

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

# 2013 PBS Member Survey

*Please help us better serve you by filling out this brief member survey.*



1. How many years have you been a PBS member? 0-5 6-10 11-15 16-20 20+
2. What is your age? 20-25 26-30 31-35 36-40 41-45 46-50 51-55 56-60 61-65 65+
3. How many years of bowhunting experience do you have? 0-5 6-10 11-15 16-20 21-25 26-30 31+
4. What region of the country are you from? ☐ Northeast ☐ Southeast ☐ Midwest ☐ Great Plains ☐ Northwest ☐ Southwest
5. What is your primary type of bow? ☐ Compound ☐ Recurve ☐ Longbow ☐ Selfbow
6. What is your primary type of arrow shaft? ☐ Wood ☐ Alum ☐ Carbon ☐ Carbon/al
7. What type of bow does your most frequent hunting partner use? \_\_\_\_\_
8. What is the draw weight of your primary hunting bow? 40-45 46-50 51-55 56-60 61-65 66-70 71+
9. What percentage of all of your Big Game hunting is done with a bow? 0-25% 25-50% 50-75% 75-99% 100%
10. How many states/provinces outside your home state did you hunt in the last 5 seasons? 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10+
11. If you hunt from a tree stand do you use some type of safety harness/fall restraint? ☐ Yes ☐ No
12. Do you belong to any State Bowhunting groups? 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10+
13. Do you belong to any other national hunting organizations?
- |   |  |  |   |   |
|---|--|--|---|---|
| Yes No  | Yes No   | Yes No   | Yes No  | Yes No  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> P&Y | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> SCI  | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> GSC/Ovis | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> WSF     | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> NAHC        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> B&C | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> RMEF | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> BHA      | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Compton | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Buckmasters |
14. PBS has a reputation for being “elitist” in our attitude and thinking. Do you like this reputation? ☐ Yes ☐ No
15. PBS members hold themselves to a standard that is a step or two above the “mainstream” bowhunter’s equipment choice, hunting ethics, etc. Should this continue to be the case? ☐ Yes ☐ No
16. Should PBS members possess a level of competence that other bowhunters should aspire to? ☐ Yes ☐ No
17. Which statement best describes your personal bowhunting journey?
- |  |   |                                      |
|--|---|--------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Always stickbow                                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Always compound                                | <input type="checkbox"/> Always both |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Started with stickbow and switched to compound    | <input type="checkbox"/> Started with compound and switched to stickbow |                                      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Switched from stickbow or compound multiple times |   |                                      |
18. How important is it to you that the PBS within our Bowhunting Preservation Committee participates with P&Y and Compton to create the “Bowhunting Opportunity Statement”? Extremely Important-1 2 3 4 5-Not at all Important
19. How much technology in bowhunting is too much?
- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| Yes No   | Yes No  | Yes No  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> In season trail camera     | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> 65% let off compounds | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Scent eliminators         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Out of season trail camera | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> 80%+ compounds        | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Game recovery electronics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Laser rangefinders         | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical broadheads | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Stone broadheads          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> ATVs                       | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Lighted nocks         | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Blood trailing dogs       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Food plots                 | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Crossbow              | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Tree stands               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Mineral licks              | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Carbon clothing       | <input type="checkbox"/> <input type="checkbox"/> Camouflage                |

*Survey continued on the inside back of the dust cover.*

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# THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE



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# THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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# President's Message

by Jim Akenson

micaake@yahoo.com

## Regaining our Mission's Momentum

In terms of our membership engagement, we have work to do here but hopefully some new initiatives will motivate more members into increased involvement. A primary reason for more defined regional representation is to enhance Odd Year Gatherings, with more being offered...and more members getting involved in promoting and hosting them. Increased OYG's will accomplish multiple positive things for PBS. First, if we are connecting with local clubs it provides the opportunity to promote PBS, and potentially bring in new members. Second, our membership has the opportunity to get together in person to establish friendships that can lead to new hunting opportunities, and give associate members a chance to connect with regular members for future sponsorship.

On our identity, do we have a clear and current vision on this? I hear our membership crying out for this...who are we, what do we do, what do we stand for? On the website and in one-on-one discussions we get exposed to various ideas and approaches that are all important, and probably even pertinent to PBS core values, but they don't capture the strength, or engine, of our organization...which is our "identity." Claiming we should be "all-traditional," or even "all-inclusive" of modern bows does not hit the spot. What does hit the spot is so simple, and it actually is our "organizational heritage" and that is embracing the bowhunters journey with all of its elements. This journey involves taking on the challenge with a three-pronged approach: limiting equipment technology, maintaining a bowhunting attitude built around a strict code of conduct, and educating...by always showing a willingness to mentor others. Every one of us has made a journey of "challenge and discovery" and promoting that sim-

ple concept is "who we are and what we do," and what we stand for...is protecting the opportunity to make this a "journey of challenge." In my opinion that is our IDENTITY! Is it clear? You tell us...we are currently doing a survey. There will be both regular mail and e-mail options to complete the survey. It is time to hear from the membership and to confirm, or find out otherwise, regarding pertinence of my statement above.

In mid-March we held our Council meeting in Cincinnati at the Hyatt Hotel, which will be the site of the 2014 Gathering and Banquet. Besides lining up the site for our Banquet needs, we crammed a lot of Council business into 2 lengthy days of meetings. According to my list we covered 36 topics pertaining to the well-being of PBS. I don't have space to hit upon every detail but will do a separate summary elsewhere in this magazine. I think we made significant headway on resolving some persistent problems such as voter participation, ease of completing the regular membership application, establishing regional representation, and some planning issues; involving marketing strategies and new publicity approaches. We are also working to improve the Home Office computer equipment. Anyway, I think we are on a roll and sincerely hope that all of you will engage, in some small way, to help PBS thrive!

Best to you in bowhunting,

**~Jim A.**

Now that I'm serving as your President I find myself looking at our organization from a different perspective, and from one that has focus on the "fundamental health" of PBS. I've been looking at various examples of sportsmen's organizations with sizeable memberships to see what it is that makes an organization succeed, maintain status quo, flounder, or fail. Three factors, or questions, seem to play into these outcomes: 1) Is the membership on-board with, and clearly aware of, the organization's mission? 2) Is a large portion of the membership engaged with, or involved in, organizational activities? 3) Is the organization "identity" clearly in focus and pertinent to the membership?

In regards to our mission statement, I'll present it here then go into our current connection with it. The statement reads: "To preserve traditional values by promoting the highest outdoor and bowhunting ethics through continuing education of bowhunters today, the promotion of wildlife conservation, and the preservation of traditional bowhunting seasons." So, what are we doing in regards to our mission? I think our biggest action recently has been the collaborative effort to produce a defining statement on what constitutes bowhunting in its original intent. The new Bowhunting Preservation Committee has the dual task of putting this statement into action by informing and educating both political decision makers and state fish & wildlife agency leaders, and to "enlighten" as much of the bowhunting community as possible. We are currently setting up meeting opportunities with these governing entities and I guess time will tell in regards to the general bowhunting community, but a high quality video that hallmarks our bowhunting definition statement seems like the best chance for influence.

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# Vice President's Message

by Steve Hohensee

steveh.alaska@gmail.com • 907-362-3676

## Cincinnati...

Cincinnati, the "Queen City" has extended her royal hand to the PBS as the host city for our 2014 Biennial Gathering destination! During our recent Council meeting, I was pleased to discover that this city had a less "busy" feel to it than many cities I have visited. Quite honestly, I found most of my information by searching "Wiki Cincinnati" including a great deal of interesting history on this city including that Cincinnati has been called "Paris of America" for its architecture; has a German influenced "Over-the-Rhine" historic district; is home of the Paul Brown Stadium (Cincinnati Bengals football) and Great American Ball Park (Cincinnati Reds baseball); plus two museums including the Rosenthal Center for Contemporary Art and the National Underground Railroad Freedom Center. Please make plans to join us in Cincinnati, your Council promises you a royal time!

**Hyatt Regency Cincinnati:** The hotel is in the midst of a massive remodeling

yet behind the curtain of construction material and power tools lies the Queen, exuding an aura of what I will describe as "grandiose" befitting her royalty.

**Room Rate:** The room rate is \$115 per night

**Phone Reservations:** 1-513-579-1234

**Online Reservations:**  
<http://resweb.passkey.com/go/CBOW>

**Parking:** An unfortunate reality of a prime down-town destination. The Hyatt covered valet parking rate is \$26 per night but numerous city/private lots are close by and only charge \$6-\$16 overnight.

**Airport:** Cincinnati/Northern Kentucky International Airport (AKA Greater Cincinnati Airport), code CVG, is located ~20 minutes south of the hotel in Covington, Kentucky.



**Updates to Contests:** See details in this issue

**Thursday Evening Social:** Food, drink, and the opportunity to catch up with other members! Details will be provided in the Q3 2013 magazine.

**Friday Banquet:** Long-time, Regular Member Scott Koelzer from Montana will entertain the Friday evening banquet crowd with tales from his many adventures bowhunting the Rockies to the far northern reaches of Canada.

**Saturday Banquet:** Long-time, Life Member and past PBS President, Doug Borland of Sitka, Alaska has agreed to be our keynote speaker for the Saturday evening banquet.

**Ladies Offsite Event:** Riverboat tour and luncheon on the Ohio River (See details in this issue).

### Seminars Speakers to date:

Monty Browning  
Joey Buchanan  
Terry Receveur & Jeff Holchin  
Denny Sturgis, Jr.  
Mark Ulschmid & Doug Chase  
Gene Wensel  
More to Come!

Stay tuned for more Cincinnati details in the next issue of the Professional Bowhunter Magazine!

**Steve H.**

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# Senior Council's Report

by Greg Darling  
stykbowhunter61@yahoo.com

## Staying the same while changing...

Bowhunters and their membership in New Berlin, Wisconsin for hosting large Odd Year gatherings since 2009. Since then, Odd Years have popped up in the west as well as back in Pennsylvania.

Group hunt opportunities were restarted by Jim Curlee from Minnesota who hosted the first PBS group hunt in decades, starting in the Dakotas and then Nebraska. Thanks to his efforts, several other members have followed suit, setting up hunts in other states since. The Council sees more and more of these events being spawned by Jim's early efforts. The regional concept puts the locals in the driver seat to host a hunt in their own back yards.

I hope we all can look forward to seeing these regional efforts bear fruit in the future. We've been telling the membership for a while now that we are changing, but not altering the PBS's core principles. I think a few of you believed that in our efforts to stand for something and remain relevant, we would change what the PBS stands for. I hope you can

all see the efforts we are making to retain our core values and beliefs and at the same time come out of the dark and again lead in the arena of bowhunting.

In closing I want to say, for all the bickering regarding the collaborative effort to preserve bowhunting with Pope & Young and Comptons Traditional Bowhunters, you will all now see that the collaboration has nothing to do with changing the PBS. As it was always billed, it is a team effort to lead bowhunting in a way that has not happened in many years. We will be sending a positive statement to state game departments and state bowhunting organizations. We will remain a society that believes that "in close" is the only way to bowhunt and love it for the way it should be. It's our job to lead the way to get those worthy of the journey to follow.

**Greg**

**As of February 28th, 2013  
PBS Liquid Assets:  
\$226,024.77**

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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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# Council's Report

by Steve Osminski  
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## Being a Conduit for the Associate Membership

The main responsibility of the 1st term Councilman is to be the conduit of the Associate members to the PBS Council. If you have questions or concerns, my contact information is listed above and on the table of contents. The easiest way for me to get back to you is by e-mail but if you leave a phone message, I will get to you as soon as I can. I'd love to hear from you!

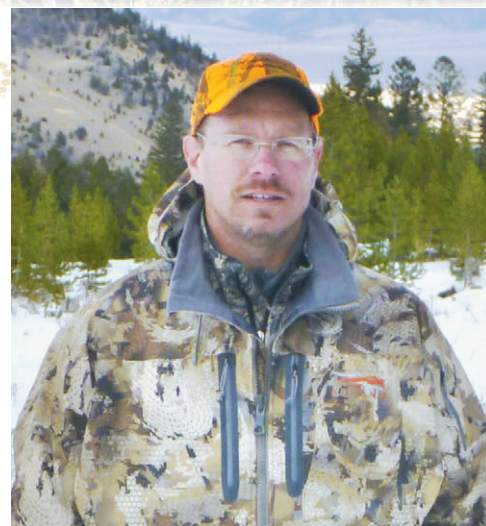
We recently completed my first Council meeting. That was an eye opener! There is a 3" binder packed FULL of information and ideas to go over in addition to all the Gathering planning. We made great progress and are moving forward. I will touch on a few items from the Council meeting shortly.

The 2014 Gathering in Cincinnati is going to be fantastic! The Hyatt Regency is going thru a complete remodel and it is going to be a "Crown Jewel". There is a mega ballroom, a large "casual" gathering area, comfortable seminar rooms, and a large vendor area. All the rooms are 100% brand new as well. It was a great choice. VP Hohensee has a mix of old and new for our featured speakers along with some great seminars lined up as well. 2014 has the makings of the best Gathering ever, don't miss it!

Back to the Council meeting and some new initiatives that will be of interest to aspiring Associate Members. The Regular Membership application was getting a bit dated. A committee was formed last year to go over it and "freshen" it up. The committee did a great job in keeping all the pertinent questions while streamlining the document. We voted to accept the new application and along with that there will be an introductory letter to accompany it. As always, for those members who feel they do not write or type as well as they talk, video or audio applications are accepted as well. The application can be written, typed, or turned in as a word document or pdf file via e-mail as well. There will also be a more efficient approval process. Nothing changing there

really...just trying minimize the post office and all their delays out of the process. The applicants will still be listed in the magazine. The Senior Councilman will still start the approval process, but the filled out application will be posted to the secure Council Chamber on the website so the rest of the Council can read and approve it in a timelier manner. We will not have to wait for it to be mailed from one Councilman to the next. The new process will also remove delays we encounter from our day jobs and other commitments. To reiterate; nothing in the qualifications to be a Regular Member has changed, only streamlining the entire process.

There are many reasons to become a Regular Member. Some are personal; reaching a goal and being recognized by your peers. Some are procedural and for the good of the Society such as serving on a committee or Council. Becoming a Regular member of the PBS shows your dedication and commitment to the Society and its causes; to promote and maintain fellowship among persons who have a primary interest in maintaining professionalism in the field of bowhunting. Encourage and promote the taking of wild game by means of bow and arrow in humane and sportsmanlike manner. Share with others the experience, knowledge and skills gained through application of proper shooting skills and hunting techniques. Encourage and support sound bowhunting legislation and to oppose legislation which is not consistent with its purposes. And finally, to develop and maintain an educational forum to teach and promote the wise and safe use of our natural resources, the conservation of wild game and the preservation of its natural habitat. One of the most important reasons to become a Regular member of the PBS is the ability to vote. Regular members approve the direction the Council sets for the PBS. In recent years, this has been nonexistent due to the 2/3 rule for returned ballots. Council, at the 2013



meeting, approved the inseparable dues and ballot envelope. Beginning with the next election, everyone who is a Regular Member will vote at the same time they return their dues. This will allow for a 100% participation rate and the voters will be setting the direction of the society rather than the non voters. If you pay your dues to continue to be a Regular member in good standing, you will vote. Nothing could be easier!

I hope all of you are enjoying turkey season or some bowfishing. I am already missing my spring bear hunt...just too many things going on here. If you are looking for a PBS event to attend, the Odd Year Gathering in Wisconsin is July 19-21 is a great time.

**Steve O.**



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# Council's Report

by Tim Roberts

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## Bowhunting Statement Clarifications

strong appearance that we agreed on what other organizations defined as bowhunting equipment. There never was nor do we believe that there ever should be an effort within the PBS to lower its standard on where we draw the line on bowhunting equipment.

The lack of clear communication with the membership proved to be a problem. There were a couple of things in play here, one was the short amount of time between finalizing the meeting with the other two groups, and the other was it was a Council decision to go down the path we did. We elect people to lead our organization with hope and optimism that they will keep our best interest in mind when making decisions, the reality is that doing what is best for bowhunting, is not always going to reflect the individual thoughts, feelings, or beliefs, of every member.

Reality, yes in a small way this plays into what is perceived as a mistake. In every state and everywhere else bowhunting is allowed, the compound is legal bowhunting equipment. For us to think that we are going to go in and get it removed is a silly thought. While it is certainly worth the time to look into, I do not believe we are yet in a position to seek out "traditional (equipment) only seasons. What we can do though, is recognize it as legal equipment, and draw our own line on what is or is not acceptable. The PBS has done this, and our equipment policy is one of the best for keeping bowhunting the most challenging of all hunting activities.

When looking into ways to make a difference with the Anti-crossbow committee, it was realized that while our focus was fixed on the crossbow, the industry was redefining what bowhunting was, with every gadget and shortcut they could introduce. It is because of those actions by the ATA that our focus switched from the crossbow to what a bowhunting

opportunity is supposed to be, hence the "definition". This was intended to be a tool for us to counter all that the ATA had done and is currently doing. It was to focus on reeducating decision makers why bowhunters enjoyed longer seasons, in most states. It is meant to show that we still believe in doing it the hard way, and that if hunting is to survive then there needs to be some part of it that gives the quarry the greatest opportunity to escape, that gadgets, gizmos, and other manufactured shortcuts turn the advantage to the hunter in ways that are unacceptable to bowhunters and the non hunting public that still remember and view bowhunting as an honorable activity. With the social structure of our country changing, we need to take full advantage of those who don't hunt but still view it favorably if done in an honorable, responsible way. Time is not on our side.

We need to remember to look at the greater picture when looking at the problems that face the things we hold close, we also need to realize that it is our own beliefs and personal convictions that make us what we are, but at the same time those beliefs and convictions may unintentionally push the things we enjoy so far in a direction that it can actually have a harming affect. It doesn't mean we compromise our convictions, but we understand that some middle ground is better than the direction others would have us go.

The original focus was to find a way to inform decision makers, bowhunters, and others, in a positive way, about the reasons as to why bowhunting, when left as the true primitive hunting opportunity, it is best for the resource, social values and economics of areas adjacent to bowhunting opportunities. If we can keep this in mind then we believe that we can make a difference.

Respectfully,

**Tim Roberts**

PBS Magazine • Second Quarter 2013

Looking back over the last 18 months, to about the time that the PBS started looking into collaborating with P&Y and Compton's to stand in unison with a mutually agreed upon statement on what a bowhunting opportunity is, there is reflection on some small wins, a victory, and also some mistakes.

The victory was, we showed that three of the leading national organizations could stand together on an agreed upon statement of what a bowhunting opportunity is, in spite of their own individual ideas regarding equipment. Some of the small wins; It helped two western states stave off electronics attached to the arrow.

The mistakes; not to dwell on them in a negative sense, but rather looking on them as lessons learned to help this effort move in a direction better suited to all involved.

The intent was to bring the three organizations together in a unified voice, while still maintaining our own individual identities. One mistake made here was calling it a definition rather than a statement. By calling it a definition, it gave the

### 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.

## Rise Above the Circumstances

## Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

P.O. Box 145, French Creek, WV 26217

(304) 924-9202 pethorn@hotmail.com

I saw Dr. Dave Samuel at a recent WV State Chapter of the Wildlife Society meeting at the Coopers Rock State Forest Westvaco Natural Resources Center. A longtime PBS member, Dr. Dave is well known to all bowhunters from his *Know Hunting* column in *Bowhunter Magazine* that has been a mainstay since the first issue in 1971. Now retired, Dr. Samuel was a Professor in the Wildlife Department at West Virginia University for 30 years and was my advisor and teacher from 1973-1977. He was instrumental in my acceptance into graduate school at Penn State. My professional career as a Wildlife Biologist started at WVU. His insistence on proper spelling and grammar, in our writings in his class, has served me well to this day. It was serious business when a paper was downgraded a letter for each spelling or grammar mistake despite the content. It taught me to pay utmost attention to my writing. I still think as an editor when I am reading, and that came from him. I owe him a lot. I know you will read this - thank you Dr. Dave!

The Westvaco Natural Resources Center is full of mounted animals and tanned skins that Dr. Samuel took with his bow and donated for display. It was great to hear him tell some stories about those hunts. I had a lot of discussions with him about bowhunting back in the days when I was his student. He gave me bowhunting and equipment tips that were a help at that time and that I have never forgot. I killed my first deer with the bow in the fall of 1976, when I was a senior at WVU, and I think Dr. Dave was almost as excited as I was. I sharpened the Bear Razorhead according to a tip he gave me on sharpening, and the blood trail was nothing short of spectacular. He was the first accomplished bowhunter I had ever been around. As I reflect back, Dr. Samuel had a great influence on me in an area of my life that is dear to me. Thank you for that also Dr. Dave!

It has been 5 years since the PBS Gathering in Pittsburgh where all who were there had a special prayer for Dr. Dave during the banquet invocation. He had just undergone a surgery that went wrong; with his diaphragm function compromised, the future looked grim. It was good news to hear that since that time he has taken seven Pope and Young class animals and has went on numerous hunting trips. He has several trips lined up for this spring. That

report is a miracle considering what the prognosis was back in 2008. He has limitations, but did not give up. That is the way we all need to respond when a bad turn in the road comes our way. Adapt and overcome. Life can sure hand you lemons, and you never know when they are coming. How you deal with them makes all the difference. Make lemonade out of them; even better make a lemon pie.

If we rely upon the Lord, He will make us victorious over the circumstances. One scenario is that He heals or delivers us from the problem. The other scenario is that He gives us the strength and grace to deal with it. God had a reason why He did not grant the Apostle Paul a healing/deliverance over the "thorn in the flesh" that afflicted him. This I know - Paul did not let it get him down. He went on to be a great man of God; the writer of 2/3 of the New Testament and an effective missionary to the world. He was a tentmaker and continued his trade as well. He had advice for us to learn from.

*II Corinthians 12: 7And lest I should be exalted above measure by the abundance of the revelations, a thorn in the flesh was given to me, by a messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I be exalted above measure.*

*8Concerning this thing I pleaded with the Lord three times that it might depart from me.*

*9And He said to me, "My grace is sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Therefore most gladly I will rather boast in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.*

*10Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in needs, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake. For when I am weak, then I am strong.*

Strength in Christ is the key to overcoming something bad that not only comes into your life, but hangs around. Life is not over. God can still use us, and life can be very meaningful. We can look forward to better days, perhaps different than past days, but very good days. Rise above the circumstances! ✦

# Publicity Committee Update

By Ted Kinney

The publicity committee has an exciting and aggressive strategic plan for the coming year. The committee submitted a plan to the Council for discussion and, in a collaborative effort, the Council and the committee carved out a few tier one and tier two initiatives to work on to help promote our brand and spread our knowledge gained through experience. Now that we have direction, the publicity committee is working hard to help share the PBS ideals with those internal and external to our organization.

Some of our tier one initiatives include revamping our event booth, materials, and strategy. We have several events planned this year and we are hopeful that we can manage our booth in such a way that we can attract some more fine members. We

are also building our social media presence as a key strategy to reach out to our current members and to connect with those who have not yet joined our ranks. Lastly, we are continuing to build our advertisement presence across various publications and website banners. We are excited to continue to communicate our message.

We also have several other initiatives in full swing including continued collaboration with the Website Committee, Preservation of Bowhunting Committee, and others. We are continually working to improve our advertisement content and we are working on a new/rejuvenated campaign. We are even discussing innovative approaches such as developing a YouTube channel, Tumblr site, and blog site. We are

continuing to take on ideas from all sorts of places and the collaborative spirit of Council and the support of the membership has been fantastic as we are developing our marketing strategies.

There are many initiatives ongoing and there is a lot of work to do. If you have an interest in getting more involved in the organization and you are willing to spare some creativity and hard work; please let us know. We would like you on the committee. We are branching out in a lot of directions but there still is much more we could do. If you have an interest in playing an integral role in spreading the PBS message, please contact me (tkinney@selectintl.com). ✦

## Bowhunting Preservation Committee

By Mark Baker

Evolving. In a word, that is what is happening with this committee at the moment, as we re-group and re-focus our energies to reflect our new direction.

Perhaps some reflection of "how" we got here is in order first, to bring up to speed those of you who are wondering "what and who"?

First off, my name is Mark Baker and I am the new chair of this committee. It's hard to believe it has been a year since the past Crossbow Committee chair, Tim Roberts, crafted the "statement" about what bowhunting is, along with cooperation from the Pope & Young Club, and Comptons Traditional Bowhunters, as a foundation for proactive steps to keep the intrusive proliferation of technology from further eroding the quality and integrity of our bowhunting seasons across the country. Since that time, Tim has moved into a council seat, the Crossbow Committee is no more...and has been replaced with the Bowhunting Preservation Committee, with me as its chair.

With this new emphasis on a proactive approach to heading off unforeseen technologies into bow seasons, I have included the following members into this committee to help in getting its feet on the ground running....Dick Robertson, Sterling Holbrook, Walt Francis, and Hunter Rung. There will be more.

The task of this committee shall be first and foremost, the re-introduction of the

original premise of bowhunting and of bowhunting seasons, it's inherent challenges, it's emphasis on the journey, and it's intent to embrace a primitive pursuit of game where the hunter is forced to use his wits and abilities rather than a reliance of technological gadgets to overcome his inadequacies. This very notion was the crux of the motives that drove pioneers of our sport to seek out and gain the generous opportunities we now enjoy, and has been missing from the decision making processes for decades now. What was once a commonly held belief...that bowhunters chose to limit their choices of equipment to allow for their quarry's greatest chance to elude their (the bowhunters) intentions has long since disappeared in a cavalcade of gadgets and practices that hardly resemble bowhunting's roots, and that threaten the very tenets of fair-chase hunting. Folks simply have forgotten what it's supposed to be, or given up on, this noble endeavor called bowhunting. We need to fix that.

Armed once again with the right philosophies and intentions, we hope to give them the argumentative tools to counter whatever new technologies may be offered up by an industry that preys on human weakness to turn a profit. We hope to champion the virtuous traits of the journey, the hard-earned trophy, the "connection" with nature and the historical appeal of it all.

We are currently working on producing a 3-minute video to introduce this effort, along with a website....for more information, and a call for others to join in this effort to make these "statements" - for better lack of a word - as loud and available as we can make them. This will be an all-out PR effort, using the latest media tools to reach the decision makers who will be tasked with the responsibility of overseeing bowhunting's future.

Sounds simple enough, right? Don't believe it! That is why PBS - the foremost leader in bowhunting's knowledge and experience realm - is heading up this effort, along with the Pope & Young Club...two national organizations that have been around from the start...working together to undertake this huge task. In addition to committee focus, your PBS Council is also very involved with developments. Councilman Greg Darling will be giving a presentation at Pope & Young's banquet in Dallas in April, to help in cementing their own commitment to this. Expect to hear about fundraisers, coalitions, presentations, videos and mass email campaigns...and more in the near future.

We are all pretty excited to be able to make some noise for a change. I hope you are all seeing the possibilities here....

If anyone wants to talk further about this, they can contact me at....

Mark Baker, 406-222-6052  
classicbowhunting@live.com ✦

# Summary of 2013 Cincinnati Council Meeting

By Jim Akenson, on behalf of Your PBS Council

Recently the PBS Council met for our business meeting at the Hyatt hotel in Cincinnati. Besides meeting with Hotel staff and planning “what happens where” for 2014, we also went to the meeting with a full slate of discussion and action items. I will outline below the critical issues that we conducted deliberations on, made motions, and then voted with outcome.

- **Combining regular membership renewal and voting.** This was voted on and approved by Council. Ballots and dues will be combined utilizing an “all secret” ballot envelope. This will begin starting December 15, 2013.

- **New Regular Membership Application.** Approved by Council vote. A revised form will be streamlined, requirements on big game animal numbers will remain the same (8). More responsibility will be expected of the mentor to validate kills and applicant’s character. The code of ethics will be included in all applications. There will be 2 primary versions available: hard copy and electronic, plus both audio and video tape responses can be arranged.

- **PBS will conduct a survey (questionnaire) of the membership to assess current demographic structure and views.** This poll will be available through email and paper copy. Confirmed by vote.

- **Approved waiver letter to allow for sub-50# requirement on Regular status.** In the event of injury or declining health, a Regular member in good standing can maintain Regular status through a written explanation submitted to Council. Confirmed by vote.

- **Confirmed New Committee Leaders.** The President’s appointment of Kevin Dill, for chairing the Website Committee, and Mark Baker to chair the Bowhunting Preservation Committee were confirmed by vote of the Council.

- **Combined Youth Hunt and Young Bowhunters Program into one account.** This practical vote approval will simplify bookkeeping and help with a youth’s development in bowhunting.

- **Transferred youth hunt responsibility from Vice President to Incoming 3 Year Council person.** Accomplished because Councilman Osminski is involved in hosting this hunt and will be on-site regardless.

- **Approve \$5,000 budget for 2013 Youth Hunt.** This will cover the costs of the Wyoming youth hunt for antelope including 4 participants: 3 males, 1 female.

- **Website and social media can be “moderated” by all of Council.** This will allow anyone on Council to act as a moderator to help the Website Committee during times that they are not available.

- **Access “gains” of Life-Member Funds.** This profit will be used to purchase life member belt buckles, plaques/awards, and Home Office equipment upgrades/updates.

- **Second Quarter of each year will be the magazine for business updates.** This was voted and approved. Will involve financial situation and policy and procedure updates.

- **Bowhunting Preservation Video funding approved.** PBS will pay the initial start-up cost of \$3,000 (out of \$5,000 for job). P&Y will repay PBS half of the total cost as partner in this product about appropriate/acceptable bowhunting technology and ethics.

- **Making the “Policy and Procedure Manual” electronic with the current update.** This will allow for easier transfer of the manual among Council members and revisions by the PBS president. Voted on and approved.

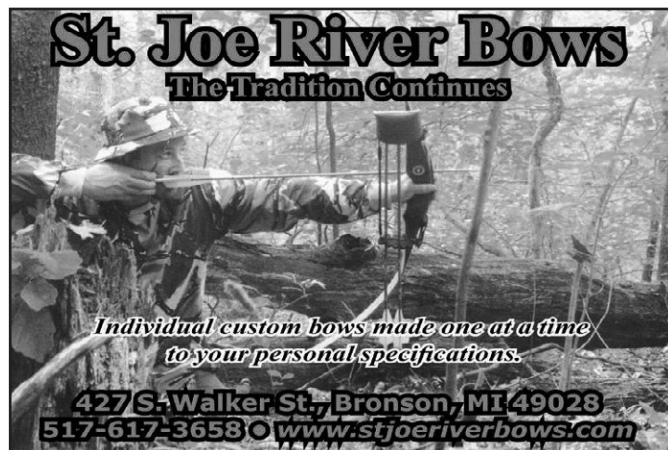
- **Recipients of the Shupienis, Glenn St. Charles, and John Rook Awards for 2014.** These individuals will be kept anonymous until the Banquet presentations. Council confirmed selections by vote.

Besides the above voting actions, we discussed many other important items, including: several event options for the Cincinnati Gathering. Discussions and/or presentations were made on our marketing strategy, strategic plan, regional representation structure and benefits, increased revenue opportunities; such as more Odd Year Gatherings with a fund-raising component, grant opportunities for PBS, expanded website capabilities, a code of conduct for the website, merchandise vendor options, portable booth upgrades, computer upgrades for Home Office, high profile activities of the Bowhunting Preservation Committee, possible Gathering site-options for 2016 in one of the Southeast states, and ways to blend our mission statement with our current day “identity.”

Speaking for the Council, I think we came away with positive feelings about the direction of PBS, and we all know we have a lot of work ahead! We will also need help from the membership with implementation of all these upcoming activities!

Feel free to contact me, or any of us on Council, regarding topics addressed above, or ideas you have for pending “actions” associated with these discussions and decisions. Thanks for taking the time to review this summary of our recent meeting.

Respectfully,  
~Jim Akenson,  
on behalf of Your PBS Council



# PBS Letters to the Editor

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

## "Pathfinder" article sparks discussion

I am writing in response to Sterling Holbrook's article, "The Pathfinders" in the fourth quarter, 2012, issue of "The Professional Bowhunter Magazine." The emotional intensity of his anti-technology stance demands a response.

I share his love of self-bows and "instinctive" shooting, and I most admire persons like Mr. Holbrook who have mastered them. I do not share his intense disrespect for others who choose, for whatever reasons, to hunt with compound bows. This disrespect runs counter to the PBS being "...the brotherhood of the best bowhunters..." --unless "best" is defined by technology. My impression has long been that "...the best..." in the PBS statement referred to *attitude* and *behavior*, not to the "tools") to use Mr. Holbrook's term for his bowhunting tackle) used. If technology is the issue, what are the limits (other than those in the joint statement by PBS, P&Y and Compton)? Are fiberglass backings and facings taboo? Synthetic glues and finishes? Bowstrings other than linen or sinew? Steel broadheads? The "line" that Mr. Holbrook wants to draw gets fuzzy when one looks at it carefully.

I think it is relevant to point out that Bill Wadsworth started the national bowhunter education program because of the unsavory behavior by bowhunters that he had observed and that *all of those hunters used stickbows* (Allen had yet to invent the compound bow)! It's not the technology but the way it is used that determines ethical hunting. Mr. Holbrook apparently agrees because he wrote (in the context of a wilderness encounter with Jay Massey) "If they had both carried rifles that day I would have thought no less of them." (p35, middle column, next to last line.) Why, then, the intense scorn for those who hunt with compound bows?

Mr. Holbrook hinted at an answer when he wrote. "Industry (i.e. makers of compound bows) has pretty much already cost us our bow seasons..." Which seasons? Where? I know of no seasons that have been eliminated or curtailed anywhere. Personally I think our long bowhunting seasons are our most precious privileges, and I will support any actions that will preserve them. Despite Mr. Holbrook's assertion, I see no evidence that compound bows threaten them (crossbows are a very different matter!). My experience is quite to the contrary: for instance, when I moved to Minnesota in 1964, the archery season didn't start until October, tree stands were limited to six feet off the ground, and shooting hours ended at sunset. Now our season runs from mid-September to the end of December, portable tree stands can be set at any height, and shooting hours extend from half an hour before sunrise to half an hour after sunset. All this despite (or because of?) the popularity of compound bows.

I have been bowhunting for one kind of animal or another since my father helped me finish a roughed-out hickory stave from Ben Pearson in 1941 just after my eleventh birthday. Since then I have always hunted small game with bows that I myself made. For many years I hunted deer with them, sometimes with and sometimes without sights. In recent years, however, I have used a compound bow for big game because I am more accurate,

thus more likely to kill quickly rather than merely to wound, with it. I still limit my shots to thirty yards and under, so I still have the same challenges getting within comfortable range of game as do those hunters who can shoot stickbows more accurately than I can. I have "looked in the mirror" and see that I am *neither* in "Jay's camp" nor in that of the ATA. My "camp" is one with all those who love to bowhunt and who respect the game and its habitat, and respect one another's choices of "tools"!

*Dick Phillips, Associate Member*

Dear Mr. Phillips,

Thank for responding to my article "Pathfinders" in the 4th quarter PBS magazine. I too feel that the exchange of viewpoints is good for any organization. I strongly believe that the development and marketing of technology by the sporting industry has gone much too far. These are serious issues that our leadership is wrestling with now and each member should give this serious thought. You imply this yourself by mentioning crossbow devices as a possible problem. I am sure, as an ethical PBS member, you shoot a 65% let off compound according to PBS policy but unfortunately you are a slim minority among compound shooters. While you may limit the distance of your shots to 30 yards, 80 to 90 yard shots at game as large as elk are now common with laser ranging devices. The fact that compounds are more accurate was never in doubt and is why a great many states now have drawing only for archery hunts and the public land is so over crowded. Industry is the problem not ethical hunters. The bow basically remained unchanged for over 10,000 years and even the advent of fiberglass changed little in regard to how it was shot or its efficiency. Now in the last few years it has changed so much the vertical held devices are virtually unrecognizable as bows. What is the limit? What is the answer?

*Sterling Holbrook*



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# Who's up for sharing your "Knowledge through Experience"?

## 2013 Midwest Odd Year Gathering

By Jerry Leveille

There isn't much that is more satisfying than helping a kid to learn to shoot a bow and arrow. Well maybe it's more satisfying if you're sharing the fun with some of the best folks around, your fellow PBS members. So how about it? Who's up for sharing your "Knowledge through Experience" with the next generation? Add in some quality visiting time with your old and new friends, vendors, good food, three quality 3-D courses, a bow raffle or two and you've got the recipe for a wonderful yet satisfying gathering. So what are you doing July 19, 20, 21?

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

This time around, we will be adding a significant focus on putting some bows in the hands of kids. We will be working with the Wisconsin State Coordinator of the National Archery in the Schools Program (NASP) and Wisconsin Traditional Archers to help us with the kids equipment. This is where we will need you to put some of your knowledge to work. While the details are being worked out, we will be extending invitations out to interested youths (and parents) to participate in a Saturday program for a few

hours. We'll need your assistance. We will be adding some antelope themed shooting stations on the course since the 2013 Doug Kerr hunt is an antelope hunt. The Odd Year Gatherings at Ojibwa have been successful in raising some nice sums for the Doug Kerr hunt, just over \$4,000 from the 2009 and 2011 OYG. By adding this emphasis on youth/youth hunt program, we think that we can gather much support from the PBS membership and create some genuinely interested youths!!



There will be vendors from bowyers to arrowsmiths and more. Camping will be available for free and all sites have electricity. Hotels are also nearby. We will keep everyone up to date using the PBS website, probowsociety.net on 3-D shooting fees, vendor list, bow raffle, and other pertinent information for this event. Ojibwa Bowhunters' specialty is open spit roasted pigs stuffed with apples, oranges, and onions. And yes, if you haven't had the pig roast, you've been missing out for the past 4 years!

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

Again the dates of the Midwest Odd Year Gathering will be JULY 19th, 20th, 21st, 2013. You won't want to miss this one. 🐾



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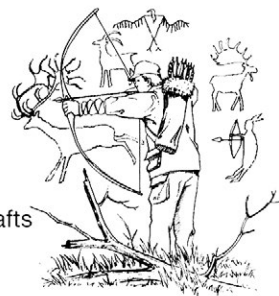
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# *In Memory of* *Ken* *Sorrels*

*Text by John Stockman with Photos by Dave Watson*

Ken Sorrels was an Associate member of PBS. He was an avid bowhunter. He was ethical and responsible and had no tolerance for those who were not. He was highly regarded by PBS members who had the privilege of associating with him. Dave Watson and I were fortunate to have been involved in shooting, teaching and bowhunting with Ken. Ken's philosophy was that if you belonged to an organization you should abide by its principles, and he did. He promoted PBS values in his conduct.

Ken was an active member of the Virginia state archery association, Virginia Bowhunters Association (VBA). He believed that if you belonged to an organization, you should actively support it and he did so by serving as an officer for many years.

Ken was a top competitor in VBA field archery tournaments. Although Ken was a compound shooter, his shooting style was similar to a traditional archer. He shot with fingers and no sight. He shot better than most sight shooters. His shooting prowess led to him being recruited by American Archery to be one of their staff shooters. He and his close friend, Dave Watson, represented American Archery at trade shows and archery events.

Ken taught International Bowhunter Education Program (IBEP) courses throughout the state. He coordinated his instruction activities with the Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries (VDGIF) which sponsored the IBEP in Virginia. The VDGIF valued his service.

Ken and Dave hunted whitetails and black bears on several occasions. Following are accounts of some of their hunts.

On a trip to Florence, Wisconsin to hunt whitetails at the invitation of the American Archery President, Ken and

Dave encountered severe November weather. The temperature dropped to zero at night and reached a high of 12 during the day. Treestand hunting became an exercise in human endurance. It was so cold that after a few hours on stand it was difficult to draw the bow. Although Ken did not score on a whitetail and Dave did, they both agreed it was a memorable hunt.

On this hunt, Dave discovered on a midday return to the truck that a very large bear had followed Ken from his stand to the truck. The bear's tracks were superimposed on Ken's footprints. Both Ken and Dave were surprised that the bear would not be in hibernation at this time of year. That incident was similar to one on a Quebec hunt where a bear followed Ken to his vehicle. Dave took pictures of the bear tracks in Ken's boot tracks.

Ken had a sense of humor. During a Canadian hunt where Dave was running a camp for an outfitter, Ken and Dave were tracking a wounded bear that a hunter had shot. They tracked the bear into thick brush where they found a funnel-like path that the bear had entered. Ken was over six feet tall; Dave is considerably shorter. Ken said, "Dave you'll fit in that tunnel better than me." Dave handed the shotgun to Ken and entered the opening on hands and knees. Dave quickly found the bear --still alive. He backed out of the tunnel quicker than he entered. Ken laughed and moved to the tunnel exit and dispatched the bear with a 500 grain slug.

I had the privilege of participating with Ken in shooting, teaching and hunting activities.

Ken was a deadly shot when bowhunting. He seldom missed or made a bad shot, a result of both his deadly accuracy and his practice of taking only high per-

centage shots. In field archery tournaments he regularly beat me like a rented mule. He was good!

Ken and I taught IBEP courses together. He was always available to participate in a course even if it required him to rearrange his personal calendar. He was knowledgeable, creative and well prepared. He connected well with his students.

I hunted for elk in Colorado with Ken and for black bear several times in Canada. On all my hunts with him, he was dependable, resourceful, positive and humorous.

On a Colorado hunt we were driving on a barely navigable four wheel drive road near timberline. At one particularly narrow spot, Ken, who was driving, got out of the truck and studied the width of the road and compared it to the width of the truck. He pointed to several wrecked vehicles at the bottom of the cliff. When he got back in the truck, I told him I would walk--no need for both of us to die I reasoned. Ken pulled in the truck mirrors and slowly inched his way past the narrow section of road. The outside edges of his cliff side tires had no contact with the road. I was a nervous wreck; Ken was calm.

That night we heard a storm warning that urged people to get out of the high country or risk getting trapped there by a severe storm. We threw our gear into the truck and began our descent. A short time later we encountered our first obstacle. The wind had blown a large tree over the road. We couldn't go around the tree because of a cliff on one side and an embankment on the other. We couldn't backtrack because trees had fallen behind us. We had a hatchet and a small saw with us. We spent an hour chopping and sawing before we finally cleared a passageway. It took us another two hours to

get off the mountain. Ken skillfully drove his truck over terrain that would make a mountain goat nervous. He was the best off-road driver I've ever known.

On a black bear hunt in Canada, Ken came to my rescue. I shot a bear at dusk. It ran into a swamp. I saw it fall, but didn't hear a death moan. That concerned me. I waited a half hour and then went into the swamp to find the bear. As I approached the bear it stood on its rear legs and began popping its teeth. I thought, "John you have done some dumb things, but this has to be the dumbest." As the bear closed the distance between us, I flipped my flashlight toward it and shot. I heard the arrow strike the bear. It dropped to its four feet and moved deeper into the swamp. I hastily turned to leave and saw Ken's light approaching. When I wasn't at our pickup point, he came looking for me. I was glad to see him and told him what had transpired. He wisely suggested that we leave and return at daylight to search for the bear.

Shortly after daybreak we found the bear a few yards from where I had shot it. Ken pointed out that my arrow had struck the bear in a small, white patch on its chest. "That was all I could see in the dark" I said. "Yeah, right," he responded. By his tone I got the impression that he didn't believe me. As he always did, he helped me field dress the bear and carry it to our vehicle. What a hunting partner!

I'm certain that I can speak for all PBS members who knew Ken that he will be sorely missed. He represented the values of PBS in his behavior. He was a credit to the organization. He put the interests of others ahead of his own. With his death, PBS lost an exceptional member and Dave and I lost a dear friend. We have pleasant memories though of the time we spent with him. ♡



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# The passing of a friend

and  
PBS member

# Gary Hunt

By Daniel Banting

Well, Gary was a lifetime friend. I first met Gary in the mid '70s at York County Bowmen, an Ontario archery club that was established in the '50s. Gary was a boy of about 10 or 11 and I was a young man 10 years older. Our relationship blossomed from one where I was a friend of Gary's dad, Roy, to one where I became something of a surrogate Uncle to Gary. In time, as Gary grew older our relationship became one between peers but we both still shared and appreciated that early nucleus of our relationship. Gary was a talented artist in a variety of mediums and with his

interest in the out of doors and hunting was able to capture the outdoors through a hunters/artists eye. Professionally, Gary created/directed animated movies and although very highly respected in that field his heart was always in creating fine art featuring the woods and water he loved.

Gary had an indefatigable spirit and was passionate about everything he did, from his art, to his archery, to his physical well being. He attained his second degree black belt in Marshal Arts and although a physically imposing man had a most gentle heart. One of Gary's desires was to express his artistic side and begin to make his own line of recurve bows. Unfortunately he became sick before he was able to complete

his shop.

I had met a bowyer a year previous at a shoot in Baltimore and had enjoyed a number of phone conversations with him regarding a bow he had built for me. I called him up and explained of Gary's desire to make his own bow. I had not even finished my explanation as to what I wanted, and this man, who I barely knew and Gary had never met, agreed to not only mentor and instruct Gary as to the process but provided his shop and opened his home to two strangers from Canada. His only thought was that he could make a difference in

Gary, although a recent member of the PBS, exemplified the virtues and ethics that are the foundation of the organization. He was passionate about everything he did, from his art to his archery.

someone's life. Three weeks later Gary Hunt and I rolled into Ken Rohlhoff of Whippenstick Bows drive. For a week

Ken devoted himself to Gary's endeavor and a bow created by Gary's artistic hands began to take shape. On our departure Gary had in his hands a complete albeit unfinished Whippenstick designed, Hunt created recurve bow. During our drive to Wisconsin from Ontario, Gary slept most of the way. On the return trip he talked my ear off for 14 hours. His thoughts were on his bow and of the excitement of those he would now create and the personal changes he would make.

In spite of a lion's heart Gary's health continued to deteriorate and on January 7th



2013 a few days after his 47th birthday, surrounded by his family and friends, Gary left. There were over 300 people attending his celebration of life. There were hunters and canoeists, artists and poets, actors and animators, and friends, all of the friends with stories. There was sadness but there was joy as well, cherished memories were shared and much love was passed about.

Gary is survived by his mother and father Roy and Patricia Hunt, brother Paul and family, son Angus 17, son Malcolm 3 months and wife Patrice. He will be missed by so many more.

Gary, although a recent member of the PBS, exemplified the virtues and ethics that are the foundation of the organization.

Gary was a talented artist with an interest in the outdoors and hunting that gave him the ability to capture that in a variety of mediums including the paintings at left.

One of Gary's desires was to express his artistic side by making his own recurve bows. Ken Rohloff of Whippenstick Bows in Wisconsin not only offered his shop but opened his home to two strangers from Canada for that very purpose. Gary, in the green jacket, was all smiles during the week he spent under Ken's mentorship crafting his first recurve bow. They had never met before but over the course of the week became good friends.

A shared passion and a little bit of time are often all

it takes to make a difference in someone else's life.

Another one of those times came shortly after Gary was diagnosed when he decided he wanted to learn to fly fish. It was the offer of casting lessons and access to four trout ponds from Dan's neighbor that gave Gary and his brother Paul a chance to spend the day fishing together. 🐟



The DVD cover features a large set of antlers on a dark, textured background. The title 'ESSENTIAL ENCOUNTERS' is in a stylized font, with 'PRIMAL DREAMS II' below it. At the bottom, it says 'Featuring Music by Brule' and 'From the Makers of Primal Dreams A Wensel/Mitten Production'.

A New Journey from the Makers of *Primal Dreams*  
A Wensel/Mitten Production

The DVD disc shows a close-up of antlers.

A person in full camouflage gear, including a hood and backpack, is standing in a forest, looking out over a landscape.

For your copy visit  
[WWW.BROTHERSOFTHEBOW.COM](http://WWW.BROTHERSOFTHEBOW.COM)

# PBS Arrow Building COMPETITION

## 2014 **\*\*NEW\*\*** Rules

- To be held at the PBS Biennial Gathering, Cincinnati, Ohio, March 27-30, 2014.
- Open to any PBS member in good standing.
- Members need not be present to compete.
- Except for three arrow category and "Arrow Art", each entry will be a single broadhead arrow.
- A member may enter as many times as they wish.
- If the arrow shaft is footed, self-nocked, or inlaid in any manor, then all such work must have been done by the entrant.
- No sharp broadheads; sharpness will not be a judgment factor.
- No field points.
- No individual stands or frames.
- No illegal feathers or other illegal animal parts (Hawks, Eagles, Owls, etc.)
- All entries become property of PBS and will be auctioned off at the Saturday evening banquet.
- Each entry must have a title or name, as in a painting or trout fly.
- Each entry must have an index card with title of entry, name/address, of craftsman, description of arrow and materials, and category.
- **Send INDEX CARDS ONLY or e-mail to Brenda Kisner,** PBS, P. O. Box 246, Terrell, NC 28262 (or by e-mail: probowhunters@roadrunner.com) before March 1, 2014. This will give us an idea of how many entries and allow us time to make display signs for each entry.
- Deadline for arrow arrival at Gathering is noon on Friday, March 28, 2014.
- Those members planning to attend are asked to please bring entries with you. Members not attending can send entries to Steve Osminski, 7473 Marsack Dr., Swartz Creek, MI 48473. **ALL ENTRIES MAILED IN MUST ARRIVE NO LESS THAN 7 DAYS PRIOR TO THE GATHERING WEEKEND.** It is the entrant's responsibility to see that they arrive on time!
- First place entries will be awarded in each category.

## Categories

**Primitive:** Native American, Medieval, etc.

### **Single Arrow Amateur:**

The class is closed to anyone who makes arrows to sell commercially.

### **Single Arrow Professional:**

Open to fletchers who make arrows to sell commercially

### **Special Three Arrow Competition:**

Entries must be three identically matched broadhead arrows, wood shafting only. These arrows will be strictly judged on matched grain weight, spine, broadhead, and nock alignment, beauty, craftsmanship, cresting, etc. This category will be open to professional or amateurs.

**Arrow Art: A new category in 2014!** "Arrow Art" is meant for a more abstract form of arrow that is more about art than function.

## Member Photo Contest

**\*\*NEW\*\***

## 2014 Rules

There will be seven categories as follows

- 1). **Small-game hero**  
(bowhunter with small game)
- 2). **Big-game hero** (javelina, turkey, coyote and larger game)
- 3). **Bowfishing**  
(hero shot or action shot; any species pursued with bowfishing gear)
- 4). **Bowhunting Action**  
(shot should capture a bowhunter in action in foreground)
- 5). **Bowhunting Country**  
(photo with aspect of bowhunt, i.e.: bowhunter, equipment, camp, etc.)
- 6). **Trail Camera**
- 7). **Open** (any wildlife, landscape, or other outdoor subjects)

## Contest Rules are as follows:

- Participants are welcome to enter multiple photos per category
- Awards will be presented to winners in each of seven categories
- All photos will be 8" x 10" prints
- Photos will become property of PBS and given consideration for the magazine cover
- If a high resolution .jpg file is submitted prior to March 22, 2014, the hard copy will be returned to individuals at the banquet, by request
- All mailed photos must be received by March 22, 2014
- Photos may be hand delivered if attending the Banquet weekend
- Identify each photo with your name, address, phone number, and e-mail address
- All photos must be on photo paper or light backing material. Please no matting or framing.
- Please package photos to prevent bending and send to:  
Professional Bowhunters Society  
P. O. Box 246  
Terrell, NC 28262  
Phone: 704-664-2534  
FAX: 704-664-7471

**Contest winners to be announced at the 2014 Saturday Banquet in Cincinnati, Ohio**



## Ladies Riverboat Tour & Luncheon

*An extra special ladies event is now on the schedule for Cincinnati, a river boat tour and luncheon on the Ohio River!*

Ladies that elect to sign up will be transported to the dock at Newport, Kentucky which is just minutes away from the Hyatt Regency. The ladies will have either a private room on the “Belle of Cincinnati” or the entire “River Queen” which are operated by BB Riverboats. The riverboat tour and luncheon will be held on Friday March, 28, 2014. Standby for additional details in the 3rd Quarter magazine!

## Jerry Pierce Bowyers Contest

The intent of the Jerry Pierce Bowyers Contest is to highlight the best efforts and ingenuity of the gracious bowyers who donate to PBS, and recognize them for their exceptional work.

Professional Recurve  
Amateur Recurve  
Selfbow

Professional Longbow  
Amateur Longbow  
People’s Choice

*(any bow from the five categories)*

*The professional class is for those individuals who sell bows commercially; the amateur class is available to those who do not sell bows commercially.*

## 2014 Biennial Gathering Contact Info

### Donations may be mailed directly to:

Steve Osminski  
7473 Marsack Dr.  
Swartz Creek, MI 48473

*(Steve O. will receive and store donation items and will trailer the donated items to Cincinnati. Having some items in hand prior to the event will allow him the opportunity to enter donation information into the auction program software ahead of time.)*

### Donation Commitments and Donation Details:

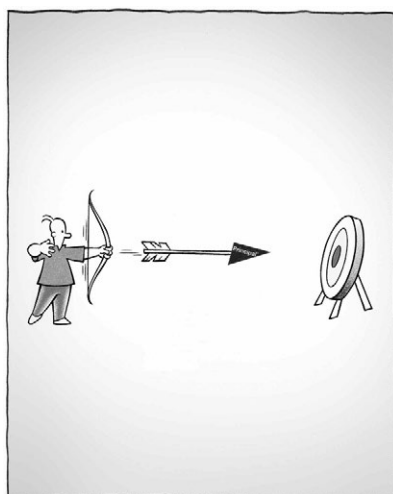
Greg Darling  
stykbowhunter61@yahoo.com  
269-806-9873

### Dealer Space:

Tim Roberts  
Tim@farrwestleather.com  
406-220-2051

### General Inquires and Questions:

Steve Hohensee  
steveh.alaska@gmail.com  
907-362-3676



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*Keep watching upcoming issues for more information as the 2014 Biennial Gathering approaches.*



# When HUNTING Became Shooting

By Gene Wensel

Since I became an official senior citizen, I've been accused several times of teetering somewhere between senility and wisdom. Someone needs to push almost seventy candles into my annual cake. I remember when camo was only available in mil-

itary issue or red and black checkered shirts; when deer camps smelled like Hoppe's #9; when four wheel drive vehicles were all Jeeps; when the color blaze orange was invented. There were no ATVs....no snowmobiles. Snowshoes were made out of wood. Boys built slingshots. Kids caught night crawlers and sold them with the help of a sign in the front yard. We played "Cowboys and Injuns," constructed "forts," both underground and up in trees. We had BB guns, shot tweety birds dead without eating them, did daily chores unpaid and rode bikes without helmets. We carried "milk money" to school every day. Boys fought without knives, and in our hearts we knew that all girls had "cooties."

When I was still a teenager, I visited the Orvis rod plant in Manchester, Vermont. From a rack in the front of their factory store, I lovingly fondled a featherweight split bamboo cane fly rod. It was only 5 feet long (much shorter than most fly rods) and was made for a 5 weight line.... perfect for many of Vermont's small trout streams. It wore an all cork handle and a reel seat of simple split rings. If I remember right, it weighed a mere 1 7/8 oz. It was a supreme example of artistic elegance and pure class. I wanted it very much, but the price tag on it said exactly \$100, way more than I had to my name. Today that same rod sells for well over \$2000.

Prices have changed. Times have changed. People have changed. Society has changed. We are now several generations removed from the farm but still need to grow things. Half a century ago, the term "politically correct" was nonexistent. "Boy scout" has taken on a whole new meaning, if you get my drift. Today's youngsters spend all their free time in front of television sets, computers or at malls instead of out in the woods. Kids feel naked without their very own cell phone within reach. People previously known as "whippersnappers" now play violent video games or watch television

when not texting or talking on their phones. Teens quit doing chores for under \$50 an hour. They also carry charge cards. They don't walk anywhere they can ride. No more roving lawn mower or snow shoveling jobs are solicited. Boys wear earrings and necklaces. Girls get boy's names tattooed onto various body parts. Our "Commander in Chief" apparently thinks he's an emperor but looks and acts more like Steve Urkel than John Wayne or General George Patton. You get the picture....

Our wind figuratively changed when hunting became an industry. In my opinion, it all started when television stole much of our free time. Interest in the "Big Three" hunting magazines soon waned. Television was King! So was Elvis. We had to endure live action bowling. Ed Sullivan offered us not only Elvis and the Beatles, but special talent acts like a guy spinning dinner plates on under-spined arrow shafts. We had Howdy Doody and a talking horse named Mr. Ed. I even watched Lassie, right up until the episode where the kid got his foot caught in a huge bear trap, then sent his loyal dog rushing back to the barn with instructions to bring back a C-clamp. A dog smart enough to fetch a C-clamp? Gimme a break.

Television went through understandable growing pains. Then, about twenty years ago, actual hunting shows were born, finding an uncomfortable niche right alongside Star Wars, horror films, I Love Lucy re-runs, fifty new sit-coms and soft porn. Never again did we have to watch Ozzie Nelson walk around his own home wearing a suit and tie when he had no apparent job. Mr. Ed went to the glue factory. Howdy Doody came down with mildew or dry rot, I'm not sure which, but the painted freckles fell off his face.

Today, we're offered full season weekly TV episodes about people who catch turtles for a living, "exterminators" who don't kill much except insects, gator hunters who seemingly talk with marbles in their mouths

leaving a bunch of trail cameras out for more than a few days at a time. On the TV menu are weekly shows about driving trucks on icy roads, logging, towing vehicles, raising little girls with double chins, the trials and tribulations of "Little People," the fine art of junk picking and hoarding at it's worst. Five year old girls are painted up for beauty contests. We're even treated to one about the perils of being a meter maid! Drama choices are endless! Had enough? Apparently not yet.

With hunting shows, celebrities seemingly came out of nowhere, all jockeying not for entertainment or educational value, but for pole positions of name recognition among their peers, potential sponsors and new followers. Our attention and interest was tested with lots of whispering, poorly hidden commercials, bad acting by people trying to be funny, and shameless, even embarrassing, high five whooping and hollering rants. It didn't take long to realize far too many celebrity hosts and guest hunters have a very hard time differentiating love from lust.

Television hunting shows made hunting look easy, programming youngsters to expect success without ever really earning it. Commercialized gadgets were invented and promoted to eliminate much of the process. Hunters became "athletes." Hunting became a "team sport." People right out of puberty decided to go "Pro," with deadly attitudes but foggy direction, skipping any degree of apprenticeship or woodsmanship skills along the way. I continue to see six year old kids posing their best "bad ass" faces for hero photos. Kids young enough to wear pajamas with the feet attached are regularly seen posing behind trophy bucks. Youngsters who still get a lollipop whenever they sleep dry are shooting big game. Deer are now "whacked," "popped," or "smoked" from long ranges. Arrows became "meat missiles," while bullets became "pills." Just this morning I saw a photo of a bowhunter

to the point TV producers have to subtitle whatever they say as if they're speaking in a foreign language. The hunt for Bigfoot continues. One of these days Sasquatch hunters might consider

posing with his dead critter. On the horizontal rib cage of his prize sat an open can of beer. The words “awesome” and “That’s what I’m talkin’ about!” have risen to far more than standard verbiage.

With the “help” of television celebrities, who often seem to think of themselves as somehow very special, hunting slowly but surely lost it’s romance. Our “music” increased in tempo but lost it’s rhythm. Many hunters don’t even get into the woods anymore. There is no story attached to 90% of the deer killed on television these days. “Just put me in a good spot” is all they expect. Traditional deer camps were sold.... or only used for poker, booze, smoking, or to test drive new girlfriends.

Hunting became shooting. “Bows” that look more like James Bond tools came to be known as “weapons.” Instead of trying to get as close as possible to big game, the challenge evolved to how far away one could “whack” a deer with either bows or guns....it didn’t really matter. Just last night I watched a celebrity bowhunter “whack” his “biggest buck ever” (home grown to boot) from 56 yards. That buck deserved better.

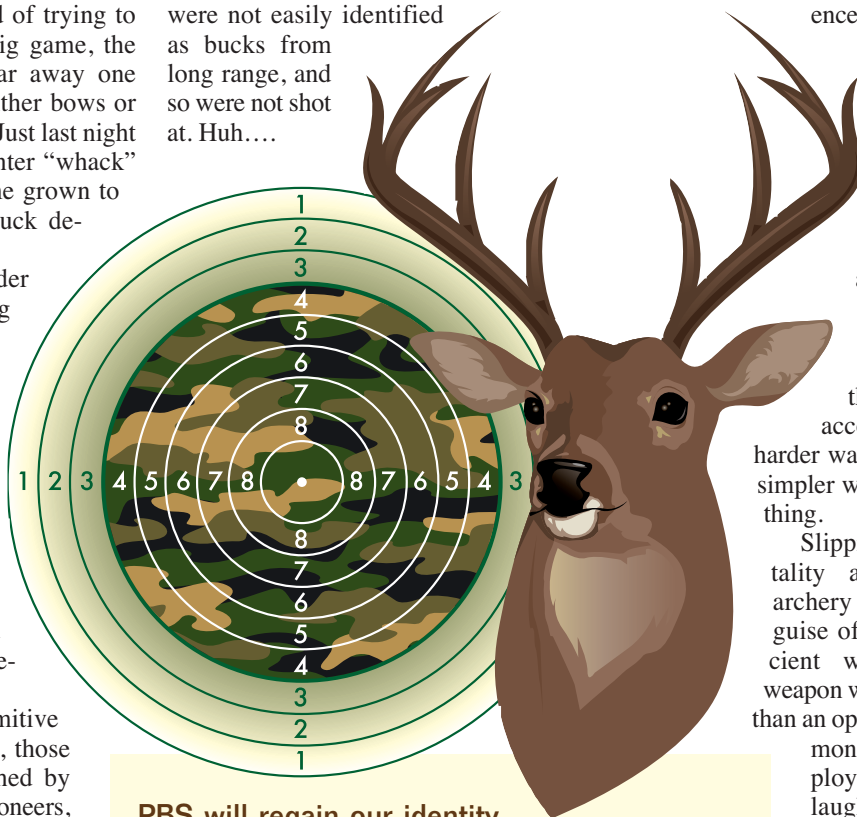
Primitive black powder firearms grew into nothing more than single shot rifles without the brass, using pellets rather than powder, big scopes, thumbhole stocks, bipods, etc. I even saw a muzzleloader dude carrying two of them in case he needed a second shot! I made a mental note to myself: “There could be a market out there for double barreled muzzleloaders...maybe even repeaters.”

Pre and extended primitive “weapons” big game seasons, those fought hard for and established by none other than bowhunting pioneers, were quickly infiltrated by hundreds of thousands of opportunists simply looking for an easier way to fill their entitled “extra” tags.

“Hunting” shows often display sniper talent. Now, before someone takes a bead on me, I want to admit I’ve always admired and respected long range shooting skills of snipers. I’ve bought and read stuff by and about guys like Carlos Hathcock, Chris Kyle, Simo Hayha, etc. But, when hunting is confused with long range shooting, one can’t help but realize sniper talent often emerges as little more than superb target shooting at live targets. Again, no disrespect to long range sniper skills, but in my opinion, anything over 400

yards is a whole lot more about shooting than hunting. The only real hunting part is spotting the animal from afar and stalking or crawling into position to set up for the shot. I might also mention here that I am an NRA “Lifer,” and by no means an anti-gun person whatsoever.

Back in the “Golden Age” of deer hunting, many if not most, deer were killed with open sighted .30-30s. I once commented to my dad that a seemingly higher percentage of big bucks were taken in the “good old days,” even though total deer numbers were not nearly as high in that era. Dad pointed out the biggest reason was possibly because most hunters used open sights. Few carried, nor could afford, binoculars or scopes. Since shooting doe deer was not cool in those days, spikes and forkhorns with small antlers were not easily identified as bucks from long range, and so were not shot at. Huh....



**PBS will regain our identity only by embracing the journey....selling the process rather than the product. There is nothing wrong with intensity, but we must express love of the hunt rather than lust for the hunt!**

In long range shooting, with either gun or bow, the absolutely necessary and noble relationship between predator and prey is remarkably reduced or even eliminated. From greater distances, a game animal’s ability to even be aware of a hunter by way of their normal senses is reduced to all but worthless levels. Because of that fact, there is no longer any real connection with the animal, and therefore not much of a hunt. Elevated “shooting houses” set up on the edges of

food plots are correctly named.

Many, if not most, modern hunters are opportunists. Fred Bear himself put that philosophy into motion with his “two season hunter” concept, which in truth was little more than a shrewd marketing plan, at least at the time. Most opportunists are essentially the definition of the word. They choose expediency over basic principles. A big problem surfaces when opportunists sacrifice principles. Opportunists not only despise failure, but most cannot handle it. They dislike eating tag soup, preferring to kill their game “the easiest legal way.” Going home with no blood on their hands apparently leaves a bad taste in their mouths.

Most opportunists don’t belong to much of anything, because many are simply users who don’t really care. There is a big difference in having an interest in

something and being passionate enough about anything to really care.

Hunters need to encourage and embrace the challenge instead of the “kill at all costs” attitude. Risking an unfilled tag will require re-education of the general public to the sweetness of maybe accomplishing things a harder way, which is often also a simpler way. It becomes a values thing.

Slipping the crossbow mentality and justification into archery seasons under the disguise of it being a “more efficient weapon” (there’s that weapon word again) is little more than an opportunist’s excuse and a money driven marketing ploy. I had a hard time not laughing when an able-bodied neighbor lopped off two of his fingers the very first time he took a shot at a nice buck with his new crossbow.

True disabilities aside, there is simply no reason to allow crossbows outside of gun seasons. When states dump the truly physically impaired requisite, we end up with 90% being mere opportunists. Once again, our biggest problem comes along when these opportunists sacrifice principles. Our deep outdoor passion should never be thought of as any sort of “entitlement,” which unfortunately is the way the majority of users interpret things today.

**When Hunting ~ continued on page 23**

# The Archery Range at



## *Appreciative Intelligence, Kinesthetic Intelligence and the Healing of our Wounded Warriors through Traditional Archery*

By Brad Isham

### Appreciative Intelligence

*The ability to see the mighty oak while looking at the acorn. It is not just being positive, it is never accepting that your vision is not a reality. It is overcoming obstacles, and devising a course of action to turn potential into reality.*

Boulder Crest Retreat for Wounded Warriors is the vision of my friend, Ken Falke. It is a 37 acre healing retreat built for our nation's wounded soldiers, so they might find their own mighty oak when their vision sees only acorns.

Ken is a 21 year combat veteran of the U.S. Navy and retired Master Chief Petty Officer. He is highly respected throughout the world and connected with military and civilian Anti and Counter-Terrorism communities, an innovative and forward thinking leader in training and technology development. The quality I respect most about Ken is his want to give. He recognizes the void in our governments ability to care for our veterans after they leave the hospital

and is creating the means to fill that void beyond the budgetary constraints of the Department of Defense and Department of Veterans Affairs.

We can no longer ignore the fact that our

country is not fulfilling the needs of our veterans, especially our wounded veterans. The suicide and divorce rates among them is staggering, proving that families need to heal together, veterans, spouses, parents, and children.

The collective goal at Boulder Crest Retreat is to create a first-class rural retreat for outpatient and transitioning soldiers. A place they can stay with their families for short-duration healing retreats designed to enhance their progress towards rehabilitation and integration back into military or civilian life. It is a place between hospital and home for families to rest, relax, and to have time together unencumbered by schedules and appointments. It will also be a place

wounded soldiers can return to, if the need arises, for a family respite or to attend one of the retreat's many classes. **The services of the retreat will be offered to wounded soldiers and their families at any time and at no cost.** The duration of a stay will last from two nights to two weeks and the team at Boulder Crest expects 250 to 500 families per year. It is the belief at Boulder Crest Retreat that their organizational model will serve as a leader for new community and veteran services across the country.

With a soldier's body, mind, spirit, and soul in mind, Ken invited volunteers from a wide variety of healing disciplines to participate. What he found was not only a willingness, but also a want to participate in a process to provide services to veterans and their families, as few or as many as they care to accept. On-site non-denominational ministry and marriage counseling will be offered as well yoga, massage, reiki, and meditation practitioners. From science and religion to outdoor sports, the retreat will combine healing efforts that encourage the involvement of the entire family.

The retreat will also allow families to meet, share experiences, and participate in programs like the fundamentals of transitioning to civilian life. Soldiers can participate in life skills training courses such as resume writing, financial management, interviewing, salary negotiating, and group counseling. The grounds of the thirty-seven acre retreat will be the classroom for recreational therapies as well.

Boulder Crest is currently building 4, 6 person, family cabins and "The Barn", a 7000 square foot training and conference center with a dining facility and commercial kitchen. All of the buildings should be completed this summer, ready to accept soldiers and their families, ready for the healing to begin.

**At left is the Archery Range in acorn form.**



## Kinesthetic Intelligence

*The sense of movement, our awareness of pressure, strength, motion, and using our bodies skillfully. Kinesthetic Intelligence is the integration of our body and mind in a manner that comes naturally. It is what we as traditional archers recognize in the beauty of the perfect shot, whether it's our own or watching another. It is satori, seeing the shot before it happens then making it without thought interruption. It is what we all strive for while instinctively shooting.*

There have been plans for an archery range at Boulder Crest Retreat for years. Knowing that archery is a quiet, challenging activity, fostering meditative qualities and the entire family can practice it together makes it a natural activity for the retreat to provide. Families will grow, learn, and have fun building their kinesthetic intelligence together and encouraging its growth in each other.

In 1923 Dr. Saxton Pope wrote, "The flight of an arrow is symbolic of life itself. It springs from the bow with high aim, flies toward the blue heaven above, and seems to have immortal power. The song of its life is sweet to the ear. The rush of its upward arc is a promise of perpetual progress."

Our hope is soldiers will find, in traditional archery, the promise of perpetual progress. They may see every day as a chance to do a little better and their families may also be inspired and participate in the healing that the practice of archery offers.

The concept of family healing through the practice of archery is this simple. "My daddy's in a wheelchair but we can still shoot our bows and have fun together, so that's what we do."

This spring we made the commitment to plan and begin construction on Boulder Crest Retreat's Archery Range for Wounded Warriors. Our challenge, take a 200 yard by 300 yard patch of the thickest, densest Virginia fox grape, greenbriar, poison ivy, and other nasty stuff I don't know the name of, and turn it into a safe, family friendly, wheelchair accessible, 3D archery range that will be fun, meditative, and rehabilitative for the whole family.

We also need to raise funds, get corporate, group, and private sponsors, arrange for

target donations, bow, arrow, and accessory donations, and get volunteers to help build, maintain, and volunteer at the range when soldiers need assistance or training.

The plan is to build a thirty target 3D range adding as many additional fun kid targets as money allows. We are working with manufacturers, retailers, and private donors to secure gear and funding. We project the range construction and equipment costs to reach close to \$30,000. A small clubhouse with a small bow workshop and six covered but open stalls where we can also shoot

field archery targets is planned. The costs of making the range and the salt box style clubhouse ADA compliant and accessible are many, but the return on the investment will be immeasurable in the lives of our soldiers.

We are currently seeking target sponsorships. There are two ways to participate, the first way is to donate \$1000.00 to the Boul-

der Crest Retreat for Wounded Warriors is a 501(c)3 tax deductible charity.

The response to creating an archery range for wounded warriors from the traditional archery community has been wonderful. Many thanks are required and I will start by saying thank you, to all of you, as I know that you support this project. Secondly, I would like to mention some of our committed donors.

Dick Robertson, of Robertson Stykbow, and long time PBS member and supporter, was the very first to offer help. In fact, he offered before fully reading the letter I sent to him introducing Boulder Crest Retreat. He had a great idea and offered another way of giving I hadn't thought of. Dick is sending a box full of blemished limb sets and risers, all in perfect working order but hard for him to sell. A local bowyer will match the limbs

to risers, finish the limbs and risers, and add strings, shelves, etc. to make the bows complete. We may even have a class on finishing and tuning longbows and recurves at Dick's suggestion, and, if we have enough donations, let soldiers keep the bows they complete.

Compton Traditional Bowhunters, with a cooperative effort

through 3Rivers Archery, has donated 12 kids bows, 36 matching arrows, plus other shooting gear. They have sent a check to sponsor a target. Vince Smith of Compton's board of directors is building and donating two fifty pound longbows. I'm not sure how we could ask for more.

Tim Cosgrove of Kustom King archery has pledged his support by greatly discounting the hanging backstops and is donating some targets to our cause.

Easton Arrows has pledged a thousand arrows, what a relief.

PBS members John Stockman and Jack Denbow have pledged their support by volunteering their time at the range. Teaching families the art of the bare bow and instructing arrow building classes will be an appreciated and much needed addition to the retreat.

PBS has graciously offered to support this cause by giving it press and opening up



**The cabins and a view of the Catoctin Mountains.  
The services of the retreat will be offered to  
wounded soldiers and their families at any time and at no cost.**

der Crest Retreat for Wounded Warriors using BCR's website ([www.bouldercrestretreat.org](http://www.bouldercrestretreat.org)). A targeted donation can be specified in the dedication field for target sponsorship. A plaque will be provided in honor of your donation, in the name of a person or group you choose, and it will be permanently mounted at one of the target shooting stations. To date, six target sponsorships have been sold, within the first two weeks of the campaign, some private and some corporate. Groups can pool money and donate as one sponsor in honor of their group or in the name of a person they choose.

The second way to sponsor a target is to give an "in-kind" donation of durable goods. Anyone who donates one thousand dollars in archery equipment to Boulder Crest Retreat will also receive a plaque in their honor. Please be sure to give your plaque designation with your donation or email me directly.

All donations are appreciated, no matter

**Archery Range** ~ continued on page 22

# The Archery Range

*For soldiers traditional archery is the promise of perpetual progress.*

~ continued from page 21

the Boulder Crest Retreat Archery Range story to its members. I personally spoke with PBS president, Jim Akenson, and he felt the BCR range is a cause that PBS and its members should support. I can't agree more and I can't thank Jim enough for allowing me this opportunity.

Morrell targets has already sent two large field targets, and we have promises from Delta McKenzie, GlenDel, Rinehart, and my friend Al at Big Shot Targets.

Art Vincent, from Cedar Ridge Leather Works has been generous too, with his time, his talents, and his offerings for support. You will see me walking around the shoots this year with a back quiver that reads:

*Fill The Quiver for Wounded Warriors  
The Archery Range At  
Boulder Crest Retreat*

I hope the quiver is always full, I'll stick my arrows in my pocket if I have to!

The Boulder Crest Retreat archery range for wounded warriors will need as many small donations as we can get. Targets donated by a club or a group of friends, new bows, blemished bows, extra bows, strings, or contributions of gloves, tabs, and arm guards are needed. A dozen arrows from

you arrow-smiths would be a wonderful and thoughtful gift and may just end up going to a soldier's home along with a Robertson Stykbow.

Networking is the key. Please contact your friends, archery dealers, and manufacturers if you know them. A little donation from many donors is what will make this happen. No one can do this alone.

The concept of family healing through the practice of archery is this simple. "My daddy's in a wheelchair but we can still shoot our bows and have fun together, so that's what we do."

PBS members have a long history of supporting and representing archery and its causes. Think about Boulder Crest Retreat for Wounded Warriors, about the range, the families, the healing, and imagine a national model created from this example.

The intelligent mind tells us that the body, mind, and soul are different entities. The natural mind knows they are one. Archery is dynamic meditation, a practice that requires great effort but also the ability to release from the results of that effort. In

other words, it is a discipline that teaches discipline, but also teaches us to let go and have fun. What more could you offer a family in need of repair?

Boulder Crest Retreat would like veterans to learn to accept their diagnosis but reject their prognosis and be free from following current statistics.

It is their mission to have the archery range open this summer. If you feel compelled, we would welcome your help and your support.

For more information please look online at: [bouldercrestretreat.org](http://bouldercrestretreat.org)

or email me directly at: [brad@bradisham.com](mailto:brad@bradisham.com)

I would love to hear from you and discuss Boulder Crest Retreat's archery range or any of its other services for wounded warriors.

*PBS associate member Brad Isham is an experienced traditional bowhunter and recovered bow maker. He loves to travel and hunt whenever he can and is the author of traditional bowhunting's award winning novel, The Sound Of The String*

Available at: [www.thesoundofthestring.com](http://www.thesoundofthestring.com), amazon, kindle, and traditional archery retailers on-line. \*



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# When Hunting Became Shooting

~ continued from page 19

In reality, opportunists might have efficiency, but they display very little class.

Using simple bows and arrows at ultra close range puts the hunt in hunting. Was a big buck shot from a vehicle hunted or simply shot? Was he an accomplishment to be proud of or closer to nothing but a victim? In truth, many "sport hunters" have little or no desire (or time) to honestly engage an animal up close and personal, instead following the simplistic philosophy that getting a job done the quickest, easiest way is the best way. This last sentence in itself is a sad reminder that the hunting process has been watered down to pathetic levels. We need to get back into the woods! Shortening the learning curve that comes as a part of any apprenticeship is not the answer. Hunting needs to once again become a "values" issue, accepting challenges but not pushing past them. Extending one's personal range limits quickly takes our passion from the level of a challenge to that of a stunt, often justified solely by the fact they saw someone on TV pull it off once.

Respect for wildlife continues to diminish. Deer are not targets. We are not at war

with wildlife. Product names need not imply death, destruction, fury, evil, or hatred.

Who could have predicted egotistical hunting celebrities would someday show up in tour buses and pickup trucks that look more like they belong in a parade? Who would have guessed that hunting celebrities

would make statements like, "I wouldn't think of going hunting without wearing Brand X camo."

Hunting, our beloved passion, needs to be redefined and fixed...reborn if you will.

For those not aware by now, PBS has a brand new official "Preservation of Bowhunting Committee" to implicate and connect more real bowhunters with serious yet passionate people who already belong to PBS. I'm excited about this. Members of the Professional Bowhunters Society are among a very unique group, self-limiting their standards in equipment, techniques and values by their own free will. Their hearts, as well as their values, are in the right place. Self imposed rules of conduct can and should be shared, shown, and encouraged by wise, strong-willed people with good values. As things play out now, right or wrong is too often cast aside during the process of interpretation.

It has always fascinated me how flyfishermen can smoothly pull off crusading their passion and beliefs with mass acceptance. They have their very own organizations, seasons, stretches of water, their own maga-

zines, TV shows, mail order catalogs, outfitters, etc. without seemingly offending other fishermen using bait, spinning rods or high tech gear. They express and even flaunt class right before the eyes of gill crushers with minimal opposition. How can they do that? One of the reasons is that fishing can be a non-consumptive catch and release pastime, while death is a part of hunting that cannot be avoided nor denied quite as easily.

I can't help but ask myself why high-tech hunters, once they "master" their hunting tools, don't naturally and instinctively realize such and revert to increasing personal challenge levels rather than pushing onward.

PBS will regain our identity only by embracing the journey.... selling the process rather than the product. There is nothing wrong with intensity, but we must express love of the hunt rather than lust for the hunt! Admitting and agreeing that there is in fact a problem that clear thinking could help is a step in the right direction, even if addressed one hunter at a time.

If you haven't read or contributed to the multiple posted threads concerning the future of PBS as a voice to be heard, by all means join the conversation with opinions and ideas on our [www.probowsociety.net](http://www.probowsociety.net) website.

PBS is in the process of putting together a short film about our philosophies. Your help will be appreciated in any capacity. What the Montana Bowhunters Association has put together will give you an idea of a similar vision for and about PBS. I invite you to view the MBA's video at [www.mtba.org](http://www.mtba.org)

Those in our circle have been talking about the dilemmas within modern hunting practices and the truth that there is a need to do something about them, but until now, the answers have been unclear. Translating these tasks to actions will be our biggest new challenge. We need to educate the masses to realize that right now, more of them are guilty than innocent.

In truth, this opinion article you are reading would never be seen published in any mainstream outdoor media because it would piss off multiple advertisers enough for them to jump ship. When principles face profits, the outcome is seldom positive. Outdoor media needs to first recognize the fact that currently they are part of the problem more than the solution.

PBS is a very unique group, one you should be proud of. It is not for everyone, but each of us reading these words know people who should belong to this organization but don't. Our future is looking bright once again, mostly because it's time to put the hunt back in hunting. Pass the word! ♣

*"My wife thinks that I love being in the backcountry more than I love being with her. For once she might be right."*  
-anonymous

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# Mid-Atlantic OYG

March 22-24, 2013  
Lycoming Sportsmen Marsh Hill, PA

Beautiful setting,  
great conversation and  
+ wonderful friendships  
**Event to Remember**



By Dave Watson

The PBS Odd Year – Mid-Atlantic Gathering was held at the Lycoming Creek Sportsman's Association in Marsh Hill, PA. On Friday – Sunday, March 22 – 24, 2013. This event was co sponsored by the Pennsylvania Longbow Association and they also provided raffle items and long distance awards for the attendees. This was a well attended OYG, and members came from all points of the eastern US to attend. The long distance award for the longest distance traveled from home to the event went again to Dave Watson, who traveled over 700 miles from far western NC to join the group. The weather was iffy, spitting snow, wind and crisp temperatures made the event not unlike a late winter hunting trip.

This location has a remote feel, yet is only 30 minutes north of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Lycoming Creek Sportsmen features a mountain meadow next to Lycoming Creek. There was tent camping available, and electrical hookups for campers. Because the weather was so crisp, tent camping left a little to be desired, but Larry Schwartz did his thing and braved the cold. There was snow on the ground, but not as much as the previous OYG here, and it was in fact warmer as well, with tem-

perature moving above freezing late in the day on Saturday.

The range is a fun 3-D course, and a number of hardy souls braved the cold temperatures to test their prowess with the stick and string on the very challenging course.

The kitchen provided tons of food with with proceeds going to PBS. Raffle items were in abundance and some very nice items walked out the door with a lucky PBS member. Members showed up on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and most remained until well into Sunday. The weather bearing down on the eastern US, however, caused some to bail out very early on Sunday morning to attempt to avoid the oncoming snow storm.

The Sportsmans Club clubhouse provided warmth, food, and a place to sit and tell hunting stories, and was a very welcome refuge from the cold outside. On Saturday, many of the attendees took the tour of the Swarthout's Skull Works to see how skulls were cleaned and made ready for mounting. This is a very interesting tour and gives some great insite on the procedures used to make these skulls "mount ready".

Among the group attending the OYG, were past PBS Presidents Bob Seltzer and Ben Dodge, and a host of very notable members. One thing everyone noticed, however, that there was a large amount of grey on the beards and heads of the members!

On Saturday afternoon, the group gathered at the clubhouse for the much anticipated raffle. There were some mighty fine items to be had, and some members were observed buying a lot of raffle tickets in an attempt to out pick other members. Two years ago at the OYG, Dan and Diane Mathis were the big winners in the raffle, this time it was Tim Denial.



Yes, Tim was the new Dianne Mathis, just not quite as pretty. He and Andy Luper took away the lion's share of the raffle items. Although I do not know how much funds were finally raised for PBS, this event was a great success and everyone was already talking about the next one in 2015. Cincinnati was a hot topic and everyone was looking forward to attending the big show next March. A big Thank You to the Covingtons, Frank and Carol, Tim and Maureen Burris and Alice and Bess and Bill all of whom helped organize the kitchen and the event, along with Larry Schwartz. Larry, by the way, put on a really outstanding compass class to teach those who just use a GPS how navigation really works. Well done!

A beautiful setting, great conversation and wonderful friendships made this an event to remember. We all had a great time.



By Tim Burris and Frank Covington

We had a good turn-out for a March Gathering. About 60 people came during the weekend to shoot their bows and share stories. Half of those people shot the course at least once. There were a lot of people packed into the little hunting camp to swap stories and see old friends. When it got too warm, or too deep inside, people migrated outside and gathered around the fireplace and picnic tables. There was good food and good company.



The Pennsylvania Longbow Association co-sponsored this event. We used their targets and their members ran the kitchen and donated the proceeds to the PBS. We hold this Odd Year on the grounds of the Lycoming Creek Sportsmen's Association, which is where PLA holds its annual camp-out shoot in June. It is a beautiful location ringed by mountains.

People were very generous with raffle donations and ticket purchases. Bill Hassenmayer and Duane Means organized donations as they came in on Friday and Saturday. We did the drawing on Saturday afternoon and raised some money for the organization. In no particular order, donations came from: Duane Means, Tim Denial, Gary & Clare McWilliams, J & M Traditions, Jack Denbow, John Stockman, Paul Olsakovsky III, Dennis Scicchitano, PA Longbow Association, Kevin Curtis, Bill Bonczar, Dennis Filippelli, John Beck, Dave Watson, Bob Seltzer, Elsa Zumstein & Jeff Barndt, and Bill Hassenmayer.

We also need to extend our thanks to several people who



helped make this event successful. Our wives Maureen and Carol organized the food, did the shopping and a lot of cooking. PLA members Bess Criswell, Clare McWilliams and Elsa Zumstein also cooked and worked in the kitchen over the weekend. Several PBS members also donated food to be sold by the kitchen.

Larry Schwartz kept news about the event circulating on the various archery websites. He also led an orienteering workshop on Saturday afternoon. Lance and Colleen Swarthout hosted a tour of their skull cleaning shop (just up the road from the Gathering). Jack Denbow came back impressed by an elk skull that he saw there. Dave Watson, once again won the sweat-shirt for the longest drive (over 700 miles).

Odd Year Gatherings are about getting together and seeing old and new friends. Thanks to everyone who came to the Odd Year. ☺

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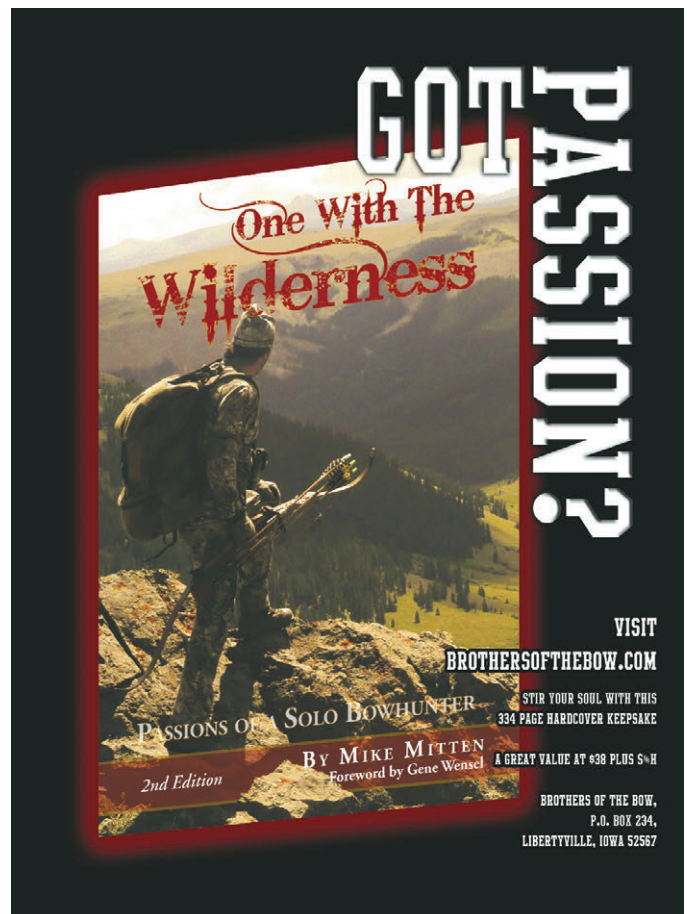
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# PBS Georgia Hog Hunt

By Dan Russell

The first PBS group hunt of 2013, a hog hunt in the South Georgia swamps, is in the books. Nine bow hunters from six states were able to participate in this year's hunt. Several of these hunters had participated in past PBS group hunts, while for many, this author included; this was a first experience with this type of hunt. I'm confident that everyone involved had a great time. If you have never experienced a group hunt with the PBS membership I strongly encourage you to give it a try.

We experienced no small measure of adversity and adventure on this hunt. Organizer Jeff Holchin chose the area well, but he did not make it easy on us. Camp was about six river miles from the boat launch. High tidal fluctuations and unpredictable bottom topography (i.e. lots of sandbars) made a functioning depth finder an absolute necessity for navigating the river at anything other than high tide. It only took one evening journey at low tide to learn the futility of attempting to navigate the river when it was in that condition. What should have been a short half hour run turned into a several hour odyssey which at times had us questioning whether we'd even be able to get back without waiting for the tide to rise. Fortunately we did make it in that evening, and the jambalaya cooked up by chef extraordinaire Melvin Gregoire was all the more delicious for the adventure.

Our attempts at river travel did not always have such a happy ending. Transporting all the hunters and their gear required many trips back and forth between the launch, not all of which could be coordinated with the ideal tides. It was on one such trip that Jeff, seeking deeper passage to the launch but relying on "intuitive" navigation rather than a depth finder pointed his craft into an as yet un-navigated channel and promptly ran aground. All attempts to dislodge the vessel proved futile, but fortu-



**Nine bow hunters from six states participated in this year's hunt.**

nately Captain Bobby Parrot was able to tow the disabled craft into the local marina where it was determined that other than a broken prop no major motor damage had occurred.

The hunting was worth whatever hardships we endured. I don't have nearly the pig hunting experience of many who will be reading this, but I have pursued wild swine in Texas, California, Hawaii, Australia, and now Georgia, and can say without hesitation that the quality of hunting we experienced this February in Georgia was better than anything I've had outside of Cape York, and it wasn't all that far from that. Jeff really did his research while organizing this hunt and it paid off. The only problem was that over the course of the all too few days we had to hunt I seemed to forget how to shoot my bow. More on that later though.

Upon waking up on the first morning of the hunt I made coffee, and headed due north through a cypress swamp. This was an entirely novel type of habitat for me, and it was easy to become lost in it, both in the figurative and the literal sense. As I started mak-

ing my way through the swamp I was going slowly, both in the interest of soaking in the magic of the swamp and in an effort to keep from flooding my knee boots with the tannin rich waters. All these concerns rapidly went out the window though as I heard the raucous vocalizations of pigs from the far side of the swamp. Hurry as I might it still took a good half hour to cross the swamp, and by the time I arrived on dry land, soaked to the pockets on both legs, the hogs had shut up. No worries though, hog sign was everywhere. I put the wind in my face and went off exploring.

Skirting the swamp's edge I continued to encounter heavy hog sign, as well as many squirrels. I loosed a couple arrows at the tree rats but on that morning didn't connect. The GDFW had planted food plots for the deer and turkey in this area, and as I encountered them I explored each in its turn, but most were overgrown with weeds and held little sign. Nearing the WMA boundary I heard what I thought might be the sound of pigs moving ahead of me along the swamp's edge. The wind was not favorable so I went



to the boundary then circled back to where I'd heard the noises. Sure enough there were the pigs! They were upwind and feeding in my direction. There may have been bigger pigs in the group that I never saw, but all I was able to positively identify were five pigs in the fifty pound range, perfect size in my book! After a fair bit of jockeying and maneuvering in the thick brush, one of the porkers finally stepped clear at 15 yards and I sent an arrow right.....over its back. Muttering under my breath, I collected my arrow and attempted to relocate the group of hogs, but it wasn't to be. I headed back to camp disappointed with the outcome of the shot, but still thrilled to have gotten into pigs and seen so much sign, all in the first morning of the hunt.

That afternoon we left the swamps behind and motored down river to explore a series of islands which were reputed to hold hogs. My first thoughts after setting foot on what we later dubbed "Hog Island" were something along the lines of "how in the heck could a guy ever kill a hog here?" There wasn't a tree on the island; instead it was covered in an incredibly thick growth of river cane, which made quiet hunting impossible. On any given step you could sink to your calf or deeper in greasy muck, and the island was criss-crossed with water filled channels which needed to be jumped across. We did have one thing in our favor, which were large openings in the cane that resulted from a recent fire that had been set on the island. Despite the less than promising look of the island we set out across it and did indeed encounter hog sign. Since the tide was going out we had to keep a tight leash on this evenings hunt as camp was several miles upstream. As luck would have it, the hog sign got continuously fresher as the hunt progressed and at just about the time we were supposed to be returning to the boat I spotted hogs, big ones, feeding in one of the burned over areas. The wind was right so after discussing a plan with Jeff I tried to sneak in for a shot. As I got close the hogs started feeding off in the wrong direction, so I was kind of playing catch up. Eventually the wind swirled and the hogs became alert, one



**Hog Island was covered in an incredibly thick growth of river cane and criss-crossed with water filled channels which needed to be jumped across. Above is Jeff upon completion of his tumbling routine! The top photo is Julian walking in one of the large openings in the river cane which were a result of a recent fire set on the island.**

more than the others. She was a big black and white sow, and once she got a whiff of me she became somewhat curious and aggressive. Grunting and popping her jaws, she came within ten yards of me several times as I crouched in the mud, but never presented a reasonable shot angle. Finally she circled completely downwind and presented a broadside angle, albeit while looking right at me. I figured this was the best chance I'd get so I came to full draw and dropped the string, but predictably the hog was belly down in the mud long before the arrow arrived. I should have aimed low.

The lateness of the hour was really becoming an issue now so we hurried back to the boat, which was not as easy as it might have been. First of all, the island was extremely disorienting being covered in river cane and lacking any useful landmarks (basically I was lost), more importantly though, I kept running into pigs, which made it really hard to leave. Aided by some helpful texts from Jeff such as "walk toward the red sunset" I eventually came to the shore on the correct side of the island. Here we were picked up and commenced the previously described upriver journey which taught us the futility of attempting to travel this river at low tide. We were however treated that evening to one of the most beautiful sunsets I've ever seen.

Adventures and pig encounters abounded on this hunt, and neither time nor space will permit me to describe them all here. There were however a couple more highlights that really do need to go into print. One such (mis)-adventure, was when Jeff displayed one of the most brilliant acrobatic feats I've witnessed anywhere, let alone on a bowhunt.

As I described Hog Island is criss-crossed by numerous channels, so in traversing the island a hunter will find himself leaping across one of these channels every couple hundred yards or so. Over the course of a days hunt this will really wear a guy out. Well on about the 100th or so such leap Jeff must have been feeling especially confident about his abilities because he added a tumbling routine to his approach. As Julian and I, having already safely crossed the ditch, watched with mouths agape Jeff went into a summersault as he approached the edge of the channel. To top off the act he rolled head first with bow, quiver and pack directly into the muck at the bottom of the ditch. Other than being soaked to the skin on every inch of his body, Jeff was unscathed, clearly he had trained and practiced for this sort of thing. He later confided that he'd only done it to protect me from a gigantic alligator with imminent designs on my life. I guess it's that kind of selfless generosity that really sets PBS members apart.

~ continued on page 28

# Georgia Hog Hunt

~ continued from page 27

I did manage to get one good arrow into a pig on this hunt, but once again Mr. Murphy intervened and I never was able to put my hands on it. Hunting through thick river cane with Ron Herman and Bob Brundage, I stepped into an opening just in time to see a large brown sow. She was as surprised by our chance meeting as I, and miraculously didn't instantly flee. My arrow struck high, but still seemed to be in the lungs and as she left I could clearly see heavy blood on both sides of the trail. I shouted to Ron in whose direction she headed, and he managed to get another arrow in her. We gave the pig another half hour, then went to recover what we were sure would be a dead pig. Wrong.

Not 15 yards into the trail I jumped the pig from a bed. She was moving slow with both arrows still in her, but we opted to give it more time. Returning an hour later we followed good blood another 30 yards or so, right to the waters edge. That pig had either laid down and died below the tide line and been carried away by the rising tide, or swam into the river channel and been swept away. After being picked up in the boat we searched the entire shore of the island, but finally had to concede that the pig was shark bait.



Jeff, Bob and Bobby deciding which way to go.

That night was the last evening of the hunt, and I wanted to give it all I had so I opted to spend the night on Hog Island. Having flown from WA and packed somewhat minimally I relied heavily on gear borrowed from Jeff and Melvin. Even so camp was a spartan affair, especially since I forgot the tarp I'd meant to bring. Luckily precipitation wasn't an issue, but mud was. I slept on the highest ground I could find, which was still very soft. Basically I spent the night wrapped up in garbage bags in a hog wallow; perfect! Temps dipped below freezing that night, so the warm oatmeal and coffee furnished by Melvin's stove was welcome indeed.

Pigs proved hard to find that morning but eventually I did find them at the far end of the island, an area we'd initially written off as unproductive. Moving through the river cane I could hear pigs in front of me. With a steady wind in my face I did my best to sound like a pig while trying to close the distance between me and the hogs. Suddenly not 10 feet in front of me I noticed the unmistakable black shape of a pig in repose. It briefly crossed my mind that the pig might be dead, but its heaving flanks belied this possibility. The only problem was I couldn't figure out which end was which! Unfortunately the spell didn't last long. As I was trying to figure where to put an arrow in the black mass at my feet, it exploded and charged off, the sounds of its enraged indignation eventually fading into the cane.

That was to be my last opportunity of the hunt. Not long after that the boat came to pick me up and I bid Hog Island farewell until next time. Even though no hogs were put on the ground on this trip it was still everything a midwinter hunt should be: adventure, opportunity, adversity, and fellowship. The PBS group hunts are a great tradition in the making, I'd encourage all of us to attend and/or host one whenever the opportunity arises. 🐾

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Steve Byerly took this nice buck in Ohio on Thanksgiving day. Steve stalked the buck to about 20 yards and used a cedar arrow and old Bear Razorhead to put him down.

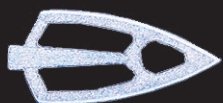


Gene Wensel took this nice Iowa bird.

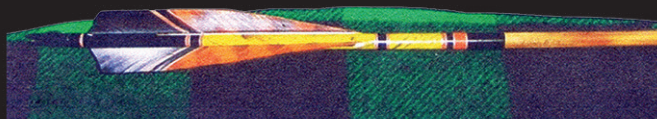
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Chris Cocozzo took this deer with a Schafer Silvertip Recurve, Wilderness Custom Arrow and STOS Broadhead.

# A River Runs through...

The tide was rushing out as I approached the cut that would save me a couple hours of paddling. The wind was from North-North East and attempting to push me against the looming sandbar that blocked my entry to the quiet waterway. I exited as graceful as a man can in a laden canoe fighting a strong falling tide and dragged my craft across the 15 yards to water. A quick survey of the situation led me to believe as soon as I got into the water fully, the wind and divergent current of a falling tide would push me against a fallen tree on the edge of the entrance and if not careful could overturn my loaded canoe.

Thoughts of past excursions and memories of stories of similar mishaps were forefront in my mind as every muscle tensed and my senses were at high alert. A quick mental calculation and I turn the nose directly into wind now almost parallel with sandbar and push off paddling for everything I had to work the angles and keep out of trouble. I see the tree fast approaching as my strokes became deeper, longer and more forceful...straining with every cut of the wooden paddle into the speeding water I urged the canoe into the safety of the cut with every ounce of strength and constant "willing" of its safety by my mind... the tree was almost at my side and thoughts were going into slow-motion as the impending impact loomed seconds away.

So was the final leg of my journey...but where did it begin? I grew up canoeing and in the outdoors with my father and brother. I have satisfying memories of canoeing in Lunga Reservoir, the Rappahannock River, the Nantahala River, the Edisto River and other unknown or named backwater swamps of tea colored water stained by tannic acids and centuries of decay. Waters of majestic cypress, tupelo and palmetto...of feeding wood ducks...water borne snakes, alligators and biting insects. Still, the quiet solitude is something that continued to draw me back to the canoe even while friends in high school moved on to power boats instead of a heavy Grumman. Twenty plus years in the military kept me out of the water for social jaunts as deployments to various hotspots around the world were much more demanding of my time and attention.

A few years ago, I retired from the military and the kayak craze was in full bloom with sit on top models becoming the standard for fishing, exercise, and water sport activities due to their size, cost, ruggedness and stability. Still I considered nothing a better all around craft than a well built canoe. Shallow draft, quiet approaches, more inherent stability than a kayak of any design and of course the significant cargo capacity whether it is grand children, fishing supplies, camping supplies or the hoped for deer or hog carcass for the return trip.

So a 16.5 Bell Northwind canoe became my newest addition a few years ago as I reacquainted myself with



paddles and paddle strokes, sanding and applying fresh tung oil to the wood, UV protectant to the Royale hull...exposing my wife to the craft and identifying to her the initial stability and secondary stability of the design as we chased redfish, sea trout, flounder and other tidal delicacies here in the Lowcountry. Then the PBS Member Hunt for Georgia hogs was discovered and that boats are needed. Without hesitation, I offer my canoe even while others have more modern designs with motors offered up. Discussions with Jeff Holchin identify that all attendees are covered with transport and he offers to shuttle me from landing to camp so I would not have to paddle the 4 miles upriver (actually nearly 7 miles hahaha). I thank him and decline, looking forward to a solo paddle and hunt.

The decision was made even with

the reminder by my wife that I had not paddled that canoe alone so far before with a full load. I should take the shuttle offer to save time and physical exertion. My mind was set though something about a canoe and traditional bowhunting just go together.

My life has been mostly that of a solo hunter from youth through present day adventures.

Fewer than a dozen men have shared a camp fire with me during a hunt.

Less than half would do it a second time usually due to my stand-offish attitude as I tended to hunt

from sunrise to sunset, not coming into camp for lunch and naps. Others it was because of their blood-lust, choices while afield, or comments that went against

my own viewpoints on hunting, woodsmanship or just life in general. Life is too short to surround yourself with people you really don't care for...hence I hunt alone. I am not usually a social hunter and other than a single bear camp adventure have enjoyed the solitude more than the company no matter how cold, remote or austere. So I commit to the Georgia Hunt and use my canoe for traveling to camp and some hunting.

Years ago I read a book called *Undaunted Courage of the Lewis and Clark Expedition* by Stephen Ambrose. It was one of the most riveting and inspiring books on the journey I had ever picked up. Thoughts of silently paddling in uncharted waters tickled my fancy and integrated into planning for this trip. The day arrived as I pulled into the boat landing in

Georgia around 8:30am on a cool Thursday morning. First to offload the canoe from my SUV and place it near water's edge and subsequently load her with all my gear for 4-5 days including a huge 90qt cooler for pork that now sat empty but still took up a huge amount of space in the canoe's bow. The initial paddle would be steady as I planned to catch the rising tide on the sun filled morning as cool breezes accumulated out of the north and pushed my bow to and fro like a weather vane. I learned or re-learned my next lesson of putting more weight in the bow than I thought was needed but nonetheless I was on the water and at peace.

The paddle strokes were left in swirling eddies with each ending of a stroke before re-entry to slice the dark waters again in a tribal rhythmic heartbeat of the river. The wind was an impediment to my efficient track but constant corrections by paddle stroke and objective helped to minimize the wasted efforts. First I leave the landing and shrimp boats in my wake and pass through the gated archway of the first bridge enjoying the sounds and silence on the waterway with no other interlopers in sight. Then the second towering portal of another bridge welcomed me into the land of make believe...the land of our ancestors...the land of enchantment and dreams as my mind drifted to the sound of the water being broke by my bow and the birds feeding on the edge. Perspiration on my brow and the notification that Jeff had boat problems and was being pulled into the landing were the only respite from my journey back through time.

Unaware of the time, but focused on not only my paddling but the chart and GPS positioned in front of me, I worked to identify



**Though canoeing is not for everyone, it is a way for solo hunter, Ron Herman, to relive his youth, connect with those gone before us and to recharge as the stress and worries of modern life disappear with every paddle stroke.**

landmarks, bends and swells in the river contour so that an erroneous turn would not be made as I leave the smaller river and enter the man-made cut through a large peninsula of land to the other side. Overhanging trees pent on falling into the murky waters arched overhead like swords in a procession line, welcoming me to their abode and honoring me with my passage by canoe. The gray and brown hue of the rising banks supported by the nearly black mud of the river rose up as snags of once majestic trees stand alone in the sea of reeds and grasses with the telltale image of raptor nests high in their forgotten crowns. Turtles scurry from the soon submerged stumps and deadfalls and egrets, snipe and other shore birds probe the edges for sustenance before the tide reaches its apex and the shoreline is reduced to a thin

line. My paddle continues at a relaxed rate but the view ahead tells of the opening to the much larger main river. A quick review of my chart shows I need to make the opposite shore and enter a named creek that will go to camp. I wonder who decides what is called a river, a creek, a stream as this "creek" is a river to me. Albeit smaller in width than the main waterway but nonetheless a lot of water. Creeks back home are waterways that are not navigable during droughts or low tide at all....or span a few yards at most. So I approach the creek.

I strike off digging into the dark waters as the wind wreaks havoc with my planned route and tired shoulders and back protest as to the level of exertion they are asked to perform...but I continue, entering a somewhat mantric state that finds my focus when repetitive actions are needed such as on long forced marches with heavy gear, steady footsteps in rugged terrain, or paddle strokes in unfamiliar waters with still half the journey remaining, or so I thought. Boats appear as I am in the river and it is Jeff and Bob saying, "Hello, I guess you are Ron?" as I answered affirmatively. Comments about my laden craft and who was in camp transpire but momentum was being lost and I really wanted to make camp before they returned. I entered the final waterway of my journey to camp and think what it must have been like for the frontiersmen and surveyors and mountain men of the past. Paddling or traversing new land never seen before, not knowing what laid around the next bend or over the next ridge. Whether the next few instances would bring disaster, injury or death and if they would survive their ordeal to share the stories with loved ones and companions. Surely, my travel was not fraught with the danger of the 1800s but it was still a day of adventure in unknown waters with currents and tides and

~ continued on page 32



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# A River Runs through Georgia

~ continued from page 31

submerged hazards that could easily make their presence known and a lonely waterway with not another soul in sight is always one to be respected if not feared slightly. Feared not because of immediate danger but to keep your thoughts and actions honest, thoughtful, and with purpose.

More paddle strokes are counted off as I anticipate the camp ahead based on the chart I am following and descriptions by Jeff of a sandy beach. The last half mile went by effortlessly as each stroke lunged my craft forward towards her prize. Soon hunters are on the shore wondering who was the stranger in the canoe and meeting me at the shoreline for the days hunting and 3 days to follow. Nicer guys could not be wanted as I meet during the day Melvin, Bob, Robert, Daniel, Pip, Dennis and of course Jeff. The next few days were exciting and challenging as others will tell.

The river was the giver of life and disappointment, communication, and respite the next few days as we hunted for the elusive wild hog there in Georgia. She opened her access to our presence as we prodded and explored her curves and hidden places. Soon it was time to depart and head down-river and to home. The tide was falling and I became aware these few days that it fell quite a bit faster than I was familiar with. The 15-18 feet of beach that appeared at low tide where my canoe would sit floating just hours before as I looked from my campsite on the bluff down below supported the fact this river was full of surprises. The plan was to drift the falling tide with the wind out of the North East as temperatures were in the 30s to start the day and the sun made its slow progression over the treetops. I say my goodbyes and push off heading for home. I felt nostalgic after a period in camp with gentlemen I never met before. Traditional bowhunters, outdoorsmen, family men and men of integrity. Though a solo hunter and not likely to change, I felt better for meeting them and getting to know them at a level not normally found in my hunts. I still camped a short distance outside of the main camp as I have become accustomed to being self-sufficient no matter the situation. I would drop into camp to socialize, eat and tell stories but retreat to my enclave when it was time to sleep or sharpen broadheads or just think about life in general. Letting my mind relax and flush the toxic waste of a modern world from its confines.

I paddle down as they go from my departure site to their camp down river waving... and I selfishly flash back to fantasies of an

explorer pushing off and having the native inhabitants smile and give well wishes on your next journey. My wool-felt hat was in place with the brim still upturned to clear my bowstring. The wool shirt was now my outer garment as the heavy canvas jacket was removed in anticipation of paddling and warmth from the sun. I had just less than 7 miles to travel as the 4 miles originally stated was in a straight line from Jeff...not as one paddles or traverses in the waterways. LOL. Still it was a good paddle up and I hoped to be able to enjoy the return journey home.

Such was not the case as the falling tide wanted to lure my canoe to dangerous corners of jutting trees struggling for footing on the banks and shallows. The wind howled as sirens called me to their shores intent on ill-will against my craft so I focused on my goal and steered clear of their luring songs of temptation to cut the corners tightly and hope for easier paddling. Unseen sandbars and deposits at every turn surprised the paddler not remaining vigil as course corrections were made and it was realized the journey home would be more demanding than the arrival. Making it to the main river without much incident than a few shallow areas of 6 inches or less but the canoe glided effortlessly over them with only the paddle obstruction informing me of the lack of depth with each stroke. I spy the entrance to the cut across the wide fast flowing bend of the river and identify where I think the current and wind will push me as I compensate and head slightly outside of the turn hoping to work the angle just right. It appeared to be working but what is that 100yds out? Waves and froth and diversions in the current...a sand bar! It was laying at the mouth of the cut a full 75 yards from one end to the other. It appeared I could have gone high and moved down the water's edge from there into the mouth of the cut but I was already too far committed to paddle against

the tide and the wind without putting the boat in a dangerous sidedrift against the obstacle. So I look down stream and see a tree submerged but there appears to be a shallow saddle in the bar I might be able to make. A short drag to the remaining water and I am floating again but the wind and tide is pushing me towards the hazards of the tree and debris downstream of my intended entry point.

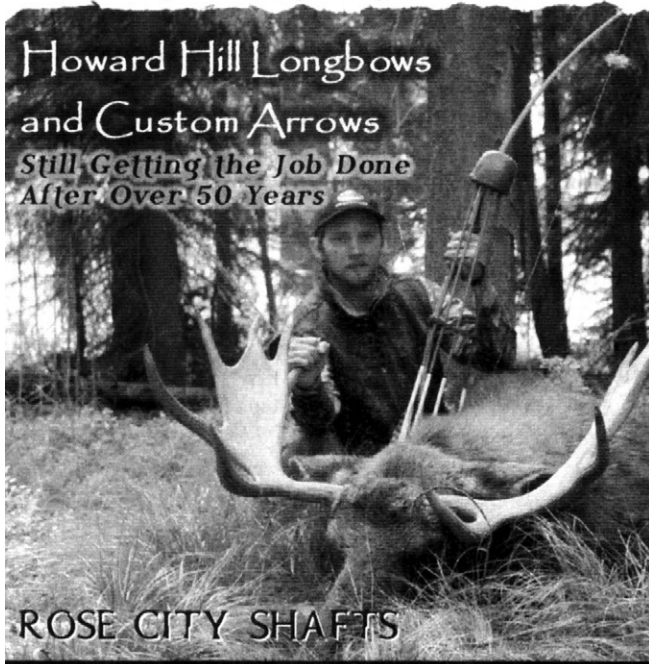
... I dig deep and turn the nose into the wind trying to compensate for the forces around me and keep the boat from being swept against the debris and overturned from the falling current. Frantically I paddle and muster every ounce of energy as flashes from books and stories of ill-fated pioneers go through my mind. Why am I thinking of stories and images of others when I have so much to consider myself? I dig deeper as the hazard is now to my side...looking for backup plan and deciding to turn hard so that the rear of canoe would hit first rather than the sides to lessen the impact of the current on my stability.

Suddenly the nose of the canoe was in the cut and just the stern bumped the last vestige of the underwater hazard...and I exhaled in relief and satisfaction of another moment that reminds me I am alive and able even at nearly 50 years old to embrace challenges and find success. The water was calm on the surface as the wind was unable to reach me with her claws and taunts in this passageway.

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The smooth glass of a quickly moving tide was deceiving. My next stroke of the paddle pointed me toward 1.2 miles of underwater low tide hazards as my water-reading skills were quickly being refreshed. Reminded of the dangers when suddenly a blue heron lifted noisily from the bank now far above my head on the shallow fast moving water. Dozens of slight imperfections in the water surface would tell of the hidden obstacles as bright sunlight penetrated the dark waters to show rocks, boulders, stumps, snags and trunks of trees awaiting unsuspecting boaters to pull them into the frigid water they live and lie in wait. Even with the dangers of the falling tide the beauty of the moment was not lost as warm sun hit my face and the steady breezes worked through the fibers of my wool shirt. An hour later I am nearing the exit of the cut and notice the tide seems to be slowing the closer I am to my destination. I enter the next section and feel the wind again as I pick a course that cuts the bend and saves time while swinging wide of the inside turn to avoid the sandbar and running aground. The large majestic bridges are in the distance as they welcome me back from my journey like giant guardians of the port. I am enjoying a more relaxing paddle as the last 500 yards slips behind and terns and seagulls alight on piers and masts as I drift by their docks. The steady clanging of hardware on a

sailing mast in the wind lends percussive downbeats to my every paddle stroke as a maestro leading an orchestra.

Then I arrive at the landing where it all began. Exiting the canoe my legs and stiff muscles stretch after days of paddling and tiring hikes through swamps and pluff-mud challenged me physically and mentally. Faces in the window of the fish camp watch the stranger in the canoe wondering where he came from and why he had such a load. I unload and stow my gear in the vehicle and lift my canoe to the roof alone...checking every strap and cord for security...enjoying the moment of success and completion of a journey that few others have experienced. Knowing it was the right choice. Not the choice of modern conveyances or a diatribe of traditional versus modern water craft. Rather the choice of challenge, commitment, spirit and adventure that only a lone bowhunter with a simple stick and string can know. How a quiver of brightly fletched arrows seem to fit just right in the belly of the canoe as the bowhunter paddles home without any game but richly rewarded in spirit and in sore muscles for the honesty of the journey and the acceptance of what life brought to him without regret.

Though a canoe is not for everyone, it is a way for me to relive my youth or even to connect, however slightly, with those in his-

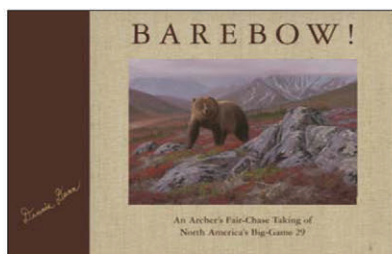
tory that did it for survival and expansion rather than sport. Still, some part of me thinks it is as much about survival still as the stress and worries of a modern life disappear and are shed away with every paddle stroke. The warmth of the sun and power of the tides re-charged my internal soul until the next opportunity arises to become a solo hunter. I encourage you to find your solo hunter inside as even with those we love...there is always a place of solace and reflection to be found in every hunt and in every wild place. Hog Island is no exception. Won't you join me next time for some soul searching and rejuvenation as we paddle to adventure on the next PBS Member Hunt? \$

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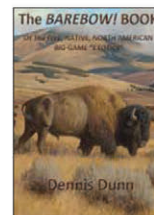
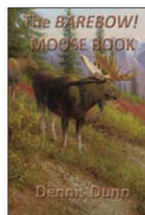
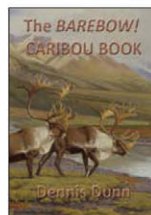
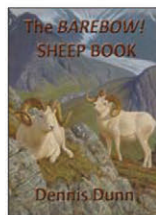
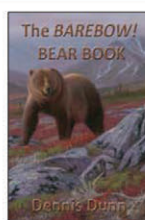
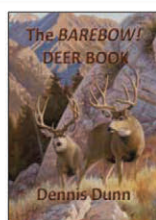
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# Quebec Black Bear Hunt

By Steve Young

Like many of my best adventures, this story begins at a PBS Gathering. I was the high bidder on a spring black bear hunt donated by Ron Henry's Bear Camp headquartered in Fort Coulonge, Quebec. I was joined on this ambitious road trip by my close friends Emile LeBlanc from Gonzalas, Louisiana, James Curry from Sardis, Arkansas and Bob Whelan from Connecticut. Fellow PBS'er Greg Darling has hunted out of Ron's camp many times and graciously shared his wealth of knowledge with us prior to our departure. Emile and James met at my house in Ico, Arkansas, on the morning of June 2nd and we headed north in two pickups. Another fellow PBSer, Dwight Wilson, invited us to spend the first night at his camp in Continental, Ohio. We had a great visit and enjoyed Dwight's hospitality. We continued to Connecticut the next day to pick up Bob and then headed to Canada. We finally arrived in Fort Coulonge, Quebec, around noon on June 5th. We located Ron's house and met with his family to buy licenses and introduce ourselves. Once set up with the necessary licenses and tags we visited the local grocery

store to purchase our supplies for a week of bear hunting. I found it interesting that all of the product labels in Quebec are printed in both French and English. We then headed up some 87 kilometers of rough gravel road to Ron's headquarters.

Ron's camp is a semi DIY in that hunters provide their own transportation, gear, stands and food. Ron provides nice cabins complete with flush toilets, a map of the bait sites and meat scraps for the basic bait. Scouting, setting our own baits, placing our own stands, cooking our own food and helping each other really added a new dimension to a spring bear hunt. Some items that proved invaluable included full head nets to deter insects (bugs were terrible!), quality elbow length rubber trapper's gloves, bait to supplement the meat scraps and Thermacells. If you are thinking about taking a trip like this, don't leave home without these items!



Friendly competition at the cabin.

Ron is typical Quebec French and a real hoot to be around. His good humor, knowledge of the area and sense of fairness was enjoyable and refreshing. My lifelong bowhunting partner, Emile LeBlanc is typical Louisiana French. It was a blast watching these two interact with one another throughout the week. Although separated by thousands of miles they could have been brothers – true peas in a pod. Ron gave us an orientation, provided us with maps of our hunting area complete with all of the bait sites clearly marked and then led us to our cabin.

The cabin was very nice and contained all the comforts of home including running water, lights, fridge, stove, bathroom and bunk beds. It was located on a beautiful lake and a boat was available for our use if needed. There was an ice shed located behind the cabin. Ron cuts blocks of ice from the lake during the winter and stores them in the shed. He then covers the ice with sawdust. Ice stored in this manner will last through the entire summer. The ice proved valuable for trophy care.

Once we had stored our gear in the cabin it was time to hit the field. We divided into two man teams and headed out to scout bait sites. James and I paired up in my truck and began a 15 mile loop. The bait sites are spaced about two miles or so apart. Our plan was to locate baits showing activity, re-bait with our bait and then use climbing stands to hunt the baits containing the best bear sign. Supplemental bait consisted of cooking "bear crack" at the site and pouring over dry dog food. This proved to be very effective. We used the bear crack formula found in Cameron Hanes excellent book, *Backcountry Bowhunting*. It didn't take us long



At left: Bob Whelan, Steve Young, Ron Henry, James Curry and Emile LeBlanc.

to focus on four primary sites. We baited them and returned the next day to check for fresh activity. Three of the four were torn up! James had never been bear hunting and I had taken several bears on prior hunts. Therefore, we decided to put James on the best looking sign. We walked into the bait site together and I cooked up a batch of bear crack while James slipped up a nearby tree in his climber. Once I was finished, I made it clear to the bears I was leaving the area by noisily returning to my truck and driving away. As it turned out, James had more bear activity than he wanted.

The sound of my departing truck had barely faded when he saw a black shadow sneaking into the bait site. A nice bear soon appeared and walked straight to the bear crack, offering a perfect quartering shot. James drew his Black Widow recurve and sent an arrow through the bear's skin just over the spine. He was sick as he watched his first bear leave the area at warp speed. He plopped back into his seat and only then noticed the other bear staring at him from close range. This bear had him pegged and showed his displeasure by slapping the ground, popping his teeth and generally tearing the area to pieces. The bear cautiously stayed out of bow range but continued to display until nightfall made him invisible. He then became more bold and proceeded to the base of James' tree where he beat the ground and continued to pop his teeth. James was sure the bear was going to pluck him from his stand at any minute. Later, he told me that my truck had never sounded so good as I returned to pick him up.

The next day James was still feeling down and wanted to spend the afternoon doing some shooting and collecting his composure. We decided that he would drive me

to another site I was hunting and follow the same process. This time I slipped up a tree while he walked back to my truck and drove away. Bears are pretty intelligent and seem to key in on a departing vehicle. Again, once the noise of the truck faded I heard something coming up the hill. Sure enough, a bear appeared and began to circle the bait. This bear seemed pretty nervous which made me believe a bigger bear was in the area. I enjoyed the bear's antics until sundown. No larger bear had appeared and I decided to try to take this bear.

the spine. I was reminded why shooting a good quality, steel broadhead is important. The Woodsman head cut through the spine and severed the large artery running just below it. The bear faded quickly, making recovery a simple matter.

Success made me the camp cook, maid and general gofer. The rest of the week flew by with few bear sightings and little activity. The record heat wave with temps in the 90's may have impacted movement. Before we knew it the last evening arrived. I took James to another bear site showing good activity. Again, I



**Steve Young, above, and James Curry, left, with their black bears taken in Quebec.**

cooked and baited while he slipped his climber up a tree. I headed back to camp with hopes that James would realize 11th hour success. Sure enough, a pair of bears waltzed into the bait site. The first bear walked boldly to the bear crack and offered another excellent quartering shot. Once again, the shot went high; completing missing the bear. James was really beating himself up when the

As luck would have it, the bear had really settled down and was now resting on its belly with its

nose in the bait. I don't like to take shots unless animals are standing. However, the stretched out bear proved to be too much of a temptation. I picked a spot just behind the outstretched front leg, drew my Black Widow recurve and launched an arrow straight into my chosen spot. Alas, the bear must have been leaning slightly toward me because the arrow struck

other bear decided to try his luck. He walked into the exact same spot and offered James a rare opportunity for redemption. This time, the shaft flew true, striking the bear through the center of both lungs. The nice boar bolted from the bait but went down for good within 100 yards. James' quest for a bear was over.

We spent the next several hours processing the bear, packing gear and preparing for our long ride home. We stopped by the headquarters to say our goodbyes to Ron and headed back to the good ole USA with our two bears and memories to last a lifetime. ♡

# With Longbow in Zambia

By Mel Toponce

## Days of Concern

The wonderful country of Zambia (formerly known as Northern Rhodesia) contains some of the richest and most diverse wildlife in all of Africa. Hunting there at times has been absolutely fantastic. Unfortunately, this country also has a long-standing history of struggling with the management of its safari industry. This decades-long roller coaster ride was brought about by several factors, not the least of which was the misallocation of many of the hunting areas (leased blocks) to various politically important – but woefully unqualified – persons who in turn would enlist the aid of experienced P.H.'s (Professional Hunters) to run their hunting programs, all the while turning a profit for themselves. Well-intentioned, but largely ineffective, governmental efforts to rein-in the rampant elephant and rhino poaching further contributed to the problems. In addition, governmental culling operations and large-scale ration hunting by locals often took place in the various hunting blocks at the same time hunting safaris with paying clients were afield! Add to all this the trafficking of "bushmeat" between the wild areas and the cities went largely unchecked. Politicians often looked the other way when such things were brought to their attention. At one juncture, around 1993, things had deteriorated to the point that safari business was only 25 or 30 percent of normal. Many P.H.'s had left the country and the future of safari hunting there looked questionable.

## Recovery Efforts

NGO's (Non-Governmental Organizations), such as the Wildlife Conservation Society, of Bronx, New York, USAID, Wilderness Conservancy (Dr. Robert N. Cleaves) and others were well aware of the critical situation in Zambia and paid due regard to it. Funds were allocated to help rectify the problems, and some of these funds, along with in-kind support from individuals, were directed to top-priority issues like legal reform of the Wildlife Law, and revision of the Lease Agreement. British Airways lent considerable assistance.

But it was a generally accepted fact that conservation efforts like the above would have minimal effect unless poaching could

be brought under control. ADMADE, initiated in 1985, was Zambia's anti-poaching community involvement program. It went something like this: Young men would be recruited from the villages in the hunting areas and be sent to *Nyamaluma*, a central training camp, where they would undergo a comprehensive, six-month-long training program to become game scouts. They would then return to their respective villages and operate out of nearby satellite facilities much in the same manner as our game wardens do here in the USA. The one difference would be that the Game Scout, armed with an automatic weapon, would accompany each safari while it was in the field in order to assure compliance with the game laws and to prepare field reports on the success of the safari. When not on safari duty, he could be called upon to apprehend poachers as conditions required. The local community in which the hunt was conducted would receive a portion of the funds paid by the safari clients. The theory behind ADMADE was that poaching by any members of a specific community would be heavily frowned upon by the remaining members because any unauthorized take of wildlife could result in a loss of revenue to the community.

Sadly, but typical to Africa, programs often break down. My wife, Sandy, and I saw indication of this while on safari with P.H. Zane Langman, of Safari Expeditions Zambia, Ltd. The Game Scout accompanying us asked me to help him fill out his paperwork. I asked him why he could not do so himself, since he had received instruction on the procedure in his six-month training program at *Nyamaluma*. He replied that he had gone through an "abbreviated" program of only three months and had not been fully schooled in the reporting procedure. I then asked him where his weapon was, and he stated there was a shortage of weapons and ammunition at his post, so weapons were not always available. I later discussed the situation in a meeting with Lt. Gen. (Retired) Christon Tembo, Minister of Tourism, with whom by then I had become friends. He pledged his complete assistance; but, to my knowledge, nothing changed.

Sandy and I were deeply involved in Zambia's recovery effort for a period of five

**Pictured from top to bottom: the living quarters at camp in Luawata; Mel with one of the trackers; a ground blind with shooting ports; and Professional Hunters Athol Frylinck and Adrian Carr lounging at camp.**

PBS Magazine • Second Quarter 2013



**It is here in the Luangwa River Valley that some of Mel's fondest hunting memories were born. It is the land of an astounding amount of wildlife including elephants and hippos. It is the stuff people envision when they think of Africa.**

years. In our writings, we attempted to portray a positive image of its wildlife conservation programs, rather than degrade them. With input from Mike Faddy, head of PHAZ (Professional Hunters Association of Zambia), we worked in conjunction with the above-mentioned Minister of Tourism and NPWS (National Parks and Wildlife Service), directed by Mr. Ackim N. Mwenya and Mr. Gilson Kaweche. In order to become familiar with the training program and other facets of ADMADE, we visited for a week at *Nyamaluma*, where American ecologist and friend Dale Lewis, PhD was in charge. We learned many things during our stay.

During this five-year period working with NPWS, we set-up a Bowhunter Screening Program to screen, by telephone interviews and questionnaires, bowhunters from various parts of the world who were applying for dangerous game bowhunting permits. Post-safari follow-up questionnaires were also required. The program worked like magic, and we were proud to learn that in all safaris involving clients who went through the screening process not one incident of irresponsible behavior with the bow was ever reported nor were there any dangerous situations encountered.

In spite of the ongoing difficulties, some safari operations continued on and fielded successful safaris throughout the seasons. One such operation was Luawata Conservation, Ltd., owned by U.S. conservationist Paul Tudor Jones II and ably managed by Mr. Jeremy Pope. About 17 years ago, in the summer of 1996, if I have my dates correct, I was a safari client of this firm's game-filled Luawata block. This was to be my fourth or fifth hunt in Zambia. More on this later.

By the summer of 1999, the Zambian government had demonstrated new resolve

in dealing with its safari industry problems. The situation was best described by Don Causey, then President/Publisher of *The Hunting Report* and Barbara Crown, Managing Editor of that publication. Following are excerpts from the July 1999 edition: "... as the nation moves toward final implementation of its plans to privatize its national parks under a new entity called ZAWA (Zambia Wildlife Authority)." "... The whole point of the reorganization is to make the parks and game management areas of Zambia as nearly self-sustaining as possible and, at the same time, put them outside the push and pull of politics. The European Development Fund has bankrolled the transition with \$6 million."

The ADMADE program was terminated in 1999.

The efforts continue...

### **Big cats, and lots of them**

In the eastern portion of Zambia near the Malawi border is found the game-rich Luangwa Valley, with the Luangwa River running through it. This has to be one of the places on Earth where our Creator has reached out and touched with His hand. Au-



**Lion track in the sand along the Luangwa River.**



gust, 2013 will mark my 45th year of African hunting. During this period, I have been fortunate enough to make 43 safaris of various types over much of sub-Saharan Africa, from the North to the South, from the East to the West, and can candidly say that the Luangwa Valley holds a very special place in my heart. It is here that some of my fondest hunting memories were born. It is the land of big cats, and lots of them. It is the land of elephants and rhinos. It is the land of buffaloes and crocodiles and hippos, and myriad plains game species, and an astounding amount and variety of bird life. It is the stuff people envision when they think of Africa.

As to the aforementioned hunt in this valley I proceed herewith...

After flying from the USA to Lusaka, Zambia's capital city, I caught a connecting flight to the airport at Mfuwe, the jumping off place for safaris in the Luangwa. There I was met by a smiling Jeremy Pope, who assisted with the loading of my longbows and arrows and other equipment into a safari vehicle, after which I proceeded to a local safari camp, where I spent the night. Sleep came easy.

The following morning, I was picked-up and driven on a considerable journey to Luawata Conservation's camp via a route that involved crossing the croc-filled Luangwa River. The camp was beautifully laid-out, with a group of semi-permanent buildings nestled amongst some shade trees a short

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# With Longbow in Zambia

~ continued from page 37

distance from the river bank. The individual sleeping quarters were quite deluxe, with large beds and en-suite showers and toilets. Located along the bank, with a river view, was a lounging area, replete with bar and comfortable chairs.

My professional hunters, Athol Frylinck and Adrian Carr, spent some time acquainting me with the camp and its operation, after which we unpacked my equipment. My longbow of choice for this safari was a custom-made 68-inch beauty of osage and bamboo made for me by bowyer friend Del Allen, of the Sacramento, California area. It pulled 60 pounds at 28 inches, the perfect poundage for the primary quarry I had come for – the puku. Another longbow, this one a *Nighthawk* by Steve Gorr, of Washington State, was brought along. This excellent shooting bow, with phenolic handle for stability, I had used successfully on a previous safari in Zambia. My arrows, precision crafted by arrow-smith Kelly Peterson of Filer, Idaho, were of select Port Orford cedar and wore Magnus II 125-grain, two-blade broadheads.

Athol had some practice targets already set up, as owner Paul Tudor Jones II is also a bow hunter. Athol actually had a compound bow of Paul's in camp, so he and Adrian took a few shots with it while I strung my Allen bow. We each shot for a while, then I let Athol, who at that time was fairly new to archery, try his hand with the longbow. It took a bit of adjusting for him to get used to the idea of shooting without sights, let-off, and release, but eventually he began to get the hang of things. After our shooting session ended, Athol and I sat down to discuss plans for our hunt, which was to begin the following day.



## "My trackers can track a grasshopper through the grass!"

When I explained to Athol the limitations of my traditional equipment, I mentioned that tracking an animal for some distance after it had been hit would likely be required. He replied with a smile, "My trackers can track a grasshopper through the grass!"

So our hunt began the following morning. We sighted lots of game of various sorts, including lion, as we cruised through the bush. Compared to some other parts of Africa I had hunted, it was like being in a fairyland. "This is what proper conservation techniques can do for an area," Athol postulated.

Since I was in no particular hurry to shoot the first puku I saw, we spent a day or two leisurely taking photographs and becoming familiar with the locale.

I attempted a few stalks, but something or other always seemed to go awry at the last minute.

(Readers will know

what I mean by that comment!) But we remained confident. In Africa, things are a bit more difficult than elsewhere, as most of the plains game here are conditioned to being stalked day and night by predators of all types and remain spring-loaded to the alert position. There are always plenty of eyes trying to detect anything creeping up through the long grass!

One day Adrian and his crew showed me a treestand they had constructed for some previous hunters, but I deemed it not quite suitable for



Mel Toponce, center, with the puku he took in the Luangwa River Valley in Zambia, Africa. The top photo is Professional Hunter Adrian Carr with the trackers. Bottom photo is the safari vehicle and hunting crew.



my shooting style, and passed. On another day, Athol and I visited a village that was located some distance from camp. There we learned from an elder that 25 people from that village had been killed by wild animals in the past. He explained that 20 of those deaths were attributed to crocodiles, and had occurred while inhabitants, mostly women, were collecting water from, or washing clothes in, the adjacent waterway. The remaining five deaths were due to attacks by lion, buffalo and elephant.

After hearing that shocking report, I remembered with trepidation a story told to me by Suzie Evans, wife of Zambian P.H. Derek Evans, while I was on another Luangwa Valley safari some years earlier. It seems that Suzie was kneeling beside the Luangwa River, washing an item of underwear and swishing it to and fro when suddenly an enormous set of crocodile jaws shot up from the depths and slammed shut on what was thought to be her hand. In reality, and in pure luck for Suzie, the croc had seized her undergarment instead! With a violent jerk and a mighty splash, the jaws disappeared, taking their prey with them and leaving Suzie kneeling there, trembling with fear. "I was told later that my face was pure white," Suzie recalled. "My only regret is that those were my favorite underpants!"

As our hunt wore on, Athol and I began to notice that the puku were not particularly

alarmed by our passing vehicle. It was when I began stalking them that concern set in. We had spotted a sizable herd on one side of a large grassy plain and paused to consider our options. "Those puku are working their way across to the other side," Athol said quietly while observing the animals through his binoculars. "There is a nice male a bit off to the side by himself. If he continues on his present course we may have a chance. I have an idea," he went on. "Instead of trying another stalk, why not try letting him come to you? I'll slowly drive out to the middle of that field and drop you off in the tall grass. You will be getting out on the side of the vehicle that's away from him so he won't suspect anything. Be sure to remain perfectly motionless. The wind is right, so you needn't be concerned by his being able to smell you." "Sounds OK to me," I replied, and nodded in approval.

Athol dropped me off as discussed and then drove on. With as little movement as possible, I readied my bow, nocked an arrow, and hunkered down. The plan worked! Totally oblivious to my presence, the handsome male passed by me at about 25 meters, presenting a picture-perfect broadside shot. The distance was a bit farther than the usual 22 meters I set as a maximum, but everything else looked good so I slowly raised my bow and began to track the puku, using my three-fingers-under hold.

The arrow sped to its mark and I saw it hit slightly off my aiming point, but still in what I considered a lethal place. The puku lurched forward, and continued working his way across the field, finally lying down alongside some trees a few hundred meters away. I remained motionless in the grass until Athol, who had been observing things through his binoculars, drove up to join me. "We will wait 45 minutes and then go in closer for a look," he stated in a matter-of-fact manner. "The hit looked good, but let's play it safe."

When we approached the downed animal, I placed one *coup de grace* shot, and the puku was ours.

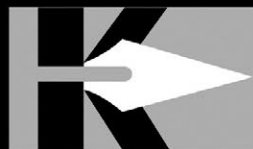
*Authors Note: At the time of this writing, April, 2013, Zambia has a new Minister of Tourism and Arts, the Hon. Sylvia T.Masebo. Concerned about the welfare of game populations and the efficacy of the current game management system, she has banned/suspended cat hunting, and banned hunting on the 19 prime and secondary Game Management Areas, pending development of accurate data through scientific surveys. Some areas remain open. The Minister attended the Safari Club International convention in Reno, Nevada last January and approached SCI for its input, collaboration and support. To me, this is a prudent decision and a very good sign for the future of Zambia's wildlife conservation and hunting programs. \**

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"If anyone  
wants to come  
shovel my roof  
I'll take them  
bear hunting."

# a PBS bear hunt

## Part II - On the Kenai

By Dan Russell

Some readers may recollect my recounting of a bear hunting tale in the 3rd quarter 2012 edition of our magazine. That story left some loose ends, so now before another bear season is upon us I feel I should wrap them up.

Whilst other PBS members were amusing themselves with banjos and the like on the banks of the Tanana (see "A canoe trip" 4th quarter 2012) I found myself on the Kenai Peninsula with a fresh bear tag in my pocket and a week left to hunt. The steep snow cloaked mountains and aquamarine lakes and rivers of the Kenai stood in sharp contrast to the brown and swollen Tanana River and its flat and expansive spruce clad uplands. My first days on the Kenai were characterized by rain, and then more rain, but I didn't mind. The heavy precipitation afforded me the opportunity to rest up a bit after four days on the river and many hours on the road. By the time the weather improved I had fleshed and frozen the skin from the bear I'd taken on the Tanana, caught up some notes in my journal, and scouted some potential bait sites (mostly still snowed in). In short I was rested and ready to find some bears.

Olin Rindal whose generous offer of bear hunting in return for snow shoveling had provided the initial inspiration for this trip had some ideas for me, and they all sounded great. The first order of business was investigating a potential bait site on the shore of Kenai Lake. An enjoyable cruise of several miles brought us to the place Olin had in mind. I had registered this location as a bait site ahead of time so if we found any bear sign in the area we'd go ahead and bait it. Sure enough we encountered fresh scat on the way in that appeared to have been produced by the black variety of bear, so we went ahead and baited it up and installed a treestand and camera. I felt good about the setup, and just hoped the black bears would find the bait before any brown bears got on it.

Olin had more in store for me than that one bait site though, and the next day we embarked on a tour of some of the spot and stalk bear hunting opportunities in the greater Seward area. It was clear that there would be plenty to keep me busy for the remainder of my stay on the Kenai. That evening, while still digesting a meal of fish and chips from a small restaurant in Seward

we drove to the edge of town to glass some newly snow free and rapidly greening slopes. First to reveal themselves were some mountain goats. They were a joy to watch and I wished some close relative would move to Alaska so I could hunt them unguided. It didn't take too long for a black shape to materialize further down the slope and divert my attention from the fact that my family has no likely candidates for a move to Alaska and it will probably be at least another decade before I draw a goat tag in my home state of Washington. In fact continued glassing proved there to be multiple black shapes on the hillside. It also revealed several two legged shapes. These were armed with rifles and clearly had designs upon the lives of the bears. All we could do was watch to see what the outcome might be. In the end bullets (and it was multiple) prevailed. I had not necessarily been keen to witness a rifle kill that evening, but nonetheless the bears were out feeding on the slopes and I felt highly optimistic that quality spot and stalk opportunities would develop in the coming days.

The opportunities did develop, but it took me a while to figure out how to take advantage of them. Olin had recommended I check out a certain canyon not far out of town. At low tide, access to the canyon mouth was a relatively easy scramble across jagged boulders, with the trickiest part being keeping ones feet out of the salt water and avoiding stepping on too many starfish. At high tide things were a bit trickier entailing a somewhat longer hike of maybe a mile, much of it on very steep out sloped terrain thickly overgrown with devils club. The canyon itself was quite expansive, densely wooded in the bottom with a creek swollen with snowmelt. The snow was still very deep in places, I'm sure 10 feet or more in some areas, especially where slides had come down. The slopes were steep, as I would become intimately aware of in the coming days.

That first day in the canyon I opted to stay high on the north facing slopes, rationalizing that this would afford the best view of the south facing slopes where the bears most likely would be found. As I learned, this was not the best plan, as thick overlapping growth of willow and devils club made traversing the steep slopes very labor intensive. I did however spot an animal on the

opposing slope. My first thought (I'm somewhat embarrassed to admit), was that I had spotted a wolverine.

I've seen a decent handful of wolverines in the wild, and have trapped more as a researcher working for the Forest Service, so I was more than a little chagrined to realize that the animal I had observed loping across the snowfield was in fact a bear, albeit a very distant one. I hustled down to the bottom of the canyon, crossed the stream on a big snow bridge, but I never relocated that bear. However I did learn that the view from the bottom of the canyon wasn't all that bad and as a vantage point it provided much better access to any bears I might spot.

The next day I returned early to the canyon and by mid-morning had begun to see bears on the slopes. I wasn't quite as hasty as the day before in rushing after everything I saw, and waited to find a bear that I might have some reasonable chance of getting into range on. Eventually I couldn't stand it anymore and started up the slope. I learned that ascending the edges of the snow slides provided the stealthiest access to the upper reaches of the slopewhile affording the best chance at keeping visual tabs on a bear. I also learned that vegetation that looked like grass and forbs from the canyon floor was more likely an impenetrable (quietly at least) head high growth of willow or some other shrub. Fortunately though there were also genuine patches of grass and forbs, and this particular bear was headed for one of those. The wind dictated that I approach from below, and the angle of the slope provided good cover even in the midst of the low vegetation. The new spring growth was lush and quiet, an absolute joy to stalk in, and I began to suspect this might become a legitimate encounter. At 10, maybe 12 yards, I just needed the bear to clear a low shrub in order to have a great shot. The wind was beginning to worry me though, and I knew he'd smell me pretty much as soon as he stepped clear. I tried to time my draw with his final step from behind the bush, but he came out with his head up and caught me in the act, and as I lowered my bow all I could do was watch his hind



end bounce away up the slope. The disappointment was sour in my stomach but I couldn't let it get me down for long, after all I was hunting the way I loved best, and had just had a great close range encounter. What more could a bow hunter ask for?

I tried several more stalks that day, but none played out as well as the first. I learned that I was really only good for maybe three trips a day up the slope, much beyond that and I was just too worn out to hunt effectively. The trick was in choosing the right bears to attempt a stalk on. Tired and happy, I dragged myself out of the canyon that day, stump shooting my way through the surreal forest of giant moss covered trees. Upon arriving back at Olin's house I received the welcome news that he'd checked the bait on Kenai Lake and it had been hit! Excitedly we reviewed the images captured by the camera. Somewhat to our surprise we saw that two bears had visited the bait over the past couple days, one the right kind and one the wrong kind. The Brown bear hadn't hung out long though and the black bear had been back in the meantime, so we decided the next day to hunt the bait.

Some kindly Forest Service geologist (who also happens to be a PBS Councilman) had left a kayak at the Forest Service work station almost directly opposite the draw that contained my bait station, and paddling across the lake laden with all my hunting gear and bait certainly added an element of adventure to the hunt. Upon arrival I immediately noticed that the bait had been hit. Without a way to review trail camera photos in the field I could only hope that the black bear was still in the area and that the brown bear had moved on. The preponderance of black bear scat in the area seemed to support this hope. I climbed into the stand and waited for events to unfold. The morning passed with nothing larger than a squirrel coming to dine at the buffet spread out a mere 10 yards from the base of my tree. By midday hunger and the call of nature beckoned me down and I snuck back to the kayak for a quick break. I've never been much of

**Loaded up and ready to paddle back across the lake.**



a treestand hunter, and I find the prospect of an all day sit in a tree one of the more daunting challenges that bowhunting can dish out. Therefore I welcomed the opportunity for a break. Refreshed, I stalked my way back up the draw that led to the bait station, but I wasn't stealthy enough. As I crested the edge of the small ravine and was able to visually inspect the bait maybe 50 yards away I saw a black head shoot up and peer intently in my direction.

The head was followed by a body which proceeded to amble off into the forest. Subsequent review of the photographs would reveal what was painfully obvious already; the bear had known I was up in the tree all along and had only waited for me to get down before sneaking in to get his meal. Getting back up in the tree at that point didn't make any sense to me, so I took up a position on the ground about 50 yards downwind of the bait, with the idea being that when the bear came back I'd let him settle on the bait then sneak in and shoot him. The hours drifted by as I waited for the plan to unfold. Eventually I heard a noise behind me that made my heart race. This was no squirrel. The situation was hopeless though. There was simply no way the bear could walk past me without smelling me. Still I remained as motionless as possible, hoping that somehow the bear would walk past. Eventually he drifted into my peripheral vision but that's as far as he got before spinning and racing off down the draw. The thoughts running through my head at this point were not fit to print. Suffice it to say that I was berating myself for giving this bear much more of an education than I thought he deserved.

Not wanting to add insult to injury, I gave the bait a day off and returned to the slopes for some more spot and stalk action. The first thing I noticed upon reaching my vantage point at the bottom of the valley were the presence of new brown



**View from atop an avalanche chute.**

bear tracks, often right on top of my tracks from two days prior. I also found where the bear had located and dug up a goat carcass, presumably an avalanche victim, from the bottom of one of the avalanche chutes. The tracks indicated that the big bear was proceeding fairly directly up the drainage and I hoped by now he was well away from the area I planned on hunting. I certainly didn't want to have to trust my life to the .41 magnum revolver Olin had lent me.

It wasn't long before I spotted a bear high up on the edge of one of the avalanche chutes. This bear was higher than I would have liked but his position just inside the willows at the edge of the chute looked good so I started my ascent. No rain had fallen for the past couple days, and the grass and leaves were much crunchier than they'd been last time I was here. I did manage to pick my way into bow range, but could not find a clear path for an arrow through the dense growth of willows. My maneuverability was seriously hampered by the dry and loud foliage and I could only hope that the bear would eventually move into a position that would afford me a clear shot. The minutes wore by, and I distinctly remember thinking that regardless of the outcome of this particular encounter, spending this much time within bow range of an unsuspecting bear was worth whatever effort it took to get me here. Eventually, probably inevitably, the spell broke. The bear became suddenly alert, and circled upwind before huffing loudly and racing out of my life. There were other stalks that day, but they largely came to nothing, and I dragged my tired self out the canyon that night carrying nothing but memories.

The next day was the last day of the hunt. I gave some thought to returning to the

*~ continued on page 42*

## On the Kenai cont.

~ continued from page 41

slopes for the sheer joy of trying to sneak up on the bears, but in the end decided that my best chance for success lay in hunting the bait one more day. After a few short hours of sleep, I loaded up the kayak for one more trip across the lake. The bait had been hit when I arrived, and it was my fervent hope that I hadn't unwittingly spooked the bear off the bait with my approach. That morning I was as focused as I've ever been in a treestand, and when at about 10:00 am I spotted the bear approaching through the woods, I was ready for him. He paced slowly and deliberately through the trees, checking the wind occasionally but otherwise seeming at ease. I was in position for the shot with an arrow nocked, doing my best to melt into the tree behind me. When he reached the top of the bait crib he cast a slow, almost lazy glance in my direction and without showing any outward sign of alarm just slowly turned around and ambled off without offering a shot.

More unprintable thoughts raced through my head, and I figured that was the end of my hunt, but I remained in the tree without moving for another hour while mentally re-

viewing my options. I ultimately decided that while the bear may well come back that day I had virtually no chance of killing him from the tree, so I gingerly descended and set up on the ground at the base of the tree, committing to just sit it out until either the bear came back or I ran out of time. I was behind the trunk of a large downed spruce which afforded me excellent cover but al-



The author and his Kenai Peninsula bear

most no ability to see out. Hours elapsed and a light rain started to fall. I thought I would've heard the bear as he approached but I didn't hear a thing, and situated on the ground as I was, I couldn't see much beyond the top of the bait crib, so I was more than a little surprised when I saw just the tips of two black ears materialize then drop toward

the bait. My heart immediately kicked into overdrive as I realized I might get one last chance. I rose up just enough to determine that the bear was at an acceptable angle, then came up with my bow at full draw and released the arrow into his chest. He cleared the crib and was out of sight in an instant but the blood soaked arrow protruding from the log behind where the bear had stood told me

most of what I needed to know about the hit. Still, I hadn't heard a moan or a crash so I headed to the kayak to regroup and give the bear some time. The tracking job turned out to be short. I found the bear where he'd expired maybe 35 yards from the bait. He was not a very large bear, but healthy, with a beautiful coat and a unique double white blaze on his chest. I skinned and quartered him, and managed to strap everything to the kayak for one last, and very satisfying, trip across the lake. Olin and I stayed up late into the night cutting meat and fleshing the hide, and in the process I

had plenty of time to reflect on the value of an organization like the PBS, for without it, and the generosity of the membership, this hunt would never have transpired. ♣

The Alaska state map is from [http://www.internationalstudent.com/study\\_usa/state\\_guides/alaska/](http://www.internationalstudent.com/study_usa/state_guides/alaska/). The Kenai Peninsula map is from <http://www.akfishology.com/peninsula.html>



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# Some things never change

By Jerry Oliver

It was deer season 2012. In spite of the many hours in a tree stand around my home in Laurel County, Ky. I had yet to tag a buck. It was mid November and the rut was on and my luck was going to change. I hunted the morning of Nov. 10th in one of my favorite stands. About 8:00 am I had a fat little 4 point buck come down the fence line and walk right under my stand. I like to blame it on not picking a spot, but for some reason the arrow went under the buck and into the ground. I don't like to miss deer, but I figured I would get another chance before the rut was over.

I decided to go to one of my old hunting grounds that I had not been to in quite a while, sort of like a reunion. I hunted this area for 11 years before moving to Laurel County in 2001. The trouble was I had not been there in 11 years. The area is a public WMA in Owen County, Ky. The John A Kleber WMA is about 2,000 acres of public land nested between private land. The modern firearms season was going on in Ky right now. You can bow hunt in the WMA during modern firearms season in Ky, so it was like having my own 2,000 acre private farm.

I arrived at the gate to an empty parking lot. The area is foot travel only. My old honey hole was about one mile in. As I walked the old two track road I noticed how the cedars had grown. I could not believe I had been gone so long. I topped the hill and turned left towards the ridge. I started finding rubs on the cedars. Some the size of my leg and others as big as my arm. This is the kind of sign that gets a bowhunter's blood pumping. I continued on through the cedar thicket till it became mixed with hardwoods. There were several large scrapes in the center of the ridge. The area is bordered by an old grown up field. This would be where I place my stand. I hung my stand and would come back on the morning of November 11th.

I hunted the morning of the 11th with no action. I knew by the amount of sign that given some time, the area would produce a buck sighting and maybe even a shot. But for now it was back home for another week of work. I would return the next weekend. The morning of November 17th found me

clear. Not long after daylight, I saw movement straight ahead in the cedars. A very large buck was moving through the cedars about 40 yards out. I got the binoculars on him and he looked to be a ten point. For some reason he turned and headed straight towards me. I changed the binoculars for the

bow to get prepared for the shot. He walked straight in to fifteen yards. He looked up at me and I tried to rest the bottom limb of my long-bow on the top of my boot to stop shaking. The buck was facing me and I had no shot. It did not take him long to figure out cedar trees should not have 200 lb. men in them. He turned and bound back in the cedars taking his 150" rack with him.

Although I was sad I was also happy for the encounter. The next action would come at 10:00 am. I heard deer running through the woods and the grunt of a rutting buck. They came out of the hollow behind me, the doe running full blast and the buck behind her with love on his mind. They crossed the ridge with the buck coming to a stop. I had no shot. And the buck was moving again. I started whistling loudly trying to stop the buck. He stopped, still no shot. I had one more opening in the cedars and the buck was moving again. I hollered loudly, "Hey!" and the buck stopped. Fate was on my side. The shaft was gone and it buried in the

deer's side. The hit was good and I knew the deer would not go far. I heard the deer crash and then silence. I got down and followed the blood trail to the deer and he was a respectable eight pointer.

After the eleven years I was gone from the John A. Kleber WMA, the only thing that had changed was the height of the cedars. The deer hunting was good, if not better. One thing for sure, I will not be gone for eleven years this time.

*Equipment Notes: 50 lb. Robertson Raven Stryk, 2018 Easton Shaft and Zwickey Eskimo*



back in the stand. It was still firearm season in Ky and daylight brought the familiar sound of rifles cracking off in the distance. At 9:38 am, movement in the cedars off to my right caught my attention. A very large mature buck was heading out on the ridge. He was about 50 yards away angling to my right. I grabbed a grunt call and did my best. He was not impressed. He continued on and had been gone eight minutes when a rifle sounded off. Although I was sad, I knew there were more around.

The next morning November 18th, I was back in the stand. Daylight came cold and



# Call Sign Lingo



Technology is continually changing how the world communicates. No longer does it take days or even hours to transmit information around the globe. By a couple of mouse clicks or button pushed, today's techno users can find out what is going on anywhere, real-time. This luxury of instant available knowledge has also brought the desire for instant recognition by users. Anonymity undesirable, techno users want to show their individuality by creating screen names that essentially become their online identity. Thought to be a revolutionary idea by these techno geeks, research shows that these monikers are nothing more than updated versions of handles or call signs popularized by the use of citizen band (CB) radio in the 1970s and 80s. (Even then, those were nothing more than versions of identification utilized by the military, adopted from the railroad telegraph system days.)

***Uh, Breaker One-Nine, this here's the Rubber Duck***

***You got a copy on me Pig-Pen? C'mon  
Uh, yeah 10-4 Pig-Pen, fer sure fer sure  
By golly it's clean clear to Flag-Town, C'mon***

***Uh, yeah, that's a big 10-4 Pig-Pen,  
Yeah, we definitely got us the front door good buddy,  
Mercy sakes alive, looks like we got us a convoy***

In 1975, Bill Fries epitomized the use of CB handles in his novelty song "Convoy". The song, sung by C.W. McCall, consists of a CB conversation and narration about a fictitious trucker rebellion that crosses the United States from coast to coast. In similar fashion, today's techno monikers have moved into the main stream, creating identifiable users not only from coast to coast, but around the world. Initially intended to make a first impression, to provide an up-front perception to others, these monikers are sometimes originated via other means. For some, a quirky fate has intervened, providing fodder for a name. Other times, the actions of the individual have provided the unique designator.

***Was the dark of the moon, on the sixth of June***

***In a Kenworth, pullin' logs  
Cab-over Pete with a reefer on  
And a Jimmy haulin' hogs  
We 'as headin' fer bear on I-One-Oh  
'Bout a mile outta Shaky-Town***

***I sez Pig-Pen, this here's the Rubber Duck  
An' I'm about to put the hammer on down***

The story that follows relates to just such a derivative. Fate and actions that certain individuals undertook, that resulted in monikers as they relate to the bowhunting world in which they travel, both physically and electronically.

***Uh, breaker Pig-Pen, this here's The Duck  
Uh, you wanna back off them hogs  
10-4, 'bout five mile or so, 10-roger  
Them hogs is gittin' in-tense up here***

The winter storm of 2010 was moments away. Our exit of the state was just hours preceding a severe snow storm that blanketed the Indiana landscape. The snow turned to pounding rain by mid Kentucky, and continued to beat us we passed through Tennessee. Morning sun in Atlanta provided glimpses of snow in the yards, a rarity at best. Our travels were ahead of the storm in the north, but well behind the storms encountered to the south. Georgia had seen more than its share of rain, and water was everywhere.

***By the time we got into Tulsa-Town  
We had eighty-five trucks in all  
But they's a road block up on the clover leaf  
An' them bears 'as wall to wall  
Yeah them smokies 'as thick as bugs on a bumper  
They even had a bear-in-the-air  
I sez callin' all trucks, this here's The Duck  
We about to go a huntin'g bear***

By late morning, our destination had been reached. A dry campsite was found and tents were erected. Home for the next few days was made comfortable. The shining sun provided opportunity to soak up its heat, as we four struggled to lose the cold and monotony from our busy lives back north. Our days were filled traversing the country while its feral inhabitants were sought. The Spanish moss witnessed our passing in silent beauty.

***Uh, you wanna give me a 10-9 on that Pig-Pen?***

***Uh, negatory Pig-Pen, yer still too close  
Yeah, them hogs is startin' to close up my sinuses  
Mercy sake, you better back off another ten***

It only took a couple of days before the first moniker was assigned. Pat is an excellent stump shooter. Once he has the advantage, he is a challenge to best. During our forays, he likes to remind me that I am height challenged. Now this sounds like an oddity since I stand 6'1". However, it does seem that he wins the arguments most of the time since I am always having to duck under limbs and bend over to clear branches when we are roving. On this hunt, Mother Nature's vast deposit of liquid quickly found their way over the top of his boots whenever he attempted to navigate the sections of flooded woods or even the shallowest of creek overflows. It became quickly evident that he would be forced to stay on high ground, as he despised having wet feet. Thus the curse of Short Boots came into being.

***Well we rolled up interstate forty-four  
Like a rocket sled on rails  
We tore up all a our swindle sheets  
An' left 'em settin' on the scales  
By the time we hit that Chi-Town  
Them bears was a gittin' smart  
They'd brought up some reinforcements  
From the Illinois National Guard  
There 'as armored cars, and tanks, and Jeeps  
An' rigs of every size  
Yeah them chicken coops 'as full a bears  
An' choppers filled the skies  
Well we shot the line, an' we went for broke  
With a thousand screamin' trucks  
And eleven long-haired friends of Jesus  
In a chartreuse microbus***

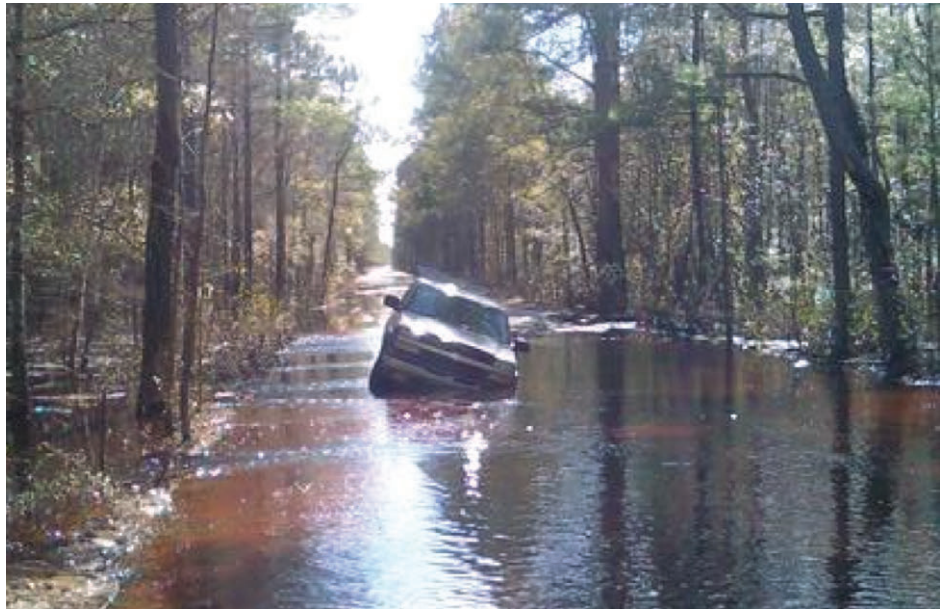
Mid week rolled by, and Two Shots emerged. Eddie returned to camp one day with a story. He was standing in some small white pines on the berm of a swamp, waiting to see if Short Boots would rouse any swine inhabitants from the adjacent thicket. Suddenly, a very large porcine boar burst from the undergrowth, heading along the berm trail. In defense, Eddie reminded us that he was shooting his recurve, not his normal wheeled contraption. (Seeing as how the other three of us shot traditional, he thought it best to go with the crowd.) The boar gave pause at an ideal range, and Eddie released. His arrow overshot the mark, and disappeared in the dark swamp beyond. He confided that the proximity of such a large porker might have caused him to panic a bit. His second shaft was knocked, but never released as the big hog quickly dove off the



berm and was also swallowed by the swamp. "If only I'd had a second shot, I know I would have stuck him" turned out to be his mantra, and resulted in his moniker.

*Hey Sod Buster, listen  
You wanna put that microbus in behind the  
Suicide jockey?  
Yeah, he's haulin dynamite  
He needs all the help he can git*

Despite the dearth of sign the rest of us were coming across, Ivan seemed to be having regular encounters. He confided that he was utilizing the flooded areas of woodlands to his advantage. The water did not seem to deter the hungry hogs. By carefully slipping through the flooded woods, feeding hogs could be easily identified from the waves created as they moved. Another advantage was also realized as the rooting pigs would have their whole heads underwater for a period of time, providing stalking opportunities if one was patient. Several stalks and associated shots were undertaken, albeit without bringing fare to the table. What did emerge from the flooded forest was the alias



of Swamp Stalker.

*Well we laid a strip fer the Jersey Shore  
An' prepared to cross the line  
I could see the bridge 'as lined with bears  
But I didn't have a doggone dime*


*I sez Pig-Pen, this here's the Rubber Duck  
We just ain't a gonna pay no toll  
So we crashed the gate doin' ninety-eight  
I sez, let them truckers roll, 10-4*

~ continued on page 46



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The days were filled with morning and evening adventures, while midday was left to regaining much needed rest while soaking up some of the readily available vitamin D. Time passed and too soon the return trip north was taken. Our misadventures being the only highlights that went with us. Return to civilization and its associated technology found the new monikers in use at the most opportunistic times. Today's internet chat sites don't convey these handles, as these have been replaced by recently updated ones. However, if you listen close to the details of adventures that are shared, you might be able to effectively name one of the trio.

**Uh, 10-4 Pig-Pen, what's yer 20?**

**Omaha?!**

**Well they oughta know what to do with them Hogs out there fer sure**

**Well mercy sakes alive good buddy**

**We gonna back on outta here**

**So keep the bugs off yer glass**

**An' the bears off yer.... tail**

**We gonna catch ya on the flip-flop**

**This here's the Rubber Duck on the side**

**We gone**

**Bye, Bye...**

But what about the fourth you ask? Yes, four went south to Georgia on a hunting adventure, and four returned; each with a new moniker. But my story is not of significance – it was simply a matter of happenstance, an incident that relates back to the weather conditions. (Did I happen to mention it rained? A lot!) I do want to take time to recognize and thank the two Georgia gentlemen in the white dodge pickup that helped me out of my predicament. My story, you see, is merely of making a wrong turn, of taking the flooded road more traveled when I should have chosen the one less. It is littered with boring details that would put a person to sleep; like broken tow ropes, begging quarters at a car wash, and replacing multiple fuses. My story is of unimportance. It is the stories of the others, the making of the hunter's call signs that is of topic here. Their actions and the resulting monikers – all from their determination to enter the bush, brave the elements, and face nature with traditional weapons - should carry this story. I hope you have enjoyed this tale of pursuit; a tale of hunters in predicaments that many others can relate to. Just the same, I will sign off, using some old CB slang – Truck Dunker Out.

\*\* "Convoy" history and lyrics courtesy of Wikipedia.com and CW-McCALL.com



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Gene

# Ramblin' Rednecks

*By Gene and Barry Wensel*



Barry

When I was a little kid, I used to think a veterinarian was a veteran that only ate birds... a vegetarian of sorts. As I got a little older, I considered becoming a veterinarian. Not the livestock nor dog/cat type. I envisioned myself a bird doctor. Bird medicine was where the money was.

I had a master plan. I pictured myself running a big clinic for sick birds, especially canaries and/ or parakeets. Picture this . . . every sick bird brought into the clinic would be diagnosed as needing either open heart surgery or brain surgery.

Most of my "patients" would unfortunately die on the operating table while under the Gerber, but I'd still charge a handsome fee, as surgeons don't guarantee anything. I mean what can you do for a sick bird. Their brains and hearts can't be much bigger than a BB shot. You can't really give them inoculations either, as half the time the hypodermic needle would stick out the far side of the bird and that sure couldn't be real healthy.

"Plan Two" required me to buy my customers a certain percentage of new birds. Picture this . . . a little old lady brings me a sick green parakeet. The bird doesn't pull through, so I just go out and buy here a brand new green parakeet. When she comes in to pick up Tweety, she's tickled witless because not only is her bird healthy and happy, but it ends up living several years longer than she expected. Sooner or later someone would complain that their parakeet didn't talk anymore. I'd explain that following anesthetics and surgery, most parakeets get amnesia and have to be re-trained to talk. What a set up.

Parrots can talk a whole lot better than parakeets. For some unknown reason pirates and parrots get along well. Which doesn't say too much for a parrot's personality.

I accidentally killed a parakeet with static electricity once. I was over at Brian Warren's house when I was 12 or 13 years old. He had a blue parakeet named "Happy". The bird was pretty much free to fly around the house since they left the door of the cage open most of time. Ol' Happy would fly around chirping regularly. If you held a finger out horizontally and gave the secret whistle, little Happy would fly up and land on your finger. Brian was pretty impressed with that trick. One day Brian went upstairs to the bathroom and left me alone in the den. Bad mistake. I was somewhat bored, so I figured I'd play a little trick on Happy. I walked around scuffing my feet real hard on Mrs. Warren's carpet. Then I held my finger horizontal and gave the secret whistle. Sure enough, here came Happy. But when he landed on my finger, I heard a barely audible spark-

snap and Happy fell to the floor, deader than a doornail. I tried to revive him to no avail. He was pretty much a goner. This static electricity trick had worked a whole lot better than I'd anticipated. My first impulse was to go home and leave a door open so the Warren's would think the bird flew outside. But I figured I'd catch hell for that, so I just threw the bird carcass under the cushion of Old Man Warren's favorite easy chair and sat down. The Warren's never did mention anything about the bird being missing and I never brought it up. Apparently they found Happy's body under the cushion and Old Man Warren took the rap for sitting on him. They eventually bought a Mynah bird, which I used to think was any bird owned by an Italian. At least Mr. Virillo at the pet shop used to point and say "Thatsa mine-a bird."

Have you ever seen a Cornish game hen? I mean feathers and all? I think they're just teenagers of the chicken world. If there's such a thing as a Cornish hen, how's come there aren't any Cornish roosters? How come you can't eat pigeons unless you refer to them as "squab"? How come you never see any baby pigeons? Nor magpies for that matter? I see all kinds of other young bird species.

I have a lot of questions concerning birds that need answering. For instance, if a person slit the webbing between the toes of just one foot of a duck, would it cause them to swim in circles? Could a duck swim faster if he laid on his back and did the backstroke, using his wings as well as his feet? I certainly think so. Why do ducks wag their tails? No other birds do. Do goldeneyes see everything in yellow? Why do some greenwing teal have blue wings? If you plugged that little air hole on the side of a duck's beak with chewing gum, could he still breathe through his mouth? Who teaches a mother duck to do the broken wing act? Whenever I'm fishing and have a mother bird pull the old "broken wing" trick on me, I always run over in the bushes and growl while smacking my lips to make Mother Duck freak out with worry.

Is peacock a dirty word? What function

~ continued on page 48

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## Ramblin' Rednecks cont.

~ continued from page 47

does the white ring around a pheasant's neck have? Who paints it there? Why do alligators and turtles lay eggs? Is there some hanky-panky going on with birds? Is the golden egg that the goose laid solid gold or just gold plated? If it's solid gold it'd have to be awful heavy. Would that cause bird hemorrhoids? If you fed a goose two dozen carrots, would the golden egg come out 24 carrot gold? Where do they raise boneless chickens? Can they walk or fly? Are their beaks soft? Why don't birds have lips? Why don't baby birds nurse? They sure look and act like they want to.

One time I was out on a fishing boat off the coast of Maine. A whole pack of seagulls flew along behind our boat as we moved back in toward the mainland (no pun intended). I started throwing them fish guts as they flew along. They got pretty excited over the whole thing. When I ran out of fish parts, I tossed bread to them. They seemed to like bread even more. When I ran out of bread, I went to popcorn. They were having such a good time, I figured I'd try a little practical joke on them. Since I hadn't pulled any good bird practical jokes since Happy days, I threw a few Alka-Seltzers to them. I can now attest to the fact that Alka-Seltzer fed to a seagull definitely affects their flight patterns. As a matter of fact, it affects their entire ability to fly altogether. Most not only gained weight real quick, but went down hard and fast.

I used to go to college with a guy from

Australia, where wild parrots are common. He used to shoot them to eat. Since parrots live up to a hundred years old, they almost have to be pretty chewy. He claimed they would sit on nearly every fencepost in some areas of the outback. On a good day, if you lined everything up perfectly, you could shoot more than one with the same .22 bullet. As a matter of fact, he claimed he held the Australian national record of seven parrots with one bullet. Hmmmmm.

Most bird's digestive tracks are pretty selective. Did you know that you can throw a piece of pork fat to a barnyard goose and it will completely pass through the bird's entire digestive tract in less than a minute? I mean in one end and out the other. Ted Lawson and I once tied a string to a piece of pork fat and passed it completely through half a dozen geese before they caught on. Then we walked around the barnyard with the geese strung out like a string of pearls. I often wondered if it left a funny taste in their mouths when we finally pulled the string out.

John Vargo, being the pirate that he is, bought himself a big green parrot last year. He named it "Ollie", because it was the color of green olives I suppose. He called me up and complained that his parrot talked with a lisp. I told him that talking with a lisp was a common defect

among parrots. The problem arises when they need their beaks filed down. I explained that all he needed to do was file a quarter inch or so off the end of the parrot's beak. He was concerned about hurting the bird, but I convinced him otherwise. Two days later, John phoned me up again, complained that his parrot had died during the filing procedure. I questioned him concerning his technique, as I had never heard of an unsuccessful beak shortening. John said, "Hell, he was dead even before I took his head out of the vise". So much for PBS Councilman material. ☹

*"What is man without the beasts?  
If all the beasts were gone, men would  
die from great loneliness of spirit, for  
whatever happens to the beasts also  
happens to man. All things are  
connected. Whatever befalls the earth  
also befalls the sons of the earth."*

Chief Seattle  
of the Duwamish Indians

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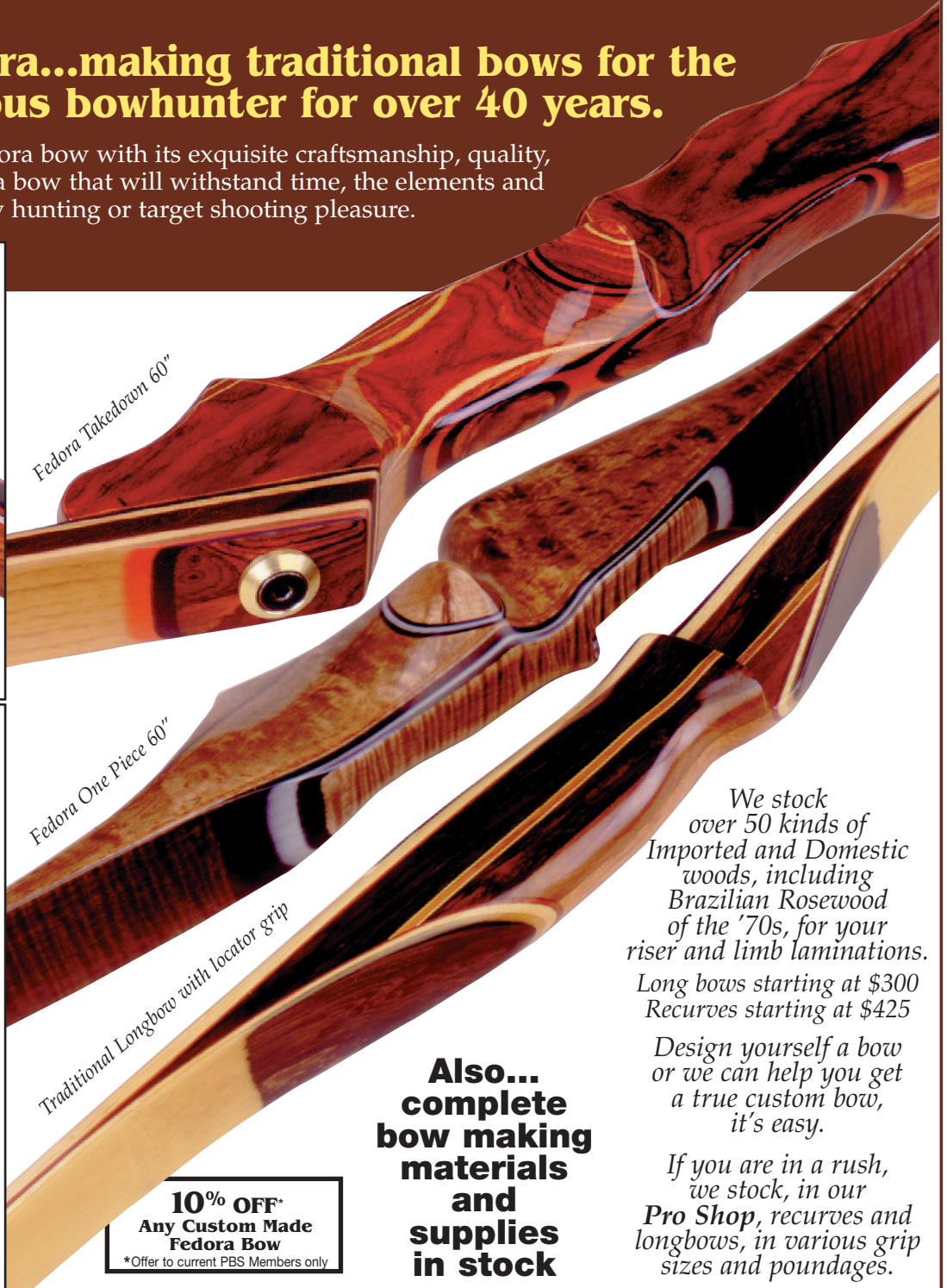
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# 2013 PBS Member Survey

*Survey is continued from the inside front of the dust cover.*



**20. How often do you visit the PBS website/message board ([www.probowsociety.net](http://www.probowsociety.net))?**

- ☐ Never ☐ Daily ☐ Weekly ☐ Monthly

**21. How often do you participate on the PBS message board ([www.probowsociety.net/forum/index.php](http://www.probowsociety.net/forum/index.php))**

- ☐ Never ☐ Daily ☐ Weekly ☐ Monthly

**22. If the right opportunity arose, would you participate in a membership hunt?** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**23. Do the following bowhunting methods constitute fair chase to you?**

Yes No

- ☐ ☐ Tree stand  
☐ ☐ Food plot  
☐ ☐ Deer baiting  
☐ ☐ Hog baiting  
☐ ☐ Bear baiting  
☐ ☐ Waterhole

Yes No

- ☐ ☐ Bear dogs  
☐ ☐ Lion dogs  
☐ ☐ Hog dogs  
☐ ☐ High fence ranch for hogs  
☐ ☐ High fence ranch for big game  
☐ ☐ Low fence ranch

Yes No

- ☐ ☐ Pheasant preserve  
☐ ☐ Predator hunting with lights  
☐ ☐ Bowfishing with lights  
☐ ☐ Hog hunting with lights

**24. If you are an Associate member, do you have the desire to become a Regular Member?** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**25. If you are an Associate member, have you sought out a Regular member for sponsorship?** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**26. If you are an Associate member, have you requested a Regular member application?** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**27. If you are an Associate member and do not plan to apply for Regular membership, please check all that apply**

- ☐ Happy with being an Associate ☐ Do not understand the process ☐ Do not understand the benefits of Regular membership  
☐ Intimidated by the process ☐ Not worth the added cost

**28. If you are a Regular member, is it in your plan to become a life member?**

- ☐ Yes; already a life member now ☐ Yes; within 1 year,  
☐ Yes; within 5 years ☐ No, no plan for Life membership

**29. If you are a Regular member, looking back, do you believe you applied for your Regular membership:**

- ☐ at the right time in your hunting career, ☐ too soon, or ☐ too late?

**30. Again as a Regular member looking back, how many big game animals had you taken when you thought you were first ready for Regular membership?** <5 5-8 >8 >12 >15 >20

**31. What do you consider the biggest threat to bowhunting? (Rank 1-8)**

- \_\_\_ Crossbow \_\_\_ Video/TV Celebrities \_\_\_ Anti-hunting organizations \_\_\_ Infighting between hunting groups  
\_\_\_ Loss of habitat \_\_\_ Reduced game numbers \_\_\_ Excessive technology reducing season length \_\_\_ Loss of access

**32. What should be the direction for the future of PBS? (Rank 1-5)**

- \_\_\_ Fraternalism \_\_\_ Promote ethical bowhunting \_\_\_ Voice of the bowhunter to state game agencies  
\_\_\_ Education \_\_\_ Promote archery only seasons

**33. Are you in favor of regional representation for PBS to help promote Odd Year Gatherings and communications?** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**34. Would you be interested in being a regional representative if the PBS started a Regional Representation Program?** ☐ Yes ☐ No

**35. Does the PBS Code of Ethics and Equipment Policy Statement go far enough to protect bowhunting seasons and Fair Chase?**

- ☐ The Code of Ethics do not go far enough; they should cover more topics  
☐ They are fine as they are.  
☐ They go too far, the Code of Ethics should be redone or eliminated

***Thank you! Your time and input are important to us. Please send completed surveys to: PBS, P.O. Box 246, Terrell, N.C. 28682***



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- To provide training on safety, shooting and hunting techniques;
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