

Official Publication for the members of the Professional Bowhunters Society

THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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

PBS 2014 BIENNIAL GATHERING TICKET ORDER FORM

MARCH 27 – 30, 2014

Name _____ Regular Life _____ Regular _____ Associate _____

Spouse/Guest's Name (if attending) _____

Children's Names (if attending) _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

Day Phone _____ Evening Phone _____ Email _____

Individual Pricing:	Friday Dinner & Auction	# _____	@\$58	\$ _____
	Saturday Dinner & Auction	# _____	@\$65	\$ _____
	Regular Life Member Breakfast (Friday)	# _____	@\$30	\$ _____
	Thursday Welcome Social	# _____	@\$36	\$ _____
	Ladies Luncheon & Auction (Saturday)	# _____	@\$39	\$ _____
	Ladies Riverboat Lunch/transport (Friday)	# _____	@\$45	\$ _____
	Youth Seminar & Lunch – Friday/Sat.	# _____	@\$15	\$ _____
	Women's Bow Skills (Friday)	# _____	@\$15	\$ _____

Half Draw Package:	1 Friday Dinner & Auction Ticket			
	1 Saturday Dinner & Auction Ticket			
	75 "General" Raffle Tickets	# _____	@\$150	\$ _____

Full Draw Package:	2 Friday Dinner & Auction Tickets			
	2 Saturday Dinner & Auction Tickets			
	150 "General" Raffle Tickets	# _____	@\$300	\$ _____
	Additional "General" Raffle Tickets			
	100 for \$50; 35 for \$20; 15 for \$10	# _____		\$ _____

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED: \$ _____

Check here if you are staying at the Hyatt Regency and are a 1st time banquet attendee _____

As an added bonus, any one (family) sending in their registration form by December 31, 2013 will receive 25 free "General" raffle tickets.

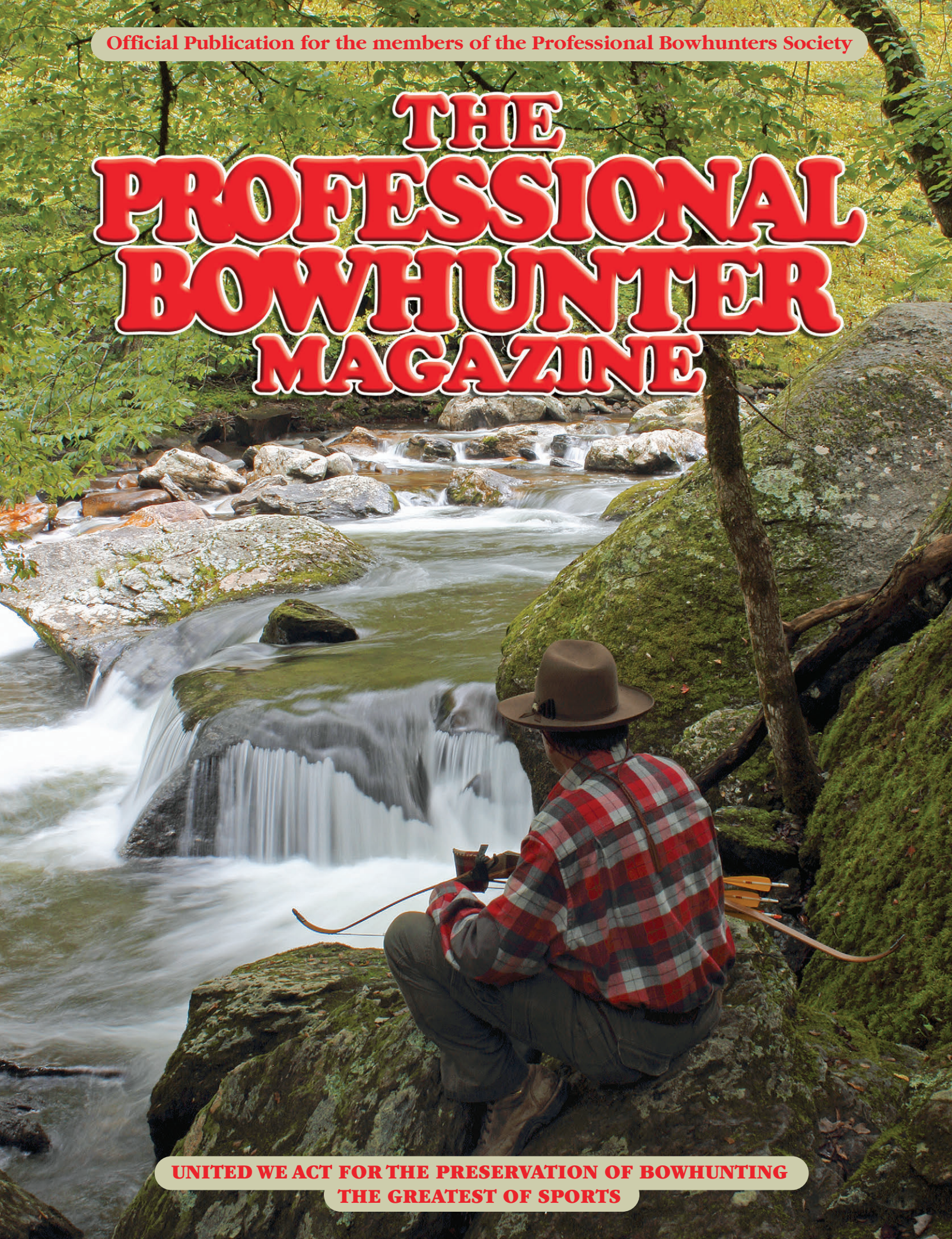
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Credit Card # _____ Expiration Date _____ MC _____ Visa _____
Signature _____

Ticket order reservations made before January 1, 2014 will receive a name badge upon arrival in Cincinnati. Deadline for receiving this form in the PBS Home Office is March 1, 2014. Tickets will be picked up at the PBS registration desk in Cincinnati. Tickets will not be mailed.

Official Publication for the members of the Professional Bowhunters Society

THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE



UNITED WE ACT FOR THE PRESERVATION OF BOWHUNTING
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THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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President's Message

by Jim Akenson
micaake@yahoo.com

Redefining the PBS Identity... are we making progress?

preciation was shown for the philosophical perspective we presented.

I should note that the theme of the conference was blending wildlife management with the outdoor sporting industry. There were a few folks who came up to us after our presentation and said "good talk," "great to hear the other side of the equation," "where do you guys propose drawing a line in the sand?" and "how do you define an average level of challenge for today's bowhunters?" I think making a showing at WAFWA was a solid success, and there were also representatives from the Archery Trade Association, who seemed surprised at our "presence" within the "Director's Forum" meeting session. I felt it was really a good debut to agencies of the JOC video, and kudos to Mark Baker for leading that filming effort. We have been asked to come and present at the next WAFWA meeting...which is only six-months away in Phoenix, AZ., and...we'll never see dividends if we don't stay in the game!

Regarding the JOC, I do have to also announce that we'll be going it alone as the Pope & Young Club has decided to pull away from our partnership at this time for philosophical reasons. We do need to be grateful to the Pope & Young Club for their financial and planning support, and also to Compton's Traditional Bowhunters for their support early on with the JOC initiative. Partnering with other organizations can be difficult, but worth the effort for the power of a combined voice seeking a common goal. So, I want to extend a big Thank You to both Pope & Young and Compton's for helping us to get the ball rolling in regards to making an effort at "reining-in" inappropriate technologies in bowhunting. This is a "bump" in our road but rest assured that Mark Baker, and the

BP Committee, will continue their efforts through the JOC website, and they already have some exciting new ideas and actions to extend our educational outreach through short-film-production media and other efforts.

At the time of this writing we have just concluded the membership survey and haven't really had a chance to fully analyze the results. However, there are some preliminary results that look like they'll hold the course, with 90% or better result orientation, which I want to discuss. The first is in regard to the regional representation which 91% of the respondents felt was important to put into action. Interestingly, only 33% indicated that they would want to directly participate, which could be interpreted as having the time available for active leadership. Regarding bows, at this point in the tally, 92% of the respondents indicated that they shot recurves or longbows, 6% compounds and 2% self-bows. I guess there are no real surprises with bow choice. Another area that had 90% support was for the Code of Ethics, either in its present form or even more strict with 14% wanting more topics covered compared to just 9% who thought the code went too far. Again, these results are preliminary and are based on just 175 questionnaires that were electronically submitted. Those that have been mailed are not yet tabulated. Please stay tuned for the final results that have been statistically tested. The PBS leadership will use these themes to help with decisions, and establishing "voting topics," that can influence our organization's direction. Furthermore, combining this input from members, with new and old membership activities...I really think we are several steps closer to clarifying our identity as we start the next 50 years of PBS.

You all will either be hunting, or close to it, when you get this Magazine so please be careful, enjoy your time afield...and Good Luck!

~Jim A.

PBS Magazine • Third Quarter 2013

There are a few things that I want to go over that work towards answering this important question above. The first is an update on some political action being taken by PBS through the Bowhunting Preservation Committee and the second is a few general (preliminary) results from the recent membership survey, which about 20% of the membership responded to by the July 31st deadline. By polling standards, this is ample to reflect opinion patterns.

Starting with political action, I recently returned from a WAFWA meeting in Omaha Nebraska. WAFWA is the Western Association of Fish & Wildlife Agencies which is a gathering of western states agency Directors, Fish & Wildlife Commissioners, Deputy Directors, and other wildlife management decision makers. I was there representing PBS and Mike Schlegel the Pope & Young Club, and both of us were spokesmen for the Bowhunting Preservation "Coalition." We had a half hour to make our case for establishing limits of technology in bowhunting. We did a combination power-point presentation highlighting the history of each organization, and the battles we have undertaken in the past (50 years for each org.) to protect bowhunting seasons. At the end we showed the "Journey of Challenge" video that has been produced by the Bowhunting Preservation Committee. Then there were a handful of questions, some nods of approval, some utterances of disapproval – typically for financial and perceived recruitment reasons, but by-and-large an ap-

Ojibwa Odd Year Raffle generated and donated \$2,1012.00 toward PBS Youth Hunts.

Traditional Bowhunters of

Montana donated \$1,000.00 toward the expense of producing Bowhunting Preservation Committee Project.

Vice President's Message

by Steve Hohensee

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

Can't Lose & Cincinnati!

I've only invited three or four friends to come up to Alaska and hunt with me the last two years and I am pleased to say two of these men are running for the next open Councilman seat; Cory Mattson from North Carolina and Preston Lay from Oklahoma. A lot of long-term members either know Cory or have read his many contributions to the PBS Magazine over the past two decades. If PBS has a more passionate member, I have yet to meet them. I first met Preston Lay on a javelina hunt in Texas in about 1996 and soon after I sponsored him for Regular Membership. Preston is one of those guys who you'd like to have with you on a remote hunt 100 miles from nowhere, when you just broke your leg—total reliability. I am pleased that we have a set of candidates in this election where PBS can't lose. But I have a problem, Jack, please send TWO ballots!

Steve H.

P.S. Oh yeah, attached below is some information on our upcoming Biennial Gathering in Cincinnati! Please check out the advertisements and event write-ups in this issue of the magazine.

P.S.S. If you are willing to make a donation to support your Society, please contact one of the Councilmen—THANK YOU in advance for the donations!

Biennial Gathering in Cincinnati

Banquet Registration: See the front inside cover of THIS issue of the Professional Bowhunter Magazine for your registration form. Please send your registration form in early to reduce Council's and Home Office's anxiety!

Hyatt Regency Cincinnati: The hotel has now substantially completed a \$20 million remodel (see details in this issue)

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. A list of parking options will be provided in an upcoming registration packet which will be mailed to registered members this fall.

Airport: Cincinnati/Northern Kentucky International Airport (AKA Greater Cincinnati Airport), code CVG, is located ~20 minutes south of the hotel in Covington, Kentucky. Ground transportation with "Executive Transportation" (800-990-8841) is \$22 one way or \$32 for a round trip; I suggest you make reservations online or by phone.

Updates to Contests: The Jerry Pierce Bowyers contest, the arrow building contest, and the member photo contest have updated categories and rules. See this issue of the Professional Bowhunter Magazine for details.

Thursday Evening Welcome Social: Food, drink, and the opportunity to catch up with other members, oh and Graeter's ICE CREAM!



Friday Banquet: Long-time, Regular Member Scott Koelzer from Montana will entertain the Friday evening banquet crowd with tales from his many adventure 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: A riverboat tour and luncheon has been arranged with B&B Riverboats on the Ohio River (See details in this issue).

Seminars Speakers to date: See this issue of the Professional Bowhunters Magazine for a tentative list of seminars and speakers.

Donations: PLEASE consider making a donation, large or small, for one of the PBS fund raisers! Please send donation (or bring to Cincinnati) to Steve Osminski (address in this issue) and let Steve Osminski or Greg Darling know of your generosity so they can enter data into the auction software. Pre-knowledge of donation details ahead of time helps us reduce the workload at banquet crunch time.

Regular Members New Date for Dues Notification

In an attempt to increase voter participation, the Council has voted to change the dues notification date from March (back three months) to January 1. **For regular members, this will also combine your dues notice with a voting ballot.** So, for 2014 your annual dues will be prorated to \$52.00. Then in subsequent years, the dues will resume at \$70.00 and be coordinated with the calendar year. Ballot secrecy will be insured with a perforated segment, without # or name identification.

Dues for associate members will not be affected by this change.



Senior Council's Report

by Greg Darling
stykbowhunter61@yahoo.com

Gone hunting

can't muster up the words AGAIN. I wanted to defend the Council. Again. I wanted to defend the Journey of Challenge. Again. I wanted to try to remind the membership that even though we are all from different areas and have different feelings, we are more similar than not. Again. I just can not do it. Again.

I know I've been a firebrand for controversy the past couple years, I could go on with it, however with what has happened this past quarter, well it has left me speechless. I don't want to rant. I want to

go hunting. I've discovered that at the end of the day, it doesn't matter if I am hunting whitetails here in the Midwest, out west for elk or down south for hogs. I am just hunting. Hunting how I know to hunt. Hunting by the standards I set for myself. Hunting in a way that fulfills me. None of the stuff that draws so much angst and fire to some of our members matters out here, I'm just hunting.

I hope that all of you enjoy a safe and successful season.

Greg

After writing as many councilman columns as I have over the past six years, I have hit the wall.

I've written and tossed 2 columns in the past couple of days because I just

Regular Membership Candidate

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

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

MI 49326.

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

PBS Officers and Council

Associates applying for Regular status:

Dennis Dunn – WA



Let's make sure it gets in the right box.

**Notify our Home Office
of any change of address!**

PBS

**P.O. Box 246
Terrell, NC 28682**

email: probowhunters@roadrunner.com

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www.probowsociety.net

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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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PBS Strength

I will start this report off with a reminder. The main responsibility of the first term Councilman is to be the conduit between the Associate members and the Council. If any Associate members have any questions or concerns—contact me! I enjoy hearing from any PBS member and got quite a few questions about the new Regular Member application in addition to general questions from last issue. Keep them coming. My e-mail is listed here. That is the easiest way for you to catch me. The phone will work, but I guarantee, it will take longer to get to me there. While we are discussing contacting each other...leave a message! This goes for calling the home office as well. We can't always get to the phone and I definitely don't make a habit of calling back numbers that are not familiar. Please, when you call, leave a message with me, any Council member, or for Home Office.

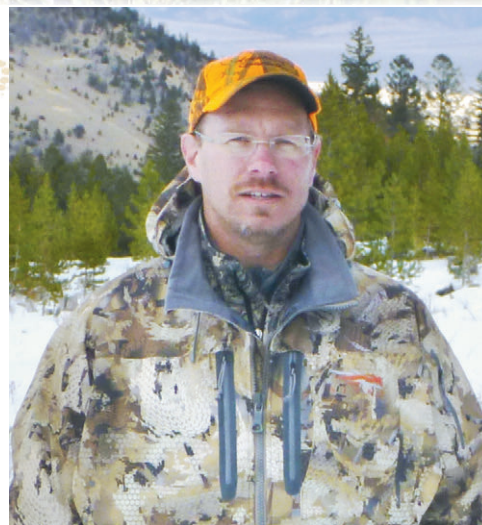
Our strength is our membership. This point has recently been made in a big way to me with our Youth Hunt. Our plan was to hunt doe antelope in an excellent buck

area of Wyoming. We formulated a great plan until WY slashed the permits to 1/3 of the 2012 levels and twice as many people applied for our unit. None of the kids drew when odds went from 100% in 2012 to 15% in 2013. Council went into overdrive with ideas to salvage the hunt and the fine PBS members in Utah had such a good time with the kids in 2009 they offered for us to come out and hunt elk with them again. Craig Burris and his hunting buddies selflessly are sharing their hard found and diligently scouted paradise with the PBS youth. We are looking forward to a wonderful hunt and learning experience for the boys. Thank you Utah!

If you don't go on the website, you might want to give it a shot for no other reason than to see how the whole Youth Hunt turns out. I have started a thread there to document the 2013 Utah Elk Hunt. Type the following into the command line on your internet screen:

<http://www.probowsociety.net/forum/viewtopic.php?f=3&t=1733>

The Youth Hunt shows many positives



of the PBS and its membership. The whole premise is "Knowledge thru Experience". Every member voluntarily gives up their hunting time and opportunity to mentor the kids on the hunt. They teach the kids the entire time. PBS members were also teaching and encouraging the boys at the Odd Year Gathering we just attended in Wisconsin. We had a great time as always at Ojibwa. Jerry Leveille and the crew are great hosts. Many of their special features went towards the Youth Hunt. Their raffle monies went toward the Youth Hunt. They had raffle drawings for a half dozen classic Bear bows. There was a big bonus Florida hog hunt donated by Tru South Adventures. The Wisconsin extravaganza was also where a couple big website fundraisers came to fruition. Joe Lasch and Greg Szelewski prepared a gourmet bison backstrap dinner capped off with some South Carolina pound cake and spiked Door County cherries that raised over \$1000 for the Youth hunt. It was SO good; I could not eat for two days!

There are "official" PBS hunts like the Youth Hunt or the various member hunts organized on the Website this year in Nebraska, Utah, and Georgia among others. I will report back on my first "official" PBS member hunt next time. Don't wait for a spot to open on an organized group hunt...it seems all my hunting partners from Alaska to Texas have are PBS members. Every hunt I've been on with a PBS member has been a good one. Search out your fellow members to hunt with and experience the true strength of the PBS!

Steve O.

BOULDER CREST RETREAT — for Wounded Warriors —

**Through a fundraiser on our PBS website,
members quickly generated the financial support,
of \$1,000 total from several individuals,
to sponsor a target at the Boulder Crest
Wounded Warriors archery range for veterans.**

At our target, a plaque will read:

This Target Lane Proudly Sponsored By
The Professional Bowhunter's Society
"Knowledge Through Experience"
Owing Our Freedom to Your Sacrifice



Council's Report

by Tim Roberts

Tim@farrwestleather.com

Apparel, hats and more?

quite time consuming, but it is hoped that it is done or close to being done by the time this is published. They can be ordered, just go to the contact icon on the web store and type in the contact information, and ask about the low profile hats. One more note on the hats, we are currently in the hunt for a short billed hat, in particular, the wire brimmed one like Great Northern offers.

We will also have coffee mugs available in the near future, with an added bonus, one side of the coffee mug will have one of the PBS logos on it, and there will be an option to have a picture put on the other side! This could be a great suggestion, come Christmas time for hunting buddies!

All three logos the Regular, Associate, and the Knowledge Through Experience are available to be embroidered on the apparel items.

There have been a few items suggested that we put on the web store, such as "dew rags", these are an item that will have to sell at least a quantity of 100 before we can place an order. So from time to time as the need arises, or we have some time to get it going we can offer these and other items through a post on the web site.



So how does this work? Start by going to the Members Only section of the web site, at the top is a tab/link that you can click on. After doing that you will need to create an account,

user name same as what you use on the web site, and a password, your choosing. Then you can go in and shop as you would on most other website stores. The payment is through Paypal, so you will need a Paypal account. For those that don't believe in the evil that Paypal is, feel free to contact me and we should be able to work something out.

More!!!!!!!!!!!!

Buckles.....Recently it was suggested to the Council that we offer a Knowledge Through Experience buckle. So, it was voted on and passed, we now have 100 numbered KTE buckles. We decided that the first 100 should be numbered, to add a bit of value to them, the first 5 are going to be set aside to be auctioned at the upcoming banquet, a few will be sent to the home office for those that can't access the web store, and the rest will be available through the web store.

The cost for the buckles is \$62.00.

As with all new ventures, we have and are sure to experience some growing pains. If you have problems, can't find an item or have a suggestion for an item we should look at adding, please contact me and I will do my best to get an answer for you!

Respectfully,

Tim Roberts

PBS Magazine • Third Quarter 2013

For those that shy away from the web-site, the web store is up and off to a start!

When this undertaking was handed to me, the first thought was, this should be a fairly simple task! It is one thing to walk into a shop knowing what you want, and totally something else to go in and start figuring out what would appeal to a lot of other folks. Then add the fact that when listening to the vendor, it all sounds so simple to have this, but behind the scenes there is a lot of work to make it happen. Upon getting into this I quickly learned that even though the type of products we can get are almost limitless, on some of them we need minimum quantities before placing an order. A short list of items that are now available are tee shirts, polo shirts, hoodies, hats, and button down dress shirts.

The tee shirts are available in a wide array of colors, and sizes, same with the polo's and hoodies.

Hats, currently the ones listed on the web store are the high profile ones, the process to get the lower profile hats on is

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www.tuffhead.com

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Frozen in Time

I looked out across the small clearing and saw a flicker of brown and white. As I focused on the space between two rhododendron branches I made out the back and belly lines of a deer. I froze in place for what seemed like an eternity. When it moved on and went behind a tree, I took a step to the right behind a huge white oak tree. A steady soft rain dripping in the woods muffled the sound of my movement in the deep fall leaves. The white-tail doe was by herself and steadily she walked around the forest edge and came right toward me on a beaten deer trail. When she was six feet on the other side of the tree I was behind I drew the arrow on my bowstring back to the fletches and settled the string into the corner of my mouth. Her nose, then eyes, followed by ears and neck came by me four feet away. When the shoulder appeared, and the sweet spot behind it came in view, I let the string slip from my fingers. I literally could have stretched my arm out and touched that doe. I saw the bright yellow fletches disappear in the right place and that instant I knew the broadhead pierced both lungs. She ran 60 yards and then piled up...frozen in time.

There was a man named Lot who was Abraham's brother. The city that Lot's family lived in was so wicked that God decided to destroy it along with the neighbor city that was also wicked. Lot had a wife that is a sobering example for us.

Genesis 19 ¹⁵When the morning dawned, the angels urged Lot to hurry, saying, "Arise, take your wife and your two daughters who are here, lest you be consumed in the punishment of the city."

¹⁶And while he lingered, the men took hold of his hand, his wife's hand, and the hands of his two daughters, the LORD being merciful to him, and they brought him out and set him outside the city.

¹⁷So it came to pass, when they had brought them outside, that he said, "Escape for your life! Do not look behind you nor stay anywhere in the plain. Escape to the mountains, lest you be destroyed."

²⁴Then the LORD rained brimstone and fire on Sodom and Gomorrah, from the LORD out of the heavens.

²⁵So He overthrew those cities, all the plain, all

Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

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the land inhabitants of the cities, and what grew on the ground.

²⁶*But his wife looked back behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.*

²⁷*And Abraham went early in the morning to the place where he had stood before the LORD.*

²⁸*Then he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain; and he saw, and behold, the smoke of the land which went up like the smoke of a furnace.*

²⁹*And it came to pass, when God destroyed the cities of the plain, that God remembered Abraham, and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow, when He overthrew the cities in which Lot had dwelt.*

Lot's wife in disobedience looked back and became frozen in time, a pillar of salt. Serious business! As hunters we know what it is to be frozen, but we have the ability to move when the time comes to move on. She lost out for the rest of what would have been her days. The New Testament reminds us of just how serious it is to live a life of obedience to the Lord.

Luke 17

²⁸"Likewise as it was also in the days of Lot:

They ate, they drank, they bought, they

sold, they planted, they built;

²⁹*but on the day that Lot went out of Sodom it rained fire and brimstone from heaven and destroyed them all.*

³⁰*Even so will it be in the day when the Son of Man is revealed.*

³¹*In that day, he who is on the housetop, and his goods are in the house, let him not come down to take them away. And likewise the one who is in the field, let him not turn back.*

³²**Remember Lot's wife.**

We PBSers often stay frozen in time while watching a deer, an elk or whatever and that is a good thing, it is a skill to be honed, but spiritually we need to be looking ahead. When you give your heart to the Lord, serve Him all the days of your life. We Christ followers are not of this world and one day He will return. Don't look back. Don't be **FROZEN IN TIME!**



Bowhunting Preservation Committee

By Mark Baker, Chair - Bowhunting Preservation Committee

Starting a Conversation... Bowhunting Preservation Committee Actions

Lately there has been a "buzz" of sorts out and about the bowhunting community as viewers of the "Journey of Challenge" video are beginning to comment on its purpose and message. Some see it as a conversation about "drawing a line" in regards to technology, others see it as defining "what" bowhunting is supposed to be about in its basic intent.

There are those who are threatened, those who wish we had gone further, those who feel it's "spot-on" in its focus. No matter where you stand in the scheme of views on the topic, the fact is, that "Journey of Challenge" is doing exactly what it is intended to do, and that is to bring attention to the current state of bowhunting across this country, in how it relates to our history, and also where it is going.

For a few decades now, many of our voices have been silent in the face of an ever-changing landscape regarding bowhunting's gear and practices...of what is "acceptable" and how the general public and the decision making leaders of our state agencies and legislators view today's bowhunter. "Don't divide our ranks", or "strength in numbers" became well-intentioned rally cries that, rather than helped,

instead resulted in a fertile, un-checked garden for industry and opportunists to flourish without fear of challenge, forever changing the historical intent that created our current opportunities. Our foundations of fair-chase, and the vision of the bowhunter as the "rugged woodsman" and outdoor enthusiast, earning his just reward as a result of learned skills and hard work have now been replaced by the image of the gadget consumer with the sole purpose of buying his way to the top of the record book, with as little effort and work as necessary, and little regard as to the "how" of the process.

All that is about to change, and it's about time.

The "Journey of Challenge" website, highlighted at the end of the video, is a place to hear other sides of the stories...other viewpoints, and gain historical perspective. It will be a valuable "tool" for the various state organizations and agencies to research and make informed decisions regarding the new emerging technologies, and the trends in hunter practices and how others may feel about them.

Knowledge is power. And we have been silent too long. It's time we con-

tributed to that knowledge base.

PBS in its role as the leader in bowhunting's traditional values, knowledge, and educational well-spring, has been and will continue to lead in this effort with the Bowhunting Preservation Committee. And as if that's not enough.....there is still more.

The Bowhunting Preservation Committee is not a single-effort entity. This group of individuals is comprised of not only some of our finest statesmen within PBS, but also some of our most promising young leaders, bringing together traditions and modern communication skills. It has both perspective and foresight. "Journey of Challenge" is but one effort....and we will have more.

If you have not yet viewed the "Journey of Challenge" video, or visited the website at www.journeyofchallenge.com please do....and let us know your thoughts and ideas.

This will be an on-going, growing effort and we want your input and your help. ♡



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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.

"When Hunting Became Shooting" article sparks discussion

Hi, Gene;

I just finished your article in the PBS Magazine; "When Hunting Became Shooting". Truer words were never writ! We're of an age, and I too recall "It's Howdy Doody Time", along with a lot of other Saturday cartoons for a rainy winter's day (when my dad opted to take one of his friends duck hunting rather than me-probably because I could usually outshoot him!). I feel we live in a sad world, where we can recall not having to lock our doors, and not having some twit from the "gubmint" hovering, telling us what's bad for us. The deer camp of my childhood is gone, replaced by the futility of roaring up and down a forest road dressed head-to-toe in the latest camo pattern no-smell 'em clothing on a bright red ATV. Easily half these guys couldn't find a deer unless it was roadkill.

Fortunately though, I also am mentoring a young man and his fiancée-both of 'em!!-in woodcraft and stickbow skills. I'm teaching them how to track, helping them along with their shooting skills, and ultimately will take them along on some hunts this Fall. There's a trap at the end of the trail though: I've got some nice elk steaks waiting, so when I feel they're ready to be turned loose, that'll be their "graduation" dinner. We both know how this will taste, and I'd pretty much bet that his fiancée will say "get me elk"! Maybe she'll think about hunting as well; she's certainly not against it. He'll take his hunter ed course next month, and we'll have him rifle hunting his first season if only to get his feet wet in the hunting world. He's one of very few kids I've seen who doesn't spend every waking minute texting!

So congratulations on a superlative article! I'll raise a dram to you this evening in the nightly ritual of increasing my carbon footprint by lighting up a decent cigar. If you're ever in the neighborhood, let me know: we may not have anything to hunt-after all, it is Washington-but there's always some trout handy!

Good Hunting!

Jerry Griffin

(aka: Angus MacDonald on Tradgang)

Gene...

When Hunting Became Shooting is a classic. Your descriptions of what it was like when we were kids---building forts, milk money, etc.---brought that all back to me. Descriptions of kids today was right on. The part I really got into was the discussion on hunting TV shows. Perfect, and totally reflects my feelings. The language used makes me puke. The grammar makes hunters look like uneducated nitwits.....which many apparently are. The long range shooting discussion was right on and needed to be said. TV "celebrities"baseball players.....singers.....they all have very little knowledge of what they are about while hunting, and if I hear one more of them say "I seen two deer," I will throw up. The comparison of fly fishing and it's acceptability and bowhunting was interesting.

I'll be 73 in a month or so, and I apparently get more cynical, with age. I wish I believed that this new 3-way coalition could change things, but deep down I don't. Society has changed so much, that I just do not see what we can do to make a difference. Worth trying? Of course. Can we get bowhunting back on track? I doubt it.

You were right.....no one would have published this article. Heck, I couldn't have gotten Bowhunter to publish it if I wrote it. Bowhunter is owned by the Sportsmans Channel. As TV shows go, I think the Bowhunter magazine show is good, but it is a spit in the ocean of hunting porno.

Great piece. I just wish we had around \$3 million to do things that would reach the masses.

OK., I've ranted. Thanks for listening.

Dave Samuel

Hi Gene,

I just finished reading "When Hunting Became Shooting" and I want to know how the heck you climbed into my brain? If I had any talent, I would have thought that I wrote the article. I've pondered those same questions and made those same observations for quite some time now.

Very well done and right on the money!

I don't know whether to feel depressed that everything you wrote is accurate, or feel comforted that there are those like you and Barry to help some of us realize that we aren't alone.

Brother of the Bow... Once again, you nailed it!

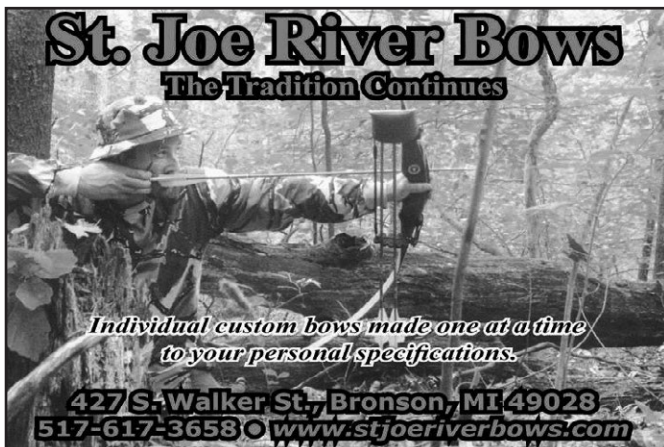
Thanks for your excellent contributions to hunting literature and hunting ethics.

Best of luck and health to you.

God bless,

Sincerely,

Tom Schmiedlin





PBS 2014 Biennial Banquet Cincinnati, Ohio

Hyatt Regency Cincinnati Completes Guest Room and Lobby Renovations

Centered on the majestic Ohio River just across from Kentucky, Cincinnati, once dubbed "The Queen City" by Longfellow, offers visitors a glimpse into our nation's rich history. Guests of our downtown Cincinnati hotel can stroll through charming walkways at the Bicentennial Commons, catch a football game at Paul Brown Stadium, visit Fountain Square to enjoy live entertainment, see a baseball game at the Great American Ball Park or visit the National Underground Freedom Center to learn about Cincinnati's role during the Civil War.



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The State of the Art of Bowhunting

Gene Wensel, IA

Hanging for Deer:

The OTHER Treestand

Joey Buchanan, MS

DYI Alligator Bowhunting

Terry Receveur, NY & Jeff Holchin, NC

North Carolina's

"Bow Only Zones"

Cory Mattson, NC

To Be Announced

Dennis Dunn, WA

Moose

Monty Browning, SC

Why in the world would

I need a blood tracking dog?

Walt Dixon, NY

Elk

Mark Ulschmid, ID & Doug Chase, ID

Cooking Wild Game

Menette Burns, LA

More to come!

THURSDAY

Welcome Social: Steamship round of beef carving station with a starch, vegetable, rolls and a sauce; Graeter's ice cream sundae bar that includes 3 types of ice cream, nuts, cherries, sprinkles, Oreo crumbs, hot fudge, caramel and whipped cream

FRIDAY

Life Member Breakfast: Homestead Buffet: Scrambled eggs with roasted tomato and thyme compote, smoked apple wood bacon and Bob Evans sausage links, roasted potatoes with sweet peppers and caramelized onions, sausage gravy and house made biscuits, cinnamon rolls, local and seasonally fruit, selection of chilled fruit juices, coffee, and Tazo tea.

Friday Night Banquet: Three-course plated dinner with pork tenderloin; baby romaine with shaved manchego, teardrop tomatoes and lemon oil and thyme vinaigrette; bittersweet chocolate or crunch cake

SATURDAY

Ladies Luncheon/Auction: Three course plated meal with tuna steak; butternut squash soup with root vegetable relish; roasted Fuji apple crumble with vanilla bean ice cream

Saturday Night Banquet: Three-course plated dinner with peppercorn crusted filet; spinach and frisee salad with apples, stilton, walnuts and a pomegranate vinaigrette; and a banana bread pudding with rum sauce

Seminars • Seminars

Menus • Menus



PBS Arrow Building COMPETITION

2014 ****NEW**** Rules

- To be held at the PBS Biennial Banquet, 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 manner, 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 Kissner**, 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 Banquet 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 BANQUET 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

The PBS Council is excited to announce an extra-special ladies event for the 2014 Cincinnati Banquet, 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. Ladies may sign up for this event on the Ticket Order Form on the inside cover of the Third Quarter - 2013 Professional Bowhunter magazine.

Itinerary

10:00 – 10:30 AMMeet in Lobby
 10:30 – 11:00 AMBus to dock in Newport, KY
 11:00 – 12:00 PMBoarding
 12:00 – 2:00 PMSailing
 2:00 – 2:30 PMReturn to Hotel

Luncheon Menu

- | | |
|---|--|
| * Turkey ala King Topped
with Fresh Baked Biscuits | * Assortment of
Fresh Baked Breads |
| * Mixed Green Salad with
Accoutrements with Ranch
and Italian Dressings | * Homemade Bread Pudding
with a Vanilla Sauce |
| * Sliced Glazed Ham | * Assorted Fresh Baked
Cookies |
| * Southern Style Green Beans | * Coffee, Tea & Ice Tea |
| * Riverboat Style Rice | * Full Cash Bar |

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

2014 Biennial Banquet 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:

Steve Osminski

steveosminski@yahoo.com

810-875-4100

Greg Darling

stykbowhunter61@yahoo.com

269-806-9873

Dealer Space:

Tim Roberts

tim59729@gmail.com

406-220-2051

General Inquires & Questions

Steve Hohensee

steveh.alaska@gmail.com

907-362-3676

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.

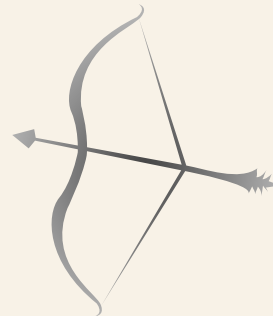
Professional Recurve
Professional Longbow

Amateur Recurve
Amateur Longbow

Selfbow

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.



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- Laundry / dry cleaning
- Valet parking, self-parking
- Gift Shop
- Full-service salon in connecting mall

POINTS OF INTEREST

- Connected to Saks Fifth Avenue and Tower Place Mall
- Paul Brown Stadium—home of the Cincinnati Bengals
- Great American Ball Park—home of the Cincinnati Reds
- US Bank Arena
- The Aronoff Center for the Arts
- Newport on the Levee
- Newport Aquarium
- National Underground Railroad Freedom Center
- Eden Park and Krohn Conservatory
- Cincinnati Museum Center at Union Terminal
- Cincinnati Zoo and Botanical Gardens
- Macy's and TJ Maxx
- Kings Island Theme Park
- Cincinnati Art Museum
- University of Cincinnati
- Xavier University
- Beach Waterpark
- Riverbend Music Center
- Coney Island amusement park
- Horse racing at Turfway Park and River Downs
- Historic Mainstrasse Village

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Pigs and Peccaries on the Board

By Daniel Van Gundy

In February 2008, a threesome of friends from northern Virginia spent three days hunting javelina and feral hogs on the 16,000-acre Cinco Ranch overlooking the Rio Grande River in south Texas. The plan had been for our party to be a foursome, but an injury prevented one of the hunters from making the trip. For me, that hunt was a mixture of hunting success and failure, but I had a great time there together with my friends. Now, five years later, with another friend I was again headed for the Cinco Ranch south of Eagle Pass, where outfitter Rob Kiebler of Fair Chase, Ltd. runs a hunting operation focusing on trophy deer, turkey, javelina, and the ubiquitous feral pigs.

On that 2008 hunt, I'd seen many hogs and a fair number of javelina, and I managed to harvest a representative javelina boar. But I hadn't connected on any of the pigs, which greedily congregate around the corn feeders located at numerous stand locations throughout the ranch. This time, I was determined to take a nice hog. Five years earlier, I'd brought along a cooler in which to transport the pork from a fat young pig I expected to easily harvest. I'm not particularly superstitious, but perhaps my overconfidence had jinxed me; so, this time I traveled without the cooler; why tempt fate?

My hunting partner, Steve, is an avid hunter with whom I've bow-hunted on two plains game safaris in Namibia. This type of hunt from a stand over bait is not much

different from a typical African bowhunt from a blind over water. The south Texas country also lends itself to spot-and-stalk hunting, so we were prepared to try for pigs and javelina both ways.

Despite a light snow the night before our departure, the flight to San Antonio was on time and uneventful. After collecting our luggage, we were met curbside by young Parker Campbell, one of Rob's hunt guides. After our two-hour drive to the ranch and settling into our motel-like accommodations, we were anxious to take a few practice shots before dinner and looking forward to the hunt briefing which would precede it. The afternoon also offered an opportunity to try for a few bass in the "tank" by the camp.

I'd purchased this hunt at auction in Portland at the PBS Gathering. Various infirmities and commitments prevented the others in the original foursome from making the trip this year. But Steve was willing to go along this time, and I was determined to make this hunt more successful than the hunt in 2008. Rob assured us that the availability of hogs and javelina was plentiful, and I was pumped to make this experience a successful and memorable one.

On Monday, the first morning of our hunt, I sat in an elevated blind and watched a nearly continuous parade of deer visit the feeder. The Great Northern Bowhunting Company longbow I was carrying was a Bushbow model, and I was using wooden arrows built by the World Renowned Bowhunter, and tipped with Eclipse 2-blade broadheads. Over the course of two hours I counted a total of five does and five bucks ranging from a button buck to a twelve-point. Unfortunately, that morning no feral pigs or javelina came in to the corn bait.

We returned to camp at 9:30am for breakfast, the first in a series of mouth-watering meals that would ultimately add two pounds to my weight over the next three days. Following breakfast, Steve and I elected to make a spot-and-stalk hunt together along an old runway where a group of javelina had been spotted feeding on corn broadcast onto the ground. We worked our way along a side road paralleling the air strip using the

cover of a brushy fence line to mask our approach. We eventually came even with two javelina at the rear of the group. We were detected by the javelina as we closed the distance, but we hadn't yet spooked them into flight. Steve finally had a broadside shot on a javelina boar and made a 25-yard pass-through shot. Both peccaries took off at the shot, with the targeted animal heading off the runway and past us into heavy cover. After calling in on the radio, we waited for the guide to join us. Soon after his arrival, we found Steve's blooded arrow and shortly thereafter Steve found his javelina boar. The animal hadn't gone more than 50 yards.

We returned to camp for lunch, and at 4pm we were off to our evening stands. I again was entertained by several fine, nearly irresistible whitetail bucks, but I didn't get an opportunity to take either a pig or a javelina. Steve, however, managed to arrow a good boar hog that evening.

The following morning, I hunted from the stand from which I'd taken my javelina in 2008. The only visitors to the feeder that morning were several whitetail does, and after two hours I descended and conducted a still hunt, hoping to again spot feeding javelina to stalk. Overall, I covered approximately a mile and a half, but the only animals I encountered were ten, clearly distressed does that crossed the airstrip at a run at a distance of 75 yards. Later, I was told a nearby "international visitor" had spooked the deer. Illegal border crossers are an almost daily occurrence on the ranch, and the Border Patrol is a frequent presence on the property.

After breakfast, Steve and I went on a spot-and-stalk hunt where javelina are frequently seen. Notably, in the group of javelina we encountered was a rare white (although not albino) javelina juvenile. I cleanly missed a shot on a good-sized javelina boar, and the constantly swirling wind repeatedly made an approach to within my effective range extremely difficult. We again tried for javelina on a spot-and-stalk in the afternoon, walking many miles, but ultimately without success.

The evening stand hunt was again frustrating for me. Three times before the end of shooting light I had good-sized boar hogs at the feeder. But they never came within my effective range and I was determined not to shoot until they did. As shooting light faded into darkness, three boars finally moved to within fifteen yards of my blind. I was confident I could make a good shot on



the closest one, but the light was so faint I knew I wouldn't be able to see if or where I'd hit it. When the truck arrived to pick me up, I was beginning to think hunter's luck was going to elude me and I'd be going home without ever taking a shot on a pig.

On Wednesday morning an hour before shooting light, Rob put me in a ground blind with a good overlook of a corn feeder. Almost as soon as he departed, several hogs moved into the area where he had spread corn from a truck-mounted spreader. It was too dark to see the animals, but their noisy feeding made their presence known. As the morning gradually grew lighter, I initially could see there were more than three hogs feeding, but couldn't distinguish anything else. Eventually, I could vaguely make out five or six hogs. They were close to my stand, but it was too dark to shoot. As dawn progressed, finally I could clearly make out six black hogs, most of them boars. There also was a nice ten-point buck feeding on the corn dispersed by the guide's truck-mounted spreader. At 7am when the stationary feeder noisily activated, all of the pigs fled; only the buck remained unfazed by the sudden noise. Eventually, several hogs returned, but because the feeder had activated, most of them now fed on the corn broadcast directly under the feeder which was located 25 yards from my position.

I waited for what seemed an eternity until finally a young sow fed to within fifteen yards of my blind. Deciding to go for the pork instead of the tusks, I drew and released, but my arrow struck the sow a bit high. The sow whirled, then stumbled, but regained her feet and fled into the brush be-

yond the feeder. After calling in, I waited twenty minutes and then went to investigate the results of my shot. Immediately disappointing was the lack of any visible blood. I went on to the place I'd last seen her running away, but still no blood was evident. Twenty yards into the brush, I found my broken-off arrow, missing its front six inches. Again, there was no blood visible on the ground.

When Rob arrived, he put his tracking dog, Remi, out to track, but without a blood trail there was little the dog could do. We circled and searched unsuccessfully, and reluctantly we called off the search after 45 minutes of fruitless tracking. I was sickened by the loss of the unrecovered sow, but realistically there was nothing else to be done.

After breakfast, Steve and I again tried for javelina by stalking along corn-baited roads. We worked some of the areas we'd been over the day before, but ultimately the seemingly stupid but wary little javelina outsmarted and outmaneuvered us again and again. It was great fun.

Finally, it was time for the final evening hunt. Rob assigned me to the stand I'd been successful in five years earlier. "Smiley" Salinas, the ranch manager, dropped me off at the stand called Duck Tank, an elevated platform with a swivel chair securely wired atop the platform. The stand is situated only fifteen yards from the feeder, and with corn spread by the pickup truck even closer to the



stand, I was confident that if a pig or javelina came in, I'd have a good chance. My positive attitude was reinforced by having spotted a sounder of pigs a quarter mile from the stand location as we drove in.

I'd been on stand for only twenty minutes when a boar hog surprised me by approaching from my right rear. The boar was hesitant, cautiously feeding at the periphery of the broadcast corn. Several times, he spooked and retreated into the brush before hesitantly resuming feeding. Finally, he emerged from behind a bush and presented broadside. As I drew the bow from my exposed position, he shied away again behind the brush.

Slowly, cautiously, the boar again fed into view from behind the bush. More slowly, I came to full draw and focused on the spot just behind his left foreleg, releasing the arrow. It struck home, and the boar reversed ends and raced away into the brush to my right with my arrow sticking out from his left side. A second later, he appeared again without the arrow, faltered, and fell, unable to rise again. In a few seconds, he lay still. He'd gone less than twenty yards. To say that I was elated would be understatement. Finally, I'd connected, and in an ethical manner without stretching the limits of my abilities.

On the way back to camp, Smiley spotted a group of javelina and let me out to try one last time to stalk the elusive animals. Ultimately, I couldn't get close enough for a shot, but that final chase was exhilarating. Hunting both species of these wary animals is challenging but rewarding even in failure. And of, course, Steve and I were both going home with quite a few pounds of fresh pork quick-frozen for us at the camp. I can't wait to return to south Texas to stalk javelina and to sit on stand in wait of fat feral hogs. 🍖

"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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Return Engagements

A Bowhunter's Journal

By John Peeler

In the fall of 2006, PBS member Bob Seltzer and I hunted moose and whitetail deer with Alberta Wilderness Guide Service (AWGS). Although neither of us got a shot on that trip we agreed that it was the best hunt we'd ever been on and immediately started making plans for a return engagement. Our earliest opportunity came in 2010.

2010 - Day 1

Joined by fellow PBS members Jack Denbow and Dan VanGundy, we loaded Bob's truck on September 25th and drove from our homes in northern Virginia to Alberta, Canada, enjoying the scenery, wildlife and conversation on our three day trip. We were met at AWGS headquarters by PBS member/outfitter/guide David Bzawy, his lovely wife Lisa, partner/guide Dean (Shoes) Bromberger, and guide Fred Monkman. After completing necessary paperwork and transferring our gear to the guides' trucks we were on our way to camp. It didn't take long for us to stow our gear in the wall tent that would be our home for the next eight days and then string our bows for a quick practice session before heading to the bush for the afternoon's hunt. Because we had arrived during the rut, anticipation was high for some close encounters with some amorous bulls.

Dean and I spent our first afternoon hunting an area called Moose Meadows Bench. While the windy conditions weren't ideal for calling, we heard two distant grunts early in the calling sequence and then a louder grunt at approximately 300 yards to our northeast at dark. We returned to camp to swap tales with the other hunters and enjoy a good meal before turning in for the night.

Conditions were nearly ideal on **Day 2**. Dean and I bumped a moose on our way to our first call location in Southwest Apache and then called our way through the woods back to our previous evening's location. That evening we went to Playboy's Triangle, where Dean called a big bull from Houston's Burn, some 800 yards to our southeast. The bull was fired up, stopping numerous times to rake trees with his antlers and grunting all the way in to 30-40 yards. When he got to the edge of the meadow I could see him

raking some trees before he moved downwind of me and disappeared. Dean was able to call another bull within 175 yards shortly after the big bull left, but he only grunted once before going silent. Silent (sneaker) bulls, intimidated from making their presence known by larger bulls in the area, were to become regulars on our hunt. Walking back to the main trail that evening we heard another bull grunt to the south, and Dean talked to a big bull from the middle of the burn. He also called a cow within 30 yards while another big bull was heard hitting his antlers against a tree some 200 yards distant.

The morning of **Day 3** we returned to Houston's Burn, and Dean cow called and got a response from a big bull in the middle of the burn. We started moving toward him to close the gap but had to retreat to our original location due to a shift in the wind. Though I never saw him, the bull grunted all the way in to 25 yards or so then turned west and crossed a cut line at approximately 70 yards. Dean saw him at this point, a beautiful 190" bull, 50"+ wide with great fronts on his antlers. We tried to circle downwind to head him off but were unsuccessful. Dean's calls were answered by a cow and the big bull from the previous evening. The calls were very close together and moving away from us. We continued to work our way around the burn to the south edge of the drainage, finding a gnarly shed from a 'gagger' whitetail in the tall willow grass. The wind that came up midday died down just in time for a late evening call. We heard a soft grunt at 150 yards and then had to scramble because the two year old bull was closing quickly on our position. The bull passed me broadside at 25 yards, but I couldn't get a clear shot. He continued to within 15 yards of Dean, looking to breed the 'lovesick cow' who had called to him.

Dean managed to get some nice video footage of this young bull before he crashed away. I suppose he'd never seen such an ugly cow!

Day 4 was mostly uneventful except for a sneaker bull that came within 90 yards. While walking, Dean designated and I 'killed' any number of distant leaves with judo points, practicing for opportunities on any grouse we might encounter. I guess I wasted all of my killing shots on the leaves, as the grouse seemed to know just when to bob and weave to avoid my arrows.

The evening of **Day 5** provided one of the most exciting calling sessions of the trip. We were hunting an area called Mega Bull and heard a distant grunt in response to Dean's first call and then silence until we only had 30 minutes of shooting light remaining. At that point Dean called a bull from a half mile away to approximately 75 yards of me, where he hung up and started raking and hitting the trees, giving every indication that he was the King of the Woods. Dean called while moving away from the bull to pull him past me. The bull closed to 50 yards, but with the thickness of the woods and the fading light I still couldn't see him. Dean attempted to circle back to me while calling the bull, knowing I would be out of shooting light before presented with a shot. We would attempt to depart the area to avoid being winded, with the intent of hunting that bull again in the morning. As he got within 100 yards of the bull though, the bull got extremely angry and started ROARING at us while beating his antlers on the trees. It was too dark to continue the hunt so we literally ran the half mile or more up the cut line to the main trail, with Dean frequently looking behind to make sure the bull wasn't coming to finish the fight. Talk about an adrenaline rush!

Day 6 at Mega Bull started out promising, with great weather and a

responsive bull. He acted like a dominant bull, grunting about 10 times northeast of us as he moved toward the cut line we'd walked in on. Things were looking good for a return engagement when all went quiet. We moved slowly in his direction and discovered that we had called the bull 80 yards downwind of where we parked – silence explained. We headed north after that encounter and set up in a location more favorable to the wind. Dean managed to call a sneaker bull into 150 yards or so but he never built up the courage to come closer. The evening hunt found us back in the Moose Meadow drainage. We heard a couple of distant grunts early on to the southwest and then repositioned ourselves to the north, calling as we went to make that bull think that we were a cow moving away from him. He closed the distance to 200 yards and proceeded to hit his antlers tentatively on a tree. He eventually got within 50 yards but never grunted, having likely been disciplined by the big bull we'd encountered here the day before. Dean increased his calling as light faded; trying to draw the bull closer but a BIG BULL smashed his antlers on a nearby tree just at dark, showing his dominance and quieting the smaller bull for good.

The morning of **Day 7** presented me with my closest encounter of the trip. As we sat on a hilltop Dean called in a sneaker bull from the northeast. Our first indication he was coming was a branch snapping about 150 yards away. Dean immediately went into his noisy departing cow mode to pull the bull past me. Within seconds the bull was 4-5 yards away from me, head-on. We stood there with our heads down, neither quite knowing what to do and then the bull wheeled behind some trees and didn't stop to look back until he was 75 yards out. If the bull had passed 10 feet either side of me I would have enjoyed some great meat and would have a nice euro mount of him in my den. The rest of the day was anticlimactic, with only one soft grunt heard.

The **last full day** of hunting was windy, and the bulls were non-responsive. We headed over to the Shangri-La Lease that evening and called from the edge of a poplar island in the muskeg. After only 15 minutes we heard a bull grunt once 400 yards to our northeast. My heart was pounding



Both return engagements with the Alberta Wilderness Guide Service provided an excellent hunting experience. The 2012 hunting party included Guide Dave Bzawy, Bo Slaughter, Guide Fred Monkman, Guide Dean Bromberger, Bob Seltzer and Dave Burpee along with John Peeler (not pictured).

as this bull worked his way closer, quartering to me at 12 yards but never presenting me with a shot. He had a 48" spread, great fronts, and 12-14" wide pans; a 170"+ sneaker bull! We heard three more bulls and a cow that evening. It was another exciting day in the north woods.

On our **final morning** of hunting Dean and I were joined by guide Fred, as well as Dan and Jack as we headed back to the poplar ridge we'd hunted the previous evening. Dean and Fred did a tag team calling session, and a younger bull grunted for the first time only 50 yards away. He came running within 20 yards of Jack, busted him, and tore past me on his way out. Just as that bull was coming in, another bull grunted softly one time and hit his antlers once to our northeast. No amount of calling would coax him any closer.

Our first return engagement to Alberta also resulted in lots of action and several close calls, but no shots taken. This was certainly no reflection on our guides, who worked really hard to get us shooting opportunities. Bob and I re-booked for a 2012 hunt and were joined by PBS members Bo Slaughter and Dave Burpee.

2012 Hunt

Our 2012 hunt dates couldn't arrive soon enough to suit any of us. Planning, preparing equipment and shooting practice made the months bearable. Finally, we were on our way north for another opportunity with Alberta moose. Our arrival day was much the same as our previous trips; unload/reload gear, eat lunch, drive from the lodge to our tent camp, unload gear, change clothes, practice, and then get in an afternoon hunt. Dean and I hunted from a tree stand that first evening but only heard six distant grunts to the southeast.

Day 2 was one of the most exciting hunting days I can remember! The morning broke crisp and cool; nearly perfect conditions for calling bulls, even though it was a bit windy at times. We went back to Rock Ridge and had action after only 45 minutes of calling. A couple of snapping branches and scolding squirrels gave away the presence of a bull moving to the west, downwind of our stand location. Fifteen minutes later we heard a soft grunt much further to the west, and figured the bull had winded us. Only 30 minutes and a dozen grunts later, Dean called in a mid-30" bull directly under our stands. The bull walked around looking for the cow he'd heard and eventually stopped hard to my left at only 12 yards. From the position I was in, I couldn't get enough clearance on the bottom limb of Liberty longbow I

~ continued on page 18

Return Engagements

~ continued from page 17

was hunting with, and the bull made a circuitous exit into a swampy area below us. Dean climbed down from his stand to attempt to pull that bull back by calling and walking around, but called in another 30" bull instead, and ran as fast as he could to get back in the stand before the second bull presented himself. The new bull grunted tentatively a few times and we observed him for several minutes at approximately 35-40 yards – beyond my confidence range for a tree stand shot.

That evening we moved to a new location called Ivan's Kill Sack. The action started after only 20 minutes, when I heard a bull grunt at around 300 yards to the northwest. He closed to around 90 yards to the northeast, grunting softly a few times before going quiet. Then, as Dean says, the show started! At 75 yards to the east, Dean heard a grunt, saw antler and then saw a 40" drop tine bull moving to the south around us. Dean called in the opposite direction and the bull continued to grunt, circling downwind. At 60 yards, he stopped and started coming directly to the stand. As I was getting set up for a shot we heard another bull closing hard from the southeast at about 400 yards. He was grunting with every step and the drop tine bull committed fully and started posturing to confront the challenger, swinging his head back and forth and grunting loudly. The second bull was also about 40" and he came in from the east, locking in on the drop tine bull. The two bulls walked directly down shooting lanes Dean had cleared a few days earlier and stared each other down for about 30 seconds, only 4 yards from our tree. From our vantage point directly above them, we saw the hair rise on the back of their necks, their bloodshot eyes roll back in their heads and then they went after

each other, the drop tine bull pushing his challenger into the tree we were in! According to Dave Bzawy, the fight we witnessed was a very rare observance. Once again, Dean did his job expertly, but I was unable to close the deal.

The **third morning** of the hunt found us back in Ivan's Kill Sack. We heard a few different bulls grunting, but never saw any of them. That evening we moved to T Bone's Kill Sack and hunted

of calling, we heard a sneaker bull walking and heard a squirrel scolding him about 150 yards to our southeast. Dean called in the opposite direction and the bull came trotting in right under the stand again, grunting softly all the way. As the bull turned to leave Dean grunted softly, stopping him at 12 yards. I had already drawn the longbow and sent the arrow on its way, but hit the bull higher than intended. Dean and I watched the bull race down the hill and disappear into heavy cover. After an eternity (1 ½-2 hours), Dean and I took up the trail. The bull's tracks were easy to follow to where we'd last seen him, but we only found about 40 yards of blood. After that, there were tracks everywhere and several fresh beds, but no more definitive sign of our bull. We circled, trying to pick up his trail again and having no success, started walking loops through the woods and



Above John with the bull moose he took in 2012. The next evening John cooked up fresh moose liver for everyone.

from the ground. A half hour into the calling sequence we heard antler pans hitting trees about 200 yards to the northeast, and then heard several soft grunts from that direction before things went quiet. It's likely that bull winded us, as the wind was from the west.

Day 4 we awoke to rain and wind, and all hunters stayed in camp until mid morning to let the worst of the storm pass. We put in a lot of miles, calling and looking both morning and evening, but struck out. I had a good feeling that the next day's weather conditions would improve and bring us better hunting.

The morning of **Day 5** was cloudy and cold, with a very light breeze and a heavy frost on the ground. Dean and I returned to Rock Ridge, passing a giant, fresh rutting pit on the walk into the tree stands. After only 25 minutes



the edge of a nearby swamp. Four hours later, on our last loop, we found my moose about 250 yards straight-line from the stand. Dean and I exchanged high fives and hugs, took lots of pictures and video and then began butchering the yearling bull. In spite of the bull being as small as any we'd seen, Dean estimated the bull at 800 pounds live weight. A quick autopsy showed that the Eclipse 145 grain broadhead entered about an inch from the top of the onside lung and made a sizable cut midway down the edge of the offside lung before hitting a rib and

leaving no exit wound. With help from Dave and Fred, we managed to have all of the meat in game bags and transported back to camp in time for the other hunters to get out for their evening hunt. The next evening, we dined on fresh moose liver.

Dean and the others assured me that, in spite of the diminutive rack my bull was wearing, he would be better than a larger bull for eating. Upon returning to Virginia, I contacted Blake Fischer and sent the moose skull to Idaho to be cleaned up by his beetles. I noticed when I got the skull back that the antlers hadn't grown any since I'd last seen them, and Dean jokingly suggested I might be able to purchase an antler stretcher from Cabelas ;)

I highly recommend AWGS if you are considering booking a moose hunt. While the Alberta moose aren't as large as those you might encounter in Alaska, they may be more plentiful, and the quality of the hunting experience was excellent. Dave Bzawy and his guides will provide a suggested packing list (plan for temperatures from the 20s to upper 60s). I would suggest that, in addition to your hunt-

ing and practice arrows, you bring a few judo points and plan to purchase a small game license for the plentiful grouse you will encounter. We're al-

ready counting down the days to our 2014 adventure and hoping it will result in more exciting tales, cherished memories and superb meat. Good huntin'.



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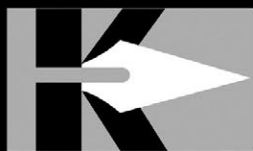
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As dawn began to break on a chilly early November morning in southeast Iowa, Larry Francis and I quietly navigated our way through the creek bottom on the west side of my 170 acres. At the designated spot in the creek bottom, I led Larry up the hillside to a large, mature white oak tree containing one of my strap-on treestands some 18 feet off the ground. After making sure Larry was strapped in to the climbing rope and oriented with respect to where he should expect deer movement, I bid him good luck and went back down the hill to the creek bottom and climbed into my treestand. By the time I was strapped in and ready to go shooting light had arrived.

The west side of my property is particularly good in November when the rut kicks in gear and bucks are cruising, searching for does in heat. Late season hunting is also very good on the west side. I'm sure early season hunting would be productive but I tend to stay out of this area until the rut is going good, spending more time hunting around clover fields on the east side of my acreage. I hunted the same tree that I placed Larry in the previous weekend and came darn close to shooting a really good buck. He was following a doe that was making her way up the hillside from the creek bottom to my north. The wind was blowing from me to the creek bottom and as the doe walked within shooting range of my stand she locked up, getting a little of my scent. The buck was 25 yards behind and if he continued his current path would pass within easy shooting distance of the stand. The doe finally decided she was getting too much of my scent and bounded off taking the buck with her. At least I got some good video

5x4x3



By John Vargo

footage of the buck that I could show to Larry and Dennis when they arrived to hunt with me the following week.

At daybreak the deer are normally off my property feeding in surrounding crop fields. I rarely spook any deer walking to my stands and it is often light enough to shoot by the time I climb into my morning stand and get strapped in. It usually takes at least one hour after daybreak before the deer herd crosses my property line heading for the cedars and thick bedding cover in a nearby overgrown field on my property. Today was no different as I began counting quite a few deer moving through the creek bottoms and ridges behind me with many crossing the creek and heading for Larry's stand. I passed several opportunities to shoot does and medium-sized bucks. I could barely see Larry standing in his stand near the top of the ridge to my south. At least one good buck passed just below Larry's stand. I waited for the flash of an arrow and the frantic run of a stricken deer. But it never happened.

Late morning after the deer movement subsided I climbed down and made my way up the hill to get Larry. Larry was all grins when I reached him. A blood-soaked arrow sticking in the ground 10 yards from his stand told me we had some business to take care of. Earlier that morning a respectable 5x4 came walking past him on a trail I had mowed though the thick bedding cover to encourage movement close to the stand Larry and his Black Widow recurve made good on the shot. We trailed the buck through the thick bedding cover and he went close

to 150 yards before finally expiring. Both Larry and I were amazed at the distance this buck traveled after receiving a fatal hit in the chest. Midwest bucks that are pumped up during the rut show amazing endurance for how far they can travel after a good hit...something that would really test us a few days later. Larry's buck was the biggest whitetail he had taken. Being from western Colorado, he does not get to hunt them often, so he was pretty happy with the buck. I

estimated the buck would score a little under 120" and playing with a tape measure later in the week we found my guesstimate to be pretty accurate. 5x4x1.

The next day the winds shifted out of the north, perfect for a new treestand that I had set up the previous weekend. Unlike some of my hunting friends, I don't name treestands but with this stand I made an exception and named it "Rub City". The stand is located about 14 feet off the ground in a small shagbark hickory tree that sits near the top of the ridge at the edge of an overgrown utility gas line right of way where deer like to bed. Several well-traveled trails are located on the downhill side of the stand with the entire area filthy with buck rubs, including some that are pretty impressive on large trees. After seeing the same pattern of a high density of tree rubs for several years, I finally wised up and realized I really needed a stand to cover the buck movement across this hillside.

I placed Dennis Kelly in the stand that morning and Larry and I continued down the creek bottom to the stands we had hunted the previous day. Larry wanted to take some pictures out of the stand with his camera and just enjoy a morning of observing Iowa deer during the rut. In addition he had a doe tag in his pocket he could try to fill.

All morning long Larry and I received text messages from Dennis announcing deer movement around his stand. Geez...he was worse than a teenage girl texting her friends about the dreamy new boy in her class! Finally late morning a text message arrived announcing he had shot a big buck. An hour later Larry and I made our way down the creek bottom to where Dennis was hunting. Late morning a big 5x4 came down the trail heading for the bedding area and when the buck was crossing in front of Larry at a distance of 18 yards, Larry drew his Bighorn recurve and put a big Simmons broadhead in the buck. Dennis told us he had a good chest hit and the buck would not go far. We had little reason to doubt Dennis as there



Larry Francis with the first 5x4 the trio tagged.



Dennis Kelly (center) with his 5x4x2 flanked by Larry Francis and John Vargo.

was a profuse blood trail heading down the creek bottom. At each bend in the trail we anticipated finding the expired buck as the blood trail was as heavy as any I have seen.

The buck crossed the big north-south creek, walked through a small clover plot, entering the creek bottom on the east side making his way up the hill. At this point we had walked nearly 200 yards from where the buck was hit and the blood trail was getting lighter and lighter. We started to nervously look at each other realizing that this buck was obviously not hit in the lung-heart area as thought. The trail led us over the top of the hill, back into thick brush, and finally to my property line. At this point the buck had traveled well over 350 yards and had made no effort to bed. The spoor led us down the hillside and amazingly crossed the well-traveled gravel road on the north side of my property. We followed the trail into another creek bottom, finding drops of blood here and there, and had traveled at least 150 yards when we saw a big buck stand up and slowly walk across a cut corn field. We just stared at each other in disbelief.

Time to regroup at the local diner and come up with strategy over a hamburger while giving the buck more time to expire. We talked with the landowner on whose land the buck had entered and received permission to continue tracking the buck as well as drive a vehicle on their land to recover the deer (hopefully). Two is company and three is a crowd, so it was decided I would sit a stand that evening while Larry and Dennis continued to search for the buck. Dennis and Larry were waiting for me as I exited the woods at dark and their giddy smiles told me that the buck had been found. When they returned to where we had last spotted the buck

they were unable to find any blood to lead them in the direction the buck had taken. By luck, Larry found one drop of blood on a leaf halfway across the picked corn field that provided a line on the direction the buck went. The two went into the nearby wooded drainage and there they finally found Dennis' expired buck. The mystery of why the buck traveled so far (close to a half a mile) was revealed by an arrow wound in the neck, not in the chest cavity as Dennis had thought he had seen.

The buck was the biggest Dennis had ever shot and we rough scored him in the mid-150's". 5x4x2.

Dennis and Larry departed that weekend with my tag unpunched. My next opportunity to hunt would be the Thanksgiving holiday weekend. My experience has been that rut activity and big buck sightings really subside by November 20. Gun season opens the first weekend in December so it was in a state of panic with an unpunched tag in my pocket that I made plans to give it one more try before shotgun season opened. Thanksgiving Day I got my belly full of turkey with my girlfriend and her family and drove to my property later in the evening.

Black Friday found me sitting in one of my favorite stands located on the uphill side of a well-traveled trail parallel to the nearby creek bottom while thousands of frantic women battled each other over bargains at the malls. Action was slow with few deer sighted, confirming my suspicion that the rut was pretty much over at this point. Mid-morning a really nice buck crossed the creek and walked through the brush heading uphill in my direction. One quick look confirmed the buck was definitely a shooter so I grabbed my bow and got myself into shooting position as the buck approached. The buck stopped at a distance less than 15 yards from my stand, scanning uphill for other deer. Seeing none, he slowly turned to walk back to the creek bottom. I drew my A&H Archery ACS longbow and made a pretty good hit as he turned. I watched the

buck run across the brush-lined creek bottom, across the creek, and lost sight as he began traveling uphill.

After 30 minutes I couldn't stand it anymore so I got down and quietly made my way to where the buck was standing when I shot. A few yards away I found his blood trail and slowly began following it through the brush and across the creek where the blood was very noticeable on the frozen ice. The trail led me up the hill and after another 75 yards of travel I found my buck in his final resting place. There was no ground shrinkage on this buck. The buck was really nice and would rough score in the mid-140's". I really missed Larry and Dennis a whole lot as I loaded my buck onto my plastic snow sled and began dragging the deer several hundred yards to where I could load him up into my truck. The really tough part was the struggle to get him up and over the creek bank I had to cross, as creeks in Iowa have steep sides. Pull the deer one step up the bank and he slides down two steps when you try to regain your footing for the next step! Fortunately, my hunting buddies Joe Fehribach and Mike Roberts from Kentucky had made me a deer loader for my truck and presented it to me during their hunt the previous year so I was able to get the buck loaded into the back of my truck unassisted.

Work done, I popped open a cold soft drink and spent a few moments reflecting on all the planning, scouting, and hard work and effort that had led to this moment of success. It's rewarding moments like this that keep us going when the going gets tough. As I savored the cold drink and was basking in the glow of a job well-done, I looked at the buck and realized he was a 5x4...just like the bucks taken earlier in the year by Dennis and Larry. 5x4x3! *



John Vargo with his 5x4x3.



Bowhunting the Red Hartebeest

By Jon R. Simoneau

Many bowhunters traveling to Africa for the first time have an idea of what species they hope to take. Each person has dreamt of their safari for a long time, and has visions of mature male kudu, zebra, wildebeest, and etcetera. I suppose I was no different. When I finally realized my goal of hunting in Africa for the first time, I had visions of giant spiral horned kudu in my head. I don't remember exactly which animal was second on my "hit list" but it was probably the warthog or the impala. In either case, one animal I originally had almost no interest in was the Red Hartebeest. That is until I actually saw them in the wild.

Here in the United States, volumes have been written on our big game animals, with whitetails being the most studied big game animal in the U.S., and probably even in North America. Even though, I truly feel that nobody knows exactly how a whitetail scrape works, or even all of the intricacies of rubs, the point is, we know a lot about whitetails. Similar statements apply to most of our popular big game species.

However, in Africa things are much different. Because many areas offer such a variety of big game species, often little is known about a particular variety of big game. The reason for this is that without a doubt, the most effective way of hunting the majority of big game animals in Africa is hunting over water holes during the dry season. During this period, it is not uncommon to witness multiple species visiting a water-

hole. In actuality, little is known about many of the species other than the fact that when it is dry, one can expect them to visit a water hole whether it is natural or man-made.

Red Hartebeest are a curious species to say the least. While they now have been introduced and reintroduced to various parts of Southern Africa, they are for the most part a grassland resident. Like many antelope species in Africa, they are a herd animal, and most herds will be composed of a number of cows, along with a herd bull, much like our beloved wapiti.

Red Hartebeest are primarily grazers, but can and will switch to browsing if needed. Males are often very territorial and violent fights can occur between sexually mature males during the breeding season. Herd sizes can vary, but often reach numbers of up to 20, comprised of a mature herd bull, along with numerous females and immature males.

A mature Red Hartebeest male can weigh over 300 pounds. Both species carry horns, although those of the female will be thinner. It should be noted here, that if you are hunting in Africa for the first time, and are interested in the red hartebeest, you should make sure you have a P.H. with you in the blind, as it can be quite difficult for the novice to distinguish between the two sexes.

My first experience with the Red Hartebeest happened to occur on the very first day of my first hunt in South Africa. Impala was an animal I desperately wanted a crack at and I was being dropped off at a blind where a

couple of bruisers had been spotted. I was hunting with a young man who was still in high school and had not reached the status of professional hunter, and in fact had never witnessed a bow killed animal with his own eyes. The first day we sat in the blind, we saw a variety of game, including two outstanding impala rams, some zebra in the distance, some immature warthogs, and eventually the Red Hartebeest.

To be honest, I had not even considered what I would do if I was presented with a shot at a Red Hartebeest, because as was mentioned earlier, I was really not interested in them. Late on that very first evening, a herd of around 15 animals approached the water hole. It was my observation that they seemed to possess very keen hearing, and a keen sense of smell, but their eyesight seemed to be lacking. By the way, Red Hartebeest have very unusual yellowish colored eyes, and it is of my opinion, that they almost look like they belong to a feline species.

The herd was very cautious, and seemed quite reluctant to move towards the water. Behind them was a group of zebra, I assume waiting for them to drink to make sure the coast was clear. As I sat in my blind clutching my Blacktail recurve, I was honestly having a very difficult time deciding which species I wanted more, but one thing was for sure. After seeing these red hartebeest in the wild, I really wanted one!

After a very long time, and nearing the end of shooting light, the Red Hartebeest

began to move into position. I had already decided that I would take a shot at one if given the opportunity, but the problem I was faced with was my lack of knowledge as to how to differentiate the males from the females. My young companion was sure that one of them was a mature male, and pointed it out to me numerous times. While largely inexperienced, I figured he knew more than I did, and trusted his judgment. When the herd finally neared the water hole, the competition began. It seemed as though there was not enough space for all to drink at the same time, and they began to push and shove each other around for drinking rights. Obviously, they were all quite thirsty.

By this time, I was in full predator mode. I had my eye fixed on the animal my younger companion had pointed out, and I was waiting for my opportunity. The trouble was, every time he gave me an acceptable shot angle, he was surrounded by his brethren, which made the wounding of a second animal a distinct possibility. I cursed under my breath and waited. The animal eventually drank and walked out to around forty yards and then stood there broadside. I heard my companion whisper, "Shoot him!" Obviously out of range, I ignored him and waited. The animal was licking its lips, and I had a feeling it had not had enough to drink, and hoped it would work its way back to the water when the herd thinned out.

Luck was on my side, and he came back to the water and began drinking at a quartering away range of what I later stepped off at 22 yards. I began my slow draw. In the background my new "buddy" was whispering, "Shoot! Shoot!" Because of the break in my concentration, I had to let down the bow. I turned around to him and said, "Sit back, be quiet, and let me do my thing!" By the time I turned around, the animal had finished drinking and was about to leave the water hole. I drew back, held for a second or two and released the arrow.

It was difficult for me to believe it at the time, but I missed this animal by a foot, and watched in horror as my arrow sailed over its back! As the Red Hartebeest ran away, I grabbed my cheap video camera, and was able to get a few seconds of footage of it when it hesitated 60 yards away wondering what had just happened.

Nightfall came shortly thereafter, and eventually, my P.H. came to pick us up. That night at camp, I showed him the video footage of "the one that got away." He looked at me and said, "It's a good thing you missed." Confused, I asked him why. He said, "You shot at a cow!", and then began to give my P.H. in training a verbal lashing.

Later in the evening, I told Gerhard, my P.H. in charge, that I wanted to stay at that blind until I had a shot at a bull red hartebeest, and that I wanted to keep hunting with my younger friend. I told him we were determined to make it happen. After my young P.H. in training went to bed, I asked to see pictures of a mature red hartebeest male. My buddy was trying his best, but I wanted to make sure that the next time a herd came in, I knew what I was looking at.

The next morning we were situated in the same blind before light. I enjoyed listening to jackals, as well as a number of other species that as a first

timer in Africa, I was unfamiliar with. By 8:00 a.m., we had not seen any game and my younger partner fell asleep. Shortly thereafter, I saw what I was looking for. A herd of red hartebeest was standing 150 yards out, surveying the situation. I felt for sure they would come in to drink. They were obviously thirsty, and things were calm all around. This went on for around a half hour when all at once, they bedded down.



Knowing that I was probably in for a long wait, I woke up my buddy and quietly told him the situation, and to try to stay silent. About an hour went by, when I noticed three zebra moving in toward the water. Since the zebra was an animal I was highly interested in, I grabbed my bow and got ready. What happened next was almost unbelievable. The zebra walked right past the bedded red hartebeest. The hartebeest woke up, but stayed in their positions, as they watched the zebra move in to the water hole. When the zebra made it to the 30 yard mark, they stopped and stared at the water hole. This went on for nearly two hours! Finally, one of the younger zebra came in and drank. I figured the others would follow, so I set my sights on what I had confirmed was a stallion and readied my bow. Finally, he began to close the distance. He stopped at around 20 yards but was facing me. We were sitting there waiting for him to turn, when for some reason, my young P.H. in training decided to stick his head out of one of the side windows of the blind to "see if anything bigger was coming!"

Obviously, this movement did not go unnoticed by the sharp-eyed zebra and they took to a hasty retreat, which in turn caused the bedded red hartebeest to follow suit. I did not know what to say. I was trying to be patient, but this dude was starting to wear on me! I'll admit, that I somewhat lost my temper, which was followed by a long talk. Re-

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Bowhunting the Red Hartebeest cont.

~ continued from page 23

alizing that this young man had never witnessed an animal being shot by a bow, (due to his age, not because it had never been done in this area), I decided that I had better explain to him what needed to happen in order for us to be successful.

Time was now running out for the days hunt, and when a sand grouse stopped near the waterhole, I put an arrow through him. My young companion had just witnessed his first animal shot with a bow.

The next day we were again back in the same blind, with all of our problems worked out. The morning started with a huge impala that just would not commit and did not offer me a shot. By this time, I was completely obsessed with the red hartebeest, so it really did not bother me much.

Around 8:00 a.m. my friend once again fell asleep. Suddenly, a large group of red hartebeest appeared. This time, I was easily able to recognize a nice bull, and his coloration stood out from the other herd members so that it was easy to keep track of him. I did not have time to wake my slumbering friend at the back of the blind.

The herd consisted of exactly 26 animals. One calf even walked within feet of our sunken pit blind! Unfortunately, the mature bull never came to drink. I was however, able to get some grainy video footage of him well out of range. Eventually, the entire herd moved off, taking my dream with them.

The rest of the day went by slowly, with only immature warthogs and impala coming to the waterhole. It was around a half hour before dark when I noticed the same red hartebeest herd standing about 80 yards out from the waterhole. They were staring at it,

looking for danger while I tried frantically to identify the bull through my binoculars. I had looked at the entire herd a number of times without successfully identifying the bull, when suddenly my binoculars were completely full with a red figure. I pulled them down, only to find that "my" bull had come in from behind the blind and was now standing a mere 10 feet away getting ready to move to the water hole to drink!

My companion awoke and saw this at about the same

took off running, reminding me of a smaller version of a horse.

My young buddy saw the whole thing and was ecstatic! He told me he knew the shot was perfect and that the bull was down! After a few minutes we both calmed down. Because it was nearly dark, I decided to get out of the blind and quietly check for blood at the sight of the arrows impact. I snuck out of the blind, looked for a minute or so, but found nothing. I went back to the blind and relayed my findings. My new friend however could not be wavered. He told me that it was a perfect shot and that we were going to find the bull for sure! I liked his enthusiasm. About a half hour later, our licensed P.H. and "Lucky" the tracker showed up. Lucky immediately found the track of the stricken bull, and then followed it to the point of the first blood.

This was the first I had ever seen the abilities of the native trackers and to say I was impressed would be a shortsighted understatement! After 150 yards or so, we found my red hartebeest bull. The shot was nearly perfect and before us laid a beautiful bull.

To this day, I have never seen a prettier red hartebeest bull in pictures or in real life. Maybe I am a little biased.

My P.H. Gerhardt told me that he recognized this bull because it had a very dark coloring. He said that it had been spotted a few times, but that nobody had been able to get a shot at him before myself and my new friend.

We enjoyed a fabulous dinner that



After seeing the red hartebeest in the wild on his very first hunt in Africa, Jon Simoneau knew that was the game he wanted!

time, only this time he knew just what to do. He sat back in his chair and remained silent and still. I slowly traded my binoculars for my bow. By this time the gorgeous bull was standing around 21 yards broadside and drinking. I took my time. I knew it was now or never. I can to this day distinctly remember picking a tuft of hair straight up the front leg. Telling myself to follow through, the shot was off. I remember the arrow hitting him nearly exactly where I was aiming. He thrust his head up out of the waterhole and

evening at camp, while we sat by a fire as I told my story of the red hartebeest. Sleep came easily that night, and I dreamt of Africa and the peculiar red hartebeest. The hard sacrifices I had to make to hunt in Africa had been worth it. The good fortune of having Uncle Gene help me through it all would not be unappreciated. The memories I had made were mine forever, and will never leave my mind. Sometimes when I fall asleep at night, I can still smell the smells of Africa. I can still hear the sounds. These things are what dreams are made of. ♡

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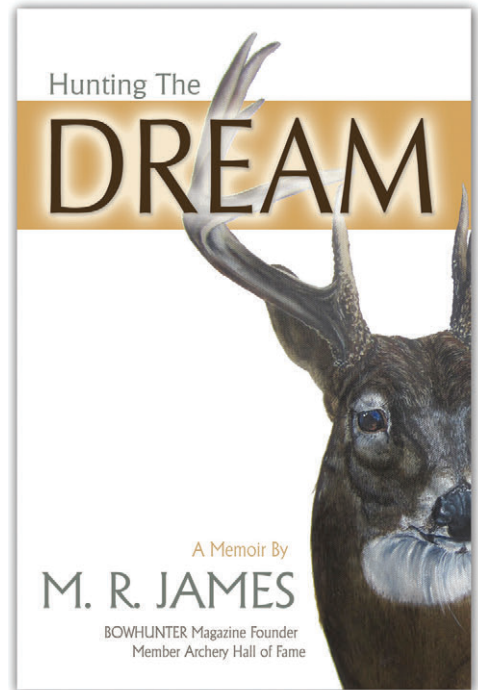
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A member of the Archery Hall of Fame and PBS Life Member, M. R. James is the Editor/Founder of *Bowhunter* magazine and a Past President of the Pope and Young Club. *Hunting the Dream* is his eighth book.

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Last February, our very own “Pigman,” Marty McMahon called me from Florida. “The hogs are hitting the feeders hard,” he said. “You better get down here.” I promptly booked a flight to West Palm Beach. A year earlier, we had planned this same hunt but because of a bumper crop of acorns in Florida, the pigs weren’t hanging around near feeders and were swallowed up by thousands of acres of palmetto thickets. With limited time, my mission had to be aborted.

Near my home is a grocery store called Piggly Wiggly. Everyone calls it “the Pig.” They were selling t-shirts to raise money for breast cancer research. I thought it was appropriate to pick out a lovely pink one. I’ve seen NFL football games where the players were wearing pink shoes, wristbands, gloves, etc. to draw attention to breast cancer. I figured I would do the same thing to show people that bowhunters are good guys too.

Marty picked me up at the airport with his usual cheerful smile. His smile grew bigger as he read the words on my new pink shirt: *Peace, Love, Pig*. As we jumped into his pick-up truck, I could immediately smell that I had the right guide. Marty takes his hunting passion very seriously. He’s the consummate professional. He’ll do whatever it takes to put a hunter onto hogs, even if it means rolling in pig feces to cover his scent. Marty has been pig hunting and rolling in hog manure for so long his pores permeate the smells associated with pigs. Boar hogs seek the presence of his company. Ask anyone who knows him. I had heard of Marty’s pig hunting prowess for years. In South Florida his exploits are legendary. In our film, “*Essential Encounters, Primal Dreams II*,” you can see Marty sneak up and grab a wild hog by its hind legs. The pig lust he has in his eyes

alone is worth the price of admission.

Marty is highly respected among his peers in the hog hunting fraternity. He runs hog feeders year round. He has paid his dues and earned the prestigious distinction of a master. He cherishes this coveted badge of honor. It’s the highest compliment that can be bestowed upon a pig guide.

I had never been to South Florida. This experience was all new to me. We headed west to Marty’s pig area, near Lake Okeechobee, the same territory of Witchery of Archery fame and the hallowed hunting grounds of the Thompson brothers.



“A few good men.” Marine Corp issued Mike McMahon, left, and Mark Mitten, right, standing on top of what used to be a Chevy recently turned into a swamp buggy.

Marty’s swamp cabin, top left, provided almost all the comforts of home.

Arriving into camp reminded me of entering Jurassic Park. There were strings of Spanish moss hanging from live oaks, eucalyptus trees galore, cypress swamps and piney woods laced with thick palmetto understory. Marty’s son, Mike, was in camp. He had just gotten out of the Marine Corp, where he did re-con and intelligence gathering overseas. His skills would prove to be

invaluable in locating pigs. Next I was introduced to Lester. Les was a lessee who had an uncanny resemblance to Ted, the “Unabomber”, Kaczynski. Another lessee we called Know-It-All Joe, sat in camp most days puffing on fat Cuban cigars. Then there was Coleman Deal....the “Real Deal.” That guy, Troy, on the TV show “Swamp People” who says, “Shoot ‘em!” has nothing on ol’ Coleman. The encompassing ambience of this place reeked of Deliverance.

After preparing our gear, we loaded up Marty’s swamp buggy. His vehicle is a 350 Chevy half ton pick-up frame with a platform built on top and tractor tires. We finally headed through the swamps to the tree stand I was chosen to sit that first evening. This stand is named the Biggie Stand. I figured a lot of obese hogs have been taken out of this stand.

After dropping me off, Marty proceeded down the swamp trail a couple miles, where he chummed an area with corn for the next morning’s stalk. I sat on stand for a couple hours, taking in the serenity and tranquility of the moss covered oaks. Then it happened! The feeder went off! I nearly jumped out of my skin as the giant pepper grinder dispensed corn. Within twenty minutes, I saw live action. First to come in was a group of whitetail deer, two bucks and two does. Ten minutes later, a flock of Osceola turkeys showed up, mostly jakes and hens. One large tom patrolled the edges but no pigs materialized that evening. Marty cried real tears about me seeing no hogs when he came to pick me up at dark.

The next morning proved to be very foggy. We headed to the area Marty chummed the previous afternoon. Stalking up the trail, I came to a slight bend. Up ahead laid scattered corn. As I slowly



Peace. Love. Pig.

rounded the bend, I was shocked to see a large Florida panther in a crouched position, peering at me through the fog. I stepped back and signaled Marty to look, but the big cat leaped into a palmetto thicket before Marty could see it. Tracks in the sand indicated he had walked a quarter mile down this trail. He was obviously hunting the same pigs we were after. I couldn't help but feel privileged to have a brief encounter with such a rare species. Marty said that in all the years he's spent inside Florida swamps, he's only seen one panther.

That afternoon, Marty dropped me off at a different stand along an old fence line. All I saw that evening was a raccoon. I expected Marty to be weeping again when he came to pick me up, but as luck would have it, his son Mike had shot a pig that evening. I suddenly realized who he liked best. We took Mike's hog to an area where we'd been seeing an eleven foot alligator. Using the pig's entrails for bait, we set a camera trap along the edge of the billabong.

The next morning dawned rainy and breezy. Marty dropped me off at a new location. I need to share the fact that Marty should be congratulated. He apparently worked exceptionally hard to lose weight as part of a New Year's resolution. He in fact lost weight so quickly, his skin had not had enough chance to tighten. Climbing into the stand in the dark, I heard flapping sounds. At first I suspected spooked turkeys from their roosting trees. Then I realized it was the loose skin on Marty's thighs flapping in the wind.

About half an hour after the feeder went off, a pair of gorgeous Osceola toms sport-

ing what looked to be eleven inch beards came cruising by. I'm pretty sure the flapping noises from my guide's thighs provoked this encounter. A few hours later, Marty returned to pick me up. Still no hog sightings. Within minutes, he was weeping again for me.

Wiping his eyes after two days with no pig encounters, Marty said to me, "Don't be discouraged, I have a couple aces up my sleeve."

I knew he was lying.

"We could call the twins (Gene and Barrel Wensel) into camp. The plan would be to strip them down to birthday suits to act as decoys. An estrous sow call would be all I'd need to elicit realism." Marty all but guaranteed this technique would bring old boar hogs out of the dark swamps in good shooting light. I had second thoughts when I visualized what the scene would look like.

Driving the swamp buggy down to the gator camera, we discovered the pig entrails had been covered up with dirt and debris. Instead of alligator photos, we had over eighty pictures of a large male bobcat. Good stuff!

That evening Marty put me back on the fence line stand. Surely he wasn't out of options. Whatever. An hour after the feeder sounded off, a swarm of pigs came running in. The largest was a very large sow with a litter of piglets. I picked out a smaller, dry sow I thought would be just right for eating. Immediately after I shot her through the heart with a 160 grain Snuffer, I watched her

keel over after a short thirty yard sprint. I like big Snuffer heads for pigs and bears for their large wound channels. Since these species often don't bleed well, I don't like them going too far in thick cover.

My hog proved to be excellent table fare as a fabulous pork chop dinner. He's no Hannibal Lector, but Marty McMahon can cook with the best of them! As a camp host, he is unequalled. Be-



Mark Mitten and the famous pig guide Marty McMahon with Mark's first pig.

tween all day sweats, various swamp juices and pork fat, a well deserved evening shower was imperative. As I was taking my shower, the hair on the back of my neck suddenly raised with the feeling I was being watched. I never saw any proof, but I'm just sayin'..... it could have been that eleven foot gator, the panther, or one of those guy's from my Deliverance dreams. Trust me when I tell you I slept with one eye open and a firm grip on my Bowie knife.

The next morning found me on stand once again. It wasn't long before a herd of pigs came up the trail from my left. I watched them feed for twenty minutes or more, with plenty of opportunities for a shot, but I wanted to see if any large boars might show up. If nothing showed, I figured the feeding pigs would depart the same way they came in. This was exactly how the scenario played out. As the group of hogs were leaving, I drew on the largest sow as she trotted past an opening between two trees. My arrow struck a little far back, possibly passing through the liver. I called Marty and told him we might need his tracking dog, Peanut. Peanut looks like a miniature beagle, if there is such a thing. Marty and Mike arrived in short order, releasing Mr. Peanut onto the hog's track. Peanut must be a union worker, because about fifty yards into the palmettos, he decided to go on strike. He just stopped, lay down, and took a long break. Mike and I went on ahead. Twenty yards later, Mike's keen eye spotted my pig, deadlier than a canned ham.

Marty and Mike really love ol' Peanut. They let that dog lick them all over their faces and even their lips. I don't know how they do it. Peanut's breath smells like the



This big Florida bobcat was caught on camera covering up harvested pig entrails.

~ continued on page 28

Breast Cancer Pig Hunt

~ continued from page 27

grease pit behind a truck stop. What that dog left laying all around camp definitely wasn't peanut butter! Marty said Peanut probably ate from a rotten animal the previous night. I didn't buy that one either.

My hunt turned out to be one I'll never forget.

In closing, I'd like to make a few comments. Some hunters look down on baiting game animals. There in the Cambodia-like jungles of the deep south, with the added fact these wild hogs are primarily nocturnal, it's the only realistic way of effectively hunting them without a pack of hounds. Bearing in mind feral hog numbers need to be managed and controlled, I felt no guilt.

I've spent time with the great Ed Bilderback (Fred Bear's Alaskan guide). I have to put Marty McMahon in this same category as one of America's premier guides. Since bowhunting is supposed to be pure fun, we indeed proved it. The Breast Cancer Awareness Hunt is now history.

Mark Mitten is a chiropractor residing in Wadsworth, IL. He is co-producer of the films Primal Dreams and Essential Encounters. Primal Dreams II from www.brothers-of-the-bow.com.



**Mark and Marty
with Mark's second pig.**

A large, detailed illustration of a traditional bow, likely a longbow, with a green and gold finish. The bow is shown in a dynamic, curved position. In the background, a silhouette of a hunter is visible, looking through a scope. The overall theme is "Old School" hunting.

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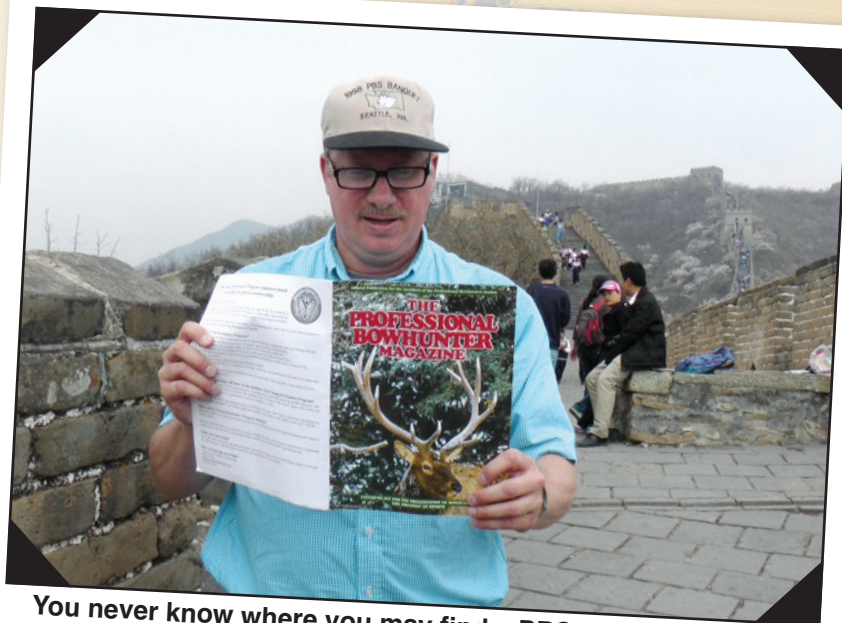
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Dennis Dunn with
this beautiful Alberta buck.



"Paradise"

New Friends and Old Places

By Tom Vanasche

Having won the Georgia hog hunt that was raffled at the Professional Bowhunter Society's Portland banquet in 2012, I thought I'd better contact Matt Schuster, the donor, and plan a hunt. Matt has access to a large property called "Paradise" that at one time was a traditional only bowhunting club. It no longer is that but it still is a secluded, very large hardwood swamp in the wilds of Georgia. Many of our contemporaries have hunted there such as Biggie Hoffman, Don Thomas, T.J. Conrads, and Steve Hohensee. Hopefully with a little luck and my excellent Georgia guide [Matt] we would tag my first wild pig!

I had a special bow for this hunt. I have shot a Norm Johnson Blacktail recurve for many years but on this hunt I would have the "Resurrection". In September of 2004 I foolishly jumped into my canoe without a life-jacket, threw my pack and recurve in the bow and shoved off into a local river to get to a treestand I had been using downriver. To be brief, I lost control, tipped over, and nearly drowned. The bow was lost but thankfully I was not and I had Norm build me a new one. In October of 2010 I was working a shift in my usual job as an emergency department physician. As I introduced myself to the next patient, he inquired if I was "Tom Vanasche, a left-handed bowhunter". When I said yes, he told me that he had found a bow along that river about four miles downstream the previous April with that name on the lower limb. Astounded, I began to ask lots of questions. Apparently it was intact but beaten up. It had survived al-

most six years in the river bouncing along the bottom in surges of high water until finally four miles later it had been discovered at the high water mark in some brush. Our fiberglass backed bows do not float even with 5 aluminum arrows filled with air and a leather quiver. I traded my services for that



old bow and when he delivered it, both Norm and I were shocked. It looked like the riser was defi-



Tom Vanasche would be using a special bow on this trip. His bow "Resurrection" was sunk in the Willamette River in 2004, spent 6 years in the river and was returned by a chance ER visitor in 2010.

Above is his Great Northern quiver after 6 years in the river. The "Resurrection" is otherwise known as a Norm Johnson SUBMERSIBLE, 65# when wet, 57# when dry.



football helmet when I shot it. I admit I did not come to full draw for some time with it, but it was holding up! I decided that I needed to go hunting with it and make a full circle; this trip seemed appropriate for that mission.

Matt and I talked several times and

arrangements were made. Jim Akenson would accompany me as well, as he had never secured a hog before neither. Finally the day arrived and I texted Matt from the San Antonio airport that we would be there about five PM wednesday [that same day], right on schedule. Matt texted back that he was expecting us and would be there NEXT week to pick us up. He had marked our arrival date one week off of our actual schedule several months earlier and even though we had had frequent contacts since, we never reestablished the actual date. We were arriving in a few hours and he was 3 hours away on a business trip. He raced to the airport and was only about 30 minutes late picking us up. Unfortunately it threw a few wrinkles in the plan, as we had no groceries, Matt had to abruptly dissolve his work schedule and now Biggie could not join us either because of the timing. We pulled into a Wal-Mart, grabbed some food and headed to Matt's, as he had none of his gear with him.

We arrived late of course but had a great time BSing and teasing Matt about early dementia. The morning arrived and we began the great wild pig adventure. Hogs apparently don't have a set schedule in the swamp so we slept in a bit and then headed out. Jim saw one pig that day but we had a little rodeo when Matt essentially put his boot up against a copperhead snake and then jumped back into my lap. It was amazingly well camoed in the leaves, three feet long, head up, ready to bite and Matt's boot print in the mud right up against it. It stayed frozen as we took a few pictures and retreated.



nately good and perhaps the limbs would be with a little work. With some prodding, Norm brought it back to life. It had been a 65# bow and now it was 57#, he also suggested that I wear a

There was lots of sign, many birds, including turkeys and a few alligators, but the hogs were in hiding. We were having a great time though and had two more days to go. Day two dawned and pigs were sighted. Jim had a close range shot in thick brush but something went awry and the pig escaped. I'll let Jim explain that one. We had a few more sightings, a stalk with an almost shot and then finally I had a chance. I had gotten into a group of small pigs with two mature ones and somehow I managed to inch closer without being seen or winded. Finally the large one turned broadside and the Resurrection

spoke. It appeared to be a near perfect arrow, but we all know how that can go, as darkness descended. We retrieved Jim from a different spot and picked up Matt's bird dog as it also blood trails. Back at the scene the broadhead had passed through and the arrow was broken in half. I had found a little blood a few feet away while the dog had immediately walked right to the hog 50 yards in the brush taking



Matt and Tom with his hog.

about 30 seconds. That in itself was amazing.

One more day to go and there is no limit on hogs. Jim and I both had another shot opportunity but they were clean misses and our time in Georgia and Matt's gracious hospitality was ending.

We had butchered the pig, put frozen ice in milk jugs in the cooler and taped it closed for the flight home.

I said I was pretty sure you had to use dry ice but Jim and Matt insisted that was not allowed and only regular ice could be used [we had no way of freezing the meat beforehand]. Well of course the airlines refused it as it had to be DRY ICE [sorry guys, I had to get that in there].

Matt being the great guy that he is however, later sent it to me overnight UPS.

The PBS is made up of great individuals like Matt who are willing to donate their time and energy to our organization. I'm proud to be a member and tip my hat to Matt Schuster. 📌



Matt with our "blood trailer."



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Jim heading out to the swamp.



Uncle Steve,
Did you hear that noise
as the sun was going down?

What
noise?

That noise!
That roaring noise,
it sounded like a
lion!!

"Paul, why would you think you heard a lion roaring in west central Illinois? It must have been a cow or something."

"If that was cow it was the sickest dang cow I've ever heard."

This adventure began a lot longer ago than the actual planning. It began in my earliest memories as a little boy with a fiberglass bow, some mismatched arrows and an absolute passion for all things hunting. Most especially, bow hunting. My Dad and Uncle Steve have been absolutely obsessed with bow hunting forever and I truly cannot remember ever not having at least one bow. Even though we really were poor as church mice, Mom and Dad always made sure I had what was needed to hunt. It may have been "hand me downs" used and abused, found alongside the road, as were my first insulated hunting pants, or women's equipment because of the lack of youth equipment available in those days. When I was 10 years old, we went to Brawley's Archery shop one weekend, which was nothing unusual. I didn't yet have a "real bow" and I desperately wanted one. As everyone was shooting and just hanging out, Dad came around the corner and said that Paul, the shop owner, needed some help. Out at the front of the shop Paul held a bright red, white limbed Jennings T Star women's target bow. Paul

explained to me that a lady customer of his needed this bow set up and that I was about her size, so he wanted me to help him set the bow up. I helped without any idea what was going on and forgot about it. Fast forward to Christmas morning, now I desperately wanted a "real bow," I had outgrown my fiberglass recurves and to my young mind, recurves weren't hunting bows anyway. We went through the ritual of opening gifts and there was no bow. I really was devastated but tried to not let anyone know. I was fully aware that money was tight and I should be grateful for what I had received. After everyone was done, my Dad says "hold on Paul, I think there's one more." He made me close my eyes and hold out my hands, he was gone for a few seconds and my heart pounded out of chest. He placed in my hands what my eyes didn't have to confirm, I had my bow! I was floored, when I opened my eyes I knew immediately that I had been duped! There in my hands was that same Jennings T Star, complete with quiver and arrows. They had

set me up and I couldn't have been happier. That was the real start of this story; I took my first deer, a tiny doe, on October the 7th 1989 with that bow, on only my second day of deer hunting. Dad's rule was that I was only allowed to shoot as far as I could place 5 out of 5 arrows in a playing card, consistently. The distance was my choice, but I knew the consequence of not performing, I would not be able to hunt. So I made my choice and practiced and practiced. Thousands of ar-

rows went through that little bow. It paid off when I was able to double lung that little doe which died 30 yards from my tree.

Fast forward 22 years and after more than my fair share of bow hunting success, especially before my girls came along, I was looking for something more exotic than my Pennsylvania whitetails. I had made a short hunting trip to neighboring Ohio one year but due to other circumstances, it was pretty much a joke. So on Father's day, 2011, as we sat around my grandmother's kitchen table talking about hunting of course, somebody said some day we should go hunt in the Midwest. We all agreed and kind of moved on. When I got home, I posted a question on one of the popular traditional hunting forums about hunting in Illinois. Almost immediately one extremely generous man gave me all the information I needed complete with an invitation to stay at his place. I had never met this man in my life and he was rolling out the red carpet, how cool was that! The next time we all got together, Dad, Uncle Steve and I, I told them what I had found out and we decided, we were going to Illinois in 2012. We were excited, no more talking, we were going! The excitement began to build as the months ticked by and preparations were made.

Time went by and before we knew it spring 2012 had arrived. I needed some arrow shafting, so I drove out to the local archery shop and ran into an old family friend and local farmer, Tom. We began to talk and catch up as I hadn't seen him in a long time. Tom was the man who actually gave me my very first job. When I was 12 years old, I spent the summer, picking strawberries and helping out on his farm. I worked

Paul Connor's first deer at age 12.





Rubs to dream about.

all summer saving my money. At the end of the summer I had enough money to buy a used shotgun from Uncle Steve and a bicycle. Anyhow, I told Tom of our plans to hunt Illinois that fall and he wished us luck and we parted ways.

Spring turned to summer and one day, I believe in August, I received a message from my Dad that he needed to talk to me. So on my way home from work, I called him. He was excited and he said, "You're not going to believe this, but Tom just called me and he said you told him about Illinois". I said I had run into him at the archery shop months ago and we had talked. "Tom would like us to join him hunting his farm in west central Illinois. Would you be interested?" I didn't know what to say! We were planning on hunting some public land my internet friend had suggested, and now we were being invited to hunt a private farm with one of my childhood mentors. That was a "no brainer".

Not only was Tom my first employer but he was, and still is a bow hunting mentor. Tom has always been one of the best archers in our area and as a boy, he would pick me up, buy me breakfast (I like to eat) and take me to 3D shoots, just because he is a kind man. He also allowed me to spend countless hours roaming his land hunting squirrels and ground hogs. Needless to say, I think a lot of him.

Time marched forward and finally the departure date came for our trip. We were all excited! We started our trip with a flat tire on the trailer, which is "par for the course" for this group of bow hunters. We changed the tire and got under way. The 13 hour drive passed fairly quickly catching up and telling hunting stories. There was one hitch, part of the trip I was riding in another truck with a friend who was heading to another part of the state, which allowed the three amigos a chance to scheme.

We arrived at Tom's farm with just enough daylight to take a quick tour around the property. My mind was swimming with excitement. Every time I saw one of the cedar trees the local bucks had worked over,

I literally almost hyperventilated. The farm was a dream come true, a river bordered the west, and a huge cut cornfield separated a steep wooded ridge from the river and a clover field on top. Surrounding this was mature timber and the neighbor's crop fields. Sleep came hard that night.

The next morning saw me perched at the edge of the clover field overlooking a steep wooded draw. Daylight came and nothing stirred. A few hours into the sit, I noticed a huge bodied deer cruising the bottom of the draw parallel to me. I grunted with my mouth to try to grab his attention. He got behind some brush and I lost him, all of a sudden I saw white antler and he was coming my way. I remember thinking, "Holy crap, I'm going to get a shot!" On he came at a steady walk. He was going to pass me at 12 yards. At 15 yards for no apparent reason he broke into a quick trot, I drew my long bow and sent a fir shaft his way. What a rookie mistake. I was looking at his antlers and darn near hit them with my arrow. As he trotted across the short distance to the woods on the other side of the clover field, I grabbed my camera and snapped a few pictures of him. One of those pictures is framed with my 2012 Illinois tag in the bottom corner setting on a shelf in my living room.



The one that got away!

Back to the "noise" described in the beginning of this tale. At dark on the first night of the hunt I heard what sounded to me like a National Geographic film. I just knew it was a lion roaring or woofing or whatever you want to call it. Uncle Steve tried his "cow" theory on me which I knew was BS. When we got back to camp and got in the truck, I ques-



"I can see you Carl."

tioned Dad and Tom and they had a field day heckling me about lions in Illinois. The second night was more of the same, I heard a darn lion! Finally after enough of them making fun of me, the cat was let out of the bag. On the trip out, while I was in the other truck, Tom let Dad and Uncle Steve in on a secret. About a mile from where we were hunting there was a small zoo, where there lived a LION, who liked to roar in the evening. I had been duped again. We had a good laugh about that but the best was yet to come. That night while in bed, Uncle Steve and I saw for the first time, an insurance company commercial where a lion stalks through the grass and then two antelope are watching him with night vision goggles and say "I can see you Carl"! We laughed like little girls! The next day Uncle Steve and I were hunting along the cornfield and I could see him in the high grass, my ornery side got the best of me and I pulled out my phone and text him "I can see you Carl"! I about peed myself laughing and could literally see him shaking laughing from 100 yards. We still laugh about that.

All in all, we didn't harvest any bucks, save for the one Tom killed from a lawn chair (that's a story for another day) but we came away with some of my fondest memories and renewed friendships to hold dear. In the end isn't that what bow hunting is about? 🏹

Dad, Tom and Uncle Steve with the buck Tom killed from a lawn chair.



And the Fear of You

By Monty Browning

Fear is a powerful emotion and one shared by every human who has ever walked this planet. I feel sorry for the man who beats on a chest swollen with pride and boasts that he fears nothing. Open his closet and a bone as small as commitment may fall out. I personally like to think of fear as the dark side of courage. I have my own personal fears and so do you. But before we poke too many sticks into the philosophical campfire, let's look at some simple truths.

Man, because of his ability to think and reason is sitting precariously at the top of the food chain. And given the use of modern technology and weapons, he can go out and exist among the largest and most dangerous beasts of the field and walk with confidence. While at the same time, if his immune system is weak or if he makes a simple mistake, he can be killed by a creature as innocuous as a honey bee or as small and as invisible as any number of pathogens. He can slip into the final sleep of hypothermia or the ripping and tearing of tooth and claw. Man is fearfully fragile.

I have read that fear is our sixth sense. Fear warns us of impending danger and we should train ourselves to pay attention and be very alert when we feel that first fear.

I am well acquainted with my sixth sense. Sometimes it seems to be a close friend and has served me well over the years. After nearly four decades of cutting the tops out of dead trees at seventy to ninety feet, I have had my share of close calls. Everything from cutting safety lanyards to ropes to climbing spurs being ripped out of the tree and countless other events that translate into just another day at the office. I pray my way up and thank my way down in every tree. I consider forty mph wind gusts at ninety feet the next best thing to bull riding.

When I was a young lad with no dad to teach me, I was afraid of the dark night woods behind our house. As I got older I started squirrel hunting and became familiar with every hill and valley. I would hunt until nearly dark and as I made my way across the open fields toward home, I would look back and the dread of the dark forest would return. It was silly and childish.

Then one night just after dark I stood on our porch looking across the fields to that black wall of foreboding forest with that old fear in my chest. I hated the feeling.

Then, something snapped in my head and I stepped off the porch and started toward the

woods. As I neared, the tree line raised higher and darker. The stars were clear in the black sky and as the blackness of the forest engulfed me, a strange change took place. Forty yards in I sat down with my back against an oak tree. At least my back was safe.

I sat quietly for some time. My eyes now accustomed to the darkness scanned the forest and out to the field that appeared almost light. It suddenly occurred to me that at least from a human standpoint, I had become invisible. Soon, the crickets began to chirp and the night sounds returned. The dark forest slowly became a place of refuge and solitude. I liked it.

That night was a right of passage of sorts into manhood and changed my life. The more time I spent in the dark forest alone, the more I enjoyed it. The first time I snicked on a flashlight there, I felt instantly betrayed by the light and quite shocked by how every living creature was repelled by the glare. To this day, I seldom use a light in the dark forest. I have made my way back through countless miles of dark forest to my camps from the snake infested barrier islands of Georgia, to swamps of South Carolina to Northern Quebec, through a dozen Rocky Mountain elk hunts, from the grizzly bear haunts and trails in Alaska to the dusty trails of the Zambezi Valley in Mozambique. I once had to follow an Alaskan River to my camp for nearly a mile in almost total darkness with nothing but my longbow and a single pen sized flare gun. That trip had its moments and I don't remember any warm and fuzzy feelings that night.

Since childhood I have been a voracious reader and something I read early on has comforted me to this day. In Genesis, God promised Noah that the fear of you and the dread of you shall be on every beast of the earth.

That came as quite a comfort to a kid scared of the dark. And that was decades before we had black bears, coyotes or wild hogs in the upstate.

During my early twenties I hunted Colorado every September for elk and mule deer. The Colorado high country was as close to heaven as I figured I'd get in this life and I thrilled to stroll through black bear and mountain lion country after dark. I remember the thunder storm that caught me two mountains from camp and so dark that I couldn't see my hand in front of my face. I

had no choice but to move as fast as I could during the lightning flashes. I made it back to camp late and wet but back to camp. It was great.

Having spent the last thirty-three years bowhunting dangerous game with the longbow, I have spent considerable time contemplating those words and what they have done to benefit man the hunter. They become especially relevant when a mature grizzly is working in close and your heart is pounding in your chest.

During my first thirty-day "Solitude II" Alaskan solo hunt, I had enjoyed about all the up close grizzly time I needed. Then toward the end of the hunt it began to snow. The next afternoon I decided to make a big round about and check for moose tracks. I was a half mile from camp and cut through a thick place to a half frozen creek. I followed the creek to a place where I could cross and there I cut the very fresh pug marks of a good sized grizzly. The tracks were crystal clear in the still falling snow and where the bear stepped out of the water, the snow was wet and water puddled in the tracks. The alder thicket was the color of a snow covered bear and I jerked the pistol out and clicked the hammer back and pointed it at the thicket and listened. White silence added tension.

I turned and headed upstream where I crossed and headed higher. A quarter mile up the valley I cut the track again. This time it was following a cow moose track. Now I was curious so I put my track on his and followed. Farther up the valley the tracks led into some nasty thick stuff and since it was snowing harder and the evening light was beginning to fade, I dropped off the ridge and crossed between two beaver ponds.

I had entered a narrow stand of birch near the river and as I worked around a clump of alder, I blundered onto a fresh caribou kill. The snow was trampled with bloody grizzly tracks and the scene was littered with crushed bones with red strings of meat still attached. My sixth sense shoved my heart up to my throat and I felt my temperature rise in my face. I had the .44 thumb cocked and pointed toward the carcass. I felt like the SWAT guys clearing a house. Every snow covered bush looked like a bear. When nothing happened, I let the hammer down and thought to myself, "You really do need to go to town".

I tracked the bear to the river and over half way to my camp. I built a nice fire and



sat with my back against a big spruce until late. The snow fell all night and cleared off the next morning. It was a sparkling winter wonder land as the sun poured into the valley. I could see tracks down by the river and I carried my coffee down to see if it was a bull or a cow. It was a grizzly track that looked the same size as those I had followed the day before. It had turned off forty yards from my tent.

It makes no sense that one of the world's top predators would fear a food source that neither he nor his ancestors may even have encountered before. I don't buy the "learned response theory", when there is no learned response!

It has been my experience that regardless of the species from elephant to lion to cape buffalo, to leopards, crocodiles, rhino, alligators, mountain lions, black bears, grizzlies and even polar bears, unless captured, cornered, hurt, wounded or harassed, every dangerous animal and all the rest of the animal and bird kingdom fears man.

It staggers our little finite minds to contemplate such things. But it's quite simple really. It was spelled out clearly for us in the ancient Hebrew manuscripts over 4000 years ago when God, Who created everything said to Noah and his family, "*And the fear of you and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they delivered*". (Genesis 9:2)

Then, to make it all special, God placed His drawn longbow in the clouds after the rain just for us! (Genesis 9:13-16) ♣

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A Bowhunters account of the Eland



By Jon R. Simoneau

This particular morning in Namibia had been bittersweet. I was situated in a blind overlooking a waterhole where I had previously enjoyed the good fortune of taking a kudu bull. On this morning Rob Burnham had taken a post in a nearby elevated blind overlooking the same waterhole in an attempt to film African game approaching the waterhole. The morning had begun slowly, when suddenly I observed a very large, lone springbok ram approaching. I had never taken a springbok and considering how perfect the situation seemed, I decided I would take him if afforded the opportunity. While extremely cautious, he eventually came in to drink, but would not give me a suitable shot angle.

The minutes went by agonizingly slow when finally, he quartered away at 16 yards and I was presented with a true “chip shot”. The shot looked good to me, and I could plainly see blood as the springbok ran off. Rob had indeed gotten the shot on video and we converged between our two positions to assess the situation. Video cameras never lie, and it appeared I had hit the ram a little lower than I would have liked, and it was difficult to tell whether or not the arrow had actually entered the chest cavity. Still, the amount of blood at the beginning of the trail seemed promising.

Hours later, and a full 2 miles away from where the shot took place, we were working out what had become a difficult trail to say the least. I was absolutely dumbfounded that this diminutive animal had gone so far without expiring. I was also beginning to get the feeling that the African trackers were beginning to view me as more of a hinderence than an asset. Anyone who has observed the tracking abilities of the African trackers probably knows the feeling of uselessness as

they demonstrate the ability to read sign that most of us cannot even see. It is true, that I have always considered myself to be very competent at tracking wounded game until I saw an African tracker do it with seemingly little effort.

My suspicions were confirmed when Joram, a marvelous tracker, suggested that he and I go to another blind and hunt while leaving the remaining trackers to work undisturbed. Frankly, I did not feel much like hunting, as I do not like to leave a trail until it has reached an end, but I felt the trackers knew best and would probably do better without me fumbling along behind them.



The blind we went to was called kudu post, and it was a very well constructed pit blind a mere 15 yards to the close side of the water. Despite the excellent hunting conditions, the afternoon wore on rather slowly with little game sighted. The bird life, however, was very intriguing and helped me to keep my mind off of the springbok we had so far failed to recover.

Reclining to the back of the blind, Joram suddenly stood up and cupped his ears. I listened intently, but heard nothing. Even though I was unable to hear anything, I could

tell by the look on Jorams face that something was indeed approaching from the upwind side of the water hole. I remember silently thinking greedy thoughts. I was hoping the animal would be an eland, but I knew that this was highly unlikely, because the eland in the area were normally very nocturnal and were rarely seen during the daylight hours.

However, some dreams do come true, and my dream turned into a tense reality when from the brush appeared a huge eland bull! The sheer size of a mature eland bull would suggest to those not familiar with the species

that hunting them would be like shooting cattle in a green field. I can assure the reader that the reality is the exact opposite. Few creatures are as shy and reclusive as a mature eland bull, and despite their cumbersome size, the eland is a master of his environment. Try to stalk the eland bull and watch him disappear in four-foot tall scrub brush and he will lead you to believe that he possesses magical powers. I often wonder if indeed he does posses such powers.

This bull embodied everything I had come to expect of the species and Joram's wide eyes confirmed that he was duly impressed. “If this bull comes to water, you must shoot it!” exclaimed Joram in a high pitched whisper. I was now shaking with anticipation and was trying to relax myself for a possible shot opportunity. The huge beast stopped to survey his surroundings for only a second or two and then continued on his path to the water. The sight of a mature eland bull at close range, especially from a sunken pit blind, is something a bowhunter will likely never forget.

The eland was now 15 yards away and

was about to water, and I realized that I was about to be faced with a "once in a lifetime" shot. I inhaled deeply in an attempt to calm myself. Just then the animal began to lower his massive head, and as I began my draw I noticed Joram giving me the nod out of the corner of my eye. I reached my anchor point and held while focusing on the exact spot I wanted to hit. It was dead quiet, but I could hear myself and Joram breathing heavily. The air seemed to drip with tension. I knew I needed a perfect shot, as anything short of that would not bring down a beast of such proportions. I then blocked everything else out of my mind and focused intensely on that perfect spot. I reminded myself to follow through and before I could even finish that thought, the arrow was on its way. Through the bow, I watched the arrow arc towards the massive eland. I did not actually see the arrow hit, but I saw exactly where it was after it hit.

The shot was perfect and blood appeared instantly both from the entrance hole and the animal's mouth. The bull fell into the water hole and for a moment it appeared he would not get out. Joram was jumping up and down and hugging me at the same time. Everything was happening in slow motion. The eland pulled himself out of the water and struggled, going only about 35 yards before he fell over with a giant thud accompanied by a huge cloud of dust.

After a period of calm, we both left the blind and I walked over to the eland and placed my hands on his chest while watching the last glimmer of life leave the noble animal's eyes. I was the predator, and he was the prey. It was as if we both understood, and needed each other... and then it was over. The eland had left this world quickly and cleanly and in a romantic fashion that every great animal deserves.

I knelt down beside the animal and experienced the somewhat conflicted feelings of both joy and sadness that all bowhunters feel when an animal is taken the hard way on his own terms. Joram then began a long walk back to camp to find help and to retrieve a four-wheel drive vehicle. I enjoyed my time alone with the beautiful eland bull, while saying a prayer thanking God for the whole experience as well as the favorable outcome.

The last light had faded and night was upon us when Joram returned with a truck carrying many congratulatory trackers and skinners. Everyone seemed to be amazed at how efficiently the simple bow and arrow had taken such a huge animal. I must admit that I was also somewhat amazed and my confidence in my weapon had soared to a new level!

However, I was also met with the deflating news that the trackers had been unable to locate the springbok I had shot earlier in the day. It seemed as though a leopard would

have an easy meal. I beat myself up over it for an hour or so but then decided to move past it, and not let this shortcoming detract from the success we had enjoyed with the eland. I tried to remind myself that everyone makes mistakes. It is a bitter pill to swallow.

Back at the skinning shed, everyone was in good spirits. We all drank a few rounds of Castle beer as we began the task of skinning and butchering the huge animal. Most of us were interested in the autopsy and I was delighted to find that my arrow had indeed pierced both lungs while at the same time clipping the heart. The front half of the arrow was still in his chest and had lodged in the opposite rib cage just underneath the off-side leg.

This part of Namibia is still a very wild place and people came from all around to collect the meat the animal had provided. I was only 29 years old at the time and I must admit that I was proud of myself. I think the camp owner/outfitter thought I was a bit off when I decided to skip dinner time and help the trackers and skinners butcher the bull. You guys know the deal. This is part of it. I was up quite late that night working on the animal and celebrating with people who spoke a language I could not understand. Some things are universal to all people. The excitement and congratulatory look in their eyes was very real. I slept as well as I ever had that night. ☺

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Lander's Bears

By Tom Vanasche

When my friend Bob McMahan became the winning bidder for Jeff Lander's donated black bear hunt at the Portland PBS auction, little did I know that moments later Tom Nieradka and I would be accompanying him. Things can get a little exciting and out of control at those auctions!

The time was getting near and arrangements were made as our excitement level rose with Jeff's reports from the field. As we all live near Portland, we were going to drive up together in my crewcab pickup, as we assumed we would need a large capacity vehicle to transport a lot of BS up to the north country and a lot of bears down. It is a 14 hour trip to Jeff's concession in British Columbia so we elected to do it in two days, see some new country and not have to be in a hurry. The springtime Canadian countryside was beautiful and we pulled into hunting camp refreshed and ready to go the next day.

Bear hunting takes place in the afternoon and evening there so the morning was left to warm up shooting targets and drinking cof-

fee. I did get in my usual four mile run and on returning to camp noticed a wolf had defecated in my tracks, probably five minutes after I had run by that spot. I'm sure I was being watched as I went through his territory. It makes you rethink about who the other predators are and what they may do if left uncontrolled.

That evening, though our energy was high, not much game was spotted. I had hunted black bears before in B.C., but it was in clear cuts, and a waiting game to see if they would come out. Here in Jeff's area it was old farmsteads, abandoned fields and railroad grades, all with the same attractant, fresh green grass. Bob and Tom Nieradka hunted with Jeff, while I and another hunter, Al, from Montana hunted with a frequent guide that Jeff uses by the name of Gary. After dark we would return to the cabin, rehash the day's events and plan the next evening's excursions. Where they had been seeing lots of bears the week before, they just did not seem to be in those locales anymore.

Some of this may be because they were more active at night, and perhaps some sows were coming into season and pulling the boars into a more concentrated area that we had not discovered yet.

The next day would be exciting but for the wrong reason. Gary and I blundered into two grizzlies 100 yards apart while walking, and then had a sow and two cubs standing in



Waiting for bear.

the road. It was impressive to see these magnificent animals, but again reminded you of who the big dogs were in this country. Meanwhile, Tom had a stalk on a railroad grade, but the bear began to walk away at 32 yards and he passed on the moving target. Both Jeff and Gary stated that it was strange to be seeing so many grizzly bears and so few blacks but that was soon to change.

The following morning a big boar was walking down an old road about to come into our lap. I nestled into a hollow and prepared for an eight yard shot that never came despite a good wind. For some reason he just diverted into the bush. Bob had a noon report of four more grizzlies. Perhaps that was why we were not seeing the usual numbers of black bear sows and cubs, as of course they would try to keep some distance from these predators. Back out in the evening, I put on a practice stalk on a small bear that picked me off at 150 yards. [I definitely needed practice]. Al later crawled to within 50 yards of a bruiser, but was winded. That evening Jeff showed us a video of Bob shooting a bear and seemingly hitting it high in the



Tom Vanasche

Bob McMahan

Tom Nieradka

shoulder off a railroad grade. Amazingly, the bear came back up on the tracks, stared down Bob and went down the other side. It did not seem to get a lot of penetration, but it did leave a good blood trail initially, so our morning assignment was set.

We spent the morning tracking that bear to no avail. The blood trail was easily detectable for a few hundred yards then it entered a swamp. We actually picked up the trail on the far side, saw where it had bedded, and been blown out by us. Jeff would later see that bear the following week and he was doing well.

That evening Tom brought in a bear and a great story. He and Jeff had set up at an absentee landlord's place with lots of green grass in a meadow. A sow and large boar came in to feed and Tom began a bootless belly crawl across the field. Unfortunately the sow became suspicious, took the boar with her and the game appeared to be over. Not so. The boys patiently waited and one and a half hours later the pair returned. Tom began his second crawl and this time the bears cooperated. At 40 yards the boar became suspicious, stood up and placed his paws on a tree trunk. Jeff had warned Tom that if this happened, to run at the bear, as they would generally hop up a few feet and cling to the tree for perhaps three seconds. Tom sprinted, reliving his days as a former

college cornerback, and the bear reacted as Jeff had predicted. Knowing that he only had a few seconds, Tom narrowed the distance and released a perfect arrow. The boar then scaled the trunk several more yards, but after a second shaft passed through him, he fell lifeless from the tree, doing a King Kong backwards flop. Jeff managed to film Tom racing across the field to the bear, but then in his excitement dropped the camcorder and got some excellent footage of the ground.

One bear down and Bob and I were excited to get back out there. The next evening we were driving out our usual gravel road to Jeff's area when a large boar was spotted headed our way. The road follows the railroad grade for some distance here and the boars come down looking for love. I started stalking down the tracks, keeping a low profile with Jeff at my side. It is difficult to be quiet here, as obviously the ties are filled with gravel between them and the spacing of the ties requires you to walk either as a small child or a giant. The bear had left the road and was coming up the steep grade of the tracks. With the wind in our favor and girls on his mind,



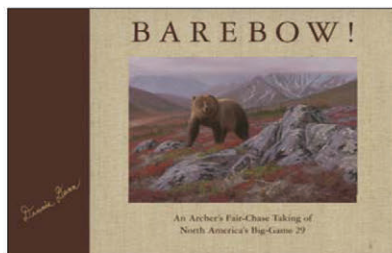
We spent a morning tracking Bob's bear to no avail.

we had a chance. Unfortunately, I was kneeling between the rails and having to cant my bow a great deal to gain clearance over the rail to avoid hooking my lower limb. That is my excuse number 12. Now the bruin was 15 yards away and unsuspecting. I have to admit to a case of bear fever and threw an airball over his back. He blew out, but Jeff kept huffing at him like another competitor, and it appeared he would return, but further down the tracks. I took off, quickly covered 30 yards and he began a similar approach up

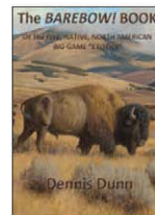
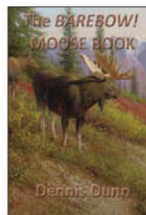
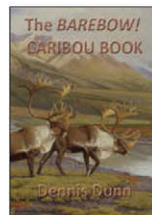
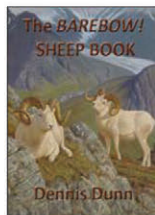
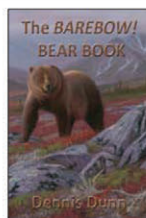
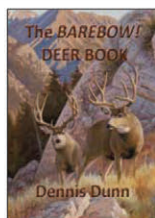
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Lander's Bears cont.

~ continued from page 39

to the rails looking for his girlfriend, perhaps in the clutches of another suitor. This time I stayed above the rails, avoided the extreme canting and launched what looked like a great arrow. It caught him broadside with 20 inches of penetration at middle height. However, it was extremely tight behind the shoulder and I had heard that bear vitals tended to be farther back. It was a perfect shot for a deer or elk, but with these bears it was still an unknown. He raced away for 20 yards, stopped, crossed the road and left a heavy blood trail. As it was approaching night-fall, we elected to return in the morning and pursue the track.

It was an anxious evening as most of us know, and Jeff had captured all this as well on video, so the shot reviews were endless. Everyone agreed that the airball was humorous but that the final shot should be fatal, not withstanding a few lingering doubts.

Dawn arrived and the pursuit began in earnest. It was initially the proverbial blind man's blood trail and then it began to taper and wander. After 300 yards we came to his apparent usual bedding site, as noted from varying ages of scat. This was the end of all sign. We spent approximately 20 man hours scouring the bush and nearby swamp, never finding a track or further blood. He had survived the night and vanished. Though the lungs may be positioned a bit farther back, certainly all the arteries and veins to his head and shoulders still have to pass anteriorly. By some miracle for him, I had managed to pass this three blade head through all of this territory leaving him unscathed. Hopefully he survived and passed his genes on, as he was a magnificent specimen.

The following day was our last and though we hunted hard, no stalks afforded themselves. Al had purchased a grizzly tag, as he kept blundering into the big boys, and he almost made it happen that evening. As he was just about to draw, the boar winded him and his chance vanished, though a dramatic memory was retained.

All four of us had opportunities at close range, though only Tom was able to close the deal. Jeff runs a good camp, is a friendly, competent fellow and should you elect to go with him; I'm sure you would have a great time. If a black bear hunt is in your future I heartily recommend this fellow PBSer. *

All three of our group were using Norm Johnson Blacktail recurves. Al had purchased a grizzly tag, as he kept blundering into the big boys, and he almost made it happen that evening. As he was just about to draw, the boar winded him and his chance vanished, though a dramatic memory was retained.

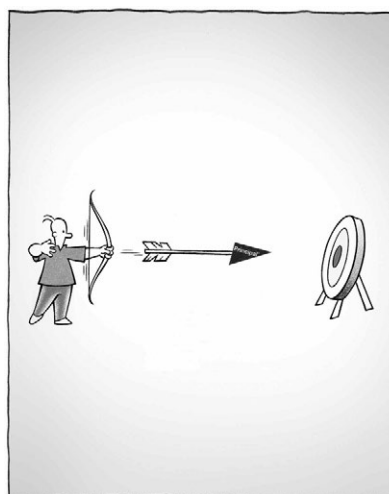
Tom used an Eclipse 2 blade broadhead, while Bob had a Wensel Woodsman. My 3 blade Green Meanie certainly had the penetration, but apparently needed to be a bit farther back to achieve a double lung shot.



The three amigos with their guides. Above kneeling is Gary and below third from left is Jeff Lander.



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Class Begins

By Herb A. Higgins

up the side of the ridge and I move further down into the bowl of the hillside ravine.

A small fat grey squirrel makes it's appearance down the hill to my left. With a few promising hops, it appears that it may cross, within range, in front of me. A judo tipped arrow is slowly pulled from the quiver hanging to my side and nocked on the bow string. A couple of careful steps are taken to my right to open up a shooting lane. The squirrel is a constant swirl of motion, nervous about being vulnerable on the

forest floor. As the squirrel pauses to search under a leaf mat for fallen acorns, I quickly take another step. A sudden rustle of leaves sends the squirrel scurrying for the safety of a large red oak trunk. Turning my head, I look up the hill to my right and spy the good bye wave of white as a deer moves to the safety of another ravine. My trade of one quarry for another has let me take one careless step, allowing the deer to spot me first. It was close, less than 40 yards! This year's first lesson is that all steps must be considered and carefully made, with full awareness of the surroundings.

October. The trees and underbrush are still holding onto their summer coat of green. Bits of fall color are starting to peak through on branches and smaller bushes, but it will still be a couple of weeks before God paints his annual broad mosaic of colors. Softened by the morning rain, last year's forest coat that litters the forest floor muffles my steps. I am back to begin my annual schooling in the ways of the woods. As the hustle and bustle of the modern world slowly seeps away, I remember one of last year's lessons and I make a concerted effort to slow my pace even more.

Visibility, limited by the understory, is 40 to 60 yards with some places opening up to 80 yards or so. This will change as Mother Nature removes her cloak of leaves over the next couple of weeks, but for now, I am content with this claustrophobic limitation. A handful of tufted titmice suddenly appear and create a din of chirps and whistles in protest of my appearance under the small, heavily canopied beech that was to be their evening roost. Slowly, they move off

a small cleft appears, maybe 12 feet wide and 25 feet long. The entire hollow has been completely cleared of forest litter as turkeys have searched for their afternoon meal of acorns and bugs. This activity has obviously taken place within the past few hours, as the ground is dry, indicating that the leaves were not turned up until after the rain stopped. A fox squirrel comes down a nearby tree, offering a second shot opportunity. But today's lesson has been learned, and we are now in the witching hour. Hopefully I am situated at a place a deer might choose for its nightly repast.



The light overcast hastens the sunset's gloom in the forest. It is good to be back in the woods once more. The last time I was here, the trees stood as stark totems, and the ground was covered in white. Now, there appears to be life everywhere. Birds flitting in and among the canopies as they get comfortable for the night and insects which drone out a constant buzz, of which the blood seeking ones will not be missed when the first frost kills them off. On the trek out, there are the night sounds, the shuffle of leaves, the snapping of twigs and breaking of sticks, the groan and squeak as trees rub against each other. It is something that, by the end of the season, I will again take for granted; not realizing how much can be learned until once again, next year, I will return to the classroom we call the woods

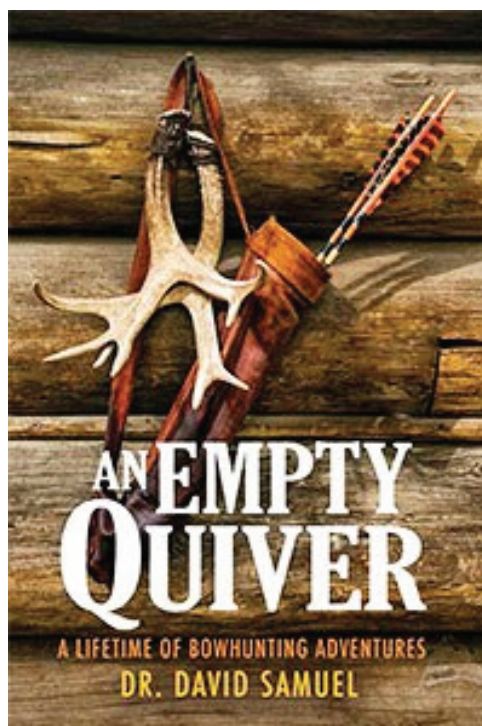
It is October. ♣



The rising whistles of wood ducks can be heard as they swim the pond's edge located just beyond the top of the ridge. The falling gnawed acorn husks make a steady patter through the leaves as busy squirrels consume their dinner in earnest, having forgone breakfast due to the morning rain. I approach an area to inspect what appears to be turkey scratchings in the leaves. Suddenly,



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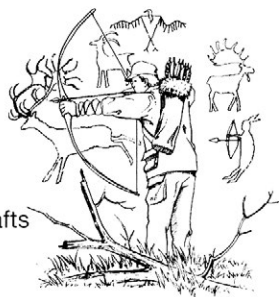
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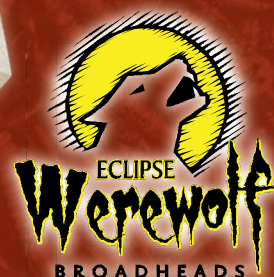


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Urban Hunting

By John Stockman

Advantages/Disadvantages:

Urban bowhunting has many unique aspects that are often beyond a bowhunter's control. Most are related to people and their actions. A bowhunter can do everything correctly from his perspective, yet have his hunt ruined by someone else. For example, he can select the best location for his stand, determine the best way to access it and only hunt it when the wind is in his favor and then have someone negate all his good planning. Hikers, horseback riders, joggers, lovers, other bowhunters and dog walkers have all ruined hunts for me.

Because of the proximity to houses some hunts are affected by sounds from human voices, leaf blowers, lawnmowers, chainsaws, construction work and motor vehicles.

I've seen some strange human activity while hunting in the suburbs. One incident was of a nude woman sunbathing. Now that was distracting.

Some of the pluses of urban hunting are that often you can hunt near your home. Perhaps the biggest advantage is that you can

hunt deer that have had the opportunity to grow to maturity since firearm hunting is severely restricted and the bucks haven't all been shot by their second birthdate.

Following are accounts of some of my urban bowhunting experiences in Fairfax County, Virginia.

Deceiving Hooch:

When a large tree limb crashed to the ground near him, the buck burst from cover and streaked toward my tree. He paused about ten yards from me. I shot and watched him fall within sight.

As I began field dressing him, rain came down in torrents and was accompanied by thunder and lightning. I dragged the deer to my Jeep which was parked nearby and in plain view of several houses.

I soon realized that I faced a difficult task of getting the deer into my vehicle. First I tried to lift him and shove him into my Jeep. That didn't work. I then got inside the Jeep and tried to pull him into the vehicle. That didn't work either. I was scrunched over and

in the process set off my car alarm in my pocket. My horn began blowing and my lights started flashing (so much for being inconspicuous). I finally fished the keys from my pocket and shut off the alarm. Fortunately, the driving rain, thunder and lightning covered the commotion from my alarm.

Since I couldn't load the buck intact, I decided to cut him into two parts. I did that and loaded him with no problem. When I tried to call my wife to tell her that I was going to our weekend home to process the deer, I learned that my cell phone was dead. I stopped at a nearby shopping mall to use a public phone which was located under an awning. Since it was

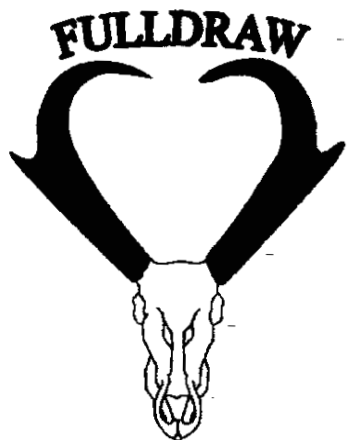
still raining, people were gathered under the overhang. When I approached the phone dressed in my wet camo splattered with mud and blood, the crowd parted like I was a leper.

I hung the deer's hindquarters first and skinned them. I left the front part of the buck outside my garage door. Soon I heard growling and bones crunching. Something was eating my deer. I opened the door a crack fully expecting to see a bear on my deer. Instead, I saw my neighbor's St. Bernard (Hooch) feeding on the buck. Normally Hooch and I get along very well, but it was obvious that he had claimed the deer and wasn't willing to allow me to retrieve it. I knew Hooch liked SPAM (I frequently shared my sandwich with him). I heated a can of SPAM and went about 30 yards past the dog and called him. While he was devouring the SPAM, I pulled the deer inside the garage. Hooch never did forgive me.

Shooting with an Audience:

The buck was feeding toward my tree. When he offered me a close range broadside shot, I took it and watched my arrow flash through him. I was hunting in a tree line at the edge of a homeowner's lawn in a suburban development. I decided to wait about 30 minutes before I took up the trail; I didn't want to risk pushing the deer onto someone else's property.

I was surprised to see the homeowner approach my tree. He asked, "Did you get him?" I then realized that he had watched me shoot the deer. I replied that I thought I had made a solid hit. He said, "Come on down and I'll help you track him." We followed a profuse blood trail for about 50 yards to the deer lying just inside the wood line. The landowner then asked for my vehicle keys and said he would back my Jeep up to the deer. He did and then handed me the keys, congratulated me, and returned to his house. He and his wife (who had contracted Lyme disease from deer ticks) wanted the deer annihilated. Both enjoyed venison, but he didn't want to see dead deer or touch them. I had to struggle to load the deer myself. Recently, the landowner saw me parked just off the road at a neighbor's property. He pulled his vehicle off on the shoulder and asked if I'd had any luck. I said yes and I was trying to determine how to load two deer in my vehicle. He replied, "I'll see you."



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Urban Hunting cont.

~ continued from page 43

Mail Box Buck:

The buck was moving toward a group of antlerless deer just out of bow range. When he came abreast of my stand I shot him. He and all the other deer crashed away in one group. Although I lost sight of them when they entered some thick brush, I followed their sound.

After my customary wait of 30 minutes, I followed the trail the deer had left. I found my deer lying near the mailbox of a neighbor's driveway. I heard my name called. It was another landowner whose property I hunted. She had been called by her neighbor who saw the deer fall and assumed I had shot the deer on the neighbor's property. She said I could recover the deer. This is a common situation. One neighbor allows hunting and another does not. In the same development one landowner allowed a deer I had shot on another's property be consumed by foxes and ravens rather than allow me to drag it off his property.

Big Boy:

The huge buck emerged from thick underbrush and was passing my tree stand quickly. I didn't have time to panic. My bow came up and the arrow was on its way. The buck wheeled and crashed off downhill. I began trembling and had to sit; my legs were wobbly. I had to force myself not to pursue him immediately. Shortly, I followed a heavy blood trail to the buck which lay on the shoulder of a road (just like a road killed deer).

I hooked my drag harness to the deer and tried to drag him across the road to my side. Initially I thought he was snagged on something. He wasn't. He was just heavy. I pulled him into some brush that screened us from the road. I field dressed him there (and loaded all his entrails in my field dressing tub). I dragged him to my nearby vehicle. While I was struggling to load him, the landowner saw me and came to help.

When I hoisted him on my block and tackle to skin him, his nose dragged the floor. He was the longest and heaviest deer I had ever killed.

An Exception to the Rule:

The buck was chasing a doe on a steep hillside near my stand. When he came within bow range and hesitated, I double lunged him. Now everyone knows a mortally wounded deer never runs uphill. Right? Wrong.

Rather than run downhill or flee on the

same level, this buck went straight uphill for about 40 yards before he staggered and fell to the ground.

Quick Kill:

It was the last week of hunting season. I had filled two of my three buck tags. I saw a lone buck cruising a creek bed. I called once and he stopped. He resumed his search and I called again. He immediately turned in my direction. He stopped about 10 yards from my tree. When my arrow struck him, he reared up on his hind legs and fell on his back. He never moved again. It was the quickest kill I had ever witnessed. I love those non-tracking kills.

Lust was his Downfall:

The doe was browsing within bow range of my stand and I was preparing for the shot when I saw a buck approaching. He had seen (and probably smelled) the doe and was coming after her with his head lowered. She didn't like his intentions and tried to evade him. He blocked her every move much like a cutting horse herding a cow.

I was in a tree stand in a double trunk poplar. Several times I had to maneuver my bow to get it on the correct side of the tree for a shot as the deer kept moving. Once I bumped my bow against my binoculars hanging from a hook and thought I'd spook the buck. Apparently he was so intent on the doe that he never noticed my movement or noise. When he presented me with a standing broadside shot, I took it and watched him fall.

The Briar Patch Buck:

I shot the buck as he passed my tree stand. He ran and I saw him cross a creek and continue out of sight. My friend, Bob Jones, was hunting a couple hundred yards away. We had agreed to stay in our stands until 10:00 a.m. when Bob would come by my stand and we would decide our next course of action. When Bob arrived, we took up the blood trail which was easy to follow. The deer meandered across the creek bottom and crossed the creek several times.

We eventually lost the blood trail and began searching the heavy underbrush in the direction the buck had been traveling. I heard Bob say, "John, I found your buck." The buck was down but still alive. Bob crawled to within arm's length of the deer. He unsheathed his knife and reached for the deer's antler. I said, "Bob don't." When Bob's hand closed on the deer's antler it sprang to its feet and flung Bob into the nastiest clump of

green brier either of us had ever seen. The buck then fell dead. Bob was bleeding from multiple puncture wounds from the thorns. I joked with him that I thought he needed a transfusion.

Overcoming a Language Difference:

A maid answered the door. I asked if the doctor was home. She responded in an unfamiliar language. I wanted to comply with the landowner's request to inform him when I killed a deer. I managed to get that across to her. She then spread all her fingers and placed them pointing upward from her head indicating a ten point buck. I shook my head no and held up one finger on each hand and placed them on top of my head. She shook her head yes and we both laughed. It was one of several similar conversations we would have.

Listen to Your Wife:


My wife and I were returning from our weekend home to our city home. I asked if she minded if I hunted the last hour of daylight on some property enroute to our house. She carries some reading material for such occasions and graciously said she would wait in the car while I hunted. When we parked overlooking a large open field, we saw two deer feeding about 100 yards from my vehicle. I had intended to hunt from a tree stand at the opposite side of the field. My wife said, "Why don't you shoot those two and not go to your stand?" I said something to the effect that those deer are not going to allow me to walk up to them and shoot them. She countered with, "You don't know that."

The wind was strong and in my favor, and there was a creek bed that bordered one side of the field. I thought if I dropped down into the creek bed I just might get close enough for a shot. When I thought I was opposite the deer, I peeked over the embankment and saw that the deer had fed close to my side of the field. I nocked an arrow and stood up enough to clear the creek bank and shot the closest deer. It hadn't seen me and ran in my direction. It fell at my feet. The second deer followed the first and nearly ran over me. It stopped on the opposite side of the creek and I shot it.

I heard my wife say, "Now wasn't that easy?" She had watched the whole event. I had to agree with her. Those two deer might have been the easiest and quickest I've ever killed.

Goose Feathers:

My boss reluctantly agreed to allow me to start work late two days a week. I had per-



mission to hunt some property that was a tourist attraction near Washington, D. C. I could only hunt when there were no tourists on the property. Washington area traffic is some of the worst in the Nation which combined with the tourist issue only left me about an hour hunting time each outing if I was to get to work on time. To maximize my hunting time I dressed in my office clothes (including tie) and covered them with coveralls when I reached my hunting property. One cold day I wore a pair of goose down coveralls over my black business suit. At work several of my non-hunting co-workers mentioned that my suit was covered with feathers. I didn't try to explain why.

Battling Bucks:

The two eight pointers approached each other with ears laid back and hackles raised. They circled each other warily and suddenly slammed their heads together like two rams. They locked horns and twisted and shoved one another. This was no mere sparring match. This was a violent fight between two equal foes. The momentum shifted back and forth between the bucks. One would shove the other backward or fling him off his feet. Then the opponent would reverse the process. The melee raged for about 15 minutes. Both bucks were tiring. One finally drove the other to the ground and gored him. The beaten buck regained his feet and limped away with the victor in hot pursuit.

I climbed down from my treestand and walked the 20 yards to the ground blind where my wife had been watching. She was wide eyed with excitement. She said, "Did you see that? I thought they were going to kill one another." She had wanted to go with me to observe. She hadn't counted on being only been five yards from two fighting bucks.

Voodoo Warning:

In the dim light of morning I saw a small doll hanging from one of my tree steps. Closer examination revealed it to have a straight pin stuck through its chest. A necklace with a miniature skull, bird's feet and beaks, feathers and assorted other objects hung around the doll's neck.

I decided to hunt from another stand that morning. I concluded the doll and necklace were a warning and I didn't want to tempt fate.

A Magic Morning:

As soon as I climbed into my treestand I heard deer running. When daylight arrived, I saw several bucks pursuing does. The date was November 10th and the rut was at its peak. Two long time friends, Byron Wates

and Bob Jones and I were hunting a small farm. Bob and I were at opposite ends of a large, overgrown field. Byron was a couple of hundred yards away on a hardwood ridge.

Shortly after daylight I watched a buck make a fatal mistake. He paused within bow range of Bob who promptly shot him. I saw the buck fall. About a half hour later a doe led a buck past my stand and I shot him. He ran out of sight. About an hour later, Byron approached my stand and said he had shot a doe.

Since my deer was the only one that ran, we decided to track it before tending to the other two deer. We found my deer after a short but difficult tracking effort.

We then went to retrieve Byron's doe. When Bob and I crested the ridge where Byron had been hunting, we saw a huge buck lying near Byron's tree. Bob and I turned to Byron and said this was no doe. He said the doe was just a few yards away, and indeed she was.

Byron's buck was one of the largest Virginia bucks I've seen. It had a Pope & Young rack and a body to match. One of its main beams was split. If he did it fighting another buck, I'd love to see that deer. None of us had ever seen the buck previously. We concluded that he was a "traveler" who paid the ultimate price for leaving familiar territory. Byron had a full mount made of his magnificent buck.

Divine Intervention:

A doe entered the overgrown field from a treeline and began feeding toward my treestand. She was having great difficulty walking. With the aid of my binoculars I could see that she had suffered horrific injuries. The hide had been scraped off large expanses of her body and she had a compound fracture of a rear leg. When she moved, I could clearly see her hip bone protruding from her body. She was emaciated and her injured leg was atrophied. I concluded that she had been struck and dragged by a motor vehicle.

When the doe began angling away from my treestand she was beyond my normal shooting range. I then did something I had never done before and have never done since. I asked the Lord to guide my arrow to the doe. When my arrow struck her, she shuddered and took a few faltering steps and collapsed. I watched her through misty eyes for movement. There was none. I marveled once again at a whitetail's will to live. A feathered shaft had mercifully ended the misery a motor vehicle had inflicted upon her.

When I descended my tree I merely walked away. I knew that I had performed a humane act. Yet I felt no satisfaction, only

profound sadness. I would not hunt again for several weeks.

Christmas Eve:

There were a couple inches of snow covering the ground and more was gently falling. The wind was calm and the temperature was moderate. I needed to spend a couple of hours in the woods, and I knew exactly where I wanted to spend that precious time. I had a treestand in a large holly tree (appropriate for Christmas) on a wooded slope overlooking the Potomac River.

As I sat overlooking that peaceful scene I remembered the Christmas eves I had spent in some foreign land far from family and friends. I said a prayer for our military personnel and other patriots whose sacrifices allow us to enjoy the freedom and opportunity we too often take for granted.

I didn't see a deer that evening and that was fine with me. Just having the opportunity to hunt was enough. ★

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Warthogs are ugly!

By Jon R. Simoneau

I've heard many people make this claim, and I could not disagree with them more. No they are not stately like the kudu bull, nor are they beautiful like the whitetail buck, but ugly? I think not. We've all met people that we did not find particularly attractive until after we got to know them a little better. Their pleasant personality made the person seem more attractive to us. And so it is with the warthog. Warthogs have individual personalities of their own. I once explained this to someone back home when she asked, "How could you possibly shoot Pumba?" I never liked Walt Disney. Anyway, watching warthogs and observing their traits has provided me with hours of entertainment. I've been fortunate in that I have been to Africa three times, and while I'm not a rich man in a monetary sense I am rich in the sense of memories and experiences. Make memories if and when you can guys. Nobody can take them from you! If I had to choose my favorite quarry on the Dark Continent, it would no doubt be the warthog, and I'm sure that I am not alone on this one.

My first experience with warthogs came with my first visit to South Africa. I booked the trip through Gene Wensel. I know some have heard me say this before, but I have to interject something one last time. I was a young and very naïve bowhunter when I first began pestering Uncle Gene about hunting. I sent him a deposit for my first Africa trip while I was in college thinking I was going the next year. I believe it was six or seven years later before I was actually able to make the trip! Gene was patient and answered all of my questions during this time and for that I am forever

grateful. Thanks Gene!

Anyway, back to the story. I was hunting out of the mountain camp and enjoyed hunting on a number of different large concessions. The first thing that struck me about this member of the swine family is how fast they are. They trot along at a pretty good clip, stopping every now and then to test the



wind. Their normal pace is much quicker than their wild cousins in the U.S. that many of us are familiar with. While it seems unlikely judging by their appearance, they have the ability to "jump the string". I have seen many video clips that can be slowed down to confirm this.

Warthogs are comical. I love to watch the way they rest on their "elbows" as they drink. If a mature sow with piglets comes to drink, they will all line up together, each of them down on their elbows. At one particular waterhole in South Africa, I observed a fairly good sized warthog for a couple of days. He was not an exceptionally large warthog by any means but seemed to be a good representative of the species. This guy seemed to be a bit of a bully. Every time another warthog would near the water hole he would respond with threatening advances. I really wanted to get a shot at him, but he just never gave me a good shot angle. Finally, a day or two later he snuck in with a crosswind and began to drink offering me an 18 yard shot. My arrow center punched him straight up the foreleg and within 60 yards I had claimed my first warthog. Due to wetter than normal conditions, that was the only decent boar I saw on that trip, but continued to be fascinated by watching immature males and females with piglets.

By a stroke of incredible luck, my next foray to Africa turned out to be the following year. I was hunting in Namibia. While we did not really see a lot of warthogs here, we did see some real monsters. One day I was hunting out of an elevated blind when a huge warthog began to drink just a shade under 20 yards away. I was sitting in the blind with a PH and the look in his eyes confirmed that I had better shoot. He turned on the video camera and I came to full draw. Unfortunately, my upper limb hit the top of the blind and I now am able to watch my arrow sail just underneath this old boar as many times as I like. My friends enjoy

watching it more than I do. I think I'm going to start charging them rental fees.

Despite this blunder, it did not take too long to get another chance at a mature boar warthog. A couple of days later I was in the blind with fellow PBS member and professional photographer Rob Burnham when a nice male with a lot of character made an appearance. This old warrior was nervous to say the least, circling the downwind side of the waterhole multiple times before committing. Rob had the video camera on and a couple of times, I almost shot him at point blank range, as he was walking toward the water, but decided against it. Finally, he let his guard down long enough for me to send an arrow right into the goodies. The pig jumped into the water and made a hasty 100 yard dash before going down. It was a good shot, and the video that Rob took is fantastic! A few days later one of the guys in camp came back with a picture of a large female warthog at the same waterhole where I



missed the big one a few days earlier. The next morning I was in that blind with Joram, a camp tracker. This time I lowered the windows in the blind so that I could shoot from my knees for better clearance of my upper limb. The morning was a bit slow, but then eventually we caught movement off to the right of the blind. Sure enough it was the big female. She began to drink at around 20 yards or so and I put the arrow exactly where I wanted it. I love that feeling! She went

down in sight, and had long curling tusks. Joram was impressed and I was as happy as a pig in....well you know.

But I was still not done with warthogs. Sometime near the end of our stay, in Namibia I hung a treestand in a low mopane tree over a natural waterhole. I was actually hoping to get a shot at a zebra since they had been known to frequent this area, but when another mature boar warthog offered me a 12 yard broad-side shot, I just could not resist it. Pete, the camp owner, was in a blind nearby armed with a video camera and

filmed good footage of me drawing and shooting the pig. Both myself and the warthog were in the frame at the same time during the shot. The shot was not bad, but for whatever reason I hit him just a little farther back than I wanted too, and consequently, we waited until morning to track. The tracking job was not too terribly difficult but the trail ended at an aardvark hole. The tracker decided he was going to go get two

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Warthogs are ugly cont.

~ continued from page 47

shovels so the two of us could try to dig him out. As he began to walk away from me, in order to retrieve the shovels, he hollered and although I could not understand what he was saying, I could tell by his excitement that he had found the pig. Apparently, the animal left the aardvark hole, but only made it another 30 yards or so before he expired.

Warthogs are one of those species I don't think I could ever tire of hunting. I'm sure if I ever make it back to Africa I will again spend many enjoyable hours observing them. Heck I might even shoot one! ♣

Lessons Learned from the Whitetail Deer

By Jon R. Simoneau

*The whitetail deer has given me meaning in life
He has shown me that despite what modern man thinks,
nature is still king*

*He is a gift from God to people like me
People who wonder if they were born too late
People who have a different definition of the word "success"*

*The whitetail has taught me to be attentive
even when he is not in sight.*

God's hand can be seen everywhere in his world

Whitetails have helped me mature

*It's almost as if they were looking after me,
while I try to look after them*

I am a predator, and the whitetail is prey

I need him and he needs me

*When given the opportunity to take his life,
with a simple bow and arrow*

I do not feel remorse

I know it is right

The look in his eye seems to convey understanding

Whitetails have always been important to man

As man moves forward, I pray they will continue to be

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PBS Young Bowhunters Program Announcement and outline for general membership.



Promotion and Perpetuation

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

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

What is the *Young Bowhunters Program*?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What can I do to help?

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

How can one sign up or help?

To get involved please contact

PBS Home Office

probowhunters@roadrunner.com

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- To share their experiences, knowledge and shooting skills;
- To be a conscientious bowhunter, promoting bowhunting by working to elevate its standards and the standards of those who practice the art of bowhunting;
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- To practice the wise use of our natural resources, the conservation of our wild game and the preservation of our natural habitat.

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