

# PETERSEN'S AUGUST 2023 ©

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**OPENING DAY**DEER TACTICS

ANNIVERSARY

1973-2023

ADVENTURES IN ALASKA

2023 CROSSBOW SHOOTOUT

A BIRTHDAY BUFF FOR BODDINGTON

LEARN TO SHOOT LONG RANGE











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The oldest continuously manufactured bolt action rifle in North America is now even better. Conquer hunting's most punishing weather and extend your effective range with the 110 Storm. The rugged rifle's AccuFit\* system lets you customize length-of-pull and comb height for comfort and consistency. The 110 Storm provides the fit and function of a custom rifle — out of the box and according to plan.





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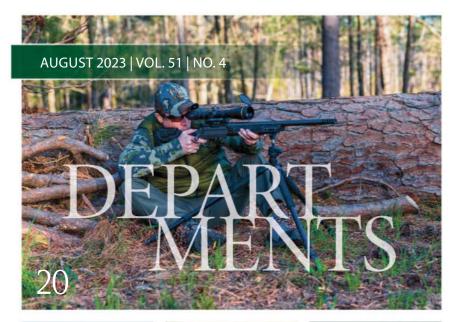
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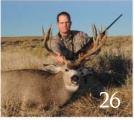
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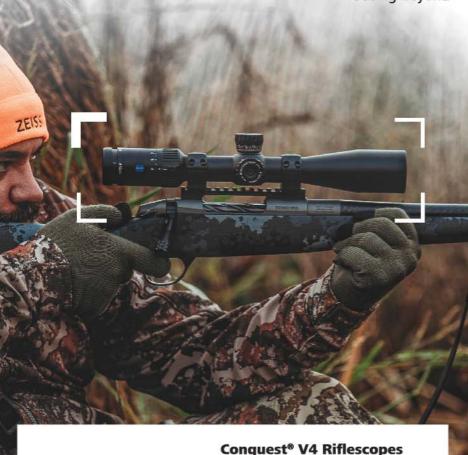


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### Sweating It Out



I ONCE spent a hot August afternoon baking in a box blind that sat along a dusty two-track cut straight through a South Carolina pine plantation. It was the week of the state's deer opener-among the first in the country—and we were hoping to test a new bullet from a major ammunition manufacturer. The first few days of the hunt were fruitless, with no one even seeing a glimpse of deer during daylight hours. I can't blame the bucks. I didn't want to be out in that heat either, but I had a job to do. The deer, it appeared, were still on summer vacation.

I had been sitting in a treestand overlooking some food plots, but when my friend Laci Warden suggested sharing the box blind, I jumped at the chance. I knew I wasn't likely to kill a deer, so spending the afternoon catching up on our conversation sounded a lot better. Laci was lucky I kept my clothes on. On the few archery antelope hunts I've suffered through I've been known to strip down to my skivvies while sitting in a ground blind next to a wind-swept Wyoming waterhole. The feeble attempt to beat the heat rarely works, but I have to say, the antelope never seemed to mind my farmer's tan. By the end of the

afternoon, Laci and I weren't even whispering anymore and laughing loudly at our situation, as the chance of seeing a deer wilted right along with our spirit.

The next day Laci got lucky by not having to spend a second night in the box with me. Instead, the outfitter moved her to another spot, and she was able to tag a buck-her first deer ever, and one of the first taken with Winchester's thennew Deer Season XP bullet. And she did it under the most challenging conditions I've ever hunted in. I also saw a deer that last evening—my first and only sighting during the whole trip, but the small South Carolina buck stayed in the shadows across the field, offering no shot.

That night, as I rinsed off the sweat while savoring a shower beer, I vowed to never hunt deer in the summer in the South again—a promise I've upheld nearly a decade later. Heck, I'm not sure I've hunted any animal in August since then. My opening day starts September 1, with dove season, and even on that day I'm liable to stay inside the airconditioned house until the late afternoon. I'm just not built to take the heat, or as one of my hirsute friends likes to say: "I'm from the northern clans."

Still, if you want to punch your tag on a trophy, the first few days of the season offer the highest odds, especially for a true giant whitetail still sporting its velvet. The animals have been unmolested for as many as nine months, so they're not as skittish as they will be once hunters converge in the coming weeks. And the bed-to-feed pattern is as predictable as the hands on a clock. Once you find their preferred feeding pattern, deer are unlikely to waver until they start stripping velvet. And even then, they'll generally reappear after a few days.

So, if you can take the heat, don't hesitate to head to the woods this month, should your state offer the opportunity. You'll get a good jump on the rest of us who prefer the cool breezes and frostcovered mornings that will be here in just a few weeks.

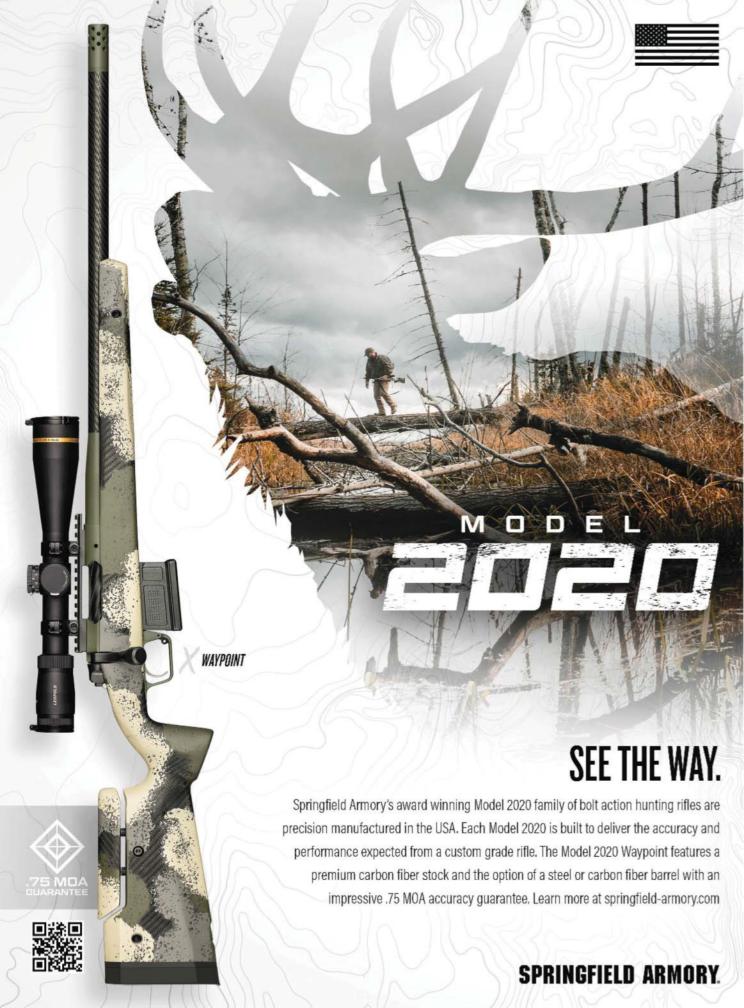
See you around the campfire,

David Draper | Editor in Chief email: hunting@outdoorsg.com

### COMMAND THE QUIET









Bowhunters spend all year getting ready for opening day. Summer begins to yield its high temperatures to cool breezes blowing in the evenings, spurring both animals and hunters to prepare for the coming fall. For those chasing an elusive whitetail buck, this time of year may be your best chance to punch a tag on the big one you've seen on game cameras all summer. Animals still follow a predictable feed-to-bed pattern. It's time to put all the offseason preparations into practice. Don't be fooled, though. These early mornings and late nights aren't easy sits. Sweat beads on the brow and chills come quickly after the sun sets.

As you walk to the stand those first few days of season, remember this is the time you've been longing for the rest of the year. Wipe away the sweat and sit alert as the buck you're chasing may make an appearance at any moment. When the time comes, draw smooth and shoot with confidence. There's no getting that first shot of the year back once the arrow is loosed. —Joe Ferronato

# OUT HERE

### BROWNING DARK OPS TRAIL CAMERA

In my 47 years of big-game hunting, nothing has taught me more about animal behavior than being afield, observing wildlife. The next best thing for learning about wildlife behavior and movement is trail cameras. And they've greatly advanced in recent years.

Trail cameras are our eyes in the woods when we're not there. I run more than 40 trail cameras, most of them year-round. I set all trail cameras to video mode because a brief video clip captures behaviors and sounds still photos can't.

I first used Browning's Dark Ops camera, securing it to a tree along with three other brands, to compare them. After two months, the Dark Ops captured 186 more video clips

than the next camera. While most of the cameras captured large animals—deer, elk and bear-the Dark Ops picked up more animals running down the trail at high speed, and more animals moving perpendicular to the camera. It also picked up more small animals, including gray fox, opossum, skunk, even flying squirrels, chipmunks and mice scurrying about the forest floor.

The quality of the video clips, be it day or night, in the rain or amid fog and falling snow, is outstanding. The high quality makes it easy to slow down clips or take screen shots to study more closely.

I have four Browning trail cameras that ran all winter long, in torrential

#### CONSERVATION CORNER

#### PROTECT YOUR RIGHT TO BOWHUNT WITH **BOWHUNTERS UNITED**

IMAGINE A WORLD without bowhunting. No deer camps. No intense, adrenaline-filled preshot jitters. No blood trails. No congratulatory high-fives, hugs or "good shot" comments. No venison. No wall mounts. A world without bowhunting sounds dull and ludicrous.

Unfortunately, the right to bowhunt is constantly being challenged in today's ever-changing society. Animal extremists want to make it illegal to kill game species. Some state governments are trying to cut hunting seasons. And Americans are moving to urban areas, watching screens more and disconnecting from nature. These things threaten bowhunting's long-standing traditions, and we can't just stand by.

Bowhunters United, the premier bowhunting organization in America today, protects and defends bowhunters' rights and represents all bowhunters, regardless of why, how, when or where they participate. BU is owned and operated by the

Archery Trade Association, so the industry has its back.

To protect bowhunters' rights, BU informs and educates its members on issues that affect bowhunting, including proposed legislation regarding conservation, equipment regulations and public-land access. We reject negative laws that derail bowhunting and promote positive laws that preserve hunting. BU uses an Advocacy Alert e-mail system to notify members about proposed laws that affect them locally or nationally and encourages them to voice their support or opposition using prewritten messages.

For example, BU led the charge in Oklahoma to oppose bills that would've allowed arrow-shooting airguns to be used in Oklahoma's traditional archery-only seasons. The decision would've created confusion and chaos during these seasons and opened the floodgates for other states to allow inappropriate weapons during archery season. Thanks to BU-member opposition and partner support, the House Committee on Wildlife voted to fail the initiative's primary bill. This is one example of how BU finds and tracks current legislative issues for its members and works to fight threats to the bowhunting heritage.

Join us as we fight against antihunters, bad regulations and other threats to our heritage.

By joining BU, you'll unlock these exclusive member benefits:

- · Prewritten advocacy messages on bowhunting-related issues
- · Members-only money-saving manufacturer rebates
- Entry into the Bowhunters United Membership Sweepstakes
- · Access to premier bowhunting tips, research and information

As a bowhunter, you're one of the big reasons abundant wildlife and wild places exist across the country. As a BU member, you'll help ensure wildlife populations, vast landscapes and hunting opportunities exist in the future. Take action. Join Bowhunters United today to protect and defend your right to hunt.

—Cassie Gasaway, Archery Trade Association

downpours and weeks of freezing temperatures. They've collected thousands of video clips and not once have I had to change batteries.

The Dark Ops trail camera is simple to program and I love the viewing window, adjustable steel mount bracket and the efficient strap, all of which help achieve perfect positioning every time. I'm a former science teacher turned full-time writer and trail cameras are the perfect learning tool, especially quality ones like Browning's Dark Ops. —Scott Haugen







#### BULLET BASICS

Nosler's AccuBond Long Range bullet is engineered for excellent aerodynamics, and to expand reliably at low (long-range) impact velocities. It's built with a very streamlined shape and has a thin frontal jacket to ensure expansion. The pure-lead core is bonded in to prevent complete fragmentation on impact, ensuring the bullet provides adequate penetration. This particular bullet is one of the new crop of stretched-out, heavy-for-caliber .270 bullets designed for the 27 Nosler and 6.8 Western, both of which feature the fast-twist rifling necessary to stabilize such projectiles.

#### TESTING GROUND

Custom knifemaker Evan Siembida used this particular bullet to kill a 150-pound wild pig. Shot distance was 100 yards, and the hog was facing nearly straight on. Muzzle velocity in Siembida's Browning X-Bolt is 2,830 fps; estimated impact velocity was 2,720 fps.



#### 165-grain 6.8mm (.277) **AccuBond Long Range**

#### FIELD PERFORMANCE

Point of impact was in the neck just behind the right eye. Incredibly, the ABLR bullet penetrated the full length of the pig and came to rest against the skin in the left ham. It traveled some 36 inches through heavy neck muscle, the thoracic cavity, the guts and through the hindquarter before stopping. The pig dropped in its tracks, stone dead on impact.

#### STATS

Remaining weight of the mushroomed bullet is 75.2 grains, or about 45% of original weight. Average expanded diameter is 0.51, which is 1.8 times original diameter.

#### NOTES/OBSERVATIONS

This bullet can be finicky about accuracy, but if your rifle shoots it well, the ABLR provides tremendous terminal performance. In Siembida's rifle the 165-grain ABLR averages less than one MOA, and has proven to kill cleanly and with sledgehammer-like effect out past 600 yards.—Joseph von Benedikt



**HUNTER:** Raymond Guth

SPECIES: Caribou

WHERE: Newfoundland

RIFLE: New Ultralight Arms .270 Win.



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### OUTHERE

### DEVELOPING A SUCCESSFUL GLASSING STRATEG

One of the primary skillsets that separate elite hunters from the rest of the pack lies in their ability to find animals with their optics. Glassing is a learned skill that is developed over years of trial and error and learning where and what to look for. Below are five tips that will put you on the fast track to becoming more proficient behind your glass.—Colton Heward



#### **GLASS CLOSE FIRST**

Our eyes are naturally drawn to the distant hillsides when we raise our binoculars, neglecting the topography close to our position. This can be a costly mistake. I have learned this lesson the hard way, being caught off guard on more than one occasion by a mature buck busting unscathed through the brush below me. It doesn't take long, but always begin your glassing session by examining your nearest surroundings.



#### LOOK FOR THE OBVIOUS

After looking over the country close to you, move onto a quick scan of the entire area looking for obvious ungulates. A quick scan will catch many of the animals that are out in the open, as well as those that the sun's rays conveniently light up. If you're lucky, you will find what you're looking for in this guick scan. If not, begin your grid search.



#### **GRID SEARCH**

Now that you have glassed your nearest surroundings and done a guick scan of the area, it's time to put your nose to the grindstone. Start by selecting the area you want to glass and mentally set up a grid-search of the area. Take your time gridding the area, looking for anything that looks out of the ordinary. The key to this step and finding the difficult to spot animals, is to go slow. Glassing through an area quickly will guarantee that you miss animals, especially the ones that you might only catch a glimpse of a shimmering antler tip or the flick of an ear or tail.



#### SHADE

Shade provides a cloak of protection to animals from the elements, as well as from the peering eye of an eager hunter. Spend ample time scrutinizing the shady side of vegetation and other natural shaded areas such as cliff lines and deep gullies. Especially during the heat of the day, you'll be blown away by the number of animals that you'll glass up in the depths of the shadows.



#### BE DILIGENT

One of the biggest mistakes that hunters make when glassing is giving up too soon. Knowing when to move can be difficult, but my rule of thumb when glassing the vast expanses of the West for mule deer is to give each glassing point at least an hour, assuming I can see a fair amount of real estate. I can't tell you how many times I've sat and glassed a sage-choked basin until my eyes hurt, only to find a buck standing right in the middle of the basin just as I'm doing one last pass over the area before I head out. Giving each vantage point enough time allows the animals to naturally move around and hopefully into a position that you can see them.









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**PROGRESSIVE** 





Practice makes perfect, and having the right target to practice your archery skills is paramount to success. GlenDel's Crossbow Buck can stop arrows from crossbows and vertical bows alike. It gives the archer five times the target surface compared to others and resembles a live, mature buck to make your practice sessions realistic. The target insert has four shootable sides and is built with PolyFusion technology to ensure long life with each insert. \$260; feradyne.com



Whether you're airborne or cruising down the highway, a good bow case is necessary to protect your equipment. Pelican's Air Series 1745BOW Case is designed to hold your entire bowhunting setup. The proprietary polymer is up to 40% lighter and still ensures the contents are protected. It has padded dividers, arrow holders, small accessory pouches, six latches (two equipped with TSA locks), four stainless lock hasps and comes fitted with a pair of wheels for easy transport. \$480; pelican.com



Trail cameras can mean the difference between a missed opportunity and a trophy buck. With Bushnell's new **CelluCORE Live** camera, hunters can now get live video footage from their camera with the push of a button on their phone. The camera delivers 32MP pics, has a 100-foot night range and features dual SIM that will connect to AT&T or Verizon depending on which service provides a better signal. The camera will also sort images based on weather, wind, moonlight and other factors. \$300; bushnell.com



Sevr's **Robusto 2.0** features the company's patented rear-deploy Lock-and-Pivot blades that ensure forward momentum even when your shot strikes bone. At its core is the fluted, hardened-steel ferrule that will stand up to repeated field abuse. It also features Stretch Cut technology that produces a hole larger than blade diameter. With two-inch blades and weighing 150 grains to help boost momentum, these broadheads will decrease the length of your next blood-trailing job. \$16 per head; sevrbroadheads.com



### Bridging The Gap

The Christensen Arms MHR gives modern rifles a traditional twist.



imes are changing. Over a century of development and innovation of the big-game rifle has led us to the modern sporter. These rifles  $\,$ wear trim stocks, relatively light contour barrels and handle well in field conditions. More recently, though, we've seen rifles that are heavily influenced by the precision shooting community with heavy barrels, chassis-style stocks, oversized bolt handles and the like. With the new Modern Hunting Rifle (MHR), Christensen Arms is bridging the gap between traditional and modular hunting rifles. It has many of the functional design elements of a precision rifle, but in a configuration that incorporates sporting rifle features.

#### A NEW STOCK SOLUTION

Let's start with what is most unique about the MHR. Traditional sporters mate a steel action with a wood or synthetic stock. The interface between these components is what we know as bedding—bad bedding can cause erratic accuracy and impact points. Another factor is the rigidity of the stock material. A cheap injection-molded stock will flex easily and can even warp in sunlight while wood presents its own organic challenges. A rifle with these problems is like a house with a bad foundation; it's never going to be right. A few decades ago, stock manufacturers began incorporating aluminum bedding blocks into their stocks to provide a rigid bedding interface. Assuming that the fit between the block and the action are correct or they are glass bedded properly, which is a big assumption, these setups work very well.

At the other end of the spectrum, we have chassis stocks. On a chassis stock, the action mates with a stock that is usually made entirely of aluminum. Essentially, the stock is the bedding block. These setups are extremely rigid and prevent many of the issues associated with both wood and synthetic stocks. The problems with chassis stocks? They are ugly; and



they can be heavy and ungainly depending on the design and materials. On the MHR, Christensen Arms built a rifle that combines the strength and rigidity of a chassis with the look, feel and handling qualities of a more traditional sporting rifle.

The MHR's "mini chassis" is machined from a single billet of 7075 aluminum. The chassis secures the action via a pair of standard ¼-28 hex guard screws. Though not visible to the naked eye, the internal radius on the chassis is such that the action effectively rides in a V-block. Even when I epoxy bed a rifle, I use a milling machine cut at the six o'clock position to create a similar configuration because it works. The recoil lug, magazine and trigger mortises are machined away along with some excess material to remove weight. The chassis stops just ahead of the recoil lug, where the barrel begins to taper. The forend is secured to the chassis using a large hex fastener that threads parallel to the bore. The chassis is hard-coat anodized and finished in Cerakote, which was tungsten gray on our test rifle. Black and brown are also available.

The chassis on the MHR provides not only rigidity but also modularity. Various elements of the rifle are user-configurable with a minimum of tools or know-how. The shooter can trade forends, pistol grips and buttstocks. The MHR can be con-

### 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.









verted from an internal floorplate-style magazine to a detachable box and back again. Christensen intends to provide the aftermarket options to make such changes, so that each enduser can configure the rifle to his or her own needs. According to the company, more than 200 configurations are possible.

#### **CLONES AND CARBON**

The Model 23 action used on the MHR is a Remington 700 clone. The receiver itself is tubular and made from black nitrided 416R stainless steel. It is a two-lug design which means the bolt throw is 90 degrees. An M16-style extractor is used along with a plunger-type ejector. Two flats are machined into the otherwise round bolt body for visual appeal. The bolt knob is made from carbon fiber. The action uses a sandwich-style recoil lug which is easier and less-expensive to manufacture than an action with an integral lug, yet still works just fine. Both long- and short-action lengths are available with standard and magnum bolt faces. This allows for multiple chamberings which, at this time, include eight cartridges ranging from 6.5 Creedmoor to .300 PRC. Our test rifle came chambered in .308 Win.

Though they seem to be used everywhere these days, not all carbon-fiber-wrapped barrels are created equal. Christensen Arms was the original innovator in this space. The company used its expertise with the material in aerospace and medicaldevice applications to begin producing steel and carbon-fiber barrels as far back as 1993. Carbon-fiber-wrapped barrels offer some real advantages. Their strength-to-weight ratio is high and they have the ability to dissipate heat faster than similar contour steel examples. This isn't marketing hype, either. In Modern Advancements in Long Range Shooting, Volume 11 (2016), the authors empirically tested carbon-fiber barrels side-by-side with all steel barrels of similar contours. Though the Christensen Arms was the lightest barrel tested, it was stiffer than both a 2.9-pound all-steel Light Palma contour barrel and a competitor's carbon-fiber design. The barrel from Christensen Arms also showed the second-lowest heat-induced POI shift of the nine barrels tested; just .35 MOA over 50 rounds.

Chambered in .308 Win., the MHR uses a 22-inch barrel with a contour that you might find on a varmint rifle, with a shank diameter of 1.200 inches that tapers to around .926 inch near the muzzle. The MHR's barrel surface differs esthetically from other Christensen Arms products thanks to a 90-degree carbonfiber wrap. Below the surface, though, is the same efficient multidirectional layup of fabric. Rifling twist is a standard 1:10. Thanks to the materials used, this barrel is stiff without being heavy. Such a rig wouldn't be complete without a threaded muzzle and the MHR is cut 5/8-24. A factory-installed six-port (three per side) muzzle brake is timed perfectly and significantly cuts recoil. For users interested in mounting a suppressor, the factory brake can be removed. A pair of flats machined onto the brake make it easy to grab the device with a wrench.

#### MAKING MODIFICATIONS

The stock and forend might be the most interesting and modular elements of the MHR. Both are made from Flash Forged Technology (FFT), a patented process that allows Christensen Arms to build extremely strong, yet lightweight components. There is a hard outside structural skin that provides integrity to the part. The FFT surface has a cool, almost Bakelite look to it. The buttstock flows rearward from the chassis, following the angular lines. The stock is adjustable for length-of-pull using spacers and the comb height is adjustable to six different positions with the touch of a button. Thanks to this feature, optics with different sized objective lenses and varying ring heights are easy to accommodate. Three QD sling attachment points are present, one on either side of the stock as well as one at the toe.

Grip size and angle is a very personal element so four different grip modules are available. A pair of hex screws on the bottom of the grip section secure the module in place. The rifle ships with the standard hunter module, which sits at roughly a 30-degree angle to the bore. A nearly vertical tactical module can be fit for users that prefer that configuration and large versions of both the hunter and tactical modules are also available.

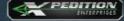
The forend attaches to the front side of the chassis and is hollow to save weight. The profile is wide with a flat bottom, ideal for shooting over a rest. An aluminum insert near the forend tip provides various attachment points for accessories including three QD swivel inlets, two M-LOK slots and a short section of Picatinny rail. The plan is for additional forends to be available and, as an example, Christensen Arms displayed one at the Safari Club International show that incorporated a full-length ARCA rail. Changing out the forend is as easy as removing a single screw.



### BIG GAME TUESDAYS 7

On Tuesday nights, we honor our hunting heritage with a lineup of outdoorsmen who exemplify all that's good about our sport. From destinations around the globe, they'll chase their big game dreams — while inspiring our next generation of hunters.

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- 10:30° SMALL TOWN HUNTING

**SPORTSMAN** 



ACCURACY TEST (Average of 3, 3-shot groups at 100 yards)							
Load	Velocity (fps)	Accuracy (in.)					
Norma Bondstrike 180 gr.	2,599	0.8					
Federal Premium Gold Medal Berger 185 g	ır. 2,593	1.0					
Hornady Precision Hunter 178 gr.	2,620	1.1					

#### TRIGGERS AND TESTING

The trigger is a special model made for Christensen Arms by TriggerTech, a company that has quickly emerged as a provider of good aftermarket triggers. It is user-adjustable from 2.5-5 pounds via a single hex screw—the action does not need to be removed from the chassis to accomplish this. Out of the box, the single-stage trigger on our test rifle broke at 3.1 pounds with zero creep. The trigger bow is designed to complement the lines of the trigger guard and is effectively a flat trigger with an angled bottom.

The top of the otherwise-round receiver is machined flat to accommodate a 20-MOA Picatinny rail. With this simple but rigid setup, we mounted a brand-new optic for our testing. I quickly determined that scope was defective after not being able to shoot a consistent group with a rifle that I had every reason to believe would shoot well. I pulled a Leupold VX-6HD 4-24x52mm from another rifle in my truck and, just like that, solved the problem. Take it from a guy who tests a lot of rifles, this happens more often than you would think.

Thanks to the effective brake and a practical overall weight, recoil was minimal. We tested the rifle with factory loads with heavy-for-caliber bullets with high ballistic coefficients. Norma's

CHRISTENSEN ARMS MHR				
Type: Bolt-action				
Caliber: .308 Winchester (Tested)				
<b>Barrel:</b> 22 inch, carbon fiber wrapped, threaded 5/8-24 with a six-port brake				
Weight: 7.4 pounds				
Capacity: 5+1				
<b>Stock:</b> Two-piece FFT carbon fiber, adjustable for comb height and length-of-pull				
Finish: Black nitride/Cerakote				
Sights: None, 20 MOA Picatinny rail				
<b>Trigger:</b> 3.1-lb. single-stage Triggertech adjustable				
<b>Price:</b> \$3,499				
Website: christensenarms.com				

180-grain Bondstrike was the most accurate, averaging 0.8 MOA. The MHR is guaranteed to shoot sub-MOA and the Norma load readily achieved this standard. Feeding, extraction and ejection were 100% reliable with each of the loads used.

The MHR is a solidly built all-around big-game rifle that is packed modern features without looking like an Erector set. It is accurate, reliable, sturdily made and available in a variety of cartridges well-suited for North American game. The modularity of this design means that it can be adapted to new innovations without having to buy an entirely new rifle. For the hunter looking for a field-appropriate precision rifle, the MHR checks quite a few boxes. 🕕

The new 7mm Precision Rifle Cartridge delivers results from the treestand to the mountain top. This high performance, modern 7mm cartridge utilizes long, heavy for caliber bullets in a standard long action. With results you can count on, trust your next hunt or ELR match to the 7mm PRC.

FIND OUT MORE









Match™ 180 gr. ELD® Match



Outfitter® 160 gr. CX™

### Where The .30-06 Rules

It's hard to improve on America's favorite hunting cartridge.

gnoring all the excitement over modern cartridges, there's a century-old round that's not just relevant, it's profoundly good. At practical hunting distances, and for all nondangerous North American game, the grand old .30-06 offers commanding performance.

It's more potent on elk and moose than any 65mm cartridge And although the 30 06 is not an extreme range rocket, it's a sledgehammer of a round that doesn't recoil excessively. It handles a broad range of bullet weights, including some heavy-for-caliber projectiles that give it genuine elk-thumping authority.

Yes, modern cartridges are all the rage across America. In the wide-open West, where the long-range hunting movement has exploded, space-age cartridges are pivotal. The enthusiasm such rounds are whipping up has spread to most hunting demographics, from the big woods of Maine to the swamps of Florida; from wild sheep country in Alaska to Coues deer country in Arizona.

Whether hunters need the long-range ballistic advantages of cartridges such as the 7mm PRC, 6.8 Western and .280 Ackley doesn't seem to matter. Hunters want them.

I'm one of them. A certified cartridge addict, I have a compulsive need to work with every new whiz bang cartridge that comes out, and I fall desperately in love with most of them. However, beneath all that, there's a practical side that always reminds me that for use at ethical hunting distances—say to a ¼ mile or so—the .30-06 still rules.

A quarter mile is 440 yards, as fellow horse-racing enthusiasts will know. Quarter-mile capability is a mantra of mine; open-country hunters benefit tremendously from quarter-mile reach.

Let's round it up to 450 yards for easy reckoning. And let's recognize that for most hunters, that's a long shot. If you factor in







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Models: Geovid Pro 8 x 32, 10 x 32, 8 x 42 (NEW), 10 x 42 (NEW), 8 x 56 (NEW)

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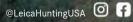
Calculation



Bluetooth







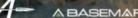








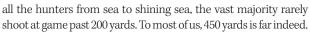




#### OPEN COUNTRY



There's very little that a versatile, practical rifle chambered in .30-06 can't do. This rifle is the author's go-to: A Winchester Model 70 customized by Hill Country Rifles in Texas.



Yet, it's still within the .30-06's reach. You may narrow your wind drift a tad by going to a 7mm PRC. But in the hands of a savvy shooter equipped with an accurate .30-06, a quarter-mile shot is very doable.

But don't just take my word for it. Let's look at some ballistics to prove the point.

#### .30-06 BALLISTICS

Now, the legendary '06 is old, but that doesn't mean we need to use old projectile technology. Stoke your .30-06 with today's ammo, and you'll really give those modern cartridges a run for their money.

Several outstanding new loads exist, including Hornady's Precision Hunter 178-grain ELD-X, Federal's Premium 175-grain Terminal Ascent, Remington's new 172-grain Premier Long Range and Norma's 180-grain BondStrike Long Range. For this discussion, let's use Federal's 175-grain Terminal Ascent. It has a reasonably high, but not outlandish, G1 ballistic coefficient (BC) of .520, so it's a good representative of the better class of bullets commonly used in the .30-06.

Factory specifications has the bullet exiting the muzzle of a 24-inch barrel at 2,730 fps. Let's sight in our rifle at 200 yards and plug those numbers into a ballistic calculator. We'll give the scenario a 10 mph crosswind. For atmospherics, we'll stick with the standard sea-level norm. (Keep in mind that as you go up in altitude, air density becomes thinner, and ballistics get a big boost.)

Muzzle energy is 2,896 ft-lbs. Call it 2,900 for easy reference. That's pretty impressive.

At 100 yards, trajectory arches 1.9 inches above line of sight. Impact is dead on at 200 yards, and the bullet drops eight inches at 300 yards. At that distance it's still moving along at 2,230 fps and carrying 1,931 ft-lbs of energy. Drift in the 10-mph wind is about six inches.

At 400 yards, the Terminal Ascent bullet drops 23 inches, impacts at 2,073 fps and with 1,670 ft-lbs, and drifts 11.5 inches in the wind. And at that magic 450-yard mark, it drops 33 inches, impacts at 1,997 fps, impacts with 1,550 ft-lbs of elkclobbering authority and drifts just 15 inches in the wind. Quarter-mile capability, baby.

Now, although the old .30-06 warhorse has what it takes at 450 yards, and it's all we'll ever need if we never shoot farther





Long-range loads in cutting-edge ammo give the .30-06 more reach than ever before. With modern ammunition, it's a better, more effective, cartridge than it's ever been.

than that, let's not be ostriches with our noggins in the sand. Just to be informed, let's briefly compare the new 7mm PRC's performance at the muzzle and at 450 yards, using a sameweight 175-grain Hornady ELD-X bullet. It exits the muzzle at 2,975 fps with 3,450 ft-lbs of energy.

Bullet drop at 450 yards is 25.8 inches. Retained velocity is 2,344 fps, and energy is 2,134 ft-lbs. Wind drift is just 10.2 inches; less than the .30-06 at 300 yards.

At sea level, the 7mm PRC carries as much energy (1,503 ft-lbs) at 750 yards as the .30-06 does at 450 yards, and nearly as much velocity (1,967 fps). Basically, it has as much authority at 750 yards as the .30-06 does at 450. Just an FYI.

#### **SETTING UP YOUR .30-06**

Forget the 7mm PRC. We're red-blooded Americans who love the .30-06 and prefer to stalk within its capabilities. That established, let's take a look at setting up to get the best our grand old cartridge has to offer.

First, use an accurate rifle. One-MOA accuracy is perfectly adequate for cleanly killing a deer at 450 yards, but two-MOA accuracy really isn't. Use a high-quality rifle, and have a gunsmith do a trigger job and tune the rifle for accuracy if necessary.

Next, put a good scope on it. Your grandpa's 3-9x Redfield is perfect for his lever-action .300 Savage Model 99, but you need a scope with features that help you shoot far. Pick a scope with either good holdover hash marks—and learn to use them or with a dial-up turret. If you go the turret route, insist on a turret with a zero stop, so you can always dial straight down to your 200-yard sight-in. Additionally, a zero lock—different from a zero stop—is a feature that just may save you a miss by preventing your turret from getting spun accidentally.

Want a recommendation? Leupold's VX-3HD in the 3.5-10x40 size with the CDS-ZL turret can usually be had for about \$500, and is a terrific scope that has all the features any .30-06 owner will ever need.

Next, it's time for ammo selection. Splurge on at least three, and preferably five or six, different boxes of premium .30-06 ammo. Pick stuff that's loaded with heavy-for-caliber, high-BC bullets built for the type of game you hunt. In other words, if you're an elk hunter, pick something like a Barnes LRX or Federal Terminal Ascent or Hornady CX, rather than a Nosler Ballistic Tip. If you're after Texas whitetails, on the other hand, that Ballistic Tip is prime.

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Test all that ammo, and let your rifle tell you which it likes best. Go buy more of that load. Sight in your rifle meticulously. Return to the range several times to check and finesse your zero. Then, make whatever pilgrimage is necessary to get to a longrange shooting facility. Calculate and validate your trajectory to 450 yards. Make a range card and memorize your bullet drops if you're using a holdover reticle. Better yet, if you have a good turret-equipped scope, get a custom turret engraved in yards. (The Leupold VX-3HD comes with a voucher for a free turret.)



The author shot this aoudad ram from 561 yards, using a Browning X-Bolt Speed chambered in .30-06.

If you're a handloader, your job is similar, of course. Pick a bullet, tune a load and carry on.

#### THE REASON WHY

Before wrapping up, there's a question that must be answered: If there are more modern "better" cartridges available, why have and use a .30-06?

There are several reasons. The one that resonates with most hunters is this: "It's what I have." Darned good reason.

Another is near-universal availability of rifles and ammo. There isn't a boltaction hunting rifle out there that's not chambered in .30-06. There's not a major ammo manufacturer in the world that doesn't load .30-06. Hunters have a nearly unlimited number of options in rifles and ammo.

Also crucial is the fact that the .30-06's recoil is manageable by most hunters. And perhaps most im-

portantly of all, it's authoritative. With good bullet choice, it's adequate for all North American big game, although it's light for coastal brown bears. But for tiny Texas whitetails up to Alaska-Yukon moose, the .30-06 is profoundly good.

There's a truth the old-timers knew: Pack a reliable, accurate .30-06 loaded with tough, heavy bullets, and there's not a critter on this continent you can't kill. ①





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The striking artwork on this distinctive hoodie with a patriotic flair will have any outdoor enthusiast stand out everywhere they go. Crafted in a black easy-care cotton blend knit, the back of the hoodie showcases artwork featuring a magnificent deer against a distressed American flag. An appliqué patch of a stylized American flag with embroidered edges adds to the patriotic style on the front. Custom details include a comfortable brushed fleece interior, a brown thermal knit lined hood, kangaroo pockets, knit cuffs and hem, a full front zipper, and silver-toned metal tippets on the hood drawstrings. Imported.

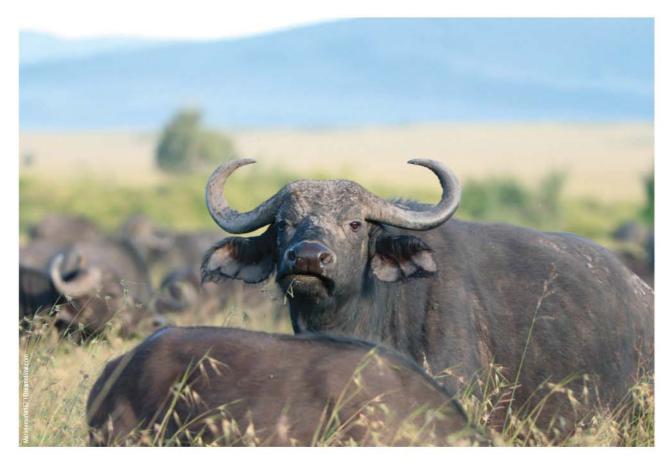
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### Birthday Buffalo

Celebrating a 70th with style.



t was a big herd, at least 800. Just a dark line moving across the short-grass savanna, along the edge of taller cover, maybe a mile away. We cut a sharp angle to keep the wind right, hoping to intercept the lead animals.

By the time we got there, the herd had covered several hundred yards and the game changed. All buffalo hidden behind strands of high papyrus and sawgrass, with swirling cattle egrets just beyond telling us we were close.

We didn't know what part of the herd we'd hit, or where the bulls were, so we split up. Kansas City buddy Mike Hagen and Professional Hunter Bredger Thomason went left, either around or through a patch of papyrus; Mark Haldane and I went right, around the edge.

Hagen's done a lot of hunting, but never yet for Cape buffalo, so the plan was for him to shoot first. We just didn't know how close we were—maybe too close. Mark and I stepped around the last house-high papyrus into a circular clearing full of buffalo; several cows were within 20 yards.

A cluster of mature bulls stood frozen just beyond, a magnificent buffalo on the left. Mark already had the sticks up, but Bredger and Hagen were blocked by papyrus. As in combat, at this point any well-made plan turned into a cluster-something. I said something dumb like, "We need to let Mike get into place."

Haldane was more direct. "Those cows have us, they're all going to bolt." He pointed to a nice bull off the right. Not the big bull, a perfectly mature and perfect Boddington bull. Facing straight to us at 50 yards. "Shoot that bull now!"

I did. I was carrying John Stucker's scoped Sabatti double in .450/.400. Crosshairs settled on the center of the chest when the front trigger broke. In the recoil, I didn't see the impact, but the shot felt good as buffalo exploded everywhere. My bull spun and ran right; I swung with him, cow in the way. Then he came clear, quartering away and I got the second barrel in. No visible reaction; he gained a few more yards, then tipped over hard.

By now Hagen and Bredger were clear and set up. A large group ran just a few yards, stopped, turning to face us. Fresh from

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Mike Hagen on the rifle, in the middle of buffalo.

the Marromeu Reserve, unhunted for months, the bulls acted as expected. It was also expected that, within seconds, Hagen would take that big bull. That didn't happen. The herd had been more spread out than we realized, bombshelled and fragmented from the commotion. We had no idea where that knot of bulls went, but there were no mature bulls in the group facing us. Nothing left but to take care of my bull, then keep looking.

My bull was down and done, the shooting finished. Any buffalo day—absent drama—is a good day. This day was November 12, 2022. That happened to be my 70th birthday. I'm not big on celebrating that day but, with a birthday in the fall, some have been memorable: My best whitetail off my Kansas farm and a fine Marco Polo sheep. On September 10, 1996, we celebrated Robert E. Petersen's 70th birthday in camp in Zambia's Kafue. I decided then if I made it that long and had to suffer through that milestone, I'd spend it doing something fun in a place I love.

#### A PLACE LIKE HOME

Not like I have the flexibility to choose any place in the world, but at that time of year I could choose coastal Mozambique, a region I've hunted annually for nearly 20 years, and have come to think of as my favorite part of Africa. Largely for the numbers of buffalo, but also because Zambeze Delta Safaris' main Mungari Camp feels like home, the folks there are like family.

Early November is late; it could be hotter than the hinges of Hades. Tradeoff: It probably wouldn't be raining yet, the swamps would be as dry as they ever get. In the surrounding miombo forest, ground water would be evaporating fast, with plains game concentrating around the remaining waterholes. So, a baker's dozen of good friends joined Donna and me at Mungari Camp for a week's hunt. It was a small group, but we came from Alabama, California, Missouri, Namibia, South Africa and Texas, expecting a good safari, maybe a fun party, all hoping the worst of the "suicide month" heat had broken. The first two we had in spades and got lucky on the third. It was warm, but October's blistering heat had broken; the nights were cooling off nicely.

Most of the group had been to Africa before, several there in Coutada 11, so nobody was after a big bag. Buffalo, of course, plus a few animals not hunted previously. John Stucker wanted an eland and got a huge bull on his first day, then a fine buffalo a couple days later—which is why I could borrow his .450/.400, rather than use Donna's .376 Steyr.

The Marromeu complex holds one of Africa's greatest concentrations of buffalo. By aerial count there are approximately 30,000 out in the swamps and floodplains. Buffalo are fewer and less concentrated in the forest, but every year smaller herds and bachelor groups drift into the trees.

In this area, it's reasonably certain that any hunter who wants a buffalo will be successful, but orchestrating it on a given day is tough. I like swamp hunting, but it's not for everyone. It's hot out there, no shade, with leeches in standing water. Even late in the year, "feet dry" buffalo are un-



It was a productive week, with all hunters taking the animals they desired.

usual; there's usually some wading and crawling in the muck. So, typically, we mess around in the forest or on the floodplains for a few days, maybe running into buffalo. If that doesn't work, we head for the swamp.

#### CELEBRATING IN THE SWAMP

Several in our group, including Stucker and Conrad Evarts, took "forest buffalo" (as opposed to "swamp buffalo"), without getting wet. Mike Hagen, Donna and I weren't so fortunate. Like most good PHs, Haldane has a wide sadistic streak, and he was determined we were going to shoot my buffalo on the exact day



Mark Haldane and Boddington with a perfect birthday buffalo.



of my birth. Which meant that Hagen, Donna and me were headed to the swamp. There was one little wrinkle: We needed to be back by sundown for the party.

In the swamps, Haldane uses monstrous tracked vehicles, the Hoglund BV from Sweden. He definitely doesn't use them for comfort; they're hot, noisy and bumpy. Rather, they're great for complete meat recovery. So, we headed to the swamp in three of these

behemoths. Haldane knew about this extra-big herd, just out of the Reserve and in the hunting area, but they were far out in the swamps. Initially, we were all going for that herd. It's common to get two bulls from a big herd, but three is tricky. Haldane had an uncharacteristically kind second thought, sending Donna and excellent young PH Xavier Schutte in a different direction, while the rest of us churned off toward the big herd.

Donna was into buffalo within the hour, dropping a nice bull with her MGA .376. She was back in Mungari for lunch—about the time Thomason, Hagen, Haldane and I first sighted buffalo—miles and hours deeper into the swamp. After we got my bull cut up and loaded, we stalked several splinter groups from the big herd, utterly failing to get another glimpse



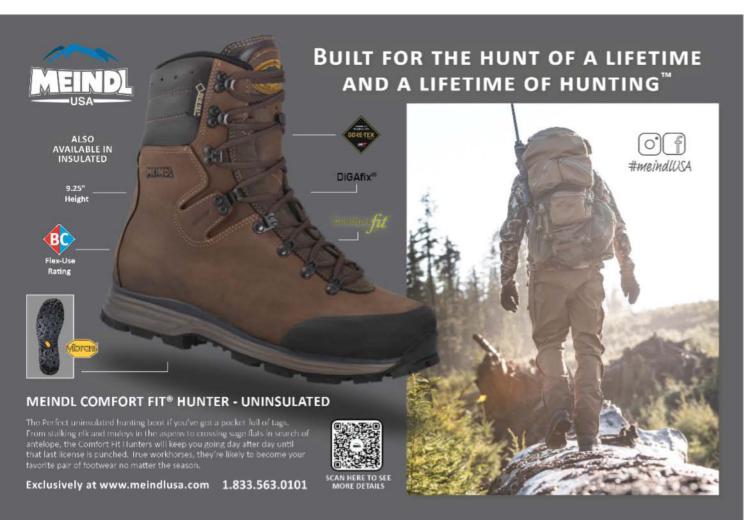
The Mungari staff put together an amazing spread, under shady trees a couple of miles from camp.

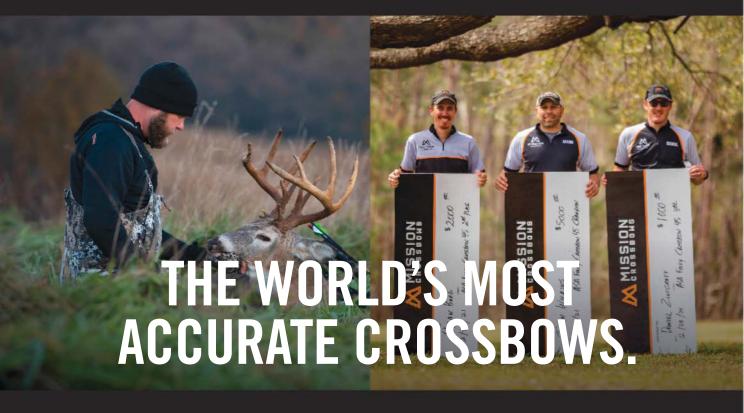
of that knot of bulls, or any mature bulls at all.

I felt awful about essentially shooting my bull out from under Hagen, but I couldn't fix it. The clock was ticking, and we had a long haul to get back; no choice but to give it up and try again another day. I've known the camp manager, Poppy, since she was a teenager—well enough to know I didn't want to be late for my own party and have her mad at me.

We were already running late, but it's a matter of degree. We got out of the swamp and were crossing the floodplain, just 15 minutes from the spike camp where they maintain the BVs. From that point, it was another hour to the main camp. There, 600 yards ahead of us, in wide-open grassland, stood five mature bulls, grazing placidly. Yep, we were going to be late.

Thomason, Hagen and trackers unlimbered, loaded up and hotfooted it, the rest of us cheering them on. A little gully gave them some cover, and Mike got his first buffalo well before sundown. Poppy and her team had set up an incredible spread in a grove of trees a couple miles from camp. We were late, and I got properly roasted, but who cares? Three-buffalo days are rare. And after all, it's not like I'll do that birthday again!





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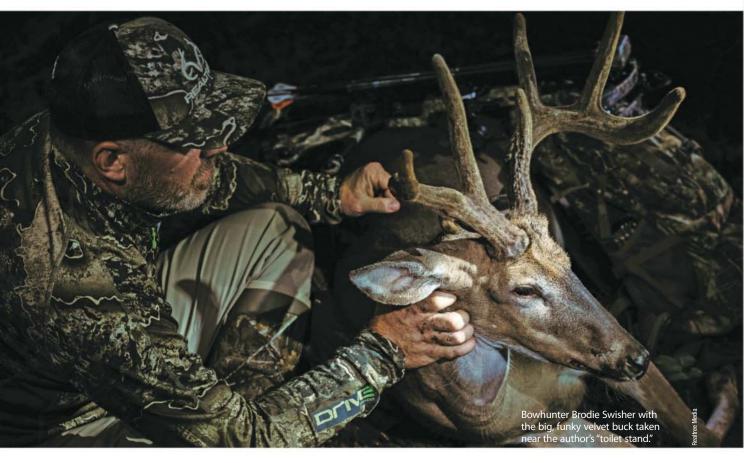






#### Strike Early And Strike Fast

Your best chance at a big buck might be early in the season, before deer shed their velvet.



told Brodie, my client for opening day of bow season, to follow the worn roadbed for 100 yards and then hang a right at the toilet. I'm not sure why there was an abandoned porcelain throne sitting next to a cluster of maple and sweet gum saplings, upright, as if it were still used on occasion, but it was there, and there was no mistaking it as a waypoint to the stand.

The wood lot was only 18 acres, but it was a perfect spot for an early season bait set-which, for better or worse, is how most big September whitetails are taken. The south side of the lot was bordered by hundreds of acres of cover and crops. It was flanked on the east and west by houses and lawns, and the north border was a paved backroad, too small for a center stripe, with more crop fields on the other side. The wood lot was a funnel that deer were comfortable passing through in the daylight, but where they didn't linger, making it easy to slip in and out to freshen the bait and hang a stand.

I hung trail cameras and started a corn pile in mid-July. Lots of deer hit the bait, and there was often a loose bachelor band of two to four bucks in the mix. The biggest of them had a soybean gut and lopsided rack with four long tines on one side and a giant fork on the other. That deer was a regular for weeks. But just before bow season, he disappeared. I noticed his pattern becoming erratic in mid-August and by September 5, opening day, I'd only gotten one picture of him during the previous week. I wondered if he'd shed his velvet, or found a better bait pile elsewhere? Perhaps some greener soybeans? Had I spooked him?

Regardless of the doubts, I showed pictures of the deer to Brodie and suggested we try the stand for a least a couple afternoons.

#### SUMMER STRATEGY

Some say that big bucks are easier to kill in early September than at any other time of year, and that's probably true. But the odds



Bucks are easier to pattern in late summer than any other time of the season.

of shooting a big whitetail with a bow are still low. Always. And if you go deer hunting for crazy reasons, like for the fun of it, September in the Southeast sucks indeed. The deer movement is agonizingly slow until the last hour of daylight, and the heat and the bugs make sitting until then rather miserable. The velvet that many hunters covet on their deer antlers in September is fragile, difficult to preserve and usually infested with ticks.

Still, it is deer season, and the numbers don't lie. Some of the country's most impressive archery whitetails are killed in September every year. It's when I took both of my best bow bucks. And if you want to hunt that time of year, there are plenty of places to go. Legacy destinations include my home state of Kentucky, as well as Wyoming, Nebraska, North Dakota and Kansas, but consider some southern sleeper states, too, like Tennessee, Mississippi, Maryland and North Carolina.

#### **FOOD: FAKE IT**

Baiting is the best way to put the odds in your favor in late summer. Some wring their hands and insist that hunting deer over bait isn't real hunting at all because it takes the challenge away from it. If that's you, consider this your trigger warning.

It's easy to get pictures of deer over bait. Killing them there with a bow is another matter. Think of bait as a tool not for getting pictures of them where they're already going anyway, but for steering them into a spot that's advantageous for an ambush. That might mean studying the terrain before pouring corn on the ground.

On the macro level, the best baiting setups are in staging areas between bedding cover and primary crop-field food sources, where you can sneak in and out undetected. On the micro level, you need to be well hidden in a good tree, 20 to 25 yards from the bait, with a prevailing wind that steers your scent away from it and away from where you expect the deer to appear. It never hurts to have two stands for two winds. I like to scatter shelled corn alongside a log. Deer will typically gobble up the corn while quartering slightly toward it. You can use that for shot angles and draw your bow when the buck drops his head behind it to take a bite.



Every tag punched in September is a race against the clock and the heat to care for the venison.

Get your corn pile going in July, but don't panic if a good deer doesn't show on camera the first week or two. In my experience, it often takes steady traffic from does and young bucks before a mature animal feels comfortable hitting bait. I typically freshen my sites once per week, but deer will still visit for a few days after the last kernel is eaten.

#### FOOD: FIND IT

Of course, baiting is illegal in many places. When that's the case, you need to zero in on the most attractive food sources in your area, which can be a challenge in September when the browse is still green and abundant.

I look to the edges of open fields. Soybeans are the top choice in my neck of the woods, but it might be an alfalfa hayfield or a good food plot where you hunt. Zero in on young, tender beans that were planted late or growing in a moist area because deer much prefer those over dry, yellowing ones. Most beanfields are large enough to watch with a spotting scope on late summer evenings, and that's a far more productive, low-impact way to scout them than by lining the edges with trail cameras.

#### VELVET CARE

Antler velvet can be as delicate as peeling skin after a sunburn, so step one in preserving it is being careful while taking photos. Hold your buck by the nap of the neck for hero pics when possible (maybe spray the critter down with tick spray first). Then, bring bubble wrap, tape and cable ties. We wrap the beams and each tine with multiple layers of bubble wrap and secure it tightly. I usually quarter and cape the deer in the field. An ATV is handy, but without that, it's helpful to have a buddy assist with the drag. One person pulls the front legs, while the other supports the head and keeps the antlers from snagging brush. Once you're home, put the antlers into the freezer, and then get them to the taxidermist as soon as possible.

# WHATIS AVAXHOME?

# AVAXHOME-

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Watch the fields as often as possible in the days ahead of season and if you see a shooter buck using a particular corner or trail to enter, strike fast when the season opens. It's not rocket science. I like to set up in a climbing stand just off the field edge several hours before dark, but you may prefer a hang-and-hunt lock-on or tree saddle. They all work; use what's quiet and comfortable for you, and remember the buck you're hunting is likely to be bedded within 150 yards of you as you're setting up.



With the delicate velvet rack protected, the author works to remove the cape.

What if you can dial in on a hot beanfield, with a staging area nearby that you can slip into undetected and bait is allowed in your state? Well, you've hit the trifecta of early season potential. That describes the toilet stand setup Brodie was hunting. It's just that the buck we were after seemed to have disappeared before opening day.

#### WHEN BUCKS VANISH

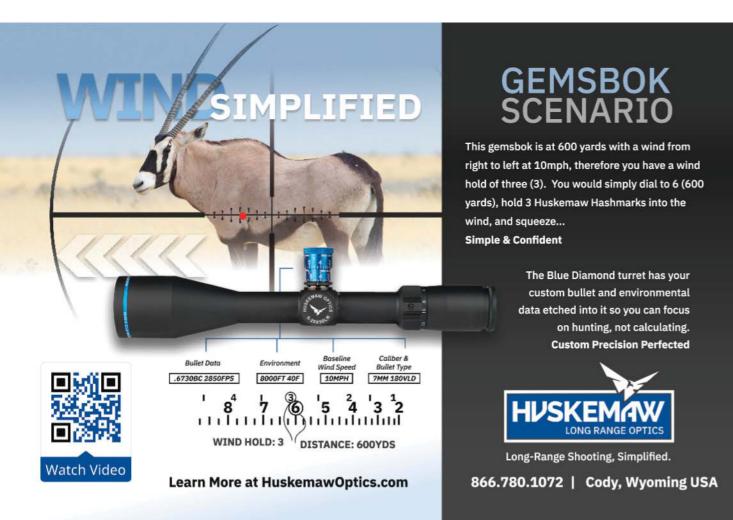
Who knows what that deer was up to? Maybe he'd been there

all along, feeding outside the purview of my trail camera. Regardless, he strolled past the toilet stand at 18 yards in broad daylight on opening evening, as if he'd memorized a simple script, and Brodie killed him with a single perfect arrow.

Bucks do sometimes disappear right about velvetshedding time, but they usually haven't gone far. In my experience, those that were most regular in the weeks prior come back soon enough (though often with hard antlers). If a pattern that looks like a slam dunk

suddenly falls apart, don't fret. Hunt a few evenings and see what happens. Then keep the bait going for a while and watch your cameras. The late-summer movement is on again, off again until about the 20th of September, at which point acorns fall, cornfields are cut, rubs become easier to find and the first autumn cold fronts blow through.

Things indeed change in the deer woods then, and my favorite part of season actually begins. But being tagged out early ain't a bad feeling, either.





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# WILD MAN ON ANISSION

THE EDITORS

#### CHEF. RESTAURATEUR. ADVENTURER.

Add television personality to the list, and Mario Kalpou's resumé reads like a modernday renaissance man. Kalpou, who hosts the adventure-hunting show *Man Eats Wild* on the Outdoor Channel, grew up in Australia, helping his father on a rural farm and shadowing his waitress mother. The upbringing taught him both a love for the outdoors and the ways of a commercial kitchen, which has since reflected on his life's journey in the hunting and hospitality worlds. *Man Eats Wild* follows Kalpou on adventures around the world as he dives deep into the cultures that connect all of us as hunters and spreads the gospel of wild game wherever he goes.

A Q&A WITH EXTREME-ADVENTURE ADDICT, AND FULL-TIME FOOD LOVER, MARIO KALPOU.



#### What's your first memory of hunting and eating wild game?

I got started shooting at a really young age. I remember shooting slug guns at cans when I was six years old. My dad would take me out on the farm shooting small game and rabbits. The reality is my true obsession with hunting, when I turned fanatical, was probably in my late teens and early 20s. I was relentless and so determined to go out and find whatever game I could to harvest. I would go out for days, sometimes weeks at a time in pursuit of wild game. I think more than anything it was an escape for me. I loved being out in these wild places and doing crazy missions and for the most part I would go solo. The strongest memories I have are shooting goats and pigs in the outback and eating them over the fire. For some reason they always seemed to stick with me—maybe because I was alone out there, and it gave me a lot of time to reflect and enjoy my own company under the stars.

#### When did you first learn about HUNTING magazine?

I'll never forget, there was a Petersen's HUNTING magazine on the workbench of our garage as a kid. I literally read the same magazine over and over again for years. I laugh now because it's so ironic that after all this time now I'm in the same magazine I obsessed over as a child. It's actually really serendipitous and nostalgic.

# How does your love of food and experience as a chef translate to the wilds when preparing something you've killed or caught?

If you truly appreciate your food and want the best nutritional value and the highest of quality flavor, then look no further than going into the wild and harvesting it yourself. For me that is it! That is what it's all about. From an ethical standpoint there is no argument that going out hunting or fishing for fresh wild game is so much better for the environment and you. So, to answer your question it translates in the highest form for me—there is an absolute and very clear distinction in the love of food and me going out into the wild and harvesting my own wild game. I want to eat healthier; I want to taste quality; I want to keep the



circle of life and the food chain in its most natural state the way it was for thousands of years and in my opinion the way it should still be. Hormone-, drug- and chemical-free food from an animal that has had the ability to live a full and purposeful life in the wild before eventually being used as a meaningful resource to feed more life.

#### How does a person go from owning a fine restaurant in one of the world's best cities to finding themselves deep in the Amazon on the hunt for adventure?

Believe it or not I'm still asking myself this question every day. If you ask anyone that knows me, they will tell you that I'm a little bit crazy, or maybe a lot. For me the true definition of adventure is putting yourself out of your comfort zone and doing things that challenge or test you. That's where you truly find what you're made of. Believe it or not, I had that in the restaurant business, too, but it wasn't enough for me. I needed more. That's where this adventure lifestyle really took over. Now, I can do both—cook amazing food and seek the extreme adventure lifestyle all in one. I can truly say I've found my happy place in the world and if I can inspire and educate people to live a similar life then for me that's a huge win.

#### What skills did you learn from working in/owning a restaurant that help you survive the wild?

I have to say dealing with drunk patrons is very similar to dealing with dangerous



animals in the wild. They both are unpredictable and for the most part can lash out unexpectedly at any time. You really have to be alert and ready for them at all times. Once you can deal with a drunk patron in the depths of the culinary jungle, you're ready to take on any predator in the wild. To be honest, I'll take a wild predator over a drunk and disorderly customer any day.

# You've eaten all sorts of thing in your travels—what's your favorite game animal to eat, and what's one you'd be okay with never eating again?

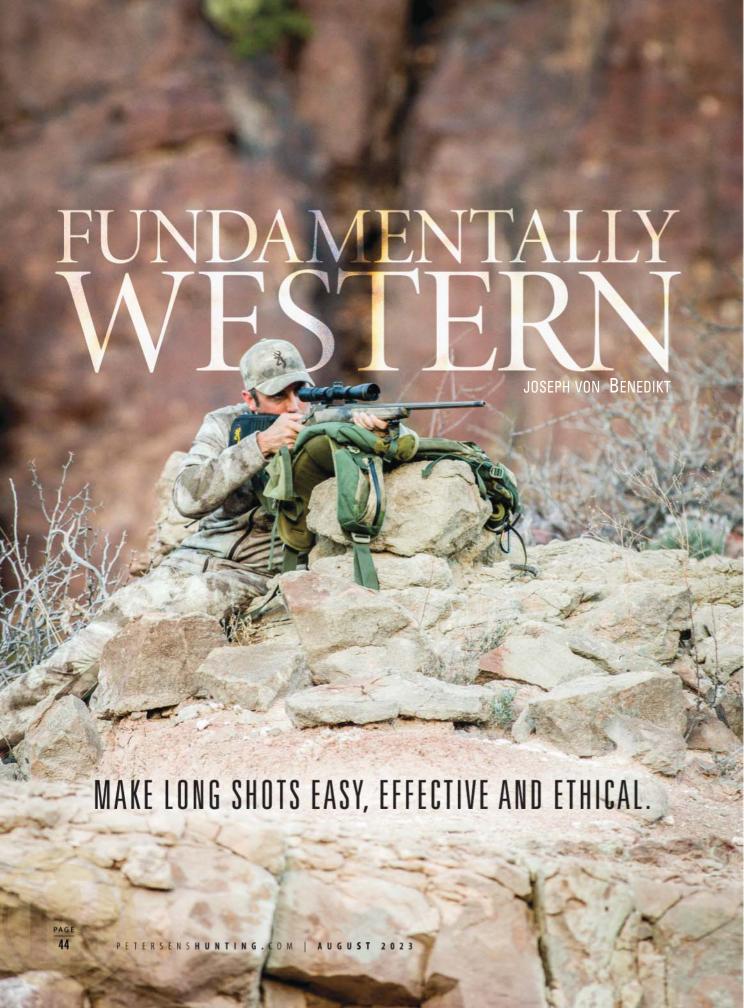
This question is my most asked question by far. I have to say it's actually the hardest question to answer because food is so personal, and we all have different palates and preferences, right? The reason why it's so hard for me to answer is I have tried so much now that I really don't favor or dislike anything. I have learned to appreciate all flavor profiles for what they are, but I can definitely say there is something about liver that just doesn't hit the spot for me like other different flavors.

#### Where is the most dangerous, or extreme, destination you've visited?

Without question the Amazon jungle. That place just wants you to die.

#### What do you hope a nonhunter would take away from watching *Man Eats Wild*?

The appreciation that harvesting food from the wild is more ethical and better for you and for the environment and to be open minded about the methods that humans have been using to obtain food for thousands of years should be kept sacred and never lost in such a busy and tech-focused world that we now live in.





ADVANCED SHOOTING capability is often crucial to making the most of opportunities when hunting the West. Unlike the East, South and Midwest, where most deer are killed inside 100 yards, shot dis-

tances in the West tend to be long, chances are often fleeting and shooting positions must be quickly improvised.

This is dictated by the terrain, the habitat and the game populations. Let's unpack these characteristics and take a closer look to understand what hunters are up against when prepping for a Western hunt.

#### **BIG SKY COUNTRY**

The country is big. Particularly in the Rocky Mountains and the arid high desert that makes up much of the remainder of the Western states. When hunting, you may find a trophy mule deer buck or bull elk 450 yards away across a canyon with no way to get closer. If you have the right equipment and skills, that's a perfectly doable shot.

Opportunities are few and, in most locations, hard-earned. Population densities are typically far lower than white-tail deer anywhere else in the country. Just finding a buck, bull or bear can be extremely challenging. You'll want to be prepared to make the most of any shot opportunity you're presented with—even if it's far, and available shooting positions are few and uncomfortable.

This is particularly important because unlike whitetail hunting, you can't hold off when a shot opportunity is particularly challenging and reasonably expect to have a better opportunity at a deer. When you see a big buck or bull during the season, it may be the only time you'll see it all season long. Be prepared to give that opportunity everything you've got to close the deal right then and there.

#### RIFLE, CARTRIDGE AND OPTIC

Being prepared begins with having a capable rifle, optic and ammo setup.

For starters, your shootin' iron must be accurate. Your grandpa's classic Savage 99 that prints three-inch groups at 100 yards is cool, but it's not adequate for cross-canyon shooting in the West. You'll want a powerful rifle that regularly prints three-shot groups of one inch or less at 100 yards.

Your rifle must be light enough to carry all day long, through rigorous terrain. Jack O'Connor wrote that the ideal weight for a ready-to-hunt mountain rifle was about 7.5 to 8 pounds, and he was right. The modern precision rifle trend has introduced a lot of very accurate rifles to consumers, but many are too heavy to hunt with. Shop for an ac-

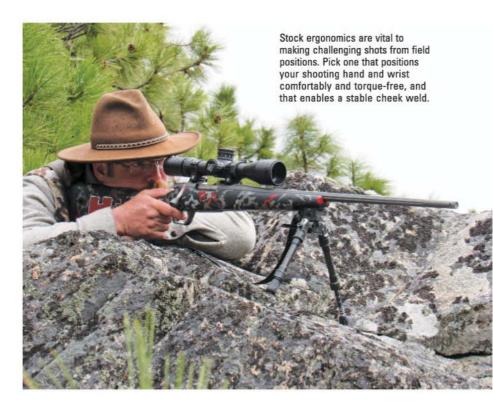
curate rifle with a bare weight of 7 pounds or less.

Your rifle's stock should have ergonomics that enhance your ability to shoot it well. This means dimensions that minimize wrist torque and muscle stress when in improvised shooting positions and that position your head and eye in alignment with the scope.

Because shots are so often beyond 200 yards, and frequently beyond 400, your rifle must be chambered in a long-range-capable cartridge. Don't tar and feather me, but this does not include the .243, .30-30, .308 Win. and cartridges of their ilk. Pick something with legs in a robust caliber. Most savvy Western hunters prefer a magnum 7mm or .30 caliber. If you're determined to use something smaller, pick a fast 6.5mm cartridge, and load it with tough, controlled-expansion projectiles.

Again, this is for shooting far. We're not talking Texas hogs in a thicket or whitetails in Wisconsin's big woods or even Roosevelt elk in Washington's rain forests.

Next, you've got to mount a capable scope on that rifle. Classic optics with a simple duplex and capped turrets are not suitable. Get quality, and demand longrange features. A well-designed holdovertype reticle will suffice, but a good dial-up turret with a zero stop is better.







When shopping, don't get lured into a high-magnification scope. Clarity, lowlight efficiency and resolution are more important. Something like a 2-10x up to a 3-18x is perfect. Scope weight should be less than 20 ounces, which rules out all the multi-pound tactical optics engineered for military and PRS shooters. A favorite is the 3-15x44 Leupold VX-5HD with CDS-ZL2 turret.

#### RIFLE SETUP

With the puzzle-pieces for your ultimate Western hunting rifle gathered, it's time to assemble and tune them. Mount the scope in light, strong bases and rings, as close to the action as possible so as to enable a consistent cheek weld to the stock. Add a quality anti-cant scope level bubble, to help you avoid tipping the rifle—a mistake that's catastrophic at longer distances.

Choose an appropriate bullet. If you plan to hunt a wide spectrum of Western game, ranging from pronghorns to elk, optimize your bullet for the biggest animals. It'll kill everything else just fine. And forget that nonsense about deer cartridges and bullets being adequate for elk—they're not. Those will get you by on a classic broadside shot, but if you have to take a quartering-to shot through a massive shoulder knuckle, 10 inches of heavy muscle and then ribs before even getting into the vital cavity, deer bullets just don't work. Pick a heavy-for-caliber, controlledexpansion design. There's a reason they sell such bullets.

Hornady's monometal CX, Federal's Terminal Ascent, Barnes's LRX and Nosler's AccuBond are all good choices, among others.

Sight in at 200 yards. Anything closer is a waste of a perfectly good flat trajectory. Measure the velocity of the bullet you've chosen, in your personal rifle. Input your hunt location's atmospherics into a good ballistic app and crunch your ballistics. Familiarize yourself with them, particularly bullet drop at extended distances, and the distance at which retained velocity and energy drop below recommended minimums for clean, ethical kills. For me, that's 2,000 fps and 1,500 ft-lbs.

Many modern Western hunters choose to fit their rifle with either a muzzle brake or, better yet, a lightweight, compact suppressor. Either will minimize recoil, enabling a good shooter to spot his or her own impacts at extended distances. That can provide crucial information when making follow-up shots-and of course aids in target re-acquisition.

Lastly, equip your backcountry hunting rifle with a good lightweight bipod. I prefer quick-detach versions, because I dislike crawling through scrub oak brush and alder thickets with a snaggy, heavy bipod permanently attached. The best I've used is Spartan Precision's six-ounce Javelin Pro Hunt bipod.

#### SHOOTER CAPABILITY AND TECHNIQUE

You can't buy skill. No matter how good your rifle, optic and ammo are, unless you become a capable extended-range shooter, you'll never make those crosscanyon shots.

Be humble enough to work on fundamental shooting form. Even the best shooters regularly return to polish foundational skills. Take a class, if possible. Watch well-reputed resources online-such as how-to videos-and practice the techniques you observe. Do a lot of dry-fire training.

zone, and maintain a razor focus there while you squeeze that trigger.

Squeeze with the whole hand, with a "firm handshake" sorta grip. Loose grips work great on 14-pound match rifles chambered in mild 6mm target cartridges, but magnum long-range hunting rifles require a firm grip to achieve consistency during recoil.

Although you'll know the rifle will fire within seconds, you shouldn't know exactly when. Squeeze the trigger slowly, so the shot surprises your reflexes. Follow through by keeping the trigger pegged rearward as the rifle fires.

On that note, follow through by keeping your eye looking through the scope as well, watching for your bullet's impact and getting the crosshairs back on target ASAP. Then, work the bolt aggressively but smoothly, keeping your eye in the scope and the crosshairs on your quarry.

Always plan to take a follow-up shot, so you won't be surprised when that shot is needed.

#### **BALLISTIC SAVVY**

With a proper Western rifle and your fundamental skills tuned up, you're ready for some extended-range work. Before anything else, you'll need to crunch your ballistics and shoot at long range to validate your trajectory.

Pick a highly rated ballistic app such as Applied Ballistics' "Ballistic." (Creative, I know.) Input your environmental factors and build a profile using your rifle and load's specifications. Watch instructional videos and spend a lot of toilet time in the app, familiarizing yourself with the various functions.

Using the app, programmed with your loads' ballistics and set for the altitude and temperature at which you expect to hunt, calculate your ammo's maximum ethical terminal performance range. This will be different than



Once your rifle is properly sighted in, focus on practicing from various field positions. Master the most stable ones prone with a bipod or over a daypack. Work on the faster, but less stable positions next, such as sitting with your rifle rested over a log or a tripod. Become adept at incorporating on-hand assets and terrain features such as backpacks, tripods and stumps to build rock-solid improvised shooting positions.

If you haven't already, learn correct breathing and trigger control. Heave three or four deep breaths as you prepare for the shot, to oxygenate muscles and sharpen vision. You'll have 7 to 10 seconds to squeeze the trigger before your oxygen is depleted. Glue the crosshairs on the kill

Westerners tend to prefer .30-caliber magnums for big game like elk. From left: .300 Win. Mag., .300 PRC, 30 Nosler, .300 Wby. Mag.





your personal maximum shot capability. Max ethical terminal performance range is based on retained velocity and energy. The velocity is necessary to cause your bullet to expand on impact, so it doesn't just poke a pencil-size hole through and cause a slow, lingering death. The energy is necessary to impart hydrodynamic shock that destroys tissue and shuts down the game animal's operating system.

Manufacturer's minimum velocity numbers and the opinions of 6.5 Creedmoor disciples may suggest that less is adequate, but common sense generally holds that 2,000 fps of velocity is a solid minimum speed, and 1,500 ft-lbs is a reasonable minimum energy. That's for elk.

Your ballistic numbers will tell the story. Cartridges such as the 7mm PRC will have 1,000-yard-plus ethical killing capability. Others run out of steam shy of 400 yards—for example, a short-barreled 6.5 Creedmoor or .308.

Ideally, have a custom turret cap engraved for your scope's elevation turret, showing yards. That way, out to 600 yards or so you can simply range your quarry, dial your turret to the appropriate distance and hold center on the vitals. Optionally, or additionally, print a hard card showing drop in MOA or Mils-whatever your scope is built for—and tape it to your rifle stock.

Use the ballistic app in the field when there's time, but never rely entirely on an electronics. Phones are fallible, and apps are too slow at the moment of truth.

If you can afford it, purchase a rangefinder or ranging binocular with an onboard ballistic calculator and atmospheric sensor. Once programmed, it will incorporate distance, altitude, temperature, shot angle and delineation and provide a real-time solution that accounts for Coriolis effect and spin drift and aerodynamic jump and all those other fine details.

#### PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

With the theory of ballistics mastered, it's time to take your system to the range for real-world validation. Find a longdistance range, even if you have to drive across state lines. Work your rifle and load out as far as possible, taking your time and allowing your barrel to cool every three or four shots. Shoot early in the morning, during the springtime, or you'll do a lot of sitting and waiting.

With your ballistics validated, take your shooting to the ground. Get off the bench and work on field positions. Shoot from every conceivable position. Time yourself. Push yourself. This is the fun part, and the part where you expose all the human weaknesses in your system.

Without knowing what those weaknesses are, you can't work on them.

From every position, work your rifle out in steps to ascertain just how far away you can hit an 18-inch steel plate representing an elk's vitals. Take notes, and work on those positions in dry-fire practice at home.

From your best field position (mine is prone with a bipod), see if you can achieve ethical accuracy out as far as you calculated your load's maximum ethical distance to be. Even if you'll never shoot past a selfimposed maximum of, say, 600 yards, shooting farther is tremendous practice.

Sound like a lot? It is. And it's absolutely crucial if you're going to shoot long on game. You've got to live, breathe and dream long-range shooting to become an ethical long-range hunter. If you're not willing to put in the time and effort, you have no business shooting long on game. ①



# FIND YOUR

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# Western Profit VENTURING TO SOUTHEAST ALASKA IN SEARCH OF EARLY SEASON SITKA BLACKTAIL.





Colloquially known as the ABC Islands, Admiralty, Baranof and Chichagof are exceptionally large islands in the northern part of the Alexander Archipelago famed for its vast and barren landscapes that are, for the most part, free from the grips of modern civilization. The area is known for its dense wildlife populations and boasts an impressive number of Sitka brown bears. Chichagof is regarded as holding the highest per-squaremile population of brown bears anywhere in the world.

Though considered brown bears, these bears are unique. According to a genetic study published in *PLOS Genetics* by James Cahill, a graduate student from UC Santa Cruz, these bears share many characteristics with other brown bears of the world, but studies have revealed that they also share DNA with polar bears. It's believed that at the end of the last ice age, brown bears from the mainland interbred with the isolated polar bears of the islands and eventually transformed the population into what it is today.

Along with brown bears, the islands are home to lush forests teeming with other wildlife—including the Sitka blacktail deer, the reason for my trip. These deer are smaller in stature than

the deer found in the lower 48, but they are tough and live in some of the most inhospitable terrain in the region. Not only are they fun to hunt, but their meat is some of the most delectable of any game species in North America.

The ABC Islands aren't for the faint of heart, even just getting to the area requires a journey. Once there, your main mode of transportation will be a hopefully seaworthy boat captained by an old pro who knows the area. The sea is unforgiving and navigating the different channels and sounds in the islands is not a job for a novice. Located on Baranof, Sitka is one of the largest towns in southeast Alaska and besides that small community, human influence on the ABC Islands is next to none. The town lends itself as a home for wayward fisherman who strive to make a living from the sea. Industry here is driven by boats and salmon seasons. What's more, there are only 14 miles of roads in all of Sitka; beyond that, you'll be floating, flying or hiking.

#### ABOARD THE WESTERN PROFIT

Upon arrival, Chris Tinkle of Leica and I waited patiently at baggage claim as we were greeted by Dustin McLeod of Alaskan Raven Guides. The McLeod family has been hunting in the Sitka area for over 60 years, and although they specialize in brown bear hunts, they love chasing the elusive blacktail.

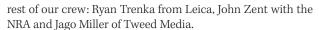
Leaving the airport, we went to purchase tags and I played tourist by buying a pair of Xtratuf boots—good thing, too, as they would turn out to be my go-to boots for the following days.

The truck finished out the rest of the mileage around the city center of Sitka and came to rest at the harbor where our floating home awaited and where we would link up with the





Small skiffs were used to get to shore and to explore different areas in the sounds and inlets.



The Western Profit is a converted 64-foot Navy tugboat built in 1954 by National Steel and Shipbuilding Corp. in San Diego, California. It lends itself perfectly to a floating home for hunters as they embark on an epic southeast Alaska adventure. Below deck there are three rooms with cozy bunks that, paired with gentle roll of the sea, brought a soothing deep sleep for the duration of the trip. There was also a head, a full shower and an engine room that served as storage and a warm place to dry out wet gear.

#### THROUGH THE NARROWS

The ABC Islands are encircled by sounds and channels that see immense tidal swings throughout the day. According to the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA), Sitka, Alaska sees average tides in the 7.7-foot range—meaning the surface of the ocean rises and falls nearly eight feet between high and low tides. When navigating the waterways of the region that means a lot of surge pushing and pulling the vessel, and where there used to be water, is now dry land. An experienced captain is necessary for safe travel through the many hazards.

During our nearly seven-hour trip to our hunting grounds, we had to navigate a small stretch of water that, when tides are changing, acts more like a river than the ocean. As we passed through, we were against the tide, moving slowly as the waves lapped against the hull of the boat. It was fascinating and smooth sailing, but I greatly appreciated having McLeod's knowledge and experience at the helm.

As we passed through, we watched humpback whales surface, traveling our same path. The fluid motion of the whales was astonishing as they left us in the rearview, moving with the utmost ease against the rushing tide.

Through the narrows, we enjoyed the scenic ride north to Chichagof where we would start our hunting. All the while we glassed the shorelines in hopes of seeing a brown bear or a deer low on the beach.



The wildlife of southeast Alaska is spectacular. Whales were seen frequently and many put on a show close to the boat.



Once above the treeline, the mountain tops are covered with muskeg-where the deer spend much of the early season.

#### WFATHFRFD IN

As anyone who has hunted Alaska knows, the weather is always a big factor in your hunt, and it's appropriate to expect several days of being weathered in. This trip was no different. Our first couple of days were spent longingly looking towards the cloudcovered peaks just hoping for the weather to pass.

Hunting blacktail deer early in the season is different than when most folks hunt them late in the year on Kodiak. Instead of hunting the beaches for deer that have been driven low by snow, we were looking to the green mountain tops above the treeline. Though deer could be found throughout the elevation of the mountains, hunting them in the thick timber is near impossible and our best chances would be in the high country, where herds grazed along the open muskeg.

With thick cloud cover holding tight to the mountains, we waited patiently, scanning beaches, patrolling river inlets in the skiffs and fishing for salmon until Mother Nature gave us an opportunity to hunt.

Though the rain seemed relentless, we enjoyed our time and caught plenty of fresh fish for dinner. We even got to set crab pots, a first for me and a new hobby I may need to take up if I ever live on the coast.

#### A TORTUOUS CLIMB

Day three brought a break in the weather allowing our crew to make for the beach, so we jumped in the skiff and headed to shore. We tied off the skiff with a long line that would pull the anchor off the bow when it was taut. Remember the tidal shifts? This technique ensures the boat is still in the water upon our return.

With the skiff secure, we started our climb. Dense is most likely an understatement when describing the forest and undergrowth in southeast Alaska. Not only is the old-growth timber woven tightly, but downed trees also layer the soil as they rot, making every step unstable and uncertain. Even more nerve-racking were the brown bears. Mere minutes into our hike, a sow with two cubs scurried away from us through the brush—thankfully, they didn't come our way.

Beyond decaying trees and brown bears, the undergrowth is a labyrinth of sharp aggressors. Devil's club is prominent and serves to remind of your journey for weeks, if not months, to come as thorns work their way out of your skin until they finally get expelled by your body. Many a missed step led to a tumble through patches of devil's club. What's more, the vegetation held all the rainwater from the previous days. I wore Kuiu's lightweight Kutana raingear to not get drenched on the way up.

We were fighting more than just the dense forest as well. These mountains may not be that tall in terms of elevation, but when talking about vertical relief, they are incredibly steep. Each step made our muscles burn. We took a lot of breaks on the ascent to hydrate, snack and wait out the rolling fog, which made glassing the alpine muskeg impossible. The breaks also allowed us to manage body temperature to ensure we kept



The coat of the early season blacktail is a bright, almost orange color that contrasts heavily against the green mountains.



#### GEOVID R 10X42

More than three decades ago, Leica first introduced the Geovid laser rangefinder. Over the next 30 years, innovation and dedication has driven the company to create some of the finest sport optics in production. The latest model is the remastered Geovid R and it is meant to bring the finest glass and rangefinding capabilities together in a compact and affordable package.

Built in the Portugal factory, each set of Geovid Rs is assembled by hand—many of which had also worked on the original Geovids. This new model brings an improved rangefinder that can range from 10 to 2,000 yards. While on the hunt, I successfully ranged timber more than 1,400 yards distant with repeatable accuracy. While the new R holds much of the same style as its predecessor with the solidbridge construction, the ergonomics have changed so that the optic fits comfortably in the hand.

Optical clarity is of utmost importance for hunters. The Rs use Leica's Modified Uppendahl prism system and the lenses are coated with HDC multilayer coating for optimum color fidelity. The picture is clear, even when being used in lowlight situations. The 10x42s weigh in at just about 34 ounces. It is easy to be concerned about the durability and longevity of any optic. The binos are robust and will hold up to field abuse and are even waterproof up to 16.5 feet—in Alaska they spent more time wet than dry and faced some heavy impacts during falls.

With the Geovid R, you'll notice that it doesn't feature the ballistic calculator that other models offer. There's a good reason for that. By simplifying the product, the company can keep the prices down and sell a high-performance optic that won't break the bank.

\$1,399; leicacamerausa.com





from getting too sweaty in the raingear. Finally breaking through the timber to see open muskeg with short shrub growth was a sight for sore eyes. It was time to start hunting.

#### AMONG THE CLOUDS

The land above the forests was beautiful. When clear, the scenery was breathtaking and the remoteness humbling. It didn't take long for us to start seeing deer, the bright, almost red hue of their fur made them pop against the green background.

Traversing the ridgetops, we continued to climb in search of a shooter buck. After lunch, we crested another ridge and headed farther away from the boat. Although we weren't climbing through the forests anymore, the muskeg still made it tough walking as it sucks at your feet in with every step.

We glassed up several groups of deer and some lone, bedded bucks, but none were what we were looking for. Moving down the ridge, two bucks appeared farther away and feeding fast. One of the two was a shooter, a 2x3 with eye guards. They were moving and we didn't have much time. I moved up quickly to cut the distance and find a solid shooting position. As I lay prone, the Spartan Precision Javelin Bipod found purchase in the soft soil. The range button on the Leica Geovid Rs shot back 484 yards. The Bergara Premier Mountain 2.0 was plenty capable of the shot, and I had DOPE that was confirmed before my departure.

The author walking up on his blacktail buck. At 484 yards, the shot was his longest yet.

Twisting the dial on the Amplus 6 2.5-15x56 and settling in, I racked the bolt, chambering Hornady's Outfitter .300 PRC cartridge tipped with the 190-grain CX bullet. Overkill? It's easy to think that it would be on such a small-statured animal but they're tough, and with added security it offered in country so heavily populated with brown bears, I didn't mind the extra firepower. My breathing settled and the crosshairs came to rest on the point of the shoulder as I accounted for wind. At the report of the rifle, the resounding thwap of the impact was unmistakable. The buck soaked up the impact and started walking, a follow-up shot hit a little low, but brought an end to the encounter.

My tag was filled, but we still had a job to do. Working diligently to break down the buck, we took every piece of usable meat, put it in game bags, loaded up the packs and headed down the mountain. Upon arriving at the beach-after a few tumbles through the devil's club—we were relieved to get back on the skiffs and motor to our floating home.

Leaving the region a couple of days later brought a mixed sense of sadness and relief. The trip had come to an end. In the rearview was a place which I hold such a deep appreciation for. Though it's always tough to end such a great adventure, it's also rewarding to get home to the family safely—though I'll always be planning my return trip to the Last Frontier. 🕕



# KNOW WHERE STAND

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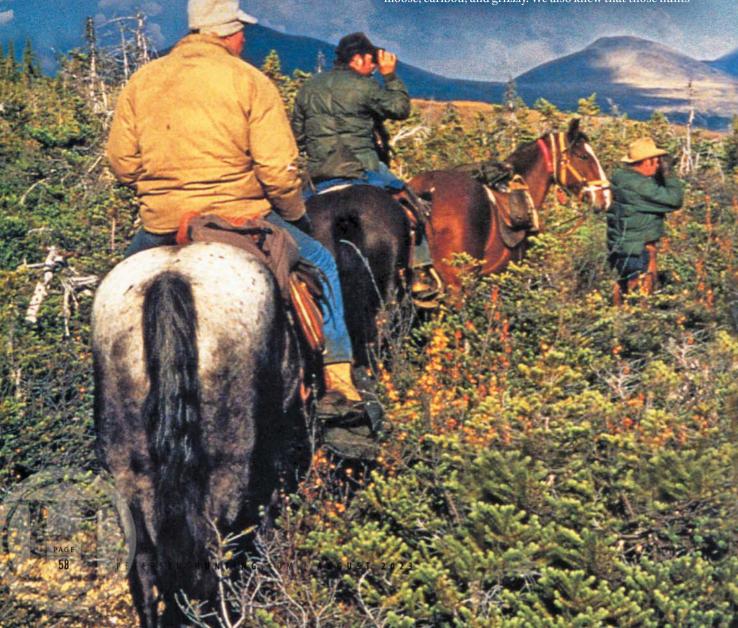




WEWERE holding the packstring in a meadow at the foot of a butte that had been our navigating "star" for the last two days. Put simply, we were lost again, rimrocked by dense fir timber that prevented our return to the lake and the floatplane that would be our ride back to civilization. In fact, a good part of the last three weeks had been spent in a similar fix, knowing where we were, but unable to get from here to there because swamps, fog, or canyons were in the way. You would expect that I would be in a screaming rage at the guides and the fellow who had sold me the hunt, but I was in sheer ecstasy! This "lost" was, without question, the grandest hunting trip I had ever experienced.

The last few miles back to the lake were difficult, not because of the timber, but because we needed to hit one old trail exactly. We were packing a 64-inch Canada moose, a head just a few inches off of the Boone and Crockett world record. The old trail would be wide enough to clear the horns in most places. Without it we would have to chop a six-footwide path through dense firs. The rest of the trip had consisted of similarly pleasant aggravations. You see, we were hunting in 4,000 square miles of territory that no one had hunted for a decade. The trails that used to exist were gone. Our guide had heard a little about the area from his late fatherin-law, but had never ridden it, and there were parts of the area where modern men had never been.

This hunt was the result of my search for a perfect high school graduation present for my son. I wanted to give Rich something that wouldn't wear out, and that didn't have a price if someone wanted to buy it. This led me to Gene Overton, who was looking for a guinea pig to take to a territory in British Columbia. We knew this particular hunting area used to produce world-class stone sheep, moose, caribou, and grizzly. We also knew that those hunts



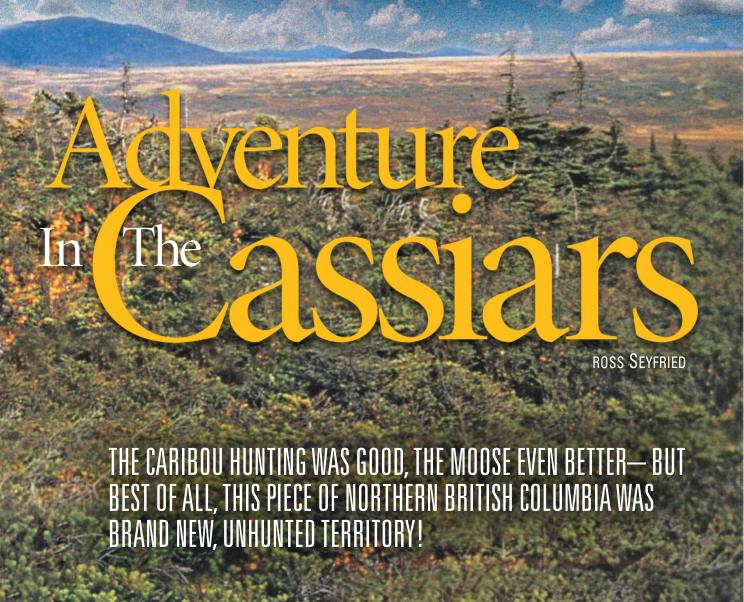
had taken place years ago, and that to the best of anyone's knowledge this area hadn't been hunted since. If the game wasn't there, it could only be due to natural disasters. We would be faced with the enviable problem of finding the mountains and river valleys where the natural concentrations of game were, avoiding the continuous swamps, and enjoying a wilderness that few modern men had seen—without tracks in front of us.

We rode the big De Havilland Otter through glaciers and mountain crags for two hours to a lake just south of the Yukon border. We landed at Frank Stuart's old base camp where Gene and his son Grant waited with the string of horses they had trailed in from their home ranch 50 miles to the east. We spent the rest of the day finding the horses, catching Arctic char, and looking at the maps. The maps had some dotted lines where a horse should be able to go and shaded areas where the various game animals used to be. Tomorrow we would head west toward Alaska with eight horses, food, tents, and our rifles, but definitely without a destination or time schedule.

We rode about six hours the first day, learning the art of backtracking when a trail that looked like a highway would dead-end in swamp or against a mountain. The "roads" were the work of moose and caribou; it was hard to grasp that nothing here had any regard for men and their weaknesses. We managed to sort out a way, gradually climbing toward the edge of the timber, following the general direction of the old trails on the map. Our plan, if there was a plan, was to find the central plateau. This represented over 100,000 acres of high Arctic tundra surrounded by the Cassiar Mountains. If there were caribou, this is where they were supposed to be found.

Gene was apprehensive because he hadn't seen a big bull caribou the previous month when trailing horses and guiding a sheep hunter in the eastern part of the territory. I guess I was a little edgy too. This place was so wild that game should have been everywhere, but during the day I had seen only very old sign.

Late that afternoon we settled in one of the last patches of scrub timber, which would give us a windbreak for the night. The great plateau stretched out in front of us like the plains of Kansas. Gene said that the plateau definitely wasn't the place to weather night, fog, or blizzard.



We began what would become a familiar ritual: unloading and hobbling the horses, cutting the squaw poles, and making camp. In the red glow of sunset, I saw what felt like an omen-a young bull caribou watching us. The wind roared that night as it has for an eternity on that plateau, and I made a note to be sure that we were in the trees at every sunset.

The next morning was cold and windy with some low clouds obscuring most of the mountains that we would use to hold a course across the first half of the plateau. Ignorance is bliss, and it didn't look that tough to me, but I could see the hard look of worry on Gene's face. He was responsible, while all I had to do was follow. I quickly learned that what looked like flat prairie was mostly swamp with a few passages through it. We worked our way across, Gene proving that he hadn't guided in northern Canada for most of his life by chance. We were well in sight of a stand of timber that would make a campsite for the night, bent against the wind and sleet, when one of the grandest creatures I had ever seen moved in front of me.

A mature mountain caribou bull in full winter coat simply has to be compared with the bull elk, sable, kudu, and gemsbok when you talk about God's best efforts. The bull was escorting a little band of cows through the scrub brush and tundra, upwind 400 yards away. We rode, slowly circling toward the caribou, moving into the wind. The caribou saw us, but didn't run. Apparently we were the first men they had ever seen. They pawed the ground and shook their heads in what seemed a mixture of curiosity and fear. Gene stopped about 200 yards from the bull, where we did our best to look at him through our binoculars. The hurricane wind, rain, and sleet made the binos a little less clear than naked eyes, but he was carrying lots of caribou horn. Gene said that we might regret it later, but if it were his decision he would take the bull. He hadn't seen anything like him in over a month.

It was Rich's call, and while I was trying to decide what advice to offer, he was closing the bolt on his .300 H&H. Rich stalked to get a clear shot while we tried our best to fasten the horses after Gene mentioned rather urgently that the colts in the packstring had never heard a rifle go off. Rich made an enviable offhand shot that dropped the bull in his tracks.

If this day had been good, the next day was spectacular. We camped at the base of a low hill, where a half hour's ride would put us on the highest point of the plateau. The view across 10 to 20 miles of open tundra, bounded by high sheep mountains, river valleys, and rolling timbered hills, was awesome. The landscape was enhanced by fields of glacial rocks, splashes of fall red and yellow leaves, and scattered bands of caribou. The eerie howl of a lone wolf made the beautiful reality seem like a dream. From this high point we could see most of the country we would pass through on our way to another big lake and major river drainage to the west. The mountain caribou bulls were gathering their harems. Bands of 10 to 50 head stretched as far as we could see. We rode slowly westward across the plateau, scouting a trail and looking for a bull. Each mile or rise in the ground we covered showed us something we wanted to get closer to. There was one particular caribou that occasionally appeared on the horizon. This bull looked like the real thing. Usually he was just horns, like a ship far enough away to be "hull down," but he always looked big.

At a quarter mile he was big, but also much more wary than most. He seemed to like plenty of room between his harem and the strange creatures that followed. There was no cover for a stalk on the tundra, and Gene warned that if I skulked along the ground like a wolf, the caribou would run in earnest. They weren't afraid of men, but wanted to stay clear of wolves. I moved at an angle away from the horses and toward the bull to a rock that I could use as a rest. My best guess at the range was 400 yards; if I was right I would need a little daylight between my .340's cross hairs and his shoulders.

I launched a 250-grain Nosler just as the bull started to walk away, but instead of hearing the bullet hit, I heard the rifle boom in empty air. The caribou ran in a big semicircle and stopped 1,000 yards away. I offered my apologies to Gene for my shooting. He said it was okay, but I'm sure he thought less pleasant things.

We let the caribou have a half hour to settle down before we moved toward them again. This time there was a dry lake bed with a fringe of low willows between us and the bull. I crawled the last 200 yards, using the willows and some grass hummocks for cover to try to close the gap on the bull. At the last willow the range was 350 yards, and a convenient mound was available that made a dead rest from prone. This time I put the cross hairs on top of the bull's shoulders and made darn sure I didn't abuse the trigger—and missed again.

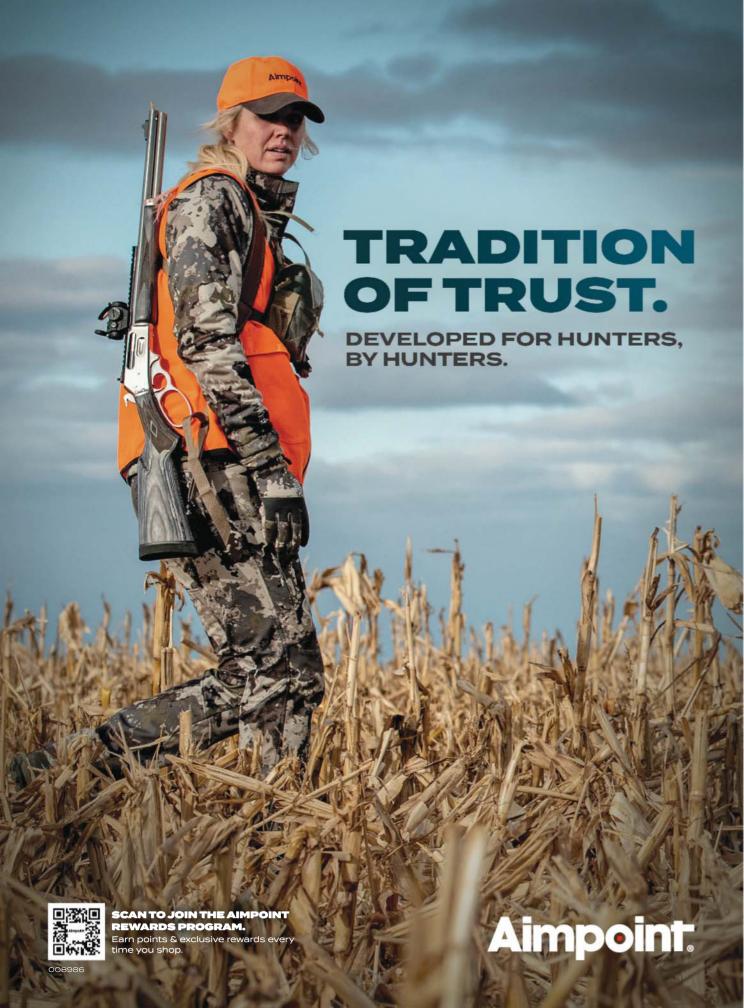
The third shot was instinct. Just as the bull started to run, but before I shot, I gave the wind more respect and held into it and flattened the bull. As an oldtimer explained one of my misses a long time ago, "Son, there's a lot of room around 'em." I'll stand on that one, without any other excuses.

The bull's rack was long and heavy, with a set of bezes that looked like giant 12-point whitetail antlers. We cached the meat in a pile of rocks, where we could pick it up on our way west the next day. Looking back over our shoulders we saw we had followed our noses about 10 miles from camp. The mountain range that was our next "stop" looked as far away as it had early in the morning.

We moved westward the next day, paralleling a low range of hills and steering for a dark mountain on the horizon. The great plateau ended suddenly, falling into a lake that appeared to be several miles long. Beyond the lake there were several ranges of rugged mountains, dense fir forests, and river valleys. I have hunted lots of good country, but always with the feeling that somewhere I would hit a boundary. However, as we rode deeper into the territory here, it seemed to grow, leaving the impression that you couldn't ride out of it. We were tiny, insignificant specks in a pure wilderness.

On the following day we rode upstream into the mountains. My mind wanted to see moose in the alders and willows that bordered the lake, but they weren't there. We did see bands of sheep and goats on distant mountains. Occasionally we rode over the plowed ground left by a grizzly hunting squirrels. We climbed through a pass and circled the mountain that towered over our camp, eventually breaking out on a bench that gave us a view to the limits of visibility. We were above an endless stretch of dense timber that was cut and carved with river canyons. The green forest was dotted with yellow meadows, red patches of brush, and willows. Gene's face beamed as he looked across the rugged timberland. He summed the situation up by saying,

"That's moose country."



An hour later Gene found a bull. I couldn't find him in my 8X binoculars, even after Gene told me where he was. I wasn't surprised since he was directing me to a hill at least five miles away. I finally saw the bull in a 30X spotting scope. He was only a dot, but a dot with five feet of moose horn on top. The distance made it impossible to reach him before dark, but that didn't matter. We knew he was there. We saw another small bull that was much closer, which only confirmed that Gene was right. This was moose country. We made plans to move camp right into the forest tomorrow, leaving us within striking distance of the moose.

The move left us with a few hours to hunt the following afternoon. We found another small bull and two cows as we rode to the rim of the nearest river canvon. From this lookout Gene found another monster bull. This fellow was only about a mile away as the crow flies. But as men would ride, we were separated by two river canyons and six hours of tough going. Close enough to study with a spotting scope, he would have been a very good bull if he had been an Alaska-Yukon moose— but this was a Canada moose, the largest Gene had ever seen. We found three more big bulls that afternoon, all too far away to hunt, but the next day would be another story. We studied the maps that night, plotting a course that would put us in the valley with the giant bull.

We were a mile from camp at sunrise, following the moose trail we had used the day before. The scenery was spectacular in those first red rays of the sun. Crystal drops of water on the willow leaves sparkled. The sunlit slopes looked like they had been showered with diamond chips. The brilliance of the sunlight made the shadows seem almost black. In this mood, with our sights set on the bull across the river, we almost rode by him. Across a little valley to our right, against the edge of the heavy timber, one shadow was a little too dark. Gene stepped off his horse and pointed. I was already fishing my binoculars out of my coat. In my years of guiding in Africa and North America, I have had a few rare opportunities to look at truly exceptional trophies. This was one of them. We didn't need to judge, discuss, or even think about this bull. He was a "keeper." I turned and whispered to Rich, "Shoot him." Then I realized that

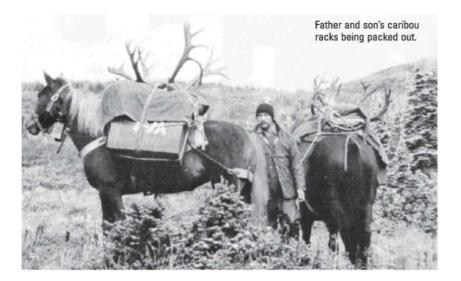
when we had stopped only Gene and I had ridden out of the timber. Grant and Rich hadn't seen the bull yet.

Rich slipped past my horse and behind the last fir tree. I knew when he was clear he wouldn't have to ask what to do. The bull was above us, facing directly toward where we stood. Far from the bumbling Bullwinkle image, this bull had an air and presence I wasn't prepared for. He was huge and black, standing on slender, graceful, gray legs. The massive, palmated horns were studded with points, while the front fighting tines were razor sharp and as thick as my arm. The most impressive feature of all was his eyes—bright, black, piercing eyes that left the impression of a demon, not a clown.

others I had seen, he was three miles away and across two rivers. This stalk had one major difference: After the threemile ride, we saw the bull again.

We abandoned the horses and after a breakneck plunge across a river canyon and a race up the other side, I got a shot. I pounded the bull twice with 250-grain Nosler bullets launched out of a .340 Weatherby. The bull was so impressed with my firepower that he didn't slow down for the first mile. I actually thought I had missed. Eventually two more good hits made the moose surrender.

The notion that moose are easy to drop left my head permanently that day. Both of the first shots were solid hits that shattered his left shoulder, cracked ribs.



The .300 boomed and the 200-grain Nosler hit home like a beaver slapping his tail. I expected this giant to run, but instead he folded in a heap.

Downed lions and bears diminish in size when you approach them. Bull moose grow. This fellow was as big as a Belgian horse. His body was proportionately as large as his 64-inch spread. It was only 8:30 in the morning when Gene grinned and said he reckoned the boys could handle this. That seemed like a good idea, as I looked at the "moose mountain" and two very stout young fellows. I left Rich with some words of wisdom: "You caught it, you clean it."

I hunted moose for the next four days. We saw a dozen more big bulls, but circumstances always kept me from getting a shot. On the last day of the hunt we found another big bull. Like most of the

and slammed to a stop against his neck bones. The bull was in the rut, full of fight and adrenaline; he was as close to "bulletproof" as any Cape buffalo I have seen.

This moose was small compared with Rich's monster. However, small is a relative term in this territory. My "little" bull scored well enough to enter in the Boone and Crockett records.

We packed up and made a leisurely trip back to the base camp. As we watched the great plateau disappear behind the plane, we felt like men who had just been granted a ride in a time machine. We had just seen and hunted a land that was unchanged by the 20th century. I had read the books and dreamed of the "good old days," wishing I could have been alive 100 years ago. Someone or something had granted my greatest wish. I had just made the first tracks. ①



SPEED STILL KILLS, BUT SAVINGS IS THE NEW BUZZWORD.



THE SUB-1 isn't a new crossbow option, but Mission builds some of the best crossbows on the market today and any review without one present wouldn't do the reader justice. Mission is made by the same company that builds Mathews bows—an industry leader—and the quality speaks for itself.

MISSION » SUB-1

At just 8.8 pounds, the Sub-1 is the second lightest crossbow in the test. It doesn't include an integrated crank, but the Mission RSD Crank can be added anytime. The Sub-1 is easy to cock for most shooters without a crank, thanks in large part to its cams having 80% let off. The

dual-stage trigger on my test model broke at 3.4 pounds, exactly as specified. Mission's BenchMark Fire Control System also features a decock button that allows the shooter to safely and easily decock the crossbow without firing it and without the use of a crank. This system was the first of its kind upon release.

As the name suggests, the Sub-1 is also ultra-accurate and shot the second-best groups among the crossbows in the test. While the Mission Sub-1 isn't new for 2023, this model should definitely be on your list of potential hunting gear this season.





WICKED RIDGE has a reputation for building high-quality, affordable, American-made crossbows. You can find crossbows at a lower price, but those are typically made overseas. Rampage XS is the perfect embodiment of the Wicked Ridge philosophy. It's a well-built crossbow shooting around 370 fps with an integrated ACUdraw crank and a price tag right around \$650. You can save \$100 and some weight by going with the rope cocker version of the Rampage XS.

While the Rampage XS didn't perform as well as other crossbows in the test across several categories, it is my favorite crossbow at this price point and an excellent choice for the budget-minded hunter. The Rampage includes a 3X illuminated scope; another feature not often found in this price category.

Dollar-for-dollar, it's hard to beat the Wicked Ridge Rampage XS.



RAVIN CROSSBOWS made some serious waves with the release of the R500 last year. But lost in the shuffle are the upgrades Ravin added to many of their earlier models. The R10X is a re-imagination of the extremely popular R10. It features a silent crank and is 20 fps faster than the original R10.

If you're looking for an easy-to-use crank system, Ravin's Versa-Draw Cocking System fits the bill. This integrated silent crank requires just 12 pounds of effort to draw the crossbow, is ambidextrous and can be used to decock the R10X without

shooting it. The Trac-Trigger Firing system features a crisp trigger break of just 3.2 pounds.

Ravin's Helicoil Technology generates incredible speeds without compromising portability. The R10X is the narrowest crossbow in the test. It finished fourth in the accuracy test, but was only fractions of an inch from first place. That score doesn't detract from the R10X's overall hunting ability. This crossbow is a pure hunting machine.

#### Popular CoQ10 Pills Leave Millions Suffering

#### Could this newly-discovered brain fuel solve America's worsening memory crisis?

**PALM BEACH, FLORIDA** — Millions of Americans take the supplement known as CoQ10. It's the coenzyme that supercharges the "energy factories" in your cells known as *mitochondria*. But there's a serious flaw that's leaving millions unsatisfied.

As you age, your mitochondria break down and fail to produce energy. In a revealing study, a team of researchers showed that 95 percent of the mitochondria in a 90-year-old man were damaged, compared to almost no damage in the mitochondria of a 5-year-old.

Taking CoQ10 alone is not enough to solve this problem. Because as powerful as CoQ10 is, there's one critical thing it fails to do: it can't create new mitochondria to replace the ones you lost.

And that's bad news for Americans all over the country. The loss of cellular energy is a problem for the memory concerns people face as they get older.

"We had no way of replacing lost mitochondria until a recent discovery changed everything," says Dr. Al Sears, founder and medical director of the Sears Institute for Anti-Aging Medicine in Palm Beach, Florida. "Researchers discovered the only nutrient known to modern science that has the power to trigger the growth of new mitochondria."

#### Why Taking CoQ10 is Not Enough

Dr. Sears explains, "This new discovery is so powerful, it can multiply your mitochondria by 55 percent in just a few weeks. That's the equivalent of restoring decades of lost brain power."

This exciting nutrient — called PQQ (pyrroloquinoline quinone) — is the driving force behind a revolution in aging. When paired with CoQ10, this dynamic duo has the power to reverse the age-related memory losses you may have thought were beyond your control.

Dr. Sears pioneered a new formula — called **Ultra Accel II** — that combines both CoQ10 and PQQ to support maximum cellular energy and the normal growth of new mitochondria. **Ultra Accel II** is the first of its kind to address both problems and is already creating huge demand.

Over 47 million doses have been shipped to men and women across the country and sales continue to climb for this much sought-after brain fuel. In fact, demand has been so overwhelming that inventories repeatedly sell out. But a closer look at **Ultra Accel II** reveals there are good reasons why sales are booming.

#### Science Confirms the Many Benefits of PQQ

The medical journal *Biochemical Pharmacology* reports that PQQ is up to 5,000 times more efficient in sustaining energy production than common antioxidants. With the ability to keep every cell in your body operating at full strength, **Ultra Accel II** delivers more than just added brain power and a faster memory.

People feel more energetic, more alert, and don't need naps in the afternoon. The boost in cellular energy generates more power to your heart, lungs, muscles, and more

"With the PQQ in Ultra Accel, I have energy I never thought possible at my age," says Colleen R., one of Dr. Sears's patients. "I'm in my 70s but feel 40 again. I think clearly, move with real energy and sleep like a baby."

The response has been overwhelmingly positive, and Dr. Sears receives countless emails from his patients and readers. "My patients tell me they feel better than they have in years. This is ideal for people who are feeling old and run down, or for those who feel more forgetful. It surprises many that you can add healthy and productive years to your life simply by taking **Ultra Accel II** every day."

You may have seen Dr. Sears on television or read one of his 12 best-selling books. Or you may have seen him speak at the 2016 WPBF 25 Health and Wellness Festival in South Florida, featuring Dr. Oz and special guest Suzanne Somers. Thousands of people attended Dr. Sears's lecture on anti-aging breakthroughs and waited in line for hours during his book signing at the event.

#### Will Ultra Accel II Multiply Your Energy?

**Ultra Accel II** is turning everything we thought we knew about youthful energy on its head. Especially for people over age 50. In less than 30 seconds every morning, you can harness the power of this breakthrough discovery to restore peak energy and your "spark for life."

So, if you've noticed less energy as you've gotten older, and you want an easy way to reclaim your youthful edge, this new opportunity will feel like blessed relief.

The secret is the "energy multiplying" molecule that activates a dormant gene in your body that declines with age, which then instructs your cells to pump out fresh energy from the inside-out. This growth of new "energy factories" in your cells is



**MEMORY-BUILDING SENSATION:** Top doctors are now recommending new *Ultra Accel II* because it restores decades of lost brain power without a doctor's visit.

called mitochondrial biogenesis.

Instead of falling victim to that afternoon slump, you enjoy sharp-as-a-tack focus, memory, and concentration from sunup to sundown. And you get more done in a day than most do in a week. Regardless of how exhausting the world is now.

Dr. Sears reports, "The most rewarding aspect of practicing medicine is watching my patients get the joy back in their lives. **Ultra Accel II** sends a wake-up call to every cell in their bodies... And they actually feel young again."

And his patients agree. "I noticed a difference within a few days," says Jerry from Ft. Pierce, Florida. "My endurance has almost doubled, and I feel it mentally, too. There's a clarity and sense of wellbeing in my life that I've never experienced before."

#### **How To Get Ultra Accel II**

This is the official nationwide release of **Ultra Accel II** in the United States. And so, the company is offering a special discount supply to anyone who calls during the official launch.

An Order Hotline has been set up for local readers to call. This gives everyone an equal chance to try **Ultra Accel II**. And your order is backed up by a nohassle, 90-day money back guarantee. No questions asked.

Starting at 7:00 AM today, the discount offer will be available for a limited time only. All you have to do is call TOLL FREE 1-800-207-5146 right now and use promo code UAPH0623 to secure your own supply.

**Important:** Due to **Ultra Accel II** recent media exposure, phone lines are often busy. If you call and do not immediately get through, please be patient and call back.



LIKE RAVIN, TenPoint shattered speed barriers last year with the TenPoint Nitro 505. This year, the team at TenPoint made improvements up and down the product line. The Stealth 450 is TenPoint's fastest forward-draw crossbow ever.

The Stealth's Micro-Trac Barrel extends string life and improves accuracy. Speaking of accuracy, TenPoint has added scope struts to the scope rail on several models including the Stealth 450. This allows the rail to be extended, providing more eye relief adjustability and more importantly, a rock-solid platform for the scope.

The Stealth 450 is outfitted with TenPoint's ACUslide Cocking System. This provides silent and safe cocking and decocking. The downside to the crank and the aforementioned scope struts is added weight. The Stealth 450 is the heaviest crossbow in the test at 10.1 pounds. The crossbow is well-balanced since much of the weight is near the center and rear of the weapon. The TenPoint Stealth 450 is a great choice for hunters seeking optimal performance in a compact package.



EXCALIBUR CROSSBOWS are well known for building workhorse recurve crossbows, and the new Micro Extreme is cut from the same cloth as its predecessors. The Micro Extreme is one of the most affordable crossbows in the test, but don't let the sub-\$1,000 price tag fool you. This crossbow includes Excalibur's CeaseFire Anti-Dry Fire System, ultraresponsive trigger and R.E.D.S. Suppressors. Like most other Excalibur Crossbows, the Micro Extreme is also incredibly accurate.

The Micro Extreme consistently shot the best groups of the crossbows tested, was the lightest and won the

trigger pull test with a break just under 2.5 pounds. Thanks to the recurve design, the Micro Extreme is easily serviced in the field. The downside of recurve cross-bow technology is overall width. At 21.5-inches wide when cocked, the Extreme is definitely the widest cross-bow in the test. I don't find it cumbersome in a hunting situation, but in today's age of ultranarrow weapons, Excalibur is an outlier. But if a backcountry hunt is in your plans this year, the Micro Extreme should be on your short list of potential crossbows.

#### **Biblical Bush Relieves Joint** Discomfort in as Little as 5 Days

Legendary "special herb" gives new life to old joints without clobbering you. So safe you can take it every day without worry.

According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, more than 54 million Americans are suffering from joint dis-

This epidemic rise in aching joints has led to a search for alternative treatments—as many sufferers want relief without the harmful side effects of conventional "solutions."

Leading the way from nature's pharmacy is the new "King of Óils" that pioneering Florida MD and anti-aging specialist Dr. Al Sears calls "the most significant breakthrough I've ever found for easing joint discomfort.

Biblical scholars treasured this "holy oil." Ancient healers valued it more than gold for its medicinal properties. Marco Polo prized it as he blazed the Silk Road. And Ayurvedic practitioners, to this day, rely on it for healing and detoxification.

Yet what really caught Dr. Sears' attention is how modern medical findings now prove this "King of Oils" can powerfully...

#### **Deactivate 400 Agony-Causing Genes**

If you want genuine, long-lasting relief for joint discomfort, you must address inflammation. Too much inflammation will wreak havoc on joints, break down cartilage and cause unending discomfort. This is why so many natural joint relief solutions try to stop one of the main inflammatory genes called COX-2.

But the truth is, there are hundreds of agony-causing genes like COX-2, 5-LOX, iNOS, TNK, Interleukin 1,6,8 and many more—and stopping just one of them won't give you all the relief you need.

Doctors and scientists now confirm the "King of Oils"—Indian Frankincense—deactivates not one but 400 agony-causing genes. It does so by shutting down the inflammation command center called Nuclear Factor Kappa

NK-Kappa B is like a switch that can turn 400 inflammatory genes "on" or "off." A study in Journal of Food Lipids reports that Indian Frankincense powerfully deactivates NF-Kappa B. This journal adds that Indian Frankincense is "so powerful it shuts down the pathway triggering aching joints."

#### Relief That's 10 Times Faster... and in Just 5 Days

Many joint sufferers prefer natural solutions but say they work too slowly. Take the best-seller glucosamine. Good as it is, the National Institutes of Health reports that glucosamine you can take it every day.





The active ingredient in **Mobilify** soothes aching joints in as little as 5 days

takes as long as eight weeks to work.

Journal of Medical Sciences, 60 patients with stiff knees took 100 mg of Indian Frankincense or a placebo daily for 30 days. Remarkably, Indian Frankincense "significantly improved joint function and relieved discomfort in as early as five days." That's relief that is 10 times faster than glucosamine.

#### 78% Better Relief Than the Most Popular Joint Solution

In another study, people suffering from discomfort took a formula containing Indian Frankincense and another natural substance or a popular man-made joint solution every day for 12 weeks.

The results? Stunning! At the end of the study, 64% of those taking the Indian Frankincense formula saw their joint discomfort go from moderate or severe to mild or no discomfort. Only 28% of those taking the placebo got the relief they wanted. So Indian Frankincense delivered relief at a 78% better clip than the popular man-made formula.

In addition, in a randomized, double blind, placebo controlled study, patients suffering from knee discomfort took Indian Frankincense or a placebo daily for eight weeks. Then the groups switched and got the opposite intervention. Every one of the patients taking Indian Frankincense got relief. That's a 100% success rate—numbers unseen by typi-

In addition, BMJ (formerly the British Medical Journal) reports that Indian Frankincense is safe for joint relief — so safe and natural

kes as long as eight weeks to work. Because of clinically proven results like Yet in a study published in the International this, Dr. Sears has made Indian Frankincense the centerpiece of a new natural joint relief formula called **Mobilify**.

#### Great Results for Knees, Hips, **Shoulders and Joints**

Joni D. says, "Mobilify really helps with soreness, stiffness and mild temporary pain. The day after taking it, I was completely back to normal-so fast." Shirley M. adds, "Two weeks after taking Mobility, I had no knee discomfort and could go up and down the staircase." Larry M. says, "After a week and a half of taking Mobilify, the discomfort, stiffness and minor aches went away... it's almost like being reborn." And avid golfer Dennis H. says, "I can attest to Mobilify easing discomfort to enable me to pursue my golfing days. Definitely one pill that works for me out of the many I have tried."

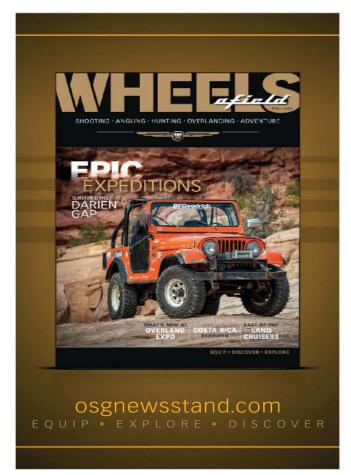
#### **How to Get Mobilify**

To secure the hot, new Mobilify formula, buyers should contact the Sears Health Hotline at 1-800-334-1793 TODAY. "It's not available in retail stores yet," says Dr. Sears. "The Hotline allows us to ship directly to the customer." Dr. Sears feels so strongly about Mobilify, all orders are backed by a 100% money-back guarantee. "Just send me back the bottle and any unused product within 90 days from purchase date, and I'll send you all your money back.'

Use Promo Code PHMB623 when you call to secure your supply of Mobilify. Lines are frequently busy and due to heightened demand, supplies are limited. To secure your suppy today, call 1-800-334-1793.







#### TAKING THE TEST.

**THE TEST** covers five attributes of each model (portability, trigger pull weight, accuracy, ergonomics and velocity). In each category, a score from 1 to 5 is possible with 5 being the highest acheivable score. A human factor is present in the test, especially in the accuracy and ergonomics categories. The goal of the test is to determine how each crossbow would perform in the field with actual users, not just on the test range.

The actual weight of the crossbow, width at the widest point of the crossbow when cocked and length were used to determine scores in the portability category. Actual weight was measured with a digital scale with all accessories attached. Trigger pull was measured with a Weaver Trigger Pull Scale. Accuracy was tested using a Bog Deathgrip Tripod and the package arrows provided by the manufacturer. Groups were measured after three shots at 30 yards. Ergonomics is a subjective category measuring the overall experience of using the crossbow. Fit and finish, balance, vibration and noise and the overall ease of use were factored into scores. Velocity was determined using the included in-the-package arrows shot through a Competition Electronics ProChrono LTD Chronograph. 📵

RESULTS BY SCORE (5 POINTS PER CATEGORY–25 TOTAL POINTS)	PORTABILITY	TRIGGER PULL	ACCURACY	ERGONOMICS	VELOCITY	TOTAL
EXCALIBUR MICRO EXTREME	3.5	5	5	4	4	21.5
MISSION SUB-1	4	4	5	5	4	22
RAVIN R10X	5	4.5	4.5	4.5	4.5	23
TENPOINT STEALTH 450	4.5	4	4.5	4.5	5	22.5
WICKED RIDGE RAMPAGE XS	3.5	3.5	4	4.5	4	19.5

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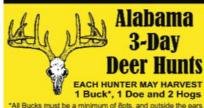


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# To The Bitter End

TO SAY I was excited about this hunt would be a colossal understatement. I was ecstatic. As I drove my pickup north into Canada, I pictured the mother of all elk hunts. I'd be hunting in a region where huge elk migrated out of Banff National Park. The No. 3 Boone & Crockett bull had been taken there a couple years before my hunt. All things considered, I might connect with my best bull ever.

I was accompanying Steve, another hunter who had won this five-day hunt in a sweepstakes as part of a membership drive for the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation. Steve and I would be hunting with Pat and Mike Bates, outfitters who knew the region well.

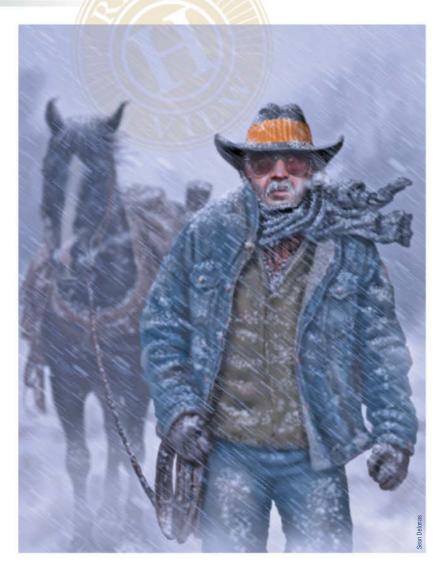
As it turned out, publicity surrounding this hunt generated much local interest. We soon learned more than two dozen camps were set up close to ours. All totaled, 50 hunters would be competing with each other.

The weather was brutal, ranging from 80 mph wind, whiteout blizzards and temperatures of -30°F. Our strategy was to ride horseback until we cut fresh tracks and then make a plan. Every morning, our butts were planted in the frozen saddles by 4:30 a.m. We left camp in the dark and returned in the dark. The first three days turned up nothing except horse

tracks from other hunters and a few cows and calves. On the fourth day, Pat told us we'd be riding to a distant area where he hoped to find elk. The ride would cover more than 30 miles. This had become the nightmare of all elk hunts. The wind was so fierce in the open meadows we dismounted and walked next to our horses for shelter and tried to travel in the timber where there was minimal protection from the wind. In some places, we hung on as the horses busted through snowdrifts three-feet deep, crossed rivers loaded with floating ice and rode on trails etched into cliff walls where a fall would mean instant death.

We frequently walked to give the horses a break and warm ourselves. Hypothermia was always foremost in our minds. We rode into camp at 10 p.m., totally exhausted and half frozen. I was convinced there wasn't a living, breathing bull elk worth shooting within a hundred miles. Word from other camps was likewise disappointing. Not one elk had been killed.

At breakfast the next morning, Pat said he wanted to try a muskeg bottom a short distance from camp just before dark. He had a hunch. I thought he was loco. That spot had been already hunted by dozens of other hunters. I have to



admit, I was ready to throw in the towel, something I'd never before considered on a hunt.

We hunted most of the day, returned to camp and walked only a half mile to the muskeg bottom with the wind in our favor. Two hours of daylight remained. Sitting in the snow, I was shaking my head with disbelief at the futility of this last-ditch effort. A few more minutes of shooting light remained. Then Pat whispered, "Bull." I couldn't believe it. He had to be joking. Then came another bull followed by a third, all walking out into the opening. One was a beauty and the other two were respectable.

Steve shot first and killed the big bull. I dropped another. This was crazy. A Cinderella ending to a hunt that had all the makings of being a dismal failure. Steve's bull scored 363 inches.

It was a powerful lesson. How many times do we get discouraged when things go south in a hunt? That negative attitude can easily cause us to lose interest. When that happens, we miss opportunities because we're mentally unfocused. But as I like to say, a hunt can turn from despair to ecstasy in a matter of seconds. It ain't over 'til it's over.



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