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*Cover Photo - Brian Morris mentoring 11 year old Cash Hairston on a hog hunt. A reminder to us all to include the young and to mentor as much as we can.*

# THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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## President's Message

by Norm Johnson  
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### So where are we today?

- We had a net gain of just over 300 new members in the last two years.
- After thirteen straight years of financially operating in the red we put 2017 in the black with a \$4,000 surplus.
- For 2018 we finished the year just under \$50,000 in the black.
- We have a new "modernized" home office that operates at less than half the cost of the previous home office.
- We have a new updated website and discussion forum.
- We have the ability to use email blasts to keep our members up to date between magazines.
- Over the last year we have partnered with three traditional archery podcasts.
- In this latest election we transitioned to electronic voting for our Regular members.

I am in no way spiking the football! The tremendous turn around was unequivocally a team effort of the Council and all the members who supported and attended our gathering in Madison, our online auction, the membership drives, and the guys who served on our finance committee.

I hate to put names in my column. I have been down this road in the past when thanking those who were a big part of the success and changes. I will without a doubt forget someone who deserves mentioning. Thank you to the current Council, and especially Vice President Matt Schuster. He set up an online auction that

at that time raised some much needed funds, as well as the countless hours as chairperson of the Madison gathering which was a big success. To Ethan, Rob, and Tom for all of their hours and efforts in all aspects of the gathering and day to day business. Thank you to our past President and Councilman-At-Large Jim Akenson. I leaned on Jim many times when I needed a second opinion, or good advice. I want to thank Jeff Holchin for his efforts as head of the regional rep program. I would like to thank all of the regional reps who submit the articles for each of the magazine issues. Thank you to all the guys who volunteered manning the PBS booths at the different events and shoots.

I want to give a big thank you to Harmony Receveur. She stepped into a tremendous workload and never flinched as we were on the home stretch to the gathering in Madison as well as the transition of the home office move. Her grasp of today's technology, business experience, work ethic and cheerful nature made for a smooth transition, successful and organized gathering, as well as bringing the PBS into the 21st century on how we run the day to day business. Truth be known, she finds us old guys and our lack of technology skills rather entertaining.

Finally, I want to thank Jack Smith and Brenda Kisner again for their long time service and dedication to the former PBS home office. Terrific people and we were blessed!

Signing off,  
*Norm Johnson*

## Vice President's Message

by Matt Schuster  
matt@easterndynamicsinc.com

I hope all of you have some great memories and a full freezer from this past hunting season. I had a good one, but it has been raining so much in the south that the last part of our season has just been a soggy mess.

This will be my last column as Vice President. I have enjoyed serving under Norm Johnson, and want to thank him for his leadership during a time when some tough decisions had to be made. Thanks also to Jim Akenson

for his wise advice as Councilman-At-Large and to Rob Burnham — who will soon finish his term on Council but promises to stay involved and support our organization any way he can. Finally, thanks to all who agreed to run for office in the current election. The election will be over by the time you read these words, but please thank these guys when you get a chance. PBS is doing well right now, so we have a lot for which to be thankful.

Being only peripherally about chasing crit-





ters with a stickbow, this column is going to be a little different for me but when you have five guys writing a column four times a year, it can sometimes be difficult not to be repetitive so I am going to write about dogs. I would write about women, but I know a lot more about dogs. I love dogs and am afraid that I have already had, as the saying goes, my one dog of a lifetime. I met Montana, a German-wirehaired pointer, on an elk hunting trip to Montana when she was just a puppy. Out of a pack of thirteen, all owned by a hunting guide who smelled worse than all of them, she climbed into my lap and asked me to take her home to Georgia. She was not for sale, but over the next week I convinced the owner and I became hers. Unfortunately the airlines would not fly her to me until the next spring due to the frigid temperatures in the freight area of the airplanes (this was before the days when you could claim a companion ostrich and fly it with you in the cabin), when Delta sent her to the wrong airport and she ended up spending over twenty-six hours in her kennel. I pulled into my driveway with her after 1 a.m., and when I tried to get her out, she bit me. Just a tentative, fearful bite on the hand, but that did not make me very happy. I was not sure what to do, so I lay down on the driveway and within five minutes she crept out of the kennel and curled up on my chest. For the next fourteen years, we were inseparable and she became a legend in several ways. All wirehairs have a little crazy in them and Montana was no exception. She was never overtly aggressive toward other dogs or people, but simply had no use for any being other than me, to whom she was extraordinarily devoted. If she got afraid (or pestered by dogs who did not heed her signals) she would bite, and she never lost a dog fight, costing me quite a bit in vet bills. In her defense, (and I defended her quite a bit over the years) several (not all, since a couple might actually read this) of the people she bit were of low character and witnesses often applauded her choice of targets. So she developed a reputation as a dog best just left alone until you needed her. And being a hog hunter who also takes a lot of folks stickbow hunting, I needed her often — and she was

the best. Her nose and her desire were phenomenal, and she found countless hogs and deer, baying up anything that was still alive and to my knowledge, she never failed to find an animal that was fatally hit. She truly was a legendary blood trailer. She once found a monster buck that a gun hunter shot perfectly right before dark. I happened to be in a hardware store the next morning when he came in asking about a dog. I volunteered Montana. She bayed that buck up at 1:30 over 1.5 miles from where it was shot perfectly. The hunter did not bring a gun because perfectly shot deer do not require shooting again. I called her off the poor buck, which had a shattered back leg, and then put her back on it an hour later after a firearm had been retrieved. She bayed it up again and we were able to put it down.

Montana was a pure hunter and along her journey she dispatched coons, possums (she always puked after killing a possum, but it never stopped her), an otter, and dozens of armadillos which she would dig up and crunch. She truly hated armadillos and would chew on them for hours while growling the entire time as if their very existence was a personal insult to her. She also dug up one skunk which is a story in itself. It sprayed her in the mouth, which she didn't like much, but after shaking her head, she went right back in and killed the poor thing. I can attest that skunk breath lasts well over a month but you get sort of used to it. She was also one of the best quail dogs I ever had the pleasure of hunting over, and she loved to retrieve ducks although they often resembled country-fried steak after she delivered them. Well, no dog is perfect. Once, on a dark and rainy February night, I let her off the leash to find a nice boar I shot right at dark. Unsure of the hit but secure in the knowledge that my arrow had entered the body cavity, I knew if the hog was alive, she would quickly bay it up. She ran off on the trail only to return thirty minutes later with a very satisfied look on her face. Unable to get her to retrace her steps, but convinced that she found the hog, I took her back the next morning and she led me to a huge hollow cypress tree with a hole in the side large enough for me to enter. She disappeared inside, and sure enough, there my

hog lay, dead as a hammer. I have so many stories about Montana, that I could fill a book. She passed five years ago at age fifteen. I cried like a baby.

My current dog, same breed but not the same dog, is Gypsy. She does share several things in common with Montana — she has no use for other dogs, has an incredible desire to hunt, and absolutely hates armadillos, but she loves people, and that is good feature. The problem is she is a terrible hunter. Pigs are smelly, so she can find them, but has no interest in finding one already shot. She wants to find the live ones and she wants to kill them, not bay them up, so she stays on a leash. Not long ago I shot a small pig, one of five feeding on acorns on the edge of a nasty clearcut. I saw the arrow clearly, and knew the hit was good and that the pig would not go far. I retrieved Gypsy figuring this short blood trail would be good training, then promptly made the poor decision to trust her nose instead of what I was sure I saw. She pulled me all over that clearcut until I was bleeding from scratches head to toe. I finally called a halt and dragged her back to the scene of the crime where my pig lay less than two yards out in the nastiness and less than three yards from where she had dragged me into it. Luckily for Gypsy, I am not an old-time southern dog man who solves poor dog problems with a bullet because the sad fact is that she has a very poor nose, and struggles to find me, a stinky human, on our frequent runs through the woods. But I love her, so she will be around for a few years. And I won't say she can't smell at all. She often does smell, often like a two-week old dead armadillo or a fresh cow patty. On second thought, if you know someone who lives out in the country, doesn't hunt, has no other dogs but wants a sweet one, please let me know.

Anyway, I hope all of you had a wonderful Christmas and New Year with family and friends. Don't forget to put the Springfield Gathering on your calendar for 2020, it is going to be an awesome event, and will be here before you know it.

*Matt Schuster*

## We need your email address!

In the future, PBS will be sending out email blasts on a regular basis. Not so often as to be a bother, but enough to let you know what is going on with your organization. If you have not received an email from the PBS President in the last month then we do not have your correct email address. *(Be sure to check your junk mail folder as well as sometimes your email system may filter them as spam.)*

**Please email Harmony your best email address at [professionalbowhunters@gmail.com](mailto:professionalbowhunters@gmail.com) to be added to our email list!**

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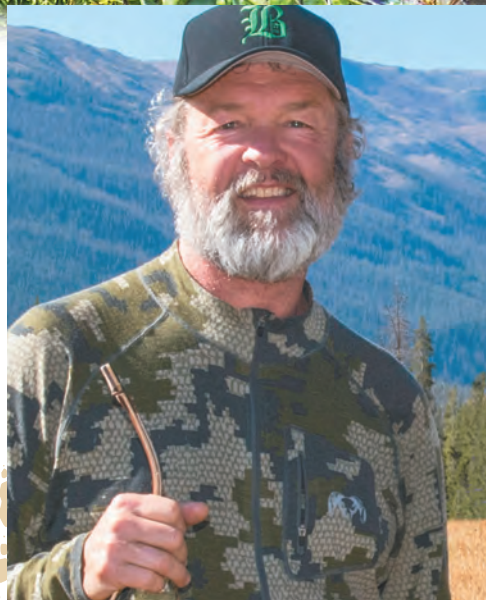
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## Senior Council's Report

by Rob Burnham

rob@burnhamphotography.com

of a very special bowhunting family and I am extremely proud to be a part of this organization.

My time on Council has come to an end, but I will still be active and involved. I hear people ask "What do I get for my membership dues?" I'm here to tell you that you will get out of your membership exactly what you put into it. It's that way with anything you do in life. You can pay your dues, receive your magazine and maybe surf the website on occasion and that's all you will get. However if you will make the effort to attend one of the many Member Hunts, Odd Year Gatherings or better yet make it to our Biennial Gathering (the next one is set for Springfield, MO in 2020) I promise you won't regret it. There are many other ways to be involved as well. With our social media you can participate on FaceBook, Instagram as well as our forum. PBS is also sponsoring several podcasts, The Push and Stickbow Chronicles. Check out the Stickbow Chronicles hosted by our very own Rob Patuto, Ethan Rodrigue and Jesse Minish as they interview "campfire style" some of bowhunting's true legends.

PBS has taken on many changes over the

past few years thanks to the efforts of its members. I am humbled to have been a part of it. There is still much work to be done, but after seeing the dedication and hard work of our members, I have no doubts that PBS will continue to thrive and be the greatest bowhunting organization. Thinking about how you can get involved, why not give some thought to writing an article or sending in photos for our magazine, Facebook page or Instagram? Or maybe host a member hunt in your area or attend one that's on your bucket list. Associate members, why not consider applying for Qualified Membership? Another way to get involved is to donate to our online auction or for an upcoming Odd Year or Biennial Gathering. PBS can only exist through the generosity of our members who give of their time, money and most of all their knowledge through experience.

In closing I'm looking forward to seeing a few of you on upcoming member hunts as well as Springfield in 2020. With the help of so many, we have made PBS great again!

Wishing all my PBS brothers & sisters a wonderful 2019!

*Rob Burnham*



## Council's Report

by Ethan Rodrigue

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auction on Tradgang. Last year's auction was a huge success and we are hoping to accomplish that again this year. Please take a look around your gear closet and see if you can find a few items you would not mind donating. Old tabs, an old pack of broadheads, maybe a hunting knife you aren't using anymore. Any and everything helps!

Most bowhunters are pretty set in their ways. I think that's particularly true with us, as traditional bowhunters. PBS'ers are typically some of the most driven and dedicated bowhunters anywhere. When you stack all three of those factors together, we can all be pretty "opinionated" and I am certainly no exception. But I think it's important to use good judgement whenever we can while dealing with those who may hold a slightly different opinion than ourselves. While we all can, and certainly should stand together on many of the threats we face as bowhunters, we should also bear in mind that we are all at different points

in our journey. There are a lot of similarities in our stories as far as how we came to bowhunting. Likewise, there are some differences in each of our experiences that make us who we are as bowhunters. I am not, and never have been a "big tent" theory guy. I will also be the first to say that what we as PBS members do as bowhunters is vastly different than what most modern bowhunters do. I think one of the things that makes PBS so great is the high standards we hold ourselves to and we should continue that tradition in every way. But my point is, just as most of us have grown into those high standards, we have to give others the chance to do the same. Not to say that everyone will strive to adhere to these standards, but many will regardless of where they may currently be. It's our job as PBS members to recognize those that potentially will and do the best job we can to lead by example. The traditional bowhunting community is

~ continued on page 5

With the new year comes the end of another bow season. I hope everyone had a great season full of adventure and time in the woods. I hate to see it go but am already looking forward to upcoming adventures. Council will be traveling to Springfield in a few months and will be starting preparations for our next gathering. It may seem like a long way off, but with so much to do it won't be long.

We are also preparing for another online



# Council's Report

by Tom Vanasche  
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**A** personal choice.  
“A peculiar virtue in wild-life ethics is that the hunter ordinarily has no gallery to applaud or disapprove of his conduct. Whatever his acts, they are dictated by his own conscience, rather than that of on-lookers. It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of this fact.” — Aldo Leopold

Much can be said of the above profound statement, and I have tried to live my life accordingly, which generally entails making most adventures harder. What makes an ethical choice for some is not universal to all. I hunt elk with a longbow. It is my nature. I could not imagine using a gun, let alone, a compound or airbow.

Legal may not be ethical for everyone, but ethical may not be legal as well. I once came upon a cow elk with a broken femur, that had been hit by a truck, laying in a ditch suffering. I could have dispatched it with my sidearm, but that was illegal. I called the state police and it was probably several hours before they came and finished it. My personal ethical choice would have been to put the animal

growing, and that is great to see, but we need to not overlook those that have not yet come to that point. One of my best friends and hunting buddies approached me about ten years ago and asked about traditional bowhunting. He was interested in hunting with a stickbow and after many visits to various archery pro shops was unable to find anyone that could help him with that. He by chance heard about a group of us getting together for a hunt and asked if he could come along to try to learn more about traditional bowhunting. If my buddy had not happened upon us he would have started his bowhunting career with modern equipment. Would he have eventually run into a traditional bowhunter eager to introduce him to the sport? I'd say more than likely. Would he eventually have run into a traditional bowhunter eager to belittle him for not being a real bowhunter for his equipment choices? Again, I'd say very possibly. The tricky part is determining how he would have reacted to each situation. In one case he may have reached the decision that he wanted nothing to do with bowhunting with a traditional bow. The more bowhunters we can positively influence, the better we as an organization and we as a group of sportsmen and women will be.

*Ethan Rodrigue*

down at the time I had discovered it.

I recently completed my sixth consecutive Columbian blacktail hunt in a blind without loosing an arrow. I had been surrounded by does and small bucks, but I was holding out for my big buck nocturnal nemesis. He finally came out five minutes after legal shooting hours to play with his does. Who would have ever known? I was deep on private property and there were no close neighbors. Who would have heard the longbow fire in the dusky evening? I would.

Do not feel sorry for me, as I'm proud that I maintained my personal choice.

Many believe hunting mountain lions with dogs is unethical. I do not. In Oregon, since that practice was banned, we have seen at least a doubling of lions and a huge increase in human and domestic animal conflicts. A hiker was recently killed not far from Portland. Many lions have come to my and my friends elk calls. Usually they run when they identify the source, but not always, as they seem to have lost their fear of people. With this doubling and an increasing bear population, the wild and domestic prey continue to



be hit hard.

If science and biology are in agreement on population numbers and control, we must allow our wildlife managers the tools they need to bring back the balance between predators and prey. Those tools may include dogs, baiting, trapping, and other means. Let not emotion overrule sound biological management. The emotional appeal to the city dwellers leaves us short at the ballot box time and again. I hope we all will go down the road of science.

My mentor and sponsor was Vern Struble. When I asked him where we could find more people like us, he brought me into the PBS family. He was right and I'm glad he did. "Amen brother" as Vern would say. Make your choices, personal and otherwise, but please err on the side of documented biology.

*Tom Vanasche*

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## Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

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# A New Start



**T**he fall seasons are just about over as I write this. We have two more days of bow season for this year where I live. Yesterday was my wife Sandy's birthday and we went to Morgantown for the day. On the way home it was drizzly and there were deer out everywhere. We lost count of how many we saw on the two hour drive, especially the last twelve miles on our road. Today was a gray cold day. I hunted this afternoon and saw zero deer. So different from yesterday, the woods were totally quiet, not a squirrel or even a bird was out. The season is almost gone. I am going out again on New Year's Eve which is our last day. It is not over till it is over. Late season is tough, but there is always hope. I am looking forward to a new four day season that West Virginia has in place for January 2019. It is called the Mountaineer Heritage Deer Season and only Longbow and Recurve Bows, and Flintlock and Caplock Muzzleloaders are legal to use. The deer will have a couple weeks to calm down. It will be a great start to the new year!

At the end of each year we tend to reflect back on the hunting opportunities we have had during the seasons past. Perhaps we had great times and successes, and then again maybe we are glad to put this one behind us. We evaluate our equipment, the places we chose to hunt, the species we hunted, tags we applied for, the people we hunted with, and other details. We have a new start, a chance to right things that have gone wrong, a chance to tweak it all. Maybe a new bow is needed, or just a new string on an old favorite bow. New places to hunt need scouting, or improvements on food plots and stands for the familiar deer property you hunt every year.

**Revelation 21:1** Now I saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away. Also there was no more sea.

**2** Then I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

**3** And I heard a loud voice from heaven saying, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people. God Himself will be with them and be their God.

**4** "And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes; there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying. There shall be no more pain, for the former things have passed away."

**5** Then He who sat on the throne said, "Behold, I make all things new." And He said to me, "Write, for these words are true and faithful."

**6** And He said to me, "It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End. I will give of the fountain of the water of life freely to him who thirsts.

**7** "He who overcomes shall inherit all things, and I will be his God and he shall be My son.

It is a new year for us spiritually, too. Perhaps we need to adjust some things. It is always a new start day with God. Verse 5 says, 'Behold, I make all things new.' How many times have we wanted a do over in the things of life? I can sure remember a few arrows that missed that I would like to do over. Things said and done can lead to regrets. When we miss opportunities to do or say things it can haunt us. We wish we could do those things over. The grace of God is so wonderful. There is always a fresh start with Him, until the last breath we take is drawn.

**Matthew 9:9** As Jesus passed on from there, He saw a man named Matthew sitting at the tax office. And He said to him, "Follow Me." So he arose and followed Him.

**10** Now it happened, as Jesus sat at the table in the house, that behold, many tax collectors and sinners came and sat down with Him and His disciples.

**11** And when the Pharisees saw it, they said to His disciples, "Why does your Teacher eat with tax collectors and sinners?"

**12** When Jesus heard that, He said to them, "Those who are well have no need of a physician, but those who are sick.

**13** "But go and learn what this means: 'I desire mercy and not sacrifice.' For I did not come to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

Matthew got a new start by following Jesus. We can do the same. Matthew's friends saw something different in him that they wanted. They also came to Jesus. He is still sitting down with sinners and giving them a new start. Verse 13 tells us that he desires mercy. Let us take advantage of that mercy. All we have to do is ask. I wish the best for each and every one of you this year. May your arrows fly straight and true and your walk be the same. Let us get **A NEW START!**



# 2018

## Profit and Loss Statement January - December

### Actual Revenue

Associate Member Dues .....	\$31,679.91
Regular Member Dues .....	\$23,454.07
Magazine Ad Income .....	\$3,819.00
Merchandise Sales .....	\$3,048.74

#### Biennial Gathering

Merchandise .....	\$2,806.00
Registrations In 2018 .....	\$37,189.82
All Auctions .....	\$61,619.00
Vendor Fees .....	\$600.00

**Subtotal For Gathering \$102,214.82**

Misc. Member Contributions ..... \$1,466.16

**Revenue Total \$165,682.70**

### Actual Expenses

Magazine (3 Issues) .....	\$18,032.65
Merchandise .....	\$2,921.90
ETAR Booth Fee .....	\$245.00
Storage Unit For 1/2 Yr .....	\$585.54

#### Banquet/Auction

Hotel And Food Fees .....	\$46,143.15
Auctioneer .....	\$900.00
Travel Expenses .....	\$5,421.31
Merchandise (Mugs,Shirts,Etc) .....	\$1,014.05
Name Badges/Awards .....	\$1,348.24

**Subtotal For Gathering \$54,826.75**

2020 Banquet Reservation .....	\$2,500.00
Post Card Membership Reminders .....	\$96.44
Postage/Stamps/P.O. Box .....	\$1,470.75
Phone .....	\$240.00
Insurance .....	\$3,241.00
Accounting .....	\$2,400.00
Bank Charges .....	\$242.04
Merchant Processing Charges .....	\$2,405.15
Election Ballots + Postage .....	\$531.77
Payroll + Employment Taxes .....	\$23,170.82
Office Supplies/Expenses .....	\$2,219.22
Website-2 Yrs/Email Fees-1 Yr .....	\$802.60

**Expense Total \$115,931.63**

**Profit/Loss for 2018 \$49,751.07**

# 2019

## General Expense Account Budget January - December

### Estimated Revenue

Current Associate Member Dues .....	\$31,000.00
Projected New Member Dues .....	\$4,000.00
Regular Member Dues .....	\$24,000.00
Magazine Ad Income .....	\$6,000.00
Merchandise Sales .....	\$3,500.00
Biennial Gathering Dec Registration .....	\$3,000.00
Odd Year Gathering .....	\$2,500.00
Online Auction .....	\$9,000.00
Misc. Member Contributions .....	\$1,000.00

**Projected Total \$84,000.00**

### Estimated Expenses

Magazine (4 Issues) .....	\$24,000.00
Merchandise .....	\$1,500.00

#### 2019 Election

Online Ballot Software .....	\$29.00
Paper Ballots For 1/2 Of Membership .....	158.45

**Election Subtotal \$187.45**

Stamps/Postage .....	\$1,200
Phone .....	\$240.00
Marketing .....	\$250.00
Insurance .....	\$3,500.00
Accounting .....	\$2,400.00
Bank Charges .....	\$50.00
Merchant Processing Charges .....	\$2,000.00
Payroll .....	\$22,000.00
Office Supplies/Expenses .....	\$500.00
Website Emails-1 Yr/ Domain Fee-5 Yrs .....	\$374.80
Travel Expenses-2019 Meeting .....	\$4,000.00

**Projected Total \$62,202.25**

**Estimated Profit/Loss for 2019 \$21,797.75**



# Regional Profile →

This is an ongoing segment in 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.



## North Carolina

By Jeff Holchin



**M**ost PBS members do not consider the Tarheel State to be a prime bowhunting destination. Rightfully so, compared to Alaska, the Rocky Mountain states or even the midwestern states, the state lacks the child-like fascination that comes with the thoughts of the aforementioned destinations. In fact, I myself considered it a major hunting demotion when I became a North Carolina resident back in 2005. This was after living and hunting in the midwest for six years, and taking my bow all over the country in search of adventure. I soon bought a small farm, but despite my best efforts consisting of food plots and improving the bedding situation on our tiny woodlot, the average buck was a small four or six point. A “big” buck was one pushing 100 inches. Heck, one year, the dominant buck on my farm was a three year-old cowhorn spike! The public hunting landscape left the same taste in my mouth, they were (and typically still are) poorly managed and often wholesale clearcut to raise revenue for greedy politicians in Raleigh. But I met a handful of Tarheel PBS members who slowly opened my eyes to the bowhunting adventures that this state has to offer. Extending down the escarpment from the Blue Ridge Mountains, through the foothills and Piedmont, and finally to the coastal plains, North Carolina offers vastly changing and challenging terrain for the bowhunter. I learned that the challenging hunting conditions force one to improve his or her woodsmanship and hunting skills, if they are to consistently

fill their tags and better enjoy their time afield. There are over two million acres of public land managed by the North Carolina Wildlife Resources Commission ([ncwildlife.org](http://ncwildlife.org)), on four national forests (Nantahala, Pisgah, Uwharre, and Croatan), state game lands, USACOE land and military bases. If you look around a little, you can find some public land for bowhunting.

I will attempt to list some of the bowhunting opportunities to be found in North Carolina, for your consideration as either a resident or non-resident looking for a new challenge. The supporting photos from my PBS buddies offer proof that a good bowhunter can fill some tags here! Not every

state in the union can boast mountain-to-ocean terrain, seasons for bear, deer, turkey and wild hog along with various small game, all while enjoying breathtaking views. The only exceptional hunting this state offers is for the huge black bears that roam eastern North Carolina, although probably 95% of the bears killed in this state are by gun and with dogs or bait. Also, there is currently no separate archery season for them. Sunday hunting was recently allowed, which greatly

increases the hunting time for those who work for a living and only have weekends to hunt.

Because of the significant difference in terrain and climate, the state is divided into zones for deer and bear, and the seasons vary a good bit.

**Bear** - the season limit on bears is one and there are ten zones, with ten different seasons! The

earliest opening date is October 15th in the western mountain zone and last day is January 1st. Again, the dog hunters dominate the bear hunting scene and it is very hard to find any public land where you can get away from them. Baiting is allowed in some units as well. The bear population is growing in North Carolina and that will increase

the odds of a bowhunter arrowing a bear, but you will probably have to find some private land to do so. There are some “bear sanctuaries,” but unfortunately the houndsmen’s dogs can’t read the signs.

**Deer** - the season limit is six, consisting of two antlered tags, as well as four antlerless (bonus antlerless tags are given if needed for the urban archery season in desig-



There are over 2 million acres of public land managed by the North Carolina Wildlife Resources Commission, on four national forests, state game lands, USACOE land and military bases.





nated municipalities). The zones (with 2018 archery seasons in parentheses) are Western (September 8th-30th), Northwestern (September 8th-November 2nd), Central (September 8th-October 26th) Northeast and Southeast (September 8th-28th).



**Turkey** - Although the turkey population seems to be booming, there is a spring season but no fall season here. The season limit is two gobblers and the youth season ran from April 6th-12th in 2018, while the general season was from April 13th-May 11th.

**Wild Hog** - Although there are huntable populations of wild hogs along the coast and in the western mountains bordering the Great Smokey Mountains NP, in addition to small pockets throughout the state, in general the hog hunting in North Carolina is subpar and disappointing. I once took my son to national forest land in the western mountains in search of bear and wild hogs after a snow storm, but the area a forest ranger sent us to was swarming with several large groups of dog hunters and several of them made it quite clear that "outsiders" were not welcome to hunt "their" bear and hogs! Similar to the bear hunting, your best bet is to try to get onto some private land.

**Elk** - Rocky Mountain elk were introduced to the Great Smokey Mountains NP about a

decade ago and they are thriving, to the point that a few permits are now being issued for "nuisance elk." I wouldn't get excited about us having a stable hunting population anytime soon, as most of the elk live in the NP and are more of a novelty than a game animal, at least at this point in time. It is pretty cool to see and hear elk these days — I like to go there in



late September to get my "elk fix" if I can't get out to the Rocky Mountains for a real elk hunt.

**Small game hunting** is limited to rabbits and squirrels, with seasons that don't begin until mid-October but

extend to February. One unusual bowhunting opportunity in North Carolina is for swans.

# PBS – Regionally Speaking

by Jeff Holchin - First Quarter 2019

**H**eaded into the new year I am sure that most of you are making or even finalizing plans for hunts in the spring, summer or fall. Some of us are even planning for hunts in 2020 and beyond. Sometimes I enjoy the planning part of a hunt even more than the actual hunt, especially if it is for a new area and/or animal. I hope that the following information is helpful to your efforts. Lots of exciting membership hunts are planned for this year and are listed in the following reports, I hope that you can attend or host one or more. The eastern odd-year gathering will be hosted by Tim Denial in April in Northwest Pennsylvania this year, and knowing Tim as I do, it is sure to be a fun event. As always, there are some great shoots held all over the country in which PBSers can meet up, and some of them are great recruiting opportunities, such as the ETAR event in Pennsylvania. I am excited that we have filled several open regional rep spots, including Great Lakes by Tim Nebel of Ohio (of The Push Archery) and International by Alessandro Fodera of Italy. Unfortunately, Jesse Minish of Idaho had to step down as the Rocky Mountain West rep. Thanks Jesse for your efforts in that region, which is a tough one to cover because it is huge in size but not blessed with a lot of members. Please don't forget to submit stories and pics from the recently completed hunting seasons. One of the greatest benefits of membership in the PBS is the opportunity to network and hunt with similar and like-minded bowhunters — I encourage you to find out who your state rep is and contact that person, plus your regional rep, and establish some relationships. Get a list of other members in your state and/or region and get together at a shoot or membership hunt. If you are a state rep, or would like to be one, please contact your regional rep and get involved. The more you put into the PBS, the more you will get out of it.

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

Chairman - Jeff Holchin ([jeffreyholchin@gmail.com](mailto:jeffreyholchin@gmail.com))  
 Pacific West - Tom Vanasche ([tomvanasche@mac.com](mailto:tomvanasche@mac.com))  
 Rocky Mountain West - Steve Hohensee ([steveh.alaska@gmail.com](mailto:steveh.alaska@gmail.com))  
 North and Central Plains - Mark Viehweg ([mark@v-testequipment.com](mailto:mark@v-testequipment.com) and [mark@tradbowl.com](mailto:mark@tradbowl.com))  
 South Central - Preston Lay ([longbow@cimtel.net](mailto:longbow@cimtel.net))  
 Great Lakes - Tim Nebel ([tnebel20@gmail.com](mailto:tnebel20@gmail.com))  
 Northeast - Terry Receveur ([Terrance.Receveur@taconic.com](mailto:Terrance.Receveur@taconic.com))  
 Appalachian - Randy Brookshier ([stykbowl59@comcast.net](mailto:stykbowl59@comcast.net))  
 Southeast - Vance Henry ([vhenry.ga@gmail.com](mailto:vhenry.ga@gmail.com))  
 International - Alessandro Fodera ([alessandro.fodera@gmail.com](mailto:alessandro.fodera@gmail.com))





## Pacific West Report (Washington, Oregon, Nevada, California, Alaska, Hawaii)

Tom Vanasche – Regional Representative

**Oregon:** The fall seasons have closed as I write this and the freezer is empty. The long rainy season in the west has begun. Time for applying for next year's hunts will soon be upon us. Our apex predators of cougars and bears continue to expand and our ungulate species suffer. Biologists are hamstrung due to laws enacted by the ballot box that always promote emotion over science and biology. The cougar harvest is all by incidental contact, as dogs have been outlawed for some time. The

harvest does not remotely keep up with reproduction. Conflicts have been becoming increasingly common and recently a hiker was killed by a lion, not far from Portland. The wolf is becoming another major problem, as the liberals keep moving the goal posts, when it comes to attempting to reach a "deal" on management. They essentially do not want any controls and seem to be able to mobilize an army of attorneys and funds with their, once again, emotional pleas. Let us hope that science can one day prevail.

**Washington:** A new disease in the elk world has been hitting the west side herds hard. It is a form of "hoof rot." It results in destroying and deforming the hoofs, eventually resulting in the early demise of these majestic animals. Hopefully, a cure can be found, though how it would be administered could be problematic. There is one "bow only" area there called Long Island, and as the name suggests it takes a boat to get there. So far no disease.

**California:** The seasons have closed except for the always present and expanding hog hunting. Applications for controlled hunts will soon be coming up.

**Alaska:** Some good news on the caribou front, the recent counts of the western arctic herd seem to indicate that it is expanding. They are now opening federal lands to nonresidents as they have been closed the last two to three years, this is the region around Kotzebue.



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

Steve Hohensee - Regional Representative

Application periods for big game in the Rocky Mountain West states are upon us. The following deadlines were taken from my latest EBJ magazine

Montana	Elk, Deer Sheep, Moose, Goat Antelope	March 15th May 1st June 1st
Wyoming	Non-resident Elk Sheep, Moose, Goat Deer, Antelope	January 31st February 28th May 31st
Utah	All species	March 3rd
Colorado	All species	April 5th
Arizona	Elk, Antelope Sheep, Deer	February 9th June 14th
New Mexico	All species	March 16th
Idaho	Sheep, Moose, Goat Deer, Elk, Antelope	April 30th June 5th

dated 2016, so they should be verified if you are seriously considering applying in any of these states - check with the appropriate wildlife department:

Regarding membership hunts in this region in 2019, the Arizona hunt for javalina and deer hosted by Rick Wildermuth just finished (results unknown at press time). Craig Burris will not be hosting his usual elk hunt in Utah because he plans to help Jeff Holchin with the Wyoming cow elk membership hunt for those members looking for their first archery elk. That hunt is already full, but will hopefully result in some PBSers getting their first archery elk. A Wyoming antelope hunt will be hosted by John Sanderlin III.



## Great Plains Central Report (North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa)

Mark Viehweg - Regional Representative

As I write this report a few days after Christmas, we have just received our first significant snowfall in South Dakota after a mainly dry and mild December. November on the other hand was extremely cold across much of the country. I would like to have a spring membership turkey hunt in our region, preferably in Nebraska. Hopefully, by the time you read this the hunt will have already occurred. I will be hosting another South Dakota mule deer hunt in October this year with dates to follow. Please contact me if you're interested at 847-828-4413 or mark@tradbow.com. Changes are on the horizon for non-resident tag and permit allocation for bowhunting concerning mule deer in South Dakota. With the archery season now opening on September 1st, nonresident archery permits increased by 35% over the previous year. Nonresident bowhunters and pheasant hunters are a greater funding source than residents for the Fish and Game Department here, as they are in most western states. So, with that in mind, it will be interesting what changes, if any, transpire. My best guess is public land access permits will be on a draw basis and nonresident fees will increase. Stay tuned. Best of luck this coming year.



## South Central Report (Louisiana, Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas)

by Preston Lay – Regional Representative

It's been a busy fall and made up of the stuff that PBS is all about. I began with a backcountry elk hunt with Duane Krones in Colorado. We had a great hunt, the elk proved very tough but a great time was had. It was a reminder of the type of people PBS is made of. Duane was awesome, always thinking about getting me into shooting position and we often ran into each other getting camp chores done. Everyday was a reminder of why I'm so glad to be a PBS member.

My fall Oklahoma bowhunting was very productive. I always take a week or two off during the rut. This year was a great combination of cold weather, and rut timing. On November 14th I took a 5x4 and on the 16th another 4x4 filling my last buck tag. The week was filled with excitement and brought snow, rain and beautiful fall foliage. For a full week I had multiple deer within the 20 yard line on every morning and evening sit. Great time to be alive!





We have regrouped the South-Central and have State reps for every state except Kansas. Aaron McDonnel will serve for Arkansas, Emile LeBlanc for Louisiana, John Sanderlin III for Missouri, and Bubba Graves for Texas. They will be providing reports for each respective state in the future. I would like to thank them for stepping forward and helping.

Bubba had to cancel the Davis Mountain backcountry hunt. Stay tuned for 2020. This is a great opportunity for a wild adventure in oddly enough, big rugged mountains in Texas! John Vargo has organized the Spike Box hunt in West Texas and this should provide a lot of fun for all that are attending.

Hope everyone has a prosperous 2019!



### Great Lakes Report (Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Missouri)

*Tim Nebel - Regional Representative*

**Illinois - Paul Ladner:** The crossbow portion of the archery harvest continues to climb. As of now 39% of the harvest during the archery season has been with crossbows. How the total harvest numbers will be impacted remains to be seen. It is clear that given the chance the easier path is the one chosen by many hunters. Well, here we go again. A new governor has been elected in Illinois and is expected to replace the current DNR director with a political appointment of his own. I can't imagine that this will mean anything favorable for the DNR. I had the pleasure of hosting Kevin Winkler and Jim Franks at my cabin for a week of deer hunting in November. This was an auction item from our last PBS banquet. They seemed to have a nice time. No monsters were shot, but venison was procured.



**Wisconsin - Michael Theis: Deer Harvest** - As I write this, the majority of the deer hunting seasons have closed in Wisconsin. The general archery season has another few days to go, and twelve counties will have an extended archery season running until January 31st. With that said, DNR 2018 preliminary numbers for all methods of deer harvest of 318,000+ should end up close to or higher than 2017 levels of 321,813. The gun hunt looks to be slightly higher this year due to fresh snow available statewide on opening day of the gun season. The vertical bow and crossbow seasons are down, but will make up some ground once the final numbers are known.

**Crossbows** - There is a shift, however on method of take between crossbows and vertical bows. As you may know, Wisconsin starting allowing crossbow use for the general population in 2014. Since this change took place, vertical bow and gun license sales and harvest numbers have declined. As of this moment, 2018 crossbow only license sales are at about 88,900, and the crossbow harvest through 12/18 is at 44,442. Last year, the crossbow only license sales were 82,661 and a harvest figure for the full season is 47,228. Crossbow harvest has surpassed vertical bow figures by more than 2,000 in 2017, and so

far, 8,200 in 2018. It should be noted that Wisconsin sells a Patrons license, which includes many types of hunting, fishing licenses and stamps including a crossbow license. Some of the harvest figures above could be attributed to those Patron license holders. The DNR would like to think that all Patrons use crossbows, and will include all 53,500 Patron licenses sold to calculate harvest ratio figures on crossbows. The truth on Patron crossbow use is somewhere in the middle. Currently the exact numbers concerning Patron participation in the crossbow season is unknown as the DNR makes no effort to gather that information beyond statistics created by Patron harvest registrations.

This points out an important difference in Wisconsin licensing from many other states that may be dealing with the crossbow as a legal weapon. Wisconsin established its crossbow season as a separate season from vertical bows. It also tracks crossbow harvest separately. Prior to 2014, one needed a disability waiver from a physician or had to be 65 years of age. The DNR has also developed an online licensing and registration system. These were compromises and changes made to allow crossbows for general use. It is important to track harvest and licensing data on weapons introduced as new legal methods of take. Without that ability, existing weapons may suffer season changes that may be undeserved. Biologists need proper management tools to estimate and control herd populations. Demand those tools.

**CWD** - Over the last year, an emergency rule proposal was before our Natural Resources Board in an attempt to curb the spread of CWD. Wisconsin biologists and politicians are concerned about the rapid spread of CWD via the prions in discarded carcasses and captive live populations. The proposed emergency ruling consisted of two components. One, was to require double fencing surrounding game farms and other captive cervid operations. Two, was to control movement and disposal of all deer carcasses within the state. Specifically, the desire is to stop the practice of carcass disposal across county lines from the harvest location.

The first component passed the NRB Board, and will be written into our rules on captive cervid environments shortly. That ruling will most likely be challenged in a class action lawsuit brought by deer farmers across the state. Public meetings were well attended by that industry's farmers, leaders and representatives in opposition to the proposed rule on fencing reinforcement.

The second component was tabled until implementation and logistical issues could be resolved. It was debated whether tossing the carcass in the place of harvest was sufficient, but there were concerns about scavengers moving prions over distances. Dumpster disposal was preferred. But the problem of carcass disposal concerns funding for and placement of, suitable dumpsters to contain the prions prior to their ultimate disposal. There were also concerns about county landfills not accepting CWD tainted deer carcasses for burial. And, many hunters do not live in the county in which they hunt. So self processors of harvested game would be in a bind with having to bone meat and properly dispose of the carcass in the county of harvest prior to returning home after the hunt. Those that have their game professionally processed would be required to take their deer to a meat processing facility within the county of harvest. Movement of all carcasses was to be minimized. (Remember, we harvest over 300,000 deer annually.) CWD testing would still be optional, and it was suggested that any meat that tests positive be discarded at an approved disposal site or a professional meat processing facility. Estimates on the average cost of professional meat processing was offered for determining the cost of the new rules. What was lacking was the estimates of dumpster costs and the disposal logistics on a county by county basis. They also felt they could not implement an emergency ruling on short notice when the hunting seasons were in process. More public meetings for this part of the proposed CWD rule changes will be determined this coming spring and summer. Stay tuned.

~ continued on page 12 ~





## Northeastern Report

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

Terry Receveur - Regional Representative

### Connecticut: Archery Deer Hunting Update

It appears the adding of Sunday archery deer hunting this year did not increase the harvest rate. As of November 30th, there were 4,281 deer taken by archery equipment compared to 4,766 at the same time last year. My theory is that Bill Terry Sr. was in Ohio on a deer hunt and missed several days of the season and thus the tally is down. Bill hunts everyday and certainly contributes to the take.

### Maine: 2018 Deer Season Best Since 2002

With the regular firearms season for deer concluded, the Maine Department of Inland Fisheries and Wildlife's new online registration system showed that deer hunters had a very good year in Maine, likely the best in over fifteen years. The numbers are still preliminary, but as of this Monday, November 26th, hunters in Maine had taken 30,299 deer.

"With rain the first two Saturdays, the deer harvest was lower than expected," said MDIFW Deer Biologist Nathan Bieber. "However, better hunting conditions including tracking snow throughout the state for the last two weeks of the season compensated for the slow start."

Deer hunting in Maine provides many Maine families with wild game meat that is high in nutrition, sustainable, free range, and organic. On average, a 150-pound field dressed deer will provide close to seventy pounds of meat. It is estimated that this year's deer kill will provide over 1.5 million pounds of meat to hunters and their families.

### Massachusetts: Massachusetts Bowhunters Association is No Friend to Bowhunters

Following is a recent announcement on the Massachusetts Bowhunters Association website:

"Now is the time we need help to push the crossbow bill to the finish line! We have one week left to get this passed before the current legislative session ends. Please help us by reaching out to your local representatives via phone and email."

Crossbows are NOT bows and their inclusion in bow seasons will ultimately result in reduced bow hunting opportunities!

### New Hampshire: 2018 Deer Season Expected to Be Highest in 9 Years

The 2018 total estimated harvest to date is 9,262, up 14% from last year at this same point. The 2018 total at this juncture in the season is the highest in the past nine years, slightly above the previous high of 9,122 in 2013. Hillsborough, Grafton, and Rockingham counties, respectively, are showing the highest registrations to date.

Hunters were reminded to NOT USE urine-based lures. It is believed these products have the potential to spread Chronic Wasting Disease (CWD), a neurological disorder that is always fatal to white-tailed deer and moose. Synthetic lures are strongly recommended. If the bottle or package does not say "synthetic," the product is almost certainly natural urine. Learn more at [www.huntnh.com/wildlife/cwd](http://www.huntnh.com/wildlife/cwd).

### New Jersey: Urine Based Deer Lure is Discouraged

The NJDEP Division of Fish and Wildlife recommends the use of synthetic, non-urine-based scents or lures in deer hunting. The infectious prions which cause Chronic Wasting Disease can be spread through urine-based lures. Studies have shown the prions can survive

for years in contaminated soils and the environment. Urine-based scents and lures are not treated to kill the prions as heating or chemical treatments would also reduce the desired scent characteristics. Hunters using urine-based scents should place them in areas out of contact with deer, the ground or vegetation.

### New York: No CWD in New York

The New York State Departments of Environmental Conservation (DEC) and Agriculture and Markets (DAM) announced that Chronic Wasting Disease (CWD) has not been found in a suspected CWD-positive sample from an adult female deer killed by a bowhunter in Chautauqua County. Although CWD poses a serious threat to New York's white-tailed deer and moose populations, there are no known cases of CWD transmission from animals to humans.

DEC Commissioner Seggos said, "CWD presents a tremendous risk to New York's white-tailed deer and moose populations, our state's deer hunting tradition, and the significant economic benefits to our communities."

Hunters can protect New York's deer herd from CWD by following these tips:

- If hunting any type of deer, elk, moose, or caribou outside of New York, hunters should debone harvested animals before bringing harvest back to the state.
- Dispose of carcass waste in a landfill, not just out on the landscape.
- Hunt only wild deer and support fair chase hunting principles.
- Report any deer that appears sick or acting abnormally by contacting your local DEC wildlife office or Environmental Conservation Officer.

CWD is an untreatable and fatal brain and nervous system disease of the cervid family (deer, elk, moose, and reindeer/caribou) caused by an abnormal protein called a prion. It is in the same family of diseases as bovine spongiform encephalopathy ("mad cow" disease) and scrapie in sheep.

### Rhode Island: Non-Native, Exotic Tick Found in New England For First Time

The Rhode Island Department of Environmental Management (DEM) today announced that the longhorned tick, an exotic pest from Asia, has been found for the first time in New England. Working in cooperation with the Animal and Plant Health and Inspection Service (APHIS) of the US Department of Agriculture (USDA), DEM is asking livestock producers and wildlife rehabilitators to observe animals for the presence of the tick.

The longhorned tick (*Haemaphysalis longicornis*) poses a risk to New England livestock because it can attach itself to various warm-blooded animals to feed. If too many ticks attach to one animal, the loss of blood can kill the animal. The ticks also can affect wildlife, hunters, and their dogs, and spread a variety of diseases. Dark brown in color, the adult longhorned tick grows to the size of a pea when it is engorged with blood. The other life stages of the tick, such as larva and nymph, are very small and difficult to see with the naked eye.

If a suspected longhorned tick is found on persons, pets, horses, livestock, or hunter-harvested deer, the public is asked to collect the tick for animal health officials to identify, as follows:

- Place the tick in a snack or sandwich-size Ziploc® baggie along with a small stamp-size piece of moistened tissue paper and seal it. Do not use tape to secure the tick.
- Call the RI State Veterinarian's Office in DEM's Division of Agriculture at 401-222-2781 or the New England USDA APHIS Veterinary Services office at 508-363-2290.
- To help stop the spread of the tick and to protect yourself do the following:
  - Apply tick repellents to exposed skin and clothing.
  - Spray permethrin-containing products on outer clothing, including shoes. Permethrin should not be used directly



on skin.

- Check clothing and exposed skin prior to moving from one area to another. If ticks are found, they may be submitted for identification.
- Wear light colored long-sleeved shirts and long pants.
- Conduct body checks immediately after returning from outdoor activities in tick-infested areas. If ticks are found, remove them by using fine-tipped tweezers, wash the affected area with soap and water, and disinfect the bite site.

For additional information about the longhorned tick in the United States, visit: [https://www.aphis.usda.gov/publications/animal\\_health/fs-longhorned-tick.pdf](https://www.aphis.usda.gov/publications/animal_health/fs-longhorned-tick.pdf). For information on tick-borne diseases, visit <http://health.ri.gov/ticks/>.

For information on DEM programs and initiatives, visit [www.dem.ri.gov](http://www.dem.ri.gov). Follow us on Facebook at [www.facebook.com/RhodeIslandDEM](http://www.facebook.com/RhodeIslandDEM) or on Twitter (@RhodeIslandDEM) for timely updates.

### **Vermont: Too Many Deer in Suburban Areas**

Vermont wildlife officials are trying to figure out how to reduce an overabundance of deer in some suburban and other areas of the state. They say the overcrowding is impacting deer health, damaging forests and causing property owners to complain about the animals chomping down their landscaping.

Communities around the country have grappled for years with too many deer in suburban areas by expanding archery hunting and in extreme cases relying on sharpshooters to do the work. "The issue we face mostly in these communities is you've got different viewpoints. Some folks, they love to see the deer and they feed them. And that creates a bigger issue because others don't and they see their backyard plants getting browsed to near nothing and there's also the issue with traffic safety. Deer and cars don't mix too well," he said.

Vermont has an estimated deer population of 155,000, likely the highest amount in a couple of decades as a result of several mild winters, fewer hunters and fewer areas to hunt. The state hopes to control the suburban deer by expanding archery hunting. "I think we have more than enough hunters to control the deer population and we will as we continue to lose them over the next decade," Fortin said. "The challenge is that there are a lot of places ... where hunters aren't allowed to go."

*I hope you had a great bow season 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, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky)**

*Randy Brookshier – Regional Representative*

**West Virginia- Gene Thorn:** It has been quiet here in West Virginia, so for this quarter I have nothing new to report. Our premier Mountaineer Heritage Deer Season for longbows & recurve bows and flintlock & caplock muzzleloaders is coming up in two weeks. It will be history by the time the PBS Magazine comes out. I should have news on it next time.

**Maryland - Tony Sanders:** Natural Resources announced the results of a public opinion survey, done in cooperation with the University of Delaware and Responsive Management on white-tailed deer. The telephone survey covered a range of topics and will be used to support revision of the department's deer management plan.

The survey, taken by more than 2,200 individuals representing the general population, landowners and hunters, found that a majority like

deer, but a significant proportion of the population are concerned with the negative impacts deer cause. More than 70% of those surveyed think that deer should be hunted to help manage for a healthy population and over half of those surveyed think the department does a good job conserving and managing the deer population.

"White-tailed deer are one of Maryland's most prominent wildlife species and can be one of the most controversial species to manage," Wildlife and Heritage Service Director Paul Peditto said. "Having current information on how the public perceives white-tailed deer and the department's management of them is essential to crafting an accurate and thorough plan for the coming decades."

Of the landowners surveyed, more than seventy-five reported that they had experienced deer damage to agricultural crops. Approximately half of the landowners surveyed reported that damage is increasing. Landowners are most likely to use hunting to help manage and mitigate the damage.

More than 70% of hunters surveyed indicated their satisfaction with deer hunting in Maryland has increased or remained the same over the past ten years. They reported they like to hunt primarily for food, but also for recreation, camaraderie and to help control deer numbers. The majority of hunters reported deer hunting on Sundays and 90% of those who hunt deer on Sundays indicated it was important to their success.

The survey also found that only 16% of the general population has encountered a deer hunter while they have been outdoors recreating during the past five years. Of those who have encountered deer hunters, only 2% indicated the encounter as negative. The majority of non-hunters surveyed indicated that deer season does not cause them to alter their outdoor recreation either on Sundays or other days.

The Maryland Department of Natural Resources announced that hunters reported taking 31,588 deer during the state's most popular hunt, the two-week firearms season. The total was 8% lower than last year's official harvest of 34,502. Bad weather during the prime Saturday hunt days contributed to the decline in many parts of the state.

More than 4,400 deer were taken on the two Sundays during the season, representing 14% of the total harvest. Sunday hunting is currently permitted on select Sundays in twenty of twenty-three counties.

Hunters reported taking 13,262 antlered deer during the season, up slightly from last year's official total of 12,767. The antlerless harvest decreased from 21,735 last year to 18,326 this year. Sika deer represented 502 of the total antlered harvest and 560 of the total antlerless harvest.

In western Maryland (Region A), hunters reported taking 4,731 white-tailed deer, a 5% increase from last year's harvest of 4,498. The region's harvest was comprised of 2,903 antlered and 1,828 antlerless deer. In the remainder of the state (Region B), the white-tailed deer harvest decreased 10% from last year's harvest of 30,004 to 26,857 deer this year. The Region B total included 10,359 antlered and 16,498 antlerless deer.

**Kentucky - Scott Record:** Join us this fall for the 3rd Annual Land Between the Lakes PBS Membership deer and turkey hunt. This hunt is scheduled for October 5th-13th. Plans are being made to rent and share cabins but RV and tent camping options are also available. Although no game was brought to bag, all participants had a great time and several of us had opportunities at deer this past LBL hunt. The food, fellowship and venue are outstanding and, whether you can stay a couple of days or the entire time, I encourage you to come hunt with us this fall. Contact me or Mark Wang for additional information and keep an eye on the PBS website for upcoming details.

The 9th Annual Kentucky Tradfest will be hosted by KTBA on April 5th, 6th, & 7th in Mercer County, just west of Harrodsburg, Kentucky. Camping, vendors, food and 3D will provide fun for the whole family. A new archery range is open at Taylorsville Lake WMA. Local Boy Scouts installed a field range with bag targets and a one quarter mile wooded walking trail with eight archery

*~ continued on page 14*



shooting stations. New regulations have been proposed for the 2019 deer season in Kentucky. Additional archery quota hunts for Higginson-Henry WMA, Dale Hollow State Park and Kenlake State Park are planned for this fall. Elk quota hunt applications are available January 1st-April 30th. There is no preference point system for elk so everyone has the same opportunity. Additional information on seasons, license requirements, and hunting opportunities are available at Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources.

**Pennsylvania - Tim Denial:** The 2019 Odd Year will be held at my place this year on April 5th, 6th & 7th, more information below. Hoping for a big turnout. The Pennsylvania elk season had 100 successful nimrods out of 125 applicants this year. I do not know if any were taken with stick and string. The archery bear season harvest this year in Pennsylvania was 409, the average weight being 158 lbs. During the gun season there are always a few behemoths taken and this year was no exception, at least ten over 600 lbs taken and one at 780 lbs. Ya better have some friends along shooting something that big! With this report coming out in the spring I hope turkey season is kind to you. Pennsylvania has a turkey population hovering between 204,000/234,000 birds. Good luck to all and see you at the Odd Year.

**Virginia - Randy Brookshier:** I have traveled around and been lucky enough to have participated in PBS member hunts in numerous states. I decided to try and host one myself this year. It involved some time and planning but I had a ball sharing a camp and my hunting spots with a group of serious bowhunters from the PBS. I appreciate all of the guys that traveled, bought out-of-state licenses and donated a week of their time to make this an outstanding hunt. We ended up having numerous deer, and bear encounters and put some arrows in the air.... mmmmiisses!, hits and recoveries. It was just a great week spending time around the campfire, on blood trails and eating, getting to know other like-minded bowhunters. We ended up with twelve to fifteen guys either staying in camp or local members coming and going and helping out. You can check out numerous stories and photos of the week on the PBS forum on our website under the Members Hunts section.

**North Carolina - Jeff Holchin:** RALEIGH, N.C. (Dec. 17, 2018)  
— With the preliminary detection of Chronic Wasting Disease (CWD)

in white-tailed deer in western Tennessee, the N.C. Wildlife Resources Commission reminds deer hunters of a new rule that prohibits the importation of whole deer carcasses and restricts the importation of specific carcass parts from anywhere outside of North Carolina.

The new rule, which was implemented for the 2018-19 deer hunting season, is an effort on the Commission's part to prevent the spread of CWD into the state. CWD is a transmissible, always fatal, neurological disease that affects deer and other cervids such as elk, moose and reindeer/caribou.

The rule states that anyone transporting cervid carcass parts into North Carolina must follow processing and packaging regulations, which only allow the importation of:

- Meat that has been boned out such that no pieces or fragments of bone remain;
- Caped hides with no part of the skull or spinal column attached;
- Antlers, antlers attached to cleaned skull plates, or cleaned skulls free from meat, or brain tissue;
- Cleaned lower jawbone(s) with teeth or cleaned teeth; or
- Finished taxidermy products and tanned hides.
- Additionally, all carcass part(s) or container of cervid meat or carcass parts must be labeled or identified with the:
  - Name and address of individual importing carcass parts;
  - State, Canadian province, or foreign country of origin;
  - Date the cervid was killed; and
  - Hunter's license number, permit number, or equivalent identification from the state, Canadian province, or foreign country of origin.

These new restrictions aim to prevent the infectious agent of CWD from contaminating new environments by way of disposal of carcass tissues, particularly those of the brain and spine, as CWD contaminants can persist in the soil for years.



## Southeast Report

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

Vance Henry – Regional Representative

As I'm beginning to write this report, I just changed the date to January so I can "save as" as a new document in my laptop.

# 2019 Odd Year Gathering April 5<sup>th</sup>, 6<sup>th</sup>, & 7<sup>th</sup>

## To be held in the rolling hills of Northwest Pennsylvania

**Site for gathering is  
Tim and Cindy Denial's  
place:**

8147 Wattsburg Waterford Rd.  
Union City, PA 16438  
Phone: 814-4387847

- 30 3d targets • Hawk Throwing Contest • Aerial Targets
- Awesome Bucket Raffle (provided by you, the members)
- Coffee, donuts and refreshments along with chili and locally famous Smith's hot dogs

### Hotels and restaurants within 16 miles:

Solstice Hotel  
8040 Oliver Road  
Erie, PA  
814-864-5810

Comfort Inn  
8051 Peach  
Erie, PA  
814-866-6666

Quality Inn  
8040 Perry Hwy  
Erie, PA  
814-864 4911

Motel 6  
7455 Shultz Road  
Erie, PA  
814-868-0879

## Bring along a potential PBS friend!



For me, that means deer hunting in Georgia is about to wrap up, specifically January 13th. (For the record, I shot a nice 9pt this year which is always a bonus.) For a number of us in Georgia, once deer season closes, the focus will seamlessly turn to hogs, which are just an absolute blast to hunt. The Traditional Bowhunters of Georgia will be hosting a regional hog hunt at Ft. Stewart January 18th – 20th. If you have never hunted Ft. Stewart, located just outside of Brunswick, GA, it is a unique experience to say the least.

As deer season runs down in Georgia, there is still plenty of deer hunting left in Alabama and Mississippi. Both states have areas that stay open for deer hunting into early February. In fact the rut, in both Alabama and Mississippi, has yet to begin as I'm writing this report on New Year's Day.

South Carolina's deer season closes January 1st. If you are a South Carolina resident and hunt deer or elk in other states, there are carcass import restrictions for South Carolina hunters. It does not prevent hunters from bringing home meat, but has very specific requirements to be met before transporting game home. Like the other states here in the southeast, wild hogs are abundant and can be hunted year-round on private lands.

Tennessee is the only state in the southeast that has elk hunting. There were twelve tags issued for elk in 2018 and all twelve hunters managed to take elk, seven of which were bowhunters. Deer hunting will be closing in all areas of Tennessee by early January.

Shoot straight and Happy New Year.

Also, the 2019 coastal GA Member hog hunt is scheduled for late January and may be completed by the time you read this report. Over a dozen bowhunters from numerous states are expected to attend this unique hunt, including the raffle winners from the 2016 and 2018 banquets. Check the website and FaceBook page for daily updates and photos during and after the hunt.

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## International Report

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

*Alessandro Fodero – Regional Representative*

Hi, my brothers and sisters in bowhunting. I'm new in this column and I'm writing to let you know what is happening in other nations about bowhunting, or I'll try to do that. Be patient with me, and if I make mistakes let me know.

I've decided to start these reports from the situation I know best: the Italian ones.

The Italian legislation on bowhunting is relatively recent. Everything started back in 1978, thanks to Giusy Pesenti who put a bow in the hands of Giulio Andreotti, a very important politician. After twenty years of dreams, he tried to bring the bow back to its original use. Bowhunting became law in Italy, perhaps the first nation in Europe! Then fixed with the 157/92 law.

In the 80s we had witnessed an explosion of the bowhunting movement. Unfortunately in the 90s there was a marked decrease in the number of bowhunters and until the first decade of the 2000s they almost disappeared. Thanks to the passion and the work of the last bowhunters during the last ten to fifteen years we are seeing a new increase of bowhunters and the areas where bowhunting is permitted.

The 157/92 law is the stronghold of bowhunting. The February 11, 1992, 157 article 12, paragraph 5 law establishes that: except to the hunting practice with the bow or the hawk, the hunting exercise itself may be practiced exclusively in one of the following forms:

- a) rambling in the Alps area;
- b) from fixed placement;
- c) in the whole of the other forms of hunting activity permitted by this law and practiced in the remaining territory destined for the planned hunting activity.

The important thing that is highlighted in this law is that, unlike with the rifle, with the bow and the hawk you can hunt as much on the flat land as on the Alps.

The access to bowhunting in Italy is not easy, the first thing to know from a legislative point of view is that the bow is compared to the rifle. So for bowhunting public land you need to obtain the shotgun permission.

With this permission you can go bowhunting for small game only, such as all the birds permitted, wild rabbit, sylvilagus and hares. Only in the region of Lombardia and few other regions wild hog is permitted with this kind of license. I'll always remember the great emotion of my first sylvilagus: the approach, the smell of the ground, when I placed the fingers of my right hand against my lips and, going through the act of kissing, producing a plaintive squeak similar to that given by young rabbits in trouble, see the rabbits come close to me with the idea of protecting their young; at seven yards: the hook, the flight of the arrow and my heart was beating fast.

Once you have passed the hunting license exam you have to pay the tax for firearms possession and the tax for the area you have decided to hunt.

To hunt with a bow and arrow in the Alps you need an integration of the aforementioned license called "integrazione zona Alpi," where if you're lucky to see and approach you can hunt the capercaillie and the mountain hare.

In Italy there are twenty regions. Each region is divided into different provinces and each province is divided from a hunting point of view into many areas. You have to decide the region, the province and the area (at most two) you want to hunt in, pay every year the planned tax, the hunting insurance and the tax for firearms, and then you can go bowhunting.

If you want to go bowhunting big game you need one more license. Big game are permitted only in selective hunting. You have to study the anatomy, the behavior, the biology, the environment in which they live and move, etc. You must sustain the exam and a shooting test with the carbine. Then in addition to the above taxes you must choose an area and pay the planned tax. Before going bowhunting you must be registered in the appropriate register that the province you've chosen provides.

It may seem very complicated, but in this way you have the chance to go hunting for a good part of the year for different species of animals. With the censuses that selective hunting requires you can go into nature for a long time.

In the last years we managed to get included into the I.S.P.R.A. selective hunting guidelines (I.S.P.R.A. is an important governmental institution for the environmental protection and research and what it establishes becomes "law"). The final test for the bowhunters that, like the test for the carbine, will have to highlight the skills of the bowhunter candidate. Such proof can be differentiated in distances based on the type of bow used, distinguishing in 15/20 meters the distances required for recurve bow and longbow and 25/30 meters those required for compound bow. In this test you have to put four arrows in five shots in the spot of the carbine target, if you're traditional bowhunter; and five of five if you're compound ones.

Always the I.S.P.R.A. selective hunting guidelines establishes this important thing:

"Compatibility of archery for selective picking of ungulates."

The use of the bow in the picking of ungulates, if this instrument is used on the basis of correct principles and according to an appropriate practice, constitutes a valid alternative means to the use of firearms as well as the undeniable terminal efficacy, offers greater certainty of animal identification subject of the picking, it isn't environmentally invasive and offers a total passive safety."

I hope you find this report a little useful.

- Mobile in Mobilis -





## Regular Member Profile

# Duane Krones Osage, Iowa

*I chose to share this picture because I'm interested in the future of bowhunting. It starts with teaching our youth to*

*love and respect the animals we pursue, and to love and respect the history and traditions associated with bowhunting. Teach someone to love something and they will take care of it. I read to Alicia from Fred Bear's Field notes when she was little. She asked me to read it to her because she saw how much I loved that book. She will always be my best hunting partner.*

I received a call from Norm Johnson on October 16th. He wished to congratulate me on becoming a Qualified Regular Member of the Professional Bowhunter's Society. After a nice visit on a number of topics, Norm asked me to do a profile on myself for an upcoming PBS magazine.

I've spent some time thinking about this, and I've decided that it's a bit humbling considering the company I'm in. After all, this organization's membership has included those who pioneered the fine traditions of bowhunting that we hold dear to our hearts. That's some good company to be in.

I guess I'll start with being born and raised in rural Osage, Iowa 1961. Kind of ironic I think. The Pope and Young Cub was officially established in 1961 and the word "osage" is synonymous with the romantic history of self-bows. What if my home town were named, Bois d'arc, Iowa or Hedge, Iowa, or Horse Apple, Iowa? My whole life might have been different.

As a kid I spent most of my time in the outdoors. I explored every square foot of timber and rich farmland that stretched from my home to the Big Cedar River. I carried a BB gun during my single digit years, progressing through pellet guns and firearms in the name of small game hunting. I took an interest in archery at the age twelve and my folks got me a Ben Pearson target archery set for Christmas.

I became interested in bowhunting whitetail deer at age thirteen and at age fourteen bought a Ben Pearson Cougar with money earned working at our sawmill and my confirmation money. On opening day of the 1975 deer season, I climbed into the maple tree holding my slab wood platform. I had a weedy corn field in front of me and hardwoods behind.

Shortly after sunup I was alerted to the sounds of disturbed leaves. I was shocked to see that doe so close. I was so shook up I didn't even see the limb I had to shoot past. Whack! I buried a broadhead in my own tree. The doe was gone in a heartbeat, leaving me with a new sensation, 'doe fever.' And so amidst the shaking and excitement, I

had become a lifetime bowhunter. I'm glad that I had the good sense to cut that limb section out the following summer, I still have it today.

Forty-three years have passed and I look back on a modest but satisfying life as a bowhunter. I'm blessed with good health, plenty of motivation, and opportunities for future adventures. I've managed to take whitetails, elk, javelina, wild hog, coyotes and a variety of smaller game. Whitetails will always be my favorite with elk a close second.

I feel like the best part of my bowhunting life has been the friendships I've made with like-minded folks, and the special family bonds shared during bowhunting. My dad took an interest in bowhunting because of my exploits as a fourteen-year-old. Those hunts with dad are special memories. We learned together how to hunt deer through sharing our experiences. He and I, together with a hand full of archery friends, started the Osage Archery Club. One frequent visitor was an elderly man named Rollin Bohning. I knew him as Mr. Bohning the guy with the hat who had stories about Fred Bear. He shot with us and brought products in for us to look at and try out. I never fully appreciated who he was until way later in life. More irony...

My dad was a jack of all trades and I chose to do likewise. I love mastering new skills and investing myself and my labor in inventing, improving, building, and fabricating. I blend this mindset with my love for bowhunting and make or modify much of my own gear. I hunt with bows of my own design and build. I've never purchased a commercially made tree stand preferring to build my own. This was due in part to my opinion about the shortage of any real good safe stands in the 70's.

I spent a couple decades in aviation. I was a maintenance tech, an inspector, and a project supervisor in the general aviation and airline disciplines. I worked on an extensive variety of aircraft from small private planes including Super Cubs and Maules, to corporate turboprop and jet aircraft. I also worked on airliners as large as the 747-400s. I do hold a pilot rating although I never wished to become a commercial pilot. I was content with recreational flying or some time in varieties of aircraft incidental to technician work.

I've been married to my wonderful supportive wife, Lisa, for thirty-two years. We raised two girls and two Labrador Retrievers. We all participate in the outdoors in some capacity. Samantha is currently doing rotations in her final year of grad student training to become a Physician's Assistant. Alicia currently serves our country as a Naval Officer / Dentist. Alicia took an interest in bowhunting at a young age. She became a successful traditional bowhunter and my most treasured hunting partner.

Lisa and I lived in Illinois for ten years where our children were born and we moved to Wisconsin for a few years when I worked for Northwest Airlines. A couple years after dad died, we made a family decision to purchase the Iowa property and home where I grew up, from my mother. Family ties, old friends, a small town atmosphere to finish raising our girls and quality whitetail hunting all played an important part in the decision to return home to Iowa.

These days I supervise the Osage Municipal Utility Power Plant. I'm responsible for diesel, wind, and solar electric power generation sites owned by Osage. I stay in shape for elk hunting and wind turbine climbing.

My connection to the PBS started in 2014. I had been thinking about finding a place in Texas to hog hunt. The Wensels had stopped doing the 'Pig Gigs' but I thought maybe they might have some advice for me. I contacted Barry inquiring about some good hog hunting loca-



tions, and that exchange resulted in an invitation to join the PBS and attend the Spike Box hunt hosted by John Vargo. My daughter Alicia also became interested and lobbied for a few days off from dental school to join and attend the hunt as well! We both agree that it is one of the best times we've ever had.

My experience with the PBS continues to be very positive. In a very short span of four years I have been a part of some great membership hunts and gatherings. I've made lasting friendships that could not have been possible without the PBS platform. Qualified Regular Member Preston Lay rescued my Davis Mountains hunt in 2017 by driving out of his way to pick me up

after a mechanical issue with my truck. Preston and I have since become great friends and spent a couple weeks elk hunting together in 2018. Preston graciously offered his sponsorship for my application to become a Qualified Regular Member.

I appreciate and hold dear to my heart the foundations of ethical bow hunting and the good fight that the PBS continues to ensure that our vision of bow hunting remains, for future generations. I'm not much of a spectator and the PBS has provided a platform for folks to be a participant.

I have a personal quote that I often think about and sometimes share with others. I suppose it's a summary of my own observations of participants and spectators. "Whatever we do in life we have to be able to answer yes to one simple question. Is it better because I was there?"

## Regular Member Profile

# William "Bubba" Graves Midland, Texas



I am William "Bubba" Graves and I

have been a member of the PBS for the past nineteen years with a small lull in membership while I was off in a foreign land some of you may know as Afghanistan.

I have had a love of archery from my earliest memories growing up in the city. An elderly neighbor who lived across the road from us used to make my brother and I bows that we would shoot till they broke, this coupled with watching the two brothers who lived a few houses down shoot their recurve bows fueled the fire that has been burning in me since the early 70's.

I have been bowhunting for the past forty years after being mentored by my high school teacher, Tom

Barthel. I would listen intently to his bowhunting stories and watch as he shot his recurve bow in his backyard. Mr. Barthel instilled in me what it takes to be a bowhunter; persistence, woodsman ship, integrity, responsibility, ethics, the love for the outdoors, and the respect and love for the animals we pursue.

After months of saving my hard-earned money from hauling hay, I was finally able to purchase my first hunting bow and spent many hours under the

mentorship of Mr. Barthel practicing, until he thought I was ready and proficient enough to hit the woods.



I was hooked when at the age of fifteen, I missed my first deer on my first bowhunt in my home state of Texas. What a rush it was to be so close to an animal on the ground under his terms. Since that first encounter with that deer forty years ago, I have hunted across this great nation for small game and big game alike in

all types of terrain from the desert mountains of West Texas to the high peaks of the Brooks Range in Alaska. I am fortunate to have taken all my big game animals with the recurve and longbow. I have long since retired my recurve and found the gracefulness of the longbow, the love of my life (don't tell my wife that part).

I served this great nation for twenty-one years in the U.S. Army as an Infantryman and it gave me the opportunity to meet many different like-minded bowhunters across this nation and beyond, some who are still friends to this day.

My wife of fifteen years, Kathy, understands my love of bowhunting. She tolerates and supports my time away from home pursuing what I love.

The PBS has given me many great opportunities to go places and to meet people who instantly become friends and brothers and I could not think of a finer place to be.



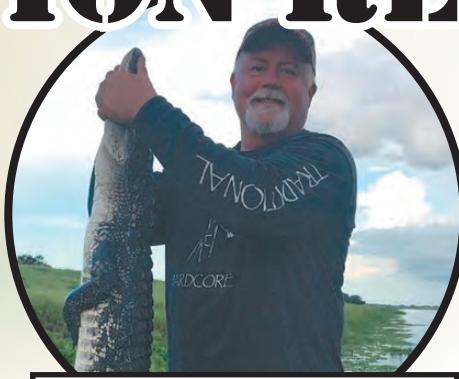


# ELECTION-RESULTS



## President

**178 Matt Schuster**  
59 Greg Darling  
0 Abstain



## Vice-President

**160 Terry Receveur**  
75 Dennis Filippelli  
2 Abstain



## Councilman

**148 Jeff Holchin**  
89 Preston Lay  
1 Abstain

### Email blast sent on January 30th to regular members

This email is to the voting block of our membership (i.e. the combined life and regular members).

Beginning in early January, electronic ballots were sent to those members who had renewed their membership and signed up to receive them. Once ballots arrived via email members could then vote at their leisure. On January 14th paper ballots were mailed postal to the remainder of the voting block who had not yet signed up for electronic voting.

The positive response from the membership has been overwhelming regarding the simplicity of the electronic ballot. It is secure, saves us money, and convenient for both the membership and especially the new home office.

After the positive feedback from the early voting I had instructed Harmony to send a letter with the paper mail-in ballots that this would be the last year for the paper ballots as we would be transitioning to all electronic voting in the next election cycle. I made the assumption that our entire voting block had email addresses. It has come to my attention that there a few members that do not have an email address. I will take full responsibility for the mistake and offer my apology. I want to make it clear that we will continue to offer paper ballots to specifically those members who do not have an email address. Those who do have an email address it is very important to sign-up and transition by the next election. If you think the home office does not have your email address on file please contact Harmony so we can add your email address to the database. Personal information is secure and stays with the PBS home office and is never given out. Modern communication, such as the email blast you are reading now requires an email address for us to keep you informed.

The reason to strive for full compliance is very simple. Many of Harmony's efforts, with the support of Council, over the last year have been to make an extremely efficient and cost-effective home office. We now have one part-time employee performing the task of what took two employees previously. It is working very well and we are always looking for ways to improve and better serve our members. The electronic voting has proved to be a big bonus in both time and money saved. Many may not realize Harmony is a stay-at-home mom with three young children. She has found many ways to make an efficient office through the use of newer technology. We, as members, can do our part and make her job easier as well by using electronic voting, as well as using the website to pay renewal dues. Licking stamps, stuffing envelopes, trips to the post office and bank are very time consuming and counterproductive for any modern organization or business. We will probably never eliminate the need for some of the antiquated practices; however, the more we can minimize the need or use of these practices the more efficient and cost-effective PBS will operate.

Change is not easy especially as we get older. I do get it, as I am not one who likes change. However, the change to electronic voting has been very easy and a small part of making the PBS better.

The final day for home office to receive paper, or electronic ballots, is Friday February 15th. If you have not voted please take the time to participate. If you did not sign up for an electronic ballot and would still like to, please contact Harmony and she can get you added to the system.

Thanks for your patience and understanding.

Sincerely,

*Norm Johnson*



# Welcome new members to the PBS family!

## November

Richard Magers - Westminster, MD  
 Adam Vernon - Avilla, IN  
 Joseph Moskaly - Norwood, MO  
 Harold Christensen - Pearland, TX  
 Billy Jack Pound - Socorro, NM  
 Dalton Lewis - Jefferson, NC  
 Josh Owens - Boonville, RD  
 John Dunn - Clarksville, TN  
 Ryan Hall - Hastings, NE  
 Zach Bear - Battle Creek, MI  
 Jay Jeffrey - Olsburg, KS  
 Lawrence Heath - Charlotte, NC  
 Tony Mirack - Newton, PA  
 Bray Henderson - Martinsville, IN

## December

Michael Grandstaff - White Pigeon, MI  
 Mark Frazier - Orange, VA  
 Dakota Bailey - Marydel, MD  
 Dennis Palmer - Panama City, FL  
 Brian Morton - Mashpee, MA  
 Jared Guillien - Waterford, WI  
 Eric Osborne - Covington, IN  
 Eric Parker - Seymour, IN  
 Christopher Farr - Cedar, MI  
 Brian Strickland - Colorado Springs, CO  
 Demetrious Philliou - Ridgewood, NJ  
 Burton Brown - Festus, MO  
 Michael Sturm - Anchor Point, AK  
 Justin Medcalf - Otis Orchards, WA  
 Greg Ragan - Frederick, MD

Ron Rothhaar - Ocoola, OH  
 Glenn Johnson - Glen Burnie, MD  
 Michael Davenport - Dahlgren, IL  
 Vincent Grotheer - Pittsburg, KS  
 Rod Weeding - Billings, MT  
 Willie Leonard - Harahan, LA  
 Travis Sivertsen - Ree Heights, SD  
 Andrew Miller - Hillpoint, WI

## January

Mike Byrum - Springer, OK  
 Eric Brouillet - Weare, NH  
 Barry Sluder - Fort Mill, SC  
 Matthew Larson - Heber City, UT  
 Anthony Denb - Bella Vista, AR  
 Raymond Latty - Gainesville, GA  
 Derrick Moonier - Pevely, MO  
 Josh Ferguson - Chesapeake, VA  
 Dave Kueber - Dothan, AL  
 Karl Kortemeier - Decatur, GA  
 Scott Myers - Bozeman, MT  
 Kyle Curtiss - Deer Valley, MN  
 Ed Burke - Damon, TX  
 Richard Green - Charlotte, TN  
 Mike Harris - Wasilla, AK  
 Darrell Williams - Holt, MI  
 Adam Kallal - Patoka, IL  
 Jake Lohry - Waterville, MN  
 Gene Hickey - Clio, MI  
 Samuel Morello - Whitmore Lake, MI  
 Rob Schueler - Waukesha, WI  
 George Hvozda - Greenville, PA  
 Bob Briggs - Waterford, PA  
 Greg Shupienis - Hubbard, OH  
 Jack Paluh - Waterford, PA

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## PODCASTS





# Memories of Jim Chinn

By Gene Wensel

On October 15, 2018, we lost one of my favorite people. Among other hunting organizations, Jim Chinn was active in the Montana Bowhunters Association and a past president of the Professional Bowhunters Society. More than that, he was a true friend of mine and many others for many decades. I was in Iowa when he passed. Unfortunately, I had just arrived there and had multiple obligations and appointments set up. I simply had too much on my plate to attend his funeral. I felt very guilty about not being there, if for no other reason but to see him off, show my respect for him, support his family and honor his memory. He was a very good man in so many ways.

I want to tell some fun stories about my life with Jim Chinn. Here are a few of my favorites. There are so many more.

Jim and I were both bowhunting the Bitterroot River bottom near Victor Crossing. We each had treestands about 150 yards apart one year. Since I had to walk past his stand to get to mine, I would call Jim before I hunted to make sure I didn't walk in before or after he was sitting in his perch. Jim had an old maple syrup jug spray painted black hung in his tree. He used it for a urinal. One day, I bought six or seven packages of Bromo-Seltzer. The plan was to dump all of them into his dry urinal, then just let things happen. You can't use Alka-Seltzer for this prank because they rattle around in the jug. Bromo is what I used. Three or four months later, I asked Jim if he had ever used the urinal in his stand. He didn't know what I was talking about, so I asked him specifically about the black jug. He said, "*Oh, that's not my stand. Mine is further east.*"

We never found out who the owner of the black jug was, but I bet the dude went to a doctor after he peed in that jug!

Several times, I would ride around with Jimmy when he was working night shifts. The patrol car was clearly marked as a Sheriff's vehicle. Of course it had a spotlight and Jimmy was "The Man" on duty. I felt safe riding "shotgun" since there was a 12 gauge pump sitting right between us.

One September evening, we were riding around Hamilton, Montana checking out a river bottom neighborhood for deer. There had been three or four reports of a moose hanging around that area several days earlier. We were

spotlighting a field when two curious rubber-necked older ladies drove up, wondering what was going on. They rolled down their window and asked if everything was okay. Jim said to them, "*There's been several reports of a moose hanging around this neighborhood. We're just keeping an eye out. Some guy named Wensel has been trying to pop him.*" I was sitting in the passenger seat. The old ladies drove off thinking I was the culprit....

Jim was always intrigued about Native American names. Many years ago, my brother and I were driving through the Blackfoot Reservation near the town of Browning, in northern Montana. We were listening to a local radio station when the announcer said a local man had run off the road the night before, drove his truck into a roadside pond and unfortunately drowned. Then pausing, the radio announcer said, "*The name of the victim is Donald Swims Under.*" So help me.....you can't make up stuff like this.

One of the funniest things I ever heard on the radio was a high school basketball game between two Indian teams playing near Wolf Point, Montana. The announcer would excitedly say, "And...*Eddie Limping Antelope* goes in for a layup....OOOH!, he's blocked by *Daniel Fights Badgers and Jay Two Dogs!* There's a perfect jump shot from the corner by Alan Goes Down.... It's off the rim! The ball is recovered by *Bob Runs With Thunder*, who takes a three point shot....and scores!" Some games never hit double figures. Many natives play dirty basketball and often foul out. Fights break out worse than hockey. You can expect very entertaining ball games in that part of Montana, especially when one team gets down to three guys!

Jim once showed me an all points bulletin that came into the cop shop. It said to keep on the lookout for a woman named *Mary Spots On Her Sit Down*.

One of Jim's best friends in the Sheriff's Department was Alan Horsfall. Two different times Jimmy asked me if I thought Horsfall was a Native American name. Before well-known bowyer Dale Dye started making beautiful recurve bows for a living, he was our County Sheriff for decades. One time I asked Jim if he thought Dale Dye was a good name for a Sheriff. He said it depended on whether you spelt Dye with an "i" or a "y."

Back in the old days, before airline regula-

tions tightened, I thought it would be fun to board a flight while wearing only one hand cuff with the other dangling empty, like a bracelet. I asked Jim three or four times if I could borrow his handcuffs for a few days. He told me I would have to ask Dale about that. Wrong answer....

When Jim first moved to Hamilton, MT he had a faithful Black Lab companion named Jill. Whenever I was in Jim's truck with he and Jill, he would drive by multiple vacant parking places near the Sheriff's Department, making a loop around the block if necessary until he found one near a feeding squirrel. He would park, show Jill the squirrel, fire her up with verbal excitement, then let her out. Jill never did catch a squirrel that I know of but she sure enjoyed the sporting chance.

Jim and Linda always had dogs. Among quite a few others, they owned a female Plott hound named George, most probably the only Plott hound in America that lived indoors. George had a bad habit of wagging her tail so enthusiastically that she would knock over lamps and clean sweep end tables. On one particularly happy day she wagged her tail so hard against a table leg that the tip started bleeding. She kept right on wagging, throwing specks of dog blood all over the walls and furniture. Linda called both the charges and the verdict.... "either the dog goes, or the tail goes." So, Jimmy made an appointment with a local vet to get George's tail amputated. Shortening a grown dog's tail by paying a professional is not as cheap as what you would think.

When my brother and I were about six





years old, we overheard our neighbor lady say she wanted someone to cut the tail off her new puppy. Barry and I thought we'd do her a favor, so we backed the puppy up to a tree stump. We talked it over and figured it wouldn't hurt as much if we chopped it off an inch or so at a time. By the third swing of our hatchet, that puppy wanted nothing to do with that stump! He also spent the rest of his life running away when he saw us.

Anyway, Jimmy made an appointment with a "surgeon" to get George's tail amputated the following week. As the "cut-off date"



approached, I could tell Jim was not looking forward to the project but he went through with it. The day after the lop job, I called Jim and told him I'd gone through the dumpster behind the vet's clinic and had George's tail in my freezer. Jim and Linda had an annual picnic every summer. I thought it'd be pretty cool to break out George's frozen tail at the picnic, especially with George trying to wag her butt to everyone in attendance. Jimmy didn't go for the idea.

A month or so later, another buddy of ours took his wife into the hospital for a hysterectomy. The day after, I called up my buddy to tell him I went through the hospital dumpster the previous night and had his wife's uterus in my freezer. That guy didn't invite me to his picnic that year either.

When I turned 40 years old, my wife asked me if there was anything special I wanted out of life for my 40th birthday present. Jokingly, I told her I always wanted to sleep with a red-head. She said, *"Well, it's okay with me, if it's okay with Jimmy."* Wrong answer again!

I killed a big bull moose in Alaska in 1984 on a Moose John River float trip with Paul Brunner. Jay Massey took us into our base camp. We got to spend a day or two at Jay and Doug Borland's teepee camp along the headwaters of the Moose John River before our float began. It was a special memory for me. A month or so later, Jay came to the Bitterroot to deliver my moose rack and visit Dick Robertson and his family. As luck would have it, Jim Chinn killed a bull elk the next morning on a solo bowhunt. He called Dick, Jay and I to help get it out. That was another great memory for me.

Another time, I was off hunting in another state. Jim asked me if he could take my teenage son Ken on a bowhunt or two while I was gone. Of course I gave him a green light. Sure enough, my son killed one of his first white-tails with Jim. When I finally got home, Ken told me that Jim was actually as excited about that deer as he was.

Years ago, Jim and I were hunting late season. I'd found a couple places where deer were regularly crossing railroad tracks to feed in alfalfa. There were not many tree options along the railroad so we hung our stands in two telephone poles along the tracks about 100 yards apart. Not very many trains ever came by that stretch of railroad, but sure enough, here comes a slow moving train right at prime-time. The train passed Jim first, revealing two railroad guys up front, laughing hysterically about the two jerks sitting in telephone poles with bows and arrows in the dead of winter. We looked and felt like lollipops sitting in those poles.

Being in law enforcement most of his life, Jim was responsible for a multitude of tough things he had to do. Many years ago, he was asked to deliver a death message to an elderly

lady who didn't own a phone. When her sister passed, Jim had to deliver the bad news. The lady lived in a trailer court. When Jim parked the police car and started to walk up to the trailer, from around the corner of the back yard, a large dog with big teeth attacked. Jim had a clip board in his hand. When he shoved it into the dog's face, the dog bit down on the clip board. The next door neighbor happened to be mowing his lawn. When the old man saw the attack, he immediately ran toward Jim and the dog, waving his arms and yelling the dog's name... *"RANGER!! RANGER!! NO!!"* Ol' Ranger quickly let go of the clipboard and jumped onto the old guy, who went down hard with the canine's fangs firmly latched onto the old man's throat. Jim responded instantly by blowing away Ranger. After calling for medical assistance, Jim suddenly realized the elderly lady had her doors and windows shut, her air conditioner on and a TV set turned up loud. She had no idea what just happened in her front yard. I could only imagine the new message that Deputy J. R. Chinn now had to deliver. *"Your neighbor was just now attacked by your dog. He's probably going to sue you.... your dog is dead and your sister didn't make it either."* How often we take our precious civil servants for granted!

Jim and I made a bowhunt to Canada specifically for caribou. It was the only out of state hunt we ever made together. As luck would have it, we hit the migration perfectly. Both of us killed nice bulls. The memory of that trip will last me a lifetime. I'll include a photo of Jim's great bull caribou.

Jimmy also killed the state record bighorn sheep, which at that time was the largest ram ever taken with a bow and arrow since Montana had been settled.

One of my favorite Chinn stories involved Jim confronting a young couple parked along a remote road late at night. They were making out. When Jimmy drove past, he couldn't help but see there was more than heavy petting going on. Jim took his time turning the police car around, giving the young lovers an extra minute to gather themselves. Jim told me the first thing he always did was to shine his flashlight in the girl's face and ask her if everything was all right.... a good way to determine if what was going on was consensual or forced. Jim then proceeded to give the couple a short speech about how it was risky business to park on dark nights out in the middle of nowhere. The guy behind the wheel interrupted Jim. He said, *"Officer, you don't understand. We're both students at the Christian Retreat in town. My friend and I come up here regularly to pray."* Jim replied, *"I have to ask....what were you praying for tonight?"*

That was my buddy Jimmy Chinn. He was one of a kind. I'll miss him very much. So will a lot of other people. Farewell, old friend. You were one of the best.



# A Tribute To Leo 1940-2016



By Claudia A. Eisenmann

**H**ow do we measure our lives? How do we determine the value? I pondered these and other seemingly answerless questions as I drove my pick-up truck west out of Texas and then north through a sliver of New Mexico, winding my way through Raton Pass on the Colorado border, pushing through the swollen freeway between Colorado Springs and the North Denver suburbs, until finally crossing into Wyoming, her vast expanses of grass and sky calming my restless mind.

I love Wyoming. For many years I have come here with my recurve bow not just to hunt but also to heal, to renew my sense of self and of purpose in the honest arms of a landscape stunning in her ruggedness, a land open, and without agenda. Here, what you see is what you get. Everything from summer's warm sun to winter's razor winds, from the elk that bugle in the mountains to the pronghorns that race across the plains is authentic. Honest. Real.

Wyoming is the perfect contradiction to the demands, politics and realities of my hectic business life. It is a place as a traditional bowhunter, where the relevance of qualities such as patience, perseverance, and hard work still create limitless opportunities to achieve.

Everyone who comes here learns quickly that regardless of their perceived station in life, the land is blind to status and all are treated equally and without preference. Wy-

oming's earth and sky know no favorites save those whose commitment to effort, patience, and toil push them forward to hunt uncertain durations of time in frequently unpredictable conditions for a single chance at success.

The demands of my career had kept me away from this place far too long; six years to be exact. And as I drove farther north, noting the familiarity of Laramie Peak to the west and darting herds of antelope on the sun drenched grasses to the east, I wondered how I could have allowed myself to be away so long.

I was back to hunt my favorite big game animal: The pronghorn. But more important, I was here to acknowledge the passing and celebrate the life of friend, hunter, trapper, and big game guide, Leo D. Olson. He and his wonderful wife, Shirley, had been mainstays at the Spearhead Ranch for many years and thus, starting with my first trip in 2001, were a part of every single bowhunt I had ever experienced in Wyoming.

As I bounced down the dusty and rutted ranch road on a warm and sunny Sunday August afternoon, I noted from the favorable range conditions that the much-needed spring rains must have finally come to the prairie, ending four years of drought and hardship on the resident wildlife. Still, I had heard that populations of both antelope and mule deer were down, so I wasn't sure what to expect during my week in terms of pronghorn sightings.

Over a period of years, I had been extraordinarily blessed to be able to harvest a number of nice Wyoming mule deer and pronghorns

on the Spearhead. And while I was hopeful that the numbers of each species were abundant and that I would get a shot at a mature antelope buck, my focus on this particular trip was to recline against the comfort of good memories, to enjoy the voices of familiar friends, and to experience the solace of the untamed landscape that stretched out for miles in every direction.

When I arrived at camp, I stepped out of the truck and placed my feet on what for me, was familiar soil. I entered the building that served as the spacious dining hall and was soon greeted by camp cook and dear friend, Shirley Olson. Her vibrant smile and warm hug had not faded over the years, even as she adapted to her new life without the daily physical presence of the man who was her husband and life partner for more than fifty-five years.

Leo had passed away only a short six months prior to my arrival and in recognition of Shirley's loss, I felt myself squeeze her tighter than usual and when our eyes finally met, the silent understanding we shared in Leo's absence rose like sacred smoke to drift across the blue prairie sky as a tribute to his life and in gratitude for the many memories now archived forever in the hearts and minds of the countless fellow hunters he touched over his lifetime.

Leo D. Olson was an irreplaceable, fiercely independent, one of a kind outdoorsman; a quintessential western cowboy shaped as much by his rugged North Dakota upbringing as the gentle affection he espoused for his family. He was the very definition of cow-



boy-tough and for reasons too numerous to write, there will never be another one like him.

I began to unpack my gear and move into the bunkhouse, following the same routine I had repeated countless times on my previous trips to the ranch. First out of the truck was my duffle, then my pack, then my boots, and finally my bow. I completed setting up my room just as other hunters started to arrive and it wasn't long before we were all making introductions and talking about the week to come. There were notably fewer hunters in camp than in years past, this the result of Wyoming Game and Fish Commission reducing the allotted number of pronghorn tags in order to alleviate pressure on the herd and so to speed its recovery from the recent years of drought.

As is frequently the case, I was in the minority with my traditional archery gear. I had come to expect this over the years just as I had also come to expect the inevitable curiosity from my modern archer counterparts who often marveled at my bow choice. They always seemed to have an interest in watching to see a traditional bow in action, so when I assembled my take down recurve and took a few practice shots into the camp target, I was not surprised to have an audience.

After spending a couple of days on the road, it was good to feel the muscles of my upper body tighten to draw the string of my recurve and then release the arrow to streak toward the tiny dot that lay 18 yards ahead. The arrow hit the spot with a satisfying "smack", and I continued to practice until the onlookers lost interest in the novelty and I was confident that I was tuned-up and ready for my first morning afield.

Monday morning August 29th came early and I rolled out of my bunk at 4:30 AM to take a shower and dress for a day in the blind. As I walked into the dining hall, the familiar aroma of fresh coffee mingled in the air with the hum of excitement. Anticipation for the day ahead was palpable and I reveled at being back in the company of like-minded hunters, all of whom looked toward the day ahead with expectant optimism. Given the hot, breezy weather conditions, everyone had a right to be hopeful about their chances. This was the prefect forecast for hunting pronghorns over water.

I was dropped off for my first day of hunting at a blind known as Easter Island and after settling in, I waited patiently in the black pre-dawn until the sun's rays began to reveal the waving grasses that spread out like a vast undulating inland sea. I took comfort in the soothing rhythm of the dawn: the sighing wind, the scent of damp sage, and the distant sight of antelope already up and moving in the surrounding pastures. I breathed deeply, filling my lungs with the crisp, clean air, picked up my binoculars, and began to busy myself

glassing the landscape for mature pronghorn bucks.

Between the times of 7:08 AM and 7:35 AM numerous young bucks, all intent upon watering before moving on to feed, casually made their way to the tiny prairie pool in front of my position. I watched as their hoofs entered the small seep, noting how their forelegs slid several inches into the slick mud, and I listened as they slurped in the fresh water that would sustain them as the day's temperatures began to rise.

Thus far, I had not picked up my bow nor prepared to shoot. The beautiful animals before me that were providing such a stunning visual spectacle were all younger than what I was looking for on this particular trip. This year my hunt was not focused so much on horn size as much as it was focused on age class. I really wanted an old pronghorn, a buck who had lived his life, who had already left his mark in his offspring, and whose peak had been realized.

At almost 7:45 AM, I saw a buck approaching from the east. He had good body size with a solid, mature frame. His horns had respectable mass with good cutters and ivory tips, but it was the way he carried himself that most riveted my attention. Mature bucks have a look about them and older bucks who are past their prime often travel without a harem of does. This animal was alone and as he advanced, I carefully assessed him until I became certain that this buck had indeed logged a long life.

Cautiously, I reached to lift my favorite old bow, a wonderful Marriah Thermal, off the hanger, readied an arrow and prepared for the possibility of a shot. The buck tentatively moved toward the water hole, first circling to watch for danger, then testing the wind before finally walking in and submerging his muzzle into the pool.

The pronghorn was already positioned parallel to the blind when he began to drink, so I smoothly drew the arrow to anchor, focused on the broadside buck's lower chest, and watched as the barred white and yellow fletching buried into the animal's vitals. The antelope blazed away at the impact of the arrow and as he retreated, it was clear that the shot was lethal. He would not go far.

More than an hour passed and I eventually exited the blind as my guide, Keith Moore, arrived to help me retrieve the beautiful buck. We walked up to the expired antelope and confirmed that he was indeed a mature animal, with teeth well-gapped and most of them worn to the gum line. While he was still in excellent physical condition, his horns were no longer at their peak and it was questionable whether or not he could have survived another of Wyoming's relentless winters given his obviously limited ability to browse woody, late season forage. This was just the animal I had been hoping for and the fact that I took him at a



time

in his life when the best of his days had been spent, made me appreciate him all the more.

This was an old monarch of the prairie, a beast whose progeny undoubtedly peppered the vast grasslands of this expansive ranch, a creature that had experienced an abundant life. I was grateful that before his physicality had begun to substantially diminish, the ancient efficiency of the venerable bow and arrow had granted him an honorable death. The meat he supplied would go into my freezer as what has always been the original "free-range, humanely-harvested natural protein" and his horns would hang on my wall in tribute to his magnificence and in memory of my old friend, Leo.

Though my hunt had concluded barely two hours after I entered the blind, the free time I now had could be devoted to sharing stories with the other hunters in camp, recollecting great memories of past hunting adventures with good friends, enjoying Shirley's delicious meals, and soaking up the comfort and joy of familiar spaces and simple pleasures. I was truly grateful for the animal I had taken, but I was even more grateful for the gift of unrestricted time that had allowed me to reconnect with people and places that I had come to regard with such affection.

A few days later, I found myself back on the road, this time with my truck pointed south toward home. Again, I pondered life's questions; "How do we measure our lives? How do we determine the value?" I thought of my old friend Leo, of his wife Shirley, of all the friends I had made on the many trips to hunt antelope, of the striking openness of the land, of the stunning views of the starry, unencumbered night sky, of the feel of the bow, of the flight of the arrow, and of the opportunity to experience such unspeakable joy in each one.

It was clear that the answer to these questions had always been there, whispering through the morning's gentle winds, flickering in the campfire memories of treasured friends, hiding in plain sight and stunningly obvious in every glorious adventure afield and with all those with whom we share such incredible adventures.

The measure is love.



# Ment

by Brian Morris

I grew up hunting and fishing with my dad and grandpas. They all loved these outdoor activities and wanted to share the experience with me. I could not stand waiting as a child, and still today, I'm always available to go on a trip to the woods or stream. Whether it was hunting or fishing, I was ready and eager. There were many times I got to go with an uncle or one of my dad's friends because he was unavailable. His hunting buddies always made sure I was included.

When I got my drivers license, I was just on the go, whether it was hunting with my stickbow or flyfishing somewhere. I had several friends and family members that would ask to go along with me and I would always say yes, with no real intention of taking them. I think I was in my early twenties when I was asked to go on a hog hunt with a good friend, Charlie Bisharat. That hunt made me realize what a selfish hunter I had become. I think it was him pulling me aside and chewing my ass about being so self-centered and the need to involve others that opened my eyes. He started by complimenting me on what a great young hunter and arrow builder I had turned out to be, but that there was a lot more to hunting than just killing. Charlie would put on hog hunts and take a group of guys who had never hunted anything. He always put everyone else first. He would find a bedded hog and help someone who would have never done a stalk before get close enough for a shot opportunity. I learned a lot from him on those hunts.

It did take me a few years to totally figure out that Charlie had been mentoring me in the traditional archery world. I guess for the last twenty-five years, I started putting on those same hog hunts for friends, family and others that did not have the opportunities that I had had as a youth. For several years, I would drive around on weekends looking for garage sales that might have some





# toring

old bows, as I knew of local kids that wanted one. I've bought a lot of bows over the years and gave them away to an adult or child that expressed an interest in hunting or just flinging arrows. It is always good to kindle the flame. This past year I took a soccer dad and friend on his first duck hunt, turkey hunt and hog hunt, where he was successful on all three. His wife is not too happy with me as she states, "I have created a monster." Actually she has thanked me many times for getting him into the outdoors. It all started when we were chatting at a soccer game a few years ago about hunting. He said that he had always wanted to go, but never knew anyone that could take and mentor him. My friend Mark, finally got to go in his late forties.

The past few years I've put on youth goose and turkey hunts, trying to take kids that have never been or have no place to hunt. I live in California, where a lot of the good hunting takes place on private ground and opportunities are limited. This past November, I took a couple of young hunters on a turkey hunt that ended with two longbeards on the ground. The flame was lit and burning bright. They are still talking about it today and what a great time they had just being out in the woods. Bonus deer, quail and coyote observations were had as well.

My daughter has been hunting with me for the last several years and now she is off to college. However, she keeps calling and asking when our next hunt will be, and if she can bring a friend that has not hunted before with her. I'm glad she did not go through the same selfish phase that I did in my twenties. Perhaps my mentoring is rubbing off a little bit.

In life it's never too late to get started on something new. Go by a garage sale or get online and buy some cheap bows and take a novice hunting or shooting. Give them an opportunity that they may not otherwise have available. It's very rewarding to watch someone for the first time hit the bullseye or take their first animal.





# JUST EWE AND ME —

## A POOR MAN'S BIGHORN SHEEP HUNTING ADVENTURES

By Jeff Holchin

**L**ike many bowhunters, I have long dreamed of chasing bighorn or Dall sheep rams, like Marv Clynke did in the Rocky Mountains or Doug Borland and Jay Massey did in Alaska years ago. However, after many years of trying to draw a sheep tag in Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Arizona and Utah, and not even considering Alaska because I could never afford a guide there, I got a tip from a fellow PBSer that I should instead focus on bighorn ewes, whose tags are much easier for a nonresident to draw. Residents of the Rocky Mountain states with bighorn tags obviously have much better draw odds and cheaper tags, but with the NR tags over \$2,000 in Colorado, you have to really want to hunt sheep to fork over that kind of dough. Being a “frugal bowhunter,” the idea of hiring an outfitter or guide was foreign to me! One fall while in Denver on business, I took a chance and called up Marv Clynke to invite myself over for dinner. Unbelievably, he said yes! Spending a few hours with Marv and Judy, admiring his very impressive trophy room and talking sheep hunting only added fuel to my fire. When I

complained that I might never draw a ram tag, Marv told me that if I would “settle” for a ewe tag, I could probably draw it easily in the very popular sheep unit S32, which Marv knows very well and could provide assistance. That would allow me to learn more about bighorn sheep and learn the unit, in case I ever did draw a ram tag in that famous unit. To my surprise, I drew the ewe tag as second choice in my very first attempt the next year — I would soon be an official bighorn sheep hunter! I had never even seen the unit, but Marv had a good tip about that as well: the CODOW conducts an annual sheep count in the summer, in which I could volunteer to help with the sheep count, see some sheep and learn the unit during a long weekend.

When I volunteered for the sheep count with CODOW, I was bold and requested to be paired with former PBSer Janet George, the famous sheep biologist who has successfully bowhunted sheep in the same unit that I had drawn my tag in (S32). Imagine my surprise when my phone rang and I was talking to Janet about the schedule for the upcoming sheep count! I lived in North Carolina and would have to fly out for the sheep count, but I considered it a good investment. The sheep

count would be on a Saturday in June, so I flew into Denver on a Friday, rented a Jeep 4x4 for a long weekend, and met Janet before daylight the next morning at a trail-head to my unit. What a glorious day that was, as we saw elk, mule deer and best of all, bighorn sheep! We saw some big rams, little rams and lots of ewe sheep. Even more interesting to me, Janet pointed out a line of rocks that extended through several saddles, with several “nests” in strategic locations, and explained that native American hunters built the “sheep fences” to force sheep thru narrow openings for the shooters as the women and children pushed the sheep and other animals to them. Very cool! The next two days were spent exploring the surrounding mountains by myself, and I camped in the hills using borrowed gear from another local friend. However, on Sunday evening I got myself into trouble with altitude sickness when I went up over elevation 13,000 feet. I was fine for several hours as I played peek-a-boo with a group of rams, but when I returned to the Jeep at dusk, I suddenly became so sick with nausea and a severe headache that I couldn’t even drive out for help, and of course I didn’t have cell reception. You are supposed to move to a lower elevation ASAP,



Glassing for Montana sheep



Ready for a week on the river



but

the only thing I could do was crawl into the sleeping bag and hope to get through the night. Luckily, I was fine in the morning and I spent another productive day scouting another area, although the NF roads were horrible and I got the Jeep stuck. Janet had suggested that I make contact with another trad bowhunting couple that lives in the unit, Gary and Connie Renfro. I called them, mentioned that I was a PBS member, explained what I was doing and secured an invite for a meal and an empty couch to sleep on, before my early flight home the next day. I have always loved Connie's style that was exhibited in the articles she wrote for Traditional Bowhunter Magazine (she's even cooler in person!), but I didn't know Gary except for an article he wrote in which he described tracking down a lion in the snow and shooting it with his bow in a cave as it leaped over him. My kind of a guy! Upon seeing the Texas plates on my rental jeep, Gary made me park down the block, so that his neighbors wouldn't think that he was friends with a Texan....must be a Colorado thing?!! We hit it off right away; they pulled out the topo maps and told me of several good basins to hunt, including some where they had killed rams and ewes. They told me to expect a LOT of pressure from other sheep hunters, along with elk and deer hunters. I stepped up my physical conditioning and borrowed a sheep target to shoot at steep angles from my roof. Unfortunately I failed to practice very steep uphill shots (how do you do that safely?), and that came back to haunt me later.

I didn't do very well physically on my scouting trip and the bout with altitude sickness scared me, so I settled on an unusual strategy. Instead of wearing myself out by running all over those steep mountains and competing with hunters in much better shape than me, I selected a somewhat remote basin (that Janet and the Renfros recommended) an hour from the trailhead to set up a bivy camp. I would watch, wait and let the sheep make a mistake, and hopefully capitalize on that mistake. Against the Renfros' advice, I also picked up a left-over mule deer tag, after seeing some

really big bucks on my scouting trip. This actu-

ally was a good move, which almost resulted in tagging my first muley buck. I had seen some nice bulls on the scouting trip also, sometimes up higher than the sheep, but did resist the urge to get an OTC elk tag too.

Mid August finally arrived and it was time to hunt sheep. Since I had an elk hunt planned for late September in Montana, I decided to drive out to Colorado for the sheep hunt, then fly home for several weeks of work, then fly back out to the Denver airport and get my truck to head out for the Montana hunt. I was shocked however when I arrived at the trailhead and could hardly find a parking spot! I later learned that most of those vehicles belonged to hikers and nature lovers. Although discouraged, I loaded up my 75# pack and hiked up the drainage to my bivy camp location, sucking in that thin cool air. I met a pair of sheep hunters coming down and they reported seeing several small rams and some ewes in the basin, so that was encouraging. I had enough time to set up camp, hang my food in a tree due to the bears in the area, make a quick Mountain House meal, and sneak up to a clump of brush at the end of the wide open basin that would be my glassing spot for a week. I was able to spot several young rams on the left side and a group of muley bucks on the right side. The excitement made sleeping very difficult that night, even with the familiar headache I get the first few days at high altitude.

I quickly settled into a routine, one that was very difficult for a ridge runner like me. There was a large group of ewes and lambs, up to twenty-one some days, that called this basin their home, but sometimes the group would leave for a day. One young ram would come through almost every day — I never did see a big ram in this particular basin. There was also a group of five muley bucks that started the week in velvet and finished the week hardhorned. Unfortunately the basin was very open with little cover for a stalk, so I mostly watched and patterned the sheep. One evening after a long day at my hidey bush, I was making another Mountain House meal when I

felt something watching me.

I pulled out my binos and located a small ram and two ewes watching me from only a hundred yards away. The next morning I was up there with them at dawn, and got to play cat and mouse for several hours, but the two ewes (one with an ear tag) always managed to keep out of bow range. I soon learned that the big group used certain benches to enter/exit both sides of the basin, and one day they all left early in the morning. By then I knew I probably wouldn't see them any more that day, but that group of muley bucks was lounging in their usual bedding spot at the top of the basin near some snowpack. The cooler weather was affecting them, as several of them lightly sparred and one buck ate the dangling velvet from his buddy's rack. They were right below the snowpack, next to a big boulder, so I made a big circle around the downwind side of them, arriving at that snowpack 2 hours later. I carefully checked the area around that boulder with my binos, couldn't find them and dejectedly returned to my hidey bush. What did I see when I put the spotting scope on that spot? That same group of bucks, once again laying right below that boulder, now seemingly with smirks and grins! By then I was out of food and needed clean clothes, so I called Connie and she said to come on over to use their washer/dryer while she made us some elk burgers. That was a welcome break. I returned to my camp by dark and had a good feeling that the group of ewes and lambs would be returning to the basin in the morning on a certain bench, but it was about 1000 feet above my camp. It seemed like a great opportunity, but I lazily hit the "snooze" button too many times before crawling out of the warm sleeping bag. I was chugging up the ridge, sucking wind and mentally kicking myself for being so lazy, when only 50 yards away from the bench I saw the first ewe coming through in the low light. I could only hunker down and mentally kick myself as they filed by only 12 yards from the rock I had planned to hide behind. Time was running out on this hunt and the next day was the muzzleloader opener for that unit, so I expected some company. My flight was sched-

~ continued on page 28





A bunch of Colorado ewes and lambs

~ continued from page 27 →

uled for early Sunday morning, so I only had one more day to fill my ewe tag. This time I didn't hit the snooze button on the alarm clock. I was at my hidey bush well before light and the morning light revealed the same twenty-one ewes and lambs safely out in the open about five hundred yards away. Around mid morning, an orange-clad muzzle-loader hunter crested the right ridge, which caused the sheep to first head up the basin, and then start on their escape trail on the left ridge that went through a notch that I had seen them use earlier in the week. I ducked down out of sight and raced them up the ridge to that notch, arriving there first, with the familiar string of ewes and lambs at one hundred yards and closing. It would be an easy fifteen yard shot, I had the wind in my favor and I was very excited, until the old lead ewe stopped, eyed the ambush spot warily, then looked up the very steep hillside for an alternate route through the rocks. My heart sank and I groaned, but I carefully backed out of sight and began chugging up the 45° slope to cut them off at the pass. I was out of breath when I arrived at the next bench and ducked down when I saw the banana horns of the lead ewe quickly approaching. I nocked my arrow and rose to shoot when she stopped broadside at about twenty yards to look at me, but my arrow landed in the rocks before her, because of the very steep angle. I saw sparks fly and thought I had missed, but was horrified when I spotted my arrow sticking straight up from her back when they ran back down to the center of

the basin, with very little penetration. I pulled out the spotting scope and watched her carefully — the arrow wiggled with every step and I surmised that the arrow had ricocheted up from the rocks and into her backstrap. Now I had a dilemma — I was supposed to catch a flight home at 6:00 a.m. the next day, but I had a wounded sheep on my hands. I did not think the hit would be fatal, but I had to try and recover her if possible, and did not want a sheep running around with an arrow sticking out her back. Eventually the group settled down and slowly fed out of the basin, but “my” ewe stayed bedded in a small clump of Krummholz until dark. I had planned to stay with the Renfros anyway before my flight, so I went there and called the airline to reschedule my flight. I was back in the basin before dawn and found my arrow where the ewe was bedded — I think she reached back and pulled it out herself! There was a very faint blood trail with red muscular blood that quickly petered out. I spent the rest of the day grid searching in the direction the herd had gone, assuming that she would try to catch up to them, without any luck. It was a very disappointing end to an otherwise fun hunt. I had three good chances with my unusual strategy but had blown the one shot I had.

Several years later, I got a tip about a unit in Montana along the Missouri River that had ewe tags which were relatively easy for NRs to draw. I had been faithfully sending in my \$750 every year to MTF&W for a ram tag with almost zero chance to draw a ram tag, but I drew the first time I put in for ewe as

first choice in this unit! I had read the journal of Lewis and Clarks' “Voyage of Discovery” up the Missouri River and realized that this stretch of the river was specifically mentioned in their account, which added to the cool factor of the hunt. I wanted another solo hunt, but the logistics would be a little more challenging this time. Although there was an early archery-only season, I knew from PBSers who had also hunted this unit, famous for its huge rams, that a late October hunt would allow me to see some big rams in their rut. One PBSer said, “Have a great hunt but DON'T tell your friends.” Besides the much lower cost, the Montana tag was good for several months, whereas the Colorado tag was archery-only and good for about ten days. I would be bow-hunting during the gun season, specifically so that I could see the rutting rams. Since I had never seen the unit, I added a few extra days to the end of a late September elk hunt in Wyoming that fall and drove up for a look-see. The unit was big but I didn't see a single sheep in a long day of scouting. I did realize that using a canoe to float the river would be the very best way to hunt the unit. I put out a call for help on our web site and PBSer Billy Lewis of Montana volunteered his canoe for my hunt. I knew that I had to put in the river at the upstream end of the hunt unit, and somehow get my truck to the other end of my unit while I was hunting. During the scouting trip, I talked to a ferry operator who said that he would be able to help me move the truck while I was hunting. He was very casual and assured me that it would be no problem. Like my Colorado



Bighorn ewe



hunt, I left my truck at a nearby airport after the scouting trip and flew home to work for several weeks.

I arrived back in Montana on a cool Saturday in late October, picked up the canoe and headed to the river. I wanted to get on the river that day before dark, but was not happy when that same ferry operator said that he couldn't help me shuttle the truck while I was hunting! He said that I could just hitchhike back to my truck at the end of my hunt, or I could go to the nearest town and find somebody to help me at the town's only bar. I went to the town's old saloon, but as I sat and ate my greasy burger and fries, I didn't see a single person that I could even remotely trust to not hock my truck for more beer money. By then it was nearly dark and I was getting frustrated, but did notice a Lutheran church as I drove back to the riverside campground. I like attending church when I am away on my hunts if possible, and I happen to be a Lutheran myself, so I got a shower at the campground the next morning, put on my best clothes and went to church. I arrived early and parked front and center, hoping that the green canoe on my white truck would draw some attention. Of course everybody there knew I was an outsider and during the coffee and donut session after the service, I explained my need to the pastor and asked if anybody there could help a brother in need. A friendly rancher said that one of his hands would help, so an hour later I left my truck at the boat ramp with a \$100 bill under the floor mat and said a prayer that I would see my truck again in a week. Thus began my second solo bighorn sheep hunt adventure.

I quickly settled into a routine of moving a few miles down river to a likely looking area (usually where a stream split the ridges), setting up camp along the historic Missouri river, and climbing the ridges to a good vantage spot for several hours of spotting. The first evening I saw a herd of elk in the treeless area with a huge herd bull, and there were plenty of white-tails and mule deer in the area to watch. The sheep rut was indeed on and hearing that first "knock" or "whack" of two rams head butting was special - this became a daily event. I saw a

On the river



lot more rams than ewes, and

the ewes I did see were either safely on private land or on top of some rocks that could not be approached without them seeing me. One day I sat on a ridge peak and watched a group of ewes feeding about a mile away, trying to decide the best route to them, when I saw a dark-colored lion creep out of the rim-rocks below them and carefully follow them up over the crest of the ridge. I was not the only predator after those ewes! I stayed and watched the area for several more hours, hoping to learn the outcome of the big cat's stalk, but was disappointed. Another time I was blessed to be able to spend most of a day around a group of five mature rams, watching them alternately push and groom each other, head butt, kick and bite each other. One time, when the two biggest rams squared off and took turns pounding each other in the head with booming impacts, a smaller ram snuck in from behind and kicked his nemesis right in the nuts.....ouch! Talk about a low

ing in the grass with laughter! Of course, since I did not have a ram tag, they eventually passed by within easy range. It was a great week and the "icing on the cake" was that my truck was actually at the take-out point when I rounded the final bend in the river. I never did get to loose an arrow at a sheep on that hunt, but it was one of my most fun adventures! If you too yearn to bowhunt the mighty bighorn sheep, consider trying for a bighorn ewe tag. Heck, the same year as the MT hunt, I got a call in the summer from the CODOW, asking if I wanted another chance at their bighorn ewes in sheep unit S32, which I had applied for earlier in the year. It seems that somebody had relinquished their tag and I was next in line — I said no, but have since regretted that decision. Imagine, getting to bowhunt bighorn ewes in two states the same year! If I ever do draw a ram tag, at least I won't be a sheep rookie when I string my bow and get after them.

blow — I was a roll-

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# KEEPING THEM FED...

by Randy Brookshier

**M**ost of us enjoy getting away and embracing the whole hunting camp experience, catching up with old friends and getting to know new ones, sharing tales from the day's adventures



around a fire, chilly nights in a sleeping bag and...eating!

Every bow hunter that I have shared a camp with over the past

forty years has had a healthy appetite. The majority of them love a good meal while sitting beside the fire avoiding smoke and fellowshiping with their campmates. While most enjoy this experience, sadly, a lot of guys either don't have the knowledge or experience to prepare a good campfire meal, or don't want to take the time to plan and prepare a meal.

As a result, a lot of hunting camp meals consist of Prego spaghetti or hot dogs. Both of which I enjoy but a little effort and variety can make the whole camp experience even more memorable.

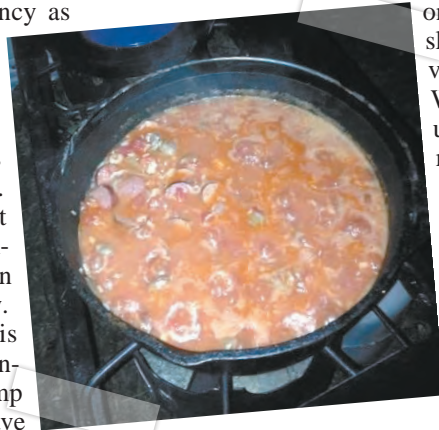
While some guys dread it, I actually enjoy cooking at a hunting camp. In fact, instead of each guy taking a night to prepare camp food, I will generally just do all of the buying and cooking and then we just split up the cost of the food. I have been camp cook for a couple of us as we hit the deer woods for a week and I have cooked for up to

thirty-one people in camp at some of the bigger bow shoots. I have come to the conclusion after a couple of decades of handling camp cooking chores that with a little planning beforehand I

can cook some meals that everyone will enjoy and not miss any hunting time myself. Camp meals can be as fancy as

you like, but don't necessarily have to be in order to be filling, enjoyable and draw compliments from those eating it. Keep in mind most bow hunters are hungry and interested in quantity over quality.

A Dutch oven is the best way to handle a lot of the camp cooking chores. I have cooked bear roasts, roasts, chickens and a huge assortment of other dishes in a cast iron Dutch oven. The nice thing about cooking with a Dutch



oven over coals is that it gets hot fast and retains its heat well. A lot of time I will load up the Dutch oven and get it up to heat, then set it aside or bury it and go hunting for the afternoon. When we return later that night it is a simple matter of lighting a lantern and then start dishing out the food. There are a lot of things that I think cook better and

I think taste better in a Dutch oven over coals than on the stove inside. An added advantage of cooking in a Dutch oven is the clean-up, I usually just wipe mine out with a paper towel. Cooking directly over the coals is my favorite way of cooking a meal. I like to take the ribs, hams or shoulder off of a wild hog and brine it for twenty-four hours or so. I then cook it over the open coals until it starts to get blackened. Then I wrap it in foil with some of my homemade vinegar based barbecue sauce and put it on some indirect heat for two or three hours. Remove it from the fire and let it set for another thirty minutes before unwrapping it and slicing it. A lot of times it never even makes it to the plates if I have several guys standing around picking as I am slicing. A couple of big jars of sauerkraut, some fried potatoes and a cold adult beverage and your campmates generally go to bed happy.

You would be surprised at how good a wild hog ham tastes when sliced, coated with a spicy dry rub and then cooked over an open fire. Once again, I like to add a couple of easy sides like brown beans. I have found that cooking a pot of egg noodles helps to fill a hungry crowd. I lay a bed of the noodles on a plate and then put a couple slices of grilled hog on top. I haven't had any complaints so far! When cooking wild pig I always utilize a meat thermometer to make sure it is properly done. A common camp food is to open cans of chili at camp or bring a pot of chili made from home. Chili is good but even this simple concept can be dressed up some to make an enjoyable meal that will feed a lot of people. Jambalaya makes an excellent hot dish that brings a little spice to camp...literally. It isn't that hard to make and I usually do all of my prep at home. Place the fixings in a vacuum sealed bag and then freeze it solid. On the night I am cooking Jambalaya I



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just lay the bags out to thaw, throw it in the pot and add rice and some seasonings. I usually make about three gallons of this at a time and never have any leftovers.

Another variation of the chili beans dish is red beans & rice. Once again, I cut all of the meat, onions, peppers etc. at home and cook it down. Vacuum seal it and freeze it so that when it comes time to cook at camp I just thaw it out and add the cans of red beans and some rice. It is about as simple as it gets.

Beef tips (venison) in red wine sauce and served over a bed of egg noodles is also an easy to cook dish that everyone seems to enjoy. I usually save this for cooking later in the week. I sometimes prepare and freeze the meat ahead of time, but most of the time I use some of my canned meat to make this dish. It is a really easy dish to cook but really puts a smile on the guys faces about that fifth or sixth night in camp, especially when accompanied with a chilled Solo cup of red wine.

An excellent option for any meal of the day is breakfast food. I have done eggs, pancakes (Kodiak Kakes!), bacon,



turn it out pretty quick and keep the crowd fed.

Hamburgers and hotdogs get kind of overplayed as camp food, but most of us do really enjoy a good burger or dog. When I am cooking burgers at camp I bring a bunch of deer burgers, but once again I like to make them a little special. When I grind my deer burger I add ground pork shoulder to it for the fat content and a little extra flavoring. I will take a big mixing bowl of the burger mix and add some finely ground onions, Worces-



tershire sauce, egg and Hidden Valley ranch dry dip mix. I mix it all up and let it sit in the refrigerator for a day or two to allow the ranch dressing to dissolve. Then I pat out my burgers and stack them in a Tupperware container and freeze them. When it comes time to cook them they are ready made, just add bun and condiments. Just that little extra bit of prep beforehand really changes the taste of the burgers.

The same can be said of hot dogs. Anyone can open



a pack of hot dogs and grill them and for the most part they come out pretty good. But if you want to up your game some try grilling some bratwurst. I make my own homemade brats out of deer meat and they actually come out fairly healthy. I use about half the normal amount of fat and no salt. A big tub of macaroni salad, a cast iron skillet of

grilled onions and a grill full of brats will make any bow hunter smile! I usually add a jar or two of my homemade sauerkraut and pickled peppers to the mix.

Don't discount cooking the game that is brought into camp if any of you are lucky. That photo below was from a camp in Maryland this past season. I helped the guy who killed the deer to skin it and process it. Those roasts were cut off the hams and rinsed and placed directly into the Dutch oven. I seasoned it and left it to cook slowly the whole afternoon while we hunted. When we returned to camp it was delicious and devoured by the guys in short order.

At another camp here in Virginia this fall I pulled the inside tenderloins out of one of the deer that had been shot, sliced them up and placed them in a cast iron skillet on the wood stove along with some butter, onions and garlic. An excellent Hors d'oeuvre and a real old school touch!

One item that I never go to camp without is a couple of loaves of the thick Texas Toast, white bread that is sliced twice as thick as normal. I have used this to place country style steaks on, but-

it is raining, a Texas Toast sandwich of Spam and cheese cooked on the cast iron griddle on top of the wood stove inside my wall tent is hard to beat!

If you do opt to do any campfire cooking, the absolute most important cooking accessory



that you have to have in camp is a good, large capacity coffee pot! I have had this big blue enamel percolator for over thirty years now and it has brewed coffee in eight states!

Cooking for a group of hunters in camp doesn't have to be all that hard or time consuming. A little preplanning and preparation goes a long ways towards having meals that are enjoyable and actually add to the overall experience of hunting camp.





# SLOWING DOWN



*This is not the deer in the author's story. He had to get back in rush mode to get to work and took no pictures of that doe! This one was killed a few weeks earlier.*

By Matt Schuster

**D**riving way too fast, over eighty-five on a two lane road trying to beat a falling sun in order to get in a quick evening hunt, I spotted the deputy's car a hundred yards out and pulled over before he had a chance to turn his lights on, which he did within seconds. I was cursing myself because driving that fast is not my norm, but the pull of the woods had pressed my foot to the pedal and now it was going to cost me. The deputy walked up to my window and said, "In a hurry?" "Not really, sir," I replied "I've just been stuck in Atlanta for four straight days and had to get the heck out of there and was anxious to get back out here." As he was walking up I knew the large deputy, who looked like he had just stepped off the set of an old Burt Reynold's movie, had checked my license plate so he knew that I was now in my home county which is two hours outside Atlanta and as rural as Georgia gets. He laughed, and said, "Where do you live?" "Out on Ivey Road next to Ms. Moss." Ms. Moss is a legend in this area — she is a lean, hard-working, ninety-year-old black woman who after her husband died young, raised ten sons in a small house three miles from the nearest paved road, all by herself. Those sons are now educators, manufacturer's reps, builders, and landlords among other professions, and all grew up to be successful, prosperous men. Not an easy task for any woman, anywhere, but a remarkable accomplishment in a relatively poor area of rural Georgia in the fifties and sixties. Ms. Moss also was not shy when she needed something done by local government (If our power goes out, or the road needs scraping, I never

call, because I know Ms. Moss has already called twice!) so I figured the deputy would know her and that might work in my favor. He did and it did. "Well," he said in a slow southern drawl, "that Ms. Moss is a trip, and I can't really blame anyone for wanting to get out of Atlanta. So now you be careful, slow down, and have a nice day. And tell Ms. Moss I said hi if you see her." "Thank you, sir, I will sure do that." I have rarely felt so lucky and decided not to just slow down, but to relax and skip the evening hunt. Rushing around and hunting effectively rarely works well anyway. It was a Tuesday, I'd been stuck in meetings all weekend, and really did feel the need for some woods time even if that time would be short. I had to be in Columbia, SC late the next morning but the appointment, although with a very big account, was somewhat flexible, so I decided to put in a short hunt behind my cabin before heading east.

The early season in Georgia was great in a lot of ways, but it was brutally hot, so it was pure pleasure to walk into forty degree weather the next morning, and I accomplished my first goal when I climbed in to my stand without blowing any deer out of the area. That could mean two things — either no deer were moving or I was just lucky. My stand, nestled on the edge of a big stand of white oaks, was optimal with an east wind. The forecast was for an almost non-existent wind from the north, so I hoped the thermals on this beautiful clear day would protect me from any evil north wind. The area was torn up with rubs and scrapes, and a buddy of mine snuck onto my stand a couple weeks before without my permission, and admitted that a nice eight point walked right in front of him. He was daydreaming with his compound bow hanging beside him

and this traveling buck simply walked past him before he could get his wits and bow ready to get a shot on its way. The fact that he couldn't get his stuff together to get a shot off still gives me immense pleasure for some reason — that doesn't make me all that proud but it feels good just the same.

As I sat thinking about how quickly I could get an arrow away out of my longbow if that big eight decided to stroll past me, I heard soft



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footsteps behind me and slowly turned my head to see a little buck pop out of a thicket. He was a basket five-point, too small to shoot, but fun to watch as he walked by ten yards away picking up an acorn every now and then but really just traveling and most likely on the lookout for does. The rut was still a couple weeks away but he was young and surely was full of the urge. I mentally picked out all the times I had a perfect shot and pictured an arrow going right through his vitals. Number eight for the year I said to myself for that is how I judge my seasons. Not in dead deer or large antlers, but in how many times my plan works and I have a calm deer within fifteen yards. This was number eight, a good number for the first month of hunting, and I was very happy with the season so far.

I was just getting ready to climb down and get back to work mode, when number nine showed up, and how she got under me without my sensing her is a mystery, but all of sudden she was just there, five yards away walking right to me. "Do I shoot this one?" I asked myself. I didn't need the venison, I already had a few deer and an elk in the freezer, but I stood up slowly as she passed directly underneath my stand and put a little tension on my string. I was hunting wasn't I? I should be ready. She meandered under me, plucking an acorn now and then until she finally turned slightly quartering to broadside at fifteen yards, and all of a sudden the predator in me took over and an arrow left my longbow without any real thought on my part. It hit a tad farther back than I liked, but the angle was good. The doe jumped at the hit, ran for ten yards, walked for another forty, then disappeared behind a blowdown caused by a recent storm. That is exactly where I found her ninety minutes later. So thanks to Deputy Smith not only for not giving me a ticket, but for reminding me to slow down – had he not pulled me over, I would not have hunted that Wednesday morning and would have missed out on a very nice morning in the woods, some fresh meat, which I might just give to Ms. Moss, and the memory of an almost perfect morning hunt.

D  
W  
F

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# The STICKBOW CHRONICLES

The Stickbow Chronicles is a podcast hosted by three longtime PBS'ers who are as passionate about bowhunting as everyone in the PBS. On our podcasts we focus on one thing and one thing only, BOWHUNTING ADVENTURE! Join us as we talk to some of the best and most hardcore bowhunters around. Ask any PBS member and they'll likely tell you that some of the most accomplished bowhunters around are guys and gals that most folks have never heard of. But they're out there, pursuing our passion with the highest ethics, and utmost dedication. That's the kind of people that make up PBS and that's the kind of people we feature on The Stickbow Chronicles.

There is adventure to be had with bow in hand in every corner of the world. It could be on the tundra in Alaska, the Southern Alps of New Zealand, or on the back forty near home. We want to bring you the stories of the guys and gals getting it done in all of those places for all the right reasons. No pro-staffs, no celebrity hunters, and no fluff. Just bowhunting, pure and simple. Join us for our campfire stories and share the adventures on iTunes, Podbean, Stitcher, or simply go to the PBS website and click on The Stickbow Chronicles tab! You can follow us on Instagram and Facebook and as always, let us know what you think and what you want to hear!

Thank you,  
*The Stickbow Chronicles*





## Elk Hunting for Black Bears

by Norm Johnson

**T**he evening of September 2nd started out no different than any other Roosevelt elk hunt on the Oregon coast. Little did I know, that within the next couple of hours events would unfold to make a rare and one of my most memorable hunting experiences over the last thirty-seven years of my bowhunting journey.

My youngest son Riley (age twenty-six) would be joining me that evening. We would be hunting an area about forty miles due east of the Oregon coastline. The warmer inland midday temperatures were 80°, however the evening temperatures cool to the upper 60s by the 6:00 hour. It is at that time the unstable afternoon winds would begin to settle some. This would give us roughly two hours of hunting time until dark. We would be walking into managed timberland checking logged clear cuts for feeding elk as well as some calling. The elk rut was beginning to happen but we were still a couple of weeks from the peak timing. The southern Oregon coast also has some of the highest black bear densities per square mile of anywhere in the lower forty-eight states. As an Oregon resident I am allowed to harvest one bear in the spring and two bears in the fall season which begins August 1st.

With our busy schedules we generally devote our fall hunting to the September elk season. We will carry a fall bear tag with us “just in case” an opportunity to stalk a bear arises while hunting elk.

By mid-August the Himalayan blackberry crop begins to ripen. The Himalayan blackberry apparently was introduced to North America in the mid-1800s. It is an invasive species and hard to contain as birds and other animals spread the seeds. The Oregon Coast

climate is ideal for the plants and it has created a fall food source for many animals, but most in particular the black bear. The berries are large, plentiful and sweet. The sugar content fattens the bears for their long winter slumber. The thorns are large, exceeding a half inch in length, and are very destructive to skin and clothing.

That evening we grabbed our bows and packs, leaving on foot heading into an area that had a mix a young fifteen-year-old timber mixed with newer clear-cut areas, where the newly planted trees were waist to chest high. The clear cut areas offer a mix of grasses, native browse, and large mounds of the blackberries. At the right age they become the perfect food source for deer, bear, and elk. After leaving the truck we had hiked about a mile and cautiously began to enter the lower edge of a clear-cut. The undeveloped dirt road gave us the perfect path to slip quietly into the feeding area. Looking into the distance having the Oregon Coast range as a backdrop makes for a special time and place to be bowhunting. As we slowly slipped into the clear-cut I was scanning one hundred yards ahead and spotted a branch from a young Chittum tree bouncing from more than just normal wind movement.

I pointed ahead and whispered to Riley we either have elk feeding ahead or a bear feeding in the blackberry mounds beneath the Chittum tree. Riley (having younger ears) whispered, “Dad I hear something a lot closer.” We stood quietly for a moment and I faintly could hear what he was referring to. We took a few more steps ahead and began scanning ahead and to our right on the edge of the clear-cut and quickly spotted a feeding bear at about sixty yards. Only the back of his head and neck were visible as he was sitting and feeding in the heavy blackberry vines. We could both tell the bear was a mature boar by the size of the head. I whispered in Riley’s ear to, “Make your stalk quick and take the first shot you are comfortable with.” The winds were not holding any particular direction and any second could unravel the entire situation. Riley quickly eased his way around another blackberry mound directly in front of us and at thirty yards he had an opening at the feeding bear. As he drew his bow

I focused all of my attention on the bear. In an instant the arrow zipped through the bear and he came unhinged spinning violently then darted out of the blackberry vines straight across the dirt road in front of us and into the

dark reproduction timber to our left. I immediately noticed a stream of blood pouring out of the bear. I knew it was a very lethal hit. Riley made his way back toward me and we decided to stand still, and quiet, listening and giving the bear some time to expire. As we stood quietly listening, suddenly Riley’s eyes lit up and he pointed back to our right in the clear-cut and whispered, “Here comes another bear.” At eighty yards he emerged out of the berry vines headed in our direction. We quickly crouched and I immediately knocked an arrow. My first thought was “IF” this bear does not wind us and ends up in bow range, do I want to shoot another bear as we still had yet to recover Riley’s bear? It was another mature boar and he made a meandering half circle on a slow cautious stride scanning everything in front of him. The bear did not give me long to think the situation through, as we remained motionless the bear ended up slightly to my right quartering toward me in less than ten seconds. When our eyes met at twelve yards I came to full draw with my longbow and shifted my focus to his shoulder. I quickly released, hitting him in the ball of the shoulder angling toward the offside hip. He ran sideways biting at the arrow. You could feel the frustration in his groans as he was not able to reach the arrow. He covered thirty yards quickly and was down in seconds. Riley and I looked at each other with an amazed look. We cautiously walked over to the motionless bear. He was about two hundred fifty pounds with a signature blocky head and a four inch white spot on the front of his chest. We stayed quiet as we had yet to track his bear. We then made our way to the spot a few yards away where Riley’s bear had been feeding earlier. We recovered his arrow covered in blood. A quick glance at the direction the bear ran revealed an easy blood trail so we slowly and quietly began to follow the stream. It lead us across the road into the dark young timber. Within five minutes we had located his bear in a shallow dry creek bed tucked tightly between the dirt banks. His bear had covered sixty yards. It was another mature boar at about three hundred pounds and jet black hide with no distinctive markings.

We relaxed enough to enjoy the moment and with hugs and high fives. In my thirty-seven years of bowhunting I have had the opportunity to harvest a number of black bears in the early fall with spot and stalk, but nothing quite like this. This was special as with a busy life, my son being married, a full time job, and raising three young boys of his own it is difficult to carve out

time to hunt together. It’s fair to say we made the most of our evening hunt and can probably put this in the “special evening” category.





# A GOOD DEATH

by Don Davis

One of my favorite movie lines comes from the film “Legends of the Fall,” based on the novella by Jim Harrison. At the end of the film, an elderly Tristan fights to the death with a large grizzly, presumably the one in spirit he fought with as a youth. One Stab, Tristan’s Indian mentor proclaimed, “It was a good death.”

I often think about such things as I sit alone on a stand, bow in hand, waiting for the opportunity to kill the game I pursue. While it does not define bowhunting success, killing is what we are trying to do. We must acknowledge that, but we need not apologize, except maybe to the animal as we give thanks.

My predominant game of choice is the white-tail deer. They are beautiful and magnificent creatures, captivating to hunter and non-hunter alike.

Non-hunters may think that hunters inflict a cruel death upon the animals we shoot. It is suggested that the game be allowed to die a peaceful, natural death. A nice thought but hardly accurate.

Deer who have survived hunting seasons to arrive at an old age do not have a peaceful death to look forward to. As they succumb to

the effects of aging, mother nature ensures they become food for predators, who do not wait for death to find the deer before they start their consumption of the body. A natural death for a deer is harsh.

This past season, I was fortunate enough to see a great many deer within bow range, nearly every hunt in fact. However, for a variety of reasons, shots were tough to come by. Often there were simply too many eyes on me to draw. We will not mention the two misses.

One evening, late in the season, I had an old doe come in. She was obviously blind in one eye, old, with hip bone beginning to show. She was cautious, so much so, that I suspect the eye injury made her that way, that and perhaps the wisdom of old age. Eventually, she made her way behind me and to my left, her blind side, and I was able to shoot her at a scant 5 yards.

I approached her body with a mix of happiness and sadness. Happy that my family will enjoy the meat she will provide. Sad that I have taken her life. But I reminded myself that her end was fast approaching and it was certain to be much harsher than the ending provided by my arrow. She lived a long free life in the woods, eventually giving it to me as sustenance for my family.

It was a good death.



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# Hunting Mojo

By Dennis Jackson

**H**unting mojo is a funny thing. Folks either believe in it or they don't. There isn't any middle ground. For me, I'm definitely a believer and my mojo comes from my old plains-style homemade quiver. It's accompanied me on many hunts and I almost feel naked without it when hunting. Its mojo comes from its adventures, or more accurately from the people met along the way on those adventures.

When sewing it together in my shop, my youngest son was around four years old. He had a pile of scrap leather, glue, markers and such and was working on his own creation. He had just learned to print his name. I got up from the work table for a moment and when I returned an excited boy proudly showed me he had printed his name. Right on the bottom right hand side of my new quiver in black sharpie were five perfect letters "A-r-r-o-n!"

Instead of being upset I smiled and wrote my name right across the center of the quiver as well. It was at this moment my Mojo quiver was born.

Since that winter day that old piece of leather has seen a lot of miles, woods and archers. It's become a tradition for folks I meet, camp, hunt and shoot with to sign it and leave some of their "mojo."

I'm not sure exactly how many signatures it's collected over the last thirteen years, but it's filling up.

It's been signed from folks from all over the world. Germany, France, China, Australia, Mexico, Canada, and most every state in the U.S. is represented on Mojo.

It's been passed around smoky campfires, archery shops, hunting camps, and about everywhere bowhunters gather.

Fred Asbell signed it on a muddy 3D course, Mike Mitten left his mark in a church basement, Monty Browning signed under a tarp during a thunderstorm, Ron Laclair signed in his shop, every signature has a story.

Every story is as unique as the signature.

One of my mentors growing up, the late Charlie "old timer" Martin signed on his back deck. Cancer had a hard hold on him as he sat there in his wheel chair with a blanket draped over him while we called to turkeys. We had them hammering at us and were smiling like school-boys. We both knew it was our last goodbye when he put ink to the leather that morning without either of us saying it. He passed away a short time later.

My old pal Ed Pitchkites signed it as I field dressed a buck on a frosty October morning. I can still see him smiling across the steam as he signed with Mojo across his lap while he sat on a hickory log with his Par-X bow leaning against his shoulder. I can look at either of these men's signatures on Mojo in my treestand on a cold day and instantly be warmed. My interactions growing up with those two men made me the bow-hunter I am today.

My daughter Nu Nu was the first person to sign it twice. Since then Ron Laclair, Gene & Barry Wensel, and Mike Theis have joined the dual signature group.

Symbols and abbreviations have been written under names by folks. Some I understand, some are still a mystery to me. Roll Tide has been added at least three times.

There is a spot on the back that rubs against my hip as I walk. The signatures there have faded to the point where they are barely legible. TJ. Conrads and John McCreary are going to have to join that dual signature club before their spots fade away.

Fathers and sons and daughters have signed side by side, and there are at least two sets of farther, son, and grandson signatures including young Zack Otto, who signed his name making the Z backwards when he was a little guy.

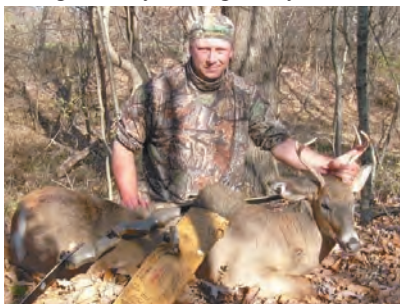
Blacky Schwarz insisted in signing in

green,  
a n d  
C h e t

Meeks used to ask me year after year if he could sign in red but never had a red marker. Finally, one day after a decade of asking, Chet rolled into camp with a box of donuts and a new red sharpie. Mission accomplished.

There were quite a few folks who signed at the banquet in Madison and I hope many more look me up in Springfield. Many friends have signed at the Kalamazoo Expo, Cloverdale, and the Tennessee Classic. Hopefully many more will. I try not to think about running out of room but the reality is it will happen. But as of now, folks just keep finding spots to squeeze in.

The old mojo quiver makes rounds at most all of the big traditional archery shoots in the off season. Keep an eye out, say hello and leave a bit of your mojo if you see me. I can use all the hunting mojo I can get!





# A Whitetail's Will To Live



By Duane Krones

**A** cold gray woodlot transitions with an orange glow as a welcome sunrise brings life to the Iowa countryside. Leafless trees remain quiet as the change in temperature stirs up a light breeze. Fox and gray squirrels wait for enough light to safely continue preparations for winter. Canada geese converse in hushed tones on the river beyond the bluff. I turned myself fully into the sun to recover from the stiffness of a frosty morning. It was November 23rd of the 2007 bow hunting season and it wouldn't be long before the gun seasons began. I was committed to another all day tree stand hunt.

My thoughts wandered as usual, reflecting on past hunts and day dreaming about huge bucks. It had been an impressive whitetail rut, with the insanity starting around Halloween. There were a lot of does and bucks this year and the sounds of grunting and running deer never ceased. The end of October marked the appearance of a remarkable buck with enough mass and character on his head that it prevented me from getting any idea of just how many points he had.

I had my best chance to take him the second time we crossed paths. It was on a bitter cold morning during the first week of November. I was bundled up head to toe in heavy winter clothes and had a full thick knit ski mask, stocking cap and hood cinched up tight. I could have written my name in my own breath it was so cold. I was banking on using my good sense of hearing to warn me of an approaching deer in time to remove my head wear, but the additional insulation took the edge off the sounds of an approaching deer. I wasn't aware of his presence until he snapped a branch walking past my stand at less than ten yards. Startled, I turned slightly on my seat and drew my bow. "Oh my God," was all I could think as I approached full draw. I was hopelessly off my anchor. I quickly let down and tore at my headwear. It was too late, I no longer had the shot and he never knew how

lucky he was.

I had one other close encounter with him a week later, but on that occasion his life was spared by the actions of a savvy old doe that he hooked up with. Then, like so many great bucks do, he simply disappeared from my area, leaving me where my story began with late November daydreams and thoughts.

Around noon, I ate a quick lunch with some snacks I packed. Sometime afterwards, I heard the sounds of deer moving. I was facing west and spotted a fair sized group of mixed age antlerless deer heading my way. I thought about how the sight of old does back together with young ones served as another reminder that the spectacle of the Iowa whitetail rut was all but a page in history. With an unfilled either sex tag in my pack, I decided to try to take a year and a half old doe if they came close enough. The breeze and my luck was good and on they came, strung out single file as the first of them began to pass by on my left side.

I caught movement on the crest of the slight ridge about a hundred yards behind the does and saw the bobbing antlers of a young buck also heading my way. I alternated my attention from sizing up the does, to the watching the young buck to see if any bigger bucks were in tow. What I saw next was truly heart wrenching. The young buck was limping badly and dragging a rear leg. He was trying his best to follow the does but he was pitifully slow. I knew right then what I was going to do if I had a chance, and I let the does pass.

The lead doe took a bit of a right turn and the group followed, heading south. This was not going to be good because the buck, as poor as he looked, had the sense to alter his course in a futile attempt to head off the does on a straight line. He was going to pass my stand at a farther distance than I liked. Sure enough, he passed further south and angling away before he was clear of some thicker brush. I took a deep breath and called a favor on a few decades behind the bow. By the grace of God I watched a merciful arrow spin all the way downrange and disappear through his chest. He gave minimal reaction to the hit and was down seconds later. I hung up my bow and quietly said, "Got him."

I didn't know what to expect as I got down and walked over to him. I found my arrow at more than forty of my paces. It had passed through and was stuck in the ground. The little buck was laying several yards away no longer burdened with his injuries. I looked him over and realized that he must have been hit by a car. He had a dislocated right rear leg, with a

large lump of calcium growth where that same leg had been broken and healed up grossly crooked. There was a partially open wound on his lower leg that refused to fully heal, possibly from the constant dragging of that leg. His coat showed signs of severe trauma on the right side from shoulder to flank, with areas where the hide had been abraded and injured. His hair was a mixture of summer and winter growth but he was obviously way behind schedule. He had one antler tine broken on his nine point rack.

The longer I sat there with him the more emotional I got because this young buck was probably hit by a car well before the rut started and had to lay around for weeks with very little ability to feed himself or get water. This season had been marked with unseasonable cold snaps. Top all that off with the coyote population in the area and the odds were stacked horribly against him. Somehow he survived and healed well enough to make a gutsy attempt to preserve his species.

I attached my tag, and moved him out of the woods on my deer cart. I took some photos of his injuries and carefully field dressed him, checking for signs that the meat might not be suitable. Other than a complete lack of body fat, and no muscle tone on the right leg, the meat appeared healthy and in the end he was not wasted. I couldn't help but think about the cruel irony of

the situation that this buck found himself in. His fate was sealed when he was struck by the car, yet his unbelievable will to live and perpetuate his species set him up for a lingering winter death.

It's been over ten years now, but I think about that buck often. In my estimation, he was the greatest buck I ever saw in my life.



His right side had areas showing major abrasion of hide and hair loss.



His right rear leg was dislocated at the hip joint. The lack of muscle tone is evident.



A Softball sized calcium growth is the result of the constant movement of broken bones during the healing process.





# Doubling Down On Whitetails

By Mike Davenport

I am a self-proclaimed whitetail addict. Like a lot of us guys who chase a dream of taking a magnum sized version of *Odocoileus virginianus*, we live for the rut. Like most Novembers, the past thirty years I have a week circled. When I lived further south the dates moved slightly as Kentucky and Tennessee had different dates than those here in Southern Illinois. I would trade a string of crazy midnight shifts in the ER just to manage time off for the dates I had in mind. After being here for the last twenty years, I think I have found the sweet spot, at least most years. Now, after getting a little, shall we say wiser, the time off is prearranged and no more selling it to my coworkers as means to alleviate an illness is needed. They already know I am touched.

The thing about being mad with this particular sickness is that there are others. When one talks about art with someone like Jack Paluh, it isn't long before you recognize the symptoms of another afflicted soul. Looking at his work you see the hunter through his eyes, many times that hunter is a bowman. After getting to know Jack for several years, it wasn't long before we had hunts planned. Of course I had the dates already and a couple places for us to hunt. After several years he has killed a great old buck and another that will be discussed soon. He and his wife Marion welcomed me

to their home (along with a couple other bow nuts) as we were on our way to bear hunt the spring before last. I owed him big time on the next hunt.

Monty Browning, for those who know him realize he is really touched and not just with whitetails. My first meeting with Monty was by chance at PBS, Cincinnati. I got to sit by him and his lovely wife, Annie, but not really by accident. The seating chart had one spot opened and I was solo. Who better than to crash that table than me. It took me exactly thirty seconds to realize I loved that man, and shorter than that to realize he had outkicked his coverage with his wife. It wasn't long before I had a banquet speaker for Illinois and a future hunting buddy. Since then we have shared camps together in different states, and tried outcooking each other at my place, I think he won.

I planned a week off and had these two guys who no one has ever heard of scheduled to show up. I felt zero pressure as I had twenty plus years of experience in predicting when these bucks here would be on their feet looking for love, hopefully in a couple of wrong places. It was going to be a relaxing time spent with friends who shared my affliction. The problem was the deer didn't read the script, my moon chart, or my field notes. I had made my little farm and the two others I had permission on out to be the Wild West, with gunslinger bucks showing up to duel as the

ladies looked on. What we got the first four days of the trip were a multitude of dime store cowboys as confused as I was, not knowing whether they should be fighting or frolicking, so to speak. What few big bucks we saw were slipping in and out of the pre-rut haze waiting on Mother Nature to flip the switch with the first does coming into estrus. I kept telling the boys, "Any day now." Any day turned out to be much later than we had hoped.

I will be honest, I placed restrictions on my guests. I wanted them to wait on a mature Midwest buck, and I had worries that for guys not accustomed to the size of one of these deer, one would go off half-cocked. I know that any buck with a bow is a trophy, but I asked them to wait. They were great sports and showed patience galore. By day six, with both of them having passed a couple of good, young eight points, I started to fret. One more day to hunt and we'd be saying our goodbyes until next year and those good, young deer were starting to look mature to me. I have the luxury of living in some good whitetail country, and I take it for granted. I decided that we needed the switch flipped, and as I said my goodnight prayers I asked for some help. I just needed the switch flipped. I wasn't greedily praying for a toad for myself or my friends, but if that happened, well okay. Just flip the switch Lord!

The next day dawned crisp and clear. I knew when I left the driveway and saw three new rubs along it that something had changed.





Monty's buck

away laid a familiar buck, breathing his last with a frothy bubble on his side. The only person that could have done that was Jack, who was in a stand two hundred yards away. I texted him and asked if he had something to tell me. He asked if I was psychic. He had just hit a buck a little far back, a good one. I told him it was a double-lunger and his buck was under my stand.

In the confusion of so many texts I missed one from Monty. He just said "Got One." Yes, Monty Browning texts. It was new at the time, as now he sends full scale dissertations, but last year it was a big deal. I couldn't wait to get down and see this! He had a last shooting light encounter

with another mature buck, and shot him in a stand with a shooting lane I had just trimmed the week before with this scenario in mind. He made a perfect shot on a great deer.

We spent some time together just soaking up the moment and relishing in the mystery and magic of the whitetail rut. One minute it is amateur hour with little bucks chasing and wreaking havoc and the next the big boys show up and show them how this is supposed to work. Luckily for us, the sand had not run out of the hourglass quite yet, and the switch was flipped, finally.

I bid my friends adieu the next day, both of them loaded with meat, hides and horns. I knew we would see each other again soon, as plans were made for pigs or fishing. I was happy and sad, as you don't get to experience things like that very often. I went on later in

As I drove the five miles to my other place I saw a couple real bruisers! I hoped Jack and Monty would get a chance. The sit I had was eventful with a giant eight point pushing a couple does just out of range and the lip curling and grunting was a sight to behold. The guys both had great hunts with Jack encountering a giant buck I knew well and Monty being right in the ballpark of another, videoing a monster I had sheds of. None of us got shots, but the switch got flipped, the bulb of peak rutting behavior was on. Instead of a flicker and darkness, it was full scale illumination!

The problem now wasn't the calendar, it was time. My two friends, who I have grown to respect as hunters and sportsmen, were making it easy on me. They loved every minute of it! The laughs shared over dinner, the fine meals we prepared, and the stories told account for what deer camp is all about. We didn't need a buck in our lap, but I know each one of us would have taken it! The last hunt was a fist bump and a good luck. We went our separate ways on the farm and honestly, I got chill bumps. I just knew!

The sit I had was phenomenal! No less than six different bucks got into bow range. I decided to just enjoy the show unless a buck in particular showed up. It was the buck Monty had moving pictures of or nothing. I had three years of sheds from him, and I knew this was his window. He was here visible for a few days then gone like a specter in the night. At prime time I heard a loud crash and turned to see two really good bucks in an all-out dog-fight behind me. I picked up my bow for just an instant and realized they weren't my buck. The victor moved off to the south. A ten point with a nice kicker, he was a good one. The loser proceeded to take out his frustrations on the multi-floral rose at the base of my tree, and I just sat and smiled. What a night!

With daylight slipping away I was startled by a crash just to my left. Just fifteen yards



Monty and me

the year to find my own buck, although not the one I had my mind on. He'd have to wait until next year. That is a different story for a different day.



Jack and me

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# Lessons Learned

By Aaron Miller

**W**hen I was a young boy, I would sit at my grandfather's desk and he would teach me "long hand arithmetic." He taught me many things in life, leading by example. Of those memories, one stands out to this day. Grandpa kept handwritten records every day of his life dating back to the 1940's. I remember him telling me that he referred back to it many times, so he could keep accurate records of the planting and harvest seasons on the family farm. I was amazed by this as it was long before the systems we have in place today. I decided at a young age

that I would mirror that method and take the same approach in my life.

When my passion for bowhunting white-tails started to grow in the mid 1980's, I started keeping a journal on every animal I took. I would record the date, time, location, weather and any other detailed information about the hunt. I thought it would be nice to look back

on one day and pass down to family.

As I became more serious about older age class whitetails, my journals carried over into scouting and shed hunting. The logic was to try and trend annual buck movement and behavior in order to have information to fall



back on each year. I soon noticed a pattern with a particular "community" scrape being used annually on one of the farms I hunt.



Rub made heading to bedding area

It contains a beech tree which has up to three scrapes located on its east face and it is oriented on the north end of a drainage along an old logging road. This lines up perfectly on an east west ridge which bucks use while checking bedding areas. It also enables them to check the scrape in certain situations by using thermals without ever exposing

themselves in the thick cover. I never hunted this particular scrape because of this reason and the fickle winds in this general area. It also has a tough approach, making it almost impossible to access in the morning without bumping deer. With this in mind, I decided a few years ago to keep detailed records in this area and monitor it with a camera and from observation points. While scouting the area each year in the off season I began to learn more about how bucks were entering it and on what winds were best for them and marginal for me. A particular red oak stood out and I decided this would be the ambush site if given the opportunity. The 2018 season was promising as several good bucks were using the scrape, with a few making routine daylight appearances. With the crop rotation to the north not being in grain, I was finally going to have a good mid-day access point without needing to come in through the timber. All I needed now was Mother Nature to give me a window of opportunity.

The upcoming frontal passage on November 9th looked to be the day. With the forecast calling for the wind to switch 180

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degrees out of the west mid-day and the trend in the barometer, my mind was made up to slip into that red oak around noon. On the morning of the 9th I took care of a few things at home, ate a meal, and took a shower before getting ready to head out for the evening sit. I faintly remember telling my wife as I walked out the door, "I will kill one of those bucks tonight."

It snowed overnight and into the morning. The temps were cold and the air crisp with the occasional light sleet and mixed precipitation. It felt like one of the big boys would walk by today and going by my notes I had a hunch it would happen between 2-4pm. After checking the wind several times, I hung my set and got my gear situated in the tree. It was now 12:30. Perfect! I thought, I'm in "The Game." The wind had switched due west as I anticipated which would give any approaching buck enough of an advantage to make him comfortable but with it being parallel to the scrape, I was offset for it to work for me as well. As long as I got him before he could get behind me, I should have a broadside opportunity at a mere twelve yards.

This was truly the type of November day we all dream about. After a few minutes thinking about my strategy over and over in my head, I began to daydream about how thankful I was to be in this situation on this day. My attention was finally brought back to a couple fox squirrels playing when out of nowhere I caught movement off my right shoulder. I could see a big body staring at the scrape and he looked to be only thirty yards away. He had slipped in on me without making a sound. With one quick glimpse I could tell it was one of the big boys that had been frequenting the scrape. Knowing he was committed, the "5 x 6" approached the scrape and I drew my longbow and held at anchor. As the buck stepped into my shooting lane, I focused on a tuft of hair behind his left shoulder, and sent the Douglas fir shaft on its way. Watching the white neck disappear into his dark winter coat, the reality of a perfect shot struck me. Stumbling and struggling to stay on his feet, I lost sight of him as he crested the ridge to the south for the last time. From my stand I could clearly view his final path as the trees and ground were painted in red.



Looking at my watch, it read 1:45! The plan actually came together the way I thought it would. After giving him some time, I took up the trail and made the recovery. Taking a few minutes to gather my thoughts, I simply knelt with the fallen monarch. Out of my love for bowhunting, especially mature whitetails, I thanked him for the chess match that had played out over the last few weeks. And with a clarity found only in the humility of a successful hunt, I thanked our Lord for giving me the opportunity to chase these incredible animals. The amount of respect I

have for these beautiful whitetails is something I deeply value. I pray that I never take it for granted.

After getting him home and settling in that evening, I took a few minutes to make a final entry in my logbook concerning the culmination of this hunt. As I read the words a smile came to my face, "Thanks Grandpa."

*The equipment used was a Tall Tines longbow and Douglas fir shafts customized by PBS member David Sisamis.*

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# 2018 South Dakota Membership Hunt

by Daniel Holchin

**T**he 2018 PBS Membership Hunt in South Dakota was a great time and a hunt that I won't soon forget. Being in graduate school in North Carolina, I do not get many opportunities for long hunting trips anymore, but it worked out well this year that the PBS group hunt occurred the same time as my week-long fall break. This was a trip my dad and I were looking forward to all year. After my classes were over on Friday, we started the roughly thirty-hour drive and got to South Dakota very late Saturday night. Hunt organizer Mark Viehweg of South Dakota was there, along with Bill Dunn of Ohio, Tim Finley of North Dakota, and Gary Rieck of Iowa. I am writing this story because on the first night, as we sat around the campfire, we all agreed that whoever killed the first buck would write a story for the PBS magazine. My dad and I figured that one of the Dakota guys would kill the first buck, since they get to hunt them every year and

are deadly shots with their bows. Tim had already killed a very nice muley buck in North Dakota, so our money was on him.

My first couple of days were spent checking out larger areas of National Forest land with Bill Dunn, where my dad had hunted before and several bucks had been killed on previous membership hunts. This terrain had more canyons with sections of pines. In those first couple of days, we saw some whitetail and mule deer and were able to make a couple of stalks, but no shots were taken. We also ran into other hunters and it was easy to see that those deer were pretty spooked and hard to get close to. Mark Viehweg and the other guys in camp suggested that we hunt some smaller sections of BLM land in more of the flat, open terrain and areas that had creek bottoms, or "coulees" going through them. Mark suggested one area in particular that we should check out, where he had seen two nice muley bucks in there the year before. My dad, Bill and I decided to check it out on Tuesday morning, after we got about an inch of snow the night before. This area was about one square mile of BLM next to an alfalfa field with a small coulee going from south to north through the middle of it. The coulee was not noticeable from the dirt road and an area that was probably overlooked by most driving by. With a north wind we decided to start into the coulee at the south end, and slowly work our way through the drainage until we got to the top of it. Bill decided to walk on the west side of the coulee, I would walk in the middle by the small creek and my dad would walk on the east side. We slowly worked our way through and saw a lot of sign but no deer at first. As we got toward the head of the coulee, I peeked around a bend in the creek and saw a mule

deer feeding about two hundred yards away. I could tell he was a nice buck and it looked like he was by himself. Just as I saw him, I saw Bill duck down into the coulee about twenty yards in front of me — we had seen the deer at the same time. I stayed in the left side of the drainage out of view from the buck and snuck up next to Bill, where we both watched the buck for a minute. Luckily, he was feeding directly into the wind and seemed relaxed. When I first saw him, he was down by the creek at a point where the coulee split into two different draws. We watched him feed up the hill and onto the flat area between the two draws. Once he was out of view from us, Bill and I quickly snuck up the coulee to where we saw him last. Bill crawled up to look over the edge where we last saw him and saw him feeding about fifty yards away, but still close to the small draw that went to the left. With the wind still in our faces, we crawled up the draw to where we thought he was going to be. Bill crawled up about twenty yards farther than where I was and then we slowly looked over the edge. As soon as I started to peek over the edge, I saw his rack right in front of me, less than ten yards away! I could tell that he was facing away from me, so I lowered back down, drew my bow and then slowly raised over the edge. The buck must have sensed the movement of me raising up, as he took a couple bounds away and I thought for a second that I had blown this great chance. Thankfully he stopped and looked back at me about twenty-five yards away, providing a great quartering-away shot. Upon release of the arrow, I knew I had made a good shot and I watched him bound across the sage, toward the other draw of the coulee. It all happened so quick and I stood there for a second, not believ-







ing what had just happened! I thought I saw him fall as he got close to the other draw, but Bill and I couldn't tell if he had dropped or had gotten into the coulee and kept running. I knew it was a good shot and a complete pass through, but for a few minutes I was still in shock at what had happened. My dad was a couple hundred yards away and had seen the buck running across the sage after I shot, but didn't know that I had just shot him. He was able to get to a high point and yelled out after he saw the fallen buck with his binos. I was still shocked and thankful for this magnificent muley. Since this was my first mule deer hunt, I would have been happy with any mule deer, and this was more than I could have hoped for! It was too far to drag the buck to the truck, so we cut him up on the spot and packed him out on our backs.

We were into mule deer the rest of the week; however, we did not have any more

luck. The next day we hiked in far from the road to a good spot next to another alfalfa field, and spotted several bucks and does feeding in a hidden drainage. Dad and I stayed up on a knob to signal Bill, and tried to guide in him in for a shot, but the deer won that round. We really did enjoy the spot and stalk style of hunting, but the deer's eyes were hard to defeat, especially when there were a lot of deer in the group. The other guys in camp hunted hard but just couldn't make a kill, unless you count the mice that had infested Tim's truck engine compartment (Tim is a trapper too). This was a great hunt for many other reasons besides just the hunting though. It was a fun week of camping with a great group of guys, even though it did get a bit nippy in the tent. We spend hours sitting around the campfire, telling stories and eating some of the best food I ever had. It was a trip I will never forget.



In 2009 I attended the PBS youth hunt for elk in Utah, and in 2015 I attended the Ohio Membership hunt for deer – on both of those hunts I got to meet and hunt with PBS hunters from all over the country. I hope that there are more membership hunts in my future – thank you Mark Viehweg for organizing this hunt for PBS members.



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# FALL BEAR HUNT

By Michael Shepard

**H**aving hunted here in Northwest Montana for thirty-nine years, I have learned one thing: you must be on your game all the time. My wife was doing better with her year long battle with cancer, and she excused my caretaker duties so I could get some much needed quiet time in the mountains I love to bowhunt.

I packed my trailer and Silverado and left for my hunting spot. The weather was to be clear, cold and normal late October weather, only it was mid-October. I did lots of hiking and looking behind locked gated roads, which is how I hunt, I

saw lots of wolf sign, hardly any deer, and no grouse to whack with Judo tips. The morning of October 11th was 16° and damn cold for this early. The day before, I gave the roundup cowboy I have met and talked to for years, a ride miles back to his truck and horse trailer. We discussed elk, bears and deer. He laughed about this old range bull I ran into and it was wild. He would not be rounded up and spent the whole winter in the mountains, showing up in spring no worse for the wear. He got whacked on the railroad tracks and killed, ending his ornery reign. He told me about a very aggressive black bear that charged him while the cowboy was on horseback, and it got western quickly for him. He said to try the other hillside. So that morning of October 11th, I was two miles behind the gated road, and started finding bear scat with elk hair in it. I went to a small wide area in the road to look at the other mountain with binocs. Suddenly, I heard a stick break below me in the

thick brush. I just did a call of an elk calf in distress, hoping it might be elk. Suddenly to my right at about ten feet, an apparition arose, and stood up. It was a large black bear! Without thinking I pulled

one of my handmade cedar arrows out of my bow quiver, knocked it, pulled my custom Schafer TD longbow to full draw, picked a spot and released. I watched it fly into the bear's chest. It whirled and I ran to the edge, watching it run and roll down the mountainside. I gave it a quiet period, and then went over the side. The brush was so thick it was hard to find lots of blood.

A bear's fat seals any hole and makes it fun to follow.

Using dead reckoning about sixty yards downhill, I found it. It was a very big mountain black bear boar. Field dressing after a few pics, my pic showed why having the sun over my back at close range allowed me to shoot this bear. I assume it was blinded by the light as it rose to my call. Two hours later I had this heavy creature down to the lower road. Flopped



on his back and using a rope around his neck, it allowed me to tobaggan him over grasses and Ponderosa pine needles. Not fun but I lived. One more moose killing, elk eating, fawn loving predator removed legally, ethically and by a soon-to-be seventy-year-old traditional bowhunter. I ordered this bow the day my mother went into the hospital to have her leg wound repaired, and she died the next day during surgery. Mary's bow fits me well and is a testament to her knowing how much I love the outdoors. Hope you like another hunting tale from Ye Olde Bowhunter Mike.





# HORSEBACK ADVENTURES WITH VERN

by Jim Akenson

**O**ver the years, mostly in the 1980's and 1990's, my wife Holly and I had the pleasure of doing several horse and mule pack-trip bowhunts with Vern Struble in the central Idaho wilderness, where we lived for many years, and also in the Eagle Cap Wilderness of Oregon. Vern liked stock, in general, but on every pack trip, at least seven or eight over the years, he seemed to have one noteworthy "stock event." The amazing thing is that he came out of these relatively unscathed and always upbeat about the adventure-at-hand.

I recall a spring bear hunt in Idaho where Vern pulled off two events in one week-long trip. Mike Schlegel, Vern, and I were riding up a swollen stream called Waterfall Creek just off of the Middle Fork of the Salmon River. Mike and I were on long-legged and strong mules while Vern was on a somewhat nervous mare called Miya. Before the first creek ford Vern asked me if Miya was a good stream-crosser and I said, "Oh ya, all these guys are good at that." As I turned my mule Daisy into the water I felt her brace herself against the current, hmmm, a bit more water-push than I expected but Daisy made it through and Mike's mule Cricket was close behind. Well, Miya must have had her eye on the pushing power of the stream, I looked back at Vern as Miya went airborne like an Olympic steeple-chase contestant, jumping and then splashing most of the way across the creek with Vern holding his bow like a flag-pole on a cavalry charge, braced tight on his foot. "Oh boy, she didn't think much of that stream crossing," Vern exclaimed followed by

his characteristic chuckling laugh. "Where's your hat Vern," I said. "It's probably down to the Middle Fork by now!" he replied. Vern always made light of the little things, as long as the adventure was high, so was he. On the second crossing Miya plunged in like a hippo, getting Vern fairly soaked. That was it for the stream fords and we held off on the remaining two or three crossings and called it a day for bowhunting bears. On the ride back I happened to look along the stream brush and there was Vern's hat...stuck on a branch and bouncing in the current! It actually was an easy retrieval, sometimes his good-luck was uncanny!



Our next search for bear was up a very steep hillside north of Big Creek. Vern ended up riding atop a packsaddle that day which works okay going upslope but isn't so great going back down. We were having a hard time finding any bear and I remember heading home early. I looked back a couple times to see Vern looking relaxed and agile sitting atop a Decker packsaddle with Mike's flannel shirt for a cushion. As we dropped off a steeper pitch I heard a commotion and turned to

see Vern's heels higher than his head and heading for the ground, and his bow cartwheeling down the steep, rocky slope. After a bone-jarring impact, Vern popped to his feet and scurried down to retrieve his beautiful snakeskin longbow that was now unstrung. Vern exclaimed, "Ah damn, the horn tip broke off!" I felt sick for not having a proper riding saddle that day for him...heck, the old guy was sixty-five at that time! We took the packsaddle figuring we might be packing a bear carcass, plus I had loaned out our other riding stock and saddles to an outfitter friend. Anyway, Vern shrugged it off and said I think the bow-tip is fixable. That was classic Vern. Always making the best of things! He ended up using one of my recurve bows for the rest of the trip...a 65# Martin takedown that he could draw and hold more easily than me, and I was over thirty years his junior! That bear hunt was kind of a "dud" that year for seeing bear, or having chances for shots. However, there were other rewards as that was the trip when Vern suggested I apply for regular membership and that he'd be glad to sponsor me. I do remember thinking "that old guy really has the right attitude about hunting and life." He was upbeat, looking at things on the bright-side, and always craving a new adventure. Vern was just plain exemplary in his actions, and from my perspective... what a fine example for, and as, a regular member of PBS!





**Tom Mills, new member from Pennsylvania,**  
with his Illinois whitetail



**Shan Mandrayar killed this buck**  
**in Gloucester, Virginia**  
He was aged at 6.5yrs old and sported a 27.25" inside spread. Bow was a Robertson Fatal Styk 65@29 and arrows were GT Traditional with a 200gr VPA broadhead. Caught him feeding under a white oak. White oaks seem to have a bumper crop this year.

# Member

# Photos



**Gene Wensel with his 4x4 buck**  
shot on November 16th



**Brian Morris of California with a fall turkey**



**Steve Sallee shooting his first**  
**deer with his well loved**  
**Jay St. Charles Thunderbird.**





**Monty Browning bowhunting the farm in Georgia.**  
Great Northern longbow, 1200 grain arrow with an old Snuffer broadhead.



**Mike Dhaemers and his 5x4 whitetail in South Dakota.**  
Bear takedown, Paul Schafer limbs and a Cliff Zwickey broadhead.



**Steve Sallee shooting his first ever turkey with a bow, and a bearded hen at that.**

# Member

# Photos



**Aaron Miller and his Ohio whitetail on November 9th.**  
He was coming to a scrape at 1:45 in the afternoon. The shot was 12 yards.

## Send in your photos!

**professionalbowhunters@gmail.com**  
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Dear PBS Members,

It has now been one year since I was fortunate to take the position as the new PBS Secretary and Home Office. Never once in my life did I ever envision using my business schooling and experience to help a group of bowhunters. I will admit I was nervous at first about the position since I knew you all could sniff out a mile away that I know absolutely nothing about the sport. I was worried you would think I was not good enough to handle the operations of this amazing organization. However, I've thankfully never met a nicer and more welcoming group than the members of PBS. I appreciate all of you making me feel right at home in the society, even if I don't speak bowhunting...or any hunting at all for that matter. Thank you for your patience with me through the transition, and thank you for allowing me to come in and make changes that will help the organization continue to grow and thrive.

Always know I'm just an email or phone call away (and I apologize in advance for any screaming children you may hear in the background)!

- Harmony Receveur

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