

Official Publication for the members of the Professional Bowhunters Society

# THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE



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Cover Photo - Eric Parker, with his Montana pronghorn.

# THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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## President's Message

by Matt Schuster

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I hope you are doing well. Thanks to all of those who helped put on our Odd-Year Gatherings, and helped set up and man booths at the traditional bowhunting events that PBS attended this spring and summer. I won't name names for fear of leaving someone out, but you know who you are and you are the best of our organization. Whenever we are able to get folks together under our banner, the results are always positive.

In March, one year in advance of next year's PBS Gathering, your Council met at The Nugget in Reno to conduct our yearly business and to plan the Gathering. The area where everything will happen is a lot like that in Springfield in that it is all in one area, which is great. Lots to do in the area too, so if you can plan an extra day or two, you should. As for the meeting, we got a lot done and have a great line-up set for next year so plan to come share some great times in Nevada. PBS is doing well, both in membership growth and financially and we have a few minor changes that will be announced in the near future that we think folks will like. One well-received addition, the PBS E-Newsletter, needs to be member-driven, so if you have a great picture, interesting short (operative word – short) tidbit, or want to pass on timely

information to the membership, get that to Harmony at the office. The plan is to send this out early each month.

For those of you who have been in PBS for many years, you have to be aware that the last few years have been relatively drama-free compared to the past. That is nice, occurred with intention. Rest assured, no event has occurred to make me write this – it came about because of a discussion with an ex-PBS Member who left because he said there was too much bickering. Until a few years ago, PBS Members, being a passionate sort, fought a lot with each other, often in public fashion about all sorts of issues. And I mean fought, not discussed or debated, and frequently things became personal in nature. If you have joined in the last few years, you don't know this and that is good. Things began to change when Jim Akenson was President, Norm Johnson was Vice-President, and this topic came up during a Council meeting. It is difficult for me to do, but I am going to give Jim and Norm credit for a really good idea, . . . lol. They suggested that we stop password-protecting the website and that might make folks think more about what they say because it would all be public. This was far from a sure bet, but after much discussion, Council went for it, and it has mostly worked.

We pull a thread now and then, but even that is rare. That was the first step. The second came when Norm Johnson as President, and I as Vice-President had a discussion and decided to begin enforcing Article 11, Section 1-A of the PBS By-Laws which states that each member should "Promote and maintain fellowship among persons who have a primary interest in maintaining professionalism in the field of bowhunting." This Council and the last have quietly put a few members on probation for actions that in Council's view violated this By-Law and/or showed PBS in a poor light. It has not happened frequently, has not been done without requesting input from the member, and nothing was made public because the intent is never to embarrass anyone. None of this is to squelch free speech concerning PBS or bowhunting issues, and not one of us should be afraid to give opinions or debate ideas on-line, in person, or in the PBS Magazine, as long the debate is done in a professional and courteous manner. So what is the point of all this? Simple - we want the members that left to come back and get involved. If you know any, and a lot of you do, let them know that the essence of PBS has not changed at all – all the unique and good things about the organization are still here and not going anywhere.

Invite them back now. If they rejoin and want their money back after a year, I will refund them their money myself.

In closing, let me repeat that things are going well financially, from a

growth and retention aspect and the membership is doing a great job of supporting events and the magazine, too. Let's keep going! The world seems to be opening up quickly and down here in the south folks are

heading to shoots and getting together to hunt just like old times. Hope you, your family, and friends are getting out in to the great outdoors, too.

*Matt Schuster*

## Vice President's Message →

by Terry Receveur  
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**T**hank you to Tim Denial and family for another fantastic Odd-Year Gathering. They were even able to improve over the 2019 OYG. A few more attendees were present and they made several infrastructure upgrades as well.

I was fortunate to be able to attend and had a fun time despite less than perfect weather. Tim and Cindy go

the extra mile to make sure everyone feels welcome and has a good time. Sr. Councilman Jeff Holchin was also present and he even sacrificed to ensure I had a good time by letting me win his Axe Throwing Champion title! We also enjoyed some nice bass fishing and even coached a few young fisherman (and Jeff Holchin) into catching some fish. Welcome to new members Rob and Chelsea Durant, it was great to see your whole family present. I hope Eli is enjoying his new pet turkey.

If you were unable to attend the Pennsylvania OYG, it's not too late to plan for the ones in Virginia, Wyoming, or Wisconsin.

While it is only May as I write this report, I know of no less than ten PBS members that are in full preparation mode for DIY moose hunts in Alaska. This is only a very small representation of the experience and drive of our membership. We live by the motto of Knowledge Through Experience and I know each and every one of the guys going on a DIY



Alaska moose hunt have shared their experiences and knowledge to help first timers. What an invaluable resource! My first trip up North happened close to twenty-five years ago and I wasn't yet a PBS member and had to learn from the school of hard knocks. I sure would've avoided a few mistakes and surprises had I known of the resource of PBS. I'm prepping for my tenth once-in-a-lifetime DIY hunt in Alaska and I hope to find a cooperative moose or caribou. If you are preparing for a hunt and have a question, visit our website and ask your fellow members. I would bet we have someone who has gone there and done that.

Have a fun summer and get out and fish and/or bowfish. I know I will and I also look forward to my annual Florida alligator bowhunt in August.

Aim small and miss small.

*Terry Receveur*





## Council's Report

by Jeff Holchin  
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**A**t this writing, the first OYG of 2021 in northwest PA is in the books. It was a great success with seventy-eight attendees enjoying fellowship, a thirty target 3D course, camping, cooking, tomahawk throwing, fishing, seminars and tons of great raffle items (thanks Tim Denial and company!) and the Southeast OYG near Salem, VA is fast approaching. What a great way to spend time with your PBS family and support the PBS. Consider attending

an OYG this year if you can (bring a raffle item), or perhaps a Membership Hunt. The demand for the Membership Hunts is greater than our supply of them; contact me if you are considering hosting one of these hunts and would like some advice and/or help. Unfortunately, many of these hunts fill quickly and too many members just can't join the fun. Hosting one is not too difficult and the rewards are great – email me for a copy of the article I wrote a few years ago titled "Hosting a Membership Hunt – Easy as 1-2-3". The 2022 Banquet in Reno is less than a year away and we sure hope to see you there! I am responsible for the vendors so contact me if you are interested in being a vendor. Have you made plans for some good hunts this coming fall and winter? I hope

that you fill some tags and enjoy some adventures – be safe and don't forget to post some photos and stories on our web site and social media pages, or even write a story and submit it for our magazine. Don't be shy about contacting other members for advice or suggestions when you are planning a hunt – my son and I recently completed a turkey hunt in a state new to us, and it was successful thanks to one PBS member inviting us to hunt his family's ranch with him (thanks James!) and another PBS member suggesting several WMAs to try; he even invited us over for lunch one day and grilled up some fat T-bone steaks and fried up a batch of morel mushrooms (thanks Preston!). I love the PBS! Be safe and have a great bowhunt.

*Jeff Holchin*

## Council's Report

by Preston Lay  
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and we were told the fishing is awesome. I encourage you to make donations to the PBS. It's because of you and your donations that keeps the bills paid. Small or large they are all appreciated. We have many talented craftsmen in our membership and if you are able please consider making something unique for PBS. If you know of a craftsman or woman, please encourage them as well. Any questions about donated items feel free to reach out to me.

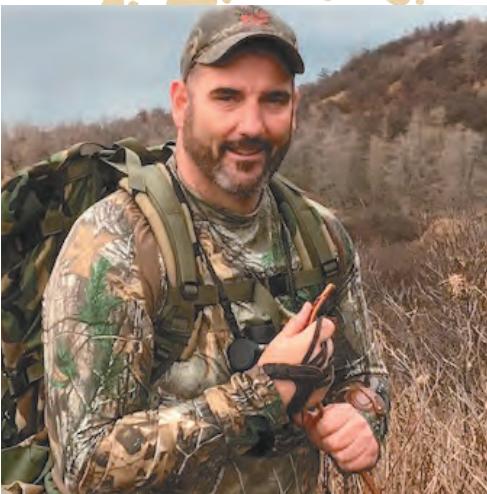
Our membership is on the rise and that's a good thing. There are so many benefits to being a member. I have been invited to stay with other members while traveling and the door has

always been open and the hospitality exceptional. There is a place in our hearts for one another and it's the passion of hunting with a bow and arrow that has brought us together.

As fall approaches, I dream of being back in Alaska moose hunting with another PBS member. Where but the PBS can we discover likeminded friends and lay our trust in one another to travel afar with the stick and string to pursue our passion? Hope to see everyone in Reno this coming March. Stay safe and healthy and remember it's up to us to preserve bowhunting's traditional values. God Bless.

*Preston Lay*

**W**e had a great Council meeting in Reno, NV. The location and venue will be very nice for the membership. There is a lot to do in the area for the entire family, especially if they love doing things outside. Lake Tahoe and snow skiing are close by



## Council's Report

by Sean Bleakley  
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**A**s my first Council report, I would like to thank the PBS membership for electing me to Council. I would also like to thank Andy Houck for running and the support that he's given to myself and the PBS. I'm sure that we will see more of Andy in the future as he is definitely an asset to the PBS. I am humbled at being elected to Council. Never in my wildest imagination would I have thought that I would be sitting in this position. I will, to the best of my ability, work for the betterment and the future of the PBS.

One of the duties of the junior Council is liaison to the Associate Membership. The last few years our numbers have grown with the addition of new associate members. One of the

things that I've noticed with many Associate Members, is that they don't take advantage of what the PBS has to offer. The first Biennial Banquet that I attended was a game changer for me. It has started a domino effect of making friends, attending membership hunts, to making more friends, leading to more hunts throughout the country. I encourage all of you to attend a gathering or a membership hunt or even host one. I guarantee you that it won't be your last. Contact me with any questions you may have or any help that you may need of the PBS.

One more thing that I would like to do, is to encourage any Associate Member who meets the criteria for Regular Qualified Membership to find a sponsor and apply. And I want to ask the Regular Membership to step up and

sponsor an Associate Member. One of the easiest ways to find a sponsor is to attend a membership hunt. One of the best ways to get to know someone is to spend some time in a hunting camp with them, and there is no more perfect way than a PBS membership hunt.

To wrap up my first Council report, I'd like to thank Matt, Terry, Jeff, Preston and Harmony for all of their help and encouragement during my first duties on council. I appreciate your guidance and patience with my questions.

*Sean Bleakley*

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# Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

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The time for bowfishing is right around the seasonal corner. I love shooting carp. It can be the most action packed thing we can do with a bow in our hands. Sometimes one shot comes right after another till the boat's garbage cans are full of carp and your arms are about wore out. It is awesome. I have smoked carp fillets which are really good, but most go into our garden for fertilizer. Fish was what the Native Americans in this region used to nourish their gardens of the three sisters – corn, beans, and squash. Usually right around Memorial Day weekend is the prime time for the carp spawn and fast shallow water action. I have done some

bowfishing for gar which is challenging and fun. Guys along the coasts and gulf get to bowfish for saltwater species like redfish. I went up to

Maryland once to shoot stingrays – what a blast and good eating afterwards. Bowfishing is just downright fun and a great way to spend a day. I am going to have to do some work on my boat, an old 20' Kenner Skiff with a raised platform and lights in the front, to get it ready and my trailer needs some new tires, I had better get after it.

We are turning a season but it really seems like some seasons are missing. Where are we going from here? It seems like we have lost a year, and this one is still nowhere near normal. The seasons pass by and many things we used to do have been set aside. Holidays this last year have been diminished by not being inclusive with friends and some with family even. The usual holiday gatherings and events were not there last year. Churches mostly went to online services and many are just getting back to in person church. Even many of our bowhunting plans have been affected. Travel to other states and internationally were curtailed in many

# Fishers of Men!

cases and we have had to hunt just locally. Our country and the world has been turned upside down. Our area is starting to get back to events like festivals. Yet many events are cancelled again this year. WV Bowhunters Association had to cancel their banquet in March due to a resurgence of Covid-19 in our state. We have mostly stayed home on our farm for a year. It has not been much of a hardship but we did miss seeing our friends and out of state family, and events we usually go to. This has become a time to reflect on what we have been blessed with and cherish the people around us. Many of us have lost friends this past year. I just got a call as I am writing this and another good friend passed on this evening. He is a Christian so it was his homegoing time, I am saddened, but not for him. This is a time to grow closer to God and purpose to do the things He has given us to do.

*There is only one life, twill soon be past, only what's done for Christ will last.*

**Matthew 7:24 "Therefore whoever hears these sayings of Mine, and does them, I will liken him to a wise man who built his house on the rock:**

**25 "and the rain descended, the floods came, and the winds blew and beat on that house; and it did not fall, for it was founded on the rock.**

**26 "But everyone who hears these sayings of Mine, and does not do them, will be like a foolish man who built his house on the sand:**

**27 "and the rain descended, the floods came, and the winds blew and beat on that house; and it fell. And great was its fall."**

The adversity of this time has shaken people to the core and many have chosen to build their house on the Rock of Ages and to serve the Lord. People are being pursued by God. We are experiencing a great revival here in West Virginia. The Lord is orchestrating it all across our state. Our church had a three day revival last week. The first night twenty-six souls were baptized. The second night, before we even sang a worship song a woman ran up the aisle and jumped in the baptismal tank. It was on! The Presence of the Lord was evident in the house! One after another forty-one men, women, and children of all ages gave their lives to the Lord and spontaneously ran up to be baptized. Most of these had not even brought dry clothes to change into. The Evangelist never got to preach that night and there

was not an altar call except by the Holy Spirit Himself. Sunday morning four more were baptized for a total of seventy people in three days. This is nothing new. It happens regularly. There was way over two hundred people baptized last year. A town on the opposite end of our state also had a revival last week and baptized 101 people. Last summer we had services out in the parking lot and had a galvanized trough filled with water set up. There were over a hundred baptized in one month. I have never seen anything like this in my lifetime. All over our state the Holy Spirit is breathing a breath of Life into people and churches. When I was in Kenya Africa in August 2019 we held a three day outdoors crusade in Bungoma. There were 18,500 people in attendance that walked for miles to get to the Girl's School soccer field where it was held, and stood for hours in the pouring rain the first day and scorching sun the other two days. By the end of the last day 13,171 souls gave their lives to Jesus Christ and there were dozens of miraculous healings and deliverances. The book of Acts was brought alive by the Holy Spirit. I had never seen people so hungry for God. But now I am seeing it right here in America. Right after I got back from Africa revival started in our church. It has continued to grow. God is not willing that anyone would perish and He is extending His arms to anyone that will come to Him. This may very well be the start of the last great worldwide end time revival before the Lord returns for His people. There is nowhere else to turn when life as you know it is out of control. There is only One that can calm the raging sea. His Name is Jesus.

**Psalm 34:8 Oh, taste and see that the LORD is good; Blessed is the man who trusts in Him!**

**Mathew 4:18 And Jesus, walking by the Sea of Galilee, saw two brothers, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishermen.**

**19 Then He said to them, “Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men.”**

**20 They immediately left their nets and followed Him.**

God is still looking for His people to be fishers of men. He wants us to spread the good news that in this time where people have lost heart and have no hope that there is a Savior that loves and cares for them. A Savior that will forgive their sins, and is preparing a place for them in heaven. A Savior that promises he will never forsake or leave us, and will be there in the darkest of times. We can call on Him and He hears us. He is a waymaker when there seems to be no way, Jesus is the answer. He is looking for us bowhunters to reach out to those around us with hope for the future. We are good hunters and fishermen. We have patience and know how to strategize. There are lost people all around us that need a word from God. We are His voice on Earth. What a time to be used by God. We have been raised up for such a time as this. **Let us be Fishers of Men!**

# letter to the EDITOR

## Hunting with an Arrow You Built

By Matt Steed

I know 2020 has been a crazy year, but I can honestly say that is was the best hunting season that I have ever had. It wasn't because of the animals that I killed, it was the amazing experiences that I had. I saw more deer and had more shot opportunities than ever before. We had plenty of acorns in central Mississippi with wonderful bow-hunting weather. I did make a couple mistakes also, I had a miss on a nice grey fox and a doe the first part of November. Misses are always fun right?

The first part of December I had a desire to hunt with wood arrows. I reached out to Mr. Fred Asbell, Kevin Bahr and numerous other PBS buddies that I knew hunted and shot wood. They all shared with me the enjoyment and excitement of hunting with an arrow that you built yourself. They each assured me that a good flying wood arrow shaft with a sharp broadhead would do the job perfectly. For the past twenty-one years, I have only used carbon and aluminum arrows. After getting my Surewood shafts in the mail I started the building process. I must say I enjoyed every minute of it. I stained the shafts with red oak stain, crown with yellow clothing dye, crested with black Sharpie, sealed with six coats of Tru-Oil and fletched with three, five inch left wing yellow parabolic feathers. They shot like a dream. I was excited at how well they shot and the quietness of the wood arrow was amazing. I managed to kill two deer with my wood arrows using my 50# Wes Wallace recurve. One deer was killed using a Zwickey double bevel No Mercy and the other deer was killed with a Bear Razorhead. They are addicting, I have already started building more. Thank you to my PBS family for the knowledge that you shared with me. God Bless.

# Marfa Eats

## Halibut

By Kevin Bahr

First, catch a halibut. Of course the best way to do that is to get together with a bunch of PBS buddies and go out on the Gulf of Alaska with Roark Brown and Homer Ocean Charters! Pictured are Julian Tisdale and Kevin Bahr.

Once you're home, take enough halibut filets out of the freezer to feed all of the hungry javelina hunters in camp, a couple of good sized hunks for each guy would probably do the trick, along with side dishes. This meal had sort of a tropical flavor to it and at least the fish can be made ahead of time and frozen so as to save time in camp that could otherwise be used for hunting or partaking in adult beverages with friends, except for the fellas that prefer not to partake.

### Ingredients:

Halibut pieces, enough to feed your camp  
Shredded coconut, 3 cups plus.  
All-purpose flour, 2 cups  
Shifty's Red Seasoning, 3 tablespoons, to taste  
2 eggs, beaten

### To make the coating for the halibut:

3 cups of shredded coconut, (plus an extra handful to add to the coating for texture)  
1/2 cup of all-purpose flour  
3 tablespoons of Shifty's Red Seasoning, plus or minus to taste

Put the coconut in a food processor or grinder and pulse it until coarse. Add the flour a little at a time until you get



the desired consistency to work with. Add some of the extra shredded halibut to the coating mixture, for texture.

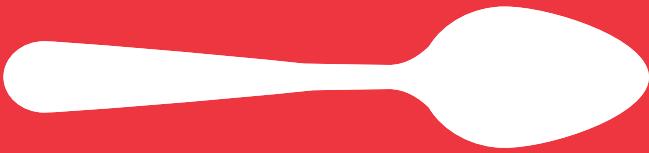
Once you have enough to coat all of your fish hunks, mix in the Shifty's Red with a fork.

Dredge each piece of halibut in flour, and then dip into the beaten eggs. Once this is done, you can roll it in the coconut/spice mixture and then fry in your choice of hot oil.

Once the fish is done, set on a paper towel covered plate or flat baking pan until cool. Once cool, transfer to a freezer container or plastic resealable bags, separating each layer with freezer paper so they don't stick together.

For this meal, we had a side dish/condiment of mango salsa.





### Ingredients for mango salsa:

2 or 3 mangos

2 decent sized red tomatoes, seeds and gooky stuff removed.

1 red onion

2 jalapenos, seeds and membrane removed

2 limes

Coarse sea salt, to taste

(Note: I like cilantro, probably due to getting my mouth washed out with soap during my formative years. Not everyone does so we didn't put any in this version)

Dice up all ingredients except the salt and limes.

Fold diced mixture together. Sprinkle with a little sea salt. This enhances the flavors of the ingredients and also helps break them down a bit to make it juicy.

Squeeze lime juice into the mixture and stir it until mixed well. Serve on top of coconut-crusted halibut or on the side.

It is believed we had a salad as well but everyone knows what a salad looks like so no photos were taken. My wife, Karen probably sent some cookies along as well. They didn't stick around long enough for photos.

Note: for a previous year's Marfa PBS hunt, we had basically the same coconut-crusted halibut but with a blueberry sweet and savory sauce instead of the mango salsa. We also had this at a PBS LBL hunt in Kentucky.

### Blueberry sweet/savory sauce:

2 cups of blueberries

1 tsp powdered ginger

1 tsp low sodium soy sauce

Brown sugar

In a small saucepan, heat the blueberries until they are mashable. Use just a little bit of water so the blueberries don't burn while heating. Add the ginger while stirring the mashed blueberry mixture. Add soy sauce a little bit at a time. Soy sauce can be overpowering so add it sparingly until you get the flavor you want. You don't want it to take over the blueberry flavor. The sauce will be fairly runny. Add brown sugar a little at a time until you get a syrupy consistency. This will also obviously sweeten it up. Once finished, spoon it onto your cooked halibut hunks and eat it!

## Ribs

By Mark Wang

This is a super simple rib recipe that takes very little time to prepare. It's a crock pot recipe that cooks for about four hours while we're out hunting. Then gets a quick shot in a 375 degree oven for about eight minutes.

The first thing I like to do is remove the silver skin from the back side of the ribs. This is easy to do with fingers and a paper towel for better gripping. Then cut the ribs into individual bones. Cover the ribs with a dry rub and place

in the crock pot (don't add any liquid) and cook for four hours on high.

After the four hours, remove very carefully from the pot and place on a cooking sheet. Cover the ribs with your favorite BBQ sauce on all sides and some sesame seeds (optional), then place in the oven until the sauce starts to bubble. Not long.

I'm telling ya, if you put these on top of your head, your tongue will beat your brain out try to toget to them.



# A COVID HOG

By Randy Brookshier

have been fortunate enough to make it down to Georgia and hunt hogs with Jeff Holchin on several occasions in years past, and always had a good time. So, when he reached out and asked if I wanted to run down for a quick scouting trip the week before the actual P.B.S. members hunt was scheduled for, I jumped at the chance.

Duane Means and I were both going to run down for this two-day adventure, but had to delay our start as we were both getting our second dose of the Covid vaccine on Thursday. Having had no reaction to the first shot, and despite receiving warnings from the nurse and others, I figured I would be good to go and jumped in the truck for the eight hour drive down.

In retrospect, that wasn't the smartest thing I have ever done. Although Duane received the same shot on the same day, he had no visible reaction. I on the other hand started feeling rough about two hours into the drive. Fever, chills, body aches and general ague. Riding in the vehicle probably made me feel worse and this was exacerbated once we arrived and had to take the thirty-minute boat ride out to



the islands.

The other guys hunted that afternoon and most of them actually got into hogs. I just kind of loafed around camp that first afternoon and crawled into my sleeping bag early. Although the temperatures were very moderate, I slept in most of the clothes I had taken down there and still shivered all night.

I woke up the next morning and happily discovered that I hadn't passed away during the night. I was starting to feel somewhat normal again and we loaded up the boat and headed out. Jeff dropped us off at various locations for a quick "scout" and would pick us up later and move us to another promising location. Later in the morning we swung by one of the islands to pick up a couple of guys and discovered that Dalton Lewis had killed a very nice boar. We loaded it

up and headed back to camp for a quick lunch.

That afternoon we continued where we left off, with Jeff dropping us off at various locations and then swinging back to pick us up. We were seeing plenty of hogs and hog sign so felt like we were getting a good feel for where the guys could get into them pretty quick the following weekend. Jeff dropped me off on one of the few islands that had some pine trees on it and was coming back to pick me up at 5:30.

I did a quick tour around the island and surrounding marsh, without seeing much sign that excited me. I was heading back out towards the beach when I heard something cracking the canes in the marsh and heading in my direction. I nocked an arrow just as a very large black boar stepped out at about eighteen yards. As I drew my

bow he turned to quarter away and I shot him behind the ribs angling forward. The arrow buried to the cresting and the hog had absolutely no reaction. Didn't run, squeal or even flinch. He stood there for a few seconds and then started trotting from right to left. I shot him again as he was trotting by and only got about eight to ten inches of penetration on what looked to be a good hit. I was shooting a sixty-pound bow with a 600-grain arrow and 160 grain Snuffer and I am used to getting a lot better penetration than that.

I texted Jeff to swing by and pick Duane up before he came for me as I had just put two arrows into a large hog. I gave it about twenty minutes and then followed the hog into the marsh where I had seen him enter. There was an ample blood trail and I had no problem following the blood

on the canes. I was in water about mid-calf deep and had only gone about twenty-five yards when the hog stood up right in front of me. He had been laying in a hole in the black water and I never saw him until I almost stepped on him. He was standing there facing me at about three yards. I have shot numerous pigs but have never had anything like this happen before. I slowly nocked another arrow as he continued to just stand there facing me for at least thirty seconds. He then turned to his right and I shot him a third time.

I backed out of the swamp and headed to the shore to meet Jeff and Duane. I caught them up on what had happened so far before we went back into the marsh and discovered that the hog had only gone about twenty yards after my last encounter with him. I

knew he was a big boar when I shot him but was really surprised at how large he was when we recovered him. He was the largest hog that I have ever killed in Georgia.

Jeff, Duane and I managed to get him out of the swamp and loaded onto the boat for the ride back to camp. That night we ate and exchanged some stories around the campfire, always a highlight of any hunting trip. The next morning, we broke camp, headed to the boat ramp and then headed north back to Virginia.

All in all, a successful scouting trip. We managed to find several pockets of hogs that the hunters the next week could harass, saw some amazing and beautiful country, killed a couple hogs and above all, got to share a camp with a good group of fellow P.B.S.ers.



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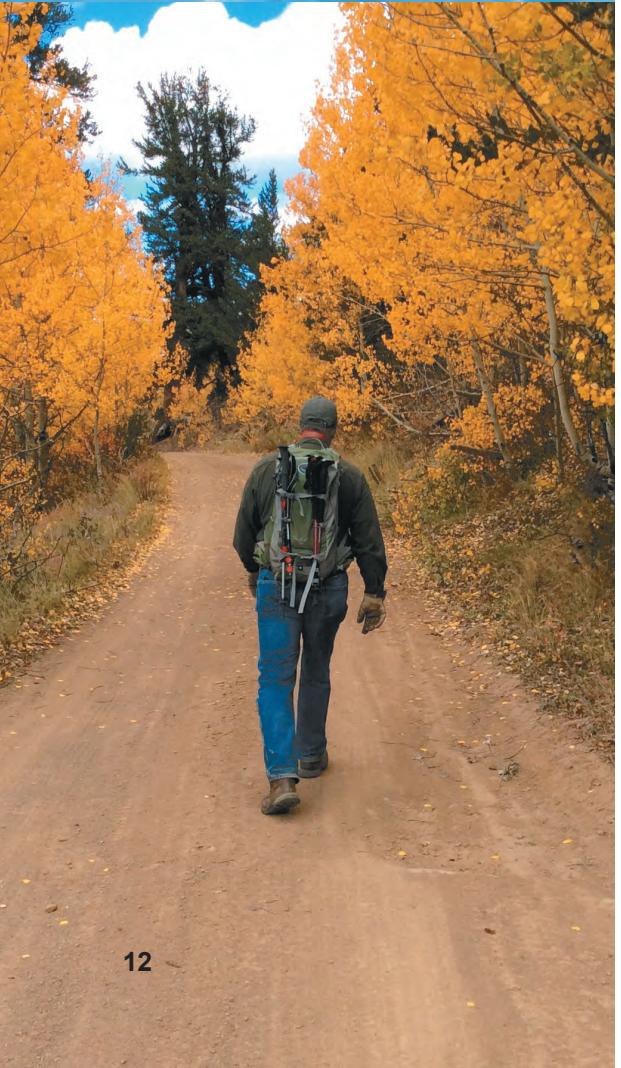
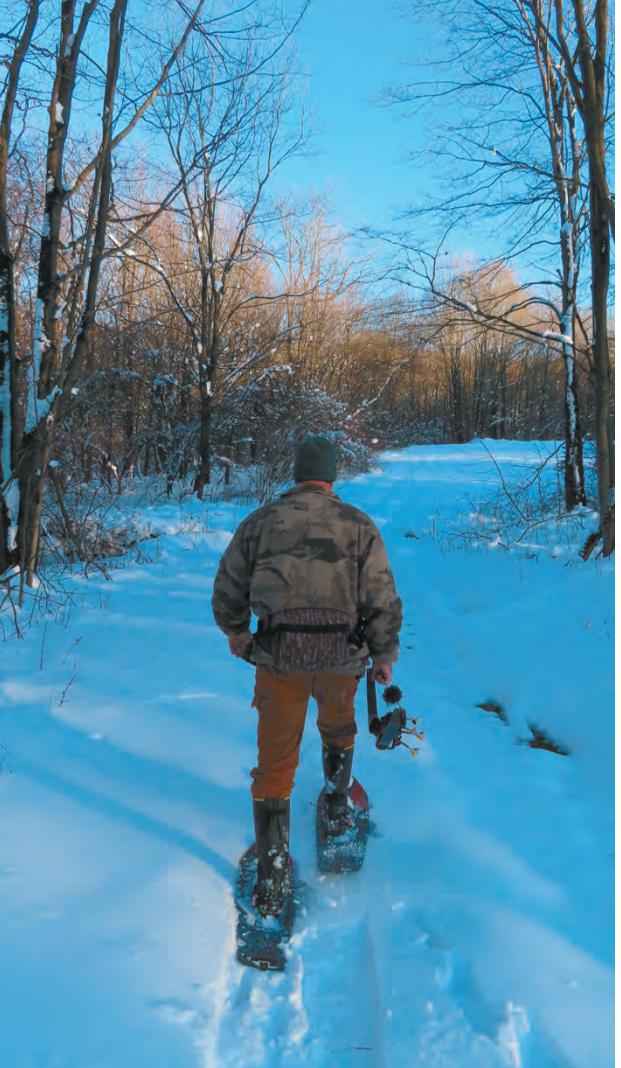
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# The Walk Back

By Tim Denial

**T**he walk back is probably one of my favorite parts of a hunt. Be it a morning hunt or an evening outing I enjoy the walk back. I am not hurried to get to my stand or the top of the mountain. At my house the walk back is always into the sunset and those scenes need no explanation. It's always a little lighter out in the fields and I see the silhouettes of the deer and always wonder what path they came out at, and more often than not I pick the wrong trail. In the early part of the season as I walk through the field you can feel the warm or cold thermals as you enter into a little valley or over a knoll. Be it walking back drenched from a shower that moved in or coming back with the snow blowing in my face the glow from the light at the house with maybe a hint of the smoke from the wood stove, and knowing the heat that it will bring, has that warm Terry Redlin feeling. If you are fortunate to hunt on your own little piece of heaven there are always the little things that catch your eye coming back from a morning hunt whether it be a log that needs cutting up or the multiflora rose that needs sprayed and knowing that there is no way to keep up with it. Maybe it's the beavers that have moved into a pond or the fox that you see running across the field. It's the slow unhurried walk that makes you really see all that is in front of you.

If you are hunting away from home and the walk back is to your vehicle, I have that same unhurried mind set. Coming out of the woods in the dark is just a feeling that is hard to explain to those that have never experienced that journey. Your senses are heightened, catching the aromas of fall or the millions of sparkling diamonds on a crisp, snowy moonlit night. Now I must admit that when in the woods hitting the trail or the two track makes the walk back much more relaxing than bush whacking through the woods with a flashlight that is fading faster than you can walk. Coming out to where your rig is parked is always a plus and my general use of a compass is: the road is that way to come out, and with any luck you know whether to turn right or left when you get to the road. Now mind you finding a spike camp at times can sometimes be, (let's just say memorable) A few times I have had a Patrick McManus adventure. On rare occasions the return can be filled with elation coupled with fatigue be it dragging or packing out your quarry. But that type of exhaustion always has that good feeling to it somehow, at least when it's over. Then there are the times the walk back is filled with that kicking yourself feeling, for shooting too low or just over the back wondering how you could miss such a slam dunk shot. This article would not be complete without including the walk back filled with self-doubt: was the shot as good as you thought or that sickening feeling knowing you made a bad shot, all the while hoping for a successful tracking job. Ninety percent of the time though, the walk back can be a really serene moment. Even the ride home knowing you are going to stop at the gas station in the little burg that you drive through has it's reward. Maybe you see some other hunters or someone notices the deer in the back of your rig and you get to tell a little of your adventure all the while trying to act as if it's just an, "awe shucks, nothing to it" moment. If you are in the mountains out west or back east it is always a great feeling seeing the Coleman lantern all aglow off in the distance. The wanting to tell of your adventure back at camp and the yearning to hear of your fellow nimrods' hunt adventures makes that walk back all the more enjoyable. So make sure you savor that Walk Back and thank the Almighty for the opportunity.



# Dad's Boots



By Greg Szalewski

**L**ooking back, I guess I would have to say that one the signs of my independence, and a significant step into adulthood came in the form of a purchase. I had recently graduated high school and was just a few weeks into technical college, when my mother informed me that Kmart had a sale on leather hiking boots, which I was in need of. She had just bought my father a pair, but not me so, I guess that was the signal that I was now on my own from now on for such purchases.

The main purpose of these boots was for roving the old family farm in the quest for squirrels. This was the hunting that I was raised on, and most frequently did, especially with dad. For the most part the terrain that we hunted was high and dry hard woods, but in the course of the day we might cross through lower and wet areas, and of course the morning dew and occasional shower might mean that we could get our feet wet.

To ward against wet feet, we both sealed our boots well with mink oil, and would reapply it whenever it showed signs of wearing off. Since dad only used his for squirrel hunting he was able to keep up on that. Mine however were used for many different jobs, and the toughest of which was roofing. That shortened their life considerably, and before long, they were discarded.

After dad passed away, twenty two years after their purchase mom was cleaning out his stuff and came across the boots, and offered them to me. The boots were in very good shape, due to the care that he had given them. They were a half size bigger than mine had been so, I wasn't sure if they would work for me, but I was willing to give them a try.

As it turned out they fit just fine, and now I keep them at

my hunting camp. This is the same property that he squirrel hunted on all of his life, and put many miles on with those same boots there.

Now as I walk those same woods and fields I can only imagine how many times I am crossing his track, and wonder if after all of these years I have actually filled his boots.

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# ELK HUNTING WITH YOUR SPOUSE

By Steve Leffler

This story starts at the 2014 Annual Gathering. At the gathering, Matt Schuster generously invited me to join him on a Montana elk hunt with Centennial Outfitters. Matt had hunted with them previously and had nothing but good things to say about the operation. It would be a drop camp into known elk habitat right on the continental divide. Matt knew the area and had success in the past. When I got home and told my wife, Robyn of the plan she half jokingly asked if she could come. I fully jokingly said, "Sure." The next day she asked if I was serious. Our kids were grown and out of the house and she was interested in seeing what I loved to do so much every September. We talked about it further and she really wanted to join us. I explained we would be eight miles in from the road and once there we were committed for the week. No cell phones, flush toilets, or indoor showers. Whatever the weather was, we would have to deal with it. Robyn is an outdoors person and that didn't scare her. I called Matt

and asked if Robyn could join us. She would be an observer and not a hunter but wanted to experience a week in a remote mountain elk camp. Matt was gracious and agreed so plans were made.

Over the summer I bought Robyn some camo gear and upgraded her sleeping bag. I gave her some basic elk hunting lessons and taught her how to cow call. She is always in good shape but she did do some hiking with a pack. September came quickly and we were flying to Salt Lake City to meet Matt at the airport. We connected and rented a car and then

went to the grocery store to stock up for our hunt. We arrived at the lodge late and were tired but got settled and had a good night's sleep. In the morning after a big breakfast we loaded the panniers with our gear and watched as the outfitter got everything on the mules. We were soon at the trailhead and headed into camp. By late afternoon we were at our home for the next week and getting settled. The camp was well set up in a beautiful valley and the terrain was steep but beautiful. We did some camp chores, built a fire, ate dinner and adjusted

to camp life. We got our hunting gear ready for the morning and settled in for the night. Robyn urgently woke me from a sound sleep saying she could hear a bear outside the tent. On the ride into camp the outfitter told us that this was the relocation site for problem grizzlies from Yellowstone. I was pretty sure he was joking but Robyn was less convinced. As I woke up in the pitch dark I could hear some growling coming from the back of the tent. I began to laugh as I realized our future PBS president was snoring. After some reassurance we fell back asleep.

In the morning after a quick breakfast Robyn and I climbed up to the continental divide. The views were spectacular. We sat for a while and then saw some elk moving to the south of us. We followed them into a drainage but never did catch up to them. We spent the rest of the morning working down the drainage and ended up at a big river at the bottom. There was no easy way to cross so we worked our way downstream. We finally found a place to cross but had to take off our boots and wade. Pretty typical elk hunting but all new for Robyn. It was a long walk back to camp but she did great.

We settled into the rhythm of camp life. Hunt, camp





chores, eat, to bed early and up early to hunt. Robyn loved the simplicity of it. On the third day we had a close encounter with a bull. He was in a side drainage and talking. We circled to get the wind right and set up. Robyn was going to call a bit and I set up out front. The bull came towards us

for a while but then went silent and we never saw him again. Still it was a great encounter and Robyn was excited. It was a good walk back to camp as we talked about next time and how we would do it better. Matt was also getting into some elk so spirits were high in camp that night. On the fifth day we had another good chance with a bull and some cows on a ridge above us just below the divide. Robyn got hidden and I moved up towards the elk. The bull would respond to her calls some but was preoccupied with his cows. I kept slowly working closer and it nearly came together but the wind shifted just a bit and that was

that. On the last full day we could hunt Matt found a wallow below camp and had a close encounter in the morning. We talked about it at lunch and Robyn and I decided to head there and sit for our last evening hunt. The wallow was big and clearly being used. I found a good place to tuck back in the trees off the wallow and cleared a spot to wait. Robyn set up next to me with her back against a tree. As we were settling in I reminded her to sit quietly and not move. We would sit here until dark and then head back to camp. It was a beautiful evening. It was quiet and I reflected on what a great week it had been. Robyn had a fantastic time and Matt is a great guy to spend a week in camp with. It



was down to the last ten minutes of the hunt. I looked over and I must admit I was frustrated to see Robyn starting to stand up and stretch. What was she doing? It was prime time. My frustration got the better of me. I stood up, took my arrow off the string and stepped forward. You can all guess what happened next. A small bull that had been silently moving down the trail saw me and spooked back up the trail. Nooooo. We couldn't believe it. It was a long and quiet walk back to camp. Everyone that has bowhunted for very long knows about missed opportunities and what-if's. Robyn had that bowhunter's feeling at dinner. I wanted to be mad at her but it really was my fault. She had been totally silent and was more hidden than I was. If I had sat tight who knows how it would have played out. Matt had a good laugh at dinner listening to Robyn and I bicker over the encounter. The next day the outfitter came in to get us and just like that our week was over. On the way out Robyn told us how much she enjoyed the week and wanted to come again. If you have ever considered bringing your spouse on a backcountry hunt I strongly recommend it. Also, Matt is about the best camp and hunting partner a guy could ask for. We will be back.

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# HENDRICKSON, IMELS JOIN CUTLERY HALL OF FAME®

By Ben Sobiaek of Blademag.com

**J**ay Hendrickson and the husband-and-wife team of Billy and Beverly Mace Imel are the 2021 inductees into the BLADE Magazine Cutlery Hall Of Fame®.

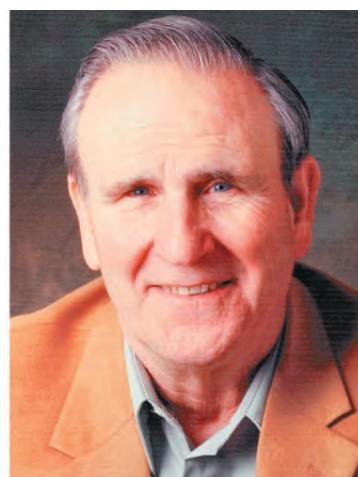
Nominated by, and then elected in a vote of, sitting members of the Cutlery Hall Of Fame, the three comprise the 63rd, 64th and 65th members of the world's only shrine recognizing all segments of the knife industry.

## Jay Hendrickson

Jay is an American Bladesmith Society (ABS) master smith who succeeded Cutlery Hall-Of-Fame member Bill Moran as ABS president in 1991—as a nominator noted, “a trying task to be sure, and Jay succeeded Bill very well.” The nominator went on to write Jay is a good bladesmithing teacher who has taught at many venues in the USA and France, and also served as director of the Moran Foundation for ten years, helping to preserve Bill’s legacy.

Early on, Jay and Bill conducted a forging demonstration that was one of the longest running of all BLADE Show demos. The first installment was in 1987 on the sidewalk outside the show’s former Holiday Inn & Convention Center site in Knoxville, Tennessee, and continued at each succeeding BLADE Show in Knoxville and then at the Cobb Galleria in Atlanta until Bill passed away in 2006. Not only was it one of the BLADE Show’s longest running demos, it was also one of the most popular.

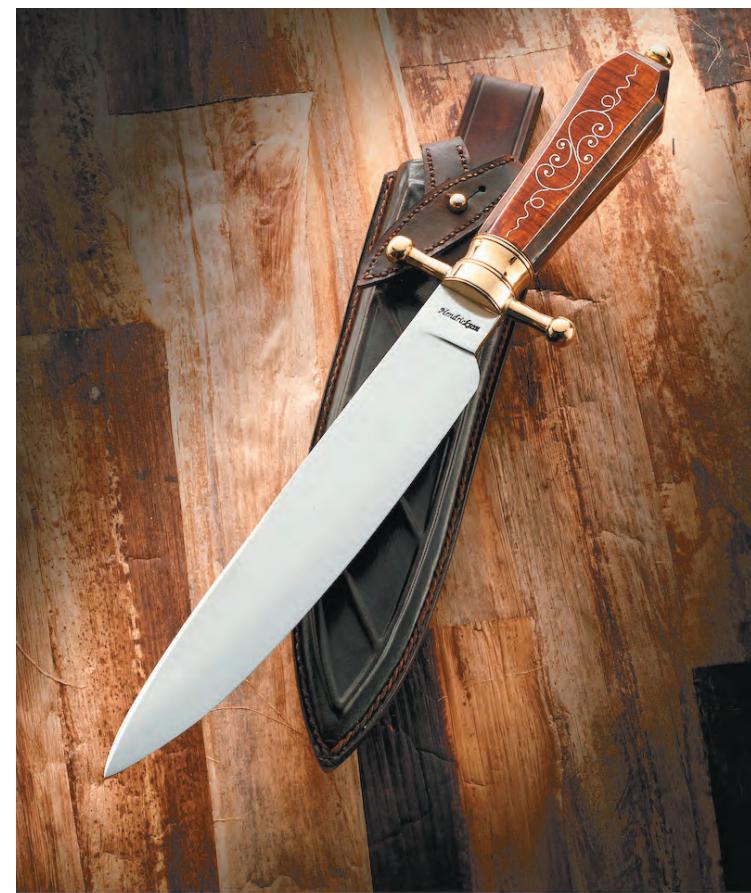
In 1995, Jay was presented with the ABS’s highest honor, the Don Hastings Award. The annual honor goes to an individual “who has performed outstanding service on behalf of the forged blade in the tradition of Don Hastings,” one of the founders of the ABS. In 2004, Jay



Jay Hendrickson



Jay Hendrickson, at his Cutlery HOF ceremony



Knife Maker Jay Hendrickson

Photo By: Eric Eggly, PointSeven Studios

Impeccable fixed blades in the Moran style with matching sheaths are a Jay Hendrickson staple. (Eric Eggly/PointSeven image)

won the William Wales Scagel Award, presented by the ABS to a bladesmith “for longtime service to promote the forged blade.” Another Cutlery Hall Of Famer, Scagel is considered the grandfather of custom knifemaking.

Jay was voted into the ABS Hall Of Fame in 2006 and a year later wrote the how-to guide, *Introduction to Bladesmithing*, with tips on how to forge various blade styles “exhibiting balance and aesthetic appeal,” how to understand the basic metallurgy of popular blade steels and more. Concluded the nominator, “Jay is a fine bladesmith, a fine teacher helping to preserve the art of bladesmithing, and a splendid ambassador of knives and knifemakers.”

Last but certainly not least, Jay forges magnificent fixed blades in the classic Moran style, including expertly ground bowies, camp knives, fighters, hunters and more, often in curly maple handles with intricate silver wire inlay, all accompanied by superb leather sheaths.

More examples of Jay Hendrickson's work .





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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:

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# Welcome new members to the PBS family!

## November\*

Mike Hardin - Lebanon, TX  
Derek Poole - Lake Villa, IL  
Brent Lindemuth - Brockway, PA  
Robert Lehrer - Midland, TX  
Shawn Wirth - Goode, VA  
Logan Brown - Eldorado, AR  
Carl Hesse - Arnot, PA  
Danny Jackson - Athens, GA

## December\*

Tom Addleman - Kansas City, MO  
Christopher Fisher - Troy, ID  
Brandon Savage - Bellefontaine, OH  
Garrett Burch - Conyers, GA  
Tom Kwiecinski, Jr. - Clarington, PA  
Ross Pennebaker - Kevil, KY  
Dana Elliott - Bandana, KY  
Julian Ridings - Shelby, NC  
Howard Cordell - Harleton, TX  
Patrick Knight - Windsor, NC  
Michael Arnette - Wichita, KS  
Ken Hanlen - Fort Leavenworth, KS  
Mike Hayward - Marengo, IL  
Jason Redd - Asheville, NC  
Michael Fogarty - Flushing, NY  
Justin Thomsen - Mesa, AZ  
Jesse Johnson - Flower Mound, TX  
Clifton Gibson - Johnson City, TN  
Justin Bridges - Gallion, AL  
Jason Brown - Elon, NC  
Allan Powell - Boise, ID  
Peter Tschantz - Clover, SC  
Todd Shippee - Fond Du Lac, WI  
Anthony Johnson - Pine Knot, KY  
Howard Kennard - Earlvile, MD  
Andrew Sexton - Simpsonville, SC

\*Correction: Several new members in November and December were not included in our March 2021 issue. Therefore, we have included the full list for both November and December.  
We apologize for the error and/or any confusion.

## March

Pat Laughery - Union City, PA  
Travis Stiles - Grand Ledge, MI  
Jason Brown - Tunkhannock, PA  
Charles Essman - Wister, OK  
Rocky Bowker - Charlotte, TN  
Mark Shaw - Chickamauga, GA  
Daniel Adams - Amelia, OH  
Ty Baugh - Jasper, MO

Levi Woodward - Inkom, ID  
Russell Staley - Spring Lake, NC  
Ryan Moore - Benton, KY  
Terry Smith - Canton, IL  
Chris Denmon - Silsbee, TX  
Gary Robert, Jr. - Tickfaw, LA  
Michael Guran - Elizabethton, TN  
Lance Jackson - Harrod, OH  
Kenneth Jordan - Versailles, IN  
Richard Tolerico - East Lyme, CT  
Chris Kelley - Centre, AL  
Derrick Balzer - Carthage, IL  
Blake Manship - Robinson, IL  
Randy Meyer - Milford, IA  
David Williamson - Christiana, PA  
Chad Richhart - Mooresville, IN  
Reuben "Cale" Fitzpatrick - Danielsville, GA  
John Peterson - Gray, GA  
Cecil Sowers - Willisburg, KY  
Mike Moran - Danbury, WI  
Bruce Hansen - Fowlerville, MI  
Russell Frank - Warrensburg, MO  
Carl Johnson - Copperas Cove, TX  
William Newman - Columbus, IN

## April

Lance Martin - Fayetteville, PA  
Michael Dowden - Logansport, LA  
William Meyer - Lancaster, PA  
Michael Quinn - Waterford, PA  
Tim Denial, Jr. - North East, PA  
Bob Nielsen - Erie, PA  
Jacob Fowler - Hamilton, OH  
Jerome Acosta - Casper, WY  
Russell Norman - Keystone Heights, FL  
Mike Johnson - Bristol, TN  
Shane Evans - Bowling Green, KY  
Jeffrey Evans - Bowling Green, KY  
Arden Mueller - Morgantown, KY  
Purvis Wheat - Livingston, LA  
Doug Vandergriff - Corryton, TN

Seth Lakin - Knoxville, TN  
Joel Weaver - Auburn, KY  
Ted Allen - Canyville, KY  
JJ Kiper - Canyville, KY  
Chris Parrino - Brighton, IL  
Adam Nease - NY

## May

Jeffrey Eckels - Springfield, OH  
Jameson Olson - Huntington, IN  
Nate Wheeler - Chelsea, MI  
Richard Lowe - Lumby, BC, Canada  
Jerry Brown - Brookport, IL  
Ken Bilstein - Potter Valley, CA  
James H. Smith - Montague, MA  
Jason Young - Overland Park, KS  
Aaron Stirtzinger - Bell Guelph, Ontario, Canada  
Joseph Ulanowicz - Coventry, CT  
Kim Zimmerman - Lewistown, PA  
Tanner Everly - Stephens City, VA  
Landon Turner - Hot Springs, AR  
Mike Weatherford - Paragould, AR  
Kegan McCabe - Beaver Falls, PA  
Josh Baker - Barnesville, OH  
Tyler Rewitzer - Belding, MI  
Steve Miller - Ball Ground, GA  
Wendy Murphy - Sandia Park, NM  
Matthew Tyler - Newnan, GA  
Dannon Davis - Chidester, AR  
Dave Hill - Hibbing, MN  
Jeff Hale - Bainbridge Island, WA  
Daniel Carver - Dallas, NC  
Kyle Headings - Rose, OK  
Brent Mills - Gray, GA  
Cody Nichols - Wheatland, MO  
Aaron Farley - Jasper, GA  
Ryan McKinney - Viola, TN

## We need your email address!

Want to be in-the-know about all things PBS? Join our emailing list for all the latest updates on your organization. If you have not received an email from the PBS President in the last month then we do not have your correct email address. (Be sure to check your junk mail folder as well as sometimes your email system may filter them as spam.)

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

# BIG SKY, BIG FINISH

By Eric Parker

**A**nd there I was — on the ground in Montana, stickbow in hand, locking eyes with a dandy whitetail. Or so I thought...

With no western hunting experience whatsoever, I decided in the fall of 2018 that I would begin planning my first hunting adventure away from home. Montana was without question the place I wanted to explore first. Where exactly to go, and what to hunt, were both questions that needed answering, but these questions were secondary to the goal of simply going. The following story is one rookie's account of heading west for the first time.

The trip began as a simple idea in my mind as I daydreamed about all the places I'd love to explore. I worked to coax my dad into coming along as well. He had yet to venture west either, and the window of opportunity for a father-son adventure does not get wider with time. As the serious planning got underway, we quickly realized we would need some assistance, as my dad was just coming off of a full knee replacement and I was not going to let that be an obstacle. As a result, we connected with Bud Williams



of Big Sky Outfitters and worked out a plan for a combo whitetail and antelope trip in September 2020. Around this same time, a good friend just so happened to invite me along for a fast-approaching Alaskan coastal black bear hunt in August 2019, and I did not hesitate to agree — I now had two adventures in my lap, yet these two trips would soon converge in a very unfortunate way.

By summer 2019 we had the makings of a fantastic Montana trip and I was assembling gear to leave for my first Alaskan adventure. This is where the story takes a turn. Two days before I was to board a plane for Anchorage, my family was blindsided by the loss of my father in a tragic auto accident. We were devastated. One moment we were planning a trip to Montana, and the next moment we were planning something entirely different. In the days that followed, I knew for sure I would not be making it to the dock to meet my hunting partners in Alaska.



Weeks later I began to consider Montana. "Once in a lifetime" is thrown around often, but I now understood this phrase on an entirely different level. Never again on this earth would I have the opportunity to take a trip that my dad and I had planned together, and I decided right then

that nothing would stand in the way. Me in person and he in spirit, we would still take that trip together. The next twelve months were full of firsts that I did not choose but that I embraced. And in a most poetic way, the last of these new experiences that year was finally my trip to Montana.



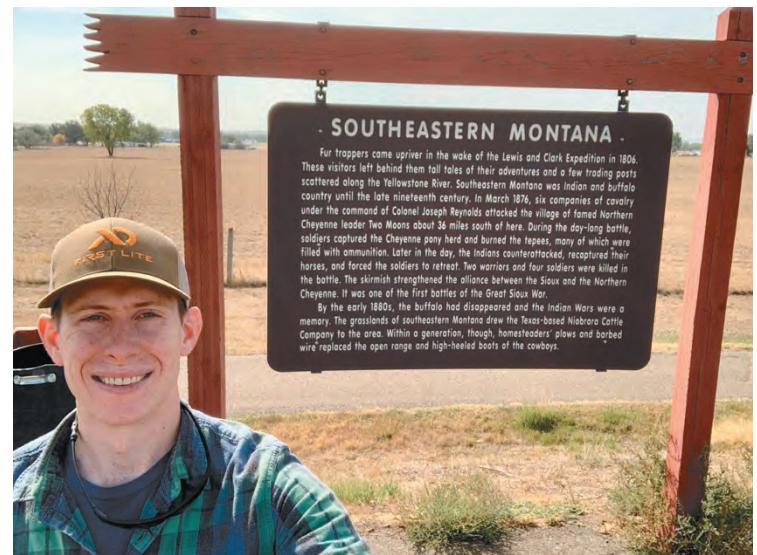
I left right after work on a Thursday, zipping across Illinois and Iowa through the night from my southern Indiana home. I stopped briefly near Sioux City, IA for a couple hours of sleep just before sunrise, and then I set out across South Dakota with fresh eyes and hot cup of coffee. As I neared my destination, I was amazed at the sheer number of animals I was beginning to see from the interstate. There was also a sense of fulfillment as I travelled along with my



dad heavy on my mind. It felt like we were experiencing this for the first time just as we planned, as though he was right there in the passenger seat. Rolling into camp on Fri-

day afternoon, I got busy settling my things, taking target practice, and glassing some distant areas of the ranch as I got my mindset focused on the days ahead. I was soon headed to my pronghorn blind in the early Saturday morning hours.

On the very first morning, there was never a dull moment. Not one second passed in which I was not watch-



ing antelope, anticipating a shot, or recovering from the adrenaline rush of a close encounter. Plenty of mule deer provided a nice break in between each group of antelope as well. By midday it was time to head for a river bottom tree stand to hunt whitetails. This was to be the pattern for the week — antelope blinds in the morning, and whitetail stands in the evenings.

My second morning in the antelope blind started fast. In the early gray light, a very respectable buck made a surprisingly swift trek across the prairie to my blind from what seemed like a mile away. However, it was as if my blind was merely a guidepost on his predetermined route, as he did not pause even for a moment as he passed close by. I never considered a shot. I had been told that a bowhunter



needed to wait until a pronghorn buck was calmly drinking with his head down before attempting to shoot. I would re-evaluate this advice later in the day. →

~ continued on page 22

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The next few hours were full of bucks chasing does around the grassland before the wind began to pick up fiercely and all the pronghorn bedded down, safely off in the distance. I started a rotation of brief glassing sessions, short spurts of reading, and a few intermittent naps. Shortly after 12:00 p.m. one of the guides, Doug, sent a text message. "Any action?" he asked. I replied, "Slowest it's been, since wind picked up." Not a single antelope had moved since the high winds had set in. I began organizing my gear for moving to the tree



stand, as Doug would be by soon to pick me up. The previous day I did not know I would be going straight from the blind to the tree stand, and I hadn't brought enough gear or food. On this day I responded by bringing too much.

With gear spread all over the floor of the blind and me sitting in the middle of it all, I glanced up — there was a pronghorn buck at ten yards! He'd appeared out of nowhere and was about to get a drink! The next few seconds were a rodeo of gear throwing and maneuvering as I cleared space and took aim at my first western big game animal. Remember that high wind I mentioned earlier? Right, me neither. I watched in surprise as the twenty-plus mile-per-hour winds caught the fletchings as soon as my arrow left the blind. It turned nearly sideways and wobbled off past the buck. In hindsight, my frantic release may have also had something to do with that result.

The buck did not explode off for a faraway land. He only took a few quick steps away from the water and cautiously surveyed the scene. In that moment I decided that only shooting at a drinking buck was great advice for the first shot, but if another shot at this buck was to happen, it would have to be on my terms. Luckily for me he chose an escape route that brought him by my blind at just seven yards, directly downwind. I had settled down, and made a perfect double lung shot — my first out-of-state success! In the tree stand that evening I'm certain I spent more time smiling than hunting deer. I went to sleep that night with a new feather in my cap.

Turning my attention fully to whitetails now, I was seeing plenty of deer but having trouble getting close enough. The best opportunity I had was a brush with three mature



bucks in a row coming by on a trail just at the edge of my effective range. The last of the three gave me the best opportunity and my arrow passed just under him. The remainder of my five-day hunt came and went with no luck. However, with two days yet before I had to return home, Bud was gracious to offer me a fair extension and I jumped at the opportunity to hunt another day. The bonus evening was not going to be an easy one thanks to inconsistent winds, but nonetheless, I was determined to go down swinging.

I saw plenty of deer that extra evening but mostly from a distance. The winds were also strong enough that my mind went back to that first windy pronghorn arrow that missed its mark. I decided to hit the ground to minimize the wind effect and try to close the gap. Just as I got out of the stand and turned to creep upriver toward the path of many of the deer I'd seen, a rush of whitetails came sprinting back past me! Only five minutes sooner and I would've been in the middle of them. Turns out Doug was headed over to pick





me up, sending all the deer back my way at warp speed. He figured I wouldn't be able to stay in the stand with the high winds, and hadn't considered that I may try a ground approach. There went the last evening.

Nevertheless, I was happy. Walking to the truck, we discussed the past week and the satisfaction that comes with the right perspective. I had hunted Montana. I had harvested my first western big game animal. I had walked afield in new country with traditional bow in hand. It was a good trip.

We slowly started along in the truck, heading back up the farm road that bordered an alfalfa field and separated it from the cottonwood flats and river bottom I'd hunted all week. Doug pulled up around a corral filled with large hay bales, slowing to a stop. I assumed he saw something out in the field worth looking at in the binoculars. Instead, he was looking intently toward a thicket off to our right. We were still a good distance away from any gravel or asphalt, and I had hunted near this spot the day prior. He optimistically offered, "Why don't you ease on down into that thicket and see if you can't arrow a doe? How do you feel about that?" Let me tell you, it did not take much convincing! With an hour until sunset, I jumped back into the hunt. I carefully crossed the barbed wire fence along the corral and crept over to the high cut bank that bordered the thicket. I dropped down the bank and nocked an arrow.

Methodically, I picked my way along through the Russian olive trees and began to notice an abundance of sign. Beds, rubs, scrapes... WHOOSH! A pheasant flushed from a bush just beyond the tip of my arrow, sending my nerves over the edge. I jumped out of my skin. Shaking off the adrenaline spike, I continued along with the noisy north wind in my face. I zigzagged across the thicket from south to north, approaching a small clearing up ahead. I eased forward but was immediately greeted by the white tail of a retreating doe that saw me first. So close! The doe quickly disappeared, and I regrouped. I needed to improve my stealth if I was going to have any success at ground level.

I crossed the clearing, going low and slow. Reaching the other side, I scanned intently for the deer I'd just seen, but saw nothing. I knelt on one knee for a quick rest. Turning upwind, I looked through the trees and recognized just then what appeared to be the largest antlers I had ever seen afield. I froze. It was wide, outside the ears, and tall, and staring directly at me. My excitement shot through the roof! Still frozen in my kneeling position, the buck suddenly turned his head ninety degrees, looking away. I couldn't believe it — he was not looking at me after all!

I sank into the grass and quickly formed a plan. I reasoned he was still close to his bed and was now preparing to work toward the alfalfa field for the evening. I had to try to cut him off en route. I quickly and quietly retreated and scurried a wide circle around and up to the level of his position, putting myself between him and the field.

Crouching in my new ambush, I waited, but no buck appeared. I had not actually laid eyes on the deer since the initial heart-stopping view earlier. As I began to work to relocate him, I found him browsing in the exact same location, still facing southward with the wind at his back. I was now staring at him broadside, and was able to crawl to twenty-five yards. I was amazed that the buck's sixth sense had not picked me off!

Readyng for a shot, I began to aim...draw...PFTHEW! The arrow was immediately gobble up by the grasses, low and short of the buck. I drew my bow at such a cant that I was almost parallel to the ground and barely out of the weeds. The shot position and excitement must've caused me to short-draw. Amazingly the buck continued to feed unaware, but he was working slowly forward now, which put an overgrown bush between us. I nocked another arrow and crawled over to remove the bush from my path. I regained a broadside view of the buck, as clear as can be. He was now only a few steps from entering thicker cover that would've surely swallowed him up to disappear forever. Two thoughts entered my mind as I hurried to shoot again — get more

~ *continued on page 24* →

*~ continued from page 23* upright, and pull

back the dang bow! I rose up out of the ground cover with my torso as I began to aim... draw... DRAW... pfthew-WACK! The buck mule-kicked and shot off into the thicket!

I immediately gave chase to at least get a better sense of his direction. It was way too thick to stay put and observe. I caught up to him briefly as he was standing alert looking back in my direction, but as I readied another arrow he bolted again. I trailed behind until I came back to the end of the thicket where I had started my stalk earlier. If his bedding spot was close by, I thought he may try to circle back to his original position by sneaking back up along the river bank. I hurried over to the river for a look but did not locate him.

Standing out on the river bank now, I replayed the shot in my mind. I knew I had hit him significantly, but now I was stuck. I had no view of the deer, and blood trailing in this terrain would be difficult. Just as I began to drop my shoulders in doubt and contemplate my next move, the sight of a buck across the river interrupted me. Right there on the opposite bank laid a buck, bedded but fully alert, perched at the edge of the high sandy cut. As he turned his head around to me, I saw the familiar head-on view I had seen at the beginning of this whirlwind. As soon as he looked away, I bailed back into the cover of the weeds!

I wanted to stay on the buck, monitoring his every move, but I also did not want Doug to come looking for me, unaware, and spook him into the next county. I decided to run back to the truck and then together try



to reach a position where we could spot the buck again and watch him in our binoculars. Arriving at the truck after sprinting the entire way, and now completely out of breath, Doug did not need much explanation that something was up! I had nearly hurdled the barbed wire fence in front of him in one bound. I brought him up to speed as we quickly maneuvered downriver to a spot where we could spy on the buck.

We were able to locate the mortally wounded buck as we could now also see where my arrow had impacted. There was no doubt that this buck would not live through the night, but it was





still too soon to approach. Over the next thirty minutes we watched him slowly walk back into the timber and disappear as darkness was setting in. We headed back to the lodge to wait until morning, with the evening temperatures falling and the odds in our favor.

After a sleepless night, we were back at the river in gray light. We crossed near our last vantage point, keeping our bearings and slowly approaching the area where we last saw him. I spotted the right side of the impressive rack just above the grasses in the distance. The buck had expired under the same tree where we had last seen him the night before. Doug and I shook hands and celebrated! I'll never forget the feeling of that moment.

Sitting beside the buck that morning along the Powder River, I counted many, many blessings. To finish the trip this way for my dad, on the day after the last day, and on the ground with a stickbow, was more than I could have imagined. It was the trip of a lifetime — and I also shot an antelope buck and a whopper whitetail. I'm glad we still took that trip together.

**Author's Notes:** This article is dedicated to my father, who sparked the fire in me from the beginning. I'm hunting with a 55# Great Plains recurve, 625gr Gold Tip Traditional carbon arrows, and Zwickey Delta broadheads. Thanks to Bud and Doug at Big Sky Outfitters, and a special mention to Allen -- this whole traditional mess is all your fault!





2021

# ODD YEAR GATHERINGS

## BIGHORN MOUNTAINS ODD YEAR GATHERING

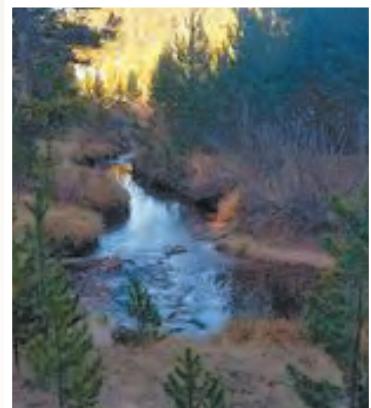
JULY 16<sup>TH</sup>, 17<sup>TH</sup> & 18<sup>TH</sup> (come early & stay late)

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- Potluck Dinners on Friday and Saturday evenings
- Saturday chili cookoff lunch and trade blanket swap meet
- Practice range of member loaned/donated targets (no scoring, no awards)
- Clout shoot contest (Winner's Award)
- Popinjay shoot contest (Winner's Award)
- Aerial targets (Winner's Award)
- Other local activities include trout stream fishing, Medicine Wheel archaeological site, hiking, marmot hunting, tree hugging

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- Friday night potluck – venison bbq provided
- Saturday & Sunday food and beverage can be purchased including breakfast
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1 (262) 389-6319

**or Chris Bahr**

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# NORTHWESTERN PA ODD YEAR GATHERING 2021

By Tim Denial

**T**he one thing you can count on in NW Pennsylvania is that the weather can be somewhat fickle.

Though that does not deter hearty bowhunter's from getting together for a great time visiting with each other. This year we had seventy five people with twenty two choosing to camp, braving some wet weather Friday night and a soggy Saturday morning. Those in attendance ranged from one to eighty six. We celebrated John Stockman's eighty sixth birthday and I might add earlier in the week on his birthday he went deer hunting in the morning and golfing later that day. Just like the song, "Don't let the old man in."

We had a good time shooting the 3D course, some aerial targets, the pond shoot, and the arrows that fell

short of their mark were retrieved by Doug Testrake in the kayak. Terry Receveur nocked Jeff Holchin off the podium for the bragging rights in the hawk throwing contest. I think a few ordered hawks on line when they got back home.

I want to thank all that made the trip and especially those that traveled from afar. I always say that it is the members that make any gathering a success and our members did not disappoint.

This gathering also is a success due in no small part from my wife, Cindy, along with my daughter, Maggie, son, Tim and his wife, Dani, my sister in-law, Debbie and our friend, Judy.

Please attend a gathering if you can. They are a great way to get to meet new friends and reacquaint with old friends. Thanks for coming!

Tim



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# The Wife Made Me Do It

By Herb A. Higgins

**T**here are times in our lives when we do things for the benefit of others. This is one of those times.

I missed the Alligator Hunting presentation by Terry Recevuer and Jeff Holchin at one of the PBS banquets. My wife, Carrie, did not. Since then, every so often she would remind me how fun it would be to go on an alligator hunt. Now understand up front, my wife is not a hunter. She enjoys shooting her St. Joe River longbow but killing more than foam is not a desire. Early in 2020, she began inquiring about the alligator drawing timing.

My mind wandered. Why would I want to hunt alligators? It's not like Indiana is a target rich environment for them. Did she understand that the best "gator time" was 2:00 to 4:00 a.m.? As I get older, I enjoy ensuring I get a good night's rest in MY comfortable bed with MY feather pillow. Is Florida in mid-August an attraction? This does not sound like fun: rainy season, hot, bugs, crammed into

a boat with four or five or six others, cramped quarters in the dark with sharp arrows? I pursue bowhunting as more of an individual endeavour. Not to mention that shooting at something in the water requires compensation for refraction. Hitting a spot on a hay bale in the back yard is hard enough for me.

I informed her that the tag drawing was in May. She began to talk about how she could also enter the drawing to help increase the odds. I hedged. She picked up my phone and called Terry. I was told to find out in which units to apply. Next thing I knew, I was typing information on the Florida Fish and Game website alligator harvest permit application link.

Time passed. The wife's distraught voice over the phone one day at work had me worried. She informed me she did not draw and wanted me to check to see if I had. I told her I would check when I got home. In reality, I checked my email immediately and let her know that I had been successful. SHE was on cloud nine!

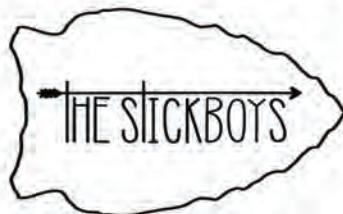
We arrived in Florida. The heat did not disappoint. After a couple of hours we found ourselves checking into the hotel. Terry informed us that the boat out was 5:00 p.m. This left no time for a nap. Gear preparation was undertaken. It also provided another opportunity for marriage bonding as the limitation of gear was met with resistance. A small boat with lots of people requires minimization!

There were two boats in use for our group. Leaving early on the opener allowed plenty of daylight to understand the routine. Several alligators were sighted, and a couple were even deemed sizable enough to pursue. Shortly after sunset, the concept of snatching alligators was undertaken. Tyler hooked a five-footer. Terry called Carrie up to the front of the boat to undertake the fight. This provided an opportunity to alleviate much of her concern. The gator was brought to the side of the boat, unhooked, brought aboard for pictures and then released.

The night wore on. Alligator sightings were numerous, size judgements were undertaken, closing the distance challenges were met, and missed shots experienced. 4:00 a.m. rolled by and despite being tired, everyone was still at it. Then, Terry whispered that he had a good one spotted. TJ Conrads was the designated shooter and he made good on his shot. The next forty-five minutes were utter pandemonium. The massive beast was brought boat side multiple times only to take off in a burst of power and have to be chased down again and again. Finally worn down, the alligator was brought up and the finishing touches were made. The season's first alligator measured nine foot seven inches, what a beast!

The excitement from TJ's success

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had everyone fired up. It was not long before Tyler had an opportunity. Another thirty minutes of pandemonium resulted. With two alligators in the boat it was time to head to the processor. The paperwork was completed. Alligators were put in the cooler. It was time to grab some shuteye.

Night two found us on a different body of water. Alligator sightings were abundant. I was trading off being designated shooter with Sierra. Somewhere around 1:00 a.m., Terry put his hand on my shoulder and stated that I was flat going to have to shoot! Thanks coach, enough said. The next several alligators resulted in misses. During that time, I encountered an equipment issue. Terry identified the issue and replaced the line on the reel I was using. A test shot resulted in a straight shot with minimal drag.

The next alligator encountered was swimming across the bow. Sierra's low shot caused the gator to dive. He surfaced almost immediately and began coursing away. Terry let me know that this was a big one as he positioned the boat. I picked a spot and released. The alligator dove. Line screamed from the reel letting us know that the shot had been good. More pandemonium ensued. The next hour was spent chasing down the float and pulling the alligator boat side. Snapping jaws and a power lunge resulted. Several more pursuits of the float and pulling the alligator boat side were required. Finally, Terry called for a kill arrow and I placed a broadhead shaft through the alligator's lungs. This took a significant amount of fight out of the animal and allowed for it to be boated. At ten feet five inches it would be the largest alligator of the trip. A call to the second boat let it be known



that they had success, too. Bo had shot a nice alligator. Another trip to the processor was made and off to slumber land.

The following two nights saw more of the same. It seemed that after a couple of night's pressure, the larger alligators were in hiding. The buzz of bugs marked the passage of time without capitalizing on opportunities. Then in the early morning hours, "gator time" would arrive.

Bill, Sierra, Tyler, and Kevin all were able to score on alligators.

Though it had taken all four of the planned nights, diligence and hard work had paid off. Eight tags were placed on the tails of alligators, all taken with traditional archery equipment.

Sometimes doing things for others has its benefits.

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# PBS Davis Mountains Group Hunt

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## January 2021

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By Mike Schwister

**O**n the early afternoon of October 20th, I was prepping my hunting gear for an evening sit on the family farm in southern Wisconsin. I was focusing on the upcoming rut and the P&Y buck I had passed two nights prior, still uncertain whether letting him walk was the right decision. My phone “dinged” and the sound reminded me to silence my phone before heading out. It was a message from William “Bubba” Graves, asking if I was still planning to attend the PBS Group hunt in the Davis Mountains. I sent back a “Heck, yeh”, as I was in my first year of retirement, time would not be an issue, and who can turn down an adventure?

I first heard about the Davis Mountains PBS group hunt

from a high school classmate, and fellow PBS member Michael Thies in 2016. Winter hog hunting in Texas has been one of my very favorite things to do going back to the early “Pig Gig” years with uncles Gene and Barry. He described it as a spot and stalk hog hunt in steep, rocky, rugged terrain more fitting for a western elk, or I dare even say sheep hunt. Sure, the elevation was a relatively benign 5000-6500 feet, but steep cliffs, boulders, and prickly vegetation made it challenging. We would hunt from a primitive camp using only the gear we could pack into the mountains. Off grid for a week - Perfect! For the next four years one thing or another prevented me from attending, but I knew 2021 would be open and threw my name in the hat once again.

This hunt would be the first of two such PBS group



hunts hosted by Bubba this year, on a private ranch in the Davis Mountains of west Texas. The plan was to meet at the ranch Saturday afternoon, then go into a nearby town for dinner. We would sleep in a bunk house, and pack in and set up camp Sunday morning. The drive to west Texas was going to be 1400 plus miles, and a blizzard had closed interstate travel along the preferred route through Iowa. So, I took the two-day plan through Illinois, and stopped for the night in Lawton, Oklahoma, home to Fort Sill, where I attended basic training thirty-five plus years prior. On Saturday I decided to take the scenic route through San Angelo and was the last member of the party to arrive. The group included our host Bubba Graves from Texas, Colby Farquhar from Oklahoma, Duane Krones from

Iowa, and William Newman who drove in from Indiana.

Sunday morning broke cool and clear, perfect for a heavy pack trip up a mountain valley. Everyone was ready early and raring to go. Bubba piled us into the back of his pickup and drove up the gravel road to the trailhead where we started off on foot.

As we set out on the boulder strewn path up the mountain streambed, the steepness and makeup of the terrain reminded me of the rugged mountains of southern Asia in which our military has been engaged over the last two decades. As we hiked up the drainage at a steady but manageable pace, Duane said "I suppose I am the old man of the group" not entirely certain, I challenged his claim, and it turned out that I was indeed the "Old Man," I had Duane by a few weeks. This drainage was home to a freshwater stream that spent most of its course below ground. Every so often there was a stretch of pools with a slight trickle above ground. Our base camp for the week was on a gorgeous oak bench that sat about ten feet in elevation above one of these pools, providing water for our camp. The bench was the perfect setting for this use, with stunning vistas of the surrounding mesas and boulder strewn canyons, just gorgeous.

By 3:00 p.m. everyone had everything set and were preparing to go out hunting. Most of the group had five-day licenses that began on Monday, as such we were not allowed to hunt javelina until then. Hogs, elk, and aoudad were fair game as their possession is governed by the landowner, who had given us permission. Duane headed off to the high peaks per usual, William went back down the valley to some

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promising sign, and Bubba and Colby went further up the valley to a large oak bench. I decided to follow behind, sneaking into the wind, towards a smaller bench not far up.



As I went up the drainage around the corner, I was awestruck by the rock formations and the vistas. A famous formation was called the “Needle.” I could hardly believe it stood there without toppling.

After taking a few pictures with my phone I started up the steep section of the rocky trail and noticed a rusty, worn down horseshoe one of the ranch horses must have thrown years ago. Knowing immediately this was good luck, I placed it in my pocket.

It came to good use later. As I went along, I came to a nice oak covered bench that allowed a good view of the rocky slopes on both sides, as well as a spring and a portion of the intermittent stream that was above ground. It looked like a good place to sit and glass/listen for evening movement. About 4 pm I got a faint whiff of hog smell and heard movement. A few moments later I saw a javelina moving along the stream edge about fifty yards away. My license did not start until the next day, so



I watched it move upstream and disappear.

Monday morning broke clear and with a forecast of mid seventies served as a perfect respite to mid-winter Wisconsin. The other members of the group had spread off into the hinterlands, so I decided to sneak along into the wind, following the rock-strewn streambed. I continued just past where I had seen the javelina last night when I began to hear a very strange, resonating “boing” sound which repeated over and over. It appeared to be coming

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from below a rock outcropping forty yards to my right. I had a feeling it might be some sort of leaking gas pipeline or something, so I approached cautiously. As I climbed over the boulder strewn face and got closer to the base, I saw four javelina backed into a crevice in the rock, hidden behind a downed tree, all facing me and popping their teeth. I worked in carefully as a frontal shot through a dead tree canopy was less than ideal. I got into a position with a small window with a quartering on shot on one of them, picked a spot and shot, clipping a dead limb resulting in the arrow clattering off through the rock. This made them more agitated, but they clearly had no plans to go anywhere. The identical shot presented itself again, and this time the snuffer hit right on the stripe on the front right shoulder and appeared to exit the off-side ham. They continued with no change to the status quo, and the one I shot quickly expired, never getting out of its tracks. The others moved out slowly after about five minutes, but did not leave the area, offering multiple close broadside shots. As I still wanted to kill a pig, did not bring my large cooler, and had to pack the carcass out several miles, I declined to shoot a second one (limit two per year). This was not only my first javelina with any weapon, but it was also the first time I used the timer function for the hero shot. After several trial-runs I got something acceptable.

The day was warming and above seventy degrees al-



ready. Bubba had shown us the freezer location as we left the ranch headquarters, which was several miles down the valley. I had decided on a life size mount, so loaded my prize whole unto the meat shelf of my pack and started the trek down.

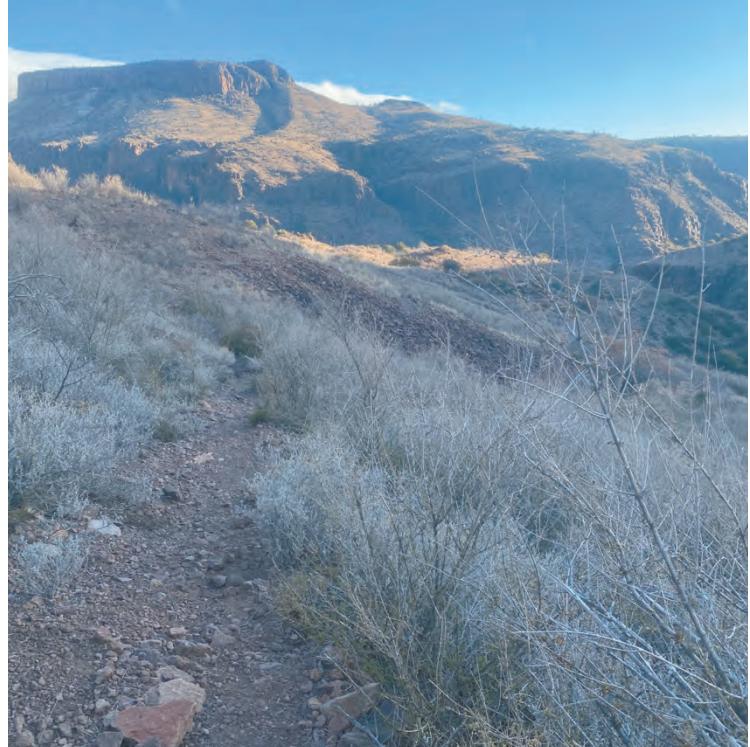
By mid-day I was back at camp, so decided to head back out sneaking into the wind. Later that afternoon I

was hearing rock slides up on the sheer rock faces several hundred feet above me, I looked up and got my first look at an aoudad, a North African form of big horned sheep that had been introduced to Texas. A large and elusive animal, that due to its preferred habitat alone would make it a particularly challenging animal to take with a traditional bow.

Back at camp stories were told, everyone had interesting encounters and were really enthused about their prospects. Since I had made the first kill of the hunt, Bubba tasked me to write this article for the PBS magazine. Duane thanked me, as normally he has the first (and most) kills in the group. It was pitch black by 7:00 p.m., so we all hit the rack early.

Tuesday morning broke cold and windy, the forecast high temp was to be only in the mid-30s, with a chance of snow. By 3:00 a.m. I had enough sleep and was up feeding my titanium box stove with some dead oak twigs. Next to my tent, Duane Krones was also up and being the hard-core member of the group, was setting out already to head up the sheer rock face all the way to the top after the aoudad. He said to me as he went by, "Tell the others not to worry if I do not come back tonight, I am going to the top, and if it gets dark, I will stay up there overnight." This brought a vision of rescue helicopters and search parties to mind...

I had decided to make the long/high loop through a



hidden valley. It was a great adventure with lots of sign, an encounter with the ranch horses who were spending the winter out on the range and getting caught in some dangerous terrain coming back down. I was happy to still be alive and in one piece by the time → *continued on page 34*

*~ continued from page 33*

I got back to camp. During my adventure I heard multiple rockslides coming from the mountain Duane was on, thinking, "I hope that one was not Duane." In camp after dark everyone made it back, exhausted, but full of exciting stories and looking forward to a hot tent, a hot meal, and a warm sleeping bag.



During the night, the rain started, and temps remained cold. Rain continued through to mid-morning and everyone stayed in their warm, dry tents. These days really make you appreciate the titanium box stove. Staying warm and having the ability to dry out clothing and gear can be a lifesaver.

By 10:00 a.m. the rain stopped, and we made our plans for the day. I decided to go with William Newman into an area he had been into hogs the day prior. As we departed camp and started up the trail William found a lost horseshoe and tossed it back on the ground. I said, "Hey, we need to keep that" and picked it up and stuck it into my pocket. William was a man on a mission, moving quickly but quietly up the mountain. Further up the trail we came to an area that wreaked of hog stench, and had fresh sign, William tolerated my scouting briefly, but moved on. I caught back up, and several hundred yards up the trail I again

smelled pigs and went to investigate. When I caught back up to him this time, we decided it would be best if he went on to his destination, while I went back to the fresh sign. I had that horseshoe in my pocket, and just knew it would bring the same luck as the one I found Sunday afternoon. I went back to the second location, found and established an ambush blind near a spring with fresh hog sign. By 3:00 p.m. I heard hogs rolling rocks and moving down for a drink before their afternoon feed on the high slopes. An inopportune wind shift ended that encounter quickly, so I headed down to the first spot with fresh sign. By 4:00 p.m. I heard sounds of hogs feeding above me across the ravine, and soon after sounds of hogs feeding above me on my side of the ravine. This continued until dark, the herds on both sides slowly moving down towards my spot. To add to the excitement, two javelina fed up the draw, past me at ten yards and kept feeding by. I really wanted to kill a pig, so the javelina got a reprieve. The hogs above me finally got within thirty yards just as it became too dark to shoot at that range. In Texas hogs can be taken twenty-four hours a day, and I have in the past shot them in the middle of the night with no light. It does, however, require extremely close range. They need to be close enough you can pick a spot on the dark form. They were simply too far in the too dark. It was a real extended adrenaline rush none the less.

Getting back to camp, Bubba was clearly in a different mood. He immediately told me the story. He had stayed in camp after we all left to take care of some housekeeping chores. He had been down by the latrine when a squadron of javelina had moved in close. He had violated an old army infantry rule to never leave your weapon out of reach, leaving his longbow back in the Seek Outside 8-man teepee. He quickly moved to get his bow, and just as he emerged from his shelter, saw a nice boar javelina at close range. He made a perfect heart shot, and it ran a short distance expiring within twenty yards of the opening of his shelter. On the trip to the freezer carrying the meat

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he nearly got a shot at a large aoudad ram, as a herd had come down to a waterhole just as he came by. Now Bubba has hunted and traveled the world, taking many different species, but he had been without luck taking javelina. This was his first, and he seemed quite pleased (note the smile in the pic!)



I noticed that Colby, too was in camp and listening quietly. He had spent the day climbing a very steep, boulder strewn canyon across from camp. He was almost to the top when he encountered a group of javelina below the boulder on which he stood. He was able to connect on a steep angle shot, but due to the angle and terrain, he backed out and decided to recover it in the morning light. The next morning, he boulder hopped his way back up and recovered his first javelina.

Thursday and Friday remained cool and clear, and everyone had several more sightings of aoudad, hogs, javelina, and trophy mule deer. On Saturday I broke down camp at first light and moved out to begin the 1400-mile drive home. It had been a wonderful adventure in an enchanted land I felt truly blessed to share with four brothers of the PBS. The starkly beautiful and game rich mountains were extremely challenging, as well as rewarding to hunt. Having the opportunity to hunt such a place is one of the great benefits of being a member of the PBS.

William and Duane also had long drives back to the Midwest and began the journey home that morning. However, Bubba and Colby live closer, and decided to hunt Saturday night as well. Both had more sightings, and Bubba took his second javelina in four days.

I strongly recommend that if you get the chance you should join in on this great opportunity. If you decide not to, and Bubba has an opening, I surely will.



# 2021 PBS Membership Hunts

In the past decade we have had some awesome Membership hunts all over the country, for animals such as hogs in Texas and Georgia, black bears in Alaska, Virginia and New Hampshire, elk in Utah, Colorado and Wyoming, turkeys in Virginia, and deer in Ohio, Kentucky, South Dakota, Arizona and Alaska. The PBS is fortunate to have members who are generously hosting these Membership hunts; some are limited to just a handful of PBSers while others can handle a dozen or more PBSers. Some of them fill up quickly so you need to plan accordingly. Many of the following hunts are held annually, while others are one-time events. Most are on public land with OTC licenses/tags while others require the application/drawing for certain tags. These hunts are great opportunities to meet your fellow PBS members and to bowhunt areas and/or animals that you might not get to do ordinarily. They could also be great recruiting opportunities for the PBS – if possible, consider bringing along a bowhunter that you think would make a good PBS member. **We can always use more of these great hunts – contact Jeff Holchin at [jeffreyholchin@gmail.com](mailto:jeffreyholchin@gmail.com) if you have questions about these hunts or if you are thinking of hosting one yourself.**

## 1 October 2021

### Land-Between-The-Lakes (LBL) Kentucky

Mark Wang ([markhw19@yahoo.com](mailto:markhw19@yahoo.com)) and Scott Record ([springbayouarchers@gmail.com](mailto:springbayouarchers@gmail.com)) are hosting this annual hunt for whitetails and turkey. Cabins are available and you will eat well, guaranteed! KY tags are OTC and reasonably priced. 2021 dates are October 2-10 - reserve NOW if you want in.

## 2 October 2021

### Rough Mountain Memorial Hunt

Rob Burnham will host a memorial hunt for his long-time hunting buddy Ed during the third full week in October. This is a cool hunt with opportunities for whitetails, bears and turkeys plus small game – the terrain is steep so you had better be in shape!

## 3 October 2021

### Blue Ridge Mountain Hunt

Randy Brookshier ([stykbow59@comcast.net](mailto:stykbow59@comcast.net)) will host this annual hunt during the last full week in October. This is a great hunt with opportunities for whitetails, bears and turkeys plus small game – Randy does all the cooking and has access to several nearby tracts of private land owned by PBSers. This hunt fills up fast so contact Randy now if you want to join this hunt in 2021. Pro tip – hunt close to Randy because he is a magnet for all critters big and small!

## 4 December 2021

### Blackbear Island Georgia hunt for whitetail deer and hogs

Matt Schuster ([matt@easterndynamicsinc.com](mailto:matt@easterndynamicsinc.com)) will again host this amazing hunt on Blackbeard Island, GA for whitetail deer and hogs. It is usually the first full weekend in December and hunters will need the GA big game license and a NWR permit. Boat shuttle service will be provided by Jerry Russell for a fee and there is no limit to the number of PBSers that can attend this unique hunt, unlike most Membership hunts. There is a primitive campground with showers and an animal processing pavilion. We go to the island on a Wednesday to set up camp and scout, then hunt Thursday through Saturday, and depart the island on Sunday.

More possible dates to come. Visit [www.professionalbowhunters.org](http://www.professionalbowhunters.org) and click on the Member Hunts 2021 tab for an up to date list.



Photos from Past Member Hunts

# CORONA REDS

By Emile LeBlanc

This adventure was scheduled to happen on April 1st but got delayed due to the Covid-19 pandemic mainly due to the fact that all six of us old bowhunters were in the high risk category so I postponed it until late May which got delayed again due to a poor weather forecast for May 27th. June 1st weather looked good but there would be an almost flat tide. I had to make a decision that I hoped I would not regret, so June 1st it was.

We would be fishing with Midnight Blue Bowfishing Charters located in Leeville, Louisiana owned by Captain Nick Cheremie and his wife, Ashley. They had been in the process of upgrading their facility to rival any other out there. Nick was raised in the marshes around Leeville so he knew just about every grass island and redfish hole in the area!

We arrived in Leeville about four o'clock in the afternoon to unload our gear and meet and greet our hosts.

Ms. Ashley was busy getting dinner ready while Nick and Nicky (fourteen years old and our deckhand for the night) were getting the boat ready for the evening. We wandered around visiting with each other and our hosts as they busied themselves with their duties. This is a family run business so everyone has a stake in making it run as smoothly as possible. I also found out that young Nicky was an accomplished bowfisherman, holding eleven youth bowfishing records of which five are Louisiana & World Records! He also showed just how good he was as a deck hand by the way he handled several fish that were not as solidly hit as they needed to be. The boy was wise for his years!

The plan was to eat dinner around 6:00 p.m. and leave the dock by 8:00 p.m. and head for the marsh. Our group consisted of myself, Ronnie Bauer, Melvin Gregoire, Greg Whelton, Steve Young and our newest PBS member, Howard Charlton. With all of the hype about Covid-19 and the shelter at home orders, we were ALL ready to get out and do something FUN! It was like a family reunion at the dinner table while we all visited over fried oysters, shrimp and fish along with some of the best seafood gumbo that I've ever had and topped off with a dessert they called "bouillie". Some of us could have sprawled out on the sofa and took a nap after that feast but there were redfish out there that needed killin' and everyone was pumped!

Dark couldn't come fast enough for me. I had been anticipating this day for two months and was more than ready. Bowfishing from an airboat is sort of a novelty and certainly very effective, but Nick had three 45HP surface drive motors on his boat and you could actually hear each other talking. As much time as I've spent running and riding in airboats, this was a pleasant change. I would recommend an airboat ride for those who have never ridden in one. It is surely a unique experience.

The weather was great with —  
~ continued on page 39 →

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# The Last Hour Buck

By Brandon Burns

**F**riday afternoon as I got off of work at 3:30 p.m. and headed home, I came in and talked to my wife and kids for a minute. With no family plans for the evening, I decided to take advantage of the hour of daylight that was left and head to the stand. I hung my bow up and checked my phone. It was 4:15 p.m. The stand that I went to is in the middle of a cutover that runs toward the brow of the mountain. The previous owner had made a small half acre field. It is grown up in sage and has several good trails through it that come up from the side of the mountain. There were several white oaks left randomly through the cutover. My Loc-On was about eight feet up in one of them. Any higher and I had no back cover and would be sky lined. I had been hunting a big mature seven point here, but he had ended up breaking part of his main beam. At 4:45 p.m., I had three does come down a trail headed off the mountain. As they did, the wind swirled just a bit and spooked the lead doe. She blew twice, and they moved quickly. I thought to myself, "Well, game over." Not even five minutes later, I could hear a deer making its way around the brow of the mountain. I knew exactly what was happening. The deer was circling down wind of where the does had blown. I saw movement and horns in the back edge of the clearing. Luckily, where he stepped out, my wind was blowing parallel to him. I was surprised to see this eight point come into the clearing. As he stood there surveying the scene, I grew nervous and was shaking. He was a tall racked eight with decent tine length and was definitely a deer that I was going to take if he presented the opportunity. With the wind in his face, he seemed to relax and head up the trail. If he stayed his course, he would pass by me just under twenty steps. I calmed myself, picked a hole, and brought the recurve to full draw. As he stepped into my spot, I let my arrow fly. As he ran fifty or so yards up the hill, I knew something wasn't right. I could see a lot of arrow sticking out. I must have hit the shoulder. Shooting two hundred forty grains up



front, I have never had a problem zipping through deer. The buck took a short run back to me, stopped for a minute, and eased off toward the brow of the mountain with his head down. I checked the hit site and the way he went, finding only a few specks of blood. The shot was downhill plus my eight foot stand height. I knew the arrow was angled in with at least ten inches of penetration, and there wouldn't be much blood. I went back to the house to give him time, and I was playing the evening's events over and over in my

head. I decided to call for a local tracking dog. He told me that it would be lunch the next day before he could come out. That was fine with me with temperatures close to freezing and not being really sure where the arrow had struck the deer exactly. After a sleepless night, my anxiety started to take over. It was 11:30 a.m. the next day, and I hadn't heard from the owner of the tracking dog. I decided to take up the track myself. The first hundred yards was fairly easy because I had seen the path the buck had taken. The eight took me on a steep winding trail down the mountain. I had already dropped two hundred feet in elevation finding very little blood. I saw pin drops every few feet and guessed that he was staying on the same trail. As I hit mid-level of the mountain a point runs out from the bench and keeps the same elevation for a couple hundred yards. A heavily used trail runs along the edge. The sides of this point are steep for a man but manageable for a deer. At this point I had tracked four hundred yards from the hit site, and my confidence in finding this trophy was fading quickly. The blood had finally played out. With nothing else to go on except for the heavy trail he had been on, I decided to just keep to it until the end. As I eased along and glassed with my binoculars ahead of me and off the sides of this point, I just said a little prayer to God that if this deer is dead to please let me find him so he didn't die in vain, and if he's still alive to please let him not be in pain and heal quickly. I took a few more steps as my eyes caught sight of what looked like tines sticking up at the edge of the bluff. I look quickly through the binoculars and to my relief the buck lay at the edge of the point. My heart was pounding, and I thanked God for the answered prayers. As I sat there admiring his rack looking over the valley, I called my wife to let her know that I was okay. I took a few pictures and decided to bring the deer down the mountain instead of the long steep hike back up. I called an uncle to tell him the news and that I needed his assistance. Luckily, there was a good road close to the bottom where he could meet me. I started the descent down carefully to catch our ride back home. Reflecting back on the events that transpired, it seemed like it took place in the blink of an eye. I feel like we take for granted the time that God gives each of us on this Earth. We should take advantage of every spare second that He gives us... even if it's to catch an hour of last light from a tree stand.

## Corona Reds

~ continued from page 37

no bugs and the wind slight. The tide would be just about flat with a small range of a half a foot which had me a bit concerned, but as the night progressed it seemed to be less of a factor than our shooting skills! For the first couple of hours, the water was a bit murky and the fish seemed spooked. Once you would see a fish and draw on it, it would spook off just as your brain would say, "shoot!" Then came the expletives. As it got later in the evening, the water cleared some and the fish started holding better. Ronnie Bauer finally broke the ice taking a nice red almost next to the boat which confirmed that big fish were easier to hit!

Nick told us that a fellow guide said that the reds were more active after midnight the past few nights and sure enough, the action picked up and we started connecting. Several times, Nick eased us into shallow coves where there were multiple fish; arrows started flying everywhere! Everyone had plenty of shooting opportunities and Steve Young was able to claim a couple of his first redfish ever along with a couple of alligator garfish. Sheephead were also available and are a bonus species as there is no creel limit on them. We also shot some of the largest reds that I have had an opportunity to shoot, with the largest measuring in at thirty-two inches!

Melvin Gregoire, Howard Charlton and Greg Whelton were right there in the middle of the action and each shot several very nice reds. We stayed out til two o'clock in the morning then headed back to the dock where Nick and Nicky teamed up to fillet all the fish, bag them up for us and ice them down in our chests. Most of us finally got to bed by 4:30 a.m. for a few hours of rest before heading home with our meat haul. Be assured that we'll be back in February.

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# 2021 ARIZONA PBS MEMBER HUNT

By Rick Wildermuth

acts and nothing but the... another successful week in the desert. We had a great time, with six hunters in camp.

Preston shot a javelina on the first day, and being the great person that he is, he worked hard the following days trying to get Heather a shot. And he succeeded. Up to this point Heather had not shot an animal with her recurve. When Heather and Preston sat down at the camp fire on the second day of the hunt you could just feel the excitement oozing out of Heather, you knew she had a story to tell. Listening and watching her tell about their day and what she experienced, priceless! Heather's eyes were sparkling with excitement. Yup, she got into them, and missed the shot. But who has not been through that?

One hunter just could not get into javelina BUT he did manage to watch a squadron, eighty yards from camp, the day before the season opened. Bummer. And one hunter, Preston, turned into a javelina magnet. It seemed it didn't matter where he ventured to, the javelina found him and Heather.

On the third day in camp several of us drove to a different location, having to travel on the main dirt road. Along the way we noticed the local municipality had sent out three road graders and they

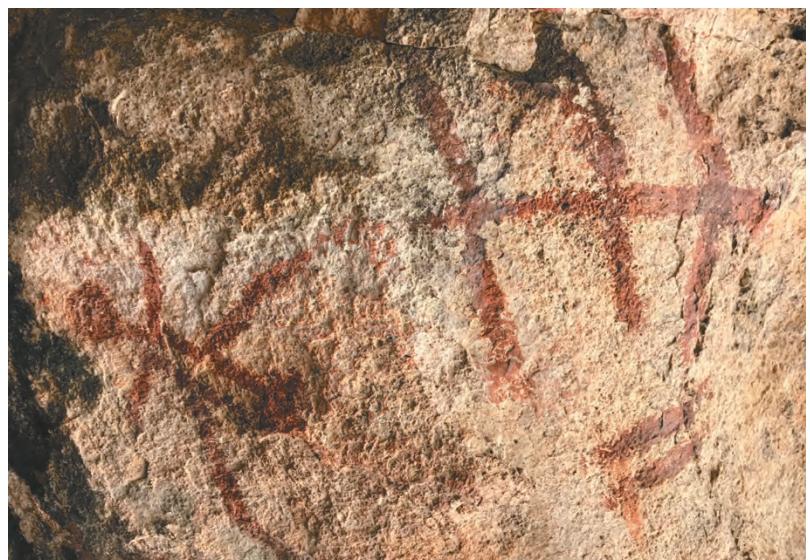
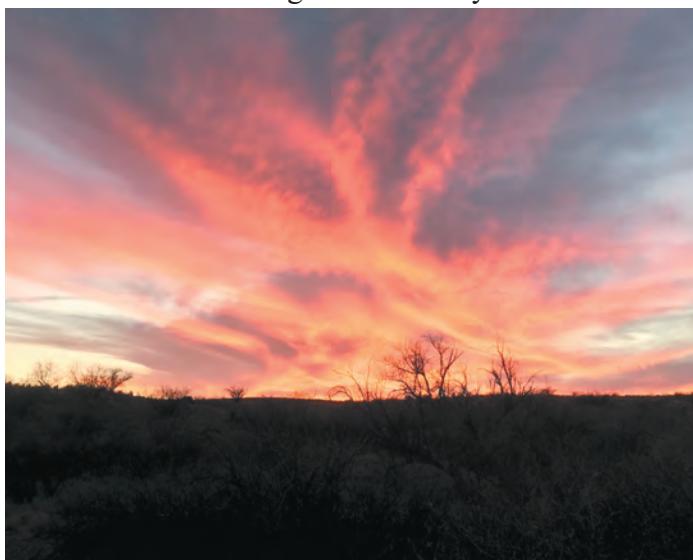


(Pictured left to right) Ron Grist, Mathew Wilson, Kevin Hall, Rick Wildermuth, Heather Taylor & Preston Taylor.

were doing a wonderful job on that road. Being quick-witted I made mention of the fact that since this PBS hunt was going on this week it was great to see them honor my request of grading the roads... and I know everyone believed me. That evening Matt mentioned that he had the most recent edition of Traditional Bowhunter with him. While reading he found an article written by Preston. This created tons of excitement. We had a true outdoor writer in camp. Cool. I immediately rushed to my truck

and grabbed a pen. Matt got Preston's signature on his copy of the story. I was jealous.

As normal on this hunt, we ate very well. Pork carnitas with all the fixings (should have been javelina carnitas but...you know the story...so Kevin had a backup plan), chile verde with charro beans over rice prepared in Dutch ovens, of course, with apple pie, Monty Browning's game stew with squirrel and wild turkey replacing the venison, javelina appetizer of pan seared tenderloin



and heart with onions one night, the next night javelina grilled over the fire with fresh quail and then another night javelina shoulders, slow cooked eight hours on Ron's smoker he drug from California. I know people that throw away javelina and I don't know why. All three methods resulted in no leftovers. Thank you Preston, Heather, Kevin and Ron. Ummm ummm. We also had the traditional pork and sauerkraut with mashed potatoes for New Years. Along with Dutch oven apple pie to dig into a few nights.

I had a dilemma, how to explain to my wife that I bought a new bow, in camp, and we were supposed to be hunting? Kevin Hall had, maybe, fifteen bows he made, with him in camp. Unbelievable, but one was left-handed, which caught Matt's attention, and wallet. I shot 4 different bows, all very sweet on the hand, and took one home. During the four hour drive I came up with several good stories about this new bow. I was prepared. So after getting home, telling a few stories, listening to my wife's stories, things started to slow down. I thought "now is the right time to bring up the new bow". My wife nonchalantly said "oh good, you've been talking about getting a lighter weight bow, since your getting older". I was almost in shock and then I thought about how great my wife is. I never asked Matt how things went when he got home. Matt?

Throughout the hunt numerous species were watched, chased, shot at and photographed. Quail were everywhere. twenty to thirty enjoyed walking through camp when they didn't think anyone was around, Matt had a covey of forty to fifty walk by his truck, while he was standing right there. A herd of thirteen pronghorn hung out about a half mile North of camp. I think they like cameras. Jack rabbits, cottontails, hawks, a few Coues deer and a good number of mule deer, mostly doe. We did find mule deer spikes of various sizes, several forked horns and one very nice buck, but Mr. Big always seemed to be hanging out with a forked-horn and 11 does. That definitely creates a challenge for us tra-

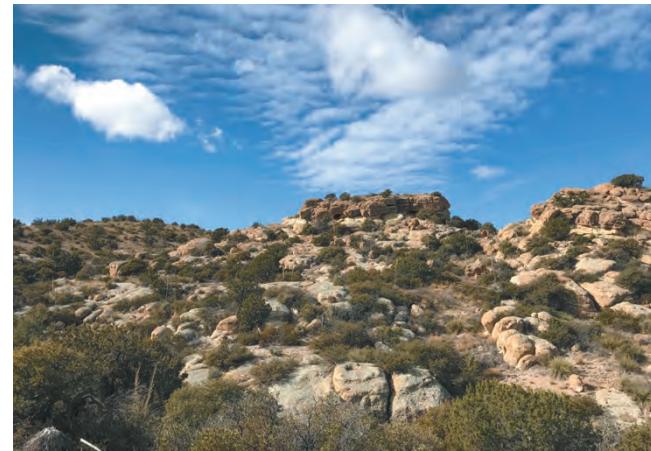
ditional folk. Oh yeah, Matt may have seen a Coati, for about two seconds.

The weather could not have been better. Several nights did get down to the mid-twenties but most days hit sixty to sixty-five. At 7:00 a.m. leaving camp we were well dressed, then, an hour later, we would be stripping the clothes off with the sun hitting us hard, and with very few trees in the area sunscreen came in handy. In fact, I live here and my face has never been so tan. The wind stayed away as well. Almost no clouds for eight days hence, no rain or snow. And stars? The Milky Way made his face known every night.

In the middle of one day I did a little searching around. I had remembered that Paul Marsden from Tucson had told me about some hieroglyphics high up on one hill side, so it was time to check them out. It is very cool to find drawings that may have been made many, many years ago. Took the photos to remember the moment.

A good memory. Kevin and I had just returned to the truck when we saw a pickup leave the ranch up ahead and drive our way. This rancher stopped to talk, and talk he did. He told us about this big buck hanging out by one of his water troughs, then "kinda" suggested shooting it with his rifle then giving it to us. Then he said we could hunt around one of his water troughs if we chose. He started talking politics. Oh boy. Then he mentioned another of his troughs that had a broken float. He could fix it for us, then mentioned that it was a long walk, so maybe not. When we finally parted ways Kevin and I had several good chuckles.

One afternoon I drove back to camp after checking out a different area and realized there were about two hours of hunting time remaining. No way I was going to fiddle around in camp so I took a hike. I headed South of camp then around the hillside that javelina



were known to frequent. I came upon a very flat area with large paddle-cactus widely spaced. I mean these cacti were up to six feet high in bunches twenty to thirty feet in diameter with no other vegetation between. Very easy for any animal to have been concealed behind so I did the sneak thing. Looking around I did not see any javelina sign. Another hundred yards had me looking at some old rooting, very old. But as I continued the sign became more fresh. Then, there they were. Five javelina were feeding from left to my right about seventy-five yards out, and the wind was on my right shoulder. My plan was to walk straight at them while allowing them to continue along, which would put me right behind them with the breeze in my face.

I was able to get within 40 yards of them and realized there were only 4 javelina up there. I stopped and glanced to my left, almost downwind. And there is number five, standing there, trying to figure me out. Guess I didn't look to bad since he starting moving to my left, probably for a better smell. I had an arrow knocked and was ready, but he was heading into my scent trail. He moved far enough around to my left that I was really getting twisted up, keeping my feet planted to reduce movement, with my spine yelling STOP while my brain kept saying "you got this". I think he understood my twisted dilemma so he started walking straight towards me. Ahuh, only a head shot available and that was not for me. He stopped at twelve yards and I was still thinking "turn a bit and I GOT THIS," while my spine was still screaming →

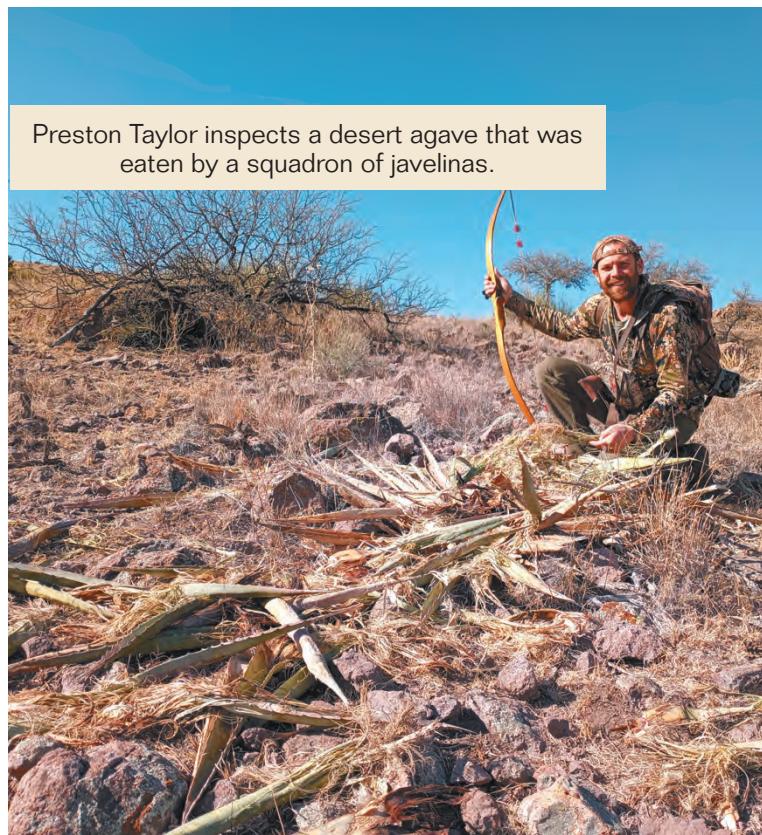
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*continued from page 41*

ENOUGH. Two seconds later he got my scent and was gone, doing a very nice 180 and was last seen moving like a race horse. And of course all the others followed along. What a great way to spend the last light of the day.

Take-aways; First the material items: I left camp with a hand full of Japanese bamboo shafts grown in Ron's back yard, a bucket of obsidian was in camp so I left with a few chunks of those (knapping skills to be learned), a handful of Churro wool string silencers, and a jar of canned meat containing wild cow, deer and bear.

As always, the memories are the most important. I did not bring fresh meat home but what a week. I learned many new things and skills from this group. Endless campfire stories were told and laughed at. I think my leg got pulled a few times. New friendships were made. So, a very big Thank You to each person that attended. Life doesn't get better than this. Let's do it again.



Preston Taylor inspects a desert agave that was eaten by a squadron of javelinas.

### **By Preston Taylor**

**T**here were lots of new experiences for me and my wife on this trip: first time hunting javelinas, first time exploring the desert of southeast Arizona, and it was our first face-to-face interaction with PBS members having neither been to a banquet, odd-year gathering, nor member

hunt. Our expectations were more than exceeded!

It was a real pleasure, and considered a "success", for us to spend nine days in the desert sun drying out and clearing the fog out of our coastal, old-growth lives in the Pacific Northwest. From afar the landscape seems barren, but the abundant bird life and novel fauna was enough to keep us engaged throughout



Rooting and feeding sign by javelinas.

### **ARIZONA: (ERR-is-own-ahh).noun.**

- a) Hunting in the Land of the Apache in January.  
A special place of cold, sub-freezing nights  
with warm T-shirt days at best.
- b) The pursuit of an intriguing quarry, not simple  
or easy, born of patience and determination.
- c) Quiet, save for the ever-present wind.
- d) Memorable but fleeting, don't wait too long.

Our World is changing fast, this golden opportunity hunt is no exception, sure to become more restrictive.

For now, a pleasant hunt during mid-week. A bit popular on weekends, which is true of most public land hunts.

Perhaps our paths will cross there, seated before a warm campfire, telling tales of today's hunt.

*By: Kevin Hall*

the day regardless of the quail and rabbits who provided endless distraction, while reducing the number of arrows in my quiver substantially.

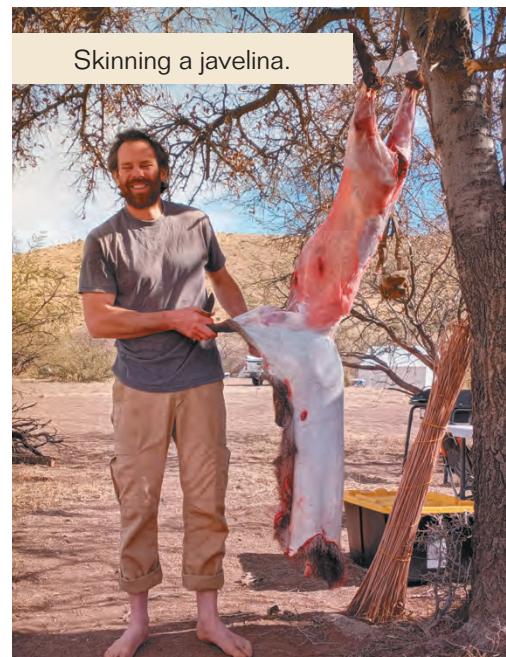
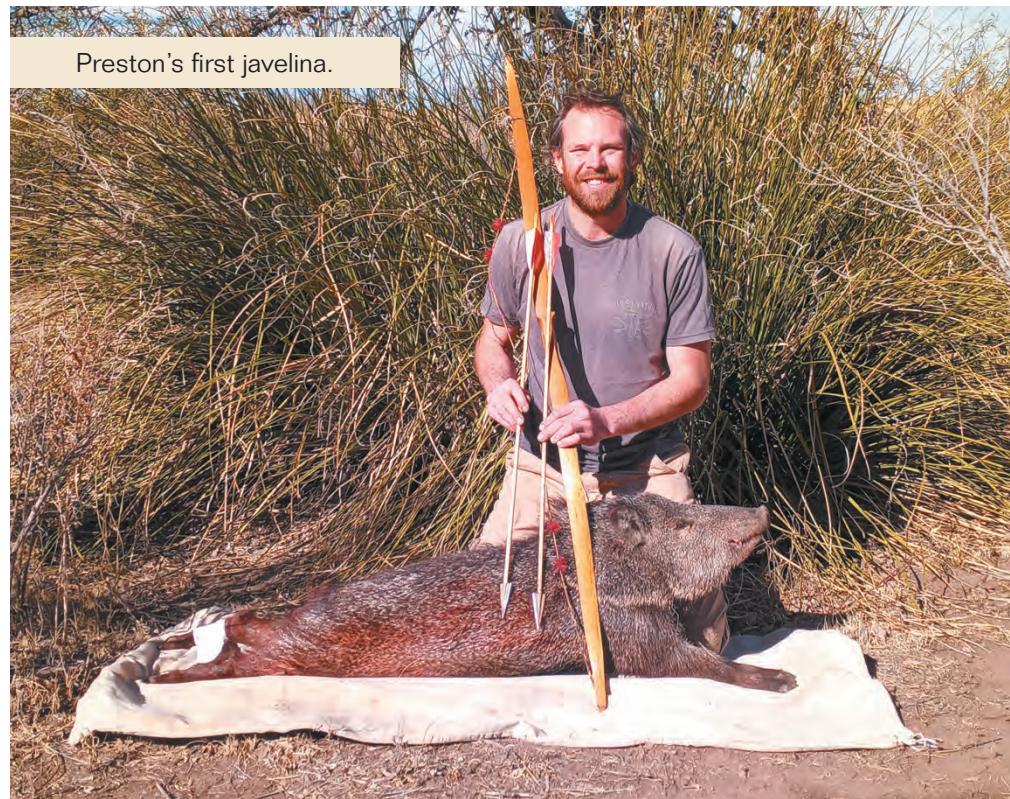
Javelinas were really fun animals to hunt. They leave a lot of sign that could be followed, and they didn't travel too far. Plus they were very confrontational, which allowed for an entertaining interaction when we did get into them. My

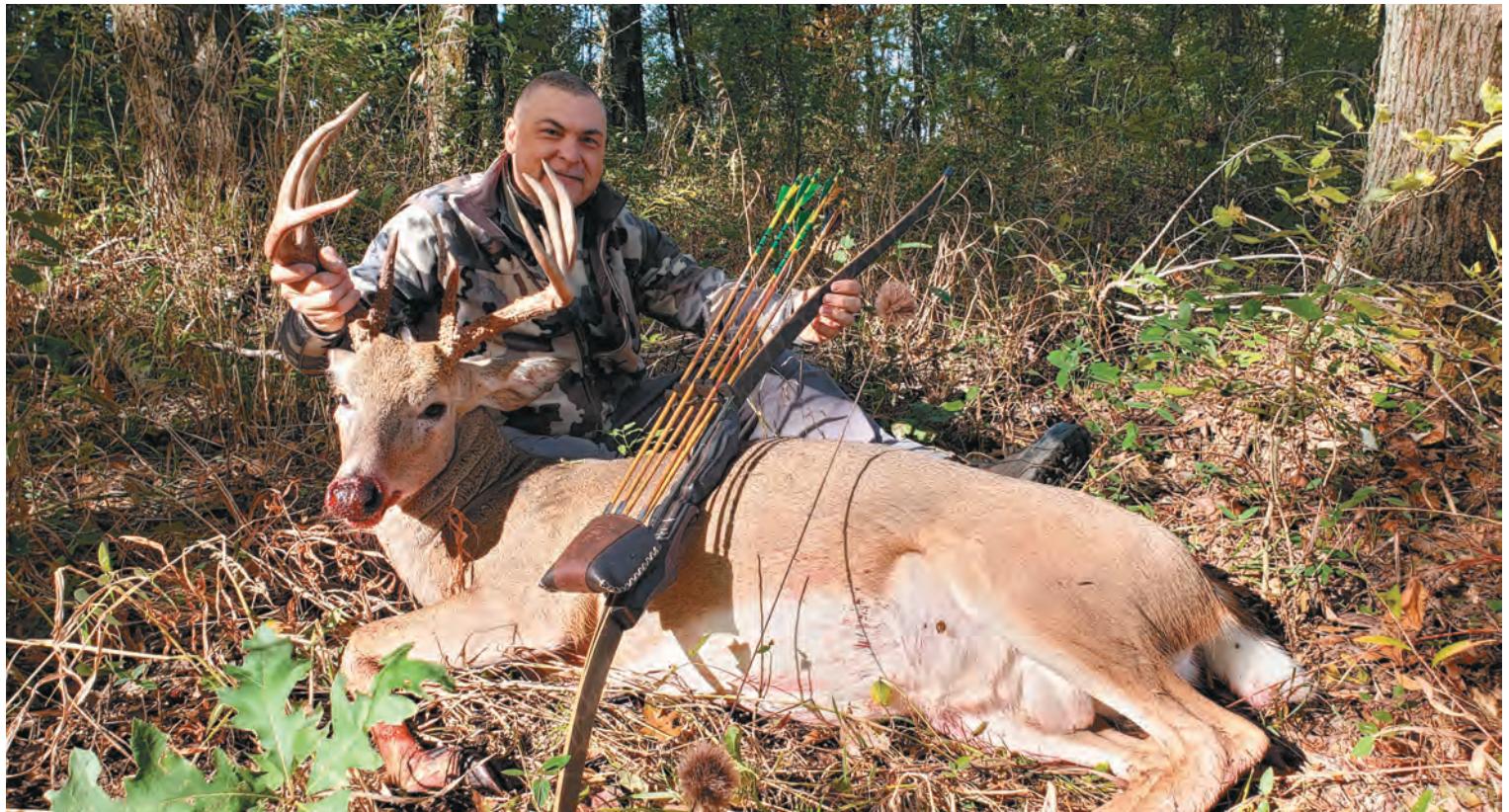
hunt ended quickly- the first day. But I was able to continue hunting by watching Heather try to shoot an animal. She had four close encounters with javelinas and loosed three arrows but they were all clean misses. Her first arrows fired at a large mammal. She saw some neat behavior from close range including a sow nursing young, two boars mouthing and squealing, a spooked boar turned to face her and showed her his fangs with a big open mouthed grin, and we learned what the contented-feeding grunts sound like.

I'm pleased to report javelina meat tastes excellent, and we consumed the majority of the animal in camp throughout the week: chopped heart, tenderloin, and shoulder sautéed in wild hog lard; cheek and shoulder tacos; slow cooked and pulled shoulders, neck, and brisket. When we got home we boiled the javelina's head and made pozole, a Mexican pig-head soup.

A sure highlight of the trip was meeting, camping, and hanging out with the PBS members. It was easy to feel comfortable with other bowhunters who shared similar perspectives on what constitutes ethical behavior in the outdoors. Two of the guys were long-time PBS members and the two others were more recent members, like myself. However, all of them had been bowhunting longer than I had been alive, so it was cool to hear stories of their triumphs and tribulations during their archery careers.

I don't know if I'll be able to make it in 2022 to this group hunt, but I know I'll miss it if I don't. If I could, I'd attend as many of the member hunts as possible each year. This was a blast. Thank you for hosting, Rick.





# ISLAND HOPPIN'

By Michael Davenport

I remember this term fondly from my high school world history class and use it to describe how I hunt midwest whitetails, especially those in this dotted landscape of small woodlots and huge crop fields here in my neck of the woods. Its original use of term referred to the Allies' strategy of leapfrogging islands in WWII, bypassing fortified islands and cutting off the supply chains of those islands by inhabiting the ones less fortified. In deer hunting terms those fortified areas are farms I do not have permission to hunt, concentrating on the ones I can, those that fall into a pattern of an island chain with deer having to pass by the areas I hunt on their way traveling from island to island looking for receptive does or running scrape lines during the pre-rut. The strategy in my opinion works best when most of the crops are out and egress from stand or blind sites can be

achieved without a corn maze or soybean stumbling blocks in the dark. It is also the time when most of the bucks are using the island chains to do buck stuff.

In 2019 we were having an early fall. The second week of October found cool temperatures with an early frost forecast for the Friday I had off work. With the crops still being in, I began to think about a farm next to a great piece of public ground near home. Entry into the small block of timber, no more than a few acres, was easily obtained by a creek. The smaller piece of timber was a patch woods of sorts, being the patch that connected two larger wooded pieces with crop fields surrounding them. Normally I'd be hunting the public area later in the year with entry via a field road. This time of year the creek entry and smaller woods appealed to my liking and frankly was the only island I could hunt until the crops came out. Finding the sycamore tree in the dark was a piece

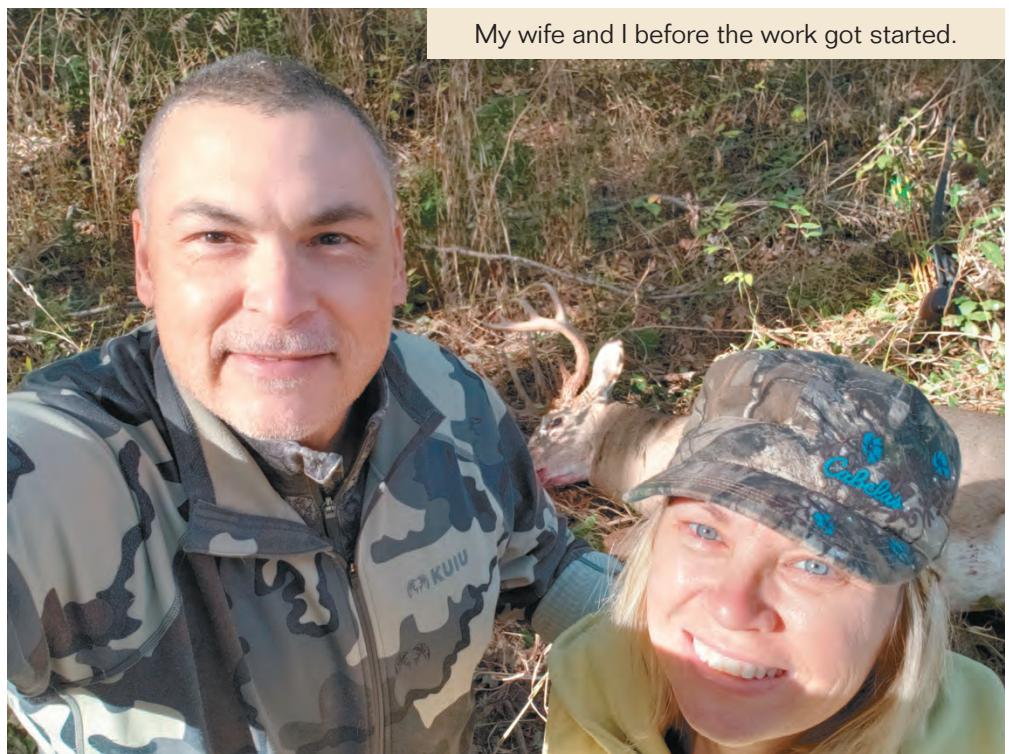
of cake, it's white trunk illuminated by the moonlight as I attached my climber and made my way to the desired height in the Goldilocks zone: not too high, just right. After shooting light I looked down to see two fresh scrapes within ten yards of the perfect tree. They looked to be real breeding scrapes, not just those half-hearted field edge affairs young bucks start and abandon once the big boys start cruising. No, these seemed to have a purpose perhaps brought on by the cool temps and early rise of testosterone in a good buck.

After enjoying a chorus of nearby hen turkeys just before flydown and a beautiful fall sunrise peaking through the woods, I caught movement nearby. A doe and very young fawn made their way to the small creek bottom I now called home. Passing just out of range on a trail that split, they made their way to the field edge to nibble on a few green soybeans that remained there. I had al-

ready gotten my money's worth and was very content to just sit there soaking up the fall morning. Soon thereafter my trance was broken when a great buck walked into view on the same trail the does had taken. Instead of taking the bifurcation to the field however, he chose the trail ten yards from my perch. With the scrapes right there I figured this was going to get good in a hurry. I had no sooner grabbed my longbow and got into position before he was pawing the larger scrape with gusto. When he turned slightly quartering to finish his job with the licking branch, a heavy arrow and sharp broadhead hit him just in front of his last rib and out the third rib on the other side. A short run later and he was down in sight. What a relief when that happens to a bowhunter! Tracking is an art and should be practiced with thoughtfulness and confidence but seeing one pile up sure takes out the drama. After phoning my wife to meet me at my truck with my two-wheel deer cart and some coffee, I climbed down from the sweet sycamore, packed my gear and paid respects to the buck.

After meeting my wife at the truck and re-telling the morning's happenings, she helped me with the field dressing and work associated with our success. We were so excited to have fresh venison and the pack out of a mile seemed like a piece of cake. Getting that big fella into the truck took two of us though!

Hunting islands can be tricky when the winds are not in your favor. That October morning provided me with a perfect wind to hunt that small tract. Normally a sudden wind change can ruin either your approach or sit, depending on the areas you think the deer will be traveling. Many times I had to skip a perfect island setup because I knew to catch the spot right I needed a certain wind. It is much like hunting bedding areas in the fact if you are hunting evenings you wouldn't want your scent blowing into the bedding area or vice versa for food. Island hopping can be simplified somewhat by saying you are hunting a particular type of buck during a particular time of year. Usually it is a



My wife and I before the work got started.



Smaller October Buck.

cruiser in the prerut such as the October buck I mentioned or perhaps after breeding has started that buck that is on the hunt for the next Mrs. Right. The "in-between" space has been some of the most successful times for me as a bowhunter. I just have to have a solid wind direction that I can work with, setting up a mobile stand off the desired trail or sign that connects that particular island to others in the chain.

While hosting friends Monty Brown-ing and Jack Paluh during our normal rut week hunt another old friend showed up laying up on the edge of an island. His long main beams and drop tine gave him

away as a deer I had hunted two years previous and had given up on. He had disappeared the year before and even though I had shed antlers from previous years, I could not find them the year he went missing. I walked miles looking for them and decided he had died by natural causes or unfortunately otherwise nefarious means. As I glassed him with my two friends he dozed lazily under an autumn olive with his female companion who was on full alert. I wanted badly to ease in there for a stalk but that particular fortified island offered no chance at such a foolish attempt. After getting my guests to their

*~ continued on page 46*

*~ continued from page 45*

own islands, at which Jack tagged a great buck, I went back just to spend some time with the buck in the spotting scope. I did half-heartedly set up in a fence row nearby with the right wind, knowing he most likely had a full dance card.

That night I recognized we would be getting a wind change, perfect for an island hunt, one that fell into a chain that the old buck would be using when he was looking for does again. The morning hunt was with a fickle wind that couldn't make up its mind. I elected to hunt the edge again, staying purposely out of the way but close enough that I might get lucky. To my surprise the buck crossed the field in front of me out of range with the same doe it appeared. That evening my island ambush was a go, a perfect brisk north wind for a buck on the prowl. It supplied me with enough noise to slip into a honeysuckle engulfed old oak only ten feet off the ground. I told Monty as I left for my ambush "Fortune favors the bold. I will kill him or blow him out." His only response was, "Kill him then."

An hour before sunset I saw a doe being chased in my island thicket. I saw a smaller buck giving it all he had to cut her off. I could also see a larger deer in there as well but I wasn't sure if it was the old buck. When the doe bolted into the field and split the two bucks I noticed some confusion from them. Both had lost sight of her, so I lowered my rattling antlers on my haul rope and let loose some puppeteer magic so eloquently detailed by Mike Mitten in an article I had read. This tactic had come in handy many times through the years when bucks were too close for much noise. I barely had time to get set before the big bodied old buck was in my shooting lane. The arrow was a complete pass-through broadside if not just a little back. My text to Monty was, "I killed him." We made a quick look for good blood but with snow sometimes night tracking is tough. I elected to leave him until morning. After convincing my friend to go hunt instead of tracking and nearly having to tie him in the stand that next day, I found my buck one

hundred and fifty yards away dead since the arrow took him, a good double lung shot. Once again I had my wife there to soak up the appreciation and thankfulness for these animals. As we loaded my second great buck of the year we were already talking about all of the amazing meals we'd serve our family and friends in the coming days.

Island hopping is a feast or famine approach to hunting farmland whitetails, best done when travel corridors are utilized during the rut. It has some merits when deer are traveling late season from bed to food, especially if some standing corn or soybean volunteer sprouts have

emerged during a warm period. The pre-rut hunts and in-between times of the rut have been most productive for me, and I look forward each year for when the moon and the wind is right, the bucks are on their feet and it is time to go island hopping.

*Bio: Mike Davenport and his family reside in Southern Illinois. He is an Associate Member who has been bitten by the bowhunting bug for thirty-five years. He spends most of his time thinking about whitetails but does occasionally venture out in search of more experiences with bow in hand.*

*Equipment Note: 53 pound longbow made by Talltines Archery, scary sharp Grizzly broadhead, Great Northern quiver and carbon arrows.*



Jack and Monty with Jack's buck.



Old buck mentioned previously.



Scott Smolen claimed this buck on Halloween evening at twelve yards after grunting him into range, with a Schafer TD longbow. He dressed at 210#, and watched him go down at forty yards.



Monty Browning claimed this big boar with a Great Northern Alaskan lemonwood longbow, sixty one pounds and a 1200 grain arrow with an old Rothhaar Snuffer.

# Member

# Photos

**Send in your photos!**

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Greg Hanzlick took two javelinias in two minutes with a 45# Titan recurve, Zwickey Eskilite, and Gold Tip arrows. West Texas, March 2021.



Gun Lemke's 2020 Moose Called in to thirteen yards. Twenty yard recovery Bear TD Recurve – Zwickey Delta Broadhead

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