

Official Publication for the members of the Professional Bowhunters Society

THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAG ZINE



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Cover Photo - William "Bubba" Graves on horseback during a hunt.

THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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President's Message

by Matt Schuster

matt@easterndynamicsinc.com

From the Membership Meeting

Perhaps the most important issue that we discussed was the funding of an unbiased study of the impact of increased technology and crossbows on success rates during bow seasons and if this has negatively affected bowhunting opportunities anywhere in the country. This study will be done by an independent research outfit that specializes in such studies, and the final question will be framed by a PBS Committee. This study was approved by the members overwhelmingly and you will learn more on this as we move forward.

Regional Reports and Hunts

Also, this issue of your magazine does not contain the Regional Rep Reports – it was decided at the meeting that those reports be moved to the website to free up more space in the magazine for articles by our members. In no way are we discounting the importance of having State and Regional Reps. Instituted under Jim Akenson when he was President, this program is a huge success especially because of the continued support it gives the Regional Hunt program which is the best grass-roots program we have. With that said, I want to announce a Regional Hunt that I will host late next Fall on Blackbeard Island. The USFW puts on two 3-day bowhunts on this unique coastal Georgia Island where, legend has it, Blackbeard buried his treasure. As of now, the dates are unannounced for 2020, but we will go on the second hunt held either late November or early December.

This is the oldest public bowhunt in the United States and even now the vast majority of the attendees (usually over 120 folks) will be carrying a stickbow on to the island. There is no limit on how many folks can come, we just need to make sure that we arrange boat transportation for all. Watch for more on this later too – the picture below is from the last Blackbeard PBS Hunt when, in spite of not knowing the island, three of our ten hunters, Tom Jenkins, Bill Dunn, and Rob Burnham all killed deer. Blackbeard is a unique and beautiful place – you can literally hunt deer on a beach with no human tracks if you wish. So join us if you can - you might not go home

with a deer, a hog, or one of Blackbeard's lost gold doubloons, but I can guarantee you will leave having had a great time.

2021 Election

On a more serious subject, the offices of President, Vice-President, and Councilman are open for nominations and elections will be held next winter. The Nominating Committee has been appointed and is looking for a Qualified Regular Member to run for each office. If you would like to run, please let someone from Council know and have your name put before the Nominating Committee. The PBS By-Laws require that two QRMs run for each office so please consider running if you have the time and inclination to serve. There is a description of each office elsewhere in this magazine.

PBS Policies and Procedures Manual

Finally, Council has revised the PBS



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Policy and Procedures Manual that governs the day to day operations of our organization. If any of you wish to know the nuts and bolts of how Council is to operate so that you can hold our feet to the fire, let Harmony know and she can email a copy of the P&P

Manual to you. This is a working document and, unlike the By-Laws, can be updated and changed by each incoming Council. Recent changes mostly reflect the changes in available technology that allows us to operate more efficiently than in the days where

everything was done by snail mail and fax.

Stay safe,

Matt Schuster

Vice President's Message →

by Terry Receveur

Terrance.Receveur@Taconic.com

Do you need any help with anything?" "What do you need me to help you with?" "I'll be right over here if you need anything." I must've heard a version of one of the above statements a few dozen times during the 2020 Biennial Gathering in Springfield...and that ladies and gentlemen is what the PBS is about! As John F. Kennedy so famously said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country." Well, our membership has a heartfelt adoption of that philosophy and thus lessens the load of all. I can't thank everyone enough for all they did to support our fine organization. Not only at the 2020 Gathering, but at all times. This organization is nothing more than a combination of the contributions of the membership. I am proud to call myself a PBS member and to be associated with all of you.

COVID-19 is a verified killer of people and of dreams. I know of a great number of people who have had their spring hunting dreams killed by COVID-19. Many people

have saved and planned for years for a once in a lifetime hunt that has been unceremoniously snatched from their lives. My oldest son graduated from dental school in May and as a small gift I was going to take him on a bear hunt in New Brunswick. That plan is now not possible and as he enters into his working life as a new startup dentist, it will likely be many years down the road before we can share a bear hunt. Missing out on a dream hunt serves as a grave reminder that life is short and there are no guarantees of a tomorrow. When I was in my mid-30s, I woke up on a Tuesday with tingling in my toes, by Thursday, I was basically paralyzed from the neck down. I had contracted the very rare Guillain-Barre Syndrome as a suspected adverse side effect of the flu vaccine. I can testify that there is little more frustrating than having a fully functional mental state (my wife may question the fully functional part) and not having control of your body. It was at that pivotal moment that I pledged to never postpone till tomorrow what I could enjoy today. Tomorrow is not guaran-



tee. I'm sure many of you are now feeling the frustration of not being able to pursue your dream. Folks, plan for tomorrow and live for today. Memories are all you can take with you.

I started with a THANK YOU and I'll end with a THANK YOU. Thank you to all who make PBS great!

Get out and hunt!

Terry Receveur

Professional Bowhunters Society® Council

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First off, I want to thank all who made the 2020 Banquet in Springfield, MO a huge success! This includes all who donated items and their time, the vendors, the attendees, the hotel and event center staff, volunteers (especially the MO members who received the donated items and helped with set up/break down), seminar and evening speakers, Council, and both Harmony and Jeff Receveur. What a labor of love each banquet is, as well as a reminder of what makes the PBS such a wonderful organization. I hope to see you all at Reno, NV in 2022.

I was reminded within the past year of the truth to the old saying, "Timing is everything". Last November the whitetail rut was



When I write this it is April and the country is in lockdown. When you read this it will be June and hopefully things will be much more settled. Where I live in Oregon, there are very few cases and though nonresidents have been banned from spring hunting, residents can still pursue their passion. In fact, I have just come in from turkey hunting. I had two hens come into my decoys, but never saw a

on and I wanted to hunt my favorite stand on a mountain ridge next to a community scrape. Several nice bucks were regularly visiting this scrape. On this day I had to be at work on a nearby project at 9:00 a.m., so I arrived before dawn and stayed in the stand as long as possible. Usually when I decide to leave a stand, I slowly count to 300 to give myself another five minutes, but today I skipped this long-time practice and climbed down. I was surprised and then disgusted with myself when I reached the ground and turned to see a big 8-point buck standing wide-eyed only thirty yards away. My bad timing in climbing down five minutes early had interrupted his march to the scrape, and probably saved his life. The next week, my son Daniel and I woke up before dawn one day at our farm to the sound of steady cold rain on the roof. Daniel had been hunting our woodlot every day but decided to go back to bed... I went out anyway to sit in his stand and chuckled when I saw two nice bucks cruise by his stand. Daniel was mad at himself later that morning when he realized that his bad timing for sleeping in had cost him a great chance to fill his buck tag!

tom. It was good social distancing however.

What a great gathering we had in Springfield! It's always good to see familiar faces and match new faces with names. The gathering is always a social success, but as we rely on the auctions to continue to fund our organization, we need to be financially successful as well. Indeed, we had one of our best profit producing gatherings to date. This is because of the generosity of all the donors along with the generosity of the purchasers. Thank you all!

Hopefully, despite this virus keeping us apart and even separated from our houses of worship, we can remain strong in our beliefs. The PBS is a great fraternal organization and if you are like me, I have been communicat-

Council's Report

by Jeff Holchin
jeffreyholchin@gmail.com

However the most vivid reminder of this saying occurred at our banquet in March. You may have noticed that it was scheduled a week earlier than usual, and there was a good reason for that. The year prior when we on council were meeting in Springfield to plan the banquet, we knew that another national bowhunting organization whose name begins with a "C" and ends with an "n" was then competing directly with us for banquet dates, and they had just selected our usual weekend date for their banquet date (fortunately their new leadership thankfully has since decided to drop that policy). With the advent of the COVID-19 outbreak in the US and government officials imposing restrictions on large gatherings right around that time, it turned out to be good timing for the PBS that we held our banquet a week early in 2020. We probably would have had to cancel if our banquet was held on the usual, following weekend, as that other organization, and many other groups and organizations, was forced to do. I like good timing much better than bad timing!

Jeff Holchin

Council's Report

by Tom Vanasche
tomvanasche@mac.com

ing more with members than ever before. Thank goodness for the internet, email and no longer specific long distance calling rates.

As we look to fall, I'm hoping that our game seasons remain in place and we can pursue those deer and elk as usual. It does bring to mind however, that we can never be sure of what the future holds and to cautiously live for today in some respects.

I'm hoping that our members will go out and pursue their dreams and find their enjoyment of social distancing in the fields and forests.

Tom Vanasche



Council's Report

by Preston Lay
longbow@cimtel.net

I would like to thank the PBS membership for electing me to the Council position. I accept with great pride and will work for the betterment of all PBS. I would also like to thank Sean Bleakley for running and the gracious support he has given me in my new endeavor. I'm confident we will see more of Sean in the near future.

One of my duties is to serve as liaison to the associate members. If I can be of any assistance please reach out. You are very valued and much appreciated and the Council will hear your voice. A reminder, that after serving two years, associates are eligible to apply for regular membership and achieve voting status. I would encourage you to consider doing that so you will be able to enable changes within PBS by your vote. We do have high profile members that choose to remain associate members and that is just fine also.

I came on board just in time for the Gathering in Springfield. I will say that I always knew that there was a lot of work going on behind

the scenes. I now have full appreciation for that work! The Gathering helps to provide PBS with funds to sustain us with operation expenses. It is much appreciated to the folks that donated and contributed to make this Gathering a huge success.

I would like to also thank President Matt Shuster and the Council for the warm welcome I received as I came into the Council position. They were very helpful and patient. Trust me, those guys have a passion for PBS. A personal thank you to Harmony Receveur. Harmony is the glue that binds us together. It's amazing the amount of work she puts in and always with a smile. We are lucky to have her!

It is the passion of bowhunting that has brought us together as brothers and sisters of the bow. Let's not forget it's up to us to preserve bowhunting's traditional values. Always shoot straight and God bless.

Preston Lay

New Qualified Regular Members

We list the following names of members who have applied for regular membership in PBS and have been approved by the Council. These individuals have completed a lengthy application and are currently in their one-year probationary period. If you are a regular member and see any reason why any of these applicants should not be accepted, please send a signed letter stating your reasons to PBS Senior Councilman Tom Vanasche, 37731 NE Bond Rd., Albany, OR 97321.

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

-PBS Officers and Council

Associates applying for Regular status:

Julian Tisdale, Charleston, SC;
Jim Kinsey, Gregory, MI;
Dan Brockman, Ainsworth, NE;
Rick Wildermuth, Chandler, AZ;
Tim Nebel, Flushing, OH

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Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

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



Spring gobbler season in West Virginia starts tomorrow morning as I write this. I am looking forward to the next month of woods time. I have been shooting my bow most days since I got back from the PBS Gathering in Springfield. What a great time we had there. It was so good to see our PBS family. Life in America really changed during the week we were there. Sandy and I flew home on Tuesday and the planes were only 1/3 full. The airports in Springfield, Atlanta, and Charleston were devoid of people. In WV the Governor had shut down sit down restaurants so we grabbed burgers at a Hardee's drive through and headed up the road towards home. Like most of the country, we came under stay at home orders as Coronavirus made its insidious way into our state and we are still under those orders. We self-isolated for fourteen days as a precaution because of our travel. Fortunately WV not only is allowing fishing and hunting, but it is being encouraged as a way of getting out while social distancing.

Death statistics from COVID19 in so many parts of the US and the world are staggering. Millions are unemployed and our economy is in grave danger. The curves are starting to go down and plans are being made to get America back to work incrementally. There has been much fear of this virus. There is fear of going back out amongst people. As Christians we cannot let fear rule us. There is great hope in God's Word.

Psalm 91:1 He who dwells in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the LORD, "He is my refuge and my fortress; My God, in Him I will trust."

3 Surely He shall deliver you from the snare of the fowler and from the perilous pestilence.

4 He shall cover you with His feathers, and under His wings you shall take refuge; His truth shall be your shield and buckler.

5 You shall not be afraid of the terror by night, nor of the arrow that flies by day,

6 Nor of the pestilence that walks in darkness, nor of the destruction that lays waste at noonday.

7 A thousand may fall at your side, and ten thousand at your right hand; but it shall not come near you.

8 Only with your eyes shall you look, and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because you have made the LORD, who is my refuge, even the Most High, your dwelling place,

10 No evil shall befall you, nor shall any plague come near your dwelling;

11 For He shall give His angels charge over you, to keep you in all your ways.

TRUST!

12 In their hands they shall bear you up, lest you dash your foot against a stone.

13 You shall tread upon the lion and the cobra, the young lion and the serpent you shall trample underfoot.

14 "Because he has set his love upon Me, therefore I will deliver him; I will set him on high, because he has known My name.

15 He shall call upon Me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honor him.

16 With long life I will satisfy him, and show him My salvation."

This Psalm is full of hope. God has His hand on us. Will you do as verse 2 says and trust Him? His hand of protection is upon you. I encourage you to read Psalm 91 several times and meditate on it. The Lord will speak faith into your spirit. Verse 3 says He will deliver you from perilous pestilence. Verse 5 lays out what people are afraid of – terror by night and the arrow that flies by day. Just like a deer is unaware till our arrow pierces their lungs, Coronavirus is an unseen enemy that people fear is coming to get them and/or their family. That verse says "You shall not be afraid." Trust in the Lord and you will have no fear. Verse 6 again warns of the "pestilence that walks in the darkness and destruction that lays waste at noonday." We watch the news and see the ambulances, the hospitals, the piles of body bags, the recounts of those that have died that day. Claim Verse 7 – don't look at those falling, look to the Lord! Call on His Name. Grow close to Jesus! Claim verses 10, 11, 13, 14, 15 and 16. As Christ followers, these promises are yours. This virus has not caught God by surprise. Jesus predicted this worldwide pandemic in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke.

Luke 24: 11 "And there will be great earthquakes in various places, and famines and pestilences; and there will be fearful sights and great signs from heaven."

Matthew 24: 7 "For nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. And there will be famines, pestilences, and earthquakes in various places."

8 "All these are the beginning of sorrows."

We are living in that time. It is shaking people. There are four times as many people watching live streamed church services as were attending church before this pandemic hit. Amazing Grace has been sung on major TV networks. Jesus' name has been lifted up many times. That is a miracle. God is using this time to reach out to people. He is not willing that any should perish.

If I was to let fear rule me, I sure would not go spring gobbler hunting. It is the most dangerous of all hunting ventures. You are totally camouflaged, and hidden; You are making turkey sounds. I have been stalked in on by hunters several times. I holler at them to get their attention. They always say, "You sound just like a turkey." I have never figured out why they are stalking hen sounds, or even stalking in the first place, but nonetheless they have done it. I had a gobbler shot by a rifle hunter 150 yards away when the gobbler was thirty-five yards from me on a public area. I had a decoy shot one time right in front of me. I have around twenty friends and guys I know that have been shot. Several have lost eyes. One was shot in the knee with a .22 magnum. I am careful when I go turkey hunting, but I am not going to let fear rule me. I am not going to let fear of a virus rule me either. How about you my friends? Let us look to the Lord. Let us Trust!

2021 Election

OPEN OFFICES

President

Shall be the chief officer of the Society. Shall preside at all the meetings and serve as Chairman of the Executive Council. Shall conduct all affairs in accordance with the Constitution and By-Laws. Shall hold meetings of the Executive Council and instruct officers of their duties as described in the Constitution and By-Laws. Upon taking office, the President shall appoint committees. Term is two years.

Vice-President

Shall succeed the President in case of an absence or vacancy. Primary responsibility is the organization and delegation of all duties necessary to make the PBS Biennial Gathering a success. Term is two years.

3-Year Councilman

Shall act on behalf of the Society in providing support in the promotion and execution of the purposes and objectives of the Society. An incoming Councilman is also known as the Junior Councilman and is the primary liaison to the Associate Membership.

If you qualify, please consider giving back by serving on Council or by guilting one of your friends to do it. We have candidates for several offices but need at least one more for each office.

The PBS By-Laws require that there be at least two candidates for each office.

2020 Scheduled Membership Hunts

The following PBS hunts are planned for the remainder of 2020 and early 2021. More information may be available on the PBS web site or Facebook page, including past hunts at some locations like the Utah elk or LBL deer/turkey hunts. Several more hunts have been discussed and will be added to this list if they are a go. Many of these hunts occur yearly - if already full for 2020, you should contact the leader about joining the next year's hunt, or to get on a cancellation list for this year.

East Fork of Blacks Fork Elk Hunt

8/29-9/11 of 2020

Location: Utah - Uinta NF

Animal: Elk

Hosted By: Craig Burris - preacher2363@gmail.com

FULL

LBL Deer Hunt

10/3 - 10/10 of 2020

Location: Land between the lakes, KY

Animal: Whitetail deer, turkey

Hosted By:

Scott Record - scottnlori@hotmail.com

Mark Wang - markhw19@yahoo.com

FULL

Blackbeard Island Deer Hunt

12/3-12/5 of 2020

Location: Near Savannah GA

Animal: Whitetail deer, maybe hogs

Hosted By: Matt Schuster - matt@easterndynamics.com

OPEN
HUNTERS NEEDED



Broad Run Deer Hunt

10/25-11/1 of 2020

Location: Near Salem VA

Animal: Whitetail deer, black bear, turkey

Hosted By: Randy Brookshier - stykbw59@comcast.net

FULL
MAYBE STANDBY

Arizona Dream Hunt

January 2021

Location: AZ

Animal: Javelina, Deer

Hosted By: Rick Wildermuth - Rwildermuth2@cox.net

OPEN

Coastal GA hog hunt

Early Feb 2021

Location: Near Savannah GA

Animal: hogs

Hosted By:

Jeff Holchin - jeffreyholchin@gmail.com

Tim Antoine - blueroan@skybest.com

FULL

Davis Mtn Hunt

Late Feb 2021

Location: TX

Animal: Hogs, Javelina, Deer

Hosted By: William "Bubba" Graves - williamgraves187@gmail.com

FULL

PBS MEMBERS ARIZONA JANUARY 2020 HUNT



By Rick Wildermuth

Another PBS members hunt is in the books. This year's Coues deer, mule deer and javelina hunt was well attended by PBS folk who drove in from California, Nevada, Oregon and Idaho. Yeah, some Arizona members attended also. Several of us were acting as hosts.

I believe all had a good time. Experience ranged from over fifty years of traditional hunting to one member who was in his first year of slinging arrows from a stick. Age ranges were from twenty-three to seventy-six. Background and training in this group included a locomotive engineer, construction company owner, manufacturing safety manager, mailing standards specialist with the U.S. Postal Service-retired, substation electrician for a power company, a diesel mechanic in training with a goal of using that knowledge in the mining industry (and an ex-Marine, but always a Marine), Alaskan fishing guide, building contractor-retired and a wildlife tech/biologist.

One great thing I noticed immediately, not everyone had gray hair. It's so good to see young people getting involved in traditional hunting methods and the PBS.

I'll cut to the chase, no fresh meat in camp but were memories gained? Oh yeah! To hear a father and son talk about seeing their first mountain lion, when they looked at each other, telling the story and sharing the moment. That's what this is about. Then what was believed to be a fresh lion kill was found the following morning offering more evidence of Mother Nature at work.

One javelina was hit but not recovered. One hunter found twelve javelina in a squadron, another spotted nine. Most days almost every hunter returned to camp telling stories of seeing ten to fifty deer, usually a mixture of Coues deer and mulies, with several bucks mixed in. Stalks were discussed and plans made.

One hunter found a mature mule deer buck with three does. Six hours later, after very carefully trying to get in range for a shot, having traveled a good distance, the three does had turned into thirty-one does along with a smaller buck. Was this big buck king of the area having thirty-one does hanging with him? I bet so. And Mark got his shot opportunity, even with all of those noses, eyes and ears searching for trouble. But that's Mark's story to tell.

The neat thing about all of the above events... these experiences were a walk away from camp. I wasn't in camp to keep track BUT I know several mornings someone would wake up, make their coffee, then look through their spotting scope. Next thing you know he would set the unfinished coffee down and take off after a buck.

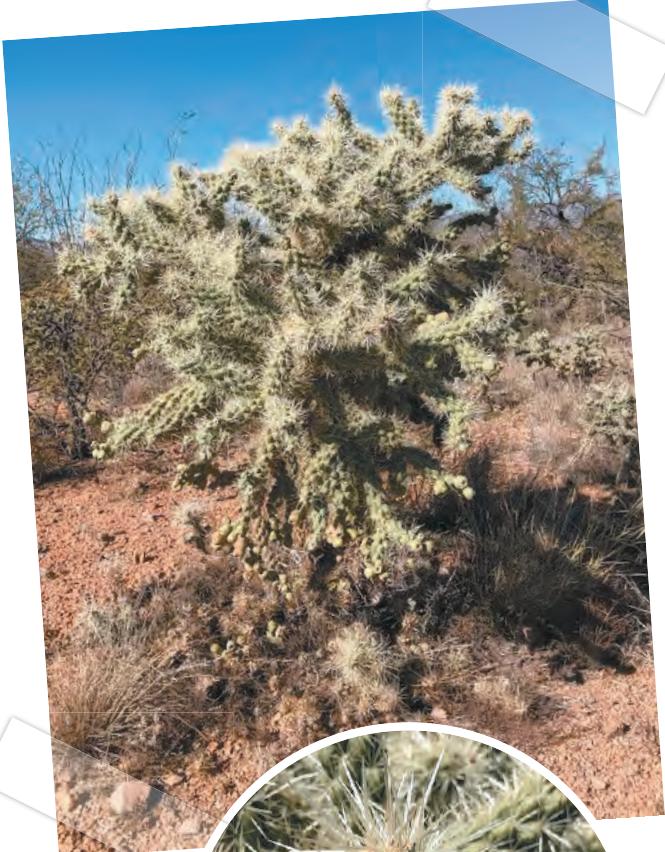
But once in a while someone drove to a different area and did some hunting. The timing could not have been better. We had always spotted many, many deer in this area, but bucks have been iffy. This year the rut was going strong when we arrived, hence, small and large bucks were everywhere. It really did not matter if we walked from camp or drove somewhere. The bucks were everywhere.

Have you hunted in the desert before? With cactus everywhere? Once I squatted down to get a closer look at a track on the ground. What I did not realize is that I had a chain fruit cholla spine, or better known as the jumping cholla, sticking to the heel of my boot. I sat right on it when I squatted down. Owwwwwwee. What I forgot to tell the out-of-state hunters, which is good advice mind you, was to carry a metal salad fork or tweezers with you. I was able to use that fork to pry the cholla out of my butt and hunting pants. Never use your fingers for that maneuver, just ask Kevin Hall how that went. It's funny when you see deer eating and several of these spines are attached to its snout. Do they carry a fork with them?

My trip to Arizona to hunt rutting muleys and Coues deer with a javelina permit in hand along with other PBS members was one to remember. The day I arrived, shortly after setting up camp I was greeted by a couple members and as we talked we spotted a muley buck moving through the wash below us and the chase was on! He was already too far ahead of us but Mark gave it all he had and tried to cut him off.

The camp was in the perfect location to wake up, make your morning coffee, and have a seat and start glassing. There was definitely not a shortage of deer to glass up. I was expecting to see more Coues deer but to my surprise, muleys were the main attraction. I had multiple chances to get in close but wasn't able to seal the deal. On my last evening hunt I got into thirty yards on a nice four point muley with about eight does and this encounter had my heart pounding out of my chest. I came to full draw but wasn't able to get a clear shot through all the thick branched mesquite trees. I had a great time, met some great people and ate some amazing food... from the pulled pork to the halibut cakes and prime rib I was spoiled.

Anthony Martorana



The northeast breeze was directly in my face. The sun was dropping towards the horizon off my left shoulder. Sixty to seventy yards ahead, across the ravine, were gray and black shapes drifting through the scrub, rooting, feeding, heading my way. This may just work out!

The lead javelina dropped into the bottom of the ravine then headed up my side directly towards me. He sensed something amiss, whirled, grunting and woofing, back to the bottom, then came back up again, flaring, woofing, flaring at ten yards, unsure of this solid column outlined against the sky. As he turned to leave again, the missile was on its way, "WHACK!" That wasn't a good sound. Arrow placement looked good, but as he whirled into the brush to exit, the arrow snapped off.

Checking the shaft showed only two inches of penetration, the length of the broadhead. The shot was at mid-body, just at the collar line but must have encountered shoulder bone. There was a minimal but consistent blood trail.

Most bowhunters have encountered a similar scenario. Keep tracking, keep looking, until you can go no further. This time I was hoping for a different outcome.

All of my campmates were gung-ho to help with the following day's tracking. Being experienced in matters such as this, I knew that too many afield can be detrimental. So our host, Rick, and Mark Stevens, volunteered to give up their hunt and help me with mine.

It was an arduous task, a drop here, smear there, but progress was made over the next four hours. All three of us worked as a team, talking in whispers, checking side trails, tracking, undoing each option. Being hot and tired after four hours, minimal sign and a gain of another 250 yds. trailing, we conceded.

This unfortunate decision was not taken lightly. Part of our quest as bowhunters is to do all we can under the circumstances.

A disappointing ending? Yes, and no. This camp of bowhunters proved to be the type of hunters all of you would want to associate with. All being mere acquaintances at the start, on leaving, a new appreciation was gained by each. Each hunter being an individual, each hunter having an immediate kinship, each hunter being the PBS.

Kevin Hall

The weather actually cooperated this year. The low was twenty-six degrees with the highs hitting the mid-sixties. You had to look hard to find a cloud during this seven day hunt. We've had rain, snow and twenty degree weather for this hunt the last several years. The troops asked me to beam in the good weather and this year things just came together.

Food? We covered a lot of ground, hiking some hills with lots of cactus and rock to manage, but it was still probably difficult not to gain weight. Alaskan halibut in fish cake form, Cornish game hens, spaghetti with huge meatballs and delicious sausages, prime rib, game stew with wild boar, elk, antelope and pheasant. A Weber smoker produced thirteen pounds of pork shoulder, moose cube steaks, and somehow, we included some spuds, olives, sauerkraut and salad. Oh yeah, and an endless box of chocolate. Mathew donated a very nice adult beverage from Idaho which was much appreciated.

My most memorable day hunting, I drove about two miles from camp and set out from there, keeping the wind in my face. Three hours later, I spotted two mule deer does, then on the next hill a Coues doe and a nice buck. I lost the deer, hiked to the next ridge so I could look back to where I had seen them. This took several hours and I was able to find them again. They were only yards behind nine mule deer does that had spotted me cresting the last ridge, but the Coues didn't take notice. It looked like they were bedding behind some big mesquite trees just beyond a fallen tree. A little while later, having made a very quiet stalk, I knew I was closing in on them, only to realize there were two other downed trees in the same area, that I never saw. Have you been thru this? The best laid plans. Turns out that I was off just a little bit. I was within fifteen yards of this buck and doe but never saw them. While I was trying to figure out which downed tree they were close to the wind must have shifted because suddenly they made a lot of noise by jumping and running off.

Several hours later I slowly crested a hill and noticed a doe thirty yards off to the left. As I watched her, eight more does and two bucks fed into the area, all within fifty yards. The rut was on but these two bucks, one larger than the other, were not competing, just smelling. I spent about an hour around this group but no shot opportunities were presented. At one point a doe started to feed closer to me followed by a buck. As promising as this sounds, I just realized that I had not yet knocked an arrow and they were walking right towards me with nothing between us. The doe bedded at twenty yards, the buck bothered her enough that she moved away and then I knocked an arrow. I know, a little too late. This group worked their way over the hill. I did the same but to their right, obeying the wind. When I crested that hill I couldn't see this group but there were fourteen does on the next hill watching me carefully. Moments later seven does came out of the wash below and streamed past at under twenty yards. Looking over their backs to the next hill a noticed four more does heading somewhere slowly.

No, I was not dreaming. Just a great afternoon watching deer, up close, in their environment. I spotted over thirty different deer within a few minutes. Two bucks, in three different groups and I never drew my bow. What a day! I love this stuff!

Another memorable PBS Members hunt is in the books. Great people. Great memories.

This was a very diverse group, having traveled from five different Western states. Ages twenty-three to seventy-two. Different life experiences. Different hunting experiences. Traditional gear used from one to fifty-five years. All gathered together in Arizona to chase big game with a stick and string.

Rick Wildermuth



Left to right: Kevin Hall, Mike Pfander, Quentin VanPelt, Mathew Wilson, AJ Wilson, Anthony Martorana, Jim Johnson, Mark Stevens, Paul Marsden and down in front is Rick Wildermuth

Seasons of Trouble?

By Steve Griffith



What trouble would it be ...
to take your children scouting this spring,
to carry a tired young child on your back,
 to let them find those shed horns,
to let them participate in one of life's cycles?

What trouble would it be ...
to show them spring's uncovering ... life/death,
 to show them her beauty, her wild array of greens,
to show them her ugliness, her uncovering of lost struggles of life,
 to help them understand ... both?

What trouble would it be ...
to take them bowfishing for rough fish,
 to help them filet the carp,
to let them savor the pickled/smoked flesh,
 to help them understand harvest?

What trouble would it be ...
to let them buy a bow this summer,
to let them shoot the 3-D tournament with you,
to let them experience success with close shots,
 to let them have fun ... with you?

What trouble would it be ...
 to show them the fall trail,
to show them a good tree for a predator,
 to show them the stand you will use,
to show them the responsibilities of learning to hunt?

What trouble would it be ...
to share your time ... to be a mentor,
 to ensure others will love to hunt,
to share the greatest of sports ... bowhunting,
to share something you love, with someone you love?

What trouble would it be?
What trouble will we be in if we do not?

Regional Profile

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

any suggestions or comments are welcome!

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



Arkansas

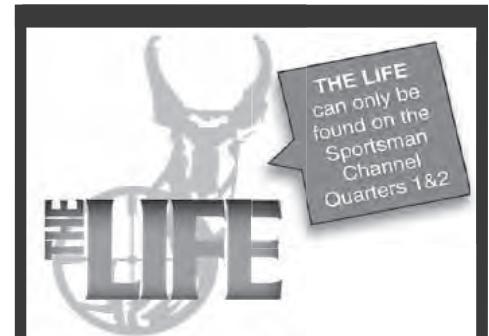


By Aaron McDonnel

Aransas turkey season is just wrapping up. I had a good season calling a bird in for my son on opening day of youth season and a couple of birds for myself over the course of the season. Although I had good success, it didn't come easy. Instead of hearing multiple birds each day like in the past years, I was hunting multiple days to hear a single bird. Our population and statewide harvest continues to be significantly lower than desirable. 2019 Statewide total harvest was down to 8,217 birds. The harvest and overall population has been on a continued downward trend since the early 2000's when more than 20,000 birds were harvested. The AGFC has finally made some changes for the 2021 season that will hopefully take our population back to where it needs to be. The AGFC

voted to approve multiple changes including only allowing hunters to harvest one turkey the first week of the season, only allowing one turkey to be taken during the youth season, reducing the bag limit to one turkey on each WMA, and prohibiting the taking of bearded hens. I can only hope these are the changes needed to get us back to the good ol' days of Arkansas turkey hunting

The AGFC also voted to increase the bear harvest quota in Zone 1 (Ozark Region) from three hundred and forty bears to five hundred. Archery bear season will start the same day as archery deer season which will be September 26th this year. Baiting is allowed only on private land. I've gained access to some new private land with a good population of bears this year and I'm looking forward to getting my kids out to help set and run baits. Hopefully the acorns won't drop until after the season opener and



Wyoming- Antelope, Elk & Deer - hunting large private ranches with high success on trophy animals.

Idaho- Black Bear & Mt. Lion - hunting over a million acres of public land as well as over 150,000 acres of private land. High success on color phase black bear.

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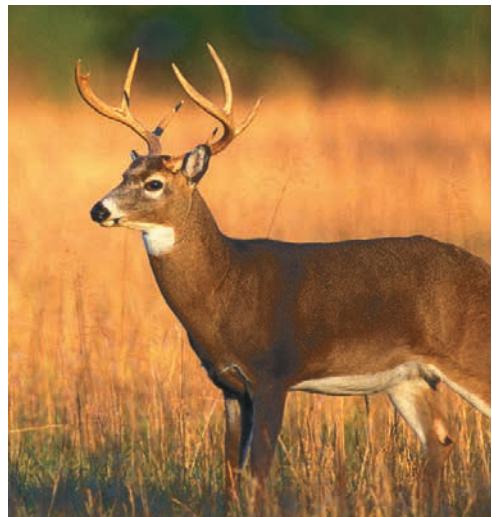
You don't have to be Ernest Hemingway to be published in our magazine - your fellow members want to hear YOUR story!

Submit to our Home Office either by:

Email: professionalbowhunters@gmail.com

or Address: P.O. Box 22631, Indianapolis, IN 46222

Regional Profile



we can keep the bears on the bait until they do.

The annual Buffalo River Elk Festival in Jasper, AR has been cancelled. Arkansas elk permits are typically drawn live at this festival but the draw will be held online this year due to COVID-19. Applications were due by June 1st.

With summer approaching, my focus like many others turns to preparation for the fall seasons. No tags have been drawn yet but I'm still hopeful for a high country Colorado mule deer tag and an Iowa whitetail tag. I'll be doing plenty of backyard shooting with my kids and working on my overall physical

conditioning for my mule deer hunt, fingers crossed. Anyone in the state that's interested in shooting in some local 3D shoots can visit the Arkansas Bowhunter's Association website or Traditional Bowhunters of Arkansas' Facebook page for a schedule of shoots.

Message From the PBS President

First, we hope all of you and your families are staying safe during these trying times. It is a good time to either stay at home or get in the woods and chase turkeys and fling arrows at stumps.

As we discussed at our Membership Meeting in Springfield, MO, the single best avenue that we used last year to grow PBS was our sponsorship of various podcasts. And we have some exciting news! PBS members Dalton Lewis and Ethan Henson of The Stickboys Youtube Channel have been doing a great job of capturing the essence and passion of what we all love to do in their videos for the past four years. Now, they are teaming up with former PBS Councilman Ethan Rodrique to bring you the The Stickboys Podcast in conjunction with their Youtube Channel. And PBS will be a major sponsor of this great opportunity to show the bowhunting community at large who and what we are all about through quality video and audio content. PBS members consist of many of the most knowledgeable bowhunters in the world, and many will be featured by the Stickboys as they talk about their bowhunting adventures. No fluff, just pure bowhunting, all-the-time, as it should be.

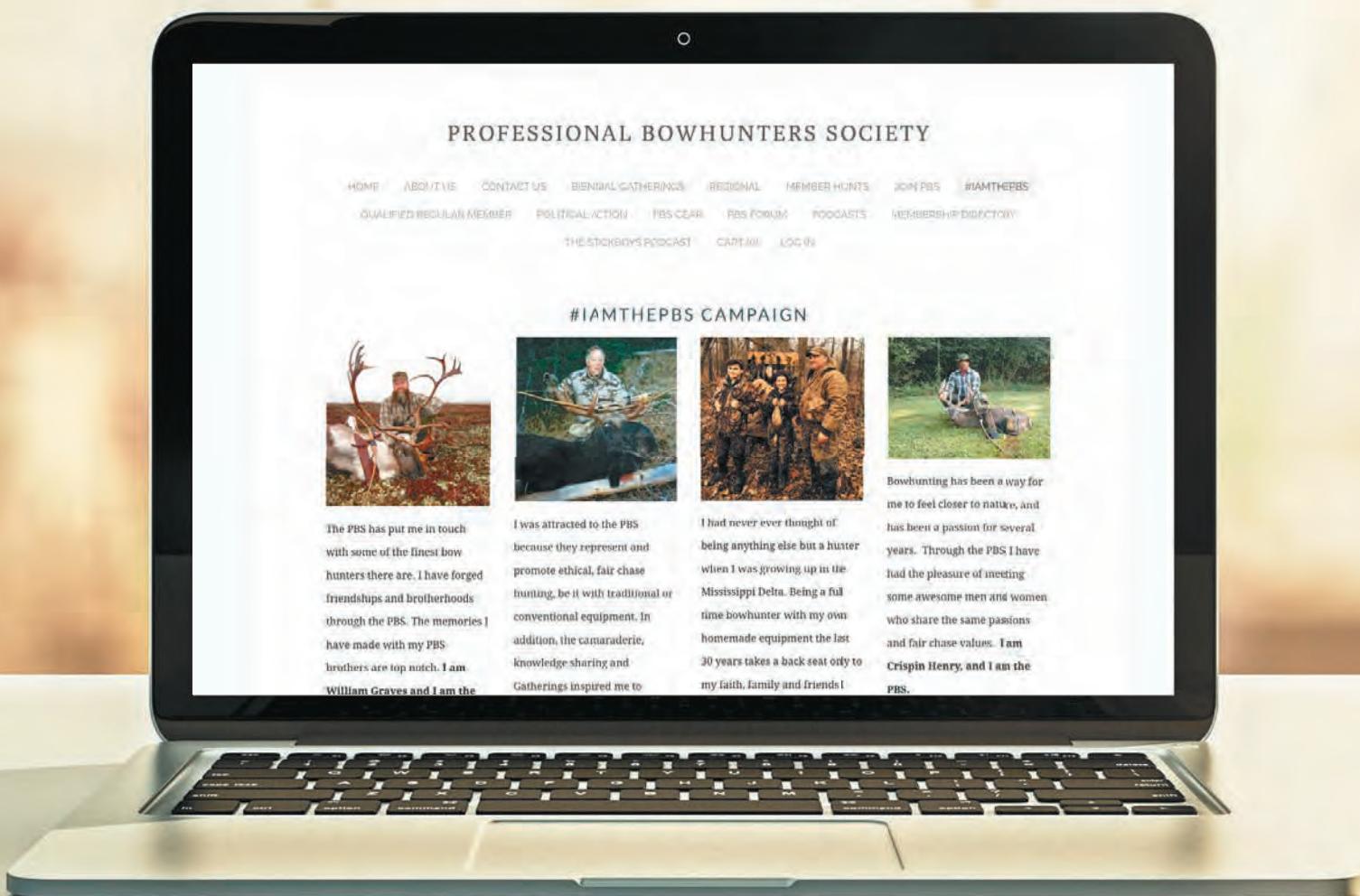
You can subscribe to the podcast through all the major podcast platforms or simply click the link provided on the PBS Website. To access the video content on Youtube, just subscribe to the The Stickboys Channel or just find it by doing a simple search on Youtube. All content is free, and the more downloads and views, the more the PBS and our values are promoted. Please note, we will continue sponsorship with our other valued podcast partners, The Push, and Primitive Pursuits, as well. If you can't get in the woods right now, you can at least live vicariously through some of your brothers so check all of these out!

-Matt Schuster

I AM THE PBS MARKETING PROGRAM

This social media program was very successful last year and has also been a cool way for PBS members to get to know each other. Our goal is to get one of these short profiles for every single one of our members so if you have yet to write one, please take five minutes, put one together, and send it with a picture via email or text to Harmony at the PBS office. If you are not tech savvy, please mail a pic and profile to the office and it will be scanned in so you can join your PBS brethren in getting your social media fifteen minutes of fame.

To see all the profiles that have been submitted visit the website
www.professionalbowhunters.com and go to the section labeled
#IAmThePBS



The website features a navigation bar with links to Home, About Us, Contact Us, Biennial Gatherings, Regional, Member Hunts, Join PBS, #IAMTHEPBS, Qualified Regular Member, Political Action, PBS Gear, PBS Forum, Podcasts, Membership Directory, The Stickboy's Podcast, Captain, and Log In. The main content area is titled "#IAMTHEPBS CAMPAIGN" and includes four testimonial snippets with accompanying images:

- William Graves**: "The PBS has put me in touch with some of the finest bow hunters there are. I have forged friendships and brotherhoods through the PBS. The memories I have made with my PBS brothers are top notch. I am."
- Crispin Henry**: "I was attracted to the PBS because they represent and promote ethical, fair chase hunting, be it with traditional or conventional equipment. In addition, the camaraderie, knowledge sharing and Gatherings inspired me to..."
- Harmony**: "I had never ever thought of being anything else but a hunter when I was growing up in the Mississippi Delta. Being a full time bowhunter with my own homemade equipment the last 30 years takes a back seat only to my faith, family and friends I..."
- Bowhunting**: "Bowhunting has been a way for me to feel closer to nature, and has been a passion for several years. Through the PBS I have had the pleasure of meeting some awesome men and women who share the same passions and fair chase values. I am Crispin Henry, and I am the PBS."

Regular Member Profiles

Jim Kinsey

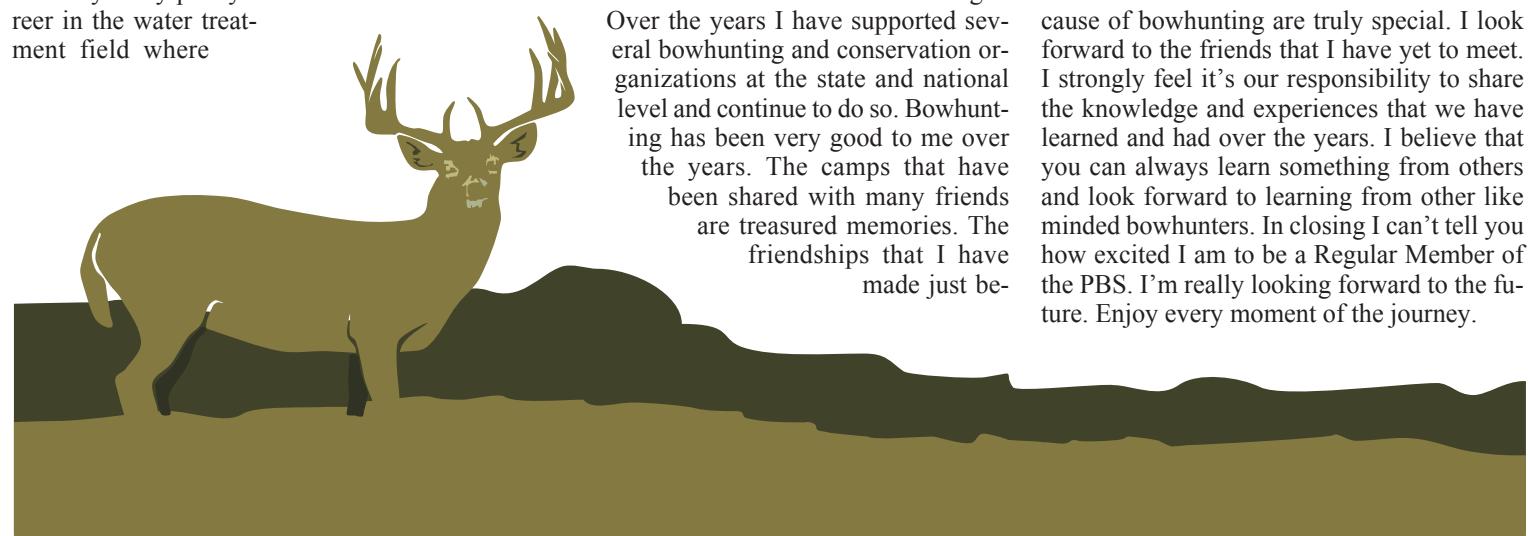
Gregory, MI

My name is Jim Kinsey, I'm 57 and I live in Gregory, Michigan. My wife, Veronica and I have been happily married for thirty-seven years. Veronica is a beloved and well respected principal at a local Catholic elementary school. My wife and I have two adult children. Our son Jimmy, is an accomplished automotive engineer and an officer in the Navy. Our daughter Candice, is a higher education administrator at the University of Michigan. Candice is married to her husband CJ. They've given us the greatest gifts of all, granddaughter Caylee, and grandson Cooper. I recently retired from my thirty plus year career in the water treatment field where

I was the drinking water lab supervisor at the main water plant. I've been a proud traditional bowhunter for the last forty-five years. I've shot traditional equipment for over fifty years now. I grew up just miles from where I live now, in the country where hunting and fishing is just a way of life. Times have changed over the years but my passion for bowhunting is just the same as it was

when I first started out if not stronger. Over the years I have supported several bowhunting and conservation organizations at the state and national level and continue to do so. Bowhunting has been very good to me over the years. The camps that have been shared with many friends are treasured memories. The friendships that I have made just be-

cause of bowhunting are truly special. I look forward to the friends that I have yet to meet. I strongly feel it's our responsibility to share the knowledge and experiences that we have learned and had over the years. I believe that you can always learn something from others and look forward to learning from other like minded bowhunters. In closing I can't tell you how excited I am to be a Regular Member of the PBS. I'm really looking forward to the future. Enjoy every moment of the journey.



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

- That by choice, bowhunting is their primary archery interest, and their ultimate aim and interest is the taking of wild game by bow and arrow of suitable weights in a humane and sportsmanlike manner;
- To share their experiences, knowledge and shooting skills;
- To be a conscientious bowhunter, promoting bowhunting by working to elevate its standards and the standards of those who practice the art of bowhunting;
- To provide training on safety, shooting and hunting techniques;
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Welcome new members to the PBS family!

March

Ginger Brockman - Ainsworth, NE
Michael Chard - Bemidji, MN
Michael Denhem - Marseilles, IL
Bobby Edwards - Waverly Hall, GA
Bryan Feicht - McArthur, OH
Brian Frisk - Brownstown Twp, MI
Sean Gancarcik - Bush, LA
Frank Gennicks - Linton, IN
Cliff Greg - Oconomowoc, WI
Ethan Grotheer - Fair Play, MO
Robert Hageter Jr. - Ringersburg, PA
Nick Horton - Lewes, DE
Tevis Hull - Spirit Lake, ID
Keith Kocher - Greenwood, IL
Ben Kuchta - Pierson, Manitoba, Canada
Trevor McGurran - Fort Shaw, MT
Chris Miller - Bois D'arc, MO
Tim Mullins - Slidell, LA
Fabio Orsini - Terni Tr, Italy
Abe Penner - Morden, Manitoba, Canada
Les Scott - Roanoke, VA

Lyle Shaulis - Fair Play, MO
Michael Sprick - New Haven, MO
John Weaver - Applecreek, OH

April

Curt Cabrera - Marlboro, NY
Thomas Chastain - Ellijay, GA
Harv Ebers - Sedalia, MO
John Freeland - Madisonville, TN
Ethan Henson - Sugar Grove, NC
Daniel Hutchens - Kernersville, NC
Keith Jewell - Wasilla, AK
George Johnson Jr. - Crownsville, MD
Randy Knight - Union Mills, NC
Patrick Landrigan - North Berwick, ME
Zach Manning - Elizabeth City, NC
Shawn Nash - Mackay, ID
Brett Pritchett - Waveland, IN
John Reams - Louisville, KY
Nolan Tappenden - Ridgway, CO
Jason Vulk - Spencer, IA

May

Scott Bradford - Aurora, IN
Chris Burgess - Philomath, OR
Paul Conner - Hollidaysburg, PA
Jackson Farr - Nashua, MT
Christopher Glick - Corning, NY
John Hamilton - Torbay, Auckland, NZ
Timothy Lerch - Colorado Springs, CO
William Lovewell - Maquoketa, IA
Tyler McGaughey - Alexander, AR
Roy Miller - Peyton, CO
Josh Neil - Westminster, CO
Pedro (Anthony) Ortiz - Susanville, CA
Linda Parker - Howell, MI
Michael Pfeil - Rowlett, TX
Seth Stephens - Dodd City, TX
Dean Trones - Warrens, WI
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"Hatchet" Jack Keener



Best Knife
Thaddeus Stager and Brad Jansen



Best Photo Contest
Scenic/Wildlife - Herb Higgins
Hero Shot - Volney Nash
Trail Cam - Volney Nash
Youth - Paul Schnell

2020 BIENNIAL GATHERING | SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI



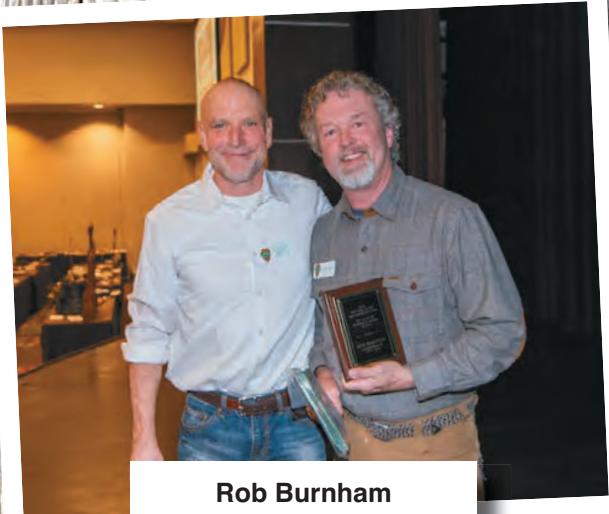
2020 SERVICE AWARD WINNERS



Recipient of the Glenn St. Charles Award
Barry Wensel and Gene Wensel (not pictured)



Recipient of the Tom Shupienis Award
Gene Thorn, PBS Chaplain



Rob Burnham
Councilman 2015-2018



Ethan Rodrigue
Councilman 2017-2020



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PBS Secretary Harmony Receveur and
husband Jeff Receveur**



Norm Johnson
Councilman 2009-2012
Councilman 2015-2017
President 2017-2019

2020 BIENNIAL GATHERING | SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI





THE HUNTER'S SOUL



By Bill Stonebraker

It starts with the first cool evenings in August as something deep inside starts to push everything else from the subconscious mind. Not everyone, in fact less and less people have this instinct as it slowly gets bred out of the race being replaced by more material pastimes. The hunter is fortunate to have it, but has to admit it is hard to explain to those who don't.

Before the time of the first frost everything else is on hold and this hunter has been in the woods numerous times. A deer track makes the heart flutter. A flock of teal rushing past while brushing the blind whirs the attention span for work and other tasks into seclusion. If really tuned in, the delicate blue that fringes the wing becomes a brilliant banner to follow into the fall and the progression of the season.

The first frost brings the transition to the brilliant colors of fall, first the lemon yellow of the aspen and birch and the cardinal reds of the sumac, then the rustic tanning of the hickory leaves, and finally the reddening of the maples and the golden tones of the oaks. Each change leading him deeper into the time of the hunter.

It is this natural progression made up of each subtle clue

that leads us into the hunter's instinct each year. The smell of the Hoppe's No. 9 as the guns are cleaned and the feel of the file rasping across the broadhead that is the drug that changes the receptors in our brain from reality back in time to the primal state we will be in until after the snow is deep and the larder is full.

Our heart will not rest until the quest for the whir of wings and the smell of the expelled shell is satisfied. We team with our dog as a wolf to a pack as the instincts of the dog and the hunter become one.

Motionless and silent, we sense and understand the innocence of the deer that unknowingly walks to its end, succumbing to the razor sharp broadhead without feeling the cut that drains it of its precious lifesblood. The adrenaline produced by the instinct makes the drawing of the bow synonymous with the drawing of the bow of all of the hunting ancestors that have passed it down through the ages.

It is not easy to tell our story, nor does it need to be told, for only those that feel it and understand it truly possess the spirit of the hunter's soul.

Unusual Bow Season 2019

By Jim Kinsey

Bow season 2019 was not even close to being normal. I have been bow hunting for the last forty-five years with many changes along the way. However, approximately the last twenty-five years I have noticed pretty much the same patterns of deer movement. I bow hunt an area of approximately 1,600 acres of public land with private land adjoining the public, including my property. There is a lot of agricultural land to the north of my place that always holds the bulk of the deer. I have never been one to put out trail cameras for scouting just because I love the element of surprise.

Being retired, I find myself scouting ninety-five percent more than I ever had time to do before. When I was working full-time, scouting had to be a quick trip and set up according to what I had found. Early season I could count on seeing does and fawns with an occasional buck. Around Halloween I can count on seeing more bucks on the move. This typically is the best time to buck hunt in my area. Gun season starts the middle of November pressured. Late season comes next extremely cold temperatures and my absolute favorite time to bow I live everyone is done hunting and I have always had the whole area to myself.

Sure, a lot

and these deer are really
and we usually get
lots of snow. This is
hunt. Where

of the deer have been harvested and spooked from being chased the last three months, but I enjoy being out in the woods by myself in the cold weather. Usually, I will go years before I see another hunter. Something about breathing in that extremely cold air and knowing you are all alone just can't be beat in my mind. I believe a positive attitude is the most important thing you can have to hunt the late season. You have to stay positive.

This year we had record rain fall and the farmers to the north of me could not get into their fields to plant because it was just too wet. Hundreds of acres never got planted. Most of the deer stay on the private farmland until the crops are harvested. I have a low thicket approximately an acre and a half in size that is extremely thick and has never held water and I don't ever go into it unless it's to retrieve a deer. This year my honey hole held about three feet of water and no deer would hole up there. I was scouting daily just out of habit and could not believe the bucks I was seeing due to the lack of crops to the north of my place.

I wish I would think of taking a camera with me because one day in late August I saw nineteen different bucks in one group not far from one of my stands. Three of the bucks were quite exceptional for my area with two more in the two and a half year old range. It was an awesome site with most of the little bucks starting to rub their velvet off. But the biggest ones had not started rubbing yet. The largest rack was a very nice nine point and the next two were almost twin eight points. All three were three and a half years old. I watched these deer with high hopes for about a month before the season opened up. Not once in twenty-five years had I seen anything like this.

The week before season, we had storms with extremely high wind. Most of the bucks just disappeared. I took a walk the day before opening day trying to figure out what could be my best first sit of the season. I had noticed that the storms had knocked off a ton of acorns from the red oak trees. It's very unusual to hunt acorns this early in the year! My mind was made up where to open the season.

Opening morning brought a nice doe and two fawns under my stand. Mid-afternoon it started to mist but was warm. About five o'clock the deer started moving. This was





very strange for my area. Usually, this happened just before dark and that was not for a few hours. I sat there just in awe because by early evening I had eleven different bucks and five does in front of me at one time! Most were within range except for the larger racked bucks. Both of the three and a half year old eight points were there but I didn't feel comfortable with the shot that I was offered for the larger of the two bucks. I had him at twenty-four yards broadside head down. It was raining and windy at the time and I didn't feel comfortable with the shot, so I passed.

The next two days I couldn't get into that stand due to wind direction. The second day that I could sit that stand I had deer in early again feeding on the acorns. If I remember correctly, I counted over twenty deer with seven and a half year old bucks underneath my tree. We have defined shooting hours and when time's up, time is up. I could see quite well still and ten minutes after legal shooting hours one of the bigger eight points came right underneath my stand. He was there for a full ten minutes. So close but not today. The wind direction did not allow me to hunt that stand again until the seventh of October.

Finally, a perfect day. No wind or rain. I climbed into that stand late morning for the day. Once again, the deer started moving early for my area. Evening was upon me and I was watching deer. Life is great. There were six bucks and four does close to me feeding on the acorns beneath my stand. Not one of the larger bucks were present. It was starting to get late in the evening. I looked at my watch and will never forget that I had fourteen minutes left of shooting light. As soon as I put my arm down from looking at my watch, I looked down and the larger of the two eight points was underneath my tree. I have no idea how he got there and never heard him coming. I had him within nine yards but facing me. In this particular tree, I didn't want to clear too many shooting lanes in fear of getting picked off. He was right under the branches where

no shot was possible. I watched him for what seemed like forever. He was straight on and coming closer. I don't know why he didn't hear my heart pounding because it was in overdrive. He started to turn to the right and that was a "no way possible" to shoot area.

Finally, he turned left and took a couple steps to offer me a perfect four-yard shot. As he ran, I could see my arrow was in him deep with only the fletching sticking out of him. Once I could not see or hear him any longer, I looked at my watch to see I had six minutes of legal shooting time left in the day. It was hard to believe he was underneath me for a full eight minutes without ever picking his head up. The funny thing about after the shot, the rest of the deer were all within thirty-five yards of me and never even budged. I waited a half hour and went back to the house.

The Weather Channel said no rain and the temperature would be forty degrees. I elected to wait until morning to track. I knew the arrow did not pass through, so no blood trail was to be expected. The next morning was a gorgeous morning, sun was even out. I walked to the last place I saw him only to look over the edge of the bank to see him laying there. He went approximately eighty yards. I have been blessed many times with harvesting animals over the years but you just can't explain the feeling of being so THANKFUL to the Good Lord above. I find this never gets old and I believe the older I get the more I appreciate His gifts. The prayers that flow so freely after the shot into the long night, while getting dressed to go recover, then finding your harvested animal will never be forgotten.

The rest of the season continued almost as good. I was blessed again with harvesting another nice buck the twenty-ninth of October. The nine point never made an appearance and I thought he had been harvested. Bow hunting through gun season just seems different to me. We have to follow the gun season rules. Meaning you have to wear fluorescent orange. I've never felt comfortable wearing it but rules are rules. The fourth day of gun season, my old friend the nine point came right to me making scrapes in the funnel I was hunting. Here I was with not a lot of leaves left on the trees wearing orange and he's making scrapes within yards of me and no buck tags. I only had antlerless tags left. How awesome. Life could not get much better than that! I sure hope he made it through the seasons. I saw him dozens of times before bow season opened, but never again until gun season. Late season continued to be unusual. The temperatures ranged from thirty to fifty-five degrees with almost no snow. I've bow hunted this land for twenty-five years or so and have never had so many encounters with so many bucks day after day. Very unusual. With hundreds of acres not getting planted sure made quite an unusual season. Mother nature sure made it a totally different season. She sure made it very unusual and very good to me.

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REDEMPTION

By Brian Koelzer

Oh no," I groaned to my self upon seeing a huge white set of antlers coming my way in the grey pre-dawn light. It was playing out just like I imagined. The buck I'd been after for a month was making his way right to me and I was holding onto my tree sweating and fighting off waves of nausea. To make matters worse I had a doe and fawn right underneath me and my bow was hanging on a branch... and I was trying not to barf.

I know this sounds like an unprepared rookie mistake but as fate would have it I got a horrible stomach bug the evening before and spent most of the night projectile vomiting and pooping. Being stuck in a tiny motel room with my wife and one year old son made the situation even more miserable. The bathroom was so small that I could sit on the toilet, lean on the sink, and put my feet in the shower at the same time. With no place to hide the night was a long one for the whole family.

I managed a couple hours of sleep between three and five a.m. and knowing that I was going to have the right wind for a stand I hung the weekend before I decided to buck up and head for the woods. Better judgement told me I should sit the morning out but I felt confident that I'd finally figured out what the big 6x5 I'd seen a month prior was using for a travel route to and from an uncut barley field. Topography and wind also dictated that my only chance would be in the mornings. I was going!

As I watched the big deer slowly get closer, the doe and fawn below me moved on and I was able to get ahold of my bow. I already had an arrow on the string and as he closed the distance I knew he'd present a shot. The trail passed my stand at less than ten yards but unfortunately Mr. Big decided to walk and sniff right underneath me where the doe had been standing moments ago. There is such a thing as too close... when the buck got right below me I leaned out over my stand

and started to draw. In my weakened condition, my 58# Yellowstone longbow felt like 100# and as the string left my fingers I knew I blew it. That big deer ran off with a flesh wound on the side of his rib cage and with a bruised ego I gathered my greasy arrow and started the walk back to the truck.

I never saw that deer again after that day and as the temperature warmed up the farmers brought up a couple of combines and started to cut my barley field. My hunt for that buck was officially over.

It's a bittersweet thing to bugger it on a big deer the way I did. On one hand I was proud of myself for putting all the pieces of the puzzle together, setting up a perfect ambush, and getting a shot but at the same time I was beating myself up pretty bad for blowing the shot. I think I could have killed that deer with a heavy rock. With no real direction I spent the following week trying to formulate a plan for the upcoming weekend. I knew the rut would be in full swing and feeding patterns were going to be pretty well out. While chatting with a good friend of mine who hunts the property with me he told me about a stand he'd hung years ago that was a good rut stand and how to approach it in the morning. I figured anything was worth a shot and having never hunted this little block of timber before I had nothing to lose. It was about a half mile walk down the river to get to this stand and even though there had been a few grizzly bear sightings in the area I decided to still do the walk in the dark so I didn't spook any deer. Getting settled into my tree just as legal shooting light was ticking over I had that new treestand/new woods sense of excitement zipping through my body. The morning stillness was shattered when several gunshots rang out less than a half mile from me up on a bench in an alfalfa field. Anticipating that this was where my deer would be coming from on their way back to bed, I thought for a moment that my morning was ruined. The property I hunt allows quite a few does to be shot during general season but the rule is they have to shoot them out in the fields. Realizing that this could be a blessing in

disguise it wasn't long until I started to see some deer coming my way. My stand was located on a swamp on a brushy bank that connected two good bedding areas. It took a little while but after the deer settled down I started to see some movement in the trees. A couple does came past then a little two-point buck made his way by. Praying that the wind would stay steady I held still as a stone with my bow ready and an arrow nocked. It wasn't long before I saw another doe coming my way and she was acting like there was a buck following close behind. As she weaved through the swamp coming my way I caught a flash of horns behind her. They closed the distance rapidly and when I finally got a look at the buck I had about five seconds to commit or pass. I noted good fourth points and several stickers which was all it took to kick my heart into overdrive! She passed me at ten yards and I thought he would as well until he unexpectedly moved to cut her off like a cattle dog. I don't really remember shooting but all of a sudden there was an arrow in the air and I watched it bury high in his side as he quartered away. He had no idea what was happening and made a short thirty yard semi circle around me expiring twenty yards from my perch less than ten seconds after the arrow impacted his side. The flood of emotions hit me and I had to sit down because my knees were threatening to give out on me. I gave him a little time and after saying my thank you's and trying to absorb as much of the experience as possible I got out of my stand and knelt beside my buck. He was a fantastic deer in the prime of his life. A 6x5 typical frame with several cheaters rounded him up to a 8x7. My VPA tipped Easton arrow had severed his aortic artery below his spine as well as taking out a lung. The hunting gods were certainly smiling down on me that day. From the lows of the weekend before to the highs of the current moment I gave thanks for the buck and for the wooden bow beside me that not only shapes my lifestyle but feeds my family and soul.



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Marfa Eats

By Mark Wang

Many PBS members have heard about the Marfa Marauders. There is a subtle mystery about this group that seems to inspire a certain curiosity. And believe me, there are plenty of times they make me wonder, too. The other hunters tell me they wonder about another hunter as well. I suppose it's out of apparent respect for that person, but no one will divulge his name to me.

Well, I'm here to leak some of the greatest mysteries about the Marauders. The meals. I have amassed a collection of meals the Marauders enjoy while hunting in the mountainous desert of southwest Texas. There are some pretty good cooks that are involved with this group. I don't know of too many other camps that a person will hunt hard all day and gain five pounds by the end of the week. So, over the next few issues, I will add a few recipes.

Of course I've found that most PBS hunts are blessed with some very good eats, whether by design or luck. If a person has never attended a PBS group hunt and would like to bring a meal, here are a few things to consider. I'm mostly discussing main dinner meals, but this can involve any meal. Also this more directed to a camp with five to fifteen attendees that can be reached via motorized vehicle. If you're on a horse, you're on your own.

1. If possible, pre-cook the meal. Most of the Marfa meals (brunches not included), are made in advance and frozen. We do have access to a full kitchen so reheating is no problem. This is also a method used on most "away from home" hunts I have attended, where driving a vehicle to the camp site is possible. We have reheated meals over charcoal and gas grills or even camp fires.

2. Do not make too much food. Estimate how much is needed for each person to get one helping. This can be a tough thing to figure out, but try. Dish it out yourself for each person to make sure it goes around.

Believe me, everyone will eat. There will be enough deer salami, bear jerky, pickled quail eggs, etc. When the meal is too big, left overs just take up space in the fridge or coolers.

3. Unless a person is planning on using potatoes, carrots, onions, etc., for a meal, don't bring them. I remember years ago attending a hunt out of state. My partners and I stopped at a local grocery store to stock up. We bought a small bag of potatoes with no real plans on what to do with them and hauled them to camp. As we were putting food away, the camp care taker mentioned there was fifty lbs. of potatoes in the pantry if anyone wanted some. We never used any potatoes all week. The same has happened with eggs, milk, bacon and anything else we didn't already have a plan for using.

4. On a similar note, condiments. If possible, get in touch with the other hunters planning on attending. Make a plan for bringing condiments, paper plates, and paper towels and so on. If a grocery store is not too far away, a person might want to get to camp and see what is needed. This, in my opinion, is better than having six bottles of mustard in the fridge when a half bottle would have been plenty.

5. Large groups are a little tougher for large group meals. Some hunts are attended by too many hunters to bring a large enough meal for everyone. In this case it can be every man, or smaller group, for themselves. I've been on some of these. However, there always seems to be at least one pot luck night. Just make enough to feed about three people. There will be left overs.

And now let's get to the meals. One word of caution, don't set any of these foods on top of your head. Your tongue will beat your brains out trying to get to it. So let's get started with some recipes.

This recipe was given to me under the condition that I never give it out. In fact, when I first received it, I was told to guard it with my wife. Later I found out he said I was to guard it with my life. For this reason, I'm not giving out the name of the creator of the recipe. Just his initials. Could be anyone with these initials.

T.J.'s World Class Clam Chowder

Directions:

Blanch the potatoes in boiling water for 5 or 6 minutes. Let them cool then cut them into $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch cubes.

Cook bacon over low heat until it's transparent. Add butter, celery, onions, basil, marjoram, Italian spices, thyme, bay leaves, garlic, salt and pepper.

Cook 10 minutes, or until the vegetables are tender.

Slowly stir in the flour and cook over low heat for 3 or 4 minutes.

Stir in the whipping cream and half & half, clam nectar and heat until almost boiling.

Add the potatoes and chopped clams.

Bring to a low boil and cook 2 to 3 minutes making sure the potatoes are done.

Discard the bay leaves and gently fold in the dill and parsley.

Now, enjoy. That means eat some.



Ingredients

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. new potatoes
4 slices of bacon, diced
6 Tbsp. butter
3 stalks of celery, diced
1 med. onion diced
8-14 cloves garlic
1 tsp. basil

1 tsp. marjoram
1 tsp. Italian spices
1 tsp. thyme
2 bay leaves
Salt, pepper, cayenne (to taste)
1/3 cup flour
4 cups whipping cream

2 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups clam nectar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup half & half
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped clams (3# Costco can)
Several sprigs fresh dill
2 Tbsp. parsley (optional)



Ingredients

3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups of bread flour
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups of high temp cheddar cheese*
1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cups of high temp pepper jack cheese*
2 (or more) jalapeno peppers coarse chopped (leave the seeds for more heat)
1 Tbs. kosher or sea salt
2 cups of warm water
2 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons of instant yeast
1 Tbs. of olive oil
parchment paper

Dutch oven Cheddar Jalapeno Bread Mark Wang's version

Directions:

You'll need a 10 inch ceramic or cast iron Dutch oven for this recipe. A similar size high temp cooking bowl will work, but it's not as cool as using a Dutch oven.

In a large bowl mix the flour, cheeses, jalapenos and salt. Remember, bowls are like rope. Rope is either too long or too short. Bowls are either too big or too small. Look for the too big ones here.

In a separate bowl add warm water and yeast.

Now add in the flour slowly and mix together. If the flour is just dumped in, it will resemble a small explosion. That will make a bigger mess for the wife to clean up and she won't like that. A silicone spatula really helps here with the mixing.

As the dough now starts to thicken, start folding it over back into itself from the outer edge to the center. 8 or 10 good folds should work.

Now cover it with a kitchen towel and let it set for 60 minutes in a warm spot. Someone told me this is called proofing, but he couldn't prove it to me so, there ya go.

After an hour, remove the towel and refold the dough back into itself. Now re-cover it and set it back for 30 minutes.

At this time, place the Dutch oven in-

side the oven, and preheat to 450 degrees. After 30 minutes, sprinkle some flour on a flat surface. Roll the dough out of the bowl onto the flour.

Fold the dough into itself again. Use more flour if needed to keep the dough from sticking to the surface. After 8 or 10 folds, flip the dough upside down onto some parchment paper.

The dough should be a nice round ball at this point. Now brush on the olive oil. Toss on some shredded cheddar cheese and some jalapeno slices.

Place the dough in the Dutch oven, cover and place it in the oven. Bake for 30 minutes with the lid on, then 20 minutes with the lid off. That's all there is to it.

*One tip, use high temp cheese. This was something I recently discovered. This product doesn't melt in the oven at these temperatures. Regular cheeses can be used but they have a tendency to melt into an unrecognizable goo in the process. I personally order from <https://www.waltonsinc.com/>. Other places like Cabela's and Bass Pro also carry this cheese but I believe the cost was higher as well. Just check it out on your Google machine, there are probably 50 places to order it from.

STILL HUNTING - WITH - OLD FRIENDS

By Mike Dhaemers

As I drive from the ranch on this November morning, it's single digit temperature according to my truck thermometer. Passing the fire hall, I notice the flag is standing straight out in the wind. It is cold this morning especially for this early in South Dakota.

After forty plus years of chasing whitetails, I am not one to stumble around in the morning darkness so twenty minutes seems enough before shooting time to stalk my tree stand. As I get older ladder stands seem to be the safer ticket. As I climb up, the wind hits me as I turn to hook up my harness and raise my bow, but now I'm ready.

Gray light awakens me in my perch and I can make out my wooden shaft tipped with a Cliff Zwickey style broadhead, a broadhead given to me by friend Jack Zwickey before I left on a previous hunt for Alaskan coastal brownies where my little brother teaches school. My wife being from St. Paul, MN when we go back to visit, I make it a point to stop by and talk with Jack about the days gone by of bowhunting.

Its November. I wait all year for this, co workers just do not understand why I'm here instead of on some beach somewhere. I'm quite comfortable in my King of the Mountain jacket and Sitka gear.

The eastern prairie sky begins to show a fire-like ribbon as the sun begins to rise. The thermals may be rising but the temp is not. Now



it's getting light out, the bow that lays across my lap is a B-handle Bear Kodiak take down. In the early morning light I make out the signature of Fred Bear. How could there not be magic in this bow?

This Kodiak was willed to me by friend Charlie Bledsoe. Charlie was a Bear archery dealer longer than he could remember. Myself and all South Dakotans owe our season to this man. South Dakota although bordering early bowhunting states where archery history dates back to the 30's. Seasons started decades later here. Charlie took time off from his day job to lobby in Pierre for archery seasons. One story goes back to the late 50's where Charlie was stopped by a game warden in the field with a deer tag. He was not sure if it was legal, explaining it was his weapon choice it was the first archer he had seen.

A little more about Charlie; born in Indiana, serving in WWII he was decorated with two Purple Hearts and the Silver Star. Many evenings were spent teaching archery to adults and he loved teaching the youth also. At Grouse Haven, Michigan I have been told when it was time to leave, the tears that Charlie shed as he was saying his goodbyes to his friend Fred, he knew it was the last time they would spend together and it was.

The pheasants keep me on edge walking through the corn that lies to the south of me. They make more noise than the deer slipping by. The whistling of ducks overhead and the geese all are bailing out to



the south as the wind has kept some water open but the sloughs and small lakes are freezing up.

The limbs I use make it a sixty-four inch bow, pulling in the mid sixties. Liking a bow quiver, I configured a four-arrow, leather top, 1950s bow quiver that I built an arm and a strap for to secure the upper hood to make it shoot quietly. The three large Zwickey heads are a tight fit. The fourth arrow is tipped with a Judo. Before climbing down in the morning I have always picked out something to shoot at on my way out of the stand.

The limbs I used were fast. They were made by Paul Schafer. There are some that might be surprised that he made limbs for Bear take downs. I had met Paul at early PBS banquets where a number of us would gather in Paul Brunner's suite for a nightcap the Wensels, Dick and Vikki Robertson among others. He was a quiet man and very interesting. I remember a film showing Paul taking a moose. This was the first bowhunting video that I remember watching since those films of Fred Bear on Curt Gowdy's "American Sportsman" and here was Paul, sitting right next to me!

I look at my watch, it's after 9:00 a.m. Suddenly, quartering from behind me is a nice buck. He is closing fast, how did he get there? Both me and the deer hate the wind for the noise it makes. When he's broadside at ten yards, the bowstring comes back and I shoot quickly, maybe too quickly, the arrow buries to the fletching. It looks good.

My buck bolts through an open cattle gate crashing through the edge of the corn, he stops at maybe one hundred yards and I find both parts of my arrow here. When he stops he is rocking a bit, but then he walks and disappears into a depression in the prairie to make me wonder, wait, and pray to our patron saints, Saint Hubert and Saint Sebastian.

The trail is good and the November sun is now high in the sky. The Zwickey once again did its job. He is a beautiful 5x4 with seven inch brow tines. As I kneel, I think of Charlie with his bow from Fred, signed to him at breakfast there at Grouse Haven. Also I think of Paul and his bow limbs, one of the great bowhunters of our time

who passed on, way too early. The Kodiak TD in my hand from Fred, has a connection and a feel words can't explain. With the help of the rancher's wife, Janet, it is all we can manage to load him in the pickup. What a magical day afield hunting with old friends!

The Kodiak once again hangs in my archery library room next to the Nels Grumley bow till once again I put down my longbow to go hunting with old friends .

I live here in South Dakota with my wife, Donna. When I'm not bowhunting, I am collecting and searching for archery books and magazines with a library dating back to 1676. The signed copies of Fred's books, Pope, Swinehart, Hill and others are the ones closest to my heart. We also love spending time with our grandkids, ice skating at hockey rinks and going to basketball games.

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Hog Super Heroes

By Paul Ladner

When pigs fly... well I haven't tried shooting them out of the sky yet but I have hunted them in some pretty disparate environments. Hogs are tough, adaptive omnivores that wreak havoc on the native flora and fauna. Living in Illinois, there are no opportunities for hunting them here as any occurrence has been aggressively suppressed. From what I have seen we are lucky to have held them at bay. With that said, I am a bit jealous of those that have them in their backyard.

My hog hunting has involved travel to southern states that are burdened with large populations of them. PBS connections have been invaluable to put me on some decent spots. I have made near annual hog hunting trips for about eight years visiting Florida, Georgia, Alabama and Texas. These trips have been after the deer season ends and before spring turkey is underway. Who doesn't like to go south for the winter? They are a worthy adversary with noses of blood hounds and are delicious table fare.

Jeff Holchin is my super hero of Georgia hog hunting having led PBS hunts for many years on the coastal salt marsh. He has researched, scouted, valet serviced from the airport (an hour+ away), boat taxied, rescued, fed, sheltered, provisioned and entertained dozens of PBS members. He often has a dozen or more in camp at a time and twenty through camp in a week! I hear he has actually

managed to hunt a day or two himself and has brought some nice ones to bag.

I've joined Jeff in Georgia at least four times. The first was my maiden hog hunting voyage and Jeff was super accommodating. Some people would hunt this muddy, gator and snake infested, dead flat, often underwater tidal flat covered with seven foot tall vegetation once and call it good, but not me. I have even invited my son on the subsequent hunts to show him a good time. Now that's love! Not sure it will earn me the father of the year, but he seems to like it, too.

The hog population seems to rise and fall due largely to the actions of the Fish and Wildlife helicopter shooters so some islands will be decimated while decent populations exist on others, but also hurricanes, gators and hunters with dogs have an impact. So it is with hunting, you need to find where they are. Scouting is mostly by watercraft cruising slowly around the islands hoping to hear the grunting and chomping of a content sow, the squeals of some feisty piglets or the ruckus of fighting boars. Light wind and cool temperatures are perfect as you can more easily hear the hogs and the warm weather loving reptiles and bugs are not as active. Some wind is needed for the stalk.

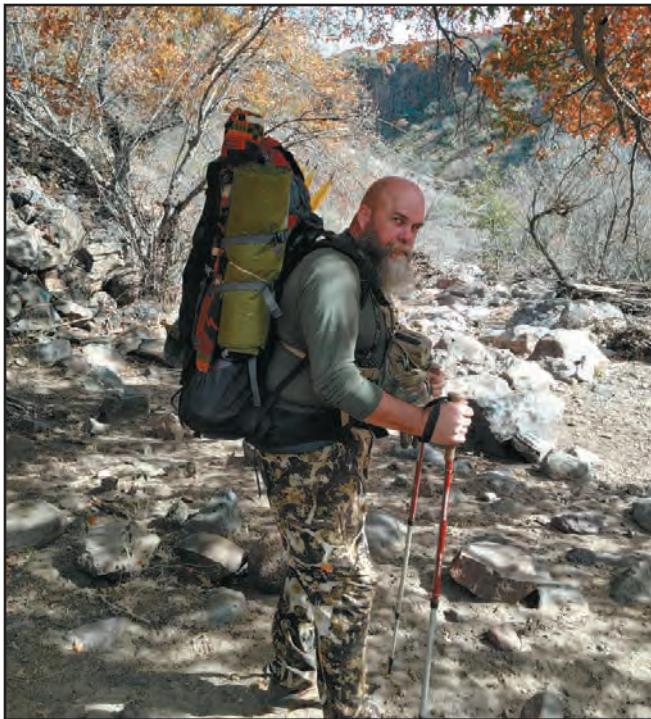
Once hogs are located the boat needs to



be secured keeping in mind the six plus feet tidal fluctuation every six hours. Being from the Midwest the impact of the tides adds a whole new dimension to the challenges of this hunt and if you don't mind them you may find yourself stranded for hours. With a tide that large there is almost always a strong current going either in or out. That and sand bars that shift over time make navigating a thinking man's game. It really works best when someone drops you off in one spot and picks you up at another following the hunt hence the boat taxi service Jeff provides.

With the boat secured it's time to get the stalk on. Keep the wind in your face and act like a hog rather than sneak around which is impossible to do anyway. The hogs grunt softly when content and chomp on the roots of the vegetation. You can use a grunt call or just make grunting sounds with your mouth and the chomping sounds can be made by rocking your hip wader clad foot back and forth in the mud. I like to get close to game before taking a shot and here there are only close shots. Often you can't see a hog even when it is five yards from you.

Tag teaming is the best option and makes a nice change from my usual tree stand hunting.



It's why it has been so fun for my son and me. Hand signals help to communicate between hunters. Once in the hogs you have to be patient and hope one crosses in front of you upwind giving you the opportunity for a shot. Often you can be within several yards of hogs for quite a while before a shot presents itself.

An alternative to the cruise and listen approach is to hit the "beach" and just forge ahead. It is pretty easy to gauge the freshness of sign and it is obvious when you get into an area that the hogs have been recently rooting as the ground will be turned up and the sign otherwise fresh. Blindly tromping around can be exhausting as you stumble upon impassable tidal creeks and there is rarely a place to sit without getting a wet rear end. There is no dry ground other than damp hogs nests and the flotsam washed in from the last hurricane. Navigating is also a challenge as everything looks the same and there is no elevation to get above the vegetation to see around. Having some sort of GPS unit is advised and marking waypoints is important to find your way back to the boat.

As for hunter success, it has been reason-

able overall and good for me. Other than my first trip, I have gone home with some fresh pork. My son has been successful on two hunts as well. When you get into them, doubling is certainly a possibility.

On a previous year's trip we moved in on a couple of feeding sows and I was afforded a shot before Richard. I hit one of the sows and they both took off. After a bit of blood trailing we found my hog and the other was still hanging around. She bolted from my presence and ran past Rich. He drew back, swung and released an arrow. I wish I had a better view of the action. Rich thought he missed the shot and advanced very slowly to where the hog was last heard. It had carried on for a minute and then was quiet. He moved forward carefully assuming the hog had silently snuck off. Not until he was within ten yards could he see the hog. He drew back and took another shot. It turns out the hog was already dead having been hit in the heart by the first running shot! We were elated.

I could bore you with stories of similar opportunities, but you get the picture. Would I do it again? Of course.

My Texas hog super hero is Bubba Graves. He has been hosting a mountain hog hunt for years as well. He was just as gracious as Jeff making sure all in camp had a great time. He made a four hour round trip to pick me up from the airport after weather related travel issues prevented me from following through on the original travel plans. Unbelievable is all I can say.

This was the first time I went on his hunt and other than the hogs, the hunt could not be more different. The area is not just mountainous it is also desert! Climbing and tripping over erosion rounded rocks of all sizes makes for a real workout. There is pretty thick brushy vegetation and a fair amount of thorns. Navigation is pretty simple as the mountains are divided by creek bottom ravines. If you stay in one drainage (and it would be pretty hard to cross out of the one you are in) you can follow the bottoms back down to camp.

Even though it is a desert, drinking water is more available than in the tidal flats. There are several springs providing good fresh water. The oak trees

~ continued on page 36



→ *continued from page 35*

like bonsai versions of the oaks here in Illinois and the acorns are tiny, but the hogs were feeding on them pretty good just the same.

Locating the hogs required some hoofing it and again listening as hogs are social and vocal animals. They root through the rocks around the oak trees often on hill sides sometimes resulting in mini rock slides making them easy to focus in on. I didn't figure out how to stalk in on them as they seemed harder to fool in the rocky thicket than the muddy marsh, but it might have been a matter of figuring out the needed tactics. I decided late in the hunt that an ambush approach may be my best bet. We identified an area the hogs were working regularly and a natural ground blind play did allow me an opportunity which I did not capitalize on.

There are javelinas as well as hogs in the area and we had some opportunities on those as well. We saw Indian artwork and found evidence of their handicrafts by way of stone tools. Indians and later cowboys haunted these mountain ravines. We saw elk as well as exotic, but well adapted aoudads. The aoudads really knocked rocks off the ledges as they butted heads!

Life in camp on all occasions has been just as rewarding as the hunt. There are many things to be learned from fellow hunters if you will just sit back and listen. Shared meals around a camp fire are primordial. Being regaled with stories of transcontinental hunting adventures

of others serves to stoke the fire within any bowhunter's heart. These hunts are also pretty cheap, depending on travel expenses mostly. License requirements are minimal and sometimes not required at all. I have spent as little as a couple hundred dollars and no more than about \$600 if air travel was involved.

What an honor to be able to experience such unique and diverse habitats. Thank you to my PBS brothers for putting yourselves out to make it possible. When it is the dead of winter, go south young man (or old man), chase some bacon and take a ride on Superman's cape.

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A Midwest Dream

By Andy Houck

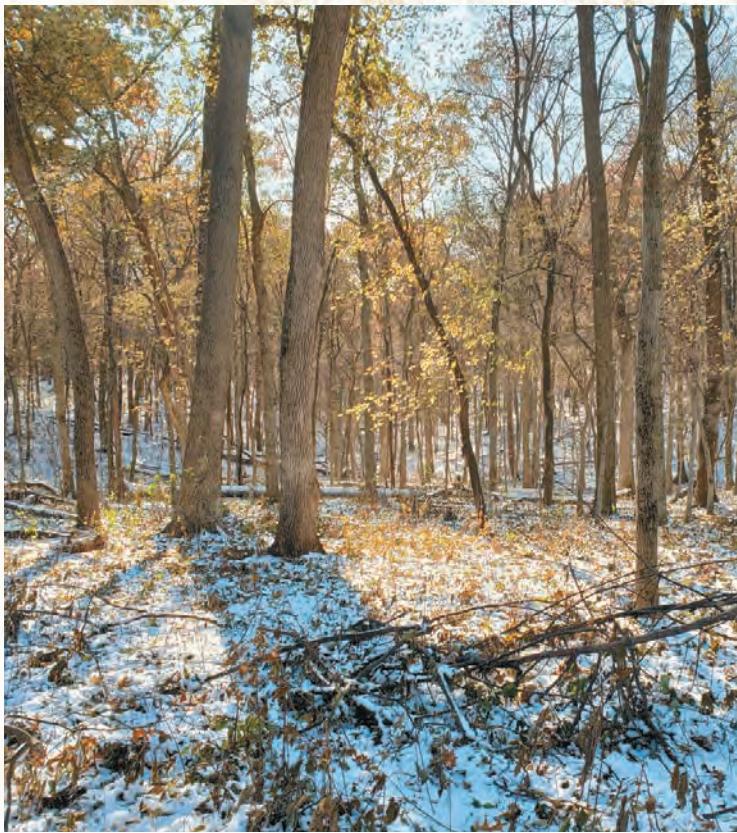
The fire was lit on a sunny March morning in Iowa at Barry Wensel's Bootcamp. Spending time in the Iowa timber and seeing the scrapes, rubs, trails, funnels, and stand setups were almost too much for me to handle. I traveled back east with not only a shed antler I had found, but something bigger. A dream. It was a dream to someday get back to the midwest with bow in hand to experience the sights, sounds and smells of a crisp November day perched in a treestand.

I met Paul Ladner on my first membership hunt in South Dakota in September 2017 (a story for a later date). After the hunt, Paul and I kept in contact updating each other on our pursuits and plans were made for my first midwest whitetail hunt. The stage was set.

I loaded up and headed to Paul's cabin in Illinois. The anticipation could not have been any higher on my twelve hour drive. I was seeing bucks in fields chasing and cruising for does. I knew it was shaping up to be a good week in the stand. I met Paul's nephew, Tim Garner at the local gas station and followed him to the cabin where I also met Elmer Servis. I unloaded my things and was given a quick tour before heading out for the evening hunt. Tim showed me to a spot and went to sit at another part of the farm for the evening. The crunching of leaves seemed to echo through the sunny afternoon timber as I tried my best to slip into a tree. I looked to my left toward the bottom of the ridge and saw a deer in the afternoon sun, fully alerted to my feeble attempt at sneaking. I caught a flash of antler as he picked up his doe and they bounded nonchalantly around the point. I finally got settled in the tree and I didn't have to wait long to be alerted by the ruckus of a small flock of turkeys, the sun shimmering off their plumage as they fed in the open timber. I inched my way into position in case a shot opportunity presented itself, but was not surprised as the lead hen putted in disapproval of the blob in the tree and, in a single file march, skirted my position.

A short time later I caught movement. Glassing down in the bottom revealed a group of does. As I watched them feeding, a sneeze caught my attention to the east. Slowly glassing through the tangle, an ear flicked and a button buck was bedded chewing his cud. With the sun's rays waning, the does fed up the oak ridge and took the button buck with them out of sight. Then came the hollow sounds of the resident owls drifting out of the pines signaling the ensuing darkness. Enjoying their chorus, a glance back to the east provoked me back out of my fatigued state as a large doe was making her way toward me. She was on a mission as I eased into position. She walked to the two track and looked into the open hardwood bottom. I squared for a shot and tried to compose myself as she stopped at seven yards. Confident she was headed to feed on the plethora of acorns that were in the bottom behind me, she threw me a curve when she turned ninety degrees and walked right in front of me. I pivoted and bent at the waist but in my urgency to set up, I placed my harness tether too high and could bend no further. I released as I got jammed up swinging to my right. The arrow shaft bounced off her back just behind her shoulders, and stuck vertically in the yellow leaves taking only a few hairs with it. She bounded thirty yards and stood for a few moments before snorting and walking away in the ebbing light. I probably had no need for a headlamp as my smile surely could have lit my path back to the cabin that evening. Rest came easy that night as my three hours of sleep had finally caught up to me.

With sunny weather forecasted, I planned to sit in the morning and travel around with Paul to get acquainted with the other properties. I climbed back up the same tree and was greeted by a small flock of gobblers roosted in the limbs of an immense white oak. Watching them fan out silhouetted by the reds, oranges and yellows of a new day was a sight to behold. Shrugging my shoulders to keep the north breeze off my neck, I watched more turkeys and a young buck work their way to the west. Many fox and a black squirrel scampered about scrounging



through the dry leaves for another meal. A rustling in the leaves had me assuming another bushy tail was approaching to the left. There she was, a large doe, three yards from my tree. I quickly got my bow as she turned around to face her backtrail. I instantly knew she was being chased and I too was curious at what may be dogging her. I leaned out around the tree to try to get a glimpse but saw nothing. She took two steps and turned perfectly broadside. I checked the backtrail once more and saw nothing. I am a ‘bird in the hand’ kind of guy so I picked a spot and drew back, anchored and released. A quick follow up arrow anchored my first midwest whitetail, and the largest doe I have ever taken. Sitting down, I gave Paul and the guys an update and looked to the southwest. I again caught movement as a beautiful buck chased a doe one hundred yards away. The sun gleaming off his white tines made it easy for my eyes to follow him through the timber as he ran off another buck that was getting too close to his new found love. He circled back to her and corralled her to the west and out of sight. I sat two hours more to let the guys get back to the cabin and we got the doe dressed and hung in the shed.

After a quick lunch, I put a new serving on Tim’s bow string. A few arrows shot in the shed and we were back in our stands. I made a move to the east to capitalize on deer movement I was seeing. I got settled in my climber and enjoyed the afternoon, replaying the morning events in my mind. The setting sun once again started to cast its yellow glow over the ridge when, fifty yards away, a doe came crashing toward me. Then a spike appeared to the right. The doe paused, her mouth hanging open and chest heaving as she watched her backtrail. The spike was also looking back over the ridge. I did not have to wait long for my answer. The image of him materializing over that ridge with the glow of the setting sun illuminating his entire form will forever be ingrained in my memory. The doe read the script and came around the blowdown at twenty yards. The buck paused briefly, lowering his head to smell where the doe had stood. His white rack was just past his ears with long beams. He had great mass with tines like candlesticks that curled inward at the top. A true midwest stud. Here he came like a bluetick hound, hot on a trail letting out a series of grunts until he came to the blowdown. He picked up his head and locked onto the doe now standing across the blowdown thirty yards from him. He looked right,

looked left, then jumped over the blowdown and continued his pursuit. I was in awe as I saw that towering white rack bobbing down the draw as he continued his quest after the does. The flood gates seemed to open after that as numerous young bucks came sniffing out the hot doe’s path past the tree. Everywhere I looked seemed to hold an animal, whether it was a buck cruising for does or turkeys feeding. Spotting a nice buck heading up the ridge toward a bean field, no effort of mine could entice him to alter his course. The cadence of rustling leaves brought my attention back west to the finger ridge. It was the group of gobblers feeding their way back to the giant white oak to once again perch themselves amongst its grand arms. Their heads were popping up like the periscope of a submarine in search of danger before revealing themselves. They cautiously worked toward me. I had my bow in hand as they inched closer, slowly coming to my right. I eased myself into position as they paused momentarily to again survey the situation. I picked a spot on one of the toms, drew and released. I watched as my arrow arched toward the longbeard and buried to his left, just missing. With that, they decided they had enough for one day and flew to the roost. The woods seemed to come alive with turkeys as they filled the limbs around me. I had several of them nearby, so I pulled out my phone to capture some videos and photos of the toms roosted in the beautiful purple and pink streaked sunset.



A cold front moved in with freezing rain that turned into snow after sunup accompanied by wind. I sat at another property and saw some does and a small fork horn harassing a doe. The afternoon passed with a button buck making his way past my position, his back and head dusted with the freshly fallen snow. The next day came cold and sunny with an encounter with a nice eight point tending a doe. I was on the ground, caught behind a large white oak, when I spotted him bedded in a blowdown. His brown coat luminous against the bright white snow. Peeking around the tree, I floated a few grunts his way and caught his attention. He searched the timber for the source of the sound. Not being able to provoke him from his sun drenched hide in the blowdown, I snort wheezed and he snapped into action walking my direction and proceeded to thrash a few saplings daring the intruder to show himself. I kicked myself for not throwing my decoy

→ *continued on page 40*

in my pack as this was a perfect scenario to have one. After losing interest due to not being able to see the interloper in the open timber, he worked his way back to his doe and plopped back down. He continued to scan the hillside until his doe got up and started to feed toward the bottom. He followed her but to her side ten yards. Her path would take her past me at twenty yards. With the sun at my back I sucked tighter to the tree as they worked closer. The wind was forecasted to switch in early afternoon. As they approached I shifted to the right but my hands were tied as I would soon expose myself to the doe. Keeping tabs on the wind, I was ok as it was still quartering away but almost wrong. I prayed for it to hold a few more moments as they eased into the bottom of the draw thirty yards away. I could only hope to not be picked off as they came closer. Just then, the cold breeze danced across my neck and took my scent to the buck. Alerted to my presence, he stared at me for a moment before turning and walking straight away with his girlfriend in tow.

Work commitments for the rest of the crew left me on my own at the cabin. After a hearty supper, I opened the woodstove to throw another log on to shake the chill from my bones. Checking the weather forecast as I sat by the stove made me shiver as it was to drop into the single digits with a good breeze in the morning. I prepared the morning coffee and checked the fire again, throwing another log on to ensure a toasty night's rest, and crawled into my sleeping bag. The alarm signaled another day and I pried myself out of my warm nest. The coals' orange glow lit the floor as I coaxed the fire back to life. Drinking a cup of coffee, I stuck my head out the door and was greeted with a sharp breeze. Ducking back inside and taking another sip of hot coffee,



I checked my dwindling supply of chemical hand warmers. It didn't take much thought to make up my mind. I told myself there is only one November 13th and I am in Illinois! I am going out! I readied my things and off I went, the cold gripping my cheeks as I tried to cover any exposed skin. My headlamp revealed a fresh scrape along the CRP. I found a tree and got settled in just as pink light came. Shortly after, I looked to my right and a string of turkeys walked past at fifteen yards. I watched them head to the west as I tried to get some feeling back into my tingling fingers. I caught movement in the bottom, it was a buck I had seen before recognizing him by a split on one of his right tines. My attempts at getting his attention were futile as he marched, head down, in his quest for propagation of his species. A lone doe slipped toward the vast expanse of CRP in the bottom. Sitting in the stand, I could not help but feel like a turtle sucking its head into its shell for protection. Surrounded by multiple deer beds melted into the snow, I looked to the south and saw a doe making her way up the finger ridge. I remained sitting as she seemed to be alone. As she closed to thirty

yards she began looking back. I looked down the bottom and first saw his dark grey legs followed by his chest. Then he came into view as he followed the doe's path to the finger ridge. A quick look at his frame made me decide that I would shoot this buck if given the opportunity. I now had a dilemma. The doe was now walking past at ten yards with the buck trailing by forty yards. I inched my hand up and took my bow off the hook. I could shoot sitting down if needed but I gambled and slithered myself out of the seat and was able to stand up without being detected. The buck closed to twenty yards, quartering toward me. I looked back and forth to make sure the doe would not catch my wind as she moved up the ridge. He was fixated on the doe as he came around a blowdown, the rising sun glistening off his tines at twenty yards. I tried my best to curb my emotion and not look at his antlers. A quote from my dad raced through my mind. "Son, you can look at those antlers all you want. Just focus on making the shot." A swift glance at the doe had me recall a story Barry Wensel told me about a similar situation



he had and it reminded me to not get greedy as I thought I could have him at ten yards. I burnt a hole just above his elbow and started to draw. Just before I reached anchor he started walking again. I eased the string back down and peeked at the doe. I was still in the clear but not for long. He stopped again after only about four steps and saw that two twigs bracketed his chest. One was on his belly line and the other at his back. The mental game now came into play as I told myself, I can make this shot, just focus on his chest. I again focused on his chest, drew, anchored and the arrow was gone. The arrow flew true and took him tight behind the shoulder. I hung up my bow and pulled out my binoculars as he paused wide legged and faltered. He dropped within eyesight and I flopped down within the seat. Had this just happened, I asked myself? I took some time to savor the moment before climbing down. I found my arrow stuck in the leaves looking like someone had dipped it in Pepto Bismol as all the blood was frozen. I followed the bloodtrail and saw the buck laying on his side. I approached the deer and sat down next to him to take in the rising sun as it climbed into the sky, casting its light over the snow covered logs and hills.

The rest of the trip I juggled my time between chasing the plentiful turkeys and butchering the meat and preparing it for the trip back home. There were several memorable turkey encounters but none offered me a shot opportunity. I went to Illinois with the expectation of seeing a good number of deer. My time there far exceeded anything I had wished or hoped for. I was fortunate in taking my two largest whitetails and made many memories that will last a lifetime. Thank you, Paul, for a dream come true.

THE FAMOUS HOLE IN THE EAR BUCK

By Duane Krones

The early 90's was a time of change. My best bowhunting partner, had gone through a rough patch as did we all when Grandpa died. Dad went through something I experienced later about the death of a parent that defines your limited life on earth.

I had become interested in a bow making hobby and had some success at it. For Christmas I gave Dad a left-handed recurve bow of my own design and build. I had written the names of all his grandchildren on the riser. Getting that bow sort of turned him around. He became more enthusiastic about the upcoming Iowa deer season and it became a new adventure with a new bow.

Adding to the excitement was the arrival of a particularly large buck in Dad's hunting area. Dad had seen him on a number of occasions, but distance or thick brush prevented any shot opportunities. Dad told me over the phone that this buck had a wide rack. Not sure of the points but a real wall hanger.

It all came together one evening as light faded and Dad heard the sounds of an approaching deer. He had been fighting a recent switch to bi-focal eyewear and he complained about low light vision but here came the moment of truth. The buck was again choosing the thickest patch of brush as it continued on a course that would finally offer a shot.

Dad told me later that things got pretty intense. The thought of finally getting a shot at this monster was overwhelming. Still obscured by brush, Dad didn't know if it was the big buck until it turned its head. He said, "I knew it was him because he turned his head and his rack was moving brush way out beyond his ears." Seconds later Dad managed to send an arrow through a gap in the brush and through the mighty buck. He listened to the flight of the buck crashing off through the brush towards the creek bottom.

It was church night and Dad had to scramble off his stand to make it in time. He would meet up with his buddy, Dave at church and Dave wouldn't want to miss out on this recovery. As Dad sat impatiently through church service, he was feeling thankful and confident.

Finally, Dad and Dave arrived to take up the trail with flashlights. With the brush being so thick, Dave decided to circle ahead to the creek bottom to try to save some time. Dave came upon the fallen buck.

"Stan, I got your buck down by the creek!" Dad was excited to say the least. Then came the famous exchange of words. "Stan... What the hell? Did you shoot him in the head?" Dad said, "Hell no I didn't shoot him in the head!"

Dad made his way down to the creek towards Dave's light. Upon seeing the buck, Dad told me that he and Dave sat down on the dry creek bed and howled with laughter. Somebody had shot an arrow through the ear of a four-point buck. He was still sporting his new 'headgear' when dad had figured him for the monster. The monster buck was safe, and this unlucky buck became forever known as the famous, 'Hole in the Ear buck'.



Stanley Krones and the famous, 'Hole in the Ear Buck'. A Bear Super Razor Head broadhead on a bent camo aluminum shaft sticking through the right ear of this unlucky but forever remembered deer. Rest in Peace Dad.





Ximo von Moosebach-Züzelek

By Tim Antoine

Most of us who have hunted have come to a point when they have had a bad shot on an animal. It is a sickening feeling with some sleepless nights. You begin to doubt your ability right after the shot and you think back and wonder what could of gone wrong in that split second the arrow was released. Some of my close bowhunting friends film their hunts and we have looked back at some amazing footage of arrow placement. Deer duck and wheel at such speed making it impossible to see what really happened. The blood trail can inhibit

your ability to track and find your deer. After I experienced this feeling when it happened to me with the feeling of not knowing, I decided to do something about it.

Many years ago, I read the book, *Tracking Dogs for Finding Wounded Deer* written by John Jeanneney. John's book is an excellent resource for bowhunters and is considered the Bible when it comes to the subject of blood tracking with dogs. The discussion of types of hits is covered from the different anatomy of the deer to what to look for in hair and blood samples. There are several chapters that talk about different breeds such as scent hounds, retrievers and sight hounds.

Since reading it, I wanted to have a teckel to find wounded game. A teckel, or wire-haired dachshund, is the dog that appealed to me due to its smaller size and it can be used as a rabbit dog after the deer season is over. It took me about ten years to convince my wife, Tonya since we are always dog poor. After many years, she agreed to try to get on the waiting list. I remember the several page questionnaire that went over everything from your experience with certain dog breed types to how many dogs you had in the home. It took a few years but eventually our name moved towards the top of the list to get a puppy. The puppy would come from John and Jolanta Jeanenney, living in Berne, NY.

John raised his first litter of puppies in 1963. Each year, he would raise one or two litters and name the puppies by letters of the alphabet. For Example, the puppies in Ximo's litter all started with the letter X. The owners did not choose their puppy but the puppy is chosen for you after it had been trained up to ten weeks of age. It is also required that you spend the day in Berne, NY and go over the training of the puppy which was already started on blood trailing. I started saving funds for my puppy when we got on the list. I also had to buy a plane ticket for him and an airline approved carry-on to fly him back home.

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We brought Ximo home and started him on blood trails. I had been collecting deer parts and blood from friends, a local deer butcher and some fresh road kills in our county. A drop of blood every four or five feet would be laid and let set for a couple of hours. I would then let him work the line and have a deer hide at the end. Sometimes if I had fresh deer heart, I would incorporate it in the track as a treat. As he got older, I would decrease the amount of blood and lengthen the wait time for the track. Soon, the lines would be laid overnight and very little blood was used but I used a set of tracking shoes with deer feet applied. His last track this fall on a doe I arrowed was about sixteen to eighteen hours old and he found the deer within five minutes moving very quickly on lead.

During the last five years, I have learned so much from Ximo about scent, deer movement and critical hits. The track does not require any blood at times, it seems Ximo knows what deer is hit. It is the belief that the stressed deer gives off a different scent when wounded. Another misconception that I had was that Ximo would follow the exact line at a reasonable pace. Rarely does he walk over the blood trail, he usually moves on the downwind side at a good pace and makes half circles when he loses the scent. Oddly enough, we have many deer at our residence and my wife takes Ximo with the other dogs on a walk through the woods almost every day. He never has an interest in live deer. I have seen him chase fox, ground hogs, rabbits and an occasional chipmunk.

I talked to Nathan Yazel at the PBS banquet about his teckel and we found out that these dogs seem to be individuals. I also found out that there is a difference between dogs in the same litter. Ximo is not guarding when he finds a deer, he might chew on the tail or lick the hit site but he never has been aggressive but I am always cautious until I see his reaction.

There are organizations, where legal, in different

states to find wounded deer with the aid of a dog. There is more legislation coming out every year and some states require you to call in the track and have some sort of a permit. United Blood Trackers and Deer Search are two such groups dedicated to finding wounded deer, bear and moose. I limit Ximo's range to our county and tracking mostly for friends since I take so much call for work. He has recovered several deer for us and we have learned always to trust him even when we are doubting the deer's path.

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DOWN FOR THE COUNT

By Gene Wensel

was talking with a friend a few days ago about “the good old days.” So many great memories have accumulated. Sadly, some slip from the crevices of our brains, all but lost. At least that’s the way my bald seventy-five year old mind works.

Over forty years ago, I pulled into a parking area at a public access site in our bow-only area of the Bitterroot River. The only other vehicle was an empty yellow VW Beetle with New Jersey plates. My plan was to check for rut sign along a transitional area pinch point quite a way off the road.

I quietly slipped down into the timber, mostly just looking around. I carried my old fifty-five inch Savage Deathmaster in one hand, a sharp Zwickey broadhead arrow in the other.

I stopped for a minute or so, absorbing a beautiful autumn day. Suddenly, movement to my left turned into a spike buck chasing a doe right past me. Instinctively, I nocked the shaft, pulled up, swung and shot.... something I wouldn't consider doing these days. My arrow hit the buck smack in the side of his head, half way between his right eye and ear butt. The shaft stuck equally out both sides of his head. He went down like a wet rag and never twitched. I stood watching him for a minute or so with no sign of life. It was lights out with a lucky shot... instant death as far as I could tell.

Right about then, I caught movement maybe seventy-five yards or so to my left. Binoculars revealed a guy dressed in a beautifully fringed new buckskin shirt slipping along with his longbow and back quiver. Since seeing other bowhunters was not a common sight in the '70s, I walked over to meet him.

I can't recall his name but he told me he was a student at the University of Montana in Missoula. He immediately expressed frustration with bowhunting, in that he had been in the woods multiple times so far that season, apparently his first, without getting any close encounters nor any shots.

About that time, he asked if I had seen anything. I told him as a matter of fact, I had just shot a buck and hadn't even been up to it yet. His eyes got big. I could see he was green with envy. He couldn't believe how unlucky he was and told me how much he wanted fresh Montana venison. Feeling sorry and a little guilty, I made him an offer. “If you tag that buck, dress him out and help me get him back to the road, I'll give him to you.” He was all in!

We walked less than a hundred yards to the dead deer. When we got maybe twenty feet from the carcass, suddenly with no warning whatsoever, our “dead deer” came to life and started flopping around like a giant fish out of the water. Our “Last of the Mohicans” went into immediate action!

He wore a Howard Hill back quiver stuffed with all white arrow shafts, each decked out with three red feathers, red nocks and green

Bear Razorheads. He started pumping arrow after arrow into that poor flopping buck. I yelled, “Hey! HEY!” several times and finally grabbed his arm, saying, “Hey, he's done....give him a few seconds.” When our deer soon passed away, I counted seven white wooden arrows, almost all broken, sticking from that poor buck. If ever there was the supposed “pin-cushion” deer we hear about, we were looking at one!

I asked the guy to get his deer tag out while I carefully pulled broken arrows, placing them into a pile of what looked like some sort of kindling. He started to calm down, which I appreciated.

I asked him if he had a knife. “Nope.”

I asked him if he had ever field dressed a deer. “Nope.”

I dressed the deer but told him to pay attention, as he might be alone the next time the task presented itself.

I carefully slipped all the kindling arrows back into his quiver and was getting out my drag rope when he made an offer. “Hey... if you carry my bow and quiver, I'll throw this deer over my shoulders and walk it all the way back to the parking lot.” What a guy!

I immediately suggested he take off his beautiful buckskin shirt. He would have nothing of that idea. “Blood will give this thing lots of character.” I don't think he realized how much blood that new fringed pullover would soak up. By the time we got back to the road, he looked like he'd been in a fist fight with a wolverine.

Back at the yellow Bug, he flopped the buck to the ground and offered me a beer from a six pack in the VW trunk. We were drinking our brews when he suddenly said, “Hey...don't say anything. Let me do the talking. Here comes my buddies.”

I had assumed he was alone but up the bank climbed two hippies carrying fishing rods. Both of them had long hair tied back into pony tails. At our feet laid the tagged prize, looking like it had been shot with a Thompson machine gun.

“You got a deer! You actually got a deer!” one of them yelled. Our hero's response was classic....” You should have seen it....running....one shot, right through the heart!” I had to turn away to hide my smile.

Since the trunk of a VW bug sits in front with the motor in the rear, we had to tie the buck to what little roof there was. As all three of them climbed into the Beetle, I started handing in fishing rods, his colorful bouquet of a quiver, followed by his longbow. This gave me my first opportunity to check out his longbow. Low and behold, I discovered it was a Howard Hill bow built by John Schulz. I couldn't help but laugh when I noticed what John had named that bow....”Chingachgook.” Perfect!

I watched the Three Musketeers drive the wrong way home (south rather than north) for maybe two hundred yards before they made a U-turn, passed by waving at me, finally headed north in the right direction. Yup, that guy was for sure the Last of the Mohicans!



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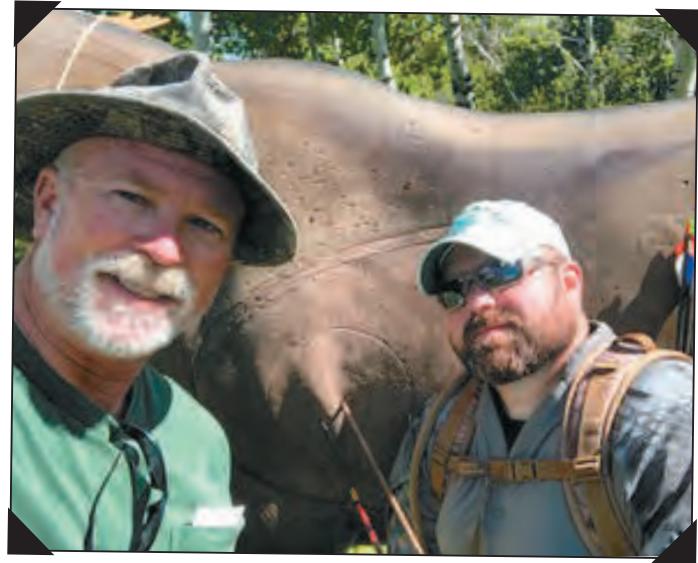
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Greg Szalewski opening morning in Wisconsin with his "Robertski" recurve (Robertson riser and home made limbs), 3Rivers Traditional Only shafts, and Extreme Cut broadhead.



Monty Browning opening morning success. Ten yards with a Magnus "Bullhead" and a Great Northern longbow.



Chasing spring gobblers in GA
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Blacktail™

A large advertisement for Blacktail bows. The top half features the brand name "Blacktail" in a large, serif font, with a stylized arrow graphic pointing upwards from behind the letter "t". Below the name is a green and brown leather bow case with "Blacktail" embossed on it. A longbow with a dark, wood-grain finish and a red and black patterned grip is positioned in front of the case, leaning diagonally. The bottom right corner contains the website "Blacktailbows.com" and the phone number "812.675.0658".

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