

BIG GAME SPECIAL

Bowhunter®

THE #1 BOWHUNTING MAGAZINE

AUGUST 2023

ADVENTURE AWAITS

10 GREAT HUNTS!

- › WORLD'S RECORD 'BOU P. 20
- › BULL ELK VS. RED STAG
- › LAST FRONTIER MOOSE
- › MULEYS ON THE PRAIRIE
- › GREENLANDIC GENESIS P. 56
- › WHITETAIL BUCK RE-DO
& MUCH MORE...

PLUS

- › 15 BACKCOUNTRY SOLUTIONS P. 12
- › DEBATING ARROW WEIGHT
- › OUR TOP GEAR PICKS



COMMAND THE QUIET



■ LEARN MORE ABOUT THE 2023 PHASE4
AT [MATHEWSINC.COM](https://www.mathewsinc.com)



Only at **KUIU.COM**



LIFETIME WARRANTY ON ALL OUR GEAR

BASE LAYERS | INSULATION | OUTERWEAR | PACKS | SLEEP SYSTEMS | FOOTWEAR | ACCESSORIES



 **KUIU**[®]
ULTRALIGHT HUNTING

CONTENTS
VOLUME 52, NUMBER 8
AUGUST/BIG GAME SPECIAL
2023



FEATURES

- 20 Record Mindset** By Daniel Welker
The story about a new World's Record woodland caribou that almost didn't happen.
- 26 Back-To-Back Bulls** By Frank Noska, Contributor
When a moose hunt goes your way, there's no sense in reinventing the wheel.
- 32 New World Bowhunting** By Curt Wells, Editor
A true American hero joins his friends and our Editor in Argentina for red stags and water buffalo.
- 38 Mountain Stags** By Pedro Ampuero
Why hunt North American elk when you can hunt roaring red stags near your home...in Spain?
- 44 Doing Right By Scarface** By Pat Lefemine, Contributor
Ethical bowhunters, like this guy, do whatever it takes to right a wrong!
- 50 Three Bowhunters And A Beagle** By Luke Giesey
When you, your better half, and your mom all kill elk — with a dog along for the ride — life is sweet.
- 56 A Greenland Legacy** By Danny Farris, Contributor
This guy keeps the **Bowhunter** streak going on his Greenland muskox hunt.
- 62 The Greatest Season** By Wayne Crownover
This story proves that what doesn't kill you, makes you stronger...and more successful!
- 68 Moose Are Easy... Except When They're Not**
By Tom Edgington | These animals are huge, highly visible, and loud, but they're no slam-dunk with a bow.
- 72 Lucky Tootsie Roll** By Jason Stafford
Horseshoes and four-leaf clovers have got nothing on a shared piece of candy.

REGULARS

- 6 EDITORIAL** | By Curt Wells, Editor
- 12 TRIED AND TRUE** | By Brian K. Strickland, Equipment Editor
- 78 WHAT'S NEW** | By Brian Fortenbaugh, Assistant Editor
- 79 WHERE TO GO/MARKETPLACE** | Special Advertising Sections
- 80 ASK BOWHUNTER** | Curt Wells Goes Social On Arrows



HOT SUMMER SALE

LIKE A SURGICAL INSTRUMENT
with a survival rate of zero.



Exclusive locking pivoting blades penetrate deeper with larger wounds
for more blood on the ground and a quick kill.

SUMMER SALE going on now at sevrbroadheads.com.

SEVR
STRAIGHT THROUGH IT.



EDITORIAL

CURT WELLS | EDITOR

SPECIAL HUNTS

EVERY HUNT IS SPECIAL, BUT SOME ARE MORE SPECIAL THAN OTHERS.

MY FIRST SEASON of bowhunting was the fall of 1981. I shot a one-antlered buck on a late-season hunt on the Tewaukon National Wildlife Refuge in south-east North Dakota. The next year, some buddies and I ventured off to the western part of the state to bowhunt mule deer. It was my first "special" bowhunt.

Special can mean many things, but if you travel away from your home turf, even if it is in your home state, it's special. One might argue that every hunt is special. I wouldn't disagree, but my personal definition depends on whether I'm sleeping in my own bed. If not, it's a special hunt.

The following year, I was off to Montana to hunt elk, igniting a 40-year odyssey of special hunts that received a shot of nitrous oxide when *Bowhunter TV* came along. I've been blessed to enjoy more adventures than I could dream of.

From the beginning, which typically meant just one special hunt per fall, the greatest pleasure of having a plan in place was the anticipation. Having something to look forward to, *especially* if it was months away, was my escape. If I was having a bad day, I just turned my thoughts to my upcoming adventure, and everything seemed okay. Not having a hunt to daydream about was intolerable, so I made sure that didn't happen. And I was not wealthy. Still not wealthy. Not even close. It's about priorities.

In this, our annual *Big Game Special*, we focus on special hunts. For some readers, these articles represent research into adventures they may be interested in doing themselves. For others, these stories serve as an escape. Some don't want to read about bowhunting adventures they know they can't afford, but for others, that's exactly why they read about faraway places and animals.

Take Pedro Ampuero's feature on page 38. A serious international bowhunter, Pedro writes about one of his favorite hunts, and it's close to home in northern Spain. On page 44, Pat Lefemine tells the tale of a buck on his own property — not where he lives in Connecticut, but in Ohio. Then there's Frank Noska on a special moose hunt in his home state of Alaska (page 26), and Wayne Crownover (page 62) and his son hunting elk on their home turf.

You don't have to leave your home state to embark on a special hunt. That said, we do have our typical stories of traveling bowhunters slinging arrows in faraway places like Newfoundland, Greenland, and Argentina.

Now, if you want to supplement your exposure to a multitude of special hunts through video, there's a new, easier way to do it. During the month of August, MyOutdoorTV (MOTV) is launching **Bowhunter TV Channel**. You will be able to watch the most recent season of *Bowhunter TV*, and the previous 10 seasons, on demand, for free. **Bowhunter TV Channel** will be available on various platforms including: MyOutdoorTV.com, Roku, Amazon Fire Stick, IOS/App Store, Google Play Store, and Smart TVs. That's 11 seasons of bowhunting action — all special hunts by any definition.

We're about to start filming our 20th season of *Bowhunter TV*. I would appreciate it if you gave our channel a try, and please let us know what you think. **BH**

Bowhunter®

An Outdoor Sportsman Group® Publication

PUBLISHER Jeff Waring

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR Curt Wells

ART DIRECTOR Mark Olszewski

ASSISTANT EDITOR Brian Fortenbaugh

EDITORIAL ASSISTANT Sally Burkey

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR Jason Henning

SR. DIGITAL EDITOR Drew Pellman

FIELD EDITORS

FOUNDER M. R. James

CONSERVATION Dr. Dave Samuel

TECHNICAL Joe Bell

TRADITIONAL Fred Eichler

EQUIPMENT Brian K. Strickland

CONTRIBUTORS

Chuck Adams • Joe Blake • Chuck Denault •

Danny Farris • Jeff Frey • Cameron R. Hanes •

Donald M. Jones • Larry D. Jones • Judy Kovar •

Lon Lauber • Pat Lefemine • Ron Niziolek •

Frank Noska • Matt Palmquist • Tony J. Peterson •

John Solomon • Dan Staton • Randy Ulmer •

John "Lefty" Wilson • C.J. Winand

ADVERTISING SALES

ADVERTISING SALES MANAGER Jeff Millar

(717) 695-8081; jeff.millar@outdoorsg.com

PRODUCTION

MANAGER Brittany Kennedy

(717) 695-8089; brittany.kennedy@outdoorsg.com

ENDEMIC AD SALES

VP, ENDEMIC SALES

Mike Savino mike.savino@outdoorsg.com

NATIONAL ENDEMIC SALES

Jim McConville (440) 791-7017

WESTERN REGION

Hutch Looney hutch@hlooney.com

NATIONAL AD SALES

ACCOUNT DIRECTOR — DETROIT OFFICE

Kevin Donley (248) 798-4458

NATIONAL ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE — CHICAGO OFFICE

Carl Benson (312) 955-0496

DIRECT RESPONSE ADVERTISING/NON-ENDEMIC

Anthony Smyth (914) 409-4202

www.bowhunter.com

Bowhunter, (ISSN # 0273-7434) is published 8 times a year, including two double issues: February (Winter Special), April/May, June (Gear Special), July, August (Big Game Special), September, October, Nov/Dec (Whitetail Special), by OUTDOOR SPORTSMAN GROUP®, 1040 6th Ave., 17th Floor, New York, NY 10018. Periodical postage paid at New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address change (form 3579) to **Bowhunter**, P.O. Box 37539, Boone, IA 50037-0539. Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to: 500 Rt. 46 East, Clifton, NJ 07011. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 41405030.

SUBSCRIPTIONS INQUIRIES: Should you wish to change your address, order new subscriptions, or report a problem with your current subscription, you can do so by writing **Bowhunter**, P.O. Box 37539, Boone, IA 50037-0539, or e-mail us at bowhunter@cdsfulfillment.com, or call TOLL FREE (800) 829-2543. **BE AWARE THAT BOWHUNTER ONLY ACCEPTS SUBSCRIPTION REQUESTS FROM AUTHORIZED AGENTS! WE MAY NOT HONOR REQUESTS FROM UNAUTHORIZED AGENTS, AND YOU THEREFORE MAY LOSE YOUR MONEY IF YOU BUY FROM AN UNAUTHORIZED AGENT.** If you are offered a subscription to **Bowhunter**, please call 1-800-829-2543 to determine if the agent is authorized. For more information on subscription scams, please visit www.ftc.gov.

Subscription rate for one year is \$29.94 (U.S., APO, FPO, and U.S. possessions), Canada add \$13.00 (U.S. funds) per year, includes sales tax and GST. Foreign add \$15.00 (U.S. funds) per year.

Occasionally, our subscriber list is made available to reputable firms offering goods and services that we believe would be of interest to our readers. If you prefer to be excluded, please send your current address label and a note requesting to be excluded from these promotions to: Outdoor Sportsman Group®, 1040 6th Ave., 17th Floor, New York, NY 10018 • Attn: Privacy Coordinator, or email your label information and note to privacycoordinator@outdoorsg.com.

FOR REPRINTS: For Reprints/Eprints or Licensing/Permissions, please contact: Wright's Media — TOLL FREE (877) 652-5295.

CONTRIBUTIONS: Manuscripts, photographs and artwork must be submitted to the Editorial Office with a SASE. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for loss or damage to unsolicited material. Please send to: **Bowhunter** • 6385 Flank Drive, Suite 800 • Harrisburg, PA 17112-2784 • (717) 695-8085 Fax: (717) 545-2527



Bowhunter TV

CHANNEL



ULTRAREST[®] **INTEGRATE** MX

100% AMERICAN MADE



Throw Yourself a Bone

Full tang stainless steel blade with natural bone handle—now **ONLY \$79!**

If you're on the hunt for a knife that combines impeccable craftsmanship with a sense of wonder, the **\$79 Huntsman Blade** is the trophy you're looking for.

The blade is full tang, meaning it doesn't stop at the handle but extends to the length of the grip for the ultimate in strength. The blade is made from 420 surgical steel, famed for its sharpness and its resistance to corrosion.

The handle is made from genuine natural bone, and features decorative wood spacers and a hand-carved motif of two overlapping feathers—a reminder for you to respect and connect with the natural world.

This fusion of substance and style can garner a high price tag out in the marketplace. In fact, we found full tang, stainless steel blades with bone handles in excess of \$2,000. Well, that won't cut it around here. We have mastered the hunt for the best deal, and in turn pass the spoils on to our customers.

But we don't stop there. While supplies last, we'll include a pair of \$99 8x21 power compact binoculars *and* a genuine leather sheath **FREE** when you purchase the *Huntsman Blade*.

Your satisfaction is 100% guaranteed. Feel the knife in your hands, wear it on your hip, inspect the impeccable craftsmanship. If you don't feel like we cut you a fair deal, send it back within 30 days for a complete refund of the item price.

Limited Reserves. A deal like this won't last long. We have only 1120 *Huntsman Blades* for this ad only. Don't let this beauty slip through your fingers. Call today!

Huntsman Blade \$249*

Offer Code Price Only \$79 + S&P

Save \$170

1-800-333-2045

Your Insider Offer Code: HBK191-01

You must use the insider offer code to get our special price.

Stauer® 14101 Southcross Drive W., Ste 155, Dept. HBK191-01
Burnsville, Minnesota 55337 www.stauer.com

*Discount is only for customers who use the offer code versus the listed original Stauer.com price.

California residents please call 1-800-333-2045 regarding Proposition 65 regulations before purchasing this product.

- 12" overall length; 6 1/2" stainless steel full tang blade • Genuine bone handle with brass hand guard & bolsters • Includes genuine leather sheath
- Stauer... *Afford the Extraordinary.®*

**EXCLUSIVE
FREE**

Stauer® 8x21
Compact
Binoculars

-a \$99 value-
with purchase of
Huntsman Blade



**OUTDOOR
SPORTSMAN**
GROUP®
PUBLISHING & BRANDED MEDIA

CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER,
PUBLISHING & BRANDED MEDIA Mike Carney

EVP, GROUP PUBLISHER & OPERATIONS Derek Sevcik

VP, CONSUMER MARKETING Peter Watt

VP, MANUFACTURING Deb Daniels

SENIOR DIRECTOR, PRODUCTION Connie Mendoza

DIRECTOR, PUBLISHING TECHNOLOGY Kyle Morgan

SENIOR CREATIVE DIRECTOR Tim Neher

DIRECTOR, DIGITAL EDITOR Darren Choate

For questions regarding digital editions, please contact
digitalsupport@outdoorsg.com

MEDIA
outdoorsg.com

TELEVISION
outdoorchannel.com
thesportsmanchannel.com
worldfishingnetwork.com

HUNTING
bowhunter.com
bowhuntingmag.com
gundogmag.com
petersenshunting.com
northamericanwhitetail.com
wildfowlmag.com

FISHING
bassfan.com
floridasportsman.com
flyfisherman.com
gameandfishmag.com
in-fisherman.com

SHOOTING
gunsandammo.com
handguns.com
rifleshootermag.com
shootingtimes.com
firearmsnews.com

Copyright 2023 by Outdoor Sportsman Group®

All Rights Reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced without written permission.

Bowhunter® is a registered trademark of Outdoor Sportsman Group® in the United States.

The Publisher and authors make no representations or warranties regarding the accuracy, completeness, and timeliness of the information contained in this publication. Any reliance or use of the information is solely at your own risk, and the authors and Publisher disclaim any and all liability relating thereto. Any prices given in this issue were suggested prices at the press time and are subject to change.

Some advertisements in this magazine may concern products that are not legally for sale to California residents or residents in other jurisdictions.

Cover Photo: DON JONES (DONALDMJONES.COM)





AS PURE AS IT GETS

Proud to represent America's hunting community, the *Bone Collector* team has a pure passion for the game, the land and the lifestyle. Hosts Michael Waddell, Nick Mundt and Travis "T-Bone" Turner keep it real as they celebrate the true brotherhood and sisterhood of hunting.

BONE COLLECTOR
WITH MICHAEL WADDELL

SUNDAYS 9:30 P ET

SCHEDULE SUBJECT TO CHANGE


Outdoor

WATCH

**BONE
COLLECTOR**

MOTV

MYOUTDOORTV.COM



EDGE
REAL TREES

EDGE

EDGE
REAL TREES



EFFECTIVENESS IS OUR EDGE

#HUNTWITHANEDGE

EFFECTIVELY DOMINATE GEOGRAPHICAL ELEMENTS

EDGE.REALTREE.COM | @REALTREEOUTDOORS





TRIED AND TRUE

BRIAN K. STRICKLAND | EQUIPMENT EDITOR

When hunting country like this, there's no room for inferior gear.



GO WEST, YOUNG MAN

COME PREPARED FOR WHAT WESTERN BOWHUNTING CAN THROW AT YOU.

ALTHOUGH IT was 25 years ago this season, I remember my first Western bowhunt like it was yesterday. Not only was I greeted by a bugling bull elk on opening morning and got a crack at him, but four days later I was able to switch gears and put a sneak on a bedded, velvet-racked buck.

Seeing that arrow arc over the brush and bury into his chest set the stage for many Western bowhunting seasons to come.

The pack-out on that hunt is also something that is still burned into my mind. My secondhand, metal-framed pack dug into my back like daggers, and the average boots I chose to wear had my feet on fire. Sometimes you need to learn things

the hard way, and it was on that hunt that I quickly learned how much quality gear really matters — especially in the West.

Obviously, having a finely tuned rig for the backcountry should be your first priority, but a close second would certainly have to be picking a quality pack. Twenty-five years ago, those options were relatively slim...but that's no longer true.

Mystery Ranch (mysteryranch.com) is an obvious candidate for the short-list. Frankly, they make some of the best packs today, and it's hard to beat their [1] **Marshall** (\$649). With over 6,400 cu. in. of space, you won't run out of room, and because it's built around Mystery's Guide Light MT Frame, it can handle as much as you can carry. This top-loader is constructed from 500D fabrics, and like all of Mystery's packs, the Marshall has a Futura Yoke for micro-adjusting torso length. Various zippers allow access to the main and lower compartments, and there's no shortage of organizational pockets and pouches. To further reduce volume for quick trips, the Marshall is also equipped with a removable daypack lid.

Stone Glacier's (stoneglacier.com) [2] **Sky 5900** (\$695) is another beast designed for extended wilderness hunts. At 5,900 cu. in., it expands to 8,000 cu. in. with the meat-shelf loaded and can also be minimized to 4,300 cu. in. With an overall weight of just over 5 lbs., it's a great lightweight pack that incorporates a vertical pocket for spotters and anything else you need quick access to. Several attachment points in the main compartment are designed for adding organizer Swing Out Pockets, plus full-panel access to the main compartment.

For three decades, **ALPS OutdoorZ** (alpsoutdoorz.com) has been raising the bar, and one of their mainstays is the [3] **Commander X** (\$499.99). Doubling as a meat-hauler/multi-daypack, it's constructed from reinforced fabrics and offers over 4,000 cu. in. of storage. Several internal/external pockets organize your gear, and a fleece-lined pocket for protecting your optics. A removable lid doubles as a fanny pack. The backbone of this pack is the Commander X frame, which can serve as a standalone meat-hauler. The molded design features two aluminum stays with a channeled, high-density ABS frame that incorporates a compressed wing system and a lower shelf for hauling game.

THE STRONG, SILENT TYPE



THE ALL-ELECTRIC VOLCON STAG
DESIGNED & ASSEMBLED IN THE USA

FINANCING AVAILABLE





Combining versatility, durability, and the ability to carry heavy loads is the [4] **MRK 6 Pack** (\$499.99) from **Badlands** (badlandsgear.com). MRK is short for “Mountain Range Killer,” and it gives you 6,100 cu. in. of storage space. The new MRK line has a split-pack design with an integrated meat-shelf that’s built around a strong magnesium-alloy frame. Its Strata Suspension System, which is touted as their most comfortable and adjustable system to date, can be adjusted for a fine-tuned fit.

It’s no secret that **Kifaru** (kifaru.net) makes some of our favorite packs, but you’ll need shelter as well, and their [5] **Sawtooth** (\$930) is an exceptional choice. Combining the weight/efficiency of a lightweight tarp with the standing room of a tipi-style tent, the 6’T Sawtooth provides plenty of headroom. At just over 4 lbs., it won’t slow you down or take up much pack space, either. Battle-tested in sustained winds of 50 mph and gusts to 70, it also can be equipped with one of Kifaru’s stoves for the late season.

Couple this one with Kifaru’s **Slick Bag 20** (\$430), which offers the best warmth-to-weight ratio of any sleeping bag on the market, and you can’t go wrong.

If you’re not into tipi-style tents, then **KUIU**’s (kuiu.com) [6] **Storm Star 2** (\$599) is the next-best option. The four-season, all-weather design w/dual vestibules keeps gear dry. It weighs 5.5 lbs. and sports an asymmetrical floor for additional room. The poles connect to the exterior of the fly for struggle-free set-up in high winds. To complete the package, add the **Super Down 30** (\$459) sleeping bag to the mix. It is KUIU’s lightest option, and it’s insulated with water-resistant Quixdown.

For the soloist, **Browning Camping** (browningcamping.com) offers the [7] **Talon 1-Person** (\$279) tent to their long list of successes. With a footprint of nearly 7’ x 4’ and a center height of 43” it has solid room. At just over 6 lbs., it’s not the lightest tent on this list, but it will save you money while providing a durable, weatherproof shelter when you need one.

More than just a sleeping bag, **Sitka**’s (sitkagear.com) multifunctional [8] **Kelvin Aerolite 30** (\$429) is more like a sleeping system that’s designed to be an extension of Sitka’s legendary clothing performance. Its PrimaLoft Gold Insulation w/Cross Core technology replicates the performance of down but with warm-when-wet qualities. With a 30-degree comfort rating, it makes a great standalone bag for those warmer hunts, and with features like armholes, contoured shoulders, a hood, and a center-front two-way zipper, it transforms into another warming layer when needed most.

After five years on the drawing board, and countless backcountry excursions putting them to the test, iconic bootmaker **LaCrosse** (lacrossefootwear.com) brings the waterproof [9] **Ursa MS** (\$300) to the table. These backcountry machines are designed with TecTuff PU-infused leather uppers w/breathable SuperFabric quarter panels and gussets that have proven time and again to be

FORMULA™

Flambeau

BOW CASE

UNRIVALED STORAGE SOLUTION with the **REVOLUTIONARY ADJUSTABLE BOW SECURITY (A.B.S.) System: FOAMLESS Chassis Assembly That FREE-FLOATS Critical Precision Components — Sight, Cams, Cables, and String — FOR CONTACT FREE PRESERVATION.**



INTERNAL
RACK FOR (8)
SPARE ARROWS

FREE-FLOATS
CRITICAL
PRECISION
COMPONENTS

LIGHTWEIGHT
18.25 lbs.
(Unloaded)

QUIVER
REMAINS
ATTACHED

REMOVABLE
ACCESSORY
POUCH

FOAMLESS

ADJUSTABLE
SHOCK-ABSORBING
CHASSIS

ABS
ADJUSTABLE BOW SECURITY

- Adjustable to fit bow lengths up to 43" overall length
- Airline friendly

AUTOMATIC
PRESSURE
RELEASE
VALVE

IMPACT
DEFUSING
AIR CHAMBER

Anti-crush and impact
defusing air chamber
negates the need for
heavier exterior walls

ANTI-CRUSH

NITE
IZE



FEATURING:

x2 Nite Ize®
Gear Tie® Mega™ Bow Tie Downs

www.FLAMBEAUOUTDOORS.com



@flambeauoutdoors



@flambeau_outdoors

© 2023 FLAMBEAU INC.

WHAT IS AVAXHOME?

AVAXHOME-

the biggest Internet portal,
providing you various content:
brand new books, trending movies,
fresh magazines, hot games,
recent software, latest music releases.

Unlimited satisfaction one low price

Cheap constant access to piping hot media

Protect your downloadings from Big brother

Safer, than torrent-trackers

18 years of seamless operation and our users' satisfaction

All languages

Brand new content

One site



AVXLIVE ICU

AvaxHome - Your End Place

We have everything for all of your needs. Just open <https://avxlive.icu>



extremely abrasion-resistant and durable. Adding to this gem is the Vibram MONT outsole for optimized traction and a large, Hexguard rubber rand that has been cemented and double-stitched.

The [10] *Mountain Extreme Series* (\$500–\$540) from **Kenetrek** (kenetrek.com) has earned a reputation as a life-saver in the wilds of the West. It sports a 7mm polyurethane midsole to ensure torsional rigidity and a proprietary K-Talon outsole for stability in sketchy terrain. The 2.8mm-thick leather uppers w/one-piece vamp construction have an abrasion-resistant rubber sole guard. And with the no-seam tongue and waterproof/breathable Windtex membrane, the only moisture your feet will see is what they produce.

Light, fast, and durable are the trademarks of the [11] *Kestrel* (\$389) boot from **Schnee's** (schnees.com). These non-insulated gems feature top-grain leather uppers for durability, while the trim and tongue are composed of a high-performance stretch fabric to provide a

more athletic feel for enhanced mobility. Gobbling up those mountain miles is an aggressive Vibram outsole, and the lightweight polyurethane midsole provides solid support and shock absorption.

The [12] *MTN Stalker Pro* (\$248) from **Rocky** (rockyboots.com) sports full-grain, waterproof leather uppers with protective rands around the bottom for durability. Rocky's Vapor Pass technology sheds moisture without trapping perspiration. After long miles on the trail, you'll appreciate the rebound footbed and fiberglass shanks that provide additional cushioning and support. These boots also feature aggressive Vibram Mountaineering outsoles.

Garmin's (garmin.com) [13] *InReach Mini 2 Satellite Communicator* (\$349.99) is a must-have tool for safety and connectivity in the backcountry. Compact, rugged, and lightweight, it enables two-way texting through the global Iridium satellite network and can also be triggered to send an interactive SOS message 24/7 to the Search

and Rescue monitoring center — when the worst has happened. It can also access downloadable maps, has a digital compass, and the TracBack feature helps with navigation while also allowing others to track your movements.

When you're in a pinch and need guaranteed flame fast, the [14] *Elite Dual-Arc Lighter* (\$29.99) from **Pyro Putty** (pyroputty.com) is your answer. Fully water-resistant and windproof, it features a rechargeable battery that provides up to 300 strikes on a single charge and can hold an ample supply of Pyro Putty for starting a fire in virtually any conditions.

The [15] *Escape Bivy* (\$68.99) from **SOL** (surviveoutdoorslonger.com) provides peace of mind when planning a solo excursion. Crafted from proprietary fabric, it's moisture-wicking and waterproof and reflects up to 70% of radiated body heat to help you stay warm. Lightweight and packable, it's a must-have for any bowhunter planning to adventure into the backcountry. **BH**



FASTEST. MOST ACCURATE.

Whether you prefer raw speed or compact speed, TenPoint's **NEW** 2023 crossbows are the fastest crossbows in the world. Equipped with **NEW** Scope Struts that provide a rock-solid foundation for optics, we've maximized long-range accuracy and in-the-field-durability.

NITRO 505™



SPEED

505 FPS

WIDTH

6.5 INCHES

LENGTH

30.7 INCHES

NEW FOR 2023
SCOPE STRUTS



ROCK-SOLID MOUNTING FOR
LONG-RANGE ACCURACY

NEW STEALTH 450™



SPEED

450 FPS

WIDTH

6.5 INCHES

LENGTH

33 INCHES

NEW FLATLINE 460™



SPEED

460 FPS

WIDTH

7.5 INCHES

LENGTH

26.5 INCHES



LEARN MORE AT: [TENPOINTCROSSBOWS.COM](https://tenpointcrossbows.com)





TASTE OF THE WILD

THE GREAT TASTE OF OUTDOOR TELEVISION



Everyone's raving about our latest Taste of the Wild menu on Monday nights.
Savor the fresh, wild flavors with acclaimed British restaurateur Mike Robinson,
adrenaline junkie and chef Mario Kalpou, outdoorsman extraordinaire Steven Rinella,
global explorer Nick Hoffman, James Beard Award nominee Yia Vang
and California fishing legend Tommy Gomes.

MONDAYS BEGINS **7P** **Outdoor**
SCHEDULE SUBJECT TO CHANGE

NEW
WORLD'S
RECORD

REC

GOOD THINGS HAPPEN WHEN TWO BUDDIES PUT IN THE TIME AND EFFORT.

MANY YEARS AGO, I was in Saskatchewan, enjoying an incredible trip hunting whitetails. One of my favorite things about hunting trips is spending time in camp getting to know my fellow hunters and guides.

It was during that Saskatchewan hunt that I met guide Josh Belyea. I loved listening to Josh's tales of guiding adventures. We clicked immediately, and we have been good friends ever since.

It was in 2019, on yet another Saskatchewan hunt, that Josh told me he also guided hunters for woodland caribou in Newfoundland. I couldn't believe what I was hearing, because woodland caribou have always been my dream subspecies to hunt. And in that moment, the planning began for us to work together to make that dream a reality.

Josh contacted the Newfoundland outfitter he was working for and got the approval for me to come to "The Rock" — as they call Canada's easternmost province — the following season for a caribou/moose combo hunt. As luck would have it, Josh was also given the nod to be my guide, so I would be able to do the hunt with my good friend.

Josh and I were in constant contact over the next year, making plans for what I knew would be an unforgettable adventure bowhunt.

Soon after landing in Nova Scotia, Josh and I boarded the ferry to Newfoundland. Once there, we met up with the outfitter and talked options for finding me the right stag caribou and bull moose. After picking up my tags, we started the next leg of the journey.

I wanted an adventure, and that's exactly what I got...right out of the gate!

In our first camp, we used a boat to get across a lake. Once ashore, we then used an Argo UTV to get to some high points from which we would glass. After two days of this, we only had one bull run across the tundra about a mile out, never to be seen again.

On Day Three, Josh and I decided to go to an area that was too far for others to trek. Our decision paid off, as we eventually came across a fantastic moose, and I made a great shot at 40 yards. With only one caribou spotted the rest of the day, we decided to take the next morning off to rest before heading to a new location.

There are times when a hunt requires a bit of ingenuity...and this is where my Newfoundland adventure truly started.

The motor on the boat Josh and I planned on using to take us across the lake wouldn't start. While Josh and others tried to get the motor running, I came up with an idea I hoped would get us back in the game: I fashioned a giant "paddle" out of a tote lid and a big branch.



OPRD

MINDSET



BH
BIG GAME
SPECIAL

With plenty of daylight left, my good friend and guide, Josh Belyea (left), and I sat back and shared stories of the past and how this all came to fruition. This is the moment that we will remember the rest of our lives. (Inset) This is the bull moose I was blessed to arrow at 40 yards.

PHOTOS BY JOSH BELYEA

BY DANIEL WELKER

RECORD MINDSET

My makeshift paddle — plus hands in the water and help from the wind — worked, and we soon found ourselves a mile away from where the trouble started. There, we loaded the truck and headed down the highway to an old house used mainly for storage.

The next couple of days were spent with boots on the ground, trying to figure out where the caribou were. After countless miles, we finally spotted some, but after looking them over we decided to change plans.

The next morning, Josh and I got in the Argo and headed for a new trailhead. Mile after mile we traveled, before eventually pulling into another camp where other hunters and guides were staying.

While I meant what I said at the beginning of this article about camp life and how much I enjoy it, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't glad we only had to spend one night in that cabin. The hospitality was great, but with three guides, four hunters, and a cook, who all snored like a train ripping through a small town at midnight, we didn't sleep a wink.

If extreme Argoing wasn't a sport before, we invented it the following morning! It brought me back to my senior year of high school when I would go "mudding" with my buddies in the rain-drenched grounds of Southeast Texas.

We had to battle to get to our camp, and I couldn't get one of the other guide's words from the night before out of my head: "I don't know if you will make it there," he said.

Determined to not quit, Josh and I eventually made it to our destination, where we immediately spotted a caribou



Had I killed this bull with my bow instead of a gun on my first trip, my World's Record woodland caribou would still be out there.

bull on the other side of a small lake. Relief flooded over me. While my bow was dialed-in, neither of us felt good about the high winds. As a result, this bull wasn't to be mine.

With several hours left before the end of legal shooting light, we decided our best bet was to find a good vantage point from which to continue glassing the huge valley below us. Despite our physical exhaustion, we were still confident in our chances.

To get a good look at what we had to work with, Josh put his binoculars on a tripod and pointed out a caribou herd in the distance. I located the herd, at which point I put my Swarovski spotting scope to use. Instantly, my eyes were met with a good bull in the herd.

As I continued to survey the herd, my eyes kept going back to that first bull that was in my sight, and I finally decided that this was the bull. We both knew it was time to move fast!

As we crept to within 50 yards of this

great bull, the wind picked up. I started to draw my bow, but the wind betrayed my presence. The cows caught my scent and took off. I hastily put down my bow, picked up my rifle, and pulled the trigger...

Although I was thrilled with my bull, I knew my journey was not complete. So, I rebooked for the following year. Then, COVID happened...

For two long years, all I could do was patiently wait and dream about getting back to the rolling tundra of Newfoundland in search of a top-shelf woodland caribou bull — with my bow. I knew it would be worth the wait.

When the COVID ban finally lifted, it was right before the start of the 2021 archery season. I got the vaccine and hastily did everything necessary to ensure headache-free international travel during this time of new "reality." Nothing was going to stop me from fulfilling this dream.

I arrived at Josh's place before the season opener, and the familiarity of the



Josh and I spent as much time as our nerves could handle watching this bull through our glass, before we both agreed it was time to put a move on him.



Bushnell®



SEE IT ALL LIVE, KNOW IT ALL NOW.

LIVE STREAMING CELLULAR TRAIL CAMERA

With the touch of a button on your smart phone, the CelluCORE™ LIVE lets you see LIVE video of the deer you manage, the spots you scout, the property you protect, or any other scenario that matters to you. That means you get more real-time info than you've ever had before. And, with Dual SIM Connectivity, it automatically connects to the strongest cellular network signal in your camera's area.

CELLU
CORE
LIVE



BUILT FOR THE PURSUIT

BUSHNELL.COM



RECORD MINDSET

landscape immediately washed over me. We did the same route, taking the ferry, and did all the work to get my woodland caribou tag. With tag in hand, my gut feeling was that this return trip was going to be special.

We once again made a plan to go back to that old storage house as our base camp. When we arrived at the house, it needed several hours of cleaning. It felt like the stillness and dust of the world had settled in every nook and cranny in the house after two years of COVID had left many things eerily untouched.

When we finished, we made a hearty meal in preparation for the opening morning of what we had been waiting over 698 days for — not that I was counting. That night I slept a dreamless sleep, already at peace with what I could feel coming the next morning.

Waking up the next morning, I could literally feel the electricity in the air.

At daybreak, Josh spotted an amazing bull no hunter in his or her right mind could pass up. Looking through my spotter, I could see the bull had great tops, huge shovels, long bez and beams, good width, and nice back points — a

bull more than worthy of my extended wait. But, of course, we had to throw a little adventure in there first.

While Josh stayed back at the bank, a local guide, Franky, took me to where he saw a bull several days before with what he claimed had the biggest “fronts” he had ever seen. Franky and I set off in search of the bull with the fronts. We popped over a hill, knowing if that bull was still around, we would find him there. We looked hard for some time, but my hunter’s intuition told me we needed to get back to Josh to go after the bull he had spotted.

As Franky and I walked up to Josh, with slight trepidation in my voice, I asked him if the bull was still there. Josh replied, “Yes,” and my fears instantly dissipated.

I sat behind my spotting scope for a few minutes to look the bull over again. When I pulled my eyes away to look at Josh and Franky, we all had the same look on our faces that indicated we need not look for another caribou bull, because this one was truly magnificent!

We talked through a couple options to get to the bull, and first tried Franky’s route, since he was more familiar with the area. Unfortunately, there wasn’t enough cover, so we hiked back to try

Plan B, skirting all the way around the hill and then popping up from the bottom. Doing so would entail making an almost complete circle around the hill, but we all agreed that this bull was worth the trouble.

After working our way around the hill, we were finally on the cusp of something special. This final approach was perfect, because it would allow us to close the distance with the wind in our favor and a large rock to use for cover.

With Josh a few yards behind me, his camera in hand, I slowly walked over. The bull was up and had a little buddy following behind him. The big bull was only 34 yards from me, facing the opposite direction and quartering-away. This was it!

I made my move, drawing my bow and standing up from behind the rock to get a clear shot. I settled my pin and squeezed the trigger... and the shot was perfect! The bull ran over the hill and out of sight, so we cautiously followed right behind him.

Peeking over the hill, I spotted the bull 40 yards away but still on his feet, so I sent a second arrow into his vitals to kill him as quickly as possible — something all responsible bowhunters should do, no matter how good the first arrow

MORE THAN A BOW.™





Josh pulled out all the stops with his camera to capture yet another great photo of my bull.

looked. Upon my follow-up's impact, the bull ran down to a lake, where he came to rest in the water. It was over.

We were pumped beyond belief, and while everyone present had a general idea of just how truly big this bull was, none of us dared speak on it just yet out of fear of jinxing things.

We walked down to the water's edge to enjoy the moment. I stripped down to my underwear to wade out to retrieve the magnificent bull. As I put my hand on the velvet antler that was sticking out of the water and began to lift him out, we all knew we had accomplished our goal — to kill a giant woodland caribou bull

that would later become the new Pope and Young World's Record.

What had started as a dream years ago while relaxing and socializing at the bar in a Saskatchewan whitetail lodge, had become a reality in Newfoundland.

The long journey was well worth the reward! **BH**

The author, known as "Yo" to family and friends, grew up in Sugar Land, Texas. He became passionate about the discipline, dedication, and hard work bowhunting requires, and is now working on a goal of taking all 29 species of North American big game.

Author's Notes:

My equipment included a PSE bow set at 80 pounds, Black Eagle arrows, Wasp broadheads, Option Archery sight, Conquest quiver, Rogue bowstrings, Rattler grip, Scott release aid, Marsupial bino harness, Swarovski optics, Stone Glacier pack, and Kryptek camo.

Upon panel-judging at the most recent P&Y Biennial Convention held in Reno, Nevada, my bull was officially deemed the new World's Record Woodland Caribou Velvet, scoring 362½.

Either way, you're about to make the right choice.

When bowhunters ask, what bow should I choose? Carbon or aluminum? Our answer is simple: it's in your hands. Nothing will tell you more than shooting a Carbon RX-7 or VTM for yourself. Both flagship bows are smoother, quieter, and more dead in hand than any bows we've ever built. And there's proof in that pudding. Either way, tags will be filled. Shoot both at your local Hoyt dealer and learn more at Hoyt.com.



HOYT
ARCHERY

CARBON RX-7

VTM

BACK -TO- BACK BULLS



WHEN YOU FIND SUCCESS WITH A LOCATION AND A TACTIC, YOU “RINSE AND REPEAT” AS LONG AS IT KEEPS WORKING.

BY FRANK NOSKA, CONTRIBUTOR

In 2021, my good friend Darryl Amason was able to realize his goal of arrowing an Alaskan moose. That hunt didn't lack for adventure and excitement.

Darryl and I had located a good bull and snuck to within 300 yards. The rut was in full swing, and the bull had a cow with him. Our plan was to stalk a little closer, then for me to call the bull into bow range of Darryl.

Just when we were both feeling like, “we got this,” I felt a slight breeze on my neck. The topography of the land was funneling the wind toward the moose, and it didn't take long before the gig was up.

A couple days later we were blessed to be looking through our binoculars at another nice bull, also accompanied by a cow. The wind dictated that we stalk toward this bull from right to left, so we navigated around a large lake to get closer to the bull.

When we were about 500 yards from the two moose, Darryl and I noticed that the wind was slightly different. It was doing the same exact thing as on our previous failed stalk, and we feared a carbon-copy result if we approached any closer. Without even discussing it, Darryl and I both knew what we had to do — back-track all the way around the lake to approach this bull from the other side.

When we finally made it around the lake and were within a couple hundred yards of where we thought the bull was bedded, we both donned waders before easing into the water at the lake's edge. Walking in the water made our approach completely silent. Had we attempted to sneak closer in the thick brush, I am certain the moose would have heard us.

Upon reaching our predetermined spot, we stopped. My plan from there was to slowly and quietly climb a short distance up from the shoreline and then set up to call the bull. Darryl's job was to stay in the water and continue another 40 yards along the shoreline, at which point he was also going to climb up the grassy hill. This would put Darryl in the best possible position for a shot once I started calling. Before we parted, I emphasized to Darryl to take

his time and go extremely slow. The moose were close, and we didn't want to risk spooking them. We had plenty of time, and they weren't going anywhere.

I got settled into a good calling spot, and then waited until I could see Darryl get next to a stand of small trees directly across from me. When he looked over and gave me a thumbs up, I knew he was ready.

The instant I started raking the brush, the bull grunted and started coming. As the bull was getting closer, I was expecting Darryl to shoot at any moment. Every second, the sound of tree limbs breaking was getting louder and louder. Then I could see the trees and brush moving, and suddenly the bull stepped out, literally 10 yards from me. He towered above me, as I lay flat in the tall grass to keep him from seeing me. He looked and listened for the “intruder” bull that he thought was there. The wind was perfect, and even with the bull so close, he never smelled me. Eventually the bull retreated and headed back in the direction of his cow.

I couldn't believe what had just happened. We never could have predicted that the bull would walk just above Darryl and not offer him a clear shot, let alone come so ultra-close to me afterwards.

The bull wasn't spooked or alarmed at all, so I just stayed where I was. I decided to have a snack, drink some water,

My good friend Darryl Amason checked another box on his bucket list when he killed this bull moose.



For adventure bowhunters like Darryl, this is about as good as a picture can get!

BACK-TO-BACK BULLS

and give the bull some time. I couldn't see Darryl, so I didn't know if he was doing the same, or possibly even off stalking the bull on his own. After about 30 minutes, I decided to call again. What did we have to lose?

When I started raking the trees again, the bull grunted, and I could hear him coming through the brush toward me again! At the same time, I heard Darryl climbing toward me from below. When I finally saw the bull's antlers, I could also hear Darryl struggling to get into position.

When the bull busted out of the trees right beside me, I stayed low to the ground and remained still. Watching the bull out of the corner of my eye and trying to hold my breath, I waited. Then, I finally heard it: Darryl's bow went off, and I saw his arrow hit the bull perfectly behind its shoulder.

On September 19, 2021, the bowhunting script finally played out perfectly for us, and Darryl got to check a box off his bucket list. His moose later scored 196½" P&Y.

In 2022, Darryl and I were back at it again, and we had located a bull

and two cows hanging around a long, narrow lake. As we set up our tent, the excitement was building. We hoped to get some more close-range moose action, like the year before.

The next morning, we slowly made our way uphill to a vantage point, and it didn't take us long to locate the shooter bull. We stalked around the lake to get as close to the moose as we could. When we ran out of good cover and determined that the wind wasn't ideal, we stopped — there was no need to get in a hurry and push the issue.

It was still early in the day, so we got comfy in our observation spot and waited. I set up my spotting scope, so we could see the bull even better. He was bedded with two cows on the far end of the narrow lake, about 500 yards away. When he would turn his head, we could see that he had wide antlers, which produced a wide smile on my face. I told Darryl that all we could do was sit, wait, and let the bull make the next move. If we couldn't get in close to him, we would just try again the next day and hope for better luck.

As the day wore on, Darryl and I took turns resting and keeping tabs on

the moose. I supposedly got a better and longer nap than Darryl did...at least that is what he claimed.

Later that afternoon, the three moose started moving around and feeding more than we had ever seen them do before. Over the course of that day, the wide-antlered bull never strayed too far from his two cows. But as the day wore on, I noticed he was slowly getting farther away from his cows. He was still on the other side of the narrow lake, but he was starting to move in our general direction. Behind us, the lake necked-down to its smallest point, so I told Darryl if the bull kept coming down the shoreline, I wanted to hustle back and get set up by that narrowest spot in the lake.

With the rut in full swing and the wind in our favor, I was optimistic we could call him across the lake to us. The bull's pace increased slightly, distancing himself even more from the two cows, and he now appeared to be committed to walking down the shoreline. We needed to hurry, so we left all our gear where we stood, except for my bow and our moose decoys and calls.

We could now hear the bull grunting with every step he took. By the time Dar-

My bull moose fell prey to a solid setup plan, good calling, a bow-mounted decoy — and a well-placed arrow.





ANTLER RIDGE

HUNTING STABILIZERS

KRYPTOS ARC VIBRATION DAMPENER

SUPERIOR VIBRATION DAMPENING IN ALL AXES... X, Y, AND Z
ACCORDION COIL DESIGN - SUPERIOR REDUCTION OF Z-AXIS
VIBRATIONS DIRECTED BACK INTO BOW

FEATURING PATENTED

INTERWOVEN NATURAL FLAX FIBERS IN
SPECIALIZED CARBON FIBER
FOR SUPERIOR VIBRATION
CANCELING

SAME NATURAL FLAX FIBERS USED IN HIGH-END
BICYCLE FRAMES AND SPORTS RACKETS



AVAILABLE COLORS:
- OLIVE DRAB GREEN
- COYOTE TAN
- BLACK

AVAILABLE SIZES:
- 6" - 10"
- 8" - 12"

1" DIA. 20Z WEIGHT

1" DIA. 20Z WEIGHT



434-929-2800

WWW.AXCELARCHERY.COM



THE REAL #1

ANYONE CAN CLAIM IT. WE PROVE IT!

BACK-TO-BACK BULLS

ryl and I got into position at the narrows, the bull was almost there, too. A steadily walking moose, even at a slow pace, can cover some serious ground!

Darryl was behind me and couldn't see the bull. I wanted to let the moose get directly across from us before we started calling. When the bull got there, I gave Darryl the signal to start calling.

The bull instantly looked in our direction when he first heard Darryl's brush-thrashing and calling. Without hesitation, the bull then turned and started

across the lake toward us. I was set up about 20 yards in front of Darryl and had a cow moose Ultimate Predator decoy on my bow. Because of the slope of the hill, I lost sight of the bull for several minutes, but the sounds of him grunting were getting louder and louder. The excitement of seeing a big bull coming to a call with his antlers swaying back and forth is intense!

When the bull saw my decoy and thought I was a cow moose, he kept coming closer and closer. Shooting a bull moose that is facing you, especially with a bow, is not a good idea. But at only seven yards and still facing me, I was running out of options.

Finally, the bull turned to his right and looked in Darryl's direction, thinking Darryl was his unseen rival. When he took two steps toward Darryl, a quartering-to shot opportunity appeared. At only seven yards, trust me when I say that a mature, rutting bull moose looks BIG!

When my arrow hit home, the bull instinctively charged toward Darryl, and he had to quickly jump out of the way to avoid getting run over. We found the expired moose about 100 yards away. My 2022 Alaska-Yukon moose scored 183 $\frac{3}{8}$ ".

The excitement of calling these massive beasts into ultra-close bow range is exhilarating. It is one of the most fun animals there is to bowhunt, when the rut is going well and calling is effective.

Like all big-game bowhunting, though, it's not easy. And the work really begins once you get a bull on the ground. The size of these animals and the weight of the meat that must be handled and transported can be overwhelming. But, if you're up to the challenge and not afraid of a little work, then this is one extreme and adventurous hunt that can be a dream come true for a persistent bowhunter. Darryl and I proved this by taking good back-to-back bulls. **BH**

The author is a highly accomplished bowhunter from Alaska. He is only a handful of animals away from completing his third archery Super Slam. No one else is close.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: My equipment on these hunts included Mathews bows, Victory arrows, Muzzy broadheads, Schaffer bowsights, a TightSpot Quiver, a B-3 Archery release, Side Hill Archery bowstrings, KUIU clothing, and Ultimate Predator Decoys.



My bull's antlers strapped outside our plane, with his tasty meat stowed inside, speaks volumes about the rewards of such hunts.





CORRIE II

COMPLETE COMFORT AND CONTROL
WHEREVER YOU GO...



WWW.KENETREK.COM

800-232-6064

Fifteen years of testing, modifying boots and listening to our customers led us to create a light hiker that feels agile, protective and handles like a dream. We started with our tough Mountain Boot Last atop the light and grippy Grapon™ outsole, and added K-Straps tying the base of the heel to the seven inch, double and triple stitched, padded upper, securing you in for the ride.

© KENETREK, LLC 2023

ALPS OUTDOORZ

ELITE ULTRALIGHT PACKS



NRA PUBLICATIONS
GOLDEN
BULLSEYE
AWARD

Ultralight Our lightest pack ever!

Extremely Durable Built to withstand the harsh conditions of backcountry hunting with 500D CORDURA® fabric

30% Lighter and 30% Stronger Frame
Carry larger heavy loads further and more comfortably

THE MOST VERSATILE HUNTING SYSTEM

multiple pack sizes available

ELITE FRAME

ELITE FRAME + 1800 PACK

ELITE FRAME + 3800 PACK



Discover more at ALPSOUTDOORZ.com



NEW WW

THE RISING SUN cast a very unfamiliar purplish hue on the cloud deck as we slowly descended into the airspace above the colossal city. Dropping through the clouds into the oddly-colored haze above the mass of humanity felt bizarre. The atmosphere was alien-like, yet the forest surrounding the metropolis was an especially vibrant tint of green. It felt like I was on some kind of shuttle, descending into a strange, new world after completing a long, interplanetary voyage.

Buenos Aires, Argentina, was certainly foreign to me, and with a total of 17 million humans in the region, I like it that way. Big cities and I don't get along. Fortunately, this was merely a stopover to a far more comfortable rural destination.

But first, I had to meet up with a real American hero. It's a word that gets tossed around with far too much ease, but Will Jimeno is a real hero. On 9/11/2001, when everyone else was running away, Will followed Sgt. John McLaughlin and other



WORLD

Port Authority Police officers into a burning skyscraper with one goal in mind — find someone to save. As Sgt. McLaughlin ran toward an elevator, he noticed the shaft starting to collapse, so he yelled to his men to retreat. But it was too late. The Twin Towers came crashing down on them. Thirteen hours later, Will was pulled from the wreckage by rescuers. Sgt. McLaughlin endured 22 hours pinned in the rubble. They were the only two survivors extracted from the carnage. Heroes. Real heroes.

When Bowhunter Founder M.R. James heard Will Jimeno was a bowhunter, he wrote a feature about Will and his experience, and Will has been a friend of this magazine ever since. Will and I, along with some of Will's buddies, were on a mission to bowhunt red stag, blackbuck, and water buffalo. Will was the ramrod for this trip, as the Colombian-born, New Jersey bowhunter is fluent in Spanish, which proved invaluable as he took care of the considerable logistics.

Bowhunting

BY CURT WELLS, Editor

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

THE TRAVELING BOWHUNTER CAN FIND PLENTY OF ACTION WHEN THE SEASONS ARE CLOSED BACK HOME.

Our outfitter and guides had some doubts about the ability of an arrow to take down a 2000-lb. buffalo, but when this massive bull went down in 24 seconds, they changed their minds. Posing with me is cameraman Mike Emery, guide Paulo, outfitter Martin Osvaldo Sanso and guide, Joaquin.



With all our gear collected, we jetted south, escaping the gigantic city for the “countrified” part of Argentina near Santa Rosa. There were nine of us total, so our outfitter, Martin Osvaldo Sanso, chartered a bus to haul us two hours west to a lodge tucked back at the end of several winding dirt roads. We were all trashed from 24 hours of travel, so we stowed our gear and crash-landed in our beds.

At dawn, we crawled out of bed and verified our bows had survived the travel marathon. We would be hunting a combination of low and high-fence property that was reminiscent of South Africa. The terrain and fauna looked very similar, complete with plenty of thorns. Large herds of blackbuck nervously scattered in every direction as we stalked the brush. We also spotted a half-dozen red stags and several buffalo, including one good bull, but Martin didn’t want me to make a move because he didn’t have his backup rifle on this inaugural hike.

There are a dozen or more species of buffalo, and my research indicates these were Mediterranean water buffalo. They can weigh up to 2,200 pounds, consid-



With my stag hunt over on the first day, I could only watch other red stags like this one wander by in bow range.

erably larger than Africa’s Cape buffalo, which run in the 1,600-pound range. They do not have the nasty attitude of Cape buffalo, but Martin was understandably hesitant to attempt buffalo with a bow. On October 11, 2022, a rifle hunter from Mexico was trampled and killed by a buffalo in Argentina. Such a recent tragedy can put anyone on edge.

After lunch and a nap, the afternoon hunt started off with a couple of weak attempts to get close to a blackbuck. These gorgeous little critters have excellent eyesight, no curiosity, and when they spook, they all run fast and don’t stop. They would be a serious challenge. Toward sundown, we spotted two nice stags hanging together and the stalk was

ULTIMATE HUNTING ADVANTAGE



Scent Thief’s formula is the first and only product to completely remove an animal’s sense of threatening odors. It works by relaxing the area of the nose responsible for detecting odors, temporarily shutting down an animal’s sense of smell, while being safe for skin, clothing, and the environment.



SCENTTHIEF.COM

32OZ. SCENT THIEF REFILL

24OZ. SCENT THIEF FIELD SPRAY



Despite unexplained, catastrophic arrow flight, we were able to recover my gorgeous red stag. Note the crowning of the antlers unique to red stags.

on. I was subconsciously hesitant because I never want a hunt to be over so quickly. In this case, I had other species to pursue, so I was less resistant.

Martin was skilled at using cover to

try to catch up to the moving stags, but his broken English didn't match up well with my nonexistent Spanish. When we closed to near bow range and knelt behind a large Calden tree, Martin was

urging me to, "Shoot. Shoot!" But the stag was facing away, and I was still trying to get the range, which was 53 yards. I wasn't excited about that distance, but as the stag turned broadside, I drew my bow. My upper cam contacted a branch, so I had to scrunch down lower. When my 50-yard pin settled high in the vitals, I released. The flight of my arrow was catastrophic — flying in a giant corkscrew pattern before striking the stag's hindquarter! I was shocked and mystified. I can miss like anyone else, but not by three feet!

No matter now, as we had to stay with the fleeing stag. It appeared my arrow hit the femur and broke it, which, in the end, did not allow for enough penetration to sever more of the major arteries in the hindquarter. We kept the pair in sight, and I was nearly able to deliver a second arrow. When the stag got into some heavy brush, we backed off for the night. I was not happy about rushing the whole encounter, but now I had to deal with the situation and try to figure out the reason for my arrow's erratic flight. There was enough light back in camp that I could shoot my bow. There was nothing wrong. It hit where I was aiming. I still don't know what

2023

KIFARUTM BINO HARNESS

AVAILABLE IN SMALL, MEDIUM, & LARGE

DELUXE MODEL PICTURED
WITH RANGEFINDER POUCH
AND ACCESSORY POCKET.

SCAN THE QR CODE TO
VIEW THE FULL SPECS



FIND YOUR NEXT ADVENTURE AT KIFARU.NET

BE SURE TO FOLLOW US
ON SOCIAL MEDIA



happened. In the middle of the chaos, I may have nocked my arrow under or over the string loop. It's the only stupidity I can think of that could cause such disastrous flight.

While my rodeo was imploding, Will, who was sitting in a ground blind over water, had made a perfect shot on a nice red stag that expired within sight.

Since I started bowhunting 42 years ago, my recovery "code" has always been — get it done at all costs. Do whatever it takes. Will volunteered to help the next morning, and I told him if he finds the stag and it needs another arrow, shoot it. And that is what happened. Will veered off into the bush, saw an antler move and slipped up to 10 yards of my stag and put a finishing arrow into it. He was apologetic, but that's nonsense. First arrow is possession; after that, recovery of the animal is all that matters. It's The Code.

So now we're on Day Two, and Will and I are both done hunting stags. Will's bum leg from 9/11 kept him at the waterhole blind, hoping for a thirsty black-buck, but this species, native to India, Pakistan, and Nepal, doesn't require a lot of water, so that strategy wasn't working. Spot-and-stalk hunting the large groups of animals wasn't working either.

Given the opportunity, Will hoped to take a buffalo, and it didn't take long before a large, mature bull came to water. Will took the shot at the massive beast, but his arrow struck a bit low. When the bull bedded 200 yards away, he decided to back out. The next morning, Martin,



Will's red stag came to water on the very first evening and he made a perfect shot. This is a real "hero" photo.

armed with his rifle, took the lead on the blood trail. When they caught up to the buffalo, Will was able to get a second arrow into the bull. It would have been fatal, but as the bull ran off, Martin, who was understandably nervous, took the shot. It was disappointing for all, but it was out of Will's hands. Curiously, in

Argentina and other countries that I have hunted, including Spain and Hungary, such conclusions are not a big deal. Everyone is congratulatory. We don't tend to think that way in this country.

My goal was to take a buffalo by spot-and-stalk, but as you can imagine, Martin was apprehensive. He asked if I



We added a pop-up blind next to this wooden blind so there was room for a cameraman, an armed guide, and me to hide from the buffalo.

could shoot from 40 yards. I told him I needed to pinpoint the arrow in the massive beast and wanted to get to 25 yards. With some hesitancy, we did stalk two buffalo bulls — one an old beast with a limp. These buffalo have remarkable eyesight. One bull picked us off when we were still 100 yards back in the bush. We managed to get to 54 yards, but I wasn't taking that shot. I relented and told Martin I would sit in a blind over water. He said, "Perfect. Perfect!" with a palpable sense of relief.

In fact, he took me and Mike straight to a blind to see if the two of us and guide, Paulo, armed with a .300 Winchester, would fit. That wasn't happening, so we set a pop-up blind right next to the wooden blind. I would sit in the pop-up, and Mike and Paulo would sit in the wooden blind. Neither was buffalo-proof. Not even close.

We got set up by 10 a.m., and less than an hour later a large buffalo bull came from behind us and walked into the water. Right behind the bull was a confused, white calf that acted like the bull was its mother. The calf would stand very close to the bull, even touching him at times. White buffalo are very rare — as was the bull's tolerance for the calf — as if he was the protector of "The Chosen One," to put it anthropomorphically. There was no way I was going to shoot that bull with the forlorn calf standing under its protection. Besides, Paulo was waving me off, making me think there was some significance to the calf. I found out later that Paulo just thought we could get a bigger bull. Once they walked off, we went to camp for lunch.

Instead of a post-lunch nap, we went back to the blind. At about 3:30 p.m., a huge buffalo bull walked cautiously past the waterhole without stopping. He walked into the shade of a Calden tree, turned, and then stared at the newly-placed blind for almost an hour. He paced around, stared some more, then slowly started in our direction. I was taken aback by the bull's caution.

The bull finally eased to the water's edge, facing me straight on with a suspicious eyes. I make no comparison to a Cape buffalo, but was instantly reminded of the following quote from famed hunter and author, Robert Ruark, "...He looked at me as if I owed him money. I never saw such malevolence in the eyes of any animal or human being, before or since. So, I shot him."

Just knowing the bull could trample the flimsy ground blind before I

could react, added to the tension. With doubts about the lethality of an arrow, I'm certain Paulo was applying thumb pressure to the safety of his rifle as he wondered what was about to go down. The buffalo slurped loudly; eyes still glued to the blind. I feared the bull would slake his thirst, turn, and walk straight away. Instead, he turned, took a couple steps, and stood still, slightly quartering-away. So, I shot him.

The bull thundered straight away, thankfully, but at 40 yards he spun around to face whatever it was that "stung" him. He stared at me, as if taking careful aim, wobbled slightly, then face-planted into a cloud of dust. From impact to touchdown was a mere 24 seconds. It never ceases to amaze me how lethal that little pointy stick can be. Paulo and Martin were also impressed.

Hunting in Argentina is action-packed and cheaper than Africa. Timing is also a factor because you can hunt during North America's "off-season," in March and April. Our group took 17 animals — some bowkills, some rifle — and everyone had a great time. Martin's operation could be described as "blue-collar," unlike some of the high-end operations in Argentina, which are more expensive.

Despite dealing with a couple of "rodeos," Will and I left Argentina with some great memories of sharing a camp together in a faraway land, bowhunting animals you can't find at home. In that respect, it really was like venturing to a new world. **BH**

Author's Notes:

I underestimated the size of this species of buffalo, so I could have used a heavier setup. I was shooting a 70-lb. Hoyt RX-7 with Easton Sonic arrows and 75-grain brass inserts. My Muzzy Trocar brought the total arrow weight to 504 grains. I would recommend a heavier arrow for buffalo. I used a Spot Hogg sight and release (Tough Guy), Browning Ovis camo, and Leopold optics.

All the meat from these animals was utilized. We even ate buffalo for two meals, and it was good. The rest of the meat was picked up by a butcher, so nothing was wasted. If you're interested in hunting Argentina, contact Martin at ciervos@yahoo.com, or check him out on Facebook @martin Osvaldo Sanso or Instagram @cotodecazahuaguelen. Or call on Whats App @ +54 9 2923 64-4871.

Triple Stack

by SPOT-HOGG



3 Individually Adjustable PINS



3 Individually Adjustable POINTERS

MADE IN THE USA

SPOT-HOGG.COM - 541.995.3702



MOUNTAIN STAGS

BY PEDRO AMPUERO

PHOTOS BY PEDRO AMPUERO AND FERNANDO HERNANDEZ, SLOTSMEDIA

There is no more beautiful place to bowhunt red stags than Spain's Cantabrian Mountain Range.

BACKCOUNTRY BOWHUNTING FOR RED DEER IN THE RUT — AN ALTERNATIVE TO ELK HUNTING, *BUT IN EUROPE.*

It is still pretty dark. I'm not sure if the clarity of the day is slowly coming up or my eyes got used to walking in the darkness. I try to control my heavy breathing so I can hear what's happening around me. It is mid-September, and the first rain from the fall has not yet arrived. It's probably a week too early for the peak of the rut, but it's better to be too early than too late. I'm hoping to hear something before the light comes up, so I can move fast and position myself while I am still hard to spot. Far out in the distance, I think I hear a roar, but it's so far away I am not sure if I'm making it up or if it's real.

I often get tempted by friends to join them chasing elk in the states. As much as I would love to, our red stag rut in Spain is at the same time of year, so I'm not sure it's a sacrifice I want to make often. There are many things about elk hunting that resemble what we do here, and the hunting experience is very similar. If you fall in love with one, you would love the other, even if there are a few differences.

I release a smooth location roar, hoping to pinpoint the stag more precisely. As much as I love the interaction aspect of calling deer, stags are much harder to call in than elk. Hinds are not as vocal, and stags rarely come to challenge calls. That said, it's my favorite way to hunt, and I call to them all the time. I know it is not the most efficient way, but neither is hunting them with a bow.

The stag finally answers, giving me a better idea of his location. I unstrap the bow from my pack and start closing the

distance. Some believe the depth of the roar can give you an idea of how old the stag is, but my experience has proven that the tone or pitch guarantees you nothing. Some of the biggest stags I have ever seen sounded terrible. In my opinion, what sets apart the class of stag you are chasing is their mood. The king of the mountain doesn't need to prove anything — everyone knows who rules. He just needs to roar occasionally to remind others he is around. On the other hand, a stag in his prime needs to show off and attract attention. He will be way more active, respond faster, and roar more often. Younger stags remain silent, hoping to steal a hind without being noticed.

Our instinct is to hear the roar and go straight to it. By the time we get there, the stag has already moved, we fall behind and end up wasting the whole morning chasing his roars hundreds of yards ahead of us. Often, they just seem to know we are behind them, and they maintain a safe distance with their herd. After years of wasting my time, I finally understood that it was like a chess game, and I was doing it wrong.

It was not about chasing the stag in the present, but rather chasing him in the future. Like in chess, the key is to predict future moves in advance. It is all about understanding the terrain, the situation, and the stag's language, when trying to predict where he will be in a half-hour. Is he heading to bed, or coming out to feed? Is he alone or with hinds? You must try to be a couple moves ahead of them.

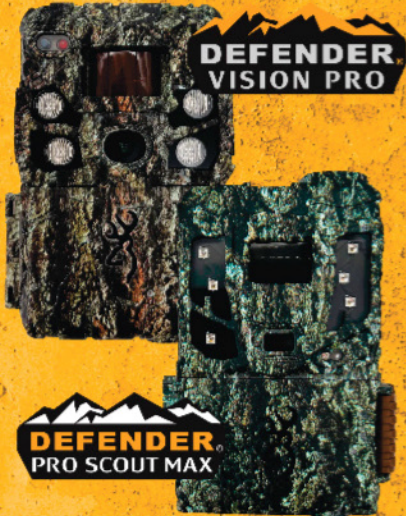


The red stag "roar" is an exciting experience every bowhunter, especially elk hunters, will appreciate.

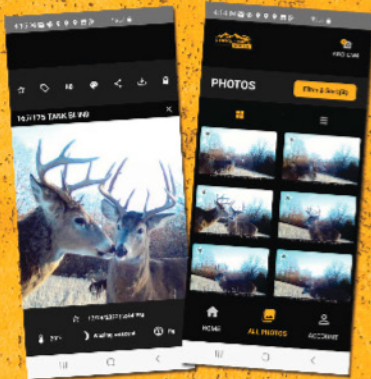
BROWNING

TRAIL CAMERAS

NEW FOR 2023!



- ✓ NEW CELL CAMS
- ✓ NEW APP EXPERIENCE
- ✓ SAME WORLD CLASS PERFORMANCE



OUR CAMERAS CAPTURE THE INDUSTRY'S BEST TRAIL CAM PICS & VIDEOS WITH THE RELIABILITY YOU'VE COME TO EXPECT FROM BROWNING. THE BEST THERE IS.

WWW.BROWNINGTRAILCAMERAS.COM

Browning trademarks licensed from Browning

MOUNTAIN STAGS

In my opinion, there is no greater challenge in Spain than chasing mountain stags with a bow. The amount of pressure game gets exposed to during a year is huge. It is not like in the States, where seasons are short and restricted. The hunting season here is over six months. We can hunt them for damage control in the summer, stalk them during the rut, and even partake in driven hunts during the winter and fall. All weapons are allowed equally, and there are no advantages for bowhunters — no special areas or seasons. Stags have excellent hearing, incredible eyesight, and an amazing sense of smell. By the time a stag gets mature, at around eight years of age, they have seen it all.

New Zealand is probably the first place that comes to mind for people chasing stags. The reality is that red deer are originally from Europe. In Spain, the "Iberian" stags are slightly different from the central-European deer, as they are smaller in body size, have a softer roar, but have good crowns, which is a handful of four or five points on the top of their antlers.

At first light, the stag slowly climbs the mountains, nurturing his four hinds and looking for a place to bed. We get a glimpse of him, and he looks gorgeous, so without losing time we proceed to go around and gain altitude before the thermals change with the first rays of the sun.

After a couple of rough seasons without any success, I was ready to give it my all. You can chase stags all over Spain and you will not find the biggest trophies in the Cantabrian Mountain Range, located in the northern part of the country, but that has never been a priority for me. You will not find a more beautiful place to chase stags than in this mountain range, so I was committed to spend another rut up there.



In this country, there is no really dense forest. The stags this time of the year rut in the high country, often finding them above the chamois. Small patches of bushes offer animals enough shade for the day to rest from a long night chasing hinds.

Most of the hunting grounds in Spain are private, owned by the different countryside towns. These towns will lease, by auction, the hunting rights to hunters, who would oversee managing the territory for the duration of the lease — typically 10 years. They cannot do as they wish but must follow the government wildlife agency rules that establish the appropriate quotas for each species after considering population surveys, hectares, food sources, and cover.

As the owner of the lease, you can re-sell the tags to other hunters, hunt them all yourself, or maybe just rent the small-game hunting rights. Possibilities are endless, but it's a completely different structure than you find in America. In terms of management, it works great, as the tags are issued according to the current situation of an area. Typical leases are 3,500 to 7,000 acres. The disadvantage is that hunting is expensive, as prices fluctuate with the demand. On the other hand, if you can afford it, you can hunt without the need to draw a tag.

After spending so much time watching the stag, we had a good idea of where he might bed down.



As we lose the stag inside a patch of small trees and bushes, we wait a little bit for the wind to settle before closing the distance. I am not a huge fan of stalking bedded animals, because the only thing they have to do is watch for danger.

I go on my own to cover those final meters very slowly. We cannot see the stag, but he's bedded somewhere in there. After every step, I stop to glass. The hinds are harder to spot, as they don't have a giant rack between their ears.

At 50 meters, I finally locate one of the crowns of the stag, and he is gorgeous. He's bedded, and I do not have a shooting window even if he stands up. With the wind hitting my face hard, I can only wait for him to stand. Considering the time of the day, I don't think he's in a rush.

One hour, two hours, three hours pass. Maybe I should throw a rock to make him stand up? Or better yet, why not send a low roar? Or I could get closer and search for a shooting window. A thousand things come to mind as I wait on my knees, ready for the stag to move. It's freezing cold and I have no food or water, as I dropped my pack earlier. Something in me knew I had a good wind and the best move was to be patient. An animal that stands by itself always offers a better shot.

Somehow, the stag moved and bedded again in a spot I could not see. Every hour I sat there without moving made me more committed to doing whatever it would take. It was one of the animals I have worked the hardest for, and I wasn't going to quit.

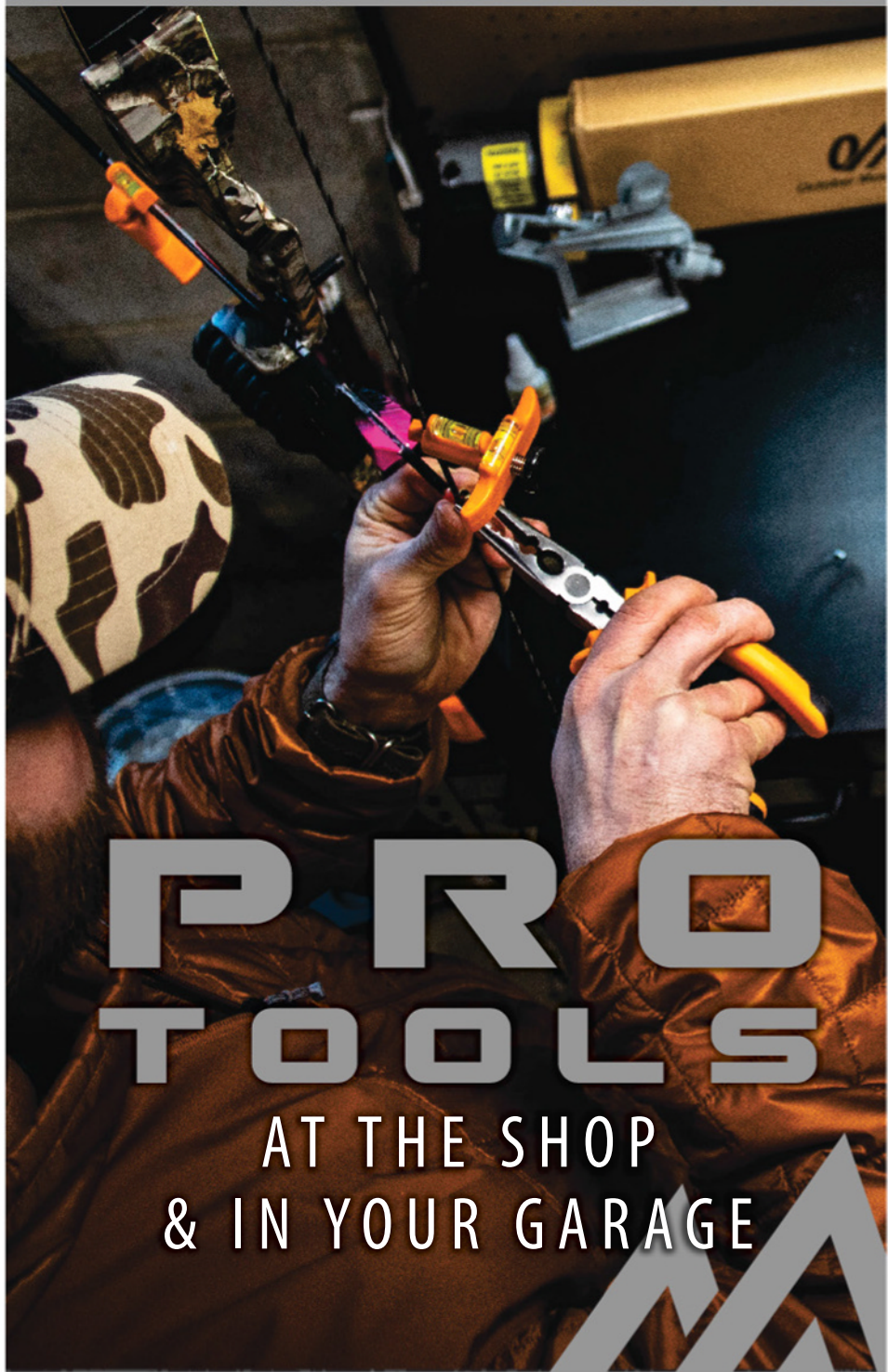
I was now at the six-hour mark. It couldn't be much longer before the stag moved. I was not going to throw away six hours of effort for nothing. Then it became seven hours; then eight hours. I even peed inside a mouse hole to contain the scent. I was completely losing my mind.

Ten hours later, the sun was settling on the horizon, and I was going crazy. This would be either the biggest waste of

The terrain where the red stags live in Spain is much different from the timbered elk country in America.



October Mountain Products®



**PRO
TOOLS**

**AT THE SHOP
& IN YOUR GARAGE**

OctoberMountainProducts.com



ELEVATION

EVERY SHOOT.
EVERY SEASON.



7080_23

ELEVATIONEQUIPPED.com

MOUNTAIN STAGS

time in my life or the most brilliant stalk ever. I was even starting to doubt myself and whether the stag was still in there. Then, I catch an antler tip moving. The stag beds again, but I think if I improve my position 10 more meters, I may have a shooting window. There is still hope!

I crawl to 47 meters of the bedded stag and find a clear window. Hunting success involves a combination of thousands of little decisions, each of them as important as the next. It is all about risk analysis. Should I wait for the stag to stand up? Am I running out of light? If the stag takes two steps, will I lose him in the bushes? Should I roar to make him stand? No, too risky, as I am too close and would have to rush my shot. What about shooting it bedded? That is difficult, especially because the stag is bedded facing away.

The sun is going down fast. I'm exhausted and need to make a decision. I can hit an apple every time at 47 meters. I'd rather take a shot when I have plenty of time than one that is rushed. I just needed to analyze the patch of fur on the stag I needed to put my arrow into to reach the vitals. The vitals on animals bedded on their side are not as intuitive as they may look. I use a clump of grass as a reference, adjust the sight to the exact yardage, and take a deep breath.

My arrow hits the stag exactly where I was aiming and penetrates all the way in up to the fletching. He stands up and disappears behind the bushes downhill. I remain quiet, listening for a hint of what might be happening. Ten seconds later, I hear my buddies Samuel and Fernando screaming at the top of their lungs.

I run up to my pack to get my radio to tell them to shut their mouths. I did not want them to spook the stag. As I turn the radio on, I can only hear them saying, "Pedro, Pedro, listen. It is dead, it is dead...the stag is dead!"

I have a hard time believing it, so I ask, "Are you guys sure? It was a complicated shot."

They replied, "It is down. It dropped in seconds!"

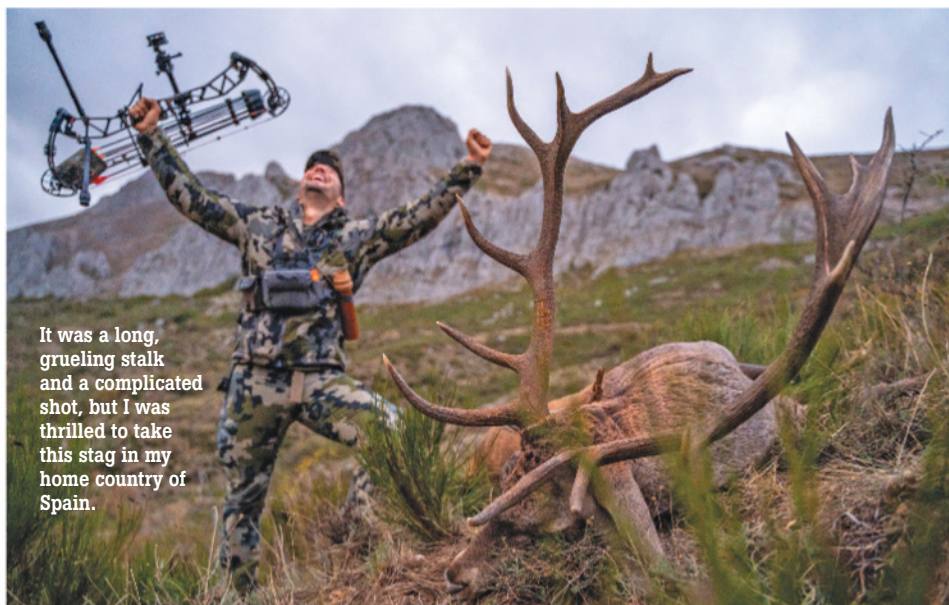
My arrow entered in the hip, went all the way through the lungs, and ended up in the heart, stopping at the sternum.

Just when you think about bowhunting and your choice to make things harder, this kind of thing happens. These moments bring you so many emotions that you forget all the suffering involved. There isn't any other amateur sport that can bring you such moments.

It took three seasons to finally be able to lay my hands on a stag. I guess having another 10 hours to mentally prepare for that shot helped. Loud and aggressive is not the only way to hunt elk... Sorry, I meant red stags. **BH**

*The author lives in Spain and has written several features for **Bowhunter** about his extensive international bowhunting adventures.*

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I used a PSE EVO bow; Victory VAP TKO arrows; Grim Reaper broadheads; Bohning vanes; Spot Hogg sight; QAD HDX rest; America's Best Bowstrings; Carter Wise Choice release; Total peep ⅜"; KUIU's Merino 145, Kenai jacket, Pelton 240, and Kutana pants; and Leupold Full Draw 5 rangefinder.



It was a long, grueling stalk and a complicated shot, but I was thrilled to take this stag in my home country of Spain.



HUNTING
USA



Includes

10 Year Passport Warranty
For more information visit:
bit.ly/leicapassportwarranty

NEW!



1450 y



915 y



475 y



Leica ProTrack features GPS mapping integration through Basemap, Google Maps and Garmin mapping that even works without cell signal.

INTRODUCING THE WORLD'S FIRST PREMIUM
32mm COMPACT RANGEFINDING BINOCULAR

GEOVID PRO 32



Applied Ballistics



Bluetooth



Compass



Ballistics



Wind Correction



Calculation



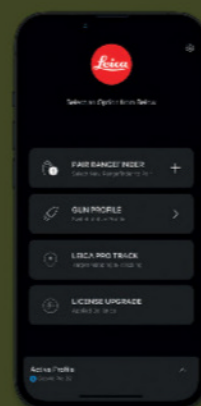
Basemap



Leica ProTrack



Atmospheric Sensors



AVAILABLE IN 8X32mm AND 10X32mm MODELS.
(GEOVID PRO 32 1:1 SCALE WITH IPHONE 13 PRO MAX)

leica-geovid-pro.com

@LeicaHuntingUSA



APPLIED BALLISTICS
THE SCIENCE OF ACCURACY



GARMIN.

BASEMAP

30 YEARS
LEICA PIONEER OF
RANGEFINDING



Download on the
App Store

GET IT ON
Google Play

Doing Right By



A BAD HIT ON A BIG OHIO BUCK TESTS THIS BOWHUNTER'S DETERMINATION TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT.

On the afternoon of Halloween, a buck I call Scarface fed his way across my food plot toward my stand. As he reached the 20-yard mark, I aimed carefully, placing my pin behind his shoulder. I released my arrow and followed its illuminated nock to the mature buck. The shot felt great — until it hit the buck.

A loud crack and the lack of penetration made me doubt my shot. The buck ran a short distance before limping into the woods. After an exhaustive search the next day, the buck was not recovered.

I knew this buck well, as Scarface had been a resident of my Ohio farm since I purchased it in 2020. He was a seven-point in both 2020 and 2021, but in 2022, he had grown into an impressive eight-point. He was a fighter. I had several trail-camera pictures of him battling other mature bucks for dominance. In fact, I gave him the moniker, Scarface, after a particularly gruesome camera photo showed that he had lost his left eye in a fight, leaving a permanent scar on his face.

I also had a connection with Scarface, having encountered him on three

separate occasions and passing him up in previous years. Although he was an impressive seven-point in 2021, I didn't consider him a shooter until he was 5½.

In July 2022, I got a camera pic of Scarface in velvet and was astonished by how much he'd grown. If not for the distinct, vertical scar and missing eye, I would not have recognized him as the seven-point from the previous year. Despite having better-scoring bucks on my farm, Scarface went to the top of my list.

The hard reality that I lost him made me sick. It's upsetting to wound any

SCARFACE

By Pat Lefemine, Contributor



After 42 days of bowhunting Scarface, I finally put my hands on this great buck on January 24.

deer, but my previous encounters with this buck made it sting a little more. Regardless of experience, skill level, or accuracy with a bow, losing a deer happens to anyone who's hunted long enough. If there was any consolation, it was that shoulder wounds often have a good chance of healing.

For the next 14 days, I checked my Moultrie Mobile app, hoping to confirm that he survived. Finally, on November 16, I had a pic of Scarface. Over the next few days, more photographs (and even a video) would follow. The video was hard

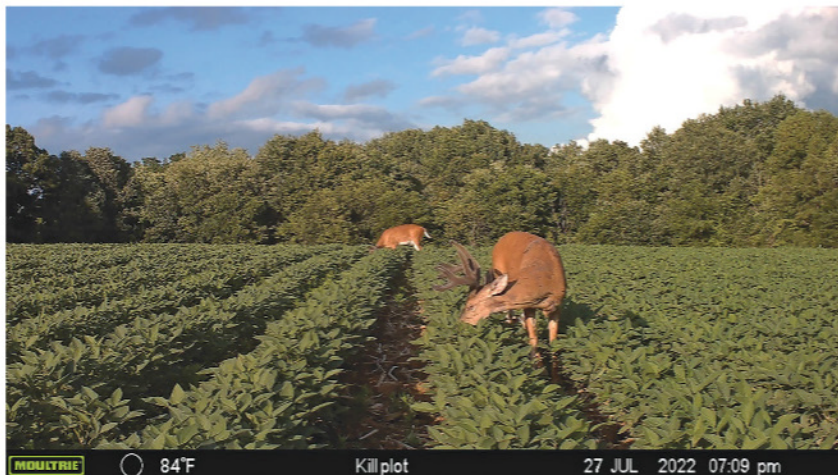
to watch. Scarface's right front leg wasn't functional, which made walking slow and difficult for him. Knowing he was alive and seeing his condition, I committed all my efforts to hunting only him for the remainder of the season.

Hunting any individual buck is hard; hunting a previously wounded, mature whitetail buck is even harder. I accepted the fact that killing Scarface was going to be next to impossible, but I was determined to try.

I needed a starting point, and that usually begins with a movement pat-

tern. Nothing is better for patterning an individual buck than trail cameras. So, I moved a bunch of mine to the kill plot where I was getting the nighttime pics. I hoped to find the trail that he using, and then work backwards to identify his general bedding location. It took 2,500 pics, but eventually I found a small group of trails on my northeast corner where he entered the plot at night. I hung a Summit stand there and spent several days hunting it. Nothing. Pics confirmed that he quickly stopped using those trails.

DOING RIGHT BY SCARFACE



This pic shows Scarface feeding in my soybean plot in late July. I planted 30 acres of plots on my Ohio farm, and by the end of the year had captured over 60 different bucks on camera.

A week later, I got a few pics at a different location. His pattern had shifted. He was now entering the plot from the south, completely abandoning the northeast section of my kill plot. I had south stands in place, so I started hunting from them. Still nothing. A week later, he was back to the northeast trails and moving much later than usual. It was obvious that he was patterning me. But how?

My eastern border had been logged-off 10 years earlier. The successional growth was a mix of small trees and 15 acres of super-thick briars. Beyond that thicket was a woven-wire fence that separated my land from the neighbor's. There was no way Scarface could jump that fence with his immobilized leg. And since the only access trail to my kill plot was a logging road through those thickets, it was obvious that's where he was bedding. With a predominant southwest wind, Scarface was winding me every time I headed to my stand.

Knowing his precise bedding location was huge. I would need to avoid my northeast corner and stop hunting my kill plot. There was another spot where I had pics of him, and located there was a Redneck blind that sat on the main trail leading to my 14-acre soybean field. I never harvest my crops, so it becomes a late-season magnet once my kill plot gets wiped out.

Over the next several weeks, I hunted that blind exclusively. As expected, it was getting more activity with each passing week. By the time I had to leave Ohio for Thanksgiving weekend, I had spent 15 days hoping to see Scarface. I passed up several higher-scoring bucks that tested my resolve, but I stayed committed.

Between Thanksgiving week and Christmas, I spent another 17 days hunting Scarface. I was getting pics nearly every night, but from the day I screwed up until the week after Christmas, not one pic was during daylight.

Nothing was working. He was completely nocturnal. I was now 500 yards from his bedding area, but he was still patterning me far better than I was patterning him. I was constantly re-evaluating my strategy, asking questions like: Am I hunting him too hard? Should I push closer into his bedding sanctuary? Is it better to leave my property alone for two weeks, hoping he'll start moving earlier?

I was running out of time. It was now late-January, and I was losing confidence that I would even see, let alone kill this smart buck. I had passed up four Pope and Young-caliber bucks to this point, yet I stayed committed to Scarface.

Eighty percent of my camera pics were now being taken on that main soybean trail in front of the Redneck blind. So, I kept hunting that blind nonstop — no matter the wind direction. My strategy was risky, but I decided to play the odds. Late season drives mature bucks to food earlier than normal... I just needed to be there if that happened.

January 24 was my 42nd day hunting exclusively for Scarface. My good friend, Charlie Rehor, was hunting the other side of my farm. We had an east wind, which was rare. I had seen 30 deer from my blind, including a 140-class buck the neighbors called the "Broken Ear 10." It was getting late, and I only had 10 minutes of legal shooting light. In the shadows, I could see a deer approaching and it was limping. Scarface!

I couldn't believe it. I had spent a month and a half hoping to see this buck, and now he was heading within range. His limping was worse than ever and he had lost a lot of weight. It was sad, but I was confident things would end right here and now.

Scarface was now inside of 30 yards. I was ready and remarkably focused. It was cold, and a snowstorm was forecasted for 10 p.m., so my shot had to be perfect.

Scarface stopped at 25 yards to test those easterly winds for any hint of danger. I waited for a broadside shot and silently prayed I wouldn't mess up a second time. I drew my Mathews Phase4, released, and watched as my arrow disappeared into the buck. In the waning minutes of legal shooting light, I could clearly see my lighted nock pass through him, but I was not 100-percent sure just where it had hit. Scarface ran into the thickets and out of sight.



This is one of the first pics I received of Scarface in July 2022. He went from a seven-point to an eight-point from the previous year, and really blew up. Had it not been for his missing eye, I probably never would have recognized him.



**YOUR NEXT BIG DEER WILL
ALERT YOU WHEN HE'S READY.**

- INTEGRATED SOLAR PANEL
- PHOTO AND VIDEO transmission
- EASY TO SET UP AND USE

**Equipped with instant mode
for on-demand requests.**



FLEX-S

THE PERFORMANCE YOU WANT, THE POWER YOU NEED



DOING RIGHT BY SCARFACE



I waited 30 minutes before quietly walking to the impact site where I found hair and blood. I was tempted to start following the blood trail in the snow but instead decided to play it safe and headed back to the house where Charlie and I discussed options.

Concerned about the snowstorm, Charlie and I quietly walked down to the blind and took a look around. We could see Scarface bedded in the brush

with our flashlights, but we were unsure if he was dead.

Despite the impending snowstorm, we both agreed it was best to come back the following day, even though we were both pretty sure he was going to be dead right there where we left him. The next morning, as expected, we found him dead in a thicket less than 100 yards from where I'd shot him.

I'm grateful for the way this saga ended, because I doubt Scarface would have survived the winter. As I caped the buck, I noticed something was off — his shoulder blade was unscathed. Skinning a little further down his leg revealed that my shot placement was perfect. My arrow had centered his leg joint, splitting it open and stopping my arrow from penetrating his lungs. This explained why the buck couldn't walk on that leg, and why he didn't drop within sight.

Things don't always go as planned, and sometimes things are out of our control. But what we can control is doing everything possible afterwards to reach the best outcome. I am proud to have spent 42 days seeking redemption and ultimately doing right by this magnificent buck.

I also hope it never happens again! **BH**

The author is a regular Contributor to this magazine and the founder of Bowsite.com.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: My equipment on this hunt included a Mathews Phase4 bow set at 72 pounds, Victory VAP Elite arrows, Slick Trick broadheads, Moultrie trail cameras, Swarovski EL 10x42 binoculars, and clothing from Sitka Gear.

REDI FOR EVERY DAY

It took over three years of R&D to create the first Havalon EDC. The REDI features the all new REDI-Lock replaceable blade system, which lets you easily swap between styles of semi-permanent AUS-8 steel blades. Unlike the original Piranta line, REDI blades are designed for extended use and abuse, and can even be re-sharpened. The REDI is also the first Havalon to have spring assist for smooth, one hand opening, further proving that it is REDI for any adventure.

REDI
EVERYDAY CARRY
— BY —
HAVALON
KNIVES



FIND YOUR PEAK™



SCAN TO **JOIN**

VORTEX NATION™



Three Bowh

EVER HAVE ONE OF THOSE HUNTS WHEN EVERYTHING FALLS INTO PLACE, EVEN WITH A DOG?

THE PREVIOUS four days were hot — uncomfortably hot — especially for late-September in Wyoming. My girlfriend, Adrienne, my mother, Pam, and I sat in colorful folding chairs in camp, developing a plan of attack for our last hunt before Mom had to return to work.

A week prior, Adrienne and I found ourselves in a hellhole of a canyon where we stumbled across a matched set of large elk sheds. At the time, though, we were pursuing a monstrous 7x7 bull with roughly 12 cows. We left the treasures to pursue the bull, and ultimately left the canyon empty-handed — no elk, and no sheds.

Wanting to finally retrieve the sheds and hoping and praying the elk would be there again, we decided that was where we'd stake everything and go for the "white gold." Pam, at age 64, had spent the three previous seasons with a tag in her pocket but had yet to harvest an elk. No matter. One can kill a first bull at any age, and this is exactly the motivation that drove us.

The sun burned hot and bright, and scorching temperatures deterred any decent hunting until nearly late light, so we left camp late in the afternoon in no particular hurry. Even if there were no elk, recovering the sheds was enough motivation for my mom. Although she hasn't done much shed-hunting herself, she loves antlers. Her house is decorated with skulls and mounts of previously harvested game, but her favorite adornments consist of large sheds.

Since it was a casual affair, we let my 10-year-old beagle, Fred, tag along. With a face now frosted white with age, Fred still hiked with the energy of a young pup.

After a brief drive, the four of us parked on top of a knife-edged canyon. The wind howled, making our chances of hearing a bull answer very slim. Still, with my Rocky Mountain calling tube angled down toward the coniferous abyss below, I let out a locating bugle. Pushing air out of my lungs hard and fast, I attempted to make it loud enough for any bulls that might be bedded in the trees below to hear. Nothing, save the whistling screams

of strong wind. Nonetheless, we began our descent. After all, those sheds weren't going to retrieve themselves!

In a very short distance, we dropped nearly a thousand vertical feet. Steep is an understatement. At all times, we had at least three points of contact, sometimes four, to the rock and pine-needle-ridden ground for support. Slowly but surely, we crawled our way down. *How nice it would be to have four legs like Fred*, I thought, as I watched him ramble downhill with relative ease, looking back every now and again to make sure the awkward humans were still in tow. *I hope Mom doesn't regret letting us choose where we took her today*. I wearily thought to myself. She had yet to let out a peep of frustration or annoyance, so I figured I wasn't disowned...yet.

When the angle of the ground shifted from greater-than-45 degrees to zero, we let out heavy sighs of relief over having made it safely to the bottom. The wind was nearly nonexistent, thanks to the towering walls on either side of us. No less than a minute after finishing our descent, a bugle ripped from the depths of the dense forest. Game on...

Prior to this elk encounter, we had already had a pretty successful September. On the first day of our elk season — shortly after sitting down on an arbitrarily chosen ridgetop — a cow, a raghorn, and a large, mature bull nearly ran us over after cresting the ridge. Even though both Adrienne and I got well within bow range of the old warrior, our setup was poorly executed, so neither of us sent an arrow his way.

It was comical, really, because the old bull strolled only 12 yards in front of Adrienne, and within five yards of me, before finally spooking. Small mistakes cost us what could have been a one-day-and-done hunt.



hunters And A Beagle

I posed for a couple quick photos before Adrianne and I set about the task of breaking down my largest bull elk. Left: With a heavy pack, I stopped to take a breather by the river.

By LUKE GIESEY

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

Three Bowhunters and a Beagle

The next morning, we went to a different drainage, and almost immediately we located a bugling bull. After cutting the distance to a few hundred yards, I bugled back and forth with the cervid, with Adrienne 60 yards ahead.

While I continued to call, Adrienne moved forward and eventually cut the bull off. He raked a tree in front of her, then he stepped out broadside. A cow mew stopped him, and he twisted his head and perked his ears in Adrienne's direction, at which point she released an arrow that zipped through his body cavity at 18 yards. The young 6x6 bull with a Devil's tine ran only 30 yards. After packing him out and driving the meat home for processing, Adrienne and I headed back to the mountains.

The temperatures rose for several days, which quieted the mountains. However, we did have a few close encounters: I passed up several raghorns at close range and got near one large 6x6, but an opportunity to kill him never presented itself.

The end of September was approaching and my standards were lowering — I planned to shoot the next legal bull that gave me a good opportunity. Little did I know what that would mean.

With the heatwave, hearing a bugle became a rarity. So, Adrienne and I planned a long day where we would leave our vehicle on top of a mountain — near where I had the close encounter with the big bull — and we'd hunt our way 12 miles down to the highway, where we would get picked up.

A little over a mile into the hike, we finally heard a faint bugle. Standing on top of a rock outcropping, neither of us could pinpoint the bull's location because his screams were echoing

and bouncing between two ridges. I let out a couple locating calls, but we still could not properly locate the bull. On his fourth response to my calls, however, it was apparent he was close and coming our way quickly. We needed to move fast!

We literally ran off the rocks and downhill toward the bull. I let out one bugle and immediately received a response. He was close!

While I moved ahead, Adrienne stood back and started raking a tree. Thankfully, I got set up in a small clearing just in time.

The bull was already within bow range. I could hear his low, slow breaths but was unable to see him through the trees that stood between us.

With Adrienne continuing to make noise uphill, the bull pushed forward into the small clearing and passed in front of me at 30 yards. I saw that he was mature, with extra tines up top, but my shooting window was small. So, I went straight into kill mode before really getting to examine him.

A short but ugly cow chirp brought the bull to a screeching halt. My arrow found its mark. After a short wait and an even shorter blood trail, we walked up on the King of the Mountain. I was willing to shoot anything, but the Rocky Mountain bull that stepped out in front of me was the trophy of a lifetime.

...Exhausted from hunting for nearly two weeks straight and packing out two bulls ourselves, that bugle popping off in the bottom of the canyon quickly got our blood pumping. We were more than ready to put ourselves through it all again for Mom.

With Fred on a leash held by Adrienne, we crept like a pride of lions stalking a gazelle toward the large mass of trees where the bull's trumpeted call last came from. I let out one quiet



Adrienne was all smiles over killing her first archery elk on a bluebird day.

EXODUS

100% AMERICAN MADE



Three Bowhunters and a Beagle

bugle and some soft cow calls. The bull answered but sounded farther away. Perhaps he was moving off?

Our pace quickened in his direction, but suddenly a bugle erupted from the timber next to us. That's when pure chaos ensued!

Adrianne stayed back with Fred, while my mom and I hurriedly moved forward to an opening she could shoot through if the bull came in. I then backtracked 15 yards behind some thick trees and began raking brush.

Immediately, I saw the bull's dark-chocolate legs coming through the woods. He and I exchanged a couple bugles, and I knew my mom couldn't have been more than 30 yards from the bull.

My heart raced, worried whether she'd get a shot before spooking the big bull. The bull paused, looking for a competitor, while I continued tearing apart the now-shredded conifer — ripping small limbs from the trunk as needles dropped around me.

Because of the incredibly dense foliage, the bull had no choice but to come closer to investigate. This forced him toward my mom, as she was standing in the only opening in the thick cover. The bull let out another bugle, but before he got the chance to finish, I screamed right on top of him. This really excited him, and he took a couple lively steps closer to Pam's shooting lane.

I could see that she was at full draw. Then I heard her shoot, followed by what sounded like her arrow impacting something solid...but I was unsure of where she'd hit him, if at all.

I bugled immediately, while moving toward her. Before I



Still in shock, my mom poses behind the first elk she had ever witnessed dead on the ground. Inset: My mom with the second set of antlers she came out of the woods with that day.

G13K
GEN INTEGR8 X SERIES

certified to fit the **INTEGRATE MOUNTING SYSTEM**

MICRO-ADJUST WINDAGE & ELEVATION

TOP & BOTTOM LIMB ACTIVATION

ULTRALIGHT AT 4.1 OZ

Made in the USA

Vapor Trail
QUIT YOUR CRYING

BOWSTRINGS

THREE DAY SHIP GUARANTEE
3 DAYS
VAPOR TRAIL INCORPORATED

Award Winning Performance

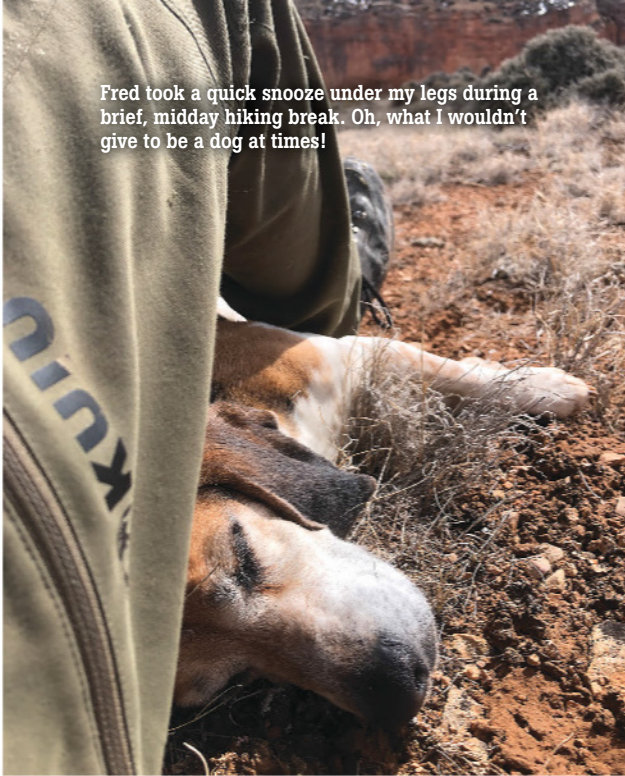
Proprietary VTX Material

USA MADE Since 1993

Lifetime Service Guarantee

vaportrailarchery.com

888-BWSTRNG



Fred took a quick snooze under my legs during a brief, midday hiking break. Oh, what I wouldn't give to be a dog at times!

even finished my call, I looked to my left just in time to witness the bull's massive tan-and-brown body come crashing to the ground! She had made a perfect shot, and the bull barely made it three bounds before expiring.

A number of emotions ran through me. I went from being unsure if she had even hit him to feeling an overwhelming sense of excitement. Adrianne and I engulfed my mom in

Kodiak bear-sized hugs and cheered as we tried to grasp the reality of what had just happened. In a matter of less than 10 minutes after finishing our tough descent, Mom had killed her first elk.

My parents raised me and my siblings to bowhunt from very young ages. Our family vacations were never to the beach or amusement parks, but instead spent traveling somewhere to camp and hunt. My mom was always the camp host, and filling our tags always took priority over hers.

While attending college, I started hunting more on my own and traveling more to hunt. Since graduating, an even larger portion of my time has been committed to roaming to new places to hunt new game. With plenty of failures and successes along the way, I have felt the absolute lowest and highest of emotions, and everything in between. However, I am certain now that none of my own successes will ever match the pure, unadulterated joy I felt getting to be a part of Mom's killing her first elk. **BH**

The author lives in Juneau, Alaska, with his girlfriend, Adrianne. In the summer, they both captain boats for a private fishing charter.

Author's Note:

On this hunt, I used a Hoyt Maxxis 35 bow, Easton Axis arrows, Magnus Stinger broadheads, Vortex binoculars and rangefinder, KUIU clothing, and a Kifaru pack. Adrianne shoots a Hoyt RX-3, Carbon Express arrows, Magnus broadheads, and wears clothing from Sitka. Mom used a Bear Legit bow, Carbon Express arrows, and Magnus Stinger broadheads.



SADDLE UP®

TROPHYLINE



www.trophyline.com

A GREENLAND

WE'VE WATCHED THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA OF BOWHUNTING IN GREENLAND WITHIN THE PAGES



PHOTO CREDIT C.J. WINAND



PHOTO CREDIT CURT WELLS

It's difficult to believe there are still places where the efficacy of modern archery equipment continues to be questioned. I didn't grow up in the era when the Pope and Young Club and other bowhunting organizations had to fight to prove that archery was a viable method of harvesting big game, but they won that fight, and in most of North America we enjoy liberal bowhunting regulations because of those efforts. It's a privilege that is often taken for granted.

In 2012, **Bowhunter** columnist, C.J. Winand, was contacted by Danish bowhunter Frank Feldmann through the National Bowhunter Education Foundation. At the time, Frank was the only outfitter licensed to guide in Greenland and he was on a quest to legalize bowhunting for muskox. Known for their robust build and thick hides, muskox are formidable adversaries, and they have been legally bowhunted in Alaska and Canada for decades. But at the time, Greenland wildlife authorities were skeptical as to whether

the hearty animals could be ethically taken with modern archery equipment.

To prove muskox could be effectively taken with a bow, Frank invited C.J. to participate in a historic bowhunt to be observed by Greenlandic wildlife authorities. The success or failure of that hunt would determine the future of bowhunting in Greenland. Talk about pressure! C.J. and the others in his party had a successful hunt. The authorities were impressed with the lethality of their equipment, and a new bowhunting era

WIND LEGACY

OF BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE. ALL THERE IS TO DO NOW IS ENJOY THE INCREDIBLE ADVENTURE.

BY DANNY FARRIS, CONTRIBUTOR



was born in Greenland, as we all learned from the pages of **Bowhunter** Magazine.

The following year, caribou were added to the list of legal game for bowhunters. That's when Editor Curt Wells became the next **Bowhunter** staff member to experience Greenland, followed a few years later by Publisher Jeff Waring. Both hunted with Frank Feldmann's Bowhunting Greenland and took spectacular muskox and caribou. Curt even had the honor of becoming the first modern bowhunter to take a Cen-

tral Canada barren ground caribou in Greenland! They returned with fantastic stories of dodging icebergs on the boat-based hunt for prehistoric creatures. I was truly envious.

1. In 2012, Bowhunter columnist C.J. Winand was invited on a historic hunt that was observed by Greenland wildlife authorities to determine the efficacy of modern archery equipment on muskox. The future of bowhunting in Greenland hinged on the success of that hunt.
2. Bowhunter Editor Curt Wells' adventure in 2013 led to his taking this beautiful muskox bull.
3. Bowhunter Publisher Jeff Waring spent his 2016 trip to Greenland dodging icebergs and climbing mountains before finding a lone mature muskox bull in a vulnerable position.
4. Jon Syverson made a great shot on this ancient muskox bull.

Then, in 2022, Curt Wells called to inform me it was my turn! "Think you might want to go hunt muskox and caribou with Frank Feldmann in Greenland," he asked?

Blazer®

NOT NEW. NOT IMPROVED.

IT IS THE #1 VANE IN THE WORLD!

OVER 50 COLORS / PATTERNS AVAILABLE

#BOHNING / #BLAZERVANES

#BOHNINGVANESSTICK

MADE IN
USA

7361 N. 7 Mile Rd. | Lake City, MI 49651 - USA | www.bohning.com | 231-229-4247

A GREENLAND LEGACY

"Does Dolly Parton sleep on her back?" I quipped. "Heck yes, I want to go to Greenland!"

Curt informed me that a few things had changed since he was there. Frank had switched up hunting locations, and instead of a boat-based hunt, we would now be flown inland to a remote tent-based camp via helicopter, which did nothing but add to the adventure and intensify my anticipation.

I was joined on my Greenlandic adventure by good friend and archery industry veteran, Jon Syverson, and *Bowhunter* TV cameraman Mike Emery. Jon and I had experienced a few bowhunting adventures together before, but as soon as we received our travel itinerary, we knew this one would be next level.

The first leg of our journey took us to Toronto, Canada, where the three of us boarded an eight-hour flight to Copenhagen, Denmark. Geopolitically, Greenland is part of the Kingdom of Denmark, and flights to the massive island are more accessible from there. After a night on the town in Copenhagen, we boarded a flight to the town of Kangerlussuaq, on the west coast of Greenland.

In Kangerlussuaq, we met Frank's wife, Mette, who handles all the logistics for Bowhunting Greenland. With Frank waiting for us at camp, Mette got us to the helicopter hanger and made sure we were fully prepared for our final flight. Jon and I had both ridden in choppers before, but we weren't expecting the beast of a helicopter that awaited us. An Air Greenland Airbus H225 helicopter looks like a flying tank. It is a gigantic helicopter, and we both knew this was going to be a helicopter flight unlike any we had ever taken before.

STEALTH STRIPS®



"SILENCE YOUR
HUNTING GEAR"



STEALTH
OUTDOORS

www.stealthoutdoors.com

Tel: 248-459-8991



Curt Wells, the first modern bowhunter to legally take a caribou in Greenland.



Me and my buddy Jon were shocked by the size of the helicopter that would be flying us into camp. The flight was as smooth as it was beautiful.

Flying over Greenland is awe-inspiring. There's nothing green about the interior of the world's largest island. Most of it is covered with ice and glaciers, but the western coastline — where Frank conducts his hunts — is absolutely magnificent.

As we flew south toward camp, I was struck by how mountainous the terrain was. I had seen the photos in my colleagues' articles, but as is often the case, cameras do the terrain little justice. Tremendous ridges jutted up from the sea into vast plateaus dotted with crystal-clear lakes, bisected by glacial-fed waterways that cut deep canyons in the rocky terrain. It was as intimidating as it was beautiful.



Frank's tent camp lay on the banks of a glacial-fed river. It was well thought out and provided comfortable accommodations in the heart of pristine Greenland wilderness.

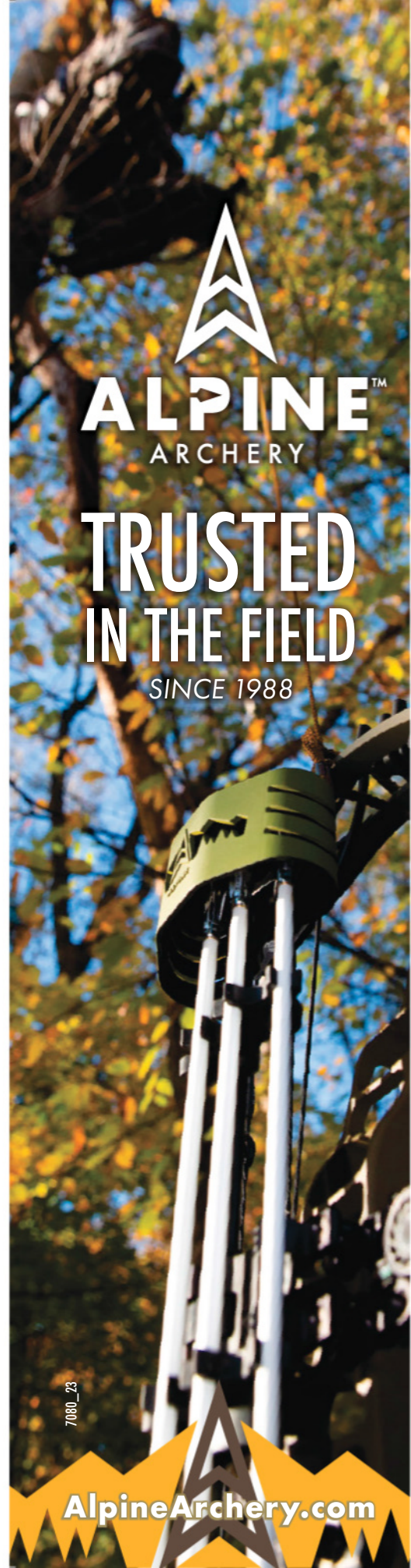
After topping the mountains, we began to see muskox, and their numbers continued to increase as we descended into a beautiful river valley, where we caught our first glimpse of Frank's camp. A handful of tents and a couple of aluminum boats lay on the banks of the river — a tiny reprieve from a seemingly endless wilderness. We were greeted by Frank, Danish guide Philip Von Arenstorff, and two Swedish students named Jonathan Blom and Walter Johansson, who were participating in a hunting-guide internship program.

What looked like meager accommodations from the air turned out to be a well thought out system that included comfortable sleeping quarters for the hunters, separate quarters for guides, a supply tent, cook tent, and a dining tent. After unloading our gear and shooting our bows, our first meal of muskox was prepared by Philip and served by Jonathan and Walter. If we weren't motivated enough to take a muskox on this adventure, we certainly were now, as we quickly learned that muskox was some of the most delicious game meat we had ever tasted.

The next morning, we awoke to rainy conditions and had to don raingear before heading out. The date was September 20, and Frank was surprised to be getting rain instead of snow. Conditions had been unseasonably warm. He showed us photos from the year before of hunters simply walking across the iced-over river in front of camp. This year, there was no ice, so we would be using boats to cross the river. The warm weather had Frank a little worried about the caribou hunting, as weather is what typically pushes them down into the river valley. For now, the caribou were high, so our plan was to hunt muskox first and worry about caribou later.

We soon learned that finding muskox is not the biggest challenge when hunting them with Frank. It's simply putting in the time to find a mature bull. We covered a lot of ground that day and looked over lots of muskox. To the novice, it can be difficult to tell a mature trophy bull from an average one.

We were on our way back to camp when we came across a bull that Frank called an "old warrior." Jon was up first, and Frank explained that this was an old bull that had broomed off the tips of his



7080_23

AlpineArchery.com

A GREENLAND LEGACY

horns quite a bit, so he might not score particularly well, but he was as mature as they get. Being a bowhunter who generally values age-class over score anyway, Jon jumped at the chance for a stalk.

I stayed back as Jon and Frank moved forward, with Mike and his camera in tow. There are no trees in Greenland, but the stalking is fantastic as there is typically lots of topography and boulders to use as cover on the mountainsides, and on a wet day, the ground cover was so soft it was almost like walking on a sponge. The bull bedded and Jon was able to sneak to within 35 yards. When



Muskox in Southern Greenland have few predators and often die of old age. Frank used this old bull carcass to teach us how to hit vitals that are higher on the body than they seem under all that hair.

the bull eventually stood up, Jon put a well-placed arrow through his lungs and the bull didn't make it far.

When we approached Jon's downed bull, we were instantly impressed with the size, weight, and density of both the body and the fur on these prehistoric animals. It's like walking up on a wooly mammoth that has been crossbred with a wildebeest.

We were both ecstatic as we began to work at breaking this impressive animal down for what we thought would be a long pack out, when we looked up to see Jonathan pulling a couple of sleds up from the river. When he arrived, all the boned-out meat plus the hide and skull were loaded in the sleds and dragged back downhill to the river with surprising ease. From there, everything was loaded in the aluminum boat, and before we knew it, we were back at camp enjoying fresh muskox meat.

The next day we woke to beautiful weather, crossed the river, got some elevation, and started glassing for muskox. Once again, we weren't having any issues finding them, just locating a mature bull that was in a stalkable position.

Just as we topped a hill to glass another area, we spotted a large arctic hare

about a hundred yards out in front of us. Its white coat stuck out like a sore thumb. We had all just raised our binoculars to take a closer look, when one of us spotted something odd-looking about halfway between us and the hare. Upon closer inspection, it turned out to be the hump of a muskox that was bedded in a slight depression. Frank took a few steps to a higher vantage point, then came back and whispered that this had to be a lone bull, and that we needed to slip in for a closer look.

After dropping our packs, Frank and I slipped forward, with Mike following close behind. The wind was perfect, and as we approached, we could tell the bull was facing directly away from us. With the ground still damp from the previous day's rain, Frank stayed right in my hip pocket and kept urging me forward until he could get a good look at the bull's headgear. Mike hung back at about 30 yards as Frank and I closed the gap to half that distance. At that point, we had to stop and wait for the bull to stand for Frank to get a better look.

Time ticked slowly by, but when the bull finally stood, I came to full draw and Frank took one look at him and whispered, "Shoot! Shoot that bull!"

SX LONGER LIFE CYCLE

THAN ANY OTHER COMPETITOR - 250,000+ CYCLES



ARROW REST
REDLINE
WWW.REDLINEBOWHUNTING.COM





I was honored to carry on Bowhunter Magazine's Greenland legacy when I took this beautiful bull. He was all I had hoped he would be with great bosses, horn length, and an absolutely perfect coat of long, flowing fur.

At just 15 yards, my arrow disappeared into a colossal wall of flowing fur. Moments later, we were all admiring my beautiful muskox. He was a gorgeous specimen that Frank described as being in his prime, with heavy bosses, long horns that swept all the way up to eye level, and a beautiful coat. He was simply spectacular!

Over the remainder of the hunt, Jon and I experienced even more adventure hunting caribou, but the lack of snow in the high country kept them mostly out of reach. We did have a couple of opportunities at lone bulls. I was able to decoy one in across wide-open terrain to just 45 yards, but he never held still long enough for a shot to materialize. Jon

missed a bull at 54 yards, but it didn't really matter to us. Caribou were merely icing on the cake.

On this Greenland adventure, the prehistoric creature once believed to be unkillable with a bow, was our focus. Frank Feldmann led the fight to adopt new regulations and **Bowhunter Magazine** and **Bowhunter TV** were there from the very beginning to help launch this Greenland legacy. **BH**

AUTHOR'S NOTES: My hunting gear included a Hoyt RX-7 Ultra with a Spot Hogg Fast Eddie sight and Vapor Trail Pro-V rest, a Scott Ghost release, Easton arrows outfitted with Muzzy Trocar broadheads and Lumenok lighted nocks, Leupold optics, Kenetrek Mountain Extreme boots, a Kifaru 22 Magnum backpack, Browning Ovis apparel, and a Stalker Caribou Decoy from UltimatePredatorGear.com.

Frank Feldmann's Bowhunting Greenland offers the best opportunity on the planet for spot-and-stalk muskox. It's an experience like no other. For more information, contact Frank at mail@greenlandoutfitters.com, or visit his website at bowhuntinggreenland.com.

**10
YEARS**

NORTHWOODS WHITETAILS, INC.

FOOD PLOT SEED

**CHECK OUT OUR ENTIRE SEED SELECTION AT
NORTHWOODSWHITETAILS.COM**

The Most Trusted Name In Food Plots



THE GREAT

IT WAS OPENING WEEKEND of archery elk season in Idaho, and we had just dropped our packs on top of the ridge after a lengthy cross-country hike. A year ago, I had discovered this drainage and was anxious to get back.

It was late-evening, and as we sat glassing, we counted seven bulls. Then, at last light, a big herd of elk filtered through a saddle 300 yards below us. We counted over 50 head, including a pretty good six-point bull, as they trotted down an open sagebrush ridge to feed for the night. We were pumped! But while sitting on the ridge, I didn't feel quite right...like something was just "off."

Come morning, I felt better, and we hunted the drainage all day. But the bulls were mostly silent. The next day was more of the same. Needing to get home, we packed up and hiked out to the truck. We would be back.

I love bowhunting elk, and for the last 33 years, it has been the one bowhunt I look forward to the most. And for the last 12 years, I have been able to share each season with my son, Hunter. He killed his first bull with a bow at the age of 15, and since he was 12 years old, we've never missed a bow season. We've had many great memories bowhunting for elk, bear, antelope, and deer; including an epic archery mule deer hunt a few weeks prior in which we both shot big velvet bucks, his being a giant public land nontypical 9x6! It was the buck of a lifetime. So, we were pumped for elk season!

Early on September 15, I took my wife and daughter to the airport to travel to a conference and then headed to my office. The next day, Hunter, friend Don Ricketts, and I would be heading out for our extended elk hunt.

As I was sitting at my desk finishing some last-minute work, I started to feel some pressure on the left side



BEST SEASON

THE ONLY THING MORE SERIOUS THAN A
STAY IN THE HOSPITAL IS A STAY IN
ELK WOODS WITH MY SON.

By WAYNE CROWNOVER

of my chest. Suddenly, it shot up my neck and knocked me back in my chair. I felt like I might go unconscious.

I've never been in the hospital a day in my life. I'm on no prescription medication. I work out, run, hike, eat properly, and consider myself to be in great shape. However, my dad's side of the family has a history of heart conditions, so I knew what I was feeling was nothing to mess with.

I got up, laid down on my couch, and then called my secretary, Karen.

"You better call the ambulance, Karen, because I'm not feeling well," I said.

As I lay there listening to the sirens coming to pick me up, I was in disbelief! *How could this be happening to me?* I thought. *My wife is flying across the country and she'll be worried sick. I'm supposed to leave tomorrow morning to go elk hunting with my son and Don. This is a bad dream!*

On the way to the hospital in the ambulance, my wife called from the airplane. The EKG was not showing a heart attack; that gave her some relief. Hunter met me at the ER.

For the next two days, they ran every test they could run on me — everything came back negative. My heart was great, everything looked good, but still no answers.

Two days later, on a Saturday afternoon, I told Hunter and Don I'd be okay, and they should just go elk hunting without me. If I could come later, I would. So, Sunday morning they loaded up and took off, while I sat at home.

A season that had started off with an unbelievable high had hit an unbelievable low. I sat at home, glad for my good health reports, but solemn because I wasn't on the mountain. All I could do was rest while getting updates from Hunter on his inReach.

I've always cherished my time afield with my son, but after my recent medical "scare," I will never take photos like this one for granted. Insets: Prior to our elk hunt, we both killed great muley bucks — Hunter's was a giant 9x6.



THE GREATEST SEASON

In Hunter's Words...

Sunday afternoon, Don and I loaded our packs to head into the remote drainage we'd hunted opening weekend. We were about halfway to where we wanted to set up camp when I looked up and noticed a nice six-point bull crossing the ridge in front of us.

Don and I dropped our packs, grabbed our bows, and I let a bugle rip. The bull changed directions and started coming right at us, but at 100 yards he circled below us, catching our wind. So close!

That evening, we hiked into the area we wanted to hunt, and elk madness broke out! We counted multiple bulls in a burn basin, and it was a rut-frenzy, with bulls screaming and chasing cows everywhere. We had many close encounters over the next two days, but swirling winds and open country made it tough. Out of water, we packed out.

On Thursday, Don and I decided to try a spot we had hunted before. After hiking to the top of the mountain, I ripped off a bugle. A bull screamed back just below us. He was moving to his bedding area, so we stayed with him and his herd, and finally we set up to call him in.



This was our spike camp for two days on top of a high mountain ridge. From here, we were able to glass for elk.

I bugled, and the bull answered immediately. Then I bugled back, cutting him off. Seconds later, we could hear the bull running through the deadfall toward us, and I could see he was a big six-point.

He was coming on a string and was going to walk right into an opening. I slowly drew my bow and cow-called, which stopped the bull perfectly broadside. I guessed him at 50 yards, put my pin behind his shoulder, and released... then watched in horror as I completely missed the bull low. I was devastated.

Later that night, we discussed a plan for Friday morning. Don would rest up, so I decided to go out solo. I hiked into

a new area, and late in the morning, I heard a faint bugle.

There was a small bench on top of the mountain I figured the bull was on, so I circled above it to get the wind in my favor. Once on top, I let out a bugle, and the bull screamed 60 yards below me. I quickly nocked an arrow, and as I looked up, the bull walked out of the trees just 40 yards away.

All I could see was his massive brow tines curling up in the sunlight. As he crossed the timber in front of me, I thought, *I'm finally going to kill a giant.* He hit the opening in front of me and I cow-called to stop him at only 15 yards. I

Lumenok

FROM BURT COYOTE LIGHT 'EM UP!!!

NEW FOR 2023 RED CROSSBOW NOCKS



NOW AVAILABLE

BUILD A BOLT: CUSTOM BOLT BUILDER
COMPLETE BOLT PACKS



(309) 358-1602
LUMENOK.COM



Hunter's big public-land bull capped off an unbelievable archery season for him. When Hunter typed 359 on his inReach, he meant to type 350, which is almost exactly what his bull scored!



settled my pin behind the bull's shoulder and released. It was a clean pass-through!

The bull took off out of sight, but I knew he was done. A short time later, I heard a big crash!

I began celebrating and immediately grabbed my inReach to text my dad. All I said was, "I just killed a 359 bull!"

After a few minutes, I started creep-

ing down in the direction of the crash I'd heard. I was in shock as I approached the fallen bull. The only thing that would have made that moment better is if my dad had been there with me to celebrate.

Wayne's Words...

On Friday morning, my wife and I went to the cardiologist. He had looked

at all my tests and said, "Your heart's good. You can resume full activity if you feel up to it."

There was a week of elk season left... maybe I still had a chance.

An hour later, I got an inReach message from Hunter that said, "I just killed a really big bull! Just heard him go down!"

I looked at my wife and said, "I'm gone!"

A couple good buddies of mine excitedly volunteered to head up with me to help get Hunter's bull packed out. That night in camp, we celebrated till late.

The next morning, we headed for the trailhead, loaded our packs, and started the three-mile hike uphill. I was feeling far from 100 percent, but after the first mile I started to feel better.

We got to Hunter's bull, and I was just thrilled for him. There was no ground shrinkage.

After killing a once-in-a-lifetime mule deer, my son turned around a few weeks later and shot a 350-class, public-land bull... Unbelievable!

We each loaded up an elk quarter and Hunter took the head and antlers. For three miles down the mountain, I followed and filmed him weaving through pine trees, stepping over deadfall, and

introducing the LOCKDOWN

The **KING of COMFORT**
HAS ARRIVED...

Over the past 2 years we've tested and refined a new approach to our saddle lineup. We wanted to reimagine comfort and user-friendliness. The LockDown takes best in class features from our Phantom and adds in our all new **Expandable Saddle Body** with LockDown Link construction to create a mega-comfortable saddle that expands and contracts with you throughout your hunt.

USE COUPON CODE

BOWHUNTERCASH23

to score the LockDown Saddle for
\$399 (MSRP \$429)

TETHRDNATION.COM

f i y / TETHRDNATION

Coupon code good while supplies last.



LEARN MORE





THE BOWHUNTING PODCAST

**ALL
BOWHUNTING.
ALL
THE TIME.**

The Petersen's Bowhunting Podcast is dedicated to serious bowhunters. Listen each week as Editor Christian Berg and Associate Editor Mark Demko interview guests who will not only keep you entertained but help you punch more tags in the field!

DOWNLOAD THE LATEST
EPISODE TODAY AT:

BOWHUNTING.PODBEAN.COM



My first day out after my health episode, Hunter's calling brought this bull in on the run, just before dark. What a way to cap off an unbelievable archery season together!

trying not to drag the bull's giant antlers on the ground. What a sight!

Hunter and I planned to go back early Monday morning to hunt the last week together — just the two of us. If my health would hold up, I liked our odds.

Early Monday morning, Hunter and I discussed a plan. Should we backpack into a drainage, or hunt closer to camp the first day or two? My son felt we could get into bulls hunting out of base camp for now, so that was the plan.

That evening, we hiked into a small drainage, and as the sun began to set, we started moving and calling. As it got

later, we amped up the excitement in our bugling. Nothing but crickets.

With a half-hour of daylight left, we paused at a little lake, where I told Hunter to rip off one last bugle — just because. A bull grunted, and we both just looked at each other.

Hunter called again, and the bull responded from the far side of the lake. Then we heard splashing. It was the bull pawing at the water like a horse.

It was getting late, and the bull was several hundred yards away, but he was obviously getting hot, so we took off at a run around the lake, trying to cut the

Glassing this remote Idaho basin, we soon spotted seven bulls.



distance before dark. After a few hundred yards, a river coming out of the lake stopped our progress. Then, a second bull bugled to our right.

Hunter bugled again, and the first bull bugled back. "I see him. He's coming!" Hunter said.

I couldn't believe it, but sure enough, the bull was trotting across the meadow right at us.

We were behind two small Christmas trees, and I told Hunter to range the bull. The bull came at a steady pace, and when he stopped, Hunter said, "45 yards."

The bull stood head-on for a couple minutes, looking for the elk he thought he'd heard. Then, the second bull bugled again, and the head-on bull turned.

I cow-called and stopped him, held my 40-yard pin high, and cut it loose. The bull whirled and ran behind some willows, and then Hunter said, "He's down!" I was stunned! The first day hunting after being down and out in the hospital, and I just killed my bull!

We hugged, high-fived, and then took off our boots and waded the river. By then it was dark. We took pictures, celebrated some more, and gutted and propped open the bull to cool the meat. The whole time the other bull marched back and forth on the edge of the meadow — bugling his head off. What a night!

The next day, we hiked back to the bull and were greeted with epic scenery of clear-blue skies, jagged rocky mountain peaks, and frost-covered grass. We took more pictures, quartered the bull, waded the meat across the river, and made two roundtrips back to the truck to get my bull out. With all the ups and downs, it had turned into the greatest fall archery season this father-and-son team has ever shared together! **BH**

An avid bowhunter for over 30 years, the author lives in Nampa, ID, with his wife, Wendy. He's the lead pastor at Boise's River City Church.

Author's Notes: My list of equipment used to take my bull included a Hoyt Carbon Spyder bow, Black Gold sights, Easton arrows, G5 broadheads, EXO pack, La Sportiva boots, Phelps elk calls, and clothing in Mossy Oak camo.

Hunter's equipment consisted of a Mathews V3X bow, Black Gold sights, Black Eagle arrows, G5 broadheads, EXO pack, Crispi boots, Leupold 10x50 binoculars, Phelps elk calls, clothing in Mossy Oak camo, and an inReach Mini.

Focus on the hunt. Not your equipment.

Maximum image quality.
Minimum weight.

ZEISS

Seeing beyond

Up to 30%
lighter than
comparable
competitors

ZEISS SFL binoculars

With the **NEW ZEISS SFL** (SmartFocus Lightweight) binoculars, special moments can be experienced with ease. Optimized to be as lightweight and compact as possible, the SFL binoculars are a perfect addition to the SF family.

The new Ultra-High-Definition (UHD) Concept ensures true-to-life color reproduction and the highest level of detail. Thanks to its SmartFocus Concept, the focus wheel is perfectly positioned and enables fast and precise focusing — even with gloves on. The lightweight magnesium housing provides long lasting durability that will endure for generations.



ZEISS SFL 30

ZEISS SFL 40

Scan to learn more:



Smokey's Deer Lures



From The Hills of "West Virginia"

Deer Lure
www.smokeysdeerlure.com

It's the only one that really works!

Call: 304-564-4087

Deer Lures

The "Wicked Wick" Compound

Turkey Calls

Deer Calls & Buck Grunt Calls

Coyote Calls

Trapping Bait & Lures



Find us on Facebook

www.smokeysdeerlure.com

The Original "Patented" PRE-ORBITAL GLAND LURE!
Pre Orbital Gland Lure Patent #US 9,980,492 B2

MOOSE

I finally got my Canada moose,
but it wasn't easy...or was it?

MOOSE HUNTING IS TYPICALLY FEAST OR FAMINE,
BUT YOU'D BE WISE TO GET USED TO THE LATTER.

By Tom Edgington

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

ARE EASY...

Except When They're Not

MY GUIDE, Kyler, and I could see a large set of antlers breaking through the thick brush and trees that ran along the opposite bank of the river. The rutting bull could not resist Kyler's plaintive cow calls and was bulldozing over small trees and bushes as he tried to find us. Soon he was standing broadside on the bank directly across the river from us. I slowly raised my rangefinder, pressed the button, and "45" lit up in the display.

The bull was locked onto our position. When he looked away, I slowly drew back my bow and anchored. Everything felt good as I settled the gap between my 40 and 50-yard pins in the "pocket" behind the bull's shoulder. Running my shot sequence through my head, I increased the tension on my bowstring until the shot broke. My arrow arced over the muddy river and appeared to strike the bull high in the shoulder.

After the shot, the bull ran into the thick timber. We waited 30 minutes before motoring our boat over to the far bank to begin tracking the bull. Unable to find my arrow or any blood, and with daylight rapidly fading, we decided to go back to camp and continue our search in the morning.

That evening during dinner, Kyler announced that he had filmed the entire shot with his smartphone. As we viewed the footage, I watched in horror as my arrow passed harmlessly over the bull's hump. I must have picked the 55-yard pin gap instead of the 45-yard gap, which caused my clean miss!

Our camp was located along a river that was fed by a collection of streams originating in a mountain range several miles away. The river was rising from torrential rains that occurred in the mountains days before my arrival.

The next morning, despite the rising waters, we took our boat upriver to where I had missed the bull to see if he was still in the area. After beaching the boat, Kyler then began making some cow calls.

It wasn't long before I found myself 30 yards from a bull that appeared to be bigger than the one I'd missed the night before. Problem was, the bull was in thick timber, and I needed him to move five yards to his left to give me a clear shot.

The bull's eyes were fixated on Kyler, who was raking a tree 50 yards behind me. After what seemed like an eternity, the bull eventually turned and headed back in the direction from which he'd come — without ever presenting me with an ethical shot.

Later that morning, we decided that we needed to move our current campsite to higher ground. The rising water had scattered the bulls off the river, making them harder to locate. Despite our best efforts, we did not see another moose during that hunt.

I returned home empty-handed, and I spent quite a bit of time licking my wounds over missing an animal as big as a barn.

I was having breakfast at our local diner one morning, telling my tale of woe to one of my friends, when an older hunter came over to listen. This guy was a seasoned rifle hunter, who had completed the rifle Super Slam a few years earlier. When he heard that we were talking moose, he quickly blurted out, "Moose are easy, aren't they, Tom?"

MOOSE ARE EASY...EXCEPT WHEN THEY'RE NOT

I hesitantly nodded in reluctant agreement. *Moose are easy, except when they're not*, I thought, as he walked away.

There are three subspecies of moose in North America. The Alaska-Yukon moose is the largest, and is found in Alaska, the Yukon, and portions of North-west Territories. The Canada moose is generally smaller, and is found in all the remaining provinces of Canada, as well in Maine, Minnesota, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Vermont, and along eastern Montana's northern border with Saskatchewan. The Shiras moose is the smallest of the three, and is found in Colorado, Idaho, western Montana, Utah, Washington, and Wyoming.

Prior to this hunt, I had hunted moose on three different occasions. I'd killed an Alaska-Yukon moose on Day Seven of a 10-day hunt in the Yukon. I killed a Shiras moose on Day 11 of a seven-day hunt in Wyoming. Then I hunted 10 days in British Columbia for a Canada moose — where I never saw a moose. If you add the hunt in Alberta, where I missed the aforementioned moose to my tally, I had hunted 35 days and only killed two moose. This average may not appear to be too bad for a bowhunter, but I don't think that I'm ready to classify bowhunting moose as "easy."

When planning a moose hunt, there are several options to consider. If you're a do-it-yourself hunter, you may want to consider doing a drop-camp hunt in Alaska, where a licensed air transporter drops you off in a good moose area. There are several air-taxi services in Alaska that have good moose-hunting track records. Some of these services will even supply you with all your camping gear and food, if desired. These hunts are a great option for seasoned bowhunters, but you should be in shape because cutting up and packing a bull moose involves a lot of physical work.

If you opt for a guided hunt, you may want to consider a boat hunt. Hunting



My guide used his phone to take this picture of me shooting over the back of a bull moose from across the river.

moose from a boat during the rut is a lot of fun, and if you do your hunting relatively close to the water, the amount of packing can be minimized.

Other guided moose hunts are done on horseback. If you like horses, this is a great option, as you can let the horses do most of the packing.

Lastly, some Canadian outfitters, as well as outfitters in the States, conduct moose hunts out of a lodge or hotel, from which their clients are then transported to their hunt areas via truck/ATV. I have done most of them, and each method has its pros and cons. The point is, regardless of what kind of shape you're in, there is probably a moose hunt out there that you can do.

I have taken my moose with bows with draw weights set between 68–70 pounds. I shoot an arrow/broadhead combination that weighs around 480 grains. The broadheads that I use have three replaceable, fixed blades. This setup resulted in complete pass-throughs on both of my moose kills. With good shot placement, I am sure that this setup would work equally well with several of the different expandable broadheads on the market. For those pulling less than 60 pounds, I recommend using a cut-on-contact, fixed-blade head to enhance arrow penetration.

Until my most recent moose hunt, I wore full camouflage. However, I now wear a dark-brown shirt and hat, because I believe that when a moose is answering a call, he wants to see the other moose. It has been my experience that if an approaching bull sees dark-brown

movement in the general direction of the call, it will usually confuse him just enough that he wants to come closer to investigate, rather than run away. I also think that the bow-mounted moose decoys currently on the market are tailor-made for calling setups. Although I have not yet used one for moose, I have no doubt they would be deadly.

With two of the three moose species down, the second week of September 2022 found me back in northern British Columbia to try again for a Canada moose.

This hunt was supposed to be on horseback, but when I arrived at base camp, my outfitter said that I would be flying in a Super Cub to a camp in an area that hadn't been hunted for three years. I must confess that I had a slight smile on my face when the outfitter told me that I would be flying and not riding a horse to camp. Horses are great modes of transportation, but every horse that I've ever been on seemed to quickly conclude that it was much smarter than me when it came to riding, and I always struggled to convince them otherwise.

The pilot helped me crawl into the Super Cub, making sure that I didn't hamper or impede the rudder cables that passed under my feet. Soon we were in the air and heading to moose camp.

As we neared the camp, my pilot circled the area to give me a good view of the terrain. We touched down on a makeshift landing strip that was cut out of the brush and willows, where we were greeted by my guide, Oliver, and camp cook, Karl.



Moose country can be accessed by boat, horseback, or in this case, bush plane.



My guide, Oliver, and I were barely out of camp the first morning when we started our stalk along this airstrip toward a bull.

The camp was a comfortable trapper's cabin built along a small stream located a 10-minute walk from the landing strip. After I crawled out of the airplane, we grabbed my gear and walked a trail that wound through patches of willows that towered over my head and traversed several beaver slides. Oliver said that they had heard a bull grunting near the landing strip at dusk the evening before I arrived. By the time I had unpacked and shot a couple of practice arrows, darkness had settled in.

We got up the next morning, and the plan was to have a cup of coffee and then hike up to the airstrip to call and glass. If we had no action in an hour or so, we would come back to camp for a hearty breakfast.

Because we weren't planning on going too far that morning before returning to the cabin, I opted to leave my pack in camp and just carried my bow, binoculars, and rangefinder. I pulled on my dark-brown shirt and cap, but I had not yet unpacked my bow-mounted decoy, so it remained in the cabin.

We started up the trail to the airstrip, with Oliver in the lead. We stopped at the edge of the airstrip, so Oliver could scan the strip before we stepped into the open.

I had just kneeled to wait, when Oliver whispered, "There's a good bull feeding on the strip." I couldn't believe my ears!

Oliver glassed the bull, and then confirmed that he was legal. In this area, to be legal, a moose must have antlers with at least three points on one brow palm or have at least one antler with a minimum of 10 points.

I had not yet seen the bull, but both Oliver and Karl said that he was a good one. I slowly peeked through the willows and saw the bull facing away from us at the end of the airstrip, about 120 yards away. The stalk was on!

Oliver and I slipped along the side of the airstrip, heading directly at the bull while he had his back to us. We picked out a small willow bush at the end of the runway and headed for it. I estimated that we would be less than 50 yards from the bull — if we could get there undetected.

We were about 10 yards from the bush when the bull spotted us. It looked like he was going to bolt, so Oliver grunted at him. The bull then turned around to face us. Steam was coming out of his nostrils as he grunted back. Oliver slowly hunkered down, while I stood there ready to draw. I wished that I had my bow-mounted decoy, but my brown shirt and hat seemed to be working.

The bull stood there eyeing us for what seemed to be an eternity, before turning to give me a quartering-away shot. My arrow passed completely through the bull, and he slowly walked into the willows. I followed the bull, trying to get a second "insurance" arrow into him, but he was quickly swallowed-up by the towering willows. We decided to give him some time and later found him piled-up not far from the cabin.

Maybe moose are easy after all! **BH**

The author is a well-traveled bowhunter who has written a number of features for Bowhunter.

Author's Notes: On this hunt, I used a PSE EVO EVL 34 bow and Easton Full Metal Jacket arrows tipped with 100-grain G5 Striker broadheads. Accessories include a Hamskea drop-away rest, Spot Hogg sight, Conquest Archery Control Freak stabilizers, Tight-Spot quiver, Nock 2 It release, Leupold Full Draw 4 rangefinder, and Swarovski binoculars. Although I didn't get to use it, I also packed a bow-mounted moose decoy from Ultimate Predator.

SUCCESS IN WOODS THE STARTS HERE

Huge selection and fast shipping for everything you need from hunt to harvest.

- Treestands
- Saddles
- Blinds
- Cameras
- Apparel
- Decoys
- Game Calls
- Scent Control
- Scents & Lures
- Packs & Bags
- Knives & Saws
- Accessories

And naturally — everything else for the sport of archery.

Lancaster
ARCHERY SUPPLY
SINCE 1983

(800) 829-7408
LANCASTERARCHERY.COM



**LEADING THE WORLD IN
3D AND TARGET ARCHERY**





My buddy, Matt Palmquist, took this photo of a great nontypical mule deer buck that came to be known as "Trashy."

LUCKY TOOTSIE ROLL

THERE'S NO LUCKY "CHARM" MORE POWERFUL
THAN ONE GIVEN TO YOU BY A LITTLE GIRL.

BY JASON STAFFORD

The first glimpse of the mule deer buck left me slack-jawed. Extra points seemed to jet out everywhere from his mainframe, as I brought his magnificent antlers into focus through my binoculars. He was bedded tight to a cutbank in a yucca-infested pasture; a perfect stalking scenario, but unfortunately; he was a few hundred yards from public land. The pasture was a huge, two-mile roadless chunk of real estate with countless cutbanks and a sea of yucca plants. It was perfect for providing a big buck plenty of security. He had a harem of does and satellite bucks surrounding him, several of which were on the public land, indicating to me that he was likely spending time feeding in a large, picked cornfield there. To the north of the pasture was a small, unharvested milo field and a greenfield.

I was traveling to my good friend Matt Palmquist's house, when I located the buck. Fortunately, I was lucky in the Kansas deer draw and had a coveted mule deer tag in my pocket. Using onX Maps, I was able to obtain the name of the owner of the pasture.

I called Matt to see if he knew the owner, but he did not. Matt's first question was, "Did you find a mega?" I told him I'd found a good nontypical about an hour north of his place. Matt told me that he was working north of town and would meet up with me to take a look at the buck for himself.

By the time Matt and his friend Steve arrived, Matt had secured permission for us to hunt all the private land surrounding the public walk-in area except for the pasture, as he wasn't able to contact the owner of that parcel. Matt had his camera and telephoto lens with him, so he was able to get some great photos

of the buck. While snapping pictures, Matt made a comment about the buck being "trashy," and the nickname stuck after that.

It was late in the afternoon, and it was very windy and hot as Matt and I made our way along a weedy fenceline in the picked cornfield above the deer. I had hoped the deer would come back to the public ground to feed that evening, but it wasn't meant to be as the deer moved to the north and crossed out of the pasture into the greenfield after legal shooting light ended.

The next morning found us back in the general area, searching for Trashy. We located the rest of his harem feeding and rutting around near the milo field at first light, but to our dismay, Trashy wasn't with them. We looked for Trashy all day, but we never laid eyes on him.

The morning of Day Two found us back in the same area. We started our search near the milo field, where we quickly located the rest of the harem traveling back to the pasture, sans Trashy. We then traveled farther north to investigate a deer in the distance, but it wasn't him, so we made a giant loop that brought us back to where I'd first seen him.

It was there that Trashy suddenly appeared, crossing off the public walk-in cornfield into the pasture. He was following a doe and fawn, and had we arrived just a few minutes earlier, Trashy most likely would have stayed put on the public land once he saw us. Knowing he was off-limits and would bed for the day in the pasture, I told Matt that we should go elsewhere to hunt and hopefully find a good buck for Steve.

Throughout the day, we located several other groups of mule deer and

whitetails, but we didn't find a buck that Steve wanted to put his tag on. By late afternoon, we were headed back in search of Trashy. It didn't take us long to find him bedded with his doe and her fawn, in the same cutbank where I'd originally spotted him a few days earlier.

Matt called the pasture owner one more time, and actually made contact with him. The landowner was very gracious and told us we could hunt his pasture, so long as we didn't drive into it.

Moments later, I was inching through the yuccas toward the cutbank where Trashy was bedded. What I envisioned as a slam-dunk stalk quickly unraveled. Trashy liked his hidey hole for a reason — the swirling winds. He was also able to bed tight to the bank, while his doe and her fawn bedded nearby in a spot where they could see approaching danger.

I still don't know if he got a little whiff of me or if the doe and fawn saw me, but they busted us at 40 yards. I drew, and Trashy stopped at 60 yards. But it was windy and I don't like to shoot that far, so I let down and watched him bound away. The trio didn't travel far, and we soon located them in a nearby ravine.

This time, Matt came with me to showcase a couple of decoys he felt might dupe the buck into coming closer. At 58 yards we ran out of cover and resorted to the decoys. Trashy stood and looked at us — again too far for me to shoot — before taking off. It was obvious to both of us that Trashy wanted nothing to do with the buck decoy we'd shown him. By now the sun was sinking low in the sky, so I told Matt that we should let the deer settle down for the night and resume the chase in the morning.

The next morning didn't start out as expected. We located lots of deer in the

**HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT
WITH A STALKER DECOY**



- Bow-mounted, shoot-through design
- Lightweight & collapsible
- Built in safety straps



Find all the Stalker Decoys at
UltimatePredatorGear.com

**ULTIMATE
PREDATOR**

**ANYTIME
ANYWHERE**

**DIGITAL ACCESS NOW INCLUDED
WITH YOUR PAID SUBSCRIPTION!**

ENJOY DIGITAL ACCESS ON YOUR
PHONE, TABLET & MORE*



**SUBSCRIBE
TODAY**

BOWHUNTER.COM

OR SCAN THIS CODE
TO GO DIRECTLY
TO THE ORDER PAGE



*Digital Edition is available on updated iPad/Phone, most Android devices, and the Microsoft Store for Windows. Limited Time Offer.

LUCKY TOOTSIE ROLL

pasture, but Trashy and his doe weren't among them. We came upon a doe and her fawn bedded close to where we had backed out the night before, but there wasn't a buck with them either.

It was during this search for Trashy that my fear of his leaving the others to hide out on his own started to creep in. The weather had turned; cooling off quickly throughout the morning with light rain. We had glassed the pasture from many angles when I saw a lone deer near the only tree in the entire pasture. Matt threw up his spotter and exclaimed, "We're in business, boys!"

It was Trashy, rutting around in a ravine with his doe and her fawn. Trashy quickly disappeared from sight, but we were able to watch the doe and fawn bed high under a cutbank.

Matt's daughter, Ellie, had given Steve three lucky Tootsie Rolls the day before. Steve turned around and handed me one of the candies while telling me he was sacrificing one of his lucky Tootsie's to bring me luck.

Thirty minutes later, I was peeking through the yuccas just over a hundred yards away from the doe and fawn. Just as I had suspected, an approach from this side was impossible without being seen. I still hadn't seen Trashy since he disappeared that morning, but I knew he was bedded nearby.

While I contemplated my next move, the wind suddenly did a 180 and began blowing harder. I thought back to my

lucky Tootsie Roll, as the wind was now perfect for an approach through a patch of tall yuccas.

I inched closer and closer while trying to locate Trashy's antler tips. *Man, only one more yucca and I should be mere yards from the doe and fawn*, I thought, while scanning the area from behind the yucca. Nothing!

I could now see the doe's ear tips less than 10 yards in front of me. I figured Trashy was off to my right, but where?

Like a ghost, he suddenly appeared and was now feeding 20 yards away. Man, he was close, but he was quartering-away hard. I drew my bow and waited for him to turn ever so slightly.

When he did, I aimed just in front of his hip and let my arrow fly. It slammed home, causing him to mule-kick before bounding to the bottom of the ravine.

When Trashy stopped, he looked like he was ready to go down. I reached over to grab my binoculars from the ground, and when I looked back up Trashy was gone and my heart sank! *Had he fallen right there, or had he gone up or down the ravine?* I wondered, as I frantically searched for him in every direction... but he was gone.

I checked the time on my phone before lying down behind the yucca to seek shelter from the cold wind. The temperature had dropped 20 degrees since I first began the stalk, and I couldn't tell if my now uncontrollable shaking was due to the temperature or my adrenaline wearing off.

I told myself that I would wait 30 minutes before climbing up the hill

**Trashy is my largest bowkilled
mule deer, and I may never shoot
a bigger one.**



ON  HUNT

KNOW WHERE YOU *STAND*



TRUSTED BY MILLIONS OF HUNTERS

For more information on the most comprehensive hunting map app available visit:

ONXMAPS.COM/HUNT/APP/*ELITE*



LUCKY TOOTSIE ROLL



As I worked to field-dress Trashy, I discovered some severe bruises on the buck's side, likely from fighting other bucks.

above where he had disappeared to glass for him. It took longer than I would have liked, but I eventually located Trashy right where I last saw him. I then raised my arms to the sky, indicating to Matt and Steve, who had been watching the action through a spotting scope, that he was down.

When Matt and Steve arrived, we made our way toward the downed buck together. I was in shock as I approached what is likely the biggest mule deer I will ever kill. With points sticking out seemingly everywhere, he looked amazing.

I admired him for a long while before saying a word to the guys. While skinning the buck, I found that his rib cage and hindquarters were severely bruised from recent fighting. *No wonder he wanted nothing to do with Matt's buck decoy the day before*, I thought to myself.

That year may have been a rough one for a lot of people, but it will forever remain as one of my favorite hunting years. Thank you to Matt and Steve for being along and providing me the support I needed on this roller-coaster of a hunt. And thank you to Ellie for her lucky Tootsie Roll. **BH**

The author lives in Cody, Wyoming, with his wife, Jana, and their two girls, Baylee and Ava, where he serves the public as a law-enforcement officer.

Author's Note:

My list of equipment on this hunt included a Prime bow, Easton Axis 340 arrows, G5 Striker V2 broadheads, Black Gold Verdict sight, Trophy Taker Smackdown rest, Scott release aid, Swarovski 10x42 binoculars, Nikon rangefinder, Sitka clothing, Crispi Nevada boots, and a game-processing kit from Outdoor Edge.

THE CONTOUR

THE CONTOUR PLUS+

KuduPoint
Broadheads

HEADS AVAILABLE IN:
100GN, 125GN, 150GN
RIGHT & LEFT BEVEL

ACCURATE.
QUIET IN FLIGHT.
RAZOR SHARP.

#PERFORMANCESIMPLIFIED
WWW.KUDUPOINT.COM

f i

PLANNING A HUNTING TRIP?

MTM
CASE-GARD
QUALITY SHOOTING SPORTS ACCESSORIES

TRAVELER

AMERICAN FAMILY OWNED
MANUFACTURING IN THE
U.S.A. SINCE 1968

MTM MOLDED PRODUCTS CO
837-890-7461 - MTMCASE-GARD.COM

MTM TRAVELER ARROW AND BOLT CASES ARE DESIGNED FOR YOU

BOWHUNTER TV



PRESENTED BY

RAM



Premieres
TUESDAYS
7:30 PM ET

TUESDAY **THURSDAY**
11:30 PM ET 11:30 AM ET

TROPHY UNIT BULL

► Tune in the TV week of July 31 and join Lane Farris, guided by his dad, Danny, on a DIY elk hunt in one of Colorado's big-bull units. Don't miss it!

Outdoor
CHANNEL



BROWNING
The Best There Is

CVIX



WTA
Wilderness Trail Archery
Produced/Owned by *Collette*



Lumenok
LIGHT 'EM UP



KIFARU
INTERNATIONAL



Kenetrek
Boots
FOR THE TRAIL LESS TRAVELED



LEUPOLD





WHAT'S NEW

BRIAN FORTENBAUGH | ASSISTANT EDITOR

PRESENTED BY



WWW.LANCASTERARCHERY.COM



VORTEX® TRIUMPH® HD 10X42

The Triumph HD 10x42's (\$149.99) are quality optics at a great price. Users will appreciate the Triumph's resolution/contrast, as well as the brightness, clarity, and wide field of view. Rubber armor provides a secure grip and protection. Use it on a tripod or car window mount. It ships with a neckstrap and an adjustable GlassPak™ bino harness. **Vortex Optics**, vortexoptics.com.



VOLCON® GRUNT EVO™

The Grunt EVO (\$5,999) is a fat-tired, off-road electric motorcycle that minimizes your presence in the woods due to its lack of gasoline/exhaust scent and the sound of a loud gasoline engine. It has a high-torque motor, a 400-lb. payload, and a 750-lb. towing capacity — while reaching speeds of 40 mph. This bike is ideal for both new and experienced riders looking for minimal upkeep. **Volcon**, volcon.com.



AMERICA'S BEST BOWSTRINGS® PLATINUM BLACK™

Platinum Black Series (\$159.99) are pre-made strings built with the same technology found in ABB's Platinum Series, as well as availability in Ninja Black. Most strings ship the same day your order is placed. A two-year warranty covers pretty much everything. **America's Best Bowstrings**, americasbestbowstrings.com.



SCENT THIEF® COMBO PACK™

The Combo Pack (\$26.99) is a long-lasting and cost-effective solution to scent control that includes a 12-oz. field spray bottle and a 32-oz. refill jug. The system features "No Smell™" technology, which temporarily disables a deer's sense of smell. Spray it on clothes, boots, equipment, and trails for best results. Re-apply every 60-90 minutes. **Scent Thief**, scentthief.com.



KUDUPOINT® CONTOUR PLUS™

The Contour Plus (\$57-\$60) is a cut-on-contact broadhead with stainless-steel bleeder blades that help create larger wound channels. Its simple design is accurate and quiet in flight, not to mention the blades are extremely sharp. They come in weights of 100, 125, and 150 grains (standard thread), and in your choice of left or right bevel. **KuduPoint**, kudupoint.com.



MYSTERY RANCH® HIGH WATER™ DUFFEL

The High Water Duffel (\$329) is made with 840D ballistic nylon, waterproof zippers, and RF welding. It's perfect for travel on land or water. The versatile shoulder straps allow you to choose how you want to carry it. Quick-access mesh pockets and reinforced daisy chains keep things organized. Check this one out, and others in the High Water Series line. **Mystery Ranch**, mysteryranch.com.

BH WHERE TO GO/MARKETPLACE

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT ADVERTISING IN THIS SECTION, PLEASE CONTACT
JEFF MILLAR AT 717-695-8081; E-MAIL: JEFF.MILLAR@OUTDOORSG.COM



**BOWHUNTING
SAFARI**
CONSULTANTS, LLC
www.bowhuntingsafari.com
1-800-833-9777

Lowdown™
HIGH SPEED TRAIL CAM VIEWER

IT'S FLIPPIN' FAST, SUPER-SIMPLE AND DANG BIG!

3x FASTER
Over
60% LARGER
EASY

- View
- Save
- Delete



9"
1080P HD TOUCH SCREEN

30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE • 1-YEAR LIMITED WARRANTY

LEARN MORE/GET ONE:
LOWDOWNVIEWER.COM
715-571-1694



COLORADO ROCKIES
TROPHY ELK-DEER-BEAR Archery, Rifle, Muzzleloader

Hunt thousands of acres from secluded cabins on private, hi-country ranch that borders the Grand Mesa and Gunnison National Forest, and the BLM. **Vacation:** Explore, hike, bike, and 4-wheel. Fish trout-stocked lakes. Breathtaking scenery. Nature getaway.

GR Bar Ranch, Paonia, CO
www.grbarranch.com 800-523-6832

Engage with our hardcore
bowhunting community.

 **READ**
 **LOOK**
 **WATCH**
 **FOLLOW**
 **LIKE**
 **LISTEN**

Bowhunter
WWW.BOWHUNTER.COM

www.trueflightfeathers.com
TRUEFLIGHT FEATHERS



Beauty, Variety, and Performance!

- Spiral Wrap+® Flu-Flu's
- Camo and Trueflight Barred®
- Brilliant Solid Colors
- Full Length, or Die-Cut to Shape
- Free Samples
- Free Newsletter

email@trueflightfeathers.com
TRUEFLIGHT
Manufacturing Company, Inc.
P.O. Box 1000, MANITOWISH WATERS,
WI 54545, USA (715) 543-8451
World Leader in Precision Feathers for over 65 years.

Alberta Spring Bear Hunting
Two Bear Area
Fall Moose Hunting
Great with add on Elk or Whitetail
(license extra)
1-800-899-5064 or
hunting@telusplanet.net

SCORPION VENOM™



Venomize Your Bow
PO Box 931 Deer Park, NY 11729
www.scorpionvenom-archery.com

KENTUCKASEE FARMS

Strickly Managed for
Big Bucks & Wildlife!

**RENT FOR SHORT TERM
FARMS TO HUNT BIG BUCKS
KENTUCKY TENNESSEE**

TEXT OR CALL FOR BROCHURE
270.707.6511

Mounts and Memories Hunting, LLC

1478 Kircher Road | Arenzville, IL 62611 | Mobile: 217-248-0592

My wife and I are excited you found Mounts and Memories Hunting, LLC! I am a hunter myself, and I have had the privilege to hunt most of our properties for close to 30 years, and now the opportunity to bow hunt on our property becomes yours! We look forward to you spending time hunting with us, and we believe you'll enjoy your stay! Visit our website: www.MandMHuntingLLC.com for more information.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR INTEREST!

Both images
captured from
trail cams on
our property!




Faced with a shot like this one, it's a good idea to shoot an arrow that is a compromise between fast and heavy.



As we continue our collaboration with our Instagram page, @bowhunter, we've chosen to address three responses to the following question below:

Q DO YOU HUNT with a fast, light arrow or a slow, heavy arrow?

A HEAVY WINS in most hunting situations! I build my setup for elk and shoot everything else with the same setup. — (bowhunting_nut)

This is a good philosophy in my opinion. Elk are big, tough animals that typically require that you collapse both lungs, and that takes significant penetration. If you're confident enough in your arrow weight and speed to take on elk, most any other North American game animal, including the big bears, will be a piece of cake. The one exception could be moose. It's often wise to step up your game a bit when hunting moose because of their size, the thickness of their skin, and their heavy fur.

A SINCE I AM only shooting a 60-lb. bow, I prefer a lighter arrow, around 425 grains, which gets me about 280 fps. — (mi.bowhunter)

I know this may seem counterintuitive, but as draw weight goes down, (due to an archer's age, for instance), arrow weight should go up, not down. The best logic to defend this position is the traditional

bowhunting community. They often shoot bows that are 100 fps slower than yours and shoot arrows that weigh 200 to 300 grains more than yours. The heavier arrow brings the momentum up despite the slower arrow speed. That's not to say your setup isn't fine, especially if you mostly hunt deer-sized game. In fact, if you're getting 280 fps with a 425-grain arrow out of a 60-lb. bow, you're doing very well. However, if you end up shooting a lower draw weight in the future, it would be a good idea to go up in arrow weight. The same goes if you take on larger, elk-sized game.

A COMPARE THIS topic to football. Every arrow has a place and a time. Same with football. Each player serves a purpose, but when legendary running back Barry Sanders was asked who he hated getting hit by, it wasn't a lineman or a safety. It was the linebackers. Same with archery. A mix of size, strength, power, and speed is my arrow preference — (Aaron Morstad)

That's a good analogy and an argument for a middle-of-the-road arrow — a

*range I would consider to be between 450 and 480 grains. That gives you a blend of speed and momentum, without sacrificing too much trajectory. This is a major consideration when choosing an arrow weight. If you go to the extreme in either direction, there's a price to be paid. An ultra-fast, light arrow under 400 grains may give you a flat trajectory, but someday you'll wish your arrow was heavier. I always hear the argument that if you make a good shot, it doesn't matter. But that can be a false assumption. You may place your arrow precisely in the chest area of an elk, but if you center a rib with a really light arrow there could be trouble. Conversely, if you're shooting a beast of an arrow in the 600-grain range, your trajectory will require that you aim correctly within two to three yards of the exact distance to your target. If you're off just a little, there could be trouble. If you opt for a midrange arrow weight, you'll have the most efficient combination of all the necessary qualities a good arrow must possess. There is no price to be paid, and it effectively will eliminate any reason you might have to blame a failure on your arrow. **BH***

AUTHOR'S PHOTO

TRACK GAME

GAME ON

Protection during work and play

Get coverage that goes beyond your homeowners' policy with comprehensive ATV insurance to protect your off-road vehicle, belongings, accessories and more – no matter where you ride.

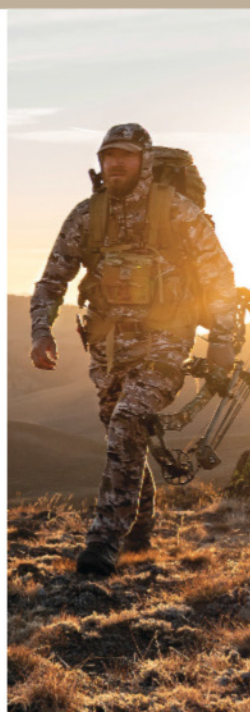
1-800-PROGRESSIVE / PROGRESSIVE.COM

PROGRESSIVE

Quote ATV
insurance in
as little as
3 minutes



Progressive Casualty Insurance Co. & affiliates. Prices vary based on how you buy. Custom accessories coverage included with the purchase of comprehensive and collision coverage. Protection for personal belongings offered with optional Carried Contents coverage. Coverage subject to policy terms and conditions.



PAHVANT PRO JACKET

→ in OVIX™ Concealment



browning.com