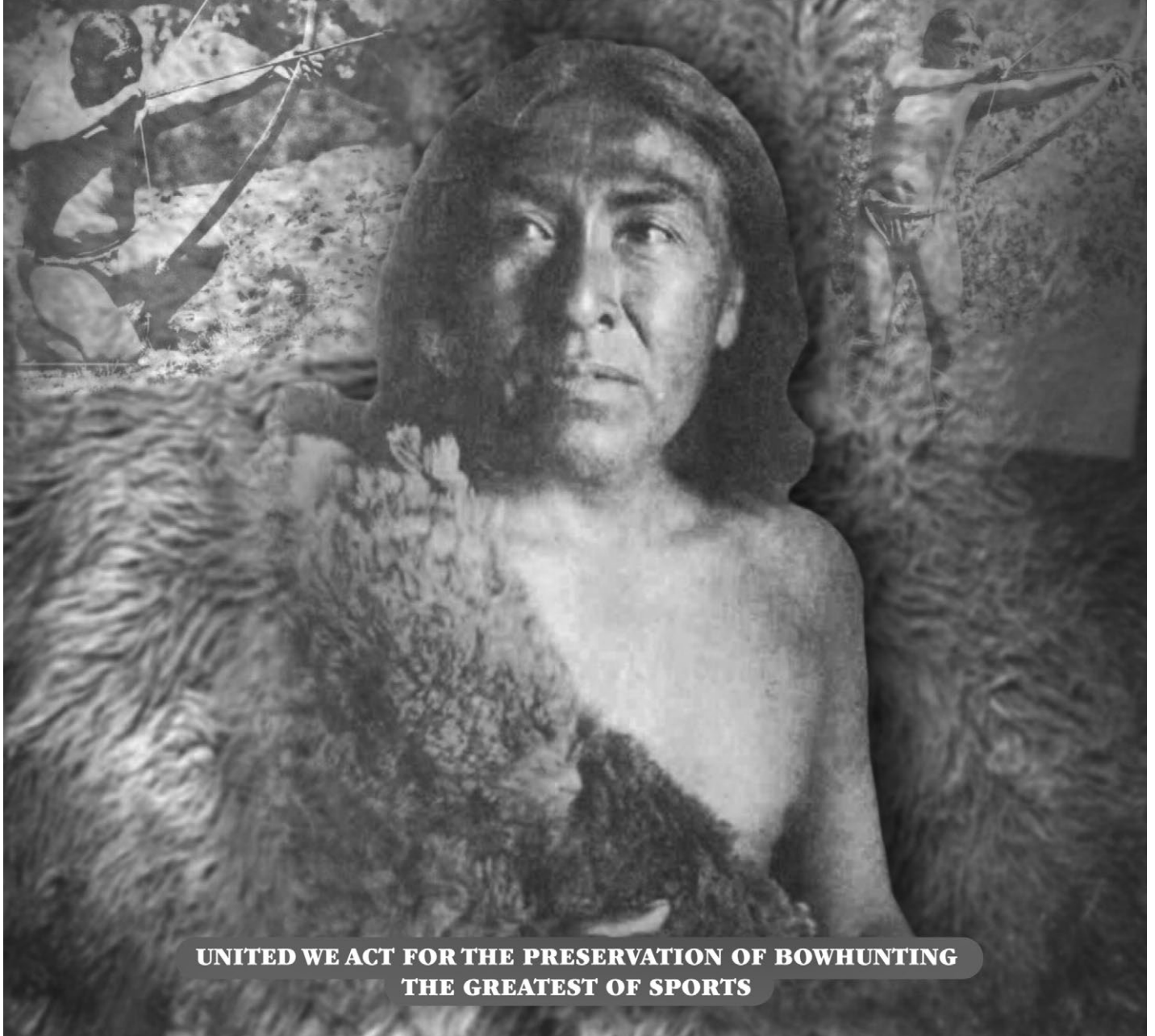


Official Publication for the members of the Professional Bowhunters Society

# THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE



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

# **PBS Young Bowhunters Program Announcement and outline for general membership.**



## ***Promotion and Perpetuation***

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

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

## **What is the *Young Bowhunters Program*?**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **What can I do to help?**

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

## **How can one sign up or help?**

To get involved please contact

Patrick Petinoit

flatrock@cinergymetro.net

765-720-7857



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# THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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# President's Message

by Jim Akenson  
micaake@yahoo.com

## PBS Involvement – How to Engage

ennial Gatherings and/or volunteering to help out as ground crew at St. Augustine in 2016.

So if the Regional Program (RP) is stimulating involvement, what are the objectives of the RP? The first objective is to enhance our fraternalism through providing a better network to get-together – in person, doing what we love to do: bowhunt and preparing to bowhunt! Objective two is to highlight our regional uniqueness – and display it through articles and media products. For instance, deer hunting in the Pacific West is much different than the Southeast Region. We need to champion, or hallmark, the fact that we (PBS) have equivalent levels of expertise, and opportunities, in widely varying landscapes AND, to show or describe that we have fun doing it – our way! Objective three, is to plan regional hunts for members – encouraging both inner-regional and cross-region with members getting to experience something new. Objective four is to integrate more effec-

tively with state organizations. When specific states have supporting needs – usually regarding archery season rule changes, or threats to hunting quality; as an example, through the use of inappropriate technology such as with aid from aerial drones, a regional contact would be the go to person, along with a rep from that specific state. This regional relevance will add a lot more “appropriate involvement” as we apply our “Knowledge Through Experience” to help safe-guard bowhunting as we know and appreciate it.

Bowhunting season is upon us, so I am not going to expand further on these thoughts as we all need to be out in the woods at this time – doing what we do and enjoy the best! Wherever you are going afield, enjoy yourselves and be safe! Also, keep notes and photo records of your hunt and submit for publication in the magazine – Jack Smith is always happy to receive more material!

**Jim A.**

PBS is in a transitional phase, plain and simple, and this is positive. We now will have a decisive voting process on ballot-items, we are gaining structure and purpose for the regional representation program, seeing more activities within the respective committees, and spiking upward on new membership recruitment – with over 30 new members signed up at the PBS booth at ETAR. So why are we now “turning the corner” with our organizations momentum? I feel this is happening because we are becoming more connected with each other through shared experiences, and actions. So who’s responsible for this momentum? The membership! You all have let the Council know where you want to go and we are working to facilitate that interest. You may ask, “Will we be able to return to the prosperous times of the 1990’s?” The answer is Yes, but this “yes” will involve a transitional period that will greatly benefit from an increased involvement from every member.

So how can each member be involved? The easiest level of involvement is participating on the website. I feel that the website topics and discussions have really improved over the last two quarters, and more and more this tool is being used for coordinating hunts and sharing other bowhunting related information. The second level of involvement is at a regional level. Take a look at the “Regionally Speaking” segment of this Magazine. You will see that things are happening in each region and the momentum for activities is building. Contact one of the names mentioned as representatives and find out more detail on activities in your region. In the upcoming year there will be several events planned – Odd Year Gatherings, hunts, shoots, etc. The third level is going to Bi-

### Larry O. Fischer Honored by PBS

On September 21, 2014 Larry O. Fischer was presented the John Rook Inspiration Award at his home near Boise, Idaho. Larry has demonstrated and shared unique inspiration during his continued and courageous battle with cancer. Larry has been a long-term leader of PBS. He is a past-president, recipient of the Shupienis Award, and a stalwart supporter of our Youth programs - which John Rook also strongly promoted. Larry's award will be re-acknowledged during banquet ceremonies in St. Augustine, FL., in 2016.

**2014  
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Bowhunter's  
Society**

**John Rook  
Inspiration Award**

For exhibiting the  
courage and perseverance  
that inspires others to  
achievement beyond  
the expected

**Larry O. Fischer**



# Vice President's Message

by Steve Hohensee

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

## In PBS' Best Interest: I Will\* Make a Motion

The PBS Constitution and By-Laws have for the first time in 35 years been amended by the will of the voting membership. The last confirming vote was to establish an associate membership back in 1979. With our recent passing of the amendment that only returned votes would be counted to establish the threshold for a 2/3 outcome.

The Life Membership program was initiated in 1991 and was set up so that the financial principle was invested so that only interest could be used for program delivery. During the early 1990's when the Life Member program was initiated, interest rates were between 4% and 8% which made for a reasonable and stable investment choice. The average inflation rate since 1991 has been around 3% and the average interest was also about 3%, which means we didn't even cover expenses from the Life Membership program. During the past dozen-plus years inflation has greatly outpaced interest rates, the current paltry rate is only about one quarter of a percent! We are losing our spending power and a financial opportunity with every passing month.

Currently our Constitution and By-

Laws states the following (**emphasis added**):

### ARTICLE V - Executive Council

Section 8. Funds derived from Life Membership dues are to be invested per the authority given to the investment committee by Council. These funds can in no way be used by the organization for any general expenses, collateral assignment or other purpose. Only **interest** earned from these invested funds can be used by the organization.

The use of the term "interest" within our Constitution and By-Laws has straddled our past and current Executive Council with inability to accept and follow through with strategic investment advice offered by a Financial Committee as defined in the Policy and Procedures manual. Our currently held Life Funds are about \$93,000 but that number should have been considerably higher after over two decades of investments beyond stagnation in CDs.

I therefore with this printing, formally make a motion to the Executive Council to place on the upcoming ballot, to place before the voting membership, that the PBS Constitution and By-Laws be



amended as follows (**emphasis added**):

### ARTICLE V - Executive Council

Section 8. Funds derived from Life Membership dues are to be invested per the authority given to the investment committee by Council. These funds can in no way be used by the organization for any general expenses, collateral assignment or other purpose. Only **gains** earned from these invested funds can be used by the organization.

A Constitution and By-Laws change is not enough; the membership needs to encourage and support our Executive Council in the nomination of a qualified Financial Committee, in the solicitation of sound investment advice, and for the follow through in a premeditated investment strategy. Our Society's financial health and well-being is on the line with this important decision!

**Steve H.**

*\*In the coming months I WILL be putting before Council for deliberation as a ballot item.*

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### Deadline Dates for The PBS Magazine

Nov. 20th for 1st Qtr. 2014 issue  
Feb. 20th for 2nd Qtr. 2014 issue  
May 20th for 3rd Qtr. 2014 issue  
Aug. 20th for 4th Qtr 2014 issue





## Senior Council's Report

by Steve Osminski  
steveosminski@yahoo.com

### Congratulations Regular Members

Well, at least a couple congratulations are in order. Many of you do not look at the PBS website ([www.probowsociety.net](http://www.probowsociety.net)), so this first accomplishment may be news to you but it is months old for many of us. The special election brought about by the Regular Membership meeting at the Cincinnati Gathering in March came to an end July 15. There were 352 ballots sent out and 303 ballots returned. For the first time in PBS history, we received over a 2/3 affirmative vote (77%). There were 86% of the ballots returned and almost 90% of the returned ballots were YES to change the bylaws with a 2/3 majority of returned ballots. From now on the Regular Members that care enough to vote will be shaping the direction of the PBS. It is so simple...vote yes or vote no on all the election issues as your duty as a Regular Member of the PBS...but DO vote. Doing nothing by not voting is not going to stalemate the PBS anymore. Council will have more responsibility to the membership and the membership will have more responsibility to each other. Congratulations!

The second congratulations are to all the long time Associate Members who have stepped up and applied for Regular Membership this year. Many of these active members saw their votes were actually going to mean something very soon and wanted to be part of the leadership of the PBS. I know I personally have given out at least another half dozen applications that are being worked on...let's get those wrapped up boys and girls, before you become engrossed in our favorite fall activities. One of the great benefits of being on Council is reviewing the Regular Applications. We have some very impressive

bowhunters in our ranks; the Regular Application allows you to go back and relive many of those hunts along with how you started and the entire journey that has taken you to this point. If you have been thinking about applying, give me a call or send me an e-mail. I can get you started. Many are intimidated by the process—and they really shouldn't be. I found it fascinating and I believe no matter how little you like to write or how bad you think you are at writing, you will find it worth your while.

We are coming up on the busiest time of year for the bowhunter. I was able to start my fall early this year in July. I spent two weeks in South Africa with PBS Members Gene Wensel, Mick Parks, and Daryl Kempher. We were faced with difficult conditions and worked very hard, not typically what you would expect on a safari...we were running trail cameras, detailing established stands, putting out new tree stands, finding and hunting funnels. How often do you hear "bwanas" hunting from dark to dark over there? We did. That is the best thing about hunting with PBS members; there was no whining, there was only

encouragement and persistence to find a way to make the best of our opportunities. Not one arrow was wasted on this trip. No misses, no wounding, and no tracking dogs' necessary to find our animals. I'll be looking forward to going back, but more importantly I will be looking forward to my next hunt with a PBS "brother".

Stay safe this fall. Be careful driving. Watch out for all those sharp broadheads and knives. USE YOUR SAFETY HARNESS!

**Steve O.**

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# Old Friends

## Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

912 Kedron Rd., Tallmansville, WV 26237  
(304) 472-5885 pethorn@hotmail.com

our paths crossed. Life does come in seasons and people come into our lives for seasons long and short. We make memories together that we need to cherish. My rabbit hunting buddy from high school did not live a long life, and there will be no more days afield with him. I miss him.

I have reconnected with many old friends on Facebook. I recently went to my High School Class Reunion – our class celebrated 41 years, and the class after us 40 years. Most of the people that attended, I had not seen since the day we walked off the platform with our diplomas. I have over the last 3 or 4 years found and talked to over 40 of my classmates on Facebook and it was a real pleasure to see them again face to face. We had a class made up of great people, and it was a great place to grow up. They were simpler times which we all remember with fondness. We have scattered to the winds with only a few still living in our hometown. Recollections and stories flew as we caught up with each other.

**Philemon 1: <sup>1</sup>PAUL, a prisoner of Christ Jesus, and Timothy our brother, To Philemon our beloved friend and fellow laborer, <sup>2</sup>to the beloved Apphia, Archippus our fellow soldier, and to the church in your house: <sup>3</sup>Grace to you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.**

**<sup>4</sup>I thank my God, making mention of you always in my prayers, <sup>5</sup>hearing of your love**

**and faith which you have toward the Lord Jesus and toward all the saints, <sup>6</sup>that the sharing of your faith may become effective by the acknowledgment of every good thing which is in you in Christ Jesus. <sup>7</sup>For we have great joy and consolation in your love, because the hearts of the saints have been refreshed by you, brother.**

Paul was in prison, nearing the end of his life. He was writing letters to cherished old friends. This letter to Philemon told of his affection and appreciation for him. It is a hard lesson in life to find out who your real friends are in hard times. Acquaintances are a dime a dozen but real, true, tested friends that come through for you when you need them are much rarer. They are to be cherished. If you really want to learn the true nature of a person, go on an extended wilderness hunt with them. True friends go the extra mile for each other in every way. Hunting almost always entails a lot of work, sharing, and hardship at times. You rely on each other and a bond forms when the relationship becomes strong from time after time of stepping up for each other. It is a breath of fresh air when you find a true friend. One true principle in life is that to have friends, you must be a friend. Relationships such as this are a two way street and both people have to invest the best side of who they are. It is good to have friends, as many as possible. God brings them into your life - cherish Old Friends!

The cottontail rabbit ran across an opening between two thickets and made the fatal mistake of stopping in the wide open. I pulled the arrow back to my cheek and released. The .38 Special brass case tipped arrow hit him through the chest and he spun around twice and expired. I was hunting with a buddy from school and it was our first bow killed rabbit. We celebrated with a high five and his shout of "way to go"! It was quite an accomplishment for us at that time in our young lives. The older I get, the more I value my old friends. I look back on many days spent afield with friends that either have passed on, or who moved away, or I moved away and lost touch with them over the years. Some friends I met in some far away hunting camp and that was the only time





# College Scholarship recipients say...

Dear Mr. Akenson/PBS,

I am writing to thank you for the generous \$1000 Professional Bowhunters Society scholarship! I am very happy and appreciative to learn that I was selected as the recipient of this scholarship!

As expressed earlier in my application, my name is Jennifer Receveur, and I am a business management major with an emphasis in entrepreneurship. I plan to pursue a career in business by opening my own gymnastics gym upon graduating from Brigham Young University. I am currently a sophomore taking 14.5 credits, and plan to graduate in the fall of 2017. Thanks to you, I am one step closer to that goal.

Furthermore, in addition to my educational pursuits, my love and interest for bowhunting has gone way back to before I can clearly remember. Bowhunting has always played a huge part in my life. Beginning when I was very little and could first hold a bow, I was already out in the backyard shooting, as well as going to 3D shoots. My family would often go on family outings in which we would all participate together! Those are some of my fondest memories with my family. I will never forget the time spent together, marching through the woods and cheering each other on as we would make a good shot, or have to find a clear shot on a trickier target. Some of our 3D shoots were overnight allowing us to even have a camp out! After participating in many competitions and receiving several awards, my dad took me on my first hunt, bowhunting for alligators! It was one of the most thrilling and exciting times of my life! After alligator hunting, I was blessed to be able to go on several other hunts including, wild boar, stingray, black bear and bunny hunting. The parts I enjoy most about bowhunting is the time spent outside in nature, enjoying God's creations, as well as spending time with my dad and brothers. It is an exciting sport that incorporates nature and family! I love it!

By awarding me the PBS Scholarship, you have lightened my financial burden, which allows me to focus more on the most important aspect of school; learning. I commit to do well with this investment in my studies. Your generosity has inspired me to help others and give back to the community. I hope one day I will be able to help students achieve their goals just as you have helped me.

Sincerely,

**Jennifer Receveur**

556 N 400 E Apt 9  
Provo, UT 84604



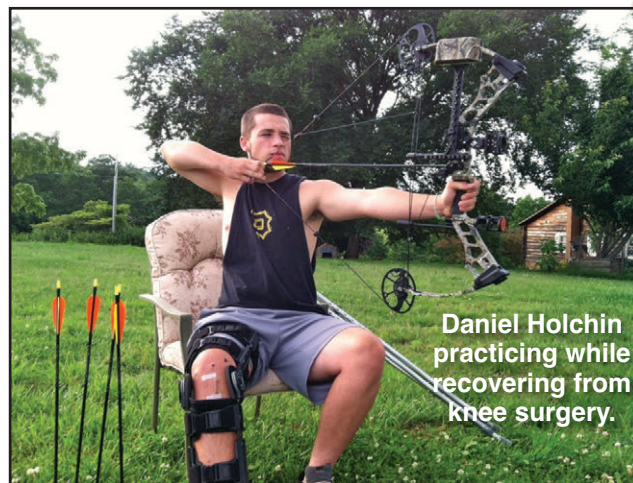
Dear PBS Council and Members:

Thank you very much for the \$1000 college scholarship for 2014 - it will help me attend Western Carolina University in NC this fall to study Athletic Training and then hopefully Physical Therapy. I needed knee surgery twice due to sports injuries, which led to my interest in athletic training and physical therapy. The attached photo is of me shooting my bow during a knee surgery recovery. One of the reasons

I chose WCU is that the campus is surrounded by the ridges, valleys and streams of the Nantahala National Forest, which is home to whitetail deer, eastern wild turkeys, black bears, coyotes, wild hogs and assorted small game. There is a trout stream flowing right through the campus. There is also an elk herd, not yet large enough to be huntable, in the nearby Smokey Mountain National Park. This all means that I should be able to continue bowhunting while in college. I look forward to finding out which of my school mates are bowhunters, introducing bowhunting to others, and planning some bowhunting trips together. I hope to apply the leadership skills I learned on the 2009 Doug Kerr Youth Leadership Hunt in Utah while at WCU. My dad and I plan to bowhunt several other states with some PBS friends during my fall, Christmas and Easter breaks, including Georgia, Indiana and Ohio. I may also invite any new bowhunting friends to bowhunt our family farm on weekends. One problem is that I will live on campus my first two years and bows are considered weapons there and not allowed, so I can't take my bow and arrows with me at first. My dad will have to bring them to me until we find a solution to this challenge. I hope to either find and join, or form a new bowhunting club at WCU during my time there. Thanks again for the PBS scholarship.

**Daniel Holchin**

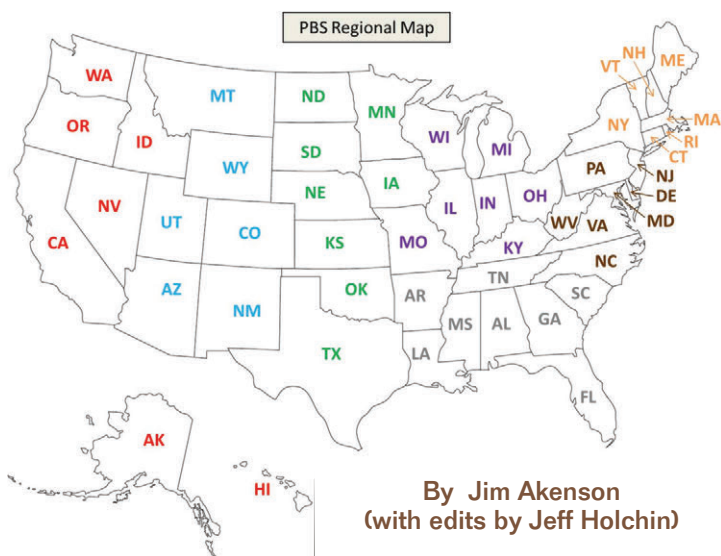
August 2014



Daniel Holchin practicing while recovering from knee surgery.



# PBS – Regionally Speaking



By Jim Akenson  
(with edits by Jeff Holchin)

## Region

## States

<b>Pacific West</b> .....	Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, California, Alaska, Hawaii
<b>Rocky Mountain West</b> ....	Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico
<b>Great Plains Central</b> .....	North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Minnesota, Iowa
<b>Great Lakes</b> .....	Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Missouri
<b>North Eastern</b> .....	New York, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut
<b>Appalachia</b> .....	Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, W. Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina
<b>South East</b> .....	Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Arkansas

Fall hunting season is finally here and we hope you have some great bowhunting adventures this fall and winter. Check out the regional and membership hunts noted below and consider joining in the fun. We continue to seek interested members from all the states and other countries to serve as state representatives and help the regional representatives. Your job will be to (1) keep the re-

gional representative updated on bowhunting news and happenings in your state, (2) help welcome new members from your state and keep in regular contact with all PBS members in your state, (3) assist the regional representative in regional hunts if possible, and (4) assist the regional representative in some sort of annual regional gathering/jamboree/rendezvous that includes shooting bows

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and arrows, good fellowship and food, and fundraising for the PBS to help take some pressure off the biannual banquets as our only real fundraiser. Please contact your regional representative if interested. Could this be the excuse you have been looking for to hunt the surrounding states in your region? Maybe try the following with your boss (at work or home) and let us know how it turns out: "I don't really want to hunt three more states this fall, but I have to, it's my job now, in order to help my regional rep and get to know the other state reps in my region."

---

### **Pacific West Report**

(Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, California, Alaska, Hawaii)

by Tom Vanasche – Regional Representative

No report available this time. Consideration is currently being given to break AK, HI, and non-US locations into a separate region – perhaps being called the Oceanic Region. Stay tuned.

**Idaho:** Congratulations to Blake Fischer for his appointment to the Idaho Fish and Game Commission.

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### **Rocky Mountain West Report**

(Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico)

No Regional Representative Yet

**Utah:** By the time you read this, the Membership elk and mule deer hunt in Utah should be over and stories and photos posted on the PBS Membership Hunt page – check it out to see what you missed.

**Arizona:** Rick Wildermuth will be hosting a membership hunt in late December/early January for Coues and mule deer at the Buenos Aires NWR – see the PBS web site for details.

Arizona Hunts dates:

Elk - 9/12-9/25 & 11/14-11/27

Antelope - 8/8-94 but varies by unit

Lion - 365 days

Bear - 8/22-10/2 varies by unit

Buffalo - 8/6-12/1

2 week season-varies by unit

Sheep - 12/1-12/31

Deer - 12/12/14-12/31-14 &

1/1/15-1/31/15

Upcoming hunting seasons. Non-residents may purchase a license and draw tags on-line at AZGFD.gov but must purchase OTC tags when in the state.

Information should you want to use it. Rick's cell phone is 602-327-2291.

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### **Great Plains Central Report**

(North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Minnesota, Iowa)

By John Vargo (IA) and Mark Viehweg (SD) Regional Representatives

**South Dakota:** After reading the Traditional Bowhunter Magazine article about the bow fishing opportunities for salmon, a good number of bowhunters were excited about the opportunity to pursue salmon with a bow. Unfortunately, due to high water

many of the Atlantic Salmon migrated out of Lake Oahe upstream. Below is an update on a proposed plan to stock Atlantic Salmon in 2016:

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### **UPDATE: Proposed Plan to Stock Atlantic Salmon in Lake Oahe in 2016**

In April, the South Dakota Game, Fish and Parks (GFP) began collecting public comment regarding the potential stocking of Atlantic Salmon in Lake Oahe beginning in 2016. As mentioned early on, the primary objective for this potential stocking would be to increase angler use and consistency of the salmon fishery already present in Lake Oahe. Chinook salmon are stocked yearly in Lake Oahe and have been since the mid-1980's. During that time, angler harvest of Chinook salmon has fluctuated greatly.

The goal of this potential stocking would be to stabilize salmon harvest through various aspects of Atlantic salmon biology. Licensed anglers from the past three years were sent an email in April asking them to view a brief informational video and provide opinions and comments via a survey link at the end of the video (<http://gfp.sd.gov/agency/video.aspx>). At the same time, a press release was distributed to statewide media to aid in informing the public of this effort and invite interested parties to view the video and provide us with their comments. The video received approximately 4,100 views and 2,258 comment forms were completed. An additional 53 emailed/mailed comments regarding the proposed stocking were also received.

In total, approximately 86 percent of respondents were in favor or neutral regarding this stocking and 14 percent of anglers were opposed to Atlantic salmon stockings for various reasons. Written comments not in favor of the Atlantic salmon stocking included a range of rationale from insufficient prey fish in Lake Oahe to hesitation regarding stocking a non-native species, requesting stocking efforts to be focused in other water bodies, the use of aquatic resources for native species (i.e., sturgeon), stocking of other sport fish in Lake Oahe such as muskellunge, largemouth and smallmouth bass or channel catfish as well as resource allocations in other parts of the agency.

Additional efforts are underway to gather public input as part of the 2014 summer creel survey on Lake Oahe. Once this survey is completed, angler opinions and attitudes will be summarized and a decision will be made on whether or not to continue to explore the option of stocking Atlantic salmon in the future.

Any questions or comments can be directed to the Ft. Pierre District Office fisheries biologists at 605.223.7681.

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**New South Dakota Bow Weight Definition of what won't be allowed:** A bow that measures less than 40 pounds pull when hunting an elk with a fixed blade broadhead or a bow that measures less than 30 pounds pull when hunting any other big game animal with a fixed blade broad head.

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**Nebraska:** The Nebraska Bowhunters Association recently held their 30th Annual Banquet with 615 attending the event in Kearney. The NBA's Summer Jamboree was scheduled for Aug. 7-10 at Halsey Forest, where attendance generally runs into the several hundreds. The 2015 dates are March 6-7 for the NBA Banquet and probably the first full weekend in August for the Jamboree. I highly recommend both events for those with Nebraska ties or hunts. The NBA's website is <http://www.nebraskabowhunters.com/>

The Nebraska Traditional Archers is also a very active group in the Cornhusker State and hosts numerous events including a Rendezvous in late August, as well as

~ continued on page 10 ~

# PBS Regionally Speaking

~ continued from page 9

numerous bow-building activities and traditional shoots. Most of their events are held near Fremont, less than an hour from Omaha. Their website is <http://nebraskatraditionalarcher.org/>

Nebraska's Game and Parks Commission has legalized cross-bows for the regular archery season due to pressure from the industry and a handful of legislators, despite the NBA's strenuous objections. EHD also ravaged the whitetail herd in the summer of 2012 over most of the state and it's taking some time to rebound. On the positive side, there seems to be no shortage of turkeys and there are \$5 permits for youths (non-residents included). Also, the archery deer opener will now be Sept. 1, two weeks earlier than previous years. It may allow hope for a velvet buck, but more likely helps hunters combine deer with antelope or small-game (dove, prairie grouse, squirrel, and rabbit) adventures over Labor Day weekend. For anyone lucky enough to draw an any-weapon bull elk tag, if they are willing to head afield with a bow first, they have a 12-day head start (Sept. 15) over those who restrict themselves to guns only. Both of these gains were high priorities for the NBA in the last five years.

## Great Lakes Report

(Wisconsin, Illinois,

Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri)

by Ron Lang – Regional Representative and Mike Vines (MI)

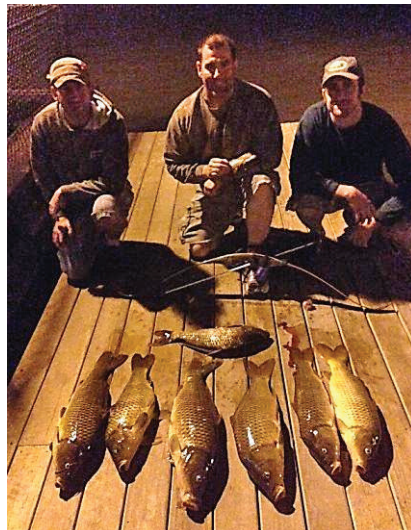
**Indiana:** Chris Gault of Indiana is hosting a membership hunt for deer and turkey from October 18-26 in the Hoosier NF Dream Wilderness area of Indiana. Check the PBS web site for details.

## Northeastern Report

(New York, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut)

by Terry Receveur – Regional Representative

A small group of New York PBS members enjoyed a fun weekend at the "Northeastern Region Bowfishing Extravaganza"! The event took place the weekend of July 11th and 12th, 2014 in Hudson, NY. Sean Bleakley, Charlie Jansen, and new PBS member Chris DeWitt met Friday evening at my home and then we loaded up into my truck and headed to the Hudson River boat launch. The action was good for most of the night and the group connected on several fish. Unfortunately, Charlie and Chris had to head home for another engagement on Saturday, so Sean and I just camped at my house. We bowfished until 2:30 AM, so we slept in a bit on Saturday and didn't hit the river again until 8 AM. Sean and I fished for smallmouth for most of the day with little luck. It



was still a fantastic weekend with great people and friends. I'll be setting up another event down the road, so keep your eyes open.

The Northeastern region is looking for a few good men. If you are interested in serving on the committee to represent your state, let me know. Also, if you have an idea about another PBS hunt or would like to assist in setting one up, please call (518-755-9119) or Email ([Terrance.Receveur@Taconic.com](mailto:Terrance.Receveur@Taconic.com)).

Following is a brief summary of the status of our Northeastern states:

**New York** – New York hunters this season will have unprecedented opportunities to hunt black bears, a move made by DEC in response to growing numbers of bruins. It remains to be seen whether hunters take advantage of the opportunities. In the past, most black bear kills have occurred when hunters encountered a bruin while hunting deer. That could change this season, especially with a special early offering Sept. 6-21 in several wildlife management units (3A, 3C, 3H, 3J, 3K, 3M, 3P, 3R, 4P and 4R) in the Catskills and western Hudson Valley. "We're counting on the early bear season in the Catskills and western Hudson Valley to increase bear harvest rates and reduce the population," DEC wildlife biologist Jeremy Hurst said. "In the past, bear hunting in the southeastern portion of the state has overlapped with deer season. With the new early season, hunters will be able to focus on bears without the deer distraction."

**Vermont** – Curtis Smiley with the Vermont Big Game Trophy Club says a huge bear taken in the 2013 hunting season is the heaviest bear taken in Vermont by bow and arrow since 1898, and that it is a new record according to skull measurements. Kevin Lamere of Brownington, VT shot the bear on October 5, 2013 with a bow and arrow in Orleans County. The dressed weight of the bear was 450 lbs. "The skull of Lamere's bear scored 21 10/16 -- a new state record in the Boone and Crockett Club as well as Pope and Young Club records," said Smiley. "I cannot overstate the significance of a black bear skull this large." Vermont has two bear hunting seasons. The early bear hunting season, which requires a special bear tag, starts September 1 and continues through November 14. The late bear season begins November 15 and continues through November 23.

**New Hampshire – CHANGES TO 2014 NH DEER SEASON:** There have been a number of new rules that will take effect for the 2014 Deer season. Our Archery season will run from September 15th through December 15th in WMUs B through M. It will run from September 15th to December 8th in WMU A, the northernmost unit in the state. Once again there will be 4,000 antlerless only permits available for sale in Unit M, they will cost \$26.00 and will give you two antlerless tags for Unit M. New this year is the addition of 500 antlerless tags for Unit L, these tags sold out within a few hours of becoming available.

The biggest change in deer hunting regulations is in the area of baiting. Without getting into what my or your personal beliefs are on the subject, here is a brief synopsis of what the changes entail. Baiting for deer is now open only from October 22nd to November 19th in Units A through L, while it remains open in Unit M for the entire archery season. (Sept 15-Dec 15th.). Permit applications must now be submitted on or before October 1st, and it is illegal to bait for moose. Further, if you are baiting for coyote, from the close of the bear baiting season through December 15th, you are only allowed to use meat, animal parts, carrion or fish. Is that clear as mud for you?



**NH'S MOOSE UPDATE:** While New Hampshire's deer herd appears to be bouncing back from a few hard winters, that cannot be said about our moose situation. As recent as 2007 there were 675 tags issued for moose, in 2011 and 2012 that number was reduced to 275 tags. This year, 2014, the number is down to 124 tags. It doesn't take a genius to figure out that something is happening here. NH Fish and Game is currently in the midst of a three year study to try to determine mortality causes in our moose herd. Kristine Rines, a Fish and Game Moose Biologist, says that while moose aren't about to disappear, their numbers are certainly in decline. To be frank, they aren't sure if the cause of the decline in numbers is due to winter ticks, other parasites, (such as brainworm), climate change or a combination of any of those. One of the concerns with the winter tick problem is that it seems to be causing a noticeable weight loss, which in turn causes a reduction of reproductive fertility of cow moose. I should note that New Hampshire is not the only state that is experiencing a reduction in their moose herd, Minnesota has ended their moose hunting due to a declining herd, and southern Maine and Nova Scotia are suffering from severe winter tick infestations. Time will tell where our herd ends up, I will tell you that ten years ago I saw 17 moose in one morning while canoeing on East Inlet in Pittsburgh. In mid July of this year I spent 4 days flyfishing in that same area and saw one solitary moose. I hope that's not a harbinger of things to come.

**Massachusetts** – The Massachusetts House of Representatives has passed a bill that would allow deer hunting, with bow and arrows, on Sundays during deer hunting season. "We really don't have natural predators for the deer. You don't have mountain lions or other things that would hunt down the deer and create a natural balance. It's up to men and women, sportsmen, sportswomen, to keep that balance," says Frost. The MSPCA opposes the bill, saying that people should be able to enjoy the outdoors one day a

week without worrying about getting shot with a bow and arrow. On the plus side, according to state officials, death by bow and arrow for humans is extremely uncommon. The bill now heads to the Senate.

**Connecticut** – The time is now to apply for special deer hunting permits. Archery hunting seasons are as follows: Jan. 1 – Jan. 31 – Private Lands (Zones 11–12), Sept. 15 – Dec. 31 – Private Lands (All Zones), Sept. 15 – Nov. 18 – State Land, Dec. 24 – Dec. 31, Sept. 15 – Dec. 31 – State Land Bowhunting Only Areas. Bag Limits 2 Either Sex and 2 Antlerless (4 Total); additional bag of 1 Either Sex and 1 Antlerless (2 Total) during the Jan 1–31 season on private lands in Zones 11 and 12. Hunting Hours ½ hour before sunrise to sunset.

**Rhode Island** – The Department of Environmental Management's Division of Law Enforcement is advising anyone that may have purchased a bow on Craigslist this month that they may have unknowingly purchased stolen property. Twelve Genesis bows were stolen during a break-in at a DEM facility earlier this month. The stolen bows are valued at approximately \$180 each and may have been sold online by a Craigslist seller from West Warwick. Two have been recovered. The Genesis bows are not hunting bows. This equipment is used by DEM's Division of Fish & Wildlife to introduce and teach archery skills to students who participate in its Hunter Education programs, many of whom are women and youth. Programs such as Bowhunter Education training, Women's Day at the Range, Archery in the Schools and various other field day type events will be impacted until this equipment is recovered or replaced. The Division is committed to teaching outdoor skills to the next generation in an effort to inspire an interest and concern for wildlife and wild places, and to engage the public in wildlife conservation and shooting sports.

## Appalachia Report

(Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, W. Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina)

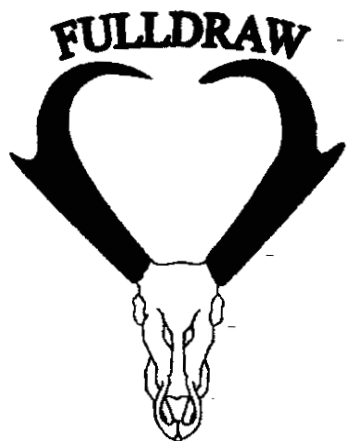
by Gene Thorn – Regional Representative and Jeff Holchin (NC)

**W. Virginia: Update on West Virginia Regional PBS Hunt - October 13-18** - Greenbrier County on Neola WMA, Monongahela National Forest. We will camp at the Blue Bend Campground (hot showers available). Archery deer, bear, and turkey will be in season as well as squirrels and excellent trout fishing. Breakfast and lunch will be on your own. We will work out a schedule to share supper cooking and eat together. Contact Gene if interested. See [http://www.wvdnr.gov/hunting/hunting\\_regs.shtml](http://www.wvdnr.gov/hunting/hunting_regs.shtml) for Hunting Regulations and Licensing info.

Blue Bend Campground - From White Sulphur Springs, WV, take State Rt. 92 north 9.1 miles to County Rt. 16/2. Turn left onto Rt. 16/2 and proceed 13.9 miles to campground. Easy access from Interstate 64. (White Sulphur Ranger District). Contact Gene Thorn to participate. e-mail [pethorn@hotmail.com](mailto:pethorn@hotmail.com) - (put PBS Regional WV Hunt in the subject line) or Phone (304)472-5885, address 912 Kedron Rd Tallmansville, WV 26237

**Virginia:** The big news for all hunting in Virginia this season is that after years of controversy, Sunday hunting has finally become a reality. This is welcome news to a lot of bowhunters who only get the opportunity to hunt on weekends, there is still some controversy that needs to be worked out. The bill was originally intended to apply only to private land, however the word "private" never made it into the bill, just the

~ continued on page 12



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# PBS Regionally Speaking

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word "landowner". This has prompted the question as to who is a landowner. The state is a land owner as is the National Forest, plus numerous large timber companies. The attorney General's office is currently working to sort this out. Bowhunters need to completely read through the game laws regarding Sunday hunting as there are several exceptions, such as no hunting within 200 yards of a Church, that are new stipulations that a hunter needs to be aware of.

The Elk restoration effort is coming along nicely. An additional 45 elk were transported to Buchanan county in southwest Virginia, quarantined and then released into their new habitat. Along with the elk that were released in 2012 & 2013, this brings the total number of elk released into the region to over 100.

Rob Burnham hosts a great hunt at Rough Mountain, Virginia in late October (10/16 to 10/26), with many thousands of acres of nation forest land to explore. This week long hunt offers good opportunities for whitetail deer, turkey and small game, and an excellent opportunity to arrow a black bear. Contact Rob at 804-402-6900 or [rob@burnhamphotography.com](mailto:rob@burnhamphotography.com), or check on the Membership Hunt page on the PBS website for more details.

## South East Report

(Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, Florida, Tennessee, Arkansas)

by *Ethan Rodrigue* – Regional Representative  
and *Matt Schuster* (GA)

The wheels are turning on our Regional program! Everyone has been working hard, and as things are starting to take shape, it is more important than ever that we as an organization take ownership and make concerted efforts to become active in our PBS. Bow season is almost here and many plans are being made and finalized. Don't forget to check out the membership hunts forum on the website and make plans for next year as well. We have several hunts/gatherings currently in the planning stages, from hogs to deer to turkey. If you live in the South East Region and you have an idea for a hunt, please contact me and we will sort out the details! These hunts can be relatively simple to plan, and are always fun to take part in. I would like to thank the members that have volunteered to help out with this program in our region. As we move forward with this new and exciting endeavor your help will be greatly appreciated, but if you have been thinking of a way you can contribute to PBS this could be it! A simple phone call or email with updates on upcoming shoots, bow hunting issues, new hunting opportunities, etc... will go a long way towards keeping our region active and informed. Bow season will have begun for some of us by the time this issue reaches you, and I hope everyone has a safe and successful year. With the coming months we will all become preoccupied with thoughts of game and upcoming adventures. But don't forget to keep tabs on the developments within the South East regarding PBS. As always, if you have any comments or suggestions please feel free to contact me.

*Mississippi:* The Mississippi Traditional

Bowhunters are off to great start and is quickly becoming an outstanding platform to introduce bowhunters to the PBS. We have had some new members recently join PBS as a direct result of the MTB efforts and this is just an example of the positive things that can and will come from increased regional participation.

**Georgia:** The Traditional Bowhunters of Georgia, Inc., as they do every year, put on a fun and financially successful banquet the first weekend in August. TBG, in addition to putting on multiple shoots and hunts, puts traditional bows in the hands of over 3000 kids every year through their youth program, which is largely funded by events such as this year's banquet. PBS had a nice presence, got some good mentions, and several good prospects expressed interest in joining, or re-joining, the PBS.

**2014 PBS Blackbeard Island Bowhunt** – join fellow PBS'ers off the coast of Georgia in December and see how much fun it is to chase whitetails and hogs on the beach. This is the oldest public bowhunt on a National Wildlife Refuge, has a very high hunter success rate, and has always attracted a very traditional crowd of hunters. Hunters boat out, usually from Shellman's Bluff, GA, to the island on Wednesday, December 3, hunt Thursday through Saturday, and boat back on Sunday. Camping is primitive but water and rest room facilities are available and hunters are trucked to their campsite so there is no reason to scrimp on gear. Some experienced Blackbeard Island hunters set up some very impressive campsites. An annual Savannah Coastal Refuges Hunt Permit, cost \$25, is required and is available through the NWR website, as is other pertinent information on this hunt – [www.fws.gov/blackbeardisland](http://www.fws.gov/blackbeardisland). To reach the island requires chartering, or bringing, a boat and the cost to charter is around \$100 per hunter. Right now, I have a 4 spots reserved on a boat out, and will post contact information for charters taking folks out on the PBS website or can email them to anyone who asks. They are also available on the website above. My plan is to get to the island early to secure an area so that we can all camp together in the big meadow serving as a campsite. If guys are interested, we can also plan on a dinner or two together, but I am not sure you want me in charge of that unless you like soup. Anyone interested, can check the PBS website or you can contact me (Matt Schuster) - [matt@dixenterprises.net](mailto:matt@dixenterprises.net), 404-386-2229 and we can coordinate via phone or email. ✪

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# 2015 Texas Pig Hunts for PBS Members!

The Spike Box ranch will be hosting two pig hunts for PBS members. The first hunt will be February 16-20, 2015, and the second will take place February 23-27, 2015. The ranch, located just west of Benjamin, Texas, has been the site of several Pig-Gig hunts hosted in the past by the Wensel brothers. The Spike Box ranch has a large population of pigs. Many of the pigs on this ranch have distinct Russian characteristics and the pigs tend to be large in size. Hunts will be conducted similar to the Wensel Pig-Gig hunts. The hunts are unguided. Hunters will be assigned to specific areas and after an orientation tour by Spike Box personnel and the hunt organizers you will be on your own. Hunters must have their own transportation to get from the lodge to their assigned hunting areas. Four wheel drive vehicles are recommended as you will be driving dirt and rock roads once you leave the paved highway and these roads become extremely slippery if it rains during the hunt. The hunt manager has stated that we will have access to about 40,000 acres and they currently have over 150 feeders that we can use. Hunt tactics are up to you. You can spot and stalk, trickle corn on remote roads to coax pigs out of the brush, build a ground blind and sit by a baited site or deer feeder, or a combination. No bag limit or size restriction on pigs. The lodge will comfortably handle twenty hunters. Each hunter will have a bunk bed, access to restrooms with hot/cold water and showers, access to a large kitchen/dining room area with multiple refrigerators, stoves, and ovens, and use of a large game cooler with game processing facilities.

Tent camping is not available on this hunt. There is a very limited number of private bedrooms for husband/wife combos.

The hunts will be restricted to PBS members. Non-PBS members may participate in the hunt provided they first sign up as an associate member. Hunt cost for five full days of hunting with lodging is



**John with an eating-size pig taken during a Pig-Gig hunt at a ranch near the Spike Box. Terrain is typical of Spike Box...scattered cactus, mesquite, a few live oaks, and range grass for cattle.**

\$1200. Hunters are responsible for providing meals. \$100 from each fee will be donated to the PBS. No one other than Spike Box ranch and PBS will be receiving any money from these hunts. Gene and Barry Wensel plan to be in camp for both hunts and will likely have a few stories to tell for evening entertainment. Please note that Gene and Barry will not be handling any of the bookings or hunt arrangements and they will not be escorting hunters around

the ranch.

Please contact John Vargo for additional details regarding these hunts and for a reservation form.

John Vargo, 319-331-1997  
john1597@aol.com

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# Managing Through Today

By Cory Mattson

I was watching the JOC video recently and wanted to share a few thoughts. In as much as we want to use this or any tool to inform I would like our Bowhunting Preservation Committee to clarify a few points and then go spread our message. In this original the 4 stickbow hunters all have a clear message and good points to deliver. This is very well done. Our guest compound hunter uses equipment PBS does not deem legitimate for use during bow season. It does seem the entire world has moved on and to a large degree PBS administrations have ignored our own policies in this area. Not sure if disagreement with our policies, maybe laziness or being unaware of PBS policy might be the reason but the result is our homepage shows equipment PBS has had a policy against for at least 15 years. As a side note to "policy" there is a school of thought that any policy that is not by-laws might not be worth having?

After watching the JOC, with one or two clicks I was watching a lady bowhunter kill a nice muley 219" and she takes him at 80 yards! Pretty cool and completely ethical and using the tools as intended. What I would prefer is when people watch the JOC they are prompted to subjects more in line with PBS values. There is nothing illegal or unethical about the 100 yard modern bowhunting culture that surrounds us. It is also true I have never met one single PBS member that thinks this culture and this use of tackle is OK. We (PBS) have clearly not controlled the context our JOC short clip is sent in. The purpose is to get folks interested in us, not waste our time watching good animals get "whacked" at 80 yards. Do you computer savvy members know a way to get youtubes more in line with our message to pop up? Maybe the Leatherwood kids from PA or instructional clips that do not promote the latest and greatest. I do realize some members may believe our message sent is going to reach the modern equipment users and they will somehow become members of PBS. Maybe this is the intent and maybe it is working. What I see more often is the occasional modern equipment user "rejects"

rifles, compounds, whatever and then is drawn to us.

Back to our guest video bowhunter who mentions there are limits to the proper use of a compound bow, but then he never states what these limits might be? Being vague and unwilling to state what limits should be applied leaves all viewers to interpret 'what limits' for them selves. Our Bowhunting Preservation Committee has a very important mission and that is to do what it can to preserve bowhunting and traditional bow seasons. Agreeing on "what" constitutes bowhunting would be the first step. I believe we can support traditional equipment and stand with modern equipment users at the same time to defend bow only seasons. When game stocks are limited we can move towards "either/or" as a way to control user numbers. In the east we can solidly stand with compound users against compound crossbows if state organizations take that stand. As it sits now compound crossbows are considered 'legal' "bows" in many states. It will be interesting to see if state level bowhunting groups follow the numbers and money to compound crossbow users the way they did compounds.

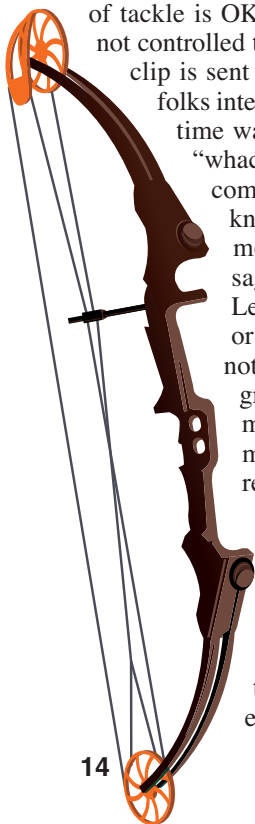
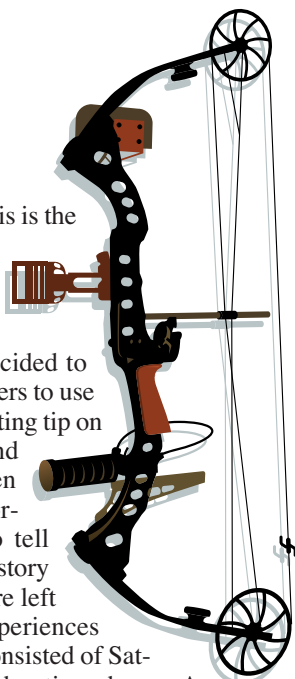
Meanwhile our BPC should state "what" constitutes a hunting bow and arrow. More simply sending the basic message that the fundamental stick and string bows along with arrows of suitable length and weight with a fixed blade broadhead sharpened to a keen edge ARE the cornerstone of modern bowhunting. PBS should send this message once each year to each state, province and territory that PBS members hunt in. Some may not accept or understand what we are doing. Send the instruction anyway. Over time repeated instruction as to what the true fundamentals are for bowhunting will yield results. Never relent. If we do not tell our story no one else will. Worse is when we do not tell our story others are left to their own ignorance when making decisions that could seriously affect our way of life.

Case in point: SC created a new bear hunting unit. I know the area well since for years a handful of members in the Woodbury Hunting Club controlled 24,000 acres between the Great Pee Dee and Little Pee Dee Rivers. As part of our stewardship we protected a healthy population of low country river bottom black bears. Years later the state had taken over the 24,000 acre piece of land and managed it as a Wildlife Man-

agement Area and this is the case today. Fast forward to 2010 or there about when a bear unit was created the SCDNR decided to REQUIRE bowhunters to use a pop open style hunting tip on arrows. Amazing and stupid yes, but when you consider no organization exists to tell the true bowhunters story wildlife managers are left to their own experiences which in this case consisted of Saturday morning TV hunting shows. A guy watches some hunter on TV "whack" a bear with a head that is all the "rage" and the outcome looks good. Done! Another law created by someone with no more expertise than passing a civil service test. Some bowhunters got involved after the fact and cleaned this mess up but the truth is it never should have come to this. A once a year memo letter of intent sent to each state could be the beginning of information flowing properly from PBS to the states. State traditional groups would likely support this effort. As you know most state bowhunter organizations are 99% compound users and we certainly cannot rely on this group to keep state DNRs informed properly. A quick look at what most bowhunters use is all we need to see to know we must do this ourselves. Today's average equipment choice is in direct conflict with, bowhunting preservation, which is a key mission of PBS.

See if you can help our Bowhunting Preservation Committee develop instruction strategy and delivery. Regional representatives can be helpful here too getting our message into the right hands.

For anyone interested in seeing more about the prevalence of the modern bowhunting 100 yard culture check out the 'Prime Bows Challenge'. This is filled with good solid citizens who are completely ethical and using equipment as intended and capable at distances we don't consider fair chase. Lest anyone think this is industry driven, that would be a false assumption. It was modern bowhunters themselves who were ahead of the technology and pushed ahead with long distance shooting. We have come a long way since the days PBS and P&Y drew a line at 65% maximum letoff. Back then bowhunting writers were pro-





moting 60 yard shots at deer and we PBS members voiced our objection then. We were called elitist and snobs. Twenty years later 60 yards seems like a close range shot. Today any below average person can easily control their shots and be accurate at 100 yards with a modern compound machine. My concern today is that the western compound long distance shooting culture will come east. Another concern is accidents that may result from compound crossbows. The results of these when they happen will destroy the very good "bowhunter" image we enjoy today. If we can separate and distinguish ourselves from the common high tech crowds I believe we will weather that storm.

Yours for better bowhunting  
Cory <>  
←-----<<<<<<

### Homework

Prime Bows Challenge and Turkey Hunting – Growingdeer.tv

The Legends Channel Archery 219”  
Mule Deer hunt - Mossback

Bow Hunting Deer – Eleven Day Buck –  
BITT Outdoors – 2012~~

**Note:** All people shown are completely ethical and legal. They also choose archery tackle that is completely legal to use during archery only seasons. These folks practicing and hunting at 80 and 100 yards is no different than us practicing and hunting at distances of 10 to 25 yards. There is no criticism just pointing out the obvious divide between PBS values and modern compound values.

### 50# minimum

Qualified voting members be aware that the 50# minimum bow weight as it stands presently as a requirement is being challenged and will be put in front of the voting members for change or approval. Qualified members in good standing have worked on the language, gotten signatures from other qualified voting Regular members and worked with the Council to get this on the ballot. Voting members will see this added to our election in January. There has been a lot of discussion on this topic in the past with member support for keeping the 50# minimum and other members wanting it eliminated or lowered. At this point there is a reasonable, simple proposal to eliminate the 50# minimum and have instead suggested bow weights. All thoughts and opinions are welcome in our magazine or on our website. If this proposal gets 2/3rds of the votes cast then the new proposal will replace the original rule as soon as the election is certified. \*



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# A Personal Epiphany on Heavier Draw Weights

By Randy Brookshier

One of the most conflagratory topics that you can bring up in a circle of bow hunters is bow weight. It seems that the most outspoken of the group usually falls into one of two categories; the school of heavy bows are mandatory, and the guys who say that 40 pounds will kill anything in North America. The heavy bow advocates are usually shooting 70 pounds or more of draw weight, handle it reasonably well and defend their stance on the grounds of increased penetration and flatter trajectory. The lighter bow users utilize examples of big game animals that have been killed by themselves or acquaintances with bows as light as 30 pounds.

Back when I first got into recurves seriously in the 1980's I was coming off of several years of shooting 80-85 pound draw compounds. So, naturally when I ordered my first custom Bighorn I ordered it in at 83 pounds. I set it up with heavy cedar arrows and shot a pile of deer with it. Shortly thereafter I ordered a lighter weight Bighorn as my back up bow...77 pounds. Those two were my go to bows for 1/2 dozen years or more.

Over the next decade I ordered in 7 or 8 more Bighorns, the lightest I believe was 69 pounds. Fred Asbell and King Cavalier split and I sold my Bighorns and switched over to Robertson Stykbows. I shot several other different makes of bows over the next 10-15 years but the Robertsons were my go to bows. I also gradually transitioned to lighter draw weights. Most of my Robertsons were around 63 pounds and my heaviest was 66.

Then came the period where I shot and experimented with ILF bows and carbon arrows. I dropped way down in weight then and shot most of them at 55-58 pounds. The set up worked great and I killed numerous deer with ILF bows, both wooden and metal risers. I had surgery on my left thumb about 5 years ago right before the season and struggled to handle much weight. I was able to painfully get back to 50 pounds for that season, ended up shooting several deer and I was impressed at how well the lighter draw weight and carbon arrows worked.

I still shoot my ILF bows but have shot longbows and Bear takedown for the last four years for hunting. My self-imposed minimum draw weight for hunting is 50 pounds and my longbows are all 61-64 pounds and all of my Bears are between 50 and 60 pounds. I have a lighter set of limbs at 45 and a heavier set at about 62 but I have been hunting with 53-56 pounds, and successfully killing deer.

As our bow season was winding down his past year Will, a long time hunting buddy of mine, decided to change his hunting set up. He hung up his longbows and broke out one of his old recurves. This bow happens to be one of my old bows and draws 66 pounds at his draw length. Will was shooting a 29" long 2219 with 200 grains up front that gave him a total arrow weight of about four pounds! One day we met out at the archery club and shot some indoors and then did an informal round of stump shooting in the rain.

It was an eye opening experience for me. His arrows were flying like a dart! Everything about that set up was impressive. He shot it very well, arrow speed, penetration, etc., were all noticeably increased and bow noise was way down. There was a compound shooter at the club as well who made a point to tell Will how quiet his bow was. I have always felt that it is easier to get a heavier bow quiet than a lighter one. I have also proven to myself several



times that a heavier bow shooting heavy arrows is a lot more stable and forgiving, for me anyway, than lighter limbs shooting lighter faster arrows.

It is a given and we have all heard it before... shooting our traditional gear, there are only two ways to see a marked improvement in arrow speed and bow performance. Go to a lighter arrow or go to a heavier bow. You might pick up an f.p.s. or two with string make up, fletching style or other variables but for a dramatic increase in bow performance, you need to go up in draw weight.

Most of us can shoot a bow 10 pounds heavier than our current draw weight, we just need to work up to it and shoot consistently. I have killed numerous deer and other critters with a bow over the last four decades and had pretty much convinced myself that you don't need all that weight to kill a deer, 45-50 pounds will do it all day long, and that is true. To be honest, I also got a little lazy when dropping down in draw weight. But, I want to be the most efficient killing machine in the woods and I know that a heavier bow, within reason, is going to do that better than a lighter bow, especially when things don't go exactly as planned, as often happens.

Our bow season is coming up again in September and I have some time to reflect on it but I believe I am going to rethink this whole hunting draw weight thing before opening day rolls around. Watching Will go from low 50 pounds to mid-60's was a very noticeable and marked difference. It impressed me and got me to thinking. I have been shooting a Bear takedown this spring that draws about 65 pounds at my draw length and it has been an impressive transition for me. The bow is definitely quieter, faster and the arrows hits with more authority. I am going to try to move my personal minimum hunting weight from the mid 50's up about 10 pounds and will probably be carrying a bow drawing 63-65 pounds and shooting a heavy wooden arrow this fall.

I know that bow draw weight is a highly personal topic. Most guys have their reasons and can justify why they are shooting the draw weight that they do. We can all tell the tale of the guy out at the club who consistently kills his deer with a 32 pound bow. I have made the comment myself about guys pulling super heavy weights, about not needing that much draw weight and good naturedly ribbing them that it is probably just compensating for other shortcomings. But, after gradually dropping down in bow weight over the past 30 years, the advantages are obvious to me when I pick up a bow with a heavier draw weight. I'm not talking about going back to shooting 80 pound recurves, but I do think I am going to revisit that 65 pound arena. ♣



# A Case for Eliminating the Minimum Draw Weight Requirement for Regular Membership

By John Vargo, Regular Member

President Jim Akenson recently asked aloud what changes the membership may want in the by-laws once it becomes official that by-laws changes will require 2/3 approval by those Regular members who return a ballot...giving this organization an opportunity to revisit existing by-laws and consider new ones as well. I have submitted a proposal to the council for consideration that would have the membership vote on a by-laws amendment that would eliminate the 50 pound draw weight requirement (60 pound draw weight for those shooting compound bows) for Regular membership. Reducing, or eliminating, the minimum draw weight requirement has received widespread support from the membership in the past and is an increasing concern as our membership ages and many find it increasingly difficult to shoot a bow that meets these minimum requirements. I would like to take a few moments to explore the reasoning behind the minimum draw weight requirement and whether that reasoning is still valid or warranted today.

One of many reasons why PBS was founded in the 1960's was because there was not a single national organization that was dedicated solely to bowhunting. Other archery organizations, such as the NFAA, started out with a strong bowhunting component only to eventually become dominated by the field and target archery enthusiasts. The primary reason for the 50 pound minimum draw weight was to keep field and target archers from taking over the newly formed PBS as few field archers shot bows of that draw weight. Membership required two verified big game kills making it even more difficult for those whose primary interests were not bowhunting from joining. Additionally, the 50 pound minimum draw weight requirement made a statement that light weight bows promoted by the field and target archery crowd were not suitable for hunting big game. (I recall an article in the late 1960's in Bow and Arrow Magazine by Colonel Milan Elott titled "Heave Ho the Heavy Bow" in which their field/target archery editor promoted the use of 30-35 pound draw weight bows for hunting big game.)

I think today we can safely say that there is no danger that PBS could be taken over by archers whose primary interest is not bowhunting. We have a rigorous

vetting procedure in our regular membership application that will weed out such persons. In addition, by-laws changes will require 2/3 approval of the regular membership vote. We are safe.

So today the case is really whether minimum draw weight requirements make sense and are still warranted. What is the purpose? Why 50 pounds and not 55 or 45? Why is the minimum draw weight for a compound 60 pounds?

Having a minimum draw weight makes the assumption that one size fits all. We all know this to be false. We do not all shoot the same bow, use the same diameter and weight arrows, use the same broadhead, and hunt the same size animals. It takes more energy to penetrate an elk or moose than a whitetail deer or antelope. Any minimum draw weight requirements, other than those required to meet legal definitions where a person is hunting, should be based on the energy a given bow delivers to an arrow, the ability of the arrow to achieve complete penetration based on weight, design, broadhead and other factors, and the size of the animal being hunted. Without such detailed considerations, saying you need a minimum bow weight of 50 pounds makes about as much sense as requiring members to run the mile in eight minutes and be able to bench press 150 pounds with six or more reps!

A member's bow and arrow combination should be based on the ability to get the given job done...not some arbitrary designation. I cannot tell you what minimum requirements should be because there are so many factors that come into play. I can tell you that the minimum draw weight to hunt elk should be higher than that to hunt whitetails...but cannot say what that minimum should be. I hear many accounts from bowhunters that use bows with less than 50 pound draw weight speaking of achieving complete penetration and pass-throughs on deer and similar-size big game on a routine basis. Former Bowhunter Magazine editor Dwight Schuh routinely used a compound bow of slightly less than 50 pound draw weight due to severe shoulder issues yet he had no problems achieving complete penetration on elk and moose with his setup. Are we saying that the equipment these people are using is inadequate? In the 1980's I shot recurve and

longbows in the low 60 pound draw weight range using cedar wood or aluminum shafts with Zwickery Delta 2-blade broadheads. By PBS definition, this was an ideal combination. Yet I rarely had complete pass-throughs on any deer that I shot. In contrast, today I shoot a hybrid longbow with low stretch string with draw weights that are 5-10 pounds lighter than what I used in the 1980's. I use heavy carbon shafts of intermediate diameter, a lot of forward weight, and tend to favor 2-blade single bevel broadheads. Complete penetration with my arrow sticking in the ground is now the rule rather than the exception. Maybe there is more to achieving adequate penetration than just draw weight.

Members tend to shoot lower draw weight bows today than in the past. The most recent member survey clearly shows that trend. The equipment that we use today tends to be more efficient than the equipment available when our organization was founded. We have issues where some Regular members are finding it difficult to continue to meet the minimum draw weight requirement due to injury and the natural aging process. In addition, the minimum draw weight makes it difficult for many women to meet requirements. Telling members that we will not enforce the minimum draw weight requirements after gaining regular membership, as some have proposed, is not acceptable. We take our membership seriously. You are either qualified to be a regular member or you are not.

Eliminating the minimum draw weight requirements, rather than simply reducing it, makes the most sense. Reducing the minimum draw weight, as some might suggest, does absolutely nothing to address differences in bows, arrows, and the animals we are hunting. Our elected Council screens Regular member applicants and they have the ability to reject applicants if it is felt the equipment they are using is not adequate. Provided that the equipment meets all legal requirements for the state or province that is being hunted, we should leave it to the individual member to determine what equipment to use. I trust our vetted Regular members to use bow and arrow combinations that will meet the task at hand. I think that should be good enough. ♣





# 2015 Midwest Odd Year Gathering

By Jerry Leveille

Ojibwa Bowhunters of Milwaukee (New Berlin, Wisconsin) will be hosting a 2015 Odd Year Gathering. Ojibwa hosted OYG events in 2009, 2011, and 2013 and they have stepped up to do it again. The OYG is being co-chaired by past Councilman Brian Tessmann and PBS Associate Member Jerry Leveille.

There will be vendors from bowyers to arrowsmiths and more. Camping will be available for free and all sites have electricity. Hotels are also nearby. We will keep everyone up to date using the PBS website, probowsociety.net. So stay tuned for details on 3-D shooting fees, vendor list, bow raffle, and other pertinent information for this event. Ojibwa Bowhunters' specialty is open spit roasted pigs stuffed with apples, oranges, and onions. And yes, if you haven't had the pig roast, you've been missing out for the past 6 years! So, if you've been on the fence about this one in the past, then get off the fence and come get some of the good stuff.

Ojibwa is also working on a club first and is planning on a Friday night charcoal chicken roast. There is a generous practice range with a Goliath elevated shooting platform, two 28 3-D ranges and a 3-D broadhead course. Yes, you read that right, a 3-D broadhead course. The novelty shots on the practice range are always fun with a chance to win a prize.

In 2013 there was an emphasis on creating some budding young archers. All in all,

it could be said that it was mission accomplished. If you have never been witness to the visible joy on a child's face when they launch their very first arrow and bust a balloon, then you are missing out. There were kids who had never even picked up a bow to kids who just needed a little supervision. One young man took to the bow and arrow like a fish to water and was completely taken in by the flight of the arrow. His mom added fuel to the fire by winning the silent youth bow made by



**Creating young archers was the gatherings emphasis in 2013.**



PBS's own Mark Wang. He then took a liking to a 3-D bear target on the range and proceeded to perforate it with arrows. It is safe to say that an archer was born that day.

The previous Midwest PBS Odd Year Gatherings have brought hundreds of attendees and brought in many new PBS associate memberships. So make your plans and bring your friends and kids. Here is your opportunity to visit with your PBS brothers and sisters friends and make some new PBS friends. #

**Ojibwa's specialty is stuffed open spit roasted pigs.**







# Coyotes and Whitetails

By Gene Wensel

I think coyotes kill a lot more deer than we give them credit for. Yes, coyotes are very smart predators and natural born killers, but they are also supreme opportunists. They'll take advantage of deep snow or "winter weak" deer, especially when they work in small groups. They don't have larger packing instincts like wolves do, but with the exception of a female accompanying growing pups, whenever you see more than one adult coyote together, you can bet they are working as a small team "up to no good."

Many decades ago I wrote that the last "big game" species on planet Earth could likely be a coyote. Their adaptability as smart yet elusive opportunists makes them unique. As effective hunters, they are an admirable species, whether we want to admit that to ourselves or not.

As a youngster, our family had a hunting camp in Dutchess County, New York. Dad was a groundhog nut and this area was infested with woodchucks at the time. He would shoot hundreds annually there. If you go back to that same farm today, you'll find far fewer groundhogs. Why? Because in the '50's and '60s, that part of the country had no coyotes. They sure do now! Coyotes are masters at waiting in ambush outside woodchuck dens for young chucks to make their annual and often fatal first appearances above ground.

Many of you have probably seen the video clip we have on one of our DVDs of a whitetail buck following close behind a coyote. It was a year and a half old buck. I suspect the coyote was a female and maybe starting to smell right to a horny young buck who didn't know any better that month. Mother nature is seemingly strange at times, throwing us curves that are often hard to explain.

The majority of deer being killed by coyotes takes place right after fawns are dropped, the first two weeks or so after

birth, when the "odorless" newborn fawns hide until they get old enough to run well several weeks later. During this two or three week time slot annually, coyotes are smart enough to capitalize on every opportunity given. Since trail cameras have become so popular, I've seen multiple photos of coyotes carrying fawns or parts thereof in front of cameras. I've also witnessed them, many times in pairs, casting back and forth through brush and taller CRP grass like good bird dogs would do, obviously looking for hidden fawns. Once again, they are just capitalizing on opportunity.

I recently spoke with a guy concerning this very subject. He told me that several studies have been done over the last two years concerning the mortality rates of fawns killed by coyotes. I didn't get the guy's name and even tried to research these studies but could find nothing so far. Herein lies the gist of this short article. He told me that three different states (Kansas, Nebraska and South Dakota if I remember right) somehow attached electronic tracker buttons to multiple newborn whitetails to study depredation. I know for a fact that several other states have done the same thing with elk calves. The most shocking information revealed by these studies was that almost 90% of fawns killed by coyotes are buck fawns, not doe fawns! That's right...9 out of 10 dead fawns are bucks.

The reasoning is very logical when considered. It's just another fact about deer that no one ever thought about until now. Consider this scenario. Let's say a whitetail doe drops two fawns, one buck and one doe. The first several weeks of their lives, the essentially odorless fawns hide while maturing to the point they can run well. The kiss of death comes to the buck fawns when they stand up in their own beds, urinate and then lay right back down in the urine. The doe fawns squat, urinate outside the edge of the bed and then lay back down on dry ground.

If and when ranging coyotes jump a buck fawn, he leaves a scent trail that the coyotes can follow easily, quickly running the little bucks down for the kill. The essentially odorless doe fawns can much more easily escape predation. Makes logical sense to me!

Another important fact in this observation is that the above truth in reality messes up the sex ratio of deer right out of the starting gate. The 50/50 sex ratio of whitetails at birth is quickly thrown way out of balance.

Other studies done with elk calves have determined very high mortality rates by black bears. I would bet good money that a very high percentage of elk calves killed by bears are young bull elk for the same reason, even considering the fact elk are a herd animal unlike whitetails and demonstrate wider sex ratios at birth (more female calves than the 50/50 of deer).

I've always found it interesting that a whitetail doe will not walk right up to the spot where her fawn was left bedded. Instead, she walks close enough for the fawn to hear her, then calls to it to come to her instead of leaving her scent trail right to the bed of the newborn fawn. A second observation proven by the use of trail cameras is that I seldom get photos of fawns at night. Lots of daytime pictures but very few at night. Darkness brings out the predators. Deer know this fact and instinctively keep their fawns bedded while predators are up and about.

What does all this tell us? Even though coyotes are just trying to make a living doing what they do best, they need to be wisely managed in numbers when it comes to deer. I seldom hunt or trap coyotes on purpose anymore. I've even passed up decent shots at coyotes while hunting deer. That is a mistake on my part. Maybe we should all try to help the cause and the deer sex ratios every chance we get. ♣



# Woods

Let's start with something that the majority of us might agree on. According to the PBS member survey-ALL members get the magazine. There now, were all on the same page to start. That is why this opinion is published to print and not on line on the forum. I'd like ALL to have an opportunity to view my opinion. Please know this is not a knee jerk opinion. I've been at developing it for a while now.

That is a pretty good start to get out of the chute on the same page. Let's try something else we can TRY to agree on: For the most part-wildlife numbers are dictated by carrying capacity of the habitat. (Habitat: available food, water, cover). For the most part: If we have good habitat then we could possibly have large numbers of animals sustained within the available system, maybe even GAME animals in the habitat. Therefore- we "may" have an excess that needs, or can be removed, every year from that habitat in order for the habitat to remain healthy. We could call the removal activity in the broad definition of a word... HUNTING. How you doing? I think we are doing pretty well in the agreement area. Even though I'm just an arm chair biologist, I have a pretty good guess that I'm in line here.

Now let's get near the messy fringe: Let us say that the habitat is beginning to suffer from an over abundance of game animals using it. So it is time to help the habitat out. How do we do that? There could be at least two answers: 1) Hunting- to remove what is damaging the habitat. 2) Create more habitat. For the most part (2) is the most complex and costly alternative. Let's just focus on option (1). Here is a general statement geared towards a specific solution: In the hands of a human, guns could be used to remove excess wildlife from the habitat that is damaging the habitat in order to keep the system in balance. Are we still in agreement?

How about this? In those same hands, a self bow and arrow used as removal tools, may have a lesser chance of removing the pressure from the habitat.

Now some of you are thinking, "yeah but"! The game population in the habitat can be manipulated many ways. For example: In Utah we kill as many mule deer on the road with cars as we do during the rifle season. That does affect the population and habitat. Lets just focus on adding you to the picture as a bowhunter. Then add in your minds eye all bowhunters to the picture. Messy? Now add this: Not all habitats are the same or have the same needs to be healthy.

So there is one reason, and maybe the best reason, for going to a regional format within PBS. I am far removed from wildlife and habitat needs in Florida, but I'm a tad bit more connected to Utah's issues. Fair enough? Are there some similarities? Well, yeah; and the more you dig to the base line, which I believe to be healthy game populations and habitats, things become easier to recognize from one end of the nation to the other. And the reason for and how to achieve healthy populations and habitats can be argued till we are blue in the face. But I don't think I'm on a thin limb stating that the body of PBS wants bowhunting opportunities to be stable if not to increase within most big game habitats. With our busy lives that just equates to available scheduling opportunities to be able to participate. Go look in the mirror and repeat this.... "I want to bowhunt less, really I wish all bowhunting would just go away". How did that feel? Many people want bowhunting to go away, including many other hunters.

I know some of you are wanting to run build a fire, hold hands, and sing Kumbaya cause you can feel it coming...bowhunting politics. And I know many of you are only fraternal minded, and it's what our forefathers wanted! At least that is what one good PBS brother stated not so long ago in this magazine. I'm not sure that is what our founders intended. Nothing is wrong with fraternalism; love good doses of it from time to time. But if you really believe that is all being a PBS member is about-get a copy of the by-laws and read them again.

Better yet-read them with another member.

So here is the tenderloin of this printed rant. Regions will help us concentrate on issues that may be damaging to bowhunting within our regions. We will be able to "target" so to speak. "The Definition of Bowhunting", is the way to help bind those regions together under the PBS umbrella. It allows us to explain, define and help others understand who we are and why we do what we do.

Ask yourself this question: What does bowhunting LOOK like to me? Think about that for a minute, no several minutes. Then ask your self this...What does bowhunting look like to the rest of the world? You can break that world apart if you need to and put "the rest of the world" in bundles. Here are a few categories to start you: Other bowhunters young and old, gun hunters, anti-hunters, non-hunters, game managers, public land agencies. Then sprinkle a little "perception is truth dust" on these folks. Now what do you think bowhunting looks like to them?

Let me list, to remind you, the "Top Threats" to bowhunting identified by those who participated in the member survey. You were asked to pick three. I'll mention the top 6 whose spread of selection was clustered around but not limited to- Excessive Technology 162, Loss of Access 157, crossbows 148, loss of habitat 147, TV celebs 134, Anti Hunting orgs 131. Now reflect on the word PERCEPTION, and the last two paragraphs.

Most of you do not know what I do for a living. Some of you do. Let me put it this way. Much of my life I've been in and around the hunting and fishing industry making a living either in it, or on the fringe of it. I'm double nickels this year. That has allowed me to observe many things as it relates to what I believe you have to recognize and do, if you want to wear the honorable title of "Sportsman". I believe that the harder you make it on yourself to remove an animal or fish from the habitat the more you are deserving of wearing the title of "Sportsman." And that is just one





# for the Trees

By Guy Perkins

of the things under the sportsman banner. But one we “all” in this group, have opportunity to be about. Please read: *How Sportsmen Saved the World* by Donnell Thomas, Jr. IMHO. This book should be required reading before you can join PBS. And maybe even read *Sand County Almanac*, by Leopold. And maybe there needs to be a quiz at the end so you can measure how you did.

The Definition of Bowhunting, for lack of a better title, is now so watered down that I’m not sure I even recognize it. I went to work on the definition the day after I’d had lunch on a crossbow company and listened to “the plan” (they bought). And they are working the plan and good at it. The goal is this - A crossbow as legal tackle in every established bowhunting opportunity in the world! I believe it is 24 states that now allow hunting in an archery season with a crossbow. And in some sense, while there is safety in numbers of participant in a season, there is also a boomerang effect that I call diminishing returns. That is the point where opportunity to go afield is lost due to too much harvest in a habitat. In Utah in the 80’s, general elk success was around 9%. The state bowhunting organization ask for, and received, a special draw season with limited tags for shooting any bull. You just had to apply and draw. The opportunity was handed out because the perception was that bowhunters were recreational, and at 9% success, were not taking much out of the population. While the number of actual elk taken was minimal, the success rate went from 11% to 32% in three years in that limited entry hunt. There were lots of factors for that increase. But to the gun guys it was “hey you’re killing more than your share and nothing is left for us”. The season was scrapped thanks to pressure from a leading “conservation” organization heavy in gun hunter numbers. To this day in the new limited entry elk program bowhunters get the minimal amount of tags. And gun hunters enjoy 65 to 95 percent success rates depending on the unit. Perception is king.

I thought it was good diligence for PBS to approach Pope and Young and Compton with the opportunity for them to support the Bowhunting Definition. I’m not sure we were asking for them to massage it. It was thought up and massaged by PBS members, to be PBS’s “easily explainable banner” of Professionalism in Bowhunting. I thought all the membership should have had a look at it and then it hit a ballot for all to pass judgment on. The last time I saw the definition in written form was July 2010, just before it went to the Bowhunting Preservation Committee meeting. Later at the WAFWA (Western Association of Fish and Wildlife Agencies) meeting 2013 in San Antonio, Texas, the Pope and Young Club and PBS were still on the same page. A representative from each organization presented the definition to WAFWA. WAFWA liked what they heard. The Archery Trade Association in attendance...not so much. They were blind sided by this statement. I have it first hand that they were shocked and worried that this would stall the acceptance by the remaining western game agencies to accept the crossbow into archery seasons. You see the meeting is partially sponsored in part by manufacturers courting their gadgets into hunting seasons. WAFWA was surprised to hear that someone thought a little differently about what should define a bowhunting season.

Here is the definition for those of you who missed it:

Bowhunting big game is to be an activity that as compared to other big game hunting activities; is one that offers the animal the greatest opportunity to escape. Wherein bowhunting should be considered a close range activity and that by infringing upon the close proximity of the animals senses, risks the discovery of the hunter and creates the greatest opportunity for flight and escape of the game.

Based on the teaching of the NBEF and field experience of those creating the literature; we concur that shots be limited to a reasonable and responsible distance keep-

ing within the hunters personal skill limitations, keeping in mind that bowhunting is getting as close as possible before taking the shot. Under the umbrella of fair chase we would define archery tackle used while bowhunting to be: selfbows, longbows, recurves, and compounds that are shot vertically, held in the hand, and that the string is drawn and held under the shooters own muscle power, and that electronic devices attached to the bow, or arrow are not bowhunting equipment. That for safety and responsible hunting reasons that the arrow is weighted and matched in relationship to the recommended bow weight in order to transfer sufficient energy to the arrow under hunting conditions for the purpose of penetration.

This is as near the original as I could scare up. After it left my keyboard it went through various changes. I had used the NBEF’s original yardage suggestions prior to their new Modern Bowhunting manual that now sets 50 yards as a bench for “ethical shooting”. (I’m pretty sure it was all about selling another pin. Google; Pittman Robertson Act to help you with that comment I just made).

Then there is the lighted nock controversy that came along about this same time. Bad timing I guess. Just more silt in the stream. And I’d hate that discussion to be the thing that holds this up from getting a top our flag pole. Yeah I get that the lighted nock is a help for finding the arrow after the shot, and giving you maybe some idea on arrow placement, and Pope and Young membership rolled over on it. But I’ll just ask this: What was it we did before we had lighted nocks? And really, is it our responsibility to keep lighted nock companies in business? Especially if to the voting, non hunter that it looks like we hunt with a laser? And for what they may perceive it as...it pushes the envelope of fairness? Remember what perception really is.

Now the rest of this gets pretty rocky. So that you don’t blow a tire you may want to read this next paragraph twice. We/I were/was doing

~ continued on page 22 ~



## Woods for the Trees

~ continued from page 21

crossgun (not a miss spell), throws at my local archery range long before there was a PBS anti crossgun committee I'm pretty sure. I still own the contraption. It was one of those high school shop projects and it flew pretty well. Bounced and tumbled good too!

As I became an active member of the PBS I was ask to serve on the ANTI crossbow committee. After learning a bit more about it all, my thought to ward off the evil devices was this: Find the dang thing a home, and help it move in! Those homes, in my mind, are general seasons - where every tool of take is pretty much legal to use, short of grenades. We just put it to bed here in Utah. And it was helped there by a non bowhunter who was on the Utah Wildlife Board who had attended our PBS youth hunt in Utah and spoke about the politics of Wildlife to our youth. The Definition of a bowhunt's initial acceptance by Pope and Young was a huge influence on him to make a judgment about how bowhunters felt about crossbows in established archery seasons. And it influenced his willingness to learn more about and finally oppose the crossbow entry into our archery season. I pumped as much data as I could find from other states about the impact of crossbow to him along with the ATA's own misguided opinions and "facts" and he lead the charge with other board members. It was a squeaker! Oh, I'm pretty sure crossbows will be back at the table sometime sooner than later here in Utah. And for the record: I don't have a problem if you want to hunt with one, but it needs to have parameters of good reason beyond the money pit established by widget creation. And NO they don't belong in a bow or archery season. The definition leaves no loop holes for it.

So how about we bring this "Definition of Bowhunting" back how it was? Stick it where we can see it, remember it, use it, own it, tout it, be proud that we make a stand with, and around it! Use it to explain; the what, and how of the PBS mentality. If Pope and Young and Compton can't buy off on it...oh well. If nothing more at least get it on a ballet for the Regular members to vote on.

Let me leave you with a story to reflect on. And this is the only variance I'll sup-

port to my rant when it comes to crossbow usage in an established archery season. As a young bowhunter I had the opportunity to hunt with some of the elder bowhunting legends around my home town. Truly I was blessed. They were successful bowhunters as measured by the kill. They worked hard and smart to accomplish their skills. To use a buzz word I was "mentored." Years later, at a funeral, I bumped into one of these statesmen. He was the ripe old age of 82. We started to talk shop. In the conversation he told me he'd taken three elk in the past 5 years but had to switch over to a crossbow to get it done. "I hate the dang thing", he said. "I can't get it to shoot an arrow that I think it should". "I want them heavier and have had a hard time to get them to shoot right with a 500 grain arrow". "I have to have my son in law load it for me". "Man, I miss my Cougar II". "But what I really miss is my Howatt Hunter". So then I ask him, "if it is that big of pain why don't you just quit, retire?" He gave me this odd look and then said, "well... I like to hear an arrow cutting flesh". Mark Baker uses that statement in his song; Feathers Through The Wind, chorus. "Feathers through the wind...steel through the flesh". Think about that for a while...I mean, really give it some pause.

Crossbows from a medical use standpoint I think I'm good with in bowhunting seasons. But it needs some solid, not so easy to get around, other than a note from "your Dr. Friend" teeth in the allowance there of. Who would I, or you be, to want to remove that experience of steel through the flesh from an HONEST brother of the bow who is truly

physically challenged? Maybe this tone, or perception of us. Will give us a tone of reason and respect at the decision making table when the opportunity in your region arises if it hasn't already.

With 10 pages of crossbows and 8 pages of vertical bows in one of the latest outdoor shopping catalogs you can see where it is headed. Even the last main stream outdoor magazine I was perusing there was a mention by a contributor that the face of bowhunting is changed forever. For now it feels like the little Dutch boy with his finger in the dike. But at least the definition gives us a statement. And I think it can be part of our outreach for membership. People don't want to join something that doesn't stand for anything. This definition gives us a concise bundling of bowhunting's traditional values that we can articulate.

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# First Kill = Membership

By Ted Kinney

I have a hunting story to tell you. I was doing some stump shooting in the woods yesterday. Typically, I take any kids I can with me, but yesterday I wanted to go alone so I could cover some ground and do some more actual shooting than I typically do. Well, this didn't sit well with Rosalie (my 8 year old). She decided she was going to shoot anyways. She went out in the yard to shoot the yard range; when she noticed her quarry. After a short stalk, I heard screams of unfettered delight rise-up from the yard. I was about a quarter mile away, but responded like a hot turkey coming to a hen when I heard the call of "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy – I got one, I got one, I got one!"

... I should explain here that, as was the case with my older daughter a couple years back, my girls were not allowed to get their ears pierced until they made their first bowkill. Further, the requirement (in my house) for Youth PBS membership is

to make your first bowkill. Long story short, I type this email with an excited 8-year-old on my hip with cute purple earrings in her ears. I would like to request that Rosalie Kinney be entered into the scrolls of the PBS as the newest member!

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Rosalie Kinney with her very first bowkill.

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# Willie, George and Merle

By Barry Wensel

Bear with me on this one. The fact is I've been noticing a lot of similarities between bowhunting and music. In a recent conversation with a friend I mentioned I don't like the new music much. When you think about it, there was something different about music fifty years ago. I can't say it was really that good either. There was just something different about Elvis, the Beatles/British Invasion, Mo-Town, whatever. Think about it, five black dudes dressed in matching red and gold suits singing "Doo-Wop-Doo-Wop" while spinning around in sync. Elvis wearing a rhinestone covered cape. Songs like "Mrs. Brown You've Got a Lovely Daughter" or "Yellow Submarine" wouldn't make it past the four buzzers of "America's Got Talent", no less the X-Factor or The Voice today.

I think a lot of attraction is/was memory by association. I recall one remote elk hunt myself and two friends went on back in the '80s. Our tents were 29 miles from the nearest hardtop. We each carried in 65 lb. backpacks. Mine happened to contain a small tape recorder with a single cassette of Willie Nelson's greatest hits. Each night after dinner we'd sit around the campfire swapping tales of that day and plans for the following morning. Under the star filled sky and clear moonlight you could hear distant bulls screaming their brains out. And softly playing in the background was Willie singing "Georgia", "Angels Flying Too Close To The Ground" and "Crazy". Even today that music takes me back to those wonderful years.

Another bow trip we hunted high country mule deer on the divide between Idaho and western Montana. That time it happened to be, believe it or not, Helen Reddy. I honestly can't say Helen Reddy nor "I Am Woman", "You and Me Against The World" and "Angie Baby" were any of my favorite songs, but the fact was it just happened to be the only tape anyone had with us. Today, I find the same thing, any time I happen to hear one of those Helen Reddy recordings I'm instantly transferred back to 1975.

I prefer the old traditional, classic country music. Willie, George Jones, Merle Haggard and up to about George Strait. You have to agree some of the classic country hall of famers couldn't sing for beans. You have to admit Johnny Cash and the rest of the Highway Men, often referred to as the Outlaws, did not have what one would call great singing voices. But... there was something special about them. Their style, the character in their voices and songs, something was unique that was hard to put a finger on. But we loved it. I honestly can't say I really care for the new country music comparatively. But that's just me.

I see a similar parallel when comparing traditional bowhunting to modern bowhunting. I hate to say it, but I also see the trend our great nation is going through to be very similar and getting worse by the day. To borrow an excellent quote I recently read, "Our country is going through cultural erosion rooted in ignorance, laziness and dependence. These are people who are out breeding us and out voting us." Notice its dependence rather than independence. So it is with traditional woodsmanship versus modern technology. I personally am not against technology as long as it's used adjunctive to traditional skills and knowledge.

Look around at our present PBS membership. The majority of our organization is comprised of older, bald or white headed geezers. Yes, I know it's funny but it's also scary. Where are all the young guys? Where's the "new blood"? There are a few but we need more, a lot more.

I don't mean to preach here but it's no one's fault but our own. PBS is similar to most other organizations in that it's always a handful of individuals who carry the ball. It's the same guys shuffled around doing the same jobs year after year. The problem is those carrying the ball are all getting too old, too tired and too burnt out to maintain momentum. Please don't misunderstand me as I'm not saying some of the younger guys aren't doing a great job. I am saying there just aren't enough of them. Again, I am pointing the finger at ourself because of apathy. We have let our passion, enthusiasm and excitement take a back seat. We are letting the romance die. We are forced to decide exactly who is a do-gooder and who is a wannabe. The problem is some of the wannabes in bowhunting circles today do not possess the same amount of talent as the other guys. The reason being, they have developed their talents based on technology. Not to sound hypocritical, but the new wave of young

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bowhunters seem to duplicate the new wave of country singers. Maybe talent isn't the right word because I just stated above a lot of the older country artists didn't possess great voices. But they did, in fact, possess something special. Maybe it's character or personality. Regardless, we must be extremely careful to maintain our focus on what is right and what is wrong, very similar in the direction our country is apparently headed. The parallels are spooky and we are faced with fear of the unknown.

Please don't misunderstand me. I am very much in favor of the excellent movement to introduce young bowhunters into our midst via our youth programs. Excellent, BUT I am also of the opinion these youngsters are not old enough yet to have the experiences necessary to make correct decisions in the better interest for all involved. What I am saying is we need to additionally develop and nurture more of the thirty to forty year old bowhunters to continue forward, to flip the ball to. Just like in our military, they must work their way up through the ranks. You don't go right from lieutenant to general.

I also fear we don't have enough new bowhunting philosophers. We NEED the likes of great conservationists like Aldo Leopold. We need them to stir our thinking. We need them in order to form our own opinions and decisions for the future of bowhunting. There are too many whose opinions are based strictly on monetary gain. I fear many of our most recent philosophies only arise when encouraged by over indulgence of alcohol. We need guys with wisdom to project the proper virtues. We, as bowhunters, need leadership (along with our country) to uplift righteous, moral and

ethical principles of excellence. I fear human nature is leading most down the wrong path.

Our PBS website is a step in the right direction. But it too needs a kick in the buttocks. According to street talk, magazines are becoming a thing of the past. If this is truly the case, we need to develop a great "personality" for the future of our website. Some websites are too vanilla. We need color. I don't mean just colored pictures, I mean character and personality that will draw more input and get guys to thinking and talking. It's a sad fact of life that controversy gets guys thinking. I'm not necessarily saying to start controversy, but in the same respect, feedback gets guys to consider options. I just checked the stats on some recent forum views versus replies in the PBS website. We have threads which 634 members read and only 12 replied with their input. Another 362 views with only 4 replies, 605 views with 16 replies and 318 views with 8 replies. That's not going to get it. We need feedback. I'm as guilty as the next guy I guess. I recently got flamed (not via PBS) by a guy who said because I educate hunters with great knowledge via my whitetail bootcamp sessions I am teaching success in the field to those who might otherwise fail. Therefore, this new knowledge will increase the success rates and eventually shorten our bow seasons. He didn't like PBS because that is one of the foundations of our organization, "Knowledge Through Experience". You gotta be kidding me! It was also suggested I NOT get into it with the guy because it would be a losing battle trying to convince someone with such an arrogant, egotistical, selfish nature. I'm not sure if that's good advice or not. Maybe a little cage rattling would make the guy think a little more. It'd surely create some lively replies on the thread with heated opinions.

I'm not saying we need to necessarily start threads on "how to build your own spine-tester"; "Is pink fletching okay for a dude?", "what's your favorite hammock?", "what's your opinion on transition lens in hunting binoculars?", "does this hip quiver make my ass look wide?", etc. BUT... maybe we do!

I'd like to see both our magazine and our website display more variety and personality. It'd really stir the interest. I'd like to see some of the thirty and forty year olds step forward with some new ideas to stimulate the troops. Maybe a regular column on/with honest product reviews. Or equipment opinions with the positives and/or negatives on which boot treads are best in each hunting situation, or whatever. I'm not talking hidden commercials for product endorsements here, but an opinion with honest feedback where we call a spade a spade. Give members an honest opinion (and have it specified it's the opinion of the writer and not necessarily PBS as a whole) whether a certain camo pattern is too light, too dark or too noisy. You'll maybe not have everyone agree with you but at least you'll get people to thinking.

I'm a big fan of mentally planting a seed in hopes of generating enough interest and/or curiosity to kick someone off the couch to prove it to themselves in the field. I'm a huge believer the more time a person spends in the woods the more rewards they'll get in return. The old saying "one candle lighting another won't diminish the flame" fits here. I believe the time to act is not soon... but NOW. If we don't, we'll all be like Willie singing, "Blue Eyes Crying In the Rain." BW ✪





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# Is There a Santa Claus?

By Mark Mitten

A decade ago, Ed Bilderback and I were exploring the Mescalero Apache Reservation in southern New Mexico. The plan was for me to interview some of Cochise's and Geronimo's relatives for our film project, *Essential Encounters*. In the town of Tularosa, we found a small home-based archery shop owned by "Cougar" James Lucero. Mr. Lucero was in his seventies at the time and had lived in New Mexico all his life. Ed, myself, and Cougar James spent several hours talking archery, bowhunting, and storytelling. James' great grandfather came from Spain. He at one time owned a ranch in the southern part of the state. James relayed the story his grandfather told him when William Henry McCarthy, later known as Billy the Kid, came to his ranch looking for work and also to buy a gun. James got the name Cougar when he was a young professional bronc rider. Most of James' adult life, he was a professional trapper and predator control agent. For a time, he was employed by the Mescalero Apache Reservation to trap cougars. Elk from Alberta, Canada had been reintroduced to the reservation. It was Cougar James' job to thin out this apex predator so the small elk herd could proliferate. James enjoyed working on the reservation very much, as his hero growing up was Geronimo. Another hero of his was the legendary archer, Howard Hill. James' father took him to meet Mr. Hill at a shooting exhibition in Albuquerque.

James owned a trapping school, White Mountain School of Trapping. One of his past students was Hank Williams Jr., who he proudly displayed in a photo. James wrote a coyote trapping book entitled, "Master Wolfer". I thought I knew a thing or two about coyote trapping. After reading his book, I found I didn't know nearly as much as I thought I did about the skills involved. James also built and sold authentic looking Apache bows. He made river reed arrows with stone points that he knapped himself. He said the Apache would, at times, fill the hollow river reed shaft with sand to add weight to the arrow when hunting big game.

One fascinating story James relayed to us was regarding the famous Ishi. He told us Ishi was in reality a Tarahumara Indian

from Mexico who had been permanently banned from his tribe. An Indian would occasionally be punished by banishment if he engaged in a very bad act or serious offense. Of course, this story really peaked my interest so I pressed him for more information. James said he had heard this about Ishi his whole life. He said he also had customers come up from Juarez, Mexico and El Paso, Texas saying the same thing. As the story went, in the early part of the 1900's, there was a banned Tarahumara Indian begging for food in and around Juarez, Mexico. Later, in 1911, the Ishi story broke, making national news. The media toted him as the "last wild Indian in America." A photo of a starved Indian wearing a makeshift canvas poncho graced the newspapers. No one saw the Tarahumara vagrant again for a long time. Then, his photo showed up in newspapers

... "why hasn't this story come out?" ...He said because it would be like telling someone "there is no Santa Claus." With that statement, I felt a genuine responsibility to investigate further...

across the country.

I asked James what language would he have been speaking because Ishi was said to be a Yahi, and I assume that language would be different from a Tarahumara. James replied, "Spanish." He said for hundreds of years, the Spanish had influence in Mexico as well as California. At one time, California was part of the Spanish Empire. After the Mexican War, for independence, it became a part of Mexico. After the Mexican-American War, it was ceded to the United States. This all sounded reasonable to me, although I was still drawn to do some research as soon as I could. I must admit, at the time I really didn't know much about Ishi. I had watched the movie, "The Last of His Tribe", starring Native-American actor



Graham Greene as Ishi. I knew Ishi drew Saxton Pope deeper into archery. I knew the Pope & Young Club had an award named after him and that after his death, they stuck his brain in a pickle jar. That was about it. I asked Mr. Lucero, "why hasn't this story come out?" Why don't more people know or talk about this today? He said because it would be like telling someone "there is no Santa Claus." With that statement, I felt a genuine responsibility to investigate further, without asking too many more questions just yet.

Ed and I departed to do our interviews with the Cochise and Geronimo families. I met with Debbie Martinez and her husband, Jerry. Debbie is the great, great granddaughter of Cochise. Jerry is Mexican-American with a high percentage of Mayan Indian in his blood. Jerry grew up in El Paso, Texas and spent a lot of time across the border in Juarez, Mexico.

I soon asked Jerry if he had ever heard stories while growing up about an Indian called Ishi. He said he had and what he heard was that Ishi was a Tarahumara Indian. Things started to become very interesting. I questioned if there was anyone else he knew who could shed some light on the Ishi story since Jerry is a bit of a Southwest historian. He said, "Well, the Apache and the Tarahumara are related. When Geronimo surrendered to General Crook, it was in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Mexico, home of the Tarahumara. Crook hired Apache scouts (sell outs) to lead him to Geronimo's hideout. He said, "what we'll do is ask tribal judge Joseph Geronimo (Great Grandson of Geronimo) if he knows anything about Ishi. The next day, I met Joseph. I asked him if he knew of "Ishi, the last wild Indian". Joseph also said he had. I asked what his thoughts were.

All Joseph said was this profound statement, "You give an Indian food and he'll be whatever you want him to be!"

With that I left New Mexico. I returned six months later with a mule deer tag I had drawn in a big game unit outside of the Mescalero. During the six month period before my hunt, I had a lot of time to think about Ishi. I thought about what Mr. Lucero said. I thought about the statement Joseph Geronimo made. I thought about the name Ishi, which wasn't even his real name. "Ishi" was the name given to him by an anthropologist. Ishi supposedly means "man" in Yahi. What's with that? It would be like some dude calling you Man all the time. Hey, Man! What's up, Man! Why couldn't they give him a cool name like Cougar or



Wolverine?

I thought about the year 1911, when Ishi was found starving at a slaughter house. This was the time of Wild West shows, circus performances and carnival side shows like the Wildman of Borneo, the bearded lady, mermaids, and Wolf Boy. Wisconsinites had their Hodag. Could media people have created the wild man from Oroville, “the last wild Indian in America” as the newspapers of the time claimed? After all, British Columbia, Canada had their Sasquatch thing going on too.

I remembered a conversation I had with Tlingit and Haida totem pole carvers in Southeast Alaska. They told me the tribes of the Pacific Northwest believed in Shamanism. As part of the Shaman or Medicine Man’s training, he would live by himself in the forests for a decade or so, learning the ways of nature within his environment, gaining knowledge of botanicals and spirits to be used in healing processes while letting their hair grow out to become a true “wild man.” Any intruder or outsider coming into his territory would be scared off with beastly growls and throwing of rocks and sticks, etc. These were the origins of the Wildman tales of the indigenous population of the Pacific Northwest.

These people had extreme reverence for bears. The Tshimhsian speaking people of coastal British Columbia believed that the Kermode bear, a rare white color phase of the American black bear, had great spiritual powers. They called it “spirit bear” or “ghost bear.” This is also true for the unique pelage of the glacier or blue bear of southeast Alaska. The bear, like the Shaman, is human-like, but not human.

In 1920, J. W. Burns, a school teacher

from British Columbia, wrote a series of articles regarding the Holkomelen Indian folklore of Sasq’ets, Soo-q’tal and Sokqueatl, a supernatural creature in the shape of a large, hairy wildman. Tribes, villages, and families all had their versions of the “Wildman” or “Hairyman.” In a 1929 article in Maclean’s Magazine, Burns coined the word, “Sasquatch” to describe the hypothetical creature reflected in the stories. Burn’s articles popularized the legend and it’s new name. In 1947, the first supposed Sasquatch track was photographed near Eureka, California. It took me all of two seconds to see it was a phony. It’s nothing more than a right front black bear track where someone added to the pad a sole and heel, extending the print out to 15 inches. In 1958, large humanoid tracks were found at a logging operation in Bluff Creek, California. The “Humbolt Times” of Eureka, used the name “Bigfoot” in their headline. The story was picked up by the Associated Press. Bigfoot gained international attention. After local logger Ray Wallace’s death, his family came forward with the wooden feet their father used to fake Bigfoot’s tracks. After the death of the newspaper’s editor, his wife came forward and said her husband was in on the hoax with Wallace, the logger. It’s interesting to note that everywhere Wallace worked over a twenty year period, Bigfoot tracks appeared. First in Washington State, then further south in Northern California.

At Bluff Creek in 1967, three men staged another Bigfoot hoax. One guy walked through the timber wearing an ape costume, while the other filmed him, and the third was there supposedly as a witness. From that, we now have TV shows where gullible

scientists and researchers follow leads of giant hairy ape men that don’t exist. I’ve even seen commercials where Sasquatch is peddling beef jerky!

The same scenario plays out with the Yeti. It has been a part of history and culture of Himalayas’ indigenous people. The word Yeti is derived from the Tibetan word, Meti or bear, also Miche (man bear), Migoi (wildman), and Kangmi (snowman). In 1951, mountain climber, Eric Shipton, took pictures of strange looking tracks he found on Mt Everest’s Menlung Glacier. These photos brought the Yeti to popular consciousness. A reported Yeti scalp held in a monastery turned out to be a piece of hide from a Himalayan antelope. A Yeti hand was proven to be human. Analysis of hair samples reported to be from Yeti turned out to be polar bear, Himalayan brown bear, Tibetan blue bear (a subspecies of brown bear), and Asiatic black bear. An Asiatic black bear can walk a considerable distance standing up on its’ hind feet. It also has an unusual gait where it has an imprint in snow of a hind paw coming over the front paw that appears to have a hallux. So, the hind paw print extends over the print backwards which makes a hominoid appearing track elongated like a human foot but with a thumb. Due to that, a four footed animal’s gait now appears bipedal. Distorted and enlarged by melting snow and wind, there’s your abominable snowman. It’s also possible for the Yeti folklore to have originated from a hybrid brown bear/polar bear mix like the one that was recently shot in Northwest Territories of Canada. This would create a bear of unusual color and habits. Most of this evidence suggests the Yeti is some sort of a bear. So, in my opinion, what we have here is a combination of folklore, misidentification, and hoax. This oftentimes is the source of mystery and legend.

About the time of my pondering of all this, the University of East Anglia’s climate research computers were hacked. Over 1,000 e-mails and 2,000 documents were retrieved. The world’s leading climate research center stood accused of manipulating data and attempting to suppress critics and control publication of research carried out by skeptical scientists. Well I said to myself, what if the anthropologist overlords of Ishi were trying to make a name for themselves? Controversy sells. After all, “If you give an Indian food, he’ll be whatever you want him to be.”

At that point, I wanted to know more about the stories coming out of Juarez, Mexico. I don’t know many people who have experience in that region of the world. Fellow PBS member, Wayne Fisher, hunted

## Ishi Cover Photo – A story in itself

This is an unpublished photograph of Ishi taken three years before his death in 1916 from tuberculosis. This rare photo is a story in itself. A decade ago, the wife of a good friend of mine (Brandi Prescott) happened to go to a rummage sale held at a flea market in downtown Kansas City. There, she bought an antique picture frame with an old print in it. The plan was to refinish the antique frame. When Brandi opened the back of the frame, this photo was inside, hidden behind another print. Her husband, Mike, is a bowhunter and half blooded Assiniboine Sioux. Brandi recognized Ishi immediately and showed it to her husband, who then contacted me.

I had a few copies made and started doing some research on the photographer. Joseph Dixon took the photo in 1913. Ishi is decked out with a fur hide robe draped across his chest. Apparently Mr. Dixon made a living photographing Native Americans of that era and was foresighted or farsighted enough to travel to California to put Ishi’s image on film.

I contacted multiple archery historians as well as the Pope & Young Club with copies of this image. No one had ever seen it before. What a find!

PBS would like to thank Mike and Brandi Prescott for permission to reprint it as a cover photo for our magazine.

*Gene Wensel*

~ continued on page 28 ~

# Is there a Santa Claus?

~ continued from page 27

once along the Arizona/Mexican border. While bowhunting, he saw illegal aliens. Sorry, political correctness (undocumented Democrats crossing the border with guns and drugs). Wayne ran out of there and never looked back. I haven't heard from Wayne in a while.... he might still be running!

I drove to Tularosa, New Mexico again for my mule deer hunt. I stopped into Mr. Lucero's archery shop. James had recently taken a mule deer buck and was in the process of skinning and cutting the meat into strips for jerky. He was using an obsidian knife that he had knapped to complete the task. Yes, Cougar James is a true frontiersman.

I went to Jerry and Debbie Martinez's home for supper one evening. I asked Jerry if he would be interested in guiding and interpreting for a small expedition into Juarez, Mexico. The goal was to find any tidbits of information about Ishi that had been passed on through the generations. Jerry agreed, so we planned a small excursion for the following year. After dinner, I asked Jerry if he would help me play a prank on my buddy, Barry Wensel. I said, "all you have to do when I hand you the phone is talk in native tongue and every once in a while blurt out Ishi!" I called Barry and said, "Barry you're not going to believe this. I'm down here with the Indians on the Mescalero and I found a relative of Ishi." Barry replied how could that be, since Ishi was supposed to be the last of his kind. I said, "Evidently, he's not. I'll have you talk to him, but you need to listen real careful because his English isn't very good. I handed the phone to Jerry, who proceeded to speak in all manner of native languages, every once in a while bellowing out "Ishi!" After a spell, Jerry handed me back the phone. I asked Barry if he got all that. Barry replied, "He doesn't speak very good English! How are you going to find someone to interpret all that?" I said, "I don't know, maybe we can find an anthropologist".... Jerry and I couldn't take it anymore. We both busted out laughing at the same time. I put Jerry back on the line and Barry, laughing, asked him, what language he was speaking. Jerry replied, "A little Mayan, Tarahumara, Spanish, Apache, and Bullshitski." We all had a good laugh. As a matter of fact, Jerry and I laughed for an hour afterward!

This wasn't the first time, I punked poor Uncle Barry. On another occasion, I was at a hunting show in Wisconsin. There was a

guy in a booth peddling whitetail deer boot camps.

I took the guy's brochure and stuck it in an envelope

using the guy's return address. I sent it to Barry with a note saying, "Barry, 50% off my Whitetail Boot Camp. I'll make you a better deer hunter, guaranteed!" I let brother Gene in on the prank and to inform me of Barry's reaction. The prank worked out better than I expected, as this guy actually went to Barry's whitetail boot camp and was soon selling his own boot camps. Barry proceeded to e-mail all his friends complaining about what a scoundrel this guy was. Gene and I had some belly laughs over that as well. Barry is easy to fool. Big bucks have been doing it to him for years.



Two Tarahumara men filmed in 1892.

Okay, all the off track straying is over, now back to the original story. As the year went by and our planned trip was coming up, I called Jerry to touch base regarding our expedition into old Mexico. Jerry said, "We got bad news Bro. There are drug wars going on in Mexico and it's not safe to go there, especially if you're a gringo." So that put an end to that idea. I still wanted to research this further, so I used library resources, made phone calls, reviewed books, searched the internet and various museums.

First, my goal was to explore the world of the Tarahumara, then Ishi's Yahi world. I would examine the historical, archaeological and culture evidence. Then, compare the findings and make an educated guess as to the validity of Ishi actually being a Tarahumara Indian.

Tarahumara is the name given to them by the Spanish. They call themselves Rara-

muri, translated to mean, "the running people; or foot runners." They are a very primitive tribe and the most indigenous of the North American Indians. Before Spanish contact, they were hunter-gatherers who wore rabbit and deer-skin clothing. After Spanish contact, they traded with Mexican settlements for cotton fabric.

Tarahumara Indian lineage and language belongs to the Ulto-Aztecan family. The Tarahumara are the original inhabitants of much of northwest Mexico's state of Chihuahua. The Spanish pressured them to retreat to the High Sierra's canyons such as Copper Canyon in the Sierra Madre Occidental. The Barranca del Cobre is a chain of five very deep canyons surrounded by tall mountains that reach almost a mile and a half above sea level. Three of the five canyons are deeper than the Grand Canyon of Arizona. They are different, in that they receive much more rainfall and are covered with vegetation. All forms of wild plants were utilized there. The area is too rugged and impractical to travel by wagon or horse. This area is the coldest in Mexico. Jesuit missionaries introduced beans, corn, as well as other vegetables and fruits. Domestic livestock was used to fertilize the poor soil conditions. The Jesuits also introduced pottery, wood carving, and musical instruments in the form of drums, flutes, and violins. The integration of farming, animal husbandry, and musical instruments to some degree transformed the Tarahumara culture. The wearing of brightly colored clothing is another by-product of this transformation. Soil conditions there are poor and because of this, the Tarahumara migrate in some form or another during the course of a year.

Today there are 50-70 thousand Tarahumaras. Most still live a simple, traditional lifestyle, inhabiting natural shelters such as caves or cliff overhangs as well as small cabins of wood or stone. It's a lifestyle that is undisturbed by modern technologies. With widely dispersed settlements, these people developed a tradition of long distance running.... ultra marathons, if you will. Trail running for inter-village and inter-family communication to deliver messages was a major part of their lifestyle. They would run barefooted or with sandals, utilizing the toe strike method of running up to 200 miles in one session over a period of two days. It has been said that a Tarahumara once ran 600 miles in five days to deliver a very important message. Ranchers even hired them to chase down wild horses. They would have no problem running to Northern California in a couple weeks if they chose to. Their amazing endurance is based on physical conditioning and cultural impor-



tance rather than heredity. High altitude running develops tremendous lung capacity. They have a very clean diet consisting of wild game and fish, but mostly complex carbohydrates. They make an alcoholic beverage from corn and grasses called Tesquino. It is used for carbohydrate loading before a long run.

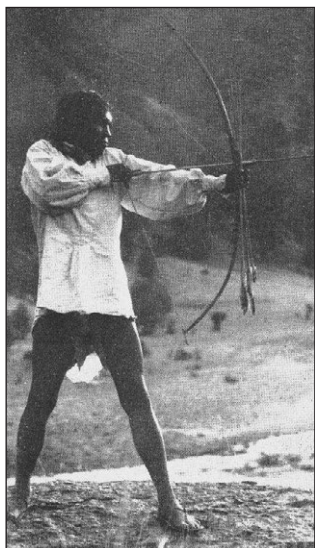
Tarahumara commonly hunt with bow and arrow but are also known for persistence hunting. In order to catch such wild game as deer, turkey or rabbits, the Tarahumara simply chase after the animal until it drops from exhaustion. In the case of a wild turkey, the bird is forced into a rapid series of take-offs without sufficient rest periods between. The heavy-bodied bird doesn't have the strength to fly or run away from the Tarahumara hunter. How many of you would pay to see the Wensels hunt in that manner?

The Indians would chase deer at a pace that would not allow the animal to pant. This would cause the ungulate to overheat. A stone knife, bow and arrow, or rocks would then be used to kill the animal. The Tarahumara hunters are very well-versed at throwing rocks. These people are true relics of the stone age.

Upon paying a visit to the Milwaukee Public Museum in Wisconsin, which has one of the largest collections of Tarahumara artifacts in the United States, as well as examining vintage photos of Tarahumara archers, I obtained an idea of the type of tools they used. Their bows tended to be short to medium in length, relatively narrow, with fairly rounded, quadrilateral cross sectioned limbs. The most common bow wood was juniper. Arrows were 24-32 inches long, made from river reed or dogwood, with relatively short fletching of three to five inches. Stone points of flint were short and squat with basal notches. The bow was held in a vertical, slightly canted position, utilizing the augmented or secondary release. This is very similar to the Apache's equipment and shooting style.

When researching Ishi, I used two books that proved to be invaluable, "The Rarest Works of Saxton Pope" and

**Tarahumara Indian filmed in 1950.**



"Ishi in Two Worlds," a biography of the last wild Indian in North America. The Yana belong to the Hokan super family. They are divided into four linguistic divisions: Northern, Central, Southern, and Yahi. The Yahi inhabited the Mill and Deer Creek regions of northern California. This would be present day Tehama County, at the foot hills of Lassen Park. From 1870-1911 was their period of concealment. A remnant band of 5 to 25 individuals of the Yahi hid in the Mill Creek area.

In 1908, a surveying party surprised a camp of four: an elderly man and woman, a young girl and middle-aged man. These were later presumed to be Ishi, along with his mother, uncle, and sister. The surveyors pilfered the camp, taking bows and arrows, tools and other artifacts. In 1911, Ishi emerged from the Butte Country Wilderness. He was captured while attempting to steal meat from a slaughterhouse near Oroville, California. The starving Ishi was naked except for a ragged scrap of ancient covered-wagon canvas, which he wore around his shoulder like a poncho. He had pieces of deer thong in the lobes of his ears and a wooden plug in the septum of his nose.

Ishi soon became a journalistic sensation, identified at the time as the last member of the Yahi. The newspapers referred to Ishi as the "last wild Indian." Ishi was taken to the University of California, Berkeley Museum of Anthropology (presently called Phoebe A. Hearst Museum of Anthropology). He was housed in an old law school building. Ishi spent four years and seven months at this facility. In 1916, Ishi died from tuberculosis. His body was cremated but his brain was put into a Pueblo Indian pottery jar and sent to the Smithsonian Institute.

Anthropologists, Alfred L. Kroeber and Thomas T. Waterman studied Ishi at the University Museum. Kroeber was the director of the museum and one of the fathers of modern anthropology. Linguist, Edward Sapir, spent several hours a day at Berkeley, recording linguistic material on Yana language from Ishi. Still preserved are 148 wax cylinder recordings totaling 5 hours and 41 minutes of Ishi speaking, singing, and telling stories in the Yahi dialect. A man named Sam Batwi was hired as an interpreter. His father was Central Yana and mother was half Maidu and half Southern Yana. Dr. Saxton Pope was the professor of medicine at the university at the time. He was Ishi's personal medical doctor. Ishi turned Dr. Pope onto archery. They took multiple field trips to Ishi's Mill and Deer Creek stomping grounds.



**Ishi's release.**

Dr. Pope made the following observations regarding Ishi. He was an expert at many different styles of swimming. His locomotion was in rather short steps, each foot sliding along the ground. Neither the heel nor the ball of the foot seemed to receive the jar of any step. Both by habit and build, these factors made for tireless walking.

As for Ishi's archery style and equipment, Ishi preferred obsidian for making arrow points. Bow wood where he lived was Mountain Juniper. Glue was made by boiling salmon skins. He used a two-prong salmon harpoon to spear the fish. A mountain lion tail was the correct bow cover. A piece of buckskin would also suffice. A whole otter skin was used for a quiver.

Ishi utilized a variety of hunting techniques including spot and stalk, calling, waiting along game trails, water holes and mineral deposits. Ishi's bow release remains to this day the only one of its kind to be found either in toxophilic or ethnographic literature. It's a Yana variant of the Mongolian, or Asiatic, release. Ishi drew his bow with a flexed right thumb. Yana variation was in one finger position: the tip of the middle finger was placed lightly against the thumbnail to steady and strengthen it's hold. Ishi was a better game shot than he was at target shooting.

As I looked at vintage photos of Ishi and his archery equipment, I made some observations. Ishi was a bobblehead. What I mean is, his melon seemed out of proportion to his body. His skull may not have been Boone & Crockett, but it for sure would have made Pope & Young. Ishi's bows were short to medium in length. The limbs were relatively wide, flat or slightly convex. Arrow shafts were 26-29 inches long, made from river reed as well as other woods. Fletching is long, from 5 to 8 inches, low cut tapered feathers with the tail end extending almost to the end of the nock.

In 1999, the Smithsonian, via the National Museum of the American Indian Act of 1989, identified the people of Redding Rancheria and the Pit River tribe as Ishi's closest relations and therefore designated them recipients of Ishi's brain and cremated remains. In 2000, Ishi's remains were buried in his homeland according to native custom.

~ continued on page 30

# Is there a Santa Claus?

~ continued from page 29

Robert Fri, director of the National Museum of Natural History states that Ishi was not the last of his kind. As a Yahi-Yana, his closet living descendants are the Yana people of northern California. Anthropologist, Jerald Johnson, states that morphological evidence suggests Ishi's facial features and height were more typical of the Wintu or Maidu. Ishi was 5'9" tall and had one of the broadest skulls ever measured in northern California. Dr. Johnson theorized that under pressure of diminishing populations, members of groups who were enemies may have intermarried to survive. To support this, oral histories from the Wintu and Maidu told of the tribe's intermarrying with the Yahi. There is a strong possibility, Ishi was at least half Maidu or Wintu.

By studying arrow points Ishi made, Dr. Steven Shackley, a research archaeologist at Berkeley's Hearst Museum of Anthropology discovered that Ishi apparently wasn't the last full-blooded Yahi or Yana after all. Arrow points made in the historic Yahi sites excavated by the Department of Anthropology in the 1950's and housed at the museum are quite different from Ishi's products. But tools and arrow points made at historic Nomlaki or Wintu sites, also found at the museum, bore striking resemblance to those made by Ishi. An expert in stone tool technology, Shackley found that the hundreds of projectile points Ishi made after he left the wilderness had long blades with concave bases and side notches. In contrast, arrowheads in the museum from historic Yahi sites are short and squat with contracting stems and basal notches. A tool now known as the "Ishi stick" was used to run long pressure flakes, a traditional technique of the Nomlaki and Wintu tribes. Although Ishi was culturally Yahi, it appears he was not the last purely Yahi Indian. He learned to produce arrow points not from Yahi rela-

tives but very possibly from a Nomlaki or Wintu male relative. Being of mixed blood, he is possibly an example of the cultural pressure the Anglos placed on the dwindling number of Indians in the mid to late 1800's to marry their enemies. The real circumstances of his birth probably died with him.

I have three questions concerning Ishi. Question #1: Ishi made lots of arrow points during his 4 1/2 years living at the museum. The museum had a substantial number of stone points they collected at the Yahi digs of 1950. Why did it take so long, 48 years, for someone to compare these arrowheads?

Isn't that their job as archeologists/anthropologists? Hello!!! Question #2: If someone from the Nomlaki or Wintu tribe taught Ishi how to make arrowheads, was he also the person who taught Ishi how to shoot a

different disciplines studying Ishi for them all to be part of some hoax. There were too many witnesses, artifacts and remembered events. The most telling evidence for me that Ishi was not a Tarahumara was his stone point productions, the style in which he shot a bow and the recorded linguistic evidence. His stone points, shooting style and language were completely different from a Tarahumara. Some other differences were that Ishi was a walker, not a runner. He was a pure hunter-gatherer. He used no agriculture practices. Salmon were very important to his subsistence. There are no salmon in the land of the Tarahumara. Ishi had an affinity to water and proficiency in multiple swimming techniques. His bows were of different design. Yahi did not make pottery. I'm not aware of any musical instruments, for example flutes, made by Ishi. I don't know what the ear and nose decoration was all about.

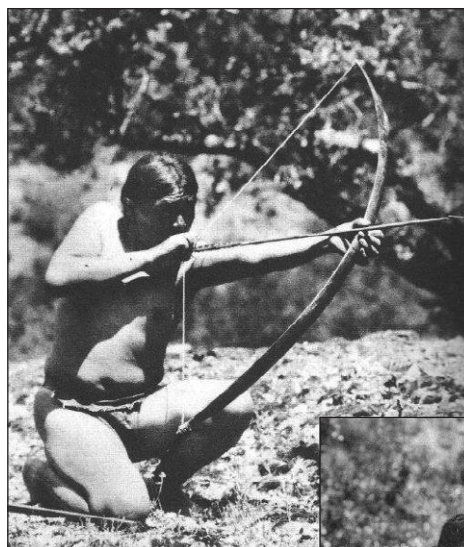
During the concealment years, Ishi lived in a cave above a waterfall. The traditional shelter Ishi made for the museum was a small tipi-like hut made from sticks and vegetation. There was also no indication that Ishi ever spoke nor understood Spanish.

Was Ishi the last Yahi? The evidence suggests that he was not. Was Ishi the last wild Indian in North America? No, he was not. They were the Tarahumara in Northern Mexico. There were Eskimos in Alaska and Greenland as well as Inuits in Canada still living traditional lifestyles. Was Ishi the last wild Indian in America, say the lower 48? Probably. Keep in mind, there was in the same era a large band of Seminoles hiding out in the Everglades of southern Florida. They never surrendered to the U.S. Government. However, Seminoles were a mixture of several Southeastern tribes and in some cases also black runaway slaves. They also, for a time, had exposure with the Anglos via a trade network.

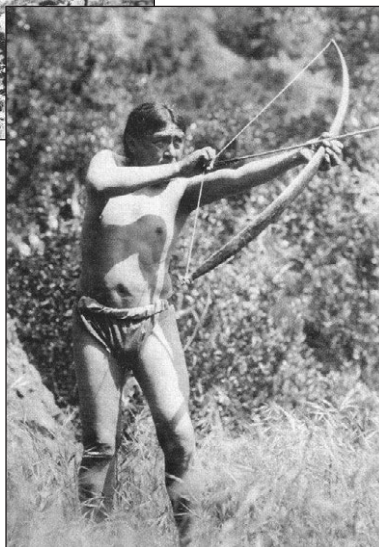
So, how did these stories of Ishi being a Tarahumara come about? I don't know. All of the would-be witnesses are now deceased. I would guess that it was a case of mistaken identity. When the national news outlets showed the emaciated photo of Ishi wearing an old piece of canvas, that could have looked like any Indian hanging around a border town.

I live not too far from Waukegan, Illinois. Waukegan has 70,000 Hispanics living there; mostly Mexicans but also Salvadorians, Ecuadorians, Belizeans, Puerto Ricans, and others. On any given day, you can take a drive through Waukegan and see a couple dozen Ishi look-alikes.

I gave several examples earlier of how the media can distort and be a catalyst for



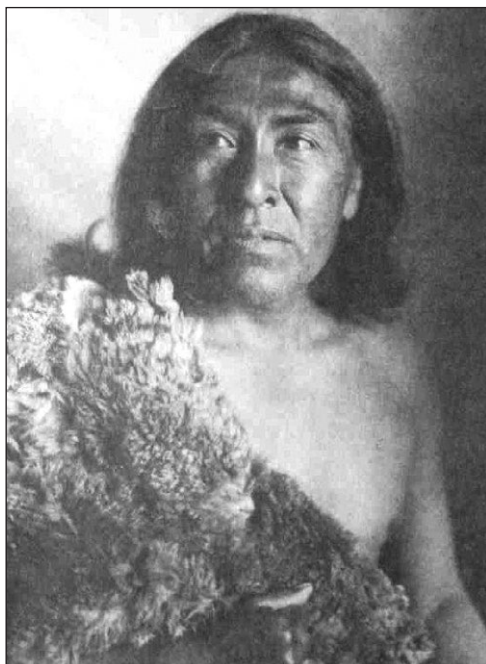
**Ishi preferred to shoot from a crouched position, holding the bow under-handed, diagonally across the front of his body. After the release of an arrow, the bow revolved in his hand until it turned over completely.**



bow with the Mongolian/Asiatic variant release? Did the Nomlaki or Wintu shoot in this manner or did anthropologists assume that because Ishi was doing it that it must be a Yahi form of release? Question #3: Was any DNA saved from Ishi's brain and would it be usable after floating in formaldehyde for 84 years? I would think so. DNA analysis would have answered a lot of questions regarding Ishi's blood line.

After evaluating as much evidence as I could, I came to the conclusion that the Indian called Ishi was not a Tarahumara. First of all, there were too many professionals of





A previously unpublished photo of Ishi taken in 1913 by Joseph Dixon.

the perpetuation of a myth. It is quite possible the newspapers in Juarez, Mexico or El Paso, Texas had their own version of the Ishi story and it was contradicting what was coming out of San Francisco. Rumors and stories passed on from generation to generation can eventually create a myth.

At any rate, learning about these two different tribes was fascinating. Ishi was quite the survivalist. Someday I hope to see his artifacts in person at the Phoebe A. Hearst Museum. Ishi influenced most of us indirectly by turning Saxton Pope onto archery.

Pope's relationship with Ishi attracted William "Chief" Compton, who introduced Dr. Pope to Arthur Young. These three bow-toting comrades shot lots of arrows with Ishi. Art Young went on to inspire Fred Bear. Bear cultivated a friendship with Glenn St. Charles, who founded the Pope & Young Club. Fred Bear inspired most of us reading this. We in turn have the responsibility to influence the next generation of bowhunters. For that, Ishi's name is appropriate. He is the "MAN." I believe the next time I see Mr. Cougar James Lucero, I'll tell him there is a Santa Claus. ♡

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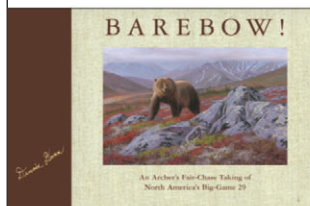
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## "A BOOK FOR THE AGES"

That was the title Editor Dave King gave to his Review of **BAREBOW!** in the August 2009 Issue of *Hunting Illustrated Magazine*.



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Terry Woirol of Wonewoc, Wisc., took this spring 2014 gobbler using a 53# Hunter recurve, 2117 aluminum arrow and old Bear Razorhead with NO BLIND!



Mike Dhaemers with a couple of birds he took on 4/30 in northeast South Dakota.



Gary Logsdon took this beautiful bird.

# Member Photos



Gene Wensel with Texas porker.



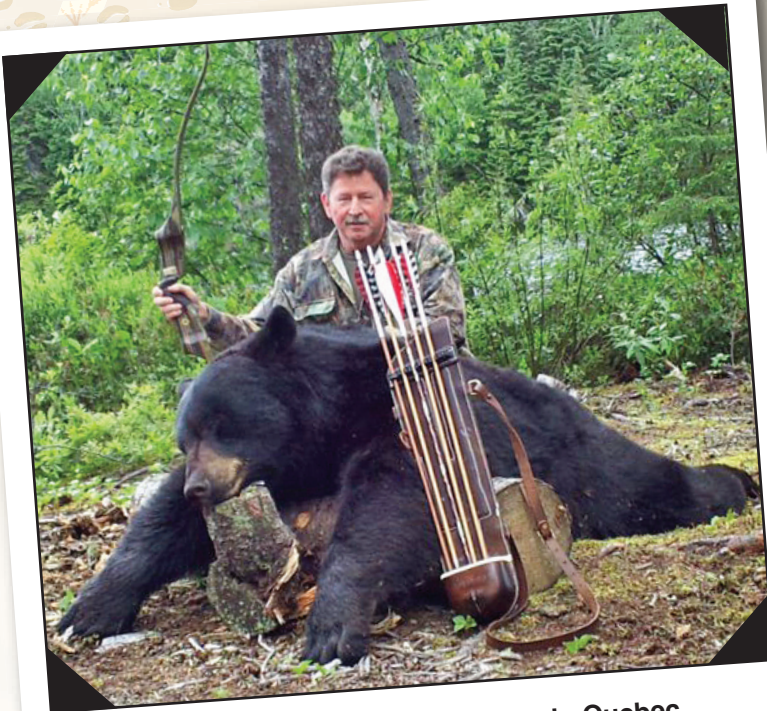
Steve Osminski used a Tall Tines hybrid longbow with Abowyer Brown Bear broadhead to bag this eland and a big Whitetail broadhead for the waterbuck on a trip to Africa this summer. Both shots were pass throughs.



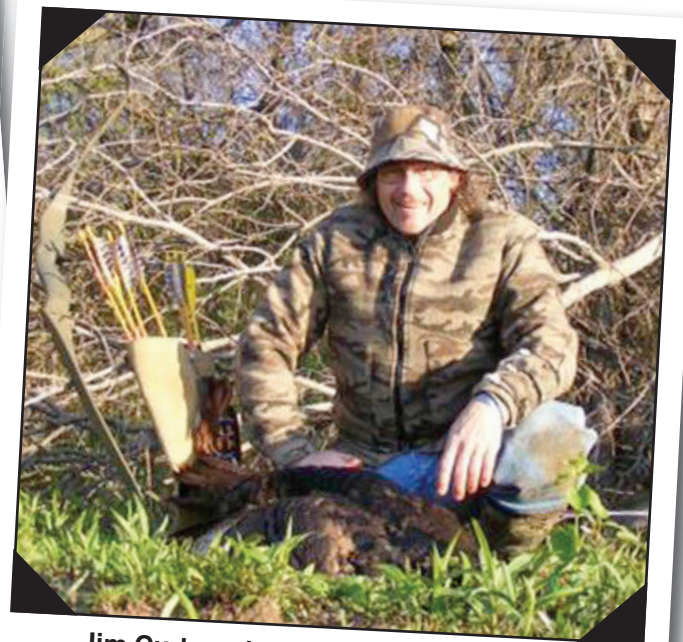
Other highlights of his Africa trip were having a brown hyena and honey badger in shooting range. Not to mention sharing two weeks with Mick Parks, Daryl Kempher and Gene Wensel.

## Have a great hunt? Share it!

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



Ron Tandy took this dandy of a bear in Quebec. He weighed 301 lbs. and is the third largest bear taken in at least eight years out of 175 hunters. It was a five yard shot on a self guided hunt.



Jim Curlee with a SE Minnesota turkey taken on 5/12 with a 1960's Bear Recurve.



# Divine Intervention

By John Vargo

With heavy heart and a lot on my mind I turned my truck north on I-65 and began the long drive back to Iowa. This trip did not go as planned. Exactly one week ago I was beginning a new week of work and clearing my schedule so I could take a one week leave of absence starting on Wednesday to visit and help care for my elderly mother, who was losing her battle with a very aggressive form of cancer at our family home in Louisville, Kentucky. I had spoken to Mom and my brothers the previous day, Easter Sunday, and it became evident that her condition was rapidly deteriorating. When I received an unexpected call at work from my older brother early that Monday morning, I knew it could not be good news. I was told I should not wait until Wednesday to leave, get home as quickly as you can. The next call came two hours later while I was finishing packing my travel bags...take your time, Mom has passed away.

Somewhere west of Indianapolis I decided to change my course of travel so that my final destination would be my property in southeast Iowa rather than my house in Cedar Rapids. In early March I had to can-

cel a Texas pig hunt at the last minute when it became apparent that the cancer, that was diagnosed in January, was spreading very fast. Turkey season had been open for two weeks but I had yet to spend any time in a blind due to the family crisis. My heart was really not into a turkey hunt but I figured being alone for a day in a place where I could do a lot of self-reflection would do me good. Driving through a downpour one hour east of my property with predictions calling for rain the next day tempted me to forget about the hunt but I decided to press on. I arrived before dark and set up my turkey blind in a small clover field for the next morning's hunt.

Dawn was breaking the next morning as I walked through the clover field and eventually arrived at my blind. It was plenty light for the toms to be gobbling (or bugling as Uncle Gene would say) but it was pretty quiet. It was peaceful to just sit in the blind...no phone calls to make...no arrangements that needed to be made.

Turkeys are my nemesis. I have hunted them off and on for nearly thirty years with only one bird tagged in all that time. Seems like spring time is very busy and I can only manage a few mornings in the blind. Mom would usually visit for two weeks around turkey season time. There were also food plots to work on, a house that had been neglected since the end of deer season that needed work, etc. It's hard to stay in the blind when action is slow and you are thinking of all the chores that need attention. While there are lots of turkeys on my Iowa property, they tend to spend most of the day in picked corn and soybean fields across the fence line. I guess I just don't get very serious with turkeys in the spring as there are so many other



**Mom (Joan Vargo) holding an Iowa turkey shot by the grandson of one of my neighbors. For some reason, she wanted her picture taken with the dead bird. It ended up being one of her favorite photos that she proudly displayed at home and it became quite a conversation piece with visitors.**

things that are competing for my time.

I could not help but think of the circumstances surrounding my one and only turkey kill to that date. I had moved to Iowa in 2001 and purchased my property that spring. Turkeys were very numerous on the property and I looked forward to finally shooting one (hopefully). Easter Sunday, 2002, found me sitting in my blind as dawn was breaking. My father had passed away in 1998, and while I am not a religious person at all, it seemed appropriate to say a little prayer for my father that morning. At the end of my thoughts, I said in a low voice, "Dad, if you could send a turkey my way this morning I sure would appreciate it!" Forty five minutes and two arrows later I was standing next to my first bird...a big, prime Iowa gobbler that weighed over twenty pounds and had a beard over ten inches.

So I sat that April morning in my blind thinking of all these things. It had been light for nearly two hours and I had yet to see a turkey and had heard only a few distant gobbles. Every so often I scratched a few notes on my box call and went back to alternating between serious thinking and cat-naps. I awoke from one of my cat-naps and there he was! A nice gobbler had quietly walked into the clover field and was standing about sixty yards away surveying the field. I knew he could see the hen decoy placed ten yards in front of my blind. I scratched a few purrs and clucks. He finally gobbled once to an-



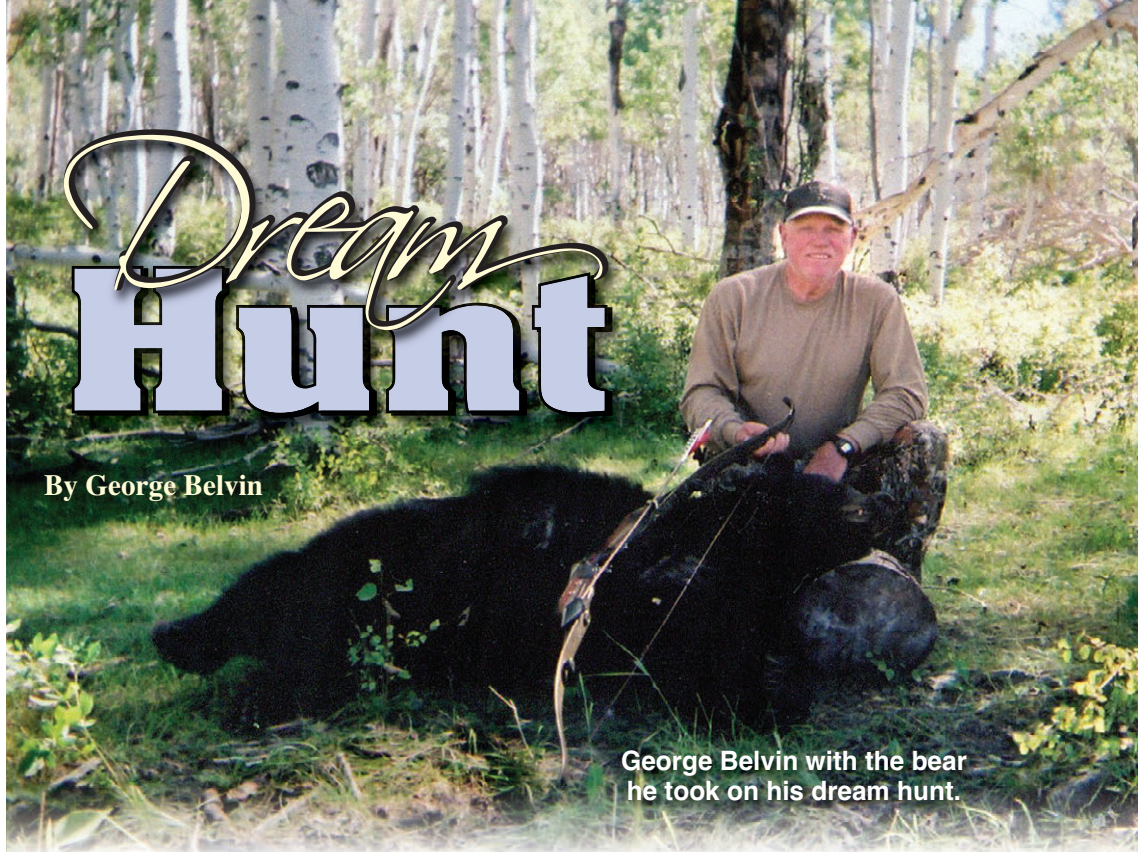
**John Vargo with his second bird ever...thank you Mom.**



nounce to the hen decoy, "Here I am!" He just stood there and walked back and forth a bit never getting any closer. Meanwhile, I rearranged the stuff in my blind to give me flexibility to move to a shooting window if he closed the distance.

Slowly, he started working his way down the field and it started looking more and more like he would pass within shooting range. I thought of Mom. "Mom, if he comes close enough help me make a good shot!" At fifteen yards the big gobbler decided if the decoy was not coming to him, then he would go to it. As the tom passed twelve yards in front of the blind, I pulled my bow string back, reached anchor, and aimed for the wing butt just above his legs. There was little doubt as the arrow flashed through the netting that my aim was true. It still came as a shock when the arrow took the bird and he thrashed his way along the ground for ten yards before laying next to a shingle oak in the field... waiting for the inevitable. I said "thank you Mom" out loud several times before exiting the blind to complete the job with a final mercy arrow.

A flood of emotions passed through me as I sat there and stared at my second bird ever, trying to make sense of what had just happened on that Tuesday morning in the clover field as well as the events of the past several months. I think there are some things that are just beyond the comprehension of mortal man. And trying to sort out the events of the past several weeks fit that category. Coincidence...or an assist from Mom? I'm kind of leaning towards the latter. ✦



George Belvin with the bear he took on his dream hunt.

For years I had looked forward to the upcoming 2010 hunting season. My daughter would have recently graduated from college, leaving my wife and me with an empty nest and the ability to finally retire, at the age of 66. I knew what I wanted to do to celebrate this new found freedom. I had been planning it for years. My dream was to hunt in the coveted limited draw area in Northwest Colorado. I had been saving my points for 12 years, and planning for the day I would finally be able to redeem them. When it came time to put in for the draw, I was heartbroken to discover that the point minimum for this region had been upped to 16 points (it is now up to 21 points). I realized then that I would never be able to achieve such a lofty goal and would have to look for other opportunities for my big hunt. My friend, Steve Welch, has a relative who had access to some private land through a lease. This gentleman welcomed hunters who could help him pay for the lease as he could only obtain a tag once every five years for himself. Some of my bow hunting buddies from Mississippi had been to this property and were very impressed with the quality and number of animals. This sounded like a great opportunity but I was still leery, I would have to give up all of my 12 points to hunt in this region which only required 5 points. It was difficult decision to give up everything I had worked so hard to save. In the end however, it turned out to be one of the best decisions of my hunting life.

The land itself is a 1,000 acre ranch that is bordered on two sides by a large, very expensive, pay hunting operation, one side borders BLM land with limited access, and the other border is privately owned. This area, being completely surrounded by limited hunting, sparked my in-

terest. I felt like this would be the place I would have the chance to kill my first big game trophy with my Black Widow recurve.

We departed for our hunt on August 24, 2010; it was a long drive from my home in Mississippi to Grand Junction, Colorado, where we spent the night and the next day getting supplies. Steve and I arrived at the comfortable cabin on Thursday, August 26, and spent the first night getting settled. We scouted the next day and decided on some favorable areas. We saw numerous bucks and three bears and I was officially excited as the season opened the following morning! As the morning sun rose I was armed with a bull elk tag, a mule deer buck tag, a bear tag, a turkey tag, a small game license, my trusty bow, and an anxious spirit. My first objective was a mule deer. Day one of the hunt started with very windy conditions but shortly after daylight two shooter bucks ran toward my position and stopped in front of my tree stand. They were approximately forty yards out but smelled me and quickly ran in the direction from which they came. At midday, I decided to move my stand for the afternoon hunt only to witness two more nice bucks cross directly in front of the spot my stand was that morning. Oh well, so much for trying to outsmart "dumb" animals. That night Steve and I were joined by three other hunters from South Mississippi. The next morning, the five of us woke up to more windy conditions. I only managed to see one forked horn buck while two of the newly arrived hunters each took a buck, one of them a real trophy in the 180 class. The afternoon hunt was a complete washout and I turned in hoping for better luck the following day. After an unsuccessful morning deer hunt, ~ continued on page 36



# Dream Hunt

~ continued from page 35

I decided to change strategy and try for an elk. I decided to try a waterhole, where my friend Mark Livingston had taken a tremendous 8x8 bull two years earlier. Fellow hunter, Scott Lasseter, and I were set up on two small ponds about a half mile apart with lots of fresh sign on both.

We arrived early in the afternoon and began to clean and shore up a natural blind which had been used in previous seasons. We must have been making a great deal of noise because in the midst of the commotion, Steve whispered, "Big Bull! Big Bull!" I turned to see a monster bull standing at the water's edge about twenty five yards away. He must have mistaken our cleanup operation for another bull in his territory. Unfortunately, my bow was lying on the ground at my feet. I slowly knelt, picked up my bow and knocked an arrow. The bull, now very suspicious, bolted back the way he came and stopped on the pond dam turning to look in my direction. I then had a quartering away shot of about thirty yards. Having practiced at that distance many times, I took the shot but without the use of my shooting glove that was still in my pocket. The arrow sailed harmlessly low and the "bull of a lifetime" ran over the hill and out of my life forever. Within three minutes in the blind, I had experienced an extreme high and also a punishing low which left me wondering if I had missed my chance.

Steve and I completed the work needed to the blind and he left me to reflect on the unbelievable events which had just taken place. After two or three hours of baking in the hot afternoon sun, I noticed movement on the dam again. My heart began to race as



This 6x6 bull elk was the first trophy on George's dream hunt.

I made out the figure. It was a large cinnamon colored black bear! As I mentioned before, I had a bear tag but the season was not set to open for another two days so I sat studying him until he finally wandered off.

As it began to get late I looked to my right, toward the dam, and saw antlers just appearing from the back side of the dam. As I twisted around on my knees to enable myself a clear shot, a 6x6 bull elk made his way to the top of the dam, still too far to the right to offer a shot. The stillness of the evening became very evident to me as he lowered his head and took a large bite of grass. I could hear every chomp and held my breath hoping for an opportunity. To my back, I could hear another elk approaching from directly behind me. As I turned slowly to get a better look I was met with another 6x6 bull elk that was likewise making his way to the watering hole.

I quickly assessed the situation and decided that the newest arrival would be my best chance. My heart was racing but I knew I had to maintain my composure in order to turn back to my left to be in a position for a shot. My new target stopped twenty yards away facing me. He too, lowered his head for a bite of grass beginning a silent battle between the two elk to my right and left. For the next couple of minutes I observed a staring contest in which one would have a bite and lift his head to stare at the other and then vice versa.

I sat motionless in between them. My stomach began growling so loudly I was afraid they would hear me, which they would have if they had not been chomping so loudly themselves.

Finally, after what seemed like an hour, in reality only a couple of minutes, the bull slowly approached the water. I was sitting on my right foot, which felt like it was dead. After another minute or so, he was standing 17 yards away, broadside and lowered his head to drink, only to jerk it back up to look at his rival, still standing on the pond dam staring at him. I never moved a muscle until he started drinking again, this time for real. He was slurping up water like a camel. I drew and released without even realizing it. The arrow took out both lungs and was lying on the ground 10 feet beyond where he was standing as he turned and bolted back the way he came. He ran up a hill and I heard him crash less than 75 yards away. The other bull made as much racket leaving in the opposite direction.

I was surprisingly calm as everything got very quiet again. It was a strange feeling like, "Did all this just happen?" Meanwhile, Scott had also shot a big bull that evening, but was unsure of the penetration and de-



At 20 yards, quartering away, George made another perfect shot to take this 4x4 mule deer.



cided to give him more time before pursuing him. The three of us deboned and packed out my bull, arriving at camp around midnight. The next morning we recovered Scott's bull, but only after running a bear off of it that had claimed it for his own.

I devoted the next few days to try to get a mule deer. This proved to be quite a chore. Hunting mostly from tree stands or grounds blinds, I was seeing quite a few deer, but they were either too far or too small. By too small, I mean forked horn because I really was not too picky. Having never hunted mule deer before this trip, all I really wanted was a chance at a decent buck. Five days after getting my elk, I was sitting in a natural blind on the same water hole that Scott had killed his bull, hoping to see a deer or a bear that Scott had reported seeing the day he killed his bull.

The first thing that showed up that afternoon was a coyote that came within 10 yards of my blind but was running at least 100 miles per hour. No chance. I had a small game tag, which you are required to have in Colorado to shoot a coyote so I was ready for anything from grouse to bear.

Wouldn't you know the next animal to appear was a 6x6 elk? He got nervous and left, only to return a few minutes later or another one just like him, I really don't know which.

Just about sundown I saw a big black ball of fur running down the hill to the water. It was a medium size black bear that was very thirsty. It ran into the edge of the water and lay down to drink. I launched an arrow that appeared at first to be high, but arched perfectly into the spot I was looking at behind his shoulder. It ran back up the hill with about 18 inches of arrow protruding from its side, looking a little like a flag wav-

ing as it reached the top and turned left. I listened carefully as he crashed through the brush and came to a sudden stop and complete silence less than a hundred yards away. It was getting very late and I was alone. I had never hunted bear before so I backed out for the night. We had no problem finding him the next morning. Luckily we had a Polaris ATV equipped with a winch rigged on the roll bar to hoist it into the back.

That afternoon I was in a newly erected tree stand trying to get a shot at what was turning out to be a very elusive mule deer. As the sun began to set and things got very quiet, I heard something running off a hill coming straight for me. It was a coyote that never slowed down as it ran under my stand and out of sight. I began squeaking like a mouse with my mouth. He ran straight back to me and sat on his hunches like a dog 25 yards or so away. I was on a roll with my shooting, so I let another arrow fly. It struck him low in the right flank, and stuck in a log behind him. He took off like a flash, having great difficulty getting through a maze of dead falls, leaving a very sparse blood trail.

I could only find very little blood on rocks or logs. I never caught up with him, even after trying the next day.

The next morning I saw 4 bucks and 3 does either too far or too small. I moved my stand to where some of them had crossed the fence. The following morning 4 does ran under my ladder stand either between the stand and the tree it was leaning on or right

behind it, I could not tell which. A few minutes later I saw a 4x4 buck coming my way from across the fence. I decided if he came within range I would give him a try.

He jumped the fence and stopped 10 feet from my stand at a bad angle, almost facing me. I couldn't move for at least thirty seconds as he just stood there looking around.

Finally, he started to walk off. At 20 yards, quartering away, I made another perfect shot. It's not that I am that good all the time, but I was in a zone unlike any I have ever been. It was wonderful.

At this point, I was tagged out except for a turkey. After two weeks of hunting, I had only seen one turkey and it flew off the roost and sailed a mile or more never to be seen again.

Before we left on our trip some of the guys that had hunted in previous years told me to be sure to get a turkey tag because they said they had never been anywhere that had more turkeys. I love to hunt turkeys at home but had never tried it with a bow, so I could not wait to hunt those western turkeys that were so plentiful.

A new group from Mississippi arrived in camp and the guys from South Mississippi left. They carried with them a 6x6 bull, two mule deer (one was bout 180 class), and Steven's cow elk that he killed with a bow he made himself. The next few days for me were spent trying to find a turkey and locating game for the others, which included Steve's brother Joe and two other relatives. Joe had a bull tag and the other two new arrivals each had a deer and cow tags.

The bulls were beginning to bugle a little, so I was trying to locate one for Joe. One morning, while scouting alone, I heard one close by. I hid in some bushes and listened. In a few minutes I saw a massive 6x6 coming around the hill. He stuck his head in a bunch of thick brush 20 yards from me and tried to destroy them for about 10 minutes. This was one of the most exciting events of the whole trip, even though I knew I could not shoot him. I shot him a dozen or more times in my mind.

Later that day something spooked a turkey near me. It was a small hen by herself, almost like a gift, sitting on a limb in an aspen tree. I managed to slip within 25 yards, drew my Black Widow and released. Just like many other times on this remarkable hunt the arrow found its mark, and I was tagged out.

Never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined being able to kill an elk, mule deer, bear and a turkey on the same hunt. I guess sometimes dreams do come true. 🍗



This turkey tagged out George's dream hunt.



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# An Ecological Reality

By Matt Schuster



A dozen years ago, when I was still handling key accounts for New Balance Athletic Shoes, I finally got one of the premier retailers in the country to buy a few shoes from me. In celebration, I took the buyer to dinner with some other reps and we eventually got around to talking about our mutual love for the outdoors. When I described a recent trip to Montana that involved chasing an elk around with a stick and string, that love quickly ended.

"Oh, that's awful. You didn't catch one did you?" the buyer asked.

"Well, no, I didn't, but my buddy did kill one, so we ate elk almost every night."

"I guess that's ok." She said between bites of chicken parmesan, "Since you ate it. How did y'all cook it?"

"Mostly grilled over a fire with just salt and pepper. Which was awesome after a day of walking in the mountains."

"Oh my God," she cried out, "you actually scorched the earth with a fire!!"

I started laughing and said, "yes, I guess I did. Just think of me as sort of like lightning - fire is kind of natural you know, and we did completely clean up our campsite."

That didn't convince her much either, but I did leave this very nice woman with a much better view of hunters than she had at the beginning of the evening and she admitted as much. She calls me "Lightning" now, which is a better nickname than my usual "Shoeman," but living in a very urban, artsy section of Atlanta, she does not personally know any hunters, and she still doesn't like our sport very much, but the good news is that I don't believe she would vote to outlaw it.

Hunters are often our own worst enemies and all thoughtful, ethical hunters try very hard not to do or say things that can be misinterpreted by the public. Yes, we kill things and we don't apologize for it, but we certainly don't hunt because we enjoy killing things. We enjoy being a part of the natural process called hunting, and killing is a part of it. Put binoculars or a camera in our hands and we are watching, like a football fan, but with a bow in our hands we are participating in a life-sustaining activity as old as man himself, and that

can be hard to explain to someone unfamiliar with the natural world. And unfortunately, a lot of folks fall into that category these days.

Not too many years ago, I met a pretty young school teacher and a couple of dates later I finally got her to come down to where I live in a cabin out in the woods of east Georgia. By that time, she knew that bowhunting was the major passion in my life, and had made it clear that she was not particularly comfortable with that. Because we had spent most of our time together in restaurants in Atlanta, she never really had to confront her feelings about hunting until she got to my cabin. I am not a trophy hunter, and don't mount many animals, but I do have numerous skull mounts, antlers, skins, and mementos of trips taken around the world. These things really bothered her - she even made a comment about my "temple of death" but she did give me a chance to speak passionately about how and why I hunt, how I live close to the land, and deeply care about wild places and animal populations. She seemed to reach some sort of understanding of this, ended up loving venison and wild duck, and we dated for some time. Unfortunately, at a party of her friends in Atlanta, I told a story about when I lived in the suburbs and my German wirehair, Montana, caught my neighbor's cat on my porch and dispatched it, as wirehair's are apt to do with cats. My neighbor had been warned repeatedly that cats and wirehair do not play well together so I felt my responsibility was somewhat limited. In order to avoid the discomfort of explaining the death to my neighbor, and to spare her from having to knowingly live next door to the killer of her pet, I waited until late that night then used my truck to fake the cat's death by car out on the road in front of my neighbor's house. I thought it a brilliant plan with no real harm done. After all, the cat was already dead. Of course, at the party I told it with a little more

embellishment than I have here, for comedic reasons. After the laughter subsided, my date, who evidently did not like my story at all, stood up quickly, looked straight at me and said loudly for all to hear, "Take me home, WE ARE DONE!" For some people, ecological reality goes only so far.

On to Hawaii, where a few summers ago, I found myself perched on a rock watching my buddy Steve Hohensee stalk a goat. I could see the pain on Steve's face and as much fun as it can sometimes be to enjoy the suffering of a good friend, this time I really felt for him as he stood staring at a wounded animal nestled, unmoving, against a rock fifty yards away. One of Steve's arrows protruded from the goat's midsection and she would soon expire, but not soon enough for us because a hundred yards below the goat floated a tour boat with two dozen tourists all lined up staring at both Steve and his goat, many of the tourists with binoculars held to their eyes. The howling wind, pounding surf, and sheer cliff kept us from hearing what they were saying, but the situation was stressful and Steve was struggling to decide whether to let his prey die in peace or push for a quicker end while on display for a boatload of tourists.

A day earlier, the second day of our trek down the Napali Coast in search of feral goats and scantily clad attractive female



Steve with the nanny goat he got.



## Sometimes you can do everything right but the reality of the hunt is another story.

hippies (we actually saw some goats!), I had been on the hot seat. It was Steve's turn to shoot since I had already arrowed a couple of goats on the early part of our hunt, so he was in front. We heard some bleating well above the trail, and Steve took off in pursuit. I hung back as Steve worked the rim of a cliff toward the goats. Seconds after hearing the thump of Steve's bow, a big nanny goat came flying head over heels off a cliff above the trail. It hit the ground with a thump and never moved.

As I eased up toward Steve's position, I heard a goat bleat between us. I nocked an arrow and was ready when a few seconds later it came trotting by seven or eight steps away. I swung on it, sent an arrow through its vitals, and watched it careen a few yards then tumble down the slope to land right on the Na Pali Coast trail where it lay bleeding and bleating at the top its lungs. I jumped down on top of it, drew my knife, and quickly finished it off. It was a quick death for a wild animal, but as I looked up there were two hikers standing just ten yards away staring at me wild-eyed. I must have looked crazy to them, wearing nothing but hiking boots and a pair of shorts, and I was absolutely speechless. Never before had I found myself in that position. Before I could speak, one of the men threw up his hand and said, "Its ok, I'm a hunter." Whew! I felt like I had dodged a bullet as they came over and said they had been watching the goat when an arrow came out of nowhere and it was coolest thing they had ever seen.

During the course of our three day hunt up the coast, Steve and I hiked a well-traveled trail for over eighteen miles and only once or twice did we get any negative reaction from a hiker. A lot of folks stopped us to ask about our bows and what we were doing, and asked if we were from Iceland because they had never seen two whiter men, and most were very receptive when we described our trip and

seemed to understand why the goats needed constant thinning to keep them from ruining Hawaii's native flora. It was nice getting a good reaction, especially because most of these hikers where just that, hikers and tourists, not hunters. And I think they were pleasantly surprised when they talked with us. Although dirty, smelly, and not all that attractive anyway, both of us can speak intelligently and we did, to anyone who would stop and listen. We let people hold our bows, talked about eating the goats we shot, and even shared some of the local fruit we had picked. We did our best to spread a little ecological reality to the folks we met and they appreciated it.

Still, no amount of good will could



**Steve scouting the cliffs for goats.**

change the situation Steve found himself in on that cliff. After a great stalk across an open grassy hillside, Steve did everything right only to have his prey move at the last second. Even so, the hit wasn't that poor and the goat would not last long, but all experienced hunters know how long those final minutes can be when you find yourself in a situation like Steve was in. I watched through binoculars, took a few pictures, said a few prayers, and waited to see what would happen. The tour boat wasn't going anywhere. Every person on the boat was staring straight at Steve and several were waving their arms as if to either warn the goat, or to tell Steve where the goat lay. Finally Steve got up, nocked an arrow and crept forward. The goat lay just beyond a refrigerator size rock with only her back visible and she faced directly away from Steve toward the ocean. Taking his time, Steve moved up slowly and all I could think about was how hard it was to just watch this happen. I couldn't imagine what Steve H was feeling. At ten yards Steve drew slowly – I don't know how he did it with the whole boat watching – and sent a perfect arrow through the goat. She squirted from behind the rock and began running across a sheer cliff face in an amazing display of agility. At fifty yards she stopped on a tiny ledge, wobbled, then plunged into the ocean.

Steve raised his arms in relief, and so did I, and for the first time I could hear the folks on the boat – they were cheering and clapping. Someone, probably the captain of the boat, must have taught them a little ecological reality too and that made me smile, but not near as much as it did Steve. 🍷



**Matt Schuster, above, with the running goat that found him in an awkward situation with two hikers.**

**A lot of folks stopped Matt and Steve to ask about our bows and what we were doing...most were very receptive when we described our trip.**







## How to Grow a Bowhunter:

# How to instill positive habits that will last a lifetime

By P.J. Petiniot

As outdoorsmen and bowhunters, much of what we do while both preparing for the hunts as well of the hunt itself is nothing more than a series of habits that we have either been taught by mentors or learned on our own through trial and error. Using myself as an example, I came from a non hunting and non archery family where I had no mentors, teachers or even friends to teach me the basics of woodsmanship, archery basics or hunting skills. With such an obstacle placed in front of me at the very beginning of my journey, it's a wonder I stuck with it for any length of time.

Eventually I learned from my mistakes and began to acquire good habits when it came to my outdoor adventure and this is when the hard work, dedication and persistence began to pay dividends.

With experience came knowledge. Once I acquired both knowledge and experience, I was introduced to success. The learning curve was long for me when I was a young bowhunter and although the experience made me a patient, dedicated hunter, it also made me frustrated at times.

One such time was when I broke a bowstring while in the woods during the white-tail rut. Not only did I not have an extra string with me, the concept of even owning an extra string had never crossed my mind.

Shortly after my first (but not last) bowstring debacle, I decided I needed to learn how to craft my own bowstrings. After learning what I consider to be an essential

bowhunting skill, I was never again left searching the countryside for a bowstring. This situation eventually led to me developing one of my first seasonal bowhunting habits where equipment is concerned. Each spring I will build at least two bowstrings for my hunting bow. I will shoot both strings in and ensure they are stretched and the nocking points are properly set. Then one of the new strings will stay on the bow to shoot and practice all spring and summer. Once hunting season is upon us, I will take the string I have been shooting all summer off the bow and place it in my pack as a spare for emergencies, then I place the other new string on my bow for the hunting season and I have a new string to last me the entire season.

My bowstring habit has been very effective and has ensured that I have never again had a day afield cut short by a broken or cut bowstring. I decided that this essential skill and good habit was something I would pass on to Ian early in his bowhunting career so I had Ian help me build a couple new, Flemish strings for the recently refurbished recurve that Ian customized.

Although I didn't expect my young son to build a Flemish twist bowstring from scratch, by himself, I did discover there are aspects of string building that his 9 year old hands were capable of doing. Laying out the bundles on the string jig as well as using the serving tool were skills easily learned by my eager, young student so I allowed Ian to participate and have a role in the crafting of his two new bowstrings. Ian assisted his dad in the crafting of two bowstrings for his hunting bow and as we were performing this task, my son had plenty of questions as to why we build new strings when the old one looks perfectly good and why we carry an extra string, etc. Once I explained the how comes and what for's, the activity had an entirely new meaning for Ian. He saw the importance of doing such work



**Ian building a bowstring**

in order to be properly prepared for a bowhunting adventure. Once again, we are planting seeds that will be harvested years in the future.

The bowstring crafting session occurred the day before Ian and I were to go on our first bow hunt for squirrels so after we were finished building strings, we purchased a Youth hunting license online. Our home state of Indiana has a great deal for Hoosier youth, a consolidated hunting and trapping license for \$7.00, all tags and licenses included. We purchased the license, printed and signed it. This is another example of forming another good habit, know what licenses and tags are needed, purchasing and signing the tags once they are received. The photo I have of Ian signing his very first hunting license is something very special to me and I have no doubt that when my son is older, it will be something he considers very special as well.

After a full summer of practice, a newly customized bow and quiver, fresh supply of bowstrings and a freshly signed hunting license, we were ready to hit the woods for



**Signing his first hunting license.**



Ian's first day in the woods as a hunter. Although Ian has tagged along on plenty of hunts this was to be his first hunt carrying a weapon and was a big deal to us both.

After loading our bows into the truck, we were ready for the 30 minute drive to a small, private woods that would be perfect for a father and son bowhunt. I knew this patch of Indiana hardwoods to be full of hickories with a mix of both fox and grey squirrels. We knew the woods well and I was certain we would see some action. Upon our arrival we quickly gathered our bows, quivers and water bottles and hit the woods. We moved slowly through the forest both in search of squirrel and whitetail sign as our deer season was just around the corner.

It became apparent that the squirrels were not going to cooperate on this trip as we had not seen nor heard a squirrel for a couple hours and this was only a 40 acre woods. I recognized that Ian's enthusiasm had begun to wane and I wanted to ensure this was a positive experience, not a negative one, so it was up to me to come up with something fun and do so quickly.

I asked Ian if he wanted to do some stump shooting, to which Ian replied "What's stump shooting?" After a quick explanation of the ins and outs of stump shooting Ian was rather excited. Ian asked "You mean we can stand wherever we

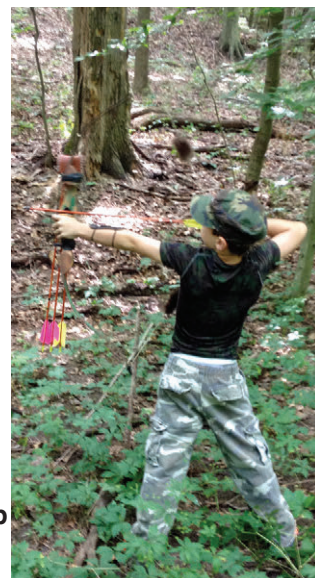
want, shoot at whatever we want and there are no rules?" to which I answered that we have just a few rules and they pertain to safety and range etiquette. I explained we still need to be aware of everybody in our group and where they are at all times and the person closest to the target gets to call the next shot, that's our only rules for stump shooting. Ian and I spent the next hour roaming around the woods, shooting stumps, dirt clods, root wads, rocks and anything else that caught our eye. Ian was so excited about not having the normal rules we have on the range that he achieved an entire new level of enjoyment. Something I had taken for granted for virtually my entire archery and bowhunting career, my son had never been able to experience before this day. Even though I had worked hard over the years to allow my kids to have fun and enjoy the bow and arrow, I had obviously still been too structured most of the time where Ian was concerned. After our stump shooting session, we decided to look at some fresh deer sign we had stumbled upon and after answering what seemed like at least a hundred questions, Ian decided that we should probably head out of the woods and go find something to eat and drink. The closer to the truck we got, the more hungry and thirsty we became. It's a wonder we didn't die of starvation or dehydration while traversing the small, almost

dry creek and walking through the huge 40 acre wood. After such a journey, only one thing would make us feel better and ensure our survival, a trip to the Harmony Diner. After a sandwich, a cold drink and some much needed time in the air-conditioning, we were ready for our trip back home.

Ian learned another valuable lesson on our first bow hunt for squirrels. Ian learned how to turn lemons into lemonade. We could have gone home and spent the morning complaining about how poor the squirrel hunting was on this day, instead, we turned the day into a deer scouting, stump shooting, local restaurant adventure.

Always remember to keep it simple and keep it fun.

- P.J. ♡



Ian's first time stump shooting.

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# Canadian Chocolate

By Mike Vines

There we were, buckling up in the truck and starting the adventure north to Manitoba for spring bear season. This trip had actually started 13 months earlier at the 2013 Michigan Longbow Association's annual spring shoot. A friend of mine, who also happens to be a PBS member, and I were having a casual conversation in the parking area when he mentioned to me that there would be an opening at a bear camp in Manitoba in 2014 and was wondering if I would be interested. I had heard quite a bit of the outfit he was talking about and it was one of those offers that you don't hesitate on.

Having never bear hunted, I had plenty of questions, and there was no shortage of PBS guys willing to give advice, which is just one of the many benefits of being a PBS member. What I wanted to know most was how close I could get to a bear. Little did I know there is a point where you can be TOO CLOSE.

Arriving in camp 2 days later, and customary introductions out of the way, the bows came out to get some practice in and

stretch the muscles. That afternoon, I was informed that I would be hunting the stand named "Determination". That evening it was time to head out and after a relatively short ride, it was time to hoof it down the trail to my stand. Walking along the mud slick trail, about a 1/2 mile in, it was quickly obvious that I wasn't alone in these woods. Looking down into the mud, I was looking at multiple bear, deer, moose and even wolf tracks, and usually one on top of the other. I'm sure you all have had that feeling where you just stop and look around, well I had one of those moments where I felt like I wasn't alone...and it felt great. I was truly in the middle of nowhere, and couldn't be any happier. This was going to be a good hunt.

Finding the stand was simple. There were growing amounts of bear tracks, all heading in the same direction. All I did was follow them. The guide asked me what I was looking for in a bear hunt. To which I responded "I want to see a bear". You see, I set the bar low when I go hunting, so that

any accomplishment is just that, an accomplishment. As long as I see the animal I'm hunting, the hunt is a success in my eyes. Anything over and above that is just icing on the cake.

Arriving at the stand, I stood at the bottom rung and hesitated for a few moments. My hesitation was from past memories. Back on September 15th, 2001 I was setting up tree stands, for the approaching deer season, and a lapse of judgment and an 11' fall found me with a broken ankle 1/2 mile from my truck and 4 hours from home. I told myself when I finally got home that I don't care to ever hunt from a tree again. Well, here it was 13 years later and I thought for a few moments and told myself to "just hunt smarter this time", and up I climbed. It wasn't high in the air (6' to the platform), because I had told the guide of my mishap long before I showed up in camp, and he assured me I wouldn't fall far from the stands. Just what I needed, a guy with a sense of humor.

In all honesty, I hadn't even climbed into the stand and there was already a bear coming to the bait. Being the first bear I saw, I could have easily ended



my hunt right there, but I chose to listen to the guys who gave me advice. I was told if I could stuff the bear in the barrel, let him go. If not, shoot. Like I said, I was in no hurry, and wanted to take the whole bear hunting experience in. By my guess, this was a 175# bear, and he sure was a nervous critter. Soon a sow twice his size with two cubs came in and he quickly made it to the closest tree which was a little more than an arm's reach from me. With one quick leap, that bear was eyeball to eyeball with me, and both of us were motionless. He was just hanging onto the side of the tree looking at me and I was doing the same thing. He was probably wondering the same thing as I was of him. He looked up the tree he was in, and started his climb up. I did what any other guy would have done in my shoes...I reached out and smacked him on his behind, which made him move MUCH faster. OH YEAH, I was instantly hooked on bear hunting!

That evening, I had 14 different bears at 10 yards or less, and I never felt the urge to put tension on the string. I fully enjoyed watching how the bear hierarchy played out before me. It was a VERY interesting evening to say the least. About 5 minutes before shooting time was over, there was a



Having never bear hunted before, Mike was in for a treat as he headed out the first evening.





Mike, Bryan, Alejandro and Gerry

ings and the excitement was brewing.

The next evening, stand locations for everyone were changed up, and I was told I would be hunting a brand new stand that had not been hunted yet. After getting dropped off, and carrying the bait into the stand, I once again made the ascent to my perch in the stand, this time just 5' up the tree (top section of a ladder stand). The guide



nice sized bear on the bait, but like I was told, he could be stuffed in the barrel, so I started getting my things together thinking the noise and movement would run him off. Well, my plan didn't work, so I thought I would climb the 6' down the ladder and that would surely scare him away, well, when I had one foot on the ground I looked to see where the bear was, and he hadn't moved. So, I did what any guy would do in this situation. I climbed my butt right back up that tree and sat down and waited for him to leave. It was in those few minutes that I realized these bears aren't afraid of us humans. Lesson learned. He moved off shortly after, and I used that opportunity, as dark was coming quickly, to beat feet out of there and back to the main trail for the ride to camp.

Back in camp, everyone had bear sight-

fall, I wouldn't get much airtime at all.

I spent two hours in this stand and didn't see an animal of any kind, but my spirits never faltered. Like most of us, hunting is hunting and no guarantees. This evening wasn't much different than the one before but the air had a different feeling to it. Then out of nowhere a nice sized bear came into view. He made his way to the stand ever so cautiously and kept looking over his shoulder; almost as if he knew he didn't belong there. The best way I can relate is to equate it with me being in a city.

This bear came into the bait, grabbed two bites (that reminded me of how as soldiers, we would wolf our breakfast down after a hard PT session), and he jetted out of there. Well, before yesterday, I would have been wondering what had happened, but after spending the evening before watching how

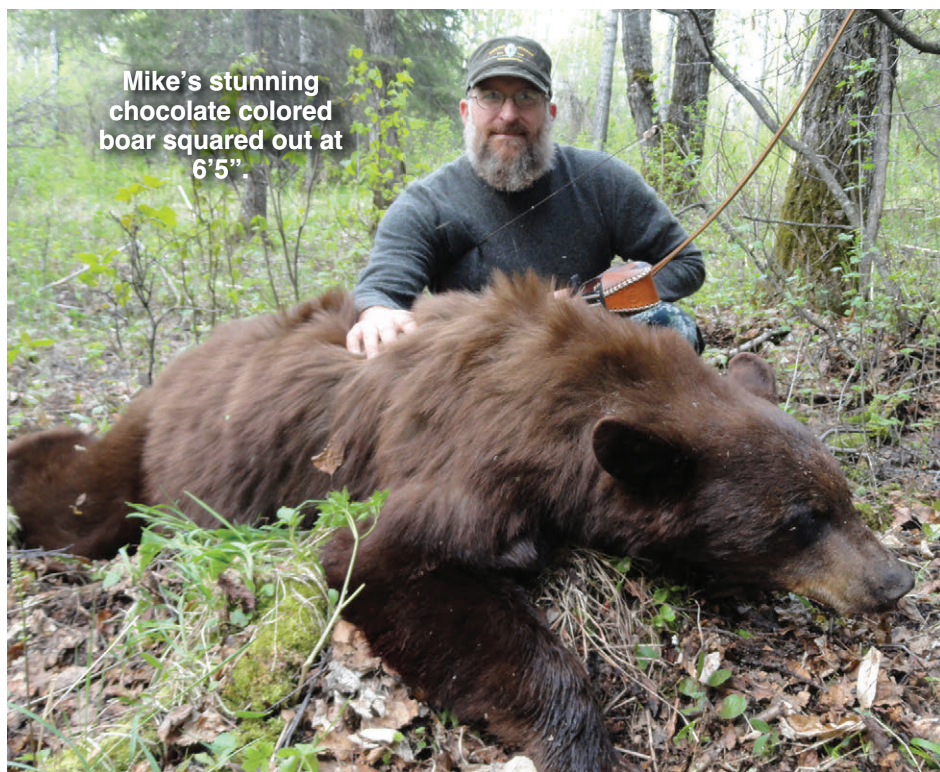
the hierarchy played out, the first thing I did was grab my bow and ready myself for what I anticipated would be coming.

Exactly two minutes later on my watch, I caught movement from the same place the bear that had just jetted off came from. Upon first sight of the bear, I could tell why the other was so nervous. By the way this bear walked, he owned this area, and was checking to see what was in it. His head didn't bob; his strides were meaningful. He got to within 18 feet and as his left front leg went forward, my arrow entered. He stood, turned and went 22 paces and fell over.

It happened so fast that I didn't have time to get excited. Here I was in the middle of my kind of paradise and a single hand-crafted wooden arrow; shot from a simple longbow, had just downed the most beautiful bear I had ever seen in person or on TV. I got my icing on the cake. The boar squared out at 6'5", and is a stunning chocolate color. I had all the meat from the bear ground up and made into Polish sausage burger once I returned home and it has been enjoyed by many.

Now, here is the best part. On our LONG drive home, I decided I wanted the hide made into a rug for the wall, but my wife isn't too fond of animals on the wall. So when she asked what I was going to do with the hide, I told her I was going to have it made into the ultimate "Man Blanket" for our bed. To which she responded, "I'd rather you just put it on the wall instead of the bed". And that friends is a tactic that someone else will be able to use in the future. After all, we are here to help each other.

When we were there, the only PBS members in camp were Bryan "Hot Sauce" Burkhardt (you'll have to ask him about the name), and by the time we drove home, our friend from Mexico, Alejandro Castaneda, who also was in camp with us and killed a nice bear as well, had signed up as a PBS member and we are all looking forward to sharing another hunting camp in the future. ♡



Mike's stunning chocolate colored boar squared out at 6'5".





# Thoughts from the Stand

## Excerpts from my Journal 1995

By Johnny Gottler

It seemed daylight would never get here. I had walked to my stand by starlight. I'm not much of a dawn hunter. My sleeping bag was sure warm; I almost gave in and stayed in the tent. Every once in awhile I have to get up to greet the dawn. This was one of those times.

Early morning, when the woods start coming to life, is a good time to think. This morning I had plenty to think about.

First in my thoughts was a thankful prayer to the Lord. Where else can one feel so close to Him, except in nature? He gave me the freedom of choice. I chose to be on the river and bowhunting.

Another verse of praise and thanks to the Great Spirit for my family. I wish they were with me this morning. Angela, my bride, is on the road to a horseshow, that's how she makes a living. I need to tell how proud I am of her. Travis, my son, is at Grand mammas and Papa Little Buck's. He didn't have a very good report card this time, so I had to tell him "No hunting", until grades improve. That hurt me more than him. I really miss being able to bring him, but I think he understands that I love him. He understands but it still doesn't stop the hurt of not being there.

Why do things not always go as planned? I guess that's a question that has no answer.

Daylight is just a few minutes away, what was that sound? Just a squirrel looking for breakfast. Where was I, oh yes, I wish I could share this time with anyone who has ever wondered why I hunt. They may learn the struggle of life and death in a real sense. I've seen a hawk pluck a quail and wing off to feed her family. I've seen a bobcat stalk a rabbit, sometimes she catches it and sometimes it's a long day before she feeds.

Why do I hunt? I've been asked that question time and time again. I don't need the meat, although venison is always welcome at our table, maybe because it's as close to being "free" as our forefathers were. No, they hunted for survival. I just

like being out here.

It'd be nice to get a deer this year, but what the heck, there's always next year. Granny always asked, "Did you catch any deer?" I sure do miss her, even now seven years after she passed away. Now why did I think of Granny? She always put up with what her oldest son was doing. Like the time we fed the whole family venison and no one knew it was anything other than beef. Seems as if dad had been served venison a long time ago, and hadn't liked it. Oh well! I guess I'll have to pay for that one someday. No Granny, I haven't caught any deer this season, yet.

Listen, what was that rustling? Does, five of them. I get ready, don't look directly at them. First three turned off, won't come anywhere close. The next two browse in closer, I'm sure they can hear my heart beating. One turns into the cutover, an old doe, is just in range.

Draw, anchor, pick a spot, release, DAMN! As soon as I release I know I'm short. Missed slick. Sure wish I had a picture of her when the arrow stuck in the soft earth just under her chest. She seemed to turn inside out, and boy was she gone. Sure didn't do my average any good, or my

nerves. At least I got to see a nice herd. (A herd is more than one.) I'll have a tale to tell tonight. I'll second guess myself, but the fact is, I just slick missed.

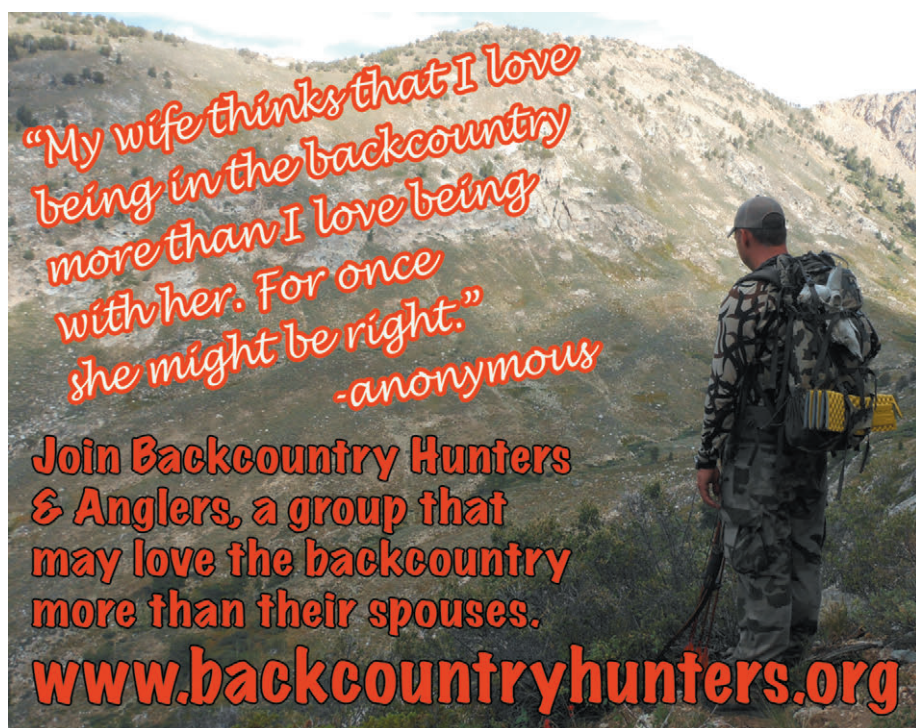
I'll call home, and leave a message for Angela; she'll get a kick out of it. Of course, by then the doe will have turned into a 10 point buck, and will have deflected the deadly arrow with his massive rack. I'll tell them the truth, eventually, but what a tale I'll spin.

Hey, it's after dinner. Didn't realize the time had passed so quickly. It was just a little while ago that I climbed down to make sure it was a clean miss. It's time to head to the boat for a bite of lunch, and maybe a nap, then back to the stand for the evening hunt. Maybe I'll "catch one" this afternoon.

Sure do enjoy these woods and the river, thanks Lord, for the shot and the privilege to be here. Oh, please don't forget to watch over all of us, hunters and the game. ♣

Johnny Gottler

*May the Great Spirit  
keep your Bow Arm Strong,  
and Your Heart and Arrows True.*





# Single Bevel Broadheads



By Mark Mitten

Single bevel broadheads have been gaining popularity for the last several decades. This concept is nothing new. Archaic Indians knapped single bevel stone points thousands of years ago.

The helix principle is where the fletching causes rotation from the back of the arrow. The single bevel head causes rotation from the front of the arrow. Working in tandem, they create greater overall arrow stability. With a single bevel broadhead the arrow rotation continues at impact due to tissue pressure pushing against one bevel, causing it to twist.

There are several advantages to this but the most obvious is when the arrow penetrates bone. This bevel induced rotation tends to cause bone breakage, especially in heavier bone. Where a double bevel head simply tries to force its way directly through, a single bevel head is said to have lower drag on the trailing shaft for more penetration. It is also said to create a larger wound channel when going through soft tissue. Many scalpels used today have a single bevel grind due to the level of sharpness they offer.

What is depicted in the photos are sharpened heads done by Archaic Indians.



These two photos depict both sides of a single bevel white flint stone arrowhead from the middle archaic 5,500 - 8,000 years ago. Found along Illinois Spoon River.

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# Acceptance and the *Gift*

Journal Entry – October 6, 2013

By Jeff Schulz

Yesterday was a great day to be out hunting. The morning brought cooler temperatures from the humidity and heat. I spent the morning at a bait site near the creek. A young boar appeared from out of nowhere. My heart was jumping and my mind was racing. I drew and shot. High and left. Over his back.

As I walked back to the cabin, I began the mental what if and shoulda. I should have waited to be more calm, I could have leaned in more, I did not take... and then it came to me. The gratitude of it. I was able to get a shot at a boar. I was able to have the morning, the cooler temperature, the joy of being in the outdoors. Maybe it is the years of bowhunting growing on me, or just a real sense of gratitude for the opportunity, but I recovered from my mental anguish quicker than usual.

I shot some arrows at the cabin into the bank along the pond. As I shot, I remembered a recent conversation with Nate Steen in which he said he holds a longbow "like a hammer". I put more into it, gripping the bow tighter with my two bottom fingers. Down the middle, right on the money.

My hunting partners had other obligations that led me to hunt alone in the evening. I took the same stand and waited. The wind had picked up considerably, and I thought to myself if this will die down the game will move. A peace and smile came over me, and a sense of wonder and closeness. I wear a cross on a necklace

that my mother gave me and when I pray, I grasp it with my thumb and first two fingers. It just seemed okay, something that I had not done in awhile.

I heard the gentle but telling sound of crunching leaves below me. A deer. A forkhorn stepped out right below me and to the left on the trail. I tensed my hand and on the string as my heart leaped in my chest. Then I thought, why am I getting so excited, he is not a legal deer. I watched the forkhorn jump through the partly downed barbed wire fence, and begin to nibble and browse. Just 15 or so yards away, I smiled and truly enjoyed his presence.

The buck shot his head up and we heard the tell-tale sound of hogs squealing. The buck began to walk off. I watched him go, and thought in a few years, just a few years. I stood up knowing the hogs would come into the bait. The young boar appeared, the guy from this morning, I thought "second chance"?

Then another hog appeared, a sow with only one ear. I began to set my grip and put tension on the string when I saw the sapling down the trail swaying back and forth. What is coming? Wait Jeff, be patient. The boar stepped out, high backed, bristled black hair. The other hog looked like dwarf hogs compared to him.

I waited for the opportunity. My heart began to race, my mind got to going. I thought to myself, just slow down Jeff, breathe,

relax. The boar stepped quartering away, wait for the leg to move forward, there it is. My bowhand set in on the lifeline, I gripped the handle, the tension began on the string as my pinky came back, my thumb depressed it sending the signal to start the swing draw. Up came the bow, back to anchor, slight pause, the arrow was away! I watched as the white fletching spun, time was slowed, the arrow appearing low and right behind the shoulder, Heart Shot!

The boar grunted and ran into the thicket. There was all kinds of racket and then the squeal, then grunts, then the noise of other hogs running, then silence. Was he done? I waited as the moment was setting in with me. "Wait a little longer" I murmured to myself. I then thought about my prayer and a smile came over me.

There was blood as soon as I entered the thicket. There was the broken wood shaft, bloodied. More blood. More blood. I could not track where the hog had gone due to the thicket. I knew the area and an opening to get around the thick. I doubled back and came in the thicket from the other direction. My thoughts were where I would cross the blood trail. I noticed something black under a tree. Is that him?

My hand went up and withdrew an arrow and placed it on the longbow without hesitation. No problem with putting another one in him if needed. As I crept forward no movement. I saw a tail and the rump. I paused and watched. No movement. I knew he was done. I approached and realized just how big he was. I put my longbow down and snapped some photos. What a feeling.

I got him drug out of the thicket, slowly and with lots of breaks. My back ached in such a good way. I skinned him in the light of my headlights and dulled my knife on the coarseness of the sand filled hair. An evening to remember.

As I drove home, my mind kept thinking to myself that we have gifts in store for us along the journey, that are not on our timetable. I thought about my earlier gratitude, and my serenity on the stand. I thought of acceptance, peace, and the smile that the sunrise and sunset bring in me. I kept saying to myself "I love bowhunting, man, I love bowhunting".

Longbows & Short Shots,  
Jeff Schulz





# Shoot Through It

By Nick Viau

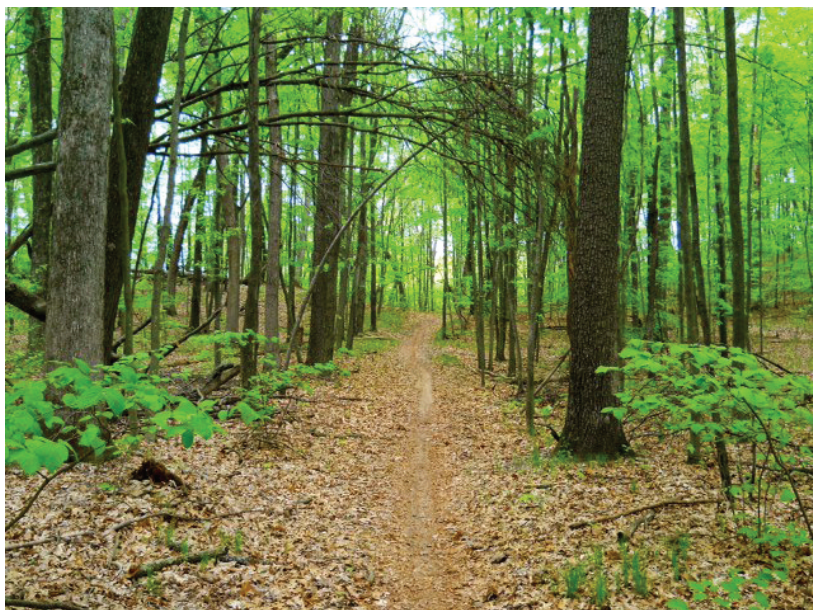
Some people are emotionally strong — born to push on and move forward. They need only look out the window to sift through the muck of a bad day and find the gold. Then, on the other end of the spectrum, there are people who constantly struggle with stress and worry. They need the assurance that everything will be okay and the time alone to realize it. My wife Jessica is the former. I am the latter. When I get ornery and cloud up her day, she has little problem letting me disappear to figure things out. My bow usually tags along for the ride, especially when in a season of some kind.

An example of such an adventure took place in early 2013. It was the first week of my first Spring turkey season and it wasn't going very well. I didn't have a clue as to what I was doing, or even where the birds were. What I did know was it was humid, the mosquitos were bad, bug dope wasn't working, and I was tired of waiting on the possibility a turkey would somehow manifest in front of my longbow. Leaving had more appeal, but leaving the woods was out of the question. I needed to be there badly. There was more on my mind than bugs, turkeys or lack thereof, and while I didn't intend on stumping, that is what I ended up doing.

It was great for the most part. The bugs swarmed when I'd pull an arrow, but left me somewhat undisturbed while in motion with my facemask on. It was difficult to breath and I was a sweaty mess within minutes, but it was better than any alternative I could think of at the time.

There wasn't anything particularly wrong per say. It was gloomy, I was alone, and had nothing but time, which can be a volatile formula for a thinking man like me. In this particular instance, the topic was death. I had not lost anyone close to me, nor were there clues present to make me suspect my own undoing. I simply couldn't shake the thought of the end. I thought it might've had something to do with a lady on our street passing away. We didn't know her

well, having only lived in the neighborhood for a couple of years. She lived alone and kept to herself for the most part. Our paths crossed only twice since the move, both of them on Halloween when my daughter rang her doorbell. She was nice enough, but seemed uninterested in having a relationship with us. We learned she lived there most of her life, even remaining after losing her husband to cancer 20 years prior. As fate would have it, she died of the same. We first heard of her condition the previous November. Our neighbors were friends of hers and told us the news. She came out less and less after that and her driveway grew steadily fuller, as the months went by. Then one day there were multiple cars in her driveway and a note taped to the door. She was gone. It had only been five months since her diagnosis and she was gone.



An archer afield can find beauty on even the darkest of days.

I remembered driving by the house on my way to the store that morning and getting choked up about it, despite my not knowing her. A heaviness hit me and I felt very emotional. Part of it was the usual sympathy for her and empathy for the family, but the bulk of it was guilt and fear. The guilt came from my not knowing her despite living by her for so long and for not visiting her when she was sick. It wasn't that the thought hadn't crossed my mind. I just couldn't bear starting a relationship with someone, knowing they were going to die soon. I just couldn't handle that pain, espe-

cially when I had grandparents of my own to think about. I wasn't strong enough to set myself up like that. Plus, I was scared. Cancer can take anyone at anytime. I knew from experience. My wife knew from experience. I didn't want to watch it. I didn't want to see the terribleness of it. Moreover, I didn't want to think about how it could happen to me, and what I would leave on the table if it happened.

"What if it all ended tomorrow?" I thought. "Hell, what if it all ended after this arrow? I could fall and cut my jugular somehow." I supposed. A shudder rippled through me. There was so much I hadn't seen and too much I hadn't done. I'd barely hunted. I'd barely had an adventure outside of my own backyard. Suddenly the bugs didn't matter. I knew there was somebody, somewhere in a swamp or in the bush having an adventure and I was rummaging around a piece of overhunted public land shooting stumps and avoiding malaria.

The trail forked in front of me, but the shooting looked more promising to the right, making the decision easier. The remains of a rotted turkey-sized stump proved too much to pass up. I burned a hole in the center, drew to anchor, and released. The razor-sharp three-blade plowed into the rotted husk and out the other side with a satisfying thump. It felt good, not good enough to lighten my mood, but somehow good enough to change the subject.

A friend had just made a similar shot only he'd put it through a hog down South. "I've never been hog hunting. I wish I could do that." I thought as I wobbled my arrow free of the log. I imagined him triumphantly returning to camp — longbow in one hand, hog in the other. "I bet I could do that. Why couldn't I? He's no better a hunter than I am." While better than death, jealousy wasn't what I was going for and frantically searched for another target to clear my head. An eroded mound of hickory seemed the perfect way to change the channel. I drew, released, and

~ continued on page 48



# Shoot Through It

~ continued from page 47

watched as the arrow made swift work of 30 yards and met its mark, disappearing through the stumps interior. I'd made a shot like that on my very first doe and was thankful for the memory, though I always felt it was beginner's luck. "Time to put that one to bed." I smirked, as I drew a second arrow and shot again.

The woods grew thicker and the bugs followed suit, as I moved further down the trail, but the shooting was too good to stop and there were more demons to expunge. The timber had been clearcut at one point, producing stump specimens of every conceivable Michigan genus. It reminded me of summer roving with my father back home and there was no better memory than that. I couldn't wait to bring him here and make more. I shot dozens of arrows; each taking me further away from unwanted thoughts and emotions until only the good remained. An hour later I emerged an itching, soaking, stinking mess, but felt 200% better. In fact, I drove home in complete silence and didn't even notice.

I arrived and was met with a hug from each of my little girls who didn't seem at all phased by my disgusting state. Jessica, on the other hand, suggested I take a shower immediately. "So how'd it go?" She asked. "You seemed kind of bummed out earlier. Did you see anything?" I paused a minute, not really knowing what to say.



**There is nothing quite like the therapeutic "whack" of an arrow connecting with a stump. Somehow you always feel better leaving the woods than you do when you arrive.**

"Only what I needed to see." I said. "Maybe next time I'll even get at turkey." 🦃

*Nick lives in Rockford Michigan with his wife Jessica and daughters, Aubrey and Mackenzie. He hunts public land almost exclusively and currently serves as the Vice President of the Michigan Longbow Association. Check out more of Nick's writing at [lifeandlongbows.com](http://lifeandlongbows.com).*

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



---

**Program Participation Application:**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Parent/Guardian Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Mail completed application to:

***Professional Bowhunters Society***

Youth Bowhunters Program

P.O. Box 246 • Terrell, NC 28682

Phone 704-664-2534 • Fax 704-664-7471





# UNITED WE ACT

## for Preserving Bowhunting's Traditional Values

It is the purpose of the Professional Bowhunters Society® to be an organization whose membership consists only of persons who are considered Professional Bowhunters in ATTITUDE, and who vow:

- That by choice, bowhunting is their primary archery interest, and their ultimate aim and interest is the taking of wild game by bow and arrow of suitable weights in a humane and sportsmanlike manner;
- To share their experiences, knowledge and shooting skills;
- To be a conscientious bowhunter, promoting bowhunting by working to elevate its standards and the standards of those who practice the art of bowhunting;
- To provide training on safety, shooting and hunting techniques;
- To practice the wise use of our natural resources, the conservation of our wild game and the preservation of our natural habitat.

### Associate Members receive these benefits:

- A quarterly magazine, The Professional Bowhunter
- Participation in PBS programs
- Use of the PBS Information/Education Services
- Free use of the lending library, including videos and books
- The opportunity to defend the sport against anti-hunting forces

### Associate Member Application

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Hunting Bow Weight \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Referred by \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Gift

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

I firmly agree with the goals and principles of the  
Professional Bowhunters Society®  
and apply for Associate Membership.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

### Mail completed application to:

**Professional Bowhunters Society®**

Associate Membership

P.O. Box 246 • Terrell, N.C. 28682

Phone 704-664-2534 • Fax 704-664-7471

email: probowhunters@roadrunner.com

PBS Website: www.prowhsociety.net

#### Payment Method

(choose one)

Check Visa

Mastercard

Credit Card Number \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

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