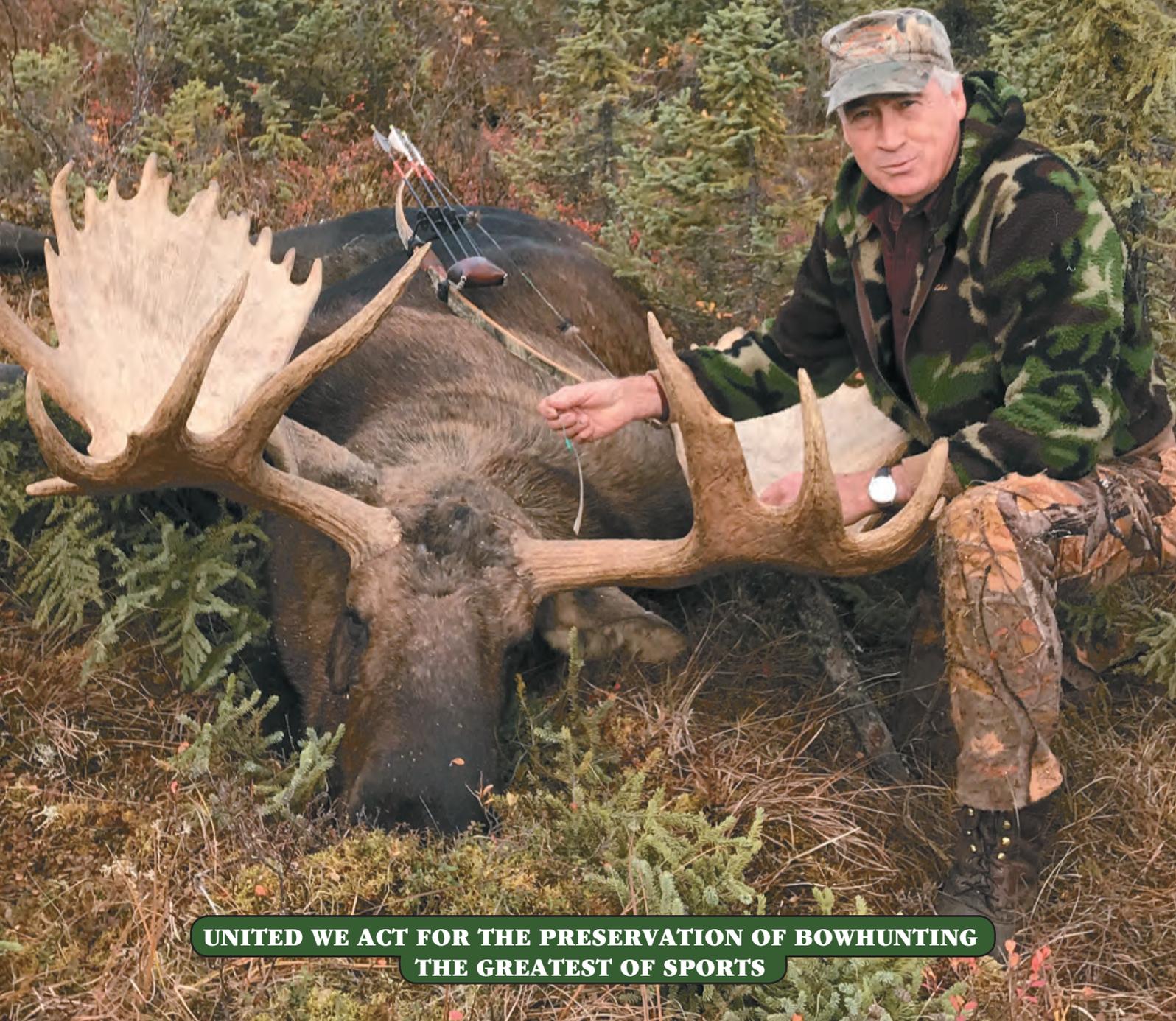


Official Publication for the members of the Professional Bowhunters Society

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THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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SEPTEMBER - 2019

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Cover Photo - Monty Browning has spent the last 25 years hunting Alaska each September. This photo was taken during his most recent trip in September of 2018. Photo by Bryan Burkhardt

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President's Message

by Matt Schuster

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I am writing this column on my way back to Georgia from working the PBS booth at the Eastern Traditional Archery Rendezvous outside Coudersport, PA, and wow, what an event! I say working, but I had so much help from other PBS members, and so much fun, that work is really not the correct word. One thing was apparent throughout the entire four-day event — our organization lives within an inordinately fine community of people. There are not many events where parents feel comfortable letting their little kids run around without direct supervision knowing they are both safe, and that if they get a little rowdy, some responsible adult will nicely take charge. An event where folks leave bows, arrows, and other expensive items sitting around without worry that they will disappear. ETAR is one of those events. If you have not ever been, it is worth the trip. I showed up needing nothing, but came home with a bunch of cool stuff, but more importantly with some wonderful new friends. PBS had another great event too — we signed up a bunch of new members, renewed another batch of folks, and were well-represented by archers wearing our t-shirts and caps. Big thanks to all of the folks who helped out at the booth. I would name all who helped but won't because I certainly would leave someone out, but I will say that Bo Slaughter, Andy Houk, Rob Davis, and Duane Means spent an inordinate amount of time working for our organization.

Because PBS is made up of the most passionate bowhunters on earth, we have members with some strong opinions on many subjects relative to our way of life. Long-time members know that throughout our history, members have often been involved in strong, and sometimes intemperate arguments that frankly damaged our organization. Past President Norm Johnson and I decided three years ago that PBS would no longer tolerate some of the behaviors that were given a pass in the past,

and, quietly, there have been members put on probation for behavior deemed unprofessional in nature because such behavior is a clear violation of the oath one signs when one agrees to become a PBS member. Council is not judge, jury, and executioner — a member has the right to make a case for his defense as set out in our By-Laws before he goes on probation. The last three years have been both quiet and nice. So why do I bring this up? Because the last issue of the magazine got some folks fired up and that in itself is perfectly okay. Like I said earlier, we are a passionate bunch. There are a couple of articles in this issue that members felt compelled to write because of their strong views on baiting for bears, and they lay those views out in a professional and non-personal manner. Some folks may be swayed by these articles, others will simply disagree. The world would be a boring place if we all agree on everything. Articles like these two will always be welcome in the magazine as long as they do not get personal, irrational, or are designed to insult another member.

PBS has always promoted ethics, woodsman-ship, and fair-chase bowhunting, and still does. There are things generally accepted by the larger bowhunting world that we will never accept — crossbows, airbows, expandable broadheads, and laser-sights for example. Why these and not other things? Because we believe the items above either will eventually have a detrimental effect on our bowhunting season (crossbows, airguns, etc), or are so ineffective as to be unethical (I personally know an outfitter who in one week personally saw three clients hit bull elk perfectly with expandables and recovered none. He no longer allows expandables in his camp and if a hunter brings them, he loses a day of hunting because he has to drive two hours to get a real broadhead. Then there are the hunting methods that we all seem to agree are off-limits and are almost uniformly illegal such as hunting big game animals at night with lights, shooting an animal while it is swimming, shooting critters from a road, or using drones to hunt. Then there are the grey areas, areas on which PBS has no official position, such as the use of baiting,

blinds, tree-stands, food plots, decoys, water-holes, treeing dogs, trail cameras, etc. These are legal in areas where professional wildlife biologists have deemed their use will not negatively affect the game population. Does that make them okay? I can answer that only for myself. I personally have zero interest in scouting with a trail camera, shooting a lion out of tree, shooting a bear over bait (although I have hunted over bait) or shooting any unwounded animal bayed up by a dog, but I'm not going to impugn my friends who use these methods where legal. The case can certainly be made, and is made well in an article in this magazine, that the non-hunting public frowns upon some hunting methods more than others, but is that even relevant? What if the public decides they frown on traditional bowhunting because the kill is not as clean as it is with a gun? This has happened in some European countries and some African outfitters will not take traditional bowhunters. Even if we believe that the premise of the previous question is untrue, does it matter when dealing with a public making decisions based purely on emotion rather than on reason? My point is that in some cases, it is possible to draw a firm line, and IMHO that line gets drawn when the animal has no chance of escape or the hunting method or equipment poses a threat to our bowhunting season or the health of our game population. Drawing a firm line elsewhere has the potential to backfire on us when we find ourselves under attack and need folks to speak up for bowhunters, especially traditional bowhunters, and we find ourselves alone on our pristine ethical island. A better course is for each of us to attempt to educate those that think differently and if one is polite, logical, and effective, one can make a difference one bowhunter at a time. So feel free to send in articles or to make posts on the website designed to enlighten, sway, or educate but let's keep it professional and courteous and neither rude nor condescending. It has been that way for three nice years, let's keep it that way and make it the permanent PBS way.

Matt Schuster

Vice President's Message

by Terry Receveur

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Enquiring minds want to know! I was perusing through the most recent PBS magazine and I saw the little section where it said, "Regular Membership Candidates" and a few pages later was a notice that PBS was instituting electronic voting. My mind wanders a lot and I began to think about why only Regular members could vote and not everyone. I began to formulate a plan to enter the PBS as Vice President with guns a blazing and stir things up by proposing all members be able to vote. Well, then I thought about the Regular members and reasoned that if everyone could vote there would be no advantage to becoming a Regular member. Currently, the Regular members pay a higher annual membership fee and the only difference is they get to vote. So then, I thought well maybe we can do a weighted voting system, where Regular member votes count as two votes to every Associate member vote. I still wasn't convinced and then I went back to my original question. Why are Regular members the only ones to vote in PBS elections or on other club business matters? Well, since there is a greater power than I, I simply went to the Grand Poobah, President Matt

Schuster. His response was as follows: "When PBS was formed over fifty years ago, field and target archery were very popular on their own and unrelated to hunting. The gentlemen who started PBS wanted to make sure that PBS would always remain an organization focused on bowhunting and the ethics and woodsmanship surrounding bowhunting. They set up the two-tiered membership so that only folks who were experienced, dedicated, and ethical bowhunters could vote. The intent was not to be elitist or for it to be some sort of killing contest. It was designed to keep the organization from ever becoming a target or archery organization instead of a hunting organization. There are many, many long-time associate members who are very experienced bowhunters who never apply to be a voting member and that is fine. They are treated with the same respect as any other member." I interpreted Matt's explanation to be a mechanism to preserve the intent of the founding fathers and to ensure the Mission Statement is maintained. The Mission Statement reads as follows: "The Professional Bowhunters Society mission is to preserve bowhunting's traditional values by promoting the highest outdoor and bowhunting ethics



through continuing education of bowhunters today and tomorrow, the promotion of wildlife conservation, and the preservation of traditional bowhunting seasons." In today's environment of instant gratification, gadgeteering, shortcuts to woodsmanship and borderline ethics the PBS needs to be directed and led by Regular members who have successfully navigated the application and approval process that confirms their commitment to the mission statement. The two-tiered voting system ensures the PBS remains the organization we all know and love. If you aren't a Regular member and believe and live the mission statement, we need you! Please take the time to apply and become part of the group that helps preserve our sport and protect the PBS.

Aim small and miss small!

Terry Receveur

Regular Membership Candidates

We list the following names of members who have applied for regular membership in PBS and have been approved by the Council. These individuals have completed a lengthy application and are currently in their one-year probationary period. If you are a regular member and see any reason why any of these applicants should not be accepted, please send a signed letter stating your reasons to PBS Senior Councilman Ethan Rodrigue, 30786 S.R. 30, Pikeville, TN 37367.

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

-PBS Officers and Council

Brian Koelzer, Manhattan, MT

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Senior Council's Report

by Ethan Rodrigue
woodsmanbows@yahoo.com

us in the best way possible.

The banquet preparations are in full swing and we are on pace to have a fantastic gathering. As I'm sure everyone is aware, we have already sold out our block of rooms at the Oasis and are having to reserve rooms at another nearby hotel! This is great news for us as a whole and we are excited for what is in store for us in Springfield.

As hunting season is quickly approaching, I know we are all in the same boat and can't wait to hit the woods. Like myself, I'm sure everyone is going over the little details that we all hope will make the difference in our season. But one thing I find myself trying to keep in mind lately is to take the time to enjoy all the aspects of the hunt. The planning, the preparations, the scouting, these are things that I have always enjoyed but the older I get the more I've come to realize how important

these things are to my experience as a whole. I would wager that the overwhelming majority, if not all of our members spend so much time devoted to bowhunting that we are all blessed with understanding families. If we weren't, we couldn't devote as much of our time and efforts to what we all love so much. Don't forget to appreciate that fact and try not to take that for granted. We all know the amount of time and effort that goes into our seasons. From the outside looking in, many people only see a picture or two, maybe even a taxidermy mount on the wall in the den. But I'm sure like you, when I look at memories from past hunts and adventures, I also see the sacrifice my family has often made and the time away from them that I had to take to make those adventures a reality. Don't forget to appreciate that!

Ethan Rodrigue

I hope everyone has been having a great summer! It's been a busy one for me, but it has helped in making the time go by a little quicker until fall. I have been looking forward to the cooler temperatures and evenings in the woods for months now! ETAR was a great success for PBS and I would like to personally thank everyone that donated their time in manning the PBS booth. The biggest asset to our organization is our members and you guys never fail to represent

Council's Report

by Tom Vanasche
tomvanasche@mac.com

vacations and get your trip to Springfield on the calendar.

In the last magazine I wrote an article called "BAIT". It was based on a neutral position to try and stimulate some conversation among members and hopefully generate some material for future magazines. Despite a large and growing membership, we frequently have a deficit of new material to print. I know a lot of good stories are out there, so don't hesitate to contribute. Well, we had two readers take the "bait" so to speak, and write insightful, thoughtful articles themselves. Thanks for your responses. That material will be found in this issue.

As I write this message, Matt and I are preparing to leave for the Utah cow elk hunt with our membership drive winner. Hopefully that will generate an amazing story as well!

Before you know it, March 2020 will be here and we will be invading Springfield, Mis-

souri. It looks like it will be a packed gathering with many vendors and fantastic auction items. There is also the Bass Pro headquarters with its Wonders of Wildlife Museum, Archery Hall of Fame and simply enormous adjoining aquarium. The Black Widow bow factory is close by as well and we will have a tour there.

In closing, I am asking once again to contact me with any and all donations please. Big or small, hunting equipment, artwork, things for the ladies, vacation cabin time or just anything you think could help us out. If we have this info ahead of time it helps us sort things out and log it all in more efficiently. All last minute arrivals are always appreciated however. We have a local member who will store it in Springfield if you wish to forward your donation.

Tom Vanasche



Well another quarter of life has buzzed by and it's time for the next magazine. I keep mentioning how things are incremental and indeed, there is this slow daily grind but then suddenly half a year is gone. Don't let life and family pass you by. Now is the time to act, to make those hunting plans, plan your family

Council's Report

by Jeff Holchin
jeffreyholchin@gmail.com



I have been a Compton Traditional Bowhunters member since near the beginning of that organization in 1999, but wasn't able to attend their annual June rendezvous in Michigan until this summer. I liked it so much that I am already planning to return in 2020. Even though many PBSers are Compton members and visa versa, the two bowhunting organizations haven't been very close, but fortunately the current leaders of Compton and PBS have agreed to change this course and work together instead of against each other. I think the PBS is currently doing some things very well, such as the Membership Hunts, while Compton's emphasis on getting more kids into traditional archery, among other things, is something I have always admired and respected. I also love the idea of big gatherings where we can camp, shoot bows, eat good food, have seminars and enjoy fellowship in a relaxed setting (like our own OYGs, but on steroids – I would like to see our OYGs grow into similar events). The idea of Compton and the PBS working together and making each other stronger makes so much sense. This is already happening, with Compton graciously donating a vendor booth to the PBS at their annual June rendezvous in

Michigan, the presidents of both organizations doing a podcast together, the leaders agreeing to minimize future schedule conflicts with our biannual Banquets and their Big Game Classics, etc.

I started out with a traditional bow in 1978 when I was 14, but like many went to the compound bow for some easier kills and confidence boost from about 1982 until about 1994, and have been a traditional bowhunter ever since. I believe that's the natural progression of many bowhunters. My own son Daniel is following the same path, and has set a goal for this fall to kill his first trad deer by recurve, now that his compound bow kills are becoming easier and a bigger challenge is desired. To be honest, when he was a young teenager, he just wasn't a good enough shot with a trad bow to be effective beyond about five yards. Being right handed but left eye dominant didn't help. In desperation, I got him a compound bow with sight pins, and his effective range was immediately expanded to about twenty yards and he actually had a real chance to kill a deer with his bow; he knew it and that really boosted his confidence and desire to hunt. Soon after that I was by his side as he drew down on a nice PA 8-point buck and watched that buck fall to a

perfectly-placed pass-thru broadside shot, and knew that he was now hooked on bowhunting. Getting that first big bow kill was so important to him, and we couldn't have cared less if it was by trad or compound bow! One thing that has really helped him in his progression to hunting with a trad bow is being on numerous PBS hunts with some serious trad bowhunters who have encouraged him to take on a bigger bowhunting challenge, instead of demeaning or insulting his bow choice.

Good luck on your upcoming fall hunts and remember to be safe and share your hunt stories with your fellow PBS members in the PBS magazine, the website and social media. Try to recruit some quality bowhunters if you believe they are PBS material. If you haven't yet registered for the 2020 Banquet, why not? It's gonna be another great gathering, I hope to see you there!

Jeff Holchin

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by Gene Thorn

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I am leaving for Kenya, Africa tomorrow morning. When I have told people of my coming trip most immediately reply, "Are you going bowhunting over there?"

Everyone knows I am a hard core, dyed in the wool bowhunter. But the answer is no. I was invited to preach at a National Church Leaders Conference in Nairobi, another Church Leaders Conference in Kericho and a week long crusade in Kisumu. I will also be ministering at an orphanage, schools and villages. I would be up for packing my bow and arrows if hunting was a possibility on the tail end of the trip but alas Kenya banned all sport hunting in 1977. Even landowners cannot hunt for meat on their own land.

Wow! How blessed are we in the United States to have the North American Wildlife Conservation Model? Kenya has lost 60-70% of its large animals since the ban, even on National Parks. We hunters have played a huge role in the reestablishment and increase in numbers of wildlife here in the US.

I was surprised to find out that the region of Kenya to the north and west of Nairobi, above Kericho, has a temperate climate with four seasons. They can grow hardwood trees like we have in West Virginia. This region of Kenya has elevations like we find in the Western US. There are trout in the streams of the mountains of Kenya. In 1905, brown trout from Loch Leven in Scotland were introduced into the Gura River at 9,500 ft elevation. Further introductions continued through 1934 to establish a thriving brown trout population. Rainbow trout from South Africa, but originally from North America of course, were introduced to Kenya from 1910 to 1924 and now there are 1,666 miles of rainbow trout streams.

It is actually an awesome fly

fishing destination. Fly tying has become a huge industry in Kenya with them supplying, along with tyers in the Orient, most of the commercially tied flies in the world. When you walk into a fly shop in West Yellowstone, Montana, or wherever, and peruse the bins of flies, most of them were tied in Kenya. This fly fishing and fly tying thing is a huge connection with home for me. I am not packing a fly rod this time but who knows in the future. Hey Jim Akenson, do you want to go fly fish Kenya with me sometime?

John 15:1 "I am the true vine, and My Father is the vinedresser. 2 Every branch in Me that does not bear fruit He takes away; and every branch that bears fruit He prunes, that it may bear more fruit.

3 You are already clean because of the word which I have spoken to you.

4 Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abides in the vine, neither can you, unless you abide in Me.

5 "I am the vine, you are the branches. He who abides in Me, and I in him, bears much fruit; for without Me you can do nothing.

6 If anyone does not abide in Me, he is cast out as a branch and is withered; and they gather them and throw them into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If you abide in Me, and My words abide in you, you will ask what you desire, and it shall be done for you.

8 By this My Father is glorified, that you bear much fruit; so you will be My disciples.

Staying connected to people today is easier than ever, and social media has enhanced that. Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram allow us to almost instantly post information about ourselves for others to see, and see what the people in our lives are saying about themselves. Cell phones make it easier for us to call or text anyone, anywhere, at anytime. Staying connected to people who are half way around the world can be done at the push of a button or the click of a mouse. I am going to have a 10 ½ hour daytime layover in Paris on my way to Kenya. I messaged fellow PBSer and friend T.J. Conrads, in Idaho, last week with a request for recommendations on how to spend that time. In less than a minute he got back to me, and for the next half hour we messaged back and forth, and I got great advice

on places to see, a restaurant to go to, and how to get there and back from Charles de Gaulle Airport. Connections like this are awesome. I knew T.J. had been to Paris several times and knew the lay of the land. Thank you, T.J.! Modern technology is wonderful for being connected to our family and friends wherever they are. But regardless of what technology you are using, whether it is cellular, satellite, cable, or even the now "old fashioned" phone line, a communication technology is only as good as its connection. If the connection isn't solid you will not have a good flow of information. Here in rural West Virginia, where I live, we stay connected to the internet and phone by a HughesNet satellite dish. We do lose connection sometimes when a big rainstorm or snowstorm rolls through. If you lose connection, you don't get what others are trying to communicate. Jesus is making that very point with his words recorded here in John's Gospel. Staying connected to Jesus is about more than just hearing His words. Staying connected to Jesus is life itself! We stay connected through reading His Word, prayer, private worship, corporate Church worship, preaching, teaching, and fellowship with other believers. He is the vine and we are the branches. Stay connected!

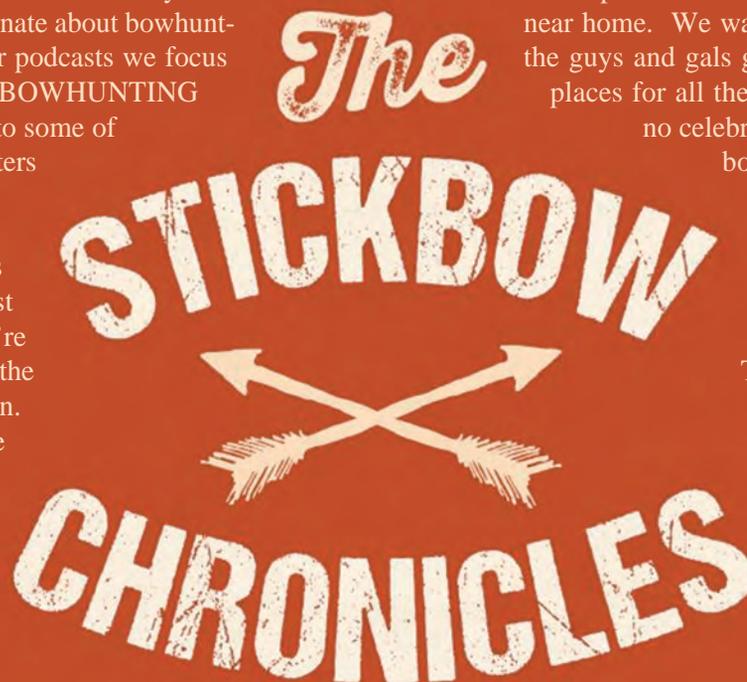
Staying connected is important. It's really important in our relationships with the people closest to us. It is even more important in our relationship with God. Jesus tells us to remain in him, because he is the one who gives us true life. When we remain in Jesus we have power to live an abundant life and to produce fruit. It is the fruit of thanks and praise which gives glory to God for all that he has done for us. Connecting gives us the ability to serve others and bring help in your times of need. You are not going through this life alone. You have friends and you have Jesus. I have numerous friends who have helped me with this trip to Kenya. Some of my PBS family helped with funding. I want to thank you all. You know who you are. God brought all the logistics together. There were some obstacles to overcome but with the prayers of my friends, and the help of the Lord, all of them were overcome. I am packed and ready to leave bright and early tomorrow morning. You can call on your friends, and you can call on Jesus. Make Him the Lord of your life. Stay **Connected!**

One of the great benefits of PBS is the chance to network with experienced, well-traveled bowhunters. We are getting constant requests to distribute a membership list with contact information included. In the past, Council resisted this because of the chance the list would be misused for direct mail advertising, but times have changed and everyone's personal information is available to anyone who knows how to use a computer. So we are going to distribute a membership list by city/state with each member's email address shown but with no phone number or complete physical address. This will allow members to reach out to others in close proximity or to those in areas where they may want information on the local hunting.

To opt out of this list, simply send an email (professionalbowhunters@gmail.com) or letter (P.O. Box 22631 Indianapolis, IN 46222) to Harmony at the home office telling her you do not want to participate. We will not send out the list until each member has had plenty of time to opt-out. We sincerely hope you will all opt-in and help make PBS an even stronger, more tight knit group than we are already.

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 South-



The
STICKBOW
CHRONICLES

ern 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*



Holiday PBS “GARAGE SALE” Online Auction



I don't know about you, but I love this time of year when I go through all of my hunting stuff to get ready for the upcoming hunting season. I am always amazed at how much stuff that I have that I no longer use.

I know you are probably in the same position.

So grab one or two of those unused items and donate it to support this year's PBS Online Auction on Tradgang.com, which will be held in December. If one out of four members donates one item, we will have a HUGE auction. It takes no time and is going to help us do important things in the near future. Council wants to fund an independent study to find out if, and how, success rates have changed over the last twenty years during bow season and whether this has yet impacted bowhunting opportunities in any states. We would also like to offer our members another decrease in dues in 2020, but to do that, and to fund the study, we as an organization need to keep developing this Online Auction as an important source of income — and the cool part is that a lot of that income comes from folks outside of PBS.

To help, just snap a picture of your donation via phone and email or text it to Harmony with a description. If you don't know how to send a picture, get a kid to do it for you — we all know they can do it in their sleep! You don't have to ever go on the internet or Tradgang to help, you just need to donate. But you should go on Tradgang.com and check out the auction. There are always unique and interesting items offered and you might just get a steal on something you need.

Dates will be announced, but you can start sending pictures and descriptions to Harmony now.

Let's make this a success for PBS!



SOCIAL MEDIA TIPS AND TRICKS

WHAT'S A #HASHTAG?

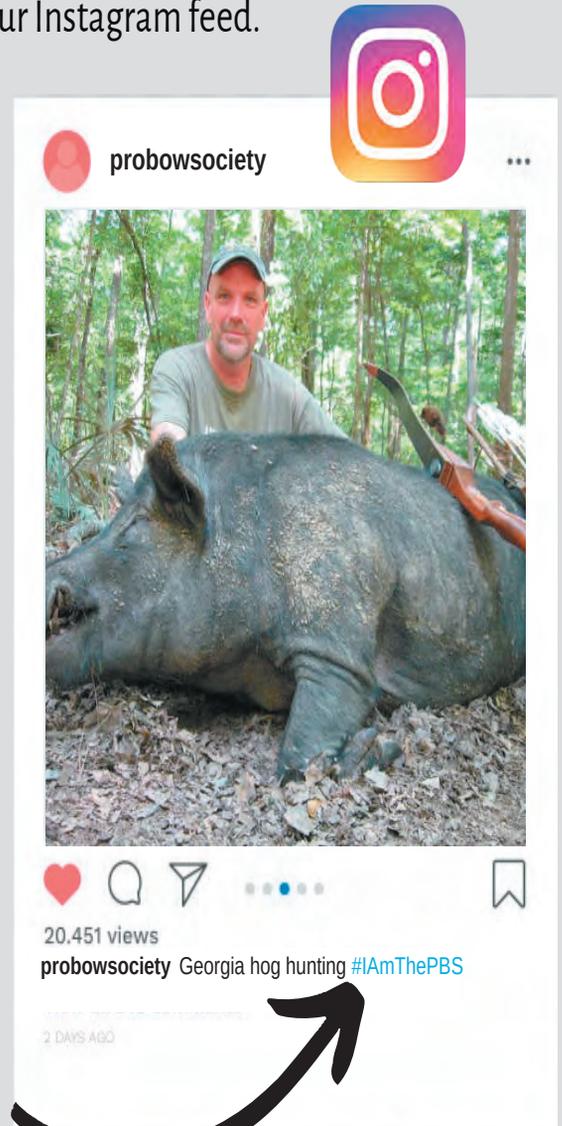
If you're a social media novice, hashtags — those short links preceded by the pound sign (#) — may seem confusing and unnecessary. But they are integral to the way we communicate online, and it's important to know how to use them.

Hashtags can be used to help you discover new accounts and pick up followers. By simply clicking on the hashtag you will be taken to a page with posts using that same phrase! Once you are on that page you can follow that hashtag by clicking the **Follow** button at the top of the screen. This will allow all posts using that hashtag to show up in your Instagram feed.

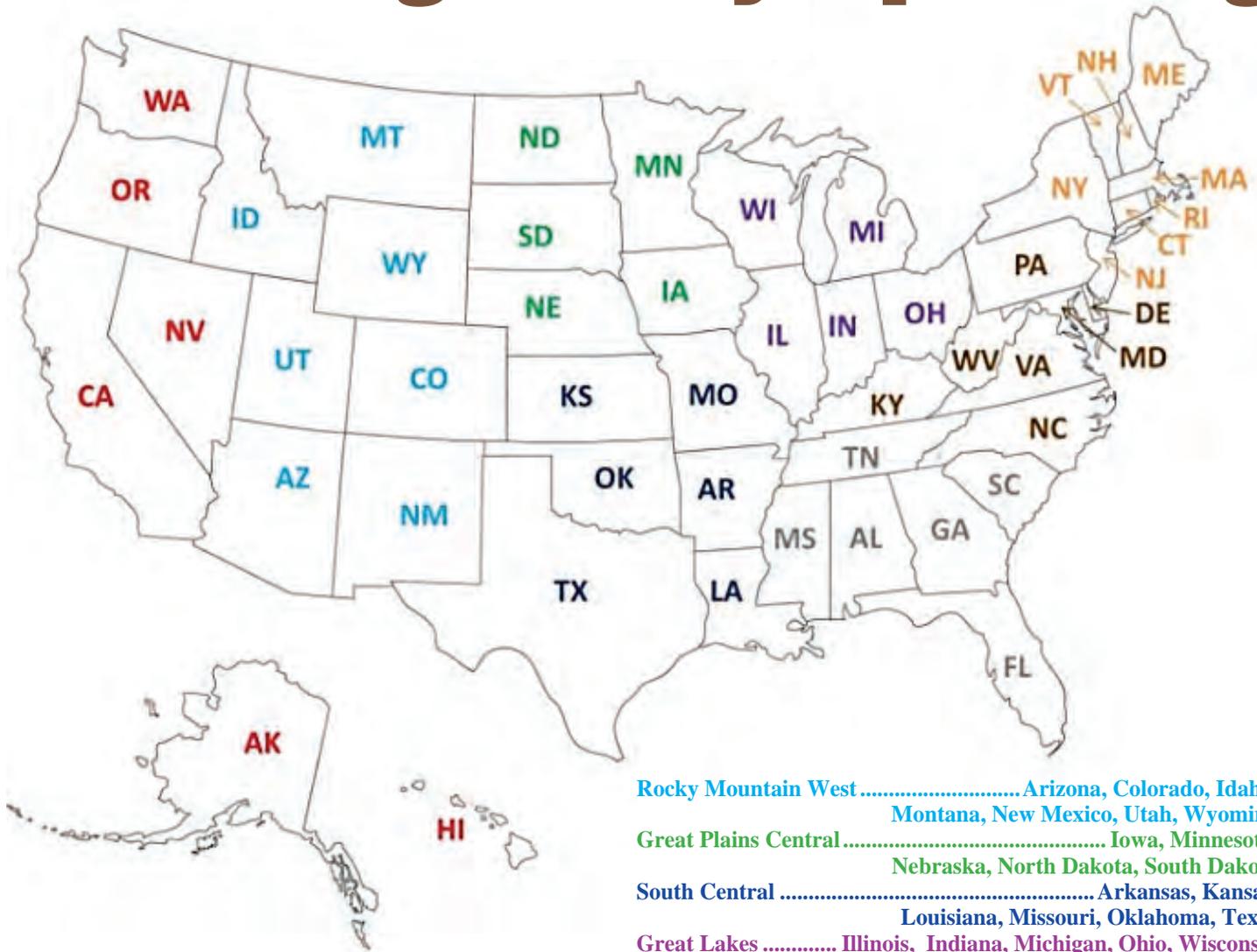
HASHTAGS 101

- For starters, spaces are an absolute no-no. Even if your hashtag contains multiple words, group them all together.
- Capitalization is not important, however you can capitalize to help differentiate between the words (#IAmThePBS works the same as #iamthepbs)
- Numbers are supported, however, punctuation marks are not, so commas, periods, exclamation points, question marks and apostrophes are out. Forget about asterisks, ampersands or any other special characters
- If you ever have any questions never hesitate to reach out to Harmony at the home office!

START USING #IAMTHEPBS IN YOUR HUNTING POSTS TO HELP US SPREAD THE WORD ABOUT US ON SOCIAL MEDIA!



PBS – Regionally Speaking



By Randy Brookshier - Third Quarter 2019

I would like to recognize and thank Jeff Holchin for his years of service as Chairman of the Regional Representative Program. He has done an outstanding job of overseeing and promoting this program and has made it the success that it has become. With me assuming these duties he now has more time to devote to his Council position and the day to day running of the P.B.S. We have been able to fill the Rocky Mountain Regional Representative with Paul Schnell, and a brief bio from him is included below.

As I am typing this report, E.T.A.R. is in full swing in Pennsylvania. I know a lot of P.B.S. members will be attending and hopefully the efforts of everyone manning the P.B.S. booth will result in as many new members being signed up as last year at this event.

We have several members hunts that have been set up or are formulating at this time around the country. If you have been thinking of hosting one in the past, maybe this is the year to put one on. I don't care if you are putting together a hunt for alligators, elk or bullfrogs, I guarantee that there will be members interested in attending. It is a little bit of work up front but the benefits in the form of friendships and contacts for future hunts is immeasurable.

Pacific West Alaska, California, Hawaii, Nevada, Oregon, Washington

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

Great Plains 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 - Randy Brookshier (stykbow59@comcast.net)

Pacific West - Tom Vanasche (tomvanasche@mac.com)

Rocky Mountain West - Paul Schnell (pschnell0@gmail.com)

North and Central Plains - Mark Viehweg (mark@v-testequipment.com or mark@tradbow.com)

South Central - Preston Lay (longbow@cimtel.net)

Great Lakes - Tim Nebel (tnebel20@gmail.com)

Northeast - Terry Receveur (Terrance.Receveur@taconic.com)

Appalachian - Randy Brookshier (stykbow59@comcast.net)

Southeast - Vance Henry (vhenry.ga@gmail.com)

International - Alessandro Fodera (alessandro.fodera@gmail.com)

Pacific West Report

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

Tom Vanasche – Regional Representative



Oregon: When you read this we will be well into our fall deer and elk seasons. Crossbows are still NOT allowed at any-time in Oregon. Hopefully this will continue. A reasonable biologically sound wolf plan was finally put into place by our game commission over the objections of our governor. In time this could mean the hunting of wolves, which now seem to be spreading throughout the state.

Alaska: It is rumored they may have to close moose season due to the population being decimated by Bryan Burkhardt and Monte Browning.

California: In July deer season opens and Tule elk are bugling. California seems to lead the nation in many things. It's get the hogs are found in the mid and late pm. Deer hunting is great in July and it's the only state that is open. Think of a new adventure.

Washington: Jerry Krauth reports when he started hunting the regulations were on a single page. Now it is 131 pages long. Early archery is September 1-27, late archery November 27-December 8th. You can get some tags over the counter particularly for Roosevelt elk. You can now buy tags over the internet at fishhunt.dfw.wa.gov.

Hoof rot disease in elk continues to be a problem and is expanding to the east side of the state, no solution is currently available. Hopefully a cure will be found as it leads to a miserable death for the animal.

Nevada: We only have a few members here but Matthew Wilson has stepped up and become the state rep. They have just formed a Traditional Archers of Nevada group and Matthew hopes to recruit to PBS from this group.

Rocky Mountain West Report

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

Paul Schnell – Regional Representative



Greetings from Arizona to my fellow toxophilites and traditional and modern-equipment bowhunters. What a fine group of dedicated conservationists! It is an honor to fill the open position for the Rocky Mountain West region. So who's this new guy that joined our ranks just a couple months ago?

Briefly, I grew up and lived in Western New York (upstate) for fifty years where hunting and fishing is still a major pastime for millions of people.

Remarkably, conservation clubs are found in virtually all sixty-two counties where the members are ever vigilant against anti-conservation forces particularly of the shady political variety! Having shot recurves since the early 70's I 'back slid' for a tiny period and sampled a compound bow for a few years and curiously tried an Excalibur crossbow for one season but have shot competitively and hunted with recurves for four decades. That 45-year-old Wing Thunderbird still shoots like a dream and dropped an AZ javelina a few years ago. Today's 'hunting sticks' are simple longbows, wood shafts and single bevel two blades.

Fast forward to 2018. Don Thomas's in-depth interview with PBS's past president Norm Johnson, *Oct/Nov 2018 Traditional Bowhunter*, was a refreshing eye opener on the split rail values, strong ethics and dedication to conservation that PBS and its members hold true to. Aldo Leopold would be proud! With a background in natural resources conservation, education and outdoor writing PBS was a natural fit, of course. In the last PBS issue was a call for a western region volunteer and here we are. Please feel free to share any timely archery/bowhunting-related info/news that you might have.

As Jeff Holchin observed, this 7-state region is 'arguably the toughest region in the country because of its size and relatively small number of members.' Perhaps you can help move the needle on this score. Thus far, Craig Burris – UT, Scott Myers – MT, and Rick Wildermuth – AZ represent their respective states. Thank you to Rick, Scott and Craig! Still needed are reps for CO, ID, NM and WY. Please consider stepping up for the good of PBS members and the rich history on which PBS rests. The magazine is always in need of relevant, interesting articles, too. Feel free to submit your ideas and/or articles with high resolution images. We can gladly help you in the editing process. Veteran and newer bowhunters also have so much to offer. After all, PBS serves its members in becoming the best they can be. Professional!

Arizona – Rick Wildermuth: No legislative updates to report. A PBS Members hunt will be held from January 1, until you decide to leave the area. Hunt javelina, mule deer and the speedy, elusive Coues deer. The location is South of Tucson. More information can be found on the PBS site/Forums/Members Hunts. Contact rwildermuth2@cox.net for details.

Montana – Scott Myers: Here's a list of upcoming season dates for archery big and small game for the 2019 season.

Antelope 900 series	August 15th – November 10th
Antelope Archery	September 7th – October 11th
Bighorn Sheep Archery	September 7th – September 14th
Moose	September 15th – December 1st
Mountain Goat	September 15th – December 1st
Black Bear Archery	September 7th – September 14th
Deer and Elk Archery	September 7th – October 20th
Backcountry (HD 150, 151, 280, 316) Archery	September 7th – September 14th
Mountain Lion Archery without hounds	September 7th – October 20th
Sage Grouse	September 1st – September 30th
Mountain Grouse	September 1st – January 1st
Sharptail Grouse	September 1st – January 1st
Partridge	September 1st – January 1st
Pheasant General	October 12th – January 1st
Wolf Archery	September 7th – September 14th

~ continued on page 12 ~

Great Plains Central Report

(North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa)

Mark Viehweg - Regional Representative



By the time, you read this report; the South Dakota Membership Hunt is probably behind us. I had to scramble a bit due to a late change by the Commission after the 1st of July to not allow non-residents to hunt on public land until the traditional October 1st opener. Residents are allowed to hunt beginning the 1st of September. I advocated for a reduction in non-resident numbers, but thought they would move

toward a percentage of resident hunters versus a later start. This move isn't unprecedented in South Dakota as we have a resident opener for pheasants on public ground a week before the general opener. We'll see what happens going forward, but I would guess there will be adjustments.

My Wyoming neighbor, Steve H., and I are looking at a Spring Member Turkey Hunt in either Western South Dakota or Nebraska. Please feel free to contact either of us with suggestions.

South Central Report

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

Preston Lay - Regional Representative



Oklahoma — Preston Lay: I have a lot of anticipation for the upcoming fall hunting season. Oklahoma will continue with the fall resident archery antelope and bear hunts. These hunts are open to residents without any special drawing procedure. The seasons are short but provide an unusual opportunity for a variety of species. I will again be joining PBS regular Duane Kroner

on a Colorado backcountry elk hunt. We will be hiking in the San Juan wilderness. Stay tuned and hopefully this adventure will provide an action packed magazine article. Pay close attention for Bubba Graves hosting the PBS group hunt in the Davis mountains in southwest Texas. This hunt is a great opportunity for a wild adventure in surprisingly rugged country. Horsemanship skills are a bonus. Hope everyone has a fantastic hunting season.

Louisiana — Emile P. LeBlanc: Hurricane Barry came ashore on July 13th, 2019 as a minimal hurricane but pushed five to six feet of water into the coastal marshes at the mouth of the Atchafalaya River. Habitat surveys will be needed to determine if season adjustments will be needed for the upcoming deer season. Even though the coastal deer

herds have survived for centuries under similar conditions, timing of these storms could easily destroy the fawns in a given area. I will update any changes in the next issue.

Louisiana has not detected CWD in the state as yet but several positives were confirmed just across the river in Mississippi prompting the Commission to confirm proactive regs in an attempt to keep it out of Louisiana as long as possible. The new reg addresses deer scents and attractants that contain deer urine.

July 2, 2019 – The Louisiana Wildlife and Fisheries Commission (LWFC) passed a declaration of emergency during its July meeting Monday (July 1) that modifies the deer urine ban for the 2019-20 hunting season. The ban is part of the Louisiana Department of Wildlife and Fisheries (LDWF) and LWFC's effort to prevent chronic wasting disease (CWD) from entering the state.

New testing procedures have been made available to producers of deer urine that can detect the presence of CWD in urine-based products.

The modified regulation reads as follows: It is unlawful to use or possess scents or lures that contain natural deer urine or other bodily fluids while taking, attempting to take, attracting or scouting wildlife, except natural deer urine products produced by the manufacturers or entities that are actively enrolled and participating in the Archery Trade Association Deer Protection Program, which have been tested using real-time quaking induced conversion and certified that no detectable levels of CWD are present and clearly labeled as such.

Texas — William “Bubba” Graves: The summer heat and high humidity have my eyes stinging and my clothes drenched in sweat as I finish up my evening practice session. These long summer days have me dreaming of cooler temperatures and shorter days with my bow in hand chasing game.

September 28th brings on the opening day of the Texas archery season and is the day that most of us bowhunting Texans look forward to all year. We as Texans are fortunate to have very liberal hunting days with the whitetail and mule deer archery season running from September 28th all the way to November 1st, then the general season which allows us to continue hunting whitetail with our bows from November 2nd through January 5th in the north zone and January 19th in the south zone. For an all-inclusive look into Texas hunting seasons check out: <https://tpwd.texas.gov/regulations/outdoor-annual/hunting/seasons/county-listing/>

Keep your eyes open for the chance to join other PBS members on hunts across the nation with our very popular PBS member hunts. These hunts are a great way to meet other members, gain new friends and to hunt new places. If you can, consider hosting a hunt yourself. Hosting a PBS member hunt is a very rewarding endeavor and well worth the time and effort.

I would like to welcome the following new members from the state of Texas to our ranks; Martin “Ed” Gonzalez - Alice, TX, Todd Maxey - Telephone, TX, Bryce Olson - Lubbock, TX and Greg Pleasant - Giddings, TX. Welcome aboard fellows you have joined a great group of hardcore and dedicated bow hunters.

As always I invite anyone with information they would like to share about archery events or hunting opportunities in the state of Texas to contact me via email at: williamgraves187@gmail.com so I can spread the word through our great publication. Till next time, keep honing those skills, introduce someone new to the PBS and promote the PBS through social media with our #IAMTHEPBS campaign.

Great Lakes Report

(Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Missouri)

Tim Nebel - Regional Representative



Ohio — State Rep Tim Nebel:

On a normal year, the state of Ohio produces between 3 million and 3.5 million acres of corn. The most up to date predictions this year are saying that we will only have about 1.75 to 2 million acres of corn. The fate of our projected soybean crop looks even poorer yet. The last twelve months in Ohio have been the wettest ever recorded, and our farmers are feeling the negative effects. As I write this article at the end of June, I would estimate only

about half of the local crops in my area have gotten in the ground, and local farmers are just now starting to cut hay. The first cut of hay is a few weeks behind schedule.

What does this mean for the local whitetail herd? I think that the effects might be double-sided, both good and bad – and we'll start with the bad. With fewer acres of standing corn throughout our state, deer might have a harder time making it through winter. Often in my area, some farmers won't get around to cutting their corn until later on into December/January when the ground is hard and frozen enough to get combines in. These late standing corn fields provide both food and security to deer once the leaves turn color and drop.

The effects of so much rain might not be all that bad for deer hunters however. I know that personally for myself, since not much hay has been cut, and not many beans have been planted, summer scouting and glassing for deer is extremely hard right now. This might be true for other deer hunters as well and make it difficult for hunters to pattern and get on deer early. This might lead to a decrease in buck harvest, and therefore a more mature age-class of bucks in 2020. Also, some believe that increased rainfall leads to a jump in vegetation growth in the woods, and therefore more food = bigger racks and healthier deer. Finally, threats of EHD seem to decrease substantially throughout periods of higher precipitation, where deer aren't hanging out and drinking at stagnant water sources.

Illinois — State Rep Paul Ladner: Spring turkey harvest in Illinois was just above the five year average which is right at 15,000 birds. I see a lot of birds in my area of western Illinois and they seem to be doing well. The weather has been very wet here as across much of the Midwest. Hopefully the nesting this spring won't be affected adversely.

The United Bowhunters of Illinois will have a Fall Rendezvous at Eagle Creek State Park, Lake Shelbyville October 18-20. Call Ron Hayford for details 217.493.3386.

Indiana — State Rep Jake Hawkins:

All is relatively quiet in Indiana regarding bowhunting and bowhunting laws. Each year during the summer the Indiana DNR proposes rule changes for hunting and fishing regulations. Stay tuned for the results of these changes in the fall. We should note that one proposed change should be carefully monitored. This change would allow the use of air rifles and airbows during the firearms season.

While the airbow will not be allowed during regular archery, we should pay close attention so it never is allowed during archery season. On a positive note, Indiana has started a program called Community Hunting Access Program or CHAP. This program will help hunters get access to properties that need assistance in managing their deer herd. Hunters can sign up for their area and will be placed on a contact list for the landowners. This program is a great opportunity for PBS members to gain more access but more importantly represent bowhunters in a positive light. I encourage all of our Indiana members to look into the program and represent us well if they are chosen. This could be a great way to turn a non-hunting landowner into an advocate for hunting. Fall is fast approaching and I still have much to do. Hang treestands, cut trails, make arrows, etc. Good luck to any of my fellow Hoosiers that are headed west in September. Good luck and be safe this season!

Michigan — State Rep Steve Chapell: By the time this issue hits your mailbox, Michigan's full summer mode will be over. The weekend long archery shoots will have been in full swing for a few months giving Michigander PBS members usually more than one option every weekend to work on their shooting skills and network with fellow archers. PBS had a booth at the Compton Rendezvous, June 14-16. Compton does a great job with this shoot which is the largest gathering of traditional archers, and vendors who cater to us, in our state. A super big thank you to Jeff Holchin and Tim Antoine of North Carolina who made the long drive together to Berrien Springs, MI to head up the PBS booth. What a gift they gave to PBS and its members through a clear demonstration of their dedication and commitment to PBS!

Turkey season closed at the end of May. I was not able to get any info from DNR on harvest numbers; it's a tad early. Seeing lots of fawns which is good news for us deer hunters.

President Matt Schuster and Council are looking for members to do a short "I Am The PBS" ad. Hopefully we can get some Michigan PBS members to help the Council out with this which should also help to raise awareness of what a great organization PBS is here in our great bowhunting state.

It was great to see PBS members at shoots over the summer.
Happy Bowhunting!

~ continued on page 14

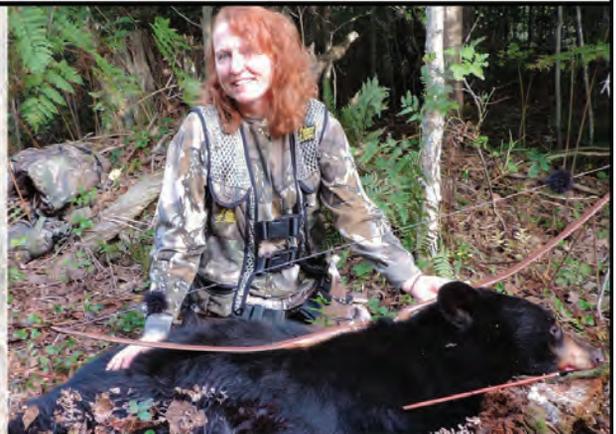
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Northeastern Report

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

Terry Receveur - Regional Representative



Connecticut: Deer Hunting Opportunity

Archery Deer Hunting Access Permit on Designated Centennial Watershed State Forest Land. Archery hunting for deer will be permitted on approximately 4,390 acres of designated land located in the Centennial Watershed State Forest. Aquarion Water Company of Connecticut, CT DEEP, and The Nature Conservancy jointly manage these lands. The archery hunt, which is part of a deer

management program, will take place from September 16 through December 31. Season framework will follow state regulations. An access permit is required to participate in this program. Access permits will be issued free-of-charge on a first-come, first-served basis. In order to receive an access permit, you must have a valid 2019 Connecticut archery deer permit and submit a completed access permit application starting June 3. The Aquarion Water Company will issue the access permits and related materials via U.S. mail. Please complete the application form and send it, along with the required documents, to the Aquarion Water Company. Questions can be directed to the Aquarion Water Company's Aspetuck Environmental Center at 203-445-7339 or via email to watershed@aquarionwater.com.

Maine: Good Luck If You Drew A Moose Tag

The 2019 Maine moose lottery came and went with me having the same result as the prior twenty-three years of applying. No tag! However, you can't win it if you aren't in it! If drawn the odds of success are exceptional and worth the cost of putting your name in the hat.

Massachusetts: 2019 Deer Hunting Seasons

All dates inclusive. Hunting is prohibited on Sundays.

Youth Deer Hunt Day	September 28
Paraplegic hunt	October 31 – November 2
Archery season zones 10–14	October 7 – November 30
Archery season zones 1–9	October 21 – November 30
Shotgun season	December 2 – December 14
Primitive firearms season	December 16 – December 31

New Hampshire: Free Public Archery Ranges

Brush up on your bow hunting skills at New Hampshire Fish and Game Department archery facilities at Bear Brook State Park in Allentown, and at the Owl Brook Hunter Education Center in Holderness. Both ranges are free, and open to the public.

New Jersey: Don't Wait Until It's Too Late – Take Hunter Education Now

A hunter education course must be completed if a person has never

had a hunting license or has no record of a previous license or hunter education.

Having safe and ethical hunters in the field is fundamental to the sport. To accomplish this, there are two courses: Archery and Firearms. Each course has two components: a home-study portion and the field session/written exam. Home study allows students to learn the "classroom" material at their own pace and then attend a one-day field session. The field session consists of students working with instructors to complete an extensive field walk, mandatory live-fire session and concludes with a mandatory written exam. The courses are offered at no cost and are offered at locations throughout New Jersey March through November. Register at the following link: <https://www.nj.gov/dep/fwg/als/websalesintro.htm>

New York: DEC Seeks Public Comment on Deer Feeding and Bear Hunting Proposals

The New York State Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) is proposing changes to current deer feeding and bear hunting regulations. Public comments will be accepted until September 1, on proposals related to feeding wild deer and moose, and expansion of early bear hunting to reduce population growth in parts of Delaware and Sullivan counties. Comments on these regulatory proposals should be submitted via e-mail to wildliferegs@dec.ny.gov or via mail to Game Management Section, NYSDEC, 625 Broadway, Albany, NY 12233-4754. Comments will be accepted through September 1.

Rhode Island: Free Archery Lesson Offered by Narragansett Bowhunters

Every Monday night from 6:30-8:30pm the Narragansett Bowhunters Club offer free archery lessons with experienced archery coaches. All equipment is provided, or feel free to bring your own. This program is designed for adults & youth ages eight years old and up. All skill levels are welcome to attend. No experience necessary. Narragansett Bowhunters, 1531 Ten Rod Road North, Kingstown, RI. Walk-ins welcome. No registration required. For more information please visit: www.narragansettbowhunters.org or email: narragansettbowhunters@gmail.com.

Vermont: Tough 2018/2019 Vermont Winter

"The winter of 2019 was severe in central and northeastern Vermont, causing the permit allocation to be 51% less in those areas than in 2018," said Nick Fortin, deer project leader for the Fish & Wildlife Department. "Elsewhere, the permit allocation is similar to 2018 as little change is expected in the deer population in those areas."

I hope you had a great summer and are preparing for the fall hunts. 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



Virginia — **Randy Brookshier:** One big change for Virginia this year is that bears can now be checked through the electronic checking systems. In the past the entire carcass had to be presented at a checking station for measure-

ments and tooth extraction. Tooth submission is still required; instructions will be provided after a bear license is purchased, when a bear is checked, and online.

The daily deer bag limit on private lands west of the Blue Ridge Mountains has been increased from one per day to two deer per day. Only one deer per day may be taken on National Forest lands, Department-owned lands, and Department-managed lands west of the Blue Ridge Mountains and on National Forest lands in Amherst, Bedford, and Nelson counties.

Earn A Buck (EAB) has been initiated on private lands in Albemarle, Culpeper, Floyd, Franklin, Grayson, Hanover, Henrico, James City, Pulaski, Shenandoah, and York counties, and the number of antlerless deer necessary to meet EAB requirements on private lands in Clarke, Frederick, and Warren counties has increased.

A new regulation now makes it unlawful to use drones (unmanned aerial vehicles) to hunt, take, or kill a wild animal and to attempt to locate, surveil, aid, or assist in hunting a wild animal.

North Carolina — Jeff Holchin: NC archery opener for deer this fall statewide is September 7, but the closing date varies from September 27 to November 8 depending on the region. The limit on bucks is two while numerous does can be taken. Unfortunately NC does not provide a separate archery season for turkeys or bear. Almost all bears in NC are killed using dogs, but it is possible to tag one with archery equipment, as the bear population is growing. There are some very large bears in NC.

I hope you had a great summer and are preparing for the fall hunts. If you have any regional hunts or other Appalachian Region information shoot me an email Stykbow59@comcast.net.



Southeast Report

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

Vance Henry – Regional Representative

No report.

International Report

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

Alessandro Fodero – Regional Representative

While I'm writing this report hunting season is fast approaching, and the enthusiasm and the desire to immerse oneself totally in nature are increasing more and more. I would like to introduce you to two new members of our family: Bjarne Olsen from Denmark and Gordon Butler from Alberta, Canada.

One last thing: I would like to tell all international members that we really need all kinds of information about bowhunting outside the USA; so please take five minutes of your time and send me two lines about bowhunting or bowfishing in your state. Knowledge through experience!

Italy — Alessandro Fodera: The hunting season in select Italian regions will open this year on August 1st. During the past few months many animals have been counted and it will hopefully be an interesting season despite the increasing out of control predators and wild boars in many areas. In Lombardy a few years ago, wild boar hunting was allowed only in selection with the rifle; now we are working with the region to introduce the bow in the selection hunting season, since in the drafting of the current law it was forgotten. Hunting season with normal license will officially start at the end of the third week of September. The Arcieri del Bernabò are organizing the Italian Bowfishing Championship, and for the first time it will be held in conjunction with the Italian Archery Championships of the Italian FIARC Federation. It is a great opportunity to promote bowfishing, also considering that there are very few bowfishers in Italy.

Canada, Alberta — Gordon Butler: I am excited for fall. In my home province of Alberta the hunting season opens August 24 till mostly November 30th.

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"Knowledge through Experience"

Regular Member Profile

Scott Hartenstine

Russell, PA



My name is Scott Hartenstine, I'm 50 years old, and work as a Plant Engineer for a steel mill. My wife Lori and I have been married for twenty-five years and have two sons, Austin (19) and Brandon (11). We live in a small town in northwest Pennsylvania near the Allegheny National Forest.

Like most of our members, bowhunting is a way of life not just a hobby. From when I was around three years old, my dad and grandfather had me shooting. While growing up, a bow and arrow and being in the woods were a big part of our daily activities. Even now some of the best times with my boys is being out stumping or chasing a tennis ball around the yard with judo tipped arrows. I enjoy working with Lori and the boys teaching them what I know about the outdoors and shooting their bows. Like-

wise, friends and acquaintances ask about shooting traditional bows and I keep a lighter weight re-curve for them to give it a try. It's very satisfying working with people with little to no experience and sharing my archery passion.

In the last few years my sons and I have gotten into fly fishing which is fast becoming my second favorite outdoor sport.

I am a member of and support Backcountry Hunters and Anglers, Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation, Wild Sheep Foundation, National Rifle Association (Life Member), and Compton Traditional Bowhunters.

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

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

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Michael Yax — Eugene, OR
Joseph McCoy — Louisville, KY
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Christopher Dewitt — Ballston Spa, NY
Charles Stewart — Miami, FL
Vincent Joyce — Wichita, KS
Sam Phillips — Taylor, AR
Bob Jahnke — Merritt Island, FL
Matthew Wilson — Spring Creek, NV
Bob Palmer — Wilmington, DE
Steve Kennedy — Lima, OH
Mitchell Rice — Hamburg, IA
Cody George — Ovid, CO
Thomas Moffett — Russell, MA
Bjarne Olsen — Ruds Vedby, Denmark

July

Larry Killian — Mountain Home, AR
Daniel Pierce — North Massapequa, NY
Terry Gephart — Effingham, IL
Ken Kestler — Greensburg, IN
Sheldon Hurst — Lebanon, PA

July

Todd Schulz — Princeton, TX
Ken Lightsey — Cypress, TX
Paul Vice — Seymour, IN
Kevin Clark — Flat Rock, IN
Brad Dahme — Santa Rosa, CA
Eric Berger — Indianapolis, IN
Lucas Chase — Rock Island, IL
Benjamin Sand — Meridian, ID
John Wilson — Walkerton, IN
Mike Boldue — Northfield, NH
Harvey Byler — Ulysses, PA
Mark Spillane — Sparth, NJ
Jonathan Wolf — New Market, MD
Bruce Rohdenburg — Corning, NY
Myron Twengerd — Heron, MT
Gregg Coffey — Holly, MI
Tory Utt — Orangeville, PA
Helmut Diitrich — Fellibach, Germany
Efrain Ramirez — Tobyhanna, PA
Michael Turner — Caffee, NY
Colby Henry — Lancaster, PA
Cody Greenwood — Kansas City, KS

August

Craig Olmstead — Midway, AR
James Clippard — Salem, VA
Michelle Cook — Cartersville, GA
Scott Williams — Lake Norden, SD
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Matthew Tyler — Peoria, IL
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MARCH 12 - 15, 2020

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Individual Pricing:	Friday Dinner & Auction	# _____ @ \$45	\$ _____
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	100 "General" Raffle Tickets	# _____ @ \$100	\$ _____

Full Draw Package:	2 Friday Dinner & Auction Tickets		
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	100 for \$50; 35 for \$20; 15 for \$10	# _____	\$ _____

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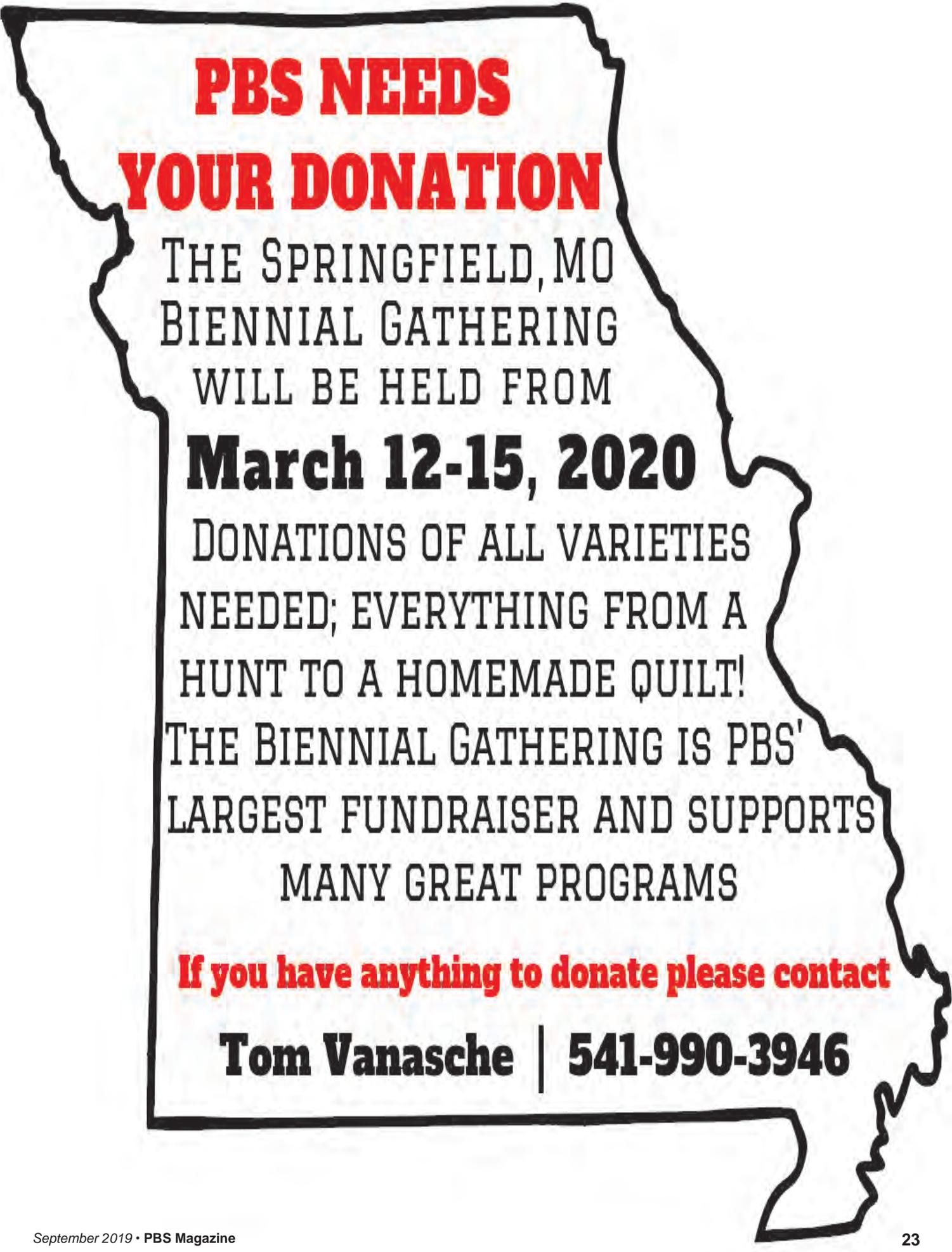
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MARCH 12 - 15, 2020



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- ENTRIES CAN BE SENT TO TIM DONNELLY AT 3922 W. TRACY ST. SPRINGFIELD, MO 65807. PLEASE NOTE CLEARLY THAT THE KNIFE IS TO BE ENTERED IN THE KNIFE CONTEST.
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- 4) YOUTH



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- PHOTOS MAY BE HAND DELIVERED AT THE GATHERING.
- EACH PHOTO MUST BE MARKED WITH ENTRANTS NAME, ADDRESS, PHONE NUMBER AND EMAIL ADDRESS.
- ALL PHOTOS MUST BE ON PHOTO PAPER OR LIGHT BACKING MATERIAL.
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ENTRIES MUST REACH TIM BEFORE MARCH 5, 2020.

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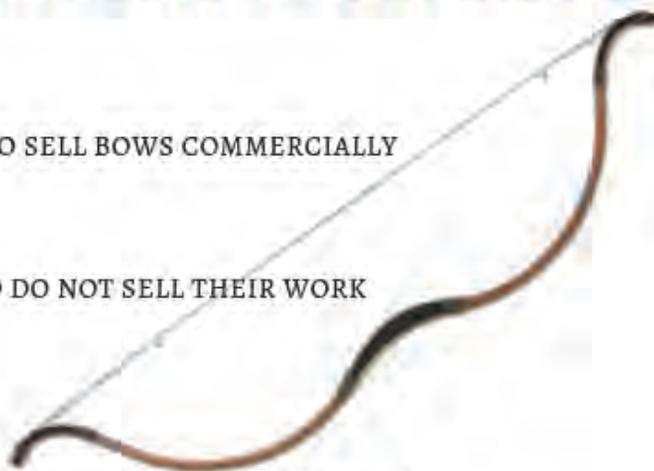
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BIG TROUBLE DOWN UNDER.®

Tackling Asiatic buffalo with bow and arrow.

By E. Donnall Thomas Jr.

My first close encounter with an Asiatic buffalo taught me a lot about what lay ahead during the three years I helped my Aussie mates run a bowhunting camp in the most remote tropical wilderness you can imagine.

This event came during our first exploratory trip to Melville Island, a huge Aboriginal reserve in the Arafura Sea north of Darwin, Australia. Companions Bill Baker, Brad Kane, and Dan Smith were all seasoned bowhunters from Queensland, but none had ever killed a buffalo. As the sole Yank in the group, I'd never even seen one.

That changed quickly the first night we set out from camp to explore our unfamiliar surroundings. After a short walk down a ridgeline from the truck, we spotted a bachelor group of bulls grazing in an open area below us — two youngsters and one monster with horns that seemed to sweep out and back forever. Dan was the designated hitter. Just recovering from neck surgery, I couldn't pull a heavy bow and was serving as a non-combatant.

As we discussed possible routes for a stalk, the wind switched and all three animals pointed their noses up into the air. This observation established an important point that we were to see demonstrated over and over again in the years ahead — buffalo have an excellent sense of smell, and their noses are their primary means of defense. At the first hint of human scent the young bulls snorted and trotted off into the scrub. Their older companion, however, looked up the hill, lowered his head, and began to march in our direction.

Two minutes later the bull stood facing us fifteen yards away, staring at us as if someone had just shot his dog. Dan maintained his grip on his bow, although the animal's frontal angle offered no opportunity for a shot. With my arm around the nearest eucalyptus, I was busy wondering whether I could still shimmy up a tree as quickly as I could when I was a kid. A backup rifle would have lessened the palpable tension in the air, but we didn't have one. In a fit of bravado, we'd decided to leave all firearms behind.

The ensuing twenty minutes provided our introduction to what I now call the buffalo stare. Nothing moved. The bull bore holes through us with his eyes and ran his tongue around his nostrils to help him identify our unfamiliar scent. Dan remained frozen, waiting for the animal to turn and expose his ribs, although none of us were sure that taking a shot would be a particularly good idea. Finally something broke the spell, and the massive animal turned with a snort and cantered away.

Then we headed back to camp ahead of the lengthening shadows to wash our dry mouths out with cold beer and rethink our approach to bowhunting buffalo.

Australia differs more from the rest of the world than any place I've ever visited. Among other things, no placental animals are native to this miniature continent. Most are marsupials, the platypus is the planet's

only egg laying mammal, and the dingo apparently derived from canine stock introduced from Asia by Malay traders. Early colonists quickly began filling in this blank spot in their new home's fauna by importing ungulates ranging from camels to six species of deer.

The buffalo arrived from Asia in the 1820s. The idea was to domesticate them as a source of meat and hides. While that may have seemed like a good idea at the time, the buffalo quickly proved unmanageable.

Impossible to confine, they spread across the remote Northern Territory where large free ranging populations persist to this day.

Asiatic buffalo are massive beasts, with mature bulls frequently weighing more than a ton. Their size and belligerent disposition make them a particularly challenging quarry for the bow. I'd gotten to know Bill Baker several years prior to that initial exploratory trip and quickly recognized him as one of the best bowhunters I'd ever met. But buffalo were a curse species for him, and he'd failed to take one on multiple trips to mainland buffalo country. Although we really had no idea what we'd find on Melville Island, we all hoped it would provide him with an opportunity to break his jinx.

And it did, although success didn't come easily. We made multiple stalks in the days following that initial encounter only to have our best laid plans unravel at the last minute for reasons ranging from capricious winds to raucous alarm cries from cockatoos overhead that alerted everything in the jungle to our presence. But we'd located a dry creek bed that the buffalo used as an uphill travel route every morning as they moved from the food rich meadows near the shoreline to their bedding areas on a shaded ridge. And that's where Bill finally overcame his curse.

As we slowly worked our way downhill into a reliable sea breeze on our fourth morning on the island, we let a huge mob of cows, calves, and young bulls pass us in the scrub, some so close I could have touched them. But I suspected that a mature bull would be bringing up the rear, and I was right. Bill made a cautious, well-executed stalk to twenty yards only to have brush deny him a clear shot. That's when the bull noticed him, and another buffalo stare began.

By this time the bull was facing Bill, eliminating the possibility of a shot. Frontal shots with a bow are a bad idea on any big game animal,

You never know how hard it is to remain frozen in one position for half an hour until you've had to do it.

especially a one-ton beast with thick hide and heavy ribs between the arrow and the boiler room. Neither hunter nor hunted moved and neither did I, for thirty minutes by my watch. You never know how hard it is to remain frozen in one position for half an hour until you've had to do it. Finally, the buffalo had had enough. But instead of spinning and running off as we'd seen others do, it made a leisurely turn and showed Bill its ribcage. Big mistake. Bill's recurve

sent an arrow straight into the animal's heart, and soon we were up to our armpits in the team's first buffalo.

I admit that it felt odd to make that initial trip while I was unable to hunt, but the experience was still enjoyable. Among other things, I



got to feed camp with barramundi taken with my fly rod, dodge a few saltwater crocodiles, and learn a lot about an exotic, unfamiliar habitat. I also learned a lot about buffalo, knowledge that would prove highly useful when I returned the following year.

After being limited to observer status on our first trip, I wasn't feeling particularly picky about horn size once I hit the ground with a bow in my hand. When I spotted a mature bull grazing in an open field, I decided to try the stalk despite the lack of cover. Whenever he put his head down to feed the grass obscured his vision, and that's when I moved. It took me nearly an hour to close the range down to twenty yards, at which point I simply needed the animal to turn broadside. Unfortunately, that's when he finally noticed me, initiating another buffalo stare.

I spent an uncomfortable twenty minutes fighting cramps and muscle fatigue, moving nothing but my eyes. Fortunately, the breeze remained steady in my face. When the bull finally dismissed me and started to feed again, he actually came toward me. The animal was plenty close enough, but I still needed him to turn. When he finally did, I sent a heavy arrow on its way and enjoyed the satisfaction of watching the animal collapse in plain sight a few seconds later.

Because of their size, thick hide, and heavy bones, buffalo make an imposing target for an arrow, and I've listened to plenty of discussion about what constitutes adequate tackle to kill one cleanly. Bow draw weight is usually the first topic in the conversation, but after lots of experience I've decided that this is one of the least important variables when choosing archery tackle for a buffalo hunt. In preparation for my first trip, I'd worked my way up to 90-pound limbs for my recurve before my unexpected neck surgery put an end to that. As I acquired more experience, I went down progressively on each return trip, to 78 pounds and then to 72. Sharp, fixed blade broadheads and heavy arrows are much more important than stout bows. On these hunts I always carried shafts made from Brazilian walnut that weighed over 1000 grains.

Shot placement is more important than tackle, as I saw several hunters learn the hard way. A buffalo's vitals are located well forward, and the arrow needs to be placed tightly behind the shoulder with the animal perfectly broadside or slightly quartering away. Shots even a few inches back of the shoulder crease that would produce a clean kill on a moose or an elk will hit nothing but partially digested grass on a buffalo. I'll summarize my views on the subject with a simple statistic. Of some three dozen encounters between buffalo and arrows that I was directly involved with, every properly placed arrow delivered to an animal at the proper angle resulted in a clean kill no matter how light the draw weight of the bow. (Bill killed his with a 65-pound recurve.) And with one lucky exception (an arrow that struck the animal at the base of the neck), every shot that resulted in any other kind of hit led to a lost buffalo no matter how heavy the bow.

Fortunately, the combination of good stalking cover and animals that saw virtually no hunting pressure made it fairly easy to get close enough to launch a lethal arrow, as demonstrated by the bull I killed during my third trip to the area. After fickle winds had made a couple of stalks unravel that morning, we spotted a lone bull plodding downwind along a well-defined path through the scrub. We knew where the trail led, and a high-speed circle eventually brought us into what we thought would be a good position for an ambush. In fact, it was almost too good. The moment we arrived the bull appeared out of the jungle, and I barely had time to crouch behind a cycad and nock an arrow before he was right on top of me. Timing my draw so that he was bringing his near leg forward when I released, I sent an arrow through his chest from a range of three yards. Moments later, he collapsed in plain sight barely fifty yards from where I'd shot him.

The moment we arrived the bull appeared out of the jungle, and I barely had time to crouch behind a cycad and nock an arrow before he was right on top of me.

Asiatic buffalo readily invite comparison with another large bovid — the Cape buffalo of southern Africa. Physically they're quite similar, although the Cape buffalo carries a bit more of its weight in its front quarters. And — a point of particular interest to bowhunters — the ribs of both species lie very close together. It's almost impossible to drive a broadhead

into a buffalo's chest without hitting bone — a good argument in favor of the heavy arrows and sharp, fixed blade broadheads mentioned earlier. But while buffalo can and do kill people in Australia's outback, I think Asiatic buffalo lack the malignantly aggressive personality of their African counterparts. While I've never killed a Cape buffalo I have spent considerable time around them, and I would have to think long and hard about shooting an arrow into one from a range of three yards.

Amidst all the talk of bowhunting dangerous game, it's easy to lose sight of one of this hunt's most memorable aspects — the wilderness tropical ecosystem where the buffalo live. Almost all of the island's small Aboriginal population lives in or around the village of Snake Bay. The uninhabited far end of the island where we conducted our hunts looked like the kind of place Robinson Crusoe might have washed ashore. The fly fishing for barramundi and other game fish was fantastic, and the huge saltwater crocodiles may have been the most imposing creatures I've seen anywhere on earth. The exotic birdlife in the canopy overhead had me thumbing through my reference book every day.

Due to complex local political changes, there's no hunting on the island now. Furthermore, Bill Baker died of cancer before his time during the last year I visited Australia, and the place just wouldn't be the same without him. I can't count the number of people who told me they wanted to go hunt buffalo with us... someday.

I'm glad I was crazy enough to make my own someday happen now.

ATBA Heritage Jamboree

Event sparks bear hunting trip,
good friendship and more practice



Gordon in the dark green and his hunting partner David Sherwin in the brown camp along the Peace River in Alberta

By Gordon Butler

Well, I got to take some time away from my wife and kids and go to the ATBA Heritage Jamboree this last August. I was pleased to do some shooting and connect with some new traditional shooters, and longtime contacts and friends. Talking hunting, and walking along with others always brings images of each other's experiences. I was lucky enough to connect, and shoot the course with a buddy who I had met at many ATBA jamborees over the years named Dave. He was one of the first people I had met at the shoot approximately a decade ago, and he welcomed me into the group on that first Jamboree.

Here it was approximately ten years later that we got to walk the shoot together and reminisce over our hunting adventures. I live in Calgary and Dave lives near Grand Prairie, Alberta, so we could tell stories about places and blown stalks and missed shots, and occasional successes from different parts of the province. Dave was telling me about a place he goes after bears on a river valley up north. After Dave let me try shooting his beautiful Abe Penner recurve, and I totally by chance hit the target I was aiming at, he invited me to connect with him for a fall bear hunt up near the Peace River. I'm glad I made that shot with his recurve, which I probably couldn't have repeated for thousands of dollars.

Dave and I spoke several times reviewing dates, camping gear, locations and life in general over the next few weeks. Time went by quickly and it was the end of August and I was on the road for the nine-hour trip north to the agreed upon campsite. When I got there, Dave had set up a nice bug tent over the picnic table and had a unique canvas wall tent set up. It was a great base camp to hunt from.

I'm glad I made that shot with his recurve, which I probably couldn't have repeated for thousands of dollars.

The next morning we headed out to a farm that Dave had a relationship with that overlooked the Peace River Valley. This area was beautiful. We warmed up our shoulders a bit by shooting our trad bows at a few old hay bales. Dave showed me around the place and we parked near a hedgerow along a road allowance and walked out onto the farm. The thought ran across my mind how there must be deer right along this hedgerow. That night we scouted the valley and fields and there was tons of both bear and deer sign. I had a bear tag and mule deer doe tag. I set up a pop-up blind for the first time approximately half a mile away from the vehicle along the edge of a travel corridor. I liked

being out of the wind. I liked sitting on a chair waiting for the sun to go down, but I wasn't sure about the small shooting window of the blind, but that is where I uneventfully waited out the night. David explored further east along the farm. We left the blind in place and headed back to camp to discuss our sittings.

The first deer we saw was a mule deer doe, but it was on a neighbor's property. Then Murphy showed up we started seeing mule deer bucks. We saw some of the biggest mule deer bucks I had ever seen. Of course, we had doe tags. We didn't have to wait long to get into action. The next day I walked along the road allowance alone and noticed a muley doe watching me on the other side of the row of poplars. She was twenty-five yards away, and I tried to put an arrow onto the shelf and sneak on her. She wouldn't have any of that and was out of there. After walking further along the road allowance two small fork muley bucks almost ran me over crossing the road. Things were starting to get very exciting.

The rest of this day consisted of glassing along the fields and the river valley, listening to the coyotes and watching some large muley bucks move around. That late afternoon I worked my way back on the farm to the place where the previous day I left my pop up blind. What

do you know, as I rounded the corner, some dirty scoundrel had stolen it. It was just gone. As I was stewing over that I noticed two mule deer approximately eighty yards away feeding their way to me in the canola field. I crept in the bushes and grass with the wind in my face toward them. Just as a challenge, I wanted to see how close I could get. One of the bucks let me get close, but the other buck snorted, suspected something was wrong and they were gone. That day I decided to head back to the truck by walking down the road allowance with the small hedgerow as cover.

Of course, the movement of another deer close by caught my attention. I crouched down and scurried to the edge of the trees. I was west of a mule deer doe by twenty-five yards and surrounded by willows and grass. The mule deer doe was out in a canola field and was walking perpendicular to me. I watched her eyes. She was a little spooky. If she walked further south by ten yards she would for sure wind me. Now was the time. I drew my 50 lb recurve and focused on her chest behind her front leg. Swish... she turned around behind and jumped the string. A 180° turn and several feet left before the arrow got there. Wow, that was something.

I didn't want this opportunity to slip away so I "baaed" like a sheep. To my surprise, she turned around, and in a fidgety manner slowly made her way back toward me. I was able to get another arrow out and draw my bow. Thwang... another miss. Oh, is traditional bow hunting full of ups and downs! I was so excited to get these opportunities but so frustrated to miss twice. I took my headlamp out and checked for blood. There was no sign that evening, but the sun would help the next day.

The next day David kept positive and he and I looked for the arrows and played out where the deer was and where the arrows went. I was surprised but we were able to find both arrows tucked under the canola in the field. Off we went. I was able to look up in the willows fifty yards from where the blind was and noticed that the wind had just picked it up and blown it into the bushes, so it was easily recovered. Another positive was all the bear sign all over the farm with swaths of canola dragged into the valley and huge berry-filled poop. However we didn't see any bears that day.

The next day I chose a different area of the farm to sit. David thought I was crazy to bring along a tree stand and hike over canola swaths. I chose a steep ridgeline to set up on. There was a well-used trail along an open grass meadow along a steep ridgeline that descended into a deep valley with poplars. There was one bench on that ridgeline about fifteen yards long where the trail went through some bushes. I noticed fresh bear tracks in the mud along the trail coming up the hill.

I dropped off the trail six yards to the east and used my Leatherman to cut a small shooting lane to the trail. After waiting about an hour along the trail, dreaming about what I would really do if a bear walked up this trail six yards away, I noticed movement thirty yards above me along the trail. A coyote was making his way along the ridge and was not walking down the trail towards me. I kept my eye on him, and he held up at about eighteen yards and turned broadside. I drew

and released. Missed again. He was off like lightning. I searched for my arrow and couldn't find it. I ended up exploring that day and walking over to the bush patch where Dave was. I had to cross a little finger of trees and go through a tiny gully to get to Dave. As I walked through there

What I didn't know was there was a large bear just over the knoll from me standing up watching me.

I scared up a nice black bear that I was unaware of that sprinted across the field to Dave. He was set up ninety yards too far away to intercept the bear, but what a fun day.

The next day had us glancing the river valley. We were slowly working our way along, and Dave was pointing out areas where he had seen bears. We stopped for lunch and sat down along the top of the hills of the Peace and opened up our sandwiches and started to chow down and

talk about what a nice view this was. Of course one hundred fifty yards away I could see the black of a bear's coat as it walked along through the bushes. It appeared to be like a submarine cutting through the water with only the top of its back showing through the berry bushes. Dave and I made a plan. This was the first really close bear chance, and I didn't want to blow it for him by there being too much scent in the basin of the hillside. I say basin because the sides of the Peace River remind me of hunting the foothills and mountains of southern Alberta with steep ridgelines and lots of topography changes and hidden pockets. I backed out and Dave tried the stalk but couldn't find the bear.

Approximately an hour later we regrouped and sat on our lunch spot going over what we could have done differently. Three hundred yards down the hill in the bottom of a draw, David and I noticed a bear feeding in the bushes. After a quick chat, I tried to make my way to head off the bear. This bear was in a large bowl above a steep mudslide. It reminded me of a high mountain lake above a cliff with a waterfall. The bear was going one way around the bowl and I was running around the other direction to head it off. Needless to say, I didn't make it in time to head off the bear and had to hike up out of the valley, but I made a note of where a beautiful choke point would be for a tree stand for another trip. As I climbed 4/5ths the way out of the valley, I noticed Dave waving his arms back and forth. I wasn't sure what he was signaling, so continued walking. What I didn't know was there was a large bear just over the knoll from me standing up watching me. Luckily he got down and ran off across the bowl, which was covered in berry bushes, never to be seen again.

I was lucky to have met Dave at the ATBA Heritage Jamboree, and fortunate to have him invite me along to experience more of what Alberta has to offer. Thanks, Dave and the ATBA for great experiences. I am shooting regularly in my garage with my bow to see what I can do about improving my luck when deer are within range. I look forward to reporting back how that goes. Good luck everyone.

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Bait: Take Two

By Preston Taylor

This article is written in response to one titled “Bait” by Tom Vanasche and published in the PBS Magazine Volume 42, Number 2, June 2019. First off, for those of you who don’t know me, I am a bear hunter, and I eat a black bear almost every year. The meat is excellent, the fat is an incredible cooking oil, the fur is luxurious, and I enjoy interacting with these magnificent animals. I live in a location with one of the highest black bear densities on the continent (up to three bears/square kilometer [Mathews et al. 2008]), a four month-fall bear hunting season, a tremendous abundance of natural food sources (we have seven species of oak and oak-like trees that produce ripe mast from September through the end of the year), and millions of acres of public land where I can hunt bears.

In “Bait,” Mr. Vanasche asks a lot of questions but doesn’t provide any answers. For example, “If standard bird decoys are ethical, what about those that move by wind or wave? What about electrical powered movement? Where is the ethical line?” That one is easy to answer, my state’s waterfowl regulations clearly spells out that you cannot use electric or wind powered decoys for the first half of the season; I assume this is because the birds are uneducated and it would be too easy, thus not fair chase. The author mentioned Native Americans fashioning decoys to lure in waterfowl, and I wonder how many people would hunt ducks if they had to carve their own decoys? I know one person who takes his geese and taxidermies them to use as decoys, but he is the exception.

Another question Mr. Vanasche asks regards the difference between waiting over a timed feeder versus sitting over a planted



Matt Nelson still hunts for bears through a feeding zone.

field of corn. Of course there is a difference! When setting up next to an agricultural field, the hunter still has to read sign, understand where the animals will come from, sit in the right spot, and predict the wind; that is much less of a guaranteed scenario than a timed feeder.

The only defense I can surmise Mr. Vanasche posts for the benefit of baiting in his article is this statement: "Thousands of black bears have been taken in Canada over bait..." Continuing to do something because we've always done it that way is not a strong argument; I can think of plenty of examples of activities we don't engage in anymore, e.g., hunting elk with .50 caliber rifles mounted to turrets on the bed of a pickup was prohibited by Idaho Fish and Game when they realized that method of take was having a negative impact on the elk population (Thomas and Towell 1982). This brings me to the question I ask myself, and one biologist, managers, and hunters should ask as well: Is the activity I am engaging in having a negative or positive impact on the wildlife and ecosystem?

The baiting of bears is a huge enterprise. In one state bait comprises over 40% of bears' diets (Kirby et al. 2017), and contributes to a population that exceeds the ecological carrying capacity. The stable-predictable food source, bait, increases sow fecundity. What ramification does this have on the environment? Furthermore, since most bait is some form of processed sugar or cooking grease, what impacts to individual bear's health is baiting having? A diet where half is made of processed sugar and fat leads to detrimental human health symptoms. I highly value the cleanliness of wild meat. I do not want to eat animals fattened on processed sugar, grease, or dog food. When I eat a hunk of bear meat I know that I am directly ingesting energy that transferred from the sun to an oak tree, the oak used that energy to make an acorn, and the bear turned that acorn into fat. How much simpler, sweeter, and better for our health can we ask for than the direct transfer of energy from sun to oak to bear to human? Aside from the concern of the quality of meat there is the risk of exposing bears to toxins in the bait, for example from chocolate and caffeine. Furthermore, habituating and training bears to associate food with humans never results in good wildlife management. Feeding bears and bears getting into trash and cabins, is often the biggest issue state game managers and National Park staff have to address with the general public. Wisconsin DNR has made it an objective to evaluate threats to bears' health, which arise from processed-food based baiting, the higher risk for disease and parasite transfer at bait sites, and the ecological effect of a human-subsidized over population of bears

(Wisconsin DNR 2019).

In that same state it is illegal to feed bears, except for the purpose of baiting. We know feeding wildlife has negative implications: diseases are easily transferred, animals are habituated to humans and associate humans with food, populations can be supported at abnormally high levels, behavioral changes have ecological consequences (unnatural congregations of birds at winter feeders increase the rate of predation on forest arthropods [Martinson and Flaspohler 2003]). Why would we allow an activity for hunting purposes when it is illegal to engage in generally and we know has negative-ecological concerns?

Mr. Vanasche rightly compares the act of baiting to calling

game. Again, I hope state biologists, managers and individual hunters are asking whether or not our actions are impacting the animal populations. Does bugling bull elk in the rut affect their reproduction? Does sitting in ambush over a waterhole hinder animals' access to hydrate? I don't know, but if it does, then we need to reconsider our actions. Our first priority is and always should be: the health of wildlife populations and the ecosystem.

Beyond the ecological concerns, we as hunters must always consider how our actions are perceived by the non-hunting public. I would find it difficult to convince a non-hunter that providing ten gallons of processed sugars and fats a day to all wildlife (because it isn't only bears eating that bait) has a positive impact on our animal communities.

However, I do find it easy to convey to non-hunters that bear meat tastes great and when pursued in a fair chase manner most non-hunters I talk with are supportive of this activity.

There are two positive benefits to hunting over bait, especially when it comes to bears. First, a hunter can be very selective of which bear to shoot. This allows someone to target a specific sex or age class. Second, a hunter can wait for the best possible shooting angle. These two aspects of hunting over bait are definitely positive, but they

The key to hunting bears is locating food sources. Here are the acorns of a saddler oak, a species that produces consistent mast.



Hard at work bear hunting 6 miles in a Wilderness Area.



A black bear forages in an Oregon white oak tree for acorns.



~ continued on page 32 ~

don't outweigh the negative sides of baiting. Personally, I would be more supportive of a hunter who baits with natural foods like acorns or apples, gathered from the surrounding forest.

Lastly, I'll address the sentiment spoken by many bait hunters and repeated by Mr. Vanasche, "...for in a lot of this country, spot and stalk would be impossible due to the vegetation." This is simply not a justifiable reason. Most everyone reading this publication is a bowhunter, and I assume you, like me, hunt with a bow for the challenge, the excitement of being really close to an animal, the skill that is required to get that much closer than shooting with a rifle, and the intimate knowledge of our quarry that is necessary to understand how to find them. If the country is too thick to spot and stalk, then use a different hunting method. Find food sources, bed sites, or travel routes and still hunt, set up an ambush, or track the game. If you live where you hunt, then instead of setting up bait sites all summer spend your time locating food sources (fresh plant growth, berry bushes, hard mast trees, etc.). If you are going somewhere out of state to hunt bears, then be realistic of your chances of success. It seems to me the main reason outfitters use bait is so they can almost guarantee a shot at a bear. I don't



hunt with my longbow because I need to kill an animal. If I need the meat, then I pick up my rifle. Once you've spent hundreds of days inside twenty yards from a bear, shooting one with a rifle does not seem like a very difficult task. What do we lose as a hunting culture when the method for hunting a species is baiting? PBS's motto is "Knowledge through experience". What knowledge has been lost when

A massive sugar pine that I encountered while looking for bears.

entire regions and generations of hunters only know how to find a bear by enticing it in with bait? What experience is gained through the act of learning to identify tree species and bear food sources, finding them on the landscape, still-hunting bear bedding areas, learning to follow bear tracks?

Last fall I hunted three different oak woodlands near where I live; two of these forests were places I hunt every year, while the third was new terrain. One of the former spots and the new area were experiencing a heavy mast of acorns. On one four day-backpack hunt we saw twelve individual bears. On the other dozen or so day hunts I saw four to eight bears a day. At one point I was close enough to reach out and touch a sow with cubs. I spent six days stalking the same big boar; I had him ten yards away from me one day and was waiting for him to turn from a quartering towards angle to broadside so I could shoot, but he never did. I didn't kill a bear last fall, but I had incredible close encounters. And that's all I ask for when hunting with my longbow.

I recently went on my first out of state spring bear hunt to the coast of Oregon. We had four days to hunt, were carrying traditional archery equipment, and in a new area, so our chances of killing a bear were pretty low. The highlight of our trip was the second day when we cut the fresh tracks of a large boar. We found his night bed a few hundred yards from a creek, and the pile of scat he deposited as he left the bed was bright green, covered with flies, and aromatic. We tracked that boar for eight hours, crawling through salmonberry, climbing across blow downs of fir intertwined with stink currant shrubs, scrambling up steep slopes. Along the trail we witnessed marking behavior, as this was almost the peak of the rut for bears, and we saw where he had been hunting aplodontias. There wasn't much other sign of bears (we cut one older sow track), so this boar was going to need to travel a long distance to find a receptive sow. Hence, we never did catch up to him. And we never saw a bear that trip. But that's ok. When I carry my longbow in the woods it's for the whole experience, not just to kill an animal.

Since Mr. Vanasche brought up Jay Massey, I'd like to mention a friend of his informed me that Jay was adamantly opposed to baiting as a method for hunting bears. Often quoted, yet maybe not understood, Aldo Leopold said, "A thing is right when it tends to preserve the integrity, stability, and beauty of the biotic community. It is wrong when it tends otherwise." Our behavior as hunters is under intense scrutiny; however, if we can stand and proudly say our actions preserve the integrity, stability, and beauty of the environment, then the criticism of anti-hunters will melt away like a sandcastle on an incoming tide.

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MATTERS

By Doug Borland

In the most recent PBS Magazine, Councilman Tom Vanasche penned an article he titled “Bait”, where he stated the article was written “to promote friendly discussion”.....

In that spirit, I would like to add some additional thoughts and comments from my perspective as we consider, as Tom put it, “To bait or not to bait”.

This article mentioned that fishing with bait or lure, using decoys, hunting around or near natural food sources and waterholes, calling game etc. could all be construed as types of baiting, (to lure or entice, per Webster). For sure that is one way to approach the subject, but that argument takes a complicated subject and tends to rationalize, lumping myriad hunting techniques and behaviors in the field into one convenient package, where the hunter’s “conduct is dictated by his own conscience.”

The fallacy of that thesis to me is apparent: first because it ignores the reality that all those hunting (and fishing) practices are not created “equal”; and second because it is a misconception that we are only responsible to ourselves for our actions in the field.

I would like to approach the subject from two other different directions: first, that this is not a binary answerable question; (to bait or not to bait): instead, it’s a question that demands serious inspection and introspection of all of the degrees of “baiting” or luring game. Secondly, and perhaps more importantly, will the impact of our individual or our collective actions, (in this instance baiting) in the field possibly affect our opportunities and/or hunting privileges now or of future generations?

Considering the first point, it is logical and reasonable to look at “baiting” on a sliding scale: let’s say on one extreme a bowhunter

Just because something is legal, does not make everything legal morally or ethically right.

setting up in a natural funnel overlooking a patch of green grass and sedges deep in the forest hoping for a buck to arrive and feed into bow range. On the other end, lets say we have a bowhunter setting up over a man-made feeder automatically spewing corn at regular intervals, hoping to bag a buck habituated to the easy meals in front of a permanent blind at exactly the right yardage to make the shot unobstructed. Not hard for a reasonable person to see the difference, right? What about a bowhunter stalking a black bear grazing in the alpine vs a bowhunter attempting to arrow a black bear with his head in a barrel full of doughnuts? How about hunting the edge of a rancher’s alfalfa field vs. hunting over a food plot planted expressly to lure deer? Or consider hunting a grizzly on a salmon stream preoccupied with his easy meals vs hunting one coming into a gut-pile left by other hunters. Hmm....now not such easy distinctions, but still some reasonable, debatable differences: natural instead of man-made, normal vs unaltered behaviors, etc. Thus it comes down to matters of degree.

This is a good time to point out that we are discussing ethics and fair chase, social considerations, and not legalities. Just because something is legal, does not make everything legal morally or ethically right.

Which brings me to my second point in which we need to consider how our actions, in this case both ends of the scale and all of the degrees in between, of baiting will be perceived, and thus possibly affect others. It is well known that a majority of voters do not hunt and that our hunting privileges, now and in the future will be dictated by this majority, not by the hunting (or anti-hunting) minorities. Where on this sliding scale of “baiting” does the image we project become offensive to the majority, and therefore possibly negatively impact our future?

Case in point: in the mid-1980’s, the Alaskan Bowhunters Association fought a proposal to require those



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who bait for bears to be at least ¼ mile from a road or trail. This was in a large area around Anchorage and Girdwood, a popular ski area near Anchorage. Jay Massey and I were outspoken proponents of the proposed rule, not against baiting per se, but wanting bait hunting to be a reasonable distance from other recreationists, their dogs, casual hikers, etc. for both safety reasons and also to protect the image of bowhunters from possible adverse publicity should an incident occur. The proposal failed, and then negative incidents did occur, and the increased publicity about the practice of baiting caused the entire area to be closed to baiting forever in a few short years.

I have testified and participated in the public process of enhancing and protecting bowhunting in Alaska and elsewhere in the US for over fifty years. In my opinion, nothing, with the possible exception of “trophy hunting,” gets more adverse and negative publicity for bowhunters than the baiting issue. Nothing gives the anti-hunters more ammunition to influence the non-hunters, and nothing is more likely to make the media print a negative story. On the other hand, I have literally had leaders of groups opposing hunting tell me that if all hunters practiced the simple proponents of maximum fair chase, (along with utilizing all game meat we take) then even they could support what we do.

So, with one end of the non-hunting spectrum equating baiting (I am now talking obvious placing of food to attract and habituate) with “slob hunters, poachers, and Cecil the Lion type incidents,” it is easy to see what side of this nuanced scale I should be on. I have had no one object to the image of me stalking a black bear in the tidal flats or alpine (as long as I utilize the meat.) No one in the non-hunting world (excluding of course the antis) objects to me calling a moose, or using natural cover to approach a naturally feeding animal, or for sure fishing with a fly or bait!

So, returning to Tom Vanasche’s premise that Aldo Leopold summed it up well when he said a hunters “ethics” are dictated by his own conscience,” I could not agree more. In the same essay, Leopold also said there is value in any experience that exercises ethical restraint, and I believe that when it comes to baiting, only by practicing ethical restraint can we represent the values that are an integral part of the core philosophy of PBS.

Finally, I was there when the incident Tom referred to in his article referencing Jay Massey occurred. We were backpack sheep hunting and after fifteen miles of spike camping and many days of effort, we finally had a legal ram spotted at the head of what appeared to be a “box canyon.” We approached to within two hundred fifty yards, when Jay said simply “I can’t do this, it looks like the ram is trapped and has no escape routes.” A brief and furious discussion ensued, between Jay, my

brother Bobby, and me. None of us had ever taken a sheep with the bow before, here was our first opportunity for a legitimate stalk, and Jay was backing off? He did, and Bobby and I chose a different degree, not to push the ram from below, but to go above in case maybe he indeed could “escape” and then we might be in a natural pass to encounter him above. Watching him heading up the chimney chute into what was his getaway all along, he did indeed have an escape route. Our weak attempt to head him off only resulted in a lost arrow or two. But you have to admire the choice and the “situation ethics” of Jay Massey. I do not pretend that I can ever

match his ethical standards. But we should all aspire to follow his example.

I, and all of us, can choose to approach controversial hunt-

ing methods and means such as baiting from a reasoned and reasonable position, taking into account enhancing the image of bowhunting, and recognizing that there are matters of degree that cannot be rationalized or argued from a single point of view. We must oppose unethical behaviors, however “legal” they may be. I am confident that PBS will continue to set itself apart from the mainstream by being leaders unafraid to speak out on questionable field ethics, and taking the high road in matters of degree.

In my opinion, nothing, with the possible exception of “trophy hunting,” gets more adverse and negative publicity for bowhunters than the baiting issue.



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THE MEDICINE BOW



By Alan Altizer

She is named the Medicine Bow. I hand carved the bow from a seventy-five-year-old stave and then backed it with elk sinew from a herd bull I arrowed years ago in the Medicine Bow Mountains of northern Colorado, hence forth its name.

The bow is made from an old, well-seasoned Osage stave, has buffalo horn tips, a prairie rattler facing, a moose leather grip, and took me over a year to make.

My self-made arrows were fletched with hand cut feathers and tipped with hand-knapped stone points, also secured with sinew from the same elk that backed my bow.

I carried a "Laurel Leaf" knife I knapped from a cobble of Tennessee chert found on a gravel bar on the Buffalo River.

And now as I settled into my tree stand along the top of a ridge in Tennessee for the late afternoon hunt, I hoped the big buck was still here.

I had first seen the old twelve point three years earlier, a hundred yards or so down the ridge from where I was now perched. As usual, once warmed by the morning's sunlight I found myself suspended somewhere between dozing and a daydream when the rhythmic sound of rustling leaves focused my senses to the east. A silver reflection caught my eye as it materialized into two does being trailed by the old buck.

The does had

passed directly beneath me, but the buck stopped sixteen yards short. It seemed it had taken me a lifetime to bring my longbow to full draw, and just as I released the arrow, the big buck made eye contact with me. As he exploded, a wisp of hair flashed in the sunlight as the arrow skimmed over the top of his low-arched back, and he was gone in an instant. The arrow embedded itself in a root, its fletching glowing in the morning sunlight, and when I climbed down to check it, there was no blood.

After regaining my composure, I climbed down to the reality of a clean miss made so apparent by the pristine fletching. I shook my head as I heard my Dad's soft whisper in the wind, "You green-horned that one son."

And so began my quest.

Now, the late afternoon sunlight reflected off my stone point as I settled into my stand located along the edge line formed as the thicket met the hardwoods. The area around me had been logged years before and now was very thick, a perfect place for a buck to grow old. Just before sunset I hung my bow and reached for my rattling horns, lightly clattering the tips together before twisting the main beams hard into each other for a few seconds, finishing with a quick clattering of the tips at separation.

The clashing of antlers overwhelmed the whispers of leaves and sliced through the fall air along the ridge and down into the valleys. As I took my selfbow in hand the scent of burnt antlers still hung in the autumn air around me and then faded, only to be replaced by the same crisp fall air I had enjoyed since childhood.



I remembered how it was, being four years old and walking up the creek with my father forty-five years earlier in search of hickory nuts for one of my mother's Christmas cakes. We had finally found a gnarly old tree and begun picking up nuts, and as he cracked them out with his camp axe, he would place a little bit in the jar we had brought and we would eat some for ourselves as he grinned and said, "Don't tell Mama."

And finally when the jar was filled, he set me on his lap, put his big arms around me to keep me warm and whispered "Be still and watch."



A few moments later, a golden hickory leaf gently rocked to earth on the breeze. He picked me up, turned me around and pointed to the fallen leaf, then looked me straight in the eye and with a soft smile said, "Me and you are the only two people on earth that will ever see that."

He let me carry the hickory nuts home to Mom that day.

Suddenly I was prodded back to reality as I focused on something out of place. Did I hear it or did I feel it . . . a short, rhythmic rustle in the leaves? I could barely see twenty yards in any direction, and I knew that whatever it was that had made the sound, it would have to get close for me to see it.

There! Three slow deliberate steps, and I somehow knew it was the old twelve point that I had hunted for the past three years.

He took a few steps, then stopped to look and listen and smell. Everything was in my favor – the wind was perfect, he couldn't see me, and even the squirrels on the ground grabbing a snack before bedtime provided some audible cover. As soon as I heard his first definitive steps, I softly grunted and sniff-wheezed directly away from him while he was moving. This made it harder for him to pinpoint my exact location.

For a moment he stopped, then a few seconds later cautiously took a couple more steps. I slowly shifted position for a better angle toward my shooting lane, placed my fingertips on the string and melted into the tree.

For the next few minutes, neither of us moved, and I wondered if he had somehow slipped away without my detecting it. But then he took another step, stopped and then materialized at twenty yards, cautiously searching for the other bucks and more importantly the focus of their battle.

This was the first time in three years I had seen him, and though age had taken its toll, he was even more magnificent than I remembered. Darkness was quickly overtaking us, the woods were dead quiet, and now even the squirrels had frozen in place, as though they sensed that something was about to happen.

One ear was cocked forward and one was swiveling side to side as he stood looking back over his shoulder toward safety. I knew he was

about to leave.

A screech owl's cry caught his attention, and suddenly something significant caught my eye.

It was a golden hickory leaf pirouetting to earth, and seven feet from the ground, it also caught his eye. And as he turned broadside to me to see what it was, I sensed another voice from ages past.

" . . . don't greenhorn him, son."

At fourteen yards I saw my fletching lodge in his shoulder's crease as the obsidian point vanished into his chest. Again the sound of breaking brush over-

whelmed the whisper of the leaves, and then all was quiet once more. I turned toward distant light which still glowed over the mountain where the sun had just disappeared, looked up and said, "I heard you Dad."

The sense of peace as I approached the old buck was greater than anything I have ever known. With tears in my eyes I thanked him for our journey and touched my bow to his shoulder for even more medicine. The crimson-edged fletching still partially protruded from his shoulder, but the obsidian point had completely penetrated his chest. It had been broken off and now lay somewhere back along his final trail. The earth from which it had been born now owned it once more. I chose to leave it there.

I unstrung my bow and field dressed him with my chert knife as the last light of day faded into memory. Then I took out my fire block and drill, stripped some dry bark from a nearby cedar, crushed it up for tinder and built myself a fire. With a nice pile of coals, I removed the inside tenderloins and roasted them.

It was as fine a meal as I have ever had. Everything on this hunt had been done in the "old ways," just as my ancestors had done for eons, and now it was as though they were here with me as I gathered my gear and buried my fire.

Especially Dad.

And so, with the Medicine Bow in one hand and a heavy antler in the other, we began our long decent through the darkness, my breath a soft bluish grey in the moonlight as though it were the ghost of an ancient spirit being carried away on the night's cold breeze.

Coyotes' distant howls seemed to echo the long forgotten songs of ancient hunters celebrating a successful hunt. With my pathway illuminated by the moon, halfway down the mountain I stopped for a moment. And as I shifted the old buck's antler from one hand to the other, I could still envision that golden hickory leaf as it pirouetted to earth.

Kneeling down, I saw my reflection in his eye, I thought of our three-year journey and how much I would miss our adventures. Rubbing the old friend's head I whispered, "Me and you are the only two that will ever see that."

PURSUING THE ARCHERY SUPER SLAM

with Purely Instinctive Shooting: Advantages and Disadvantages

Why I Did It the Way I Did

By Dennis Dunn

On September 17th, 2004, I was fortunate enough to become the first archer in human history ever to complete the North American Super Slam of big game with no sighting devices of any kind attached to any of my bows for aiming purposes. Though some of the twenty-nine different species were harvested with a compound, some with a long-bow, and some with a recurve, all were taken by means of purely instinctive shooting. Throughout my lifetime, I have never hunted any other way.

Actually, the goal of achieving the Super Slam never materialized in my mind until Rick Duggan, a good friend from Colorado, pointed out to me one day, in 1998, that — if I really got serious about it — I stood a good chance of doing something nobody had ever done before. Once that idea was placed in my brain, it became an obsession, and six years later I was blessed with becoming a small part of hunting history. Rick, himself, completed his own Super Slam in 2007, thereby becoming a part of history as well, since he took all of the species strictly with traditional bows.

About thirteen years ago, I went back to my roots and put away my compound bow forever. Long before the compound reached commercial production, I had been hunting with stick bows of different types and makes — taking, among other species, during the 1960's and 1970's — mule deer, Columbia blacktails, Rocky Mountain elk, Roosevelt's elk, and one Rocky Mountain goat.

WHY did I decide to return to my roots in traditional archery, as I began to follow those hunting trails winding their way into the so-called “golden years” of my life? I guess the answer boiled down to something no more complicated than this: I simply derive more personal joy and pleasure from launching arrows that way, and from hunting with the more primitive weapons that require you to get much closer to your quarry before an ethical shot becomes possible. Even during the numerous hunts I did take with my compound bow in hand, I never used any release aids or triggers — only three fingers on the string (one above the nock, two under).

The challenge of aiming an arrow accurately, at whatever distance you find yourself from your quarry, has always been for me the single most fascinating part of archery. Much of the romance of the sport seems to lie in the exhilaration of watching the flight of the arrow as it completes its arching trajectory to its target. The slower the speed of the arrow, the greater the arc, and the longer that sense of exhilaration and anticipation. With high-tech archery gear today, and arrows often traveling well over 330 fps, sometimes one can't even see the arrows in flight — especially in weak lighting conditions. With such equipment, some bowhunters can routinely hit a grapefruit at eighty, ninety, or

even one hundred yards. In such cases, our beloved sport becomes less one of hunting, and more one of marksmanship.

Have you ever noticed that when rifle hunters boast about their kills in the field, it's almost always about how long a shot they made? 382 yards. 469 yards. 591 yards? And is it not true that, whenever an archer brags about a kill, it's more often about how close he or she got before taking the shot? Regardless of choice of weapon, I submit that — the longer the shot taken — the more it becomes a challenge of marksmanship, and the less an exercise of one's hunting skills.

Hunting for me has always embodied my attempts at time-travel backwards, to reconnect with my Paleolithic ancestors. The more primitive my bow and archery tackle, the more easily I've been able to merge myself into that identity of Everyman, from ages buried in the distant past. My exclusive use of a compound bow from 1998 to 2006, (when I finally hung it up for good) had more to do with wanting to maximize my arrow speed and foot/pounds of impact (as I sought to become the first-ever barebow Super Slammer) than with anything else.

The polar bear, the grizzly, and the Alaskan brownie were all “on my plate” during those years, and I guess I wanted to give myself every advantage I could (such as faster arrow speed and greater range) — every advantage, that is, **SHORT OF** putting sight-pins on my bow! That was simply one step too far away from my roots, and from the level of challenge I have always truly enjoyed.

As for the challenge of getting within bow range of wild animals, my many decades of hunting them in the wilderness areas of North America have taught me a lot about their natural defense systems. Most big-game animals possess what I call a “red-alert zone,” which extends to a radius of about fifty yards all around them. Penetrate that invisible “wall,” and it becomes a real challenge to remain undetected for long. Yet, depending on the size of your quarry, a barebow hunter will usually need to get within fifteen to thirty yards, before a shot opportunity is possible. And even then, at such close range, it may be necessary to lie in wait for long periods of time — perhaps hours, on occasion — before the bedded or feeding animal rises or enters your only available shooting lane.

The above paragraph describes what for me is the supreme thrill of the hunt: being able to observe a wild animal at very close range, without that beautiful creature knowing that any danger is present. Their senses of sight, hearing, and smell are so very much keener than our corresponding human senses that escaping detection at close range by a mature wild animal, for any length of time, is a huge victory all by itself — regardless of whether you ever get to release an arrow or not. If things finally do come together to afford you that shot you are so ardently hoping for, by then it is often almost anti-climactic!

For a modern archer who chooses to use sight-pins for aiming, he or she is not necessarily required to penetrate that buck's or bull's red-

alert zone in order to achieve success. I guess what it comes down to is breaking hunting into its component parts and prioritizing which elements of the hunt give each of us the most pleasure or personal satisfaction. For me, that prioritization has always dictated that I hunt with a bare bow — devoid of any sighting mechanisms — precisely because I know I must get much closer to my quarry than I would otherwise need to.

Whether one hunts with sighting devices, or purely instinctively, there are — needless to say — a number of advantages and disadvantages to whichever choice one makes. However, I'd like to conclude this article by mentioning several distinct drawbacks to hunting with modern archery equipment, as opposed to hunting with traditional bows. First, during foul weather conditions, you may suddenly find, just as you come to full draw, that your pins have been rendered unusable by snow, ice, or a big raindrop that has stubbornly taken up residence inside your peep-sight.

Second, should you happen to accidentally sever your bowstring while on a wilderness hunt, you're royally screwed with a compound, unless you happened to have brought a bow-press with you (or else a backup bow). With a traditional bow, you simply bring out your backup bowstring, and you're quickly in business again.

Lastly, I learned the hard way some years ago, while on a moose hunt up in the Northwest Territories of Canada, that hunting with a compound bow can sometimes actually cost you a trophy animal that you otherwise would have harvested with a traditional bow. The following excerpt from my award-winning book, *BAREBOW!*, describes the frustrating circumstances in graphic detail:

"Through our binoculars, we watched the bull gradually work himself (with a little help from us) into an absolute rage. Pretty soon he was using his powerful neck and antlers like a scoop on a D-6. His scoop, however, was spring-loaded! Deadwood debris of all sorts started flying through the air. Whole lodgepole spars were uprooted and tossed aside. This was one agitated bull or else a master actor! Richard and I couldn't see any cows around him, so he must have figured we had some, and he was fixing to come and get ours!

And come he did! First, however, the intimidation card had to be played in full. Once he figured his awesome display of power had sufficiently intimidated his rival, the rush was on. There was certainly nothing slow-motion about this approach! 300 yards and closing fast. A few paces in front of us was a small clearing --- perhaps eighteen yards in diameter. Richard urged me to "set up" quickly on its front margin, while he would retreat fifty yards to do some soft "grunting" under cover --- all the while keeping me between himself and the on-coming bull. I barely had time to kneel at the edge of the clearing and nock an arrow before the bull suddenly landed in my lap, so-to-speak.

The giant animal arrested his motion directly across the little clearing from me. Heaving hard, red-eyed, and drooling at the mouth, he was so ready for a fight it made my skin crawl! As I gazed upward from my kneeling position at his massive antlers rising nearly ten feet off the ground, for the first time in my life I was feeling truly intimidated by an animal (other than a bear). The bull's eyes were looking right over the top of me, trying to find the "other" bull he could not see. Since the wind was in my favor, and since I was wearing a camo head-net over my face, as well as similar gloves on my hands, I knew he would not likely notice me --- unless I made some slight motion. I even tried to forgo blinking. My bow was vertically upright, ready to shoot, with the lower wheel resting on the ground. And thus the static drama continued on hold for several minutes, with neither of us budging a millimeter. He simply had no idea I was on my knees there in front of him --- even though we were facing each other directly, only eighteen yards apart.

I found myself wondering if I could possibly come to full draw on him without triggering a charge. Did I dare take the chance? As I tried to screw my courage to the "sticking" point (may the non-hunting reader please pardon my pun), I suddenly noticed that about five feet in front of the behemoth there was a willow sapling rising to the base

of his neck. No more than an inch in diameter, it nonetheless cut his brisket exactly in half as viewed from my fixed vantage point. Were I to attempt a front-entry shot directly into his "boiler room," the arrow might well glance off the side of the sapling and be deflected into one shoulder or the other. The chance of merely wounding the bull was not one I was eager to take. The big fellow was already angry enough without my further inflaming his rage!

Waiting for my opponent to turn and give me a broadside shot seemed by far the more rational thing to do. IF he would only turn! The standoff continued for several tense, agonizing minutes --- each of us searching for something we could not find. Then, suddenly, with no signal or warning, the bull wheeled on a dime and trotted straight away from me. As soon as his motion began, I started my draw, but it was too late. By the time the wheels of my compound bow turned over and I "lurched" into my anchor position --- so I could then stabilize and take proper aim --- his last rib was disappearing from view, leaving me with only a rump for a target. I never got the shot off at all.

The sense of disappointment was crushing, to say the least. So near and yet so far! While Richard and I made our weary way back to the boat, I remembered something my friend, Duke Savora, had told me the previous autumn. It had puzzled me at the time.

"Someday, Dennis," he had said, "You'll go back to traditional archery and hang up your compound for good."

Not understanding the thinking behind his statement, I asked, "And why will I decide to do that?"

"Because someday you'll miss your chance at a superb trophy animal simply because you won't be able to get your shot off fast enough," was the reply.

I reprocessed Duke's explanation through my mind a couple more times, and then it hit me: I had just lived through the precise situation he'd predicted! Had I had in my hand that day, on the edge of the little clearing, a longbow or a recurve, I'd have been able to slip my arrow in behind that last rib before it disappeared. There was no doubt in my mind that Duke had been proven right. His larger prophecy, however, did not come about till the fall of 2006 --- at which time I finally did retire my compound for good."

This giant Alaska-Yukon bull I missed my chance at, (because I had the wrong bow in my hand), had a spread to his rack of easily over sixty inches, very broad palms, with lots of points on each side, and my guide and I had little doubt about his being an all-time Boone & Crockett trophy animal. Those "once-in-a-lifetime" chances are called that for good reason; namely, because you almost never get a second opportunity at the same animal, or even at another trophy animal of comparable quality.



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The Innate Deer Hunter

By Gene Wensel

I remember walking to my first deer stand as if it were yesterday. It was a big leaning tree surrounded by heavy ground brush in Sullivan County, New York. My dad led me there by way of a crooked trail through a laurel thicket. In Dad's eyes, both my twin brother and I were ready to hunt big game. We had already spent years in the woods with him as he explained game sign and woodsmanship to us but in his estimation, youngsters were not ready to hunt big game until they proved it. At age fourteen, he finally turned us loose on whitetails.

Dad led my brother to his stand first. He had arranged a seat overlooking a slight deer trail. Barry said he couldn't fully understand why Dad had chosen this small trail when there were other heavier trails close by. That a nice buck walked by within easy range of my brother within an hour after pink light was enough evidence to testify to Dad's ability in choosing a good spot.

My own stand was in a more open area of hardwoods with considerable ground brush. It didn't look like a good place to me but Dad had taken a big eight pointer from that very spot two years previously. I saw a buck that morning but he walked by at a hundred yards or so, well out of range for me. I saw twenty-one deer from that first stand, all of which were either does or unidentifiable except for the one out of range buck. Dad killed a buck at dawn the second morning of our hunt. I killed my first deer, a big doe, the last day of the season on a farm in another area. Dad put me on a stand again and ran seven whitetails almost over the top of me. They stopped at close range. My knees shook for an hour after it was all over. That first season had enough thrills to kindle a lifelong love of deer hunting that will never diminish in neither my brother nor me.

Even prior to my first years as a young deer hunter, I had and fed

an intense craving for as much knowledge as I could possibly accumulate in deer lore. Before I was allowed to shoot that first deer at age 14, I'd spent years hunting small game while asking myself and my dad dozens of questions about deer. I find it interesting that our first deer season was the first and last time Dad ever put us on deer stands. From that year onward, we hunted together but my brother and I had to choose our own stands, then listen to Dad critique our choices.

During preseason scouting my second deer season, I chose a stand overlooking the outside edge of a wooded swamp. While showing the stand site to Dad for his approval, he asked me for three reasons why I had chosen that spot. I could only come up with two; one, that I was sure deer would habitually skirt the edge of that swamp because it was an edge. My second reason was only that it "felt good." As it turned out, I spent most of my season on three different stands along that swamp edge without seeing a single deer. For the final day of the season, Dad suggested I slip into the swamp rather than hunt the edge. On that day I saw over a dozen deer, including one big buck that slipped by me just before dark.

Although Dad was a Howard Hill fan and killed a whitetail with his longbow shooting a barbed Hill broadhead in 1953, he was not as much of a bowhunter as he was a deer hunter. He always seemed to be "at home" in the woods. I was always amazed at his consistency of being in the right place at the right time. It took me years to realize there is hardly such a thing as the "right place," just the right time. Lots of deer hunters look for what I will call "Magic Mountain." In their minds, there is one mystical spot out there where they would kill a big buck if only they could find it. Reality and common sense tells us any buck can be killed in a multitude of places; in fact, in any spot he happens to be standing at any given moment. The trick is to be there before him and know or believe that sooner or later he'll pass by.



This brings us to what I will call the innate deer hunter. Webster defines innate as “an inborn feeling; arising from the constitution of the mind rather than being acquired from experience.” Most of us know the type of individual I’m referring to. The guy who thinks like a deer. The guy who consistently seeks and finds bucks on instinct. The guy who guesses right lots more often than he guesses wrong. The guy who can predict what a wounded deer will do and where he’ll head. The guy who knows where the smartest bucks bed. The guy who makes deer hunting look easy without the use of shortcuts or crutches.

Human beings have constantly changed their lifestyles over the centuries. As hunters, we no longer attune ourselves to hunting for survival. Because of this fact, man has diluted, through force of habit and evolution, many instincts which were once sharpened keen to the task of getting any job done with only basic tools. Even a short 250 years ago, Native Americans and pioneering mountain men relied upon their noses well beyond the capabilities of modern man. Their ability to smell game, women, fear or food bordered on the unbelievable. Even beyond these skills, there remained deep instincts of man the predator.

The best hunters today are year round, full time enthusiasts. Seasonal or weekend opportunists lose something by not being exposed to the outdoors the remainder of the year. Stress and pressures of city life, traffic, desk jobs, noise, pollution, etc. have a way of dulling senses. Conditions such as “mind over body” or “body over mind” are now hammered home as vitally important attributes to success. Today’s deer hunter has a hard enough time sitting still, never mind concentrating on being in the right spot to encounter game. I used to think it was accumulated experience that attested to one’s ability to make it happen. Most bowhunters can recall instances while hunting or scouting when they came across a time and place that just “felt right”.... an inbred gut feeling that simply told them it was the impending best spot for an encounter.

An innate deer hunter can often call his or her shots. Of the hundreds of times I got out of bed to the buzz of an alarm clock, I can count on two hands the times I knew today was the day. The fact remains that when I get that feeling, I can say to my wife, “He’s going down today.” More often than not, I’ll kill a nice buck that day or at least get my chance. I feel it; I taste it; I believe it; I know it.

“Knowing” is similar to asking a girl for a date. If a guy looks at the challenge with a defeatist, negative, inferior attitude, chances are he won’t get to first base. But if he addresses his faults, has confidence in himself and knows it somehow feels right, chances are very good he’ll come out smiling. I also believe a woman can usually feel when a guy is suited for her. The same goes for animals. Ever see a dog take

advantage of the fact someone is afraid of him? If a person shows fear, the dog will undeniably do its best to worry or bite the victim. On the other hand, if one shows no fear of being bitten, the mutt won’t take a chance on getting whipped, hurt or kicked. Someone smarter than me once noted that the only reason dogs chase cats is that cats instinctively always run the other way. Every once in a while you’ll see a cat that doesn’t hesitate to chase a dog.

It’s hard enough for the average deer hunter to be aware of his own surroundings, never mind becoming a part of nature. Modern society has forced us to tune out things like noise pollution to the point we have trouble really listening. We must use our eyes and ears, but mostly we need to learn to use our predatory brains. My brother got a famous deer tracker very upset years ago when he jokingly told him he would eventually have to learn how to kill a deer with his brain rather than his legs.

Regardless of a hunter’s age, tools or method of hunting, the most effective hunters have an ability to gear down their body while tuning up their brains and senses. An innate deer hunter relies on gut feelings and instincts. These people are predators from the word go. They learn to tune themselves out of the mechanical, digital worlds of contemporary society and into the quiet realm of wild nature. An innate deer hunter thinks like an animal. He is confident enough in his own predatory capabilities to know it’s just a matter of time. An innate deer hunter doesn’t know a boring nor uncomfortable day. Some of the best days afield are spent in the company of fighting forces of flies, bees, gnats or mosquitoes. Many of his most productive days are cold enough to have the woods to himself.

The innate deer hunter takes his passion as serious business. Some of the best I know willingly admit to feeling when they are being watched by game. More often than not, those feelings are accurate. Someone once said that 5% of the fishermen catch 90% of the fish. The same can be said for bowhunters. We all know people who always seem to be able to make it happen annually. A goodly percentage of their success can be attributed to access, experience, time, hard work and skills as woodsmen to get very close, but the greater portion of their talent must be credited to their ability to think like deer and act like predators.

Are you an innate deer hunter? Many folks reading this article are. Most people with hunting licenses are not. If you feel you are, consider yourself fortunate. If not, try to think like a deer and act like a predator. It’ll take time, but you can train yourself to become a more effective hunter.

Note: This article was written by the author 45 years ago, in 1974.

A QUEST FULFILLED...

By Ron Rothhaar

While slowly dressing into my hunting clothes the day after Christmas and contemplating why I had eaten too much ham and pie the day before, the silence was suddenly broken. “Ronald, there’s a huge buck out in the field!” It was the voice of my wife, Patty, above the commotion of four dogs she was pushing thru the door back into the house. The obvious excitement in her voice demanding my immediate attention.

Stepping out the garage door, looking north, there he was, the buck I had been preparing to hunt over a half mile away, now tracking a hot doe across a weed field two hundred yards from the house. He was tracking her through our CRP “weed” field, due east, toward the road and another CRP field on the other side.

Practically launching into my Muck boots, grabbing Dad’s 1982 silver anniversary “Black Widow”, I ran across the road from the house and down a draw into a deep wooded drainage that would lead me to another draw up into the far end of the CRP field that the doe, buck in tow, would soon be crossing. Jogging up the draw and into the weed field, I collapsed to my knees, the result of the nearly three hundred fifty yard dash, sixty foot deep drainage in between, a little more than my fifty-eight year old body was willing to take. Gasping for air, I watched the buck raise his head for the last time, as he crossed the road nearly three hundred yards away. He dropped his nose to the ground and kept coming, stomping his feet and grunting while tracking the doe.

Staying low in the weeds, I kept my head just high enough to see the doe’s ears, keeping track of her direction as I crawled through the weeds, staying ahead of where she appeared to be

headed. I assumed she would come all the way to the draw where I had just entered the field, but I kept ready in case she turned to enter the drainage at some other point. If she kept coming, he would be mine. And keep coming, she did. The crosswind was perfect.

I crouched at the ready, low, arrow knocked, bow horizontal, as the doe passed at six yards. I told myself, “Don’t look at the doe!” as I raised up to a standing position while drawing the “Widow” in the same motion. The doe blew, but too late. The yellow arrow wrap stopped at the ribs with a “crack” as the arrow broke, the big Snuffer exiting through the front leg on the opposite side. Still not raising his head, the buck made his death run down the draw I had just run up, into the deepest hole in the deepest ravine on this end of the farm.

It was over, my quest to harvest the Boone and Crockett buck my father would have been hunting, had

he not passed
a way
eleven
months
before.

Having harvested over one hundred twenty big game animals with my recurves, this is the only one I remember feeling fully confident, and calm, as the final events of the harvest were unfolding. There was really no question once I saw him tracking that doe, that it was going to happen. I am very grateful for this opportunity, and I feel my father harvested this buck. I simply pulled the string back for him, checking off the final

buck on his “list”.

This is the story of the third of three bucks I harvested with my father’s three bows that he killed most of his “trophy” bucks with. This buck was passed in 2016 as a 165” probable four year



...with icing on top



old. In 2017 he was passed again by dad, as a large 5x7, messed up due to an antler shed with a piece of skull the previous spring. He thought he would come back as a B+C 6x6 this year. We would have his picture each year in velvet but never after the velvet shed. I believe he lived beyond the neighbor's property, as he would show up on our farm from that direction, during gun season and hang around the rest of the winter. He was being pressured from somewhere farther away.



Just an interesting point; my father's two largest bucks, and my two largest bucks, were all taken in similar fashion, on foot, dad's two both in standing cornfields, mine in weed fields. Three of which were tracking hot does at the time. The fourth, dad believes was living in the cornfield due to heavy hunting pressure in the surrounding wooded areas. Seems there are some lessons here. The other two bucks I took with dad's bows, were

an eleven pointer past his prime, that we named "Picket Fence" in 2013, killed with dad's "Habu" bow, built by Chris Cox. And a younger twelve pointer grossing 160", with dad's favorite "Widowmaker", on my Ohio farm. A buck I would not have killed, but I was informed he was going to be "Smoked at eighty yards" off a feeder with a new crossbow, for a TV ad. I just couldn't allow that to happen. I shot him from atop my oil well tank.

The icing on the cake? My wife harvested a very large bodied 140" ten point in Ohio, with her custom made Ed Kincaid pink camo recurve. A very good year indeed.

And I just acquired the last "Assenheimer" recurve that Donnie built for my father.....

Ron Rothhaar is the elder of two sons of the late Roger Rothhaar, who is author of the books "Whitetail Magic" and "In Pursuit of Trophy Whitetails", and inventor of the "Snuffer" broadhead.

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If you desire to learn what true bow hunting is all about, all you need do is spend some time sitting around a camp fire with a couple of P.B.S. members. I'm Randy Brookshier and **I AM THE PBS.**



I have been amazed at the people and places that the simple bow and arrow has allowed me to see. Some of my best friendships and hunts have happened due to my membership with the PBS. You'll find nothing but hard core bowhunters and more importantly genuinely great human beings when you get involved with the PBS. My name is John Deitterick and **I AM THE PBS.**



#IAMTHEPBS



It wasn't easy finding people who shared the same degree of bowhunting passion and values. The early years were spent hunting mostly on my own and alone because of that. Then I discovered PBS and the door to a new world of bowhunting was opened. I've become lifelong friends with some of the most experienced and ethical bowhunters in the world. I'm Russell Lantier and **I AM THE PBS.**



There are plenty of bowhunting organizations that focus on killing big animals. PBS is special in that it concentrates on tradition, woodsmanship, shared knowledge, ethics, and our history. I'm Don Thomas, and **I AM THE PBS.**



I joined in 2015 after making a South Louisiana bowfishing trip made up mostly of PBS members. In 2016 I lost most of what I owned in the Louisiana flooding and two weeks later my wife of forty seven years passed away unexpectedly in her sleep. Those same PBS friends I met on that bowfishing trip pulled around me and gave me the emotional support I needed to get through a mighty rough time in my life. The PBS isn't just about the hunt, the bow and the arrow. They are still here for me three years later.

I am Ronald Bauer and **I AM THE PBS.**



As a younger adult in the 80's, I joined The Professional Bowhunters Society primarily to get the magazine. I was craving anything I could read on traditional bowhunting and this was the closest thing to a trad magazine at the time. After going to a few banquets, I quit living these adventures vicariously through the many contributors and started living the adventures WITH them, which would not have been possible without PBS.

My name is Don Davis and **I AM THE PBS.**



Since becoming a member of the Professional Bowhunters Society, I've made many lifelong friends and strengthened other friendships. The fellowship with like-minded bowhunters of all ages and the willingness of these members to share their extensive knowledge gained through lifetimes of experience are unlike those found in any hunting organization I've ever been part of.

I am John Peeler and **I AM THE PBS.**



I had never ever thought of being anything else but a hunter when I was growing up in the Mississippi Delta.

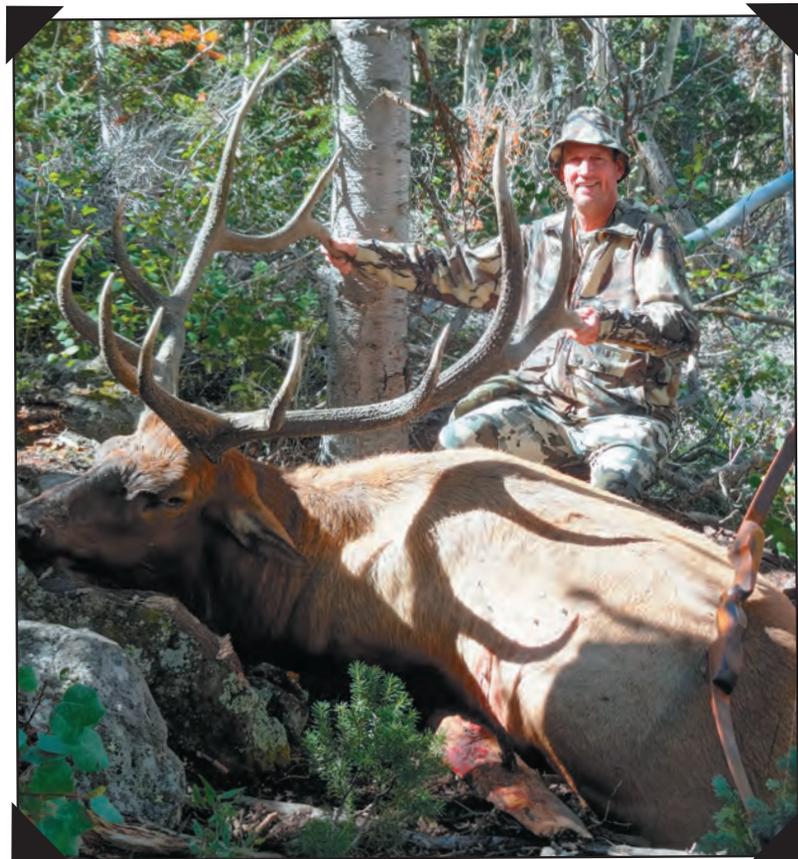
Being a full time bowhunter with my own homemade equipment the last 30 years takes a back seat only to my faith, family and friends I have met through PBS along the wooded path of life. No other organization of hunters has the experience, knowledge and passion for hunting animals close than a PBS member.

I am Joey Buchanan and **I AM THE PBS.**



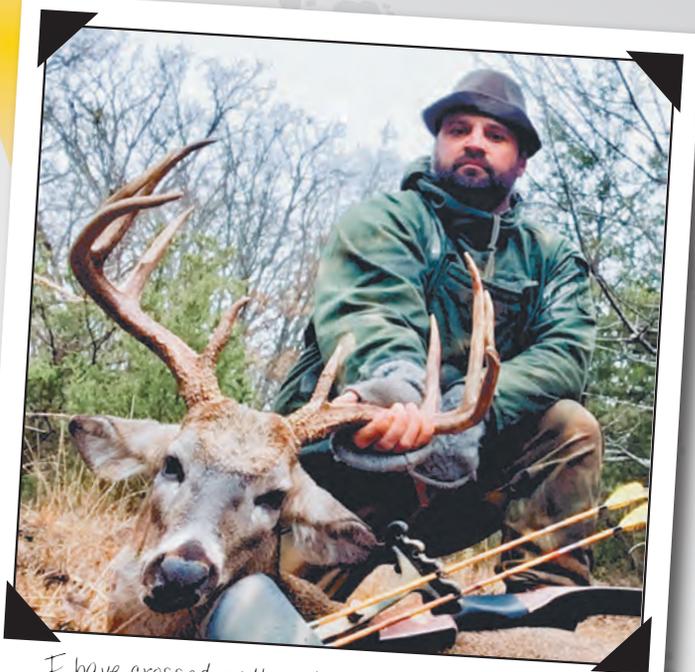
The PBS has put me in touch with some of the finest bow hunters there are. I have forged friendships and brotherhoods through the PBS. The memories I have made with my PBS brothers are top notch.

I am William Graves and **I AM THE PBS.**



Years ago I joined PBS as an associate but beyond reading the magazine I never got involved. After a year or two I let the membership lapse. At some point I decided to give it another chance, but this time made the decision that I would attend a gathering and try to really see what it was about. What a revelation that was! Since my first biannual gathering I have not missed another and I have connected with other members on more hunts than I can count. I've joined other members on hunts in Alaska, Arizona, Wyoming, New Mexico, Iowa, North Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Illinois, Georgia, Florida and Canada. I've probably missed some, but to say my hunting experiences have expanded exponentially would be an understatement and the friendships I've made along the way will be with me for the rest of my life.

I am Joe Lasch and **I AM THE PBS.**



PBS is made up of some of the most hard core bowhunters in the world. Sharing camp with another PBS member is priceless. My name is Bryan Burkhardt and **I AM THE PBS.**

I have crossed paths with true bowhunting legends through PBS. I have talked tactics, swapped stories and shared laughs with some of the best to ever nock an arrow. Men with high character and unshaken ethics who embrace the challenge and respect the game we pursue. I'm Clay Burkhardt and **I AM THE PBS.**



#IAMTHEPBS



The PBS opened up my bowhunting horizons far greater than I could have ever hoped for. I now have way more options to hunt with the most experienced and ethical bowhunters than I can take advantage of. My name is Greg Szalewski and **I AM THE PBS.**

Bowhunting has been a way for me to feel closer to nature, and has been a passion for several years. Through the PBS, I have had the pleasure of meeting some awesome men and women who share the same passions and fair chase values. I am Crispin Henry, and **I AM THE PBS.**

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