

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**

PBS Young Bowhunters Program Announcement and outline for general membership.



Promotion and Perpetuation

I can't think of many things that I have done within the scope of my involvement in bowhunting that have been more important, or rewarding, for that matter, than being the mentor that took a youngster from the realm of being an archer to becoming a bowhunter.

The PBS, understanding the importance of promoting and perpetuating the values that we carry, has committed to an ongoing program called the ***Young Bowhunters Program***.

What is the *Young Bowhunters Program*?

The *YBP* is an organization that is dedicated to preserving bowhunting's traditional values and heritage through introducing youth to the enriching experiences, wonders, and adventures of bowhunting.

- The *YBP* is committed to the strongest sense of ethics in all bowhunting endeavors.
- The *YBP* is determined that all members will learn, understand, and follow all game laws.
- The *YBP* will teach and practice safety first: from handling bowhunting weapons and in all facets of the bowhunting experience.
- The *YBP* will stress respect for all game and non-game animals.
- The *YBP* will emphasize the joy of sharing knowledge, experience, and opportunities with others who appreciate bowhunting.
- The *YBP* is dedicated to having its members provide the most positive image possible as role models for peers, both non-hunters and hunters.

What kind of activities will there be for members of the *Young Bowhunters Program*?

The *YBP* will have a place for the young hunters to voice themselves in the *YBP* section of the PBS Magazine. This section of the magazine will have stories by *YBP* members, "how to" from us "Old Timers", photo wall, archery and bowhunting history section, a youth profile, as well as a calendar of events.

YBP will host state, local, and regional activities as well from 3-D shoots, *YBP* Camps, youth hunts, Bowhunter Ed classes, and the expansion of our current Leadership training. A day camp is in the works for this year's "ETAR".

Who can be a *Young Bowhunter's Program* member?

The *YBP* is open to any young person who has an interest in bowhunting and vows to uphold the purpose and objective of the society.

However, the *YBP* mission is not limited to young bowhunters, as many of our objectives and activities compliment young archers who are actively building their skills until they can meet their state's legal hunting age.

What can I do to help?

They *YBP* needs much help with getting this great and valuable program off the ground. Please contact us and join the *YBP* Committee. Mentors fuel the promotion and perpetuation of bowhunting.

How can one sign up or help?

To get involved please contact either

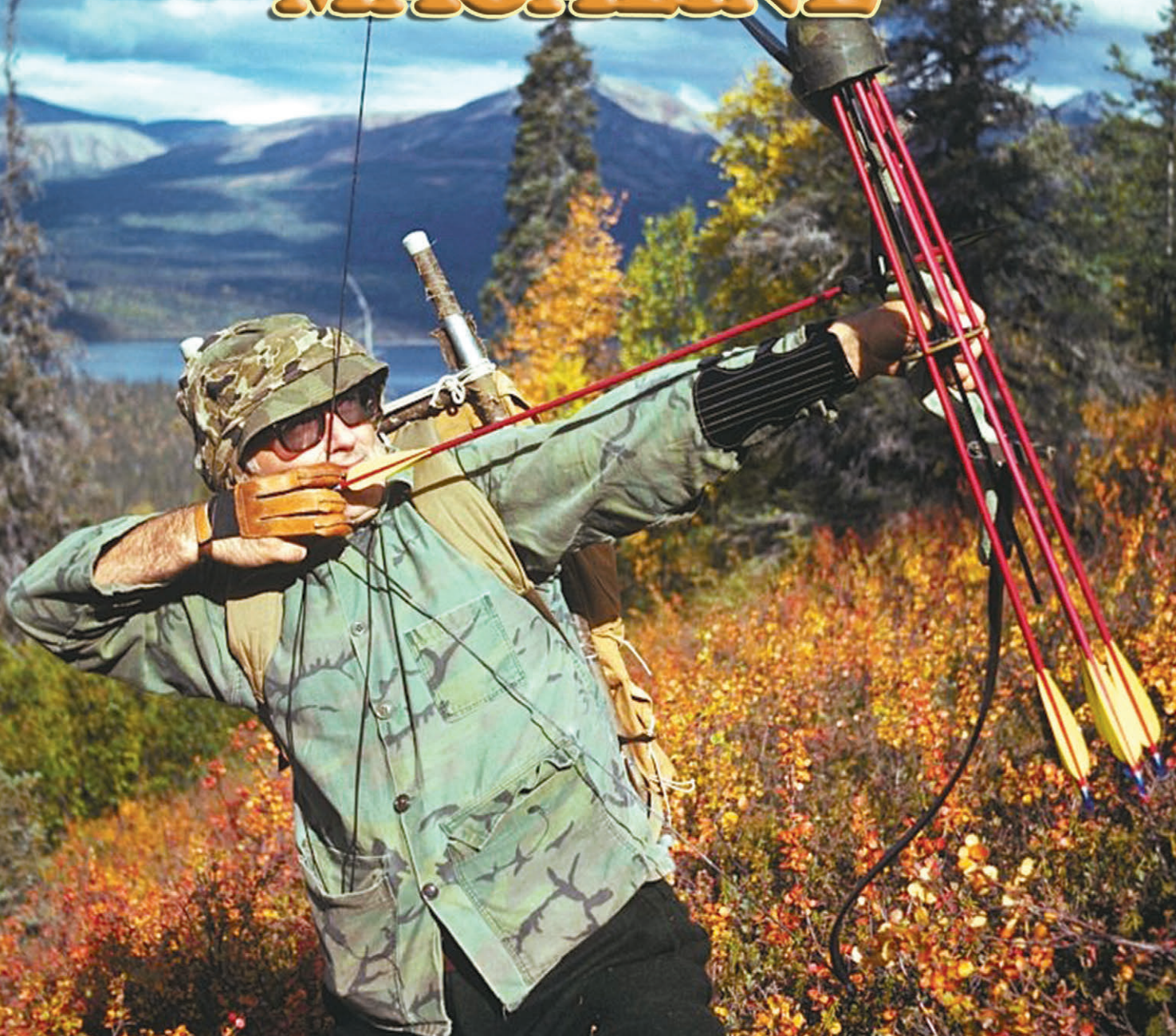
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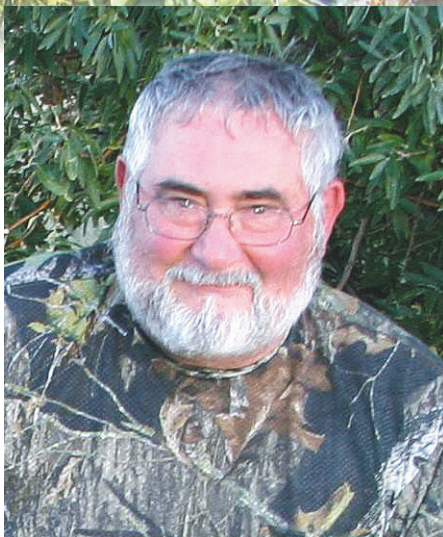
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President's Message

by Bob Seltzer

bob.seltzer@hotmail.com

I am only going to write about three topics in this issue. It is my belief that space in the magazine should only touch on the most important themes so I won't try to make this a long diatribe just to add "filler." No weather reports either.

First, I want to revisit the same theme I used to close my last article – voting. Naturally I hope all PBS members exercised their right to vote in the recent national elections but of greater direct impact to the PBS are the upcoming elections to leadership positions in our organization. The offices of President, Vice President and Councilman are on the ballot.

You will recall in my last remarks I emphasized the fact that Regular Members had an obligation to vote and lamented the fact that many did not step up to the plate to fulfill their obligation. I won't beat a dead horse on this issue except to once again implore you to cast your vote. If you care about the PBS, vote. If you don't vote, please feel free to not complain about any PBS issue until the next election. There is absolutely NO REASON in an organization our size and with our commitment to archery that we should not have a 100% voting rate.

My second topic is to spend some time mulling over a few thoughts about why PBS members hunt the way we do. These thoughts are directly related to a recent moose hunt I made with fellow PBSers and the things I considered while the woods were quiet and the hunting slow.

By "way we hunt," I'm not talking about whether we hunt from a treestand or still hunt or use a blind. Instead, I'm referring to topics more basic and important. For example, as PBS members we enjoy all aspects of the hunt, which includes travel to, at and from the event. Whether your travel to/from is by truck or plane and whether your transportation at the event is horseback, ATV (where necessary and with constraint) or shoe leather, every as-

pect of the trip is an experience shared with others and often never forgotten (especially if you get blisters or a sore you-know-what!).

We hunt the way we do because our presence in the great outdoors brings us closer to nature and to each other. We enjoy the hunt and if we harvest an animal that is a bonus to an otherwise enjoyable experience. We also hunt in a way that is ethical, which includes many aspects – e.g. ensuring that all equipment is in top condition, taking shots that ensure a kill, obeying all laws, respect for land owners rights, and much, much more.

The way we hunt is all about US – the professional way we approach our sport. If you ask me to define that in two words I would choose -- fair chase. This is the bottom line concept and in my mind is defined as getting close to the animal without the use of the latest technology. In other words, fewer gadgets and more skill. It is also not about "trophy" hunting because any animal taken with traditional equipment is a trophy.

The way we hunt is a source of inner pride and satisfaction. I am proud to be a PBSer and hope you feel the same.

While I am at it, I should acknowledge that my pride is also influenced by the fact that PBS is willing to face, discuss and ultimately decide on issues related to our sport. We come from all across our great country and beyond and so we have different views about the use of ATVs, compound bows, trail cameras and other technology. We are united in concept that all things should be taken in moderation and work hard to

find that moderate middle ground that satisfies the majority of our members. As you know this is not always easy and is often contentious, but we get there and the organization is better for it.

Finally, I want to extend to you, your family and your friends all best wishes for a wonderful holiday season and a happy, healthy, prosperous future. This is a special time of year and it is appropriate for us to count our blessings and help take care of those who are not as fortunate. This is also the time of year when we have the time and focus to fully understand and appreciate the importance of family. For me, and I hope for you, extended family includes everyone in the PBS. Our personal values, goals, and ambitions as well as our combined desire to build and sustain a successful organization unite us and keep us close. It will ever be so. Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays!

Bob Seltzer

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Vice President's Message

by Jim Akenson

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MENTORING... in life and bowhunting

I recently attended two memorial services, back-to-back days, that involved very good friends...who I had mentoring relationships with. The first such service was for a young woman named Crystal Strobl, just 35, who had just days before died in a motorcycle accident. The other was Vern Struble's service, and he had lived a long and full life. One of these people I was mentored by and the other I myself mentored...but not completely. So how does this relate to PBS, traditional values, or our brand of bowhunting?

I'll never forget my first "mentoring discussion" I had with Vern Struble. He asked me if I had any bows for new shooters to try out. I said, "Well no, all my bows are between 60 and 70 pounds, they are bows that I can hunt anything on the continent with!" Vern looked at me, fairly unimpressed, and said, "You need to have something on hand for people to try out. It's important for the future of bowhunting as we know it." Now that was food for thought, and something I didn't really know how to relate to back in 1983. He also said you need to join this organization called PBS, that there's a lot of like-minded bowhunters in this group who have high ethical standards and they teach these things, that we call "values," to other bowhunters. I didn't

act on this right away, but before long I did join PBS and my mindset began to change.

Several years went by and I had a chance to contact a lot of young people through my work managing a remote field station for the University of Idaho, where these students would come stay with my wife Holly and I for weeks at a time while they did various fish and wildlife studies. Almost all the students there joined me in bow shooting. I had picked up a few lighter recurves through Vern that most people could handle, 40 pounders. Then, around the year 2000 I had a couple gals say they'd like to shoot but just didn't have the strength. I reported this to Vern, in a letter, and the next time I saw him he presented me with a 32 pound long-bow. It had been made in about 1932. This bow was made out of yew with horn tips and the name "Robinson" stamped on the side. Vern said that a bow collector had recently offered him \$1,200 dollars for that bow, but when he heard the smaller ladies at Taylor Ranch needed a lighter bow he set it aside to give to me. For 10 years the smaller women, and a few men, used that yew-wood bow to shoot at targets in the old apple orchard at Taylor Ranch. Not many of these gals went on to become bowhunters, but they

did get to experience the joy of watching arrows in flight and got to listen to a few bowhunting tales while doing so!

Back to Crystal, the person I mentioned above. This gal was one of those who could handle my heavier bows and she really enjoyed shooting. She talked of taking up



bowhunting someday. She was one of our students back in 1999 and 2001. My wife Holly and I had lunch with Crystal recently and she said she wanted to get a recurve bow and planned to take up bowhunting soon. She had been rifle hunting for many years by this time and was truly an experienced "woods-women." Crystal had also gone on to become a highly respected wildlife biologist with Oregon Fish & Wildlife, living about 200 miles away from us in central Oregon. We had mentored her both professionally and in outdoor skills. Then tragedy struck with Crystal when her Harley went out of control at highway speed. At the memorial service for her I was visiting with friend and fellow PBSer Mark Penninger and he had mentioned that he had made a dozen custom wood arrows he was going to give to Crystal. That chance was now gone. My heart sank in this discussion. I had missed a prime mentoring opportunity by not getting Crystal out bowhunting elk this past season. Life sneaks up on us...and that opportunity was now gone for good.

My wife Holly has been telling me about this young lady she met through work who wants to learn how to shoot a bow. I had thought about building some new arrows today, but I think I might have Holly get the young lady over here this afternoon to shoot that 32 pound longbow. That's what Vern would say to do – and DO it!

Remember folks, "Knowledge Through Experience" means passing it on...and try not to miss those opportunities when they present themselves!

Jim A.

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Council's Report

by Greg Darling
stykbowhunter61@yahoo.com

matter is there are some who hunt with a compound because age or ability makes it a better fit for them. We need these people looking at us as a resource not an opponent.

How many bowhunters do you really think would want to join our organization after looking through one of our publications if they really didn't hold to our standards and ethics already? One look at our publication and they would go grab a Peterson's Bowhunting magazine and head for the hills. So let's be realistic, we are already a compound inclusive group. Has this changed the way YOU hunt? Do you find your personal ethics and ideals changing and compromising? No, I didn't think so. However, even though YOU might not have had the experience of personally knowing a compound hunter that holds our ethics and our limitations, I and others I have talked with, have. In my personal life, my daughter in law, who has been a member for a couple of years, is being mentored by seasoned PBS'ers. She spent time practicing with a traditional bow and found that she could not consistently hit the broadside of a barn (sorry Kate...you know I love you) so she decided in order for her to hunt ethically, she needed to use a compound with a sight. She has to date, shot 2 does and is gaining knowledge through experi-

ence. Now, tell me, does a young woman with these standards not belong in our organization? I would think the majority of the people that know Katy would argue all day long that she does.

The #3 issue is the fear that with the development of the "Definition of Bowhunting" and working with P&Y and Compton, we are changing the requirements of the Regular Member. The answer to that misconception is NO. We have not changed and are not going to be changing the requirements for Regular Membership nor have any been discussed. The Definition is a totally separate issue that we are leading to the masses with the help of our partner organizations.

In closing, post bow season, we are going to be ramping up on creating media for getting the Definition of Bowhunting out to the masses. We will need to lead this effort by acquiring grant money. We are looking for people who can help in this endeavor. We also need to produce a DVD with a positive message of what bowhunting the "old fashioned way" is with a hand drawn bow and arrow. I think we have several members who may be able to assist in this endeavor.

Please let myself or Tim Roberts know if you can help.

Thank's

Greg

I have been trying to keep up on the PBS Website as to what the issues are in the member's only area and it seems to come down to three issues. The #1 issue being that we should be a traditional only organization. Folks, I cannot see why we would want to do this and frankly we are hearing this from about 5% of the membership. Reality is that the majority of the membership does not seem to see this as an issue. But again, I invite anyone to start the process to have this put on a ballot.

The number #2 issue is that several of the Website users are well...Technophobic. These members seem to think if it carries a compound bow in its hand, all is lost and a Technoapocalyptic Zombie has been created and they must be kept out at the least. No, in all seriousness, just because YOU have not found a friend or relative who hunts with a compound, who is looking for something more challenging and rewarding, does not mean these folks don't exist. The fact of the

MOVING THIS SIDE UP

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Senior Council's Report

by Brian Tessmann

bowretrv@execpc.com

This quarter I'd like to talk about the PBS Odd Year Gatherings. These are held in the years between our Biennial Gatherings. The Odd Year Gatherings are a great way to stay connected to the PBS. Meeting up with old friends and creating new friendships benefits all of us. We all know the quality of our membership and these Odd Year Gatherings are just another way for all of us to associate with other like-minded PBS members.

The Odd Year Gatherings are a financial help to the PBS at a time when our income is lower due to the Biennial Gathering being held the previous and following years. As you may know, the bulk of our income comes from the Biennial Gatherings.

In the past several years, the Odd Year Gatherings have raised over \$8,000.00. Some of the more recent events are shown at right:

2003 - Western Odd Year Gathering

2005 - Ski Denton
Odd Year Gathering

2009 - Eastern Odd Year Gathering

2009 - Ojibwa Midwest
Odd Year Gathering

2011 - Mid-Atlantic
Odd Year Gathering

2011 - Ojibwa Midwest
Odd Year Gathering

There are Odd Year Gatherings planned for 2013. If there isn't one planned near you, consider planning one in your area. It doesn't need to be a huge event, just one to get other PBS members in your area together to support the PBS. If you make the effort to attend an Odd Year Gathering, you will be glad you did. The Odd Year Gatherings benefit not only the PBS as an organization but the membership as well. I'd like to thank everyone who has helped to make the Odd Year



Gatherings the success they have been!
Hope you all had a GREAT hunting season!

Brian Tessman



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Council's Report

by Steve Hohensee
steveh.alaska@gmail.com

Planning a Membership Hunt

In the 3rd quarter 2012 edition of "The Professional Bowhunter Magazine" I extolled the virtues of the PBS heading back to the basics. The first item listed in our Principle and Objectives of our Articles of Incorporation is "Fraternalism between Professional Bowhunters". What could accomplish that goal better than encouraging and promoting bowhunting opportunities between our members?!

This year I know of a handful of membership hunts of various sizes and sorts across the country. We have increased the opportunity for our members to join in substantially since that South Dakota membership hunt back in 2010 that restarted the ball rolling. We have a dedicated forum on the website for planning membership hunts and showing off the good times that we had (see PBS Program Forums, PBS Membership Hunts at www.ProBowSociety.net).

Jeff Holchin wrote an article for the 1st quarter 2011 magazine on putting a membership hunt together and I encourage anyone considering organizing a hunt to see Jeff's detailed write up. Here are a few points that I would like to emphasize for consideration of YOU putting together a membership hunt!

Any member can organize a membership hunt

- If you initiate a hunt do your best to follow through!
- Consider a backup organizer in the event that life events come into play
- PBS membership hunts should be exclusively for PBS members

Where to hold a membership hunt and for what species?

- Anywhere members will attend for any game members are interested in hunting!
- Reasonable state/location to acquire necessary licenses, generally "Over The Counter"

Ask if members are interested early

- I suggest you go to the PBS website and inquire about member interest

How many participants, should there be a limit?

- Make sure the selected area can handle the number of participants
- If it's a small area or game densities are low, limit the number of participants

When should we hold the hunt, for how long?

- Hunt dates are important and need to be set early so folks can plan
- It's easier to justify travel and out of state license for a hunt that isn't too short

Advertise in the magazine early

- Magazine submissions are due months ahead of distribution (schedule is on page 7)
- Submit location and dates early so folks can plan to attend
- Have interested persons call for additional details as the hunt develops

Camping, food, travel, restrictions, gear

- Will the group camp and if so what facilities (if any) are on site?
- Will everyone bring their own food?
- Group meals in the evening are fun and work well with one person preparing one meal for everyone in camp
- Help organize transportation to help us poor souls who have to fly to attend!
- It sure is nice to have a few shared sleeping quarters like wall tents (accolades to Doug Clayton on this one!)
- Identify any special gear that participants need

Any special regulations that apply?

- Are open campfires permitted?
- Are screw-in tree steps allowed?

Plan B (unpredictable stuff like fire and flood closures)

- Have a "Plan B" for unpredictable events



There you have it, an outline to organize a PBS membership hunt! I hope my encouragement will find a couple members that pick up this ball and run with it. A membership hunt can be a small group reducing a favorite lake's carp population for a day, or as we have seen this year, a dozen members in the Rocky Mountain West, or anything in between. Let the planning begin!

Steve H.

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Deadline Dates for The PBS Magazine

Nov. 20th for 1st Qtr. 2013 issue
Feb. 20th for 2nd Qtr. 2013 issue
May 20th for 3rd Qtr. 2013 issue
Aug. 20th for 4th Qtr 2013 issue



Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

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Do not wear another man's armor

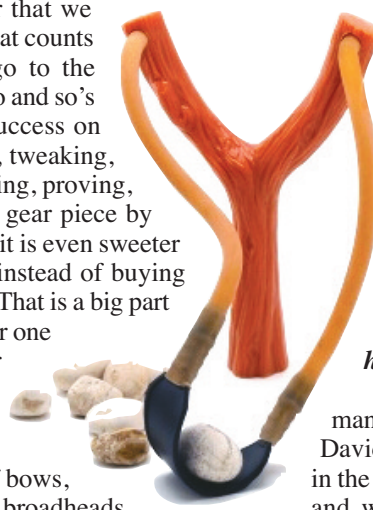
I have been a bowhunter for forty-five years and it has been quite a journey. When I got started, at twelve years old, I did not personally know anyone that bowhunted. I learned by trial and error mostly, and by reading the outdoors magazines of the day. Today, there are so many public bowhunting figures that I see young bowhunters emulating. The advertising hype is, that if you want to kill a big buck, you need the clothes and gear that so and so wears and uses. I have lived long enough to observe that it is the man that makes the gear work, not the other way around. We do not have to wear another man's clothes, shoot another man's bow, and use another man's gear to make us into a good bowhunter. It is the gear that we have tested and proven that counts in a pinch. You can't go to the store on Friday and buy so and so's bow and be an instant success on Saturday. It takes tuning, tweaking, and practice. It takes testing, proving, and putting together our gear piece by piece. I want to mention, it is even sweeter if we make it ourselves instead of buying the mass produced thing. That is a big part of the fun. What works for one person may not work for another. That is the beauty of our sport of bowhunting; there are so many choices of types of bows, types of arrows, types of broadheads, and on and on. A man cannot wear another man's armor.

1 Samuel 17: *³¹Now when the words which David spoke were heard, they reported them to Saul; and he sent for him. ³²Then David said to Saul, "Let no man's heart fail because of him; your servant will go and fight with this Philistine." ³³And Saul said to David, "You are not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him; for you are a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."*

³⁴But David said to Saul, "Your servant used to keep his father's sheep, and when a lion or a bear came and took a lamb out of the flock, ³⁵I went out after it and struck it, and delivered the lamb from its mouth; and when it arose

against me, I caught it by its beard, and struck and killed it. ³⁶"Your servant has killed both lion and bear; and this uncircumcised Philistine will be like one of them, seeing he has defied the armies of the living God." ³⁷Moreover David said, "The LORD, who delivered me from the paw of the lion and from the paw of the bear, He will deliver me from the hand of this Philistine." And Saul said to David, "Go, and the LORD be with you!" ³⁸So Saul clothed David with his armor, and he put a bronze helmet on his head; he also clothed him with a coat of mail. ³⁹David fastened his sword to his armor and tried to walk, for he had not tested them. And David said to Saul, "I cannot walk with these, for I have not tested them." So David took them off. ⁴⁰Then he took his staff in his hand; and he chose for himself five smooth stones from the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag, in a pouch which he had, and his sling was in his hand. And he drew near to the Philistine.

A man cannot wear another man's armor. It is not tested for him. David knew what had worked for him in the past and he took off Saul's armor and went back to his proven simple gear. He slew Goliath with a sling and a stone. In bowhunting, we can be an individual and have fun and success with what we choose and prove. We don't have to have the newest, the latest bells and whistles, the most expensive piece of gear that "the current world's greatest bowhunter" has. We can have mentors, and listen to men's advice, but ultimately it is our choice what we buy or make and add to our gear that we wear, strap on, carry, pack, and use. As Christians we also cannot wear another man's armor. We have to work out our own salvation. We have to read God's Word for ourselves. We follow men as they follow Christ, but we fight battles alone many times, and for sure we shall stand before God alone some day and make an account of ourselves. **Don't wear another man's armor!**⁷



Defining Opportunity - Why?

The hunt at its most fundamental level is defined in and by the relationship between man and beast...between predator and prey. This is an intrinsic, irrefutable and intimate connection that can't be compromised if we are to maintain the sanctity of this relationship and the integrity of the hunt. We are justified in our pursuits by the existence of this bond and we are driven by the need to sustain and conserve our quarry and the wild places where it thrives so that we can practice our art, and assert our place in the circle of life. We derive our hunting ethics by measuring our choices against this relationship.

Daniel A. Pedrotti Jr.
B&C Regular Member
Chair of Hunter Ethics Sub-Committee

This is the first paragraph of an article that talks about the ethics of fair chase, and long range shooting. It goes on explaining that there are two forces at work that affect this truth and diminish the very essence of

By Tim Roberts

the hunt; ego and technology. The focus of the article was on long distance shooting, even though it was about guns the basics still apply to us bowhunters.

There is a growing group of individuals who plan their outing for the shot, not the hunt. New technologies say that this can be done, and not only bowhunters but all hunters should accept and embrace these advancements. It has been my experience that in early season bowhunts, getting to 100, 80, or even 60 yards in some cases is not really all that difficult on deer. For bowhunters though, there isn't that needed level of "intimacy" until we are well inside those distances. This "intimacy" is a large part of the integrity of the hunt, and why we do it! Allowing technologies that extend the ranges of which we shoot lessens the needs for learned skills, patterns our quarry, only cheapens the experience, and greatly subtracts from this intimacy. By adding the most innocent piece of technology, for whatever reason, allows the door to be cracked, and over time through that crack, comes a flood of unnecessaries that

cheapen the experience to the point of little or no value.

It is hoped that by the time this hits our mail boxes, we will have a brochure done (thanks Mark for your help) that will help us, Pope & Young, and Compton, explain the definition, and what we have done. In taking a role as leaders, we need to become more active in reaching out to those who enter the world of bowhunting, looking for the challenges that are supposed to accompany it, yet are fooled by the assclownery gadgeteers telling and selling them easy. This outreach is vital not to our survival as an organization, but also to the future of bowhunting. We need to remember that there are people still drawn to bowhunting for the challenge, the intimacy, and that we need to accept them for their desires and aspirations, not judge and reject them for what is in their hand. If the desires are there, they will soon realize that what may be in their hand will not get them to the places they desire to reach.

PBS Letter to the Editor

It is the objective of the Professional Bowhunters Society to be a forum for the free expression and interchange of ideas. The opinions and positions stated are those of the authors and are not by the fact of publication necessarily those of the Professional Bowhunters Society or the Professional Bowhunters Society Magazine. Publication does not imply endorsement.

We met John Rook in 1988 at Paul Bertrands Bear Camp in Quebec, Canada. John made the trip north with the late Jack Milligan.

In 1992 we picked John up at his house in Boardman to hunt our farm in New Concord, Ohio for a week during the whitetail rut. We had a blast, so for the next 15 years that continued.

John and his wife Barb are such good people. We are going to miss him so much.

The Family of Bill and Jean Archer

We have a contract with the Cincinnati Ohio Hyatt Regency for our 2014 Biennial Gathering.

Though it is still too early to book a room yet, the rate will be \$115 + tax. Stay tuned for additional details in future editions of this magazine and at www.probowsociety.net

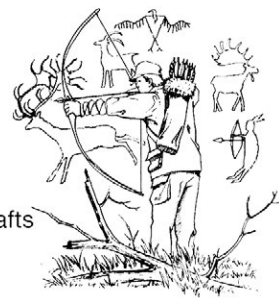
Committee Update

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By Jerry Leveille

Ojibwa bowhunters of Milwaukee (New Berlin, Wisconsin) will be hosting a 2013 Odd Year Gathering. Ojibwa hosted OYG events in 2009 and 2011 and they wanted to do it again. The OYG is being co-chaired by Councilman Brian Tessmann and PBS Associate Member Jerry Leveille. This time around, we will be adding a significant

focus on the Youth Hunt/Young Bowhunter Program. The Odd Year Gatherings at Ojibwa have been successful in raising some nice sums, just over \$4,000 from the 2009 and 2011 OYG, during this event. We will add some type of youth program, some antelope themed shooting stations on the courses (the 2013 Doug Kerr hunt is an antelope hunt), a novelty event(s) specifically for youths, and possible novelties specifically to raise money for the Doug Kerr Fund. We will also put together similar raffles as we have in the past for the Doug Kerr Fund. A bow raffle is also on the drawing board. By adding this emphasis on the youth hunt/program, we think that we can gather much support from the PBS membership and create some genuinely interested youths!!

There will be vendors from bowyers to arrowsmiths and more. We will keep everyone up to date on the vendor list as we get

closer to the event. Of course there will be good eats and there is a very good chance that we'll have a pig or two make an appearance as extra special guests. Ojibwa's specialty is open spit roasted pigs stuffed with apples, oranges, and onions. And yes, if you haven't had the pig roast, you've been missing out for the past 4 years! Camping will be available for free and all sites have electricity.

The 2011 Midwest PBS Odd Year Gathering had over 300 attendees and brought in many new PBS memberships. We hope to increase this attendance and attract more potential quality PBS members.

The dates of the Midwest Odd Year Gathering will be JULY 19th, 20th, 21st, 2013. We hope that you can get these dates on your calendar early so we can get PBS member participation and more support for the youth program. You won't want to miss this one.

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Ojibwa's specialty is open spit roasted pigs stuffed with apples, oranges and onions.

*Dedicated
to our
friend...*

*Vern
Struble*



Remembering Vern

Vern was a mentor to many and an inspiration to all who knew him in the traditional bowhunting community. From Oregon, he was a leader and became a living legend at home and nationally through his efforts with 4H archery and through PBS as a long-time member, officer, and Shupienis award-winner for lifetime achievement. His all-inclusive welcoming brought countless young people into archery, and many fine members into our organization. He was a leader in PBS who was respected for bringing compromise not controversy, always willing to work for the

advancement of traditional bowhunting, and promoting the highest ethic in the field, which was the way he conducted the rest of his life as well.

I think about Vern, on one of his Alaska trips, as I remember he was turning 60 and about to retire, he was even thinking about bringing up a camper and living in it for a year so he could get Alaskan residency and qualify to hunt sheep without a guide! We were barely 30, but we had trouble keeping up with him in the field! I distinctly remember thinking then that I hope I can be like Vern when I get that "old". He was al-

ways the first out of the tent in the morning, making coffee over the spruce-limb campfire with an infectious smile and unbounded enthusiasm. Little did I know that he would be still going strong, some 30 years after that, well into his late eighties, as he continued to hunt with his bow and inspire those who shared his camp!

If you ever need a definition for PBS and what it should represent, just remember Vern.

Doug Borland

I met the Struble in the early 1960's while attending Oregon State University. Soon after entering college I joined the Benton Bowmen archery club in which the entire Struble family was very active. Although I had "bowhunted" for a few years prior to meeting Vern, it was all self-taught. The Struble garage or the 4-D Archery Shop as it was also known was the gathering place. Vern was very willing to spend time with us "greenhorns", teaching us how to fletch arrows, set up bows, sharpen broadheads, make arrow boxes, etc. During these garage gatherings Fran would always 'insist' we try some brownies, zucchini bread, homemade bread and jelly, etc.

Eventually Vern and I began hunting together. I have fond memories of our carp and nutria hunting expeditions on the Willamette River sloughs. Each hunt began with a stop at Baskin Robbins for a milk shake! After it was too dark to shoot carp we hooked up the spotlight and hunted nutria, skunks, raccoons and bull frogs. One memorable hunt involved trying out our newly fletched forged wood shafts. We soon discovered we were losing lots of arrows. After much cussing and discussing we decided to attach "reflective scotch tape" between the nock and fletching. Our next hunt produced the same results; many unrecovered arrows. During another skull session it dawned on us the forged wood shaft is compressed. A quick research project in the bath tub revealed the forged wood shaft does not float, rather they sink!

Hunting elk and deer usually consisted of a group of club members convening at a base camp. Extended trips to eastern Oregon were taken during late September. One particular year nine of us hired an outfitter to pack our camp into the Eagle Cap Wilderness. We drove all night and arrived at the outfitter's ranch just as he finished saddling the pack animals. After the gear

was packed, the outfitter took off for our predetermined camp site. Nine of us walked the six miles to camp. By the time we reached camp we were exhausted to say the least. We pitched the tents, had a quick meal and crawled into our sleeping bags. Dinner consisted of pork and beans, and hotdogs. One in our group was a "Shrink" Vern had invited. The "Shrink" informed me he did not like pork and beans and went to bed without eating. The next morning I made pancakes for breakfast. Again, the Shrink complained; he found a bean in his pancake! Well, the pan I needed to mix the pancake flour had about ½ inch of left over pork and beans so I just mixed them into the pancake mix.

The outfitter left us a horse and mule for packing meat to camp. We soon discovered the mule had a couple of quirks. He did not like to have anyone walk behind him. More importantly, as Stan Miles and Harold, my step-father discovered, he did not want to be ridden. Harold spent several days of the hunt sitting on an air mattress, nursing a very sore tailbone. Stan's dismount was much less painful. All considered, it was a great hunt. No elk were bagged but we shot six deer, one a very nice 27" spread mule deer.

Another hunt I have fond memories of involved another all night drive to the camp site. It was just Vern, Fran and I. Others were arriving later. It was just turning daylight when we arrived at the camp site and there were deer standing around begging to be hunted. Fran said she was going to sleep but Vern and I decided to hunt a little before setting up the wall tent. Bugling elk lured us away from the camp site. Vern and I had separated and while hunting up a creek bottom, I saw Vern sitting on his haunches. As I approached him it became obvious he was asleep. Standing directly behind him I bugled as loud as I

could; he didn't move! I woke him and convinced him it was time to setup camp and get some sleep. Bill Irwin flew his plane to a nearby airstrip where Vern picked him up. One day Vern and I were hunting together and we spotted Bill. His antics were such we couldn't tell what was going on. We decided to scare him so we stalked to within a few yards, began screaming on our predator calls while running toward him. Needless to say we did scare him. Unfortunately we also scared the group of elk Bill was patiently stalking!

During the 1960's the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife provided a late elk hunt in many game management units up and down the coast. The season ran from January 1 through April 15 and had an either sex bag limit. The hunt was designed to reduce elk damage on local farms. Therefore the open area was restricted to "on or within ¼ mile of agricultural land". Due to the length of the season and liberal bag limit this hunt attracted many 'non-bowhunters'. There were places in Portland where one could rent a bow. We actually encountered "bowhunters" in the field with their recurve bows strung backwards! Jay Massey had a 'hot' spot and invited Vern and I to hunt with him. Well, the hot spot had turned cold. While driving to another spot we saw a herd of elk in a pasture adjacent to a farm house. We wheeled into the farm and received permission to hunt the elk. After crafting a plan of attack we took off in hot pursuit. As with most hunting plans, this one also went in favor of the elk. The elk spooked and were headed for the adjacent timber. However, their escape route put them within shooting range of Jay. As the elk passed him, single file, Jay selected his target and launched a feathered missile. The resounding 'crack' put the herd in high gear. Upon inspection we discovered Jay Massey can hit the

Vern Struble

broad side of a barn...literally!

The late season black tailed deer hunting on Mary's Peak west of Corvallis was a hunt we saved our deer tag for. The bucks were rutty, making them more vulnerable to bowhunters. The 1960's were also a time period habitat conditions on Mary's Peak were ideal for deer. Thus the deer populations were high and many deer were encountered during hunting escapades. The down side of the hunt was the weather. Rain and fog were to be expected on nearly every hunt. In that day and age we did not have the luxury of modern day hunting clothing. It was wool or cotton. The hunt normally consisted of driving around to locate clearcut logging units and glass for deer. Where deer were located, a hunt plan was formulated and executed. This process was repeated throughout the day. We always took Vern's vehicle, an International Travel-all. Hunting wet was the norm. Periodically we would return to the vehicle to warm up and/or drive to a new spot. Regardless we were always wet. During a club hunt in which several participated, we decided to try a drive. The drive consisted of a long horizontal line of hunters strategically spaced moving up a slope. A small buck flushed at one end of the line and proceeded to run the 'gauntlet', somehow managing to elude all arrows. When the last bowhunter in the line shot, the buck piled up. We all congregated to congratulate this hunter. While examining the deer someone noticed there were no wounds on the buck. Upon close inspection it was discovered the buck broke his neck when he ran into a fence post!!

Although Vern had many elk kills with his bow, he had never killed a branched antlered bull. I forget the year but I invited Vern to hunt with me in Idaho. We were hunting the Lochsa and Weitas areas. We were getting lots of action and close encounters but no shooting. I bugle using my natural voice amplified through a section of PVC pipe. Right when the bulls were re-

ally getting cranked up I developed an infection and could not bugle. We tried stalking bugling bulls but always got busted. The season closed before I recovered from my infection. Fortunately there was a later running season in extreme eastern Idaho. Roger Atwood invited us to camp and hunt with him. We encountered lots of bulls and again had several close encounters but no shooting. One morning we got a bull going and decided Vern was to be the shooter. We were in a lodgepole pine forest that was fairly open. Therefore Vern and Roger were out in front while Ron Sherer and I stayed back to bugle and cow call. Eventually I called the bull close enough for Vern to get a shot. At the shot the bull ran past Ron and I. I could see blood on the bull but was not sure of the hit location so I launched an arrow. Come to find out Vern had hit the bull in the heart. My broadhead put a crease across the bridge of the bull's nose. I later told Vern I just wanted to mark the bull so he would remember me each time he admired the mounted bull.

Vern was very passionate about bowhunting and archery in general. It was through my association with him I learned the value of being involved when not in the field. In addition to belonging to the Benton Bowmen, Vern also was instrumental in getting me to join the Oregon Bowhunters. More importantly Vern in-

stilled the importance of taking an active role in any organization you join. My affiliation with PBS is solely attributed to Vern.

Vern possessed great leadership skills. He was very instrumental in the Benton Bowmen purchasing property for a permanent range and club house and was a major force in getting the property developed. His involvement in the 4-H archery program is an unprecedented example of his commitment of youth.

Mentoring was a real talent Vern possessed. He was very willing to help and teach. Regardless of the time of year, there was always someone new to archery and bowhunting at the Struble house. He was the 'go to guy' for newbie's as well as the old salts.

Vern was a very 'giving' guy. Many of us benefitted greatly from this. However, as I reflect back on Vern and the Struble family I now realize those of us demanding his time were robbing his family of "Vern time". Vern openly and willingly sacrificed family time for friends and often total strangers. We all need to remember that the Vern Struble we knew also included Fran, Don, Denise, Damon and Devin. To the Struble family, I thank you for sharing Vern with me and I truly realize it was not without consequences to you.

Mike Schlegel



Glenn St. Charles, Vern and Dave Doran discussing the details of the fate of Oregon's contributions to the St. Charles Museum prior to them being turned over to Pope & Young.

I spent a lot of time with Vern as he lived only about 15 miles away from me. He was always great company and a tremendous mentor. Vern seemed to pick up lots of potential archers from Oregon State University, as it was nearby, and impart his traditional influence.

One particular student was Jim, though I have forgotten his last name. This was long before I knew Vern, but I was aware of their great friendship when Vern became part of my life. Unfortunately, Jim acquired a fatal neurological disease that slowly robbed him of the use of his limbs and voice. Jim still loved the outdoors and Vern would take him elk hunting, though all he could do was sit in his wheelchair at camp. One year we all went together and I marveled how Vern had made a wheelchair ramp for Jim to get in and out of his trailer. Vern would go hunting, but not before he knew that Jim would be ok to leave and always came back early to check on him. This was probably 20 years ago now, but I'm still moved by his compassion. When



Robin Hood and one of his "merry men".

I am entering my final days I hope there is a "young" Vern that will stay at my side as well.

It may have been on this trip or one of the same vintage, Vern had transitioned me away from a starter compound to a recurve and I hoped to finally tag a bull elk. A mutual friend, Tom Repko, was calling in a spike bull that would race forward, stop,

and race forward repetitively. At my shot, though the bull never saw me, it decided to plunge forward again. Unfortunately, this resulted in a paunch hit without a drop of blood on the forest floor. We looked for sign for a few hours and then went back to camp at dark to talk to the master.

He was not pleased and we were chastised to no end about leaving a wounded animal in the woods. We got up before light and we were back at the scene playing out different scenarios, grid searching, etc. for the next several hours. We never did find that elk but Vern instilled in me another hunter ethic that remains with me today. It has demanded that I take ethical shots and become the best tracker that I can be. Though again

this was 20 some years ago, I remember it every time there is a track to follow and it sustains me to think of him. Now I know that he watches me from above, but it is nice to know that Jim and he can finally hunt together again.

He was a marvelous man and will be sorely missed by many.

Tom Vanasche



Vern Struble: Man of many bows, hats, friends, good

It was fall 1998, early November. Winter was already visiting eastern South Dakota. It had snowed heavily and with the wind blowing, blizzard conditions existed.

Vern was expected to fly into the Aberdeen airport but planes weren't able to land until early morning hours instead of late evening timeframes. A couple of the guys had stayed at the airport sleeping on the floor waiting for the delayed plane to arrive and pick up Vern for the annual Oberle Safari.

When the rest of the crew arrived later that day, everyone started to ready themselves for the much anticipated first sit of the gala event after whitetails. Everyone except Vern. His gear and hunting equipment had not arrived on the same plane as Vern and weren't expected to be delivered until much later.

After much cajoling and haranguing, Vern finally consented to being outfitted with borrowed clothes, boots, bow and arrows from all of the crew so he could join the fun.

That evening, Vern sat in one of his favorite tree stands near the famed Singing Bridge. The story he related later was that a buck came in and as he drew to shoot his foot slipped on the deck of the stand causing him to shoot at partial draw and miss his intended "spot" on the deer. He blamed borrowed foot wear and the large amount of snow on the deck for the misplaced arrow. Fortunately his safety belt kept him from falling out of the tree as the buck ran off with an arrow punched in him.

Darkness fell and after the crew gathered to relate the events of the evening, it was decided that follow up of the only deer shot should take place the next morning.

That same evening all of Vern's gear was delivered from the errant airport.

Next morning, after the rest of the crew (minus Vern who got to sleep in) returned from the AM hunt, we all decided to be part of the follow up on Vern's deer.

Vern started dressing for the trailing job in his own clothing and gear. The crew jeered as he dressed saying that he should be using the same "borrowed" equipment that he had used to actually shoot the deer. He would have nothing of it. He was going to wear and use his own stuff!!

The crew traipsed towards the Singing Bridge stand finding a trail in the snow with blood to be followed. As we followed the trail, we realized that the buck was just staying in front of us as we crossed our trail in the snow coming to the scene. As we



Vern's hunting buddies...each with a unique hat!

crossed our own trail and approached a fence with several juniper trees next to it, we spotted the buck lying just over the fence near expiration. Vern cautiously approached and finished the deer with the coup de grace arrow.

After much celebration and photo opportunities, it was decided that this deer would here to fore be called Vern's "Borrowed Buck".

Jim Dahlberg



Vern Struble epitomized the qualities of a dedicated bowhunter, always ready to hunt, regardless of weather or his personal comfort. Serious archery hunters may have heard of his bow and arrow exploits, but fewer would know that he continued to hunt well into his late 80's. Vern traveled every November from Oregon to SD to join a South Dakota contingent of "Oberle Safari" whitetail hunters. Most of those years he returned home with a cooler of meat.

Vern willingly (or stubbornly!) climbed tree step accessible stands even when his body no longer wanted to bend so well. In his later hunts, hunting partners would accompany him to the stand, sometimes to add a boost to a sluggish boot that didn't want to lift, or to make sure Vern securely fastened the safety belt. We felt certain that he napped while high in a tree, and we discussed how it might be time for him to limit himself to ground blinds or easier lad-

der stands.

Vern brought sturdy longbows for his South Dakota hunt, but always found a reason to not demonstrate his shooting. I remember secretly thinking that he was declining enough in physical strength that he couldn't pull his bow! Maybe he knew but wouldn't admit it, and just wanted to continue to participate in the social aspects of the hunt. The idea would have been plausible, except that he continued to kill deer!

I remember one of those later years when he was having some problems with his vision due to other health challenges and he had agreed to try a ladder stand setup at the edge of a picked corn field. When we arrived to pick him up at the end of an evening sit, he announced "I think I hit one."

"What?" we asked, "Where did the arrow go?"

"Well, it was a nice little buck, toward the setting sun, a bit, so I couldn't see the arrow go! But it SOUNDED like a good hit!"

We were a little worried by the story. "So what did the buck do, Vern? Did you see him react and where did he go?"

"Well, he replied, "he just ran off fast, but I sort of lost my balance and I am not real sure what trail he took, but he probably just went straight ahead."

We scoured for blood along the trails. Vern reenacted where the deer stood and we found fresh scuffed tracks, but no

times, accomplishments, and influence on others

blood. We followed the trails and still no sign. We began to look in the corn stubble behind for the arrow. Nothing. Zip. It began to seem clear he had missed.

"Vern, maybe the solid whack sound you heard was your arrow ricocheting off a corn stalk?"

"The shot sounded good...and more important it FELT good!" he insisted.

Finally, however, without a single drop of blood and draining batteries in our lights we gave up for the evening, convinced Vern had missed. Next morning the picture was just as bleak...no sign...no deer. Overnight the weather had changed and we had a winter blast with temperatures dropping to around 0 degrees. And it stayed cold! Reluctantly, we gave up the search.

Fate has a way of rewarding honorable hunters. By luck and coincidence, upon returning to the same stand for a subsequent, hunt we approached the area from a different direction alongside a weedy fence line. There in the snow in a tangle of tall weeds was Vern's buck!

The arrow was perfectly placed, but had not penetrated enough for an exit hole. The blood filled the body cavity, but there was no evidence of a track-able trail. The buck had died after a hard run of a couple hundred yards. The bitter temperatures cooled him well, preserving the quality of the meat. Vern had a meat processing job to do!

Vern endured our congratulatory back slaps and handshakes with gentlemanly demeanor, then with a wry grin he said, "I told you it FELT good!"

Lon Sharp



Having shared many hunts with Vern, near the end of his life, there are a few things I would like to share about him. One story, was when the hunt had ended for the day and we all gathered in the famed kitchen for the end-of-day manhattans and stingers. Vern, all at once, began to repeatedly sneeze. All of the sudden, he burst out with, "Shut out that light so I will quit sneezing!" Now this light has been on for many meals and strategy sessions for years, but now - all of a sudden, it was making him sneeze. We all looked at each other and with amazement, and asked him, "What in the world he was talking about?". He was flabbergasted that none of us had heard that a bright light would make you sneeze. Of course we all thought he was drinking one too many manhattans or something

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because this cannot be true. Well after all these years, a Google of bright light and sneezing, lays credence to just what he said.

Another time when this man's character comes out, is when we were in the bar/restaurant in town having breakfast after the morning hunt. We were joined by the daughter of one of the guy's and someone at the bar was being loud and using foul language. Vern listened for a bit, then stood up, walked over to the guy and told him in no uncertain terms, to clean up his language or else! Not another word was heard.

We all have many memories of Vern. Watching him labor - putting on his hunting boots, learning the game of cribbage from him, watching him shiver all the way back to town, and then the next morning hearing him say he didn't need any heavier

clothes as he has never been cold out here yet, seeing a proud man taking care of his game and wanting to be a part of a group of guys much younger than he. He taught us all something that will be lifelong lessons and memories. For that, we are all better for having gotten to know this very special man. He was a man of unquestionable loyalty. One of the things he would do, is always on any of my family's birthdays, they could always count on a phone call from Vern. He was always doing things for kids and left a legacy of that kind of giving for the rest of us to try to follow. I am grateful for having not only known Vern but getting to spend several years enjoying a hunting environment with him. He has left big shoes to fill. Walk into the wind Vern, rest in peace, we will miss you!!

Vilas Schoenfelder

**Vern and Jay floating the
Moose Jaw River.**



We will never forget our friend Vern

I won't tell you that I've been around the world on hunting forays with Vern Struble but I will tell you that Kathy and I knew him for many years and have always enjoyed his company. Didn't matter if it was a relaxed archery function or a little more tense circumstance, such as providing testimony under the rigid formalities of a Fish & Wildlife Commission meeting, you could always count on Vern for help or support. As most of you know, Vern always seemed to know most of the people in the room when he walked in and the one's he didn't were instantly won over by his easy going style.

Through Vern, we have made many mutual friends over the years such as John Hawkins from Indiana, who still sends a Christmas card every year.

On another note, I never did figure out how he got onto it but, he never forgot my birthday. This, even though I am usually still out hunting that time in September, I would always get a call or find a message upon my return.

My best hunting story about Vern:

Many years ago while hunting the September archery season, I felt the need for a quick trip to the store for ice and supplies. So, after a morning hunt, I loaded up and headed for the little town of Ukiah, Oregon, which consisted of a couple of gas stations, hotel, trailer park, store and of course, a tavern/restaurant.

Upon arriving, I noticed an open air public phone hanging on the front porch of the general store so thought I would first check in with the home front and make

sure all was well. As I'm going through the collect call process (no cell phones yet) a goat wanders up on the porch and comes over to the phone booth and begins sniffing the small local directory attached to the booth. I guess it smelled good because it began eating the pages but alas, the connection was made and ringing at home. Then I feel someone tapping me on the shoulder and asking how's my "Squeezin' Partner"?

You guessed it!

All I could do was just pass him the phone, step back and try to process all that was happening in front of me. I'm not sure where my camera was but I definitely missed out on a huge photo op that day.

Rich and Kathy Kelly Thompson

Horseback Adventures with Vern

Over the years, mostly in the 1980's and 1990's, my wife Holly and I had the pleasure of doing several horse and mule pack-trip bowhunts with Vern Struble...in the central Idaho wilderness, where we lived for many years, and also in the Eagle Cap Wilderness of Oregon. Vern liked stock, in general, but on every pack trip...at least 7 or 8 over the years, he seemed to have one noteworthy "stock event." The amazing thing is that he came out of these relatively unscathed and always upbeat about the adventure-at-hand.

I recall a spring bear hunt in Idaho where Vern pulled off 2 events in one week-long trip. Mike Schlegel, Vern, and I were riding up a swollen stream called Waterfall Creek just off of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. Mike and I were on long-legged and strong mules while Vern was on a somewhat nervous mare called Miya. Before the first creek ford Vern asked me if Miya was a good stream-crosser and I said, "oh ya, all these guys are good at that." As I turned my mule Daisy into the water I felt her brace herself against the current, hmmm, a bit more water-push than I expected but Daisy made it through and Mike's mule Cricket was close behind. Well, Miya must have had her eye on the pushing power of the stream...I looked back at Vern as Miya went airborne like an Olympic steeplechase contestant, jumping and then splashing most of the way across the creek with Vern holding his bow like a flag-pole on a Calvary charge, braced tight on his foot. "Oh boy, she didn't think much of that

stream crossing Vern exclaimed," followed by his characteristic chuckling laugh. "Where's your hat Vern," I said. "It's probably down to the Middle Fork by now!" he replied. Vern always made light of the little things, as long as the adventure was high, so was he. On the second crossing Miya plunged in like a hippo, getting Vern fairly soaked. That was it for the stream fords and we held-off on the remaining two or three crossings and called it a day for bowhunting bears. On the ride back I happened to look along the stream brush and there was Vern's hat...stuck on a branch and bouncing in the current! It actually was an easy retrieval, sometimes his good-luck was uncanny!

Our next search for bear was up a very steep hillside north of Big Creek. Vern ended up riding atop a packsaddle that day which works OK going upslope but isn't so great going back down. We were having a hard time finding any bear and I remember heading home early. I looked back a couple times to see Vern looking relaxed and agile sitting atop a Decker packsaddle with Mike's flannel shirt for a cushion. As we dropped off a steeper pitch I heard a commotion and turned to see Vern's heels higher than his head...and heading for the ground, and his bow cartwheeling down the steep, rocky slope. After a bone-jarring impact, Vern popped to his feet and scurried down to retrieve his beautiful snake-skin long-bow that was now unstrung. Vern exclaimed, "ah damn, the horn tip

broke off!" I felt sick for not having a proper riding saddle that day for him... heck, the old guy was 65 at that time! We took the packsaddle figuring we might be packing a bear carcass, plus I had loaned out our other riding stock and saddles to an outfitter friend. Anyway, Vern shrugged it off and said I think the bow-tip is fixable. That was classic Vern. Always making the best of things! He ended up using one of my recurve bows for the rest of the trip...a 65# Martin takedown that he could draw and hold more easily than me, and I was over 30 years his junior!

That bear hunt was kind of a "dud" that year for seeing bear, or having chances for shots. However, there were other rewards as that was the trip when Vern suggested I apply for regular membership and that he'd be glad to sponsor me. I do remember thinking "that old guy really has the right attitude about hunting and life." He was upbeat, looking at things on the bright-side, and always craving a new adventure. Vern was just plain exemplary in his actions, and from my perspective...what a fine example for, and as, a regular-member of PBS!

Jim Akenson



Jay Massey once wrote,
*"The early bowhunting philosophy
seemed to center around
the concept of adventure,
a celebration of the great outdoors."*

– Vern lived by this philosophy!



*Walk into the wind Vern,
rest in peace, we will miss you!*



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A New Journey from the Makers of *Primal Dreams*
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A promotional image for a DVD box set. The box set is titled 'ESSENTIAL ENCOUNTERS PRIMAL DREAMS II'. The cover features a large antler on a dark background. To the right of the box set is a circular image of a bowhunter in camouflage gear, holding a bow, standing in a field. The background of the entire section is a dark, cloudy sky.

Candidate Profiles

President Candidate Jim Akenson

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Phone: 1-541-398-2636 Email: micaake@yahoo.com

I consider it a true honor to have the opportunity to run for President of PBS in our upcoming election. Our organization is at a crossroads. There is widespread agreement among our members that we need to do things differently, but views differ about that new direction. This is a very challenging time to be at the helm of PBS. If elected, I will give my best effort to meet the expectations of our membership – by listening to all viewpoints and leading the development of a unified focus for PBS. As many of you are aware, I have been serving on Council for 5 years now, as a Councilman for 4 years and most recently as Vice President and Banquet chair for the Portland Banquet and Gathering. My experience on Council gives me the insights into the needs of our organization to effectively move us into the future.

Any organization that has been around for 50 years has experienced successes, challenges, set-backs, and responsibilities. PBS is no exception with these accomplishments and circumstances. For those of you attending the Portland celebration you were witness to this legacy...both in presentations and interactions with fellow members. For starters, I'd like to say that our successes are evident in our magazine quality, gathering participation, website growth, and coordinated hunting trips for our membership. Activity in each of these areas is what gives us our fraternal connection to each other as PBS members. Beyond that, it also matters what ethics and attitudes we display while being engaged in any PBS activities.

Today's challenges in bowhunting are complex and are often associated with the ever increasing technology in our sport. This "always present" challenge of reining in equipment technology has to be addressed at multiple scales, levels, and approaches. First I'll address the large scale, or national level. One way that we, current Council - as a national organization, are addressing this issue is through initiating a collaboration with two other national organizations, Pope & Young and Compton's, in order to achieve a jointly agreed upon definition of ethical and responsible

bowhunting. The "definition of bowhunting" we agreed upon is a working statement designed to help state organizations repel electronics and other "over-the-top" techno-advances creeping into bowhunting. The definition already saw exposure in Washington State where a proposal was introduced to allow lighted nocks. The combined weight of the three groups opposing this kind of proposal can become a real factor with increasing exposure. At another scale, the individual level, there are opportunities we can work on each day. I am a proponent for bringing compound shooters into our ranks assuming their overall ethics match those of PBS, and many of these bowhunters have great potential to see the merits of more sacrifice in bowhunting through using traditional equipment. And even if they stick with a compound they are bound to be more "ethical" in their approach to bowhunting from a PBS association. Each of you as members of PBS can be a contributor by just getting folks involved on a one-on-one basis.

So you are probably asking what will this guy do for PBS if I vote for him? My response to that is as follows:

I will encourage contribution to PBS wherever it fits...whether it is regular activity on the website, rallying support for the next Biennial Banquet, pulling together friends to attend an Odd Year Gathering in a neighboring state, or participating in an advertised PBS regional hunt.

I will continue to encourage our membership to engage in the educational aspect of our sport, including applying our "Knowledge Through Experience" slogan on a daily basis, and giving focus to strong bowhunting ethics and wildlife conservation...from the hunters perspective.

I will work to improve communication within our organization by reaching out to both the website users and those that rely on more traditional means of communication, such as through our magazine.

I will be an active leader in focusing our mission for today's world. Our last survey about the PBS mission statement



was done in 1999, it is time to redo that and using questions generated in Portland and from the website.

I will maintain the traditions of our organization by working hard to increase our organizational exposure and influence.

I will strive to achieve a positive interaction with all aspects of, and participants in our organization...whether associate members, regular members, regular life members, fellow Council members, or Home Office staff. I believe that our success hinges on effective communications.

I will ensure that the next biennial banquet builds on the successes of the past one, and that our finances are stable or increasing.

I will continue a positive and productive working relationship with Jack Smith and Brenda Kisner at our Home Office.

I will promote a positive mind-set for the organization.

In summary I have been fortunate to work with some outstanding leaders during my tenure on Council. It has been a real privilege and learning experience serving on Council under the leadership of Past Presidents Bo Slaughter, Kevin Bahr and current President Bob Seltzer. These guys, and leaders before them, have put their hearts into keeping PBS pointed in the right direction and that is a tradition I will work to maintain if elected President.

Please take the time to vote in this election!

Jim Akenson

President Candidate Terry Receveur

134 Rabbit Lane, Kinderhook, NY 12106
Cell: 518-755-9119 Email: Terrance.Receveur@Taconic.com

The purpose of this profile is to describe a little bit about whom I am and what I believe. So, I guess I'll just start with the most important things. I believe in God, family, country, and outdoor pursuits! I try to live my life in support of all of them. I'm very active in our local Church and try to include family in my outdoor adventures. I love the good old USA, although I've been quite embarrassed by its recent leadership. I've been married to my wonderful wife Tina for 25 years and she has always been very supportive and has on many occasions (from Alaska to Africa) followed me into the field to ensure my safe return. She has also stayed behind many times to raise our four wonderful children. I have to really give credit where credit is due and thank Tina for making our kids the great young women and young men that they are. Emily is my oldest and is 24. She recently graduated from Hunter College in NYC with a Masters in Education. She accepted a job in NYC and is teaching 2nd grade. I don't know how I failed her, but she likes the big city. Emily has just in the past couple of years figured out that dad wasn't as crazy as she thought and now joins me on many fishing and hunting adventures. Next is Jeff at 23 and he was married this past August. He attends school at Brigham Young University (BYU) in Provo, Utah and is pursuing a career as a dentist. He likes to hunt and fish and has taken a whitetail deer big enough for B&C. Tyler is next in line at 20 and he is up with hunting and fishing like me. He is my best hunting buddy and has taken lots of big deer and game of all sorts. He is currently serving a two year church mission in Fortaleza, Brazil. I can't wait for his return home in October of 2013. Last, but certainly not least, is Jennifer who turned 19 on October 8th. Jen is also attending BYU in Provo, UT where she hopes to earn a business degree and open her own recreational gym for tumbling and gymnastics. All four of our kids have never had a report card where they were not on High Honor Roll or Honor Roll. Jeff, Tyler, and Jennifer were all awarded the prestigious Youth Sportsman of the Year award for the Indiana Bowhunter Association. As you can tell I am extremely proud. I wish I could take credit for their success, but I know Tina is the reason. She is certainly the brains of the family and graduated with

a BS in Veterinary Technology from BYU. I know I have spent a lot of space talking about my wife and kids, but friends; that is what it is all about. The greatest success in the woods or at work cannot account for failure at home.

Now that I have noted the truly important facts about my life, I suppose I'll share a little about myself. I'm the youngest of 3 kids born in 1962 in Indiana. I was the 1st Receveur to ever go off to college and earned a BS degree in Animal Science from Purdue University. I then continued on, while working for St. Jude Children's Research Hospital in Memphis, TN, to earn an MBA in Finance. My career has led my family and I to live in TN, VA, PA, IN, and now NY. I am currently the Global Director of Production and Capacity Planning for Taconic, Inc. I'm also a volunteer fireman and treasurer for our local fire company.

I've always tried to be active in state and national bowhunting organizations and am currently a member of several. I've held a few offices ranging from the PBS Publicity Chairman to many assignments for the Indiana Bowhunter Association (Membership Chairman, Banquet Chairman, North American Bowhunting Coalition Representative, FWCC Co-Chair and IBA Representative).

I've been extremely fortunate to have been able to travel a bit for hunting or fishing and have been to at least 25 different states including Alaska on nine different occasions. I have also had the pleasure of experiencing most Caribbean countries, Canada, Mexico, Costa Rica, Europe, and Africa. My favorite hunting bow rotates between a TimberHawk recurve and long-bow. As the old saying goes...even a blind sow finds an acorn once in a while, and I guess this holds true for me as well. Seems that just by sheer volume of trying I have been extremely lucky to take some great animals including black bear, Sitka black-tail deer, whitetail deer, Alaska Yukon moose, caribou, antelope, elk, zebra, wild hogs, bobcat, coyote, fox, alligator, Eastern & Merriam turkey, many small game, upland birds, waterfowl and lots of carp. My dad's good friend Mack Collins was the one who got me hooked on bowhunting and I have now been at it for nearly 40



years.

I love the PBS for the opportunities it affords its members to interact with and learn from some of the best bowhunters in the world. Best is NOT defined by who has taken the most animals or by those who have their name in a book more than anyone else. Best are those who pursue game in an ethical and sportsmanlike manner. It's those who recognize the hunt is in the journey and not the destination. It's those who understand the complex relationships between man and nature. It's those who know there are no shortcuts to success. A faster bow, brighter sight, smoother release, or clearer trail camera do NOT guarantee success. In fact, they can detract from what truly defines success; the hunt! Best are those who go afield to enjoy nature, learn about and respect the game they pursue, meet the challenge of the environment, and are just happy to be there. Best are those who know that life isn't about stuff, it's about making memories (that's all we can take with us). Best are those who know the kill is simply icing. I have been extremely fortunate to hunt with some of PBS's BEST and look forward to many more.

Bowhunting is the solitude of an awakening morning, the sounds, smells, and sights associated with the myriad of God's great creations. It is the ability to have quiet reflective thought and to rejuvenate and reconnect with nature. It is stress reduction, sharing time with family and friends, and matching wits with a wary quarry. It is very good tasting venison, hard work to become proficient, a huge responsibility, and it is FUN!

Please don't forget the most important things in your life and represent all bowhunters in a way to preserve the sport for future generations.

My name is **Terry Receveur** and I am the PBS.

Candidate Profiles

Vice Pres. Candidate Steve Hohensee

Email: steveh.alaska@gmail.com Phone: 907-362-3676
(Remember Alaska is 4 hours earlier than East Coast)

Steve Hohensee. I am only six months into my three year Councilman position and I am writing my third candidate profile in two years. I would have liked to have spent some time at each phase of Councilman but I feel I have the energy and ideas that would benefit our Society so I am willingly stepping up to the plate to run for Vice President.

- I still whole heartedly feel we need to rejuvenate our Society and re-establish our relevance in the bowhunting community and increase membership involvement; our Society needs to once again offer something else that the existing bowhunting clubs lack. Our path is neatly laid out in our Articles of Incorporation; let's get back on that path.

- I have continued to chair the Website Committee along with Steve Osminski, Ted Kinney, and Bryan Bolding. The Society website at www.ProBowSociety.NET has made a huge leap forward in providing additional communication opportunities between members.

- Numerous membership hunts have been organized on the Society website by a few dedicated members and I attended the Nebraska hunt in 2011; these hunts are one of the best things PBS has going! Please consider organizing or attending a future membership hunt.

- I held a spring bear hunt for the Website Committee this year in Interior Alaska. Well, only two of us could make it but I tried! Matt "Shoeman" Schuster graciously agreed to join Ted Kinney and me and we made one to remember during the golden years.

- I have cajoled Rob Burnham into agreeing to put together a PBS promotional video. Please send any video clips showing "how we hunt" to Rob.

- I recently identified Ted Kinney's talents as a great fit for the chairman position

of the Publicity Committee. I believe Ted will revitalize this committee and will get us on a positive path back to our future.

- I feel our magazine is our single most important link and have contributed by submitting articles for most editions in the past five or six years.

- Voting. Many of you have read my voting proposal in the 2nd Quarter magazine but I must add that a vote means nothing (or worse) without well written proposals.

- I am very in tune and concerned with what I call "equipment creep", creeping advancement of technology that has inundated bowhunting like a virus and conflicts with the ideology of Traditional Values". Have we ever defined "Traditional Values"? Here is my version:

What are Bowhunting's "Traditional Values"?

Traditional Values are those thoughts, emotions, actions, experiences, and heritage that intrinsically define the value of the activity, that define bowhunting.

Bowhunting's Traditional Values mandate acquired skills such as woodsman-ship, knowledge of bowhunting and archery history, and the prey we seek out so that the bowhunting matchup is man's bowhunting prowess against the wild and cunning of his prey.

The match up requires the bowhunter is set to fail unless his perseverance, acquired skills, and professionalism can fairly pave the way to success.

To not take advantage of our bowhunting quarry's senses by way of gadgetry is the only way our Traditional Values are to be maintained and preserved for the bowhunter of tomorrow—Traditional Values are the essence of bowhunting defined, all other is something else.

- I have a lot more ideas too mostly re-



garding membership involvement and education but let's leave it there for now. I hope I have motivated each of you to contemplate and consider what we can accomplish as a Society acting together in the best interest of bowhunting!

Please Vote this Election!

Faternally yours,

Steve Hohensee

steveh.alaska@gmail.com

(907) 362-3676 (Remember Alaska is 4 hours earlier than East Coast!)

(Pronounced: "Stev Hoen-see")

PS: I live in the small community of Moose Pass, Alaska on the Kenai Peninsula with my wife Donnie and puppy Copper. I was raised in small-town Nebraska, have lived in Missouri, Wyoming, and finally found my way to Alaska just over a decade ago. I have been a PBS member since about 1992 and a Qualified Regular Member since 1996. I made a commitment and became a life member at the Nashville Gathering. I have been a member of many state bowhunting organizations over the years. I have attended seven PBS Gatherings.

You're vote doesn't count if you don't cast it!
Watch your mail for the ballot and make sure you count!

Vice Pres. Candidate Tom Vanasche

Email: tomvanasche@mac.com

Cell: 541-990-3946

After being approached by Council members on running for the office of Vice-President, I was initially taken aback by this serious offer. However, following much internal deliberation, I have decided to take up the challenge. This office takes a significant commitment and I'm willing to provide that to our organization. I recognize that I do not have prior Council experience, but I have confidence that I have the leadership and team building abilities that it would take for the position. I feel that it is my time to give back to PBS.

To step back, Vern Struble had gotten me involved with PBS many years ago when I was looking for like minded ethical hunters, and then he eventually sponsored my regular membership. I only hope that I could bring the energy and character of that individual with me. He was and still is an inspiration to me, though he just passed at 92 years of age. As he lived close to me, I would frequently drop by and visit to reminisce about "the old days" of hunts past. May we all be blessed with equal character and length of quality days.

We all know the 80/20 rule, where 20% of the group does 80% of the work. I think the ratio is a lot better in our organization, though it is time for me to give back to those who have led in the past. I believe in belonging, because if you don't, you will wake up some day and your hunting rights will be gone. You may be able to shoot your bow in your backyard, but don't count on taking a "weapon" into the public forest. You can't let somebody else fight your battles every time in this regard as they will eventually burn out. If you want a great organization you have to be involved and continue to build it. I'm particularly disturbed about the voting participation of our members. We can't get anything accomplished without 2/3 of the members voting. Hopefully the next Council will be able to get something done about this, as we have become at times paralyzed. Some sort of carrot and or stick is needed in this regard, or we will die from lack of participation.

We have to start saying to ourselves, "what have I done for bowhunting". What have I returned to this sport I love? Have I just been enjoying the fruits of other people's hard work? It can be many things to many people. It may be mentoring, volunteering, running for office or "acting professional in the field". It could be just showing up at meetings, paying your dues

or voting when required. This would be minimal but at least a start. In my home state of Oregon there are 35,000 bowhunters and just a few thousand even belong to any organization. Those that do belong represent bowhunting to the public and our governmental agencies. That is why the PBS, though few in numbers, can be a strong voice. I would like to help lead this voice in the coming years.

Another top of the agenda item is recruitment. We all know we need new members and the common saying is "that only if each member could recruit one more individual we would double our membership". It sure doesn't seem to be happening. I know in this recession money may be tight, but donating an associate membership to a worthy individual will immediately impact our ranks. It may "set the hook" and that person will continue on with us or we may "lose them" in the stream of life, but they will have spent a year with us to know what we stand for in hunting. We also need to encourage those associates that are ready to become regular members.

I would also like to start a program of reaching out to state bowhunting groups with a brief definition of who we are, what we stand for and what we can voice as a national organization. This may swell our ranks as well, as I feel we are still unknown by many.

I have seen where several members have sponsored local hunts for other PBS members and I applaud that. Hopefully we can sneak in a few potential new members on these adventures as well some youth. I hope to continue to see a report on these activities in our magazine and that may encourage others to start their own hunts as well. By the way, doesn't the new magazine look great?

Mentoring is invaluable to our sport, for if we don't, who will stand with us and after us? We must not only encourage our own close relatives but reach out to that neighbor kid, someone at work or church. To watch a child's face light up at the flight of an arrow is always inspiring.

I recognize that the primary activity of the Vice-President is to coordinate the next biennial banquet, that being held in Cincinnati, Ohio in 2014. I'm enthused about taking a leadership role in our most important event for the PBS. Having attended many banquets over the years, I have a feel for what is both important and entertaining to our membership. Being centered in the heartland of our country we need to make



certain that our program and activities draw members and other attendees from throughout all regions. Hopefully a new attendance record could be achieved with a concerted effort, ensuring our financial stability.

Now a short bit about myself. I have lived 57 of my 60 years in Oregon where I came to meet several PBS members including Vern Struble, who definitively altered my life. My profession remains as an emergency department physician for the last 32 years. I have been the medical director of a busy emergency department [25,000 yearly visits] for the last 16 years, honing leadership and teamwork skills that I believe will transfer to the office of Vice-President. I grew up farming and have continued to do so, nurturing 42 acres of hazelnuts as well. Having ran two independent businesses, I feel that I can bring that aspect to our Council as well. I have been married for 33 years to my very patient wife Nancy and raised 3 successful children. My youngest daughter will finish nursing school this December and then next fall we will cash in on her Wyoming antelope points. I actually find "guiding" my kids or others can be more fun than being a "shooter".

In summary we face many challenges; recruitment, retention, integrity, and financial stability, as well as creating a successful convention. I hope to find some answers for these hard issues by working with an inspired Council.

I ask for your vote, if not for me, vote for my opponent and show your commitment to PBS.

Should you wish to contact me personally I may be reached at tomvanasche@mac.com or cell phone 541-990-3946. Thanks for your support.

Tom Vanasche

3 Year Councilman Candidate

Tim Roberts

It is truly an honor to be asked to run for a position on the PBS Council.

I'm Tim Roberts, I own a tiny manufacturing company, Farr West Leather, that makes quality leather products for bowhunters, mainly armguards knife/armguard combos, and such. Recently with the help of a real great bowhunting friend, we developed the Absorkee Quiver, a quiver that will change the way hip type quivers are viewed.

I am quite fortunate in my bowhunting activities. Some years ago I discovered Montana, a place that has more opportunity than most bowhunters could only dream of! Coming from a state (Utah) that has very restrictive hunting opportunity, Montana has allowed me to hunt with a variety of bows, chasing a wide variety of animals. It is there that I have learned the satisfaction of hunting with a selfbow. If the choices were handed down that a person could only hunt with one bow, my first choice would be a selfbow. I believe that bowhunting is and should be the most challenging of all hunting opportunities, and that any animal taken with a bow and arrow is a true trophy, and that the size of that trophy isn't measured and put to hang on the wall, but it is in the size of the memories that we keep with us forever. The time that we spend afield with friends and family are some of the more important things about hunting.

During my time as a PBS Member, I have had the opportunity to help out at several PBS events. At the PBS youth hunt that was held in Utah, I had an opportunity to spend time cooking along with other camp duties, and I was also able to teach the kids at that hunt how to build an armguard. It was at this event that Councilman Akenson asked if I

would be willing to Chair the Anti-Crossbow Committee. I told Jim I would be willing to do the job, but I wasn't going to wake up everyday fighting, we were going to find a way to put "Bowhunting" back on the offensive. It was this thinking that brought about the Bowhunting Opportunity Definition, and this in turn lead to getting three of the four National Organizations to sign on with the Definition. And at the time of this writing the fourth one, the NBEF, is still in the consideration stage. Bowhunter Education has always been a part of the plan in carrying the Bowhunting Opportunity Definition through the next levels. Education about what bowhunting was and is supposed to be can be taught in this course. It is the best place we have to inform new hunters about the truths and traditional values that are such a big part of bowhunting. The next best place we have is through our own actions, and examples. As a former Bowhunter Education Instructor, and State Chairman for the NBEF, I have seen the changes that can come about on experienced bowhunters when the teachings are based on the truths of what bowhunting is supposed to be and traditional values.

The problems that the PBS is facing today, are problems that really aren't that hard to fix. One solution to some of our problems, (membership growth/retention, inaction from some current members, etc.) is getting more members involved. This can be done through the committees that the PBS already has by making suggestions either in writing, through the website, or simple phone calls. We need to realize that we as an organization are only as good as our members. Encouraging members to step up and voice their opinions and suggestions can help us to



become a greater organization. This includes all members, including the women, and our youth. Currently, the PBS could be viewed as an organization that is in a time of transition. There are many members that are still in the dinosaur era (pre-computer, cell phone, etc.). Social media will play an important role in the future of our organization. Such things as our website, Facebook, Youtube and other social media will become crucial in our passing of information between our members and other organizations. Being able to utilize this new type of communication will help to establish the PBS as a leader in the future decisions that will effect the future of bowhunting.

Our up coming banquet in Cincinnati can be a great event for the PBS, having it in the East, should provide for a great opportunity to replenish our coffers allowing the PBS to take on a greater leadership role in the future of Bowhunting.

Tim Roberts

Free Classifieds

HUGE SALE. I am selling out my King of the Mountain wool inventory. Call or email for prices. I have a few new and used Bighorns and Kota recurves, longbows, and Little Bighorn bows. New recurves and longbows by Ron Foley of Foley Custom Bows. These bows by Ron are the quietest bows that I have ever shot and they are beautiful. Also the complete line of Swarovski optics, Knives of Alaska, Badlands backpacks and traditional archery equipment. Call, write or email for prices. (BS)2 Enterprises, Gary Stefanovsky, 9805 26th St. NE, Bismarck, ND 58503-9783. Phone: 701.223.1754. Email: garystefanovsky@hotmail.com or wookling2000@aol.com.

There's room for your ad!

Thank You!

PBS wants to thank Bjorn Ahlblad for donating a Jack Howard bow that was auctioned off on e-bay.

The bow sold for \$1,000.00, Bjorn donated the money to PBS's Youth Hunt Program.

3 Year Councilman Candidate

Steve Osminski

My name is Steve Osminski and I would like to make a difference in the Professional Bowhunters Society. I will fill you in with all the fluff of what I have hunted and my family later, but first off, I would like to give you my take on the problems right now facing the PBS, my stance on the issues as I see them, and how I can help the PBS.

The PBS is floundering. We have been sitting around going about business as we always have done while the world around us has changed with lightning speed. Changed specifically in the way information is processed and disseminated. Like it or not, we are in the computer age. We cannot keep running things only with letters and a quarterly magazine. The magazine is an essential part of the PBS and I look forward to every article of every issue, but it cannot be our main tool to get information to the members. Until last spring with the launch of the new PBS Website (www.probowsociety.net) we basically ignored this incredibly functional arena to share our "Knowledge Through Experience". Think about it...before the internet and the various bow hunting message boards, what was the best way to find and share information with serious bowhunters? Join the PBS! The PBS was the internet, before there was an internet. We missed the boat there; the PBS right now is small potatoes in this regard. In today's world, with a few keystrokes on my computer, I can talk to serious bowhunters around the world instantly. There is an infinite amount of information at everyone's fingertips. We are 10 years behind in an era where everything happens in an instant. We have to work diligently to improve in this area. We have a great start with the PBS website, but it has to grow. Our members have to make our website the place to come for the best information. We have to keep, as well as grow and expand, the best bowhunter experience base in the world.

We have incredible communication tools available. Council needs to use them to be more efficient and productive. Any computer nowadays has the capability of video conferencing. Meetings can be held face to face from Alaska to the Florida Keys; or Africa for that matter. We need to capitalize on the tools available to us to do the best job for the membership.

The membership is declining. The me-

dian age of the membership is increasing. Associate members are not developing and advancing thru the ranks and stepping up to become Regular members. Some of this is due to the economy, sure, but much of it is younger bowhunters who are not seeing a benefit to being a PBS member. We have to grow our ranks with qualified, ethical, and serious young bowhunters.

Now to the issues I see as concern to the membership:

Let's start with growing our ranks with serious young bowhunters. We are NOT going to do that by becoming a traditional only society. We do not have throngs of compound shooters knocking down the door to join our ranks. We pretty much have to recruit every member we get; it takes a special person to be a PBS member. I say why exclude the largest pool of potential members? I have shot a stickbow exclusively for the past 10 years. I shot a compound for quite a while before that, and a recurve before that. Was I not serious and ethical before? Nope, same guy, but just one who did not have an experienced brotherhood to back him up and help him grow and gain the confidence he needed in his abilities. Leaders are drawn to the PBS. We do not attract the person looking to take shortcuts or find the easiest way. I do not care if a member shoots a compound or a stickbow. I do think a great, great majority of PBS members who do shoot a compound will eventually hunt with traditional equipment. It is just a natural progression in those who love to bowhunt and care deeply for the game and the bow. PBS members who hunt with the stickbows should lead by example...PBS members who hunt with compounds should lead by example!

One thing I will never allow in the PBS as a member or a leader is a cross "bow". These are misnamed; I prefer to more accurately refer to them as crossguns. A bow does not have a stock and is not shoulder mounted. A bow does not stay mechanically cocked. A bow is not released by a trigger. A bow is held in my hand, drawn and held with my muscle power. One of the ultimate thrills in bowhunting is drawing your bow undetected at close range on hyper sensitive wild animals and executing an accurate shot. The day crossbows are allowed in PBS will be my last.

I understand the hierarchy of the Soci-



ety. What I do not understand is the lack of communication in both directions—from Associates and Regulars up to the Council and vice versa. A few keystrokes on the ol' computer and meeting minutes or questions to the membership can be posted to the website in a secure area or e-mailed to the entire membership. We need to do a better job of communicating to the leaders as well as to the membership.

Regular Members have the RESPONSIBILITY to vote in every election. All the details for every ballot issue are provided ahead of time in the magazine. If you cannot take time to understand the issues and formulate an opinion, and then take the 30 seconds it takes to mark the ballot yes, no, or abstain, and put it in the provided stamped return envelope, you do not deserve to be a member, much less a Regular member. I will not rest until the members who DO VOTE are running the PBS. As it stands right now, the members who DO NOT VOTE are setting the policies of The Professional Bowhunters Society. That is ridiculous and an embarrassment.

What can I do to build the PBS? Since I have joined the PBS, I have had my hand up to help. I participate in every function I can. I try to enjoy, but also lend a hand where it is needed. I have been on the editing staff for the quarterly magazine. Nathan Fikkert and I are planning the 2013 PBS Youth hunt for pronghorn antelope in Wyoming; no easy task from Michigan and Wisconsin. Seeing the need to enter the electronic age, I pushed along with a few others who saw the bottomless pit we're flailing in to form the website committee and start our climb out of the hole of obscu-

~ continued on page 24

3 Year Councilman Candidate Steve Osminski - continued

~ continued from page 23 rity in launching www.probowsociety.net and work daily to monitor and help keep it running smoothly.

Things I do every day should be things all of our membership does. I am proud of the PBS and what we stand for. Every chance I get, I promote the PBS in spoken word and print. We need to promote the PBS on an individual basis at our local clubs and archery shoots, state organizations and archery shoots, and nationally as well. Conduct yourself with honor and dignity so people see that PBS patch and are impressed. Use the mighty internet to our advantage. Use the PBS in your signature line on websites so people are curious and check us out. We need to take advantage of the benefits we get on websites we sponsor. As sponsors, we can do so much more than be just an advertisement people ignore; we can leverage those sponsorships to promote and grow the PBS. For example, a couple Christmas' ago, I decided it would be a good idea to

give a PBS Associate membership as a present to a lucky bowhunter. I was able to expound on the benefits of the PBS to 10s of 1000s of bowhunters. Other PBS members joined in to do the same and we got 30 new members and an immense amount of exposure. We must find new ways to expose people to the PBS. Good ethical bowhunters are out there and they belong here with us. We are looking for the best of the best and it is not easy.

Earning a Councilman position to represent the members of the PBS and to help guide the PBS to a proud and prosperous future would be a high honor to me.

I will conclude with the easy stuff. I am a Christian man. I have been married to my wife for 17 years. I am blessed to have her; she understands my passion for bowhunting and encourages me. I have a wonderful son and daughter who we are trying to raise as good, well rounded human beings. They have many interests including but not limited to bowhunting. As for me, I have been to every state in

our great country except Arkansas. I travel to foreign lands due to my job and know there is no better place to live than the United States. I have hunted in 15 states along with 6 Canadian provinces. I have hunted 15 species of North American big game and have seen 24 of the 29 species in the wild (no Polar Bear, Musk Ox, and caribou east of the Yukon). My finest bowhunt was a month long do-it-yourself adventure for Bighorn Sheep in Colorado. I came oh so close many times, but never had an ethical shot at my ram. My goal in my hunting life is to experience every "type" of hunt in North America. I am awaiting a Mountain Goat tag to end that quest...then I will take stock...and concentrate on my favorites!

I believe people should treat each other with respect and respect is earned. Respect can also be lost.

Steve H. Osminski



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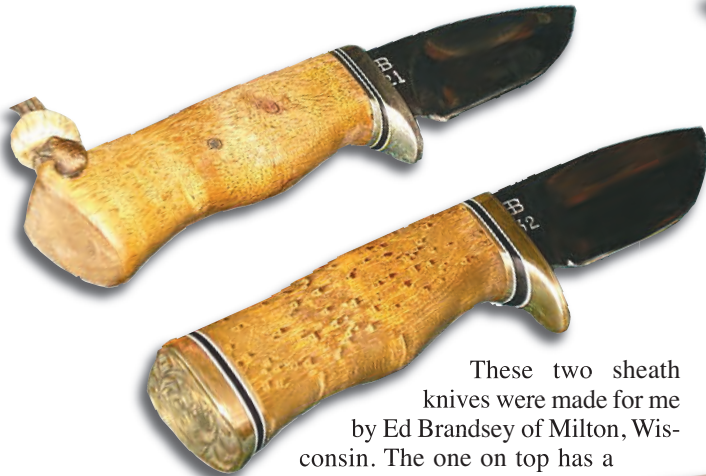


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Knives I have known

There's something about a fine knife that quickens the heart of every bowhunter. Although I don't consider myself a knife collector, I've accumulated and used various custom made blades over the years. Here are some of my favorites.

By
Gene Wensel

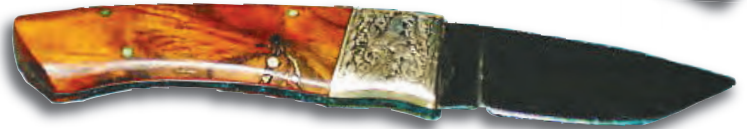


These two sheath knives were made for me by Ed Brandsey of Milton, Wisconsin. The one on top has a Myrtlewood handle. The bottom one is Birdseye Maple with brass fittings. I used the upper knife as my main hunting knife for quite a few years back in the 1980s before retiring it.



The top knife with the stag horn handle was made for me by Buddy Manley of Sebring, Florida.

The bottom knife is a small Skinner made by Steve Terrill of Springville, California. The handle is a beautiful piece of California Burl.



This knife was my most used "go to" belt knife before I started carrying folders. It was made by my old friend Jack Barrett of Georgia. It has an interesting story behind it. The handle of this knife was made from a fine piece of English walnut that came from left over scraps of the stock blank

of the 16 gauge shotgun Ernest Hemingway used to commit suicide. Same tree.



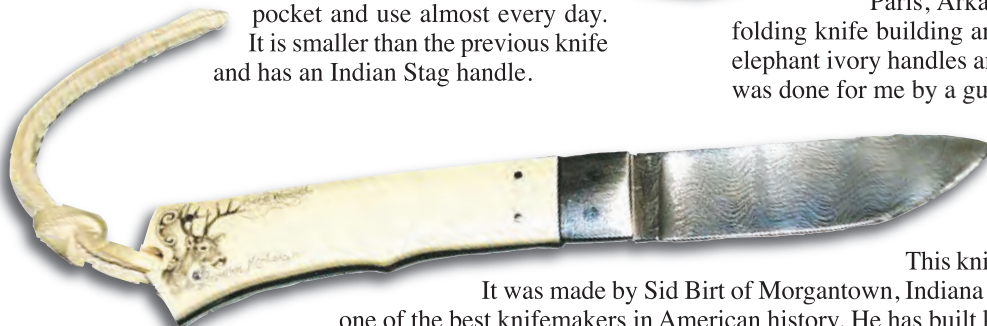
This was the first custom made folding knife I carried for many years. This one was also made by Jack Barrett. The handle was crafted from an osage bow stave cut by Paul Crist in Oklahoma in 1932.



This Jack Barrett folder is the one I now carry in my pocket and use almost every day. It is smaller than the previous knife and has an Indian Stag handle.



This heavy spring folder was made by the late Bob Ogg of Paris, Arkansas. Mr. Ogg was one of the true pioneers in folding knife building and made knives for over 60 years. This one has elephant ivory handles and was made in the 1970 era. The scrimshaw art was done for me by a guy named Cross in 1982.



This knife was a gift from my old friend Dick Robertson. It was made by Sid Birt of Morgantown, Indiana in 1978. Sid is considered by many people to be one of the best knifemakers in American history. He has built knives for royalty. This one has a blade of Damascus steel, with elephant ivory handles. The scrimshaw was done by Cross. ♣



Quebec adventure

By Dr. Dave Samuel

Over the past forty years, I've bear hunted in many of the Canadian provinces, but the majority of those hunts have been limited to the big three; Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. My reasons for doing so are quite simple. First, those provinces are the best big bear provinces. Second, they have lots of bears. Third, they allow baiting and my health situation dictates that if I want to bear hunt, I have to bait hunt. The old days of spot and stalk are no longer an option. Reduced lungs means not much walking. But it also means no flying, so Manitoba has become my province of choice because, of the big three, it is the closest for me to drive. Thirty-one hours of driving, but it is still the closest.

In 2011, my favorite place in Manitoba, E and D Outfitters, was booked full in the spring, so I had a fall hunt scheduled. But when an old acquaintance, Fred Law, called and started talking about his place in Quebec, he had my attention. Fifteen-18 hours driving time sounded pretty good to me. Plus, with no hunts booked until fall, I was getting itchy to be in the woods, so this spring hunt to Quebec sounded good. And it was.

I've known Fred Law for 35 years or so, and he has always been one of the top bowhunting deer hunters in all of Canada. We hadn't talked in 20 years or more, so after catching up, Fred told me about the place he ran in Quebec, just over the river from his home province of Ontario. He only takes five or six hunters a week and ten or so for the year. You stay at the Moose Territory Lodge, but he also has an out camp for bowhunting bears. The out camp sounded great, except that I need a breathing machine to sleep at night, so staying at his lodge camp was my best option. Fred said that the first week of June works, and invited me up.

There was a negative; black flies. I hate those little buggers and didn't have to deal with them in Manitoba, but with proper protection, I'd make it work. We discussed the trip, and I told him I'd have to drive as flying was not possible for me anymore. I guess it is the cabin pressure, but my lung situation prevented me from flying. It was then that he told me about the last 60 miles into the Moose Territory Lodge where we stayed. It was a dirt road, with the last twenty miles or so, poorly maintained. That is a huge understatement. The usual time to drive that 60 miles was around 3 1/2 hours, maybe four. Sounded interesting. And it was.

Late May and I left my West Virginia home headed North. I arrived in Quebec right before dark on the second day of my drive, stopping where the 60-mile dirt road begins. Moose Territory Lodge has a comfortable cabin there, so I spent the night, then tackled the road the next morning. The last twenty miles were bad, as advertised. Rocks, water, stream bottoms, meant that driving more than 15 miles per hour was rare. Eventually I arrived at the camp, met the three other bowhunters and settled into a very comfortable cabin.





The drive in was an adventure, but at times very scenic. Our cabin was on the shore of a lake with great fishing. Flying instead of driving the last 60 miles was an extra-fee option that I will use on my next trip.

Fred had 10-15 baits strung out along various 4-wheel paths and dirt roads. His mixture of pelleted food and other scraps had many of the baits active. What was so different from my Manitoba hunts was the bush. Other than along the shore of the lake we were on (great fishing by the way), there were no openings. None. The bush was thick, literally impenetrable in some places, except for bear trails. And, we were remote. My guess is that many bears there will go years without seeing a human.

My first two nights on two different baits yielded nothing. A weasel, a rabbit or two, some jays, but no bears. The other hunters were seeing bears, but passing small bears or not getting shots at bigger bears. On night three, I returned to the bait I sat on night one, because it was being hit hard. The stand was comfortable, and the wind direction was perfect. After three hours, and about 100 pages of a good book, he came. Approaching the bait from my left, he stopped and ate some green leaves for at least ten minutes. For me that was a rare sight. I'm not sure I've ever

seen a bear eat green leaves from a tree.

Finally he came to the bait, but positioned himself facing me as he ate the pellets that were on the ground (apparently spilled there from a previous feeding bear). Ten minutes passed, then fifteen. Finally he stood as if to leave. The broadside, 23-yard, shot looked perfect, and off he charged. The thick bush meant lots of crashing tree limbs as he ran. Five seconds later I thought I heard him fall, then silence. I waited a bit, then went over to check my arrow. It looked good, and no smell from the arrow told me the hit was good, but after crawling thru brush in the dark for twenty yards, and finding no blood, I decided to back out.

Fred, and several others came back that night, and we found a scant blood trail for 40 yards or so, then nothing. Again, time to get out and wait until morning. Morning found a crew of us looking for sign. I got back into the stand and marked the direction where I thought I'd heard

him fall. But that thick bush was nasty and ten minutes later, we still had no blood. Then I heard Fred call, that he'd found a tiny drop of blood and his assistant guide, Jim Heard, found another drop around sixty yards from the bait. Twenty yards further Jim literally stumbled across my bear.

It took four of us at least 30 minutes to get him to a main bear trail and out of the bush. We had to move logs, cut limbs, crawl, push, ram, scramble. It was nasty, nasty stuff. Makes me really appreciate others who jump in to help, so that I can continue to bowhunt, even though I'm a bit wounded inside.

Pretty typical of my new bowhunting friends, and all the folks involved with Fred Law at his bear camp. Good people, great food, good bears, and another bowhunting adventure that ended with a nice Pope and Young bear. ♡



A good bear was icing on the cake on this Quebec adventure. Fred Law was an excellent host and guide.

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A Canoe Trip

Canoes,
Recurve Bows,
Black Bears and Banjos
along an Alaska River

by Steve
Hohensee
and
Ted Kinney

I (Steve) spent a considerable amount of time last year trying to mentally sort out how I might put together and actually pull off a PBS hunt in my home state of Alaska. Alaska offers some great opportunities for black bears so I quickly zeroed in on them as the target species for a potential membership hunt. Ask any bowhunter about their dream hunt and many will respond with a longing for a float hunt for moose in Alaska. The problem is that many of our easily accessible rivers are overrun with moose hunters in the fall. The more I thought about a float hunt for black bears, the more I realized we could have a potentially untapped opportunity at a time of year when the rivers see very little traffic. We could have a genuine, DIY, Alaska canoe float trip with a legitimate chance at killing a black bear and a guaranteed chance for high adventure . . . Deliverance style!

Realistically, I had to limit the group to about four individuals. I decided I would invite the PBS Website Committee as we were just wrapping up many long hours updating the Society's website. My thought was that a celebration of our efforts in the form of a bowhunt made the most sense. Steve Osminski already had a bear hunt planned for the same time in early June and Bryan Bolding, our techno-guy, momentarily "forgot" this hunt would coincide with his wedding anniversary.

We were down to Ted Kinney and me. Somehow my old buddy Matt "Shoeman" Schuster found out about our dilemma and was quick to invite himself: then there were three. For a couple logistical reasons, we decided to leave it at three (i.e. if we had a fourth on this river trip, someone would have to take on the part of the "Ned Beatty" character; and no PBS member deserves that). Ted had an interesting "domestic" account leading into his signing on for the unknown.

I (Ted) was completely taken by surprise by Steve's genius plan when he sprung it on me. Last August, I agreed to an elk hunt this August. The elk hunt had been consuming my thoughts for a few months. I recall on

New Year's Day, I was sitting at my Dad's house discussing the year's hunting plans and I said, "You know, I should try to do a spring bear hunt - something as a warm up for elk."

I never really gave it much more thought than that. Particularly after a quick internet search investigating outfitters and seeing their prices.

About a month later, I got an email from a PBS friend who I had actually never met in person before. It was a note to the website committee seeing if anyone had interest in a PBS hunt for bears in Alaska the first week of June. I recalled the conversation at my Dad's house a month earlier about a potential bear hunt; I turned to my wife and said "Amy, I just got invited on an Alaska float trip for bears; I think I HAVE TO say yes". To make a long story short, the final statement from my wife during that surprisingly short conversation was along the lines of the following:

"Alright dude, let me get this straight; you are telling me that you are going to spend a few thousand dollars to go to Alaska to hunt animals that have a small chance at killing you, where you will likely encounter other animals that you are not allowed to kill, but can kill you easily. You will be going on this trip with a guy from Alaska, whom you have never met, and a guy from Georgia, whom you also have never met but has been vouched for by your other friend from Georgia (John Pardue) who you tell me is as equally crazy as you are. You are going to be gone for more than 10 days and this is in addition to the 10 or so days you will be in Colorado elk hunting in August. And, we will also not be taking the kids to Disney World, right? OK, I get it; I understand how this makes sense. Just please get the freaking life insurance paperwork completed before you go."

. . . I replied, after a dramatic pause . . . "OK" . . . after all, that is a yes, right? I was in!

I (Steve) bet a lot of you read Dan ("Pirate-Dan") Russell's story in the Third Quarter 2012 edition of The Professional



Bowhunter Magazine. If not, I recommend you read it as it segues into this tale. Pirate Dan had planned a black bear hunt near my home on the Kenai Peninsula at about the same time. Logistics worked perfectly for him to join me on a scouting run of the selected river. We planned to set up for the hunt with Ted and Matt and maybe just happen upon an unsuspecting black bear while we were at it. As you read, this trip paid off in aces for Dan when he arrowed the prettiest black bear I have ever laid eyes on, a mature cinnamon-blond sow. To prepare for the following hunt, Dan and I had driven two trucks to Tok, Alaska; one with a trailer transporting the two canoes. We left all but one truck in preparation for the main event when Matt and Ted arrived.

Now I've planned a few hunts in my day but this trip posed the most challenging set of logistics that I have ever put together by far. Lots of moving parts with two trips, four people, two trucks, two canoes, multiple river cycles with two camps, ultimately six bait sites (three above "Camp 1" and three below "Camp 1" and above "Camp 2"), registering and re-registering baits between Dan and Ted/Matt so we could pre-set extra baits (limit of two baits each but you can hunt each other's baits)—complicated!

Dan and I had set up and baited three sites and had selected and prepared an additional three sites plus two camp sites. The plan was to do four two-day river float cycles with the possibility, if all went well, for each of us to have an active bait on each day of each cycle. The order would be to put in and hunt Bait 1, Bait 2, and Bait 3 on day one. We would sleep at camp 1. On day

two we would hunt Bait 4, Bait 5, and Bait 6. Then we would sleep at Camp 2 to round out the cycle. On day three, we would start over, and so on.

A short week later, I picked up Ted and Matt at some slime motel in Anchorage. There are considerably nicer motels in the area that are just as cheap. I'm not sure how they picked the one they did. My truck was crammed-full with dog food, popcorn I had been popping for months, maple syrup, and all the other "typical" hunting gear required for such an excursion. I barely had room for their bags; actually I kind of didn't have room for their bags. They both had the motel hold some stuff, which we were convinced would be traded for crystal meth by the wonderful staff of the murder hotel they selected. The three of us packed into a standard cab truck and off we went on a breathtakingly scenic journey into the interior of Alaska.

Our destination was a stretch of the Tanana River over 8 hours away from Matt and Ted's Anchorage Meth Lab Inn. On the way, we stopped in Glennallen for lunch where I observed for the first time what Tom Kinney would likely refer to as his son's "typical head-up-butt behavior." Ted was posting a photo with his phone about the start of our adventure on the PBS website as he was walking to the restroom after about a gallon of Glennallen coffee. He was so focused that he didn't notice that Matt and I did not follow him. He also didn't notice that there were no urinals in his selected restroom. He finished his business and waited by the truck confused about where Matt and I were; after all, he didn't see us in the restroom and we weren't at the table any longer. When Matt and I found him waiting by the truck we realized before he did what had happened. We asked Ted where he was. Ted responded "takin' a leak". Matt and I asked Ted, "Where . . . because we didn't see you in the restroom?" Then we watched as Ted began to realize just why there were not urinals in the restroom; it soon made sense as he realized that most women's restrooms in Glennallen are just like women's restrooms in PA - they do NOT have urinals. Fortunately, no unsuspecting Glennallen natives came screaming from the premises; no harm, no foul; off to the hunt.

The winter of 2011-2012 was the longest, coldest I had ever experienced so I was overjoyed to let my cabin fever float

away with the glacial melt waters and force long-stagnant muscles to dig into the tannin-rich water with each stroke of the paddle. There was a very long, tiring float between the put-in and the Bait 1 site; about five hours of hard paddling. On the first day, we found Bait 3 was hit. We put Ted on stand as he hadn't killed a bear before and it was his first time in Alaska. Matt and I went and set up Camp 1. Ted didn't see any bears that first night.

Interestingly, a grizzly had impressed its long-clawed tracks in the sandbar where we beached the canoes at Camp 1. His exploration of the sandbar occurred between the time when Dan and I had been there and when we arrived for the main event. The grizzly didn't bother any of the gear that I had cached, but it may have bothered the Georgian and the Pennsylvanian I had in tow just a little bit.

I (Ted) woke up the next morning to an enjoyable lazy day in camp filled with grilled cheese, camp coffee, and lots of hunting stories. Between Matt's Georgia hog stories and Steve's Alaska and Hawaii tales, the time flew by. The days at the middle camp were pretty relaxing. Not much work was required. The baits on the lower section were not too far from camp and we didn't need to leave for our hunts until about 4pm or 5pm. We would stay on stand until about 11pm or midnight.

We were surprised that I didn't have any action at bait 3 the previous night given that the bait had been found and hit by a bear, but not completely cleaned up. Consequently, we figured it may be a good idea to hunt it one more night to see if the previous night was an anomaly. Further, by hunting bait 3, there were three baits downstream for two hunters; thus maximizing chances that everyone could hunt a stand surrounded by bear sign.

In order to do so, since we were already downstream; the person hunting bait 3 would have to paddle across the river and upstream as much as possible. Then there was a short hike upstream to the stand. It was determined that I should be the one to do that since I knew where the stand was located.

Matt and I (Steve) floated downstream in the second canoe to Bait 4 and Bait 5. Bait 5 was hit so we hung a stand and pushed Matt up a tree. The scat looked big so we were optimistic that Matt would see a big

bear (foreshadowing intended). We had to give Ted really good instructions about where Matt would be (how about that for blind trust) since we had two canoes and I took one downstream even further to check Bait 6 and to set up Camp 2 ahead of the guys arriving downstream.

The bait I (Ted) was hunting hadn't been hit again. We all found it odd that a bear would find the bait and move on without cleaning up the site. I stayed on stand until about midnight and headed downstream to find Matt.

When I got about 200 yards away, I started to see glimpses of Matt in the twilight. He was on the banks with his gun in his hands and he was not looking particularly comfortable. I remember thinking that it was odd that he wasn't relaxing peacefully by the bank. I figured he was concerned that I would pass him up or otherwise botch the connection. I wasn't quite right - Matt had an "experience."

After a couple hours on stand, Matt heard movement up the ridge from where his stand was. All of a sudden, he saw flashes of movement at 60 yards. At 40 yards he saw a BIG grizzly in a sprint directly at him. He thought fast, as the grizzly had obviously taken over the bait and knew something (i.e. Matt) was intruding upon his newfound cache.

Matt threw his bow out of his hand and started yelling "Hey bear". At the same time, he shouldered his back up gun, took it off safety, and got his finger on the trigger ready to defend himself. The bear was at 10 yards when Matt was about to touch one off. At the last moment, the grizzly decided to veer from its course. Matt said when the bear turned it circled out to about 30 yards and stopped. Matt reported that for the next half hour the grizzly paced out there deciding what to do. Matt said there were a lot of growls and other vocalizations and he felt like at times the bear was looking right at him. I am glad Matt was in that stand - if it were me, there would have been scat piles larger than what the grizzly left.

Finally, the grizzly decided to climb back up on the ridge where it came from. When the coast was clear; Matt climbed down, collected his gear, and made his way back to the river bank - where he stood guard for a couple hours until I got there . . . quite a hair raising experience. Matt was satisfied. He said it made his hunt.

~ continued on page 30



A Canoe Trip continued

~ continued from page 29

Matt and I got into camp, and Steve was there waiting for us with dinner already cooked. Figuring this meant there was no action on the downstream bait; I sat down in camp to listen to Matt retell his grizzly story with the full detail it deserved.

Before the retelling of Matt's story; Steve calmly said "Well, aren't you going to ask me if I have a story to tell?!"

arrow impacted the bear and I immediately thought to myself "a bit too high." When the bear only made it about 20 yards and toppled within sight, my thoughts changed to "I guess not." This was only the second bear I have killed that produced an audible death moan. Two hours later I had taken photos, skinned the bear, and butchered the meat. I was setting up Camp 2 on an island just across the main river channel from this bait before Matt and Ted arrived with stories of grizzly battles in the Alaska interior.

I (Ted) thought the coolest aspect of Steve's hunt was the 1970 Kodiak Hunter. We had been making a lot of Deliverance jokes leading up to the hunt; so Steve figured his old Bear was the way to go. There are just not many guys killing big black bears with 70's recurves and wood arrows these days. No matter how you cut it - that was just pretty darned cool.

. . . So, we completed the first cycle. One trip down the river and one bear in the canoe. We couldn't have drawn it up better than that!

On day 3, we floated the long distance down to our baits. First bait - nothing; second bait - nothing. Third bait - unchanged. Hit once, but no recent activity. I decided to hunt that bait, as the alternative would just be going to camp where I definitely couldn't kill a bear. Steve and Matt went to camp and relaxed; a decision which proved much wiser than mine. I hunted and saw nothing while Matt and Steve relaxed in camp, filled their bellies after the long float, and relived their recently made memories of grizzly fighting and Pope and Young bear killing. They were in bed and sleeping when I got back. I made some dinner - nearly burning down the tent with Steve and Matt in it. "Oh, you said I am NOT supposed to leave the gas valve on when I light the stove waiting for the liquid fuel to vaporize?" After the flames were out, I went to bed with sore rowing muscles again. No bears witnessed on day three.

Steve Hohensee with the cinnamon colored boar he took with a 1970 Bear Kodiak Hunter.



Matt's dramatic experience was unbeknownst to me when I (Steve) arrived at the lowest bait, Bait 6 (the same spot where Pirate Dan killed his bear). There were fresh black bear tracks right on the river bank where I beached the canoe and the bait was hit hard. My arrival at the stand was later than I hoped, but I climbed into the stand and commenced the hunt. Normally I shoot a longbow but something about this canoe trip caused a compelling urge to take my sole hunting recurve, a 1970 Bear Kodiak Hunter. Actor Jon Voight once carried a 1970 Bear Kodiak Hunter in a movie involving a similar canoe trip; it just seemed right to have such a weapon, on such a river, with such a collection of guys.

I was probably only in the stand for an hour and a half when one of my routine glances right produced a slight change of scenery with a chocolate-colored bear entering my vision. The bear came right in to 5 yards and stretched out his side and turned away, what more could I ask for?! The

Color phase black bears are extremely uncommon in Alaska except for a couple areas; we just happened to be in one of those places where they are very common. My bear was a very large, mature boar for interior Alaska where summers are short and winters hit 60 below. I had a hard time rolling him over for skinning; there was ground growth on this bear! The bear's hide first seemed to be chocolate-colored but when the sun caught the chocolate it turned it to a rich cinnamon with just a hint of a golden collar. The hide is very thickly furred and 100% un-rubbed. I was quite pleased! To think that I almost didn't hunt that evening in favor of setting up camp!

Matt Schuster (below) with the bear killed moose calf he and Steve found while exploring the Camp 2 island.



On day four, Matt and I (Steve) explored the Camp 2 Island while Ted hunted. We discovered a bear-killed calf moose while Ted was on stand. For the small amount of area we actually covered on foot, what were the chances that a bear killed a calf 150 yards from camp? Well, that is exactly what happened. The kill was relatively fresh and likely happened between when Pirate Dan and I came through and when Matt and I found it. The bear had buried some of the calf and all that remained was the hide, the hoofs, a few bone fragments/teeth, and the stench.

Bears are hell on moose calves in late May and early June. Given Alaska's crappy moose population in so much of the state, killing as many black bears as we can is the most responsible conservation intervention possible (Matt would say "we are such givers"). I am actually not a big advocate of baiting bears everywhere, but it is the only reasonable approach in dense boreal forest and black spruce landscapes to get a bear into bow range. Odds are that most every time you see a cow moose sans two calves, a bear killed them; you can quote this arm-chair biologist on that point!

Day four found Steve, Matt, and I (Ted) back on the lower baits. We went to the first bait - no action. The second bait was off limits because of the grizzly. That said, we did need to go in and pull the treestand. We fanned out with guns at the ready and carefully snuck in, talking to the bear as we went. He cooperated and let us get our gear without coming down for a challenge. We took our treestand and gave him the bait. Fair trade.

Then we went to the third bait on the lower end of the cycle. We decided I would hunt it if it was hit. Steve had already killed and Matt was still pretty happy with the grizzly encounter. Matt was very gracious. He has killed bears before and he was generous in giving me first cracks at stands to help me kill my first bear.

... We arrived at the bait and it was torn up!

... but there was a problem. Steve killed on this bait two days earlier and Pirate Dan killed there a week earlier. There had been lots of meat scent in the air in this area. After Steve processed his bear, he dragged the carcass about 100 yards away from the bait site and put it underwater in a nearby bog. Well ... the carcass was back. And it was not a small carcass. Something sizable dragged it back to the bait site. Also, there was fresh scat everywhere and it was big. This bait was only about a mile downstream from where we saw the grizzly. We were all feeling pretty apprehensive about this situation. Finally, I said "Look, we're never

going to know if we don't hunt it. I'm gonna take a stand." The group agreed that this was our only real option. And up the tree I went after we refreshed the bait a bit.

After leaving me initially, Steve circled back and said "Ted, I'm not sure about this. I think this may be a grizzly. Are you sure you want to hunt here tonight?" I said, "Steve, I came here to hunt bears; not feed them. I've got the back-up gun at the ready. I am prepared. I will be fine."

... Then Steve and Matt left.

... And then the reality started sinking in. What was I doing; where do I get off acting so tough? Two experienced bear hunters just pretty much told me this stand was too dangerous to hunt! I've only ever seen three grizzly bears in the wild. Who in the heck did I think I was? I am not ashamed to admit, I was pretty scared for the first hour or two on stand. It was arousing to say the least.

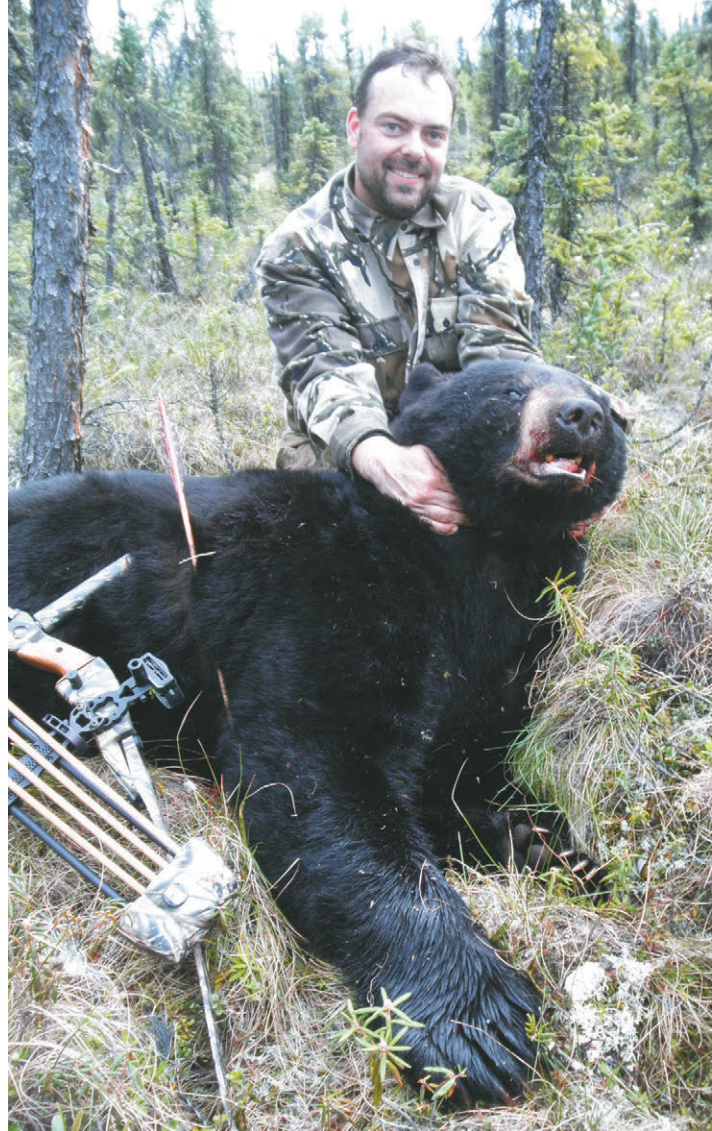
The carcass was about 15 yards away from my stand; I couldn't see it, but I knew it was there. I could see the massive piles of bear scat all around. I kept looking at them and thinking "This is bad", but I was determined to stick it out and see what showed up.

Before long, I heard splashing in the swamp to my left. I knew it was a grizzly. I hung my bow and grabbed my gun. Then I saw some sort of weasel playing in the water. It weighed maybe 3 pounds and I felt ridiculous. This animal made me realize that I was freaking out a little too much. I needed to calm down and remember that I am the hunter in this situation.

As I settled into the hunt, I started feeling better.

After another hour or so passed, I heard something approaching the stand from the opposite direction that Steve's bear came from. I couldn't see it, but I heard something that wasn't any sort of weasel; it sounded awfully bear-like to me.

My heart started beating pretty fast. I don't mind telling you that I was pretty concerned at this point. I heard the noise reach the carcass. This confirmed that the noise was a bear; however, I had no idea what



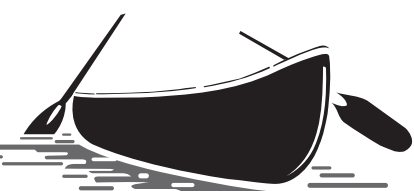
Ted Kinney with the big black-phase boar.

type of bear was chewing on the carcass at 15 yards.

It was at the carcass for about 5 minutes. I could not identify it. I could hear it grunting and growling contentedly as it sniffed around the carcass, but I did not know the species yet. I had my gun hanging on a bow hanger and my bow in my hand. I'm a lefty. I had my left hand on the shotgun ready to drop the bow, flip the Mossberg safety with my thumb and do what I could do to protect myself if it was Matt's grizzly. If it was a black bear; I would just have to let go of the gun and get ready to shoot.

Moments later, I heard it clearly take a step towards the bait. I remember vividly then that the first thing I saw was a foot "flip" towards the bait and it was JET BLACK. I knew I was in business. It flipped its way towards the bait the way that big bears sort of flip their feet forward. He made it to the bait pile. He stopped and turned and looked directly at me. He absolutely knew I was there - or so it seemed to me. He looked me square in the eyes and seemed to decide that he didn't really give a crap that there was a

~ continued on page 32



Bears and Banjos...

~ continued from page 31

big dude in a tree watching him eat.

After checking me out and deciding I wasn't much of a threat, he stepped into the bait. He was at about 6 yards. I remember thinking, "He knows you're here; he's not going to be there long." I would have preferred that he would have put his near side leg forward and given me a slightly better angle. But, shoot, we're talking 6 yards; I felt like I could place my arrow pretty well.

I drew, hit anchor, and released. Arrow felt good. I didn't really see the arrow flight and I didn't see the hit; I guess my eyes just didn't pick up the arrow fast enough at such a close range. I knew the hit wasn't awful, but I didn't see it.

Upon impact, the bear took the blow and then turned away from me and sort of hunched up. He remained motionless for what seemed like five minutes - but was probably less than five seconds. It was long enough that I was thinking "arrow, arrow, arrow; get another freaking arrow!" Then all of a sudden, the bear reared around and I saw an amazing amount of blood fly from the mouth. As it turned, I saw three quarters of my arrow sticking out of the off side - pumping blood - and sticking out of a real good spot.

He then ran back the way he came in. I heard him stop briefly just out of sight and make a gurgling sound. It was an odd sound and clearly NOT a death moan. And then, I heard it crashing out through the swamp.

... Everything told me I nailed this bear.

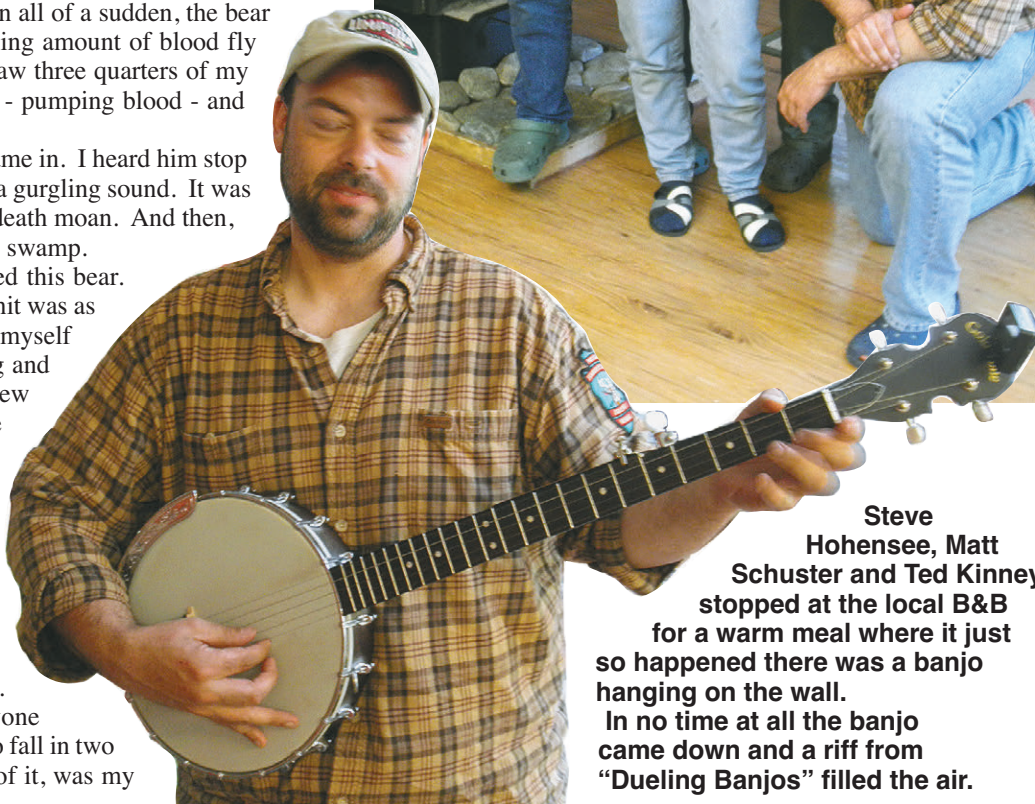
BUT - no death moan - and if the hit was as good as I thought; I couldn't bring myself to understand how it lived as long and went as far as it seemed to. I knew it was a good shot; but the whole thing seemed unbelievable, so I was assuming something went wrong in an effort to avoid the old "head in my butt behavior" that my dad discusses so often.

I stayed in my tree as long as I could stand it; and climbed down after 20 minutes. The next 20 minutes were quite memorable. An 80 yard blood trail that anyone could follow, but I still managed to fall in two holes along the way. At the end of it, was my first ever black bear.

Moments later, I got to thinking, "OK, this bear was big enough to make those big piles of scat by the bait. And he was big enough to bring the carcass back. BUT between him and the previously killed bears, there is a lot of meat and blood in the air." I started to get freaked out by the possibility of grizzlies again.

Given that I am not the skilled field processor that Steve is, I decided to go for help. Between Steve, Matt, and I; we got him skinned, quartered, packed out, and canoed to camp in no time flat.

I (Steve) was excited when Ted showed up in camp, jazzed up after the successful hunt. Sure enough Ted made a great shot on a big black-phase boar at a whopping 6 yards. The bear went about 75 yards out into a black spruce bog and had piled up. Ted's bear was also a hefty-aged boar with a broken incisor and more cavities than I'd ever seen on an animal. The mosquitoes were pretty bad as they had been all across Alaska this season but Ted turned on two Thermacells and it did seem to put the mosquitoes at bay.



Steve Hohensee, Matt Schuster and Ted Kinney stopped at the local B&B for a warm meal where it just so happened there was a banjo hanging on the wall. In no time at all the banjo came down and a riff from "Dueling Banjos" filled the air.

This was about as much fun and as adventurous of a hunt as one could imagine. Ted kept Matt and me in stitches every night with stories of growing up in the Kinney household, which likely explains Ted having gone to head-shrinking school. We have all the makings of a classic adventure here, we have canoes on a river, a brace and a half of recurve bows, we have a Georgian, and I'm here to tell you that what follows just can't be dreamt up!

On our last cycle off the river we stopped for dinner at the local B&B where we parked the truck and trailer. A pleasant German woman owns and runs the place and we appreciated a warm meal. As we were sitting at the table, I noticed several musical instruments hanging from the wall. My eyes got as big as silver dollars when I saw it - I nudged Ted and gasped "there's a banjo"! In no time at all, he was up and the banjo came down and a riff from "Dueling Banjos" filled the air. Seriously, you just can't make this stuff up... ♪

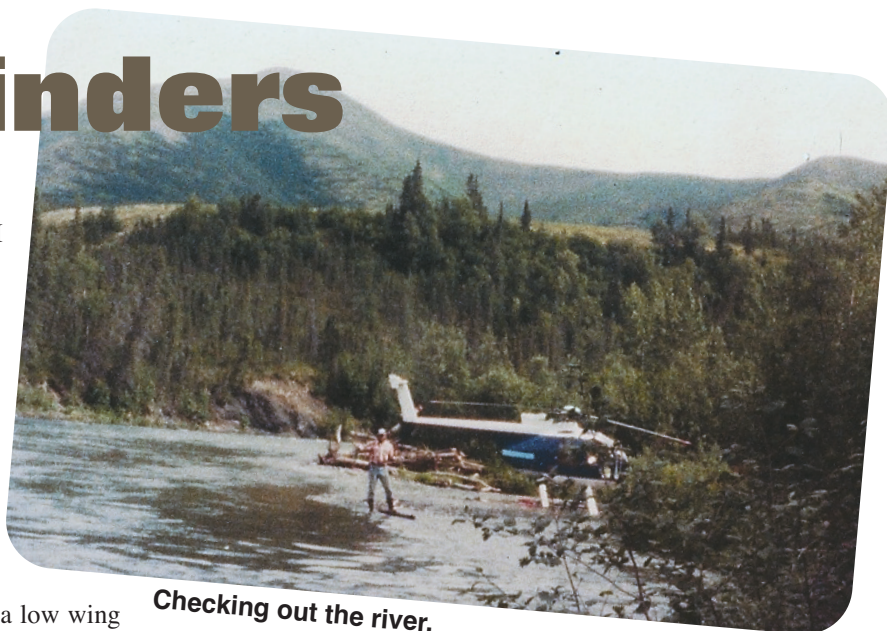
The Pathfinders

By Sterling Holbrook

It was September of 1980 and my camp mates and I were standing by a smoldering fire buffeted by steady rain, fog and gusty cold winds when we heard the plane. Smiles broke out and I immediately ran to the helicopter and fired it up. I was in a mineral exploration camp on a high ridge just west of the Alaska Range proper in a very remote part of Alaska. The weekly grocery and beer flight that had kept us going for the past four and a half months in the bush was over a week late due to weather and the sound of a plane landing brought big smiles to a dreary group.

I quickly got airborne and crossed the three air miles that separated our ridge top, lakefront camp from the old mining strip. As I approached the strip I saw a low wing Piper airplane depart. It was a dangerous strip, one way in and one way out and I was amazed someone had come in to the rough strip in that style plane. I was afraid it wasn't our supplies. Landing by my fuel bladder, which was re-supplied by Dehavilland Otter every few weeks, I could see two guys at the other end of the crude strip. I shut down and walked toward them, excited to see someone different to talk to after so long with a small crew. I hadn't seen anyone else in months as we had worked our way through the mountains. The geologists were taking samples from ridge tops and I was trying to get them on the ridge tops and back to camp without killing us.

That summer had been the wettest and coolest in Alaska since records were kept and for the last week a relentless cold, foggy drizzle soaked the world. Though I had only been in Alaska these few



Checking out the river.

months I thought I was pretty "bushy". In addition to very treacherous mountain flying, I had dealt with several grizzlies in camp, floods that washed one camp away and being stuck with some very highly educated city girls and boys with little "bush sense" but a big attitude. I grew up camping and in the woods but it had been a rough, wet, cold time.

As I got closer to the two guys from the Piper, I saw they had enormous backpacks and what appeared to be a rubber raft rolled up. The more surprising items were two wood bows and quivers full of wood arrows. As I told them hello and introduced myself, it was apparent they weren't nearly as happy to see me as I was to see them, yet the tall dark haired one quickly stuck out his hand and made polite introductions. The shorter guy was much quieter. At that point I had not realized how disappointed they were to find a helicopter flying around in the remote region they had picked for an annual moose hunt.

I explained that I was with a bunch of geologists searching for copper, lead, and zinc deposits and asked their intentions as I kept looking from the rolled up raft to their bows. The raft got me, as we were perched on top of a ridge and it was an awful long way to water over very rough country. With the helicopter, we had hopped over the miles of beaver dams that started once you got down off the ridge through the alder thickets, yet they obviously intended to float something and hunt with the two wooden bows.

Originally from Georgia, I had shot a bow my whole life and been a serious NFAA archer and bowhunter until my last recurve had delaminated about 2 years previous. Upon going to the archery shop for warranty replacement, I was disappointed to find the company as well as most others had stopped making any recurves and I would have to take credit on a compound device. The compound phenomena had amazed me and I had dropped out of NFAA field archery due to their introduction. Saddened by the direction archery was headed, I had given up and a friend helped me build a muzzle-loader. My heart just really wasn't in it. I had done little hunting since then, but living with so many animals in the field this summer in Alaska had me dreaming of coming back and bow hunting the area in the future.

As the two sorted gear, I offered up, "I'm a bow hunter." I'll never forget the look on the fair-haired one's face, as he looked up with a disgusted, unsaid, "Yeah, right!" expression. Asking to see their arrows I instantly recognized a Zwickey Eskimo on one of the shafts and quickly blurted out, "I shoot Zwickey Black Diamond Delta's." I was anxious for them to know I hadn't bought the replaceable modular head idea ~ *continued on page 34*



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The Pathfinders

~ continued from page 33

and could sharpen a head. This was followed with, "My recurve broke and I couldn't find a real bow so I don't have one now." The fair haired, shorter of the two, looked at me a little friendlier and said, "I know a man in Montana who will make you one."

Rain picked up, which they ignored as people that spend much time in Alaska learn to do, while they explained their intent was to float the river for moose. I gazed north and thought it was a mighty long way off the top of that mountain to the river that lay in that direction. I had scouted it by air and landed on its bars. It was rocky and fast up this high, but floatable. I stated this fact and was amazed when they glanced to the south and said we are going down that one. We were perched on a divide and the drainage to the south did turn into a floatable stream but I did not believe anyone could get that gear to floatable water. Just getting down to a trickle with their packs much less the raft would be very difficult. "Hey, I'll sling load your raft down with the helicopter." Now, this was my first year in Alaska and I had been in town only three days before flying out to our camp, with little instructions except an X on a topo map. I remembered something about a helicopter could not be used to transport hunters, but I figured what could moving the raft hurt? I had been flying the geology girls with a raft over the area all summer. The two quickly straightened me

out on that. NOTHING related to hunting got moved by helicopter.

I went to my aircraft and got a note pad. One of the two jotted down a fellow named Dick Robertson from Montana and a phone number from memory. I scribbled, "makes bows". My work beckoned and they had what I considered a nightmare ahead of them. Later I realized in my excitement of meeting them and seeing handmade bows, I had forgotten their names. I knew one thing. I had thought I was really a "bushy Alaskan" but meeting them brought the truth home, I was still just a Cheechako.

My season ended as the snow line lowered on the mountains. Before their hunt would have ended. I was back through Anchorage and on my way to Florida, having seen enough of Alaska bugs, rain, and scary mountains. I had spent five months in a small tent and sleeping bag, living with the same six to eight people while scaring myself badly daily with the ridge top flying. I needed a break. Sunshine and bikinis called now that I had a pocket full of money. I doubted I would be back. Alaska had worn me down.

The problem with Alaska is once you are away, the reality of getting to be part of a wilderness that is so wild and is gone down below is too much too miss no matter the difficulties. 1982 found me back, a much more experienced Alaska field pilot. I was in camp in the Kaiyuh Hills south of Galena, still with geologists when the head geo asked me to plan a flight down to the area where I had camped back in 1980. It was the bow hunter's river and my favorite spot and I was tickled to go there again. I flew there, and after dropping off a camp on a side creek for a few days stay, I flew over the old area with fond memories of a great little river teaming with game.

Scanning out the window for bears or moose, I beheld a tipi standing on the side of the hill up from the stream. It was the first real tipi I had ever seen and here it was in the middle of nowhere. I could not imagine how anyone got it there and then I realized it probably belonged to the two bowhunters I had met. I felt certain they could do anything and certainly didn't use a helicopter. It was mid summer. I saw no indication of people and continued on my way, shaking my head as I thought of those two. Imagine the hunt ethic of dragging that heavy raft and packs when I could have easily flown it all down in just a few minutes. By now I was aware of the seriousness of Alaska

game laws but still it was obvious it



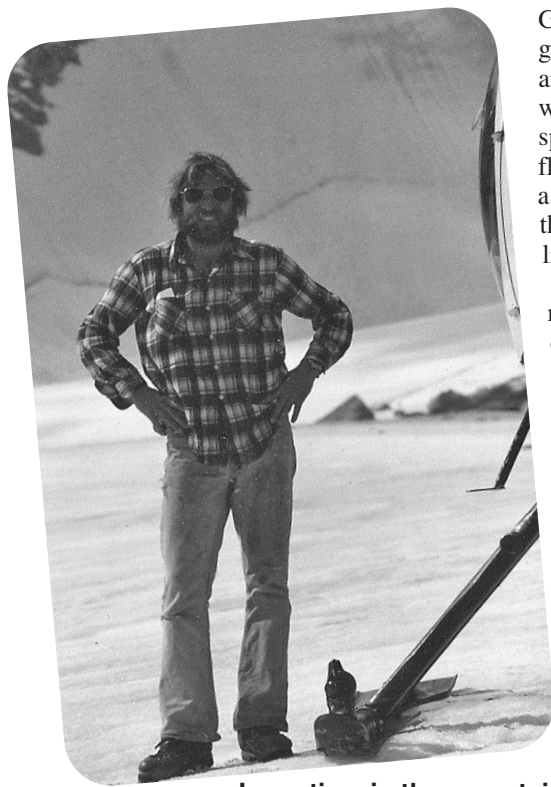
Setting up camp.

had been an instant "NO" without even a moment's consideration. I decided I needed to re-evaluate my own hunt ethics more closely. I had always respected the game laws and had been taught "local hunt ethics" but everyone knew wood ducks only flew to roost after legal shooting time, so you had to fudge just a little occasionally. Instantly, I realized I would be embarrassed to tell that to the two bowhunters and instantly knew it was wrong. They had changed the game just by a few minutes meeting. I also knew I had to get a bow as soon as the season ended.

The extended stays up north finally finished off a long and painful marriage breakup. I headed to Florida for the winter to move in with an old bachelor friend who offered a room. I still had not ordered the bow but I still carried the scrap of paper with Dick Robertson's name and number. Moving in, I went to slide some clothes on to the shelf in the closet and bumped something. Getting a chair I climbed up to find a Grayling made 45# Bear Super Kodiak. Carrying it to my roommate, I asked about it and was informed it must have been in the house when he bought it. Strange, but now I had my bow.

A few days later, browsing the local library's year-end sale table, I noticed an old book by a guy named Saxton Pope about shooting a bow. No one had checked it out in years and they had put it on the sale table. I was really hooked now. A lot was happening fast for me with this getting back to bowhunting. I wandered the sand roads and live oak covered dunes that were then still around Panama City, Florida, shooting the Kodiak at pinecones for hours.

After meeting my future wife Krista and moving further south, I bowhunted as much as possible. My new 65# locust Robertson Stykbow arrived mailed to the island of St Croix, USVI and I finally had a bow suitable for an Alaska moose. I eventually mas-



Long time in the mountains.



tered the longbow, but the more I read the very worn by now copy of "Hunting with the Bow and Arrow" the more I dreamed of making my own bow again, as I had in high school.

A book came one Christmas, the only "new" book I had found advertised about bow making and various woods. It was named "The Bowyers Craft" by Jay Massey. I did not care for the mainstream bowhunting magazines on the newsstand but had seen a small advertisement in the least offensive one before putting it back on the rack. When the book came I excitedly scanned the pages and almost fainted when there were the two wood bows, one with snakeskin, that I knew belonged to the bow hunters I had met on that Alaska river several years before. I was doubly sure, for they were posed by a rock looking back at a ridge

of mountains I knew like the back of my hand. I had lain on the tundra and stared at those same mountains, dreading having to land on their windy vertical peaks. Turning another page, there was a picture of the tall, dark haired bowhunter. Now I had two names, Jay Massey and Doug Borland.

I excitedly fired off a letter of thanks to Jay, telling him of our meeting and getting my bow and a higher ethic. A new publication, "Traditional Bowhunter Magazine" came out that year and I soon noticed Doug Borland had been or was president of a group called the Professional Bowhunters Society and Jay was also a member. I immediately joined. I felt if an organization was good enough for them I needed to be a member. Their ethics and dedication to archery hunting was obviously beyond question.

Jay, Doug, and others of their ilk were willing to go to adverse hardship for a real hunting experience, not a bought hunt with the implied guarantee of success. They were willing to chance their winter meat, which is a big deal in Alaska, on a close, well-placed arrow. Even though Alaska has no bow season, they carried bows, for they were hunting archers. They didn't take the most weather impervious high tech material for arrow shafting. Archery meant wood arrows to them. Nor did they need the fastest bow. They were willing to limit themselves to the simplest of archery tackle and they ate moose. If they had both carried rifles that day I would have thought no less of them.

Jay set the bar too high for most of us. I have heard recently that Doug is "too get in your face", a little too pushy in representing bowhunting these days. Certainly neither of them needed a group to tell them "what a bow is". They carried them. It seems to me we just keep giving, while organizations keep caving in to industry. I keep hearing that Pope and Young, or some state agency has drawn the line. Right. Seems like I remember the line at 65% let off, no mechanical heads, and no crossbows. I guess now we are trying to stop computer programmed and guided arrows. I for one think appeasement and noble statements about what bowhunting should be mean little to greedy corporate pigs and lazy slob hunters. We need to get in someone's face, for archery season has become a sad joke. No one seems able to represent actual bow hunters. Compton promotes traditional archery, fellowship and scoring heads. PBS is about fellowship and wants to be about ethics, I guess. Pope and Young? As Gene says, "Give me a break". Do you really think these ridiculous contraptions the woods are full of now could truthfully be called a bow? Do you think Ishi, or for that matter Saxton Pope or Art Young, would even recognize them as such? I doubt it. It is a sad state of affairs when we need to define what a bow is. You can call a turkey buzzard a swan but you still have a buzzard. Industry has pretty much already cost us our bow seasons and when you shoot their junk, whether bow, arrows, shafting or any of their gear then you support them. I am not going to do that, for I know Doug Borland and Dick Robertson will not and you can bet what Jay would have said about the current sorry situation. I'll stand in their company.

When I joined the PBS, I believed they represented the highest level of integrity in bow hunting. Maybe it's time, as individual members, we take a look at our own archery tackle, and a good look in the mirror. We need to decide if we are in Jay's camp or in the camp of the ATA with more and more space age development and their disgusting hunting porn stars. The voting, non-hunting majority of our citizens know what a bow is and are increasingly as disgusted with modern bow hunting as I am. Money may always win but for the PBS it is years too late to try to be all things to all people. You want to bow hunt, get a bow. Forty years of calling a buzzard a swan still doesn't make it so. Industry has necessitated a line in the tundra. Which side are you on? ♣

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Dutch Oven PRACTICE

By: Cory Mattson

Dutch oven cooking is amazing. Braised meals are among the best and this basic method can be used to cook wild birds, squirrels, rabbits and even tougher cuts of wild hog or deer cut into chunks. Try to use your Dutch oven at home once a week. This will keep the iron seasoned and also keep you in shape to where making a meal is easy instead of a chore of uncertainty. At a minimum, use your Dutch oven for cooking bacon and doing lite frying any chance you get.

Equipment: 14 inch Lodge Dutch Oven – Charcoal – charcoal chimney – lid tool – tongs

A place to cook: I like a concrete pad but a cleared flat hard area near a campfire or even a Dutch oven table will work.

Ingredients: ¼ cup Olive oil (or bacon fat) - 8 chicken thighs – 1 cup chopped onion – 1 cup chopped celery – 1 cup chopped bell pepper – 1 pint chicken broth – 1 can plum tomatoes – 1 pint quartered small red potatoes.

Yield is a meal for 4.

Method: Start some coals in your chimney. Coals should be ready (white hot) in 20 minutes. You will use about 20 at a time. You will need to replenish coals one time half way through the cooking process.

Place a bed of 10 coals then put your oven on top of the coals. Wait a few minutes until it gets hot. Dutch ovens never get really hot like a gas burner will so get used to working with medium and at most medium hot heat.

Once you get some heat, add the oil or bacon fat; let it gain heat.

Add thighs to the hot oven, being careful not to splash oil. Let the thighs brown on both sides. This should take about 5 to 8 minutes on each side.

Once the meat is browned, add onions, celery, peppers; lift the meat and let the vegetables cook until the onions become translucent and the peppers are bright in color.

Once the vegetables are to temp, add the broth and canned tomatoes; bring to a simmer.

Once you have a simmer, most

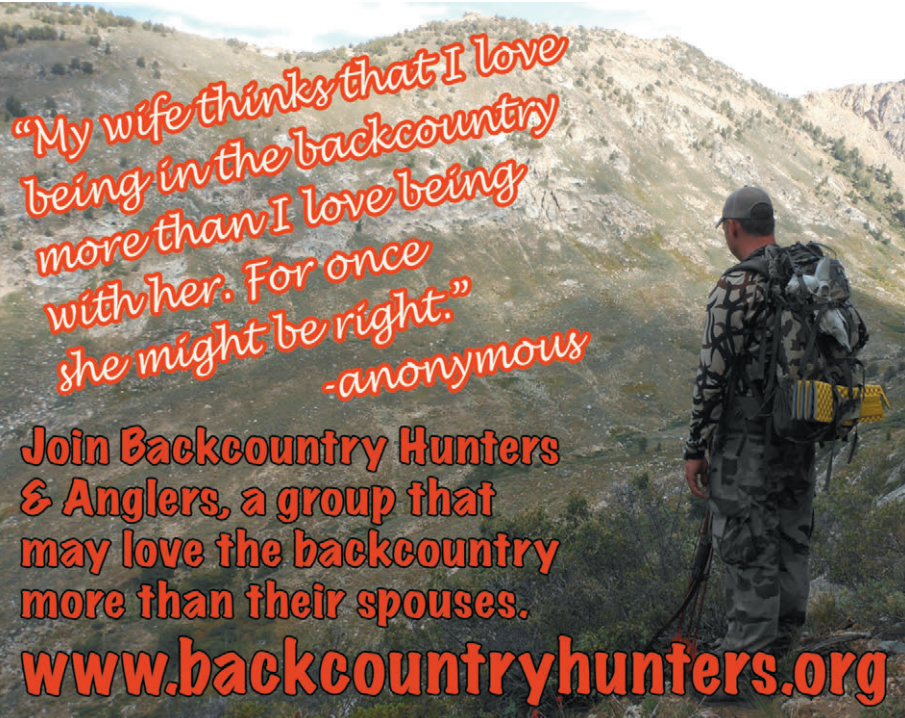
meals will take 20 minutes to an hour and a half, with rabbit and squirrel taking the least amount of time and chunks from the neck of a bison taking the most time. For our practice chicken thighs, they should be tender 30 minutes after you add the lid covered with coals. Now add your lid with 10 to 12 coals placed on top and let the meal braise for 20 to 30 minutes until the thighs are tender. Note: ideally you would add the potatoes 15 minutes before you think the thighs will be done. This does not need to be exact so it is OK if you cook to tender then add potatoes and cook another 15 or 20 minutes until the potatoes are cooked.

Last step is adjusting the liquid. When you remove the lid, the liquid is

usually loose and watery in texture. Add coals under the oven and simmer for 5 or 10 minutes to cook off water. This will improve the texture and flavor of the existing stew broth.

You are now completed to serve. You have some options. At this point I find a warm area at the edge of a campfire and leave it there while I go out for an evening hunt. If you are home, shoot some arrows while your family gets salad and bread ready. You can adjust the seasoning with salt and pepper or even a splash of hot sauce or Worcestershire but taste it first. A Dutch oven meal is often perfect with nothing else added.

Good luck and if you have any questions give me a shout. ☛



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-anonymous

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With Longbow in Mozambique

By Mel Toponce

In the back of our hunting vehicle rode Sandy, Dion, our tracker Chow, and I. The intent was to have the maximum number eyes working for us. After we had driven a short distance from camp, we brought the vehicle to a halt so that I might dismount and take a few practice shots with my Abat bow. My arrow of choice for the day was the 535-grain Peterson, which actually was a bit heavy for a 43-pound bow. But the arrow flew true to its mark several times, so we resumed travel, confident that if a shot presented itself the only variables would be the intervening brush and that infernal habit of the animal to “jump the string.” After a time, the sharp-eyed Dion pointed excitedly to the right of the road and motioned for me to step down. I did so, and peered in the direction Dion was pointing. I could see nothing. Dion, now on the ground, signaled me to join him, and together we entered the dense undergrowth. With great stealth we inched forward, ever vigilant for the telltale flicker of the suni’s tail. Suddenly, there it was – a trophy male suni with horns bigger than any we had seen during the entire hunt. It stood broadside behind a branch that vertically bisected its body, leaving an extremely difficult shot at its vital area. There were no options, and I remember thinking to myself as I mounted the bow and slowly came

to full draw that I must shoot to the left of the branch, but only an inch or so. The release was smooth and the arrow sped toward its mark. It was now in the hands of the hunting Gods...

Next, I heard Dion say something, but I could not ascertain what. “Was the shot low?” I asked. “Did I miss?”

Eye on Mozambique

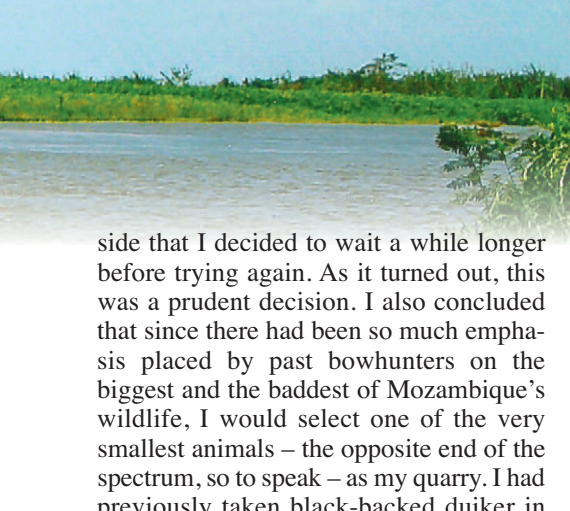
As a traditional archer, I have long held a special interest in Mozambique. In fact, I consider this country to be the cradle of modern-day African bowhunting. To be sure, some traditional bowhunting had taken place in other African countries, among them, I believe, the Belgian Congo (now the Democratic Republic of Congo), the Central African Empire (now the Central African Republic), Gabon, Chad, and Angola; but as far as I can determine, it is in Mozambique that we see the first concentrated bowhunting effort by visiting sportsmen. It is here that such noted figures as Howard Hill, Fred Bear, and Bob Swinehart took their longbows and recurves to ply their skills against a variety of dangerous and non-dangerous game. Why Mozambique, do we ask? For one thing, in those days of the 50’s, 60’s, and early 70’s, the governments of numerous other African countries had a negative attitude

toward bowhunting, and some prohibited it outright. But permits could readily be obtained in Mozambique, so it was a matter of following the path of least resistance. For another, in that period leading up to the two-decades-long war in Mozambique, very heavy concentrations of game could be found there. The swampy plains of the Marromeu Delta in particular were legendary for their vast herds of buffalo and other game.

So it was with great enthusiasm that I booked a bowhunt to Mozambique in the early 70’s, but I was forced to delay the hunt due to personal matters. Before the safari company and I were able to settle on new arrangements, pressure on the Portuguese there began to mount, and they finally pulled out of the country en masse, many of them victims of the 24-20 edict: Get out of the country within 24 hours with a maximum of 20 kilos of personal belongings – or else... My safari company and my deposit spiraled down into a big black hole and I never heard anything about either of them again.

Many years elapsed, during which time Frelimo and Renamo, the two opposing war parties, slugged it out, tearing the country apart in the process. Even after peace arrived, there was enough concern about land mines lying about the country-





Mel in dugout canoe on Zambezi River.

side that I decided to wait a while longer before trying again. As it turned out, this was a prudent decision. I also concluded that since there had been so much emphasis placed by past bowhunters on the biggest and the baddest of Mozambique's wildlife, I would select one of the very smallest animals – the opposite end of the spectrum, so to speak – as my quarry. I had previously taken black-backed duiker in Liberia with the longbow and had enjoyed hunting the “little guys” immensely, so it didn't take much deliberation to choose the suni as the goal for my Mozambique attempt.

Fast-forward to January 2005, at the SCI convention in Reno, Nevada, where Professional Hunter Jose Martins of Inhaminga Safaris sat chuckling in his booth at my suggestion that I hunt suni with a longbow. “I think you would be better off taking a rifle, because getting something that small with a longbow could prove quite difficult”, Jose advised. Also present were SCI members David and Susan Bowers of Vista, California, who are Jose's stateside liaison people. They were able to answer many of my questions from a client's point of view. Somewhat reluctant at first, Jose eventually gave the O.K., and plans were laid for my wife Sandy and me to arrive in Beira, Mozambique in early September, 2005 then proceed overland to Chironde Camp in Coutada 12, some seven hours away, where we would hunt for 10-days.

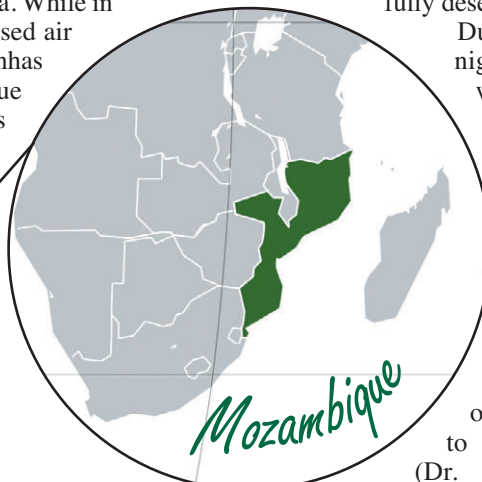
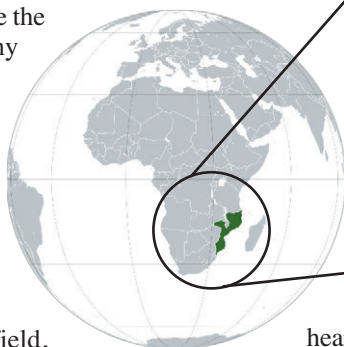
Off to Africa

Custom Travel, of Greenfield, Wisconsin very ably booked us in the extremely-comfortable upper “bubble” on South African Airways' Boeing 747 flight from Washington Dulles to Johannesburg, South Africa, with an onward connection on SAA to Maputo, Mozambique. After a long and tiring journey, during which, however, we received excellent service, we finally set down in Maputo. There, we underwent Customs formalities to clear the bows and arrows, then took a taxi to the beautiful Holiday Inn. We spent a couple of pleasant days at this outstanding beach-

At left: Driver, Dion, Mel, Chour (our tracker) with the trophy suni. Note the dense vegetation in the background. Getting an arrow through this is very difficult.

front facility, relaxing and enjoying the superb breakfasts. Manager Paul Norman and his staff saw to our every need.

With the assistance of Mr. Carlos Goetsa, tourist guide from the Themba Agency, we toured Maputo, finding it quite interesting, well laid out, and filled with lovely – though poorly maintained – buildings from the colonial era. While in Maputo, we also purchased air tickets to Beira at the Linhas Aereas de Mozambique (LAM) office, as it was not possible to book this flight from the USA!



Although we had heard some negative reports in South Africa regarding this airline, we experienced no difficulties on our flight up the coast.

Upon arrival in Beira, we checked in at the Tivoli Hotel, where reservations had been made for us. The Tivoli was clean, had a good restaurant and friendly, efficient personnel. Really, as far as we were concerned, it was the only game in town.

Beira, in contrast to Maputo, did not exude the colonial charm we sensed in the latter city, and had much less of interest to see. Everywhere we looked we saw multi-storied buildings, stripped to their concrete skeletons and occupied by locals. Poorly maintained streets were the norm. Wishing to see more we engaged the guide services of Mr. Jackson Renco, whom we had met at the airport, and he took us to the city cen-

ter and to an oceanfront restaurant with bar, where we spent a leisurely afternoon. It was apparent that at one time Beira was a beautiful, thriving city. Sadly, such things happen in the wake of war. Hopefully, this situation will improve over time and the people of Mozambique will experience the peace and tranquility they so rightfully deserve.

During our two-night stay in Beira, we made contact with representatives of Inhaminga Safaris, including Dr. Joao Baptista, a Portuguese tropical disease specialist, who would provide our transportation to Chironde Camp. (Dr. Baptista later proved invaluable in providing assistance when I developed and suffered from during our entire safari, severe and debilitating side effects brought about by my taking the malaria prophylactic Lariam. These included insomnia, diarrhea, dizziness, nausea, fever, and anxiety.)

The journey to Coutada 12 was typical of many such overland trips I have taken in my 38 years of hunting over the breadth and depth of Africa. Though usually tiring, these drives enrich the experience and allow one to get a better feel for the country and its people than would be possible through flying. Sandy and I would not have it any other way. We stopped occasionally, once at a roadside restaurant and later at an open-air produce market to purchase vegetables to re-supply the camp, and eventually arrived at Chironde Camp, a group of permanent buildings of typical sub-Saharan African architecture, nestled in a grove

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With Longbow in Mozambique

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of towering shade trees. Sandy and I heaved a sigh of relief at the thought that our travels were temporarily over and we were in the bush again.

After unloading our gear and lunching on some of the delicious Portuguese food in Jose's open-air dining room, we were introduced to our Professional Hunter, Gideon Gerhardus Van Deventer – "Dion" for short. Dion is a South African who had come over temporarily on loan from Coutada 10. We also met one of Jose's regular P.H.'s, Stephanua "Farni" Hanekom, again from South Africa, who was to assist us in our endeavor. As it turned out, a hunter could not have asked for two better men with whom to spend time on safari. Over and over again they proved themselves to be true professionals, eager and competent, and it was an absolute pleasure to be in their company.

Since Dion had relatively little experience with bowhunters – especially longbow hunters – we took some time discussing the limitations of traditional archery equipment and about my self-imposed maximum distance of 22 meters for a shot. I emphasized that I would not be using a high-tech compound bow and carbon arrows, but a simple stick-and-a-string and wooden arrows fletched with natural turkey feathers, and that the latter equipment could not begin to approach the performance levels of the former. I also stressed that I would be shooting instinctively, without sights of any sort. This es-

tablished, we unpacked the two longbows and our supply of broadhead-equipped arrows and went about examining them. The first bow was a 55-pound-pull takedown model given to me by archery luminary Earl Hoyt, Jr. before he died. On one of its limbs is found the inscription "Presented to Mel Toponce by Earl Hoyt, Jr.". Dion marveled at its trim lines and balance, and knew instantly why this bow held special significance for me. The takedown feature allows for legally packing the bow in a suitable container within a duffle bag, thus eliminating the special handling at airports that full-length bow tubes require. I learned from my years of travelling overseas about the advantages of redundancy; and bringing one takedown bow and one full-length bow provided some measure of assurance that at least one of the weapons would arrive at its intended destination. The second bow was a beautiful creation by popular bowyer Willy Abat, of Newark, California. It has a modest 43-pound-pull and is satin-smooth throughout its draw. It is one of the finest-shooting bows for short-to-medium distances I have ever owned, and is perfect for suni. The arrows, of select Port Orford cedar, came from two arrowsmiths: Robert Lawson, of Rio Linda, California, a true master of his trade who builds arrows of great precision and beauty; and Kelly Peterson, of Blue Grass, Iowa, whose 535-grain arrows I have proudly carried on hunts to many corners of the world and used to take numerous trophies without the slightest sign of failure. Broadheads were



Bushbuck.

Magnus II, two-blade and Zwicky Eskimo, two-blade models. Both of these 125-grain heads have served me well for many years.

Next, it was time to talk about six necessary ingredients to our hunt in order for it to be a success: 1. We must see a suni. 2. It must be a large-enough male. 3. The intervening brush where we spot the animal cannot be so thick that it deflects the arrow. 4. The animal must not "jump the string" – that is, avoid the arrow by bolting at the sound of the bowstring or at the sight of the arrow speeding toward it. 5. The hit must be a lethal one. 6. We must find the animal if it runs off after being hit, which it most probably would do. I went on to elaborate: If just one of these ingredients is missing, our hunt will not be successful. I concluded by flatly stating, "Dion, if we bag a suni with the longbow, I guarantee that you will whoop and holler as if we had just shot an elephant with 100 pounds of ivory on each tusk!" Dion replied with a smile, "Well, I'm not sure about the elephant part, but I see what you mean about all the pieces having to fit together. It looks as though we have our work cut out for us, so we'll get started first thing in the morning. I can't wait."

That evening, we formulated our game plan: The following morning we would build a two-man treestand alongside a trail leading to a large pan. Since Dion had been advised in advance that we would be bowhunting, he had thoroughly scouted the area to locate suitable trails. We would sit in the treestand for a few mornings and stalk a different pan in the evenings. During the heat of mid-day, we would drive slowly along the forest roads in search of animals to stalk.

We followed the above strategy for six days, during which time we saw many large nyala bulls, red duiker, blue duiker, reedbuck, bushpig, bushbuck, and suni. Several shots were taken, none of which connected for one reason or another. One afternoon, Dion, who is one of the very best stalkers I have known, led us to a very



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Fred Eichler with
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respectable male Chobe bushbuck standing broadside at 26 meters, completely unaware of our presence. Of course, I elected not to shoot. There were also many warthogs near; but since I had taken a very large warthog boar in Namibia some time back, I had no interest in shooting another.

By day seven, we had abandoned the pans and begun to concentrate on morning and mid-day excursions to the thickly forested areas along the roads. We had shot at several male suni; but, in each instance, either the animal "jumped the string" or the thick undergrowth deflected the arrow. All this was maddening for our P.H., who did everything in his power to make it all come together. You could detect frustration in his voice and actions as disappointment mounted, but his desire to do the very best job possible never wavered.

On the Eighth Day

On the morning of day eight, Dion cheerfully announced that we should change our tactics and stalk the pan again. There was pleading in his voice, but I softly said to him, "Dion, we must persevere for suni. That is our objective and we must stay the course." He politely acquiesced; and after breakfast, we departed for the thickets. A short time later Dion spotted the suni mentioned at the beginning of the story and I released the arrow.

"I think you hit him!" Dion exclaimed excitedly. "I think you got a complete pass-through, but I saw him run a short distance." We motioned for Chow to join us, and the three of us knelt there watching. Dion and I with binoculars. We could make out the form of a small animal lying in the leaves, but could not confirm it was dead. I warned Dion that it would be extremely risky for us to walk up on the animal at this point for fear it would spring to its feet and run off, making tracking it a very difficult proposition. I said to Dion, "We must wait 45 minutes before doing anything." So we sat. And sat. And sat some more until Dion finally proclaimed, "I am sure the animal is dead." I nodded in agreement and we rose from our position and stepped cautiously forward, bow at the ready. Upon approaching the downed suni, we looked first at the animal and then at each other in disbelief. There at our feet lay an enormous trophy that would certainly place in the SCI archery record book, and most likely be the largest suni ever taken with a longbow! Simultaneously, we released our pent-up emotions with whoops and hollers that could be heard clear to the Zambezi River. It would be hard to describe the feeling of elation that overcame us, and I

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**Ben A. Dodge, September 30, 2012
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**Greg Szalewski took this eight point buck
in central Wisconsin with a Robertson Fatal
Styk that he picked up in Portland using
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Member Photos



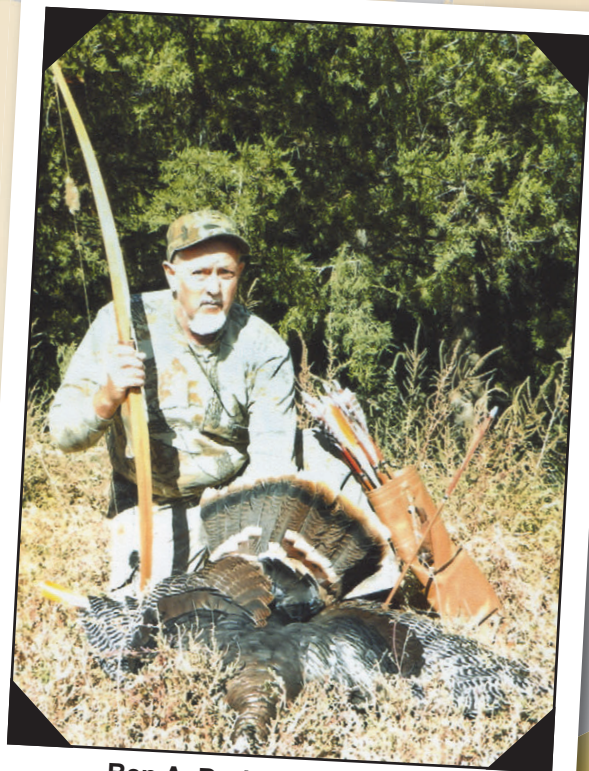
**Bill "Willie" Bonczar, 8 pace shot,
October 4, 2012 Klintworth Ranch, Neb.**



**PBS generosity: RER bow donated by Kevin Termaat
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J&M Traditions to Pennsylvania OYG. Broadhead STOS.
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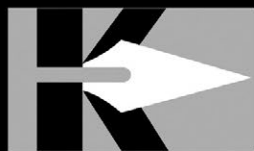
A 10 pt. buck taken in West Central Illinois on Nov. 3rd with a Robertson Longbow, by Mark Viehweg.



Ben A. Dodge, 6 pace shot, October 2, 2012

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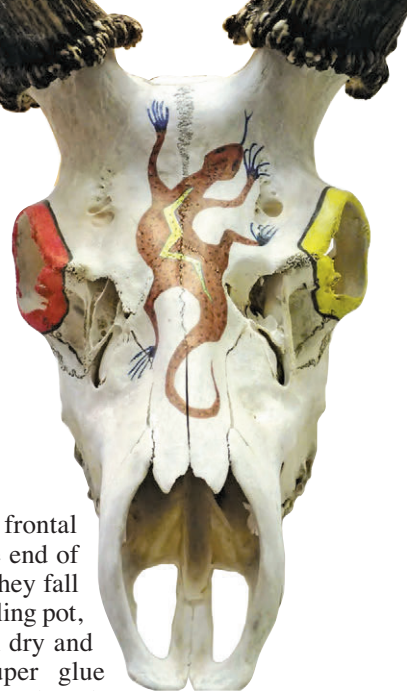
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Skull Art

By: Paul Brunner



I've been fascinated with Plains Indian art since I was a kid. Some years ago, I started building self bows and Plains Indian buffalo bows. I had several books on Plains Indian art and began copying some of the art on the bellies of the bows I was building.

About the same time, I realized that I had far more taxidermy than I had room to hang it. I also realized that paying the taxidermist was taking away funds for hunting. The logical step to follow was to boil out the skulls of the animals I harvested and do the same artwork on the skulls. I was very pleased with the results and for the last 15 years or so, this has been what I've done with my "trophies".

Since most Plains Indian art was not painted by "artists", I found it easy to copy. I found that you don't have to be a trained or gifted painter to come up with very authentic results. I never tire of looking at my many painted skulls when I walk by them. It just seems to add to the thrill of the hunt because I know that I showed the animal additional respect by making it look like it was definitely taken with stick and string. After all, the Plains Indians did not have smoke poles when these paintings were done.

I have done a lot of experimenting as the years have passed and I'll list the items you need to be able to paint your skulls and

make them beautiful. The first step is to boil the skull. I use a propane gas burner and a large pot. For Elk, I use a stock-watering tub. Take as much meat off the head as you can before you boil it. It is far less messy if you do. I cut the cheeks off and any additional lumps of meat.

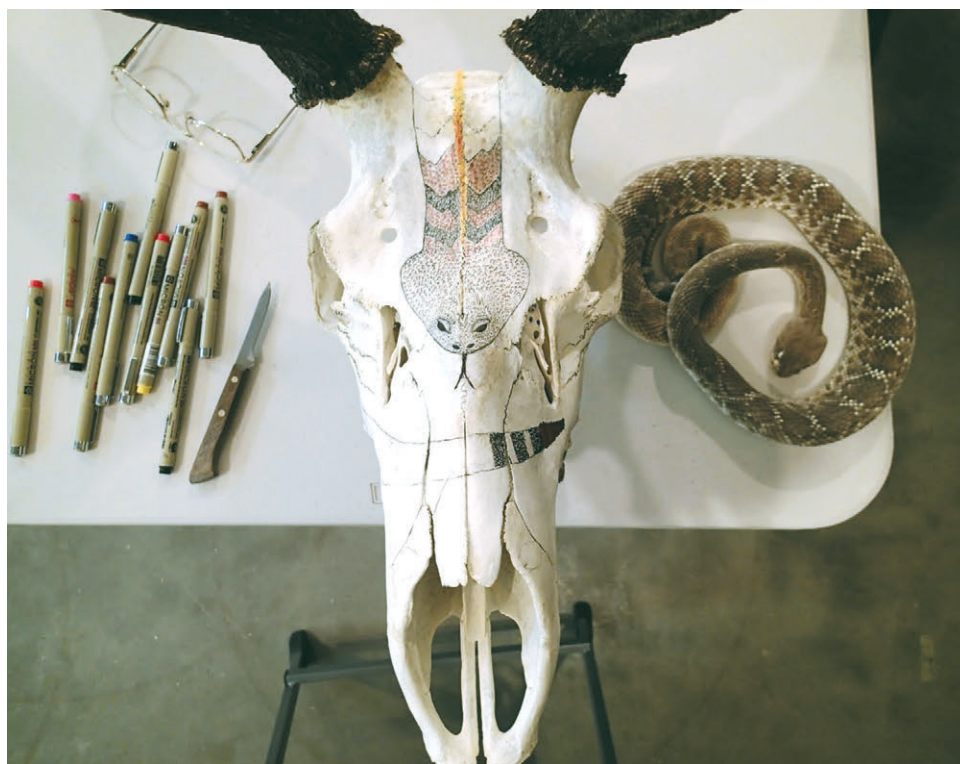
When you boil the skull, add some dish washing detergent, maybe a half cup. This helps get fat and grease out of the skull itself. When you think the skull is done, you can use a screw driver or really long pliers to get the sinuses and all that cartilage out of the nose. I get as much as I can and then use a spray nozzle on my hose to blow the

lose the frontal bones on the end of the nose. If they fall off in the boiling pot, just let them dry and you can super glue them back on when the skull is completely dry.

When the skull looks nice and clean, let it dry and then brush bleach or peroxide on it several times until it is really white. Now you're ready to start your art work. For this you will need art pens and brushes. I've tried just about everything and found that the only thing that truly works, stays on, and does not fade are the pens and brushes made by Sakura. The pens are called MICRON and the brushes are called PIGMA brushes. Some hobby shops and some art supply stores carry them, but they can be easily ordered on line.

The pens come in different point sizes, from 005 to 08. I use primarily the 005, but I would get a couple of 02 and 03 sizes. There are many colors available as there are in the brushes. I've tried using stains made from blueberries, raspberries, currants, you-name-it, but they just don't do the job.

You will need some photos of original Plains Indian art to copy. You can find thousands of them on line. I have some neat hard cover books that show museum



With simple pens, knife and American Indian art reference pictures Brunner is able to turn his hunting trophies into artworks of their own. The elements drawn on the skulls often have significant meaning in Indian artwork.

rest of the stuff out. Same with the brain and eyeballs. If you're having trouble with any of this seeming to hang on for dear life, just boil it some more. Be careful not to

Brunner just finished this bull for his hunting partner and PBS member, Tom Moore. 355" bull.

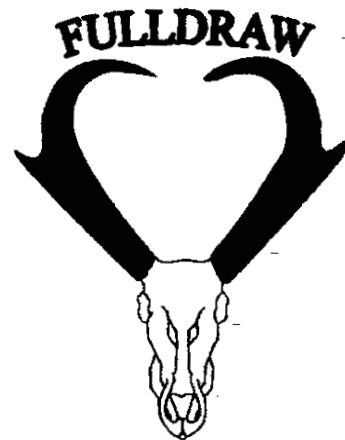
The snake is a Cane Break Rattler.

Turtle is symbol used by all Native American tribes and it represents longevity.

The Bison is the "Spirit Buffalo" used by virtually all the Plains Indians".

photos of art on tee pees, shields, and other things. In the beginning, I used a good quality mechanical pencil to do the drawings, so that I could erase and make changes. Now, I pretty much just go for it. When I make a mistake with the art pens, I use the tip of an old knife to scrape the error off and re-do it. It ain't rocket science!

I think the most important thing to remember is that these art works were primitive...most were done by people with no talent in the field of art. You can do the art work and make it look great, even if you have no talent or experience. Authenticity is the name of the game. 🐾



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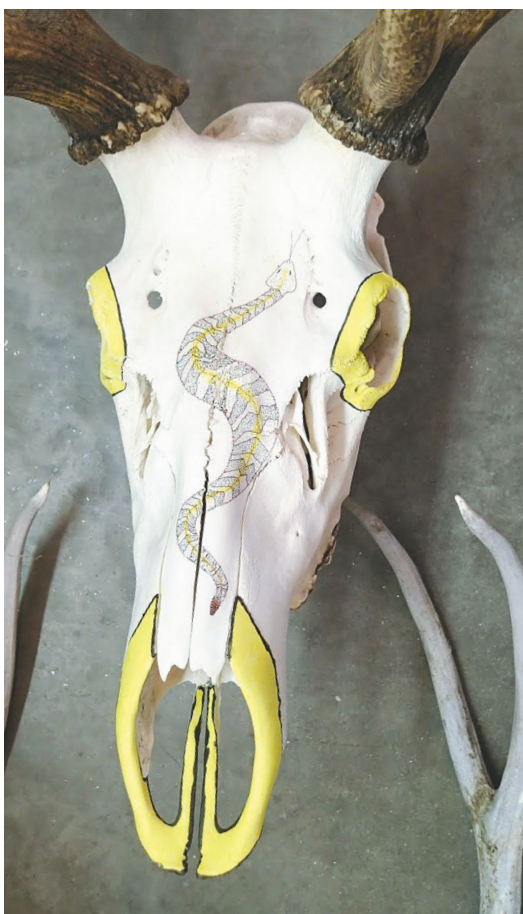
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*You can do the art work
and make it look great, even if you
have no talent or experience.*

– Paul Brunner



PBS Backtrails

On keeping bowhunting fun: "I feel far too many people take bowhunting too seriously. This is supposed to be fun. Pranks and stories liven up some people who need a good laugh. I once put seven packages of Bromo-Seltzer in a buddy's empty treestand urine bottle when he wasn't there. Next time he peed on stand, he almost made an appointment with his doctor. You have to use Bromo though. Alka-Seltzer tablets rattle in the bottle. " – Gene Wensel

New Regular Members from 1992: Bobby Stanley, Jr., Christopher Jon Lambert, Randy Bain, Kevin Hansen, Dennis Harper, and Doug Dauler.

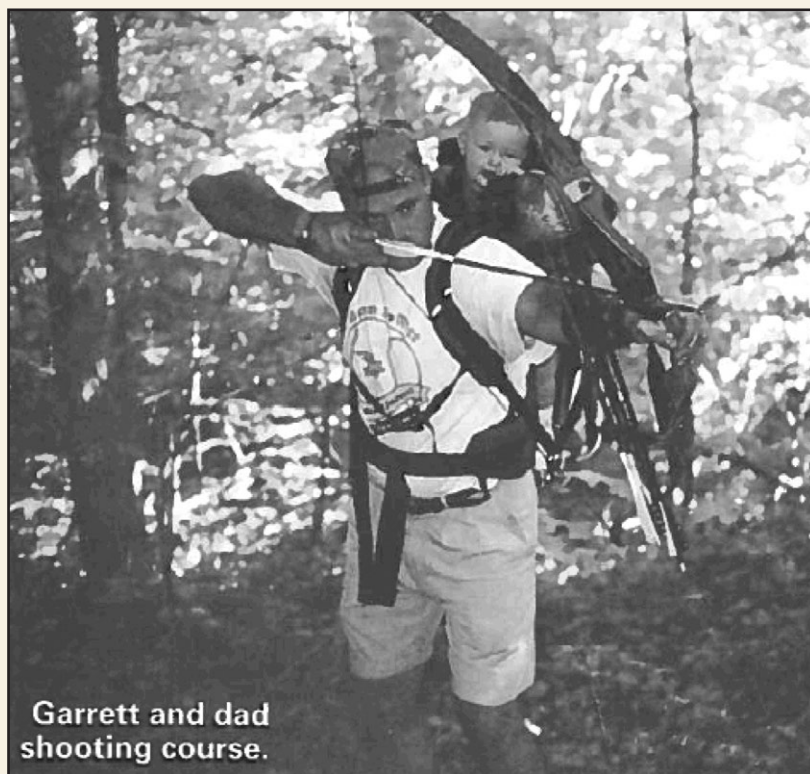
40 Years Ago: The second member hunt was held, again in Nebraska, in concert with the Council meeting.

30 Years Ago: Baker comes out with its Baker Seat Climber for use with its Baker treestands. Fred Asbell's "Ruminations" column focuses on the growing concern about "gadgets" diluting the skills needed to be a bowhunter and damaging bowhunting in general. It mirrors the PBS's actions as the first national organization to issue a call to limit gadgetry.

20 Years Ago: The PBS subsidized the publication of a study by Dr. Dave Samuel and Kenneth Mayer entitled, "A Review of Bow Wounding Literature", designed to serve as proof for courts and legislatures to disprove the misrepresentations about wounding losses made by the anti-hunting organizations..

10 Years Ago: Gene Wensel's "new" book, Come November, is published. The topic for the PBS Forum section of the PBS Magazine is using video to capture memories of our hunts and other outdoor activities.

Dave Wood carries his 17 month old son Garrett on his back as he shoots the 3D course at the Cloverdale Traditional Bow Shoot.



Garrett and dad
shooting course.

With Longbow in Mozambique

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reminded Dion of my earlier dictum concerning the 100-pound elephant tusks. Dion retorted, "You were absolutely right and I would never have believed it until now. We did it! And we did it with a simple stick and a string!" As we stood there admiring our trophy, we experienced the feeling of satisfaction that comes with a difficult job well done, and relished it for several minutes. Then we paced off the distance of the shot: 22 meters. Sandy and our driver had remained back at the truck, so Dion asked Chow to go and bring them to the scene to join in the celebration. Soon there were five of us whooping and hollering, and carrying on like school kids just out for the summer. What a sight...

On our trip home we stayed overnight at the wonderful Afton Guest House, located five minutes from the Johannesburg International Airport. Our hosts, Louis and Annelise Bekker, did everything in their power to ensure our comfort. This outstanding facility has become world famous among SCI members for its warm hospitality and "home away from home" atmosphere.

As we winged our way across the Atlantic, I paused to reflect on why I hunt with the longbow. It is because, to me, hunting with the longbow is the quintessence of hunting. It is, in the words of the legendary Howard Hill, hunting the hard way. ♣

Editor's Note: This story, in slightly modified form, appeared in the January/February, 2007 issue of Safari magazine. It is reprinted here with the permission of Safari Club International.



Mel & Sandy Toponce with trophy suni.

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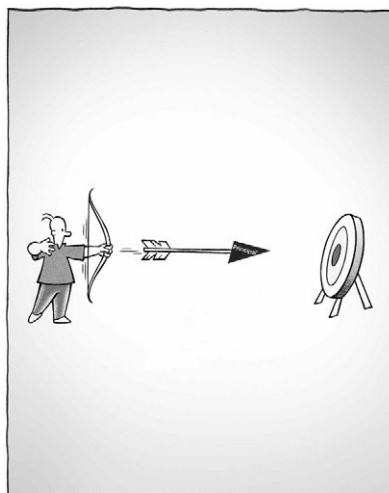
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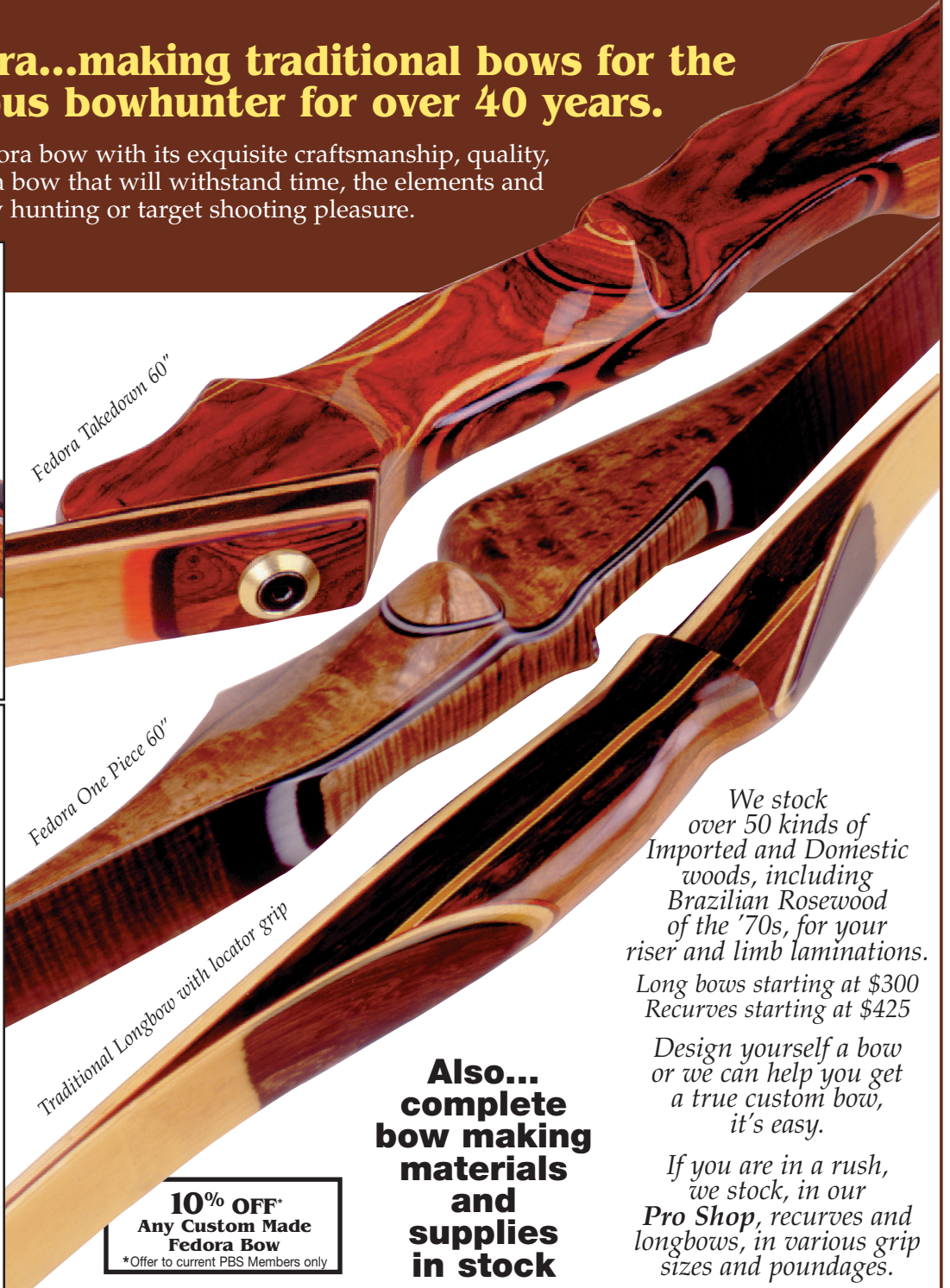
The hand-crafted Fedora bow with its exquisite craftsmanship, quality, and accuracy will be a bow that will withstand time, the elements and give you years of bow hunting or target shooting pleasure.



2 pins, 1 bolt is the most accurate system, bar none. Perfect line up with no movement. We have been using this for 35 years.



Fedora Three piece Takedown Bows 54" to 64"



We stock over 50 kinds of Imported and Domestic woods, including Brazilian Rosewood of the '70s, for your riser and limb laminations.

Long bows starting at \$300
Recurves starting at \$425

Design yourself a bow or we can help you get a true custom bow, it's easy.

If you are in a rush, we stock, in our Pro Shop, recurves and longbows, in various grip sizes and poundages.

**Also...
complete
bow making
materials
and
supplies
in stock**

10% OFF*
Any Custom Made
Fedora Bow
*Offer to current PBS Members only

Fedora's Archery Shop

CUSTOM-MADE BOWS ■ ARCHERY CONSULTANTS

115 WINTERVILLE ROAD, RICHLAND, PA 17087

(717) 933-8862 PHONE (717) 933-5823 FAX

e-mail: fedora@nbn.net

Master Bowyer
Mike Fedora

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

Black Widow Custom Bows

1201 Eaglecrest
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fax: (417) 725-3190

www.blackwidowbows.com



**The Future of Bowhunting
lies within this new program.
The PBS has spoken and now acted!
The next generation will carry the
torch thanks to all our members.
Welcome to the future of PBS.
Future members that is.**



Program Participation Application:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Age _____ Phone _____

Yearly Program Fee: \$15.00 U.S. Funds

I agree to enjoy the wonderful pastime of bowhunting with my family and friends. To be a good sport and to share the things I learn with others. To respect my elders and the great our of doors and finally to have fun.

Signature _____ Parent/Guardian Signature _____

Mail completed application to:

Professional Bowhunters Society

Youth Bowhunters Program

P.O. Box 246 • Terrell, NC 28682

Phone 704-664-2534 • Fax 704-664-7471



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
- Use of the PBS Information/Education Services
- Free use of the lending library, including videos and books
- The opportunity to defend the sport against anti-hunting forces

Associate Member Application

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Age _____ Hunting Bow Weight _____
Email Address _____
Phone () _____
Referred by _____

☐ Gift

Yearly fee: \$35.00 per year • (Canadian members: \$40.00 U.S. per year) • Shoulder patch: \$5.00 • Decals: \$3.00

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 246 • Terrell, N.C. 28682

Phone 704-664-2534 • Fax 704-664-7471

email: probowhunters@roadrunner.com

PBS Website: www.probowsociety.net

Payment Method

(choose one)

Check Visa

Mastercard

Credit Card Number _____

Phone () _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____