

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

Blake Fischer

[blakeowenfischer@gmail.com](mailto:blakeowenfischer@gmail.com)

208-867-2703



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# THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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



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constant companion  
for over 20 years.**

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we have sweated & froze,  
we have laughed & cried,  
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# THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS

Volume 36 – Number 1

FIRST QUARTER - 2013

### Departments

<i>President's Message</i> .....	2
<i>Vice President's Message</i> .....	3
<i>Council Reports</i> .....	4
<i>Regular Membership Candidates</i> .....	4
<i>PBS Contact Information</i> .....	6
<i>Publicity Committee Report by Ted Kinney</i> .....	8
<i>Bowhunting Preservation Committee Report by Tim Roberts</i> .....	9
<i>Free Classifieds</i> .....	47
<i>Index to Advertisers</i> .....	48
<i>PBS Merchandise</i> .....	48

### Regular Contributors

<i>Chaplain's Corner – Keep Fishing by Gene Thorn</i> .....	7
<i>PBS Member Photos Section</i> .....	24

### Articles

<i>PBS Election Results</i> .....	4
<i>PBS 2014 Election</i> .....	4
<i>PBS Fraternalism in the Odd Years by Ted Kinney</i> .....	9
<i>With contributions from: Jim Akenon, Steve Osminski and Larry Schwartz</i>	
<i>2013 PBS Nebraska Hunt by Doug Clayton</i> .....	13
<i>A Buck Named Unicorn by Dr. Scott Smolen</i> .....	14
<i>Bow Building by Bob Brilhart</i> .....	16
<i>My Dad's Grandson's First Archery Whitetail by Bryan Bolding</i> .....	17
<i>Accessing Private Land to Hunt for Free – Is still possible by Jeff Holchin</i> ..	18
<i>Moose hunting and much more! by Terry Receveur</i> .....	20
<i>Rivers, Boats and Boars by Jeff Holchin</i> .....	22
<i>Blackberry Winter by Monty Browning</i> .....	26
<i>8 Things I Won't Hunt Without by Matt Schuster</i> .....	29
<i>Return to the Hot T by Ted Kinney</i> .....	30
<i>Stalking Bushy Tail Tree Rats by Elmer Servis</i> .....	36
<i>A Quiz for the Woman in Your Life by Gene Wensel</i> .....	38
<i>Deer in a Hole by Dave Burpee</i> .....	41
<i>1 Shot, One Elk, One Minute til Dark by Dave Moldenhauer</i> .....	42
<i>Last Minute Elk by Vince Moldenhauer</i> .....	45





# President's Message

by Bob Seltzer

bob.seltzer@hotmail.com

## Some Final Thoughts...

I think it is important at the outset of this article to say that these are my final thoughts as your President. They are by no means my final thoughts as a PBS member because I plan to be around and contribute for many more years.

It has been my privilege to serve PBS for the past seven years as a member of your leadership team. These years as a Councilman have given me an in-depth understanding of the organization, its purposes and its members. It's now time to say "thanks" and "goodbye" from time on Council with all that goes with it and join you on the more pleasant pastures that comprise the base of our organization.

My fondest memories of these past years will always be the new friendships made and the old friendships strengthened. You know that I consider PBS as a part of my extended family and the special friends that are at the core of that family relationship will always be special. God, country and family are three pretty strong legs upon which to build your life and I have been blessed to be close to all.

I will especially remember the many hunting experiences shared with friends. I have a friend who constantly reminds me that our sport is called hunting, not killing. And, he is right. The harvesting of an animal is of course rewarding but the real memories and thrills come from time spent before, during and after a hunt with friends. Whether it be turkey in Nebraska, deer in Virginia, elk in Oregon, alligators in Florida, pigs in South Carolina/Texas, moose in Alberta or other animals in other places, the constant factor is friends. I certainly know that being in a PBS leadership position is not a prerequisite to a good hunt so I look forward to many, many more.

In addition, I will always be extremely grateful for the support received from PBS regular and associate members. On a personal level, I have developed many close and long-lasting friends from these two

groups. However, on the equally important organizational level it has been extremely gratifying to have majority support for the issues PBS has tackled over these many years. Members are the lifeblood of the PBS and ultimately it is they who garner success and accolades for our organization. None of our accomplishments would have been possible without the active support of members and for that I am profoundly respectful and appreciative.

I am also overwhelmingly indebted to all of the Council members with whom I have served. I have observed first hand their dedication, hard work and loyalty to PBS. It has made any PBS job I have held much easier to know that no matter how hard I worked, one of my fellow council members or predecessors worked even harder. These ladies and gentlemen are a powerful force of the PBS and we are lucky to have them.

Before I leave the topic of members and councilmen, let me hasten to add that we always need to pay homage and attention to those who preceded and those who will follow. The "here and now" is usually our focus – and rightly so. However, we also need to always remember that a vital association like PBS was built on the backs of the those who preceded us and will be maintained by the legions of archers who will march us into the future.

Speaking of those who will follow, my congratulations to your new president and Council. They are an excellent team who will provide the leadership necessary to keep PBS momentum moving forward in a number of important areas. I wish them all the best and will of course give them comments from time to time on how I think they are doing!

While on the topic of team, I would be remiss if I did not give an enthusiastic and warm tip of the hat to Jack Smith and Brenda Kisner. Everyone in PBS is important, but it is not much of a leap of faith to believe that these two are the first among equals. We could not survive without a sturdy, competent and efficient home office. Where would we be if we always had to look over our shoulders and worry

about the finances and administration it takes to run the PBS – to say nothing of the magazine that so proudly informs our members and others who read it. The answer is obvious – disarray and lack of focus. Jack and Brenda deserve more than we can ever pay them either in money or respect.

I believe in the PBS. I believe in its people, mission and purpose. I always will. We have come a long way in the life of this organization and accomplished much. We would be fooling ourselves, however, if we did not admit that we have a long way to go and a lot to do. Central to future accomplishments will be our success at recruiting new members. If that is true, and I believe it is, it is fair to ask – Who is responsible for the recruitment effort? The answer: you, the reader. Each of you may wonder what it is that you can do to contribute to the group besides paying your dues and the bottom line answer is to be a good recruiter. Even if each member only garnered one new member a year we would have more than 10,000 members in three years and the explosion of growth would be unstoppable. So, as a final request I ask that in 2013 each of you pledge to bring one of your friends into the fold.

Youth will also be an important ingredient of our future. We focus on youth now in a variety of ways and maintaining that focus is critical to future growth. If we increase our membership and continue the commitment to youth we cannot help but contribute not only to the PBS but in a larger sense to our sport and our country. I can't think of anything better.

Finally, I want to wish PBS well as it seeks to solidify its relationship with other like-minded organizations – most notably Compton's Traditional Bowhunters and the Pope and Young Club. The development of common ground between these and in the future similar groups will enable PBS and the expanded coalition to embed high ethical standards throughout the hunting public and the industries that service them. This will not be an easy task but it

~ continued on page 3



# Vice President's Message

by Jim Akenson  
micaake@yahoo.com

## Communications... plain and simple

Hard to believe that 2 years have elapsed since I received word of being elected Vice-President of PBS, and now it is time to focus on being President! Before getting into my plans for the top position on your Council, I want to take a moment and thank two outgoing Council members...Bob Seltzer and Brian Tessmann. Both of these men served your organization, and our membership, with the highest level of integrity and commitment. Bob has been a very solid President for us...more so than our membership probably realizes. If it's a tough decision on "something PBS," Bob always comes through with great wisdom and leadership. Bob has also been very generous in passing along his "insights-from-experience" to me and the rest of the Council. Brian was a stalwart for us during all Portland Banquet functions, and that stretches back a year before the event when we were rallying for donations...he was there! These two men were great contributors for PBS, volunteering several hundred hours per year, so please give them a big thank you when you get chance.

What will the next Council have in store for PBS leadership? Well, there's

the always-present task of preparing for the next major event...Cincinnati 2014, which the new VP – Steve Hohensee will soon be guiding us towards. Cincy is not too far in the future but we have other business which is even more immediate. In reviewing notes from the Portland membership meeting, and spending considerable time reading website posts, it is apparent that we have many items to attend to: voting performance, equipment use, "defining" bowhunting from the PBS perspective, and maintaining general momentum with Odd Year Gatherings, small regional hunts, etc. Where do we start? Well, it is apparent to me that effective communication should be our first order of business. We all know the tools we use such as: the magazine; the website; various gatherings; and one-on-one exchanges. The Council convenes in person once a year at the next banquet site. So, this means a three day meeting this year in March and then again the week of the banquet, both in Cincinnati.

We already have 25 – 30 topics for Council discussion, but there will be an overriding theme of "effective communication" as we address each topic. We'll start with an "action plan" to elevate voter participation. There is no excuse for sputtering along at 74% voting performance for an organization like ours! Another communication topic will be our website. The site has really taken-off, which is great, with member participation but we are at a point where we need some ground rules so the users know what is "best spoken" for PBS.

As a final aspect of communication I want to explore further, a topic discussed in



Portland, the concept of having regional contacts to help communicate everything from upcoming Gatherings to state specific threats to bowhunting. I really think this will help us blend the bowhunting culture of different regions with the national perspectives of PBS. My thinking is to block the country into 6 regions: 1) Northwest + Alaska, 2) Southwest + Calif. 3) Gulf region—Southeast, Texas to Florida, 4) Eastern seaboard – North Carolina to Maine, 5) Great Lakes region 6) Great Plains – Midwest. So, each region would have 2 representatives: one regular member and one associate member. Let me know your thoughts on this...through email, via letter, or PM on the website.

As a concluding note please join me in welcoming our newly elected Council: Steve Hohensee as Vice-President, Steve Osminski in the three-year Council position, and Tim Roberts filling in a 2 year slot vacated when Steve moved up to VP. Greg Darling is now serving as your Senior Councilman. Also, please extend a special thanks to the candidates who were not elected...Terry Receveur who ran for President, and Tom Vanasche for Vice President. I'm really looking forward to working with this Council team and our incredibly trustworthy Home Office staff of Jack Smith and Brenda Kisner. Finally, a special thanks to the regular membership for electing me to be your President for the next 2 years...I promise, I'll do my best!

Keep your shooting skills honed sharp...spring hunts are just around the corner!

**Jim A.**

## President's Message cont.

~ continued from page 2

is also not impossible, especially when you take into account the potential results.

I mentioned at the outset that this was not a final farewell so I'd like to close with a "see you later," which I mean literally. See you in Cincinnati, see you at PBS hunts, see you at PBS regional events and see you wherever PBSers gather for the betterment of the sport. If I don't happen to be there in person, remember to raise a glass and toast the PBS.

**Sweet Ole Bob**



# Senior Council's Report

by Brian Tessmann

bowretrv@execpc.com

This is my final Council Report after three years of serving the PBS membership. I thank you for that trust, I leave knowing I did my best. I've had the honor and pleasure of serving with some of the finest gentlemen and leaders PBS has to offer. The friendships forged during my three years with these fine men will be valued for the rest of my life.

I'll keep this short as I have no profound thoughts to put forth on what the future may hold for the PBS. I know the quality of the current PBS Council and trust we are in great hands.

Jack & Brenda, THANK YOU! You are the best!  
Take Care!

**Brian Tessman**

## PBS 2013 Election Results

Total Ballots Received 270 ~ Total Eligible Votes 367

### President

**200 Jim Akenson**

64 Terry Receveur

6 Abstain

270 Total Votes

PBS extends a huge thank you to those who ran for office and were not elected. Terry Receveur and Tom Vanasche are true credits to the character of our organization demonstrated through their willingness to "step up" as leaders.

### Vice President

**163 Steve Hohensee**

101 Tom Vanasche

6 Abstain

270 Total Votes

PBS also extends a big congratulations to those who were elected by vote to Office. Welcome and congratulations to Steve Hohensee as our new Vice-President and Steve Osminski as the Three-Year Council person.

### Three Year Councilman

**169 Steve Osminski**

93 Tim Roberts

8 Abstain

270 Total Votes

We also need to welcome Councilman Tim Roberts who has been appointed by Council, in accordance with section 8 of PBS Policy and Procedures manual, to serve the remaining two years of Steve Hohensee's vacated three-year Council position.

*Thank You!*

*I would like to thank each and every member that contributed their time-talent-thoughts to our magazine in 2012. Without you, our publication would not exist. Your efforts confirm the true PBS Brotherhood of caring and sharing about our sport.*

*Respectfully,  
Jack Smith  
Editor*

## PBS 2014 Elections

**One position will be open.  
Three Year Council Person**

If you or some other Regular members of PBS would like to be considered for a position, **please send your nomination to the PBS home office no later than July 31, 2013.** This nomination must indicate the position sought and must include signed endorsements by five other Regular members.

The nominations will be reviewed by the Nomination Committee and the final Candidates will be chosen to run for the Office.

## Regular Membership Candidates

We list the following names of members who have applied for regular membership in PBS. These individuals have completed a lengthy application and are currently under review by the Executive Council.

If you are a regular member and see any reason why any of these applicants should not be accepted, please send a signed letter stating your reasons to PBS Senior Councilman Greg Darling, 12791 17 Mile Road, Gowen, MI 49326.

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

*PBS Officers and Council*

**Associates applying for Regular status: Tim Jones – TN**



# Council's Report

by Greg Darling

stykbowhunter61@yahoo.com

## So why did we form a Coalition and draft the Definition of Bowhunting?

It was recently brought to the attention of the Council that there is a new kid on the block and it intends on being "The Voice" of bowhunters nationwide. The newly formed 501C call themselves "National Bowhunters Association" (NBA) and is looking for members and financial support.

I want to talk about who has started this organization and what we know they represent.

The organization was started by Stan Chiras, who promoted several "archery trade shows" in the 90's prior to AMO/ATA taking over the "big" show. Stan was basically put out of business by the ATA. It appears that there was not enough room for 2 major archery trade shows in the 90's. Stan was, at that time, a very pro-technology guy often blasting the then new traditional movement in his trade magazine, AIM (Archery Industry Magazine) editorials. He was very impressed with the 99/100% let-off hydraulic compound bow in the 90's and heralded it in his commentaries as well. He was the consummate bowhunting techie. If something attached to the bow or arrow and it helped take game, he was for it.

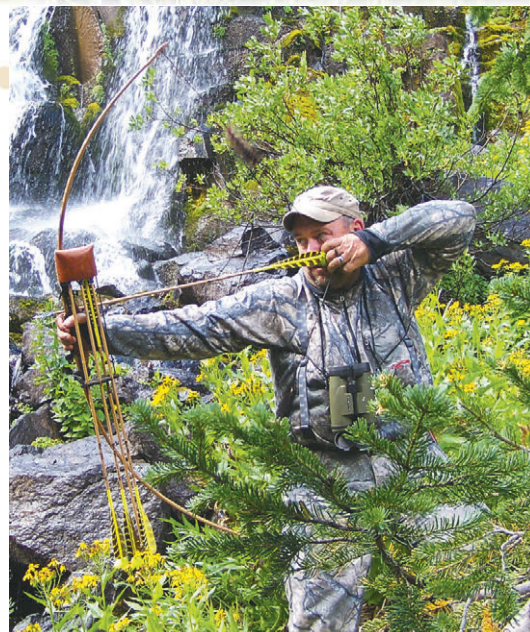
The kick off of the NBA correlates

with another archery trade show called the "Bowhunting Super Show" that was held the second weekend in March 2013. The claim is that the NBA is an "umbrella organization" for traditional, compound and cross-bow hunters. The rest of it is fluffy and warm with a broad focus on kids, game laws, buying land for members to hunt on, etc. However, the primary focus of this organization is to grow as fast as possible to 200,000 members.

While the PBS is and has been a fraternal organization for 50+ years, we have also been politically active in bowhunting. In the past we have funded research projects, fought against the inclusion of the crossbow in archery only seasons, and worked with state organizations on their issues regarding seasons and equipment. Our membership is made up of countless past and present officers of state bowhunting organizations who have fought at the state and national levels for bowhunting and bowhunting ethics.

We have been a leader in the past and it is time to lead again. The "Definition of Bowhunting" with the coalition of PBS, P&Y and Compton it has more relevance today than it ever did before. These three organizations have met, discussed and agreed to this definition of what bowhunting is and is not. With this coalition we have political clout that we have never had before. We should not waste the efforts of the individual and organization's hard work to draft a document that we should all be proud of.

The PBS led the way with P&Y and Compton on this new endeavor and with plans of expanding our message through various media methods. I understand some of the angst



from some of the membership regarding the Definition; however I'm asking you to understand the implications of the aforementioned group. Wasting time arguing amongst ourselves about the impact of the definition on the PBS, is allowing NBA the opportunity to become relevant and gain a foothold on a national scale. Do we want the NBA to speak for us on a national level?

The Definition is not about the PBS and how we regulate ourselves through the vetting of the Regular Membership application process. It does not water down our principles and convictions. What it does is show that the three national bowhunting organizations can all agree that bowhunting is just that, bowhunting. We state that what a bowhunter hunts with must be a bow and that there are limits to what we as bowhunters will accept as equipment and field behavior.

Is it as rigid as our own principles? No, it isn't, but I can assure you it is much more rigid than a good many members of P&Y would agree with. Comptons had to come to terms with working with and agreeing that for some, the compound is a bow. Each organization had to move from their center to meet each other and make the statement that we have. I hope that we can all agree that in the long run, this is good for bowhunting and it is good for the PBS and our membership as well.

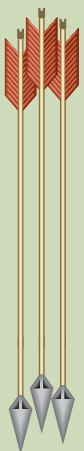
In closing I'd like to congratulate Steve Hohensee and Steve Osminski in winning their spots on Council and also welcome Tim Roberts to Council to fill Steve Hohensee's remaining 2 years as a councilman.

**Greg**

### We are sad to report that long time PBS Associate member, Ken Sorrells passed away.

He has been a PBSer since 1982. Ken lived in Wise, Virginia with his wife, Cindy and son Thomas.

He was a long standing member and past president of Virginia Bowhunters Association, and was one of the first IBEP Instructors (since early 80's) in Virginia. Ken was still teaching IBEP and Hunter Education for Virginia Game and Fish at the time of his death. He was a good friend to many and a great man all around. He will surely be missed.







# Council's Report

by Steve Hohensee

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## One BIG Party!

much of the needed revenue at the event to help fund our activities for the following two years but the Gathering offers the opportunity to bring people, our members together, to interact with one another

in a way that the written word in our magazine and the electronic impulse of our website just cannot replace.

Thank you to all the Regular members who voted in this past election and those that placed their trust in me; the Vice President's number one task is planning for the Biennial Gathering. To date I have laid out some ideas and proposals for the Biennial Gathering in Cincinnati, for deliberation at the annual Council meeting this March, 2013. I don't know how the planning will shake out but I can promise that your Council will prepare an event that will super-saturate any attendees with four days of non-stop bowhunting talk, using the full immersion technique!

Just like any hunting trip, well executed planning is essential to the outcome of most great hunts and all great Gatherings. Now is the time to plan and to get this party started! Let's Party, PBS-Style!

### Did YOU Miss?

How would you have liked to have been invited on a low cost hog hunt with a bunch of PBS members this past February? Well actually you WERE invited but chances are you missed! About eight of our members converged on some hog-infested salt grass flats in Georgia and rumor is they had a great, action-filled hunt. This hunt was just one of many membership hunts that have been planned on the PBS website over the past several years and was available to which ever members raised their committed hands first! Well, don't feel too bad, I missed too but you can rest assured that I am going to be monitoring the "Membership Hunts" forum on our website at [www.ProBowSociety.Net](http://www.ProBowSociety.Net) to be the early worm when the next great opportunity at joining in on a PBS membership hunt comes up that meshes with my schedule. Additional membership hunts scheduled for 2013 include Virginia turkey, Utah elk, and deer in Wisconsin; Virginia, Nebraska, and Kansas but more hunts seem to crop up unexpectedly. Next time, don't miss!

**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

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# Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

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(304) 924-9202 pethorn@hotmail.com

## Keep Fishing

Spring brings thoughts of days on the water pursuing carp with bow and arrow. I love sitting in a treestand for deer or going after elk, bear, moose, antelope, caribou, hogs, javalina or small game with bow in hand but for pure action you can't beat bowfishing. Many days during the carp spawn will produce hours of non-stop action with enough arrows launched to wear your arms out. I have a 20 foot Skiff that has raised platforms front and back and halogen lights to bowfish lakes and big rivers here in West Virginia. I live within 20 minutes of three different Corps of Engineers reservoirs that have good opportunities for bowfishing. Wading the lake mudflats and creeks and riverbanks stalking spawning carp is great fun.

Peter and the other disciples of Jesus that were fishermen used a different method to fish than we do. They used nets, but like our experiences, it can be feast or famine when it comes to fishing.

**John 21:1** After these things Jesus showed Himself again to the disciples at the Sea of Tiberias, and in this way He showed Himself:

<sup>2</sup>Simon Peter, Thomas called the Twin, Nathanael of Cana in Galilee, the sons of Zebedee, and two others of His disciples were together.

<sup>3</sup>Simon Peter said to them, "I am going fishing." They said to him, "We are going with you also." They went out and immediately got into the boat, and that night they caught nothing.

<sup>4</sup>But when the morning had now come, Jesus stood on the shore; yet the disciples did not know that it was Jesus.

<sup>5</sup>Then Jesus said to them, "Children, have you any food?" They answered Him, "No."

<sup>6</sup>And He said to them, "Cast the net on the right side of the boat, and you will find some." So they cast, and now they were not able to draw it in because of the multitude of fish. <sup>7</sup>Therefore that disciple whom Jesus

loved said to Peter, "It is the Lord!" Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he put on his outer garment (for he had removed it), and plunged into the sea.

<sup>8</sup>But the other disciples came in the little boat (for they were not far from land, but about two hundred cubits), dragging the net with fish.

<sup>9</sup>Then, as soon as they had come to land, they saw a fire of coals there, and fish laid on it, and bread.

<sup>10</sup>Jesus said to them, "Bring some of the fish which you have just caught."

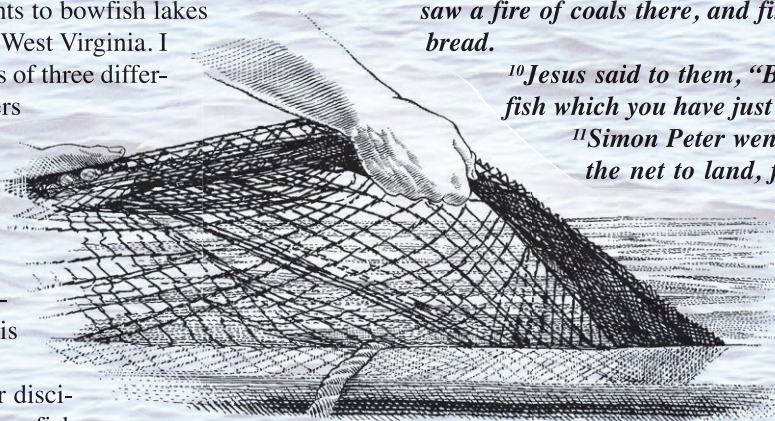
<sup>11</sup>Simon Peter went up and dragged the net to land, full of large fish, one hundred and fifty-three; and although there were so many, the net was not broken.

<sup>12</sup>Jesus said to them, "Come and eat breakfast." Yet none of the disciples dared ask Him, "Who are You?"—knowing that it was the Lord.

<sup>13</sup>Jesus then came and took the bread and gave it to them, and likewise the fish.

<sup>14</sup>This is now the third time Jesus showed Himself to His disciples after He was raised from the dead.

Life brings situations that are just like fishing. What we are seeking, may not be coming our way for a time. It seems that no matter what we try in these seasons it is not working. The lesson is this: 1. it may take all night and we need patience 2. We need to read God's Word and act on what we read in faith. God's principles work. Just as Peter and those with him acted on Jesus telling them to cast the net on the right side of the boat, we need to follow His Word. 3. Persistence is important. I figure that Peter had worked the water all around the boat all night, but he didn't question what Jesus said. He cast the net on the right side and the net was full when they pulled it in. Keep praying and believing for the things in life you have need of. Let's **keep fishing!**





# Publicity Committee Update

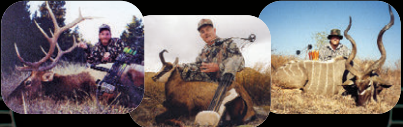
By Ted Kinney

The publicity committee is looking forward to getting a lot of work done in 2013. We are actively looking for opportunities to market our "knowledge through experience" to both members and non-members to continue to remind all audiences what makes the PBS great. Some of the initiatives on the agenda include updating our event displays, continuing to build our advertisement presence, and searching for other creative ways to get our messaging out to prospective members. The publicity committee is taking all creative ideas seriously. If you have some creative ideas about how to get the word out; please let me know. Ted Kinney; tkinney@selectintl.com; 412 651 4138. I always welcome any suggestions you have.

In particular, if you have a local

show, shoot, or other event where you think there would be value in promoting the PBS; please let me know. The committee encourages you to get involved in promoting the PBS. Our members are our best asset and our best advertisement. If you have activities in mind where you can market the PBS, just let me know how I can support your efforts. Nothing markets this organization better than you talking to potential members.


Lastly, if you have an interest in taking on a more active role in publicizing the PBS, I invite you to throw your hat in the ring. We are looking forward to lots of progress in 2013 and we could use all the creative energy we can get. If you have an interest in joining the publicity committee, please volunteer – any member is welcome!



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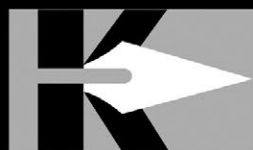
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# Bowhunting Preservation Committee Report

By Tim Roberts

At the 2013 ATA show a new product that I developed got to go with a vendor. Though it went as a prototype, I needed some feedback on it to see how likely it was going to be to pursue it through to a finished product, or just let it go, and yes I am still hoping it will be a success. Now I always knew that a lot of the people that think they have the latest greatest newest idea for bowhunting aren't necessarily bowhunters. The responses that the product got not only confirmed this, but also drove the point home! Along with this came the realization that for almost the last two decades the ATA has been educating decision makers, current and future bowhunters what their idea of bowhunting should be.

Over the last year the newly formed Bowhunting Preservation Committee has been working with Pope & Young Club and Compton Traditional Bowhunters to come up with a unified voice, to educate as to why bowhunting needs to and should remain the true primitive hunting opportunity

that it is and not be blended in with something else. One of the next goals of the collaborative effort is to put together a meaningful presentation that we can take to various decision making bodies and to start our own education process. While many states have gone down the course that has been plotted out by the ATA, there are still a hand full of states that are in the trenches still fighting to keep bowhunting what it is supposed to be. As long as there are states doing this we as a national organization have the responsibility to be leaders to help these states. If we can make a difference in even one or two of these states we have a chance to turn the ship!

Joining with P&Y and Compton has given all three organizations a unique opportunity to keep our own separate identities yet still stand together for a common cause: preserving the traditional values and truths of what bowhunting is.

Over the next year the intent of the committee is to continue our work with P&Y and Compton to develop our own educa-

tion plan and to start getting it in front of decision makers and bowhunters alike. We have recently put together a pamphlet that has had an impact in Oregon to help with the lighted nock issue, and there are plans in the work for a short video that will be the centerpiece of a presentation and something that we can use to guide current and new bowhunters to our ranks.

Since this will probably be the last report I write for this committee as the chairman, I would like to thank Jim Akenson and Bob Seltzer for giving me an opportunity to serve. The Anti-crossbow committee is not the most pleasant place to find ones self, but looking back and seeing where we were, where we are now, and knowing where we are going, gives great optimism for the future of bowhunting. Also a special thank you to Guy Perkins and Mark Baker, for all the help and support along the way and to the rest of the guys that helped with suggestions and support!

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# PBS Fraternalism in the Odd Years

By Ted Kinney

With Contributions from : Jim Akenson, Steve Osminski and Larry Schwartz

It goes without saying, we are all anxiously awaiting Cincinnati; but our bi-annual event is a long way off and cabin fever has probably gotten to you as much as it has us over the past few months. Fortunately, in our typical style, nothing can stem the desire for PBS members to gather and discuss the previous year's adventures afield. Whether the stories are completely "as happened" is a secondary consideration to the entertainment value they provide. As it turns out, there are several opportunities for our membership to commune and turn basket-rack 8-points into Woody-esque, Boone and Crockett behemoths with a simple magical flick of the tongue. I ask you, what could possibly be more interesting than hearing Dave Watson spin yarns about skydiving and training for elk hunting over the age of 60 or listening to Jim Akenson recount Rocky Mountain hunts with Vern Struble. It is the opportunities like these, to sit around a picnic table or a campfire with experienced and sometimes legendary bowhunters, which make the PBS such an amazing organization. As we say to anyone who will listen, our most valuable asset is our membership and it is exciting to see a national organization involved in so many local events to promote fraternalism, traditional values, and sharing our knowledge gained through experience. Please do not miss out on the fun. Be sure to clear your calendar to attend your closest Odd Year Gathering.

So far this year there are three Odd Year Gatherings on the calendar; one on the East coast, another in the Great Lakes region, and a third on the West coast. These gatherings provide wonderful opportunities for camaraderie with fellow PBS'ers, as well as, an opportunity to raise funds for the organization. For example, Lycoming

Sportsman donated proceeds from their food sales and raffle ticket sales to the PBS youth program in 2011. We encourage everyone to attend one so that you may have a rewarding experience with your bowhunting brothers and sisters and so that you can help us raise funds for critical PBS programs.

The map showing this year's OYGs points out that PBS'ers are gathering across the country; but we would like to see more of these activities. OYG's can be organized by any PBS member in any region. We encourage you to work with local clubs and organizations to collaborate on pulling together OYGs in your area. You should always feel free to contact the publicity committee and we will be happy to support your efforts. Currently, the northern part of the United States is pretty well covered. We still see opportunities for OYG's in the South East, Texas, Ohio, Missouri, etc. The more the better: let's make as many opportunities for sharing time as we possibly can. To whet the whistle, here is information about the three OYG's scheduled already for this year.



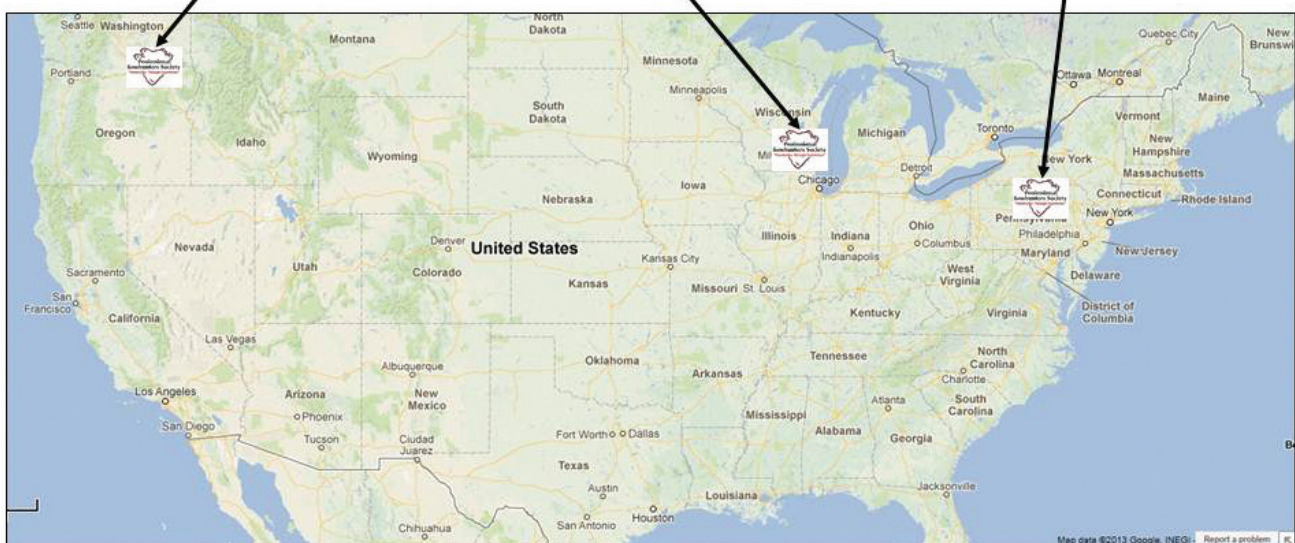
Larry Schwartz, Bill Terry, Duane Means and Dan Mathis at Lycoming.

## PBS Odd Year Gatherings for 2013

West Coast OYG  
Eagle Cap Traditional Archers  
June 8-9, 2013

Great Lakes OYG  
Ojibwa Bowhunters  
July 20-21, 2013

East Coast OYG  
Lycoming Sportsmen  
March 22-24, 2013





## East Coast Region OYG

March 22-24, 2013

Lycoming Sportsmen Marsh Hill, PA

First up, the Eastern Odd Year Gathering. Originally this was held at the Denton Hill ski resort in PA, but the current site is Lycoming Sportsmen in Marsh Hill, PA north of Harrisburg; not far from the NY state line. This event happened in March shortly before this issue went to print so we don't have any details of what actually happened. But in 2011, about a dozen of your fellow PBSers gathered at Lycoming Sportsmen for a great weekend of shooting, eating, exaggerating the truth, and hanging out with each other. Possibly one of the best aspects of the weekend was the opportunity for younger members to meet and talk with more senior members like Dave Watson, Ben Dodge, and Jerry Brumm, folks they have seen in the magazine as PBS officers or well-known names in the world of bowhunting.

The East Coast PBS Odd Year Gathering is really a Mid-Atlantic gathering but it draws folks from as far away as North Carolina and Maine. The location has a remote feel and features the scenery and landscapes that make Penn's woods such a draw for anyone who loves the outdoors, yet is only 30 minutes north of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Lycoming Creek Sportsmen features

a mountain meadow next to the Lycoming Creek. There is always lots of tent camping, including electrical hookups for campers, and a number of hotels in the area for those who don't want to "rough it" or who bring their family along. There is plenty of space to stretch out and talk, or get out of the weather when needed. It is within 200 miles of Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Pittsburgh, and Rochester, NY.

The weather can be "iffy" since it is held in March, but as the organizer Tim Burris points out, "Hey, we all regularly hunt in much worse." In addition to a fun 3-D course, there are novelty shoots, stump shooting, tomahawk and knife throwing. And, did I mention that there may be a few hunting stories told at this event?

The gathering is co-sponsored with the Pennsylvania Longbow Association



**Diane Mathis at Lycoming.**  
**Pretty and a great shot to boot.**

([www.palongbow.com](http://www.palongbow.com)). The group running the event always runs a kitchen with proceeds going to PBS, along with a raffle of donated items. As Tim puts it, "no better way to spend a weekend than sharing time with each other, while also raising some funds for the good of the PBS."

## Great Lakes Region OYG

July 20-21, 2013

Ojibwa Bowhunters, Milwaukee, WI

If for some incomprehensible reason you did not attend the Eastern Odd Year Gathering, well, you are in luck. The 2013 OYG at Ojibwa Bowhunters (<http://ojibwabowandarrow.tripod.com>) in Milwaukee, WI will be held on July 19-21st.



This event started back in 2009 and continued to build momentum in 2011. By all accounts, the 2013 event is anticipated to be the hottest ticket in the Midwest this summer. The event is organized by Councilman Tessman and Jerry Leveille. The organizers have hinted that this year's event will focus on the PBS Youth Bowhunter Program. They plan to add some youth events to the program and support the 2013 Doug Kerr Youth Leadership Hunt with several antelope themed shooting stations on the courses to get the kids ready. The team is also looking to focus their fundraising on contributing to the PBS youth programs – and this fundraising is considerable; the group raised over \$3000 last time! Kudos to the team for your efforts to promote our passion to the next generation of PBS members.

Councilman Osminski has been attending from the beginning and he reports that this is a must-do event on his summer calendar. When he is not answering PBS emails or posting content on the website, he is hard at work crafting arrows that he will

plan to lose at the shoot. I asked him for his thoughts on the event. Steve reported that "[Ojibwa Bowhunters] has a stunning array of novelty shoots from short-range, head-to-head gallon water jug draining races to super long range balloon popping challenges. There is a LOT of fun going on with arrows. You will want to bring plenty." In addition to the fun of the novelties, the event has an "arm numbing" amount of Reinhart targets spread out thru the wooded 3D courses. The courses have foam prey ranging from beaver to buffalo and all are set up with challenging and realistic hunting scenarios (Which we all know means that Steve will miss a lot of targets). Another highlight is the broadhead course. No one knows better than PBS members the importance of practicing with our hunting set-ups. This is one of the few places where you can shoot a full round with your broadheads. There will be fifteen GlenDel Bucks set out on a separate course for this purpose.

Most importantly, shooting (like storytelling) is unlimited. Steve said that "if you

*~ continued on page 12*



## Great Lakes Region OYG

~ continued from page 11

July 20-21, 2013

Ojibwa Bowhunters, Milwaukee, WI

cannot get your fill [of either one], you are not trying. Everything is set up with the hunter in mind and I cannot think of any way to improve it."

Steve also mentioned that the food at the event is second to none. Friday night is a fish fry, which is followed on Saturday night with a pig roast. It is rumored that the pigs will be stuffed this year with chickens, sauerkraut, and sausage. This alone should draw PBS'ers from across the country.

Camping space is plentiful and there is always a nice big campfire surrounded by some of the most dedicated bowhunters in the country. Steve said that there is even a possibility that "'Big River' Brian Halstead and some of his pals will pull out their guitars and put on a little concert for the crowd."



## West Coast Region OYG

June 8-9, 2013

Eagle Cap Traditional Archers, La Grande, OR

The West Coast Region Odd Year Gathering is slated for June 8th and 9th near La Grande, Oregon along the banks of the scenic Grande Ronde River in northeast Oregon. This event is co-sponsored by Eagle Cap Traditional Archers (<http://eaglecaptraditionalarchers.wordpress.com/>).

President Akenson is the PBS point of contact for this shoot as well as a shooter at the event since the beginning six years ago. Jim mentioned that the first year they held this event, Vern Struble was the guest of honor and he "ad-libbed" around the campfire transforming the event into a legendary experience. Vern told stories of Alaska hunts with Jay Massey and many, many, many UNSUCCESSFUL Idaho hunts with a certain member of the PBS leadership team who Jim didn't mention by name (i.e., Jim Akenson). Jim says that the group still talks about that night of campfire tales

with Mr. Struble. Boy, I know that I wish I was there on that night.

The other highlight of the event is the "William Tell" shoot. Jim reported that this event has become quite the local spectacle. During this event, an apple is placed on a dummy's head and then the arrows are sent down range in that general direction. Upon hearing this, I immediately asked Jim how Vice-President Hohensee is able to free his time to attend each year. Joking aside, this event is highly competitive (in a good way) and the winner not only receives a plaque, but also the winner is featured with their prize on the organization's website to commemorate the winner from each year. Jim's picture is not on this site, oddly; but he did mention that he is determined not to "Skewer the head of

that darned manikin this year!"

The event is open all weekend and boasts a 40 target 3D range. There will be aials, distance shooting, and even, my favorite, a Dutch oven cook-off! Please contact Jim if you have any questions about the event; and, of course, any proceeds from the event will benefit the PBS.

Hopefully, most of you already knew about these events and are planning to attend. If not, well, it is not too late. Make your reservations to get to Wisconsin and Oregon this summer. If you can't be hunting, there is no better way to spend your time than fraternizing with fellow PBS members. You will have fun, you will eat well, you will lose arrows, and you will certainly hear some of the best hunting stories from seasons past from some of the best people on the planet. \*



### PBS Western Odd Year Gathering *in partnership with* **Eagle Cap Traditional Archers** **La Grande, Oregon • June 8<sup>th</sup> & 9<sup>th</sup>**



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For more info contact Jim Akenson: 541-398-2636; [micaake@yahoo.com](mailto:micaake@yahoo.com); Steve Campbell: 541-786-3497  
Garth Shaw: 541-534-6750; Mark Penninger: 541-963-4238

**ECTA Website:** [eaglecaptraditionalarchers.wordpress.com](http://eaglecaptraditionalarchers.wordpress.com)



# 2013 PBS Nebraska Hunt

## October 11-19

The hunt, for whitetail, mule deer and turkey, will take place around the Ft. Robinson area in Northwest Nebraska.

Camping will be at the Soldier Creek Wilderness Area and there's plenty of room for several wall tents and numerous regular tents. As with previous hunts, around ten bowhunters works best.



The dates are October 11-19. I will be there several days before hand and everyone can hunt just a weekend or all the days—whatever fits your schedule.

More information about this hunt can be found on the PBS Website under Member Hunts and you may contact me, Doug Clayton, directly either on the PBS website or through my email: [dclay33@cox.net](mailto:dclay33@cox.net) by phone at 712-323-9123.



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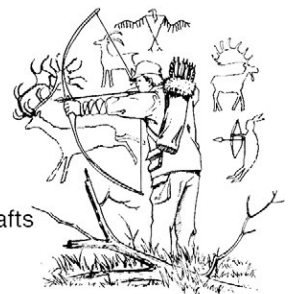
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# A Buck Named “Unicorn”

By Scott Smolen

Copy” than to just say that big eight pointer. It works for me.

Once I viewed that first photo, I made it a mission to try to stay on top of him throughout the summer. The particular area he was hanging out in was all planted in corn, so evening glassing was out of the question. I would have to depend on my trail cameras. In one instance, I rode in on my Ranger to pull a camera chip at the waterhole and there he stood at 10:00 AM with a small doe 30 yards off to the side thinking he was unnoticed. He remained standing there while I swapped camera chips and only walked away when I drove away! My first visual! I noticed that his unicorn point looked to be about three to four inches long.

On this particular piece of property I own, I had also planted a food plot. Between the spring flooding rains of three to 4 inches at a time to the summer drought I was still able to establish a decent plot. It consisted of alfalfa, chickory and some rye grass. When the plot finally took off I soon noticed a lot of deer traffic in it. So a camera was set on it. To give you an idea this plot was about 300 yards

west from the waterhole where I first got and had been getting “Unicorn” on camera. The beauty of this spot is that it is totally secluded and hidden from the road! On my first check of the camera set here I didn’t have “Unicorn” but the second check there he was in all his splendor, and in daylight! Throughout the summer I continued to get early and late pictures of him on this food plot besides the evidence that plenty of other deer were feeding here as well.

On one occasion I decided to mow a swale we had left in

the cornfield on the east end. It runs from a wooded valley up to a field road. The day after Massey Ferguson and I mowed it down to create a travel corridor through the corn from the east I set up a camera on it to see if the new mowed funnel as well as the cut grass had attracted any deer. On the first day my camera was set on it I had the “Unicorn” buck in it grazing at 1:00 in the afternoon in the hot bright sunlight! Great, he is making use of the whole property and feeling comfortable at home. So my summer continued keeping tabs on

him as well as many other nice bucks. By the time our bow season opened on September 15th I had quite a “Wish List” of bucks I was interested in from all over the farm. Notice I refer to it as a “Wish List” NOT a “Hit List”?? I feel a Hit List is for killers, I am a bow hunter. I don’t like to disrespect the deer. I like to keep the wish alive.

Our bow season here in Wisconsin I’m sure was like many in the Midwest, warm and dry. I continued to get a lot of nice bucks on camera at the various waterholes. At the West 40 Waterhole where “Unicorn” resided he was pretty much a regular. I hunted there sparingly and never got a glimpse of him in there. He was showing up in daylight quite often so I figured he was not pressured and was quite comfortable and relaxed.

Figuring it was just a matter of time I continued to hunt there when the wind allowed and keep a camera active there. It wasn’t until Monday, Oct. 29th, that I saw him while I was on stand. It was a calm night, way too calm. I hate nights like this because I don’t know what the thermals are doing. I had already had a dandy ten pointer (6x4) coming

into the water but caught something at ten yards away and backed out! He must have had a short memory because about 40 yards away he started chasing a doe after making a new scrape. About 6:00 here came “Unicorn” from the south east walking straight in towards the water. Perfect! When he got about 25 yards out he stopped and worked over two different mock scrapes of mine and continued walking straight away from me to about 40 yards. He stood scratching around in the leaves and left me



**Above: Unicorn in the flood plot.  
Top left: The first photo of him taken in June, notice the third antler growing.**

scratching my head?! It was just then that I noticed a doe fawn walking up the log road coming straight in for a drink. When she was still a few yards away “Unicorn” spotted her and with his tail straight out came trotting in after her, grunting all the way. He chased her around the water, passing my stand at five yards. No shot!! He stopped once at ten yards but was facing straight away. The doe fawn took off down the log road running to the west leaving “Unicorn” standing there with his tongue hanging out. He soon walked behind the waterhole and

I know there are some hunters that are against using trail cameras to monitor and keep tabs on deer and other animals. While I totally respect their feelings and beliefs, I am one who loves my trail cameras!! I enjoy using them to see what deer are living in what areas, and what deer have survived the winter and the season. More so it just allows me more time in the woods pursuing what I love best and that is whitetails and hunting them.

I equate checking my camera cards as to Christmas morning when I was around five. It never gets old. I enjoy the other animals that frequently show up: bears, turkeys, coyotes and such. Setting a camera over a scrape line in the summer can reveal some interesting photos! Trust me on that one. The same as the waterholes, food plots, new fresh mowed trails and such. It is almost a daily ritual now for me in the summer months beginning in July. Now I will get off of my soap box and get to how my cameras led us to a buck I eventually and affectionately named “Unicorn”.

It all started with that first picture I got of him on June 24th. In it you could see he was going to be a good buck but unable to see if he would sprout into an eight or nine or a ten pointer. But what was clear was that he had a third antler growing out of his head just below his right antler base. When I first viewed the photo I instantly named him “Unicorn”. I give names (I know some people frown on that) to many deer that I get pictures of. It is just more fun to say “I got another photo of Mr. Big, Squiggy, Notch or Carbon



came in to my left at ten yards!! Perfect! He put his head down, ears cupped forward and I waited until I could see the ripples from him drinking. I was already turned and holding my bow, I started to raise my bow arm and he instantly spun his head around and looked up at me. Busted! I froze, squinted my eyes and tried to control the shaking arrow on the string but he knew something wasn't right. He backed out of the water never taking his eyes off of me. He then spun and walked off stiff legged. He too must have had a short memory because when he was 40 yards away he began chasing an incoming doe.

By the time my night ended I had seen 14 deer, seven were bucks and two were "Keepers"! This along with four separate chases. A great but frustrating night! I was still shaken up when I arrived home for dinner a short time later.

Now my mother always told me that things happen for a reason. Her mother had told her that wisdom as well, but I was failing to see the wisdom as to why I had two blown opportunities?? Little did I know what was in store for me when on the following night I scored a great buck! A perfect ten pointer with a 19.5 inch spread and a dressed weight of 190 lbs. (See photo on page 25.) I was able to watch him pile up at 42 yards from my tree on another part of the farm. Mom was right things do happen for a reason!! Now with my buck on the ground, along with the nice nine pointer my wife, Lori, shot on Oct. 14th my step son Josh had his choice of stands to sit when he would come down to hunt.

Josh lives about 30 miles away, with a job as a sales manager at the Ford dealer, a three year old son and an expectant wife in November he could only hunt on his off days Sunday and Thursdays! Knowing the unreliability of due dates Josh wasn't quite sure from week to week if he would be able to hunt. Being retired is a "Great" job I can attest to!! It allows me to hunt does and continue working my mock scrapes and cameras trying to keep tabs on the local bucks for Josh.

My cameras showed a lot of good bucks hitting the West 40 waterhole, along with guess who?? Right! The "Unicorn" buck!! The problem was we were now experiencing north and west winds daily, not good for that spot. Josh called me on Saturday four days after I had shot my buck and said it was "Game On" for Sunday barring any surprises from Allie, his wife.

I had not disturbed or hunted the West 40 stand but kept my camera there. On Sunday morning while I was outside loading the wood stove it happened! The wind switched, I just smiled to myself as I noticed the

smoke trailing up in the light northwest breeze.

Josh arrived just before noon and even forgone watching his beloved Green Bay Packers play the Arizona Cardinals! The first things I said when he pulled in the yard was "Check it out" as I pointed to the smoke. He just smiled and said, "Yes!"

He showered, dressed and was off to the West 40 waterhole stand.

He was not in the air for five minutes and deer were moving around him. He would end up seeing 19 deer, ten bucks, along with six chases, not a bad afternoon on stand. But it was what happened a half hour before dark, when he noticed a good buck coming down the log road, it stopped, worked a scrape and continued out into the picked cornfield. A short time later Josh saw another decent buck from earlier, both keepers! When they were 40 yards straight behind him they stopped and then as Josh described put their heads down and crashed together. He said it was the loudest and hardest he had ever seen bucks fight. He related it to seeing two rams banging heads. After the initial crash, the one buck turned and walked away and the other turned and came down the log road to the waterhole. Josh took the shot at 12 yards on a slight quarter away. He noticed the bucks reaction and tucked tail as he bolted. With other deer crashing around he still thought he heard his crash down.

He came back to the house and told Lori and I the entire story, and said it was a great buck and he recognized him from the pictures. But on a dark grey day in low light he wasn't sure which one? We ate a quick dinner to give the deer time and loaded the Ranger and flash lights.

We found the buck 72 yards away from where Josh hit him, just like he described a quartering away shot with complete penetration. After the backslapping and hand shakes we loaded the buck in my trailer and it was then I noticed a gash of sorts on his head. Further investigating revealed a hole in his skull I could put my pinkie finger in with fresh blood and a brown liquid. Josh said that, that must have happened when they fought.

Taking the buck home and throwing him on the scale as we always do, the buck dressed out at 180 lbs. with a nine point rack

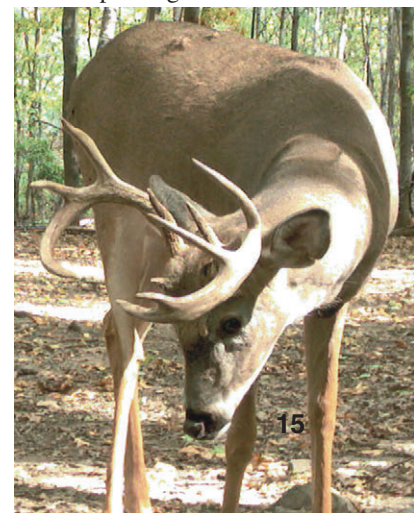


**Unicorn dressed out at 180 lbs. with a nine point rack and a 16" spread. His third antler broke off during one of the loudest, hardest buck fights Josh had ever seen.**

and a 16 inch spread. Being late on a Sunday night we hung the buck for a few days in my barn and Josh came back down on his off day to take some pictures along with his son. While taking the photos we started discussing the possibility that maybe this was the "Unicorn" buck!! Looking over his rack, points, width, etc...I then fired up the computer and we looked at the many photos of him I had. Without a doubt we were convinced it was the "Unicorn" buck! Things do happen for a reason, I didn't get a shot at him, but shot another buck now Josh got the "Unicorn"!!

I caped out the head and Josh took the meat to the local locker and the head up to our taxidermist, Jack. It was then conclusive this was indeed him!! Jack skinned out the head and examined the skull, a fresh broken pedicle!!! The mystery was solved!

As of this writing in December, Josh and I have not made it out to look for the broken "Unicorn" point. His wife did give birth to their second son, Jameson, on Nov. 26th but we will when the snow melts. I hope that we are able to locate it, it would make a great memento and the final chapter to a great buck who's life I was privileged to share so much of. I only hope next year I am again offered the opportunity to share intimately the life of another great white-tail buck! \*







# Bow Building

## at Cheyenne River Reservation 2012

By Bob Brillhart

This was our ninth year of teaching bow building to Lakota Native Americans in South Dakota on the Cheyenne River Reservation. We started the program in Bridger at the southwest corner of the reservation. The first year we had eight participants. The third year we moved to Eagle Butte, the largest and most centrally located town on the reservation. Since our move we have had more than 100 participants each year. This year we built about 130 bows from rattan with the kids and about ten with hickory staves for older youth and adults.

From our first year the plan was to teach some of the adults on the reservation to build bows and then they would teach the kids. We would continue to have a camp each summer and help with materials and funding. We want to thank Eagle Butte Board Members Mona Thompson and Ben Elk Eagle for their continued support of Bringing Back the Bow. Thanks to the Cheyenne River Tribe for the use of their facilities and donations made to the bow camp. This year we met Alissa Benoist and Ross DuBray from Eagle Butte. They will help us try to find people we can teach bow building to carry-on the program. As of now this part of Bringing Back the Bow has not gone as we hoped at Cheyenne River.

We have enlarged our program to

include two other reservations. Jim Dalhberg has led the organization of a bow camp at Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. This camp was held in Kyle at the Oglala Lakota College with the support of Helen Goddie who runs the college science and math department. Jim worked with Joe Flood and Darwin Ariotte from Pine Ridge to build bows. Joe and Darwin independently are going to hold classes to teach kids to build traditional bows at Pine Ridge this fall. This will be in addition to another bow camp at the college next year.

Our other project of Bringing Back the Bow was held at the Grand Ronde Reservation in Oregon. This was organized by Jack Holthaus, president of Bringing Back the Bow. The camp was a joint venture of help from the Cultural Resources and Natural Resources Departments of Grand Ronde and volunteers from Traditional Bowhunters of Oregon. John Strunk trained eight young tribal members to build rattan bows prior to camp. We want to thank TAO and Black Rose Archers from Oregon for their donations of monies and staves as well as six of TAO members volunteering to teach at the camp. They were successful with teaching 60 participants. Some of the tribal members taught by John will continue to teach bow building at Grand Ronde.

We wish to thank those that helped

with bow camp at Eagle Butte this year who are: Bernard Swank, Ken Hoehn, Bob McCormick, Jim Dalhberg, Mike Stocklan, Jack Holthaus, Paul Sands and Merl Brillhart. Much thanks to these men for their work. ♣

**Clockwise from bottom left: Some of the 60 bows built at Grand Ronde, OR; young boy using rasp at Grand Ronde, OR; Bob splitting osage stave at Eagle Butte; many of the participants at Eagle Butte; below Merl is helping kids with new rattan bows on the firing line.**



# My Dad's Grandson's First Archery Whitetail

By Bryan Bolding

November holds some of the best days of hunting whitetails and little did I know that this November would mark a milestone in my hunting career. A day that would strengthen love, bonds and companionship afield for days, months, and years to come spanning three generations.

As I returned from a late October hunt I received a call from my dad about heading to deer camp in a couple of weeks and told him it sounded great and I would ask his grandson (my son) and get back to him. After visiting with my son and making sure we had no youth sports interference or school projects we shored up our plans and began packing. Given that we had a few days to organize gear, I told my son to go grab his quiver and we would pull his fieldtips and glue on some broadheads that I had just finished sharpening. As he was standing there watching and learning he looked at me and asked, "Dad, can I try and hunt on my own?" My heart skipped a beat. I replied, "I tell you what... let's get you set up and I'll sit near you on the first morning and we can go from there." He agreed.

The morning of the first hunt held excitement. Dad had a plan to hunt about quarter mile away from us in the event that Garrett pulled off his first archery whitetail harvest with his osage selfbow and cedar arrows. Garrett and I headed for a treestand that I had hung years ago and was well concealed in case the young archer just couldn't sit still very well. With the stand being only about eight feet high I decided to just sit at the bottom of the tree and that would allow us to communicate easily. We were ready, arrows knocked, and sunlight approaching.

Within thirty minutes of daylight we heard leaves rustling. Our eyes met and then a quick smile. I told him to go ahead, stand up and be ready. Two does were working their way up a small ridge behind us and on a trail that would present Garrett with either a fifteen or twenty yard shot. He saw them now. His eyes were as big as saucers and I am sure he was nervous. Heck, I was! The first doe presented a shot around seventeen yards. He drew his selfbow and an arrow arced out and under the doe and stuck in the ground. He looked at me with a smile on his face and said to me that that may be a little too far for him. I acknowledged and we sat and waited. His selfbow was so quiet the does had no idea what happened

and we had one doe still milling around. After a few minutes this second doe presented a shot and with the same outcome with the exception that the shot was over her back.

That afternoon Garrett asked if we could move closer to the trail and hunt from the ground. We decided to brush him in at twelve yards and he decided my ASAT leafy suit and a mass of face paint would foot the bill to a successful ground hunt. Earlier my dad had agreed to sit in the treestand where Garrett had sat that morning to watch him and I could go hunt the evening in another stand close by. Garrett and I planned to communicate via phone text if we could. After an hour of silence my phone began ringing and it was Garrett. I answered.

Garrett: "Dad!"

Me: "Yes!"

Garrett: "I've shot and missed a small six point. He was so close and I shot over him. Dad, I was shaking really bad."

Me: "That is awesome! Are you going to sit tight?"

Garrett: "Well, I've shot all three arrows."

Me: "Really? Okay, all misses?"

Garrett: "Yes, but I got close dad! I really think I can get a doe if she comes back."

Me: "Okay that's great. You have plenty of daylight left. Very slowly and as quietly as possible go retrieve those arrows and set back up."

Garrett: "Okay! Love you."

Me: "Love you too! Good Luck!"

About thirty minutes before sunset my phone went crazy again.

Garrett: "DAD, I GOT A DOE! THE ARROW HIT HER PERFECT! PAPA SAYS IT WAS A GREAT SHOT!"

Me: "I'm on my way!"

I arrived at the scene and after a little victory dance and a hug he explained to me the shot. The arrow didn't pass through but at fourteen yards we had a blood trail. We



Garrett Bolding with his first archery whitetail harvest.

waited an hour because according to him, and my dad, the doe ran off with the arrow buried to the fletching from the best they could describe to me.

Back at the place of the shot we picked up the blood trail. Twenty yards later we picked up the cedar arrow tipped with a Magnus two-blade broadhead and continued forward but the blood trail was scarce. After another twenty yards and no blood I dropped into a squatted position and I saw the does' back not another dozen yards ahead. I grabbed my son and hugged, high-fived, and congratulated him! He had done it! Twelve years old with his selfbow and cedar arrows he helped me make for him. I'm not sure which of the three generations were more proud...him, his grandfather, or his dad.

As I mentioned earlier, what a turning point in my hunting pilgrimage to not only have my son harvest his first archery deer but to have three generations of longbow archers in the woods together. Memories that will be treasured by the three of us for the rest of our lifetimes.

Garrett was shooting an Osage selfbow a good friend of mine made for him. It is 40#@26" and he was shooting POC's with 125 gr. Magnus two-blade broadheads. He did hit the doe very well and broke two ribs going in and penetrating both lungs but just not enough to get out the opposite side. He and I still have 'woods' work to do together as he was not too keen on the field dressing process. I told him this one was happily on me. \*



# Accessing Private Land to Hunt for FREE – Is still possible!

By Jeff Holchin,  
Bowhunter

As access to good hunting land becomes more and more difficult, it is easy to give up trying to gain free access to good private land hunting. Often public land gets crowded with hunters and sometimes becomes dangerous for bowhunters, such as when a gun season overlaps the archery season. I remember about 20 years ago when Gene Wensel called leasing a “cancer”, but it has only grown bigger since

then. Often leasing or paying a trespass fee is the only option hunters may have to hunt private land. I grew up in a farming family and understand why farmers, ranchers and landowners would want or need help paying for their land. Many of us have lost hunting privileges on farms and large properties, to hunters with the cash to lease the land. I have been offered chances to join several leases, but have always declined. I would rather spend that money on hunting licenses and hunt out of state for free.

Many states will help you gain access to private lands. Western states like Montana and Wyoming have wonderful programs like the Block Management Program and Hunter Management Areas/Walk in Areas, where some fine hunting can be found. In some cases unlimited numbers of hunters are allowed, while in others the numbers of hunters are limited, sometimes by a drawing and sometimes by the requirement to contact the landowner and schedule hunting days. The later may seem like too much trouble to many, but may be worth it. In Ohio, each regional wildlife office has a list of private landowners who allow the public to hunt their land, sometimes on an unlimited basis and sometimes just for one or two hunters.



**Accessing beautiful private land to hunt for free doesn't have to be a thing of the past. Being respectful, saying thank you and showing how appreciative you are goes a long way landowners. Above Tyler and Terry Recevuer fix a little fence while getting to enjoy hunting 10,000 acres for free!**

My buddy Bill and I gained access to a great farm in Licking County, one of the best big-buck counties in Ohio, by knocking on the door of a farmer on such a list— he said he already had enough hunters that year but to come back the following year. We did and were rewarded with great deer hunting for the next decade. We became close friends with the farmer, even staying in his house on weekend hunts. Bill made several bows for the farmer's grandkids too, which went a long way in building a good relationship. Respecting their land, following their rules and offering some choice cuts of meat when you do kill an animal on their property, really helps your cause.

During a moose hunt in Wyoming several years ago, I stopped by the local game and fish office to talk with the moose biologist about different public areas to hunt. He was not available, but the friendly receptionist gave me the names and phone numbers of two local ranchers who were not on the published list of ranchers that allowed moose hunting. You can bet that I was dialing those numbers within minutes; the first already had a hunter while the second was a little hesitant but told me to come over the next morning to talk. I think the rancher wanted

buddy Terry Recevuer drew a moose tag for that same unit, I called up my rancher friend, who not only granted free hunting permission but allowed us to camp on the ranch next to a stream full of trout! We offered to do something in return, and she mentioned some fence along the river that needed repaired. It only took us several hours on two afternoons to repair the fence, and she was very happy with us. We made sure that our camp site was extra clean when we left, and provided gifts of NY apples and cider, NC buckwheat flour and fresh deer jerky. That might seem cheap, but she liked them. We showed respect and appreciation to that rancher and we hunted 10,000 acres for free.

Persistence can pay off in your efforts to gain access to private land. While living in Ohio, I first earned permission on a great farm by helping the elderly farmer take care of his cattle, repair fences, bale hay, etc. Every year I asked a landowner adjoining that farm for permission to hunt his land also. It took four years for me to figure out the right approach, but after listening to him complain about poachers and trespassers on his land, I offered to post and patrol his land and report violators to the local police or game warden, in exchange for hunting

to see if I was a nut or crazy before granting me hunting permission, but after talking cattle, tractors, baling hay, etc. for a bit, we were driving around her ranch as she showed me the boundaries and where the moose liked to hang out. I didn't kill a moose there, but thanked her and kept in touch after the hunt, even sending her a Christmas present after the hunt (several books on Wyoming history by a local author). Two years later when my





**Baling hay and mowing overgrown pastures in the hot summer heat wasn't fun, but bowhunting deer and turkeys on that farm was sure worth the effort to Jeff.**

rights. He agreed and I enjoyed several years of good hunting for free, before moving away from that state. I made sure to send a gift card to Red Lobster each Christmas along with a Thank You note, in appreciation of hunting his property. It's so important to thank these landowners when they do let us hunt their land.

Here in North Carolina, it is very difficult to gain access to hunt private land unless you have lived in the area a while and know the landowners personally. Leasing is a way of life here, with a long tradition, but I just won't do it. I met a parent at a school function who owned a farm, so right away I asked about the hunting opportunities there. He said no because several other hunters already had permission to hunt. The next year I asked again and received the same answer, but the following year during our conversation he mentioned that he needed somebody to cut and bale his hay, along with mowing the fields and maintaining the roads and trails. Being a farmer myself, I had all the required equipment to help him out and knew that I would lose money since his farm was 30 miles away, but really wanted to hunt his farm. Baling hay and mowing overgrown pastures in the hot summer heat wasn't fun at all, but bowhunting the deer and turkeys on his farm that year sure was worth the effort! You too can still find private land to hunt for free, with some effort. Good hunting to you. 🍀



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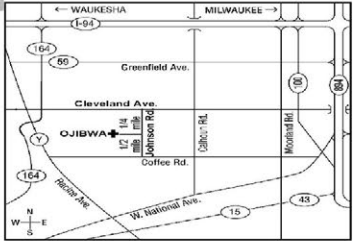
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# Moose hunting and much more!

By Terry Receveur

The morning was clear, crisp, and cold. Tyler and I were perched on a windswept hillside glassing for Shiras moose in Central Wyoming. Our plan was to spot a bull, move downwind and call him past me at a good close range. It wasn't more than 10 minutes and I decided to take a glance to the South and spotted a small fork horned bull. He would do just fine with the sparse sightings we were having. Tyler and I hustled down the ridge top to get our partner Jeff. After grabbing Jeff and heading back, we relocated the bull and noticed he was heading for the South boundary fence. We needed to hurry to get into position before he crossed over the fence. Jeff sailed off the mountain to the river bottom and I just watched in awe expecting him to take a spectacular header at anytime. He proved to be sure footed and made it to the bottom unharmed.

Tyler and I also arrived safely and we quickly devised a plan. Jeff said "Terry, you cross that frigid knee deep water, that is way over the top of your boots, and Tyler and I will stay dry and warm on this side of the river!" Good plan! I waded right in with the hope that the bull would advance all the way to the river edge and give me a great 10 yard broadside shot. Believe it or not it almost worked exactly like that.

We quickly set up and Tyler and Jeff began their love serenade. They started out with a little cow moaning and worked into some brush raking and Jeff closed it out with a little antler banging to sound like two bulls sparring. All the commotion didn't provide any immediate results and after about an hour I decided to stand up and motion Tyler and Jeff across the river so we could move through the bottom and call from a different position. I

had just started to stand up when I heard a twig snap. I saw antlers and first thought it was a whitetail but then the moose moved into an opening. The bull was moving along about 75 yards out in front of our setup and did a really nice lip curl. He was obviously looking for some love. After he did this I quickly grabbed my BuckStop Cow-In-Heat lure and sprayed it liberally around. He didn't get a snoot full right off and was turning to leave. Jeff saw the bull getting ready to depart and told Tyler to talk dirty to him. Well, I don't

a fleeting opportunity to step forward and take advantage of a one foot window to shoot through. I picked a spot a little forward expecting him to move into the shot, pulled to full draw, and released the arrow.

The above scenario is the culmination of 11 years of waiting to draw a decent Wyoming Shiras moose tag, the help and support of several PBS members, and the last day of an amazing hunt with my 19 year old son.

Fellow PBSer Jeff Holchin and I have been strategizing for many years on what Wyoming moose unit to draw. Unfortunately, hungry wolves and the state DNR kept moving the target on us. Jeff was successful in drawing a Wyoming tag two years earlier (thanks to a tip from fellow PBSer Nathan Fikkert) and I now had enough points for a fairly sure bet on the same unit. I really needed to have some confidence in the draw because my youngest son Tyler was preparing to leave for a two year Church mission to Fortaleza, Brazil and I wanted to plan this hunt so he and I could spend some quality time together before his departure. Just to demonstrate how great a friend and PBS brother that Jeff is, he volunteered to come along and be our personal guide. This was the icing on the cake and I applied for and received the tag.

We planned the hunt for late September and the first week of October in hopes that the bulls would be pushed off the mountain range to the east by hunting pressure and snow. This is additionally a prime period for the rut and was the last week before my other son returned from his 2-year mission in Northern France and one week before Tyler would be leaving for Brazil.

The dates were set and the planning began. As with most western hunts the preparation and logistics can be difficult for us eastern boys. However, due to the PBS, Tyler and I



**We needed to hurry to get into position before the bull moose crossed over the fence. Jeff sailed off the mountain to the river bottom and I just watched in awe expecting him to take a spectacular header at anytime. He proved to be sure footed and made it to the bottom unharmed.**

know what Larry Fischer taught my boy to say, but that bull sure was excited to find out if he could deliver on his promise. After Tyler called, the bull turned and started to slowly advance to his position. It was at this time that his little moose buddy showed himself as well. He was slightly smaller than the 30" bull that was leading the way. The first bull was coming in directly behind a big cottonwood and wouldn't offer a clear shot until he moved past my position at about 10 yards. He was only 1/2 step from clearing the brush and offering a great broadside shot. Of course, he never took that step and was turning to leave. At the turn, he was quartering away and I had



had the significant advantage of Jeff accompanying us and several other PBSers out West to help with scouting and other logistics. Vance Brewer is a local of the area and kept us excited with photos and scouting reports. Vance even took time out of his busy fall schedule and joined us for a visit. Vance did not come empty handed and enhanced our camp cuisine with some prime elk meat. Fortunately, he brought quite a bit. I had only packed enough food for three not knowing that Holchin was eating for two! The two Jeff was eating for was himself and his 40' tape-worm! One night Tyler and I watched Jeff eat enough spaghetti to feed a small African village!

On Jeff's prior hunt he made contact with a local rancher and gained permission for us to return and hunt. The rancher was also very helpful in providing information on moose sightings and selected an amazing camping location along a blue ribbon trout stream for us. The rancher even came roaring into camp one day at lunch and was breathless with excitement. She had seen a bull out behind her house in a shelter belt and wanted me to hurry over and shoot it. She was dancing around like she was standing on a red ant hill waiting for me to jump in the truck and go with her so I could shoot that bull. I have to say I was moving pretty slow as I really wasn't too keen on the idea of shooting the bull. Just not the romantic idea I had envisioned of how I would kill a Shiras bull. I couldn't let the woman down and went with her. I told her to just drive by the bull and I'd get off down the shelter belt and try to stalk in on it. Fortu-



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nately, the bull had other ideas and as I was approaching to about 75 yards he decided to get up and cut out across a big hay field. I was not disappointed at all that he "got away"! Still it was just a testament to how accommodating and wonderful the rancher was. The camp site she selected for us was right next to some world class trout fishing. Tyler, Craig, Jeff, and I caught some great fish. You couldn't have asked for a better campsite. Criminy, the "poop bucket" had a world class view!

Another logistical difficulty is the transporting of a comfortable camp across the US. Again, a PBS brother stepped up and volunteered his equipment for our use. Thanks to Craig Burris, we enjoyed a very comfortable wall tent, tent stove, terrific Camp Chef cooking gear, and some wonderful company! Craig drove nearly 4 hours from his Utah home just to deliver and setup the camp. Thankfully, he was able to stay a couple days and enjoyed some hunting, fishing, and stump shooting with us.

Our hunting strategy was to call bulls into shooting range by having me positioned in front of the callers in hopes that they could pull the bull past me in close range. This was a great plan except Jeff and Tyler had never called moose before. PBSer Larry Fischer to the rescue! Larry is as good as they get in calling Shiras moose and has several kills for his family and himself. Several pre-hunt phone calls and even a mid-hunt phone call and Jeff and Tyler were ready for the hunt.

The hunt finally arrived and we had seven terrific days glassing and hunting for moose and even a few close encounters. We saw 51 moose! Seven of which were bulls and two of the bulls were within 20 yards! This brings us back to the scenario at the beginning of the story.

Unfortunately, just as I released the arrow the bull brought his front leg back and I hit the scapula. It was a solid hit with only about 4" of arrow penetration. The bull only jumped and ran about 5 yards but stopped right behind

**The campsite selected for us by a local rancher Jeff had met on a previous hunt, was right next to some world class trout fishing.**



Thanks to Craig Burris, we enjoyed a very comfortable wall tent, tent stove, terrific Camp Chef cooking gear, and some wonderful company!

another willow bush and I couldn't get another shot. He stood there for about 30 seconds and Jeff and Tyler began calling again. He almost made the decision to return, but instead trotted off with his little buddy in tow. Jeff quickly climbed up the mountain behind us and glassed the bulls as they were leaving. He was able to track the bulls for over 15 minutes and the bull never showed any sign of a lethal hit. It was pretty obvious the shot was in the scapula and the bull would live to chase another cow. We devised a plan for Jeff to try to bump the bull past me to get another shot and finish the bull off. Unfortunately, we never saw the bull again. After no luck on the bumping of the bull, I turned to Jeff and said "let's go fix some fence, pack up camp, and head for home. We're done hunting"! Even though Jeff and I were certain the bull would live, I have a personal policy of "draw blood; punch tag!" We had another week planned for hunting and the rut was kicking in, but I just couldn't keep hunting.

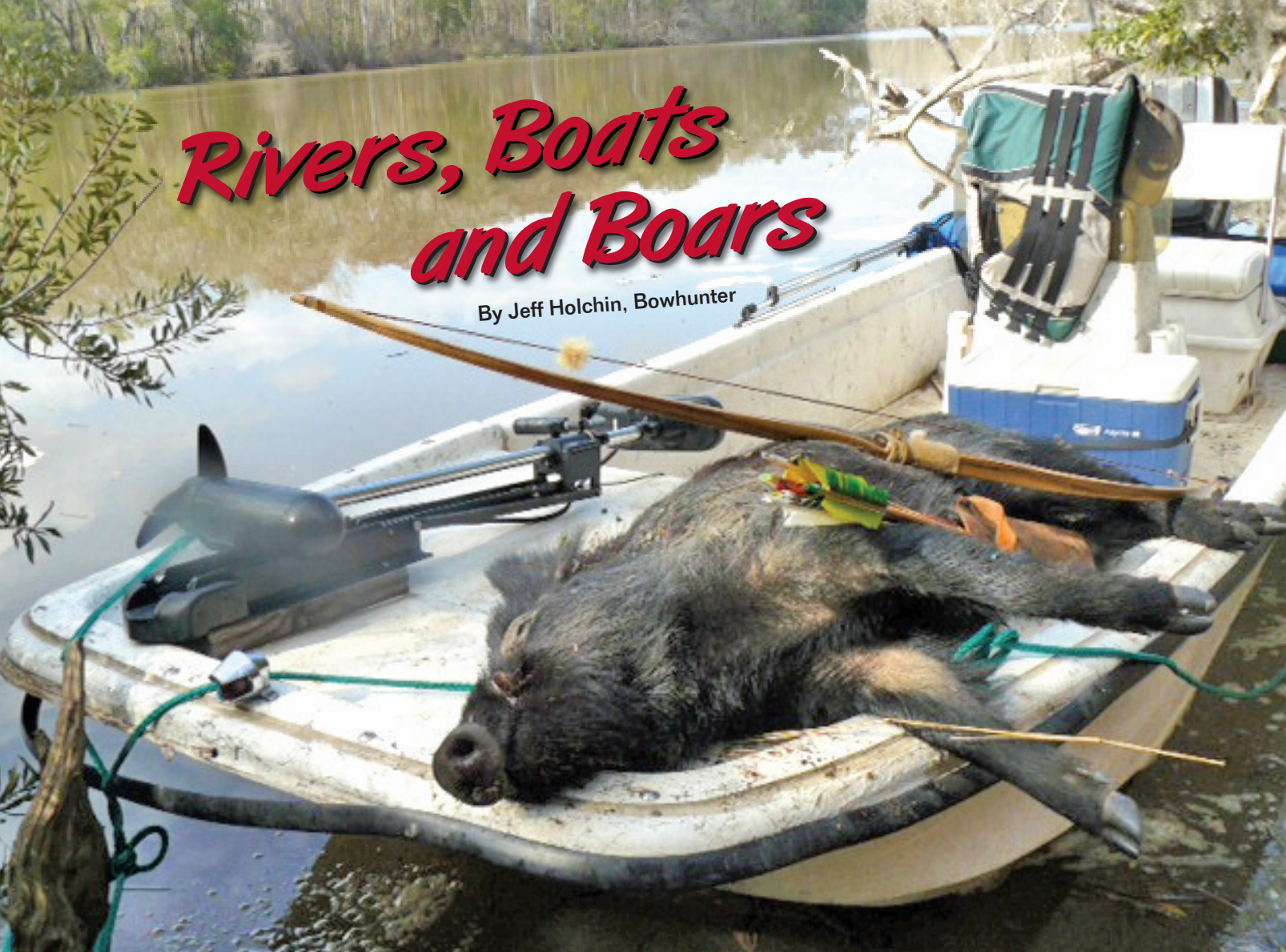
The hunt I had was like eating at a 5 Star restaurant that served a terrible dessert. Everything was perfect up to the final part of the experience. I just didn't deliver on the shot and had some bad dessert. I did have one of my most memorable and pleasant hunting experiences I have ever had. I can honestly say that if I had to give up on the great dinner in order to have some fine dessert, then I'd pass on the dessert. The whole experience from getting so much help from PBSers, amazing fishing and hunting, and the opportunity to spend such quality time with my son proved to be an amazing moose hunt and much more.

I have to thank Jeff Holchin for tagging along. Jeff was a fantastic hunting partner and worked as hard or harder for a moose than I. Jeff took 11 days out of his life to hunt with Tyler and I and he didn't even have a tag to shoot anything. Now that's what the PBS is all about! ♡



# Rivers, Boats and Boars

By Jeff Holchin, Bowhunter



I have been hunting a certain large WMA that has an excellent hog population, but it is not easy to hunt. It is basically a huge swamp bordered on three sides by public roads and to the south by a river. There is a ridge that penetrates the middle of the swamp and serves as a peninsula, with a dirt road lined with oak trees and food plots that the deer, turkeys and hogs love. The animals have plenty to eat with security cover close by. Just about all the hunters use this dirt road, and I have noticed that upon the first sign of a human, the animals flee to the swamp, usually toward the river. If you spook some deer or hogs in the first food plot, their snorts or squeals alert all the animals to danger, ruining the hunt. The road is gated, which helps reduce pressure because it is 4-5 miles to the end of the dirt road and most hunters won't walk that far for a hog. The first time or two there, I did walk to the end of the road, but realized that getting a hog out from that far would not be fun. The next time I took my game cart back to the end of the road, but returned empty handed. Then I tried a bicycle and it was better, but still not ideal. Finally the light bulb went off and I began to consider

accessing the hogs from the river.

I have a flat-bottomed 16-ft Carolina Skiff that my family and I use for fishing, tubing and lake camping. I have never used it for hunting, but have been looking for an excuse to try it for such an adventure. Looking more closely at the WMA map, I noticed several primitive campsites along the river just a mile away from the food plots. A call to the area wildlife biologist confirmed that my plan was feasible. I picked a date, purchased the required licenses and packed up my gear. I used one cooler for my tarp, tent, sleeping bag, pad and lucky pillow. Another cooler held my hunting gear, while a final cooler contained my food. The boat's fuel tank indicator read "full" but luckily I also took a small can of gas "just in case". I was ready for my first river hunt, or so I thought.

Arriving at the river's boat ramp, I was shocked at how big the river was and how fast the current was. For a moment I considered bagging the whole idea, due to fear of the unknown, but I loaded the boat and headed out in spite of my fears. Being used to easy launches in lakes with no current, I received a quick education on river launches as I al-

most drifted into a nearby boat before firing up the outboard. My next challenge was finding the campsite, as things looked a whole lot different in real life than on paper and there were no signs saying "camp here". I went up-river many miles, checking numerous side creeks and sloughs, until the outboard coughed, sputtered and died. I guess that fuel tank gauge wasn't accurate after all; I should have checked instead of assuming it was accurate. Luckily the spare gas can had enough fuel to get me back to the boat ramp, so that I could load the boat, find a gas station with marine fuel, and launch the boat again. Not a great start to my first ever river hunt!

When I finally did find the river campsite, I had just enough time to set up camp, grab the longbow and head out for a quick check of the immediate area. I was planning to hunt to the food plots about a mile to the north, but there were so much fresh hog rootings close to the river that I never got that far. I ended the day with no hog sightings but knew that I had picked a good area and that my plan should work. I was having a peaceful night camped on a bluff overlooking the river, until I was awakened around 3 am by the sound of

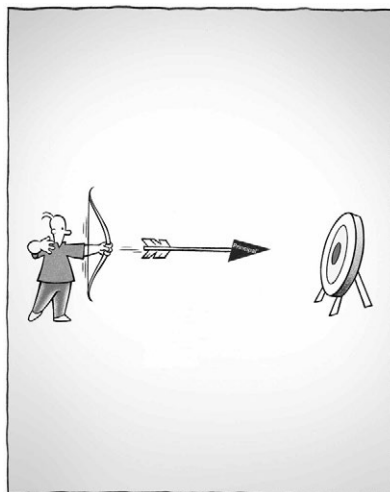


my boat bumping into something. My first thought was that somebody was stealing my boat, but it was actually worse than that. I was hunting close to the Atlantic Ocean, so the river had a tidal fluctuation of about 4 feet. I had tied up the boat near low tide onto a stump that appeared to be solid, but at 3 am the stump and associated tree were trying hard to take itself and my boat to the ocean! Luckily I had also tied the other end of the boat to a small sapling, which saved me the trouble of jumping in and swimming after my boat! It was hard to sleep after that excitement, so I sat for a while in my chair overlooking the river, enjoying the full moon and the unique sounds of a southern swamp at night.

After a quick breakfast and Bible reading before dawn, I loaded my daypack and grabbed my longbow, intending to get to the food plots early and spend most of the day exploring the area between the food plots and river. I noticed new hog rootings just a hundred yards from camp and slowed down, soon spotting the culprit on the other side of the slough. It was a 150 pound boar that was slowly working his way from the river, and the slight but steady breeze was coming from him to me. Perfect conditions for a stalk, and after 10 minutes I had maneuvered within ten yards of the piney woods rooter. He was facing me and only had to look up to see me, but

he was too busy rooting for food. That mistake sealed his fate, because my arrow was on the way when he turned broadside. I have had some devastating misses over my bowhunting career, but even I have a hard time missing at ten yards. After a short death run, crash and squeal, the boar was mine and the drag to

camp was only 200 yards. Sweet! I love it when a plan comes together. I can really get used to this river hunting for hogs! Try it sometime, I think you will like it, but remember to check the fuel tank BEFORE you launch. 🐖



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John's Pronghorn was entered in Compton Traditional record book at 64 1/8".

I had some success as well with my 54 lb. Palmer recurve and self made cedar arrows & Zwickey Eskimo 4 blade. Pope & Young Score 71 0/8 - Compton Traditional score of 74 5/8".

My son, John Romans IV, and myself hunted near Kaycee, WY this past fall. His first Western bowhunt.

It was a great time afield, as my son shoots my old Black Widow; 60 Lbs. recurve and self made cedar arrows and Zwickey Eskimo 4 blade.



Nice coyote harvested this season in Illinois by Paul Ladner. He used a Brad Jansen longbow bought at the PBS Portland meeting along with Elite arrows and Eclipse broadheads from the auction. Yote was shot at 10 yards and went 40 yards.

## Member Photos



Bjorn Ahlblad used his ACS takedown and Doug Fir Arrows with ABowyer Brown Bear heads to take this free range California hog Dec 12, 2011. Having hounds along made the hunt way more special!



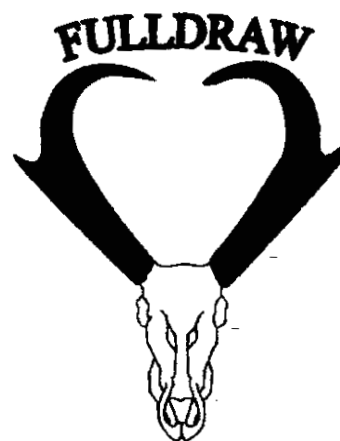


The deer at left was harvested this season in Illinois by Paul Ladner. He used a Brad Jansen longbow bought at the PBS Portland meeting along with Elite arrows and Eclipse broadheads from the auction. The buck was 8 point 150# shot at 10 yards.

At right is an Illinois early season morning double taken by Paul Ladner at about 12 yards each with 50# Brad Jansen longbow bought at the Portland banquet auction and using Whispering Winds arrows from auction and Eclipse broadheads.



Scott Smolen's buck was a perfect ten point with a 19.5" spread and a dressed weight of 190 lbs. See 'Unicorn Buck' story on page 14 for more details on the hunt.



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# Blackberry Winter

By Monty Browning

*It was the stuff that stirs the southern heart.*

It was the promise of all things new and as old as the memory of man. It was as much the fear of the dark of my youth and the essence of my manhood. It was the first gray light of morning and all that awakens the spirit of the hunter.

I sat in the blackness of my blind and simply soaked it in. Outside, the stars were just fading as the velvet sky began to silhouette the tree tops at the end of the field. I poured myself a steaming cup of coffee from the little thermos and snuggled deeper into the fleece jacket.

For late April, the 38 degree temperature felt cold after nearly a month of unseasonably hot days. "Nothing new under the sun," I whispered to myself. It had only been two years since we had lost the early plums and nearly all of the white oak acorns in a 24 degree late freeze on April 22.

From the creek bottom came the mournful hoot of a barred owl and the choked off short gobble of a jake. I closed my eyes and saw them there, high in red maples that sprawled above the resurrection lilies that bloomed among the soft curls of the new ferns and rotting leaves.

A faint breath of breeze washed across my face dripping with the sweet smell of honeysuckle. The distant steady call of the whip-poorwill and the first wake-up chirps of the cardinals said goodbye to the night and greeted the dawn.

The warm cup felt good on my cold finger tips and I bowed my head and thanked God for creating it all just for me.

I leaned back in my seat and sipped the coffee. I remembered the old folks explaining the weather. "Blackberry Winter," they said, "It happens every spring when you think that summer is here because of weeks of hot weather." Then, about the time the blackberries bloom, it turns off cold and kills the peaches and the plums and the tomatoes you set out too early, and the daffodils and peach blossoms are locked in by clear ice from freezing rain.

Throughout the southern states, especially from South Carolina to Texas, Blackberry Winter can occur during the last days of the late squirrel season in March through the end

of April. It's tied loosely to the blooming neon yellow jasmine, the snow white dogwood and purple red bud trees.

I killed my first gobbler in 1974 and more than a hundred gobblers later, I have shivered through every Blackberry Winter and can't remember a single year when a cozy fire didn't feel good with that first cup of coffee during the late cold weather.

I had smelled the wood smoke as I walked to my blind. I sipped my coffee and thought about past hunts and the joys of growing up and living in the South. I thought of how blessed we are here to have so many wild creatures to pursue in the spring. I had a low country pig hunt coming up and it occurred to me that I could possibly pull off the Southern Blackberry Winter Grand Slam if I truly applied myself. My personal choice for this would be wild turkey, wild hog, alligator, and a rod and reel game fish.

There is a special joy in starting a cool spring hunting day by heading off to that special deep swamp turkey roosting spot. Then, once the turkeys give you the slip, you bow hunt wild hogs until they retire to their bedding area and then you go back for a quick lunch before a midday casting session for bass and crappie while scouting for that really big alligator that had been spotted cruising the big lake. Each day is a gift in itself and as full of the unknown as a wrapped Christmas present. Then you finish the day as it began, alternating between turkeys and hogs.

I thought back to the morning my friend Robert and I were bowhunting turkeys on his low country plantation. We were silently cruising the endless miles of sand roads in a stripped down camouflaged golf cart, the stealth mobile, stopping occasionally to call and listen. We had stopped on the edge of several long fields split by strips of mature pine trees. Several wild pigs were in the field and when a turkey gobbled deep in the swamp,

Robert whispered, "I'm going to walk down the road to listen."

I nodded my head towards the pigs and grabbed my bow.

I love slipping silently in gum soled boots in soft hog rooted sandy soil with the faint gray mist of early morning fog catching the first promise of the sunrise. The smell of damp plowed soil and crushed clover and dried plumes of dog fennel stir the senses. But it is the scent of plowed ground that beckons most to the soul of man because deep within us all, we understand that from dust we are formed and to dust we shall return. I pity the man who has never plowed a furrow and smelled the freshly turned soil and drunk deeply of the very essence of life itself.

I made it to the pigs in less time than it took to tell it but they had felt the call to rest and were easing out of the field. Wind direction prevented my following so I turned into the wind and slipped through the hedge of trees to check the next field.

A nice boar hog was ear deep rooting in the sandy soil and I slipped quickly up to twenty-five yards, the only cover, clumps of dried dog fennel.

Picking a spot tight against the shoulder I drew the sixty-three pound Bear takedown and released. The thousand grain arrow vanished through shiny black hair as the old Zwicky delta sliced through both lungs and kicked sand up five yards beyond. The boar



This hog started Browning on his Blackberry Winter Grand Slam.



exploded to his right and charged away in a shower of sand. He stopped twenty yards away, then whipped around and faced me. His head was up as he made eye contact and instantly, every hair on his back raised up. He wasn't happy.

I had another arrow on the string and turned my left shoulder towards him. "He's coming," I thought to myself. I felt that extra little shot of adrenalin that I hunt for and it felt good. The sun was just breaking above the distant brush, then, the boar simply toppled over and it was done. His last breath pushed a shaft of hot vapor like a miniature geyser from the arrow hole and it sparkled in the sun. I had never seen that before. "That's a good sign," I said, and dropped to my knees and thanked God for the gift.

Those are the memories that we hunt for and lock away in our little mental photo albums. During tough hunts where the odds seem to be stacked against us and the game is scarce and the weather doesn't cooperate and the timing seems off a couple of degrees and the only shot opportunity drops just under the chest, it's nice to turn back to that perfect time when it all came together.

Most Grand Slams are an accumulation of numerous hunts and the Blackberry Winter slam was no different. I thought back to the first alligator I took during a spring pig hunt. It was 2am on a seventy-five acre lake in the Savannah River basin when my friend and host Robert generously gave me a shot while he expertly maneuvered the small boat through the forest of partially submerged stumps.

I was perched on the bow of the small boat inches above the waterline. Our friend Dean Torges held the yellow light on what appeared to a first time gator hunter to be, well, an alligator. I had no idea how big it was.

The broadhead tipped fish arrow centered the gator's chest and it was game on. Later, Dean

pulled him to the surface and I put another arrow through him. After some time, with two lines attached I was able to pull him up to the boat and get a heavy line attached, between his clamped jaws, but attached none the less. I held him tight against the side of the boat and Robert trolled us back to the truck while the gator and I got acquainted.



Alligator was next on his Blackberry Winter Grand Slam.

I'm not sure if the arrows killed him or he drowned during the trip to the landing. He was an honest eight footer which is a good beginner size. We all learned a lot about gators and boats and bows and arrows that night.

We hunt Eastern wild turkeys here in the south and most of these birds are hard hunted and those that survive three years or more have a PHD in turkey hunter call identification and some even seem to lose the ability to gobble.

I was peeping from the black interior of a pop-up blind that I had brushed in a month before the season. The blind was invisible. I had called in a couple of longbeards off their roost the week before and I was thrilled to see them step from the planted pines on the edge of the field. They were coming.

The first tom stepped into the field in full strut and I thought back to the young boy in my Sunday school class describing his turkey hunt. "Mr. Monty, he said, "that gobbler stepped into that logging road in full strut, he looked like a skidder tire!"

As both gobblers came

abreast, they looked like two skidder tires!

Then the first one looked in my direction, spotted my invisible blind, dropped his tail and raised his head on his long pencil neck and putted. They both deflated their tires and turned around twice, zooming in each of their ten power eyes in my silent direction. They vanished.

Several years ago I spoke at a banquet out west and was handing out awards to successful young bowhunters. A teenager came up to receive his award for killing two gobblers with his bow that year. I was very impressed



and shook his hand and congratulated him on his early success. I started to get his autograph.

"Tell me the story," I said. He seemed pleased that I asked and was very humble in the telling.

"Oh," he said, "no big deal really. My dad and I put up our

pop-up blind in a cut over corn field opening morning. We set out the decoy and about daylight dad called and several gobblers almost ran to the decoy."

Dad said, "Shoot one," so I did and he flopped over and then the turkeys didn't leave, so dad said, "shoot another one."

"I put another arrow on the string and shot another one and he flopped over," he said.

I was crushed, "Great story," I said, and as he made his way back to his seat I thought, "go to your room!"

Blackberry Winter was in full swing as I followed the old woods road to the field and my invisible blind. The "bee-bushes" as we sometimes call autumn olive here in the south

were in full bloom and the fragrance was sweet and as strong as honeysuckle. The name comes from the attraction of honey bees which cover the blooms in a steady hum. They have the same soft berry like fruit as elaeagnus but the fruit is ripe in late summer instead of spring like the elaeagnus. Turkeys and other birds as well as deer love the berries.

I slipped into the blind while it was still dark and settled in. When the first crows started calling, I heard a halfhearted gobble close by and figured it to be a jake. With a shotgun I pass on jakes but with the bow I consider jakes as all "big" jakes and hope for a shot. I could almost smell the charcoal fire and see the butter and fresh lemon juice bub-

~ continued on page 28





# Blackberry Winter

~ continued from page 27

bass with my good friend Stanley Anderson. We were fill in fishing between hog hunts when Stanley hooked a nice bass.

"Ho, Ho, there he is," Stanley said, as he cranked the prize towards shallow water. With his rod tip high, Stanley worked the deep rooting fish around a line breaking snag. Then just as he was about to reach for the gills, the fish lunged and the line snapped. The look on Stanley's face was priceless. I actually felt sorry for him.

Later, we were solving some international crisis when I felt the bump on my line and let it go slack.

The line started moving out and I let it run a little before hauling back on the rod setting the hook. Moments later a good bass broke the surface and headed towards the snags.

Steady pressure turned him towards shallow water and I soon held him by the lower jaw.

"Nice job!" Stanley said as he reached for his camera.

As I pulled the artificial lizard and hook from his mouth, another prize appeared. Stanley's lizard and hook was still firmly imbedded in the glu-

teus lower jaw.

Now that's a keeper and worthy of a Grand Slam!

I'm not sure which Blackberry Winter hunt I was on when I caught the most fish or the biggest bass or crappie but every time I feel that strike and the rod tries to go under the boat, it doesn't matter. The biggest fish I ever caught was the first fish I ever caught and the look on my crew-cut freckled face was the same look I see on every young boy I see catch his first fish and that in itself is a grand slam of real lasting value. ♣

**Browning with the turkey (top left) and largemouth bass (below) he took to complete his Blackberry Winter Grand Slam.**



bling on the edges. I felt like Wile E Coyote.

At fly down time I hopped off the limb and cackled as I flopped the dried turkey wing against my leg. Once on the ground, I poured myself a cup of coffee and kicked back to enjoy the morning.

The sun had not cleared the trees when a lone hen walked by the blind picking and scratching. She was close and had just passed through my shooting lane when a "big" jake stepped into the lane and I picked a feather on his wing and drew and released. He was twelve yards and at the thump of the bowstring, as the arrow was spinning towards him, he squatted as he raised his wings to jump into the air, and the arrow just missed over his back. The same instant, he kicked into the air as the wings came down and he flopped up and then landed at twenty yards and stood looking around. I had another arrow on the string and drew quickly and released. The nock vanished through the center of his body and he flopped around and then ran a short distance and fell over. I nearly fell over. Then I poured myself a cup and just sat there and watched the dead bird, shaking my head and saying, "Thank you."

Before I could hunt, I could fish, but without a dad to take or teach me I could at least catch the little horny-heads out of our local creeks. That was great early success for me and I would race home and roll the little bug-bugs in corn meal and fry them.

But a bass worthy of a Grand Slam had to be caught during Blackberry Winter and it had to be special.

Everything I know about catching largemouth bass on artificial bait I learned from Robert Pollard. I could catch more fish if I didn't have to stop cranking to open the cooler lid so Robert could throw in another bass.

And I was practicing my newly learned technique while casting from the bank for

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# 8

# Things I Won't Hunt Without

By Matt Schuster

Every hunter who spends an inordinate amount of time in the woods has a core group of items that he just cannot live without. I spend close to a hundred days a year chasing one critter or another and following are some items that might not be on your list but probably should be.

## 1 Liner Socks –

These super-thin moisture-wicking socks worn under a pair of wool socks in winter or Coolmax socks in summer will keep your feet dry and blister free. On a recent elk-chasing trip to Montana, I was surprised to hear that my buddy Dudley McGarity didn't know about these and had developed terrible blisters. I could have loaned him a pair, but frankly, I needed to keep him wounded and in pain so I could keep up with him on our all day treks. If you run into him somewhere, please don't tell him about these, we are hunting together out west again this year.

## 2 Thermacell Units –

If you hunt where there are mosquitoes this device is essential. It is relatively scent-free and 100% effective. If you use one as often as I do, you will eventually get cancer and die from inhaling the insecticide but in the meantime, you will hunt mosquito free and probably won't get bit by a bird-flu carrying mosquito.

## 5 Bodyglide –

This stuff looks like deodorant and is available at most running-oriented stores. It is the best anti-chafing, anti-blister, anti-rash item around. Run this along your boys and you can wear the same underwear all week long without any repercussions, which comes in handy if you are single and don't like to do laundry.

## 3 Duct Tape –

The usefulness of this stuff is legendary. My favorite use is to tape it firmly over the mouth of the guy in camp that for some reason feels the need to talk non-stop in detail about every deer he has ever killed in his life. No matter where I go, I run into this guy. If I can't get the tape over his mouth, I put it over my ears.

## 4 Back Brace –

I wear one like the ones they wear at Home Depot and Lowes. If you have any back problems, a brace can make sitting in a deer stand a little more tolerable. If you put it on tight, it can also make you appear more trim and youthful in case you run into any hot babes in the woods. I haven't run into any yet, but when I do, I will be looking trim.

## 6 Cast Iron Frying Pan –

having a gorgeous female cook in camp would be better but is usually not practical. Plus a cast iron pan is easier to keep clean when on an extended trip. You just rinse it out and put it away.

## 7 Handy Wipes –

The usefulness of these are obvious. I carry them with me in an old pill bottle along with a little toilet paper and I am good to go virtually anywhere. Plus it is fun when those non-smiling-overly-serious TSA agents question me about the contents of the pill bottle and I get to tell them exactly what I do with them.

## 8 Biggie Hoffman –

Every hunter should have one of these. He's fun to hunt with, brings lots of food (although he eats most of it), and will drag your hog out for you if you show him your back brace and tell him how much your back hurts. If you can, get a younger version of Biggie, because he is a little out of shape and it takes him a lot longer to drag out my critters than it used to. ♪



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# Return to the Hot T

## A Hunt in my father's 20-year-old footprints

By Ted Kinney

This is a story of an elk hunt that started in August of 2011. Two local hunting buddies contacted me about planning an elk hunt. We were thinking Montana or Colorado. I asked my dad (Tom Kinney) about where to go with three (including myself) rookie elk hunters and he said, "That's easy. Go to the Hot T in Montrose, Colo." He explained that the Hot T is a great place to learn to elk hunt - doesn't cost much and while you may not see a trophy bull (but you can) there are a lot of elk. This sounded like just the ticket for this group of novices. We made our deposits, reserved our week, and began our preparations.

My parents (Tom and Diane) had hunted there several times in the 1990's. I confiscated a bunch of their pictures and topo maps and the hunting party convened a meeting at a steak house in Bridgeville, PA. We decided to book the first week of the season so that there would be fewer hunters and the elk wouldn't have been pressured much at that point. The downside was that it would be hot and the bulls likely wouldn't be bugling much. This was a tradeoff we were willing to live with.

After that initial hunt group meeting, a run of unfortunate events befell the party. Due to unforeseen and serious life circumstances, everyone in my hunting party had to cancel by January. It was down to just me. I had to decide if I wanted to go it alone. I revisited Dad's pictures; I re-read M.R. James' articles in Bowhunter Magazine about the Hot T back in the early 90's. I thought to myself, "I'm not going to be alone; I'll be walking in my dad's footprints on every trip out of camp." I was in.

My first serious elk hunt would be completed solo and I would be venturing to a mountain rich with PBS hunting history. The Hot T camp is at about 9,500-10,000 feet. It is a cattle ranch in Unit 62 in Colorado. The hunt is relatively economical and they have been doing bow hunts for a long time. It is not guided; you are buying access

to the land, extremely tasty meals, a bunkhouse to sleep in, and help getting animals back to camp. My parents never killed an elk at the Hot T, but they had chances every time they hunted it.

After I made my decision to fly solo, I knew it was time to get disciplined. I knew that at this altitude, if I were to hunt as hard as I would like; I would need to get in better shape. I called my trusted mentor, Cory Matson, to get his point of view. As expected, Cory had experience and definitive opinions. He said, "Ted . . . elk hunting . . . cool on that. Can you walk out your back door and run ten miles without stopping? No? Well, that's what you need to do. Do that." Well, at that moment, I was very freaking far away from being able to run ten miles and I have learned on too many hog hunts that when Cory has an opinion, more stuff dies if you do exactly as Cory suggests. I joined the local gym and started working out in February. From February on, I watched my eating carefully, worked out daily, and practiced my shooting at longer ranges than my typical whitetail distances.

Also, in preparation, I was fortunate to have to travel to Denver twice on business within a month of my hunt. I scheduled those trips with an extra day, so that I could drive up to Estes Park, Colo. (right by the Rocky Mountain National Park) and do two things: 1) Work out at altitude, and 2) SEE ELK! I knew that getting in front of elk would be important for my development. I wanted to see as many elk as I could so I could get used to their size. In my last trip to Estes Park, I ran 3.5 miles and hiked an additional 4.5 miles all at higher than 9,500 feet. Also, I saw more than 50 elk. Upon conclusion of the trip, I found a Bass Pro Shop on the way to the airport and bought my license. I was an officially licensed Colorado Elk Hunter at the conclusion of my business travel!

The next week went really slow. I got back to Pittsburgh on a Wednesday. I had to

kill time until the following Thursday before my elk trip started. I found myself drawing elk on every piece of scratch paper I encountered. I recently looked through the meeting notes in my business notebook from the week before my hunt and I found crude drawings of about 15 giant bull elk with arrows in their chests scribbled onto margins of conference call minutes. My time in Colorado the week before my hunt had created a serious hunt-hyper situation.

Finally, on Wednesday night, I headed to my dad's house. We spent the evening doing a last session of topo map studying, strategizing, discussing elk habits and behaviors, and, of course, listening intently to Hot T elk hunting stories. It sure is good to have two PBS life members to spend time with on the night before a big hunt. I stayed at their house on Wednesday night and I was 100 percent focused when Dad took me to the airport on Thursday morning. I think had I let my guard down; the old black belt Taekwondo instructor would have choked me out, grabbed my ID and tickets, and jumped on the plane. He was excited too.

I arrived in camp on Friday afternoon. The season started on Saturday. The other people in camp were Norm, Charlie, and Mary. The outfitter was unable to come to camp for a variety of reasons, but Norm and Mary have been hunting the Hot T for 25 years. They were running camp. Mary did all of the cooking and kept everyone in line; the food was unbelievable. Norm was doing some hunting, but he was mostly helping me and Charlie (their son and the other hunter). Norm stays there the entire season. With plenty of time to kill an elk, he very graciously lent a lot of effort to help get me up to speed on the property and on how to hunt elk on it. I learned an awful lot about elk hunting from Norm during the week.

Norm, Mary, Charlie, and I clicked right off the bat and we were working together right away. With so few hunters in camp, I was glad that they were so willing to collab-



orate – particularly given that they know a heckuvalot more about bow hunting for elk than I do; their partnership was a serious advantage for me.

The land at the Hot T is classic elk habitat – exactly the way I envisioned elk territory in my mind. It ranges from about 9,000 feet to about 10,500. It is not huge. It's only a handful of miles by a handful of miles. It sits right on the Uncompahgre Plateau in Unit 62. Elk tags are either sex over the counter; spikes are off limits. The land goes from flat and rolling hills to kick-you-in-the-butt steep. It's a place that can be hunted relatively low impact or you can go out and test your physical limits if you so choose to. Again, it isn't huge, but the terrain is diverse. It seemed to me that there were three general types of areas. There are a lot of open sage fields, there are A LOT of scrub oaks, and there are aspen stands. When you looked at any given hillside, you saw patches of sage, patches of scrub oak, and aspen stands mixed in. Some of the aspen stands are less than an acre; some take up a lot of space.

After we came in from glassing on the Friday night before the season, we started strategizing. Charlie and Norm told me about a couple tree stands. Charlie and his hunting buddy were in those trees on the first morning last year and they tagged out in the first 20 minutes with two bulls. As I mentioned earlier, Norm has been hunting there for 25 years; so when he offered me one of those tree stands; I jumped on it.

To be honest, it wasn't how I envisioned the hunt going. I was picturing lots of glassing and spot and stalking. But, shoot, he said two bulls in 20 minutes! That is not the type of offer you turn down. I was excited when I went to bed that evening.

The morning came quickly. The hike into the stands with Charlie was harder than I thought. I was a bit cocky after my training; I thought the altitude wouldn't be a problem. The altitude kicked my butt the first morning. The hike in is pretty steep and Charlie and I had to stop a bunch of times. I was able to hang in with Charlie, which I felt good about, but it was kicking both of our butts.

Shooting light on my Colorado elk season started at about 6 am. At about 6:10, I had a mule deer doe at 15 yards. At 7:03, I heard my first elk bugle while elk hunting. It was up the mountain from me, but not far.

The next thing I knew; I heard cows talking and the woods were filling with elk. I watched as elk after elk filtered right into

Charlie's stand. At 7:10 on the first morning, I was watching elk at less than 100 yards. I couldn't see what they were but I could see about 10 elk in bow range of Charlie's decoy. All of a sudden, the ground started shaking and elk started moving - fast - up the mountain. The whole group got out of Dodge in a hurry.

We got out of our stands at about 11 am. I was anxious to hear Charlie's story. He said that he had nine elk in bow range. One cow and EIGHT SPIKES. He passed up the cow because it was the first morning AND at 50 yards there was another cow and a 5x5. He said the cow stepped through a shooting lane and he was able to range it with his rangefinder; it was 52 yards, which is a shot he is comfortable with. The bull was heading on the same line. He drew. The wind shifted before the bull got to the lane. The nine elk in bow range picked something up and got all the elk out of there. Close call!

That night, I headed out to a ridge of sage and scrub oaks with a few key waterholes. I saw a bunch of moo cows - LOTS of mule deer. No elk observed by anyone in camp that night.

“ Sometimes we mess up and the differentiator between a good hunter and the average hunter is often the will to persevere. Hunting isn't easy and it doesn't go the way they show it on the silly TV shows. If you want it; you gotta stay tough and stay after it. ”

We decided we should head back to the tree stands on the morning of day two. The hike in on morning two was noticeably easier. I seemed to adjust to the altitude pretty quickly. Charlie did too - we were up the mountain about 20 minutes faster on the second day.

Everything started the same - mule deer at first light moving through the woods. Then at 7:00 am, just like the previous morning, I heard something big moving through the woods. It was coming in my direction. I could tell there were several of them and they were coming right to me. Was it the group of spikes? I was desperately hoping for a cow to be among them . . . I got my wish. Before I knew it, I was surrounded by cows . . . the wrong kind! That evening, I hunted some of the flats down low on the ranch. I was into moo cows again and a lot of muley bucks. I didn't see any elk; but I saw some real neat country.



**Bunkhouse at Hot T.**

On Day 3, we decided that I should head into the tree stands one last time, while Norm and Charlie would head to a different side of the property. I was starting to feel a bit concerned that I was seeing a lot of moo cows but not a lot of elk. I decided that it was time to stretch my legs a bit and that I would try to cover a bit more ground on my morning hunt. I was getting to the half way point in my hunt and didn't want to waste too much of it hanging out in a tree.

After I was in the tree for an hour or so and the moo cows moved in again, I decided to scout the top of the ridge for about a mile.

I was going through aspen stand after aspen stand and I was kicking out mule deer - mostly bucks that morning – from every aspen pocket. I couldn't throw a rock in there without hitting a deer, it seemed. Sometimes they would bust me first; sometimes I would get them first and have a stalk (for practice). I need to have a mule deer tag in my pocket the next time I go!

After covering some ground, I started getting into some elk sign. I found a couple wallows that looked like they had been hit recently. I found a fence crossing with elk hair in the barbed wire. It was starting to look pretty good.

It was getting late, so with a good spot located, I decided to head back. I hunted hard all the way back to camp. I bounced mule deer all over the place. When I was about a quarter of a mile from camp, I entered the last aspen stand before my morning hunt would end. This aspen stand was noticeably thicker and harder to get through - lots of brush and deadfalls. I was starting to get tired and I remember thinking, "I'm close to camp - let's just plow through this one and then see what awesome surprise Mary is making for lunch." I was starting to give up on that hunt and I was making noise. I had the wind in my face, but I was not being careful about noise.

*~ continued on page 32*





## Return to the Hot T

~ continued from page 31

I went through a small clearing in the aspens and when I reached the other side of the clearing I found a game trail that went slightly down hill. I took about three steps on that trail and locked up . . . . . ELK and close!

Again, the wind was in my face and the elk seemed content where he was. I had time to weigh my options. I took a couple of pictures and thought for a few minutes. I shook Mary's lunch out my head and got focused. The elk was only about 50 yards away and I was able to close it to about 40 yards. I realized that I was looking at a spike . . . not legal.

But then I noticed something, just to the right of the spike, there was a bush . . . and then the bush moved. I realized that bush was a large bull's rack. I had a legal bull bedded in bow range!!!! He was sound asleep. No movement. The spike got up and down and moved around; always awake and aware for the better part of an hour.

I got as close as I could and waited for that bull to stand up. I took some pictures of the spike and then I heard my dad's voice saying "Ted, get your head out of your butt; put the darn camera away and get ready to shoot; this ain't a nature show and you ain't Marty Stouffer".

I figured the bull to be at about 30 yards, but I had been misjudging in my practice sessions all week. I am not sure if it is the altitude or the clean air; but I was just judging distance incorrectly. Everything was just a bit further than it looked. What I thought was 15 yards, turned out to be 20 yards; what I thought was 20 yards, turned out to be 30 yards; etc. So, if I thought that bull was 30 yards, well then, it must be 40. I resolved in my mind that I was looking at a 40 yard shot.

All that I had to do was have that bull stand up and execute a good shot. It was a long range shot, but I felt good. I had practiced this scenario a thousand times. I was prepared and I was focused.

Finally, the bull stood up. He was unaware of my presence; wind was fine; he was standing perfectly broadside; no obstructions. I had put myself into the perfect scenario.

. . . I drew, hit anchor . . . I was focused, form was good, I released . . . arrow flight was perfect - very pretty looking arrow . . . I followed through completely, as the arrow soared towards the bull's chest . . . . . and my follow through continued as the arrow soared over the bulls back and buried into the tree behind him.

. . . uh, apparently, he was 35 yards . . . and he was slightly downhill. I didn't think about that. The bull escaped with an unpunctured hide.



It was a great morning hunt and I had failed. The gravity of the situation set in immediately. I realized that the entire year of preparation had culminated in a catastrophic failure: a failure due to no one or nothing in this world but me. I worked really hard to get myself into a perfect scenario. I had lost 70 pounds - countless hours at the gym - countless practice arrows - tested about 5 different broadhead types - read more books about elk than I could count - all of it to end in failure! I knew that I should be proud that I got 99 percent of the way to goal in my first elk trip, but the one percent that I didn't accomplish is a pretty freaking important one percent.

I threw myself on the ground and took my hat off. I just sat there . . . dejected and depressed for quite awhile. I had an opportunity, which is all that I hoped for; just one opportunity to test myself and when the test came, I failed. After I sat in disbelief and disappointment for awhile, I collected what

was left of myself and worked my way off the mountain. Mary, of course, had a great lunch waiting.

After lunch, I told the group I was going to take a nap. I took the walk from the kitchen to my bunk house knowing that sleep wasn't going to be possible. All that I could think about was that danged shot. I couldn't shake it. I messed around with my arrows for awhile. I waxed my string. I touched up my broadheads. I tried to keep my mind occupied. Finally, I lay down and closed my eyes. All that I could see was that shot! Over and over and over. I couldn't stop seeing that arrow soar over the bull.

I texted my stepmom (Diane) to let her know about the situation. This was her reply, "Dad says elk bigger and less oxygen - arrow goes faster - things look further - and hard to shoot well with head up butt".

Then a follow up text, "Just so you know u r now an elk hunter. Only we who have missed at least a time or 2 - or in some cases many more - can really be called elk hunters"

This was the message I needed. I felt better after that bit of social support. She reminded me that this happens and that it is an important part of the bowhunting process. Sometimes we mess up and the differentiator between a good hunter and the average hunter is often the will to persevere. Hunting isn't easy and it doesn't go the way they show it on the silly TV shows. If you want it; you gotta stay tough and stay after it.

I needed to toughen up. This is part of elk hunting and I'm only half way through the week. There is absolutely no reason I can't work hard and earn another opportunity. With that thought, I forgot about the miss. I went out and shot a few more rounds and prepared for the evening hunt.

The plan for the third night was some good old fashioned spot and stalk action. I was going to hike up one of the main ridges on the property and work my way out to the end of it going south to north. I was primarily planning to get out to the end of the ridge and glass to the north and the east. This would give me a good view of the flats on the vast Uncompahgre Plateau. I got on top of the ridge and started working my way across the top being careful not to skyline myself. I figured since I would primarily be glassing north and east that evening; I may as well glass to the west as I stalked out to my planned vantage point.

Shortly into my westerly glassing, I saw an elk a loooooong way off - probably a half





After glassing an elk over half a mile away the stalk was on when it bedded down in the scrub oak.

mile. I decided, given that the elk was so far away, that I better just glass for a bit and see what happens. I found myself a rock and watched. The elk didn't take long to bed. It came out of the aspens, went toward some scrub oak, and laid down for a siesta . . . I had what I hoped for . . . as second chance.

As near as I could tell, with my dad's loaner Zeiss', it was a cow (i.e. legal shooter). I needed to plan a stalking route. I had a steady wind from the south. There was a front blowing in and I felt good that the wind would stay pretty consistent from the south. The rock I was glassing from was at the top of a deep drainage that ran to the north all the way off of the ridge. It looked like there was some cover down at the bottom that I could use to get across from my ridge to the drainages on the next ridge where the elk was bedded two thirds of the way up. I thought I could sneak up the second drainage on the opposite ridge using the aspens and the scrub oaks as landmarks and then pop up for an uphill shot out of the drainage. The wind, if it stayed consistent, should work in my favor the whole way.

It seemed doable. A lot would have to go right and it was going to be a long stalk. I was going to have to earn it if it was going to work; but I wasn't there to watch elk from a half mile away. I gathered my stuff and started down the ridge on my planned stalking route.

In what seemed like no time at all; I was down off of the ridge and crossing the bottom. The cover I identified from the top was sparse, but there was enough. I made do and crossed the bottom quickly and quietly. The wind was holding steady from the south.

I got to the second drainage up the ridge the elk was on and started towards my landmarks. I had to remind myself to slow down. I learned earlier that day that the elk may tolerate some noise, but I didn't want to be careless about what I was doing. I just needed to go slow and have a mistake-free stalk. As I worked my way up the drainage,

I felt myself speeding up. So, I stopped occasionally and snapped pictures as a means to slow myself down.

I put the camera back in my pocket and continued making my way up the drainage. All of a sudden, I felt wind on the back of my neck! I pulled out my wind checking powder and puffed some into the air. Sure enough, there was some swirling. The front was still blowing in from the south, but I figured that in that drainage there may be some odd thermals at play.

I had a decision to make: I could hope that the swirling stayed in the drainage out of elk nose range and proceed as planned - a good option as I could be pretty quiet and move quickly; or, I could get out of the drainage and try to stalk through fallen dead aspens on the edge of the drainage. This would be noisier and I didn't know what was there. This seemed riskier.

I decided, again based on my experience with the bulls that morning, that noise was not my enemy; wind was my greater risk. I knew that I would have the wind in my face if I got out of the drainage, so that is the route I took. I climbed out of the drainage and into the scrub oaks and fallen aspens.

It was tough to get through quietly, but I slowly and methodically worked my way towards where I had mentally marked the elk's location. I had no idea if the elk was still there.

Before too long - quicker than I anticipated actually - I could see the edge of the scrub oaks and into the small clearing where I saw the elk bed down from the other ridge. I could see some holes in the brush that led to the clearing. I inched my way closer - careful to keep my eyes on that clearing for any movement.

As I got closer, I saw something in the clearing . . . "Is that . . . no . . . yep, it is. EARS! Those are most definitely ears." This was a good situation. With wind strongly in my face, I made it through the hardest part of the stalk. I was in business. I

thought I could get to the edge of the scrub oaks with an easy and quiet route. I was feeling confident that I could get right up there and have a slam dunk 15 yarder. This WAS looking good.

. . . and then there was a curve ball . . .

As I approached the edge of the scrub oaks, I caught some movement. I saw a fuzzy "frond" moving in an animal-like pattern between me and the ears. Darn it. SPIKE! I mean, smack dab perfect between me and the ears. So, there I was 30 yards from the cow and 15 yards from the spike. I was stuck. Nothing to do but wait.

I sat there on my knees and contemplated my situation for awhile. Probably 20 minutes. My arrow was on the string. I was ready to shoot if they stood up and an opportunity presented itself, I just had no idea how that was going to happen through all of that brush.

. . . and then another curve ball . . . I noticed another set of ears. This cow was bedded 5 yards to the right of the other cow. She was probably 30 yards, but there was no spike in between us. AND, if she stood up and moved to her right; I had open shooting lanes all day long. If she went left, I would have problems. There was nothing but a wall of scrub oaks to shoot through in that direction.

I sat tight and waited for them to make their move. They weren't going to stay bedded until dark; I knew that. And the wind was still steady in my face. If I didn't make noise, I was set. I just needed her to go right instead of left when she stood up.

I remember thinking that I was sitting at a 50-50 chance to get a shot. Given the amount of ground I had to cover and the time it took; I saw this as a vast improvement of my odds compared to the start of the stalk. I was feeling pleased about my situation.

Finally, I saw a velvet-clad goal post start to move. The spike stood up. It was happening! Once the spike

~ continued on page 34





## Return to the Hot T

~ continued from page 33

arose, both the cows followed suit. The cow I was focused on was facing to the right when she rose. Perfect - now just take a couple steps and I have my second chance.

Well, as you likely would guess, that didn't happen. The spike and the other cow were moving to the left. They were going to drop down into the drainage I climbed out of an hour earlier. Sure enough, before stepping into a shooting lane the cow I was focusing on flipped 180-degrees and was facing left. The spike was almost into the drainage. The other cow was up and browsing on a scrub oak at the far edge of the little clearing. The cow I was focusing on headed in her direction. I figured they were about 35 yards away.

I needed to act fast. They were going to follow that spike into the drainage. They were going to browse on that oak at the edge of the clearing for a minute and then disappear out of my life forever. I scrambled to find a shooting lane. I thought if I stepped a few steps to my left and bent down a little bit, I could almost, sort of, have a lane. There was not much margin for error. The cow was in that window, right now! I saw her lift her neck up and her head was into a scrub oak. I was running out of time. Without conscious cognition that I can recall, my bow arm swung into action. I drew and hit anchor. I released. Release was smooth. Form was solid. Arrow flight was fine. Only question was whether or not I would get through the hole. I remember the flight of the arrow like it was yesterday. I saw the arrow center punch the hole in the brush that I needed to get through. I saw the arrow arch upwards through the clearing, reach its apex, and start to drop down - as if in slow motion. The windage was perfect.

That arrow was not going over this elk's back. It was dropping down in. But would it drop too low? I lost sight of the arrow on the last few feet because there were a couple of small weeds that obstructed my view of the bottom third of the elk. It was sort of a "loop it in" type of shot.

This was the thought process that was firing across my synapses at that moment . . .

"Holy crap, I don't think it was low. I don't think it dropped too low at all. I think the shot was good. Holy crap. I'm not really sure what just happened. Holy crap." I didn't hear the hollow chest hit thud like you do with a whitetail. This was more of a "slit" sound - like an arrow slipping through meat. It was enough to know that it was a hit; but in that instant I was unsure where.

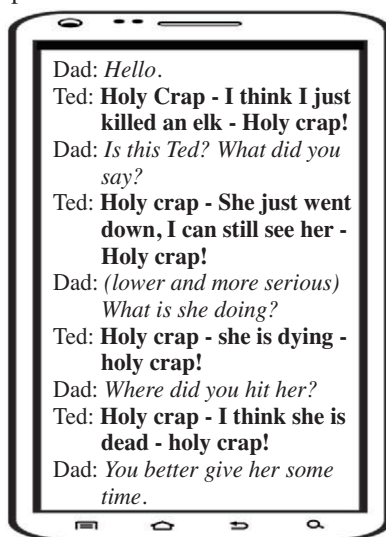
The elk's reaction was to get out of Dodge.

It immediately ran down into the drainage and up the other side. The other cow went with it. And the spike then went into the drainage and a bit up the other side.

I focused on the cows.

They stood still . . . 5 seconds . . . 10 seconds . . . 15 seconds . . . WTH!!!! . . . then her legs waivered . . . 20 seconds . . . she's down. Holy crap! She lifted her head and her body was exposed in the sunlight and I saw blood flowing out of it - right where her heart would be. I figured THAT was a good sign.

Overwhelmed with adrenaline, I whipped out my iPhone (amazingly, I had reception). For some live action counseling, I called my dad. The conversation went pretty much exactly like this - except maybe I didn't say "crap."



. . . my mind was blown. I sat in that spot for a minute or two. I tried to catch my breath. I was amped with emotion. To calm myself I took a couple pictures. When I look at those pictures today, it is a good window into how lost I was at that moment. I have pictures of my quiver lying in the grass. I have pictures of the sticks in front of me. I have pictures of my GPS. I have pictures that I have no earthly understanding of why I took them. Utter insanity.

After waiting about 15 or 20 minutes, I



**Ted Kinney with his elk had one heckuva Hot T experience while walking in his father's footprints.**

had pretty much stuffed my brain back into my head. The only remaining irrational twinge of doubt was that she seemed to live for a long time after that hit and as she "flopped", she wiggled herself out of sight - either behind a bush or into a ditch. I wasn't 100 percent certain about the situation, but there were no sounds or signs of movement from her direction over the 15 or 20 minute period that I waited. In my mind, at that time, this meant that I better be slow and careful and take the blood trailing seriously. I put an arrow on the bow and prepared to sneak in.

I went to the spot where I hit her. No blood. I could see her tracks - so I followed those. About ten yards into the trail, I had not found any blood; but I found the bottom half of my arrow. This was the sign that put me over the top. It was the validation I needed to make everything real. I kept the arrow on the bow; but I stopped tracking, I just snuck to where I last saw her.

Forty yards later, I had turned myself from what my stepmom called an "Elk Hunter" into a genuine elk "killer". I sat down next to the dead cow and I looked her over. I looked up at the sky. I reflected on the stalk. I looked back at the ridge where the stalk started and I couldn't believe my eyes. There in the Rocky Mountains, standing above a dead elk, I observed a rainbow coming out of the heavens and ending in almost the precise spot where I first saw the elk and where my stalk began. Sometimes



magical things happen in the field if you look for them hard enough. It was truly an amazing moment.

After a bit of introspective contemplation about the state of my world and other deep and moving thoughts; the reality sunk in that while I had accomplished significant personal goals on this adventure, I still had some work to do. I whipped out my trusty 3 inch blade Buck folder like any good PA whitetail hunter worth his salt. I turned to the animal ready to dive in . . . "uh oh . . . How do I attack this thing?"

Despite the time I spent prior to the hunt sizing up as many elk as I could; I think this was the moment when the enormity of these animals really sunk in. I was a bit out of my league as I sought to gut this thing. I looked around and there were no trees to tie off a leg. It seemed, in that moment, an insurmountable task. I decided to call in reinforcements. I placed a call to camp and Norm was at the ready.

Norm arrived and grabbed a leg. He also presided as foreman over the worksite. This was clearly not his first elk recovery. We had her back in camp with much more ease and efficiency than I could have imagined. Norm was a life saver.

Meanwhile, as I was doing my thing,



There in the Rocky Mountains, standing above a dead elk, I observed a rainbow coming out of the heavens and ending in almost the precise spot where I first saw the elk and where my stalk began.

Charlie was doing his. Charlie found himself a bugling bull and he too put on a long stalk and ended up 50 yards away with a quartering away angle. Easy shot for a guy like him (I should add that Charlie's dad, Norm, is a former IBO world champion - so these guys can shoot their fancy bows). Long story, short; he nailed the bull clean and Norm had a second recovery to work on that evening.

All of this drama was followed by an-

other one of Mary's meals. I don't know if a more perfect day of hunting has ever occurred. I slept well that night knowing that I had yet another story to add from the Hot T. Just like my dad, MR James, and many other PBS'ers; I had one heckuva Hot T experience while walking in my father's footprints again. \*



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# Stalking Bushy Tail Tree Rats

By Elmer Servis

I am sure it depends on what part of our great country you are from whether or not you have slung some arrows at squirrels, bushy tails, tree rats, or whatever name you call them.

I know in Illinois they are hunted and shot at, for consumption (but other) folks shoot at them to stop their constant chatter while on stand bowhunting for deer. I personally do not shoot at them because of their chattering, as I find this an advantage while sitting in a deer stand. Although I always carry what I refer to as squirrel arrows while bow hunting deer in Illinois and Missouri.

## Squirrels: the Little Watchdog of the woods

I have learned to rely on squirrels as an early warning system for approaching deer and coyote. Squirrels become very vocal as they observe people and other critters invading their domain. I don't know if they chatter to warn other squirrels that something is moving in the woods or maybe they are just cussing you out. I know on many occasions they have warned me something is moving and gave me plenty of time to pick up the bow and get ready for a shot. Several times it has turned out to be a nice buck. On other occasions it has turned out to be a turkey silently slipping through the woods. If one squirrel barks, followed by several others barking, it usually indicates a coyote or hawk moving through the area. Squirrels go ballistic when they encounter either one of these. If it is a coyote you can usually decide what direction it is traveling by the line of squirrels that start barking. On an exciting morning hunt in Missouri last year every squirrel in the timber busted out chattering with excitement as I witnessed a bobcat silently slipping through the woods, if not for those squirrels and their early warning alarm, I may have missed a rare sight.

## Squirrels from a tree stand

Like I stated earlier, I always carry a couple arrows in my quiver just for squirrels or other small game. Through years of trial and error I have found that my damaged broadheads or some of the older cheaper broad-

heads that I have picked up through the years work the best. I always have people tell me they shoot judos and blunt for squirrels. They may work fine for some people but I have had no luck with them. I have a short draw, and depending on which bow I am using I am only pulling 50 to 52 pounds. I've had judos and blunts knock several squirrels from trees but it did not dispatch them. Squirrels seem to me to be very tough critters for their size.

While deer hunting, when things are slow, I enjoy shooting squirrels from my tree stand for the simple fact I am sticking my arrows in the ground and can retrieve them, as well as it is good practice. I have had deer later walk over and smell my squirrel arrows, but only one time did a deer snort and take off after doing this.



Servis uses broadheads and a Mr. Squirrel disc call when hunting.

There have been many times while deer hunting an oak ridge loaded with acorns, that I wished I had a back quiver full of squirrel arrows. Those were the days I was not seeing any deer but a couple dozen of squirrels were playing all around my stand.

Squirrels can also be very entertaining at times. On numerous occasions I have watched a red squirrel come down from a tree and dig a small hole to bury his acorn. He then very carefully packed the dirt down with his front feet to help conceal his stash. Minutes after the squirrel departed, down a tree came one of the small grey squirrels. He dug the acorn up and off he went.

One of the most comical things to watch is squirrels eating the hedge tree balls (fruit). The juice in the hedge ball is very sticky. This causes Mr. Squirrel to climb a tree after eating and proceed to take his front feet and try

to rub the sticky substance from his mouth and cheeks. This sometimes will go on for 5 minutes or more. On many occasions they will also rub their face up and down the bark of a tree limb to help remove the residue.

## Ground hunting squirrels

There are two basic types of hunting from the ground. You can find a great looking ridge loaded with oak, hickory, or walnut trees and sit with your back against a tree and watch the surrounding trees or ground for movement. Care should be taken while doing this to prevent dozing off through the hunt. You can hold your ground and wait for a squirrel to come your way or just move slowly a few yards for the shot. On great ridges one may get many shot opportunities by being patient and letting the woods settle down after each shot. On occasion I have had deer walk by within 10 yards while leaning against a tree.

My ground hunting gear consists of camouflage clothing, gloves and face mask. This gear lets you get up close and personal. I wear a back quiver to replenish arrows as I empty those from the quiver on my bow. My arrows are cedar shafts left full length. The reason I leave the shafts long is, because once in awhile I (miss) and on missed shots at



squirrels 8 to 10 feet up the tree, the broadhead gets stuck in the tree. As this happens I will throw a stick to hit the arrow or choose a branch long enough to reach and snap the shaft off behind the broadhead. After getting the shaft back taper it again and glue another broadhead on, it's ready to go on another hunt. This works several times before they are too short to use. My cedar arrows are usually flu flu fletched, so if I miss the squirrel and do not hit a limb or tree they can sometimes be picked up later. I also grind the point off the broadhead to blunt it to prevent deep penetration on trees. I have considered



buying some of the small game heads to try like the Hammerhead but so far haven't done it because I still have a box of old broad heads left.

My main choice for ground hunting is to still hunt.

Since Illinois' squirrel season opens the 1st of Aug I will go out squirrel hunting several times before the bow hunting deer season. I move along through the woods as slow as I can possibly move, watching for movement I listen for squirrels cutting nuts and dropping the hulls. As an aging bow hunter & years of working in a factory my hearing is not what it was, so I like to catch the squirrels cutting hickory nuts since the dropping hulls make more noise than the acorns. You can hear a squirrel scraping his teeth on a walnut or hickory hull from a longer distance. This sound reminds me of a person dragging his fingernails across a chalk board. It makes a very distinct sound that carries far in the woods.

While the squirrel is cutting nuts I like to try and sneak up close to the tree they are in. The trick is to get there unnoticed if possible. Right after a rain helps with getting there undetected. I might add that while you are sneaking along it is very common to catch other squirrels coming down trees to retrieve nuts they have dropped. Shoot at these and continue after the original quarry.

If you have done everything correct and get into position without getting busted, I then get my special call out that I carry on a string around my neck. This is the small Mr. Squirrel disc that you stick into your mouth and suck air through. The idea is to make it sound like an unsuspecting squirrel has been caught and you are blowing the squirrel distress call.

You better have an arrow on the string with your bow held at ready so all that is needed is to draw and shoot, because this is when things happen fast, real fast! The majority of the time the squirrel will come charging down the tree barking at you, kind of like he is going to whip your butt.. The first time I did this with the call the squirrel ran down the tree and out on a limb a foot above my head so I couldn't draw and shoot. One way to tell if you are using the call correctly, crows & other birds come in to investigate.

I have shot and missed, started calling again only to call the squirrel back for another chance or two. It is also not uncommon to have 3 to 4 squirrels come in from different trees and also get shots at some of these. Here is one trick that I have learned on stubborn squirrels, that will not come down or they hang up halfway down the tree. I like to grab a small tree the diameter of one of your fingers up to the diameter of your wrist. While still using the call shake the tree causing a

ruckus. This usually aggravates the squirrel even more causing them to charge down the tree with pin point accuracy to the cause of the ruckus.

I might add there is a chance the squirrel call, can and will bring in coyotes. One of my hunting buddies has used this little call very successfully to call in and kill several coyotes while deer hunting.

This call works on the fox squirrel the best of any. I have had a few grey squirrels come to investigate but they don't stick around like the fox squirrel does. I have always thought of the grey squirrel as having little rocket packs attached to them. They don't stop at the end of one branch to jump to the next tree they just run full throttle and leap without any hesitation. I once had several grey squirrels in a walnut tree out in the middle of a pasture with no other trees for 50 feet. Thinking they had no way to escape without several shot opportunities, I moved in full of confidence. Yea right, they ran to the top of the tree and just bailed out 30 feet in the air and hit the ground running.

The one downside of using the call is, you have alerted all the squirrels for 70 to 100 yards that something is wrong in the woods and put them on alert. It is best to move along until you hear some cutting nuts again then go back into your stealth mode.

I also try to hunt squirrels on property other than my main deer hunting property. This prevents spooking deer before the season and letting them become aware the people are back in the woods. At times this doesn't work out and you have no choice because you only have the one property. In this case I always make sure to not squirrel hunt for 2 to 3 weeks before the deer season begins.

One of the best times to squirrel hunt is after you have harvested all your deer for the season or after the deer seasons are over and the cold weather has arrived. Late season hunting makes it much harder to sneak around and not be spotted; since the leaves and vegetation have fallen it is also usually frozen & crunchy underfoot. The advantage of the late season is most squirrels are on the ground foraging for food. This amounts to no arrows stuck in the trees.

Some may think squirrel hunting with a bow is not very challenging. My response is that you are hunting a small game animal that is chased by every type of ground predator, coupled with predators from the sky. Like deer jumping the string, many times squirrels are capable of shifting position to the other side of a tree well before the arrow arrives on shots taken past 15 yards.

I agree almost anybody can shoot one squirrel while bow hunting. Many of our club members have shot above 100 squirrels in



their bowhunting career. However the records from our local bowhunting club of 25 current members along with several hundred members from the past indicate only 2 members in over 25 years have bagged a limit of 5 squirrels on one outing.

I am not trying to take anything from someone accomplishing shooting a Pope and Young buck, but if you want to compare our club records, for the same time frame it shows well over 20 members have taken P&Y bucks compared to the 2 taking a limit of squirrels. My point being, if you are one of the few bow hunters who can take your limit of squirrels in one outing, you have accomplished what very few have.

Some may not care for consuming or chasing squirrels but it is another opportunity to get you out in the woods more, help sharpen your hunting & shooting skills, and they are a tasty meal. If you do decide to squirrel hunt like other game make sure the animal is dead before reaching for it. They have teeth that can cause some major damage!

Just an idea give it a try.... 🐿



# A Quiz for the Woman in Your Life

by Gene Wensel



In a 1979 issue of Bowhunter magazine, I wrote an article with a similar title. Since over three decades have passed, I thought it might be a good idea to update that quiz.

Finding and keeping a good wife, girlfriend, or “partner” has become a challenging task in today’s society. Do you have what it takes to be a good bowhunter’s wife or girlfriend? Whether you are already married or simply contemplating a long term relationship with a guy who bowhunts a lot, this quiz will help determine whether you are worthy to share the privileged life of a bowhunter’s woman. These are hard-earned but very honorable shoes to fill. If you have any doubts, or are contemplating the important decision of hooking up with a serious bowhunter, take this simple test to rate yourself with the honor and some of the responsibilities of bedding down with a very good man. Score five (5) points for each correct answer. Good luck!

## Part I

1. No matter how hard you try and regardless of how much time you spend at it, you just can’t seem to get a shaving sharp edge on your man’s broadheads. You should:

A. Try to talk him into trying some pre-sharpened high dollar broadheads.

B. Cry yourself to sleep, then respectfully beg him for assistance or more instruction.

C. Keep trying harder to do the job right. You are not concentrating enough.

D. Be willing to pay someone else to do your job properly.

2. Your man has just arrived home from a hard day of bowhunting. Your reaction is:

A. Tell him not to track in mud.

B. Sick the dog on him.

C. Ignore him since his dinner is already cold.

D. Smile, run to him and greet him with open arms. Offer him some hot coffee while you heat up his delicious meal.

3. You’re standing at the kitchen sink washing dishes. One of your man’s bowhunting buddies knocks at the door and asks where he is. You should:

A. Pretend you didn’t hear him and quickly change the subject.

B. Grasp your throat to fake laryngitis, strep throat, or whatever.

C. Lie to him, telling the guy your man is doing some sort of favor for you.

D. Any of the above.

4. When riding in your man’s truck, you should best pass time by:

A. Keeping up a conversation.

B. Look straight ahead while thinking of various ways to make him happy.

C. Turn your head to watch out the window.

5. You are right in the middle of a sentence when your man interrupts you by saying, “Shhhh....listen!” Your reaction should be:

A. Anger at his constant interruptions.

B. Immediately stop talking and listen intently.

C. Finish your sentence, then listen.

6. You are hosting a dinner party when one of your female acquaintances makes a derogatory comment about the “brown-eyed Bambi heads” hanging all over your house. You should:

A. Ignore her ignorance.

B. Pretend you didn’t hear the remark.

C. Explain to her the advantages of good taxidermy.

D. Beat her unmercifully about the head and shoulders before kicking her in the ribs a few times, then throw her out the door.

7. You and your spouse decide to start a family. Before you become pollinated, you should:

A. Ask your husband if he wants his first-born to be a boy or a girl.

B. Bear him a girl and hope he accepts her.

C. Bear him a boy.

D. Bear him twin boys.

8. Its 4:00am when your alarm clock goes off. Your proper response should be:

A. Turn the alarm off, belt your man in the ribs with an elbow and tell him its time to go hunting.

B. Jump out of bed, cheerfully make him a hot breakfast, pack his lunch and warm his cold weather clothing in the dryer before organizing his gear.

C. Tell him where the cereal is and try to go back to sleep.

D. Play dead.

9. Your oldest daughter is talking about proposing marriage to her bowhunter boyfriend and asks your advise. You should:

A. Suggest a very long term engagement.

B. Tell her to jump at the chance.

C. Tell her to insist upon a legally binding contract from him.

10. You notice your man’s favorite hunting hat is getting a little frayed along the edges and is looking worse due to wear. The proper solution to the problem is to:

A. Surprise him by buying him a brand new hunting hat.

B. Try to mend the old one.

C. Pay no attention to the hat.

D. Knit him a home made yarn hat.

11. You decide to rent a video for a quiet night of home entertainment. Which one do you choose?

A. The Princess Bride

B. Deliverance

C. Breakfast at Tiffany’s

D. Brokeback Mountain

12. Which of the following is your favorite actress?

A. Meryl Streep

B. Cloris Leachman

C. Olympia Dukakis

D. Dolly Parton

13. Fred Bear is:

A. The man who invented the very first Teddy Bear.

B. The name of the bear who ate that hippie dude in Alaska.

C. A polar bear living north of Prudhoe Bay, Alaska.

D. A bowhunting pioneer.



14. You need to hire a babysitter to watch the twins. Try to rent one who looks like:

- A. Janet Reno
- B. Rosie O'Donnell
- C. Jennifer Anniston
- D. Rhea Perlman

15. Your man hints that he could use a new pair of boots. Immediately start shopping for:

- A. Five buckle galoshes
- B. Cowboy boots
- C. Muck boots
- D. Hip boots

16. Ticketmaster sends you a free coupon offer. You should choose tickets to:

- A. a Broadway play
- B. an opera
- C. a ballet
- D. an official UFC cage fight

17. Which of these similar words will get your man's attention most quickly?

- A. ballot
- B. ballet
- C. balloon
- D. baleen

18. Which of the following is not a suitable snack for use in a treestand?

- A. Venison jerky
- B. 5-Hour Energy
- C. Trail Mix
- D. Sushi

19. Which of the following would your man least likely attend?

- A. a Mexican bull fight
- B. the Democratic National Convention
- C. women's mud wrestling
- D. cockfighting in a rural barn setting

20. Which of the following people would your man least likely take a swing at?

- A. Jerry Springer
- B. Barack Obama
- C. Oprah
- D. Dr. Phil



**See if you're on target!**

Answers and Scoring found on page 40.

## Part I

There are numerous important factors to take into consideration before accepting the honor and responsibilities of a long term relationship with a bowhunter. Please answer "Yes" or "No" to the following questions. Give yourself five (5) points for each honest "Yes" answer.

1. Can you give a good foot massage to your man after a hard day's bowhunting?

2. Have you convinced your parents to worship the ground your man walks on?

3. Can you change a flat tire, put on snow chains, change the oil and run a winch when you are required to do so?

4. Do you weep real tears when your man tells you about missing a big buck?

5. Do you "kind of like" the odor of deer urine in your laundry room?

6. Are you willing to abstain from sex during the months of December and January so you will not be pregnant during the following hunting season?

7. Do you actually like finding a deer hair or two in your pot roasts?

8. Is Howard Hill also a steep hill on Highway 129 north of Macon, Georgia?

9. Would you not name a newborn daughter "Bambi?"

10. Do you really believe your man is the best bowhunter in the whole world?

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# Quiz Answers...are you on target?

Quiz on pages 38 & 39

## Answers for Part I

1. B. With proper instruction, coaching and concentration, you should be able to attain a shaving sharp edge every time. You should easily be able to shave your legs with any broadhead in his quiver.

2. D. You need to realize that bowhunting is a physically frustrating as well as demanding passion. Greet your man accordingly.

3. D. The ability to act dumb when quizzed by one of your man's competitors is one of the attributes of a well-trained woman. Do not give out information on his whereabouts, recent successes, big buck sightings, etc. under any circumstances.

4. C. Actually, the best answer is a combination of C and B, but C is the best logical choice. Always keep an eye out for game animals or their tracks along the side of the road and train the kids to do the same. Whenever you spot game or fresh tracks in the snow, immediately relay this information to your man. While watching out the window, you can at the same time think of ways to make him happier. Penalize yourself ten (10) points for "A" as an answer.

5. B. Always shut up immediately when your man commands you to do so. He could be hearing game approaching, even from indoors. A serious bowhunter might test you on this skill several times daily to keep you sharp.

6. D. These types of acquaintances need to be weeded out of your life. They deserve any amount of pain you might in-

flict upon them before severing the relationship permanently.

7. D. All normal men want to have sons first. Probably one of the best kept secrets of mankind is the ability of all women to choose the sex of their children. My own wife slipped me two consecutive girls before I caught on and I insisted on a son. Better yet, give him twin boys. Trust me, you are built for it. My dad got it right.

8. B. Start a good hunting day by giving of yourself. You'll both feel better about it. He deserves a hearty, hot breakfast and warm clothing.

9. C. Advise her to politely ask his attorney to have a legally binding contract drawn up. She will need to pay these fees herself. If she really wants him, she must be willing to sign and obey this contract, no matter what stipulations he might put into it.

10. C. Never buy your man a new hat unless he is with you to pick it out. Every bowhunter needs, deserves and knows a lucky hunting hat when he sees one. Just because his hunting hat may look sick doesn't mean it has lost its charm.

11. B. You better write this one down. For that matter, buy it, don't rent it.

12. D. This one is strictly visual. Dolly Parton can sing as well as act.

13. D. Fred's last name was purely coincidental.

14. C. No explanation necessary.

15. C. It actually depends on the time of year. Answer D is only acceptable if he asks

during fishing season.

16. D. You gotta be kidding me if you answered anything else.

17. D. Look it up in the dictionary if you have to.

18. D. Give us a break. Real carnivores are not fish eaters.

19. B. Maybe we better not go there...literally.

20. C. Real men don't ever hit women.

## Score:

140-150 You are one in a million. Send me your email address along with a recent photo.

120-140 You are definitely a keeper.

90-120 You need to get back on track. You are slipping. Remember, you could easily be replaced.

Below 90 You are very possibly rejection material, not fit for the honor without a lot of training, time and effort. \*

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I am very familiar with the term “hole in one” as it applies to golf, but it was not until a recent hunting trip to Illinois that I became acquainted with the term “deer in a hole.”

I am an Associate Member of the Professional Bowhunter Society (PBS). I joined a few years ago attracted by two things. First and most importantly, I like the fact that the group is “professional” not because the members earn money in some aspect of hunting or target archery but rather because they have a professional approach to the sport and its ethics, laws and conservation of natural resources. Second, I respond well to “invitations” and when Bob Seltzer – the best man in my wedding – “suggested” I might want to join I started the process that brought me to membership (you know Bob can be persuasive. We call him Sweet Ole Bob, or SOB).

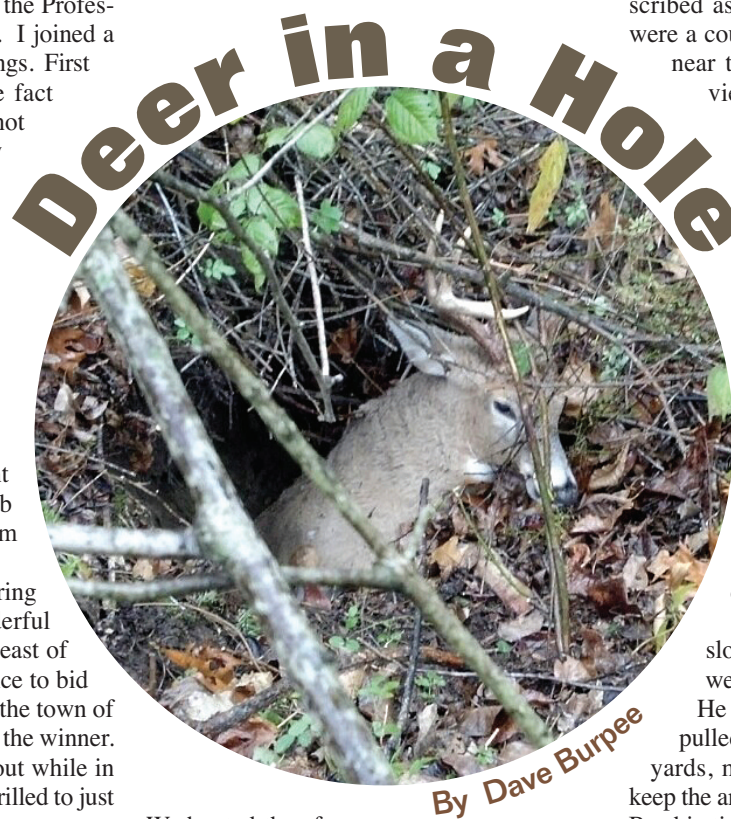
The PBS convention in the spring of 2012 in Portland was a wonderful event for many reasons, not the least of which was that it gave me a chance to bid on a hunt in western Illinois near the town of Lewistown. I was fortunate to be the winner. Just how fortunate I would find out while in the woods, but at the time I was thrilled to just have the opportunity.

The hunt was offered by Mark Wang, a Regular PBS Member, and included a total of thirty days for two people spread over the 2012 and 2013 hunting seasons. The dates could be taken all in 2012 or split however I wanted. Naturally I wanted two chances at a nice buck so in 2012 I planned a 10-day trip in early November and will go back this year in November for a couple of weeks.

Kurt Hovanc, a former member and club officer of the Belvoir Bowhunters – my home club in the Virginia Bowhunters Association – now lives in Colorado. He was on a trip to the east coast this summer and he visited the Belvoir range during one of our major 3-D events. He and some of his family shot the event and he mentioned that he had hunted elk and mule deer out west but had not hunted whitetail deer for many years. I offered him the opportunity to join me in Illinois and he accepted. Not only did Kurt accept, but he also joined PBS so we gained a new member – one who is active with the Colorado Bowhunters Association and serves on their executive board as a director-at-large.

I arrived in Lewistown on Sunday, Nov. 4 and Kurt was not scheduled to arrive until the 6th. Mark met me on the 5th and we took a tour of his 82 acres and another about 100 acres that belong to his brother and also were available as part of the hunting package.

Mark’s property was almost 100 percent woods and his brother’s was primarily farmland surrounded by enough woods to provide good hunting.



We hunted the afternoon of the 5th and made arrangements to get at it early on the 6th. I arrived that morning about an hour before hunting light and we set out for our stands. The plan was to hunt the morning and then meet about 11:00 at a place where the trail we used crossed a creek. I spent a quiet morning in what turned out to be one of the better stands on the property but after not seeing any deer I got down about 10:30 and headed for the rendezvous point. When I arrived, Mark was stretched out on the ground leaning against his pack. After a quick “howdy” he told me he had a nice deer on the ground but would need some help getting it to a place where he could recover it with an ATV. Wanting to be a good guest and forgetting rule #1 – never volunteer – I agreed to help. He grinned, and that should have been my first clue....

We went to his tree stand and he pointed across the creek to the last place he had seen the deer after his 15-yard shot with a recurve. He said he had located it on the ground but asked if I was interested in trying to find it on my own. Never one to turn down a challenge, I accepted and we headed out.

There was not much sign, but he said the deer was down on the high ground just above the creek. I figured “no problem” since the grass was short. We walked around for a couple of minutes in the area where the deer

should have been, but I could not see it. Finally he took pity on my lack of results and pointed towards a tree. The ground was flat and I could not see the deer, which he described as a NICE 8-point. All I could see were a couple of small branches sticking up near the tree. Finally, upon further review, the branches morphed into antler tips and as I approached the animal it was clear that it had died after falling into a deep and narrow hole that water had eroded at the base of the tree.

Talk about a job getting that deer out of the hole! All we could grab were the antlers and as we pulled we realized the ground under us was soft and there was a possibility it might give way into a larger hole as we pulled on the deer. I felt every one of my 70-years as we finally wrestled the deer onto flat land.

We pulled the deer down the slope into the creek bottom and Mark went back to the barn to get the ATV. He hooked the winch to the antlers and pulled the deer up a steep bank about 30 yards, most of which I had to climb and keep the antlers from digging into the ground. By this time I was feeling every day, if not every minute, of my age. Fortunately I try to maintain a basic level of conditioning but I would be less than honest if I did not say the effort wore me out. (NOTE: Don’t tell Monty Browning about my aches and pains. After reading his article about a recent moose hunt I’m in awe of his adventure and physical accomplishment. Read about it at the Traditional Bowhunters Magazine web site).

The dressed weight of the deer was 186 pounds and we estimated the live weight at about 225, even though it felt like 525.

Kurt arrived that afternoon and we had our first hunt. Mark had to leave so Kurt did not see the deer, but I regaled him with the story. Later we visited the recovery site just so I would at least have a witness about the basics of the story.

The rest of the hunt was fun but uneventful. Kurt got a nice button buck that dressed at 75 pounds. I saw a lot of animals in various stands – including the one I was in when Mark scored on the big buck – but did not have a shooting opportunity.

Next year I’ll try again with a new hunting partner, but if Mark gets an animal and grins when he tells me, I am going deaf (or removing my hearing aids to accomplish the same thing) and running the other way. One “deer in a hole” is enough, especially now that I have had another birthday! ♣



# 1 Shot, One Elk, One Minute Til Dark

## What I learned in Utah

By Dave Moldenhauer

I had the opportunity to learn many things while on the 2009 PBS Doug Kerr Memorial Youth Leadership Hunt in Logan, Utah. Some of the knowledge I gained involved hunting and outdoor skills. At the same time, much of what I learned had to do with values and responsibility. Of course, to learn something one usually needs a teacher. We had plenty of excellent teachers on the hunt, most in the form of hunt mentors and other leaders in the outdoor world.

Before going on this hunt, my knowledge of elk hunting was basically nonexistent. I really did not know much about elk or how to go about hunting them. Our first night there we learned about shot placement on elk. I had some idea about this, but it was sure nice to get a good visual of what we were shooting at, courtesy of Travis Sparks, Jason Saltern, Steve Bassett, and an elk target. We also listened to a local Conservation Officer and a Wildlife Biologist talk about laws concerning possession of a harvested elk. This was beneficial because many of the issues they addressed are not relevant here in my home state of Wisconsin.

On my first morning hunting, I was with Coby Saltern. Coby is a fan of still hunting, which for him really just means covering a lot of ground. So, on my very first elk hunt I learned a little bit about still hunting and hiking in the mountains. The next hunt I went on was from a natural ground blind over a water hole. I had never bowhunted from a ground blind or even over a waterhole before so this too was a new experience for me.

On the second day of the hunt, Sunday to be exact, we did not hunt in the morning. We remained at camp where Dave Doran taught all of the youth about orienteering and how to use a map and compass. I am an Eagle Scout, so I was familiar with this, but it was still nice to get a refresher course. After Dave was done, Tim Roberts showed us the art of making a leather armguard. This was a true learning experience for me as I have never even owned an armguard in my life before. At lunch that day we lis-

tened to one of Guy Perkins' friends who is a nonhunter. It was interesting to learn a little bit about why he feels the way he does about certain issues as I had never really spoken to anyone like him before.

Sunday night all of the youth switched hunt mentors. I am told that we switched hunt mentors often so that we could learn different things from different people. I must say, I think it worked. Everyone likes to do things a little bit different and it was certainly fun learning how and why different people did certain things. My hunt mentor for that night was to be Steve Bassett. Steve is the president of the Utah Hunter Education Instructors Association. Being a hunter safety instructor myself, it was interesting to talk to Steve and to learn the differences in programs between our states. We also discussed many of the issues that we both teach our students and why they are problems. In regard to that, it was neat to hear about the issues in Utah that do not exist in Wisconsin. We also discussed the differences in wildlife species such as waterfowl and deer, as both states are on opposite ends of the spectrum for both.

The Bassetts hunt from a spike camp several miles away from where the whole group was camping. I would have to say it became my favorite place to spend time while I was on the hunt. The camp was relatively isolated and the view was spectacular. Sunday afternoon, upon arriving at the spike camp, we snapped a few photos and then decided it was time to go out hunting. Steve was going to take me to a pair of tree-stands overlooking a waterhole. We had a bit of a hike, mostly downhill, but on the way to the stands Steve pointed out various mountains and canyons and we paused for a few pictures of the scenery.

The setup that we hunted from involved a waterhole with trails leading into it from the north and the south. Our tree was actually downhill from the hole, but we were high enough up in it to still be slightly higher than the water. I was in the lower of the two stands facing straight north and Steve was facing straight south in the higher stand. Shot opportunities could be had anywhere from about eight yards out to twenty yards. At about 6:45pm a young bull moose came in to drink. It was then that I learned how dumb moose can be.

Steve and I carried on a fairly steady conversation and I took multiple pictures and video while the moose just stood there, ignoring us for most of the time. When he did leave, he sauntered off, not caring one single bit that we were there.

At 7:45pm things started to get hot. Steve heard something moving in front of me and since we were facing opposite directions, he told me to stand up and see if I could see anything. Sure enough, a spike bull was walking perpendicular to us, up the hill in front of me. Directly behind him was a young cow elk. The cow stopped half way up the hill and started to feed, but the spike kept walking the way he was going. As I watched the cow eat, another cow suddenly appeared below and to the right of me. She headed towards the first cow, but stopped on the trail leading into the water hole from the north. The cow started coming in towards me, but the first cow came down off the hillside, the two touched noses, and then they moved down below and to the right of Steve and I. Steve could now see both cows. He whispered to me that both were shooters. The cows milled around browsing and playing for what seemed like hours, although it was really closer to 45 minutes. By this point, the sun was well below the mountains and darkness was setting in. The cows started heading towards the trail that comes into the water from the south. One of the cows changed her course, however, and walked right up to our tree. Without warning she began to lick the steps we had used to get into the tree! I watched her, fearful that she would smell us and blow our cover. All of a sudden, her head went up and she trotted towards the other cow that had stopped on the trail. The two cows met halfway and sniffed noses once again. Steve told me I was shaking pretty bad at this point, but I seem to have forgotten that part. The cows split up again, the sky growing darker by the second, and they went back to the exact spots they had come from. One cow was licking our steps, the other started heading into the water hole from the south. Steve whispered an almost inaudible "Get ready." I readied my bow arm, but the cow stopped walking before she made it to the water. I dropped my arm to prevent it from wavering and possibly scaring the elk. This was



repeated twice more. The cow finally stuck just her head out into my shooting lane. I got ready again, and she jumped up into the muddy water hole, and before I could react, she started moving. She spun a full 360 degrees, and as she was broadside, just starting to quarter away, Steve whispered one last piece of advice, "Hit the offside shoulder."

I do not remember how or where I aimed for the ten yard shot. I remember drawing and releasing, and seeing the cow running back the way she had come with my arrow in her. Steve cow called and we heard the cow stop running. She wheezed several times and then Steve and I heard a reassuring thud as she fell over. After some thrashing, she was silent. By the time I realized what had just happened, it was dark. If that cow had waited two more minutes, or been two yards further away, I would not have felt safe shooting. I knew I had made a good shot, however, not only because it felt good but because Steve was grinning at me as I stared at him with my mouth hanging open. "I think she's dead." Steve said, "But we'll give it a half hour then we'll go look."

I questioned him, "Just to be safe?" I said, thinking I already knew the answer.

"Yeah," Steve said "You're shaking so bad you'd fall out of the tree if we tried to get out right now." Steve was pretty sure my elk was dead, but we did not want to take any unnecessary chances. Besides, he was right, my adrenaline was redlined at that point. We then radioed Steve's cousin Chuck Bassett, who was hunting with my younger brother Vince. Steve told Chuck what had happened and then asked him to bring some packs down to our stands so that we wouldn't have to hike out of the canyon, back down and then, up again with the meat. Chuck said he would be on his way soon. Steve and I climbed out of the stand and proceeded to look for blood. We started to get worried when we could not find a single drop. I did manage to locate my arrow, which was covered in blood for about two thirds the length of the shaft. Steve and I stood in the middle of the trail we thought my elk had taken, deciding what to do, when Steve's radio buzzed. Chuck was calling; he couldn't find his way down to our stands, so we were going to have to come up and get the packs...if we could find my elk. Steve, sounding a bit irritated at this point, directed me to head down a trail going southeast and see if I could find blood, tracks, or any other elk sign. I turned on two flashlights, but after ten minutes of searching, I had found nothing. I walked back up to our last meeting spot and Steve met me soon after. I

shrugged and was about to say I had found nothing when Steve said, "Hey, why don't you help me look for blood on the south trail here."

"Why, have you found some sign?" I asked.

"Just go down there and see if you can find anything," Steve replied.

I took about four steps and almost tripped on the head of my elk. Steve was right behind me, grinning again. He congratulated me and shook my hand, and I proceeded to thank him profusely. We immediately dropped our gear and headed out of the canyon to meet Chuck, Vince, and my Uncle Greg. By the time we had gotten back to my elk, quartered her, and packed the meat out, it was close to 1:30 am. I don't think I've ever had dinner at 1:30 am before, but Chad Bassett made us the best tasting camp spaghetti I have ever had.

The rest of my week seemed to fly by. Steve, my uncle, and I spent Monday morning in town dropping my elk off, getting showers, and eating lunch. We left the Bassett's camp Tuesday morning and went back down to our main camp. I told my story a few times and Larry Fischer presented us with a book, a hat, and some Eclipse broadheads. After this we had our blanket shoot. Each one of the youth on the hunt had made something to bring along for the blanket shoot. The way the shoot worked was each person would get a shot at an apple from about fifteen yards and whoever hit the apple or was closest would get first pick of the items. This would go on until everyone won something. I must say, the outcome of the first round was embarrassing. The only girl on the hunt, Jade Roskelley, shot last and beat all of the guys. She got to pick the first item, but hey, at least I can say I don't shoot like a girl. I ended up winning a half a dozen arrows that Jade made and I plan on hunting white-tails with them this fall. My little brother won the turkey call that I had made for the shoot. After we finished shooting we went into town to go swimming at Bear Lake. We played around for awhile and after another one of Larry's delicious meals, we had another opportunity to listen to a few more guest speakers. Steve McGrath, the marketing director at Camp Chef, spoke to us about his involvement in the outdoors and why he does not hunt. Next we heard from an undercover conservation officer who spoke to us about his job. Finally, we heard from Ernie Perkins, who is a member of the Utah Game Board.



**Dave and Steve Bassett with his elk.**

Upon returning to camp, the rest of the youth went back out hunting. I remained at camp and helped Larry with some kitchen duties. After that, Rich Roskelley, Floyd Wells, Bjorn Ahlblad, Brian Tessman, Larry Fischer, and I had a few friendly shooting competitions. We decided that since everyone else was hunting and we were working tirelessly back at camp, we deserved a treat. Rich drove us all back to Bear Lake for some milkshakes, but of course we forgot to bring one back for Jade, which she would not let us forget for the rest of the week. Shortly after returning, our EMT, Corey Wiley came into camp asking if anyone wanted to help him trail a spike mule deer he had shot. In the end we had a total of eight people out looking for Corey's deer. We finally found it at about 2:30 am. By the time we made it back to camp, it was nearly 4:30 and the other youth were waking up to go out on the Wednesday morning hunt! My Wednesday was fairly uneventful. Vince, my Uncle Greg, and I did a short presentation on Doug Kerr and the Bassetts spoke about conservation and hunting ethics. I helped out around camp again, which involved listening for Larry to yell out my nickname, given to me because of my red hair "Hey Ronald, get over here!" I would go see what he wanted and usually I just had to do a simple task such as wash dishes or open cans. That evening we made another trip to Bear Lake for more showers and milkshakes. This time we brought one back for Jade.

After the Thursday morning hunt, we listened to two more speakers, both were from the forest service. Vince was to go back up to the Bassetts's spike camp with two other youth, Jade Roskelley and Zach Smith. Larry granted me permission to leave his kitchen and go help the Bassetts

*~ continued on page 44*



# One Minute til Dark

~ continued from page 43

cook, so I went along. That evening was one of the most relaxing times I've had in a long time. Zach's father Chris and I stayed at camp while everyone else went hunting. We had a few enjoyable conversations, read a little bit, and just enjoyed the view of amazing scenery. While glassing with Chad's spotting scope we saw an enormous six by six bull elk, a buck mule deer, and plenty of sheep. Chris and I cooked up some chicken soup for dinner and nobody complained, so I guess we did alright. Rich came up from the main camp and told us that nobody had gotten any elk, I was still the only one.

While I was trying to sleep in on Friday morning, I was awakened by the sound of a fast moving truck. Before I could gather my senses, I heard truck doors slamming and Vince and Chuck yelling their heads off and telling me to hurry up and get dressed. Vince had just killed a spike bull and they had watched it go down and now needed help packing it out. As we were getting ready to head down the mountain in Chuck's truck, Steve and Jade came pounding into camp. They had seen Chuck come tearing up the mountain in his truck and were wondering what was going on. We ended up recruiting them to help pack meat,

as well as Rich, and a friend of the Bassetts named Jordan. Hiking back in to the stand where Vince and Chuck had been hunting turned out to be an adventure in and of itself. Vince led the way up the mountain, running the whole time. Chuck was hot on his tail, with Jordan and me in tow. Jade was holding her own keeping up with me, but Rich and Steve decided to take a coffee break or something about halfway up the mountain. They didn't catch up until we were already taking pictures of Vince's elk. Vince replayed what had happened for us and we packed Vince's elk back down the mountain. The pack I was using leaked a little though, and by the time we were back to the trucks, my pants were soaked through with blood. Steve, Chuck, Jade, Vince, and I all went into town to get showers and drop Vince's elk at the butcher's. We had lunch in town then went back to the Bassetts's camp. My uncle came up with Larry that afternoon and after the last hunt we all returned to camp. Vince and I were the only youth to harvest elk on the hunt.

Saturday morning we helped break down camp and then we went to Guy's house for one last shower and some lunch. We picked up our meat from the butcher and packaged it all for transporting home on the plane. The hunt ended for us at the Salt Lake City Airport when we said farewell to Guy and headed home to Wis-

consin.

Guy Perkins and Rich Roskelley did an absolutely amazing job of coordinating and organizing this hunt. I will never be able to thank them enough. I am also forever indebted to Steve Bassett for all that he taught me and the experiences we shared. I must also include a special thank you to my uncle, Greg Szalewski for encouraging me to pursue this hunt and for the many long hours he spent helping me make my bow. It was not easy for him to take off of work to go on the hunt but he did and I really do appreciate it. Everyone else that helped make this hunt possible also deserves a special thank you from the bottom of my heart; I truly appreciate everything that they did. I may not have gotten to hunt a whole lot, but I learned more about elk hunting in that one short week than I could ever have gained from any books. Guy and the other mentors were excellent examples of how to be responsible sportsman and good leaders as well. It seemed like everything they did was to help us become responsible and ethical sportsmen, and above all, strong leaders in the outdoors. The values, leadership skills, and memories gained on this hunt will stay with me for the rest of my life.

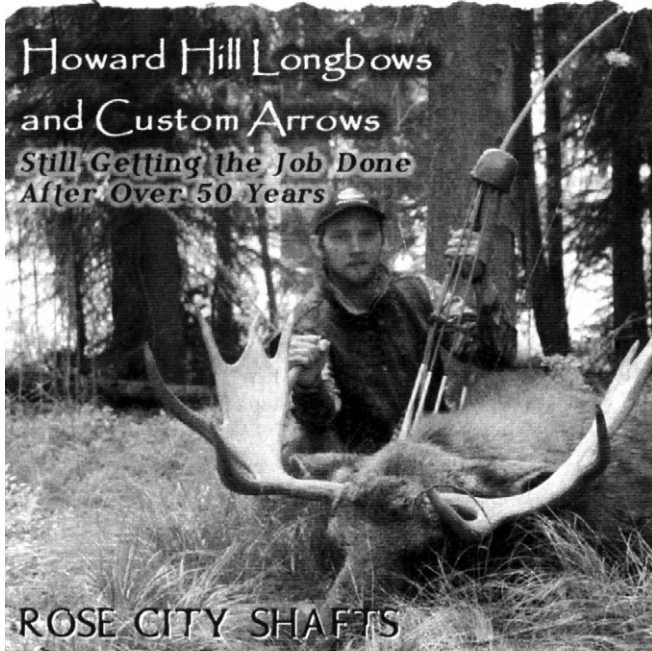
*Equipment Notes:* Author harvested his elk using a 53# homemade recurve and Easton 2117 aluminum arrows with 125

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# Last Minute Elk

By Vince Moldenhauer

As I begin a second attempt at this story I sit still, bowhunting whitetail deer. I have had plenty of time to reflect on the 2009 PBS youth hunt, and now I think I have written a better story, a story that tells more about what the hunt meant to me, than about the “hunting” from the hunt. There are many parts of leadership, and many ways to lead. Now, as I reflect on the hunt I see how it helped define all of the participants as unique leaders. As we learned on the hunt, some of us take control to lead, while others offer a word here and there to help, and some sit back watching, quietly leading themselves where they want to go. A large part of what I learned from the hunt was not to be an over obnoxious leader, but a quieter leader who leads not only for himself, but rather for others. A leader, as we learned from Guy, should be calm and well prepared: a perfect model would be Guy and Rich organizing the youth hunt. This story was written over a period of our 3 month Wisconsin deer bow season.

On Thursday, August 13 2009 my brother, uncle, and I arrived at Salt Lake City. The next morning Guy Perkins and Craig Burris picked us up from the hotel. We arrived at the base camp a few hours later, and were met by a crowd of strangers (at least then.)

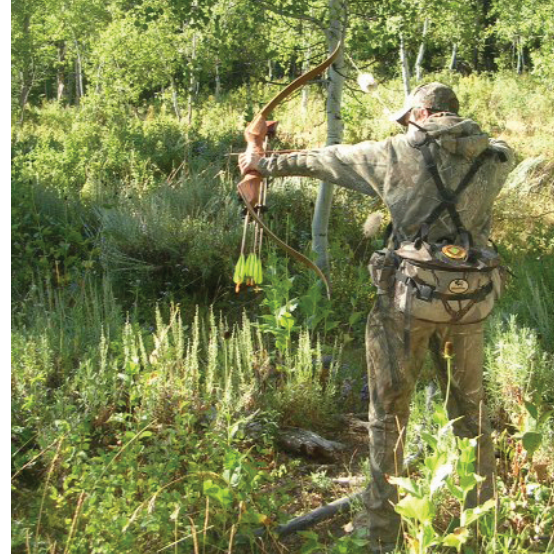
The next morning all of us woke up excited and optimistic. A slight drizzle was falling as Jason Saltern, my uncle and I headed out for the first morning of the hunt. We mostly wandered until the rain picked us, steering us towards a ground blind. After the rain let up we began our hike out, and kicked up a mule deer. That afternoon I again followed Jason out. He let me lead, just nodding which way to go every now and then. Situations like this were common throughout the hunt. They, in a way, forced us to lead and make decisions that affected more than just ourselves. They let us decide when we wanted to hunt, sleep in or not, etc... A quote from Guy, “Good leaders listen and are willing to accept and look at a new idea that is brought up from an underling.” In the case of the youth hunt the participants were the underlings. We walked and walked and walked, hoping to sneak up on some elk, but unfortunately we only kicked one elk up.

The next morning all of us slept in. Dave Doran taught about orienteering, and Tim Roberts helped us make armguards. Mine currently is strapped to my left arm as I write. In the afternoon my uncle, brother, and I headed up to Chuck, Chad, and Steve Bassett’s spike camp. I hunted with Chuck in the evening, and we saw a muley doe. Although we didn’t see any elk I enjoyed hunting out of a tree stand like I am more used to. On our hike out we learned that David, my brother had shot an elk. We went and helped pack it out. We finished the job at about 1:00 in the morning.

Chuck offered to let me sleep in, then sit all morning, and if I wanted we could sit all day. There it is, them giving us an opportunity to make a decision. Well sure, why not, my brother just harvested an elk so I had to get moving. The next morning Chuck and I began a 12 hour sit in the tree-stand. We were entertained by some mule deer and moose, but still no elk. On the drive back to camp Chuck changed the words of a Billy Currington song to, “God is great, Beer is good, Vinnie and Chuck are crazy.” I’ll admit, 12 hours in a tree-stand is crazy. Through the remainder of



Vince and Chuck Bassett with his elk.



Vince stump shooting after missing a spike bull an hour earlier.

the hunt every time Chuck and I were driving we would hear that song on the radio. Crazy how that stuff happens. Now, every time I hear that song it stops me, and I can smile and remember a small piece of a huge adventure. People often ask me what my favorite part of the hunt is, and I have many, but the part that I remember most and that right now means the most to me is, “Vinnie and Chuck are crazy.” That song is a connection to the hunt that only Chuck and I share, and that song helps me form pictures in my mind. It helps me dust off those memories every time I hear it.

We all had Tuesday morning off, then we headed to Bear Lake for a swim and a shore lunch. We listened to some guest speakers. After, my uncle and I headed off to Guy’s spike camp. Jason Constantineau had a plan laid out for me and him; cross a river, hike way up a canyon, sit over some water that should be up there. We accomplished the first two with nothing but loss of breath, but we struggled to find the water. We quietly searched for an hour without luck. Jason decided we should walk around quietly and hopefully see an elk. We didn’t see any elk, but we snuck up to 30 yards from a mule deer, at which point Jason said she could hear my heartbeat.

Wednesday morning we slept in once more, a decision that Guy let us make. Then my Uncle and I followed Craig Burris out for the evening hunt. We sat by a small water hole, and just before dark a cow elk showed up. I drew back and TWANG, my upper limb was against a tree branch and she was gone in a flash. Everybody at camp was glad to hear about my almost, and my optimism level rose once again.

~ continued on page 46



## Last Minute Elk

~ continued from page 45

The next morning we were again with Craig Burris. We sat a different water hole, and midmorning a spike elk arrived. I drew back, and missed low. Yup, twice in 2 days. I'm sure that you can imagine my reception at the camp. Now everybody wanted to hunt with Craig, and I just wanted the dream to end.


During lunch Guy was refiguring the hunt schedule, messed up by my brother's early success. The next series of events couldn't make for a better story. With the schedule needing to be redone, I asked Guy if I could possibly, just maybe, hunt with Chuck for the remainder of the hunt. Guy said it was up to Chuck and that I would have to ask him. Without hesitating Chuck smiled and said yes, and we were off to the spike camp and a crazy ending to the hunt. That evening Chuck and I kicked up a few bull elk, and saw some moose. The next morning I slept right through my alarm, and Chuck almost went back to sleep after I didn't show. Well he woke me up, and I'm really glad that he did. We made it to the stand just before light, and at the top of the 24th hour we had spent in that stand, a spike elk came in to water. Head down, leg forward, and...I MISSED! But I still was-



Youth Hunt participants.


n't out of luck, because he simply looked at the arrow, and turned around. He put his head down again, and I drew back for the 4th time of the hunt. The arrow flew smooth, and hit perfect. The elk ran 25 yards, and stopped just past the stand. I asked Chuck if he had a clear shot, but his jaw dropped and he said no as he noticed something I hadn't. Blood was pouring out of the entry hole, and we could even hear it as it hit the ground. The elk rolled a bit down the hill, and stopped 5 yards from the

tree we were in. We high-fived for five minutes, and went completely crazy. My brother enjoys telling the next part because, well, it kind of adds to the crazy behind Chuck and me. We got out of the stand, kicked the elk just to be sure, and then ran all the way down the mountain. We jumped into Chuck's truck, and raced back to camp. Steve Bassett and Jade Roskelley saw the truck flying up the road and knew that either one of us fell out of the stand, or we got an elk, so they hiked into camp. We



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woke my brother and Jason, the Bassett's brother in law? Then we drove back to the mountain, Chuck and I raced up, leaving everyone panting behind us. I couldn't have imagined taking an elk without Chuck in the seat above me.

Thank you to Guy and Rich especially, Craig, Jason S., Jason C, Travis Sparks, Coby Saltern, Jim Akenson, Jerry Woodland, Jerry Z., Larry Fischer, my uncle for getting us into this, my parents, The Bassetts especially, Kevin Bahr, and whoever I'm forgetting at this time. I really hope that the youth program continues to run outings like this, as they truly did make a difference with me, and the leadership skills I learned will be invaluable.

To close I altered the last verse of a Tim McGraw song; It goes like this

*Chuck, Guy, Rich, Everybody on the hunt,  
this story is for you*

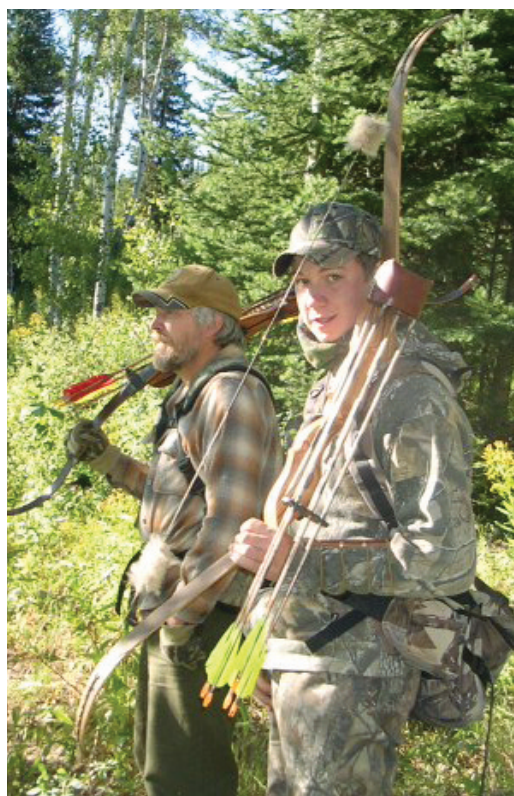
*Because a few simple words is the  
least that I can do*

*To tell the world you are here  
And the good times and the laughter*

*Will live on long after*

*All of the sadness and the tears*

*We'll meet again. \**



Craig Burris with Vince.

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## Index to Advertisers


2014 PBS Banquet .....	48
3Rivers Archery .....	9
Adler, Robert J .....	23
Backcountry Hunters & Anglers .....	48
Black Widow Custom Bows .....	BC
Bowhunting Safari Consultants .....	8
Brothers of the Bow .....	46
Eclipse Broadheads .....	35
Essential Encounters .....	39
Footed Shaft, The .....	13
Fedora's Custom Bows .....	IBC
Full Draw Outfitters .....	25
Great Northern Bows .....	47
Howard Hill Archery .....	44
J&M Traditions .....	29
Kustom King Arrows .....	8
Mainbeam Flashlights .....	35
Makalaan Hunting Safaris .....	13
One With The Wilderness .....	9
PBS Website .....	23
Palmer Bow Co .....	40
PBS Odd Year Gathering (Great Lakes) .....	19
PBS Western Odd Year Gathering .....	12
Pope and Young .....	44
St. Joe River Bows .....	47
STOS Broadheads .....	28
Table Mountain Outfitters .....	40
Traditional Bowhunter Magazine .....	IFC
True North Arrows .....	19
Tuffhead .....	29

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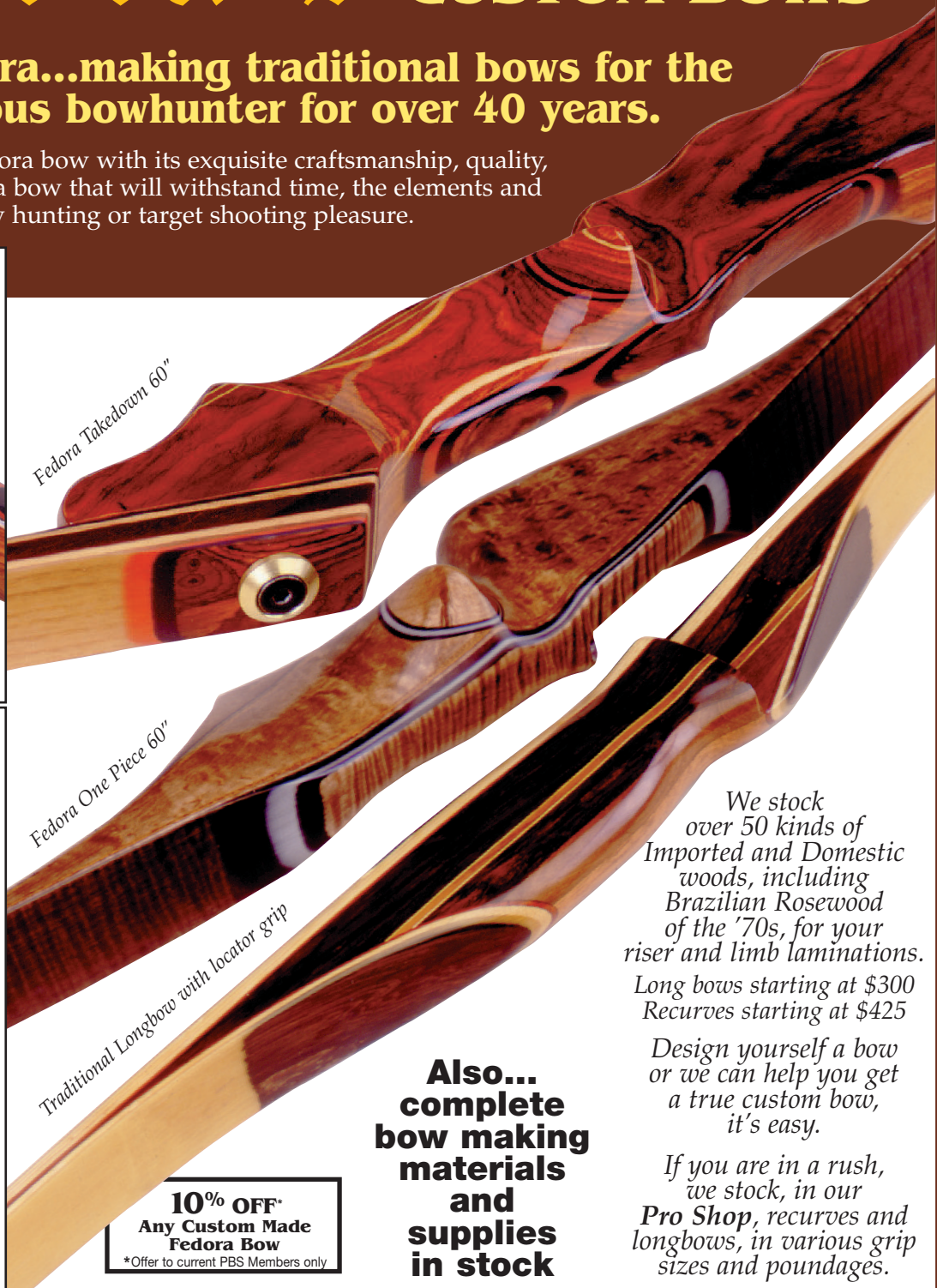
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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

Payment Method

(choose one)

Check Visa

Mastercard

Credit Card Number \_\_\_\_\_

Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

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