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THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE



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On the cover: Kevin Bahr with an Illinois deer.
Photo by Ron Palmer.

THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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On September 8, 1963 the Professional Bowhunters Society was formed in Charleston, WV.

Happy 59th Birthday PBS!

President's Message

by Matt Schuster

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By the time you read this, you will already know that we have four very qualified candidates running for the open offices of President and Vice-President. We are fortunate that these folks have agreed to step up and thanks to all of you. You are the best. If you are qualified to vote, please do – voting is the most vital duty of a Qualified Regular Member. There is also a proposed PBS By-Law change on this ballot. We have had more than a few QRM's rejoin PBS the last few years and that is great, we welcome them all back. Right now, in accordance with Article 111, Section 2C, rejoining Regulars pay a small reapplication fee and immediately gain the full rights of Regular Membership.

Article 111, Section 2 reads as follows:

“Any Regular Member who has let his membership lapse for over one year or longer will be required to pay a reinstatement fee (\$25) which will be in addition to the payment of membership dues for the coming year.”

We would like to make the following change only because Council believes that

someone away for more than five years should rejoin as a QRM but should take a year to get reacquainted with the organization before regaining full rights so the proposed PBS By-Law Change will read:

“Any Regular Member who has let his/her membership lapse for one year or longer will be required to pay a reinstatement fee (\$25.00) which will be in addition to the payment of dues for the coming year. Any Regular Member who has let his/her membership lapse for over five years shall be ineligible to vote, hold office, or sponsor an Associate for Regular Membership for a period of one year from the date of rejoining. This is to give the rejoining member time to refamiliarize their self with the organization before fully participating in the rights given those earning Regular Membership.”

As I finish out my term as President, I find myself looking backward at where PBS has come over the last ten years or so. The focus, and rightly so, has been on two things. First, getting back on a positive financial track and that has happened. Financially, we are doing well but PBS certainly is not all about raising



money. But the truth is, we were in the red for quite some years and are stable and doing very well now. The second priority, which is related to the first, was on growing the membership and making the organization a more positive attractive product for new members. That has gone well, too. Prior administrations made social media, PBS Membership Hunts, and Odd-Year Gatherings a priority and all have worked well in cementing PBS members to our organization. This priority is a constant, and many thanks to those dedicated members who spearhead these events. So, what is next? I would like to see PBS, through the Membership, and state traditional organizations get more involved in evangelizing for our lifestyle outside of preaching to the choir. So next spring when I am no longer in office, I am going to partner with the Traditional Bowhunters of Georgia (the President, Vance Henry, has already commit-

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ted) and set up at some modern archery 3D shoots with a short range and some stickbows and see if we can show folks how much fun, how rewarding, and how successful they can be hunting with a simple stick and string. PBS and TBG banners will be displayed and interested folks will know that they will get

plenty of help if they want to learn to hunt like we do. The goal – to find a formula that can be replicated. It might work, it might not, but when you get as much joy as we get out of what we do, we need to share it.

Good luck on your trips this fall! Hunt safe, shoot straight, and then write us a story

a send a few pictures. Hope to run into you in the woods!

Matt Schuster

Vice President's Message

by Terry Receveur

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As I write this we are in the dog days of summer and it is HOT outside here in central Indiana. However, being the glutton for punishment that I am, I am not content with the ninety degree and 80% humidity days here at home. I am packing the truck and boat and heading to Florida for 99 degree days and 100% humidity... and some fishing, bowfishing, and alligator hunting. Hunting gators has evolved into an annual trip and I think I have now taken or helped friends and family take well over fifty gators and that doesn't include the fun "catch and release" gators. The memories I have of past trips with PBS family and my family are eternal. I wouldn't have any of these memories if it wasn't for PBS. Way back in 2006 my son Tyler saw a show on alligator hunting and decided he wanted to give it a try. I knew nothing about gator hunting but was happy to research and give it a try. I wasn't real comfortable tackling this new adventure alone so I reached out to my good PBS buddy and adventure junkie, Jeff Holchin. His son, Daniel was right in the same age range as my boy, Tyler and the wheels of motion began rolling and as the saying goes, the rest is history. We learned a lot over the years and feel we have it down pretty well now. That certainly doesn't mean everything always goes as planned. We have bent boat trailer axles on gas pump guards and suicidal deer, trashed trolling motors, lost more gear than you can imagine, tore off a boat motor lower unit, been bitten by gators twice, ran out of gas, popped tires on "boat ramps", had snakes drop in the boat, dropped live gators in the boat, been crapped on by egrets,

hunkered under bridges in lightning storms, been knocked out on top of a gator, and the list can go on and on. Yet, it is a trip I look forward to every year because it is so different and exciting and so much fun to share with friends and family. My grandkids are approaching gator gettin' age and I likely only have one more chance to offer a hunt to my PBS family. I will be donating a gator hunt to be auctioned off at the 2024 Biennial Gathering in Lexington, KY. Start saving now as it will likely be the last hunt I donate. Consider what you have to offer up as a donation for Lexington. It's not too early to plan ahead. The photos are of the first gator taken and the last (taken by Home Office guru Harmony and my son Jeff).

PBS is where you meet and make lifelong friends and memories. We are a like minded



bunch and a buddy to share an adventure is never far away.

Aim small and miss small.

Terry Receveur



Council's Report

by Preston Lay
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I hope all is well with you and your families. It's the time of year we are preparing for fall hunting seasons. Pursuit with the bow and arrow has brought us together as a group to form the greatest of bowhunting organizations. Recently, we have had a lot of new members join our ranks and this is great. For us to continue, we must remain assembled with passionate bowhunters to carry the legacy that has been forged from our past membership. Any organization must have a structure to maintain it's integrity and the PBS is no different. We follow the PBS By-Laws to ensure all rules are fair and consistent with the original mission of PBS. I will throw a few details out that might benefit our new members to provide a better understanding of what the PBS is about.

In 1963, a small group of men met and decided to create the Professional Bowhunters Society. PBS has always dealt with some controversy. Some people think we are about bowhunting business since we are partly titled "professional". Not true, we are nothing about archery "business". Some say we are elitist. Not true, however in any group of people there's always one! If you were to attend any PBS event the one consistent take away is how down-to-earth the members are. In fact, we are full of high profile bowhunters that are very nice and approachable and will patiently visit about their hunting lives with anyone.

In the early 1960's target archery was more popular than bowhunting. The game populations were very low in most parts of the country, and PBS was formed to be a *bowhunting* organization apart from the target archers. Remember this was 1963, well before the invention of the compound bow. The PBS is often accused of being against compound bows and was formed because of them. Not true on either account.

The membership is set up on a two-tier system. Regular Membership and Associate Membership. Everyone joins as an Associate Member and receives the same benefits as any other member except for three things - the right to vote in any PBS elections, the right to run for office, and the right to

sponsor another member for Regular Membership. Those three rights are reserved for Regular Members, but Associate Members are equal in every other way. The purpose of this membership structure was to keep a growing membership from gaining control of PBS and changing the direction of the original bowhunting mission to one involving target archery. A member in good standing that has been an Associate for two years can apply for Regular Membership by completing an application found on the website and having a current Regular Member sponsor. The application is then reviewed and voted on by the PBS Council. If the member is approved as a Qualified Regular Member (QRM) they will be notified by the PBS President, and they then have all the rights earned by a QRM.

One of the most important parts of the application process is the sponsor letter. This should be taken seriously, and the sponsor should shepherd the Associate Member through the process. Any QRM in good standing can serve as a sponsor but most will not sponsor someone unless they have actually shared camp with them. A roster is on the website which can help connect you to a QRM in your area and many will go out of their way to get to know you if you show interest. Group hunts and Gatherings are perfect opportunities to meet other members and learn how this process works.

Another sometimes misunderstood requirement as a QRM is the taking of eight big game animals and other small game. This is only to demonstrate a level of experience and has nothing to do



with killing. In most instances a bowhunter who has taken eight big game animals has been committed and has learned to become a good hunter in order to accomplish this. If it was about killing the required number would be higher. Our slogan is "Knowledge Through Experience". The fact is that it is very hard to become experienced without shooting a few successful arrows at game and the vast majority of folks applying for Regular Membership have taken dozens of animals.

I hope this helps our new members understand the PBS membership process. In closing I would like to remind any member if they have questions to reach out to a Council Member or any QRM. Our mission is; "It is the purpose of the Professional Bowhunters Society to be an organization dedicated to the preservation of bowhunting's traditional values" I wish all the best of luck this coming hunting season.

God Bless and shoot straight!

Preston Lay

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Council's Report

by Sean Bleakley
seanbleakley45@gmail.com

As I write this report, we are in the middle of summer and most of us are preparing for the upcoming season. Stands are checked and repaired, gear and equipment are inventoried, broadheads are sharpened and our shooting sessions are getting serious.

Something that comes with summer are events such as the Eastern Traditional Archery Rendezvous (ETAR). ETAR has been the highlight of my summer for some time now and it's an event where the PBS signs up many new members. While at ETAR, I had an interesting conversation with a prospec-

tive member. When I mentioned the PBS to him, he asked three simple questions: how will the PBS benefit me? How does me being a member benefit the PBS? And how does the PBS benefit bowhunting? I thought these were great questions. My response was that his membership would open doors by making connections with other members if he was an active member. He could also participate in PBS Membership Hunts and Gatherings in order to make these connections. I also told him that the PBS promotes the tradition of bowhunting and encourages the mentoring of other bowhunters as well as promoting the



development of woodsmanship skills over the use of technology.

These are questions that we often get regarding what and who we are. I could have given so many different answers and descriptions, but I think the best answer is almost always, "Join and come to an event and find out for yourself!", because that is the best way to find out what we are truly about.

Sean Bleakley

Council's Report

by Bubba Graves
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As I sit here at my desk writing this report, I am longing for shorter days and the cooler weather of the fall. We are currently on our nineteenth consecutive day of triple digit temperatures and our thirty-fourth day above one hundred degree weather for the year here in North Texas.

By the time this makes it to print, many of us will have started our hunting season, while others are in deep anticipation of their season to begin. No matter the game you pursue or where you hunt, remember why you are where you are today. It's not for fame or to beat your chest, it's because you love to pursue game animals with the bow and arrow.

Let's bring back the days when we hunted for the love of it and that no matter the size of the animal it was still a trophy. I see too often, where people will say, "He's not the biggest

buck, but he'll eat good." Or, "I know it's just a doe." Be proud of your accomplishments and the accomplishments of others.

One of my hunting highlights of last season was when I killed a doe in Illinois and was able to share the moment with my friends and PBS brothers Dr. Paul Ladner and Steve Hohensee. Rejoice in your pursuit of one of the purest hunting forms there is and rejoice in being a part of the greatest bowhunting organization in existence.

Take the time to stop and smell the roses. Take the time to get back to your roots. Take the time to reinforce your hunting skills, your woodsmanship and your ability to find and track animals without the need of trail cameras and other electronic devices.

Welcome to all the new members! If you have any question that I can answer about the



PBS, please feel free to contact me. I am your source of questions or concerns and for those members who have been Associate members for several years please consider becoming a Qualified Regular Member.

Finally, I'd like to remind all of us to be more involved in the PBS. Share your stories, mentor a young bowhunter, promote the PBS and recruit new members, attend an Odd Year Gathering and be an example for all to follow. The PBS has a lot to offer and is more than just a magazine. The PBS is its members.

Bubba Graves

Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

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West Virginia's bow season starts in three weeks. The best time of the year is almost here. It is time for serious scouting. Break out the boots, maps or apps, and binoculars! Checking the mast crop situation is vital to success in locating deer, bear, and turkeys here this fall. Location of bedding areas, and where game is going to fields or mast areas is important. Trail cameras can be set now if that is part of your repertoire. Nothing beats boots on the ground though. We thoroughly scout new areas we hunt if we are serious bowhunters. I really like scouting new areas in the winter after bow season is over when all the signs of deer movement, and scrapes and rubs from the fall buck activity are still evident and easily found. You can see how much traffic individual trails received during the season. I scout out where I will set tree stands and ground blinds the next fall.

If we are so serious about scouting for our next hunt, how serious should we be about learning about our next home? We would never make a move in this life without seriously checking everything about where we are thinking of moving to. We would have to find a house or apartment, schools for children if we have them, a job if we are working age, places to shop, mechanics to fix our vehicles, doctors, clinics, hospitals. The list is extensive. For us bowhunters – what and where can we hunt? Sandy and I have moved eleven times since we got married. I made four moves before that. School and work changes have given us a mobile life at times for a total of fifteen moves in my lifetime. I am hoping we are settled in our farm now to stay. One day though we will all make one more great move. What do we know about the new home we will have for eternity?

I have had people ask me how heaven can hold all the redeemed people that will be there, along with all the angels? Let's scout out this place the Bible calls the New Jerusalem.

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

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

10 And he carried me away in the Spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me the great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God,

11 having the glory of God. Her light was like a most precious stone, like a jasper stone, clear as crystal.

12 Also she had a great and high wall with twelve gates, and twelve angels at the gates, and names written on them, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel:

13 three gates on the east, three gates on the north, three gates on the south, and three gates on the west.

14 Now the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and on them were the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

15 And he who talked with me had a gold reed to measure the city, its gates, and its wall. **16** The city is laid out as a square; its length is as great as its breadth. And he measured the city with the reed: twelve thousand furlongs. Its length, breadth, and height are equal.

17 Then he measured its wall: one hundred and forty-four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of an angel.

18 The construction of its wall was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like clear glass.

19 The foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with all kinds of precious stones: the first foundation was jasper, the second sapphire, the third chalcedony, the fourth emerald,

20 the fifth sardonyx, the sixth sardius, the seventh chrysolite, the eighth beryl, the ninth topaz, the tenth chrysoprase, the eleventh jacinth, and

Happy Scouting!

the twelfth amethyst.

21 The twelve gates were twelve pearls: each individual gate was of one pearl. And the street of the city was pure gold, like transparent glass.

This physical description of the place that Jesus has prepared for his people is awesome! I don't think we can fathom just how magnificent heaven will be. Verse sixteen says that the city will be laid out as a square - 12,000 furlongs in length, breadth, and height. OK - how far is that in measurements we understand? It is as far as from my house in West Virginia to the western side of Denver, Colorado! Two good days of driving. Yes - 12,000 furlongs is 1,500 miles. How many people can live in that area? The largest city in America in physical size is not New York City, Los Angeles, or Chicago. Believe it or not, it is Sitka, Alaska which is 4,815 square miles and contains 10,000 people - and by the way is beautiful. It is larger than Rhode Island, Delaware, and Washington, D.C. combined. The New Jerusalem in contrast is 3,375,000,000 cubic miles and can comfortably accommodate one hundred billion people. All the people who have ever lived in all time is estimated to be thirty billion souls. God is not willing that any should perish so heaven is built big enough for everyone to go. Just say hypothetically that all those people that have lived, all thirty billion, have been born again and heaven is or will be their home. Each person would have two hundred square miles of ground space alone. We know that the road to heaven is described as narrow and few find it so in actuality there will be a much bigger area per person. Yes, heaven is more than sufficient! There is room for any person that desires to spend eternity there with Jesus! All they that call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved. Call upon Him today and stake your claim! Your name will be written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Just imagine the scouting trip we will have when we get there.

Revelation 22:1 And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb.

2 In the middle of its street, and on either side of the river, was the tree of life, which bore twelve fruits, each tree yielding its fruit every month. The leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

3 And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him.

4 They shall see His face, and His name shall be on their foreheads.

5 There shall be no night there: They need no lamp nor light of the sun, for the Lord God gives them light. And they shall reign forever and ever.

6 Then he said to me, "These words are faithful and true." And the Lord God of the holy prophets sent His angel to show His servants the things which must shortly take place.

7 "Behold, I am coming quickly! Blessed is he who keeps the words of the prophecy of this book."

Imagine the scouting opportunities we will have just inside the city! A river and trees right there around the throne. What does the rest of heaven have? The same Lord who created the Garden of Eden has had 2,000 years to build and create a paradise. What will the rest of the New Earth outside New Jerusalem contain? I know my PBS brothers and sisters are like me. I want to know what is over the next ridge. It will be wonderful.

He is knocking on the door of your heart. Invite the King of Kings and Lord of Lords in. He has prepared a place for you. Jesus said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." There is one being reserved for you. Today is the day of salvation. Let's have a PBS Gathering at the Banquet Hall on the Golden Avenue. Let's determine to all be there!

Happy Scouting!



2022-2023 PBS Membership Hunts

Here is a current list of the planned 2022-2023 Membership Hunts:

1 October 2022

Land-Between-The-Lakes (LBL) Kentucky

Land-between-the-lakes (LBL) hunt on the KY side from October 1-9 for whitetail deer and turkey. Thousands of acres of prime country to hunt. There are cabins for rent but also tent camping available, and unbelievable cooking! Contact Mark Wang at markhw19@yahoo.com if interested - pretty high capacity and the cabins are full already.

2 October 2022

Northern Pennsylvania Deer Hunt

Northern PA deer hunt with Tim Denial and the Mercer County Bowbenders - come experience the hardwoods of PA with Tim Denial and friends in mid-late October. Stay at a nice campground with showers and hunt thousands of acres with Tim. Contact Tim Denial at zebdenial@gmail.com if interested.

3 October 2022

Arkansas Ozark Hunt

Colby Farquhar is planning on grabbing a non-resident license for Arkansas this fall, and spending a few days hunting deer/bear in the Ozark National Forest near Fort Smith, AR. This will be a new area for him, so it may be a complete bust. But he wanted to put the invite out there if any other PBS members were interested in joining him for an exploratory hunt and some comradie around a campfire, sometime in the first ten days or so of October? You can stay and hunt as long as you want to, and there is a ton of public ground in the state. A five day non-resident license is good for deer, and is \$180, a non-resident annual runs through June 30, is good for deer/bear/spring turkey, etc and is \$350. Contact ok_caveman@yahoo.com if interested.

4 October 2022

Blue Ridge, Virginia Hunt

Blue Ridge VA hunt for whitetail deer, turkey and black bear - usually runs for a week towards the end of October. Many thousands of acres of hardwood ridges to hunt, it helps to be in decent shape for this hunt. Randy Brookshier hosts this annual hunt and does all the cooking, which is awesome and not for those on a diet; contact Randy at stykbow59@comcast.net if interested. Size limit is usually around ten hunters.

5 December 2022

Blackbeard Island, Georgia Hunt

Blackbeard Island GA hunt for deer and hogs - this is the nation's oldest organized archery hunt on an island with ancient oaks, Spanish moss, giant rattlesnakes, big gators and lots of history. The deer are tiny but still fun to hunt, there were plenty of hogs for the 2021 hunt and the weather is usually pleasant. This hunt is usually the first full weekend in December (arrive and scout on Wednesday, hunt Thursday-Saturday, and depart on Sunday), there is no limit on the number of hunters who can join this hunt, and our own Jerry Russell will use his boat to shuttle hunters to/from the island. Contact Matt Schuster at matt@easterndynamicsinc.com to sign up.

6 January 2023

Arizona Javelina Hunt

Arizona javelina, mule deer and Coues deer from January 1, 2023 until about January 10th or 12th or 14th or whenever folks decide to head home. Rick guarantees warm clear sunny weather... and great food! Contact Rick Wildermuth at Rwildermuth2@cox.net if interested. Another classic Membership hunt.

More possible dates to come. Visit www.professionalbowhunters.org and click on the Member Hunts tab for an up-to-date list.

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.



By Jeff Hall

“I should not have gotten greedy! “I was mentally kicking myself in the rear for not taking the opportunity given me minutes before. Now I was watching as not one, but two bucks walked farther and farther out of range of my longbow. The lead buck was an excellent eight-point, and I should have shot him when given the opportunity. As I was beginning to put tension on the bowstring in anticipation of the shot, the deer had picked his head up and started looking downhill in the direction from which he had come. Taking note of the deer’s focus change, I also looked to the east and immediately noticed the tall tines and heavy beams of an approaching buck’s antlers. Debating what to do next, I battled with myself as a bigger than average Arkansas whitetail stood twelve yards away. Knowing that opportunities at good bucks do not appear often, I knew I needed to shoot the deer standing within range. The deer was in a broadside position, with all his attention focused on his approaching buddy. But, anticipating the larger buck’s approach, I decided to see if the bigger buck would give me a chance to slide an arrow into his ribcage. The second deer wore a rack spanning nearly twenty inches and had heavy bases. He, too, carried an eight-point rack but the bone on his head was indicative of an older age class deer. He was walking steadily in my direction and already within forty yards. The first buck was calm, and the small piece of sewing thread tied to my broadhead confirmed that the mountain thermals were at least temporarily in my favor. Fully expecting the second buck to approach and join his partner for a late morning white oak acorn snack, I relaxed tension on the string and awaited the much larger buck’s approach.

“A bird in the hand,” as the saying begins, can be applied to many different things in bowhunting, and this event was no exception. As the heavy antlered buck approached, the deer began to turn slightly uphill instead of paralleling the ridgeline as I had anticipated. As the deer continued his approach, I realized my error in not shooting the smaller deer as the route of the larger buck was going to take him just outside my comfortable shooting range.

I am not a very good shot! Though I shoot my bow a tremendous amount each summer, I often pass shots at deer just because they do not feel right or are at longer ranges than what I feel comfortable shooting.

After forty years of bowhunting, I have gotten pickier about which opportunities I take. When the buck passed by at slightly more than twenty yards, the little bowhunter that lives deep inside me was arguing against me shooting, so I restrained myself and watched him walk up the hill. Returning my attention to the first buck, I found he was still within my comfortable range, but his body position had shifted, and he was no longer at a proper angle for shooting. Within seconds he too turned, following the larger deer, never giving me a good, ethical shot.

Quartering into the wind, the two bucks stopped at the break of the hill as the bigger buck began rubbing a hickory sapling. After demolishing the tree, he pawed out a scrape, urinated on the freshly exposed soil, and continued out of sight. The smaller buck quickly followed suit. I leaned deeper into my tree saddle and contemplated my mistake in not shooting the first deer. Though disappointed in not getting a shot at the bucks, I was not upset. After all, I had enjoyed a couple of great days bowhunting. I smiled to myself and remembered how lucky I was. Knowing that I already had a blood trail to follow from the doe I had shot from the same tree the evening before, I was thankful and appreciative of my opportunities.

The big doe had come in from my right just at last light. The deer’s approaching steps in the dry leaves had alerted me of her presence just before she passed at eight yards. Only having a few seconds to react, I grabbed my bow from its hanger, quickly sending an aluminum shaft toward the deer’s lungs. Though not positive, I felt the arrow had entered the deer in a good location, but possibly a little farther back than I intended. Immediately after the shot, the deer ran about thirty yards, stopped, and stood for ten seconds before disappearing over the ridge. I could not see her departure but could keep up with her movement by listening to her escape in the dry leaves. I thought I heard her fall a few seconds later, but I was unsure due to the brisk wind blowing through the timber. Knowing the falling temperatures would approach freezing at night, I descended the tree and eased out of the area. Upon meeting my dad at the truck, I explained the afternoon’s events telling him how I planned to return the following morning before daylight, hunt for a few hours, then attempt to recover the doe. My encounter with bucks ensued the next day.

After contemplating my decision earlier in the morning, I decided it was time to find my doe. Knowing Dad would soon be joining me

for the blood trailing, I began gathering my gear and prepared to locate my deer. Preparing for my descent, I remembered how lucky I was that I was bowhunting in Arkansas once again.

The morning's events had taken place on national forest land in north-west Arkansas, my home state. Over the years, I have enjoyed many such days while hunting the public grounds available to anyone willing to discover all that Arkansas offers. We Arkansans are very fortunate to roam millions of acres of public land with a tremendous diversity of habitats filled with various wildlife. Arkansas is home to some of the steepest and most rugged ridges found east of the Rockies and west of the Smokies. In addition, the state has thousands of acres of swampy, water-filled habitat and millions of acres of low rolling hills covered in pine forests and clear-cuts.

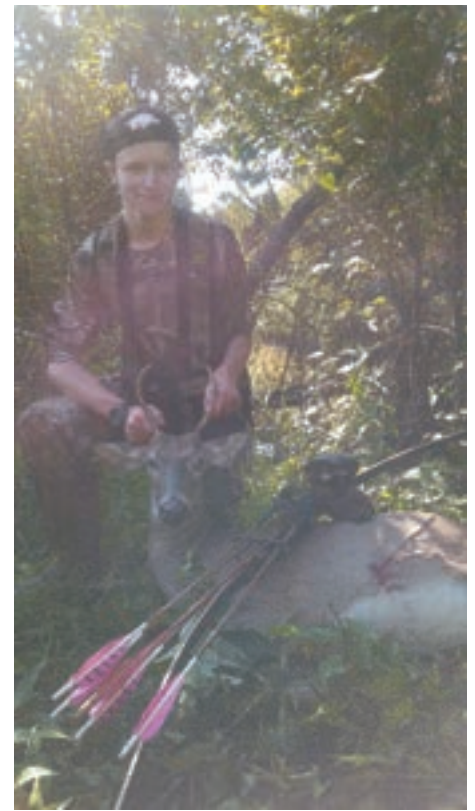
One public area, the Ozark National Forest, is more than 1.2 million acres. Located primarily in the north-west and the north-central portion of Arkansas, this forest contains about any upland habitat a bowhunter could request. Steep hills covered in hardwood and pine timber provide a perfect home for whitetail deer, eastern wild turkey, and black bears. The area, particularly the Buffalo National River corridor, is also home to approximately 650 elk. The Ozarks also house a large population of wild hogs. Additionally, the area has abundant small game such as squirrels, raccoons, and other huntable wildlife.

Straddling the Arkansas-Oklahoma border, the Ouachita National Forest contains nearly two million acres, and it too has multiple hunting opportunities. Though not quite as rugged as the Ozarks, the Ouachitas still include some very steep country. Except for elk, all the hunting associated with the Ozarks can also be found in the Ouachitas. Both national forests also allow for a variety of other recreational adventures. These include fishing, hiking, sightseeing, and many other outdoor pursuits.

Contained within the boundaries of these national forests are several wilderness areas. With vehicular traffic prohibited inside wilderness boundaries, and access only by foot or horseback, these spots tend to get far fewer bowhunters than the rest of the forest, especially if a hunter is willing to hike in a day's hike or more. The Ozark Highlands and Ouachita Trails provide access to several walk-in-only areas. Camping is allowed almost everywhere on national forest land. However, there are some restrictions concerning where and when you can camp—primitive and developed campsites are scattered throughout other areas of the forests.

In addition to federal lands, Arkansas also has a substantial acreage of state-owned lands. The Arkansas Game and Fish Commission owns and manages several hundred thousand acres of publicly accessible properties in The Natural State. In addition, the AGFC also leases several thousand more acres, mostly from private timber companies, which are also available for public use. Though some require additional permits, most of these areas can be hunted by anyone possessing a valid Arkansas hunting license.

Arkansas is also home to several U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service refuges. The largest is the famous White River Refuge, located in our state's eastern or delta portion. This refuge comprises over 160,000 acres of bottomland filled with miles of meandering sloughs, wet-



lands, and pin oak-filled humps and hammocks. Known primarily for its waterfowl hunting, the eastern portion of Arkansas and areas such as White River Refuge produce a few giant deer each year. The swamps these deer call home provide a place of escape, yet are near abundant row crop fields, which provide a protein-rich food source for the large-bodied deer that inhabit the area. Leg work is an asset when hunting these areas, but a small boat and motor is often a better travel mode. Other NWRs such as Felsenthal and Trusten Holder also contain good numbers of leery deer.

As the preceding paragraphs indicate, finding public hunting and fishing lands is not an issue in what was previously known as The Bear State. However, like many other public hunting areas across America, some lands are somewhat crowded. The bowhunter willing to work hard to access more remote areas will often find better hunting opportunities, though good hunting can sometimes exist a short walk from available parking areas.

Most national forest lands in Arkansas have higher-than-average off-road vehicle usage. Sites located near population centers are often overrun with UTV and ATV enthusiasts. FORTUNATELY, the USFS has seen fit to limit ATV access in some areas and completely denies it in others. I would love to see more areas closed to vehicle access, but I will take what I can get for the time being. Except for some handicapped-accessible areas, ATV usage is generally limited or banned on state-owned lands. Each management area will have its own set of regulations.

Arkansas has a long archery season, with opening day generally falling on the last Saturday of September with hunting continuing until the last day of February. Arkansas bowhunters enjoy a very long season, though several gun hunts overlap bow season. A bowhunter can pursue game during the gun season but must obey hunter orange laws during any open firearms season. We Arkansans also share our bow season with many crossbow hunters who, just like us, get to hunt for more than five months. Baiting deer is legal here, so long as the baiting is done on private property. A recent poll by the AGFC showed that more than ninety percent of Arkansans hunt deer over bait. I am not one of those people and never will be, but

~ continued on page 10 ~

baiting is a popular method of hunting in The Natural State.

Arkansas's seasonal bag limits are liberal, with several areas allowing for the harvest of up to six deer, only two of which can be antlered bucks. Most of Arkansas has been under a three-point rule for several years, with specific areas set aside as trophy deer management areas. These areas have even more strict regulations, requiring a hunter to kill and check a doe before taking a buck. Some also have more stringent antler requirements as well.

Chronic wasting disease was found in Arkansas a few years back. Rules governing the harvest and transport of deer are constantly changing as more and more confirmed disease cases are found. Check the AGFC rules pamphlet before hunting or fishing here, as regulations vary significantly from area to area.

Just a few years back, turkey hunting here was excellent. Recently our turkey numbers have declined, with hunter success rates falling off drastically. This decline led to a shortening of the spring season and total elimination of fall turkey hunting. Although birds can still be found and hunted, it has become a chore for most Arkansas hunters to harvest a turkey. Hunters wanting the challenge will find the Ozark and Ouachita mountains terrain provides lung-busting climbs as people work to get in front of a gobbling bird. A bowhunter willing to tackle such an endeavor will have their work cut out.

Arkansas elk can also be hunted, though nonresident tags are hard to acquire. A drawing is held on the courthouse square in the town of Jasper each year, where a few lucky hunters' names are drawn from a squirrel cage filled with applicant information. Over-the-counter tags can also be purchased for quota-restricted private land elk hunts within areas designated as the Arkansas Elk Management zone. Due to the elk's conflicts with private landowners, the AGFC does not want the elk to expand beyond this zone, which is composed of five counties. Additionally, elk have been partially blamed for the spread of CWD and hunting opportunities for elk have been expanded to prevent this devastating disease from further affecting our deer herd. Any elk found outside the elk management zone can be legally harvested during open deer seasons. Opportunities to harvest a wandering elk can sometimes be had in outlying areas.

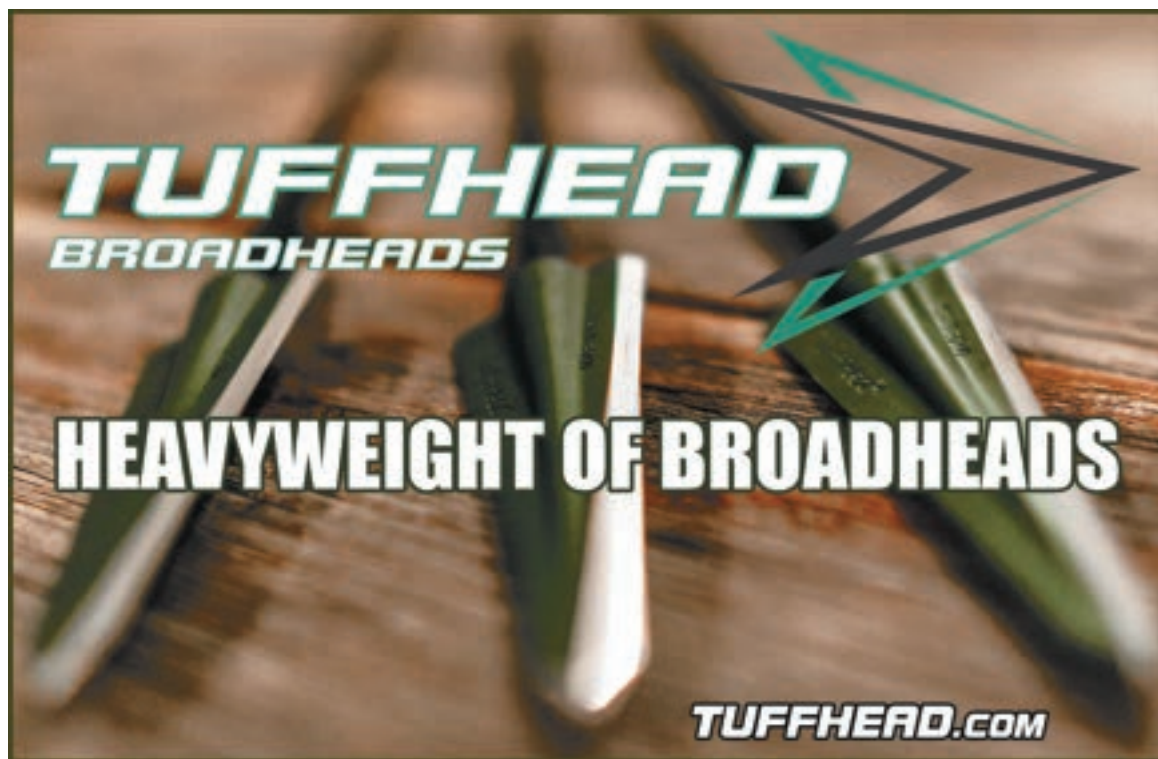
Arkansas is home to an ever-increasing population of feral hogs. These hogs are considered a nongame species and can be taken on public land during open deer seasons. However, they can be hunted year-round on private land, so long as landowner permission is obtained. There is no seasonal bag limit in either case.

Black bears live in numerous parts of the state, and a long season exists for the species. Only fall hunting is allowed, with baiting being a legal hunting method on private land. Public land hunters are restricted to more traditional hunting methods, with most public land bear hunters taking a bear coincidental to deer hunting. The seasonal bag limit is one per year, and most bear zones have a quota that, when met, will cause a closure of the season. Hunters must check a bear either online or by phone, and bear hunters should call the

AGFC bear information hotline each day to ensure the season remains open in their respective zone. Each year, some giant bears are taken here, with the state record archery kill weighing over 600 lbs.

Arkansas is known for its waterfowl hunting. Any waterfowler worth their waders has probably heard of the Mississippi flyway waterfowl hunting found in eastern Arkansas. A bowhunter interested in combining passions can enjoy a combo hunt, as our deer and waterfowl seasons overlap. An annual nonresident, all-game hunting license costs \$350.00. When purchased with state and federal waterfowl stamps, a hunter can chase both species as well as small game. Someone interested in a shorter, cheaper hunt can buy a five-day permit for \$180.00. Fishing licenses can also be purchased for reasonable fees, with Arkansas having some excellent crappie, bass, catfish, along with world-renowned trout fishing available within its borders. Combining a spring turkey hunt with a float trip for smallmouth bass would be easy. Some people camp on one of the abundant sand or gravel bars found on the meandering rivers or streams of the Ozarks.

Quickly gathering my gear at the base of the tree, I made my way uphill toward the saddle where I had dropped Dad off before daylight earlier that morning. Following a short discussion of our morning's activities, we made our way back to my stand tree, quickly recovering the arrow I had released the night before. Finding it only a few yards from where the doe stood at my shot, the arrow confirmed my suspicions and was covered in very bubbly dried blood. I would love to say that it was an easy recovery and that we found the deer with little effort, but that would be a lie. Instead, I will admit that after a very exhausting and tedious two-hour pin drop by pin drop blood trail, we did recover the slick, fat deer about a hundred yards away from where I had shot her. The arrow placement was even better than I previously thought, but evidently, she was stretched forward further than I assumed. The deer's position led to her skin sliding back over the top of the entry and exit holes, preventing blood from leaving her body cavity. However, the big three-blade broadhead did its job, and she had fallen running. Dad and I both celebrated as we proceeded with getting the deer gutted and drug off the mountain. Arriving at our waiting truck several hours later, we began the ride home, relishing the great opportunity as bowhunters in Arkansas.

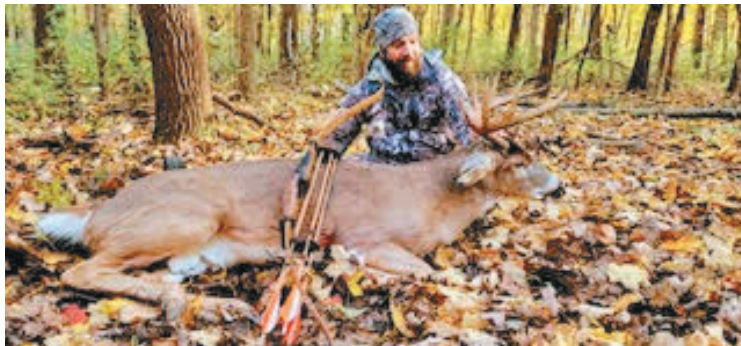


Sweet November! Never Give Up!

By Eric Osborn

This past fall I had one deer on my mind and stuck with him until the opportunity presented itself!

My obsession started with the eleven-point last summer, even though I did know of him from the previous year. Over the summer I took over a hundred camera pictures of him and figured out that he was a local who was not traveling all that far. Early in the season I saw him several times, however; the winds would never allow me to hunt a couple stands that would put me in close to his bedroom. For most of the early fall, I continued to observe from across the field and try to understand how he was entering and leaving the field. I did have a crazy encounter with him one



night when I was leaving the woods - he happened to be in the field and on my way out he walked across to me and was within fifteen yards and I could only see him through my binos and could just make out his silhouette in the moonlight! The following week, we had a cold front roll in, and I knew I was going to have my chance to get in close and try it! I got in the stand early and was reading a book when I noticed a small doe heading down the hill right to me. This tiny doe usually traveled with a spike and the eleven-point. Following the small doe came the spike and just as the perfect script was unfolding, here he came! The doe ended up taking the trail ten yards behind my stand while the other two stayed along the hill side. He stood at twenty-eight yards, and I never had the right shot. As he walked by, I knew that would not be the only time we would meet!

Halloween weekend came, and I was headed in to hang a stand to hunt that evening and he was bedded up about forty yards from where I was, and I bumped him. Luckily, I had my decoy with me, and he never really made me out and walked off, and never blew or snorted. I did not see him that night or for the next couple of days. I really thought I had just educated him and possibly messed up my chances at him.

November 4th I was hunting in the evening and right at last light I had three bucks chasing does all around my stand, and the eleven-point had a doe pinned down by my stand and I couldn't leave, I was sitting in my stand almost an hour after dark waiting for them to move off so I wouldn't spook them. After I got home, I told my wife I was going to use my last sick day and kill him in the morning! She chuckled at me, because she heard me say tomorrow is the day multiple other times!

I got to my stand super early because I wanted to take my time getting in as quietly as possible and if I did bump deer, they would have time to settle down, especially since I was close to their bedding area. On my way in, I constantly checked my wind and watched each step! After getting settled in my stand, I sat back and said a prayer, and started reflecting on past hunts with my grandpa (who passed away in 2007).

The sun was starting to come up and the squirrels were super ac-

tive and had me on edge. Just after first light, I heard a buck grunting and chasing a doe, and she came right under my stand! Following right behind her was a big buck that I had never seen, he was under fifteen yards, mouth gaping open and trying to catch his breath. Hoping she would continue past my tree, he growled at her, tilted his head back to come through the brush, and she took off back through the thick stuff. He never gave me a shot. I was so disappointed, I even sent my dad a text saying, "I'm so over this being so close, and NOT getting a shot! Had a 150 inch deer under my stand and again NO SHOT!" That deer was bigger than the one I had set my heart on! As they went off over the hill, I sat back down trying to get myself under control. That morning I had also brought some hot tea in my grandpa's old Thermos - this Thermos has been on more hunts than I



could ever imagine and has become a way to bring my grandpa along with me. As I reached to grab for the Thermos, I heard another grunt, so I slid it back into my pack and grabbed my bow. Another small doe came plowing past me followed by a spike. I just thought that big one was going to come back, yet it was just a spike!

As I was watching the spike dog the doe down the old logging road, I caught movement back over my shoulder and I knew who it was at first glance. The eleven-point was walking right to me! At seventeen yards, he stopped at a scrape and the rest was a blur! I picked a spot, prayed, and let it go! As he was running off, I was in disbelief that it had just happened, and then I saw his back end hit a tree and he flipped over at sixty yards! After a dozen encounters with him throughout the season, twice under twenty-eight yards, it finally happened! Patience paid off and was well worth the wait!

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Playing in the Woods



By Jesse Johnson

I do not consider myself a traditional bowhunter, just a bowhunter... I do not consider myself a fly fisherman, simply a fisherman. Nor do I consider myself an outdoor survivalist, just an aspiring woodsman and a kid at heart...

However, once or twice a year, I like to take a few days off, hang up my frame pack, stow away my Coleman stove, lean my fishing rod up in the corner and leave my sleeping bag rolled up. For this weekend, I will only take the essentials...

- 1) Self bow
- 2) Knife
- 3) Handful of cordage
- 4) Fire kit
- 5) Tarp
- 6) 1 Serving of water, flour and wild game jerky

All will be rolled up in a wool blanket thrown over my shoulder.

Ever since I was a child, I have been fascinated with this type of activity. My dad even played along with me and challenged me to not eat anything but what I could kill or catch around the house for as long as I could... That challenge was met with a lot of fire-roasted tweety birds, squirrels and rabbits that were overcooked and tough as leather and even a harsh lesson on eating sour green persimmons.

I even dragged a few buddies into it with me. They would often bail on me around midnight, when we were sleeping under the stars and strange noises would occur and buzzing mosquitoes would eat us alive. Literally alive! I grew up in south Louisiana. Lots of strange noises and mosquitoes abound.

Back on topic - on this specific trip I will select a piece of public land that allows dispersed camping and start walking with no destination in mind. While exploring for miles I hope to stumble upon small game to kill for dinner or even a wild hog, and do, only to miss at seventeen yards - ugh!

As the sun sets, I select a camp near a creek where I can gather and boil water for the weekend. A nearby downed tree supplies firewood. The view is nice too. I carve stakes from sticks and pitch the tarp in a basic A frame configuration - simple and effective. I gather firewood and make a sad attempt at starting a fire with a bow drill. I'm still working on that skill and can get a coal only about half the time. But a ferro rod and processed cedar bark never fails. I'm thankful for a grandfather that taught me how to make a bird's nest of processed, highly flammable materials such as cedar bark, coontail or differing mosses, then gather tinder, kindling and primary fuel to create fire with a simple spark.

If I was not lucky enough to kill dinner on the hike in, then ash cakes are formed, and my stash of jerky is nibbled on. Ash cakes are simply a scoop of flour mixed slowly with water and a pinch of salt

or sugar until the right consistency is reached. Then simply set into hot coals and allowed to rise like bread. Sometimes I'll bring a scrap cut of venison for a proper meal and cook it in direct heat on skewers. However, most of the time it's only jerky and flour. Discomfort, hunger and struggle is desired on this trip... It's peaceful. I haven't seen another human all day. I'm alone, relaxed, and happy. In the morning, I'll gather local edibles, perhaps catch a few fish on a handline, a hook, and some unearthed grubs.

For entertainment, glass bottles are collected throughout the hike, and I'll attempt to knap them. While doing so I can't help but think about who might have done the same hundreds of years ago, possibly on this very land... What I look forward to the most is exploring with my self-bow during this adventure. I do not build bows often, but I have built a handful from raw Osage staves. They perform well but I have not started hunting with them consistently yet. Throughout the trip, my phone is off and there are no distractions. I'm not concerned with finding mature buck bedding locations, locating a turkey's roost tree, a trophy fishing hole or a world record boar. At this moment, I'm simply a hunter and a gatherer. The scurry of a squirrel, the tug of panfish on a sapling pole, or the sound of pecans falling excites me! Because in my mind, it means I could have possibly survived another day. It gives me a reminder of what being a hunter used to mean.

The trip quickly ends and I'm back in my fancy pickup truck, air conditioning blowing on my face, easing through a fast-food joint on my way home to my brick and mortar "shelter".

I do love the convenience of modern times, the gadgets and gizmos of society, big bucks, and nice boots... but I challenge each one of you to try this out. Be a kid again! It will bring you back to simpler times, put you in sync with nature and end up being a trip you look forward to every year. Who knows, primitive skills may become your new passion. It's not my passion, but I do respect it. Fellow PBS member, Clay Hayes and his accomplishments on the TV show "Alone" blow me away. I'm tired, hungry, and ready to go home after only a couple of silly days! I can't imagine what he went through. Side note – pick up his new book! Excellent read.

In a few months, I'll be bundled up in my layered clothing system, seventeen feet up in my mobile hunting stand, with my laminated bow or even my compound swinging from the tree. I'll have high hopes of a big buck walking by, but I may just draw back and try to bag a squirrel simply because playing in the woods is still fun! Catching any fish still brings a smile to my face and exploring the outdoors never gets old.

Why do I encourage people to join PBS? Because PBS is full of weirdos like me that still enjoy playing in the woods...





A Gift from the Lonesome Gods

By Colby Farquhar

As a young man, I was a very avid reader. My favorite novel, though, was *The Lonesome Gods*, by Louis L'Amour. One take away from that story is that the natives would build cairns as an offering to those "lonesome gods". Now, when I am in wild country, I occasionally find myself placing a single small rock on top of another, my offering for those lonesome gods of wild places.

Bubba Graves was kind enough to invite me to hunt hogs and javelina in the Davis mountains with him and four other PBS members including Mike Haynes, Duane Krones, Mike Coss, and John Bochenek. I immediately took him up on the offer.

I had been on this hunt before and was eager to see some new country. I decided on a new location about two miles and a thousand feet higher in elevation from our base camp. On the first full day of hunting, Mike and I took off, deciding to hike together toward the location. After a couple



of lost trail moments, and a lot of sweat, we made it to the top where we found a small stock pond. We relaxed for a few minutes before going our separate ways. Mike had a particular vista in mind to check out, and I had more miles to cover. I made a large loop, following a trail up into a big saddle. Here I took a moment and as I sat gazing at the grandeur in front of me, I felt the urge to place one rock atop another, as an offering to those lonesome gods.

My hunt that evening was uneventful, but I was fine with that. Just being in this place, was worth far more than the price of admission. I

headed back to camp with plans to load my gear for an overnight spike to the same general area as the day before.

The climb was a lot harder the second time around with the added weight in my pack and already tired legs, but I made it. I decided to rest for a bit at the pond at the top before I took off for where I would call home that night. After about an hour of laying in the sun, I sat up and reached to gather my gear. My eye caught some movement and, about a hundred yards away, I saw javelina trotting my direction!



There were seven javelina in total, just trotting down to the pond for their mid-day drink. It was neat to watch them approach the water, line up and drink. I readied myself for a shot when they headed my direction and when the largest of the group presented a shot, I took it. The squadron ran off, but I saw where the one I had shot went and I stalked that direction. A quick finishing shot was needed and quickly delivered.

I remembered the javelina call that I had and decided to blow it and brought two of the squadron back. The closest came in at about eight yards, but no shot opportunities presented. Still, what an experience!

Call it luck if you will, I choose to think it was a gift from those lonesome gods. I want to thank PBS for making this possible, not only the hunt, but also for the friendships I've made. A big thanks to Bubba for allowing me to accompany him again on this awesome hunt.

Welcome new members to the PBS family!

JUNE

Tim Chase - Chuckey, TN
Dan Keleher - Somersworth, NH
Nicholas Adornati - East Brunswick, NJ
Michael Distelrath II - China, MI
Bradley Lamont - Darlington, WI
Michael Voss - Spokane, WA
Chad Cook - TX
Graham Anderson - Michigantown, IN
John Gardner - Durango, CO
Richard Nichols - Romeoville, IL
Austin Motte - Holt, MI
Ron Lewis - Willard, OH
Frederick Thack - Avon Lake, OH
Melvin Byler - Annapolis, IL
Sam Thacker - Hendersonville, TN
Mark Morrison - Clarkesville, GA
Anne Lane - Stone Mountain, GA
Justin Graham - Mooresville, NC
Larry Fischer III - Kittrell, NC
Robert Radford - Stedman, NC
Linda Graham - Mount Pleasant, NC
William Holtz - Stockton, IA

JULY

Aaron Yoder - Fredericksburg, OH
Reggie Davidson - Eddyville, KY
Peter Cutul - Fort Montgomery, NY
Brant Farmery - Freeport, OH
Keith Montgomery, Jr. - Yulee, FL
Richard Dodson - Corpus Christi, TX
Steven Burch - Poplar Bluff, MO
Al Chapman - Marietta, GA
Vincent Matarrese - Waukesha, WI
Hunter Foley - Ridgeway, IA
Paul Conner - Hollidaysburg, PA
Max Kincade - San Antonio, TX
Jacob Silvey - Rosston, AR
Michael Wengerd - Navarre, OH
Ulysses Rosario - Sparta, NJ
Tedd Druck - Seven Valleys, PA
Shawn Barron - Tiffin, OH
Joshua Kaenel - Montello, WI
Michael Matis - Spring Mills, PA
Jody Hugill - State College, PA
Russell Byham - Siegertown, PA

JULY cont.

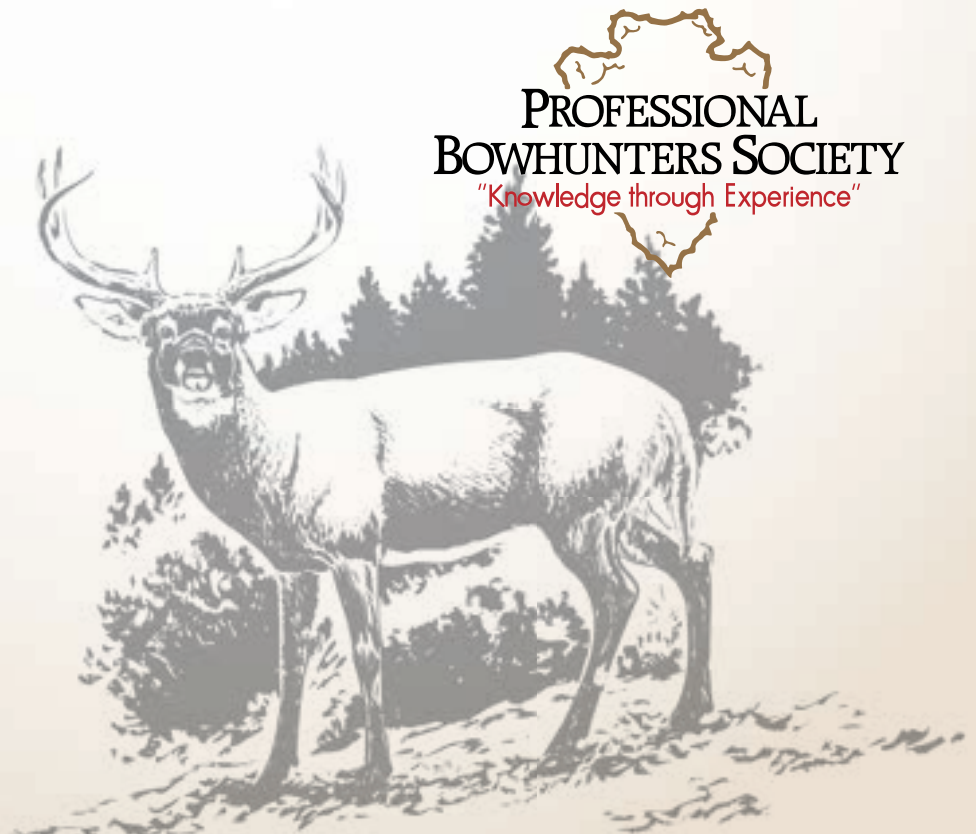
Ed Arden - Mannsville, NY
Ervin Byler - Atlantic, PA
Kurt Bennett - Smethpost, PA
Mark Hockenberny - Meadville, PA
Kyle Stokes - Annville, PA
Brian Cuomo - Schenectady, NY
Ben Yarian - Volant, PA
Derek Woods - Marion Center, PA
Erik Cymra - Newfield, NY
John Simon - Dalton, PA
Glenn Johnson - Glen Burnie, MD
Chad Stryca - Robinson, PA
Stephen Helstowski - Schenectady, NY
Jeff Vinson - Lafayette, NY
Alex Magyar - Jamesville, NY
Joseph Yoder - Atlantic, PA
Ed Schlimme - Morgantown, PA
Evan Metcalf - Kamiah, ID
Dan Aitchison - Cross River, NY
Gary Hope - Snegertown, PA
Joseph Daniel Baxter - Chillicothe, OH
Ronald S Peters - Paradise, PA
Bruce J. Gray - Saline, MI

JULY cont.

Samuel Barrett - Shelocta, PA
Harvey Weaver - Atlantic, PA
Shane Dirisio - Phelps, NY
Jerry Aguirre - Trinidad, CO

AUGUST

Leroy Keim - Applecreek, OH
Michael O'Connor - Watertown, CT
Justin Crabtree - Jacksboro, TN
Jeff Ladsten - Rochester, MN
Max Turczyn - Ontario, CANADA
Jared Chambers - Nicholson, GA
Donald Richard Howser - Stephenson, VA
John Nicholas - Harrisburg, PA
Jeff Ellis - Bedford, IN
Mark Harrison - Inglis, FL
Carl Preston Brickey IV - Bluff City, TN
Evan Lavanish - Sharpsville, PA
Mark Shortridge - De Queen, AR
George Galan - Miami, FL
Joshua Friend - Royal Oak, MI
Scott Crippen - Fort Pierce, FL
Chaz Aguilar - New Orleans, LA



- Candidate Profiles for President -

Hello to my PBS family, this is Steve Hohensee, and by the fact you are reading this profile means that I am considering coming out of retirement! A lot of you know me from some of my tales from my eighteen years in Alaska as I was a prolific contributor to the PBS Magazine during many of those years. The past few years I have been focused on making sure all (most) of my ducks were in a row; I retired at fifty-six and traded the Alaskan mosquitos and rain for some dry Wyoming red dust!

I came from humble beginnings, a sixth generation Nebraskan, from a family that many stay close to home, but every few generations a wanderer is born. I have wandered all over Alaska, probably fifteen additional states, several Canadian provinces and territories, and a few other countries with a longbow in hand.

I have been a member of PBS for thirty years, a Qualified Regular Member for twenty-six years, and a Life Member for twelve years. I have attended ten Biennial Gatherings over the decades, planned and implemented six, and have participated in ten Membership Hunts. I organized the first Bighorn Mountains Odd Year Gathering (OYG) and am currently working on the planning for the 2023 Bighorn Mountains OYG.

Past President Bahr nominated me to head up the Website Committee during his term and the committee brought a more usable and interactive website online during that time. I was elected to a Councilman position in 2012 and then as Vice President in 2013, responsible for the Cincinnati Biennial Gathering.

During my tenure as Vice President, I was the driver that led to breaking the stalemate on votes returned versus votes counted that allowed the By-Laws to be amended by the actual members that returned a ballot and gave the voting members the belief that their vote would finally be counted versus just discarded for an inadequate ballot return. The By-Laws were subsequently amended one time to eliminate the fifty-pound rule for Regular Members.

My proudest accomplishments as a PBS member have been the sponsoring of four (currently working on number five) members that have advanced as Regular Qualified Members! Three of those members have either served/are serving on Council or have run for a position. I am excited for the potential of the young man that I am currently sponsoring, the first for me in his generation, and I believe he will play a major role in PBS

in the future. The most important role of a Qualified Regular Member is the sponsorship and advancement of additional high-quality members!

At the recent Biennial Gathering in Reno, I asked around to a few key members, who was running for PBS President the next election and of the three people I considered "fully prepared" and recently heavily involved with our Society, they were all a "no". Being retired is very nice, peaceful, and quiet. I live several hundred yards off a gravel road where we rarely have ten vehicles go by in a day, and my phone rarely rings; I wouldn't consider coming out of retirement for anybody else or any other organization.

Between March and July, I kept intending to call Matt and let him know I was going to retract my notice of intent to run for PBS President. I didn't make the call. In the meantime, I spent a lot of time thinking if I did in fact run and was elected, what would be my agenda for the organization. I didn't make the call to Matt and then before I could blink, the list of candidates came out! Norm Johnson was in fact one of the persons that I considered "fully prepared" and engaged and had reconsidered running for a second term.

Norm is about as strong as a presidential candidate as we have in our ranks and since he is far prettier than I am, I realized there is only one path I'd have to outpace him in votes and that is by preparing a superior two-year agenda that offers more value for our membership.

Proposed Two-Year Agenda if elected:

1). Continue to promote a high number of Membership Hunts each year and consider the potential for increasing the number of Odd Year Gatherings so that most members are within a reasonable driving distance of at least one event. I am a firm believer in surgically implanting the idea to host an event (Membership Hunt or OYG) in a specific individual versus the broadcast method saying, "somebody should host an event". Just ask Jeff Holchin, it's how he got ME to host an OYG, which doing so is very rewarding by the way.

2). Maintain current financial stability and the upward trend of membership recruitment especially from Social Media outlets, while building opportunities for our members which will aid in membership retention.

3). A special issue of the Magazine will be published that will focus on who we are, our membership, our rich bowhunting heritage (sixty years is upon us, 1963-2023), PBS structure, and a whole lot more! This issue will be made available to hand out at



Steve Hohensee

events to prospective members as a recruiting tool and will be a good reference for current members when they have a question on our proud, rich past.

4). First meeting/call with Council, I will ask each person on Council to bring a list of (at least) three items that we are not doing but should be or are currently doing but needs improvement.

5). Review current, formal Committees and consider revitalizing any that would benefit our Society. An example would be the Conservation Committee. On my retirement property, I have spent hundreds of hours doing management projects that benefit the watershed, wildlife, plant composition, and restoration. I know of other members that are doing impressive work on their lands, too. Maybe it is a good time to breathe new life into some idle committees.

6). The buying power of the Membership's dollar continues to weaken, most recently due to extreme inflation and insane fuel prices, so we need to imaginatively consider programs that further our goals of promoting bowhunting without a heavy expenditure or a long commute for participating members. I'll list two ideas that I have that will need further development.

A. "PBS Virtual Bowfishing Day": Lets pick a day for 2023 and let's go bowfishing! We as members are all spread out so pick a river, stream, or reservoir

- Candidate Profiles for President -

in your area and let's shoot some fish. It would be a great opportunity to include a new or prospective member. The same concept could readily be adapted to a virtual rabbit hunt during mid-winter when most big game seasons are over for the season.

B. "PBS Bowhunting Survival Challenge": In the late '80s and throughout the 90s, bowhunting writer Sam Fadala would often describe survival bowhunts that he and a buddy would go on. They would carry very basic camping gear, something like a cup of rice per day,

a bow and a quiver of arrows. They would enter the wilds and a number of days later they would emerge from a cross country hike. The goal beyond a scenic walkabout and primitive camping would be to supplement your rice with arrow killed game, especially rabbits, snakes, etc. I've been contemplating a survival bowhunt for a long time now. I believe 2023 is my year to do it and I've been thinking about a location.

7). I have no preconceived intentions of initiating any ballot initiatives, but ballot initiatives may be membership driven. I truly

hope other Council will bring good ideas to the table and my stated agenda could thus be amended.

A couple of items in closing and I've gotta go as Wyoming and Montana antelope season opens tomorrow and I'm departing for Montana this evening!

Norm Johnson, best to you and PBS could REALLY use an OYG in the Pacific Northwest! ; ^)

Thank you, everyone for your consideration.

Steve Hohensee

My name is Norm Johnson and I have hunted strictly with a bow going on forty-two years – it is obviously my life-long passion. I am fifty-nine years old and reside near the small coastal town of Reedsport, Oregon. My wife Kathy and I have been married thirty-seven years and have three grown adult children of our own and six grandchildren.

I joined PBS in 1997 and first joined Council in 2009 and later completed one term as President in 2019. When I became President, the PBS had reached a critically low point both financially and in membership level. With the help of those serving with me on Council and many within the membership body, we made a complete change in the antiquated business model that had served PBS well but was quickly becoming our downfall. The changes put in place have PBS back in both a financially stable position and nurtured a quickly growing and more youthful membership. We are doing well.

I was caught completely off-guard when Matt asked me to consider running again for a second term. It required a lot of soul searching but I am ready to serve and hope to help those currently on Council get ready to move up in the organization. It is critical that experienced folks move up on Council and keep things on the current positive path. I have a few ideas about how we can do that.

The PBS was founded in 1963 as a service organization acting as a helping friend to all bowhunters, especially beginners and non-members. The founders were focused on high standards that would "upgrade the bowhunter and bowhunting in general." It is imperative that the Council of the PBS understands our history, the intended purpose of our founders, and most importantly the culture

and interests of our membership. We are an overwhelmingly traditional bowhunting organization with a membership that enjoys a much simpler approach to bowhunting, not relying on technology but learned skills and good woodsmanship for success. That said, we have an open-door policy for anyone who wants to join and learn from the most experienced traditional bowhunters in the country. Also, PBS must continue to promote a positive message and avoid dwelling on what we are against, but instead promote what we are for. Follow the old saying "you can catch more flies with honey than vinegar."

The number of younger new members that we have attracted is encouraging, and the key to cementing them to our organization is getting them to an event especially a PBS Biennial Gathering. My good friend Don Thomas, after looking around the room at his seminar in Reno said, "It looks like an orthopedic rehab center in here." The room erupted in laughter. Funny as it was, there was an element of truth to his humor. Bottom line is our younger members are often raising children, paying a new mortgage, and just making ends meet. A trip to a Gathering may be unaffordable. I believe we can put some heads together and come up with creative ways to help them and to demonstrate just how much we value these younger guys and gals to stay involved and become our future leaders.

In closing I would like to thank Matt Schuster, and those Council members that have served under his leadership. They have continued to keep PBS moving in a positive direction both in membership numbers and financially. Of course, we owe the most



Norm Johnson

thanks to Harmony, her organizational skills in modernizing our business model have been the real key to our success.

Norm Johnson

– Candidate Profiles for Vice President –

I hope that everyone has been dealing with these crazy times as best as they can and that all have been safe and healthy. I'm honored and humbled to be considered for the office of Vice-President of the best organization that I've ever belonged to. I first joined in the late 90's or early 2000's, but I didn't quite get what the PBS was all about and let my membership expire. A chance meeting with Terry Receveur on a bear hunt in 2010 renewed my interest and opened my eyes to a little bit of what the PBS is all about. I joined right away and attended my first Biennial Banquet in Cincinnati. That's when I really got what it was about! Many of you know me, many of you do not. I'm married to the love of my life, Jill and have raised my three stepsons in the Hudson Valley area of New York State. I'm a retired police officer who is now working for New York's second largest commuter railroad where I hold the position of cable splicer for the communications department. I've been shooting a bow for forty-three years and hunting with one for forty years. My bow has taken me all over North America, hunting eleven states and four Canadian provinces. Many of these trips would have never been made possible if it wasn't for the PBS. This is why I want to give something back.

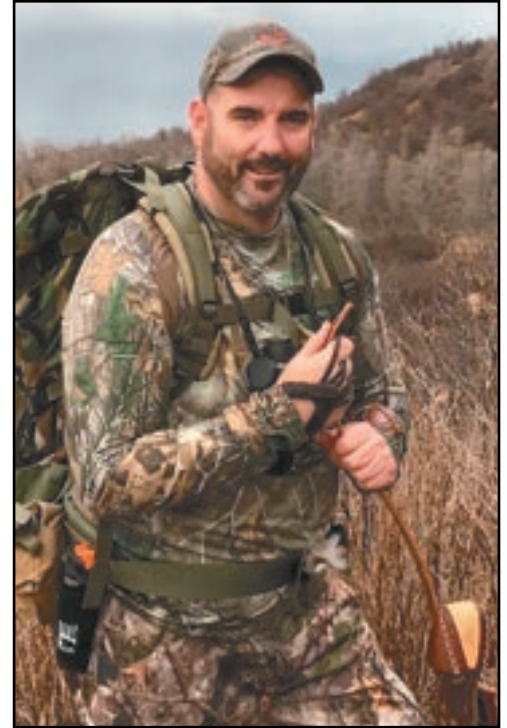
The last year and a half, I have proudly served on Council and in that position have experienced the trials and tribulations of organizing a Biennial Banquet. The task of taking on the role of Vice President is daunting and intimidating, however, I feel that running for VP

should be a natural progression from Council.

I would like the opportunity to help the PBS continue its growth and to help its newer membership by offering my "Knowledge Through Experience", as well as finding new ways to expand our membership even more. If voted in as Vice-President, I would like to continue to build on what the previous Councils have accomplished and continue to fight for bowhunter's rights and opportunities on any given forum. I do my best to represent the values of the PBS, as I feel all of us do, by placing self-imposed limitations and relying on skills and woodsmanship rather than modern technology and gadgets.

The PBS has become somewhat of a family to me. I've made lifelong friends by attending several PBS Membership Hunts and Gatherings as well as being active on social media. I've made friendships that will last a lifetime. Friends that I would not hesitate to share a hunting camp with, and friends who are there to help prepare for a hunt that they may be more familiar with. These are the things that make the PBS great. I hope to see the PBS continue to grow as it has over the last several years and we, as members, continue to recruit and mentor a new generation of hunters who will continue to carry on our values and tradition. Thank you for your consideration.

Sean Bleakley



Sean Bleakley

I have been a PBS member for the last twenty-three years and can honestly say I have never been involved with any organization that comes close to matching the comradery, dedication, or high ethical values shared within our organization. I am extremely humbled and honored to have been asked to run for Vice President of such a fine group of men and women.

I was born in South Louisiana and after military service moved to Tennessee where I currently reside with my wife of twenty-seven years and our two daughters, as well as our son-in-law and two small grandchildren. I was fortunate to have grown up in a family that was incredibly involved with all aspects of the outdoors, especially hunting. My father was a bow hunter since long before I was born and not being a bowhunter myself was never even a consideration. I have been very blessed over the years to share some great adventures across the country with likeminded bow hunters. Adventures that have taken me from the coastal islands of Southeastern Georgia to the Pacific Northwest and Alaska. Those adventures have been a direct result of my involvement with PBS. I had the privilege to have served on the PBS Council and have been involved with several committees over the years. I have been building bows for last twenty years and together with a small group of great friends and fellow PBS members, am involved with The Stickboys Podcast where we release weekly episodes ranging from traditional bowhunting adventures to stories of our shared history as traditional bowhunters. Bowhunting

is much more than an interest or hobby to me. It is a lifestyle and I love every aspect of it. Aside from my faith and family, it is my passion, and I am committed to sharing that passion.

PBS has made some great strides over the last several years. Our on-line presence through social media and digital platforms along with the large success of our Membership Hunts and the great leadership we've been blessed to have within our organization has resulted in many positive changes. At forty-seven years old I did not grow up in the technology bubble and it is something that I definitely have a love/hate relationship with. However, it is absolutely the world we live in these days. PBS has done well by embracing these changes without altering who we are as group. Our membership numbers are strong, financially we are in a better place than we have been in a long time, and our new member numbers continue to grow. I think the key is to continue to share our love for bowhunting and the way we approach it with as many people as we can. It's no secret that PBS isn't for everyone, but by staying true to who we have always been as an organization I believe we will attract like-minded bowhunters that share our passions and values.

I would like to thank our current Council for the fantastic leadership and dedication they have provided. As always, our organization is in great hands now and for the foreseeable future and thank you for the consideration.

Ethan Rodrigue



Ethan Rodrigue

- Candidate Profiles for Councilman -

My name is Randy Brookshier and I live in southwest Virginia. I have been shooting a bow most of my life, and I started shooting a bow with my dad when I was four years old.

I shot throughout my teen years and competed on my college archery team. After college I went to work for a police department and at the same time was fortunate enough to be picked up by Hoyt as a sponsored shooter. I shot compounds for Hoyt for five years. It was interesting and I learned a lot traveling and shooting for Hoyt, but after all those years of serious competition, I felt like something was missing. In the fall of 1989, I picked up a used Brackenbury recurve and was hooked. I sold all my compounds and never looked back. Shooting a traditional bow opened the door for me to reconnect to what I felt archery is all about. Embrace the history and simply have fun.

I currently have almost forty years in law enforcement and am married to a wife that is incredibly supportive of my passion for bows and bowhunting. I have two sons and a daughter who were all raised shooting bows. I shoot a bow every day of the year and enjoy shooting them all, my old Bears, ILF bows and Howard Hill longbows.

I have been involved in getting nu-

merous individuals involved in archery and then mentoring them on their journey into bowhunting. I am an active member of my local archery club and over the last forty years have served in about every office in that entity. I am a member of several organizations, but my primary interest has always been with the Professional Bowhunters Society.

I have been a regional representative of the P.B.S. for several years. In addition to attending Membership Hunts around the country, I have hosted several P.B.S. Membership Hunts myself. Hunts for sika deer in Maryland and for big game in the Blue Ridge mountains here in Virginia. All the hunts I have attended as well as the ones I have hosted have been an avenue for me to meet many of the finest bowhunters on the planet and solidify some lifelong friendships.

Some of the more enjoyable times involved sitting around a campfire with likeminded bowhunters, either on a Member Hunt or at one of the Odd-Year Gatherings, just sharing ideas and experiences, often in a state or location that I would never have had the opportunity to visit were it not for the P.B.S. I hope to facilitate more members having this opportunity and experience, espe-

cially the younger members.

I felt honored when asked to run for an open Council position. I am seeking this position with the hopes of being able to give back to an organization that has meant so much to me throughout my bowhunting career. If voted on to the Council I intend to be a positive example for bowhunting and the P.B.S. and to continue recruiting and assisting new members into the ranks of our organization. The P.B.S. has experienced a period of rapid growth over the past several years, and I hope to assist in continuing this trend by building on the hard work and accomplishments of the previous council. I have made it a habit of personally reaching out to new members in the Appalachian region that I serve with a welcoming letter providing additional information on our organization.

I joined P.B.S. in 1982 as an Associate member and became a Regular member in 1992. One of the proudest days of my life was when I received my Regular Member acceptance letter from then president, Tim Reed. I have been involved in sponsoring several members through their Regular member application since that time. One of the things I hope to accomplish is to encourage, motivate and assist more



Randy Brookshier

members to initiate the process and apply for Regular Membership.

As Councilman, I hope to make the proper decisions to enable all of our members to enjoy the experience of the P.B.S. as much as I have.

Randy Brookshier

Let me introduce myself briefly; I have lived most of my life in northeast Ohio where I am fortunate to hunt deer with stick and string on multiple private properties. I have also hunted caribou in Quebec, elk in Colorado, moose in Alberta, and black bear in Ontario. I joined PBS in the 80's in order to attend the first Gathering and have missed only a few since.

PBS has been a guiding light to me over the years, particularly in my early learning process when so many Ohio guys encouraged me to switch to a crossbow "to be more successful". Friendships made here have enriched my life in a big way, and PBS offers a much-needed alternative to the instant gratification, buy-your-success, screen-obsessed world we seem to live in. I often refer to PBS as my spiritual bowhunting home! Every issue of our magazine, every Gathering, every hunt with PBS friends, makes my desire to hunt burn brighter. For the record, since our family prefers wild-caught protein, I am primarily a meat hunter; and my greatest trophies are the new hunters I have helped to mentor.

While I have not been active as a volunteer in the bowhunting world,

should I be elected, I have professional skills and experience that may be helpful to PBS as we continue to grow. Our leadership made some tough decisions a few years ago that put us firmly on the growth path - a clear indication that so many others hunger for a like-minded, ethics-driven bowhunting community. I do love to introduce others to archery, particularly children, with whom I use a large sheet of ethafoam with balloons pinned to it to generate some excitement. I have a half-dozen youth and children's bows hanging in my shop for this purpose.

My venison-loving wife and I own and operate Chrysalis Family Solutions in Wooster, Ohio, a mental health treatment, consulting, and training business. Our work is our ministry, and we focus on special needs children, along with marital and family counseling. While we have six full time therapists working for us, my personal bread and butter is management consulting, primarily with foster care and mental health agencies.

Prior to opening Chrysalis four years ago, I had a career in various senior management and executive positions with large nonprofits serving troubled children. In addition, I served

on a couple of boards of directors of similar organizations with national and international reach, and have experience in program management, strategic planning, and finance. Some of these experiences might serve PBS.

Angie and I have six children, including a few who were adopted and have special needs. We are active in our church where I am an Elder, having led Sunday school and fellowship programs for teens and adults, served on various committees and helped call new pastors.

Equipment wise, except for my rookie season, and a few seasons impacted by two major shoulder injuries twenty years apart when I dusted off a compound, I have hunted forty years with recurves and longbows. I have been exclusively using EFOC arrows for the last seven seasons, as they tightened my groups and give me more pass-throughs! Primarily a tree-stand hunter, I am trying a saddle this year.

Finally, I was blessed to be raised in a 'service above self' oriented family and taught to do whatever it takes to get a job done. It would be an honor to serve on Council, and I pledge to bring



Dave Earley

this ethic and my professional experience to PBS if elected.

Dave Earley

THE OGEECHEE RIVER BIG BUCK CLUB

By Matthew Schuster

Author's note: This article is about a hunt that occurred twenty years ago and was written mostly in jest and to entertain. Please take it as intended. Those that know me, know that I am not elitist or condescending in any way other than in fun, and the biggest focus of most of my foolishness is me. At the time of the hunt, both my Father and Dudley's Father were members of the GHS (you will know what that means later). If you make the choice to find anything in the article offensive, keep this introduction in mind.

The only other traditional bowhunter at our east Georgia hunt club, Dudley McGarity, arrived at camp at the same time I did on a bright Thursday afternoon in mid-November. My longtime hunting partner and I walked into the cabin together and Dudley announced loudly, "Well, the real hunters are here now so something is bound to get killed this afternoon." The half-dozen hunters who were already seated in the cabin rolled their eyes, and one said, "Yeah, the bow boys are here so no yearling doe will be safe this afternoon. The rest of us, like real men, will be chasing the big bucks."

"Right," I threw in, "Sitting on a food plot with your rifles, like always, hoping one buck is foolish enough to chase a doe out in to the open when all he wants to do is propagate the species. Whoops, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to use a multi-syllabic word around you gun hunters. What that sentence means is the buck is overcome with the urge to breed."

"Well, if it was up to y'all there wouldn't be any does to breed because you and Dud will shoot them all before the bucks get a chance at them."

He did have a point in that the club is trophy-managed and, although Dudley and I kill more than our share of deer, it had been quite some time since either of us had tagged a nice buck on our hard-hunted property and it bugged the gun guys that we usually tagged quite a few does before they got a chance to hit the woods for gun season.

The verbal parry went on until we all pinned in to our spots and hit the woods of the Ogeechee River Club. Our club totals 1200 acres in several different parcels including one that is only 150 acres but is long, narrow, holds lots of deer, and most importantly, is bowhunting-only. Of course, I spend most of my time on that piece and that evening I set up between a field and a creek where several white oaks were dropping profusely and getting hit hard by the deer population.

I hadn't been there long when I heard a splash and looked up to see an average six-point dragging one leg struggling to get out of the creek and up the bank. He looked unhealthy, and even though he was forty yards away, I unsuccessfully tried to figure out a way to get an arrow to him. Eventually, he moved off and shortly after a small doe came in and fed around me, but I had already tagged a half-dozen does that season

so chose to leave her as bait for a wandering buck. It was a still, clear, perfect fall afternoon and I enjoyed watching her pop acorns for half an hour until she filled up her belly and moved out of sight. Just before dark, I heard footsteps behind me so I stood up and managed to turn in time to see a doe walking nervously down the creek bank twenty-five yards from my position. It was just past the peak of the rut in our area and from the way she was acting I suspected she was not alone and was proved correct when thirty seconds after she disappeared, more footsteps belied another deer approaching, this one a very nice eight-point. Unfortunately, I was set up to hunt the dropping oak tree in front of me and not the trail running parallel to the creek so the buck, in no danger of me, walked right out of my evening hunt.

Well after dark, I climbed down and although there did not seem to be a decent tree in which to move my stand, there was a large oak stump with a couple of leafy downed branches around it right on the creek bank in which I could easily hide in my ghillie suit so that is exactly where I was the next evening when, right on time, the small doe I had watched crunching acorns the previous day before came out and repeated her dinner ritual. I kept hoping that the eight-point would come out early and chase her around but as it started to get dark, she wandered off and the woods became winter silent. As the last bit of light leaked from the sky, I heard faint footsteps coming my way from up the creek. When the doe walked past me at fifteen yards, I could just confirm that she was indeed, a doe. If he is coming, I thought, he better come quick because I can barely see... Then I heard him coming, just like the previous night. I got my bow up and by the time I could make him out, he was close and, against the dark background I couldn't make out his antlers but I just knew they were there. One thing I could do though was pick a spot, and when I let the arrow go it felt very good, and he ran off as if hit very hard.

When I walked into the cabin, well after dark, Dudley looked up from the dinner table and said, "You must have a story because you are awfully late. Did you get him?"

"Of course," I said, "I went after him, didn't I? I saw him yesterday and that gave me a whole day to use my woodsmanship skills to pattern him and get within bow range." All the attending hunters rolled their eyes as if on cue. Our hunt camp back then was kill-or-be-killed so if you didn't walk in ready for sarcasm and insults, you didn't walk in.

"So, how big is he?"

"Well, I'm not really sure because I couldn't actually see his antlers when I shot him. But he was trailing forty yards behind a doe and I just sort of instinctively knew he was that big buck I saw last night."

All the cocky banter was not for Dudley's benefit but for the gun hunters also gathered at the big dinner table.

"Good hit?"

"It felt perfect, but it was so dark all I could really make out was the deer's outline and the movement of his legs as he walked past. He ran off like he was hard hit though."



One of the gun hunters said sarcastically, “Do you need help finding him? Deer can go forever when shot with one of those arrows.”

“No thanks, I will take Montana (my German wirehaired pointer) if I have trouble finding him.”

“Well, if you take that crazy dog, I am not helping for sure. She doesn’t like me much at all.”

“Why should she? I am the same species as you are and I don’t like you much either. No surprise that other species wouldn’t. Anyway, I am pretty sure the deer is dead and I certainly don’t need any help from you gun hunting scum.” Gun hunting scum is how Dud and I refer to the gun hunting members of the club. We use the term with the kind of affection one uses when speaking to a stray puppy with the mange trying to jump in your truck. I can’t tell you how they refer to us because it is unprintable, but it shows the lack of creativity one would expect from gun hunters. I suspect that even though they never say it, and in fact, never show it, deep down the scum as a group are in awe of Dud and me and our ability to bring game to camp with stick and string. Deep down, they wish they were us but are held back by low self-esteem and the modern American need for instant gratification, even when hunting. Ninety percent of the time, the scum sit on the same eight or nine food plots and most never set foot in the actual woods and that works great for me and Dud, because we pretty much have the woods to ourselves. Although the verbal parrying at the club is often brutal, in truth, we all like each other and get along very well. We have big dinners together every Friday and Saturday night, and help is always available just for the asking. In fact, they really would be happy to help me blood trail my buck, but of course, being gun-hunting scum, they would be of no use, having zero blood trailing skills. Of course, when it comes to hunting and hunting skills, they don’t understand bowhunters, have no interest in being one, and could not imagine limiting themselves in any way, and Dudley and I can’t really understand how they get so much enjoyment from their hunting methods. But they do, and that is all that is really important in the big picture.

Just after good daylight the next morning I slipped back down to the creek bottom, and it did not take long for me to find a nice, frothy red blood trail. The trail

was a pleasure to follow, and I could not wait to get my hands on the buck, so I was a little shocked when I entered a pine thicket and almost stepped on a dead doe. My dead doe. I am not one who will ever complain about taking any animal so I was still pretty darn happy as I dragged my deer to the truck.

“That’s your big buck?!” said Dudley when he saw my deer at the cleaning shed, “Wow, you are going to be in for it now. They are going to ride you like a worthless mule after all that crap you said last night.”

“Yeah, but that’s ok, I deserve it and it was an awesome hunt. Can’t ever complain about a plan that works and a well-shot arrow. Plus, it will further cement my reputation as a dedicated non-trophy hunter and it will tick them off that we killed another doe, and that is certainly an added bonus.”

And it was.



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THE BIG CITY BUCK

By Capt. Dennis R. Mackley

I'm sure that when most of us think of deer hunting we think of old abandoned apple orchards, thick pine forests, or rugged hardwood ridges miles from nowhere. However, this past fall after my brother-in-law spoiled a northern Pennsylvania bowhunting trip by shooting a button buck on the first day, I was faced with the dilemma of going on the weeks trip alone or changing my plans. I decided to hunt the local area around my home town of Reading for a few days. I sat in my portable stand for the next one and a half days with nothing spotted. I really wasn't in a hurry to shoot a deer in Pennsylvania as I knew that I would be receiving a military doe permit to hunt the northern part of the state close to Christmas. I wasn't particularly looking for horns either. If a nice doe would happen to walk by I was determined to try for her. I had two weeks leave from the Army for nothing but bowhunting. The first week was to be spent in Pennsylvania and the second in Vermont.

On Tuesday afternoon I decided to drive over to New Jersey and see some of my bowhunting friends from our spring bear hunt out of Katahdin Lodge in Maine. I was more interested in visiting my friends than I was in bowhunting deer, especially since I was going to a big city in New Jersey... and everyone knows that you don't find deer in cities - you have to drive dozens of miles into the woods, right? Well... Tuesday evening found me walking up a small slope of hardwoods behind a huge shopping center in the middle of town, my two New Jersey friends leading the way. I almost felt silly wearing my camouflage clothing and carrying my bow. We also received some pretty funny looks when we parked our vehicles next to people who were going shopping.

About four hundred yards up the hillside my friend, Tom Griffith, stopped and pointed to a tree stand situated between two large oak trees. "There's been quite a few bucks taken from that stand over the past few years." Two minutes later I was into the stand and tied in. Two hours passed with nothing spotted... except squirrels. I've never seen so many in one area before. I must have counted over twenty-five in just that short time. Small wonder, there was nothing but oak trees in every direction. Later that night I was told that about eight bucks have been taken from that same tree stand. I couldn't believe it, this was in the middle of the city and within shouting distance of a six lane highway! However, I knew these guys were real professionals and wouldn't be hunting that patch of timber unless there were good sized deer in it. I elected to try again the following day.

When dawn peeked over the horizon I was again perched in the same stand. I counted dozens of squirrels all morning but couldn't spot a single deer. The afternoon was a repeat of the morning with only the squirrels breaking the calm of the woods. When dusk fell I told myself I must be half crazy to be hunting this way, yet I knew there had to be deer nearby. It was a mixed-up feeling. I looked at my watch and thought in a minute or two I would untie myself and climb down. About a minute passed and I reached up and took the 2117 off the string. Snap! It was the dull sound of a muffled twig breaking under the weight of a deer. I froze. Carefully I peeked down around the tree and saw a large antler moving up and down behind another tree and some brush, only ten yards, away! It was a buck... and a big one at that! He took a step and exposed his neck. He was sniffing the buck lure that I had placed on the trail before I climbed into my stand but he was very nervous. Slowly I managed to lift my bow off the nail and get a shaft on the string. Darkness was coming fast. If he would only take another step... Suddenly the buck realized that something was wrong. He



swapped ends and started to move back through the brush at a fast trot. Everything from that point seemed automatic. My sixty-two pound Precision came up and I anchored at full draw. Somehow I picked out an opening in the brush and put the orange pin on the buck's shoulder at the same time. As the deer walked through the opening I sent the three-blade Wasp on its way. The deer made a small jump and went behind some thick brush. I couldn't see it but I could hear him walking off. I honestly thought that I had missed and that the arrow had only made a little noise to startle him.

I climbed down and started to look for my arrow. Nothing. After ten minutes I had to use my flashlight, still I couldn't find my arrow. By this time it was really dark and all I had found was where the deer had made his little jump. I decided to go back to my Blazer and get my tracking light. While I was digging that out my friends pulled up. I told them that I had had a shot and soon they had their lights out and were following me up the trail. After a few minutes of searching Charlie found some blood. It was about ten feet from where the deer had jumped. The spot was only about the size of a dime and we continued to search. Every few feet we found a small drop of blood. After about twenty yards we found my arrow, covered with blood from end to end. It had obviously passed through the deer. For the next twenty yards the trail was easy to follow and then it stopped. We started to make small circles when Dick called, "Here lays your deer!" Less than ten yards away he was piled up. He had only traveled about fifty yards from where I shot. The arrow had gone through the liver and right lung and the bleeding had been mostly all internal. By the fact that he only walked away I suspect that he didn't even know that he had been hit. We dressed him out and got him to my truck. It was about now about 9:00 and after a short ride to the checking station we put him in Joel's garage and relaxed. He had five points on the right side and three on the other. You could also see where three other points were just starting to form. "Almost" an eleven-pointer! It was an unbelievable buck taken in almost unbelievable circumstances. I hope that my father was watching from somewhere up above and is proud. I consider myself lucky to have bagged the ninth "Big City Buck".



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for Preserving Bowhunting's Traditional Values

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

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

Associate Members receive these benefits:

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IN THE GRAY LIGHT OF THE FOREST

By Shan Mandrayar

Cool beams trickled through the canopy and dappled the forest floor. Crickets sawed out their calls while bark on a nearby pine fell, a raccoon's claws pulling the creature up before the dullish rose of dawn had even hinted at its appearance. Somewhere near, but seemingly distant at the same time, a hoot shrilled out in a pitch that accentuated the symphony of the soon-ending night.

I stood there staring at the luminous dial as its arm wavered then pointed true. A twist of the bezel ring marked my azimuth and I inhaled deeply before stepping off the wet, cool tar and began to add to the din that already animated the dark. Without a headlamp my footfalls were gentle, probing ahead to trace out unforeseen snares that bramble or fallen branch might offer to my progress. The going was slow. I stumbled often and then sat in silence, hoping the disturbance would be swallowed by the nocturnal sounds all around. Despite my faltering progress a cool northwest wind of promise kissed my cheek then swirled past the trees lifting yellow maple boughs from their downward vector and tossing their leaves in a rhythmic dance.

The spot was not random. Three twisted oaks carved out an opening next to an abandoned logging road. Their girth and fruitfulness attested to their dominance in that corner of the woods. From the time they were saplings they had battled through the decades to wrest enough nutrients from the soil and sunlight from the sky. Their struggle was over for now, their mutual reign over the spot by the old road would be secure for at least another few decades until some twist of nature opened a chink in their armor and paved the way for other flora to flourish. Their canopies stretched over the surrounding subordinates arresting the progress of would-be rivals. They soaked up the rays of a Virginia summer and carpeted the floor with rich lime-green acorns in the fall. So dense was their foliage that the brambles that crept and twisted over the rest of this copse dared not enter their drip line and the lime-green acorns the three trees dropped sat glistening on an uninterrupted bed of leaves – white oak leaves. By mid-October these acorns had baked into a rich brown whose beckon no forest dweller could resist – a siren's song in the eastern hardwoods.

Food wasn't the only draw. Just beyond the triple oaks stood a dense thicket of pine, too old to be called new-growth but yet too dense to be considered for the sawman's calendar. Straight trunks planted in rows and emerging from a mattress of red-brown needles whose fall allowed not even an errant weed to spring forth. Under the thick, low boughs a sweet but musty scent lingered in

the air, a combination of pinesap and animals of all kinds who sought shelter in the comfort of her sanctuary. The tops of these pines were a faded green while below where the light rarely pierced her needles took on a deep verdant hue, a reversal of Thayer's law that species of other kingdoms dared not emulate. Here in the musty dark, buffered from the wind and concealed from probing eyes, deer sought shelter from the elements and predators of all kind. Their angular hooves knifed down through the carpet of needles leaving little depressions that only a perceptive hunter might find. Their rubs crisscrossed through the thicket following a roadmap that only they knew and seemed twisted and random but was not random at all – this path led to the hayfields, the other was downwind of a perimeter scrape that young bucks made in anticipation of the rut. This one led to the corner where the does bedded in December when the second rut pulled drawn-down brutes in search of yearling does who would experience their first heat and had not been bred during the craze of early November.

These patterns are largely lost on those that hunt them and maybe not even each individual animal understands the significance of every trail, only the raw instinct to follow them and let come what may. For the knowledge of the deer is streamed through the knowledge of the herd. And the herd learns collectively and has learned through the ages. The primordial deer learned that the natural salt licks provided nourishment and growth for antlers, that the leeward ridge path offered sight below and wind currents from atop that the herd could use to avoid danger from sabretooth and short faced bear then, now coyotes and Man. And the knowledge of the herd courses through the deer and the instinct of thousands of generations guides them in every footfall though they might not understand it fully - they follow it and learn.

The thicket grew a mere thirty yards from the three oaks. The combination of their colocation made the spot all the more enticing to a bowhunter. I did not parse out all the intricacies these two locations held but I knew that deer would be there, and like the deer I followed my instinct. With a northwest wind, temperatures dropped below the norm and the waning crescent now only a sliver in the eastern sky foretold of movement that morning. I covered the last stone's throw to the spot with extreme diligence. Carefully circumnavigating waist high saplings who like sponges could soak in my scent and hold it there to warn any passing prey that a predator lurked near. My path ended at a tall and strong red oak whose trunk I worried would challenge the length of rope on my climbing stick but whose position could not be more perfect – this tree offered an easy bowshot to the three oaks and stood equidistant to the thicket. I gazed up her trunk and noticed how it reflected the dim light of the stars, cold and looming in that night air while the lighter tops swayed in the mid-fall breeze of the forest.

The climb was halting, a holly that adjoined the red oak grabbed at the rope as I tossed it around and secured each stick. Despite the cool a bead formed on my brow, then many. By the time I had attained my height I was warm but now the cold breeze quickly

cooled me and the perspiration sent my body into a light shiver. I doubled over at the waist keeping my limbs warm with the heat of my core, not wanting to adorn any layers in a temperature that would still be considered temperate and knowing that once my sweat had dried I would find more agreeable. I sat and watched as the eastern sky took on a dark blueish hue, then a yellow-red that looked like the angry swelling surrounding a cut. The indirect light crept down through the canopy and cast a dull gray on the ground. The leaves on the floor blended into a gray mat that slowly became more discernable as the sun threatened to breach the horizon.

Through the gray-dim under the shadows beyond the oaks I discerned what sounded like footfalls but search as I may, I could not pierce the blanket of darkness that still clung to the understory. Slowly though, over the other sounds of the awakening woods I could single out the crunch of leaves, an animal as it traversed through the gray world around me. First, I saw the legs from the joint down, then a muzzle, ringed with white and capped with black, huffing at the ground and periodically selecting an acorn worthy of consumption. The deer worked its way toward me tediously, tacking like a small sailboat into a slack breeze whose sails lazily filled then sluffed and appeared to make no progress but somehow moved closer only imperceptibly so with each turn. When he was a mere fifteen steps away I could make out the sweeping beams that shot from his head. Not curved in like a normal rack but spread wide and proud like a longhorn, a king of the forest. I crouched and leaned forward squinting, trying to make out all his features but knowing in my heart that this is a buck I must shoot.

He lifted his head and I could plainly see that wide crown. As if something had beckoned him he stopped his search for food and walked deliberately on a path that would put him near the base of the red oak that held me perched in her limbs. In a moment I saw him spot my climbing stick as he passed. He moved to smell it, to catch my scent and then to vanish into the vastness of his world perhaps forever and leave me speechless and doubting my own perception of him in those few moments in the gray light of the forest. But my instinct would not allow that, the instinct of generations that guided me and the deer alike seized the moment. My bowstring was back and in a whirl, I saw a flash of yellow fletching jump into my sight then disappear like a rock dropped into clouded water.

The longhorn buck lunged forward and in an explosion of sound and leaves he skirted the thicket and soon he was out of sight and then I could hear no more. I gripped my wooden bow and in that moment I could think nothing at all. A few seconds later I found myself still angled over at the waist, in the same position I was in the second after I sent my feathered shaft seeking into the dull gray light of the forest. Try as I may I could not ascertain whether my arrow had found its mark. It was now light enough to see but, in that moment, all thought, all perception vacated and I acted purely through instinct, as if some greater force had guided my actions and I now sat unable to remember what transpired. I quickly grabbed the binoculars that hung from the tree and scoured the leaves directly beneath me but my search turned up nothing. No turning of the focus revealed anything at all. I hung the binoculars back in their place with a sigh and shame hung with me in my saddle. A good hunter knew better than to take a shot so rushed. A better man would have let him walk.

Then realization sunk in. If there was nothing to be seen at the base of the tree then the arrow must have found its mark! I scrambled down the thick trunk and there protruding just slightly over the level of the leaves was a buried, broken-off shaft surrounded by white hair and a faint spray of frothed pink. Not only had the arrow found its mark but it had passed completely through and left the telltale signs of a lethal wound.

Dark clouds formed in the sky. They held just above the treetops and the horizon. The rising sun skipped from its cover behind the earth emitting ephemeral red-gold rays before it tucked behind the clouds and there was only steel-gray light again. The air smelled of rain and the woods had a perceptible silence and the only sound was the cool wind in the trees. I sat at the base of the red oak wanting to give the buck time but also feeling pressed for it. If the rain fell, his blood and scuffs could be lost and he would exist to me only in those few moments. I took up my wooden bow and proceeded along the path.

Here the path turned. A mound of leaves pushed up like freshly plowed snow revealing the dark soil beneath. There, a drop of crimson on a yellow sweetgum leaf. There was more red ahead on a bed of moss that clung to a rotted log - a ruby among emeralds. Then the path was easier to follow. The buck's lifeblood spilled out on the forest floor in more frequency and volume. I looked ahead, then stood and looked and could see the path for many paces ahead. As the track grew easier to follow my pace quickened and my hand clutched the wooden bow more firmly. Then the first drops of that autumn rain fell. The drops and the wind were the only sounds and then I saw him.

A flash of white betrayed his resting place and I approached in reverence. My pace that had quickened now slowed. I felt the rush of a man who had lost something dear to him then found it again after many years of looking. His head was twisted in the briars and his horns buried in the mud. It appeared as if he had died headlong. His horns that had once crowned him with glory now planted him in the ground. His body had flipped over his head and his neck was in a twisted position. I wrested his antlers from the mud and let his neck rest from the strain.

For a while I stared at the old buck as the rain fell. I looked at his hooves that had carried him many miles. His hooves that had trudged through the coastal salt marshes and carried him in the chase of does and away from the baying of the gunman's dogs. His hooves that had carried him all his life from when he was a spotted fawn, born in a clump of grass probably not far from here. They carried him to where he is now, laying in the rain with mud on his horns and blood dripping from his black nose. I looked at his eyes. Clouded now but clear in life. I wondered about the things he might have seen and I thought about the beauty and harshness of the world he traversed and I was humbled by the thought of it. His eyes that had seen things no man had witnessed but through those clouded eyes he would see no more.

I sat there in the steadily falling rain and felt the weight of the moment that all hunters who love the chase feel. For a minute I felt sorrow for the buck but in my heart I knew that we were taking part in an ancient dance that must be played; the dance of hunters and deer that our ancestors had played and that we play now. For thousands of generations and through the ages the hunter and the deer lived out this mortal dance. They acted on the instinct that courses through the deer and the man, the instinct that courses through me now. I laid down my wooden bow and placed a hand on the buck's side. I gave thanks for the chase and the deer and for the hunter's heart that beat inside me.

DROP TIME DREAMS

By Brian K. Otto

While driving home late one night in December, a large-bodied buck cut across in front of my truck. As he passed by my high beams, I could see a long single drop-time. This woodlot was only two miles from my house, so I immediately began planning a set in the hope of ambushing the bruiser the following year. Scouting revealed some great sign that led me to identify his core chilling area and I could see that no one had been hunting in there. Having been a bow hunter for four decades, I've accumulated dozens of stand set ups and have had pretty good success finding the biggest bucks in a particular area while picking a good spot to ambush them. For this buck, I chose an ash that I would use for my handy tree saddle. Game on! Finally, the long wait until October arrived with much anticipation, well... a little more than usual - I hadn't set foot in there for ten months and couldn't wait to see if he was still comfy in his favorite hidey hole. The 25th dawned with the perfect wind for the saddle. It has been my experience that the older bucks get back to their beds well before first light with one exception - when they've been out dogging girls all night and they get back late. This was my hope on this hunt since I was very close to his bedroom.

By 9:30, I hadn't seen a hair, but past experience told me that this time of morning could be the witching hour for big buck movement and on cue, an enormous wide-bodied buck appeared to my right.

What I saw took my breath away! In the year since I had seen him, he had put on fifty pounds and his rack looked like snakes twisting out of his head. He was heading on the exact line I had hoped when, at twenty yards, he inexplicably headed straight into the thick old hedgerow in which my stand was. As he bulled his way through, his huge rack kept getting caught in the almost impenetrable honeysuckle and multiflora roses. All I could do was watch as he muscled through the brambles a mere fifteen yards from me. He resembled someone after a long night out trying to stagger back home in the straightest line possible. But that's what big old bucks do: the unexpected. I named this one Medusa due to his snakey rack and his image would visit me on sleepless nights until the day I die unless I got another chance at him.

Conditions remained unfavorable for the next two weeks when, on November third, I got the wind I needed. As I arrived at the base of my tree, my heart sank. My flashlight revealed that someone had removed my steps leading up to where I attach my saddle! This was the start of prime time in my area, so, faced with having to make a quick decision, I felt my best option was to head back home and run straight to a stand I've had for years behind my house. By the time I climbed up, I was a sweaty mess as it was breaking daylight. I hadn't settled in for ten minutes when a nice doe came into view. By her actions, it was obvious she had a suitor behind her. As she passed, I focused on her back trail and what materialized looked like a mule

The Double D buck that I arrowed only because of my stolen tree steps.



deer with a branch stuck in his rack! I've seen mature bucks prancing around with limbs in their racks showing off. As he closed the distance, my heart began pounding when it became apparent it wasn't wood hanging off his head.

I knew he would take the exact path as the doe, so I prepared for the broad side shot. At eighteen yards, I picked a spot and watched my carbon arrow bury halfway, hitting slightly forward. He spun and headed straight for the swamp adjacent to my stand. After fifty yards, he began to slow and continued moving through the two-foot-high water. Just as I was about to lose sight of him, I heard a large splash and saw ripples spreading out from where I had last seen him. He was down! After getting my heart back in my chest, I waited the customary thirty minutes then waded out in the direction of the splash down. I was awestruck! He was a true monarch! The branches turned out to be double drop tines. I commandeered my two close hunting buddies to float him out. He tipped the scale at 227 pounds dressed. An examination of the lower jaw revealed he was at least six-and-a-half-years old.

As we admired the bruiser, I mentioned that I would give the guy a big kiss that took those steps beneath the first stand! Well... as word got out about what happened, I received a call from another serious bowhunter acquaintance who had a confession. While he was shed hunting the previous spring, he came upon the steps in the tree and assumed it was someone sneaking into the property without permission. He thought he was doing me a favor. Little did he know how big of a favor it was!

But the story doesn't end there. Fast forward three years and I am telling the story of the Medusa buck to another bowhunting friend when he pauses to go into another room. "I found this while shed hunting in a woodlot two miles away from where you saw that buck." So, I now have a nice memento of the other great buck that consumed my thoughts that incredible NY autumn. I thank God daily for His creation that proclaims His awesome name. What a privilege to participate in His majestic handiwork. I cannot imagine living any other way.

Psalms 19:1-2 Romans 1:12

About the author: Brian lives in upstate New York where he and his lovely wife raised their two beautiful daughters. When

not bowhunting or fishing, Brian runs a remodeling business. He is also living his dream of working with Bear Archery on the Shooters Advisory Staff. On this hunt, he used a 1959 Bear Kodiak, Heritage 250 arrows and Simmons Landshark broadheads.



The shed from 'Medusa'



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The following is a reprint from the December 1977, PBS News Vol. 1, No. 3 publication.

"The History" will give you insight of The Professional Bowhunters Society, in its infancy and of its early years. It is important as members of the PBS to know where we came from and to know the names of those who helped to form our organization.

The Professional Bowhunters Society on September 17th of this year will be fifty-nine years old and has had a long and distinguished past and with its continued growth of some of the finest bowhunters in the world, it will no doubt continue to be the greatest bowhunter organization on this earth.

— William "Bubba" Graves

"THE HISTORY" OF THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTERS SOCIETY COMPILED BY BERNARD GIACOLETTO

In The Beginning —

Tom Shupienis a charter member, explains the reasons for establishing the Professional Bowhunters Society:

"When I became interested in bowhunting in 1952, there was little need for an organization such as PBS. Field archery in those days was growing by leaps and bounds, and it served as an almost perfect training ground for the fast-growing ranks of the bowhunter. The practice obtained on field courses was directly geared to bowhunting, for the original concept of field archery was to train the bowhunter. Courses had no marked yardage, and the constitution allowed for variance on each target so that, although they were basically alike, no two field courses were the same.

"Because of these situations," continues Shupienis, "Heavy bows and instinctive shooters were the rule most men and many women shot fifty-pound or over bows, and anything under forty-five pounds was thought foolish; anything under forty pounds was downright ridiculous. I can recall a thirteen-year-old lad, all skin and bones, trying out and easily handling a new sixty-six-pound bow just purchased. Virtually everyone who belonged to a field archery club in those days was a bowhunter

"However," says Tom, "It was all too good to last. Tournaments and scores gradually became more and more important, and the trophy craze took over, instead of going to the field courses for bowhunting practice, more and more were going for score practice. From this evolved the 'tournament' archer with his sights, ultra-light equipment, and a mind bent on solving all the problems that stood between him and the best scores ever. At first their members were insignificant, and they were tolerated. But little by little they gained dominance, and when one of them, Carl Palmatier, became president of the National Field Archery Association (NFAA), field archery began its conversion to pure target archery. It also began a downhill slide, since the bowhunters would no longer support a sport that was about as much akin to bowhunting as bowling or tennis.

"This left a very undesirable situation. The NFAA, once a staunch ally of bowhunting and all things relative, became a mere skeleton of its old self, and I was appalled at the thought of a group of tournament archers who used thirty-five pound bows having any consequential voice in matters relative to bowhunting. It's not much of a secret that most target archers are quite sincerely convinced that their apparent shooting superiority is the key to bowhunting success and that the weight of the equipment is of little significance.

"I was deeply concerned because there really was no place for

the budding bowhunters to learn to shoot their equipment and talk to other archers except on the field courses. Under the prevailing circumstances, I could visualize the whole future crop going hunting with too light equipment."

Concerned Bowhunters Organize Own Society

Tom Shupienis continues his reflections of the organization of PBS:

"By the late 1950's I had killed enough game and witnessed enough results to be unquestionably convinced that one had to use reasonably heavy equipment to do the job right. Most veteran hunters I knew shared this opinion strongly, but the veterans had no choice. This situation had to be changed before ill-advised and ill-equipped masses ruined our sport. There can be no argument that ten seasoned bowhunters who have killed 150 or so head of big game are better sources of advice than 150 target archers who have killed ten.

"Therefore, when I was contacted by one of the group which was to ultimately organize PBS, I was more than ready and willing to become a part of that group of bowhunters."

Shupienis was one of a small group of men who worked tirelessly to organize the Professional Bowhunters Society. Others involved in the earliest stages were Marvin Almon of Louisville, Kentucky; Rev. Bill Hinton of Partlow, Virginia; Bob Swinehart of Emmaus, Pennsylvania; and Donald Thompson of Charleston, West Virginia. Shupienis hailed from Masury, Ohio.

According to Rev. Hinton, the men did much debating by letters and long-distance phone calls as they discussed the creation of the society and design of its constitution.

"After several months of intense attention," said Rev. Hinton, "the idea which had been tossed around for two or three years was given birth. Then we held our breath as PBS took flight. We had a very large question about its success because of the high quality it demanded. We made some hopeful but conservative predictions, and thinking back over it, I think these predictions were very nearly right."

Taking Flight with Highest Standards

The Professional Bowhunters Society was incorporated under the laws of the State of West Virginia on Sept. 17, 1963. The signers of the corporation were all of Charleston, West Virginia, and vicinity; Charles R. Crouch, A. Lee Maynard, Walter H. Riffie, Dayle W. Smith, and Donald L. Thompson. Other charter members were Marvin Almon, Ken Brashear, George Costa, Clifford Evans, Norm Fertig, Karl Goepfert, Bill Hinton, Don Lofgren, Tom Shupienis, Bob

Swinehart, Edward Wheeler and John Whitlow.

The PBS required that the applicant for membership have bowhunting as his primary interest and that he use heavy tackle in all archery situations—on the field course and on the hunting field. No one contemplating ninety per cent target archery and ten per cent hunting would be eligible.

Specifically, an applicant in 1963 needed to satisfy these requirements: (1) be twenty-one or older, (2) have a minimum of three years bowhunting experience, (3) be of good moral character, (4) use regularly in all phases of archery and bowhunting a bow having a minimum draw weight of fifty pounds at the bowhunter's natural draw and use arrows having a minimum weight of 450 grains, and (5) have taken by bow, in a loyal and sportsmanlike manner, big game or small game species, the minimum as designated by the Executive Council.

In the beginning the game requirements were not as strict as at present. Many of the better bowhunters were confined to areas with the absence of big game. It was believed that the small game hunter was on par with the big game hunter in the taking of varmints, wild game, and nongame fish. These same small game hunters usually spent the entire year hunting some type of game or fish. Therefore, the minimum requirements as set out by the Executive Committee only required a minimum of two deer or similar game killed with a respectable amount of small game.

What the Society was really accomplishing was to gather together all the heavy bow advocates and those who hunted year-round. Many of the early members with a minimum amount of big game to their credit have attained some regal species since their membership.

Some Of the Early “Star” Bowhunters

Typical of the early members and their ability to kill game was Tom Shupienis. The old membership application cards show that Tom had killed twenty deer in his twelve years of bowhunting as well as many small game species including woodchuck, rabbits, grouse, fox, squirrel, snakes, carp, gar, turtles, and frogs. Tom was using a sixty-six-pound bow and arrows of 580 grains.

Another early member was John H. Hershey of Lititz, Pa. He had five big game to his credit—two moose and three deer. He had also taken all the eastern small game except fox, bob cat and wild turkey at that time.

Down To Business

The first year of our operation we had provisional officers serving until the first official election: Bill Hinton, Partow, Virginia, president; Robert Swinehart, Emmaus, Pennsylvania, vice president; and Donald Thompson, Charleston, West Virginia, Tom Shupienis, Masury, Ohio, and Marvin Almon, Louisville, Kentucky, as representatives.

Elected as officers for the September 1964, to September 1965, year were Tom Shupienis, president; Galin Jordan, Cold Beach, Ore., vice president; and Marvin Almon, Bill Hinton, and Carl Hulbert as representatives.

Lee Maynard was the first secretary-treasurer, but he resigned because of pressing commitments. Martenia Thompson was then appointed secretary-treasurer by the Executive Council (officers and representatives). The secretary-treasurer continues to be appointed rather than elected, has no specific term limits, and is now the only paid member of PBS due to the workload.

The emblem used for letter heads, arm

patches, and decals was designed by Tom Shupienis during the first year.

Much credit was due to several people for publicity releases during 1963 and 1964. Marvin Almon, editor of the American Bowhunter magazine; Carl Hulbert, bowhunting editor of TAM (The Archers Magazine); and John Everette of TAM all gave us publicity. The National Rifle Association sent us a letter of congratulations

In 1964-1965 the PBS had members mainly from the states of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Texas, and New York, with foreign members in Australia, British Columbia, and England giving us international scope.

Individual Projects and The Poison Arrow Debate

In February 1965, the PBS was involved for the first time in the controversy over the poison arrow, at this time PBS adopted a resolution against the use of the hypo-arrow and has taken a firm stand against this type of hunting throughout its history. In 1965 we circulated a letter written by Ray Griffiths which outlined the dangers of using the hypo-arrow as a hunting device. Later that year member Bruce Dester reported that the Oregon Bowhunters Association had also taken a stand against the poison arrow

Members were busy undertaking individual projects during these early years. Tink Nathan was designing a pamphlet for PBS to use as an advertising piece; Raymond Shure headed up the Bowhunting Committee which set up a group PBS black bear hunt in the spring in the state of Maine; and Bill Hinton, chairman of the education committee, advocated the establishment of a PBS lending library to promote the lending of books, films, and slides relating to bowhunting and shooting. The popular library was established in September 1965, under Rev. Hinton's supervision.

The results of member Bob Swinehart's 1964 African hunting trip were written up in TAM and Outdoor Life magazines, and Bob appeared on the TV program "To Tell the Truth." More recognition of PBS came when Galin Jordan published an article, "Why I am a Member of PBS," in Western Bowman magazine.

The Mid Sixties

September 1965, ushered in a new group of officers: Carl Hulbert, president; Raymond Shure, vice president; and representatives Bill Carlos, Bill Hinton, and Marvin Almon. Donald Thompson was appointed secretary treasurer

Almon started off the 1966 year by suggesting that PBS institute

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a bowhunters instructors program. President Hulbert agreed that any certification of instructors "bowhunting style" should not be dependent on any other outside organization (such as the NFAA). Instruction should be down-to-earth instinctive, heavy-tackle style by genuine bowhunters, not competition archers.

Memorial Day of 1966 marked the beginning of the meetings held each spring. These were in Buckeye, West Virginia, from 1966 through 1973. The 1974 spring meet was in Osceola, Ohio.

The Late Sixties: Expansion and Refuting Of Attacks On Bowhunters

New officers elected to serve from September 1966 to September 1967, were Raymond Shure, president; Ken Brashear, vice president; and representatives Tom Shupienis, Bill Carlos, and Bill Hinton. Don Thompson writes about this period.

"It would appear from these writings that the next two or three years we did not accomplish much. But we accomplished keeping the Society going and members hunted together, which is part Of the Society's aim, we worked against the poison arrow. We kept obtaining new members and they were full-time bowhunters- Our biggest drawback was being without a national organization to give us national publicity. We had to obtain members by word of mouth because the various archery organizations and magazines weren't pleased with our bowhunting attitude and requirements."

As Don said, hunting together was one of the aims of the Society. Tink Nathan along with Jerome Keyes, Ted Greie, and Gene Limerick hunted in Africa, as did Bob Swinehart. Jerome later received the "Order of the Golden Feather" award from the Virginia Bowhunters Association for being present on the hunt in West Virginia when the first legal bow-killed deer had been taken in 1941.

Several members were talking up a hunt in Potter County, Pa, In February, and quite a few got together the following fall in Pennsylvania. PBS members were also making plans for a second PBS bear hunt in Maine in June. Many of our members got together with other members in states other than their own.

Ten members attended the May 1967 PBS meeting at Buckeye, West Virginia. Says Donald Thompson: "We had lousy rainy weather for our Buckeye meeting and that ruined the hunting of woodchucks. Although we did strive to do them in for a period of two hours Saturday evening. The time wasn't lost as we formulated plans for fall hunting together."

The July 1967 newsletter announced that the Iowa Bowhunters had organized the "Iowa Bowhunters Association" along with PBS member Francis R. Tovar of Waterloo, Iowa, the first president. Because of their efforts, the wearing of iridescent orange was not required of bowhunters during the hunting season. The Association planned a bowhunters shoot, bowhunting legislation, game awards, and the general promotion of bowhunting in the state of Iowa.

In Defense of Bowhunters

A significant issue of 1967 concerned an article in the May 1967 Gunsport magazine which attacked bowhunters. The editor received letters from PBS members Tink Nathan, Tom Shupienis, and others. Marvin Almon mentioned the PBS's efforts to refute the attacks in his American Bowhunter magazine as did the National Rifle Association, but none of the other archery organizations noted our plight.

The last paragraph of Shupienis' reply to the Gunsport article attacking bowhunters sums up the attitude of PBS toward bowhunting: "The primary purpose of the Professional Bowhunters Society is to improve the overall quality of all bowhunters, to understand their weapons, their capabilities, and to get the maximum effective performance from them.

In September 1967, the following officers were elected: Ken Brashear, president; Randolph Coleman, vice president; and representatives John Hershey, Tom Shupienis, and Bill Carlos. In

November of that year Donald Thompson resigned as PBS secretary-treasurer, and the Executive Council appointed Roger Rothhaar to that position.

Bill Hinton reported that the organization's lending library was a "huge success." Members were still hunting across the country, inviting other PBS members to join them.

The spring of 1968 brought committee appointments in the areas of conservation, legislative, publicity, and education. A special committee was looking into the printing of a PBS Annual Magazine.

Five members attended the now-traditional Buckeye, West Virginia, meeting in June of 1968. Tink Nathan was recognized for never missing a Buckeye meeting, and new officers elected were Bill Hinton, president, Francis Tovar, vice president, and representatives Ray Shure, Tom Shupienis, and John Hershey.

1,200 Years of Bowhunting Experience!

PBS members were indeed professional, as the March 1969 newsletter indicated. Roger Rothhaar reported that the compounded membership in the PBS represented more than 1,200 years of bowhunting experience and could account for nearly 3,000 big game animals. This averaged out to about twenty one and a half animals "per year" per member.

In March of 1969 several reports pointed out the hunting success of Professional Bowhunters Society members. John Hershey reported a Pope and Young lion killed in Montana and a Pope and Young whitetail deer. Jim Daugherty killed four mule deer, two whitetail bucks, three caribou and a moose for the 1968 season. Gerald F. Gentallalli of Le Mesa, bagged twenty head of big game on safari in Africa.

Bowhunter Magazine Created

New officers elected at the May 1969 meeting in Buckeye were Francis Tovar, president; Laverne Woock, vice president; and representatives Ray Shure, John Hershey, and Cris Mertz.

During Tovar's term Bowhunter magazine was accepted as the official publication of the Professional Bowhunters Society. It was to be published by PBS member Marion James.

1971 — Year of Changes

In the spring of 1971, Laverne Woock of Waterloo, Iowa, was elected president of PBS. Serving with Laverne was Otis "Toad" Smith as vice president and representatives Tom Shupienis, Chris Mertz, and Ray Shure.

A Nebraska hunt and meeting first discussed in 1970 was advertised as early as March 1971, and members were notified that the new Bowhunter magazine would be available to the membership by June and that it would be paid for through the dues structure of the organization.

The first Nebraska Meeting

The Nebraska hunt and meeting was of larger scope than the spring get-togethers in Buckeye, West Virginia. Twenty or so Professional Bowhunters gathered in Harrison, Nebraska during the third week of September 1971. Several guests also attended, many of whom became members later.

It was noted that the organization was beginning to experience growing pains. A constitutional amendment provided that the president and vice president be allowed to hold office for two consecutive years (they could previously hold office for only one year). Laverne Woock and Toad Smith became the first persons to be re-elected to the offices of president and vice president, respectively. Donald Thompson joined holdovers Tom Shupienis and Chris Mertz as a representative.

Game requirements for PBS applicants were raised by a unanimous vote of the membership, and PBS also chose to become a member of the American Archery Council (AAC) and to establish the organization as the representative of the bowhunter. Said Woock: "As you can see,

we are surrounded by target shooters, but ours is the first and only real bowhunters' organization in the AAC."

Other decisions which came out of this 1971 Nebraska meeting were to introduce an initiation fee of ten dollars and to raise the annual dues from five dollars to ten dollars.

The 'Pod' Issue

In Nebraska, members expressed concern at the growth of anti-hunting factions in the United States, and there was some discussion about the presence of the compound bow. Opposition to the compound bow was nearly unanimous, but a few years later many of those who had been opposed were using compounds.

The real target of PBS in 1971 was the poison arrow, or "pod." The state of Kansas was divided over its use, and the PBS made its opposition clear to the Kansas Department of Forestry, Fish, and Game. PBS launched a research program to support its claims. The program continued for two years, with the Society financing and distributing thousands of pamphlets to a dozen states in its efforts to combat the use of the poison arrow. PBS members were also involved in other state organizations in the "pod" fight. Kelly Peterson of Wisconsin and Bill Fowlkes of Maryland accumulated and documented much of the information used in the pamphlets.

The Hunt

The 1971 meeting was not all work; the hunting was great with both deer and antelope taken. Both the meeting and the hunt were featured in Bowhunter magazine, and members present at this dynamic meeting included Ernie Whitmore, Tom Shupienis, Tink Nathan, Howard Clark, Kiko Tovar, "Toad" Smith, Ray Shore, Marion James, Don Dvorznak, Duane Peterson, Laverne Woock, Dennis Behn and Bob Roach.

The annual hunt and meeting was once again set for Harrison, Nebraska, for the third week in September, 1972.

In 1972 the formation of the Information and Education Section of PBS was initiated with John Collins assuming responsibility for the Game and Management Division and Gerald Bratton heading the Forestry Division. The extensively used lending library was made part of the Information and Education Section and turned over to Donald Thompson.

During this period (1971-1972) the PBS had grown from 90 to 167 members, adding much more talent and experience to its ranks. PBS once again voiced its opposition to the anti-hunting movements.

1973— More Stands Taken, First State Bowhunters Organization Established

Elected to office for the 1973-1974 term were Bob Roach, president; Chris Mertz, vice president; and Bill Fowlkes as representative along with Tom Shupienis and Donald Thompson.

Buckeye, West Virginia, was once again chosen for a spring get together in May 1973. Members worked on an updated application form which was later adopted by the Executive Council. The form was designed to give the Council a better understanding of the abilities and ideals of a person desiring to join PBS.

In an effort to provide better coverage of PBS activities for Bowhunter magazine, a network of reporters was established to report to Bill Fowlkes.

In April of 1973 PBS issued a statement of support for the proposed fair chase hunting regulations submitted to the Alaskan Fish and Game Commission by PBS member Doug Borland and his brother Robert. These regulations, which greatly restricted the use of airplanes in the taking of big game animals in Alaska, were on the books by the next hunting season.

In October of 1973 the first state bowhunting organization to use PBS standards as guidelines for membership was established in Kansas. This Kansas Bowhunters Association was formed by PBS members Jerry Bratton, Chuck Gibbs, Nick Gray, Abe Massey, Larry Craig, and Jerry J. McKillney. The organization

was to become one of the finest states bowhunting organizations in the U.S.

Because of its many fine programs and exposure through Bowhunter magazine, PBS membership had grown from 167 in 1972 to 238 in 1973.

1974— Associate Membership Begun, Pod Information Turned Over To FDA.

In 1974 Bob Roach was elected president with Tom Shupienis as vice president and Galin Jordan as the new three-year representative, joining reps Donald Thompson and Bill Fowlkes. Chris Mertz was appointed as the organization's third secretary-treasurer to replace Roger Rothhaar. Later that year Howard Clark was appointed to the Executive Council, replacing Bill Fowlkes, who resigned because of other commitments.

A spring get together was held at Roger Rothhaar's home in Oceola, Ohio, in May with several Executive Council members attending along with PBS guests. It was at this meeting that the Council voted to establish an Associate Member program to supplement PBS membership. This way PBS could raise the funds needed to combat the anti-hunting factions.

The general rules of the organization would prevail for the Associate Member with the exception of game kill requirements. It was also decided to close Regular Membership at five hundred; only those who had been Associates for one year could become members. A year's probationary period for Regular Members was established as well.

Early in 1974 all data on the drugged and poison arrow had been compiled, analyzed, and turned over to the United States Food and Drug Administration (FDA) by the Executive Council of the PBS. The FDA informed us that the data would be put to use when and where applicable.

In June the United States Bureau of Sports Fisheries and Wildlife, Department of the Interior, issued a ruling which banned the use of drugged or poison arrows on all federal wildlife refuges and hunting lands. PBS supported the ruling and contacted the United States Forest Service (USES) urging them to also adopt the ruling, applying it to U.S. Forest Service and to the Bureau of Land Management land. The U.S.F.S. turned the request over to its district office in the state of Mississippi, since this state was the only one in which the use of poison arrows was still allowed.

Heavy Bow Concept Recognized

The newly formed Kansas Bowhunters Association (KBA) called upon PBS to help in their fight to keep the forty-five-pound bow weight requirement for hunting. PBS helped, and the requirement was retained in that state.

The National Rifle Association (NRA) endorsed bowhunting as a tool

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in conservation during 1974, and our Tink Nathan was appointed to the advisory staff of the NRA.

At the PBS hunt and meeting in Grand Junction, CO in September 1974, members discussed the society's refusal to endorse the National Field Archery Association's hunter education program. PBS did not feel it could support a program where there was a target accuracy test without a bow weight requirement. The sixty-pound peak compound weight ruling recently established by PBS was also explained to those present.

Many more state bowhunting organizations were formed in '74, most of them by PBS members.

Recent Years

In 1975 the Associate Membership had grown to 266, and the larger PBS hoped to be able to contribute its share toward the hunter defense movement. That year Laverne Woock was elected president, Roger Rothhaar became vice president, and Bob Roach joined hold-over reps Galin Jordan and Howard Clark.

By early 1976, the Regular Membership included 276 bowhunters, and the PBS Associate roster listed 375 members. Cherry Springs, PA, was the location of the fall hunt and meeting, and 1976 officers elected included Laverne Woock, president; Chris Mertz, vice president; and representatives Howard Clark, Roger Rothhaar and Bob Roach.

1977—Bringing the States Together; Newsletter Has New Look

This brings us to 1977 and a new roster of officers: Bernard R. Giocolletto, president; Jack Smith, vice president; Bob Carlos, secretary-treasurer; and representatives Bob Roach, Roger Rothhaar, and Bruce Barber.

Under the direction of the new officers a highly informative and professional newsletter is now published quarterly. Advertising has been allowed and solicited for the first time, helping the organization continue the expensive but polished publication.

Also new this year is the PBS National Program, designed to bring state bowhunters' organizations together through the Professional Bowhunters Society. Under this plan the PBS will be a gathering house for all state information. The goal is for all states to report their activities through the PBS news publication, which can then serve as the complete state publication as well.

The national coalition program proposes that all state organizations be invited to attend the PBS annual meeting. It is felt that this

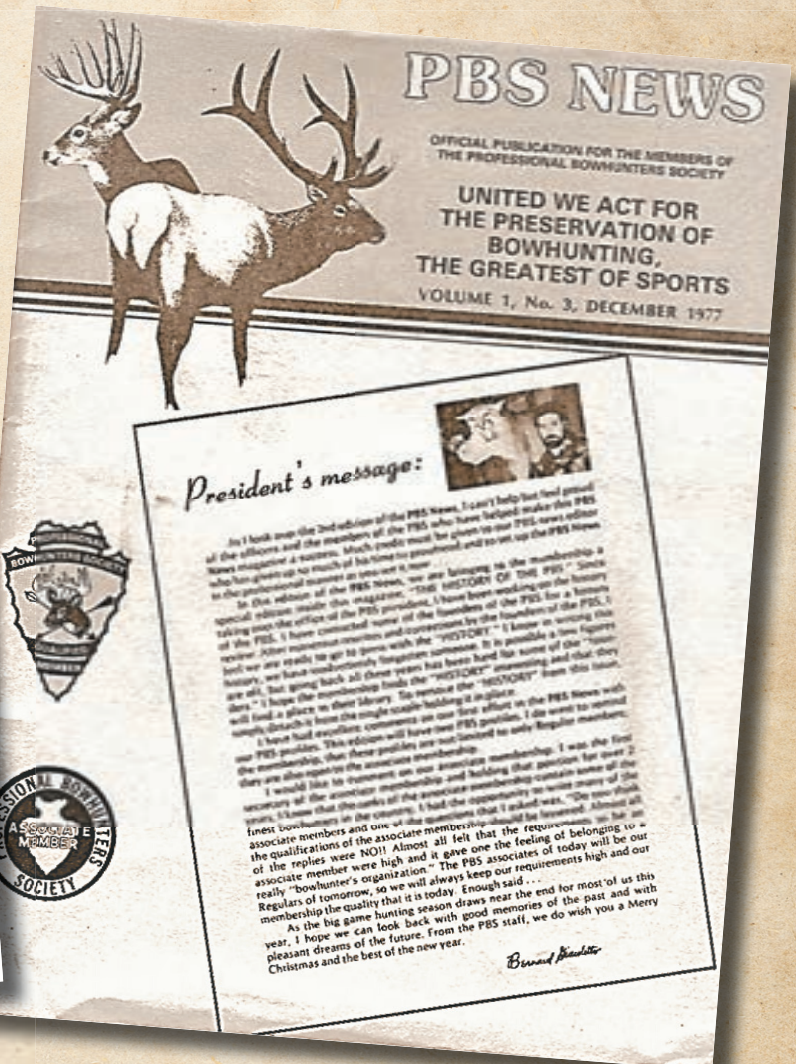
should bring some of the finest organizers in the country together. Problems in various states can be discussed, with the PBS adopting programs to help state organizations.

The PBS by 1977 has greatly increased its film library, and films purchased will be for educational use, shown in schools and to civic groups. Many of the PBS films are not only about bowhunting, but about hunting in general. The library has been in constant use since its inception, and the lending library established by Rev Bill Hinton in 1965 now has over 150 publications including one book over a hundred years old.

Our Standards the Goals of All Bowhunters

In reading the history of PBS one can see years of special significance. PBS's Charter membership in 1963 was followed by a steady growth. The Nebraska hunt of 1971, the year of Bowhunter magazine's first publication, was also the year constitutional changes were made concerning election of officers and game requirements. Recognition of the need to support hunting in the face of anti-hunting factions resulted in the creation of an Associate Membership program in 1974, the year that national legislation was passed banning the poison arrow. Now, in 1977, with our new-look, new-content publication, and the creation of the national program, we can closely identify with charter member Tom Shupienis' observations about our progress:

"From a slow and insignificant beginning PBS has grown and prospered into an organization of bowhunters that has made its presence felt. If we continue in the same direction, I see no reason why we cannot soon be the prime source of sophisticated opinions in matters relative to bowhunting legislation, and our standards will be the goals of all bowhunters."



December 1, 1977

To PBS Members:

Two years ago our organization realized the need for a documented history of the Professional Bowhunters Society... Donald Thompson, who was probably the initial force to the inception of the PBS, and Bob Roach, former president of the Society, gathered together much of the information necessary. For the unrecorded history we have depended upon the memories of several early members.

I have gathered this information together to the best of my ability, and it has been checked over by two original members for accuracy. It has been 14 years since PBS was founded, and I think the history is as accurate as can be expected.

Sincerely,

Bernard Giocolletto

Bernard R. Giocolletto, President
Professional Bowhunters Society

President's message:

In I look over the 2nd edition of the PBS News, I can't help but feel proud of the officers and the members of the PBS who have helped make this PBS News magazine a success. Much credit must be given to our 1976 news editor who has given us so much of his time to professional and to set up the PBS News.

In this edition of the PBS News, "THE HISTORY OF THE PBS" is a special edition made by the PBS president. I have been working on the history since the office of the PBS president. I have been working on the history since the office of the PBS president. I have been working on the history since the office of the PBS president.

I have had excellent comments on our first effort in the PBS News with this edition. I hope the membership finds the "HISTORY" from this issue.

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Hunt hard!
And hug your loved ones often!*

Make as many of them as possible partners in your love-affair with archery and Mother Nature! While in the woods or mountains, make every arrow count! Even if for no more than the sheer pleasure of watching it in flight!

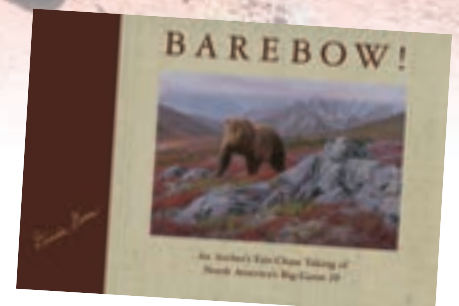
When afield with bow in hand, never fail to take time to admire and give thanks to Almighty God for the infinite variety of miracles — both large and small — that are his handiwork and creation. Then, finally, when you are blessed with putting an animal on the ground and meat in your freezer, give heartfelt thanks and praise to Him who made it all possible.

— Dennis Dunn, PBS Life Member

If you enjoyed reading the above message, you may wish to consider helping out an archery student athlete at Hillsdale College, Michigan. Make a tax-deductible contribution to the Dennis and Karen Dunn Archery Scholarship Endowment Fund. OR, you may wish to have a child or grandchild apply for admission to Hillsdale College — AND for our scholarship. Karen and I consider this to be the finest institution of higher learning in the entire country, bar none! Hillsdale offers its students an outstanding

education — not only in the basics of math, science, literature, history, philosophy, and free market economics — but also in how to think for themselves, and in how to conduct an ethical and moral life. For more information about the college, or its many scholarship opportunities, contact Hillsdale: www.hillsdale.edu

“Learning, character, faith, and freedom: these are the inseparable purposes of Hillsdale College.”



ON BEAR BAITING: A STEEL MAN



By Ben Kuchta

I have found that there is often a tendency for one, myself included, to look at contentious issues through tinted lenses, viewing the other side with the least amount of goodwill possible. A while back, Don Thomas wrote a piece in the PBS magazine about cancel culture coming to bowhunting, and although I was not privy to the nit-picky-gritty of the issue, from the outside it appeared that very little charity was being extended to those within our community with differing views. The heated issue that caused the hullabaloo remains contentious, both within and outside of hunting: bear baiting. Within the piece, Don encouraged a thoughtful case for bear baiting... and apparently, I am just intrigued enough to walk into that hornet's nest.

I know thoughtful, ethical hunters who care deeply about wild places and wild things and hold strong opinions on both sides of this issue. These are people that I respect greatly, and I value the insight they can provide me through the sharing of their personal thoughts and journeys. The topic of, and ethics surrounding bear baiting is something I have put an immense amount of thought into and my own personal opinions on the subject (which I will not disclose here, and which I reserve the right to adjust over time) are nuanced, having been arrived at over years of deep thought on the subject.

All this notwithstanding, I feel the best way to approach this issue is not to share my own thoughts and opinions, but to reach out to a thoughtful person with intimate knowledge of the practice of bear baiting and present a "steel man" case for the thoughtful bear baiter. The whole point here is to exclude the easily torn down "straw man" anecdotes of illegal, lazy, and clearly unethical behavior (i.e., doing things that are clearly harmful to wildlife, using inappropriate bait, not cleaning up after themselves, placing bait sites or dumping carcasses near public trails, etc.). Any thoughtful person knows that within any group of people there will be deplorable behaviour, so let's all universally agree to condemn the reprehensible wherever we encounter it, be it by bear hunters, carrot farmers, doctors, or any other broad group within our society and, in so doing, not project these ills to the thoughtful and earnest among these groups.

I know several bear outfitters and guides personally, but for this project, I reached out to Ryan Derlago of Manitoba, Canada. I do not know Ryan well, but I felt his would be a good voice on the subject largely because of his commitment to bowhunting and his position within the traditional community as the proprietor of "Stickflingers", an outfitting service providing baited archery bear hunts. Although I have synthesized and condensed the following, the ideas expressed below (printed in italics) are drawn from Ryan's generous responses to my queries. Though some of the words are mine, the ideas and opinions are his, and he has approved their printing in this form.

On Fair Chase and Sportsmanship

Baiting bears or any other species can indeed be fair chase, as the animal always has a choice. They can choose not to visit a bait, to visit only at night, or to circle to smell for danger. An ethical hunter would not take part in any hunt where the animal does not have the ability to evade the hunter. Baiting for all species, (i.e., deer or bear) is the same thing. As hunters, we often focus on food sources to attract the animals we hunt. Food plots, fruit trees, water holes and bait piles are all taking advantage of this concept and exploiting the biology of our quarry. This continuum continues all the way down to baiting a hook to catch a fish.

One can predict the lulls at bait sites based on the rhythms and abundance of natural foods. Generally, in springtime in Manitoba, catkins come first, followed by fiddleheads, and then dandelions. Watching baits spanning a 2500-foot range in elevation displays this perfectly, as "green up" happens at different elevations at different times. Action at baits slows



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when natural foods are available. Natural food sources are preferred by bears versus bait, period.

Killing a bear over bait isn't, in itself, difficult. The challenge comes when one begins to target the most dominant or mature male using a bait. This change in objective changes the hunt from an easy one to a very difficult one, as older or more mature bears are more wary and visit baits less often than do younger animals. Anyone that hasn't pursued a mature male bear over bait just doesn't understand how truly challenging it can be.

On Woodsmanship

Anything one does in the woods increases one's woodsmanship, as time spent out there is the key factor. Time spent in the woods allows one to learn what areas bears frequent, both through which baits are more productive, and through observing bear sign at different times of the year. Baiting gets one off the beaten track, making one more "woods wise". And blood trailing bears frequently takes one beyond where they'd normally go, often at night, forcing one to grow as an individual and as a hunter. Spending time around bears enables one to be comfortable around them and learn to interpret their demeanor, equipping the hunter to deal with any unexpected situation that may present itself.

Of course, the use of bait speeds up this learning curve significantly. A hunter can learn in a couple days over bait what would take years to learn without it. A hunter can observe more bear behaviors, demeanors, vocalizations and other characteristics than in hunting any other way. One also learns about other species in the area while scouting, hunting, and trailing bears, and great hunting spots for other species are often discovered this way.

On Selectivity and Ethical Shots

Ryan shared with me that his feelings on baiting are informed largely by his personal experiences, including a story from many years ago, where he pursued and killed a bear without the use of bait.

"I set up on a swathed oat field... and had a large bear [appear] about an hour before dark. [It made] its way to the field edge where I made a good shot with my recurve at twelve yards. The bear ran the field edge for about sixty yards and expired in a brush pile just off the edge of the field. A couple of minutes later, its cubs came out the same trail and ran down the field edge to the brush pile. Even though I was only 16, the emotional and psychological effects that had on me (nightmares) made me never want that to happen again. [Even though] the cubs were already quite big... it still really affected me."

"I've stalked bears in uncut crops multiple times over the years for fun (without the intent to shoot) and not known there were cubs present until within twenty yards. Cubs are often unable to [be seen] in crops [unless] they stand up on their rear legs, where the sow is tall enough to clearly see her for a shot. Not once hunting over bait [have] I not known if a sow had cubs... that's in thousands of encounters."

Baiting for bears is not a necessity. It does, however, allow one to increase their chances for success, while being selective about sex, age, and shot placement.

"Does anyone ever say that they saw a small bear?" Bears always tend to look large and are notoriously tough to judge. Baiting allows the hunter to use markers (barrels in the case of Stickflingers) to assess animal size. Not only can one accurately judge the size of an animal in comparison to other bears or the marker, but sex can be assessed, and the presence of cubs can be determined with a high degree of certainty. Known distances together with the time to make an unrushed shot also aid in quick clean kills. "There's no comparison to the benefits of having bears at a bait for being selective."

On Animal and Population Health

Killing bears over baits is the best way to keep the bear population in check, but the increase in food on the landscape from baiting may also increase the birth rate of bears in some areas. Baiting allows for the implementation of "quality bear management" in a similar way that people manage deer, not just for selection of harvest but also for health and nutrition of individuals in the population. This concept is not controversial when applied to deer, but it is rarely talked about when it comes to bears. Even though it is more expensive, one can use trail mix in his or her baits, which is selected because it is high in protein and essential fats but low in simple sugars. What bears eat affects their nutrition: "Just look at a dump bear!" Even when one chooses the healthiest foods available, bears will never overlook the natural food sources in their environment and bait will always be supplemental.

If instances of unhealthy bait choices were found to negatively impact animal health, limitations on non-healthy bait choices (grease, sugar, chocolate) could be implemented. Frier grease once soaked into the ground or mixed with grains is unlikely to negatively affect game, but any questionable baits (like hardened grease) should not be used.

On Respect

A lot of people enjoy watching bears, not just killing them. Almost all hunters comment on the personalities and characters of the animals. Most new hunters become life-long bear hunters, but some after trying it, understandably, say it is not for them. Bears are a quite easy animal to love, and they all have distinct characters. There is always sadness along with joy, making navigating their harvest difficult.

Baiting allows for a controlled shot opportunity, increasing the odds of a quick and humane kill. None of us ever intends to rush a shot, but we all know that opportunities often happen quickly and under unexpected conditions. Ensuring quick kills is perhaps the most respectful thing that we can do as hunters for the game we pursue, and baiting offers up just that.

Keeping clean bait sites, eliminating garbage and loose pails, and using quality foods in one's baits all show respect for the animals and for nature, and keeping baits a proper distance from trails and built-up areas is key to showing respect to the public at large.

Eating bears is a game changer and shows respect to the animal: "Every single salvageable bear we've taken at Stickflingers has been consumed."

~ continued on page 36

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Miscellaneous

Hunters, rural communities and fish and game agencies all benefit from a hunt with high success rates, and baiting helps to eliminate problem bears. Additionally, baiting can be used as a tool to take predation pressure off vulnerable ungulate populations during sensitive calving times, as more baits in the spring mean less foraging by bears.

Any conversation about the drawbacks of baiting for bears must include an honest weighting of the benefits, including eliminating the orphaning of cubs, selective harvests, and the benefits when it comes to making a clean, humane shot. "Our journeys as hunters include multiple phases... My hope for hunters is that we can appreciate each other's place on this continuum and fight the right fights."

Conclusion

My goal was to listen to and summarize what I heard in good faith. I hope that you have read it in good faith, too, and judged the ideas on their merits, remembering that just because something is acceptable in one location or context doesn't mean that it is appropriate everywhere, at all times, and without restriction.

To some, Ryan's ideas will be preaching to the choir, while others may find his arguments hard to accept. Ethical questions are often murky and involve trade-offs and nuances that are informed by our personal experiences, no matter how much we want them to be a crisp black and white. But it is okay to thoughtfully disagree. And each of us has the ability to abstain from that which offends our sensibilities.

There are times when one must stand up for what he or she believes in, and those times will differ for each of us. However, I believe that if we choose, we can have civil discussions about our disagreements. Stick around long enough and you will find yourself on the other side of the coin.

Maybe some of you have now thought about this issue in a new way, maybe not. For those of you who have read the above, and respectfully beg to differ, I am open to learning something new. Pour yourself a whiskey and pull up a seat beside Ryan. You are both welcome around

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SUMMER DOLDRUMS

By Randy Brookshier

Those dog days of summer can be long and trying. Anticipation of the coming fall seasons, practicing and prepping equipment can only go so far in mitigating the boredom of those long hot days. I usually help bide the time with fishing, ground hog hunting, bow fishing and traveling to a few rendezvous. But, I still miss the good times and comradery that we all enjoy from sharing a hunting camp with a few like-minded friends.

I am always looking for ways to extend the hunting camp experience, so I sent out an invite to several guys that I have enjoyed having in camps over the years. I told them to bring a sleeping bag, bow and quiver full of arrows and we would converge on a hunting cabin nestled in the wilds of Craig County, Virginia. Bill Wehner, a good friend and fellow P.B.S.'er, owns a cabin and hunting property that he graciously allowed us to use as a base of operations.

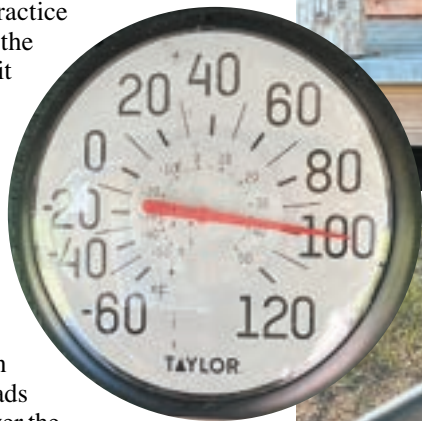
The weekend turned out to be unseasonably hot, with Saturday afternoon temperatures hitting the one hundred degree mark. The temperatures failed to deter us and we still had an outstanding time. I was able to test a few recipes on the guys that I am planning on using for hunting camp this coming fall and of course, we played with our bows.

I had set up a couple of courses along the mountain trails with various targets from carpet rolls to surplus Christmas ornaments hanging from low limbs. Saturday morning, we got up before the heat set in and had a pancake breakfast followed by an "Elk Hunt" I had set up on some of the steep ridges. Several of the guys had elk hunts planned for this fall so we gave them a practice run. This area of the country may not have the elevation of some of the western states, but it gives up nothing when it comes to steepness and ruggedness. Saturday evening was topped off by cooking a rear quarter from a boar that was shot on a previous P.B.S. hunt.

I had a handful of guys stay at the unairconditioned cabin for the weekend and then several local P.B.S. members drifted through one day or the other to shoot or eat with us. We were able to exchange ideas on hunting equipment, shooting styles, broadheads and a couple of bows were bought or traded over the weekend. Of course, there was a fair amount of good-natured ribbing surrounding our shooting ability following errant shots. Sadly to say, not all arrows shot that weekend survived the encounter.

One of the most important aspects of a good hunting camp is the time around the campfire after the day is done, enjoying a good adult beverage and catching up on the day's activities. The temperatures were tolerable after dark and the bugs weren't bad, so we sat around the fire until the early morning hours. Talking about past hunts, anticipating upcoming hunts and making plans for future hunts, makes the hours pass quickly.

The weekend turned out to be a welcome break from the drudgery of summer. I thoroughly enjoyed myself and anticipate putting together a mid-summer "hunt camp" again in the future.





“It’s Just a Doe.”

By William “Bubba” Graves

These days some people seem to be a bit judgmental, especially when it comes to bow hunting. People say things like: “You should have let him walk, he’d be a real wall hanger in a year or two.” Or “Oh, it’s just a doe.” This behavior is probably as old as hunting but has become more prevalent as TV and social media has made chasing big deer more popular.

We’ve all heard about the “management buck,” the “cull buck” or “meat doe” and the excuses that hunters feel they must give to justify why they killed it. I believe that this is due to the trophy hunting mentality that has been imposed on us. Now don’t get me wrong. There is absolutely nothing wrong with wanting to kill a big buck, but as many of us believe, any deer taken with the bow and arrow is a good deer.

I returned from a mule deer hunt in far SW Texas and was proud of the buck I had taken and decided to have him mounted. When I got to my local taxidermy shop operated by a lifelong friend, his assistant said, “I can’t believe you shot that buck, Bubba, there are bigger ones out there.” I bit my tongue and decided that this guy that I did not know too well, was just not raised right.

I have seen other forms of deer shaming, but in this case it is pointed

at the hunter himself in a form of self-ridicule. The person posting the photo online will preface his statement with, “It’s just a doe.” Or, “He’s not the biggest buck, but...”

I hunted in Illinois for the first-time last season and had several opportunities to take a “trophy” buck, but for some reason or another, things did not work out in my favor. Towards the end of the hunt, I had a nice eight-point that was following a doe come into my stand location. I contemplated hard about shooting that buck, but for reasons only known to me, I decided to let him walk and concentrated on the doe. She was about ten yards from the tree I was perched in and slightly quartering away. As I applied tension to my bow string, I was concentrating intently on a spot just behind her shoulder and in a blink of an eye I reached my anchor and released. The hit was a bit more forward than I would have liked, but I was confident that she wouldn’t make it far.

After waiting about forty-five minutes I climbed down and headed for the cabin, where I met up with my hunting partner, Steve Hohensee. Steve and I returned to the spot where I shot the doe and began blood trailing her. We spent about an hour trying to figure out where she had gone, because of the high angle of the hit and no exit wound there was very little blood on the ground.

Steve and I decided to split up and began searching the wooded draws in the direction she was headed and after about forty-five minutes of searching Steve sent me a photo text of a doe in the bottom of a creek. The text included the words, "Is this your deer?" I was at that moment the happiest hunter around. I was hunting with my friends and PBS brothers Paul Ladner and Steve Hohensee, in some great farm country and had both present to help me recover the deer. We celebrated that night at the cabin with fresh deer heart, that Steve cooked up. What more could a guy ask for?

I got to hunt a new state, in some great country with two of my good friends and got to take home memories that will last a lifetime.

With a buck you always have the antlers and photos to take home with you, but what about a doe? I thought hard about how to commemorate my doe kill and this hunt with good friends. I came up the idea of a shadow box. I collected a few items from the hunt like my busted arrow, deer tag, photos, PBS patch and a cool deer pin that the Illinois DNR gives out when you check in your deer and added them to the box.

Be proud of your accomplishments. It is you and you alone that knows the value in your trophy. I'm personally proud of every animal that I take with my long-bow. Others who criticize your kill have no clue what you have been through to kill that animal. That's on you and you should be proud of it.



How I Became a Hunter

By Bill M. Harrison

I am Bill Harrison, an Associate member of the Professional Bowhunters Society for more than twenty years. I reside in Williamston, South Carolina with my wife Betty. We have a son (Todd) and daughter (Lori). We have five grandchildren who hunt. I am also a life member of the South Carolina Bowhunters Association.

I grew up among mostly non-hunters. My mother was determined to keep me away from guns because of an accident an uncle had with a gun (there were no hunter education classes back then). However, when I was sixteen-years-old my father gave me a single barrel sixteen-gauge shotgun, which I later passed to my son.

A lifelong friend and PBS member, Jimmy Rogers of Rock Face, Georgia, introduced me to bowhunting in the early 1960's. We hunted together for many years, until he moved to Georgia. We still see each other occasionally. Jimmy was responsible for getting me started with the right ethics and the love for bowhunting.

My first buck was a nice eight-point. I used a forty-eight-pound, left-handed Ben Pearson recurve with a Bear broadhead. I now use one of several Jeffery take-downs and a Wes Wallace long-

bow with self-made cedar arrows. I, like a lot of others, have gone through lots of other bow types. I have shot the old fiberglass bow, the compounds with all the gadgets, back to the traditional recurve and longbow. I have tried "being" the arrow and the instinctive methods. The main thing is practicing the right way—and often! I used to help instruct with Mark Yost and Jeff Reno of the South Carolina Bowhunters. I also assisted with some classes with the Boy Scouts, Six and Twenty District, Blue Ridge Council of Greenville, S.C., as a Unit Commissioner.

I enjoy the outdoors and hunting very much. I want my friends, my children, and their children to be able to enjoy hunting as much as I have in my limited time. Get out and be involved with kids. Show a youngster how to shoot a bow! Look at the look they have in their eyes when they have shot the right way and hit the target.



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:
Brian Peterson of Cedar Creek, MO

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Thank You!

A special thanks to Tim Denial and his group of volunteers who stepped up to run a very successful booth at ETAR in July. PBS survives thanks to members like Tim, who spend countless hours volunteering for PBS to help spread our message and organization.

Thank you as well to our other members, such Rob Durant, Dennis Jackson, Rick Wildermuth, Don Davis, Jeff Holchin, and any others I may have missed, who have also volunteered this summer and run booths across the country!

- Harmony Receveur

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A shot from Derek Trent while Kentucky cave hunting.



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Bubba Graves with Central Barren Ground Caribou,
Alaska 2014. Wes Wallace Royal Longbow. Grizzly 200 grain
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**Send in your
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MEMBER PHOTOS



Tim Mathews with a 2022 Ohio buck.
Equipment used, Wengerd lbex 60" 48@28,
GT 340s with a 200gr 3-blade VPA. 16yd shot



PBS member Jim Lindner submitted this photo of his son,
Eric Lindner & his buck. Jim says,
"Happy to know my acorn fell close to the tree."



Clay Burkhart with a buck taken November 18.



Ron Crouch - Texas Aoudad, March 2021.

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