

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



Knowledge through Experience

PBS members are some of the world's most experienced bowhunters and our goal is to share our experience and knowledge. From Alaska to Africa, Mongolia to Montana, Australia to Hawaii or just in the back 40 our members have been there and are dedicated to helping make your next hunt a success.

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If you believe you get out of a hunt what you put into it and recognize that the hunt is far more than a kill, then you'll find the PBS to be your kind of organization.

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I am the PBS

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Preserving Bowhunting's
Traditional Values**

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Mike Vines

THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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President's Message

by Jim Akenson
micaake@yahoo.com

Organizational Benchmarks

Undoubtedly, one of the pivotal moments for PBS was the establishing of Biennial Gatherings 3 decades ago. These events served a dual purpose of being the fund raising backbone of our organization, and they established a format for membership camaraderie. They literally got us to this point in time, but now we need to expand our operational model. Diversifying our fund raising efforts has been discussed at each Gathering in recent years, and the need is greater now than ever before. It is time for another "benchmark."

In the last magazine issue, 2nd Quarter, 2016, I posted the draft strategic plan which gives a framework for describing our goals and strategies moving forward. You may have noticed a section titled "Performance Indicators." You will also notice a section that states \$18,000 being raised outside of the "Biennial Gatherings" in a two year period. This really should have been in bold type because it is essential that this becomes reality for our financial stability. So, how do we raise this amount? One of the best methods is

through more participation in organized Odd Year Gatherings (OYG), which also includes a fund raising component. We have a well-established Odd Year Gathering called the Ojibwa Bowhunters Midwest PBS Odd Year Gathering. This 3D shoot is scheduled for July 14, 15, 16, of 2017 at Berlin, Wisconsin. This is the 5th such OYG there, and it can handle a bunch of shooters – both current and prospective PBS members. Brian Tessman is the contact for the Ojibwa event and more specific information will follow in coming months. This event has traditionally made \$2-3,000 for PBS and we need to fortify participation, and donated contributions, to double that amount raised as a goal.

The next question is what other fund-raising methods could augment our operational finance needs? One obvious tool is our website and on-line raffles, and even small scale auctions of products. In fact, through Jeff Holchin and the Regional Program, we are organizing an on-line raffle where tickets could be purchased and entered in for a raffle drawing. This would

be similar to the Big 5 Raffles at past Gatherings, but would include 5 diverse regional hunts rather than bows. The hunts would occur in 2017, with the drawing happening later this year.

Then there are long term financial needs, which include establishing a Legacy Program for individual donations, such as bequests from estates or just annual giving options. Matt Schuster is heading up this program development and will have it outlined in our 4th Quarter Magazine.

All in all we are moving towards enhanced and diversified finances for PBS. Once this is achieved we will both reach one of those critical benchmarks in time, plus we will have greater capabilities to better convey our vision of being the model for ethical bowhunters across our nation.

Best of luck with your fall bow hunting adventures!

~ Jim A.

Professional Bowhunters Society® Council

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Vice President's Message

by Norm Johnson
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Self-Imposed Limitations

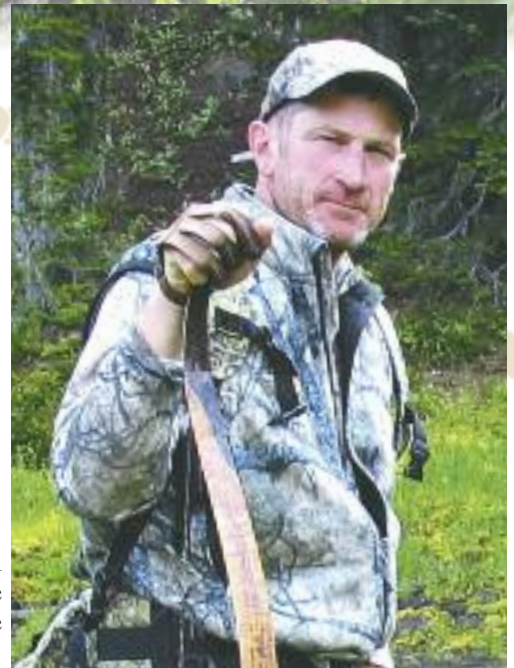
At the time of writing this column I was packing in preparation for an elk hunt in the state of Wyoming.

I am looking over a pile of hunting and camping gear simply astounded at how much gear a guy (namely me) can accumulate over a lifetime of bowhunting. I'm referring to everything from camping, to clothes, to equipment. As I organize my gear and make lists I began to reflect on what it means to make those personal choices with regard to my gear and the limitations I choose to impose on myself. When you really begin to examine what is legal bowhunting equipment it really is a sport that has very little in the way of limitations. In most states you will share the same season with one hunter carrying a crossbow and another hunter chooses a selfbow, and wooden arrows, with all homemade equipment. In a nutshell the

choice the bowhunter makes is a personal choice in just how difficult or how easy the hunt may possibly turn out based on the amount of technology one chooses.

In the mid-1980s when I began my traditional journey I started with a basic recurve bow and wood arrows. Over the course of the last 30 years I have added a few bits of technology. No single piece had and real difference but when combined together they definitely make a difference in my hunting experience. On occasion when hunting unfamiliar territory I do carry a GPS. I currently shoot a longbow but with carbon arrows and a higher performing string material. My Leica binoculars are without a doubt a step up from the earlier brands I carried. My boots are better and my clothing is far better. I could be one of the last hold outs on trail cameras. I refuse to use them but have to say I certainly enjoy looking at other hunters' photos. At the end of the day I may not as "traditional" as I say I am or think I am. It is a matter of perspective. These are all things I do think about as I prepare for a hunt.

My column is not about chastising or finger pointing. I have had this type of discussion many times with new eager bowhunters that are very naive and at the same time wanting instant results. Each time I emphasize the importance of patience, learning, and help them understand



if they choose the right approach with some self-imposed limitations, bowhunting will become a lifelong commitment that will challenge them and lead them to accomplish things they could never have imagined. I guess that's why we call it a "journey"? We the PBS as a group or family have for many decades changed the path and or journey for many bowhunters. The impact we make can be life changing to those we mentor to take the more difficult path. We must always lead by example. It sounds silly but today there are countless bowhunters who have never experienced the simple release of an arrow from their fingers. Yes sad, but true and the reality of the times we live in.

On another topic, it is always a struggle for articles for our fine magazine. Many of you reading this column will take a hunting trip this fall or hunt close to home. Please take the time to take good photos and write your story. No need for perfection we have editors to help clean them up.

All the best and have a safe and successful Fall hunting season!

~ Norm J.



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Regular Membership Candidate

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

If you are a regular member and see any reason why any of these applicants should not be accepted, please send a signed letter stating your reasons to PBS Senior Councilman Matt Schuster, 1663 Ivey Road, Warrenton, GA 30828.

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

PBS Officers and Council

Associates applying for Regular status: Frank Whittaker, Jr. – Copper Hill, VA



Senior Council's Report

by Matt Schuster

matt@easterndynamicsinc.com

thing and telling stories that were obviously untrue. As most of you know, one can't fake much in front of someone who really does know what he is doing, and my buddy does.

The highlight of the weekend came on Saturday morning when the guest made a "perfect" shot on a fifty-pound shoat. There was no blood, and no sign of a hit, but the guest was sure and really wanted the hog so a call was made to a local friend who went to search out a man with a tracking dog. When the tracking crew showed up to trail the hog, the guest was nowhere to be seen. Seems that it was more important that he drive thirty minutes to replenish his supply of beer and cigarettes than to participate in tracking the hog that was so important to him earlier. While he was gone, the dog bayed up the hog, which was hit non-lethally in the shoulder, and they killed it with the only weapon they had, a small pocketknife. Upon the guest's return, they gave him his pig then sat back and watched, silent and amused, as he struggled to clean that little hog for what seemed like hours. Although he clearly had no clue how to break down a critter, he refused to ask for help, and none was volunteered. Eventually he did wrangle some interesting looking cuts of meat in to a cooler but, being an intelligent man, he now realized that he had worn out his welcome. A quick excuse about a business problem and he was gone.

So what does this have to do with PBS? Well, I have hunted with quite a few PBS guys – many that I did not really know when we decided to hunt together. So far, I have yet to meet one that I did not enjoy and almost all were humble and competent bowhunters. I can't say that about guys I have met through other vehicles.

There is a lot of great information on the internet but nothing beats person-to-person experience. Although I don't claim to be an expert on anything, I like to think that I have taught a bit about hunting in the south to those who have come down to hunt with me, and I know that I have learned invaluable lessons from my PBS friends when hunting in other parts of the country new to me. It is nice to know no

matter where I want to hunt, I can contact a PBS brother and get good, reliable information, and might even learn something. That is worth a lot to me. Knowledge through experience is important. And if you get involved, that is exactly what you can get from PBS."

I would love to say that this guy gave me his email address and requested an application, but he did not. I did; however, email him a copy of our last magazine, which was outstanding (Thanks Jack!) and am still hopeful that he will join. By the way, I have the previous issue in a PDF format, so if you have someone interested in checking us out, send an email to me and I will be happy to forward a copy to them. It is an excellent time for us to pick up the growth we started in 2015.

I hope all of you have a great time in the woods this fall!

~ Matt S.

PBS 2017 Elections

Candidates for the three open Council positions are:

- **President**
Norm Johnson, Oregon
Don Davis, Florida
- **Vice President**
Matt Schuster, Georgia
Greg Darling, Michigan
- **3 Year Councilman**
Ethan Rodrigue, Tenn.
Tom Vanasche, Oregon

Candidate profiles will appear in
PBS Magazines'
Fourth Quarter 2016 issue.

A few weeks ago, I ran in to a young traditional bowhunter who I don't know well but who seems to be very dedicated to the sport so I began talking up PBS. He said he wasn't really a joiner and was happy being in the state organization and making friends through bowhunting internet sites. He then asked what specifically he would get from joining PBS. Of course, I told him the usual stuff – great magazine, great friends, regional hunts, but then I told him this story:

"A few years ago, a friend of mine made what turned out to be quite a mistake. You only get so many weekends in life and it is a shame to waste even one. My friend invited a gentleman, and that term is used very loosely in this case, that he did not know to come down and hunt hogs with him. They met on a very popular traditional bowhunting site and it was obvious from his posts that the guest was a well-traveled, experienced bowhunter, and one might even construe that he considered himself a bit of an expert. He was upper-middle-aged and wrote often that he would soon be making the transition from his current profession to one of being a full-time professional bowhunting writer and consultant. They made arrangements to meet at a gas station on a Thursday and would then head to the swamps of south Georgia for the hunt. Hints that there might be a problem appeared as my buddy drove up to find his guest standing outside his truck with a beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other. It was 11 a.m. It got worse. Let's just say that this guy had zero experience in the woods, which is ok, we are all beginners at some point and there is no shame in that, but this guy kept insisting that he was an expert at pretty much every-

Council's Report

by Terry Receveur

Terrance.Receveur@Taconic.com

"My fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country."

~ John F. Kennedy

I'd like to modify JFK's quote a little and rephrase it to "My fellow PBSers, ask not what PBS can do for you, ask what you can do for PBS."

I would like to thank all of you who have given so much to support and help make PBS great and to invite all to consider JFK's modified quote. I know so many who don't have to ask how they can help or what they can do for the PBS, but just "do it". However, there are many who would like to help, but just don't know how. Well, let me count the ways! Following are ways in which you can help grow PBS and continue to make it the great organization that it is.

- Run for a Council position;
- Volunteer to serve on one of the PBS committees (Publicity, Regional Program, Finance, Biennial Banquet Local Arrangements, Conservation, Youth, etc.)
- Become a Regional Representative;
- Host a Regional hunt;
- Go on a Regional hunt and invite a friend;
- Help at a Regional hunt;
- Coordinate with the Publicity Committee to set up the PBS booth at a national, regional, or local shoot or event;
- Work at the PBS booth at a national, regional, or local shoot or event;
- Submit an article for the magazine;
- Volunteer at the Biennial Gathering;
- Donate a hunt or other item at the Biennial Gathering;
- Sign-up a buddy to PBS;
- Invite your buddies to join PBS;
- Participate on the PBS Cyber Campfire website;
- Be a great representative of the PBS in all your actions;
- Tell everyone about PBS;



• Etc. etc....

As you can see there are many things you can do to help our organization. I'm sure there are more things I didn't even list. If you are doing some of these things now, THANK YOU! If not, take a look at the list and see what you might be able to do. We are all in this together and any help is very much appreciated.

Hunting season is in full force as you read this and I hope you have had a very safe and successful season so far. Please share your story with the PBS. I'm sure many can gain from your Knowledge Through Experience.

Aim small and miss small!

~ Terry R.

KIDS ARE ARCHERY'S FUTURE! SPEND TIME TEACHING THEM!

Grandpa says we should only kill animals we are prepared to eat

Grandpa says the TuffHead's 3 to 1 ratio makes them fly true

I'm reading about FOC arrows at GrandPa's web site www.tuffhead.com

Dr. Ed Ashby visited our camp and talked about his broadhead studies and the old days in Africa. We wrote letters thanking him!

I'm learning to retrieve lost arrows.

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Council's Report

by Rob Burnham

rob@burnhamphotography.com

Reflecting back on the past two weeks of elk hunting, I'm reminded of why I joined and just what it was that attracted me to the Professional Bowhunters Society. Some might consider my recent hunt a failure due to the fact that no game was harvested. The fact is that this hunt was a success despite not putting a tag on an elk. Once again sharing a camp with fellow PBS members, proved to be a memorable experience.

I would wager that across the board PBS members around the country are experiencing similar successful hunts regardless of tags filled. Like the world we live in, PBS is made up of a very diverse membership from all walks of life. We, however, are united by the one thing that brings us all together. Bowhunting! Not just any form of bowhunting, but rather the traditional way of bowhunting. The values and ethics that challenge each of us to forgo the shortcuts and to test ourselves by bowhunting the hard way, the way bowhunting was meant to be. Each of us lives for the challenge and we thrive on the journey.

It's this journey and how it relates to PBS that I would like each of you to give some serious thought. When I look back over the past 38 years that I've bow hunted, the one single thing that has influenced me the most, is my membership with PBS. The knowledge and experience that I have gained I contribute to the generous members like you within the Professional Bowhunters Society that have so graciously shared with me. I consider my membership to be a big part of my bowhunting journey and when I ask myself just what I get for my dues, the answer comes easy. I receive a huge return on my

investment. It's because of PBS that I have been afforded the opportunity to bow hunt a wide variety of game around North America and even Africa. Had it not been for PBS I doubt very seriously that I would have ever stalked javelina & hogs in Texas, chased the miniature deer on Black Beard Island Georgia, cruised the waters of Maryland after sting rays, sat quietly in the North woods of Canada waiting for black bear, roamed the beautiful Rocky Mountains in pursuit of wapiti or experienced the thrill of bowhunting plains game in Africa.

Without fail I attribute every single adventure above to my membership to the Professional Bowhunters Society. I haven't always returned home with a trophy in hand, but suffice to say each of these experiences was well worth the price of my membership. I now have an extended family which includes friends from around the world and each and every one of these friends is a member of PBS. So where are you on your journey? I am challenging each of you to reflect back on your bowhunting journey, give thought to just how PBS has influenced it and look into ways that you can include not only PBS but it's members into your next experience. The door is wide open, it's up to each of you to take that step into the fold and invest in your membership. There are countless ways in which PBS can benefit from your knowledge and experience. I have no doubt that each and every member of PBS is able to contribute in some way. We all have something to

offer, it's just a matter of seeing the value and making it happen. Now more than every before PBS is in need of it's members to step up to the plate and help out. If you just can't seem to think of anything or any way to contribute, reach out to one of the members on Council, we can surly help you come up with something. Finally, and I know everyone has heard this time and again but, each of us knows at least one (1) bowhunting friend that would make a solid PBS member, talk them into giving us a try and if that doesn't work forgo that fancy coffee for a few days and buy them that first membership. If we do our part they will want to renew when the time comes.

By the time our magazine reaches most of you, hunting season will be well under way. May the Gods of the Hunt be with you, have a safe & successful season and when you can let a kid tag along on your journey. I look forward to reading a bunch of your bowhunting stories in future issues of the PBS Magazine (hint hint).

As it say's on a fellow PBS'ers license plate, "PKASPT"

~ Rob B.



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by Gene Thorn

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I stood behind a tree, in a grove of hickories, and watched the gray squirrel search the leaves for another nut as he came down the hill towards me. I slipped the broadhead tipped arrow back into my quiver and grabbed one with a judo point. He jumped up onto the side of a tree around 15 yards away and froze there. I slowly drew the longbow back and anchored as I concentrated on the crease behind the shoulder of the squirrel. The arrow hit right where I was looking with a thud, peeling the squirrel off the tree, whereupon it sailed through the air and landed noisily in the leaves. Squirrel gravy and biscuits for dinner! As bowhunters, we are into doing things the hard way. Our nature is to limit ourselves in our equipment. No matter whether we shoot a selfbow, longbow, recurve or compound, it is not as efficient a weapon as a rifle. Bows are short range limited. Every one of us draws lines in the sand concerning gear and technology. Wood arrow, aluminum arrow, or carbon arrow is a personal matter of choice. It is good to limit ourselves concerning hunting. Our goal is to have a good chance of succeeding in bringing game home, but to also give the game a fair chance and not to make it too easy.

When we are considering our spiritual man we certainly do not want to be limited. We Serve a Limitless God. God is infinite, omnipotent, all-powerful, all-knowing, and all-capable. There are no limits restricting God. Yet despite this, to their own harm, His followers can limit the power of God. We ourselves are the only limitation that holds God back in salvation, healing, miracles, protection, and deliverance.

Psalm 78:40 *How often they provoked Him in the wilderness, And grieved Him in the desert!*

⁴¹*Yes, again and again they tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel.*

⁴²*They did not remember His power: The day when He redeemed them from the enemy,*

⁴³*When He worked His signs in Egypt, And His wonders in the field of Zoan.*

Israel diminished their expectations of our unlimited God. They did not remember His power and His miraculous signs in Egypt. They put limitations on God's intervention in their lives by failing to remember His demonstrated power, signs, and wonders. Likewise, we too at times have limited God. Not necessarily as a thought through deliberate act, but we still often diminish our expectations of His endless power on our behalf. Through doubt we consider Him as less than omnipotent. We doubt His constant willingness to bless. We do not remember His power, His miraculous signs and wonders. We need to turn this tendency around and make a firm choice to believe God's Word that He is unlimited!

HEALING: Jesus healed all who came to Him in faith. The apostle Peter healed individuals and the multitudes. The apostle Paul had a remarkable record of ministering divine healing. Philip had great healings in Samaria. God, through a disciple named Ananias, healed Paul's blindness. Not just Jesus, but believers consistently healed the sick. Do not limit God to healing only while Jesus walked the earth. Do not restrict God to healing only through first

century apostles. In fact, it is the honor and privilege of all believers to lay hands on the sick and to see the sick recover.

Exodus 23: 25 *"So you shall serve the LORD your God, and He will bless your bread and your water. And I will take sickness away from the midst of you."*

He is the Lord who will take sickness away if you serve Him. This taking away of sickness is one of God's greatest blessings for the worshiper of God.

Psalm 103:2 *Bless the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits:*

³*Who forgives all your iniquities, Who heals all your diseases,*

Let "all your diseases" mean exactly that! Don't limit God in His desire to heal you. The Bible is full of records of healings. Get that in your spirit! This is the hope of Christians. I would say that most, if not all, of us have experienced sickness or injuries that threaten the lives of family members, friends, neighbors or ourselves. Heart problems, diabetes, cancer et al. One of my friends is going through chemotherapy right now for a very aggressive kidney cancer (Renal Cell Carcinoma Stage 4) that has spread to her hip and numerous lymph nodes. The choice is to believe the doctor's prognosis which is a short life expectancy of less than two years, or to believe that God can intervene and kill the cancer, giving her a bright future. She believes God will intervene. I have seen God heal people of cancer when they were under hospice care so I know what I choose to believe. Choose healing!

Exodus 15:26 and said, *"If you diligently heed the voice of the LORD your God and do what is right in His sight, give ear to His commandments and keep all His statutes, I will put none of the diseases on you which I have brought on the Egyptians. For I am the LORD who heals you."*

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Don't limit the Lord in the realm of healing. He is willing to heal! Note there is an "if" in that passage. It is conditional on us listening to God, doing right, and keeping the commandments and statutes of God. It is not being perfect, which is unattainable, but doing our best to serve God.

MIRACLES: Do you believe that miracles are for you today?

Malachi 3:6 *"For I am the LORD, I do not change;*

Hebrews 13:8 *Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.*

All the miracles recorded in the Bible are there to inspire us to believe for our own miracles. Either believe the Bible in it's entirety, or don't believe it at all. It is a choice. Don't take a knife to a gun fight! Take God to your fight. God is the God of miracles and He doesn't change. That is His Word. Do you need a miracle? Ask Him for his help. You have not because you ask not. He can do it!

~ cont. on page 9

Regional Profile

We are starting a new segment to the magazine titled "REGIONAL PROFILE". In this segment we will highlight one state and give a brief explanation of species available to hunt, out of state license fees, public land opportunities, and any other information that might be helpful to fellow members interested in taking advantage of that state's hunting opportunities. This addition will probably be an evolving process so any suggestions or comments are welcome!

Ideally, we would like to select a state in one region then move to another region altogether and continue the cycle until we have eventually covered all states. So please give some thought to contributing to the magazine in this small way for upcoming issues.



by Ethan Rodrigue

Trying to decipher regulations in a new state can be a bit overwhelming. What I hope to do is give you a basic overview of the season structure, application deadlines and a general scope of the opportunities that exist in Idaho. Sixty percent of the state is public land that leaves plenty of room for adventure. Understand that our "Big Game seasons and rules" are reviewed on a two-year cycle and 2017-18 will be a new cycle and, as always there may be slight changes. The IDFG has, what I believe to be, a user friendly website. It is full of not only the basics, but also a great breakdown of success rates, drawing odds, hunter numbers, etc. to research your hunt. It can be found at idfg.idaho.gov. You are required to purchase an archery permit to bowhunt in an archery only season. To obtain this you need to show proof of completion of an approved bowhunting course or sign an affidavit that you have been licensed in another state for an archery only season. Fortunately, our equipment restrictions have remained some of the most reasonable in the nation, so read the regulations and don't assume.

Moose/ Sheep/Goat:

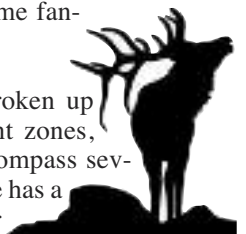
First off we will look at the big three.

10% of these tags will go to nonresidents. There are no preference points and you are only allowed to put in for one controlled hunt per year (There are a few exceptions). This helps to keep the odds favorable, although this system has come under fire the last several years. You do however have to purchase an Idaho hunting license to apply, submit the full tag fee plus the non-refundable application fee of \$14.75. This must accompany the application. Two people can go on the same application so you and a buddy/spouse could double up on tags and really have a hunt of a lifetime. The IDFG publishes drawing odds and success rates so do your homework and apply as the odds can be very favorable. The dates for applying are April 1st-30th

Deer: In Idaho there are two different OTC tags, Regular and Whitetail. Regular allows for either MD or WT. The Regular and Whitetail tag seasons will vary somewhat and overlap often so you really need to do your homework and get the right tag. Generally speaking units 1-18, the Northern portion of the state, is predominantly WT with some MD mixed in. You will encounter a wide variety of terrain and vegetation through these units, though as you

head north to BC the vegetation tends to become extremely dense. While there are a few agricultural areas the vast majority of the Panhandle region has a common thread that creates a home for mature deer and that is brush, heavy timber, mountains, and little chance of patterning. The Salmon River and south could be considered the start of your classic MD habitat. The drier and very rugged breaks of the Salmon set the tone for the rest of the state as it transitions into dry high desert to Idaho's southern border. Several factors have combined to put the MD populations on the uptick the last few years and we are seeing some really nice bucks taken as a result. Generally speaking, archery seasons are September and December. The "General any weapon season" may also be hunted with a bow. It opens the 10th of Oct. and runs until the first of Dec. in the north, and Oct. 31 in the south. You really want to watch the controlled hunts for some fantastic opportunities.

Elk: Idaho is broken up into 28 management zones, each zone may encompass several units. Each zone has a 2 tag structure A or B. A is generally going to offer your best archery season but there are some backcountry units which are "Any weapon". While there are a few zones with caps on tag sales there are only 2 zones that do not offer OTC tags. The Elk herd in Idaho has been through some turbulent times recently, the backcountry units have been particularly hard hit. Currently the state puts the population at just over 100k state wide, but it's not all doom and gloom. With aggressive predator management some areas are seeing higher calf counts and higher overall numbers. I see this as a great opportunity for finding quality hunts with very little competition. Aside from the general any weapon seasons, archery hunts occur in the month of September with



many zones offering a December hunt as well. A word of caution, I have yet to find or kill an easy Elk in Idaho. Be honest with yourself and your capabilities, that's the recipe for a great hunt. Again watch for controlled hunts for some great opportunities, same application deadline as Deer.

Bear: Recently attention has been placed on the impact that Bears have on calf Elk mortality rates. Right or wrong it has led to lengthened seasons, second tags and reduced fees in some units. In over a dozen units Non-Residents can purchase up to two tags for at \$41 each. Some areas of the state lend itself to dynamite spot and stalk conditions while much of the state allows baiting and hound hunting as well. Color phases in Idaho run the full spectrum and the chance at very old mature bear exists. I highly recommend combining a fly fishing/ bear hunt in late spring early summer. It is worth noting that throughout the panhandle and the southeastern part of the state Grizzly Bear encounters are possible, the IDFG website has a great training video on their website to help educate you in identification. I also recommend looking into a Bear hunt from one of our many backcountry airstrips.

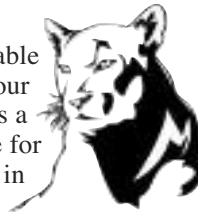


Pronghorn

There are no OTC tags for speedgoats. However, there are several unlimited draw units meaning you put in and you will draw. Couple that with an Aug. 15 opener and you have the makings of a family vacation.

Wolf/Lion

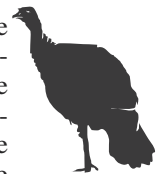
Again, very affordable to have a tag in your pocket in many units as a non-res. \$31 state wide for a Wolf tag and \$41 in many units for a Lion tag. It is not unheard of to call a Wolf in while Elk hunting as it has happened to friends, and who wouldn't want to be like Steve H. or Bryan B. harvesting this top predator with a bow. It's also not uncommon to have lions slip in to an Elk call as happened to me several years ago and in a calendar year recently I saw 3 lions. This suggests to me that our population, at least here in the panhandle, is up. There are



other tagging options for Lions, Wolves and Bear but in the interest of space I will say explore the regulations.

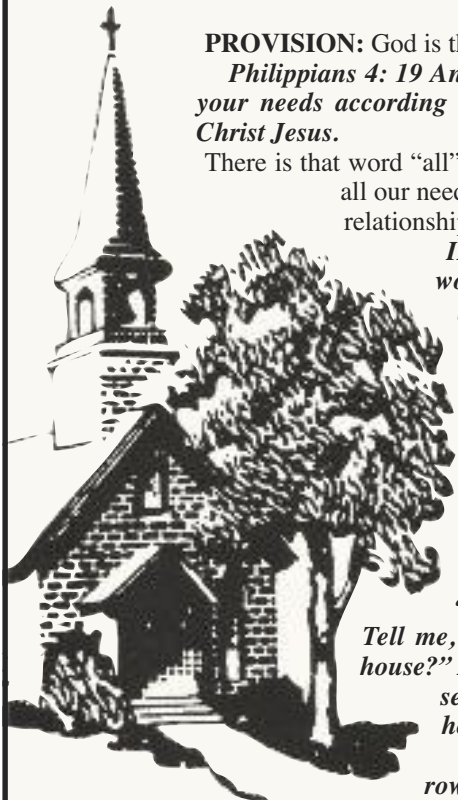
Turkey

Merriam's, Rio Grande and Eastern make up the estimated 30,000 birds state wide. The tag is very affordable for non-res and multiple tags are available. A large part of the state is OTC with some areas limited to controlled hunts. These birds are largely looked upon as a nuisance in the state, while they view my attempts to harvest them as not much more than a nuisance as well. Look me up on our website or e-mail me at spud.3@hotmail.com if I can be of any help planning your trip. ♣



Chaplain's Corner continued

~ continued from 7



PROVISION: God is the God of provision.

Philippians 4: 19 And my God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

There is that word "all" again. God is the supplier of all our needs. Expect this benefit of your relationship with God.

II Kings 4:1 A certain woman of the wives of the sons of the prophets cried out to Elisha, saying, "Your servant my husband is dead, and you know that your servant feared the LORD. And the creditor is coming to take my two sons to be his slaves."

²So Elisha said to her, "What shall I do for you? Tell me, what do you have in the house?" And she said, "Your maid-servant has nothing in the house but a jar of oil."

³Then he said, "Go, borrow vessels from everywhere,

from all your neighbors—empty vessels; do not gather just a few.

⁴"And when you have come in, you shall shut the door behind you and your sons; then pour it into all those vessels, and set aside the full ones."

⁵So she went from him and shut the door behind her and her sons, who brought the vessels to her; and she poured it out.

⁶Now it came to pass, when the vessels were full, that she said to her son, "Bring me another vessel." And he said to her, "There is not another vessel." So the oil ceased.

⁷Then she came and told the man of God. And he said, "Go, sell the oil and pay your debt; and you and your sons live on the rest."

The Lord is Jehovah Jirah, God our provider! This woman had a great need. She had nothing in the house but a bottle of oil. Oil is a type of the Holy Spirit. If all we have in our house is our relationship with God, then that is more than enough. The Holy Spirit resides in us. The oil paid the debt owed and enough for them to live on. Just in time and more than enough! Whatever our need is we must rely on our God who is **UNLIMITED!** ♣



PBS – Regionally Speaking

By Jeff Holchin
Third Quarter 2016

Fall hunting season is here - finally! We need your current contact information – PLEASE email your regional representative with this information and get your state representative's contact information in return. We need to build our member database to more effectively communicate between members and representatives of each state and region. We need more activity within each state and region, such as gatherings, fundraisers and hunts. Check out "PBS Region Program" and "PBS Membership Hunts" forums on our website – we need more activity. If you can host a membership hunt, no matter how small or short in duration, please do it. It does require some work and planning, but the rewards are great.

Region	States
Pacific West	Alaska, California, Hawaii, Nevada, Oregon, Washington
Rocky Mountain West	Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Wyoming
North Central	Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota
South Central	Arkansas, Kansas, Louisiana, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas
Great Lakes	Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Wisconsin
Northeast	Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island, Vermont
Appalachian	Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Virginia, West Virginia
Southeast	Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee
International	Australia, Canada, England, France, Italy, Mexico, New Zealand, All Other Countries

The current Regional Representatives are as follows:
 Chairman - Jeff Holchin (jeffreyholchin@gmail.com)
 Appalachian - Gene Thorn (pethorn@hotmail.com)
 Great Lakes - Ron Lang (rlang46@gmail.com) and Mike Vines (miklvines@gmail.com)
 International - Richard Flett (deerhunter_4life@hotmail.com)
 North Central - John Vargo (john1597@aol.com) and Mark Viehweg (mark@v-testequipment.com)
 Northeast - Terry Receveur (Terrance.Receveur@taconic.com)
 Pacific West - Tom Vanasche (tomvanasche@mac.com)
 Rocky Mountain West - Dan Mathis (dml.mathis@yahoo.com)
 South Central - Russell Lantier (russelllantier@bellsouth.net)
 Southeast - Ron Herman (rchermanjr@hotmail.com)

Pacific West Report
 (Washington, Oregon, Nevada, California, Alaska, Hawaii)
 by Tom Vanasche – Regional Representative

Deer seasons have opened in Nevada and California though I have not heard of any success stories from our members.

Alaska hunters need to review the bowhunter education regu-



lations so that they are in compliance. The rules have changed again somewhat but I would recommend calling Alaska Fish and Game if you intend to bow hunt there.

Oregon bear season is open and in 2 weeks so shall deer and elk, though it is currently 90 degrees where I sit and hopefully there won't be any fire restrictions. It appears that we will be battling the crossbow issue again with our game commission. Advocates will be trying to come at us through the "disabled" back door. This happened in Washington a few years again and I believe somewhere in the vicinity of 30,000 people suddenly required crossbows. There is so much fraud and abuse in this method but it will be hard to fight. Wish us well.

Rocky Mountain West Report
 (Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho)

By Dan Mathis

At press time, the 2016 Utah and Colorado membership elk hunts are under way and the January 2017 Arizona PBS Members Hunt is being planned by Rick Wildermuth. You don't want to miss the AZ deer hunt. There is still room to join this hunt, just contact Rick (rwildermuth2@cox.net). Check the PBS web site for details. One interesting change in hunting regulations this year is Montana's new "shoulder seasons" for cow elk, which add as much as five months to the state's five-week general elk firearm season in 43 of the 138 hunting districts. This new measure is in response to excessive elk numbers, many of which are on private land that offer little to no public access. FWP has hired "elk hunt information coordinators" for Regions 2, 3, 4, and 5 to help hunters and private landowners in the program get together. It is unclear how bowhunting fits into this new program.

Great Plains Central Report
 (North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Minnesota, Iowa)
 by John Vargo (IA, TX, MN, OK) and Mark Viehweg (SD, ND, KS, NE) Regional Representatives

From Mark Viehweg: South Dakota: I will be hunting NW

South Dakota with PBS members Jeff Holchin of North Carolina, Michael Schneider of Alaska and Paul Ladner of Illinois the first week of October. I camped there for a couple of nights with my son in early August hoping to get a better feel for the country. It appears to be a good opportunity for spot/stalk hunting of mule deer with plenty of broken country to move around in. We'll call this a preliminary PBS Member Hunt. If things work out like I think they will, it should be a good opportunity for 2017 Member Hunt. At press time, John Sanderlin III's Nebraska antelope hunt was under way and one dandy buck had been harvested so far.

From John Vargo: Several PBS members camped and shot a 3-D course together at the recent summer festival of the Iowa Bowhunters Association hosted by the Pine Lake Wildlife and Archery Club. This event is the first weekend in August of each year. Join us in 2017! The 2017 PBS pig hunts at the Spike Box Ranch near Benjamin, Texas will be held January 29 - February 3 and February 5-10. The second hunt is full. A few openings remain for the first hunt. Contact John Vargo for additional information (john1597@aol.com).

Great Lakes Report (Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Missouri) by Ron Lang

September ushers in the start of the Wisconsin big and small game seasons. The Wisconsin Whitetail deer season runs from September 17, 2016 through January 8, 2017. You can purchase a license anytime during the open season. Wisconsin has gone high tech and while you can still buy hunting and fishing licenses over the counter at many sporting good locations you also have the option of going on line and purchasing the license there. If you have mobile devices you can download the app "Go Wild.WI.Gov". The advantage of going on line is you can browse through the many options you have and make your choices. You will need a printer to run off your tags but other than that it is pretty easy. Deer and turkey can be registered on line or by phone. I am not sure on black bear registration but all that information is covered well on line.

Deer, bear, and turkey all show good numbers in the state this fall but you have to know what zone you want to hunt in. Some Management units especially in the far north portion of the state are still suffering from low deer numbers and have buck only seasons. In the Central and Southern deer units, deer numbers have recovered quite well and antlerless tags are issued. Again I would like to stress that trying to explain all the options available to the hunter is too much to cover here and it would be wise to go on line and read those options.

I received good news from Brian Tessmann this summer and the Odd year gathering hosted by The Ojibwa Bowhunters in the past is again on for the summer of 2017. This is a huge deal and we really want to thank the people at Ojibwa for taking this on again. It is a ton of work for these people and to truly make it a success we need people at the very least to attend. As all of you should be aware of, the PBS is going to need events like this to help keep the PBS financially sound. Just like the PBS hunts this is a tremendous opportunity to meet other members, make new friends, plan hunts, share stories, learn some new things, and just plain have a great time with friends and family. Isn't this what we are all about? Fraternalism! I will get information to you (dates, etc.) as things unfold but be sure to think about making this great

event and other events in other regions as they unfold.

There is an Ohio deer hunt hosted by Jeff Holchin in November – this hunt is full already. Watch the PBS web site for details in case somebody drops out.

Northeastern Report (New York, Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut) by Terry Recheur

Most of the draw hunt results are in and I drew a blank on all my entries. Maybe next year! Hopefully, many of you were successful and you are planning some grand adventures. While I didn't draw a coveted Florida alligator tag, my uncle in Florida did and thus I took Bo Slaughter and Tom Vanasche down to try and stick a big gator. Jami Fikkert was fortunate and drew as well so she and Nathan come along too. It was a great hunt with lots of action - I'll give a full report in a future Regional Report and I am sure some details will be posted on the PBS web site under Hunting Adventures.

The Regional membership bowfishing trip on June 24th was a lot of fun. Charlie Jansen, Greg Krause, Chris DeWitt, Drew DeWitt, and Bill Terry Sr. were able to make the outing and lots of shooting ensued. The more experienced bowfishermen were very accommodating and often passed up slam dunk shots so the brand new guy (Drew) could get some shots. It was a great example of sportsmanship by Bill, Greg, Chris, and Charlie! I believe all still had ample shot opportunities. There is no doubt there were well over 100 shots taken.



Connecticut – by Bill Terry Sr.

The CT DEEP has begun a research project into the lack of deer in the State as a result of hunter's surveys. Over four winters (2012-2015) researchers have captured 103 adult doe deer in the northwest corner of the State (Deer Management Zone 1). Of the 103, 79 are still alive. The cause of death for the majority of deer that died is unknown.

Part of the study was to study age structure of the herd. Teeth were collected from harvested and road killed deer in the study area and were sent to MT for aging. A total of 489 teeth were collected and sent to the lab. Results from the lab are still pending as of this writing. However, 189 deer were aged based on the molar wear. Of those, the average age was 3-1/2 years. The oldest aged deer was 8-1/2 years old.

Deer hunters were asked to do a State wide survey. A total of 516 responses stated that they hunted in Zone 1. Most of the respondents (60%) have been hunting for a total of 5 years or less. 40% have been hunting the area for 6 or more years. Many of the hunters (69%) have been hunting in Zone 1 for multiple years. It is their opinion that the decline in deer population is a result of the increase in the coyote population while a few believe it is the bear and the bobcat. A small population believe

~ cont. on page 10

PBS Regionally Speaking

~ continued from page 9

it is due to poaching and habitat loss.

The opinion of the researchers for the DEEP feel that the decline in deer population is because the highest bear population is in that section of the State and it will most likely continue to impact the deer population over time. Additionally, like many other areas in CT, the bobcat population is on the increase along with the coyote problem. According to the researchers, it is their opinion that coyotes have little impact on the deer in the northwest corner of CT. Researchers hope to answer these questions over the next few years.

I personally hunt in the southwest corner of the State and I also have seen a steady decline in the deer population and an increase in the bear population, but not as much as bobcat. Coyotes have been increasing in large numbers in this part of the State. Hopefully, the State will conduct a research project in this area sometime.

New York

Sean Bleakly has reported that the 3rd annual PBS regional membership hunt in NY's Catskill mountains must be canceled. Unfortunately, Sean is working a new position and it requires working weekends.

I hope you are having a great summer and if you have any Regional hunts or other NE information give me a call or shoot me an Email. Terrance.Receveur@Taconic.com, 518-755-9119.

Appalachia Report

(Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, North Carolina)

by Gene Thorn – Regional Representative

A reminder that the October 2016 Rough Mountain Hunt in Virginia is coming up soon. Contact Rob Burnham and keep an eye on the Member Hunts section on the PBS Website Forum for information. Come and join us, you will have a great time! Larry Schwartz will be putting together an Appalachian Odd Year Gathering in Baltimore Maryland again in 2017. The one we had there in 2015 was well attended and was a great event. Try to come out for this. It is a great time. Have fun and be safe bowhunting this fall!

Kentucky (No Rep Currently) – We need a Regional Rep for Kentucky. If you are interested, please contact Gene Thorn pethorn@hotmail.com or (304)472-5885.

Maryland (Tony Sanders) – The Maryland DNR alerted citizens that juvenile black bears have been seen wandering through the state's more suburban areas this spring. There have been recent, confirmed bear sightings in Baltimore, Howard, Montgomery, and Prince George's counties as juvenile bears disperse, or seek out a new territory. "The department has monitored black bears traversing suburban Maryland every year for more than a decade," Wildlife and Heritage Service Director Paul Peditto said "This is completely normal behavior and indicative of a growing and thriving species in the state." "Bears generally travel through these areas each spring and summer before quickly returning to more suitable habitats. Most of these bears are young animals looking to find territory to call their own. They will quickly move on to more rural communities." While Maryland is home to a healthy

black bear population in four western counties (Allegany, Garrett, Frederick, and Washington), dispersing bears have been sighted in all counties west of the Chesapeake Bay in recent years. Sightings in the state's more suburban areas tend to peak during June and July but may occur as late as September.

Legislation recently signed from the 2016 General Assembly permits turkey hunting on private land in Carroll County on all remaining Sundays during the 2016 spring season — May 1, 8, 15 and 22. Because this legislation was enacted as an emergency bill, the changes are not included in the printed *2015-2016 Maryland Guide to Hunting & Trapping*. However, law enforcement personnel have been notified of the changes and hunters are encouraged to take advantage of the additional days. "We are pleased to offer additional Sunday hunting opportunities for turkey hunters," Wildlife and Heritage Service Director Paul Peditto said. "This will make it easier for hunters to find time to enjoy what the spring woods have to offer." This legislation adds Carroll to the list of counties that permit Sunday hunting on private lands during the spring turkey season (Calvert, Caroline, Charles and St. Mary's). Sunday turkey hunting is also permitted on private and designated public lands in Garrett, Allegany and Washington counties, and on all lands in Dorchester County. Season dates, regulations and check-in procedures are located at dnr.maryland.gov/hunters-guide or in the *2015-2016 Maryland Guide to Hunting & Trapping*.

Pennsylvania (Tim Denial) – Info from the Pa. Game Commission - Pa. graduated its 2 millionth student in 2015 from its hunter trapper education program, which became mandatory in 1969. The Pa. Game Commission board voted unanimously to prohibit the operation, control, launching or retrieval of drones on game commission controlled property. Also remember tree stands on Game Commission controlled property need to have your Id. on them if left over night.

(Ted Kinney) – The last weekend of July found many PBS members making their yearly pilgrimage to Denton Hill State Park for the Eastern Traditional Archery Rendezvous. The PBS booth was well attended. As usual, it was the 'place to be'. Well over 20 members spent time fraternizing and telling stories; as well as, signing up new members in the booth. By the end of the weekend the PBS netted 18 new members and renewals. Special recognition and acknowledgement is given to Rod Shaeffer, who donated a bear grizzly bow and spring arm quiver for raffle. Anyone who paid dues (new or renewal) earned a chance – Matt Fillipelli was the lucky recipient of a great early 70's Grizzly in perfect condition. We also sold shirts, hats, and baked goods to generate additional revenue. In sum, with a tremendous amount of help from Tim Denial and Bo Slaughter, I was able to send nearly \$1000 back to home office! Thanks to all who stopped by the booth.

In other news in PA, on August 20 & 21, 2016 the Elk Country Visitor Center in Benezette will host this year's Elk Expo. This is a great family event with lots of interesting vendors and outdoor/conservation education opportunities for everyone. Last year, my son and I attended and did everything from learning how to make a paracord bracelet to meeting Punxatawney Phil. Then, as the evening advanced, we were able to view more than 25 wild PA elk while driving the roads and glassing the fields in the surrounding Benezette area. Most importantly, the lottery for the 2016 Elk tags takes place at this event. This year, there will be 124 elk permits issued (25 bull tags and 99 cow tags). Join me in Central PA and hear MY name read live when the game commission pulls it (Hey, it *could* happen, you know). Note – by the time you read this the event will be over but put it on your calendar for next year.

Rhode Island (Paul Quigley) – On 7/19/16, the governor signed the Delaware Sunday hunting bill into law. The legislation includes a license increase and a conservation land pass.

Virginia (Randy Brookshier) – The Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries released the results of a four-year research project conducted by the Department of Game and Inland Fisheries and Virginia Tech. This study was conducted as the result of complaints of declining deer populations on National Forest lands in several western counties and where coyote populations have increased. The remains of deer were found in 74-percent of the coyote scats examined by researchers. It was also determined that June is a high consumption month of deer by coyotes, which coincides with the fawning season.

The Virginia Department of Game and Inland Fisheries celebrated their 100th anniversary this year, having been formed in 1916. Some interesting facts from that first 100 years - in 1939 the first deer checking stations were established and a total of 4,000 deer were checked. In 1954 the first deer archery season was established in Va. In 1958 Virginia established a new deer kill record with 23,473 animals being killed across the state. In 2016 the Va. total deer kill was 209,197 of which archers, not counting cross bows, accounted for 15,078 or 7%

West Virginia (Gene Thorn) – Pipestem State Park in Mercer County will hold a controlled harvest deer hunt on the park this fall, in November, by lottery. Hunters choose to be in for bow or gun hunting. Climbing or hang on Tree stands with strap on steps or sticks are to be used in a designated tree. Hunters will wear a safety harness and 400 square inches of blaze orange. While primarily a hunt to control deer numbers, so the hunt is for antlerless deer, a lottery will be held each day to draw 5 hunters who will receive an either sex tag. Information is on the WVDNR website. There is no hunting on West Virginia State Parks, except in the past a few controlled hunts have been held on Blennerhassett Island and Stonewall Jackson state Parks.

Southeast Report

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

by Ron Herman – Regional Representative

There are no reports so I am providing links to the hunting regulations for each state in this report. I do need a Mississippi state rep. Also, Matt Schuster would like to host a Blackbeard Island bowhunt in Georgia in December if there is enough interest – contact Matt for details. (add email)

Alabama – 2016/17 Hunting Regulations and Seasons
<http://www.eregulations.com/alabama/guide/pageflip/>

Georgia – 2016/17 Season Dates <http://www.georgiawildlife.org/sites/default/files/uploads/wildlife/hunting/pdf/regulations/2016-17%20GAHuntingSeasonDates.pdf>

Florida – 2016/17 Season Dates and Bag Limits
<http://myfwc.com/hunting/season-dates/>

Mississippi – 2016/17 Hunting Seasons
<https://www.mdwfp.com/media/307502/2016-2017huntingseasons.pdf>

South Carolina – 2016/17 Season Dates and Summary of Changes <http://www.dnr.sc.gov/regs/pdf/hunting.pdf>

Tennessee – 2016/17 Hunting Season Summary
https://www.tn.gov/assets/entities/twra/attachments/hunting_season_summary_16-17.pdf



South Central Report

(Louisiana, Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas)

by Russell Lantier – Regional Representative

“So long as the new moon returns in heaven a bent, beautiful bow, so long will the fascination of archery keep hold in the hearts of men.” This quote from Maurice Thompson’s *The Witchery of Archery* is probably the most recognized quote in today’s archery history. And it’s probably recognized by most of us parsing the pages of this publication.

So what does it have to do with a regional report? Often I wonder what’s happened to the fascination with archery. The old guard was, and still is, enamored with the loose of the string and the flight of the shaft. But the old guard is tired, and our numbers are dwindling. What about the newer generations of archers? Where are they? Why aren’t they stepping in to fill the boots of the previous generation? In Louisiana, we no longer have a bowhunters association. We have no local archery clubs. There are fewer archery tournaments than I can ever remember. I have nothing to report! Russell Lantier

Actually, there is one bright spot in this region. Bill Graves has organized and is hosting a primitive hog hunt in the rugged Davis Mountains of west Texas in January 2017. Bill says: I had the opportunity to hunt a ranch in West Texas that my friend manages this past October for hogs and I must say that I had a great time. The ranch is in the heart of the Davis mountains and is centered on a canyon that has a live water creek in it that is feed by several springs. This canyon has a ton of history with it dating back thousands of years. The canyon is an oasis within the Chihuahuan desert, teeming with oak, walnut, maple and many other variety of flora. This teamed with a constant water source make for quality wildlife habitat. The hunt will take place from 15-21 January 2017. We will be riding in on horseback or mule with a pack animal or two and camp at the head of a park within the canyon. The cost for a Texas nonresident special hunting license is \$135.00 good for a year or you can buy a 5-day special hunting license for \$48.00 good for hogs, javelina and squirrel. The cost per person to hunt the ranch will be \$250.00, yep that’s right \$250.00 for the whole enchilada. I had the chance to scout the ranch for the last two months and saw numerous pigs on a daily basis. Along with the pigs there seems to be a bumper crop of mast in the canyon.

Within hours of posting this hunt on the PBS web site, the available slots were taken, which proves once again that you should monitor the PBS web site daily and be prepared to act quickly. Hopefully this hunt goes well and Bill will host it again in the future.

International Report

(Australia, Canada, England, France, Italy, Mexico, New Zealand, All Other Countries)

by Richard Flett – Regional Representative

No report. ☹

My Buddy Bob

By Monty Browning

It was 1992 and my final year of running caribou camps in Quebec. I was standing in the hangar in Schefferville, Quebec waiting to greet the incoming group for the first week of hunting. As a group from Michigan filed into the cavernous room, the last man was documenting the trip with a video camera.

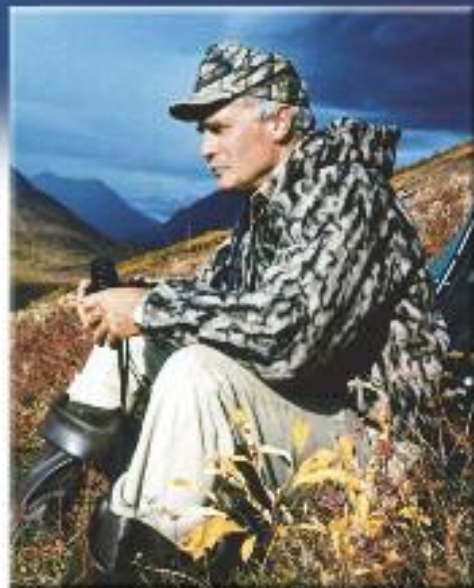
He stepped aside, filmed his guys as they walked up, then turned his camera on my outfitter, and friend, Mike Grosse and myself. I remembered waving and smiling to the camera man as if we were old friends. Today, we are.

As the hunt progressed, I watched Bob Nancarrow as he took the lead in guiding his group with the qualities of a leader. Bob looked over the trivial to see the big picture. He was tall and slim as myself, and he had the qualities that men liked to follow. His friends liked to be with him. He was totally confident in his abilities; he had spent his years being taught by the wilderness he loved. He was from Alabama, but had moved to Michigan as a boy and had learned to hunt and fish and camp and run boats on the Great Lakes and rivers of Michigan, not a shabby education. He had

launched fighter jets off U.S. aircraft carriers off the coast of Vietnam and had learned to fight in logging bars in Michigan. Bob Nancarrow was a man's man. But the difference in Bob Nancarrow was that Bob was also a gentleman, a man who loved the wilderness and didn't need a crowd to muster his courage. Bob was comfortable in the wilderness on his own. But Bob Nancarrow had a fast growing taxidermy business in Frankenmuth, Mich., and ran his own bear camps in Ontario each year and had quite a following of guys who wanted to hunt with him.

The first day in camp, Bob's group from Michigan dominated the camp. The only other hunters in camp were a father and son from South Georgia. They appeared lost and alone, but Bob took them under his wing and made them family in the hunter's tent.

As it turned out, Bob and I had a lot in common. We both loved nature and hunting, we were both taxidermist and artist. Bob had been a logger and I had been a high climbing urban tree removal man for seventeen years. We were driven by the same passions, but our choice of weapons



differed. Bob was a rifle hunter and I hunted with a ninety pound Howard Hill longbow. Bob had actually taken a doe deer with a recurve, but simply preferred the rifle.

Friendships were forged that week and we loaded their gear and animals into the Otter float plane, as Bob informed me that they had decided to return the following year.

"We want to come back next year," Bob said, "and we want to hunt with you, what camp will you be in?"

"This is my last camp in Quebec," I





said, "next year I'm headed to Alaska to run a twenty-one day camp for moose and caribou and Black Bear."

"Okay," Bob said, matter-a-factly, "We will come to Alaska." And they did.

It was a fine ten days and my new buddy Bob dropped a good caribou bull the first day, hunting alone two miles from camp on the top of a high ridge. He made it back to camp in a dense fog and cold rain.

The next morning, I mustered the troops and we packed the bull back in one trip. Then, several days into the hunt one of the guys glassed a bull moose on a distant ridge, late in the evening. Three of us headed for the bull at first light and reached the ridge just after 4:00pm. Bob killed the bull at 6:00pm. We were six miles from camp. We loaded our packs with all we could carry and reached camp well after midnight. The following morning I mustered the troops again and we made the six miles in record time. It wasn't in my job description to help pack game, but to me it had always been a part of the adventure. Bob knew it wasn't my job and our friendship grew. We packed everything including

the 64 inch rack and cape in that trip. The white cook tent in moonlight was a welcome sight. Rifle hunters will make you work. I had had that bull at 30 yards, but it wasn't my bull. Bob killed that bull at 15 yards. A rifle yes, but hunted like a PBS member. The bull had followed the cow and nearly stepped on Bob who had run to cut him off. He could have easily killed him with a bow, but he had never met a PBS member before me.

After the hunt, I decided that I was through with running camps, taking

care of hunters and I needed to be alone in the wilderness for a while.

When Bob called, he asked where I would be in 1994. I told him I was through running camps; I was going to the Brooks Range in Alaska for a 21 day solo moose hunt. That didn't sit well; Bob understood Alaska, he had killed moose, caribou and grizzly there and he knew the risks to a solo hunter. Each time he called, he offered to go along. I resisted for a while but started feeling guilty.

"Okay Bob," I said "you are welcome to come along, but under one condition, you can only stay ten days, then you have to leave. I want to spend the next eleven days alone. Also, I added, "bring your own tent, I'll be in my little pack tent." A two-man tent is a tent with room for one man and his gear.

Bob and I hunted that September and had a great time. I hunted with my newly finished seventy-six pound Osage selfbow and 800 grain wood arrows. Bob hunted with his rifle but he hunted like a PBS member. He watched me stalk a good bull moose day after day and never ask to shoot, even though he carried a moose tag. Bob is a gentleman and figured he owed me a moose pack job for the help I had given him. He considered himself a guest in my camp.

We talked about him bowhunting, but he didn't have the extra time to practice. Besides, Bob was fine with the rifle, and, he added, "It felt good carrying a little extra grizzly back-up."

Near the end of Bob's hunt, we were fishing the river when I spotted tiny

white dots moving along the top of the mountain. Ten power optics revealed caribou bulls, good caribou bulls. It would mean a three hour forced march to climb up there, but I knew Bob had a tag, and it was his last day.

"Hey buddy," I whispered, "wanna see some nice caribou bulls?" Bob's neck muscles tightened and he slowly scanned left to right, then whispered, "Where?"

"Up there," I said, pointing to the top. Bob dialed them in, then said, "We have to go up there."

I could see the spark flaring into flame. I was already wading towards the bank and our camp. It was a three hour forced march up the mountain and as always, the top of the mountain was not the top but a gradual climb to another top. And it was near the top of that second summit where Bob dropped a good bull and punched his tag.

We boned and packed the meat, cape and rack in one trip, and staggered under the load but made it to camp sometime after dark. We sat by the fire feasting on pan seared interior filets until late, the sound of the loons peaceful on the dark water.

The next day, Bob flew out as planned and I enjoyed the next eleven days alone.

Bob and I had become brothers, friends for life bound by the age old bond that serious hunters share and understand. We were the odd couple, the strict traditionalist and the high tech rifle hunter. But I didn't choose Bob for my friend and hunting companion because of the weapon he used, I chose him because of the man he was and his character. And because from the start, I knew I could trust him. Bob and I have hunted together now for twenty-four years and around the world. We have floated rivers across Alaska and shared many close calls. Bob traded his rifle for a compound bow years ago, and enjoys shooting my longbow but because of serious shoulder injuries, he is only comfortable with a compound.

Bob has never joined PBS because of his weapon choice, but still attended the Seattle, Wash., banquet as my guest. But Bob Nancarrow is what PBS is all about. Bob is no quitter. That is why I hunt with him, and part of why he is my friend. Bob doesn't need PBS to make his life complete, but PBS would surely have benefitted having Bob Nancarrow as a member. Let's not throw out the baby with the bathwater. ♣



Old “DAWGS” CAN Learn New Tricks

By Roger Rothhaar

Sometimes it seems we need to have a “wall fall on us” or a “brick bounce off our heads” before we become aware of something that should have been obvious. In this case, the “wall” was the ravages of the aging process taking a physical toll on my body which subtly forced me to re-evaluate the possibilities of hunting whitetails from a ladder stand. Now, in my own defense, I have to say that using them in the past on land hunted by others, in some cases many others, did make them impractical. However, in honesty I have to admit I shunned them mostly for the wrong reasons.

Shortly after buying my own hunting land and moving to Iowa, I noticed that contrary to scientific fact, the growing action of trees did indeed make my tree climbing steps get farther and farther apart! Not that I didn’t suspect the passing of my sixtieth birthday and the repair of two discs in my neck along with a stiffening of the joints might also have a bearing on the situation. Up until that point in time the use of a ladder stand was not a consideration, not just because of the arrogance of youthful good health but also because of a paranoid concern about crafty bucks detecting their presence. Then too was the obvious cumber and turmoil associated with the transport and placement of such a contraption as compared to the quiet secrecy of slipping a lightweight portable into place at a “hotspot” at a moment’s notice.

Beginning of stand concealment

My first real experience at actually hunting from a ladder came two years ago after Wal-Mart tempted me into buying one on sale for less than eighty bucks. In truth I had built a couple of ladder stand with treated lumber for my wife to observe and

video deer from and set them up around my food plots. They were heavy and awkward and not that much cheaper than the lighter, handier takedown model from Wal-Mart. But this new metal unit turned out to be a revelation in each stage of its use. I will



Placing the yard wire





View of “concealed” stand from below

admit to saying several bad words during my first attempts at placing it - at which time it seemed to grab and tangle in every limb and branch within ten yards! Balancing the seat and footrest unit atop fifteen feet of wobbling ladder while trying to maneuver it through and between those grabby limbs and branches proved a trying experience. However, I was amazed at how

nicely it set in place once positioned, especially since it was against a large spreading oak with many large limbs.


These big trunked trees are the toughest to climbing with screw-in steps because of the tendency to get larger as they ascend up to the first limbs. I had also learned the hard way that they often have “dead” spots in the wood beneath extra thick bark, both of which jeopardize the rigidity of the screw-in step.

I was also impressed at what little trimming was needed to surround good shooting lanes. Much of this was due to

the variety of shooting positions and maneuverability it offered. In spite of all these positive things I was still very skeptical that such an extravagance standing out in the woods would not catch the attention of all deer, let alone these crafty bucks I was seeking.

Sitting on it I felt like the proverbial “sore thumb”! I kept thinking I might as well blow a whistle everyone once in awhile! But the test was not long in coming, I spotted a big doe with two fawns approaching fifty or sixty yards away. She fed on acorns and browsed her way toward me without any sign of concern with the fawns closely behind. Movement farther behind proved to be two yearling bucks, both six pointers, most probably her progeny from the year before. If figured that at the least this encounter should be a real good test for the ladder stand with such a wise old Molly and four snoopy youngsters in the area.

As luck would have it their destination turned out to be the very oak tree I was perched against! First, the two fawns came rushing in ahead of the matriarch and hungrily began gobbling up the newly dropped acorns. After a while the doe worked her way to them also. By then the youngsters decided it was play time and began a game of tag around the tree even to the point of running between my ladder and the trunk of the oak! Well, so much for the presence of the ladder bothering them. By this time the doe was busy munching acorns five yards from the ladder and the two yearlings were coming into the fringe of the tree’s mast and also picking up acorns and noisily crunching them.

I was truly fascinated by the developments and especially the lack of concern they showed for a totally foreign object in their midst.  ~ cont. on page 18



Deer’s eye view of “concealed” ladder

View through shooting holes



Old “Dawgs” *continued*

~ continued from page 17



Without netting over shooting hole



With netting over shooting hole

It surprised me that at least one of them didn't notice the structure and visually follow it upward to expose my presence as I had once watched a big doe with red steps screwed into a tree in Pennsylvania some years back. About this time my fascination was interrupted as the yearlings put their heads together and started sparring and, as is usual, the match became more heated until one finally broke and ran beneath my stand where he turned to face his challenger once more. It instantly occurred to me that a battle beneath my stand might NOT be a good thing and was relieved when it did not develop. After feeding for the better part of an hour the old doe wandered off down through the woods with fawns in tow. The yearlings had meandered off earlier seeking other action.

The experience convinced me that the presence of the ladder had no negative effect on the deer. As I sat there mulling it over in my mind, the light bulbs began coming on with the recalling of each situation where a ladder stand could fill a need that a hanging stand could not. Most obvious were those spots where the trees were too small or misshapen to accept even the versatile clamp-on stands I had evolved to using over the years in an attempt to solve these problems. As a result I started ordering ladder stands in small groups and now

have a total of fourteen.

One of the major problems I have encountered in my rolling Iowa countryside which was not so much a problem in the part of Ohio where I lived is variable wind conditions. Southern Iowa is also subject to “weather cell” patterns in which a “cell” may get locked in by surrounding high

pressure areas and force a constant wind direction for up to two weeks at times. Unfortunately this wind direction is often NOT that of the prevailing wind most common during the rest of the year. I learned this the hard way the first year as I had to watch from a distance as good bucks moved about my selected stand sites for the

2001 ladder stand buck. One of three good bucks shot from ladder stands.



first ten days of November as the “normal” south/southwest wind blew directly from the west without change or letdown. I kept waiting for a change but by the time the cell had passed the rut was practically over. The lesson I learned then taught me to use multiple stands to cover my principle areas regardless of wind conditions. In fact, I may place two or three ladders within fifty yards of each other in order to accomplish this. Trying to accomplish this with hanging stands would be very difficult if not impossible due to the lack of adaptable trees properly situated. (How familiar is that problem?)


As to the type of stands themselves which work best, it seems to make little difference. I prefer the cheapest, simplest, and lightest which will still provide enough strength for a heavier body. The two kinds I use are the basic 15” models from Cabella’s and Strongbuilt. They are rated at 300 pounds, weigh only a bit over forty pounds, and the ladder unties will interchange between both. I have on occasion added an extra ladder section to gain five feet for use on a hillside below a ridgeline. Other than that I have found the fifteen feet to be adequate. In fact, that height is slightly above where I usually place hang-

ing stands! As is the norm with many bowhunters I have made a few alterations to the stand units in order to fit my individual situation. Specifically, I drilled holes in the mounting base of the support arms so they can be attached to the tree with a cordless driver and deck screws rather than using the supplied cord intended not to damage trees. In fact, recently I have begun actually welding a screw unit to the base of the support arm so I don’t even need the cordless driver. Now when I go to set a ladder stand I need only the basic unit and my pruning equipment for shooting lanes, all of which can be carried underarm.


The one single problem that did develop at times with the ladder stand was loss of cover that frequently occurs when the leaves fall. Due to the versatility allowing the unit to be used on smaller trees, some of which are naturally more prone to earlier defoliation, I sometimes find myself sky-lighted by the time rut activity starts. However with a little creativity and the use of lightweight yard fence, camo netting, and leafy tree boughs the cover can be easily recreated. Sometimes the result is rather outlandish looking but, like the presence of the ladder in the woods, always goes unnoticed or get accepted. I have had many

deer, some of which were wise old does and bucks, scrutinize my creations but never been spotted or negatively reacted to. Building cover such as this is not a new innovation as I have been doing it for years on hanging stands but was restricted to how elaborate it could be. The ladder stand structure provides much better opportunity to be creative. In fact there are certain details evolving which will eventually develop into a self-contained unit which can be easily attached to it.

I realize there is nothing really new about ladder stands or even the idea of adding artificial cover around them. Heaven knows they have been used in the south for decades on controlled leases and private land. However, I do find it interesting how the popularity and usefulness of them has increased in the north and mid-west since the advent of hunting leases has become accepted practice in these areas. But mostly I am impressed by how effective they can be if placed properly and not over hunted, not to mention how “user friendly” they are to the aging and overweight. Unfortunately, so far I have found no advantage to them for the bald. ♦



OJIBWA BOWHUNTERS 2017




PBS Odd Year Gathering July 14th, 15th, 16th

Contact: Brian Tessmann 262-389-6319
Jerry Levelle 414-852-2923
Registration Times: 8am to 4pm

Friday, 14th • Potluck bring a dish to pass
Saturday, 15th • Pig Roast
All Raffles to Benefit PBS ~ Food & Beverages Available
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3 Ranges Unlimited Shooting
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Clubhouse 3045 S. Johnson Rd, New Berlin, WI

Children's Books that will Never Get Published

By Gene Wensel

"You Were an Accident"
 "Ernest Gets Hemorrhoids"
 "The Day Santa Died"
 "Copfighting"
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 "Why Can't Mr. Key and Miss Electrical Outlet be Friends?"
 "Garfield Comes Down With Feline Leukemia"
 "100 Ways To Make Your Finger Smell Funny"
 "A Child's Guide to Hitchhiking"
 "Mr. Rogers Gets in a Bar Fight"
 "The Truth About Your Real Daddy"
 "101 Dalmatians Go Into Heat"
 "The Roadrunner Becomes Roadkill"
 "Playing With Matches"
 "Barney Takes an Overdose"
 "4H Cockfighting"
 "Getting the Most Out of a Toy Gun"
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 "You Deserve More Allowance"
 "The Sister Who Snitched Once Too Often"
 "Where Would You Like to be Buried?"
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 "Some Kittens Can Breathe Under Water"
 "The Little Girl Who Was So Bad,
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 "Thumper Takes A Load of High Brass # 6s"
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 "Ken and Barbie Get Counseling"
 "Don't Worry, You're Not Old Enough to Go to Prison"
 "Kindling Is Everywhere"
 "Dentists Hurt"
 "How To Run With Scissors"
 "A New Cape For Bambi's Dad"
 "Clowns Have Teeth"
 "The Boogeyman Lives Under Your Bed"
 "Your Body Piercing Primer"
 "Mr. Marty's Guide to Gutshooting"
 "Crabs Are Not Only Seafood"

"Cod Liver Oil...It Even Sounds Delicious"
 "You Can Break It If You Just Try Harder"
 "How To Drive Mommy's New Car"
 "Are Some Boys Different?"
 "The Leper Who Tried UFC Cage Fighting"
 "Trailer Parks, Tornadoes and Meeting God"
 "You're Just Not Good Enough!"
 "Exploring the Insides of Kittens"
 "Chain Saw Juggling"
 "Fun With Hamsters and Microwave Ovens"
 "High Jumping Barbwire Fences"
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Returning to the Log

By Guy Perkins

It started two weeks ago with a trip through the old stomping ground. I'd taken last year off from hunting around here to kinda just clear the cob webs from my head. The woods became more crowded because our Division of Wildlife decided that managing deer in small units was best. In many ways I agreed but when you give lots of tags in an area because it has a large land mass well... You really are not doing what is best for the deer as a resource. And that is what they do, and did, regardless of what the PR guy tells you.

There is just no need to scout public lands where I run any earlier than a couple weeks prior to the season because it all is going to change. People here, people there, cows here, sheep there. Yup-Elk should be there. The two track was beat free of dirt and just left as a long rock pile. ATV tires have a way of removing the dirt around a rock and your left with cobblestone, large cobblestone, just shy of a boulder. As I eaked the wives' Ford Escape up what used to be a two track full size vehicle road all I could think about was making sure not to high center the rig. It was one of the few existing two tracks not turned into an ATV raceway or that was rocked off because it had become one. This vehicular change on public lands in parts of the west has killed the camping those two tracks provided. You cannot be more than 150 feet off a legal road on Forest service lands in Utah and have a camp that involves a vehicle that you park. That leaves you out in the heat, dust, and noise. Wonderful!

At the end of the road there was more disappointment. The cattle had a dust bowl. My tent would last maybe an hour after I left camp and the cows would turn it into a barn. Not to mention the controlled burn had left a few of the pines looking unstable enough to make me nervous about pitching around them. I drove home wondering how much longer I could stand to put up with it.

Work took me out of town and added to the challenge of trying to throw my camping gear together anyway, so to hell with it. Looks like a day hunt somewhere. At least my shooting was on par. Bowfishing more days than any person should, has done that for me in recent years. It seemed like it was an effort all the way to the woods opening day. I lowered all my expectations and fought with my attitude. I expected a park-

ing lot at the trail head but knew the only truck ahead of us and we had touched base. They were one place. We'd work another direction.

My woods walking seemed to come back easier and I wondered if jumping up and down off the bowfishing platform so much this past summer helped with that. We eased up the open ridge for an hour still - hunting the edge and then cut into the timber looking for "the log".

As we dropped in I whispered to Riley that this was the spot. Roll back two years ago: The "log" is where we took a breather during Riley's limited entry bull elk hunt. 7-8 a.m. Is that magical time for game and also for mother nature to spur me to find a bush and dig a cathole. It can be a miserable condition. I stepped away from the log and my gear to go hunt a hole, but turned back and grabbed my bow. Yeah it never happens to me just the lucky few...but rather safe than sorry.

I found the perfect spot. Leaned the bow up against a tree, removed my shooting "gloves" and laid out the paper. I dropped the suspenders and had just loosened the belt when I noticed the cow elk coming my way. I grabbed the bow and got an arrow nocked. She will pass about four yards to my left, perfect!. Nope-she veared to her left and is now head on standing at about 15 yards. She nibbled a bit and that gave me the opportunity to pivot on my left foot dropping my right foot back so I could shoot to my right. I then felt the breeze. Legs and other things were getting a chill. My pants had made it to my ankles! She turned to her left and moved closer then turned broadside leaving a volley ball size hole filled with ribs at maybe ten yards.

I started to draw but something felt wrong. I was conscious of everything but finding a spot on those ribs, the breeze bouncing off my naked thigh, my gloveless fingers on the string didn't feel at home. I couldn't get comfy for the shot and so she meandered off down the hill towards Riley who was sitting about twenty yards below me on the "log". I went to ease forward for a look off the edge and my Predator patterned cloth shackles about laid me down. Dick Robertson was brave enough to build

me an ambidextrous longbow for just such an occasion. All I had to do was just lift the arrow over to the other shelf. Things may have stayed in place along with my Ying and Yang.

What a way to begin to break in the new bow. Who knows how much magic I drained out of it that day. Dick did such a good job capturing what elk hunting is to me in to that bow and I blew the chance to put an explanation point on it.

So on this opening day I guess the return to the Log was to see if I could get lightning to strike twice in the same place. It was just not to be this day. The cattle came over early to this allotment and that had changed it all. The heat and the full moon were not motivating much movement in daylight hours either. So we stump shot a bunch and I found pleasure knowing that not many folks can shoot either handed. And I lamented to myself that I should shoot more bare fingered. It's rare that I can beat Riley with my shooting. He had too good of teacher. But I held him close this day and that counted for something.

We had a good walk, lunch, chat, nap and competition. We got a bit carried away with face paint as I showed him how I "used to do it". I'd been to the school of Larry D. Jones camo back in the day but more recently I'm a bit partial to Spandoflage. Nothing came into our honey hole that evening. The old Chokecherry tree that was part of the natural blind gave up the ghost. We repaired it to work best we could. The place has turned into a bit of a zoo since the days of the PBS Youth hunt. You almost have to buy a ticket and get in line to be there. I thought about the elk that had died there over the years, and all those buddies who I've had there that had opportunity, or not. I wondered what Riley would take away from the day and what I might. But as we passed the wheel clad campers crammed into the last of the dispersed camping along the Logan River Riley said, "Who builds a freakin fire in this heat with a fire closure on to boot"... And there you have it, maybe the best bowhunting day I've had in the woods for a while! ♡



Camp Stew

By Monty Browning

It started as a dull glow above black silhouetted hills – then it was pitch dark again. As I watched, the faint light reappeared in dull flashed like lightning from a distant storm. I stepped into the cold mist and fog, and listened. The only sound was the dripping of the cold spring Canadian rain from the cook tent and the gentle metallic rattle of the blue enameled lid on the big stock pot.

The light was stronger now, rising and falling as the ponderous, black Suburban ground its way up the mud slick hills toward camp. As it topped the last rise, it lumbered from side to side through the night like a huge bear following its trail. The bright lights cut through the fog reflecting off the lake as the vehicle crossed the log bridge and rolled into camp, the transfer case whining to a stop. Great clumps of soggy mud slopped onto the rain soaked ground as the doors opened, disgorging its load of cold, wet, and hungry bear hunters.

Steaming mugs of coffee were handed out and the hunters stood under the wet canvas, talking excitedly about the evening hunt. Then, with some ceremony on my part, the lid was raised off the stock pot with a sweeping gesture, the steam rolling off the canvas top causing a shower of droplets. Noses thrust towards the pot to savor the aroma. Plastic bowls were ladled full and carried to the red and white checked plastic-covered table.

Hunters can always eat, but these cold, wet bear hunters were circling the pot like a pride of lions at a zebra kill. They had rolled into camp

expecting the usual cold sandwich before ducking into their tents for the night. To find a bubbling cauldron of meaty stew or soup was more than they had hoped.

As the first group started eating, the rest of the group straggled in. First the Jeep, then the four-wheelers from the far baits slogged into camp. They all had several things in common. They were all cold, wet, and hungry. The soup was a smashing success. Bob Nancarrow's reputation for running a good camp went up several notches. And the cook was elevated to chef status. I felt honored.

After running camps and cooking for hunters each fall from Alaska to Quebec for more than a decade, I have gained a certain amount of "sourdough" reputation for camp cookery. And, being the hunting "romantic fanatic" that I am, it has obviously been a true labor of love.

The original bear camp soup was popular for several reasons. It gave the hunters something to look forward to each evening. It was a simple "all-you-can-eat" meal in a pot and most importantly, it was good.

After the hunt, I took the original recipe that I had concocted in camp and improved it for our Georgia hunting camp. It was an instant success.

This soup/stew is guaranteed to find favor in any hunting camp. But, a s w e a l l

know, bowhunters are famous for not following recipes. Any change to the ingredients of this recipe will void the warranty. There are, of course, a couple of allowable substitutions. The original recipe calls for ground beef. Naturally, since this is a hunting camp stew, the traditional ground venison can and should be used.

Another point that I will defend to the bitter end is the brand of tomatoes used. The good people at Del Monte have never heard of me. But I can tell you from many years of personal experience that there is as much difference in canned tomatoes as there is between plastic vanes and turkey feathers. For all of my cooking, I use only Del Monte canned tomato wedges. Any doubts can be quickly dissolved by a simple test. Open a can of Del Monte fresh tomato wedges and a can of any other

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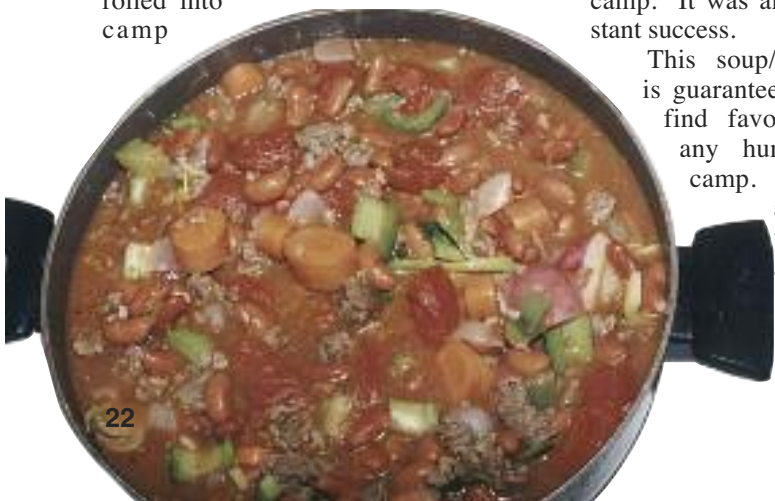
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brand. Taste the difference. Many restaurants use “cheaper” volume brands of tomatoes in their dishes to increase their profit margin. But any small savings gained on the price of the tomatoes would certainly be lost on the final flavor of the stew.

The following list of ingredients is the basic shopping list for my famous “Broad River Thirty Dollar Stew.” This stew yields approximately six gallons, or twenty-four quarts of meaty, hearty soup/stew.

If that is too much stew for your camp, the leftovers can be frozen for quick heatups later. Or, the list can be cut down to, say a fifteen dollar stew by simply cutting the ingredients in half.

But, as my old hunting buddy was fond of telling me, “Mounty (nickname), while you’re at it, you might as well cook a mess” (mess – southernism meaning plenty, a wheelbarrow load, etc.)! Referring to feeding a group of hunters, he believed it better to have a wheelbarrow load too much than one bite too little!

I agree.



INGREDIENTS:

- 6 lb. lean ground chuck or ground round beef (only if ground venison is unavailable)
- 3 lb. onions
- 4 large green bell peppers
- 3 lb. red potatoes
- 3 lb. carrots (peeled and cut into $\frac{3}{4}$ ” chunks)
- 1 large bunch of celery (cut into $\frac{3}{4}$ ” chunks – use leaves also)
- 7- 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cans Del Monte fresh cut tomato wedges
- 7- 16 oz. cans kidney beans
- 2- 32 oz. jars of RAGU spaghetti sauce
- 1- 16 oz. bottle of ketchup



- 1 cup Worcestershire sauce
- 1- 2 oz. can of chili powder
- 2 Tlbs ground cumin
- 4- 16 oz. cans of water or chicken broth
- Salt and Pepper to taste

This is a serious stew. It is a hybrid created by combining ingredients from a spicy chili and a chunky, hearty stew. And I have yet to find anyone who doesn’t get addicted to it. The only problem is that most people tend to eat too much, not that there is a chance of running out.

Start by cooking the ground venison or beef. I prefer to use two big pans to cook the meat fast. Cook meat chunky, do not over stir. There will be those who will refuse to buy ground meat and don’t have ground venison. In that case, venison can be cut into “small” pieces and browned in a very hot pan. Do not put raw meat into the stew.

While the meat is cooking, start cutting peppers and onions and cook on medium high heat until tender. I use only olive oil for cooking. It is much better for you and adds flavor to the stew. If you use ground beef, it is good idea to drain off the excess fat and oil before adding it to the stew.



Now comes the potatoes. Quite frankly, I have never met a potato I didn’t like. But for the stew, I prefer red potatoes. Washed and cut in quarters with the peelings left on, they add much to the look and taste of the finished product.

Next, start peeling the carrots and cut into $\frac{3}{4}$ ” chunks. Cut the stump off the celery, wash and cut stalks into chunks. Combine meat, peppers, onions, carrots, and celery, and mix. I start my stew in a twenty-two quart nonstick stock pot. Eventually I have to add a crock pot or another pot to hold it all.

A few words of caution. Nonstick pots are an indispensable tool for cooking any high volume soups or stews, and helpful for tomato base dishes that tend to stick and scorch if cooked on high heat.

Remember that if you use a pot large enough to hold this entire stew, you will have to use a boat paddle to stir it.

Keep an eye on the heat.

The plot thickens here. Add all canned tomatoes and kidney beans, both jars of spaghetti sauce, ketchup, Worcestershire sauce and spices. I use the small can of chili powder but since some like it hot, let your taste buds be your guide.

Now, add enough water to get the consistency you wish. Then, sit back and rest. Let the aroma of the simmering soup/stew carry you away. Simmer, stirring occasionally until all vegetables are tender.

Most hunting camps vary as much as individual taste, so be prepared. Split loaves of French bread and smear them generously with olive oil and garlic salt and sprinkle with oregano and or basil. Dust the tops with grated parmesan cheese and toast until crusty.

Serve the stew with the crusty garlic bread, mugs of strong black coffee or a good cheap, red house wine. Have extra chili powder, garlic salt, hot sauce, and Worcestershire sauce on hand for individual taste.

But be prepared. After your hunting buddies finish their fourth bowl you will suddenly be nominated for immediate induction into the “Bowhunting Cooks’ Hall of Fame.”

Enjoy! 🍴

Trail Cam Tidbits...

Big Ones That Got Away

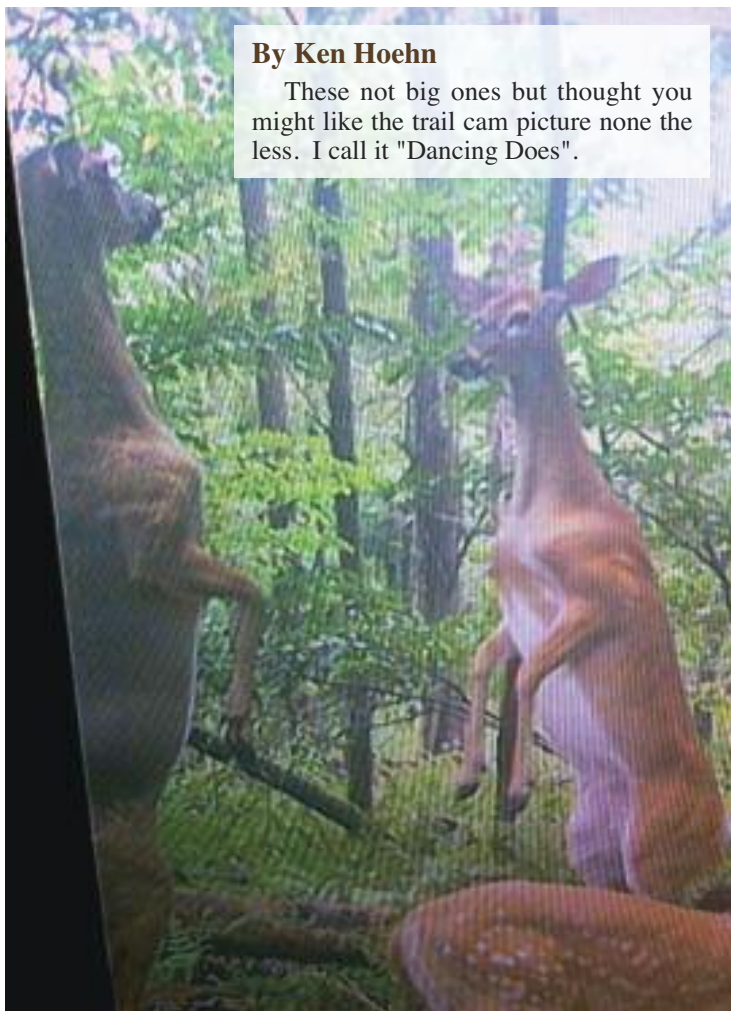
By Bill Terry

The sitting bear stayed in that position for 27 minutes at 10 yards from me on a hunt in June 2016 in Quebec.



By Ken Hoehn

These not big ones but thought you might like the trail cam picture none the less. I call it "Dancing Does".



Editor's Note:

Our regular column Trail Cam Tidbits has seemingly morphed into a feature of "Big One's That Got Away". Its always fascinating to see how many big bucks, boars and bulls live right under our noses in undeniable existence, allowing us to play our little games that seldom interrupt their daily routines as much as some people think.

PBS members are encouraged to participate in this new feature by sending in photos of big ones that slipped through our fingers. Include a few sentences about each animal, close encounters with them and other interesting information.

Send photos to our magazine editor, Jack Smith at probowhunters@roadrunner.com



By Gene Wensel

?

#52



#55



#57



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Colorado

Bowhunting OPPORTUNITIES

By Ivan James

Colorado is blessed with huntable populations of ten big game species, elk, mule deer, whitetail, pronghorn, bear, mountain lion, bighorn sheep, desert bighorn, mountain goat and moose. Colorado is one of the few (if only) states to offer over-the-counter licensed for archery elk. Over-the-counter licenses are also available for mountain lion and eastern plains pronghorn. Besides a liberal draw for bear, over-the-counter with caps licensed for archery bear become available in late July.

One might think of Colorado as being divided into two physiographic provinces, the eastern plains being east of I-25 and the mountains being west of I-25. This is indeed the way that Colorado Parks and Wildlife (CPW) divides the state with the game management units west of I-25 starting the 30-day deer and elk seasons the last Saturday in August and the eastern plains seasons generally starting on October 1 and running through December 31 except for when a rifle season is open in the unit.

East of I-25, most of the land (92%) is in private ownership in ranches and farms. Access to private land there is difficult and generally restricted to arrangements through an outfitter or a trespass fee paid to private landowners. The Cimarron National Grasslands in SW Colorado, the Comanche National Grasslands in NE

Colorado along with a number of State Wildlife Areas provide most of the public access in the eastern plains of Colorado.

West of I-25 is a mixture of

private and public lands, the latter including large swaths of land managed by the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) and the National Forest Service. Trespass on State Trust Lands in Colorado is generally controlled by the lessee except for where the Colorado Parks and Wildlife have obtained recreational leases on State Trust Land. These leases are seasonal and bowhunters must be aware that not all of the leases start before the start of archery seasons. Private property interspersed with public land (particularly BLM land) make having good maps or better yet, good GPS maps of land ownership a necessity. In western Colorado, private property more tends to follow the river valleys where as the mountains are more often USFS or BLM managed lands. During archery season game is usually still on public lands habitat. Colorado currently has no big-game access program for private property.

Colorado has the largest elk herd of any state in the Nations, with a target objective of 260,000 to 280,000 animals. Though elk inhabit some parts of the eastern plains, the CPW tries to keep their numbers down to reduce game damage to private farms and ranches. The majority of the public elk hunting lands occur west of I-25, with all game management units (GMUs) having elk. Several GMUs in NW Colorado as well as a few in SW Colorado are managed for trophy quality and are consequently much more difficult to draw. In about 2/3 of the elk units in the state over the counter elk licenses are available. The large majority of the elk hunting units have a four point or better restriction on bulls. That is, four points on one side or brow tines over 5" long.

All deer licenses are draw license though some units with poor access, difficult hunting conditions or other limiting factors will have left over licenses that can be obtained through the secondary draw or on a first-come-first-served basis after that. Mule deer exist throughout the state whereas whitetail are mostly concentrated in river bottoms and some of the surrounding

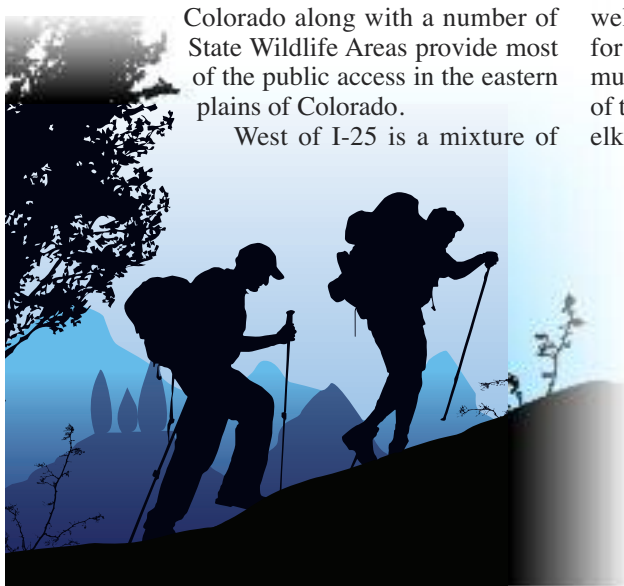


plains in eastern Colorado.

Roughly half of the pronghorn GMUs west of I-25 are draw and half are over the counter whereas all but three of the GMUs east of I-25 are over the counter for archery pronghorn. Buck pronghorn season starts Aug. 15 with the license becoming either sex from September 1 to the end of season on September 20. Opening week is usually fairly busy, but many resident hunters tail off their pronghorn pursuits as the opening of archery deer and elk approaches so uncrowded public lands may be found later in season.

Colorado has an abundant bear population with the current estimate being around 19,000 animals. Baiting and hounds are not allowed. The archery bear season starts September 2 and runs through September 30. Archery bear licenses are sold on a first-come-first-served basis starting in late July. Most rifle licenses are sold over the counter with caps to be hunted concurrently with a same unit same season deer or elk license. Hunter orange (or pink) requirements (500 square inches on the upper body plus on the cap or hat) prevail for all species hunted with archery gear on a rifle license except for sheep and goats.

Mountain lion licenses are over the counter subject to GUM quotas and the season generally runs from mid November through April. After March 31 a new year's license is required. The hunter must call in after 5 pm the day before hunting to see that the unit in which he or she intends to hunt has not reached its quota. Though either sex may be taken, the hunter is also required to take a mountain lion identification online course to encourage the take of more males. Game wastage laws apply to mountain lion, e.g. the meat must be sal-



vaged and prepared for human consumption. By the way, it is quite good.

Understanding the Colorado draw system is key to getting the more restricted big-game licenses. First I will dispense with the most restrictive licenses: moose, sheep and goat. For these species, the first three years of application (with one exception) just get you in the draw. After three years it is a bonus point system where each additional year increases your odds of drawing. The exact way the bonus draw is done need not be explained but it approximates throwing your name in the hat one additional time for each year that you have put in (after the first three). The exception is non-resident cow moose where not a lot of non-residents put in for those licenses and there is a fair chance of drawing one of those in the first few years. For bull moose, Rocky Mountain bighorn ram or goats, perseverance helps, but luck is a big component. Your accumulated points for a particular species are good for five years before they are lost if you have not applied during that time. Generally the more difficult hunts with the lower success rates or more difficult access are easier to draw. Desert bighorn ram are in a category by themselves where each year is a random draw unto itself with no accumulation of preference points. You can only apply for one of the sheep species in a given year. For moose, all applications, regardless of weapon of choice, are in a pooled draw though the seasons are different. Sheep and goats have some archery-only licenses, though many archery goat hunters do so

under an any-weapons license as the archery-only goat seasons are generally early when the hair is not fully developed.

All deer licenses are draw though there are some undersubscribed units where a second-choice draw may be had on most years. Information on draw probabilities for past years can be found in the hunter recap reports on the CPW web page. Generally the more difficult to draw units have the better trophy-quality deer, but outstanding bucks can be harbored in most units.

Archery elk licenses are available over-the-counter for about 2/3 of the hunting units in the state. Draw licenses are available for the premium units in the state on a preference point basis. This means that the licenses are allocated strictly to the applicants who have been putting in for elk licenses for the longest time. Again, the hunter recap reports found on the CPW web page will show how many preference points it took to draw a unit in past years. For elk, the super-premium (my term) units are in northwest Colorado, GMUs 201, 2, 10 and 1. In southwestern Colorado, units 76, 61 and 40 also take substantial points to draw. Other units with very fine elk hunting can be drawn with a few points. For the non-resident, think in the order of 20+ points to draw in the super-premium units now, with point creep upping that amount every year.

Colorado has a program for landowners to obtain vouchers good for exchange with the necessary license fee for deer, elk and pronghorn licenses. These vouchers can be transferred (sold) once to a hunter who can

then obtain a license without going through a license draw. A voucher license also guarantees access to the landowner's enrolled property. Ten percent of the licenses in a GMU are available to the landowners as private land only licenses and an additional ten percent are available that are good unit wide. Finding landowners with these licenses can be difficult as many are reserved for the clients of leasing outfitters.

Colorado also has a 'ranching for wildlife' program available to qualifying owners of large acreages where the landowner gets 90 percent of the licenses to use or sell for hunts on his own property. That program sets aside 10 percent of those licenses for a public draw and the landowner must give the public hunter the same hunt (usually guided) that is offered to his private hunters.

Colorado requires the purchase of a habitat stamp for anyone 18-64 years old before purchasing a hunting license. Most non-resident hunting license costs are indexed to inflation, so they will go up (or down) according to the CPI. Current 2016 non-resident license costs are:

Moose	\$2084
Bighorn Sheep	\$2084
Desert Bighorn	\$1389
Goat	\$2084
Elk	\$626
Deer	\$379
Pronghorn	\$376
Bear	\$354
Lion	\$351

One good commercial source for Colorado big-game hunting information (seasonal habitat, draw odds, maps, etc.) is from Hunt Data LLC. Their web site is: <http://www.huntdata.com/>

When small game is mentioned, most Colorado bowhunters think about turkey and rabbits. There are two species of turkey, Merriam and Rio Grande and three species of rabbits, desert cottontail, show-shoe and jack rabbits. Generally turkey are abundant, particularly along the river valleys in the plains and at lower elevations west of I-25. The most predominant turkey species is the Merriam but Rio Grande may be found along the major river valleys in the eastern part of the state. There are both draw and over-the-counter licenses for turkey as well as both a spring and fall season requiring separate licenses. Rabbits are hunted on a small-game license. Rabbit populations are cyclic and it is best to get some knowledge of local conditions before planning a hunt. *

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ISHI, the man

Part I

By Gene Wensel

I recently had the great pleasure of studying the medical history of Ishi, written in May of 1920 by Dr. Saxton Pope. Not only did “our Man”, the great physician and archer Dr. Pope, do an excellent job of recording his Indian friend’s medical findings, but because of his position and personal interest, utilized this very unique opportunity to get to know the last Yahi Indian on a level of trusted friendship as well.

Saxton Pope spent hundreds of hours studying Ishi not only medically, but interviewing him on a more personal level. Trying his best to communicate with him concerning his behavior, feelings, human

traits, cultural beliefs, superstitions, etc.

Dr. Pope’s foresight in recording many of these interesting findings will be explored in the following two part series, done exclusively for the PBS membership. Much of the following will be kept in Saxton Pope’s own words, hopefully giving the reader a better insight into the Yahi culture and this intriguing man Ishi, truly the last of his tribe.

THE BEGINNING

At the time of his capture, Ishi was extremely emaciated and very weak. As noted in other texts, this capture took place

in the mining town of Oroville, California on August 29, 1911. Ishi himself later stated that at the time of his seizure he was not sick, but simply scared at what he thought to be the end of his trail. He had no food or tools. White men had taken his bow and arrows: game was very scarce, and he was left with no means of procuring it.

His fear of trains and automobiles caused him to stray a considerable distance from his core area, looking for hope. Not only did trains and automobiles themselves bring fear, but he railroad tracks and dirt roads used by vehicles became definite boundaries that had to be overcome and crossed in his constant search for the freedom he once knew.

As tribal and family numbers dwindled from approximately forty to little more than a dozen, then four, then, in 1908, just one, this lone Indian eventually left the familiar trails of his home territory behind. He had no choice.

Upon being taken into custody, Ishi was handcuffed, confronted with firearms and intimidated to the extent he vomited with fear. Think about the severe degree of mental anguish he must have suffered, not knowing if or when the white men would kill him. His predicament was even worse than being captured by enemy soldiers. This scenario was closer to that of being abducted by aliens from another planet.

Every encounter with white men had left in terror: The many “Indian fighters” who accompanied the forty-niners ultimately declared victory as once common confrontations with “hostile” Indians became all but nonexistent. The Yahi, who lived in rougher terrain than their cousins the Yana, fought back for awhile but subsequently retreated to live in the thick brush, steep hilly country and caves of their reduced homeland. They managed to survive in seclusion there for over forty years.

As the numbers of his tribe dwindled and became little more than family, Ishi came to realize he was no longer a preda-



Ishi's kneeling shot.



Ishi's bow hand.

tor, but had been reduced to scarcely more than prey.

In due time, Ishi learned that by becoming nocturnal in his movements, he could carefully venture across some of the boundaries of civilization. It was during one of these nocturnal lone missions, apparently searching for food when he was captured.

Some experts speculated Ishi gave up and merely turned himself over to civilization. I personally think he had no intention of being caught, but was simply cornered by dogs that dawn and held at bay. He had no choice in the matter.

He was immediately taken to the county jail, where he was held for several days. While there, he ate no food, drank very little water and was obviously frightened by the curiosity of the white man. Eventually, he must have realized they had no intention of killing him just yet.

The first obstacle his captors had to overcome was the simple fact they could not communicate with him. No one spoke his language and even local experts were stumped until authorities from elsewhere were brought in to study the "wild man", as he had come to be known.

Ishi's real name was never learned. As a part of the Yahi culture, a person was always addressed by a nickname, as one's actual name was a source of power and magic as well as being a most private part of one's soul. It was at Dr. Kroeber's suggestion he was nicknamed "Ishi", which in Yahi means man or a person.

Because all Indians at the time were considered a ward of the government, it was very likely the Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington would merely direct him to a reservation. It was at Dr. Kroeber's request and insistence the Bureau released him under the watchful eye of the Department of Anthropology of the University of California. Heere was a unique opportunity to study uncivilized man as no one had ever done before.

Ishi was therefore rescued by Dr. Waterman and transferred to the University of California Museum of Anthropology in San Francisco, where he was befriended and convinced he was a part of the complex scheme of civilization. He was given regular meals, clothing, quarters, and a job. Bit by bit, Ishi learned the valuable lessons of modern life.

Ishi was the very last Indian in North America to live his entire life (up until his capture) without modification of his indigenous Stone Age culture. All of his tools, home, clothing, food, religion, values, hygiene, ethics, superstitions, reasoning and judgments: all he did, as well as his methods of living, were a priceless link to the past. Not only was he a man of great courage and fortitude, but we as a society have a lot to be thankful to him for, in the many gifts Ishi left us, not only in knowledge and material, but for that special debt of gratitude that runs so deeply into the roots and veins of our sport.

CHARACTERISTICS OF ISHI

In the words of Dr. Saxton Pope, "About this time, I became an instructor in surgery in the University Medical School and came in contact with the Indian.

"From the first weeks of our intimacy, a strong friendship grew between us. I was from that time on his personal physician, his confidant, and his companion in archery. He often asked if I were part Indian, and although it is not a fact, I naively admitted I was."

Since the museum was near the hospital, and presumably because of his relationship with Dr. Pope, Ishi often went into the surgical department. here he sang songs and helped the nurses clean instruments. Over and above his apparent fascination with medicine, his pleasant disposition made him a favorite face around the hospital. In his own way, I'm sure he thought he helped the sick get well.

Pope continues, "He visited the sick

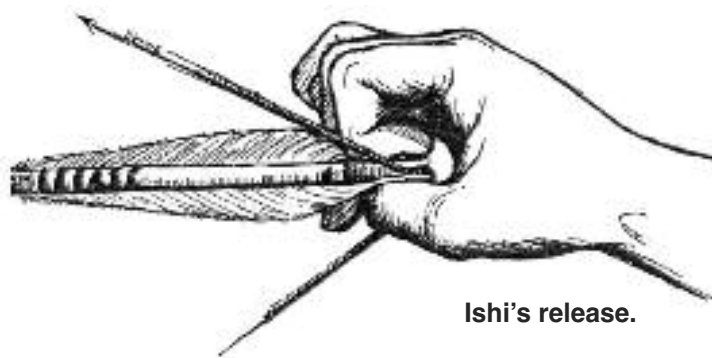
with a gentle and sympathetic look which spoke more clearly than words. With his hands folded before him, he would go from bed to bed like a visiting physician, looking at each patient with quiet concern or with a smile that was very kindly received and understood."

ISHI'S PERSONAL HABITS

Sleep:

In 1915, Ishi was given a small house on a hill behind the museum. "He had to be taught to keep his windows open at night. His bed was a canvas cot. He slept between blankets in preference to sheets. He was given several flannel nightshirts, but he always preferred to sleep naked, taking off all his clothes in the dark."

I wonder how easily he adapted to such simple luxuries as a pillow.



Ishi's release.

Clothing:

"In the day, he most frequently wore a khaki shirt and trousers, cotton socks and army shoes. At first he was offered moccasins, but he refused to wear them. He wanted very much to be like other people. Usually he wore a bright colored necktie and a hat if he was going downtown. In cold weather, he wore woolen underwear. A few old woolen suits were gifted to him, but he preferred cotton. He used a pocket handkerchief in a most approved manner, and because of his frequent colds, he needed it often."

Modesty:

Ishi was very modest. Although he went practically naked in the wilds, his very first request after being captured was for clothing (most likely expressed through gestures). "He was quite careful in covering his genitalia, and when swimming with us, wore a breech clout, even though his white companions all swam naked."

Toilet:

Ishi bathed nearly every day and always washed his hands before each meal. He was apparently

~ cont. on page 30

ISHI, the man *continued*

~ continued from page 29

very tidy and clean in all his personal habits. I can't help but think toilet paper was a most welcome luxury.

"When camping, he was the only man in our outfit who got up early in order to bathe in the cold mountain stream every morning.

"Ishi was an expert swimmer. He used a side stroke and sometimes a modified breast stroke, but no overhand strokes, nor did he dive. He swam underwater exceptionally well for long distances. He often swam with my young son hanging to his hair.

"He never took a sweat bath while in civilization, but often spoke of them. I never saw him brush his teeth except with his finger, and they always seemed clean. He washed his mouth out with water after every meal.

"His beard was very sparse. He plucked it systematically by catching individual hairs between the blade of a dull jackknife and this thumb. In his native state, he used tweezers made of a split piece of wood. He did this work always without use of a mirror."

He combed and brushed his hair daily, washing it frequently according to Pope. He used grease on his hair in the wild. Bay leaves and bay nuts were heated and reduced to a semisolid state. These were rubbed on his body after a sweat bath. "The person thus anointed fell into a sweet slumber." The same substance was rubbed on footwear to make them waterproof.

He loved the smell of sweet soap and kept a bar or two among his clothing with some talcum powder, which he called "lady powder." Pope never saw him use either the soap nor the powder and suspects they were considered special gifts.

"His personal belongings he kept in a most orderly manner, everything properly folded and arranged. When working on arrows or flaking obsidian, he was careful to place newspapers on the floor to catch his chips. Neatness and order seemed to be a part of his self-education."

Diet:

Ishi was of medium stature: five feet, six inches tall. His weight varied during the four years he stayed under Dr. Pope's care. At first, he abandoned himself to the pleasures of the unlimited food supplies and became quite fat. After a period of this luxury, he voluntarily backed off and returned to a balance in normal ranges.

Ishi drank large amounts of water.

Being unaccustomed to use of salt, heavy seasoning led to dehydration, so he drank a lot of water. He had a great fondness for sweets. He would not drink milk, saying it was for babies. He also contended butter ruined his singing voice. Singing was one of his greatest past times.

"He took up matches with delight," said Pope. This is understandable, considering the alternatives of the fire drill or nursing embers for long periods, as he had to do routinely in the wilds.

Before his capture, his main diet consisted of fish, game, acorn meal, berries and various types of roots, especially the bulb of the brodiaea. He had little use for alcohol except an occasional beer, which he diluted with sugar and water and used as a "medicine." Occasionally Ishi smoked a cigarette, having had access to tobacco as a native herb in the wilds, but often went weeks without smoking. He highly disapproved of young people smoking. He chewed tobacco when invited. (Probably preferring "Redman"!)(Sorry!)

Etiquette:

Although uncultured, Ishi quickly learned the proper use of knife, fork and spoon. His table manners were among the very best. Pope wrote, "He often ate in my home, watching what others did and then following their example. His attitude toward my wife or any other female around the household was one of quiet disinterest. If spoken to by my wife, he would reply with courtesy and brevity, but otherwise he appeared not to see her."

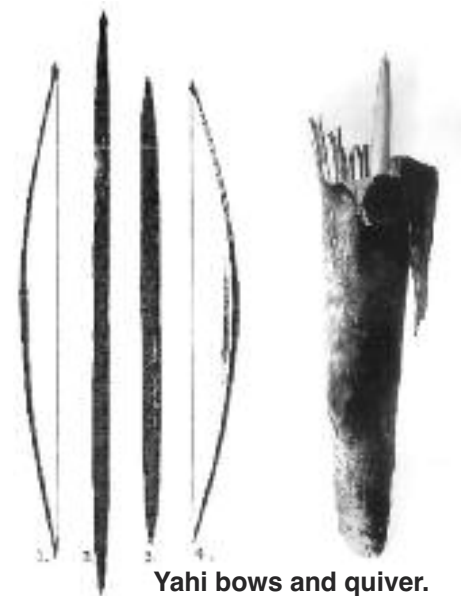
Thrift:

Ishi was hired by the museum as a janitor. Pope said the value of his weekly wages was quickly understood. He was very thrifty while saving for a horse and wagon, which he thought of as the epitome of worldly possessions.

ISHI'S MEDICAL BELIEFS

On some of his many visits to the University Hospital, Ishi watched Dr. Pope perform surgery, and wondered no doubt the entire meaning of this type of work. Several times Pope actually took him into the operating room and let him watch surgical procedures from close up. He proved to be not only a fascinated spectator, but was especially interest in the anesthetic work.

Dr. Pope wrote, "He once saw me remove a diseased kidney. He viewed the



Yahi bows and quiver.

sleeping man with deep wonder. For days afterwards, he asked if the patient still lived and was mazed when I told him yes."

Once, Ishi watched Pope remove tonsils and asked why it was necessary. He said among his people, tonsillitis was cured by rubbing honey on the outside of the neck, then blowing ashes down the throat through a hollow tube or quill; no operations were necessary.

Herbs:

Ishi's knowledge of the use of medicinal herbs was quite considerable, but he had very little faith in these sort of things. Herbs seemed to have been used by old women in the tribe.

Ishi had a small hole in the septum of his nose. Whenever he had a cold, he placed a twig of baywood or juniper there as medicine.

Hygiene:

While hunting, Pope noted several times Ishi stopped him from drinking water from a stream that may have been contaminated by animal dwellings from above.

While Ishi was living right in the museum, he showed many misgivings toward the bones of the dead, their belongings and the mummies stored there. He routinely locked his bedroom door at night to keep out spirits. Not a bad idea even in the early years of living in southern California!

As we can see so far, Ishi was a fascinating subject of Dr. Saxton Pope's intense study and interest.

In Part II, we'll examine Dr. Pope's findings on Ishi's mentality, disposition and character. I think you'll be fascinated by some of Ishi's beliefs.

ISHI, the man

By Gene Wensel

Part II A Sunset for the Last of His Tribe

In the last issue of our magazine, I wrote of Saxton Pope's interest in watching and studying Ishi, the last Yahi Indian, captured when he came out of the hills surrounding Oroville, California, in August of 1911.

Dr. Saxon T. Pope, the namesake of archery's Pope & Young Club, luckily became not only Ishi's personal physician, but his personal advisor, confidant, companion, and friend as well. Over the course of the next four and a half years, Dr. Pope made many notes while observing changes in Ishi's behavior and mannerisms as the Indian slowly adapted to an entirely different culture. As much as it was a unique teaching experience for Pope, I can't help but think he often became the student, especially while spending time with Ishi in our beloved outdoors.

Imagine if you will what it must have been like for a survivor like Ishi, all but helplessly thrust into a new environment he did not understand or believe in. The treatment he received the first few days, on top

of the fact he could not communicate with anyone, had to be terrifying.

Fortunately, Saxton Pope and a handful of other farsighted individuals realized their lucky circumstances and took full advantage of the unique opportunity Ishi was giving them. I'm sure most of his observers looked at it as a learning experience as well as a teaching challenge.

In May of 1920, Dr. Pope completed his text on the Medical History of Ishi. It was printed by the University of California Press in Berkeley, but never officially published. A total of thirty-two of the original copies were recently uncovered in the museum archives. In addition to Ishi's complete medical history, the report included photos of his death mask, casts made of his feet, his autopsy report, and the results of hundreds of medical tests, physical finds, and cultural questions answered. Many of the following facts and figures came from that report. I have made a special attempt to quote Dr. Pope as often as possible to

give the reader a better understanding of their relationship.

Disposition and Mentality

Disposition:


Dr. Pope stated, "The Yahi was always calm. Never have I seen him angry. On rare occasions he showed that he was displeased."

Ishi was very possessive of his personal belongings. Pope noted that Ishi would never think of touching anything that belonged to someone else, even something as simple as a pencil. He was very generous, often giving fits of bows, arrowheads and similar handcrafted items.

Dr. Pope wrote that Ishi's temperament was "philosophical, analytical, reserved and cheerful."

His concept of immortality was that of his tribe, but "he seemed to grasp the Christian concept and asked me many questions concerning the hereafter."

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ISHI, the man *continued*

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Use of tools:

"He was quite adept in the use of simple tools like a knife, hand-saw, file or hatchet. He quickly learned the use of a bench vise and it quickly replaced the utilization of his big toe in grasping workable objects. Measurements were made according to dimensions of his body (palm's breadth, length of his arm, etc.). He never counted paces nor used any gauge of distance. Journeys were measured by days or "sleeps".

Use of English:

Ishi loved to joke and tell stories. He was very fond of small boys and learned much of his English from them. He apparently attracted the fascination of many youngsters during his free time. The Indian ultimately learned and taught a multiple exchange of ideas through them.

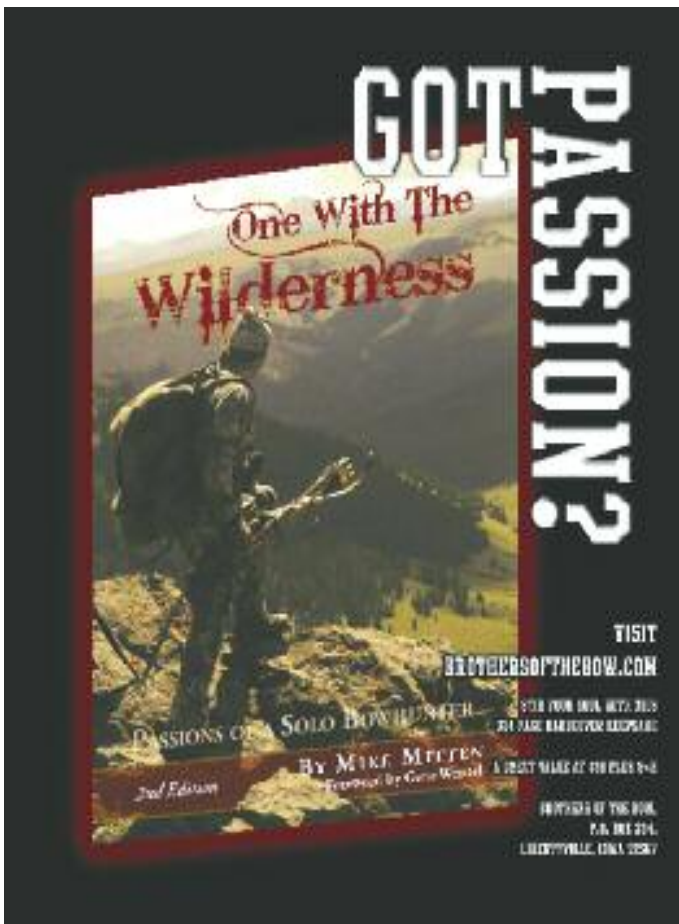
Ishi's English vocabulary by 1915 contained several hundred


words and phrases. He never said "good bye", "hello" or "thank you". When anyone said good-bye to him, he simply said, "You go?" If he valued your service, he smiled. If a present pleased him, a simple "Good!" was his way of saying thanks.

Ishi learned to sign his name. No attempt was made to teach him to read. He could distinguish numbers well and was fairly competent at telling time. One of his proudest possessions was a cheap pocket watch on a chain someone had given him. He faithfully wound it every morning.

An Estimate of character:

Pope wrote, "I once took Ishi to Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. He always enjoyed the circus, horse-back feats, clowns and similar performances. While at the show, we watched some Plains Indians dressed for their performance. A very dignified warrior decked out in all his paint and feathers ap-





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proached us. The two Indians looked at each other in absolute silence for several minutes. The Sioux spoke in perfect English, saying to me, "What tribe of Indian is this?" I answered, "Yana, from Northern California." The Sioux then gently picked up a few strands of Ishi's hair, rolled them between his fingers, looked into his face and said, "This is a very high grade of Indian."

"As we left, I asked Ishi what he thought of the Sioux. Ishi said, 'Him's Big Cheap'."

His use of the word "cheap" instead of "chief" shows little more than simple confusion of our language.

Think about the fascination and awe that must have gone through the Indian's head when he saw the typical activity of a big city such as San Francisco, no less a spectacle the likes of the original Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show!

Superstitions:

As was not uncommon among most Indians of that era, Ishi had numerous superstitions. A summary of some of them are as follows:

Dogs: Playing with dogs and especially letting the animals lick you was unhealthy. He assured Dr. Pope that allowing babies to play with dogs would lead to paralysis.

Rattlesnakes: "When out camping, we killed and cooked a rattlesnake. Ishi refused not only to taste it, but also to eat from the dishes in which it had been cooked. Ishi expected us to die. That we did not do so he could only explain on the grounds that I was a medicine man and used magic protection."

Women: "One criticism he often made of the white man's civilization was the unbridled liberty we give menstruating women. He said they were the cause of much bad luck and sickness." Menstruating women were often locked up in sweat baths. Except for the fact they were beloved family, he thought old women were next to useless. If a female ever touched his bow, it brought tons of bad luck. He remedied the situation by immediately washing the bow in sand.

I found it very interesting that Ishi's Yahi tribe had two entirely different languages for men and women. Although I suspect each sex probably understood what the other was saying, a subdialect was spoken by women and by the men when speaking to or in the presence of women, but never between men alone.

Moon: Ishi thought it was unwholesome to sleep with the moon shining on one's face. He always covered his head when sleeping outdoors.

Magic: "The real medicine was magic. Their favorite charms were either to blow smoke and ashes in certain directions or places, or the passing of coals of fire through either themselves or their patients by means of sleight of hand. They also sucked small pieces of obsidian or cactus thorn from their patients thinking that these were the etiological factors of sickness."

Pope continued, "The fact that I could do sleight of hand tricks: vanish coins, and similar parlor magic, convinced Ishi I was a real doctor." This became a real advantage over and above Dr. Pope's medically educated skills.

Every effort was made to keep Ishi in good health. Dr. Pope encouraged him to stay outdoors often and away from infectious diseases. He was given perfect freedom and an ample diet. When asked if he wanted to ever return to the wilds, he replied that he did not, because "everyone was dead, only evil spirits inhabited his old haunts, and their was not enough food to eat there."

In 1914, Ishi was at his best. On a trip that year with Saxton, he was undoubtedly in prime health. Pope commented that his "stature was magnificent. There is grace and strength in every contour. For a year, Ishi was absolutely perfect. He worked, hunted, played and enjoyed life."

In the summer of 1915, a gradual change overcame Ishi. His energy and strength sapped. He lost interest in shooting his bow. His skin darkened, he lost weight and he rested constantly. He was moved from the University Hospital in San Francisco to Berkeley, where he stayed for three months in the home of Professor T.T. Waterman in strict hygienic conditions under constant supervision of Dr. E. Sapir. When his health took a turn for the worse, he was moved back to the University Hospital, where he finally was diagnosed having tuberculosis. Although the official diagnosis was TB, I can't help but think civilization killed him.

In October of 1915, his lung condition had somewhat stabilized. He was moved to quarters in the University Museum itself, where he could be kept under the constant care of Dr. Kruse, Dr. Pope and Mr. Warburton.

Fever and weakness persisted and his cough got worse. Eating became impossible and the city water did not taste good to him anymore. Pope obliged Ishi's wishes by bringing him spring water, "sweet water" as the Indian called it.

Although Ishi was starving, racked with coughing and in constant pain, Dr. Pope noted that Ishi never once complained. He never spoke of his suffering, nor referred

to the possibility of death.

In March 1916, when his weakness progressed to an extreme degree, Ishi was moved back to the hospital, where he could receive better nursing and alimentary feeding.

Not long after he entered the hospital, he suffered a very large pulmonary hemorrhage. Dr. Saxton Pope was called to his side. "With stoic calmness, Ishi looked at the quantities of blood that poured from his mouth and nose. I administered a large dose of morphia. He died soon after, at 12:20 P.M., on March 16, 1916."

An autopsy was conducted. Ishi's body was taken to the undertakers, where it was embalmed. No funeral services were held, although numerous close friends visited the parlor.

Saxton Pope placed Ishi's bow, a quiver full of arrows, ten pieces of Indian money, dried venison, acorn meal, his fire sticks, three rings, some obsidian and a small portion of tobacco in his coffin. Since the Indian told Pope years before that the proper way to dispose of the dead was to burn them, his friends felt cremation would be the Indian's wish. Pope thought a small black Pueblo pottery jar would be more appropriate than the bronze or onyx urns the crematory normally used.

"We then accompanied the body to Laurel Hill cemetery near San Francisco, where it was cremated. The ashes were placed in a small Indian pottery jar on the outside of which is inscribed: "Ishi, the last Yahi Indian. Died March 25, 1916"

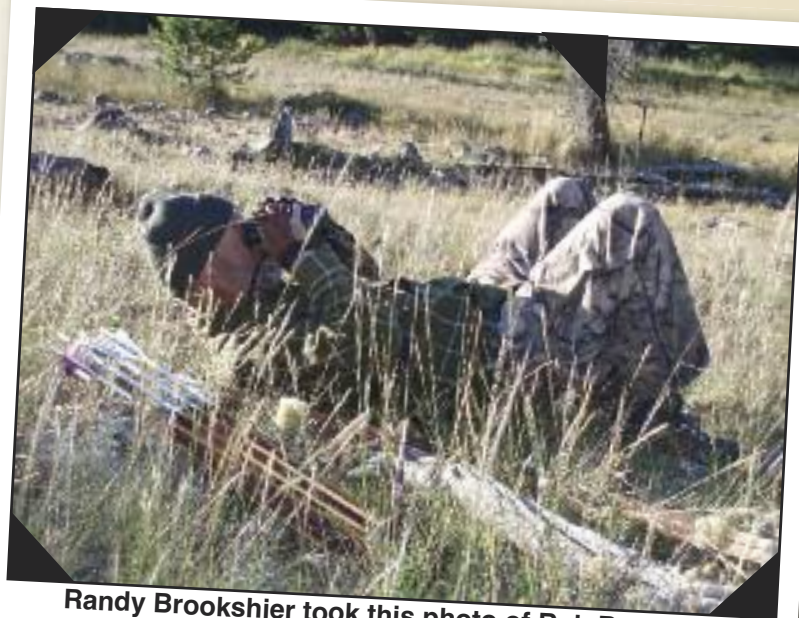
Ishi's ashes are at Mount Olivet, now Olivet Memorial Park, just outside the city of San Francisco. But I think we all know in our hearts he is really in the Happy Hunting Grounds. *



Death mask, March, 1916.



Hunter Smith enjoyed opening day's evening hunt. His first buck with a bow only ran twenty yards.



Randy Brookshier took this photo of Rob Burnham glassing for elk on the Utah.

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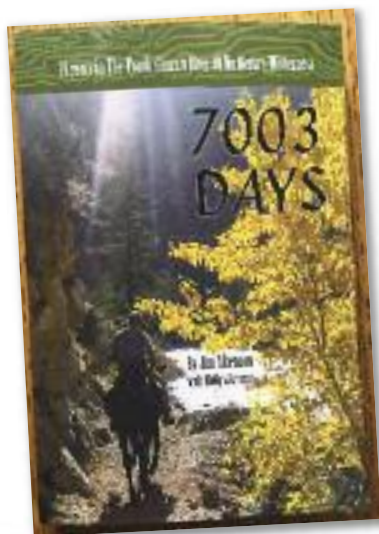
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By Jim Akenson with Holly Akenson



Deep in the Idaho wilderness the last vestiges of Old Idaho linger. In 1982, an eager young couple seeking adventure and challenge, Jim and Holly Akenson, moved to a log cabin in the back country to manage Taylor Ranch, the University of Idaho's wilderness research station. In 7003 DAYS, Jim describes their encounters with wildlife and nature: tracking wolves and cougars, using mules for transportation and ranch work, and introducing university students to life in the rugged Salmon River Mountains of Central Idaho.

Jim's bowhunting stories are tied to the first bowhunters in the region...the Sheepeater Indians, or "Tukudika."



Questions & Answers

By Roger Rothhaar



Q Your first book set a standard for information on scrapes and buck behavior. How do you compare those perceptions with your field experiences in Iowa and is hunting near scrapes still as important of a part of your hunting strategy as it was in your earlier years?

A Scrapes as part of my hunting strategy are nearly as important today as they were back in the 60s and 70s. However, hunting very near them is not as practical as it was then for a number of reasons. First off, back then I was hunting a recovering deer herd in Ohio that was coming back from near annihilation due to a politically motivated deer management policy. The deer herd had been so decimated in the early 1960s that you might have to walk through two or three sections (square miles) just to find tracks! Fortunately in 1964 a new administration appointed a new Chief of the DOW and he immediately closed the northern half of Ohio to gun hunting.

It remained that way for seven years until he retired and a new regime with dollar signs in their eyes reopened it in 1972. It was during that rebuilding period that I was just coming into my own as a serious bowhunter and began to see the opportunities developing for some real trophy whitetails. There were only a handful of bowhunters in the whole state of Ohio in those days so there was little interference. In fact, even as late as 1971 an eight point buck I killed was one of only 280 bucks killed by bow in the entire state of Ohio! So the opportunity to hunt an almost totally "natural" deer herd was a wonderful learning experience for me. And learn I did! Although in looking back I regret not developing some of the tactics a bit sooner. For even though I did kill some pretty good bucks they were not the best available at the time as those who have read my book "Whitetail Magic" might recall. I did not learn how to analyze and hunt the scrapes of a virtually no-pressured "natural" deer herd until about the time gun seasons were again opened in 1972. I took my best bucks in 1970, 1974 and 1975. By then the

"Gang-Bangers" had already taken a toll on the really exceptional bucks as well as much of the potential for the future. The point here being that hunting on or near the proper scrapes of a recovering herd where buck/doe ratios are right and buck age structure is as it should be proved very effective.

Secondly: The relatively flat nature of the terrain in my part of north-central Ohio and the reasonable stability of the wind-flow allowed for stand set-ups to be made on scrape sites with predictability. Our Lake-effect climate made weather fronts fairly frequent and predictable so a bad wind direction might only affect a stand site for a day or two rather than messing it up for weeks at a time as in Iowa. Here, even though I put great value in determining buck movement preferences through the analyzing of scrapes and scrape patterns, I find it necessary to relate that information TO travel corridors and funnels. The rolling nature of the terrain and resultant swirling wind currents do not allow the simplistic set-ups effective in Ohio where the opposite was true and the corridors could be identified BY the scrape patterns.

Finally, one of the most important aspects of scrape information concerns the size of the tracks in them. Once again and contrary to popular belief there are way fewer BIG tracks in Iowa than were in Ohio back in the day. I normally didn't even get interested unless a track was at least 3.5 inches long! I have yet to see a 3.5 inch track in my part of Iowa. However, the bigger bucks still USUALLY do make the biggest tracks, so they presence of unusually large tracks repeatedly in a particular scrape still triggers the logical response.

Q What are your thoughts on "scent elimination" products? Do they work, not work, or somewhere in between?

A Obviously, there can be no certainties one way or the other when it comes to scent elimination products. Keeping all or most of your scent from the nose of the prey is absolutely nec-

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Questions & Answers *continued*

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essary with most big game animals. What is the best way to accomplish this feat still remains in great debate with a lot of outlandish claims being made. My personal position on the matter has always followed the simple old philosophy to “stay downwind” but I would be less honest if I said that is that simple or that I have not been involved in schemes to try to avoid the super sensitive noses of hunted game.

When the first “scent elimination” clothing came on the market, I was given some to try. It was during the early part of the deer season when the weather was still quite warm. I faithfully followed the instructions by showering and changing all underclothing. I slipped into my stand and lo’ and behold I had deer get downwind of me at twenty to thirty yards without spooking! They were uneasy and kept looking my way but appearing to be looking well past my position as though the traces of scent they were getting indicated I was farther away. The second evening after the same result, I was becoming convinced this stuff was really neat! Then the third evening came around with a major rise in temperature and as I was about to jump into that steaming, airtight outfit I decided “screw it” this is going to be miserable sitting and sweating in this heat, so I just slipped on some clean outer camos and headed for the stand. Well, you can imagine my surprise when the same group of deer came by and reacted EXACTLY the same as when I was wearing the scent proof clothes! They key was in the cleanness and not in the clothes. After a little experimenting I found that a clean start provided me two or three hours of reasonable scent control depending, of course, on outside factors such as how much sweating I had to do getting to the stand or while sitting in the heat. I concluded deer don’t react to “natural” human odor as much as we think but rather to the smell of “sour” seat after bacteria have worked on it. I was also surprised to see no problems with using regular scented soap. That would explain why the scent of women or kids who do not sweat like men seem to be less volatile to the noses of deer.

In going back to the overly simplistic “staying downwind” comment, I must add that I do realize there is a lot more to remaining undetected than dealing with immediate scent presence. Probably one of the most problematic of these: residual scent left in footprints while traveling to stand sites. Years back I found that “flinging” droplet of doe urin behind me on the path to my stand every twenty feet or so for the last hundred

yards would deter the nosy deer who might cross it from tracking me down. Later I discovered a product call Elimitrax that would absolutely negate my travel scent. I still use this product at times but it seems now there are also knee boots available that do not give off the offensive odors the old-time rubber boots did. I have a good pair of Nokia Retki boots I bought years ago that are scent proof which I find useful during cooler weather conditions but find wearing rubber boots year-round uncomfortable so use the Elimitrax product for warmer weather. All this is kind of a long answer to a short question! I suppose the shorter answer would have been to refer to the “Out House” television network programs and take notice how often the people who make, promote, and use the scent control products get winded!! And those are just the unedited times!

Q Of all the bucks you’ve taken, is there one that stands out as being most difficult, most rewarding, or just plain special for one reason or another?

A Now that is a very difficult question as almost all of the better bucks I’ve been fortunate to take have a “story” to go along with them. However, being pinned down to a mandatory answer I would have to go with the 173 1/8 inch ten point I killed in Ohio on November 23, 1992, while hunting on the ground in my wife’s brother’s partially picked cornfield mostly because of the number of special circumstances involved.

First, my daughter-in-law Patty had taken several photos of this buck on October 26 from one her newly placed tree stands behind their house and about a mile from the cornfield where I eventually killed him. My son, Ronald, immediately sent the photos to in Illinois where I was hunting at the time. I called him back and told him to get after him as he was a good one. I got back to Ohio on Friday evening, November 20th, as gun season was than opening in Illinois the next day. My son had seen nothing more of the buck. I spent Saturday morning of November 21st hunting another are with no luck so I scouted the brother-in-law’s cornfield in the afternoon where I found sufficient sign to form a plan on how I wanted to hunt it. I spent Sunday, a no-hunting day in Ohio, catching up on family matters after a several week absence while in Illinois.

Secondly, my brother-in-law had hired a local man that was part of anoted “gang banging” group of deer killers part-time to help with the farming. In the process of har-

vesting part of the large cornfield involved he had seen the buck and made serious plans with his gang to make a maximum effort to “gang-bang” him. It just so happened that a very good friend of mine attended the same church as did the hired man and at the Sunday, November 22, gathering mentioned during casual conversation that had this big buck spotted that THEY were going to “get after” when the Ohio gun season opened a week from the following Monday (the Monday after Thanksgiving). He also mentioned that I had been out scouting the field the day, to which my friend quipped, “Well, if Roger is after him, he’ll have him killed before that.” The remark was made more in jest than seriousness mostly because he views the “gang-banging” methods as repulsive as all sensible people do.

So on Monday morning, November 23rd, I returned to the cornfield at the crack of dawn and proceeded to my chosen spot to stand in the corn next to a picked area. The all-day rain the day before had soft-

ened the ground showing a lot of new activity sign with a lot of big tracks included. However, all the morning stand revealed was a doe with twin fawns which eventually bedded in an adjacent weed field. At 3:30 p.m. I returned to the spot and after half an hour a couple of does came out of the standing corn into the picked section between us and began feeding. About twenty minutes later the buck emerged behind them and proceeded to patrol the perimeter of the picked portion of the field where they were feeding while staying about twenty yards out from the standing corn. A quarter-mile walk then eventually brought him right to me. The “playout” was great as the drama unfolded and concluded with a heart shot with the buck going down on his nose in plain view after a fifty yard run while trying to make it back across the picked corn.

Third, before I had walked the distance to him my brother-in-law AND the “gang-banger” hired man were coming across the field on the tractor with a couple of planks

tucked into the back hitch to haul him with! It seems both were watching the buck when I shot him not knowing until then where I was! The hired man had even climbed to the top of a grain bin and was watching it all through binoculars! And if there was the possibility of anything better than the B&C buck lying before me it was the tears “as big as horse turds” rolling down the face of the “gang banger”! It was almost too ironic to be coincidence that my friend’s off-the-cuff prediction only one day before, and in church no less, had come true!

So the special things which make the buck my #1 choices are:

- a. He was my first buck to officially make the P&Y and B&C record book.
- b. The history with the buck through my son and his wife.
- c. The irony of my friend’s prophecy and the affect killing the buck had on the “gang-banger”.
- d. While I am not a vengeful person, there is a sweet element of “payback” to

the corrupt Ohio DNR and the anti-hunting judge who had a few years back put me and family through a terrible ordeal which was conspired not only to prevent an investigation into the taking of large bribes by DNR officials from the crossbow makers but which would be certain to also uncover their “stealing” a reported \$12 million of hunting license money from the DOW coffer for political use in inter-city “social programs” to buy votes. An act which left the DOW so broke they couldn’t pay the salaries of their office or field workers and canceled most wildlife projects then in progress.

e. The taking of this buck also put the “quench” on a number of jealous locals who had immediately called in complaints of illegal activity in his taking without knowing there were two eye witnesses. It not only made them look very foolish, but also most of the “holier-than-Thou” cynics.

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Questions & Answers continued

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Q Most of us older bowhunters have modified the way we hunt, where we expend our energy, and even our expectations from the hunt. What have been your biggest challenges to overcome or changes you have made to continue taking big trophy whitetails?



A First let me say that the biggest change has been to buy my own land so I can “grow” my own bucks! But beyond that I have definitely made changes in all those categories, some because of increased wisdom, some because of decreased energy, but most because of both! I still expect to be rewarded for concerted effort and thought. I have raised my standards a lot as most do as we get older. It requires a lot of time, work, and sometimes expense to recover and process a buck, especially when you do your own taxidermy work. The satisfaction of taking one exception buck far outweighs that of taking many of less quality. My philosophy now is that since I already have a room full of 155 inch bucks, why do I want anymore? So I’ve raised my minimum to 4.5 years and net 160 or at least something very special and old.

In regards to age issues: I seldom use hanging stands unless I have a ladder up to them opting instead to the use of ladder stands. It’s not a matter of fearing heights but rather a concern as to how long it takes to recover from a fall! And as far as the energy factor is concerned I now do a lot less of the “fun” scouting that served more for exploration and exercise and mostly do only that which is needed to strategize the ambush.



Q What one thing do you feel has had the most negative impact on bowhunting and why and how would you change it?

A It will likely not come as a surprise to anyone that my answer is “The misuse of technology.” I am not by any means a “primitive” bowhunter as it is now defined. I am all for better glass or carbon bow or arrow building materials and better glues to hold them together. I am all for technologies that make equipment shoot better and more durable. I am NOT for technologies that make them easier to shoot without an investment in time and effort and negate the original challenges that made bowhunting attractive in the first place. In truth, being a mechanical-minded person I consider the compound bow an ingenious and useful in-



vention that could promote that attraction. It can allow women or pubescent kids or those suffering the ravages of growing older or injury to use a weapon that is powerful enough to kill humanely. However, I do not ascribe to the rubbish that all the technical accessories are good because they also aid in the making of more humane kills. That is the “cop-out” to producing “instant bowhunters” for the purpose of selling equipment or to extend the effective killing range of “archery equipment” beyond the logical limits that define bowhunting. If I were “King of the World” the first thing I would eliminate from bowhunting would be the use of sights. Without mechanical sights there would be little need for most of the other “instant success” gadgetry. Relatively speaking there is no bowhunter that would not be deadly so long as they stay within their own range capability be it 50 yards or 50 inches. It is no more complicated than that. The personal discipline required to confine one’s actions to the limitations of their ability is what the moral challenge of bowhunting is supposed to be. Instead it seems to have become an obsession with the necessity to kill. Let’s face it. It is impulsive human nature to want to be successful as easily and quickly as possible. But it is human logic that recognizes the reality that it is the journey and not the destination that is most valuable.

Q Aside from whitetails, what animal is your next favorite?

A I wish it to be understood that my relationship with the whitetail has reached the degree it has partly because it was the ONLY large game where I grew up but also because it developed even as I developed through my childhood into adulthood. Whitetail were not seen in our part of Ohio until I was 12 years old or more. And while the whitetail is probably the most perfect animal to bowhunt I truly enjoy the “bowhunting” challenge itself first and foremost with the type of critter being hunted secondary in importance. If I had been raised in the West it probably would be mule deer or elk that would be my quarry with mule deer probably being first on my list. The way my mind works the habitual predictability of the mule deer intrigues me far more than the opportunistic nature of elk hunting even though I have hunted elk with success and love the high alpine habitat they prefer. However, I have no desire to kill another elk. On the other

hand, I still long for the challenge of getting after a big mule deer even as my ability to do so continues to diminish.

Q What do you consider the most important attribute to becoming a successful whitetail bowhunter?

A Plain old “common sense” is the most important attribute to becoming a successful “anything” and the pure beauty of it is that one does not need to be a genius to reap the benefits of it. Greed, meanness, the quest for power, and most of all other misbehaviour by humans are the products of the lack of common sense! It does not take genius to realize you cannot have a creation without a Creator. It also does not take a rocket scientist to realize you must find ways to deal with the whitetails super senses. When we finally accept that the olfactory of a whitetail is from 2,000 to 10,000 times more acute than our own (depending on who you ask) it doesn’t take a lot of deep thought to realize we must take measures to negate its effectiveness as much as possible. Dealing with the eyes and ears is less difficult but also necessary and so the whole complete solution is to “stay downwind, out of sight, and silent”. How simple is that!

Q What factor(s) do you feel is important that many others don’t do or take too lightly?

A In so far as the “physical” aspects of hunting are concerned, I would make some reference to the answer to the last question and to question #3. It appears to me that even though most whitetail hunters are at least aware of how important the animal’s nose is to his behavior patterns, as is evidenced by the lengths we go to in trying to thwart it, many still won’t quite concede to it’s full effect. My logic tells me that the less time I spend in my stand, the less scent will be spread about the area and therefore the more effective it will be. I design my entry to my stands to be as quiet and indiscriminate as possible. I slip into them at the last possible moment before I expect action. Getting into the stand long before it is practical to expect activity will allow thermals and air current changes to thoroughly contaminate the entire area sometimes for hundreds of yards around in every direction. It is not unreasonable to believe a deer can not only smell you half a mile away but under some conditions can pinpoint your location. While being there an hour early rather than a minute late may sound very sensible. I’d still rather be there a minute early than an hour early!

Another thing that baffles me is the “all day stand”. Most of those stories usually end with a kill in the last half hour! I only ever sat in a stand all day twice in my life. The one time was when I had a dandy 150 inch ten point come down the fencerow my stand was in just after daybreak and bed for the day 75 yards from me. I killed him nine hours later when he rose and continued his journey to me. The other time was such a long, boring, and unproductive waste of time I vowed never to do it again! It did provide me the opportunity to go over and over all the scouting, stand “tweaking”, and other productive things I could be doing that really would increase my odds for success! Giving up activities that might increase my odds by ten percent or more to gain one percent doesn’t make sense to me. I do understand the attraction of the “long” stand especially if half the benefit is getting away from “pressures”. I did occasionally spend long days afield by making several stand site changes during the day as wind, thermal and weather conditions also changed, but in spite of that, I never killed a buck in the morning much after 9:00 a.m. or in the afternoon before 4:00 p.m.. Ninety percent of my bucks fall between 8:00 a.m. and 9:00 a.m. (6:30 shooting light) and 5:30 p.m. and 6:30 p.m. (7:00 p.m. last shooting light).

As to the “mental” part I see a lot of folks put themselves under too much pressure to “close the deal”. I consider the “opportunity” to take a good buck as the climax to the hunt and the actual kill as “icing on the cake” to coin an old phrase. I’ve failed on a couple of occasions to “close the deal” and I did not feel great about it. However, I didn’t lose a wink of sleep over it either and those are some of my most treasured memories. I know this line of thinking is far from that to the mainstream of today but it is my way.

Q What do you think hunting will be like for future generations?

A I can only hope and pray that there will be hunting for future generations. The way “progressive” thinking and political correctness is running rampant through our country today, there is reason for serious doubt. Many of our young people have been raised spoiled rotten and given everything they want from the time they were babies, so they naturally think they are entitled to whatever they desire and don’t care how they get it. There is no doubt there will be a reckoning at some point in time and it sure looks like it may not be



very far in the future. We can only hope common sense will prevail before chaos becomes the determining factor. It has saddened me deeply to watch so many of my peers go down that road. I refer especially to those people who grew up in the real bowhunting fraternity but are now espousing the high tech garbage for the good of “promoting the industry” as Roger Raglin so aptly put it on TV the other evening. So bowhunting is now considered an “industry”. Add to that scenario people putting their eight and nine year old children on “outdoor” programs killing animals in the guise of “youth” hunting. I’ll give odds that most of those kids will no longer be hunting by the time they become old enough to really know what it is supposed to be about. Sorry if I paint a rather bleak picture, but common sense and simple logic pretty much dictates that the future of bowhunting is in trouble. I speak as one who has watched with sadness the deterioration of a great pastime over the last 55 years. On the bright side there will always be a few of us “mavericks” who still think a bow should only have one string and the arrow directed to the target by the strength of our arms and the “power” of the mind.

Q What and where was the hunt foremost in your memory?

A That is a loaded question and one almost impossible to answer. It depends on my present line of thought which hunt pops up. I do remember my first bow-killed whitetail, a spike buck, taken up by Fox Fire Tower in

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Questions & Answers *continued*

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Potter Co. Pennsylvania in October, 1965, hunting on the ground on an oak ridge. I was using a 55# Darton hunting bow, #8 Microflite arrows tipped with 1 3/8 inch wide Ben Pearson Deadheads which I had acquired by buying a dozen cheap wood arrows with the Deadheads on them and giving the arrows to the neighborhood kids. I also remember spine shooting the deer with my third and last arrow after missing him twice at about 35 yards. I then executed the coup-de-grace with a baseball bat sized limb which I knocked off one of his spikes which I never did find! How's that for remembering a 45 year old hunt?

As mentioned before, picking a specific hunt as most special is very difficult. Very few of my successful hunters were "ho-hum" hunts while most were filled with unbelievable and sometimes freakish coincidence. However, in all honesty, I do have to list my last major hunt with Jim Emberson, floating the Moose John in Alaska as my most memorable. Not only was it my last with Jim, but along with Dick Robertson and Doug Borland it also

included Jay Massey who passed a few years later. The responsibilities of our growing families and their interests did not permit Jim and I any major hunts after that although we still shared many delightful times with our families until his untimely passing.

Qho is/was your favorite non-relative hunting companion?

AI have been fortunate to have had more excellent hunting companions over the years than most folks are blessed with. It seems as my life progressed and experience and available finances increased, I kept hooking up with like-minded people with similar resources. It would be impossible to select any one of them as favorite over the others. The truth is we all became and remain "good friends" with the term meaning we'd go to the limit if need be. Most of my hunts were one or the other but occasionally would get the opportunity to get several together for a special hunt and there was never a serious disagreement or

harsh word between any of us. That is something special.

Quince Hale and I shared some good hunting time together and had some serious plans made for the future until cancer took him. It took me a long time to realize in my subconscious that we would no longer be making those plans.

All that having been said, I guess as the hunting partner to last share serious hunts with, the late Jim Emerson was probably the closest since our families were of similar ages and therefore also were our life situations. We shared a lot of enjoyable activities other than the hunts such as building his house and cutting wood from my woodlot to make bows, etc. Cancer also took Jim while we still had a lot we wanted to do, so I suppose that is why our shared and enjoyed successes and failures most often come to mind when I am reminiscing. ☺

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Too Young

By Gene Wensel

As multiple deer seasons slip behind my boot tracks, I seem to spend more time reminding myself of the importance of hunting deer for what I personally consider the “right reasons.” I need to maintain and retain the romance of deer hunting. I love challenge. I love being selective. Too many short cuts or gadgets often eliminate our most important objectives. Less than honorable intentions lead to portrayals of disrespect for our quarry; something I’ve proudly grown to detest in my old age.

I seldom watch today’s television shows and DVDs..... the same ones you too are probably tired of viewing. I don’t pay much attention to the often annoying whispering, especially when its dished out in hard to understand southern or foreign accents. I amuse myself detecting all the “hidden” commercials. Picking up on not so subtle endorsements and wildly exaggerated claims, I can’t help

but ask myself why I can smell a fart though carbon pants. I ask myself how ozone units work in any decent breeze. I witness time saving technology suck the life blood out of our passion by way of the sporting industry and tasteless presentation of hunters on daily television. Television often makes hunting look far too easy, thus creating a sense of disappointment among novices.

More recently, I’ve witnessed a disturbing trend among hunters trying to involve youngsters in the quest for big game at very early ages as part of a master plan to insure the future of hunting. On the surface, this is presumably a vital aspect in the legacy of our passion. Please don’t misunderstand me, I am NOT suggesting that we discourage people from taking youngsters into the outdoors. Unfortunately, today’s “too much, too soon” culture brings temptations that quickly get out of control in a society now geared toward skipping steps or avoiding any degree of apprenticeship whatsoever. Far be it from me to dampen our legacy spirit. In reality, the true challenge is as simple as learning to walk before we can run. Like church “elders” who fight acne while going door to door, the word maturity comes to mind and must be considered by parents and mentors.

I met a cowboy in Texas

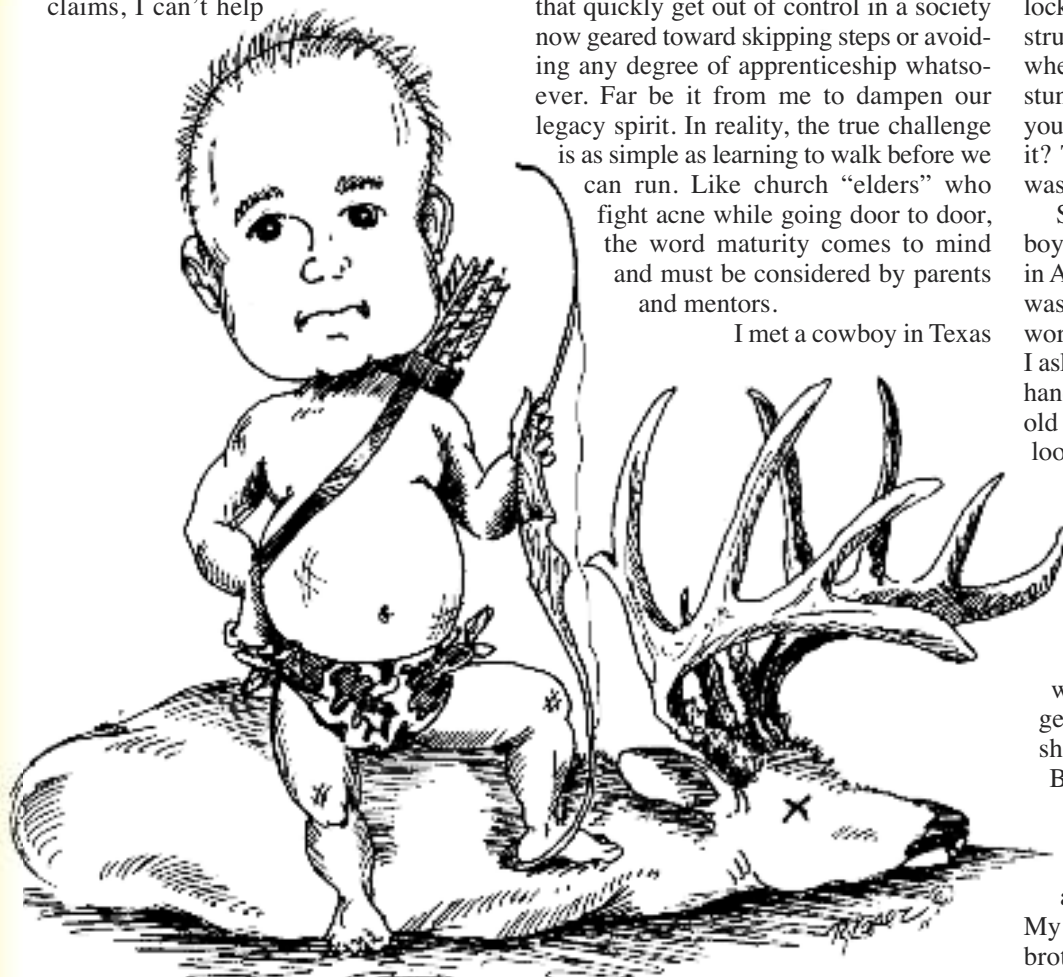
last spring who bragged about his son killing a whitetail buck at age two! TWO?? Yes.... two! That, my friends, is far too young to be killing big game. Let’s break things down into reality. What reasoning skills does one possess at age two? What ethics level has been formed or even considered by someone who cannot yet speak a complete sentence? The kid was possibly still in diapers! Will there be a market for camouflaged diapers in the near future? The “hunter” probably wore pajamas with the feet still attached and gets a lollipop whenever he sleeps dry. He couldn’t sign his own name on a hunting license. He probably couldn’t even climb the magic ladder into the shooting house because the steps were too far apart. My guess is that he shot the deer with someone else’s rifle, in someone else’s shooting house, over a food plot planted by someone else. Dad locked and loaded, aimed the scope and instructed little Johnny to touch the trigger when everything was lined up. Is this a stunt to be proud of or to brag about? I ask you, did the boy hunt that deer or just shoot it? The deer was probably older than he was!

Several years ago I met a ten year old boy who had already killed his “Big Five” in Africa! That includes elephant, people. I was tempted to ask the kid what he did for work but I left well enough alone. Instead, I asked myself what caliber of gun a person hands a ten year old kid to shoot a 50 year old elephant? What does that boy have to look forward to in his adult life?

I was raised in another generation. I was not allowed to hunt deer until I turned 14 years old. That doesn’t mean I didn’t hunt as a youngster!

I was pure hell on rabbits, birds, squirrels and groundhogs when I was a kid. As far as I was concerned, that’s why God gave us small game. In my generation, most kids started with sling-shots, and were later routinely “issued” BB guns. Many a tweety bird fell to my trusty Daisy. I was taught gun safety and right from wrong. I was allowed to hunt small game with a .22 rimfire at somewhere around eight years old. My dad, in his infinite wisdom, knew my brother and I weren’t

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Too Young *continued*

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old enough nor mature enough to be killing big game but he permitted Barry and me the freedom of roaming our farm for close range woodchucks and squirrels that we always tried to shoot in the head.

I grew up suburban or rural. Like most kids, I went through all the immature and irresponsible stages of capture, where boys shot toads with rubber bands and paper clips, put lit firecrackers into the mouths of flopping suckers, and ran soda straws up the butts of live frogs, inflating them to the size of apples. It was pretty brutal kid stuff, where “boys will be boys” attitudes prevailed whenever adults were not looking. But we knew better than to even think about “popping” a deer. Eventually I learned more outdoor skills like how to trap minnows and small game. I saved my chore money, bought a leg hold trap and caught my first muskrat. When I walked up to the poor thing, I didn’t really know what to do next, so I killed him by punching him in the head until he died. The thought of using a club never entered my mind. Sad but true.

The entire woodsmanship venture is more often than not being skipped by modern American youth. Early on, either by my dad or through Scouting, I was taught basic outdoor skills; things like how to start a fire, how to dress a rabbit, how to tie good knots, how to catch nightcrawlers, how to use a compass, how to sharpen a knife, and how to tie flies even before I owned a fly rod. I eventually learned how to stalk close to catch bull frogs by dangling a colorful trout fly a couple inches in front of their nose. I started as a Cub Scout. Merit badges were something to be proud of because they were earned. Today, the term “boy scout” has taken on a whole new meaning, if you get my drift.

As I said, generations have evolved over the years, allowing outdoor participants to skip any and all apprenticeship. I recently spoke with a guy whose son just returned from basic training in the Army. Out of 260 men in his entire company, only 22 qualified their first day at the rifle range. Less than one in ten knew how to shoot a gun! They had to be taught. The finest fighting forces the world has ever known were once made up of American farm boys raised with firearms. They knew guns and how to use them. They hunted, ate red meat, and understood life and death. They also had what I like to call “heart.” They understood and believed in patriotism and realized this thing known as freedom was worth fighting

for. I don’t mean to imply that modern American soldiers are no longer good warriors, as technology has filled in many of the gaps, but the simple fact remains that many, if not most, recruits now have to be taught woodsmanship, shooting, and basic survival or outdoor skills. On the plus side, one of the positive aspects of training new recruits who have never shot a gun is the fact they have also never taught themselves poor shooting form or other related bad habits. On a different note, I might also add that, if given a choice, I would rather be in the trenches of war with any ten people reading this piece than any hundred people attending an animal rights convention.

Although many states have minimum age criteria, gun caliber limits and draw weight restrictions for bowhunting, some states do not. I regularly see “hero” pictures of small children posed behind defunct deer, often not even smiling. It makes me wonder. I see six year olds “hunting” deer successfully on television shows. Most of the time, Dad appears a lot happier than the kid, who would often just as soon be down at the mall or at home watching cartoons or playing a video game.

Television hunting celebrities have programmed our youngsters to expect success without really earning it. They make it look so easy. Young hunters try to emulate the things they see outdoor celebrities do on television. Many are beyond even wanting to understand. They just want to be put in “a good spot.” The taste of instant gratification is demonstrated weekly at it’s very worst. Our heritage is being affected. Youngsters are being spoon fed exotic destinations and quick results before earning the privilege.

In all honesty, I feel that many adult hunters themselves have a very difficult time differentiating love from lust, mostly because hunting has sadly turned into an industry.

So, when is a child ready to hunt big game? Notice, I said big game. Not until they are mature enough to comprehend what real hunting is all about. Not until they know that hunting has responsibilities that include things like honor and respect. Not until they understand life and death. Not until they realize animals don’t talk and “Shotgun Red” doesn’t really breathe. Not until they become aware that some people actually still build their own arrows and even enjoy sharpening broadheads or reloading ammunition.

Some kids are probably ready for big game sooner than others. I’ve known a small number of youngsters who were

skillful enough at ten years old, but very few are ripe enough until sometime after their twelfth birthday. In the old days, young boys would squirm while waiting in anticipation for their fathers and uncles to come home from the hunt, anxious for the day when they too could participate. As the song goes, Davey Crockett “killed a bear when he was only three.” My guess is that the bruin was probably either treed or shot while eating from the Crockett family garden or garbage can.

In summary, I guess what I’m saying is that anticipation can be a wonderful feeling, but kids should not be driving until they are mature enough to take the wheel. Nor should they be holding down paid jobs except for basic chores. Nor should they be voting, dating, drinking beer, or running for office. I feel strongly that an outdoor apprenticeship is mandatory before allowing a youngster to hunt big game. Eagerness to learn is an important part of growing up, but doesn’t really count until a lot of questions are addressed and answered with integrity and honor. Cultivation is only the first part of growth to maturity.

Take kids into the woods in decent weather. Show them tracks and explain deer sign. Run a “trap line” of trail cameras. I guarantee excitement and anticipation will be shown when they check their “traps.” Let them assist you in selecting treestand sites. Help them plant some trees. Take them along when you search for shed antlers; that itself is a form of hunting. Teach them that building something solid first requires creating a good foundation.

I think it’s only natural for every hunter to want their child to grow up to love the outdoors the way we do. But before you hand your daughter or son a tool that can drop a deer, ask yourself if he or she is honestly ready to do so in an honorable and respectful fashion. If, in your heart, you aren’t absolutely sure of the answer, give them more time. Don’t allow them to “take the wheel” of big game hunting too soon. Offer additional opportunities to hunt small game, then maybe a called in gobbler from a blind, close flying ducks over decoys with a light shotgun, or a small wild hog. They will eventually be ripe and ready. The first deer season they are mature enough to participate in will certainly come. Until then, encourage them to slow down, learn, and enjoy the outdoors for what it really is, rather than just allowing them to take from it. After all, hunting is not any sort of race. It is, or at least should be, strictly non-competitive. You’ll know when your child is ready. And your heart will absolutely soar as they grin from ear to ear when you finally say, “See his white belly?” ♣

Keeping Warm

By Paul Brunner

The snow was swirling in the a strong wind as I left my pickup truck in the predawn to make the quarter mile walk in to my treestand location. It was twenty below zero for the sixth day in a row...as my Dad used to say, "Colder than a hooker's heart!"

Crazy weather, even for Montana, for the whitetail rut in mid-November. I made it about fifteen minutes beyond shooting light that day. My hands got cold, and then the rest of my body obligingly followed. By the time I hit the pickup, I was shaking like a dog passing bones and had to hold my hands by the defroster vent for ages before the pain left.

I thought about my problem during the pickup ride home. My U.S. Army "Bunny" boots kept my feet warm, and my layered wool clothing helped to keep my body warm. My hands had "given out" on me! I thought about it pretty carefully and something dawned on me that I hadn't really thought about before. When just one part of the human body begins to get cold, all the rest follows along pretty rapidly, depending on the degree of coldness.

When I got home, I took the longest hot shower that I had ever taken...I was still shivering despite the heater in the truck. I guess it had been about 45 below zero with the wind chill factor. When I got out of the shower, something really great happened; something that was to change my cold weather hunting forever. I stepped out of the shower onto a sheepskin bathmat! The unshorn wool was

long, soft, and incredibly warm! All of a sudden, alarm bells were ringing...I mean, we're talking a ten alarm fire here!

Over the protests of my loving wife, who fortunately happens to be my bowhunting partner, I started cutting up that bathmat. I cut four horseshoe-shaped chunks out of the rug. Each was about 12" long, by 7" wide. I got out my stitching awl and proceeded to sew two pieces together to make a bag, or pouch, with the wool on the inside. I did the same with the other two, and ended up with two bags into which I could put my hands to keep them warm. After experimenting with them, I tied decoy cord to them and strung them through by belt loops; in through a loop on my right side, and out through a loop on the back of my pants. The reason for stringing them in that manner was simple: when I "shucked out" of them, the one on the left hand would fall behind me, out of the way of my bowstring. I called these things "Wooly Boogers", which is what sheepmen in Australia call their sheep.

The following day found me trudging through the snow towards the same tree stand in exactly the same weather conditions as the day before. The exception was the warm wool pouches I wore over a pair of light cotton gloves. The area I was hunting was an archery only area, with multiple deer tags available. That morning, in the howling wind and driving snow, I was able to stay in my stand for four hours, never beginning to get cold. There was a "fairy tale" ending to the story, too. Because of the extreme cold, the deer were moving everywhere. Before I left the stand, I had "center punched" two nice bucks, one of about 125 inches, and one about 137 inches. There is no question in my mind that extreme cold weather can bring on tremendous hunting...IF ONE CAN KEEP WARM ENOUGH TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT!

The vast majority of white tail deer taken with bow and arrow are taken from tree stands. Taking trophy whitetails from tree stands requires patience, and many hours sitting still, waiting and watching. Without question,

the worst problem for the tree stand hunter is cold. If the hunter can keep warm for long periods of time, he/she can score. If the cold drives the hunter from the stand, the opportunity is lost. Strangely enough, a bowhunter can get just as cold, comparatively speaking, in Georgia as he can in Montana or Maine. If you want to consistently take big whitetails, the number one thing on your list has to be warm gear.

Since I stitched up the first pair of "Wooly Boogers", I have learned a tremendous amount about keeping warm in cold weather conditions. I guess a basic "curiosity" took hold of me and I decided to learn as much as I could about heat loss and heat retention in the human body. I reasoned that there had to be a way for a bowhunter to keep really warm and still have the freedom of movement to shoot a bow. I further reasoned that there had to be a way to achieve this without having to wear noisy garments like down vests, jackets and gloves or nylon windbreakers.

I started the learning process by talking to a doctor who was one of my bowhunting buddies. After finding out the medical/scientific information about how the body retains heat, loses heat and how it reacts to efforts to keep it warm, I started talking to several of my other bowhunting partners about their attempts to keep warm in extreme cold. Between my experience, their experience, and a little understanding of the science of body heat, I reasoned I could come up with the perfect combination(s) of clothing to keep warm in virtually any circumstances.

Over a period of years, experimenting with clothing, and constantly seeking new developments in garments, footwear and headgear, I have finally figured out how to keep totally warm in the coldest of hunting weather. My hunting partners have helped with

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Keeping Warm *continued*

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testing boots, hats, gloves, long underwear, middle garment layers and outer layers. Over time, we have weeded out the stuff that didn't work, and found the perfect combinations for virtually any kind of weather.

For the bowhunter, cold weather clothing is of particular importance for several reasons. First, the bowhunter is more likely to be in an ambush situation, either in a tree stand or on the ground. If the bowhunter is moving, it is sure to be very slowly. Obviously, the less active a person is in extreme cold, the quicker that person will begin to get cold. Second, the bowhunter must have absolute silence in all aspects of his clothing. There must be no garment that can make contact with itself or another garment and make noise. Third, the bowhunter must have freedom of movement. Bulky clothing restricts movement and the draw to the extent that it can easily cause a missed shot or opportunity. Fourth, it is important to have all three criteria above and still have the garment the correct color or pattern to give maximum benefit to camouflage.

The first principal to understand in the quest for maintaining body heat is that oxygen or air is the best insulator. This is why socks now have "pile" in them, and why goose down has always been so effective. These products "trap" air, which insulates the body. The old idea of putting on the heaviest garments one could find has been replaced by the idea of picking garments that trap air as much as possible around the body. The idea is to keep the warm air around the body from escaping and blocking the cold air outside the body from coming in to take away

the warmth.

The best system ever designed for warm body coverage came about through the military. Remember the acronym, "ECWCS". It's the most important discovery in history for keeping the body warm. "ECWCS" stand for Extended Cold Weather Clothing Systems, and is the designation for the clothing systems designed of U.S. Army Special Forces and Navy SEAL teams for use in arctic combat conditions. This stuff used to be unavailable to the public until the advent of the "Freedom of Information Act." Because of the act, the public is now able to get information of a non-secret nature about government equipment and contracts. After months of digging, I was able to find out the companies that were bidding and making this clothing system for the military. It took the help of my U.S. Senator, but finally I had the complete set of clothing in my hand.

The principal behind the ECWCS system is pretty simple: layers of very high quality, air trapping clothing. Only the military could have afforded to design this stuff, and in terms of Air Force hammers that cost \$90.00, this clothing is one of the few good deals to come out of the military R&D in a while. The system starts with the thickest, highest pile polypropylene long underwear made. The top has a high collar that zips to allow heat escape when the wearer is exerting himself. The middle layer is called "fiber pile", and consists of a shirt and bib pants that is thick, thick pile. The outside is stiff until brushed with a plastic-bristle hair brush and worn a time or two. The sleeves and pant legs are somewhat short (a couple of inches to allow for unrestricted movement in combat which fits the bowhunter's needs to a "t"). The military outer layer, however is a loser. It's a combination of Rip-Stop nylon and Goretex and is about as quiet as an acid rock band in a singles bar. If our soldiers are expected to keep quiet in this stuff in order to stay alive, the definitely have their work cut out for them. We have learned to use either Arctic Fleece or wool for our outer layers, depending on the temperature and wind.

Arctic Fleece is available everywhere, in just about any camo pattern, and in several thicknesses. Good wool is an-

other matter. Most hunters assume that the wool clothing advertised as the heaviest in ounces is the warmest; NOT SO! There are two very important factors other than the ounce-weight of the wool fabric; quality of the wool and tightness of the weave. The ounce-weight of the material is another matter, especially if you are ordering the clothing through the mail. Most folks assume that a wool pant advertised as "32 ounce fabric" is heavier and warmer than a pant advertised as "26 ounce fabric". The 32 ounce fabric can have a very loose weave which allows wind and moisture to pass through it. The 26 ounce can be a very tight weave, thus allowing no air or moisture to pass through, making it much warmer! The easiest way to tell is to see if you can see individual threads in the wool upon close inspection. If you can, don't waste your dough. If the fabric looks like it is spun, with no individual threads visible, than you have a tight weave in your mitts. Another good test is to breath in through the fabric, a good test in a store where you might have several brands on hand. If it's hard to suck that air through the fabric, you have a winner. After years of trying wool duds from different companies (including some of the ultra-expensive custom camo stuff), we found only two wool garments systems that were perfect in all respects: Filson Wool clothing, and the "Swannie" system made in New Zealand. These are the best, and if you have to keep warm to hunt, you don't cut corners; you spend a few extra bucks today, and have the clothes ten years down the road still working perfectly! (To set matter straight, I am not paid by any clothing company, nor do I receive free garments from them for mentioning their names...these outfits just make the best wool clothing in the right colors and patterns for the bowhunter!)

Once you get the "bod" warm, then worry about feet, hands and head. Probably the number one problem for stand hunters is the feet. Most everyone gets cold feet easily, and once they get cold, the rest of you follows. I can honestly say that there isn't a "foot warming system" that has ever been offered to te public that I or one of my hunting partners hasn't tried. In addition to every new "wonder boot" that has come along, we've tried every accessory, and "trick", too! Until we found the U.S. Army "Bunny" boot,



we were never able to have perfectly warm feet in any weather condition. The "Bunny" boot is a large all-rubber boot with two extremely thick felt pads molded into the sole. Next to the foot is an air bladder, which is the secret ingredient that makes the "Bunny" boot work. The bladder has an outside valve. It's designed to let air out! This was done so that the bladder wouldn't blow up in unpressurized military aircraft. The instructions on the boot say not to blow air into the bladder. We do, but only a small amount in the coldest of weather. Two words of caution here: don't confuse the "Bunny" boot with the similar looking "Mickey Mouse" boot. It is not as warm, and has no air bladder! If there is not an outside valve, you don't have a genuine "Bunny" boot. Caution number two: DO

NOT BUY MILITARY SURPLUS "BUNNY" BOOTS! Even if never worn, they old (as in Korean war vintage). The rubber will be cracked and the bladders will not hold air, which means they lose most of their insulating power. New "Bunny" boots are tested to seventy below zero! Two other little tricks: we put electric boot dryers in them for half an hour or so, if the weather is really brutal. You slide your feet into hot boots, and it really helps. We also use Grabber foot warmers in extreme cold.

For socks, look for all wool, or at least wool blend, but with a very heavy "pile". We have also had good luck with the super light silk socks worn under the high pile wool socks. I don't know if they are still made, but the light socks with metallic threads are good too, when worn under the wool socks. I have also used "electric" socks with pretty good success. Although they don't seem to last long, and develop "hot spots" over time.

The hands are probably the next most important part of the body, especially for the bowhunter, since warm hands are a necessity if one is to nock and accurately shoot an arrow. Since I stitched up the first pair of Woolie Boogers, the problem of cold hands has ceased to exist for me and my hunting partners. We generally wear a pair of light cotton gloves and then use the "Boogers". If it's only medium cold, we don't even bother with the light gloves. In extreme cold, especially if we are taking our hands out of the Woolie Boogers to photograph or whatever, we will use Grabber hand warmers in the "Boogers". If you haven't tried these little dandies, get some! It is an odorless envelope of chemical powder that generates heat when exposed to the air. The hand and foot warmers last about 6 hours, and the body warmers last about 20 hours...you'll love 'em!

Head covers are last, but certainly not least in importance. A large amount of body heat can be lost through the head. ("Air-heads" may not suffer this problem, although I know of no scientific studies on "Air-heads" and body heat loss!) There are some pretty good wool or wool blend hats out there. Most of us who hunt together here in Montana wear the wool "Balaclava" helmet or hat. It is available in white for wearing with snow camo and in a tree colored camo. This thing about it is that it can be worn like a stocking cap

or pulled down over the face to keep chin, cheeks and neck warm. It doesn't hinder the bowhunter's shooting either. Any good quality headgear that is comfortable for you and keeps you warm will do the job. We find that using "Derm-flage" head nets not only covers facial glare, but goes a long way towards keeping the face warm, as well.

The gear that I have discussed above is the warmest hunting clothing available anywhere, in my opinion. Our use of it is the result of trial and error (lots of errors) by a group of bowhunters with over 120 years of combined experience bowhunting in cold weather. One of the things we learned a long time ago is the truth to the old saying, "Quality is remembered long after price is forgotten". None of the clothing articles and boots and hand coverings that we came up with were cheap. The cheap stuff was always the gear that let you get cold the quickest. I guess what I'm saying is, "Buy quality and you'll keep warm and the clothing will last for years. Buy cheap, and you'll freeze your buns off, and the stuff you're wearing won't last for squat!"

One of the great things about finally finding the clothing and other gear to keep you really warm is that you can wear the clothing in any number of combinations to fit the weather. If it's twenty degrees, use the ECWCS "Polypro" long underwear, skip the middle garment "Fiber Pile" system and use wool or Arctic Fleece for your outer layer. Sometimes in weather that is only marginally cold, I'll wear the polypro, a moleskin shirt with the wool vest over it, and wool pants. Experiment with the various clothes mentioned above and you should never again have to sit home in front of the "one eyed brain sucker" 'cause it's too cold to hunt! Good, warm hunting! ♣

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FLATLAND FOLLIES

The Best and Worst in Sounds

By Bryce Lambley

Hunters in general, and bowhunters in particular, have more in common with ancient man than any other group of humans alive. Our kin runs the gamut from African natives clad only in a breechcloth to be Americans wearing King of the Mountain or Winona. And while we may not consciously be aware of it, our role of being a predator has helped us hone our senses to a higher level than non-hunters. We see the unnoticed, feel the invisible, smell the faint, and hear the silence.

I for one, enjoy this heightened awareness. And after giving it much thought, I feel I've come up with some of the more meaningful sounds we encounter out in the fields. So, like David Letterman might, here are my top ten lists. Unlike the Late Show host, my home base isn't Sioux City, Iowa (neither, in reality, is it his); instead I give you the best and worst in sounds while hunting from my treestand here in the Platte Valley.

Worst Sounds

1. Any velcro item being detached or opened (the same goes for loud zippers).
2. The sound of cordura or nylon scratching on brush.
3. Your pants ripping, especially at the crotch, on a barbed wire fence whose height you underestimated.
4. The snort of a deer or the bark of an elk.
5. The alarm clock.



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6. Your hunting partner coughing, hacking up something gross, blowing his nose, clearing his throat, or slamming (instead of clicking) the car door.
7. Another hunter rattling antlers or grunting with way too much enthusiasm.
8. The 'groan' or 'click' of a dead battery or starter; or the sound of tires spinning in mud or snow.
9. Sticks snapping or dry leaves crunching as you try to silently approach your stand.
10. Any aggressive animal sound including, but not limited to: bear popping its jaws, the whirring of a rattlesnake, coyotes or wolves howling, bobcat or mountain lion screaming, raccoons squalling and fighting, and growling of any kind.

Best Sounds

1. Rushing stream or gurgling river.
2. Various calls of greese and sandhill cranes.
3. 'Thwack' or 'Plunk' when our arros hit the desired spot.
4. Wind whispering through pines or cedars.
5. Vehicle 'turning over' and starting the first time.
6. Shuffling in the leaves, coming closer and closer to you.
7. Wings whistling overhead in the predawn.
8. Lonesome cry of the wood duck, and all other sounds of ducks, especially a loud hen mallard.
9. Shriek of an eagle or hawk (conjures up the Jeremiah Johnson image).
10. The labored bugling of a majestic bull elk.

Maybe you agree with my selections, maybe you disagree. That's fine – make your own deletions and additions. ☺



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A Black Bear Journey

Part I

By Rob Burnham

This adventure began over 20 years ago in Ontario, Canada, while on my first archery black bear hunt. I had been on several bear hunts prior with a firearm, but taking a black bear with a bow was on my bucket list. There was just something drawing me to killing a bear with bow. After a few trips north with a compound bow, tag soup and no bear, I gave my pursuit a rest. During that time I made the switch to traditional bows and in 2000 the urge struck once again to try my luck for a black bear.

Spring found me on my way to Alberta, longbow in hand, with high hopes of tagging my first bear with a traditional bow. On the way into the stand my first confrontation took place. I don't know if it was the adrenaline, excitement or just lack of concentration that caused my arrow to fly harmlessly in front of this mature bear. Regardless, I couldn't believe what had just happened. I hadn't been in camp a full day and already presented with a shot opportunity. After that early miss, I was certain that additional chances would occur. Two days later my next chance presented itself. Everything felt right when the string slipped from my relaxed fingers. The hit looked good, yet I would soon come to realize that the spot I had picked was too far forward and high. I watched as the arrow bounced off the bear's shoulder blade like a basketball off the backboard.

That bear would walk off and out of my life. The investigation was short and simple. The broadhead had not even entered the chest cavity, the shaft looked the same as it had prior to releasing the string. I had received zero penetration. My only relief came two days later when the same bear returned to the same bait without so much as a limp. He was much more cautious however and never made it all the way in. I would not get another opportunity on this hunt which is probably for the best. My nerves had been rattled, the confidence I had started the hunt with was gone.

A few years would pass before I would find myself back in the north woods in pursuit of the black ghost. This would be my third bowhunt for bear and it would take place in New Brunswick, Canada. The opportunity to harvest a few whitetail deer and wild boar had given me a new sense of

confidence, I was ready to take my first bear with a bow. As with any hunt there are many factors that play on the success or lack thereof. This hunt was excellent in every way except the weather. Rain, wind and cold temperatures would keep the bear from visiting the baits and in turn my chances for a shot. Another hunt would end without a roast for the grill or rug for den. My spirits were however high and the desire to kill a bear with my bow growing.

Fast forward two years, once again I would be back in New Brunswick bowhunting familiar country. The timing seemed to be perfect, weather would not be an issue on this hunt. Bear activity was in full swing from day one with over twenty bears observed during the week. I'm not a trophy hunter by any means, but a respectable bear was on my radar. Having seen a number of bears on prior hunts as well as reading and watching everything I could, I wanted to kill a nice bear or none. On day three of the hunt, after being entertained by several young bears, I noticed a dark form moving silently through the forest to my left. No question that this was the bear I wanted to kill. He circled the bait, burning what little daylight that was left. When he finally decided to make his move the shot never presented itself.

With three days left of my hunt, there would be no question which stand I would be hunting. He wouldn't return until the last few minutes of daylight on the last evening of the hunt. With a huge bear approaching and nerves rattled, my grip tightened on the handle and fingers on the string. He would come in and lock up, pop his teeth and growl, then walk off without offering a shot. This happened three times.

My opportunity was fading with the last light of day. Finally, he approached making his way all the way into the bait. The shot was ten yards from fifteen feet up in my hang-on stand and looked to be perfect.

With darkness settled in, the outfitter recommended waiting to take up the trail early the following morning. Sleep was non-existent, the shot played over and over in my mind. I was sure the bear was dead. The arrow had passed completely through the bear and stuck in the ground. Blood was everywhere and the trail simple to follow for the first three to four hundred yards then it stopped. It ended as it had started with good blood. For close to four hours the party of three examined every inch of ground looking for anything that would give us a clue to the direction the bear had taken. It wasn't to be however. The twenty-hour drive home would, for the most part, be silent. What had happened, why did we not recover this bear? This question would haunt me for the next decade.

There were several opportunities to bowhunt bears during that time, but I had a monkey on my back that I couldn't shake. I had zero confidence and could not fathom the possibility of wounding another bear, so I declined every offer to share bear camp with my brother bowhunters.

Fall, 2014, peak of the whitetail rut here in Virginia when I received an email about a possible bowhunt for bear in a remote fly-in camp in northwest Ontario. At first I declined, the wounded bear from over ten years prior was still ever so present on my brain. A little elbow bending along with the opportunity to help establish the baits and set up the hunt however had me interested. During the months that followed, plans for my

~ cont. on page 48 ~

A Black Bear Journey

Part I continued

~ continued from page 47

next bear hunt would solidify. This would be a brand new bear camp, with the added bonus of having chance to be a part of every aspect of this hunt.

A week was set aside in early June to make the first trip to the new camp to set up the bait sites, tree stands and all of the other details needed to run a successful camp. The trip wouldn't be without it's issues. After a day and change we arrived in Nakina exhausted from the drive. While getting settled in at a cabin near the float plane base I started having some sharp pains in my chest and was having a lot of trouble breathing. My son located the nearest hospital, unhooked the trailer and had me on the way in short order. Several hours later after a barrage of test, it was determined that I was suffering from pneumonia in my left lung. I was given a high dose of antibiotics and specific instructions from the doctor as well as the green light to continue on to camp.

By the end of the week the bait sites were in place as well as tree stands and trails that lead to each one. The actual hunt was still several months away, my confidence was however. Each ladder stand had been set on a platform eight feet high. I purchased one up at home so that I could practice used to hunting out of it. All that to do was practice and wait for the hunt to arrive.

Have you ever wondered if the cards were stacked against you? With the signs pointing to another disappointment? Hard as I tried, I just couldn't get past all of the incidents that occurred on past hunts as well as those lead up to this one.

Despite a canceled flight, I somehow managed to make it to the Inuvik Airport. Three hours later than planned but I had arrived never the less. My first leg of my 2015 bear hunt was complete, only a full day of driving north left. The saving grace was the opportunity to spend the time on the road with two of my fellow PBS brothers. Mile after mile would pass, we continued north through the night. Our next stop would be Nakina and the float plane base.

To Be Continued...



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It shall be the purpose and objective of the Professional Bowhunter Society to:

- A. Promote and maintain fellowship among persons who have a primary interest in maintaining professionalism in the field of bowhunting;**
- B. Encourage and promote the taking of wild game by means of bow and arrow in a humane and sportsmanlike manner;**
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