we lugged our bags toward the check-in counter at United Airlines. While at the kiosk, an employee saw us stumped at the touch screen and stated, “Did you do your ETA document for New Zealand or Australia?” Both Holly and I looked at each other with bewilderment. He replied, “Yes, since Covid, it is required before you board any flights with those destinations.” Holly was quick enough on her phone that she got approved within minutes, just before the end of a New Zealand workday! As for me, it was a 56-hour wait for approval since my name went into some sort of recycle bin. This mistake ultimately resulted in us rebooking our flights for a week later at a much greater expense and losing valuable time and early trip adventure.

This trip was my seventh to the Land of the Long White Cloud in 18 years, and six of those involved bow hunts for free-ranging stags on public land managed by the Department of Conservation, or DOC. Our hosts on all these trips were good friends Janet and Philip Commins from the North Island. Even though they reside up north, they know the South Island well from decades of hunting, fishing, and camping excursions there.

Most folks who have not been to New Zealand see pictures of massive non-typical stags and think that is the norm, and it is not; those animals are fed and bred to have exceptionally large and bulky antlers. A free-ranging red stag’s antlers look much more like a bull elk with a tendency towards a crown at the top. My past bowhunting trips to NZ have not always been

unsuccessful. I’ve taken both bull tahr and a nice fallow deer buck. Years ago, Philip stated that the two toughest bow quarries in NZ are Himalayan tahr and Sika deer, and you’ll connect with red deer in a trip or two.

That has not been the case for me, but I certainly have enjoyed having an excuse to return – over and over – for the elusive free-ranging red stag!

We had met up with two Oregon friends, Fred and Renee Walasavage, who would join us on this leg of the trip. Fred, Philip, and Philip’s son Paul had done a helicopter backcountry backpack hunt in the Southern Alps during the week I was delayed, and they were in “mountain shape” from that outing. After hearing their stories of brutal brush busting and rock scrambling, I thought maybe missing that leg of the trip wasn’t so bad after all!

This trip’s first leg stretching hunt for stags occurred while we were driving south near the incredibly scenic Mount Cook area. Our other Kiwi friends Steve Boyd and Catherine Park had secured us a lakeside camp spot during the busy Easter holiday. Most of our four couples crew was either off looking for tahr or fishing the nearby canal for salmon. Steve invited me to a place he’d been scouting for red stags, which I gladly accepted. The two thousand foot elevation gain was arduous, but we did come to a bench with good rutting action – tree raking, fresh beds, and many more tracks and trails. We were focusing on a new tree raking just ahead when Steve said, “Wait, there’s deer,” as a stag and hind slipped away from our view like ghosts. That action was the high point as we went on to encounter some tough terrain of “gutters and shingles,” as the Kiwis refer to what we call jagged draws and loose talus!

After negotiating some brushy cliffs and a stream ford, we got back to the rig right at dark. (photo of Steve turning around from bad terrain)

Our next leg of the journey would be down south and more into NZ jungle-type habitats. We had a base camp of two trailers or caravans, and we prepared to backpack to a familiar destination where we knew



Steve turning around after deciding the shingle-slope was not safe.

reds would still be roaring as it was getting later into their rut season. We'd been to this trailhead before and knew we needed to get a few miles from the competition by backpacking to a more remote area. Philip, Fred, and I pulled on our packs with three days of supplies and started up the trail – which began as a virtual sidewalk – but soon degraded to a muddy game trail with many slippery stream crossings. After a couple of hours of trudging, we came to our camp spot, the one we used in 2017.

No sooner had we pitched our tents when we heard the bellowing oouhwee sound of a stag up the canyon. Fred and I grabbed our bows and headed up for a look-see.

We did get inside fifty yards from the stag two times but could not lure him in with calling or tree raking.

The next day we were off early, Philip going after some photo subjects and Fred and me after the stags that awoke us with some daybreak roars. We slipped and slid in the mud along the scant trail leading up the valley and saw more pig signs than red deer as we traveled. Soon we broke out above a clearing and got a fix on a deep-throated stag spouting off up a long and forested hillside. After an hour or so of chasing “ghost roars,” we took a break to snack and listen.

Across the canyon, we heard a couple of different roars; one sounded more worked up than the other. Fred and I decided to split up, and each go after one. As I approached the less vocal stag, he shut up abruptly, and I felt he'd probably winded me as the air currents did the usual mid-morning swap of directions. Fred faired better, and with a little coaxing moan, he called in a dandy stag, which sauntered by him at about twenty five yards. Typical of called-in stags, he didn't quite present the perfect shot, and when Fred shot, he felt it was a bit forward as the stag slowly moved down the semi-open ridgetop. Once Fred and I got back together, we trailed the hit stag with minimal bleeding. After four hours, we didn't gain much on the direction of travel and headed back to camp.

Bright and early the next day, the three of us headed back towards the hit stag.

The plan was that Fred and Philip would spend the morning looking for more signs of the stag, and I would hunt up the canyon. Just two minutes after splitting up, I jumped a stag from alongside the trail and got a good look at him as he scrambled up a boulder patch. He was an awesome stag, and I thought he looked a bit gimpy on his front right leg, but he wasted no time hitting some heavy cover where he stopped, looked back, and barked. I went up to where he had scrambled to, stood, looked for blood, and found nothing.

There was no sign of blood. I felt this was the critter Fred had shot at but found nothing to confirm that hunch. I radioed Fred the re-



A rack of racks decorating a nearby hunting camp.

sults of the brief encounter. Fred and Philip committed to spending the morning back on the scant blood trail from yesterday while I headed upstream to the sound of a roar.

As I climbed the slope towards the roar, I saw more and more sign – a mix of pig and red deer. I was closing the gap on the red stag and, thinking this one sounded mature, I decided not to throat call but to slip in on big boy. I crept through tall ferns and just about stepped on a snoozing pig. Dang!

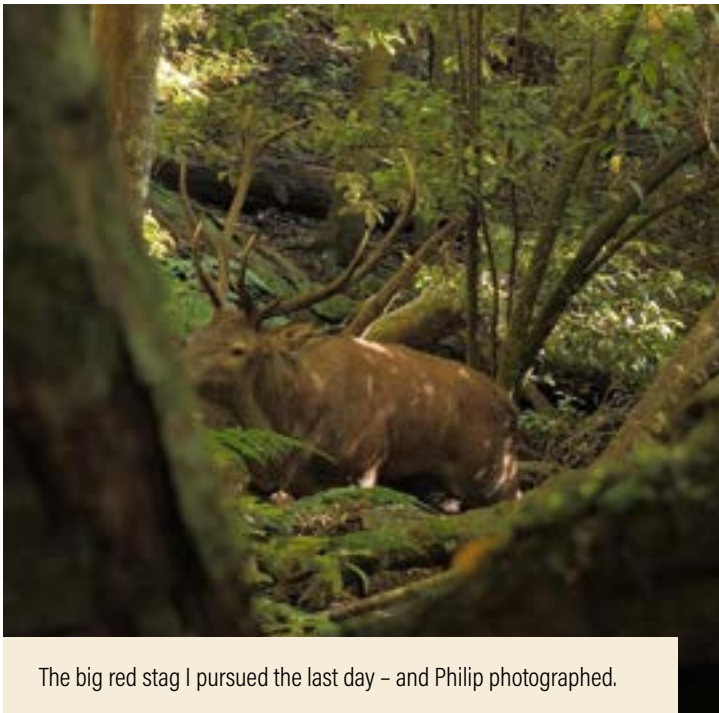
That would likely run the deer off. I took another ten steps and saw a “spiker” stag lift from his bed – presumably alerted by the pig spooking. However, he was not very spooked and stood there for a long time. I hadn't heard the stag in awhile, so nocked an arrow in case he was hanging out nearby. To my surprise, the spiker walked in front of me not four yards away; then I heard the stag roar about fifty yards beyond. Darn this little guy – he's totally locking me in place! After a minute or two, I whispered, “You need to leave,” and he bolted through the ferns, fortunately in the right direction. I continued my pursuit.

The stag had a few hinds with him, probably a satellite stag judging from tracks, and an occasional lighter-sounding roar as he moved up the brushy slope. Twice I nocked an arrow as I closed the gap. The bigger stag got more

vocal as he continued to climb upslope. The brush bogged down my progress as I thought I was getting close. I was getting beat – both literally and figuratively! I stopped to take a break, then popped over a little ridgetop and radioed Fred to see if he found any more sign of the hit stag. He said no, that he was breaking off the search, and that Philip had gone up

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44 »





The big red stag I pursued the last day – and Philip photographed.

» CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

the slope towards a roaring stag to try and get some digital footage.

I hated to break off the pursuit as this was likely our last day afield. I looked at my Liberty bow, and thought about my friend Allen Boice who crafted the fine takedown reflex-deflex bow. Allen had passed away unexpectedly eighteen months earlier.

I popped up on a log to look for a path through the sea of ferns and vines, and no sooner had I hit a balance point when the decomposed bark gave way, and off I went – first sliding down the log, then falling off an embankment, my bow heading skyward and my body rolling across some giant ferns. Splunk!

I landed on the drier side of a pig wallow, and my bow flew down the slope. After a few minutes of damage assessment, I wiped the pig poop off my knees and recovered my bow from a big fern patch that had cushioned its fall. As I headed off the slope, I heard the old stag roaring and wondered if that was the one Philip was also after – for pictures.

En route back to our camp, I stopped at a long-term red stag hunter's camp and photographed his impressive meat pole where about a dozen or more stag racks hung on display, all covered with a very green coat of moss and lichen (rack of racks photo). I wondered where the stag I was after would fit in the size comparison of those racks.

The old guy that had the camp probably took the biggest ones out with him and left these meat stag horns for camp ornaments. I was a bit let down with another year with no success, but I couldn't help but think this gives me a reason to make one more trip to the southern hemisphere!

As it turned out, Philip did get in close to the mature stag, his satellite stag, and hinds (see photos). We decided to break camp and spend a half day of stream fly-fishing before heading back to Christchurch for the long flight home, which might have been a good choice as I did land a dandy brown trout (photo). The backpack out to our rigs and caravans went fairly well, and it sure was nice to have a four-course meal prepared by our spouses (Janet, Holly, Catherine, Renee), and Steve provided the beverages.

Will I be back for another go at the free-ranging red stags? If history, health, and the airlines are willing - I sure will!



The raghorn stag that hung out with the herd stag and hinds.






The clever solution to repair or reinforce your wood and bamboo shafts

Tang points, tang nocks made of hardwood, bone and horn, bambooshifts, tools and much more

Lange Furche 13 · 70736 Fellbach · Germany sales@arrow-fix.com



2ND ANNUAL PBS VIRTUAL CLOUT TOURNAMENT

BY STEVE HOHENSEE

CLOUT HISTORY:

Clout shooting was practiced by medieval archers to prepare for the long-distance shots used in warfare at that time. The timing is purposefully right when winter is breaking in many locales and in advance of all but the earliest of turkey seasons.

DATES:

April 6 or 7, 2024 (pick your date). If you have a date conflict, shoot your round any date prior to April 7.

SHOOTING RANGE:

Virtual participants need to locate a large, safe, open field to shoot their clout ends. Participants may shoot solo or with a group of other members.

SHOOTING LINE AND TARGET AND LOCATION:

The clout will be placed 140 yards. Yardage may be paced out vs measured for convenience but should be corrected for long or short paces. Drive a stake into the ground to serve as the clout and tie a visible flag/rag onto the stake that can be seen from the shooting line.

SHOOTING:

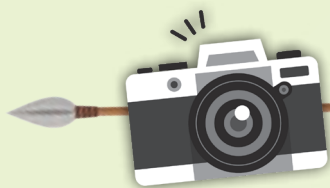
In any combination of number of arrows, generally six arrows per end, each archer will shoot a total of 60 arrows from their shooting line at the clout.

SCORING:

Measure from the center stake of the target to EACH arrow with a tape measure, Measure to where the arrow enters the ground or, for bounce outs, measure to the tip of the arrow point. Record the score for each of your sixty arrows; the sum of the sixty arrows is your final score using the following distance to determine score:

18" = 5 points	9' = 2 points
3' = 4 points	12' = 1 point
6' = 3 points	>12' = 0 points

Scores with archer's name and state to be sent by text message to Steve H. at 307-299-7040 no later than 6pm MST on Sunday, April 7. Winners plaque will be announced on the website and PBS Facebook page on Sunday evening, April 7.



MEMBER PHOTOS



Regular Member Crispin Henry. Georgia buck taken on Friday 13, 2023. 52" Black Widow PSR 57# @ 28". Surewood Shaft w/Grizzly Broadhead



Taken by Preston Lay in Quebec, Canada hunting with Tom Phillips. Taken in June of 2023 Black Widow recurve, carbon arrow and Zwickey broadhead.



Patrick G. Patterson with a black bear harvested at eight yards using a 50# Black Hunter, Lane Holcomb strings, Carbon Express Heritage 150 arrow, and Zwickey Eskilite broadheads. Shot in the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains of southwest VA.



MEMBER PHOTOS



Eric Dickerson with a Colorado bull elk harvested using a Wes Wallace longbow, Grizzly broadhead and Acme cedar shaft



Taken by Associate Member, Art Keefer. This buck was harvested on his farm in Western PA with a Chise New Breed longbow.



Brant Farmery with his first traditional archery harvest taken Oct. 11, 2023 in Ohio. The pink arrow in his quiver was made by a good friend of Brant's who got him into traditional archery, but passed away suddenly earlier this year. Taken with a Black Widow PCH.

Send in your photos!

professionalbowhunters@gmail.com
PO BOX 391
Brownsburg, IN 46112



UNITED WE ACT



for Preserving Bowhunting's Traditional Values

It is the purpose of the Professional Bowhunters Society® to be an organization whose membership consists only of persons who are considered Professional Bowhunters in ATTITUDE, and who vow:

- That by choice, bowhunting is their primary archery interest, and their ultimate aim and interest is the taking of wild game by bow and arrow of suitable weights in a humane and sportsmanlike manner;
- To share their experiences, knowledge and shooting skills;
- To be a conscientious bowhunter, promoting bowhunting by working to elevate its standards and the standards of those who practice the art of bowhunting;
- To provide training on safety, shooting and hunting techniques;
- To practice the wise use of our natural resources, the conservation of our wild game and the preservation of our natural habitat.

Associate Members receive these benefits:

- A quarterly magazine, The Professional Bowhunter
- Participation in PBS programs, such as member only hunts and the biennial gathering
- The opportunity to defend the sport against anti-hunting forces
- Access to the PBS Membership Directory

Associate Member Application

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Age _____ Hunting Bow Weight _____

Email Address _____

Phone () _____

How Did You Hear About Us? _____

☐ Gift ☐ Membership Renewal ☐ 1 Year ☐ 3 Years

I firmly agree with the goals and principles of the Professional Bowhunters Society® and apply for Associate Membership.

Signature _____

Mail completed application to:

Professional Bowhunters Society®

Associate Membership

P.O. Box 391 • Brownsburg IN 46112

Phone 801-888-3802

email: professionalbowhunters@gmail.com

PBS Website: www.professionalbowhunters.org

Yearly fee for Associates: \$35.00 per year or \$90 for 3 years (Canadian members: \$40.00 U.S. per year or \$110 U.S. for 3 years)

Payment Method

(choose one)

Check Visa

Mastercard

Credit Card Number _____

CVV Code _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

60TH ANNIVERSARY PATCH AND DECAL



PBS is celebrating 60 years and has added new merchandise to commemorate this achievement.

Visit the website to order your
60th Anniversary patch or decal

[www.professionalbowhunters.org/
shop-pbs-gear.html#/](http://www.professionalbowhunters.org/shop-pbs-gear.html#/)

Index to Advertisers

Addictive Archery	37
Arrow Fix	44
Bison Gear Packs	2
Black Widow Custom Bows	BC
Blitz Broadhead	3
Bowhunting Safari Consultants	17
DWF Leather Artistry	27
Footed Shaft, The	13
Great Northern Bow Company	43
Stickboys, The	13
St. Joe River Bows	23
Table Mountain Outfitters	34
Traditional Bowhunter Magazine	IFC
Tuffhead	33
Turkey Hunting Secrets	18
Stickbow Hunts	3

Magazine Layout and Design by



Kameron Kuykendall,
Graphic Designer
801 Riverside Drive
Charles City, IA 50616

www.charlescitypress.com



See what's happening at
www.professionalbowhunters.org

- Knowledge Through Experience Topics
- Discussion Forums • Online Store
- Membership Group Hunts
- Political Action Info • Gathering Information
- Membership Dues Payment
- PBS History and Much, Much More!

Experience it for yourself!



PBS Merchandise

Hat Pins (Qualified, Associate, 60th Anniversary)	\$9.00 ppd.
KTE Belt Buckle	\$62.00 ppd.
Embroidered Patch (Qualified, Associate, 60th Anniversary)	\$5.00 ppd.
Decal (Qualified, Associate, 60th Anniversary)	\$3.00 ppd.
Bumper Sticker	\$3.00 ppd.

Order on the website or send all orders to:

**PBS, P.O. Box 391,
Brownsburg, IN 46112**

*Make sure to include your name, street address,
and telephone number with all orders.*

Traditional by Nature Precision by Design

For free catalog of our complete line of
traditional bows and accessories write or call:

Black Widow Custom Bows

1201 Eaglecrest

Nixa, MO, USA 65714

417-725-3113

www.blackwidowbows.com

info@blackwidowbows.com

