

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

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MARCH 27 – 30, 2014

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THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE



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THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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President's Message

by Jim Akenson
micaake@yahoo.com

How does PBS of today compare with 2 decades ago... where are we headed?

It has been 17 years since we conducted the last membership survey, and as we all are aware it was a different world of bowhunting in 1996! The polls closed some months ago and I gave a preliminary discussion of some high points observed last quarter. In general, we were pleased with the response effort as over 25% of the total membership participated, and produced about an equal mix of hard copy and electronic versions. The individual question responses will be displayed elsewhere in this magazine, but here I will touch on some general themes we all should think about as we work to steer – and stay on-board, the PBS ship.

From a values perspective, the most unanimous support was on the question of PBSer's "holding themselves to a higher standard," and this was followed up with the notion that we should "exhibit a level of bowhunting competence that others should aspire to." No surprises here, as it is all part of us being "professional" in our bowhunting activities. On the question of comfort with our "elitist reputation," a slight majority (59%) like the reputation and 41% did not like it. This compares with 1996 where 81% liked it and only 17% did not. I think some of the differ-

ence with this response might relate to a change in value where being "elitist" isn't as important as it once was.

I think the question that connects to our mission statement the closest addresses "threats to bowhunting." Excessive technology received the highest ranking as a threat and was closely followed by loss of access. The next tier of concern was cross-bows and loss of habitat, followed by concern with TV celebrities and anti-hunting organizations as our greatest threats. The question asked in 1996 was slightly different, but the areas of concern were comparable, and the biggest threats were then seen as anti-hunting organizations closely followed by technological advances influencing game regulations. A similar question addressed fair chase and listed 16 methods of bowhunting that were rated for their acceptability. The lowest acceptance rating involved high fences, both for hogs and big game. Baiting for deer was third least acceptable followed by hog hunting with lights and bowhunting on a pheasant preserve. Treestand hunting and hunting over waterholes were viewed as the most acceptable methods, with the use of food plots, bear baiting, bowfishing with lights, and using lion dogs also ranking highly. Interestingly, using dogs on bear and hogs was less acceptable than for mountain lions.

There were two other important question responses that I want to discuss. One involves our code of ethics where 75% of the respondents expressed satisfaction at the current guidelines. However, of the remaining 25% there were twice as many respondents that felt that our ethics code did not go far enough compared to those that felt the code was too stringent. I actually think this is a positive sign and reflects our commitment to top-end bowhunting ethics and being examples-of-conduct for the rest of the bowhunting world. The last key question deals with attrition, recruitment, and I guess the passage of

time. Our median membership age comes in at 55-60. The good news is that we are highly experienced, with a median of over 30 years of bowhunting under our belts. Compared to 1996, this age/experience factor is almost proportional to the time passage. Fraternalism is great when we are so similar in age! However, we can't maintain our organization without some youthful recruitment. It is more important now than ever.

Along those lines, probably our most broad-reaching tool for this type of recruitment is our website and regional gatherings and hunts. For folks under 40 searching the myriad of bowhunting websites we must be attractive up-front...it's just a fact! The website has come a long ways in the past couple of years. Several folks have really stepped up to make it interesting, informative, and respectable. Most recently Kevin Dill has had the reins as Chair of the Website Committee. Kevin has done a stellar job with bringing civility to the site. Some of his accomplishments have been smoothing over contentious discussions, stimulated high quality topics and interactions, and handling the day to day correspondences with due-diligence. Kevin will be done with his volunteer duties by the time this reaches you, but he will be actively involved in the Cincinnati banquet celebration next March. So when you see him, please take the time to extend a big Thank You for his efforts! I have appointed Doug Clayton from Iowa to fill this chair position, with consenting approval from the rest of the PBS Council. Doug will be maintaining the high integrity of our site, and bringing on some new ideas and energy. Please welcome Doug into this challenging and important position.

I hope that many of you slip in some late-fall hunting yet, and as we close in on the Holidays enjoy your time spent with family and friends!

~ Jim A.

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Vice President's Message

by Steve Hohensee

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Too early, too late, just right

Lately it seems that everything I plan, I am a week early or a week late. I should have known spring would be a week late this year and that we would receive 2 feet of snow in May; I should have delayed my bear hunt a full week, allowing more bears to move down out of the hills. I should have planned a goat hunt a week earlier before gale force winds and sheets of rain pelted my chosen area. I should have listened to Al Gore on Global Warming and delayed an attempted rut hunt for Sitka blacktailed deer for another week.

The PBS members listed below are the folks that I have hunted with in the past two years, several of them twice, and is the part that I got just right. Almost every

one of those members is someone that I either met at a PBS Biennial Gathering or on our membership website. All great partners I might add.

Steve's id, AK
Austin Parks, AZ
Preston Lay, OK
Dave Baker, AZ
Matt Schuster, GA
Ben Pinney, AK
Ted Kinney, PA
Tim Jones, TN
Dan Russell, WA
Thomas Burns, LA
Olin Rindal, AK
Kevin Shotkoski, WY
Now speaking about being too late,



Jack has been telling me my Council report is too late. I am looking forward to getting it just right again in Cincinnati and finding another valuable member to add to my list of top-end hunting partners!

Steve H.

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May 20th for 3rd Qtr. 2013 issue

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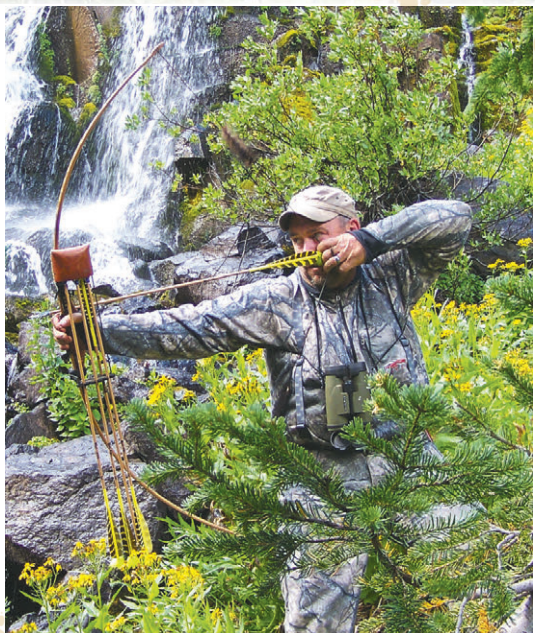
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Senior Council's Report

by Greg Darling

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Drawing Some Conclusions

me to look at a 45 year old member and see them as "younger". What do these numbers say about the make up of the PBS? What can these numbers tell us about the future?

Here are some of the things I found fascinating in the survey results concerning where the members stood on technology issues. We had 17 respondents (5%) who actually feel the crossbow is okay. Over 100 respondents had no issue with lighted nocks. Surprisingly, almost 50 members either use or support the use of expandable broadheads compared with the 20 members that responded that they hunt with a compound. So we find almost 30 traditional guys are using or supporting the use of expandable broadheads? Now that's pretty darn interesting! Only 79% of this "traditional" organization thinks stone points are ethical. Over a quarter of us have a hunting partner or partners who choose to hunt with a compound bow. We had 16% think game recovery electronics are fine. Nearly 200 of us had no issue with 65% let-off compounds. There are less selfbow using members than there are members who use compounds.

Gives one a lot to think about, doesn't it?

What seems like a lifetime ago, I remember going to see Gene Wensel, who at the time, was about 40 years old and sharing his "Whitetail Secrets" road show with bowhunters across the country. I was about 24 years old and not yet a PBS member. This was the first time I met Gene. Wow! Where have the years gone Gene?

I remember the Great Lakes Longbow Invitational back in the 80's. Everyone carried their arrows in back quivers. I remember when the guys who actually designed and introduced the first strap on quiver worth owning finally recognized that the quiver, while adding mass to the center of a longbow's riser, improved groups when shooting. Do you remember, like I do, the horror that was expressed by this idea of hanging a quiver

on a longbow? Now it's as common as breathing.

I remember back in, approximately 1992, when former PBSer and well known trad bow guru Dan Bertalan wrote an article in TBM supporting the use of carbon arrows in bowhunting. I also remember he was excoriated for his claims. Well times have changed for sure, as carbon and wood arrow users in the survey were almost dead equal in use, the carbon users actual by 1 have more users than wood. Aluminum mustered about 50 users, I'm sure down significantly from 1992.

I was coming home from hunting the other night here in Michigan and I got a text message from a friend in Oregon who, like I had been just an hour before, was bowhunting for deer and texting from his tree stand. It was just a quick text, "How's your season going?" In real time, with an update on how his blacktail hunting season was going. Yeah, 30 years ago who would have thought it? Call me crazy, but I enjoy that level of connectivity with friends from afar. I think today as to how cool it is to be able to send pictures, chat and stay in touch with my hunting family over 1000 miles away as we are both hunting. I make no apology, that's pretty darn cool if you ask me!

Some of us have gone back to wearing soft muted colors and soft wool plaid clothing. Some of us have finally made it to a point in life where we can afford to buy that King of the Mountain or Sitka Gear and have done so. Some of us hunt with a new bow every year. Some of us hunt with the bow that Robertson built us in '03 and don't see any reason to change perfection. Some of us pay dearly to hunt in places most of us only dream of. Some of us are fortunate to live in places that others wish they could. Some, probably most of us, settle on hunting whitetails locally.

I'm the first to dig in my heels on the core values of bowhunting. However, the

~ continued on page 6

PBS Magazine • Fourth Quarter 2013

Council's Report

by Steve Osminski
steveosminski@yahoo.com

My hunting room shows the Cincinnati Gathering is closing in fast. Donations are on my doorstep daily and the stack of "stuff" grows. I am a very lucky guy to get the first look at all these items from custom bamboo fly rods to custom recurve bows.

The generosity and craftsmanship of PBS members warms the heart. Don't miss your chance to take some of these works of art home and to the field. All the ticket and hotel information is in this issue and early registration is coming to a close very soon!

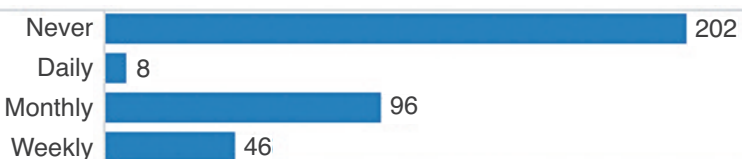


This issue of The Professional Bowhunter Magazine also contains the results of the membership survey. There was much work involved in creating the survey, getting it out to the membership, inputting the responses and tabulating all the data. We are a strong willed bunch. I'd like to touch on just one of the topics, a very new one with regard to the PBS; the website/campfire forum. The following 2 charts illustrate website activity:

How Often Do You Visit the PBS Website/Message Board?



How Often Do You Participate on Message Board?



Interpretation of the results tells me there is a very large group of our membership (2.5:1) who realizes what a great tool the website is. It allows us to communicate with each other (at our convenience, not trying to coordinate schedules for a call or playing phone tag), it allows us to share "knowledge thru experience"

with each other and prospective new members. The website allows Council to understand the wants and needs of the membership on a daily basis rather than a once every two year general membership meeting. The website also allowed the survey to happen in a more timely fashion and in a way that will make future surveys much, much easier. The "toolbox" that is the website is endless...we have a "members only" area to discuss private membership issues, a Council only area, and membership hunt areas so signed up members can plan and work out logistics with each other; all you need is a password. If you have an idea, let us know...the more folks that use the website, the better tool it can be for the membership.

The second chart is a little disappointing. Many members LOOK at the website, far fewer PARTICIPATE! Don't be a "user", be a contributor! The website is a wonderful way to not only keep in contact with old friends, but a way to make new ones within the PBS fold.

One last thing about www.probowsociety.net...Let's not forget we are dealing with friends there. I am tired of people excusing disrespectful behavior or exchanges with "passion". You can be passionate without being a jerk. Before you hit that enter button it might be a good idea to read what you have written. If your spouse or kids would be embarrassed if they read it—get your point across in a different manner.

Steve O.

2014 Georgia Hog Hunt

The 2014 Georgia PBS Membership hog hunt is planned for Friday 2/8/14 to Sunday 2/16/14 at a location close to Savannah, Georgia. This is a coastal river hunt with boats and canoes.

Contact Jeff Holchin at jholchin@cvet.co or 828-578-9964 for more information, or check out the 2013 hunt thread on the PBS website under "PBS Membership Hunts".





The recent survey showed that a majority of the responding members are in favor of the country being divided into regions.

With the ability to communicate almost instantly with anyone, this is some-

thing that can have long lasting positive benefits for the PBS. A special tab can be placed on the web site for each region. A "Regional Schedule" of sorts could be set up in this tab, this would allow such things as, Odd Year Gatherings, Fish & Wildlife Commission meetings for each state and their agendas.

This also gives us a format or place to discuss why some things that may be used in some regions but not in others are needed, thus increasing our understanding of things across the country.

With the country broken into smaller regions, specific issues can be more fo-

cused on that may have adverse effects elsewhere in the country. This can give all our members greater knowledge and understanding of the issues facing bowhunting.

Currently, it is the goal of the Council to have this ready to go, and be shown to the members, at our biennial gathering in Cincinnati, this coming March.

We also want to hear from the members their ideas and thoughts!

Respectfully,

Tim Roberts

Senior Council's Report cont.

~ continued from page 4

world has changed much since I was a kid and the 19 inch black and white TV with rabbit ears and 3 channels has long been replaced by High Definition flat screens with cable and 100's of channel choices. I agree that bowhunting should be basic, primal, as close to one on one as we can get without compromising the ethics of who we are and why we hunt.

We found in this survey that we are scattered like ashes in the "Winds of Change" that past PBS President Jimmy Chinn penned decades back. We are all different, but in so many ways we are all much the same.

As we move forward as a group, "us" old timers need to realize that we cannot stop the natural change of life and progression, but to recognize many of us participated in the changing of it over the years. Life and the PBS are not the same as it was in 1963, 1983 or 2003, nor should it be. What we do need to be is the voice of experience. Teaching the youngsters that there are different ways to hunt but inspiring them to make it harder, not dictating or excluding. We tend to show our prejudices pretty openly for many of them to feel welcome in our ranks.

I don't think any of us would want to be the man who turns off the light as the

door closes on this organization. I think we should be the place where Sterling Holbrook and M.R. James should be able to co-exist. We too often look at what is in the hand of the bowhunter and pass judgment based on that alone. Hey, I've hunted with a jerk or two who carried trad bows believe it or not. I've also hunted with PBS material bowhunters who choose cables and pins over my far simpler choice. Should we chase them away with such certainty?

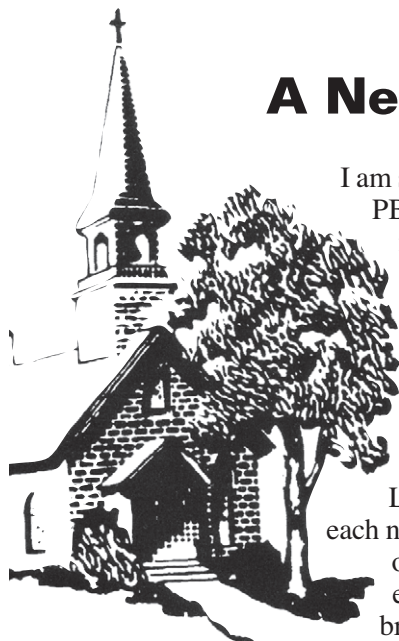
We really should be looking for some younger folks to be primed to fill in the holes in the future. We need to be as open minded to our future PBSers as many of those who blazed the trail for so many of us were, 30 years ago when many of us were coming in. Am I the only one that looks back at who I was in 1987 when I joined the PBS and realizes the journey I myself have made?

If we are to survive to a 75th anniversary banquet, which I hope to attend, we need to reestablish ourselves as a leader in bowhunting by working with concerned groups in bowhunting, both state and national organizations. We need to go forward with our message; the one we started with the JOC video and the Statement. Let's not squander this opportunity

we have created.

...I hear the swish of legs in the browned ferns and 4 does walk across the trail. I bleat and the big lead doe steps towards me looking for the stranger in her woods. After 30 seconds or so she leads her girls down and across the cut. All falls quiet. Ten minutes later the sound of more deer coming makes me tense my fingers on the string. A nice doe steps out and crosses, then starts quartering towards me. Another follows onto the two track that will lead her right to me. She grabs an acorn as she steps toward me and pops it in her jaw as she starts chewing it.

The lead doe quarters past at 20 yards and heads into the cut out in front of me. The doe on the trail pauses and is almost in front of me at 13-14 yards. I lean forward and my middle finger touches my anchor. The cedar arrow leaves my 19 year old longbow like a whisper. She kicks hard and follows the trail of the lead doe. I hear her legs start to go as she crosses a brush pile and she skitters to a stop with a short bleat and then it is silent. It is a good night, it is my night.. I pick up my pass through arrow and snap it back in my quiver and follow the blood. I did not squander my opportunity.



A New Chapter

I am so looking forward to the upcoming PBS Gathering in Cincinnati, Ohio next March. Every Gathering I have attended has been an awesome time. The first one for me was held at Oglebay Resort in Wheeling, West Virginia in 1990, almost 24 years ago. Each one I've been to has been in a different city with a unique flair of its own. Like a new chapter in a great book, each new Gathering brings an expectation of great things to come. Just like each new hunt for us as bowhunters brings the promise of new adventure.

In new surroundings there is the wondering of what is beyond our line of sight? What is over the next ridge? It could be a monster buck. It could be the herd bull. If we don't go over that ridge, we will never know.

I have been thinking extensively about how life is a succession of different chapters. By the time this article goes to print I will have turned the page to a new chapter in my life. I will be retired from my over 30 year career as a Wildlife Biologist with the State of West Virginia. It is exciting to go on to new things, but it is also hard to leave what is routine and familiar to us. Many times it is fear of the unknown that keeps us glued to a phase of life. We as Christians have the expectation that God brings good things to us and that He has a plan for us that exceeds all of our expectations. Abraham was told by God to leave all that was familiar to him. It could not have been an easy thing to take that first step in a new direction but the rewards were beyond anything he could have imagined.

Genesis 12 ¹Now the LORD had said to Abram: "Get out of your country, from your family and from your father's house, to a land that I will show you. ²I will make you a great nation; I will bless you and make your name great; and you shall be a blessing. ³I will bless those who bless you, and I will curse him who curses you; and in you all the families of the earth shall be blessed.

Abraham went on to a new chapter of his life, and what a chapter it was. On the converse is the example of the Israelites that left Egypt and then wandered in the desert for 40 years because they were afraid to possess the land God had for them.

Exodus 19 ⁷So Moses came and called for the elders of the people, and laid before them all these words which the LORD commanded him. ⁸Then all the people answered together and said, "All that the LORD has spoken we will do.

Fine words - "All that the LORD has spoken we will

Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

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(304) 472-5885 pethorn@hotmail.com

do." But, they didn't do what He said and therefore they didn't go on to the next chapter. They saw giants in the new land, and did not believe that God would help them overcome any obstacle in their path. So, that entire generation except Joshua and Caleb passed away without receiving what they could have had.

Numbers 13 ²⁵And they returned from spying out the land after forty days.

²⁶Now they departed and came back to Moses and Aaron and all the congregation of the children of Israel in the Wilderness of Paran, at Kadesh; they brought back word to them and to all the congregation, and showed them the fruit of the land.

²⁷Then they told him, and said: "We went to the land where you sent us. It truly flows with milk and honey, and this is its fruit.

²⁸"Nevertheless the people who dwell in the land are strong; the cities are fortified and very large; moreover we saw the descendants of Anak there.

²⁹"The Amalekites dwell in the land of the South; the Hittites, and the Jebusites, and the Amorites dwell in the mountains; and the Canaanites dwell by the sea and along the banks of the Jordan."

³⁰Then Caleb quieted the people before Moses, and said, "Let us go up at once and take possession, for we are well able to overcome it."

³¹But the men who had gone up with him said, "We are not able to go up against the people, for they are stronger than we."

³²And they gave the children of Israel a bad report of the land which they had spied out, saying, "The land through which we have gone as spies is a land that devours its inhabitants, and all the people whom we saw in it are men of great stature.

³³"There we saw the giants (the descendants of Anak came from the giants); and we were like grasshoppers in our own sight, and so we were in their sight."

14 ¹So all the congregation lifted up their voices and cried, and the people wept that night.

²And all the children of Israel complained against Moses and Aaron, and the whole congregation said to them, "If only we had died in the land of Egypt! Or if only we had died in this wilderness!

Let us always be open to what God has for us in the future. Anything that stands in our way is but a small thing to our Heavenly Father. The challenges are just part of the adventure of going to a new place. I hope to see many of you in Cincinnati! Let us start **A New Chapter!** *



PBS Website Committee Report

By Kevin Dill

"What website? PBS has a website?" Yes, of course we do. We've had one for years, but registration and usage tells us that many members haven't become aware of just how functional and active our website really is. Some numbers: 650 registered website members. Over 1600 total topics posted. A total of 27,500 posts by members. If you haven't visited the website, you're missing out on the opportunity to add more PBS to your bowhunting life...a lot more. From what's happening, to topical discussions, to many hunt opportunities, there is a lot of superb knowledge and interaction waiting for you at www.probowsociety.net. Additionally, you can access all the information for our upcoming 2014 Gathering in Cincinnati via the website. PBS logo merchandise is available for viewing and purchase as well. If you have any questions regarding PBS activities, the website has the answers waiting for you. Our website has grown tremendously in two years, and

has become one of the primary contact points for new or potential members. You need to be there, because you're missing so many good things.

I was tasked with chairing the website committee. Council allowed me to use what few talents I have, and I've enjoyed the challenge. Bryan Bolding is the website administrator, and a super-talent! Committee members Kevin Bahr, Terry Receveur, Dan Russell and Ted Kinney have been integral to oversight and assistance in moderating the forums. Special thanks to Shane Close who joined us to provide additional technical guidance and assistance to members in need. This group of fine PBS men have done much to advance the website, and thereby the purpose and causes of PBS. I thank every one of them!

My tenure as chair of the website is complete. My resignation was submitted back in September, but I agreed to remain until a suitable (better!) chairman is se-

lected. I'm pleased to let you know that council has selected Doug Clayton, and he has accepted the appointment to head this committee. Doug is a Regular Life Member, and steady contributor to many areas of our website. Logical, calm, analytical, and open-minded are a few of the descriptors which apply to Doug, and these will serve him well in the task he's undertaking. Congratulations Doug! Congratulations also to the membership, as they will benefit from the sound leadership he will provide.

My thanks to council. I've enjoyed the work, and I enjoy handling special challenges or assignments for PBS. I'm sure there is more work waiting. In the meantime I'll be assisting with 2014 Cincinnati, and I'm sure I'll remain to help Doug as he assumes the lead role at the website. Until then...take care!

Kevin Dill.....Meet me in the woods. ☼

Bowhunting Preservation Committee

By Mark Baker, Chair - classicbowhunting@live.com

Mid Season Report (that means November 2013)

We are in a strange place, those of us who want to preserve "older ways" and intentions in our bowhunting values and heritage, for posterity. On the face of it, we really want to encourage new practitioners to our ranks, to be sure they will step into our shoes when we are gone or "beyond help" in either our age or attitudes. But when met with flack about our message we often retreat into our caves, or react impulsively with negative counter-attacks, or brand our critics with one big label, as if they are all against us. Let's face it, in our aging, often cynical view of the world, we often lack the patience or time to change our methods of teaching, or care enough to make that investment of our time.

Here's some more to add to our problems. We have an audience that is bombarded with the "other" guys messages, that feeds into the already embedded societal ideas and trends toward instant gratification and their view of success. That audience brings along all the baggage of their spoon-fed ideas about what "they think" bowhunting is...that has never been challenged by "our side" for as long as they have been alive...and we, in our age and wisdom, have never fought such a fight...really. We, in

turn, become the students in how to overcome all this, to get our message across, to make it "cut through" all the hype and BS. Roles get reversed, and wisdom gets easily lost in the confusion. It seems to us an insurmountable task.

Add to that the fact that we are guilty ourselves of letting this change take place without even a whimper from our collective mouths in the misguided interest of "getting along", for decades now while we watched changes, laws, and attitudes degrade our bowhunting experiences...and it seems we are really just spitting into the wind sometimes.

Maybe so. I'm sure we've waited too long to start this. But fortunately, PBS'ers have decided in our recent survey, that the fight is worth fighting, and by a big percentage.

Coming off the heels of losing one of our original partners in our "Journey of Challenge" endeavor, and upon a couple months of critiques and praise for our efforts - from all sides I might add - I am glad to have had our hunting seasons interrupt my inputs and energies into this effort...if only temporary...as I needed a break to reflect and regroup. Let me say, though, that

what has been done thus far with the video "Journey of Challenge", and the supporting website, has received far more positive input and applause than criticisms. It's a message we need to build on, to echo, and to grow. And we need to do it smartly by using the tools of the times, and the energies and inputs of our younger members....and the wisdom of us "old sages" as well.

So folks...while you are out there in your stands, or contemplating the graces of God and the opportunities our forefathers left us with for safekeeping...give a thought or two toward "how" we can build on our efforts thus far, and steer those whose desires to tread their own "journey of challenges" in the right direction by good example and ample knowledge. Then, let me know them.

We need your help, folks.

If you have means and skills to build on this effort, and want to be a direct part of the "Journey of Challenge" team, contact me.

Now, I think a treestand is begging for my butt to warm it's cold steel seat.

— Mark Baker, chair
classicbowhunting@live.com

PBS Letter to the Editor

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



September 27, 2013

Dear Sirs,

Thank you for your very generous contribution of \$1,000.00 to Boulder Crest Retreat for Military and Veteran Wellness.

Typically, our severely wounded servicemen and women are enlisted personnel, and earn less than \$2,000 per month – hardly enough to live on, let alone pay for the physical and psychological rehabilitation they will need for months and perhaps years to come. Many of these veterans do not receive enough compensation from the government to make a substantial dent in helping them pay their monthly expenses. So clearly, some of the funds for their rehabilitation will have to come from private sources.

The plight of wounded veterans is well known and your donation will help fund the not-for-profit Boulder Crest Retreat, which I envision as a restful and restorative refuge for wounded warriors and their families to stay while undergoing rehabilitation programs in the Washington, D.C. area. The joy of a retreat or a mini-vacation can make an enormous difference, especially when there are no out-of-pocket expenses to the wounded veteran.

It is the generosity of others that will allow us to build this first class retreat where our wounded warriors and their families can recover and reconnect in a nonclinical environment.

Warm Regards and Sincere Thanks,

Very Generous!
Thank You
Ken Falke
Chairman and Founder

Fourth Quarter 2013 • PBS Magazine

Old School
Limited Addition

Old school:
a term used to
describe traditional
abilities and skills
based on self
reliance and a
resulting skill.

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PBS 2014 Biennial Gathering 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.

A familiar landmark of the city skyline, Hyatt Regency Cincinnati offers every possible convenience under one roof.



Host 1,200 for an elegant banquet in the city's largest hotel ballroom, walk across the second-level skywalk to Saks Fifth Avenue, Tower Place Shopping Mall, and Duke Energy Convention Center or relax and recharge in our glass enclosed heated indoor pool and 24/7 StayFit™ gym.

Whether you're visiting for business or leisure, there's something sure to spark everyone's interest at our welcoming downtown Cincinnati, Ohio hotel.

Rise refreshed. Ease into your day at Hyatt Regency Cincinnati. There is no need to rush. Enjoy a freshly prepared

breakfast just for you, when you're ready to make a move.

Menus • Menus

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 seasonal 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

SERVICES & FACILITIES

- Hyatt Express Check-In Kiosks
- Hyatt Fast Board™
- 1-800-CHECK-IN®
- PDA check-in
- Wireless Internet, T-Mobile® HotSpot® in lobby and restaurants
- Business Center and support services
- In-room dining
- Assistive listening devices
- Currency exchange
- Valet parking, self-parking
- Full-service salon in connecting mall
- Concierge service
- Multilingual staff
- Laundry /dry cleaning
- Gift Shop

POINTS OF INTEREST

- Connected to Saks Fifth Avenue and Tower Place Mall
- Paul Brown Stadium –home of Cincinnati Bengals
- Great American Ball Park – home of Cincinnati Reds
- US Bank Arena
- The Aronoff Center for the Arts
- Newport on the Levee
- National Underground Railroad Freedom Center
- Eden Park and Krohn Conservatory
- 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 part
- Horse racing at Turfway Park and River Downs
- Historic Mainstrasse Village



Cincinnati Information Central

Donations: PLEASE consider sending someone on Council an e-mail or giving us a call with donation pledges. Our Society relies on the generosity of the membership for donations towards our fund raisers—THANK YOU!

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! (Notice there are a few minor edits between the Q3 edition and the edition in THIS magazine).

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>

General Raffle: Your Council has decided to give out an additional 25 general raffle tickets with each half draw package and an additional 50 general raffle tickets with each full draw package to help offset the increased hotel and meal price from previous events. Tickets will be held with registration packets awaiting your arrival.

VIP Suite Auction: PBS will have a two-phase auction for a VIP Suite (See details in this edition).

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 Alaska, will be our keynote speaker for the Saturday evening banquet.

Banquet Seating: Friday and Saturday banquet seating will once again be available by first come, first served sign up on a table diagram like in Portland. Repeating a past success!

Ladies Offsite Event: A riverboat tour and luncheon has been arranged with B&B Riverboats on the Ohio River (See ad for details in this issue).

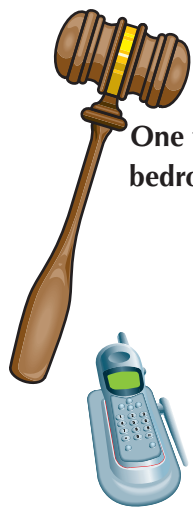
Shopping: No planned trip is necessary, awesome shopping opportunities exist literally FEET away from the hotel, so close you won't even need to go outside!

Seminar Speakers: See this issue of the Professional Bowhunters Magazine for the most up to date list of seminars and speakers (See add in this issue).

Youth Seminar: Sterling Holbrook will instruct youth on primitive arrow construction on Friday and Saturday. See the ad in this edition for additional details. Space is limited.

Donations: I know, I listed Donations twice, they are that important. 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 your Council reduce the workload at banquet crunch time.





Cincinnati Hyatt VIP Suite Auction

One term of the contract with the Cincinnati Hyatt provides for a one bedroom VIP suite for four nights during the 2014 Biennial Gathering.

The after tax value of this suite is over \$1400.

Your Council has elected to make this suite available to the membership by a two-phase bid process.

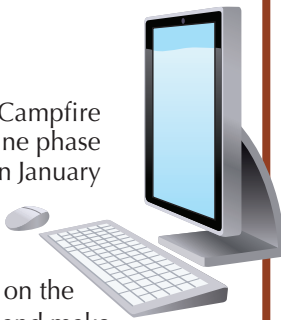
1st Phase ~ Now to Jan. 3

During the first phase of the auction, members may place a bid by e-mailing or calling in the amount of their bid to the PBS Home Office (e-mail address and phone number are on page 4 of this issue of "The Professional Bowhunter Magazine"). E-mail or phone bids are due to the Home Office by January 3, 2014.

2nd Phase ~ Jan. 4 to 12

The second phase of the auction will be held on the Cyber Campfire forum of the PBS website at www.ProBowSociety.Net. The online phase of the auction will start on or about January 4, 2014 and close on January 12, 2014. Online bidders will have no knowledge of bids received by the Home Office.

After January 12, 2014 VP Hohensee will request information on the highest bid placed with the Home Office during the first phase and make a comparison with the highest online bid to determine the final winner. Bidders may submit a bid to the Home Office and may also place online bids.



Youth Seminar Primitive Arrow Crafting

The Cincinnati Banquet will offer a Youth Seminar and lunch on Friday that will feature past primitive arrow contest winner Sterling Holbrook.

Sterling will teach the youth to craft their own primitive river cane arrows. The seminar will include the use of all natural materials such as home made pine resin hot melt, sinew, hide glue and turkey feather preparation. The final finishing of arrows will take place on Saturday morning.

This seminar is limited to the first 10 participants above 8 years of age.

Cost is \$15 and includes pizza lunch on Friday.

Sign up using the ticket order form on the inside cover of this issue of "The Professional Bowhunter Magazine"

Guest Speakers



Friday Evening Speaker: Scott Koelzer

Scott Koelzer is 63 years young and has been shooting a bow since age 8. A native Montanan, Scott resides in the small town of Three Forks in the southwest corner of the state. For the past 35 years the bow Scott hunts with is a Schafer Silvertip recurve made by his good friend Paul Schafer. Paul also took Scott to British Columbia on his first Canadian hunting trip and he has been fortunate enough to go back many times in the years since. Scott is an active member of PBS, P&Y, Comptons, Montana Bowhunters Association and Bowhunters of Wyoming. See you in Cincinnati!



Saturday Evening Speaker: Doug Borland

Doug Borland, a serious longbow enthusiast who joined PBS in the early 1970's, has over the years served on the PBS Council and also served as past PBS President. He is a longtime Alaska resident who, while trying to balance the ups and downs of running his own business, has spent his leisure time as much as possible in the Alaskan wild. He is one of the founders and a past officer of the Alaskan Bowhunters Association; he helped start Moose John Outfitters in Alaska, offering wilderness adventure for bowhunters; he helped publish the Alaska Bowman magazine; and then in the early 1990's, he spent three years in Russia as a guide and outfitter for bowhunters and flyfishers. With around 50 years of bowhunting experience, he has learned that the wilderness is the safest place to hide from the terrors of the internet, the traffic of the city, the trauma of TV and other "realities".





Seminars

Joining the Hunt

*Moderated by Krista Holbrook;
Featuring Olga Borland*

This seminar is ideal for men and women looking to broaden their outdoor opportunities with their partner. Olga Borland will discuss overcoming her apprehension and the physical demands of accompanying her husband on an arduous sheep hunt deep in Alaska's Brooks Range. Olga will also share her experiences foraging for wild edibles. Professional photographer Lori Thomas will discuss opportunities for non-hunters through the medium of nature photography. Questions and answers will follow.

DIY Alligator Bowhunting

Terry Receveur, NY & Jeff Holchin, NC

"Chootem' Elizabeth"! The cry for action comes from Louisiana alligator hunter Troy Landry of the reality TV series "Swamp People". The show is extremely popular and has caused a surge in the number of people who would like to hunt alligators. This seminar will provide all the information needed to help you start planning for a Do-It-Yourself (DIY) Florida alligator bowhunt. You will learn about the following topics: how to apply for the limited permits; the specialized equipment necessary; hunting techniques; safety awareness; judging the size of a gator; trophy and meat care; and estimated costs. Actual hunting equipment will be available for review and demonstration.

Alaskan Moose

Monty Browning, SC

Monty is one of bowhunting's finest speakers and we are fortunate to have him recreate the experience of the unforgiving bush from his extensive trips into interior Alaska. In Monty's search for solitude he will face drama, potential life ending challenges, bears, and a whole lot more.

Hanging for Deer: The OTHER Treestand

Joey Buchanan, MS

PBS's second favorite southerner, Joey Buchanan, stopped standing in stands several years ago and has started "hanging for deer". Joey will have three different models on hand and will share his secrets for climbing trees safely, tree sling selection, hunting safely, and efficiently moving into position for the shot. Hear Joey's secret for staying in his tree all day while SAFELY being able to take a mid-day nap! Joey says that hanging for deer is "hotter than two mice cracking in a wool sock", what that means we do not know. Joey says he will be prepared for wise cracks from the peanut gallery and to bring it on!

Why in the World Would I Need a Blood Tracking Dog?

Walt Dixon, NY

Walt Dixon is a PBS Regular member, a Life Member of Deer Search (NY), and a member of The United Blood Trackers in North America. There are about 23 states and some Provinces in Canada that allow the use of dogs to trail wounded big game, but the regulations vary. In NY a leashed tracking dog is used and both the handler and dogs must be licensed. Walt will present a discussion on the history, training, techniques and usage of dogs to help recover wounded big game animals in North America and Europe and will review the states and provinces that allow tracking and the resources available for identifying, locating and training dogs.

How to Improve Your Shooting

Mike Fedora, PA

Mike Fedora has been doing professional shooting seminars for over 50 years. Results are world record animal and state, regional national, international champions. Mike will cover instinctive, gap, and bare bow shooting styles.

Gourmet Game

Menette Burns, LA

We understand that gourmet cooking runs in Menette's genes. Her uncle, a renowned cajun chef, has taught her well. The audience can look forward to cooking tips to take their favorite game to the next level.

The State of the Art of Bowhunting

Gene Wensel, IA

The Cincinnati crowd will not want to miss Gene reminisce about how bowhunting and hunting in general has changed during his lifetime. Gene will share some stories from his youth and some additional thoughts on his recent thought provoking article about hunting versus shooting. Additional topics will provide some observations about technology, and thoughts on the future of hunting, outdoor commercialism, observations on how America and society has changed, and food for thought. The presentation is intended to lean toward ENTERTAINMENT rather than try to sway opinions.

The North American Archery Super Slam

Dennis Dunn, WA

Aside from considerable luck and some financial resources, Dennis will reveal what it takes to achieve a North American Archery Super Slam.

~ continued on page 14





More Seminars ~ continued from page 13

Decades of Elk

Mark Ulschmid, ID & Doug Chase, ID

This one will be a presentation by a pair of Idahoans that have quietly gone about the occupation of arrowing elk for several decades. If anyone has unlocked the secrets to effective elk bowhunting it is these two. Wolves and lions have nothing on these guys!

PBS Membership Hunts 2010 – 2014

Rob Burnham, VA & Doug Clayton, IA

Rob and Doug will show selected highlights from some of the many membership hunts that have taken place in the past several years, let the membership in on upcoming 2014 hunt and offer a little bit of encouragement and advice to organize a membership hunt.

North Carolina's "Bow Only Zones"

Cory Mattson, NC

Cory Mattson will talk about a new program (BCRS) of certified and insured bowhunters who offer their free service to help landowners and homeowners reduce deer numbers. This is a "win-win" situation that has had huge success and the result is today's bowhunters are in demand and 'invited' to hunt. ♣

Take A Break!

We can't bowhunt
all the time!



See what's happening at
www.probowsociety.net

- Knowledge Through Experience Topics
 - Discussion Forums • Online Store
- Membership Group Hunts • Youth Hunt Info
 - Gathering Information
 - Membership Dues Payment
 - PBS History

and Much, Much More!



**PROFESSIONAL
BOWHUNTERS SOCIETY**
"Knowledge through Experience"

Banquet Donations



Recurve Bow



51@28" 58" Recurve 2 pc. T/D with the Bow Bolt.
Riser is Osage with a Black Phenolic Ibeam with a thin slice of red elm between the osage and phenolic for an accent. Limbs are Osage laminations under clear fiberglass. Donated by St. Joe River Bows.

"Pack of Dreams"

**Items for live auction at banquet....
all one package:**

*(there will be several more items added to this list....so
stay tuned via www.probowsociety.net!)*

- Great Northern LE Super Ghost bow
- 1 dozen True North Arrows, broadheads, and points
- Set of 4x4 whitetail rattling antlers
- Whitetail hunt (location to be determined)
- Custom hunting pack (brand to be determined)
- Custom hunting knife (brand to be determined)
- Arm-guard by Farr West Leather

"Molokai Madness"

**7 days of sun and fun on uncrowded
Molokai, the "real Hawaii"**

Doug and Olga Borland will again donate their 2 bedroom condo for a one-week stay on Molokai, along with long-time contributor Walter Naki from Molokai donating his services for 3 days of guided bowhunting, fishing or diving. Axis deer, wild pig and feral goats above the clear blue ocean; fish for your supper from the beach in front of the condo; and enjoy the view of the sunsets from the upper deck of this luxury accommodation. Dates optional but limited to May through September 2014. *Trip will be auctioned off at the Saturday evening banquet in Cincinnati!*





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 manor, then all such work must have been done by the entrant.
- No sharp broadheads; sharpness will not be a judgment factor.
- No field points.
- No individual stands or frames.
- No illegal feathers or other illegal animal parts (hawks, eagles, owls, etc.)
- All entries become property of PBS and will be auctioned off at the Saturday evening banquet.
- Each entry must have a title or name, as in a painting or trout fly.
- Each entry must have an index card with title of entry, name/address of craftsman, description of arrow and materials and category.
- **Send INDEX CARDS ONLY or e-mail to Brenda Kisner,** PBS, P. O. Box 246, Terrell, NC 28262 (or by e-mail: probowhunters@roadrunner.com) before March 1, 2014. This will give us an idea of how many entries and allow us time to make display signs for each entry.
- Deadline for arrow arrival at 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.

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.

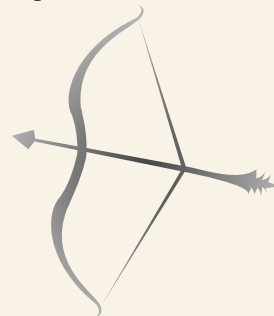
Professional Recurve
Professional Longbow

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.



PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTERS SOCIETY BIG FIVE BOW RAFFLE



1. **Stalker - Coyote XT** winner's specs.
2. **Black Widow** \$1200.00 value
3. **Toelke Any One Piece or Take Down** Limited to wood in stock.
4. **Tall Tines - Bow** to winner's specs.
5. **Fedora - Bow** to winner's specs.

A Bonus has been added to the Big Five Bow Raffle!

One dozen custom cedar arrows & 6 Eclipse broadheads will be going with each bow. Donated by True North Arrows & Eclipse Broadheads.

*Drawing to be held Sat., March 29, 2014 at the PBS Banquet in Cincinnati, Ohio.
Do not need to be present to win. Options available at the winner's expense.*

Please send payment and completed ticket stubs by March 21, 2014, to:
\$5.00 each PBS, P.O. Box 246, Terrell, NC 28682 6 for \$20.00

The ticket order form can be found on the inside back of the dust cover.

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

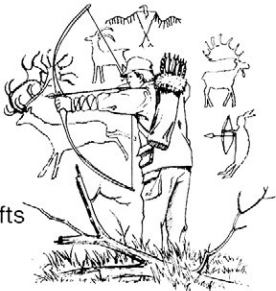


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- CONSERVATION PROGRAM
- MUSEUM OF BOWHUNTING
- ETHICS & RULES OF FAIR CHASE

NEWS

* "A Traditional Journey" is now available,
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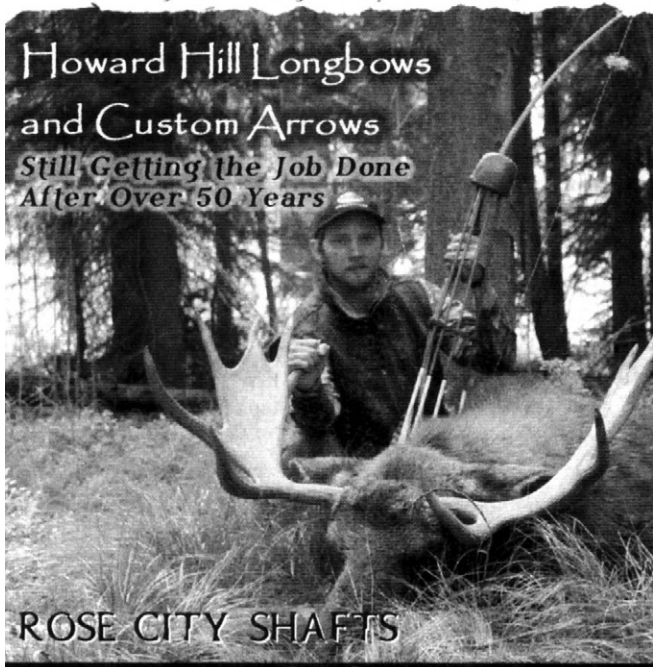
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Candidate Profiles

3 Year Councilman Candidates: Preston Lay and Cory Mattson

One vacancy, for every vacancy, there must be a minimum of two candidates.

3 Year Councilman Candidate Preston Lay

Phone: 918-757-2259
Email: longbow@cimtel.net

First I would like to say what an honor it is to be a candidate for the P.B.S. Council. With so many iconic people who have served, it is a very prestigious position to say the least. I have vowed to become more involved with PBS, so being a candidate is the beginning.

My name is Preston Lay and I live near Jennings, Oklahoma. I have been blessed with my wife Kim of 23 years and one son, Jesse, who is 22 years old. Jesse is entering his fifth year as a U.S. Marine and is currently stationed at Kaneohe Bay, HI. Two labs Boomer and Koko. I help keep the Oklahoma roadways safe as a State Trooper for the Oklahoma Highway Patrol.

My life is certainly centered around my love of bowhunting. This love led me to PBS, as I felt then it was made of bowhunting's finest people, and to this day I feel the same. I don't see the need for a lot of change. I feel we have some positive things in place and we should provide the support for our hard working members. I think we must expand our membership. Certainly not all bowhunters are PBS material, but most all of us know people who should be members. What better than our members seeking out and recruiting like minded, hard core,

bowhunters? Our future depends on good membership. With operating cost, the bottom line is we need members.

Our publicity committee needs full Council support with getting the word out. We need to finish up the promo video so we can show others what we're about. We should encourage our members to attend functions to promote PBS and make our display available to them, the promotion of ethical bowhunting. I am against the prolific use of technology throughout all forms of hunting. Most important I focus on a strong ethical code. What we carry may be different but we are all bow hunters and should avoid devices to aid in the taking of game.

The PBS website is making great strides and is probably our best tool today. Our website committee does an excellent job. Membership participation is what's needed. I would highly encourage all our members to become involved so the growth will continue. The membership group hunts are very exciting. It's a great way to fraternize with other members and stir new ideas for PBS. I would offer my full support as a Councilman.

I feel we should as members pull together and make progress in a positive way. Bickering amongst ourselves only



sets us back." "United we act for preserving bowhunting's traditional values". I would always remember I serve the membership and could set aside differences for the betterment of PBS. I would encourage all members to vote. As a final word I am honored to be running against Cory Mattson. Cory has been very active and certainly has high credentials for this position. This is a very important office in our organization, so please take the time to look over both candidate profiles and please vote. I can be reached at 918 757-2259 or longbow@cimtel.net and I welcome any questions.

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HUGE SALE. I am selling out of my King of the Mountain wool inventory at 20% off of the retail price. Call or email for prices. I have a few new and used Bighorns and Kota recurves, longbows and Little Bighorn bows. New recurves and longbows by Ron Foley of Foley Custom Bows. These bows by Ron are the quietest bows that I have ever shot and they are beautiful. Also the the complete line of Swarovski optics, Badlands backpacks and traditional archery equipment. Call, write or email for prices. (BS)2 Enterprises, Gary Stefanovsky, 9805 26th St. NE, Bismarck, ND 58503-9783. Phone: 701.223.1754, Email: garystefanovsky@hotmail.com or wooking2000@aol.com.

There's room for your ad!

Candidate Profiles

3 Year Councilman Candidate

Cory Mattson

PBS qualified/Regular Member
Life member Traditional Bowhunters of Georgia

Life member United Bowhunters of Missouri

Life member North Carolina Bowhunters Association - NCBA-BCRS certified.

I do all of my big game hunting with bow and arrow in and out of archery seasons.

I believe in and support PBS bylaws and ethics statements. I also believe in practicing and promoting traditional values and fair chase. PBS has always been the place where dedicated bowhunters could get away from the mainstream to share ideas and learn.

I remember the first time I went to a PBS banquet weekend. I was blown away that there were hundreds of people mingling together that had more in common with each other than any group I had ever been with in my life. PBS became my extended family and I have been blessed with friendships that will last a lifetime. Truth is most of my longest and best friendships are a result of PBS. I remember the time Doug Kerr came into camp with an idea to combine youth leadership integrated into an actual hunt in a lodge setting. He talked to Gene Wensel and Gene said go talk to Cory since I had earlier talked about taking my daughter to hunt. We were in Texas and I was looking at the next spring break. Well Doug did come to share a campfire and throw ideas around. Soon after we started the PBS youth hunts. Hunting, shooting, tons of food and I think it was on our first one Dick Robertson and I both did seminars for the kids. We kept going and one of the highlights was always Larry Fischer handing out prizes to the kids. It resembled Christmas morning more than a hunt camp; handing out packs, knives and stuff like that. Fun times. When we started traditional equipment was required and the youth that participated answered that challenge. We ran a no compounds, no excuses camp.

I cooked a lot of dinners for lots of peo-

ple but at no time in my life did it make more of an impact on me than when we were in Charlotte. I had been working on prep and travel since early morning and when I grabbed an ice tea and walked through the parking lot I was blown away with the names on the vehicles. Black Widow was one and Ken Beck and I became friends later. More fun times. I had just read a bunch of articles in Traditional Bowhunter Magazine by a guy named Don Thomas. His article about taking a problem dog out for his last hunt remains one of my all-time favorite outdoor pieces so I invited him to hunt pigs. Wild hogs, free ranging with no fences, no dogs and no trespassers. He accepted and we got in the habit of hunting all over for some years. More good times.

There is a lot more but you get the idea. At this point PBS is my extended family and at times it feels like my dysfunctional family. As I see it, PBS flourished into the late 90s with steady growth and a real sense of camaraderie. PBS was "the destination" for traditional archery hunters who were dedicated woodsmen. For several reasons PBS has had fits and starts since 2000 and amazingly we are still here. In fact PBS has lost 1250 members since we chose to not go "traditional" and during this same period we picked up not a single percent of these compound shooters who are running around the woods with supposed "traditional values".

As I see it we need to organize two situations. One is how we operate and what we agree on internally. Two is how we operate and what we agree on externally.

Internally: I propose we solidify that the animals a prospective member presents when they apply for qualified/regular membership be taken with traditional bows. This already happens almost all the time. I think it is time to send a clear message and challenge to those who want to continue as PBS members that we love all the components of bowhunting beginning with, shooting and hunting with real bows. No gimmicks, no shortcuts, no excuses. I do not believe all bowhunters are on a journey but I do believe that all who are



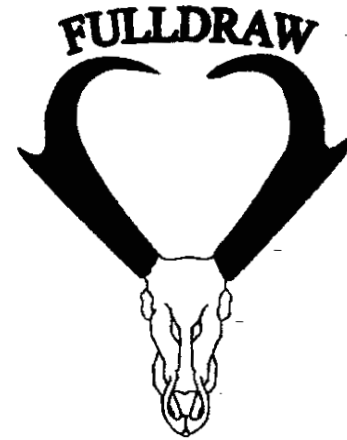
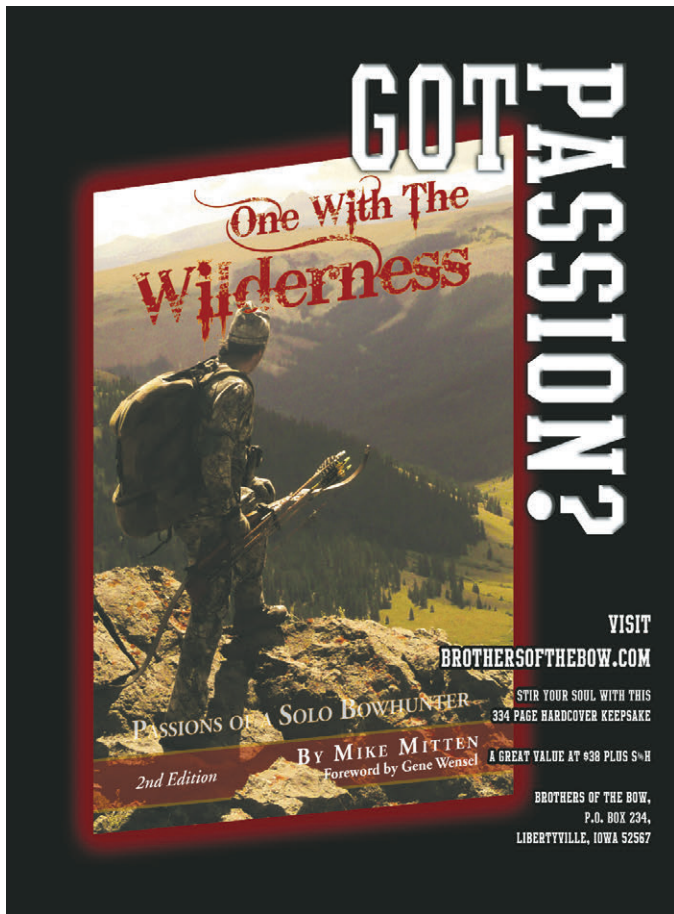
genuinely on a journey will embrace this challenge. It is a worthy challenge and as such will put new regulars more honorably with the founders who shot traditional (pre 68) bows and with those of us who have come later and dedicated ourselves to using real bows. For those who do not wish to pursue qualified / regular membership and remain associates as well as aging regulars and children; these members would be able to continue using compounds with 65% or less letoff, no lasers, no electronics.

This is not about telling others what they can shoot. It is about us dedicated traditionalists saying we will not play make believe bowhunters.

Further I propose that on our brochure where it says "compound" we add 65% max and that our Councilmen use the 65% maximum language when they discuss compounds in a context of and about PBS. It is dishonest in my opinion to act as though compounds are cool in PBS when in fact compounds are not unless they are 65% or less letoff.

We hear all the time "compound technology has gone too far" yet few will say what is unacceptable. PBS clearly states 66% or more letoff is not acceptable. On our website this information is hard to find. The PBS website should have bylaws, ethics statements and mission statement just a click away for members and nonmembers.

~ continued on page 20



OUTFITTERS

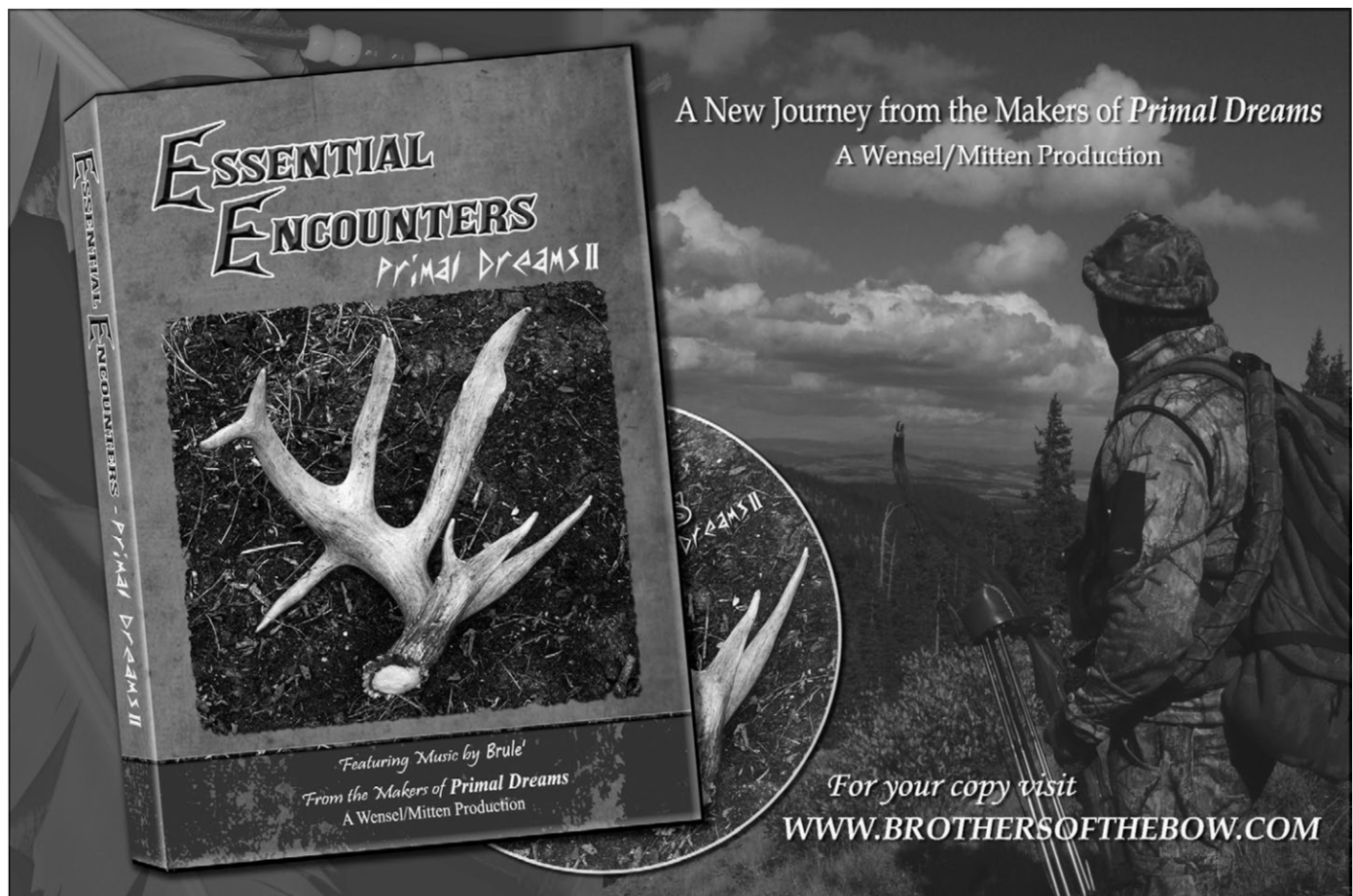
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2013 PBS Member Survey Results



Thank you for helping us better serve you by participating in this member survey.

It is important for the leadership and members of PBS to maintain a pulse on the attitudes of the membership. In July of 2013 a member questionnaire was conducted. Questionnaire themes were similar to those from the last membership poll conducted in 1996, now 17 years ago. The recent survey was offered to both associate and regular members, while the 1996 survey was exclusive to regular members. Results of the 2 surveys were similar, especially on major topics of equipment, views on technology and hunting ethics, the fundamental direction of organization, membership involvement with organizational activities, and satisfaction with PBS sponsored offerings and events.

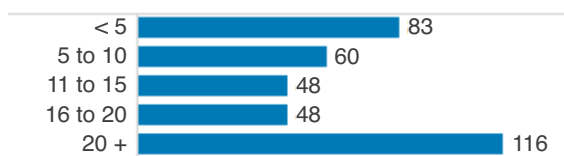
This year's results were compiled from 360 completed

questionnaires, representing approximately 25% of the current PBS membership. Half of the respondents submitted written questionnaires and half completed the survey on-line. The following graphs show the results of the 2013 PBS questionnaire.

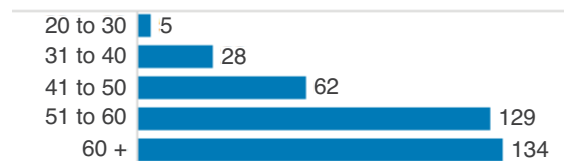
See the president's message and council reports in this magazine for discussion on some of the highlights from this questionnaire. Questions and results from both this survey and the 1996 questionnaire will soon be available on the PBS website. The Council will give a more in-depth presentation and assessment during the membership meeting in Cincinnati at the 2014 Biennial Gathering. It is our hope that these results, and further analysis of these results, will help define the PBS of today and influence the future direction of our organization.

~ Jim Akenson, President
For the PBS Council

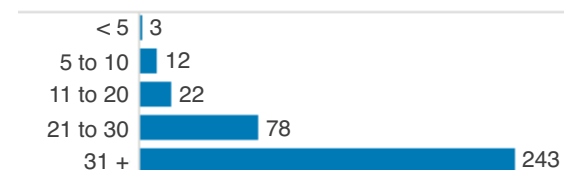
Years As PBS Member?



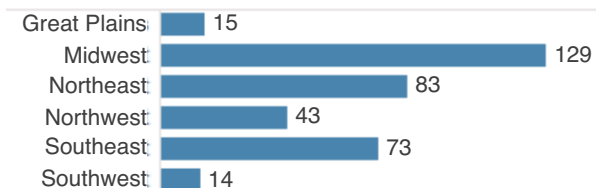
What Is Your Age Group?



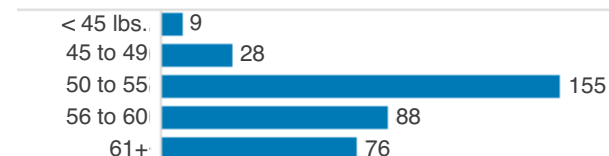
Been Bowhunting for () Years



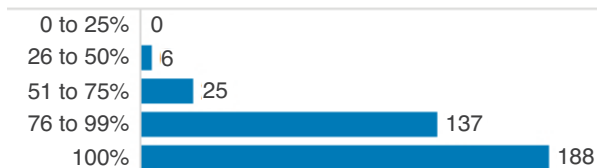
Region You Are From



What Is the Draw Weight of Your Primary Hunting Bow?



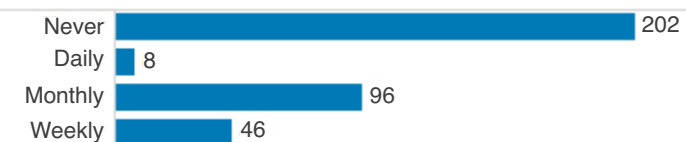
% of Hunting Big Game Done with Bow?



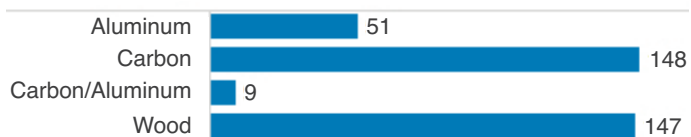
How Often Do You Visit the PBS Website/Message Board?



How Often Do You Participate on Message Board?



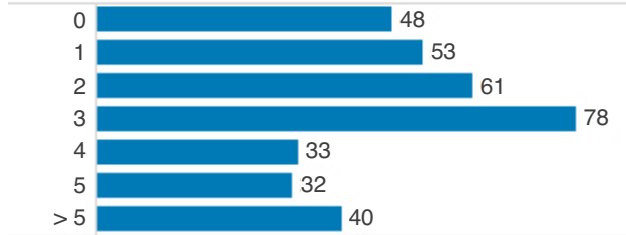
What Type of Arrow Do You Prefer to Hunt With?



Most Frequent Hunting Partner's Primary Bow?



How Many States Did You Hunt in Last 5 Seasons



What is your Primary Hunting Bow?



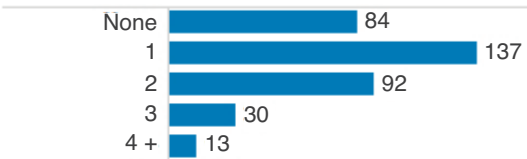
Do You Hunt from a Treestand?



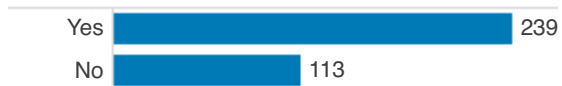
When Hunting From Treestand, Do You Use a Harness?



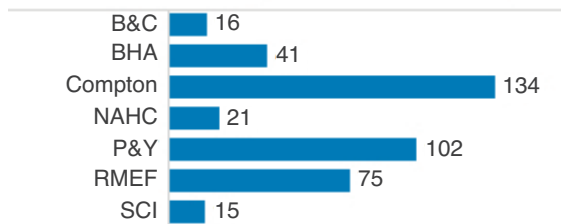
How Many State Bowhunting Orgs Do You Belong To?



Do You Belong to Other National Organizations?



What Other National Organizations Do You Belong To?



Do You Like the Elitist Reputation Associated With PBS?



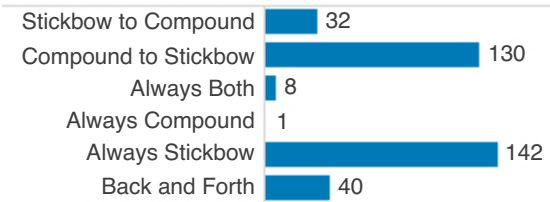
Should PBS Members Possess More Competence Than Others?



Should PBS Members Continue to Uphold a Higher Standard?



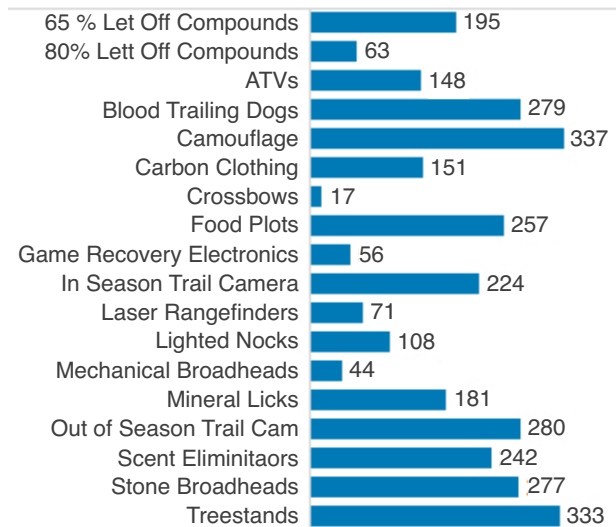
Which Best Describes Your Bowhunting Journey?



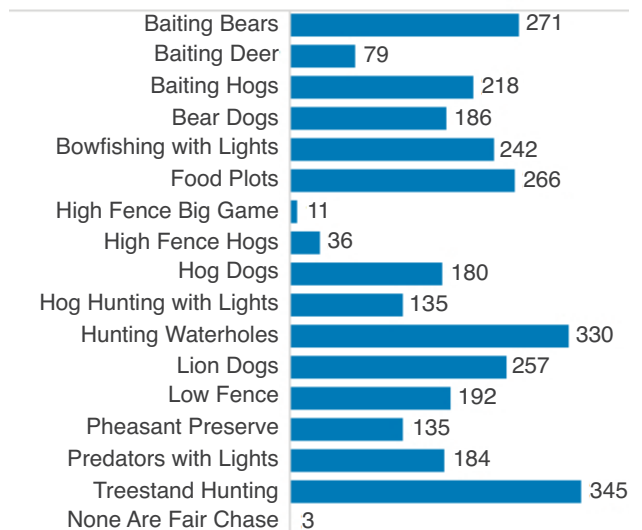
Would You Be Interested in Membership Hunts?



What Technologies Do You Consider Acceptable in Bowhunting?



Which Methods Constitute Fair Chase?



Member Survey Results ~ continued from page 23

How Important is PBS/Compton/P&Y Bowhunting Statement?



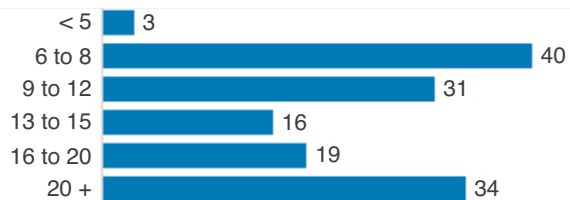
Associate or Regular Member?



Do You Feel Like You Applied for Regular at Right Time?



How Many Big Game Animals Had You Taken When You First Thought You Were Ready for Regular Membership?



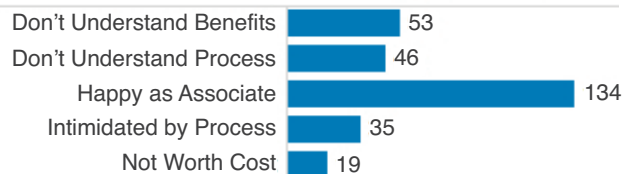
Do You Have a Desire to Become a Regular?



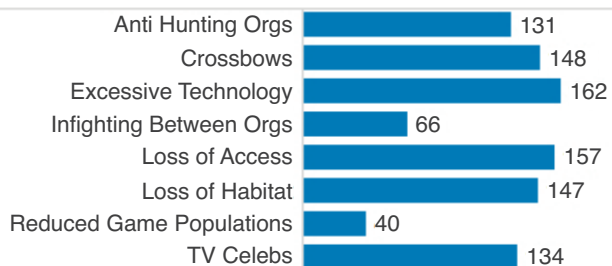
Have You Sought Out a Regular for Sponsorship?



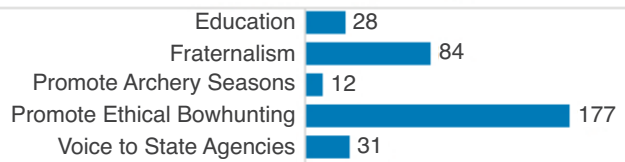
What Are Your Reasons for Not Applying for Regular?



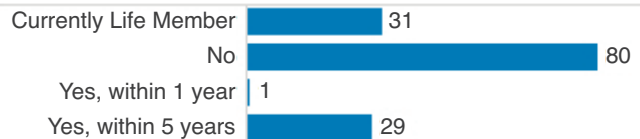
In Your Opinion, The Top 3 Threats to Bowhunting?



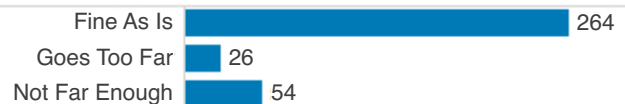
What Do You Think Should Be The Future Direction of PBS?
(Results Are Member's Top Choice)



Are You or Do You Plan to Become a Life Member?



Current PBS Code of Ethics and Equipment Statement?



Are You In Favor of Regional Representation?



Are You Interested in Serving as a Regional Representative?



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- Precise 25° Bevel
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Get mugged...PBS style!

Limited Edition stoneware mugs available now

For 2014, PBS is offering a special collectible mug to its members. These mugs are all made by hand here in the USA. They are 100% quality stoneware mugs, which hold 12 ounces or so of coffee or your favorite drink.



Each mug will display a customized emblem representing "Professional Bowhunters Society" and our KTE tagline in bold relief. They will also be dated for the year 2014. The exact color combination, the mug style, and the appearance of the custom logo are being kept secret at this time, but you can be assured that they will represent PBS and our outdoor lifestyle very well.

The PBS website has full details on the ordering process. Just go to www.ProBowSociety.net, enter the Forums, and click on PBS Cyber Campfire.

The price per mug is \$29.00 and that includes shipping to any member in the USA.

You may also order your mug by calling our home office at 704-664-2534. Payment is expected at the time of the order, and you may order as many mugs as you wish. Your order and payment can also be mailed to our

home office if you wish. Your order must clearly indicate: Collectible PBS Mugs - Series #1, and it must contain your shipping address.

Our plan is to offer a new collectible PBS stoneware mug series each year. This first round will be called Series #1, and will be offered for a limited time, then discontinued. When Series #1 is gone, it's gone. Thus far, we've sold around 50 mugs through the website, so get your order in now! The mugs are currently awaiting production, and your mug will be shipped as soon as we receive them. ♡



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Principal Financial Group
WE'LL GIVE YOU AN EDGESM



Ben Dodge harvested this bird in Nebraska with a Northwind Recurve, Willie Arrow & Wensel Woodsman broadhead.



The Smith's – Mark, Hunter and Jack with Hunter's first bow harvest.

Member Photos



**Joe Ellsworth, Regular, Stanton, MI
Wisconsin 8 Point
BlackWidow, Graflex/Wensel Woodsman**



**Ben Dodge and Bob Seltzer
with Bob's bird taken in Nebraska.**

**Have a
great
hunt
this
year?**



PBS Regular Member, Steve Riddle (left) and his brother, Mark (right), took these bucks in SW Kansas last November within 5 minutes of each other. Steve uses a Robertson and Mark shoots a Bighorn both with Magnus Broadheads.

Share it with your fellow PBSers!

Submit your favorite hunting photo to be included in the magazine!

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BY GENE WENSEL

Once Upon a Time
The Crooked Hat Chronicles
by Barry Wensel

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I Miss Captain Ed

By Mark Mitten



Let me rephrase that. A lot of us in the bowhunting brotherhood will miss Captain Ed. On January 30, 2011, at the age of 84, Ed Bilderback moved on to his next great adventure. Having a non-assuming demeanor, Ed never really received the recognition he deserved. I feel very privileged to have known Ed. I treasure the time I spent documenting his stories.

For those of you who never heard of Ed Bilderback, he was very instrumental in promoting our bowhunting cause. Most readers already know Fred Bear as one of the pioneers of modern bowhunting. He had the sir name "Bear" and owned the company that bore that name. As part of his business marketing, he needed to show the world what his bows could do. That's where Ed Bilderback came into the picture, at the right time and place. Or, maybe it was Fred who arrived at the right time and place, as Ed guided Fred to three Alaskan brown bears, one being a world record that stood for over 25 years. Fred used an upright standing full body mount of that bear as a traveling display to promote his products.

Destiny led mine and Ed's paths to unite. In August 2005, I was in southeast Alaska filming bears, eagles, salmon runs and native totem poles for our film project, "Essential Encounters, Primal Dreams II." At the airport waiting for my flight home, an old, salty, wizened-faced fisherman named Eric Weathers sat down beside me. To pass time, we started conversing. Eric, noticing all my camera equipment and gear, asked what I was doing, so I told him. He responded by saying, "I have a friend, Ed Bilderback, in Cordova, who guided Fred Bear." I recognized Ed's name from watching two of Fred's old hunting films, "Restless Spirit" and "Kodiak Country." I immediately replied, "I've heard of him! Is he still alive?"

Eric said, "Very much so. In fact, my wife takes care of his dog, Nugget, when

Ed's out of town." Through Eric and his wife, Denny, I was able to contact Ed Bilderback.

Ed agreed to do a video interview with me regarding his experiences while guiding Fred Bear. So in the spring of 2006, I met Ed for the first time in

Ed at the wheel (left) of his battle scarred *Valiant Maid* (above) always with a quiver of arrows and a pair of binoculars within reach.

diately, as Ed was into homeopathy and natural remedies. I, being a chiropractor and having a working knowledge of herbs and nutrition, sparked some in depth conversation. Ed said, "I should be interviewing you instead of the other way around."

I noticed Ed kept rubbing his shoulder, so I said, "What's wrong with the shoulder, Ed?" He replied, "I've had this darn shoulder pain for about 10 years now. It seems to be getting worse. I have difficulty lifting my arms and had to give up shooting my bow. I get massages from time to time for temporary relief."

I've seen this condition a hundred times in my practice. I told Ed, "I think I know what the culprit is. It is a pinched nerve in your neck." He agreed to lay on the bed at the motel we were staying at, allowing me to adjust his cervical spine. In an instant, his pain of 10 years was gone. It was like the old parable where the mouse pulled the thorn from the lion's paw. I was family now! In fact, Ed called his daughter, Donee, in Alaska telling her what had happened. She was grateful and invited me up to her home in Ketchikan. I took her up on the offer two years later.

Ed Bilderback was born in 1926 in Port Townsend, Washington. Ed's father, Charlie, moved his family to Ketchikan, Alaska when Ed was nine years old. Ed had a younger brother, Don, and a sister, Babe. The Bilderbacks became hard core Alaskans.

They did what was necessary to survive, the epitome of self-reliance. Ed said his father was the only person he knew who could drink coffee and chew tobacco at the same time. Ed's grandfather, "Buckshot," was quite a character too.

To make ends meet, the Bilderbacks did



Above, Fred Bear boards the *Valiant Maid* for yet another trip with Ed.

Albuquerque, New Mexico. He was staying with his long time friend, Mibel. (Ed had lots of girlfriends). Ed was 80 years old at the time. He had the same look and stature of vintage photos I'd seen of Kit Carson, the mountain man. I guess it was fitting, as we were in the Carson country of northern New Mexico. I could not believe how sharp tongued, keen witted and humorous this guy was. He definitely didn't need a teleprompter!

Ed had interesting perspectives and was very opinionated. We hit it off well imme-

it all. They lived the quintessential outdoor lifestyle - commercially fished, crabbed, shrimped, logged, fur trapped, prospected for gold, guided hunters, and even caught live animals for zoos, namely wolverines, land otters and brown bear cubs.

Ed also became very proficient at collecting government bounty money on seals and bald eagles. There was a time in Alaskan history where it was thought that thinning these two species would protect the fishing industry. Ed claims there are as many seals and eagles today as there ever was. For a while, Ed also delivered mail by boat to remote native villages, trapping and hunting along the way.

Ed and his brother, Donny, built their first fishing boat in 67 days, a 47-footer made out of wood. They made enough money fishing with this boat to buy the now famous vessel, the *Valiant Maid*, a 58-foot purse seiner made by Hanson Boat Company in Seattle. Donny bought a float plane. He would spot schools of fish from the air, then radio the location to Ed. This tag team worked well until Donny lost his life in a plane crash. Ed said between them, Donny was the better man.

During World War II, Ed enlisted in the Army. He was stationed in Fairbanks, Alaska. Ed trapped mink and other fur bearers right on the base. He said, "I always had more money in my pockets than the other servicemen."

Ed hunted with bow and arrow long before he met Fred Bear. Ed made his own self bows to hunt blacktail deer. He would easily call them into bow range using a blade of grass wedged between his thumbs.



At left is Ed with a mess of crows shot from the air.



Above from left: Fred Bear, Knick Knickerbocker and Ed Bilderback on a Nebraska bowhunt.

amazement, Fred and Bob were up on the hill above him looking down. They later told Ed they should have been right there but the route they took offered easier walking. Ed told them, "Next time, follow your guide!" Later on that same hunt, Fred did what he was told and harvested a 10-foot, 2-inch bear. This Puale Bay bear had a 28 inch skull and went number one in Pope & Young for a new world record.

In the spring of 1962, Fred and Bob

Later, Fred upgraded Ed to a Kodiak Magnum.

Fred Bear had hunted with famous bear guide, Park Munsey, from Uyak Bay, on Kodiak Island. Fred had no success with Park, so Glenn St. Charles found Ed in Cordova, Alaska. Glenn booked a hunt for Fred in the fall of 1959. Fred shot a small bear on that hunt, so he booked a second hunt for the spring of 1960. Fred brought his friend, Bob Munger, along as his hunting companion and cameraman. The two of them would continually try to get under Ed's skin. Every time Ed would do something or make a decision, they would say, "That's not how Park Munsey would do it." Finally, Ed had enough of his antagonists. "If this guy's so great, why aren't you hunting with him?" Ed shouted.

During the hunt, Ed saw a big 10-foot plus bear that Fred named "Big Head." Ed, thinking Fred and Bob were behind him, put a stalk to within several yards of the bear. Ed waited for Fred to shoot but nothing happened. The big bear finally swaggered off. Ed looked around. To his



Ed and Mark, friends 'til the end.

Munger went hunting with Ed again, this time in a secluded bay on Shuyak Island. Fred went with Ed's first mate, Harley King, to film an eagle's nest. While Fred was doing that, Ed and Bob went scouting. They came across two large bears resting on the beach. They quietly left the area to find Fred. By the time they returned after an unsuccessful search for Fred, the smaller of the two bears had moved on. Ed said to Bob, "It's a perfect set up for the bigger bear. If you want this bear, we need to move on it now."

In Bob Munger's book, "Trailing a Bear," Bob recounts this story but says he left his bow back at the boat. Ed's version of the story was slightly different. He told Bob they could easily get within bow range for a shot. Bob, pondering a moment, opted to use Ed's .375 back-up gun. After a short stalk, he shot the big bear at 40 yards. They could have gotten a lot closer. I asked Ed, "Why would Bob not want to shoot it with his bow?" Ed replied, "I don't think Bob wanted to show up Fred. Fred was taking Bob on these hunts. That bear ended up scoring 28 7/16 inches and if taken with a bow would have been the new world record. Fred would not have stayed on top for 25 years."

Later on that same hunt, Ed guided Fred to the infamous bear behind the rock, as seen filmed on "Kodiak Country." Some of the books identify this as being Fred's world record bear, but it's not. This was a 9-foot, 810 lb. spring bear with a 27-inch skull. The photos of the bear hoisted up in Ed's boat show this same bear.

One time on that hunt, the *Valiant Maid* was rounding a point when several seals jumped into the water, leaving one behind on the rock. When Fred shot three arrows

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**"Captain Ed" with
Bob Munger on the left.**

over the top of the seal, Ed said, "Give me that damn bow. I'll show you how to shoot a seal." When Ed shot, his arrow hit ten feet in front of the seal, glanced off the rock, and hit the seal in the head! The seal went down. Bob Munger yelled out, "You know what you just did? You out-shot Fred Bear!" Ed replied, "There wasn't a whole helluva lot to that!" Fred laughed.

Fred wanted Ed to try out the pod. The pod would attach to the end of an arrow shaft. It was filled with succinylcholine chloride, essentially making it a poison arrow that would paralyze the diaphragm. Ed shot a 1,200 lb. sea lion with the arrow. He said after a few minutes the only thing that moved was it's eyes. Ed told me Glenn

I Miss Captain Ed

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St. Charles chewed Fred out regularly for trying to develop and market the pod. Ed felt it was unnecessary and was afraid it might contaminate the meat.

When Fred was using aluminum arrows, Ed asked him if he could make some take down arrows. He wanted Fred to cut the arrow in half and install male and female inserts that would screw together. Ed thought this would make them easier to travel on a plane. Fred said, "Only a poacher would ask for something like that! How many dozen do you need?"

Ed hunted with Fred at his "Grouse Haven" property in Michigan and also in Nebraska, where Ed was dropped off at a hunting spot while Fred stayed in the car to take a nap. Ed went down the hill, saw a big mulie buck and called it in with a blade of grass, just like he did with blacktails in Alaska. A 30 yard heart shot put the buck on the ground only 15 minutes after Ed left the vehicle. When Ed packed it up the hill, Fred's eyes were as big as saucers as he awoke from his nap. Ed said, "Not much to killing these darn things is there?" and then, "Boy, that sure was a lucky shot. I wonder how come I keep

doing it all the time?"

Once Fred said to Ed, "I don't think we paid you enough for those bear hunts." Ed replied, "Hey, it's never too late." Fred then sent him 17 dozen arrows.

Fred had a lot of admiration for Ed. Fred said, "Ed is a going institution. He moves faster than a piss ant on a burning stick." Fred Bear also said, "Ed is the greatest all around bowhunter I ever hunted with. He's the best natural shot I've ever seen – gun or bow." In later years, during an interview, Fred was asked if he was the world's best bowhunter. He replied, "No, Ed Bilderback is. He's a better shot than I am and a better hunter. I just had better publicity."

When asked where he would go if he could make just one more hunt, Fred responded, "On a brown bear hunt with Ed Bilderback." Ed never made a big deal about guiding Fred Bear. To him, it was just one more adventure in a lifetime of adventures.

The biggest bear ever taken by one of Ed's clients had a 30 inch skull measurement. At the time, it ranked number seven in Boone & Crockett. Until that bear, the biggest thing the guy had ever shot was a rabbit.

Ed had an easy-going sense of humor. He insisted the best eating meat in Alaska is Dall sheep but complained that after he worked so hard getting one and packing it out, everybody wanted him to give them some.

He soon learned to take old mountain goat meat, mark the package "Sheep," and give that to people who asked. They didn't ask for more of his "sheep!"





Ed “becomes the arrow” while demonstrating to Mark.

One time Fred Bear and Bob Munger played a prank on Ed by going to the newspaper in Cordova, placing an ad that read, “Wanted: Sea otter skins and eagle feathers. Call Ed Bilderback.” They instructed the newspaper to run the ad a couple of months after they left Alaska. When the ad came out, it attracted quite a bit of attention, especially from Federal wildlife agents since these items were illegal to possess at the time.

The law came down from Anchorage to Ed’s home with a search warrant. Ed had a locked shed out back. All they found there was tools. After concluding the ad was a prank, Ed and the Feds were not happy. Ed went to the newspaper and asked who submitted the ad. They said a tall skinny guy and a short fat guy. The next time Bob Munger called, Ed said to him, “you must be the short fat guy.”

Ed paid Bob Munger back on a hunt in Hawaii. Ed had a friend who was a game warden. Ed talked Bob’s wife into taking Bob’s hunting license out of his wallet. The next day while hunting, Ed’s game warden friend stopped them to check licenses. Bob did not have his, so the warden confiscated his gear and ran him in. Later, after everyone except Bob had a good laugh, the warden put his hand out to shake Munger’s hand. Bob was so angry, he refused. Ed laughing, hollered, “What goes around, comes around, Bob!”

After my interview with Ed in Albuquerque, I headed south to the Mescalero Apache Reservation. I had an appointment to interview relatives of Cochise and Geronimo. Ed wanted to go along, so he followed behind in his car. We stayed at a motel in Tulerosa. The toilet in our room didn’t work. Instead of asking the motel manager to fix it or to give us another room, Ed just went to his car, grabbing tools and other items. As he came back into the room, he barked, “Get out of my way. While you’re thinking about what to do, I’ll already have her done. You break it, I Build Her Back!” This attitude came from years of self-reliance in Alaska’s last frontier.

After several days doing interviews and exploring the Mescalero, Ed and I reluctantly parted ways. I regularly called Ed for some enlightened conversation and verbal sparring. When we were ready to close out our phone calls, Ed would always say, “Okay, over and out!” before signing off.

The following winter, I made arrangements to stay with Ed for ten days in Hawaii. He was waiting for me at the Kona airport on the Big Island. I rented a Mustang convertible for cruising the island. The next day, we met up with Ed’s long time Hawaiian hunting partner, Stanley Yasuota.

Stanley was a former Hawaiian Bare Bow Champion. He managed a 17,000 acre hunting lease up on the mountain (or was it a volcano?). When we drove up in his 4-wheel drive truck, the road was so rough and rocky, it took us two hours to go ten miles.

The area I spent hunting was where Ed, Stan, and Bob Munger had hunted. Fred Bear was often invited to hunt but he would always decline, saying he was too busy. Ed and Stan both reasoned that Fred, being a lot older, didn’t want to hunt Hawaii because of the difficulty walking on all the loose lava rock. Stan said Bob Munger would bring them

dozens of arrows. “If a tree grew from a cedar shaft, the island would be loaded with cedar trees.” Stan also told me of the time Bob Munger spine shot a feral goat at 90 yards. “For the next 20 years, we had to listen to Bob brag about that shot.”

Ed was very disappointed in what we were seeing, or in this case, not seeing, during our hunt. He said there was a time when he would have seen 200 Mouflin sheep a day and have half a dozen or more opportunities for bow shots. Stan said the state had been using helicopters and assault

rifles to eradicate large numbers of sheep in an attempt to preserve a native Palila bird that nests in vegetation sheep regularly consume. Despite the depleted game, I managed to take a black feral goat, which we donated to an Asian family.

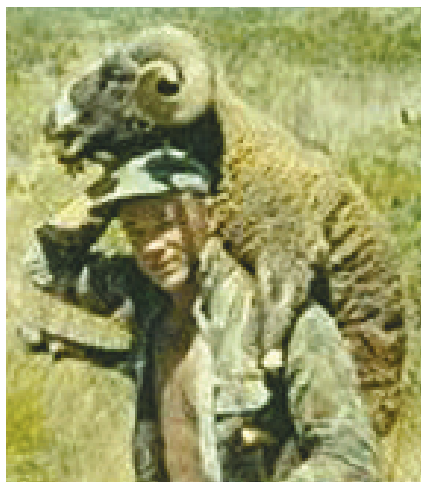
Ed spent over fifty winters in Hawaii. This would be his last rendezvous, a farewell tour of sorts and his final chance to say goodbye to old friends. Ed was a great tour guide. Every turn in the road seemed to jar his memory of a new hunting adventure.

Ed kept track of his Hawaii bow kills over the years: 164 wild pigs (several charging), 166 sheep, 17 goats, and 2 flying pheasants.

We stopped off at some cattle ranches where Ed used to hunt. Several of the ranchers had already passed on. At another one, Ed sat and conversed with a man for 45 minutes before the guy said to Ed, “What was your name again?” Ed didn’t realize his friend had Alzheimer’s.

We stopped at a lady’s house in a small Asian community. This lady remembered Ed well, calling him “Mr. Fix-it.” Ed had a habit of jumping right in and lending a helping hand. The two of them spent hours reminiscing. She had one goat in her fenced back yard. She commented that she had six others, but the neighbors down the street helped themselves one evening. The last she saw of her pets, they were going around in a circular motion over a fire pit!

Ed’s longtime girlfriend, Martha, allowed us to use her cottage as base camp. It was located deep in the rainforest near Volcanoes National Park. Here, Ed spent the evening storytelling. He spoke of the



Packing out yet another Hawaiian ram. Ed spent over 50 winters in Hawaii with an impressive number of bow kills over the years including: 164 wild pigs (several charging), 166 sheep, 17 goats and 2 flying pheasants.

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Panning for gold.

I Miss Captain Ed

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time he embarked on the gutsy feat of skipping the *Valiant Maid* across the Pacific all the way from Alaska to Hawaii.

Ed was contracted by the University of Hawaii to catch live sea turtles for research. He also

did deep water trawling for marine specimens. One night he brought up from the depths an octopus that had not been identified by the Smithsonian Institute. New species are often named after the discoverer, so the University asked Ed if they could name the creature "Bilderpus" after him. He declined the offer, but said in retrospect, "I should have told them yes. Being remembered for an octopus is better than nothing."

Ed also told of the time he caught a 12-foot, 1,000 lb. tiger shark on rod and reel.

He recalled how Glenn St. Charles once had a pile of Bear bows he couldn't sell because they had cosmetic defects in the fiberglass. He was about to toss them on a burn pile when Ed stopped him and said, "Let me take them to Hawaii and give them to the schools so they can start archery clubs." There were about 60 bows in all that he transported on the *Valiant Maid* from Seattle to Hawaii.

My ten days in paradise with Ed ended too soon.

The following June, I visited Ed for eight days in Ketchikan, Alaska at his daughter, Donee and son-in-law, Bob LeBeau's residence. Donee, who was named after her Uncle Don, said Bob married her just so he could have Ed as a father-in-law. Bob had a lot of respect for Ed and was always bragging about him.

Every day Bob and I would check crab traps. We'd regularly bring back our limit of Dungeness crabs. We'd clean and boil them right on the dock for a feast. Ed would try to keep up with me on the eating. He almost did, which is saying a mouthful (no pun intended).

Ed gave me a caribou antler tip bow he found in a cabin along the Katmai Coast fifty years earlier. Ashes from the Mt. Augustine eruption had covered the cabin. Quite an impressive artifact, the bow had been made by native Aleuts. I'm proud and thankful to own it.

One evening, I showed Ed a photo of my friends, Gene and Barry Wensel. Ed thought Barry looked a lot like Ned Beatty in the movie, "Deliverance." After analyzing it for a moment, I concurred that Ed was indeed right. There is an amazing resemblance. That might be why Barry grew a beard! One time on a Texas hog hunt, Barry fell on a prickly pear cactus. This made him squeal like a pig, which come to think of it, did sound a lot like Ned Beatty in that movie!

Ed always did exactly what he wanted to in life. He made a living doing all the things he loved. The *Valiant Maid* was his ticket to freedom. Ed purchased the *Valiant Maid* in 1948, when he was 22 years old. Ed took photographs of Glacier Bay. Later, the National Geographic Society used Ed's photos to compare before and after images of the receding ice fields.

Ed was hired by scientists to take them out to study killer whales and also to catch and tag salmon sharks. One time years ago, Ed pulled up his fishing nets to find a drowned 1,000 lb. giant leatherback turtle. After the turtle was stuffed, it was put on display at the World's Fair in New York City.

Another time, Ed and his brother Donnie were transporting a live wolverine in a

small float plane. During mid-flight, the wolverine somehow broke out of his containment, immediately trashing the interior of the aircraft. While Donnie piloted the plane, Ed engaged in "hand-to-claw" combat with the beast. After subduing and securing it back into its cage, Ed glanced at his extremities, which looked as if they had been through a wood chipper. He said to Donnie, "You know Don, there's gotta be an easier way to earn a living!" The biggest wolverine Ed ever caught tipped the scales at 58 pounds, which is three pounds heavier than the largest wild



Ed takes Mark to one of his "secret spots" in a convertible!

wolverine ever documented.

I asked Ed if he ever had any close calls while at sea, where he felt he wasn't going to make it back. He replied, "Everyday." He relayed a tale of when he and his wife Doreen were on a mail route at night through rough seas. They struck an iceberg, which put a big hole in the bow of the *Maid* below the water line. Ed quickly instructed Doreen to stuff mattresses into the hole to slow the intake of water. He then threw his 16 foot skiff off the stern, filling it with water. Using the winch and boom, he lifted the skiff's weight until it extended over the stern, raising the bow enough to keep the hole above the water line. With bilge pumps running, they slowly limped their way 50 miles back to Cordova.

Another time, word came to Ed that a fishing boat was in distress. Town folks were told the seas were too rough and the weather too unstable for any form of rescue. Ed, ignoring the warnings, cast off into the night's storm. Using only crude navigational techniques and seamanship, he found the wounded vessel off Kodiak Island. You can imagine the relief the other boat captain had when he saw Ed and his *Valiant Maid* cutting through the dense fog to rescue him.

There was a time when Ed had an all female fishing crew (Ed's Angels). This bikini clad crew created quite a lot of chatter in town. Ed ended this practice after a close call. Fishing is very hazardous work and he didn't want any of the girls to get



Ed and Mark holding on to all that remains of the *Valiant Maid* after it sunk.

injured.

In 1988, I was in Valdez, Alaska photographing wildlife. This was a month after the Exxon Valdez oil spill. At the time, I didn't know that Ed was in Prince William Sound helping with the clean up. Ed commented he made lots of money during the clean up but this did not offset the decline in fishing and the destruction of people's lives and livelihood in the region.

In 2003, Ed had just given the *Valiant Maid* a new paint job. She looked glorious as Ed cruised out of Cordova Harbor. After drinking a cup of hot chocolate, Ed dozed off a moment, running the Maid into Spike Island. This was a small island, or a big rock, depending upon your point of view. As Ed pulled the Maid off the island, she took on water and went down. The only thing that he salvaged was the steering wheel. Ed was left wet and heart broken. "For 53 years I kept her afloat. I only sunk her once. She was a faithful companion. She outlasted two wives and a whole bunch of girlfriends. Now, that's loyalty."

I asked Ed's daughter, Donee, to tell me what it was like growing up with her father. I'm sure you're going to enjoy this... "Dad was always larger than life. He lived the way many men fantasize about, but few live to tell about!

My earliest memories of him are of an energetic swirl of continual activity, his smiling face in the midst of it all. He lived at a nonstop pace most of the time, and complained whenever he had to spend a couple days hanging around the house, confined by walls and inactivity. In a way, he was more wild than tame. I often thought of him as the "Wildman."

The forest, the mountains and the sea were a more comfortable home, and the places where he was most content and at ease. In a way, I grew up pretty ignorant as to how "normal" families operated. I just assumed everyone had decapitated deer hanging upside down in their basements, or that most other families had their "family pictures" with dead animals or fish in the foreground. Little did I know at the time that us children were often used as photo ops for Dad's hunting trophies!

I was also surprised to learn that not all kids went seal hunting for bounty, meat and hides with their fathers. Often I had to crouch down in the skiff while Dad shot over my head at a seal. In fact, it is a bit disconcerting to realize many of the adventures I had with Dad would probably land us in jail today.

As far back as I can remember, he made his livelihood on the sea, with the "other woman" in his life, his fishing vessel, the *Valiant Maid*. Uncharacteristically for the

time, he took Mom and the three of us children with him on the boat whenever possible. When we were small, he would hang fish net on the inside bunks to prevent our falls, and set up playpens on the galley table to contain us. Even though he had to haul loads of stuff down to the harbor, he enjoyed having us along, never complain-

"Dad was always larger than life. He lived the way many men fantasize about, but few live to tell about!..."



Ed's daughter, Donee, and her husband Bob LeBeau.

ing about the hassles.

Long before Dad took the *Valiant Maid* to Hawaii, we spent winters as a family on the Big Island. For many years we fished Alaska in the summer, and wintered in Hawaii...us kids going to school while Dad bowhunted. It really was the best of both worlds. What an experience the first 18 years of my life were! Looking back at it now, I can appreciate so much more the uniqueness of the life I was given. So many wonderful memories and scenes play back in my mind from childhood: Waking up early in the morning as a little girl, hearing "the men" prepare for a hunt as I smelled fresh coffee brewing and bacon frying... And then later that same night, hearing the sounds of the men cooking up venison and reliving their hunts as laughter warmed me in my bed. Laying over the bow of the *Valiant Maid* as she plowed through rough seas, watching schools of dolphins playing tag...Tending the wild animal cage Dad erected in the backyard for injured animals... Feeding our wild baby goat "Lava" with a bottle until he was old enough to eat grass in our front yard...Braving dangerous seas aboard the boat, but never feeling

any fear because of the complete confidence we had in Dad...Learning REALLY bad cuss words, which I wasn't allowed to use around Mom or at school...Making tally marks on a piece of paper above the galley door to keep track of every load of fish, as Dad would pay me a dollar for each...Hiking lava fields with Dad for an afternoon hunt with the bow...Salting down seal hides in the fish hold of the Maid, then putting them in large wooden barrels for shipment...Target practicing on the beach ...

Setting up little sluice boxes next to White River at Cape Yakataga to find our own gold...It goes on and on...

Life with Dad was always with an exclamation mark! He was stubborn, opinionated, exasperating, and an ornery S.O.B! But he was also a doer, a giver, a sharer, an encourager, and a living inspiration. I miss you every single day since you've been gone Dad....and I will miss you every day going forward.

I'm so thankful that you were born in just the right era to take advantage of so much Alaska had to offer men like you... and that you shared so much of that adventure and enthusiasm with so many of us. I was blessed to be your daughter. You will always be The Great Ed Bilderback to me....You will always be my hero."

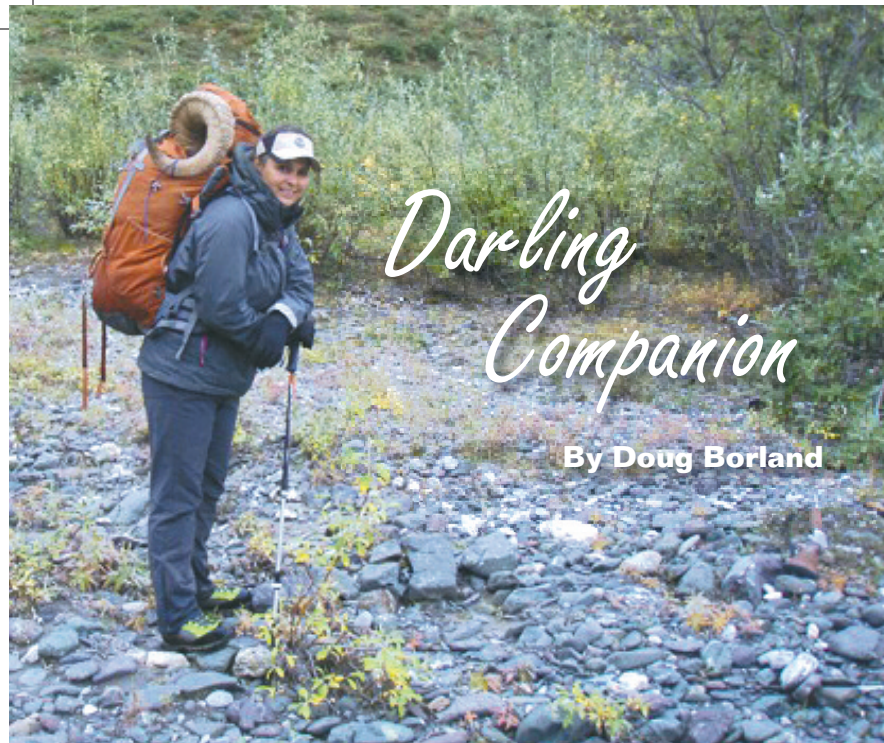
Kind of brings tears to your eyes, doesn't it?

If I had my choice to spend time with Ed Bilderback or Fred Bear, I'd pick Ed Bilderback. Why? Because Ed lived it every day! The last time I talked with Ed, he said to me, "Mark, I wish I was in good enough shape for one last hunt before I die." "What hunt would that be, Ed?" He replied, "Dall sheep." After Ed's passing, his son, Dan, cleaned and dressed his father in a spiffy suit. Family and friends gathered to pay respects. I'm proud to say, on top of Ed's head was his favorite hat, the one I gave him...our "Brothers of the Bow" hat.

I'd like you all to join me in a toast to Captain Ed Bilderback. What daringness, what defiantness, what brazenness, what feistiness, what orneriness, what unruliness, what cantankerousness, what preposterousness, what outrageousness, the audacity, the absurdity, and the arrogance of the open sea. We salute you!

I'm in the process of creating a collection of Ed's stories on DVD. Watch for them on www.brothersofthebow.com. ♡

Mark Mitten is a chiropractor and co-producer of films "Primal Dreams" and "Essential Encounters, Primal Dreams II". He lives in a hollow log, sharing his small farm with a hound dog, a horse, and a wild turkey in Wadsworth, Illinois.



Darling Companion

By Doug Borland

Chasing after mountain goats or Dall sheep on expedition backpack hunts in Alaska has always been a passion of mine. However, as I find myself in my 5th decade of such pursuits, the game has changed a bit. I have become much more “process oriented”, so that meat and horns are really a secondary goal. What I relish and need now is to experience the escape from the daily routine back to the basics and solitude of wilderness, to renew my spirit, and to share such times with a select few special like-minded outdoor partners.

So, for the first time ever, this spring I suggested to my wife Olga that she should go sheep hunting with me this August -- just the two of us -- to a remote sheep-hunting area accessible only by a 3 day backpack from the nearest drop-off point. We would be gone 18 days, pack into a base camp 20 miles distant and 2,000 ft higher in the mountains, while carrying everything necessary on our backs. Although I would carry my longbow and a sheep tag, it was really sharing a piece of wilderness that I had come to love with my life companion that would be the only goal.

I was somewhat surprised at her quick agreement that she would like to go; but not surprised at all that she embraced the preparation and was determined to carry her share. For six months she upped her exercise routines, searched for the perfect hiking boots, picked out clothing, and with my help refined her own set of backpacking gear. She studied the maps, asked a ton of questions, and when the small bush plane dropped us on a sandbar in the heart of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge she was ready.

Earlier that morning, at

Doug Borland took his wife, Olga, sheep hunting with him for the first time ever this August.

the air service, we had plopped our packs down on the scales -- mine was 72 pounds and hers was 58 -- time to regroup! I had vowed to go in no heavier than 60; and she needed to be around 45 in my thinking; so we desperately pared down our packs in the parking lot of the air service: out went the spotting scope, the extra hip boots, spare clothing and a bag of the heaviest (and tastiest) food. At any rate, I made it down to 62 lbs, and she was right at 50, too damn much, but we had food for 20 days, we would lighten up as we ate!

Part of what made this trip different than my typical sheep hunt was that we did not have an itinerary or really any fixed destination. We would head generally uphill following a stream; camp when we felt like it, stop and fish for grayling and char; and if we made it all the way into the high-country where the big rams lived, fine. If not we would enjoy just being there. I admit I had some reservations about Olga carrying her heavy load -- maybe we would end up just a couple of miles away camped on the river for the next two weeks.

So we started off with a river-crossing, wading wet, and then that first day we made 3 hours under pack, which were not short of moans and groans as we labored with the heavy loads. We stopped, camped, and caught a couple of beautiful arctic char for supper and the next day after managing a difficult rocky pass we had a three hour break in the sun in the middle of the day to rest and refresh some sore muscles. That second day we spotted some ewes and lambs on the lower ridges; and by the end of the third day, right after gathering a supply of wild mushrooms, we found ourselves in sheep country in spite of ourselves. We set up a tight camp below castle-like peaks where we intended to make our base for the next 10 days. We would do day hikes from there, always up, as another 2000 feet of altitude would put us where there should be some rams.

On opening day of sheep season there would be no hunting, as we lounged in camp and caught a meal of char from the stream that had become but a trickle at this higher altitude. The sun was too warm, the valley expanse for miles below us devoid of other humans, and it was fine to just rest our stiff and sore legs and backs. Without phones or computer, business was set aside, our only touch with the “real world” was the 3 pm jet overhead at 30,000 ft -- on it’s way to Paris from New York we assumed.

Nearly every day, caribou would show themselves around our base camp, several nice bulls in the roaming groups, but I declared them off-limits. No sane person would carry out 100 lbs of caribou meat 20 miles. Instead we picked blueberries and mushrooms, and fished often to supplement the freeze-dried fare. The camp Parka squirrels accepted us as part of their land, digging a new burrow near our fire-pit, while Olga was as creative a cook as possible around the willow fire at night.

About every other day we would head up, two hours or more to get to the altitude where there could be sheep.

Once there, we would glass for sheep, take pictures, and



otherwise let the day come to us. We saw some rams way back, some teenage sub-legal ones closer, and weathered some rain and thunderstorms on top as well as more comfortably beneath the tarp around the smoky fire. Once or twice I went on a serious “walkabout”, leaving Olga in camp and venturing several miles into distant valleys to look for sheep. She didn’t like this much, knowing that if I did not return she would not know where to even look; and I was uneasy leaving her for the same reasons; not to mention the slim chance that an arctic grizzly might visit her in camp.

One afternoon we hiked together above camp about a mile when Olga spotted some distant white specks on a mountain up a rugged drainage we had come to call the “Lost Fork”. Rams for sure they were, no ewes or lambs back up that high. It was 1:30 in the afternoon by then, so I told her if I went after them it would most likely be after 10:00 pm before I would return. Three miles and 6 hours later I was pinned down in the middle of five rams when Providence



smiled and a 10 yr old monarch accidentally ran himself onto one of my arrows. When I eased into camp at 11:00 pm with a story to tell, Olga had a hot dinner and the coals from the fire never felt better.

In the spring when we had discussed sharing a tent on this trip, I am not sure that Olga signed up for meat packing in the snow. The following morning after the kill, we took our empty packs on a 7 mile round-trip where Olga learned the finer points of boning out a ham while I prepared the cape from an animal that obviously deserved a place on the wall at our home. Fog pushed us down the mountain that evening, and by the next morning we were in a genuine white-out arctic blizzard. We started our trip back to the pickup point with 3 inches of the white stuff all around, although it had melted back after the sun came out a day later. We had a pack-raft to help line the

load, but with rain or snow almost every day, we had high-water issues that caused us to shuttle multiple loads the last 4 miles; and the weather caused an extra two day delay in our pickup time. When we landed on the bush plane out in Fairbanks, Olga could not wait to try and run the hotel we chose out of hot water.

It was an epic trip (Olga’s words) with no expectations beyond sharing some special country with my life companion. Little or no complaints from her end; in fact she carried me in many ways: packed more than her share, climbed nearly every mountain with me; helped save the raft and meat when it flipped in high water; was always first to hustle wood for the fire when we stopped, was great sleeping bag warmer, and with apologies to many that I have shared camps with in the outdoors, she was my best campmate ever! ♣

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Don't Come Home without an Elk!

By Aaron McDonnell

My wife said to me as I was packing up for my annual elk hunt. I knew she was only kidding, but her message was serious. Ironically, I had pulled the last two packages of elk meat out of our freezer to be used to make chili in camp during the hunt. Ever since I introduced my wife to elk venison she almost refuses to eat store bought meat. This was her subtle way of telling me it was time to bring some more home, point taken. It was also her way of telling me to enjoy myself and not worry about her or the kids. I told her I'd check in every night I could but let her know once I packed in I'd have no reception and not to worry if she didn't hear from me for 4 or 5 days. Yeah right!

It was 9:00 pm by the time we rolled into our old familiar camping spot in the beautiful San Juan mountains of southern Colorado. As we stepped out of the truck, the cool mountain air was a pleasant change from the heat and humidity we had left at home. We were too beat from the 17 hour drive to fully set up camp so we quickly set up the wall tent, assembled our cots and piled everything else in the tent. We'd set up a proper camp after tomorrow morning's hunt. For now it was time to hit the sack.

It felt like I had barely closed my eyes when the alarm went off at 4:00 but I was quickly out of bed. It was finally hunting season for me!

I lit the Coleman stove and boiled some water for instant coffee and oatmeal. We ate quickly, shoved a few snacks in our packs for later in the morning and jumped in the truck for a short drive to the area we planned to hunt.

My plan was to do shorter day hunts with my brother in spots that have been productive in the past for the first two days so I could get my "mountain legs" (and lungs). Then on the third day I'd pack in for 4 days to an area I've had good luck in. If that didn't pan out I'd come out, restock, and pack in for 4 more days to a new spot I'd mapped out. My backpack was already loaded up and ready to go.

As my brother and I pulled up to the parking spot on the first morning the truck's

thermometer read 31 degrees and the skies were crystal clear. Perfect! We shouldered our packs, grabbed our bows and started hiking. The area we planned to hunt was about 3 miles in but the good news was it was all up hill.

After about 2-1/2 miles of steady climbing I stopped for a blow. Suddenly, through my rapid breathing I heard the faint whistle of a bugle. I grinned and whispered to my brother, "Hear that?" "Hear what?" he said. Suddenly another bull bugled closer. He returned the grin, "I heard that one!" The bulls were up a drainage to our left and sounded to be about 500 yards up the drainage and several hundred yards above us.

Once it was light enough to shoot, I moved to within about 100 yards while my brother hung back about 75 yards behind me. I called a bull in for him on the last day of our hunt in Idaho last year so I was up to the plate this time. Once I was in position I made a couple of soft calls and two bulls immediately bugled back. We went back and forth for a few minutes but I could tell they weren't coming down to me. The area I was set up in was open aspens and the bulls knew they should be able to see any cow that was down there. I shut up and let them drift up the hill.

As soon as I heard one of them bugle far enough away to allow me to move, I began climbing. After about 150 yards I could see a bench above me and the vegetation started to thicken. There were small spruce mixed in with the aspens and the ground cover was much thicker with shrubs and new growth aspen. I picked out a spruce growing on the lip of the bench and using it for cover I quickly moved up to the bench while my brother stayed 75 - 100 yards behind me. I eased around the spruce and picked out a large aspen to stand beside to block my form. To my left was extremely thick young aspen and ground cover and to my right about 40 yards the dark timber began.

I stood there for a minute and let my heart rate calm back down from the climb, or maybe it was the excitement, probably a little of both! I knew the bull wouldn't go down to my brother's calling in the open aspens so I signaled to him that I'd take over the calling. I cupped my hand to my mouth to send the call to my right and slightly down hill and let out a soft, nasally mew. A

bull screamed back almost before I had finished the call, and he was close. He was just above me, over the edge of the bench and to my left. I made one more call and shut up. It was the last week of archery season and I knew these bulls had been called to for 3 weeks. I didn't want to over do it, and they knew where I was now. The next move was theirs. A couple of minutes went by with no bugles. This meant one of two things: either he was drifting off or coming in silently.

Just then I saw a small 2" diameter Aspen tree swaying about 40 yards above me and to the left, but the wind wasn't blowing. I scanned to find the movement and suddenly there he was like a ghost standing 35 yards in front of me. It always amazes me how silent an animal their size can be when they want to, then at times they can sound like a heard of elephants coming through the woods.

I couldn't believe this was happening so quickly. I mean this was the first day, the first 30 minutes. This was supposed to be a day for acclimation and setting up camp. But hey, here I was and I wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth.

As the bull stepped into a clearing I was finally able to see his antlers. I didn't spend much time looking at them but I could tell he wasn't the herd bull but a satellite bull coming in to steal a cow. Still, he appeared to be a nice 5 point and I had no intentions of passing on him. This was not a premium tag or limited entry area, this was a heavily hunted, over the counter area and I knew from past experience it typically took 7-10 days of hard hunting to produce one good opportunity at a bull within stick bow range. If that opportunity came on the first day or the last day I needed to take advantage of it if I didn't want to be eating tag soup, and if I wanted to go home!

The bull stood for a moment looking around then he began moving my way coming from left to right. He stopped about 30 yards out shielded by brush. After about a 10 second pause he continued on, looking for the cow to my right and below me. I knew a shot was imminent. I scanned ahead of him and found an opening between two aspens at about 25 yards. I tightened my grip on the string and began telling myself, "shoulder up, solid bow arm, pick a spot, keep pulling.....shoulder up, solid bow arm, pick a spot, keep".....THUUNNGG. The arrow zipped through him so fast I didn't





The bull was between the closest aspen tree in the middle of the photo and the one to the right of it on the first shot and was behind the shrubs on the far right side of the photo on the second shot.

even see where it hit, but heard the unmistakable sound of the impact. The bull jumped ahead about 10 yards and stopped looking back at me, he had no idea what just happened. I already had another arrow on the string but I didn't dare move as he was burning a hole through me. He was now standing at about 35 yards and shrubs between he and I blocked his entire body. All I could see was his head and neck. I knew the trajectory of my arrow would clear the shrubs. Judging by the position of his neck he appeared to be quartering away. As soon as he turned his head away from me I came to full draw, picked an imaginary spot on the shrubs where I thought his vitals were and the shot was off. The flight looked perfect, clearing the shrubs, and again I heard the hollow sound of impact. The bull bolted for about 75 yards then all was silent.

The bull was between the closest aspen tree in the middle of the above photo and the one to the right of it on the first shot and was behind the shrubs on the far right side of the photo on the second shot

As soon as the bull left, I immediately knew I had made a huge mistake on my first shot. Everything had happened so fast and I was so focused on the shot I had forgotten to stop the bull and shot him walking. If I had shot at the spot where I was looking my shot would have been much too far back on a walking elk at 25 yards. I instantly got that nagging feeling in my stomach.

I motioned my brother up to me and re-

played what had just happened to him. I told him I was almost certain my first shot was too far back and was uncertain exactly where my second shot hit. I moved up to where the bull had been at my first shot and found my arrow buried in an aspen log. The feathers were covered in blood but the front 8 inches of the shaft confirmed my fears. I followed his tracks to the location of the second shot and found my second arrow buried in the dirt.

It was covered in blood and I immediately saw blood on the ground but because we knew my first shot was too far back and didn't know about the second we decided to give him 3 hours before taking up the trail.

The seconds seemed like minutes and the minutes like hours as I tried to occupy myself with anything I could to pass the time as we waited out my bull. Finally after 3 hours had passed, we slowly began following the trail. The blood was heavy at first and easy to follow as the bull side hilled. After about 50-75 yards we found two large pools of blood about the size of a basketball then the bull turned up hill. I knew this was bad news and the blood trail immediately became harder to follow. We followed the trail up the hill for another 100 yards and the blood suddenly stopped. The nagging in my stomach turned to nausea and

disgust.

The bull was moving up hill in the aspens but was right on the edge of the dark timber and was only about 150 yards from the top of the mountain. I was almost certain the bull would go into the dark timber so my brother began searching there while I continued to look for blood. My search was fruitless. It was as if someone had closed a valve and the blood was completely shut off. After a couple hours I finally realized there was no more blood to find and I began helping my brother search the dark timber and blow downs. After several hours of combing we hadn't located so much as a hair. Finally my brother said what I had known all along but refused to believe. "Aaron, without blood our chances of finding the bull in this country are like finding a needle in a hay stack". Disgusted in myself, we headed down the mountain and back to the truck. The 2-1/2 mile walk back seemed to take forever as I beat myself up the whole way.

As we pulled back into camp my brother asked, "What are your plans for this afternoon?" but he already knew the answer. "I'm going to finish setting up camp then I'm going back to find my bull," I said. "Ok, I'll go with you and help." I knew he'd be right there looking with me until I called it quits. Good hunting partners are like that and I'd been fortunate enough to be born with one of the best a guy could ask for. I knew two people searching would be better than one, but the truth is I just wanted to be alone. So I told him to go hunting, I didn't want to waste any more of his time. He reluctantly agreed as he helped me finish setting up camp.

As soon as camp was set up I drove back to where I'd shot my bull and started the already familiar hike in. As I climbed it seemed much tougher this time since I had

~ continued on page 38 ~



Don't Come Home without an Elk!

~ continued from page 37

already put in 6 or 7 miles and this was the first day. As I finally approached the spot I'd shot the bull my legs felt like Jell-O.

I sat down to rest for a minute where the shot had occurred, then with a clear head I began following the blood trail again. Except this time I didn't have to look at the ground to look for blood, I already knew where it was. Instead, I was paying attention to the direction of travel and trying to let the trail tell me where the bull wanted to go instead of me telling myself where I thought he should go. As I followed the trail it

was clear he was moving up the hill and to the left into the thick overgrown aspens, not to the right into the dark timber like I'd suspected earlier. I stopped at the last blood and then instead of turning into the dark timber I turned toward the aspens. About 20 yard from the last blood I found a track that appeared to be from my bull, then further on a couple more, but still no blood.

By now I could see the bull was heading back the direction he had come from that morning. The problem was it was near the top of the mountain, allowing so much sun to hit the hill side that the aspens and brush were so thick you could barely see 5 yards. I'd literally have to almost step on the bull to find him. Still, I had a new sense of hope and enthusiasm. It was time to start sifting hay!

It was now about 5:00 in the afternoon and the thermals were coming up. I knew I'd smell the bull long before I saw him in this thick country so I decided to start at the top of the mountain and work my way down until I covered the entire mountain side. I made it to the top and hadn't gone 100 yards when the smell of bull elk stopped me in my tracks. Almost at the exact same moment the bull stood out of his bed 20 yards away. He was slightly quartering toward me and



Aaron McDonnel took his wife seriously when she said and "don't come home without an elk" and tagged this bull on the second day of his hunt.

an 8 inch aspen was running right behind his shoulder. I knew I couldn't get both lungs with his body angle but if I hugged the shoulder I could get one lung and the liver and knew that would put him down quickly. I also knew he was about to bolt and if that happened I'd never find him again. There was no pre-shot routine this time, in fact I don't even remember nocking an arrow. All I remember is leaning out to clear the aspen tree and seeing a dried up bloody spot on his side to confirm it was my bull. The next thing I remember was the nock disappearing right where I was looking and seeing the arrow hanging by the fletching as he turned to run.

He crashed down the hill about 75 yards, then all was silent again. I sat down, emotionally spent. I was almost certain of the outcome this time but decided to give him an hour just to be safe. The blood trail was not difficult to follow this time and as I approached the last spot I could hear him I looked up and saw him laying against an aspen. It was finally over!

There was no whooping or hollering, no back slapping or fist pumping. I gently laid my bow on him, brushed his hide and thanked the Lord for giving him to me. I didn't feel like I deserved him.

It was now about 6:30 and I only had about an hour and a half until dark and I had a lot of work in front of me. I pulled out my camera and mini tripod to capture the memories and quickly took some pictures.

As soon as the pictures were taken and my tag was finally on him, I began preparing him to feed my family. Within an hour and a half I had all the meat off and in game bags. I used some small aspen limbs to make a rack to keep the bags off the ground and allow it to cool. It was supposed to be in the low to mid 30's that night and I knew the meat would be in great shape the next morning. I stacked 3 of the bags on the rack and strapped

the 4th containing a hind quarter to my pack. I shouldered the pack just as it was getting dark, the weight felt good! I turned on my headlamp and started down the mountain. The good news was it was all down hill. The bad news was the first half mile was damn near straight down and thick. When I finally reached the trail at the bottom I felt like I was home free although I still had over 2 miles to go.

As I strolled down the long, muddy trail my mind drifted off to someplace else, suddenly a willow bush caught my boot sending me face first into the mud, landing on my bow. The 80+ pounds on my back pushed me down into the mud and I struggled to get back to my feet. I finally got back vertical and looked over my bow. Other than being muddy it was no worse for the wear. I continued on, paying more attention as I went.

When I finally reached the truck it was a couple hours after dark. I let the tail gate down then backed up to it, setting my pack on it and letting it take the weight off my shoulders, I un-strapped the waste belt and un-shouldered the pack. I laid back in the bed of the truck covered in blood, mud, and sweat, looked up at the stars and smiled from ear to ear. What a day!

The next morning my brother and I were back before daylight to finish getting the meat out. We decided one heavy load would be better than having to come back in twice so we split the meat in the third bag between us (he took more as usual) and we finished what we had started 24 hours earlier. As we were packing down the mountain the herd bull fired a bugle from the other side. I tipped my hat and continued on. *

Packing out the HEAVY load!
Below, Aaron's brother with the last load and the antlers.



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Get to be an Old Bowhunter

By Krista Holbrook

Stop and think for a minute, what is the most important thing in your life? This question will return a variety of answers: most common being my spouse, followed by children, religious faith, job, financial security, moral integrity, hunting, grand children, the list goes on and on. While these things are indeed important, the correct answer is my health.

If you are not in good health, you cannot care for your spouse or children, minister to your faith, do your job, enjoy financial security, or go hunting. Seldom do I hear bowhunters discussing good health, or conducting themselves in a manner to maintain good health. Many are overweight and that can make climbing into a tree stand dangerous, or an extended hike impossible.

I see the occasional article concerning recovery from injury as it relates to shooting a bow, or preparing for an arduous hunt. Many hunters could never make a sheep hunt due to poor physical condition. You can choose not to become one of those people, or to radically change your current physical abilities and become a healthy bowhunter. Sterling and I were recently looking at a hunting photo taken ten years ago. Of the four hunters in the picture, he is the only one still living. Quite sad, especially when I know that the others likely would have lived much longer had they only made the effort to be healthy.

It is easy to maintain good health or improve poor physical condition. Here is the plan: eat real whole food, avoid an excess of processed products, especially white stuff, don't use tobacco, and exercise. Sterling and I are living proof that you can eat all you want if you consume real food. We are famous as second helping gorgers. We prepare only game meat or fish, the majority of which we kill and process ourselves. This is sup-

plemented with an organic garden, which we tend seasonally. Not saying we never eat out, or that friends don't bring ham, bacon, or hot dogs occasionally, I am just saying that is not a typical part of a full time healthy diet.

I cook desert often; it usually consists of whole-wheat flour, a small amount of butter or coconut oil, raw sugar or honey and lots of seasonal fruit. You do not have to starve to eat healthy. Things to avoid are excess sodium and sugars, bleached and processed grains, chemical additives, and artificial sweeteners. Note the last one, artificial; it can't be good for you. Man evolved over thousands of years, eating meat and drinking water. Soda alone is largely responsible for the obesity epidemic in America. Eliminate soda and save money while improving your health. A Harvard Medical study determined two servings of artificially sweetened soda daily for two years doubled your risk of kidney function decline. Another study compared those consuming diet sodas with non-soda drinkers over a ten-year period. The diet soda drinkers had a 178% increase in waist size diameter compared to non-soda drinkers!

The USDA recommends consuming no more than 20 grams of sugar per day; consuming 100 grams impairs immune function by fifty percent. Sugar competes with vitamin C for cell membrane transport. One soda or sweetened drink along with

an energy bar or snack can put you over that limit. Americans are suffering from chronically suppressed immune function.

The AMA asked the FDA to remove salt from the safe additive list. People often consume the 2,300 daily limit in one meal, predisposing themselves to hypertension, and heart disease. Three weeks off the white stuff and you will be able to taste your food again, as taste buds are regenerated during a three-week period.

Hydrogenated oil has been chemically altered with nickel added to increase shelf life. There is nothing wrong with eating moderate amounts of real fat and butter. When we shoot a hog I save the fat, render it down, and make lard or oil to use in cooking. Consuming real food that people evolved eating is the key to good health. Even in the Bible they did not kill the skinny calf.

Wild game is far superior to industrial production meat. U.S. meat is raised using growth promoters banned in many countries. China and Russia refuse American meat exports containing ractopamine and zilpaterol, chemicals commonly used in pork and beef production in the U.S. Arsenic is commonly added to commercial chicken feed. Eat more wild game meat.

A healthy diet and regular exercise are keys to a long and happy life. Exercise need not be a dedicated effort. We cannot allow industry to mold our lives to the point we skip natural exercise. The 4-



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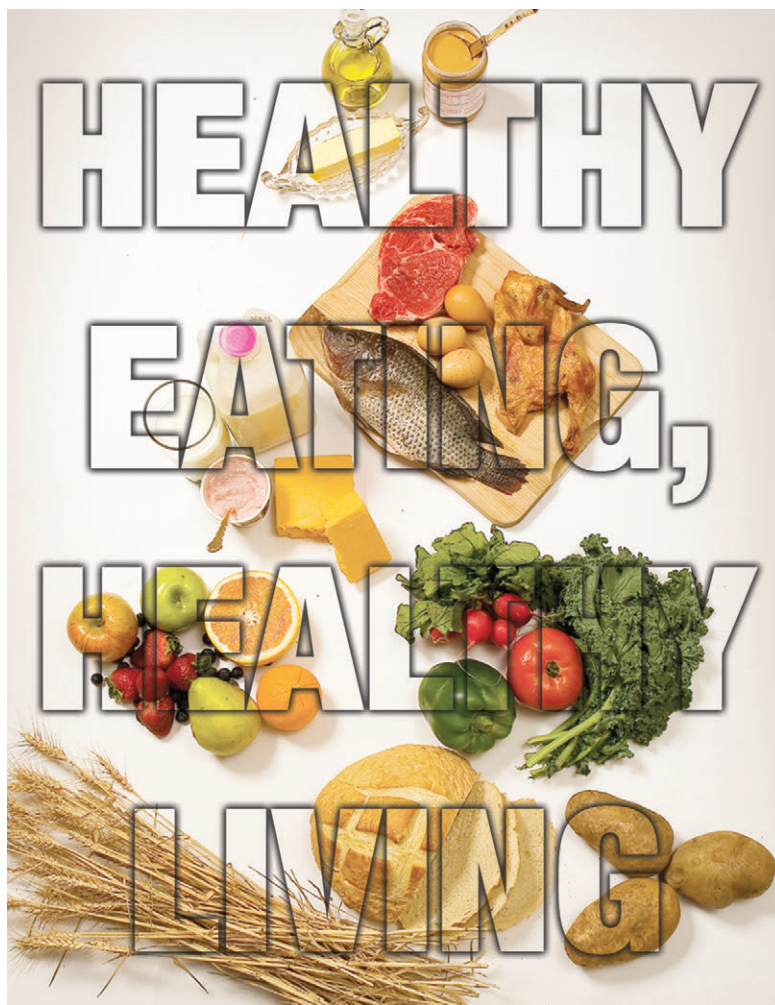
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wheeler has robbed many people of healthy exercise along with the general pleasure enjoyed when walking. Lose the 4wheeler, lose weight. We recently hunted northern Missouri, and three different groups hunting the same public land towed along a trailer containing their 4-wheelers. It was against the law to leave the road, yet habit compelled them to bring one.

I have killed several hogs and deer while walking into my hunting spot, and have enjoyed numerous wildlife encounters. Walking is relaxing; you learn more about your surroundings and increase your opportunity for success. A few situations demand mechanical transportation, but it is far too easy to fall into the habit of riding opposed to walking and miss the pleasure along with the significant health benefits.

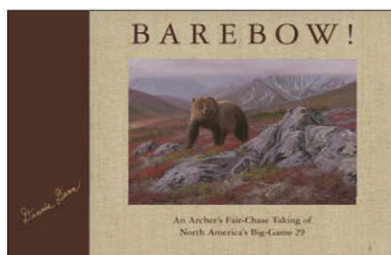
Environmental chemical exposure offers another health threat while diminishing your opportunity for hunting success. Half of an entire isle in many grocery stores is dedicated to air fresheners. Read the ingredient list, believe me it does not contain fresh air. These toxic chemicals have been proven to cause upper respiratory problems in many people, and can be adverse for pets, which have increased exposure due to their proximity to the chemicals that settle to the floor. After spending years living in a wooded rural area, in a fragrance free environment, I am amazed how scented many bow hunters smell. If I can smell them I can only imagine what they must smell like to the sensitive nose of an animal. Medical studies indicate that people exposed to solid chemical air fresheners over a period of several years exhibit marked increases in cancer rates.

Corporations often charge extra for not putting poison in products. It is worth the difference, buy free and clear, organic, and unscented when possible. Exercise and don't eat crap. Safeguard your health; he who lives longest hunts the longest. Be healthy, it's a life style choice that enables you to hunt long and hard. It is never too late to get started. *

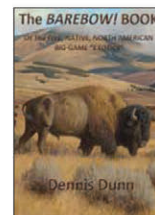
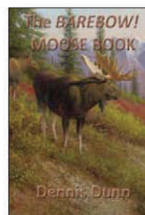
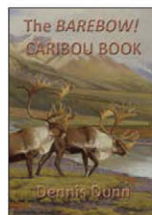
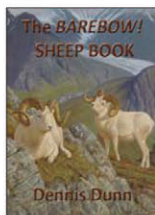
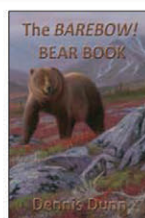
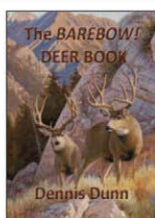


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"Benign"

By Barry Wensel



Occasionally a circumstance occurs in life that appears to be little more than a great memory, until you look back at it later. Only then do you realize it was a significant part of the end result. So it was with this buck.

I passed him up in November 2012 on film at 12 yards because he had a giant tumor on his chest. The tumor was about the size of an elongated watermelon. It was tough to let him walk but I figured he'd taste terrible. I had his left shed from 2011. His G2 measured 13 5/8". I figured they'd probably go 14 inches in 2012. I'm not sure if he had a bad year or due to the tumor/health issues or what, but they are "only" 13 inches this year. Gene's trail camera pictures showed he made it through the winter.

By fall the watermelon sized tumor had shrunk up to the size of a small grapefruit or a softball. Obviously the tumor was not malignant so I nicknamed him "Benign" ... even though he be eight. (I knew you would like that one). So the morning before last (Nov. 8, 2013) I had a perfect wind for the same stand I passed him up from last year. I know a lot of guys would be shocked if they saw the stand set-up. It's a double tree where the one half apparently got struck by lightning as it's snapped off and hanging down a mere 8 feet up! I purposely kept the ladder low in order to blend in with the mass, otherwise I'd be sky lined any higher. I bet my feet aren't 10 feet off the ground.

I can't ever remember getting busted so it apparently works fine. The name of the stand is "Buckshot" and it's my favorite stand in the entire area. Right at first light I had a single doe go by; then ten minutes later a doe and a yearling; then ten minutes later a 100" 4x4 from another direction, out cruising for chicks. This was more like it because frankly the season had been slow so far. A little while later I looked to the east and saw him coming. I put the binocs on him to verify it was him. He was not on the main trail at 12 yards like he was supposed to be (imagine that!) but was back in the brush about 20 yards.

At one point he started to walk away

from me. If he continued I wouldn't get the shot. I thought about wheezing but I really don't like to wheeze when they're that close. If he got out there 50 yards or so I could wheeze him back. So I thought I'd let the situation play out rather than having him come looking for me. The Good Lord was on my side because all of a sudden he turned and here he comes right to me. There's a single cedar/juniper tree that's about as big around as your thigh about 20 yards south of me. I had a steady 5 MPH wind from the south. Perfect. He walks up to the cedar and



started to rub. Now, bear in mind, I'm filming all of this. I swung the camera arm to center him. It was set on wide angle.

Just as I started to zoom in he looked my direction. It was too big of a gamble. All he had to do was take a couple steps and he'd be through my shooting lane. In order to zoom it I'd have to switch my bow from my left hand to my right (the camera was on my left that morning), zoom, then switch it back. You have to remember what the camera sees is not the same angle I am seeing only a few feet away. Every time I'd think of zooming in he'd look in my direction. Then, I also had to consider if I zoomed in I'd have to zoom back out to capture the shot. Sorry, but I just left it on wide angle. He rubbed that single

tree for seven straight minutes as I filmed. I stood there on red alert knowing what was about to happen.

Finally he took one step backwards, pawed the ground with both front hooves, brought his tarsals together and peed over his hocks, then started to walk left to right. As soon as he cleared the shooting lane I plugged him. The shot was 19 yards slowly walking. I hit a few inches to the right of where I wanted but it was apparent I instantly broke his shoulder.

For those interested in these things, I was shooting my 58" Tall Tines takedown recurve that pulls 61 pounds at 28". I was shooting a total arrow weight of 630 gr., skinny carbon with a 125 grain steel insert and a 125 grain Wensel Woodsman. The arrow blasted right through his right shoulder and stopped on the far shoulder blade. He peeled out but I instantly knew he was a goner. At about 50 yards I saw him break off the back of the arrow. I'll tell you right now it was pretty intense standing there on red alert for over ten minutes trying to be patient.

I quietly got down and walked over to film the rub. It was pretty impressive. It's one of those rubs you'd go out of your way to look at. Just before I shot Hurley in 2011 he rubbed a big cedar too. I got Hurley mounted as a pedestal mount and used his last rub as the upright for the pedestal. Benign's rub is much more impressive. It's one of those rubs if you happened upon you'd say to yourself, "I'd like to see the buck that made that one."

My plan was to quietly wander over and check the broken arrow/blood and proceed from there dependent on my findings. Finding the rear 1/3 of the arrow, plenty of blood and the fact it'd been twenty minutes and I could see where he was falling in the leaves I proceeded on. I broke out the camcorder again and followed along maybe a hundred yards and there he laid. Thank you God! He died right in the bottom of a dry seepage downhill from the header I was standing guard over. Now, you know how I'm always having weird stuff happen to me? As I walked up to him two feet in front of his nose is something laying in the leaves. I said out loud to the camera, "What do we have here?" Picking it up it's one of those alu-

minum foil helium balloons that said "HAPPY BIRTHDAY" on it. Hey... I'll tell you right now if it said "GET WELL SOON" I would have freaked out!

Now..on a side note...yesterday (24 hours later) my friend Daryl Kempfer (PBSer from MI) shot a doe. She only made it 50 yards. When he walked up on her laying on the ground right next to her was another foil helium balloon but it was a big Smiley Face! Additionally, on November 30 my friend Mike Mitten shot a great 5x4 buck in Illinois. When he walked up to it, there laying on the ground, was yet another foil helium party balloon. So that's Iowa, Michigan and Illinois. Thinkg of the chances of that happening.

Anyway, he's a nice buck and I'm proud of him. Then, as I checked him over, all of a sudden I realize he broke his left brow tine off. Give me a break (no pun intended)! I don't really care but I still looked around along his death run and at the bottom of the rub tree and found nothing. After I enhance the footage I'll be able to tell. He might have broken it off the day before but it was a fresh break.

For those who care, as is (with the broken tine) he measures 157 5/8". If I matched the broken tine with the opposing brow tine (7 2/8") he'd measure 163 2/8" as a 4x4. Al-

most 26" main beams, 13" G2; 9 3/8" G3s, etc. That's a great 4x4 anywhere.

Now.. the rest of the story, he was going to be really tough to get out. I really didn't want to cut him in half so I called Gene, who was 100 miles away in a tree. I told him I'd get it alone and where my body would be laying if I had the big one. Ten minutes later he called back saying he was on his way. Ha, it worked! We literally had to cut our way down the mountain to get the four wheeler close enough to him. It was embarrassing how many times (six) it took two old guys to just lift him up on the rack of the four wheeler (212 lbs. dressed). I miss my youth.

I took him into the meat locker for their professional opinion on the tumors. As mentioned the tumor is now about the size of a softball. But just behind it there's a scab that's maybe 4" long and 2" wide. I'm not sure if the big tumor got punctured and drained or what. The meat guy said if there's any question on the meat they'll discard it. Sorry about the photos. I know. I'm not smiling but I was al-



ready whipped. Let me put it this way, I shot him at 7:56 AM and we finally got him out at 5 PM. I'm smiling on the inside! *

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Somewhere on an Island

Molokai, Lanai & Maui

By Steve Hohensee

I remember when I used to think of hunting Hawaii as one of those odd things you do when you hit the "reset" button. I never really considered it a prime destination for the bowhunter. I was sure that pigs, goats, deer and sheep were just a couple steps from being livestock. I figured the terrain can't be that challenging, compared to AK/YK/NWT/BC. Boy.....was I wrong on all counts.
~ Kevin Dill, 2011

Molokai

The winter of 2010-2011 was exceptionally long and cold for our banana-belt spot in Alaska. It had been over nine years since I had been on Molokai so I had been thinking of returning for the past couple of years. No time like the present after all.

Alaska Airlines had a good sale on fares direct from Anchorage to Honolulu so I bought a couple tickets for myself and my wife and a second set of tickets for a hopper flight to Molokai and we were set! Admittedly, on this trip I was going to do some hunting and some generic "family vacation" stuff but it was not fully coincidental that our trip dates coincided with the start of the season (late April) when axis deer start to come out of velvet.

Molokai has a dry west half and a wetter, more tropical-appearing east half. We rented a condo just

PBS member Walter Naki boiled up spiny lobsters for a big-ole' feast!



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off the beach toward the east end. About the third afternoon we stopped by PBS member Walter Naki's place a couple miles down the road. I would dare say that Molokai would hardly be on many bowhunters' radar if it wasn't for Walter: Walter is the axis of bowhunting on Molokai. That afternoon Walter sent me into a small valley to hunt pigs while he took a client deer hunting. I didn't see any pigs this first evening.

Walter told me about a valley I could go into on my own. So one morning I worked my way up. I was going to drop from the ridge into the valley and look for pigs on my way down. On the way up I spooked four axis does/fawns, and then relocated them later farther up the valley. I got to about 40 yards but got busted by a doe I didn't see as I worked in closer.

There is a tree on Molokai that produces a pod with seeds. They resemble the honey locust pods many of us are familiar with. The axis deer love them as the ground is always torn up underneath these pod trees. On my way out of the valley I found a 30" shed in a grove of big trees. I hadn't gone 30 feet further when I found the matched side to complete the set.

A few days later Walter asked me to meet him at a small cove where he keeps his boat anchored. When I arrived he was just off-loading gear from a diving/snorkeling/sea cliff viewing trip. The group had captured 13 spiny lobsters while diving! Walter boiled them up on the beach and we all reconvened at the diver's rental house a mile up the road for a big-ol' feast!

Walter's buddy Eddie was at the cookout. He is a musician and had just completed a demo CD that had a

kind of Hawaiian jazz sort of sound, at least to my inexperienced ear. Eddie's music was pumping through a boom box while we all "broke carapace" (lobster shells) and feasted until we ached. That evening I hunted close by and saw about 2 dozen axis deer but none very close. I was almost back to the car and got sloppy and busted out a doe real close in the darkening forest.

I also had a couple almost-but-not-quite close calls on the west side of the island with axis deer. I met a Swiss guy who lives on the island when Walter was unloading his boat. He offered an invitation so one afternoon I went out and hunted by his place on the west side of the island. I was nearly trampled by a herd of about 20 axis deer in the scrub brush but I was on the wrong side of the bushes. I tried to relocate the herd but instead found three mature bucks up and feeding. I stalked in to about 35 yards when the one hard-horned buck in the group spotted me and barked and they all split.

I got barked at another time or two another morning (which is quite insulting), and busted out a nice buck, and then overshot a pair of spike bucks; I would have benefited had I been a couple minutes slower, as they were heading my way on a collision course, five minutes late in time.

One evening I went back to the valley of the lobster feast and went to check out a mango tree where I had previously jumped the doe at last light. I found a cool stone artifact lying on the ground. It appeared to be some kind of mortar for grinding. And yes, I left this artifact right where I found it. Hawaiians are superstitious and I seem to become more-so when I am in Hawaii. A few more steps and a deer barked at me again, probably the same doe as I bumped when I came out of the woods the last time!

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The second to last morning I got up early and headed up a valley where one of Walter's buddies thought I would see goats. On my way up I saw some ungulates in the upper end of the valley but couldn't immediately tell goats versus deer because of the shadows. They seemed black so I soon realized I correctly surmised they were goats. I stalked along the canyon rim and spotted a 3x3 axis buck and doe in the perfect spot but unfortunately headed the wrong way up the ridge. I continued up the ridge and spotted an additional doe/fawn, also heading up the valley.

I stalked in to about 40 yards from the goats but they were down in a steep, noisy, rocky area. I tried to herd them to me by chucking a few rocks beyond them. My method sort of worked as they got out of their beds but they didn't come to me like I had hoped. After playing cat and mouse a bit more I was able to pick my way to a small cliff and with little adieu, shot the largest billy.

I waited a few minutes and went down to where he ran off. I kept going deeper into the canyon because that was the only place he could have gone without me seeing him pop out on the opposite hillside. Nothing. I went back to where I last saw him and still didn't find any sign. I stopped to scratch my head and peeked over a small cliff. There he was, tucked right below a small ledge out of sight except from right over the top of him.

My wife Donnie and I took it easy the next day and just loafed before heading back home on a red-eye flight. I had to admit as

relaxing as Molokai is it did feel good to be back in Alaska and to cool off!

Molokai goat.



Lanai

I had been hunting on Lanai for a week during December 2011 and had a day or two left to hunt on Maui before returning to the ice box of Alaska. The hunting for axis deer and mouflon sheep had been quite difficult. I called home to where I had abandoned my wife Donnie in Alaska's dark and cold. High winds and loads of wet snow had snapped off trees, littering the forest with giant matchsticks. Worse yet, the power had been off for three days including no water as our pump was shut down. It always seems to go out when I am away and helpless to do anything about it. The experience was going to cost me thousands of dollars on the purchase of a backup generator.

There were 6-7 archery areas that could be hunted year-round on Lanai for a \$60 annual fee. One of the archery areas is above a glitzy Four Seasons golf course. The availability of hunting lands may have drastically changed since I was on-island, the Oracle CEO Larry Ellison having recently purchased nearly the entire island.

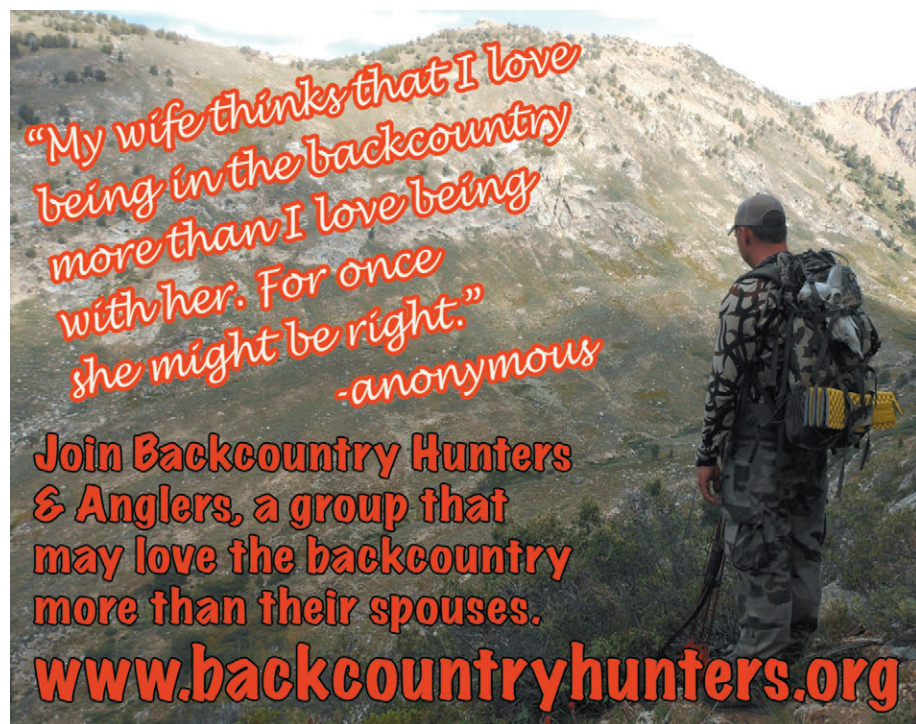
There are several ferries per day that go over from Maui, take about 45 minutes and costs \$25 each way. Lanai has axis deer, mouflon sheep, and Rio Grande turkeys and even an occasional goat, a fact that is unknown to most. My buddy Tom had killed one there and had the irrefutable photo to prove it.

Many of the axis deer live in grassy and brushy areas and trails can be very distinct. I was there a bit late and many bucks had already shed their racks; mid-May thru early July would be the best time to catch rutting, hard horned bucks. I think if I ever returned to Lanai I would take a stand or tree sling. One evening I located a branchy tree and climbed on up 70's-style, like I used to do when I was a poor teenager back in Nebraska. Having a stand would of course given me much better flexibility for ambushes along one of the beaten down trails that are fairly frequent on Lanai.

Late one morning I was still-hunting through a brushy hillside when an owl came gliding by. It kind of seemed a bit out of place. I don't know why as I have seen owls on other Hawaiian islands too. Slipping deeper through axis deer cover, I continued on, looking and listening; I had the feeling I was being watched. Searching the brush, a tiny mouse climbed out on a grass stalk mere feet away. Later an unseen deer scrambled for safety and a flock of turkeys yelped their song.

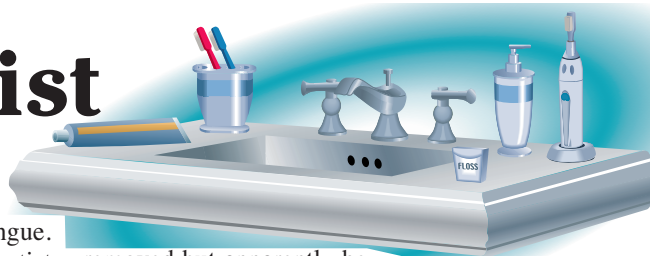
Axis deer are every bit as challenging as whitetails, probably more so. The bucks have a really long pedicle so the burr of the antler sits higher on their heads. I found a few sheds but interestingly, I was told by a local that the island's deer eat their own sheds due to a calcium deficiency in their diet. Most fresh sheds you find will have gnawed marks on the antler tines so it may sure be the case.

I also glassed for Mouflon sheep, primarily in one steep canyon, but it was maybe just a little too road accessible and I think it gets hunted hard. Most of the sheep I saw were on the other side of the canyon where only birds could travel. A condition exists in Lanai mouflon where the large-horned



"Visiting" Your Dentist

By Gene Wensel



I think a person should go to a dentist at least every decade. If you happen to find a dentist you really like (or trust), once every few years is plenty, especially if you were born with very white teeth. If you prefer to wait a couple years between visits, I suggest making an all day appointment. Let him take as long as he likes, except for lunch. Let him numb up everything from your chin to your nose and then just dig in. I don't like to pay for torture more than once every few years. I'm pretty sure it was a dentist who invented the term "check up." They got that one right....every time I write a dental check, the price goes up.

Although dental assistants do most of the work, the big guy in the back room rakes in most of the dough. I also know for a fact that dentists all have large collections of used gold at home.

My dentist's name is Dr. Mike. He has a small herd of attractive dental assistants, his wife (also a dentist) included and even a nephew dentist barely out of puberty doing most of the work for him. I suspect its most probably a slave labor deal.

I must admit I truly enjoy having an attractive (although masked) dental assistant hovering over my horizontal body and open mouth. Dr. Mike has one female employee who does nothing except select background music, choose buffing compound flavors and attempt to teach me (for the hundredth time) the importance of flossing. Do you know anyone who actually flosses on a regular basis? When she asks about the last time I flossed, I just say, "You did it." I prefer toothpicks. I even have a bone one made from "raccoon parts," whatever that means. It seems to leave an after taste.

I much prefer wooden toothpicks. Have you ever seen a military toothpick? They come individually wrapped and sealed in olive drab paper. The printing actually says, "Interdental Stimulator....Wood....One" Leave it up to our military to describe and label a simple toothpick like that.

So help me, I once watched a big, hairy, tough-guy biker actually pull his own lower left molar with his Leatherman tool. It remains one of my most prized possessions.

Most dentists actually enjoy sticking various hardware, tools, pumps, cotton balls, gauze, C-clamps, mirrors, flood lights, lip stretchers, etc. on any available space around the edges of my mouth. I have a hard time breathing, never mind holding a conversation with a miniature junk yard of tools

renting space on all sides of my tongue. You'll soon learn never to visit a dentist when you have chapped lips.

I make it a habit to eat a few Oreo cookies just before every appointment. Make them earn your money. I sometimes even leave a pinch of chewing tobacco between my cheek and gum for the dental assistant to discover. As soon as she finds it, I swallow it before she comes at me with the squirt gun and suction tool. I like to impress women.

Dentists don't use porcelain spit bowls anymore. Every dental chair used to have one attached to the side. A dental chair without a spittoon was like a car without a steering wheel. Classy dentists called them "cuspidors" rather than spittoons. Cuspidor is a word that sounds like something a harp player would own. Spittoons all disappeared in the '70s. I don't know where they all went. It's still a mystery. I thought I would find them in dumps or lying along roads but it never came to be. They simply went extinct. I see antique spittoons on internet auction sites but those are usually all made of brass and mostly came from saloons or from waiting rooms of Nevada houses of ill repute. Someday I plan on buying one for Dr. Mike's waiting room.

Why do certain people pronounce "gum" as "goom?" Normal folks don't ever ask about chewing goom or bubble goom. People who say "goom" also say "chimley" instead of chimney. Go figure.

I used to make it a habit of inspecting a dentist's face up close while he was working on me. Nowadays, they all wear masks so they can cover up their second rate shaving. I now have a very hard time seeing cuts or zits on their faces.

Dr. Mike has a deviated septum, which means the thingy between his nostrils is lopsided. I tried talking him into getting his entire septum surgically

removed but apparently he didn't like the idea. I think it'd be really cool to have one huge nostril rather than two tiny ones. One could stick their entire thumb up there or even have a mural tattooed inside a huge nostril, somewhat like artists did while painting church ceilings. Dr. Mike's nostril mural could be unique among a world of otherwise bland dentist noses. I once tried to count his nasal hairs. Did you know that nose hair turns gray with age? I wonder if raising kids turns nasal hair gray? I can't help but ask if a bald dentist would have fewer nasal hairs than one with a full head of hair?

Dr. Mike is very good at understanding what I'm saying with all the junk hanging from my mouth. I mean, 99 out of 100 other guys wouldn't understand a word I was saying. I suspect they offer courses on understanding slurred speech during dental school. I test him regularly. When he has an array of pumps, clamps, drills, buffers, latex sheets, vacuum cleaners, etc. in my mouth, I'll suddenly say, "I think I'm going to puke." He understands me every time. I



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haven't puked yet but I like to remind him he is playing around very close to my gag reflex zone. The "no spittoon" thing keeps dentists on their toes.

The dental industry has come a long way in the last few decades. When I was a kid, they even had to kick start their drills. Drills ran by way of pulley systems.

Dr. Mike is now virtually painless. He pacifies most of the unpleasant senses of hearing, smelling, feeling, tasting and sight. First he puts a cool, damp cloth over your eyes, which not only absorbs sweat but keeps me from watching him fire up his Black and Decker. Then he numbs my gums (gooms?) with banana flavored anesthetic so I don't feel the stab of his novacaine needle. When I first started going to Dr. Mike, he was using some sort of stuff I could also buy from a vending machine in the men's room of various truck stops.

Never make a dental appointment right before lunch. Novacaine causes excessive

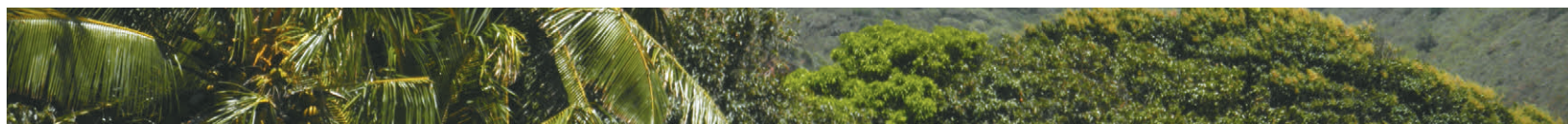
drooling in restaurants.

Lots of dentists will offer you the option of wearing a giant set of ear phones while they dig. I can listen to anything from Willie Nelson to elevator music. Nothing beats listening to a good knee slapper like the Orange Blossom Special while being drilled. With all the digging and probing, I think he ought to be playing mining songs. The odor produced by grinding on teeth smells somewhat like the smell of sawing antlers off a buck deer. Bone dust stinks.

Dr. Mike sometimes uses what they call citrus oxide. Hey...great stuff! He puts scuba diving gear over my face. The citrus oxide is some sort of gas that makes me float. I've never done drugs on less than a formal basis but this gas stuff is a trip and a half! I feel like I'm floating all over the dental office. I'm aware of some things but don't really care about any degree of pain, like a good drunk with no hangover. Its a great way to fly.

Dr. Mike is constantly trying to get me to come back every few months for a "check-up," an oil change and maybe more x-rays. I had a great idea for a scam that I shared with him last month. All he has to do is mix some sort of addictive drug in with the citrus oxide. Then, instead of Miss Tammy having to call to remind me about a check up I don't really need, his patients will be calling him for regular appointments. The best part is that the patient would have no idea why they have an over powering habitual urge to pay for someone to make their gooms bleed.

There are only two minor things I question about Dr. Mike. The first is that whenever I pay the bill, right there on the counter top is a big dish of caramels and taffy. That concerns me. But what bothers me most is that just as he turned on the gas last time, I'm pretty sure I heard him say, "I'll still respect you in the morning." The guy who gave me my colonoscopy said the same thing. ☹



Somewhere on an Island

~ continued from page 45

rams are selectively hunted and polled (hornless or diminutively horned) rams are left to reproduce, which of course, would genetically select for even more polled sheep. One morning I spotted three rams including one big "pollie" but the country was steeper than most Alaskan sheep country and these critters are alert; I never even came close to getting a shot.

Maui

Back on Maui, I had a couple more days before I had to return home. This trip was on a shoestring budget. I was sleeping on a cot in my friend's rental shop and borrowing his early-70's vintage International Scout to stay in budget. I also did pitch in and helped wash several hundred rental chairs returned after a big concert—I gotta' pay my way! Tom had a treestand set up on a small acreage he had permission to hunt and I went with his son for a morning hunt. I sat in the stand early in the trip but didn't see any deer.

Maui would be a frustrating place to hunt
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without local knowledge. I have been extremely reliant on Tom to give me pointers on where to try and I still struggle with figuring out enough spots to justify an entire trip. I climbed into the stand and after a

while I noticed a small plum tree growing alongside the larger stand tree. Those little purple plums are pretty tasty and I ate quite a few. Most of the bucks larger than spikes were already shed out so it was surprising when a very nice racked buck showed up

and I proceeded to dump an arrow right below his chest. I could see the chartreuse fletching sticking out of the dirt, a painful vision of my failure. Oh, the agony of defeat.

Later in the day I drove the rusted old Scout up a long series of switchbacks on the flank of Mount Haleakala, then hiked a couple miles into an open area and had several close calls with goats. It always seems paradoxical to see pigs out rooting on open grassy slopes after hunting them in dense southern palmetto swamps. I spotted several different pigs late in the day and eventually worked my way in very close and made a redemption shot at a whopping 4 yards. I recalled my buddy Ted Kinney's lesson on hitting low and forward. I listened, and she only went 30 yards.

I didn't get back to the Scout until well after dark, dehydrated and legs cramping badly. I haven't been to any of the Hawaiian Islands since this trip but just today I was browsing on the Alaska Airlines website for my next cheap seat to somewhere, somewhere an island. ☹

When Size Doesn't Matter

By Ron Lang

Here it is guys. Not a world record by other's standards but after a hard early season weather-wise and only two days before the gun season, he makes my "memory book" big time!

I shot him at 3:45 PM. No bait, managed food plot, magic scent, scent-free clothing, modern technology equipment, etc. I actually think he was a wild deer if there is such a thing in Wisconsin anymore. If using a grunt call, a well-placed tree stand in a hemlock tree, on an inside edge of hardwoods is cheating then I guess I was cheating.

He was 80 yards away when I first saw him. I grunted and he stopped. The wind was from the south and he came in directly from the east like he was on a string. A few soft grunts and he was standing broadside at about 15 yards actually looking away from me, sort of begging to get in my freezer door, so I obliged.

I saw the fletching disappear through the goodies and watched him sort of run/walk 40 yards, cough three times and fall over. The pictures are not high quality as I sort of rushed through that so I could get him dressed out while I still had light.

My landowner friend Gary and I dragged out the buck; we looked back at the sunset over the trees towards the shores of Green Bay and both agreed it doesn't get any better than this. Wishing you all the same success in your seasons too! 🍂



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One dozen custom cedar arrows & 6 Eclipse broadheads will be going with each bow. Donated by True North Arrows & Eclipse Broadheads.

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