

TEXAS BOWHUNTERS' JOURNAL

March 1999
Volume 1, Issue 5

Inside this Issue

- 1 New Heights – Editor's Welcome
- 1 Arrows Lost – Louie Adams
- 2 Texas Archery Clubs
- 3 The Hunter Who Fishes – Skeeter
- 3 Bowhunting Hot Links –
- 4 The Four Minute Hog – Dennis Mulder
- 5 Return to the Hill Country – Al Exum
- 5 Recipe – Venison Jerky
- 6 Jeep Shot – Glenn Lemke
- 6 March Calendar –
- 7 Day Lease Double – Keith Latimer
- 9 Land Barrons, Birthdays and Elk Hunting - Earl Schultz
- 13 Bowhunting Only Day Leases – Dennis Mulder
- 14 Product Review- Gametamer Tree Stand
- 15 The Last Shot – J.P. Davidsson

Texas Bowhunters' Journal
Michael Middleton
Houston, TX
txbow@dialaccess.com

New Heights

By Michael Middleton – *Contributing Editor*

It appears that I'm going to have to change my title from *Contributing Editor* of Texas Bowhunters' Journal to just plain ol' *Editor*. I received such a wonderful array of well written, thought provoking stories this month that I didn't include any of my own work because it pales in comparison! Thanks, guys, you've successfully ruined the confidence of a young, aspiring writer!

I think you will agree that this month's Journal is one of the best, most comprehensive ever. "Arrows Lost," by Louie Adams, was previously published in Bowhunter Magazine (reprinted with permission). Mr. Adams, who has also been published in Traditional Bowhunter, Mississippi Bowhunter, Lone Star Bowhunter and Professional Bowhunter's Society magazines, submitted three stories for publication, but as any good editor would do, I'm only teasing you with one! Thomas Langston, who currently resides in New Mexico but originally hails from Austin, has been published in UBNM, a New Mexico publication.

Additional contributions from Keith Latimer, Al Exum, Earl Schultz and regular contributors Glenn Lemke (Anachioia Mt. Man), J.P. Davidsson and Dennis Mulder round out this exciting issue.

In the coming months, you may notice an increase in marketing activity as we attempt to carry Texas Bowhunters' Journal to new heights. We are currently developing a web page, where you will be able to submit stories, access past issues of The Journal, post messages and much more. We should be on-line within the next month. Our

goal is to increase readership, and continue to improve the quality of articles submitted by readers. You can help in our cause by printing a few extra copies of The Journal and leaving them at your local archery shops, clubs, 3-D shoots and wherever Texas bowhunters are gathered, and by spreading the word about our little publication! Thanks and enjoy this month's Texas Bowhunters' Journal!

Arrows Lost

By Louie Adams

With a shaft in my hand, I turned over the leaves in hopes of finding the stray arrow. It was hot. Sweat ran down every crack on my body and added to the frustration I felt. When you lose an arrow, do you notice it isn't one of your old ratty arrows, but rather one of the lacquered, cap dipped, crested ones that you spend hours making? Sure, you say "why would you shoot one?" I asked myself that very question.

The answer irritated me even more. The real reason I went to shoot was my wife and I had a "disagreement." She called it an argument. Now the reason I use the term "shoot" is that it certainly wasn't practice. Practice is something you do to get better. That must be distinguished from shooting, a point that became increasingly clear as the sweat continued to run. This shooting session was just to get away for a few minutes and let things calm down. Now, I know you never have these kinds of discussions with your wife, but should you, don't think it is time to go shoot your bow.

As I looked for the first arrow I shot, I remembered when I released it I had a sick feeling that it might not even land on my property. You can always tell when a shot is right and when it isn't, and this one wasn't.

Texas Archery Clubs

Arrowhead Archery Club – Cleveland
Mike Clark (281) 592-8500
2nd and 4th Saturdays, 10-2

Brazos County Archers Club – Bryan
Daryl Ollinger (409) 778-6875
2nd Sunday, 1pm

Buffalo Field Archery Club – Houston
Vance Meischen (281) 890-3787
3rd Sunday, 10-2

Austin Archery Club – Austin
Bob Sarrels (512) 282 5302
3rd Sunday, 10-2

Brenham Archery Club – Brenham
Michael Luchak (409) 830-0842
1st Sunday, 1pm

Cherokee Bowhunters Archery Club – Wells, David Seymore (409) 637-2575
3rd Sunday, 1pm

Chisolm Trail Archery Club – Salado
Jack Justice (254)939-5639

College Station Archery Club –
Scott Smith (409) 764-9394
2nd Sunday, 1pm

Cowtown Bowmen Archery – Ft. Worth
Justin (817) 367-8696

Polk County Archery Club – Livingston
Christy Ellison (409) 327-4552
3rd Saturday, 10am

Salt Grass Archery Club – Texas City
Tom Reed (409) 740-6877
2nd Sunday, 9am

Banana Bend Bowhunters – Baytown
Gary Dunn (281) 421-2590
1st and 3rd Saturday, 9am

Traditional Bowhunters of Texas
Bobby Buff (830) 988-2237
Shoot locations and times vary

Highland Lakes Archery Club – Marble Falls, Ralph Clark (830) 693-2847

E-mail your club shoot to TBJ

So, not only was I irritated about our "discussion," I was also irritated about not being able to find this arrow, which I was becoming more certain with each moment was intentionally hiding from me. And its loss was my wife's fault

Nevertheless, as I scavenged through the dried leaves and rotted pieces of broken limbs, I slowly began to add sanity back to my thought process. I then saw an analogy. It came to me that this arrow was like some words spoken in the "discussion" I had with my wife.

When you pick an arrow from your quiver, it is always selected. It is not just randomly taken from the quiver, but you look at the arrows and for some strange reason, you select a particular shaft, even if they are all the same. It makes one wonder why that particular one was used. Well, one answer would be that, for some reason, it was thought that a particular arrow possessed some peculiar ability to hit its mark with this particular shot, discounting any error on your part. Potentially, most arrows can hit their mark if shot properly. Shooting properly now becomes the issue. When we miss, the fault is usually the shooter, not the shaft. We know that the target didn't move; well, we are reasonably certain, because there has been occasion where I was certain that it actually did move.

Then, when an arrow is lost due to an errant shot or relocation of the object being shot at, we become upset, because it didn't go where it was supposed to. Otherwise, we wouldn't be looking for it. Since we always want to fix blame on something other than our shooting ability, it has to be a bad arrow.

The more time I spent looking for this arrow, the more dedicated I became to the task of finding it, not because it was particularly

valuable, but because it became a test of my perseverance. By this time, I was quite deliberate in the search process. I visualized the shot again and watched mentally as I released the shot, and it soared beyond the target. The whole process started over. After doing so, I found the errant shaft in a matter of minutes and fished it out of the dried leaves where it had been hiding all along. As I stood there with it in my hand, I became a little guilty. I realized the comparison between finding this arrow and my conversation with my wife.

I need to be as selective with the words I speak as with the arrows that I shoot. Like arrows, words should be selected that will hit the mark. Words can miss the mark. This does not make them the wrong words, but possibly the intent with which they are sent on their way is wrong. Often we do not want to admit that we could choose our words better. We blame the other person for misunderstanding. Sometimes we need to question the intent of why we say a particular thing.

Arrows, like words, always hit something. They can hit the target, and if so, are no problem to find. However, should they miss the mark, they can lie buried and lost forever. Then, no matter how much work is put into their making, they remain lost. A sense came over me that some of my words missed their mark and were hidden.

I walked up to the quiver, slid the arrow back to its place and headed for the house. There are some more arrows that need to be found. My wife knows where they are, and maybe will help me find them. She knows I would not want to leave them, for we both have spent too much time to let them remain. One thing is certain, before I lose another, whether arrows or words, more consideration will be put into the effort. There is no pleasure in looking for something lost, because there is that chance it may never be found.

The Hunter who Fishes

By Skeeter

I rise long before the light streaks over the Sangre de Christo's and birds peep a new dawn's arrival. With water boiling and coffee made I put the cup's edge below my lower lip and push my nose to the coffee's edge and inhale deeply the steam. Breathe deeply and inhale, contemplate the need from within and relive those early mornings meandering in words that will not simply come forth but keep pushing to be published, a cry for clarification, the hunter who fishes.

At two o'clock in the morning I rose, sat straight up in my camper struggling for the overhead light, still viewing the antlers in the mist. I could feel his coming before he had shown himself and they always appear out of the fog, walking up a little valley surrounded by gamble oak and ponderosa. A breeze blows the mist clear as he is about to arrive and then I see his rack rolling side-to-side with his head bent back like he is trying to ease the weight from his neck by resting the antlers on his backside. Everything else is a blur of grey, only this little circle of thought with him in the middle and patches of dew laden grass, lilies, and a small steam winding its way through the valley. I can still see him in that pristine vision.

As a teen, I was blessed with the opportunity for solitude and often fooled myself into thinking that identity was of my own making, rather than in the acceptance of what is and cannot long be denied. Pop was a truck driver by trade, and managed with no vices and quick temper to provide a comfortable environment for Mom and the rest of us. He died at 52 after falling to a heart attack while cleaning the deer he had harvested on a recent trip to

Colorado. I have told this story to many people and they have commented on how that must be one the grandest ways to go out. To have struggled for so many year with the dream of going on some fantastic hunt somewhere on the earth's edge, and then to die at a time when your dream has come true. Of course, the family, then dysfunctional remain.

The General, my great grandfather, was some kind of civil war hero who lead a small band of hooligans on various noncommissioned raids during the war between the states. Cherokee by tribe, he was called The General, and to be sure that became his name, General Jackson Brown. No doubt a name of distinction bestowed upon him, I feel certain, for his heroic exploits on a quest for wild times and firewater. Nonetheless, this became my legacy and, in short, it is fair to say that I came from a small band of hunters and gatherers.

I love to hunt. That is not to say that I am a good hunter but nevertheless, I live to hunt. At times for years I have denied my heritage and have lived with pretense in apprenticeship. It is not that this is a bad life, but it is simply not where my heart resides. To breathe the steam, smell the coffee and escape to simpler times with crisp cold air, morning mist and dreams of ole grandpa rambling through the brush, is what makes all the spent time in servitude worth while. It's not that desire breads motivation and hence action, but where comes forth the desire if not through heritage? Nor is it a thrill to kill or need to find respect in kinship, but the grandeur of mountains and the humility of solitude that sparks the passion for hunting. For me all else is mere sustenance on the journey in the realization that life without some kind of passion is somewhat less than no life at all.

Hunting is just a word that binds a dream to that vision of "antlers in the mist" with the hope of someday translating that vision to a reality, the essence of sport. In that regard the joy of hunting is little different from any

learned activity where the images in our minds eye transcends a conceptual barrier and culminates in some form of instinctive precise physical action. After experiencing that kind of joy what could possibly bring greater pleasure than to share those experiences with someone else and to pass on in tradition that which we all have learned? To that end, archery and all of the shooting sports hold these things as a common thread in the small stream winding its way into the valley, surrounded by gamble oak and ponderosa with dew laden grass and lilies.

I rise long before the light streaks over the mountains. With water boiling and coffee made I push my nose to the coffee's edge and inhale, breathe deeply the steam. Think about the need from within and form a picture in my minds eye of "antlers in the mist."

Bowhunting Hot Links

www.edersbow.com – The definitive bowhunting source. Check out this on-line magazine, catalogue and discussion forum.

www.terraserver.com – Locate aerial maps of your favorite hunting area.

<http://tycho.usno.navy.mil/srss.html> - Plan your hunts, and vacations, for next season based on the moon phase!

http://members.tripod.com/~DFW_Bowshot/main.htm

- TexasT's website for Dallas/Ft. Worth area Bowsiters, including Elk Bowhunter, JPBruni, CAT and Coyote65! Hmm, very interesting!

www.creekandtimber.com – Shop on-line for fishing and hunting gear.

www.brazoscountyarriers.targetarchery.com - Check out links to club shoots across the state. Updated weekly.

The Four Minute Hog

By Dennis Mulder

One evening a few seasons back my good friend Wyatt Birkner and I were sitting around the camp talking the usual B.S. (bowhunting stories), when we decided that it would be a good evening to put some pork in the cooler.

Wyatt and I always love a challenge and this evening was no different than any other. We had a few hunters who said the hogs were too spooky to get a good shot at. So we decided it was time to go and see if we could put an arrow through one ourselves! Plus it was a chance for us to have our friendly little competition between ourselves, to see who could put one down first.

That evening wasn't the best conditions for hog hunting, but it always could be worse. The sky was slightly overcast and it was a warm muggy type day. The wind was shifting and swirling all around so this was going to make things even more difficult than we expected. I had Wyatt drop me off at my location and he took the atv and moved on down the road a couple hundred yards to his spot. I had chosen a tall oak tree to be my ambush spot. I was just settling down on my perch, high in the oak tree, when I heard the atv crank back up! I figured something was wrong or Wyatt maybe had forgotten something and had to return to camp!

I saw the atv heading down the road towards me and as he pulled up and stopped, I saw the smirk on his face! I asked him "what's up," but I already knew the answer. He told me that he had just gotten off the bike and went maybe thirty yards or so down the creek bed when he spotted a fine boar hog feeding

under a cedar tree! The boar was about twenty yards away and had no Idea Wyatt was there! Wyatt eased up another four yards using a cedar tree for cover and when the unexpected boar turned broadside Wyatt sent his two bladed broadhead right through the boiler room! He said he couldn't have been there any more than four minutes in all!

Damn! How was I going to top that and, even worse, was I ever going to hear the end of this story?

Well, Wyatt said he would return to camp for a cup of coffee and come back at dark to retrieve his hog and me. As he drove off I knew the pressure was really on now. I again tried to settle down in my perch high above my location. I knew that if I didn't have a hog laying in the road when he returned I would have a heck of a long weekend listening to this story!



Dennis Mulder and Wyatt Birkner show off their pair of wild hogs. (Dennis and Wyatt shown standing, the hogs are hanging!!!)

The sky was starting to darken, along with my expectations of getting a hog this evening, when over towards my left I caught a glimpse of movement! Could it be, or was it just wishful thinking? Yes, it was a nice, fat boar heading right towards my location. All he needed to do was pick up on the corn we had sprinkled and he would end up right in front of me! It took him only a few minutes to for my quarry to get into range.

As he stepped into my shooting lane and I started to draw my Palmer recurve, I knew that this was that exact moment that most mistakes take place. I was really talking to myself, so much that I figured the hog would hear my thoughts (Pick a spot, anchor point, follow through, and smooth release). Well when I released, it was all automatic. When my fingers touched the corner of my mouth the arrow was gone! Wack! The arrow hit its mark and did its job well! The board ran about thirty yards and piled up.

Wow, I still had time to field dress the hog and drag him to the road before Wyatt would get there.

When he arrived I was walking down the road to meet him, so he knew that I'd been successful also! These are times friends seem to remember most. Good times, good friends and great memories. Isn't that what it's all about?

Take care and may your arrows fly true.

Return to the Hill Country

By Al Exum

On November 17, 1998 a friend of mine let me hunt his 20 acres in Mills County. He is not a bowhunter and only hunts with a gun maybe once a year. He had only been to his property once this year and it rained on him during his stay. He said I could go down and try to get a deer. I was happy to finally get to hunt in the Hill Country again. It had been since 1987 that I had hunted the Hill Country. I had only been hunting public land for the past few years. I went hunting with another friend of mine for hogs in Hill County. Monday evening till 11:00 without any success. I left there and drove to Mills County. I finally found the place at 3:00 am. I got geared up and, with flashlight in hand, I went looking for a place to hunt the morning. I finally found a spot that looked good in the dark, so I set up my little ground blind, laid down and got some sleep. I got up at daylight, looked around and didn't see anything. I was feeling pretty rough so I stood up and immediately heard blowing. I failed to see the doe through the cedars. She blew at me three more times, so I took my toys and went back to the truck to reorganize. I left and found my friend's tripod, empty feeder and his oat plot that didn't produce any oats, but the grass was nice and green and there had been some recent activity by a buck. I went back to the truck and retrieved a bag of corn and poured it on the oat plot, and then found a dandy spot to make a ground blind amongst a nice thick clump of cedars. I cleared a small hole and put up my camo netting (the 5.99 stuff you get at Wal-Mart) and went back to the truck for some shut eye. I got up at 2:30 and fixed me some lunch and went to my hole. I had a 25 yard maximum shot, and could only see the food plot. I didn't like his tripod because it was up in the open with no background whatsoever. So I sat there watching the squirrels and blue jays raid my

corn wandering if there would be any left if a deer showed up. I had one squirrel crawl up to within 3 feet of me before I showed myself to him, hoping he wouldn't bark like crazy, letting every critter in the woods know I was there. I was sitting on the ground because my little chair was way too noisy. I couldn't understand it, it wasn't noisy the night before! So I sat there flat on the ground, arrow knocked anxiously awaiting something on hooves to show up. I got my wish! At 5:45 I saw movement to my left and immediately saw a rack. I didn't count points at that time, I just knew he was a shooter. I immediately grabbed the string and started to draw my Mathews Conquest and my arrow came off my rest and made a small "tink" against the end of my flipper rest and he heard it. So here I was at half draw and he was looking straight at me from 18 yards like a curious dog. The only thing



he could see was from my nose up and I had on camo face cover. I kept drawing my bow, ever so slowly, not moving a facial muscle, starring him straight in the eye. A few moments later he finally disconcerted me, or what he had heard and took a few steps into the oat plot and turned his head away from me. I came to full draw, raised my bow, pinned up on the heart and released my XX78, 2213, 100 grain, muzzy tipped arrow. He took a step forward and to the left before I saw my arrow disappear in his side. I sat there shaking with pure excitement for a few moments. Then I heard brush cracking, I knew he was down! I crawled out of my hole and retrieved my arrow, covered with dark bubbly blood. I immediately knew it was a lung shot, but it wasn't until later I learned it hit the liver also. I walked to where I heard the brush rattle and found that he had crawled up in a bush, 58 yards from impact. I went back to get the truck and tried to calm down a little. I got back and pulled my 8 pt. prize out of the bush. I took some

pictures, dressed him out, loaded him up and drove back to Arlington. I love hunting the Hill Country! I did a European mount on a cypress root.

Venison Jerky

Ingredients:

- 4-6 lbs. Venison
- 1 cup water
- 1 cup soy sauce
- 3 tablespoons vinegar
- 2 tablespoons brown sugar
- 3 tablespoons pure garlic juice
- ¼ teaspoon white pepper
- ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- Salt to taste
- ¼ cup crushed black pepper

In a large plastic mixing bowl add all ingredients except the venison and salt. Proportionately dissolve salt into the brine until you have the desired amount of salt for your liking. Place the brine into the refrigerator.

Cut the venison into strips of at least 1/8th inch thick, width and length does not matter. Make sure you cut as much tendon and fat off as possible. Place the venison hours in the refrigerator.

Place the strips onto a wire rack so that air and pat down with cracked black pepper. Let dry open air in a cool dry area for at to the touch and has darkened considerably it is ready for the smoker.

Make sure the meat is spaced apart for good circulation. Smoke for about six smoke chips, alder, apple, or cherry.

One of the most common causes of a meat should be a little tender in the center.

“JEEP” SHOT

Anacholia Mountain Man

It could have been called a cheap shot, but then there are those times in the life of a bowhunter that you'll try anything to fill a tag (inside of legal anyway.) On the last day of the regular South Texas season, I was becoming hard pressed to take one of the does that's required on our lease for management purposes. I really thought that I had become snake bit. I had missed two does on Saturday; both at yardage that, when added together, didn't exceed twenty-five yards. The first miss occurred late in the morning after numerous deer moved to almost within bow range and then slowly reversed their course and disappeared. I was sitting in this particular oak for a lot longer than my rear side will normally allow, when I picked up movement to my left. A mature doe was working through a clearing that ran to some old cattle pens. The doe would have to take a ninety-degree turn in order to come within my range. After a few, very long minutes, she turned on cue and started on a path that would take her within fifteen yards. I drew and released. She jumped and I thought I had a good hit. I did! A good hit square in the dirt. I had shot at least a foot under this animal. As I examined the arrow and the ground, I found zip. Miss number one.

I labored in my tree stand most of Saturday afternoon watching several of the finest bucks I had seen all year. The only trouble with that beautiful scene was that I had already filled my buck tag! When the solitary female arrived on the shooting spot, I was ready and primed for a kill. The arrow flew very true. I killed a cactus! The mechanical did a great job of taking out the heart of this poor plant. I left at dark feeling a little flustered with my ability to shoot, but with high anticipation of the next morning's hunt. The following morning greeted me with a good face wind, a little dampness cool enough to make any

bowhunter cringe with excitement. I was ready to fill that last tag and head for that great metropolitan center, Houston. I climbed into my GameTamer stand, secured my gear, put out cover scent, put on my facemask and adjusted my release. I was ready. Wrong! I had arrived as light was breaking and there were several deer already feeding down the sendero towards me. As soon as I was settled in, a doe started to work in close. I reached for my bow, moving very slowly and deliberately. As I lifted it from the bow hook, I realized that I had forgot to load! Well, there went the first doe as I fumbled to remove an arrow from my new cat quiver and nock it. I sat for the next hour watching only an assortment of South Texas bird life. I was about ready to call it a morning, when I spotted a nice buck approaching. He came straight into my corned area. This buck made a magnificent sight as he slowly moved closer and the sun lanced through a great set of five by five, typical antlers. This was a good solid 130 class buck that I don't think had been seen before. Here I was without a camera or a tag! I watched this animal for a good twenty minutes before he sauntered off to explore other escapades.

I crawled down from my perch with mixed feelings. On one hand I was high as a kite; I had seen deer that many hunters will never view; I had taken a fine 125 class eight pointer and a couple of does; and had been able to spend considerable time afield this season. On the other hand I was feeling shafted; I had just missed twice in one day and my season was about to end.

I loaded my gear into my jeep, the infamous "Red Goat," and started to camp. It was still mid-morning and I had the two thousand acres to myself. I had an impulse to turn around and just drive around for a while. I headed up the long canyon toward the north end. The morning was fantastic! I watched blackbucks and whitetails as they curtailed their way up the mountainsides trying to escape the rattle of the "Goat".

As I approached the north windmill, several does disappeared into the surrounding brush. I had been here yesterday, and as I had driven up the sendero from the windmill, I had dropped corn and almost immediately I had several

deer feeding. They had paid no attention to the rattle. I had a bright idea. I would do the same thing, park my jeep in the brush and try to ambush a doe. I planned on giving this attempt all of about twenty minutes. The corn went out and before I could turn off the motor I had three does in the sendero at fifty yards. I quickly grabbed my bow, secured my release, and nocked an arrow. I knelt down on the ground behind the jeep. My plan was to wait out these three and as they came into range, take my shot over the hood. Ten minutes passed and they had only advanced about five yards, but they had been joined by a quartet of yearlings. Without warning a mature doe stepped out of the whitebrush directly across from my "blind", paid no attention to the setup and started feeding. My shot was at ten yards right between the steering wheel and the seat. A perfect heart shot dropped my last deer of the 1998 season not thirty-five yards away right in the middle of the sendero.

Sometimes you take your deer anyway you can get them!

March Calendar

March 13

Arrowhead Archery, 10-2

March 13, 14

LSBA Awards Banquet, Kerrville, TX

March 20

Polk County Archery Club, 10 am.
Banana Bend Bowhunters, 9am

March 21

Cherokee Bowhunters Club, 1pm
Buffalo Field Archery Club, 10am
Austin Archery Club, 10-2

March 27

Arrowhead Archery, 10-2

For more shoot information, log onto:



Day Lease Double!

By Keith Latimer

In November 1993 my dad and I booked a hunt with 4 Arrows outfitters in Brooks County, in far South Texas, for an archery day hunt. We left home late the evening of November 23 for the 12-hour drive, and a long weekend hunt over the Thanksgiving holidays. We arrived at the ranch about 8:00 AM on Wednesday, Nov. 23 to see several other hunters there, sleeping in their trucks, until they came and opened the gate for us at the 9:00 gate check. Jared Peoples met us at the gate, and we followed him to a camp that consisted of a trailer house full of bunk beds, a walk in cooler to hang the game in, and another trailer house that Jared, his mom, Barbara and dad, Wayne Peoples stayed in. Wayne was not present during this hunt.

Everyone picked out a bed, and unloaded their clothes and bedding, then met back with Jared, who showed us a map of the ranch and let us pick-out an area we wanted to hunt. My dad and I chose a pasture on the far North side of the ranch, 8 miles from camp, hoping that maybe it had not been disturbed as much by the previous hunters. The ranch had excellent roads on it because

of all the oil company activity, but if you got off the road, you needed 4-wheel drive or you would get stuck in the deep sand. As it happened, at that time I had a 2WD pickup. That meant anywhere I went it would be on foot. I really liked that because where I chose to hunt was a feeder about 600 yards down an old pipeline. Near where I parked the truck was a hog trap with 5 hogs in it, and lying next to the trap was 8 piglets about a month old. When we got out, they went running into the woods, leaving mom behind in the trap.

The pipeline was like everywhere else on the ranch, seemingly bottomless sand. Every step I took, my feet would bury up to my ankle in the soft sand. I carried a heavy lock-on stand in to the feeder, thinking with every step that anyone that would walk that far, in this sand, carrying all their hunting gear was about half crazy, or really wanted a buck pretty bad. Well, that suited me fine, because I was both! I picked out a place on the pipeline about 100 yards away from the feeder (they would not let us hunt any closer than that). We setup my stand for the North wind that would be rolling in on Thanksgiving Day. We put it about 20 feet up, trimmed a couple of shooting lanes and chummed an area with corn that I was hoping the deer or hogs would come

to, and stay there long enough for a shot. The feeder had lots of hog sign around it too. The legs of the feeder, and a fence around it, were set in concrete. The hogs had rooted around under the feeder so much, that about 18" of the concrete was exposed! Some of the hogs had rubbed on trees 4 feet high. It was obvious that the area had lots of hogs! We then went and found an area for my dad to hunt and set up a stand for him. Now it was getting late, it always takes too long to find a spot and set up on a ranch you have never been to before. We headed back to camp for a quick lunch, shower, and to change into some light weight camo for the 90 degree heat then go sit in the stands. I had high hopes for the place I was hunting, and could hardly wait to get there. We had set up one of the tripods that my dad makes on a ranch road and chummed it with corn so we would have another place ready to hunt in case that one of ours wasn't any good. I hunted it that Wed. evening and saw nothing. On the way back to camp that night, we heard that the cold front would be coming in and drop the temperature drastically the next day. On the way back to camp that night, we must have seen 40 deer and Javelina.

Thanksgiving morning we awoke to temps in the middle 60's, but the wind had not changed out of the North yet. I did not want to go to my stand unless the wind was out of the North, so I went back to the tripod on the ranch road. I sat there for about 30 minutes waiting for the break of day, when all of the sudden the cold front hit! The temperature must have dropped 30 degrees in 30 minutes with about a 25 mile per hour wind. I was not dressed warm enough for this! I sat as long as I could stand it, but I froze out just after sunrise. The temperatures continued to drop through out the day. I was hoping the cold front would get the deer moving, and it did.

That evening I hunted my stand. At about 4:30, two bucks came to the feeder together but never knew my corn was there. The first buck was a heavy horned eight point, that looked like it was around 17" wide, but I didn't think he would make Pope and Young. I felt like the 10 point he was with would make



Keith Latimer (aka Elk Bowhunter) shows off this fine buck killed in November 1993 on a day hunt with Four Arrows Outfitters.



Saturday morning the thermometer showed 26 degrees and we were just about an hour North of McAllen, TX! This was some cold front. We were seeing up to 100 deer eating other hunter's corn off of the ranch road or crossing it, on the 8 miles between camp and my stand! That Saturday evening at about 5:00, the 8 point that had been running buddy's with the 10 point I shot on Thanksgiving, came in and started eating the corn I had put out. When he got to 20 yards, I drew my Point Blank New wave, anchored, picked out 1 hair behind his shoulder and released. I watched the arrow as it entered perfectly and buried up in the sand after passing through his lungs. The 8 point ran in a semi-circle for 75 yards and I saw him fall in full stride! Two deer down in two days, and they were two of my best bucks ever!

P&Y. He wasn't very wide, but his G2 and G3 tines were all over 9" long! They fed at the feeder 100 yards away and all I could do was watch and hope they would come my way when they left. As luck would have it, they left going straight North. Of course, I had setup straight South of the feeder. I watch as they walked away, hoping that something would make them turn around and come my way. As it turned out, that *something* was 6 does and fawns coming in from the West on the pipeline. The 10 point saw the does and circled around to the West and followed them in with his nose to the ground! I stood up, and slowly started to draw. I realized that I was going to have to hurry if I was going to get a shot, because the buck was trotting fast. I quickly finished my draw just as the buck slowed somewhat. I put the 30-yard pin behind his shoulder and squeezed the trigger. I watched in horror as the arrow entered too far back, in the paunch. I didn't allow for the buck walking! He turned and ran to the North and out of sight. I was sick. I waited for about an hour and a half until dark, got down and went back to camp to let him stiffen up and get some help tracking. After giving the buck several more hours, about 8 of us went to look for him at about 10:20PM. We hit the trail and after finding very little blood, my dad started looking in the direction the buck ran. After about 10 minutes, he

hollered that he had found the buck. I was elated! He had only gone about 150 yards and bedded down. Because I did not pressure him, he died where he laid down the first time.

The next morning it was 28 degrees and since there had been about 8 guys all over my hunting area looking for my buck until about 11PM the night before, I decided to sleep in. When the other hunters came in, one of them had shot a nice 8 point. The cold front really had the deer moving. Everyone was seeing deer, and the bucks were chasing does like crazy. That evening I went back to my stand but saw nothing. The high that day didn't even make it to the freezing mark.

Barbara Peoples estimated the score of my two bucks and the other 8 point that Eric shot, and told us within 1" what they would gross and net! I was impressed! She never got a tape measure out. Eric's 8 point scored, as best I can remember, about 122" after deductions. My 8 point scored 118" and the 10 point was and still is my first Pope and Young at 135 5/8" official P&Y. Too bad they only had this ranch for one year, I would love to go back. TBJ



Keith Latimer with his two, fine bow kills from his hunt with Wayne and Barbara Peoples and Four Arrows Outfitters.

LAND BARRONS, BIRTHDAYS, AND ELK HUNTING

By Earl Schultz

This story began in Sept of '97 at the annual deer lease setting up weekend in Doss, Texas. There are seven of us on the lease and we refer to ourselves as "The Republic Of Texas Bowhunting Society" we have been hunting together as long as I can remember and shooting together longer than that. Well at this weekend set up, one of the members we refer to as the "Land Barron" requested a little meeting and revealed that he had told his wife he wanted to go elk hunting for his birthday. Her answer was swift and immediate, "not no, but @\$% no. "Well this didn't sit well with him and he kept persuading her to give in until she finally said that the only way he could go Elk hunting is if the other guys go with him. Well, not to let a little thing like that stand in his way, he cooked up a plan and presented it to the rest of us. His plan was that, if he were to pay for the hunt would we all go with him? All were silent waiting for the other shoe to drop. The seven of us usually spare no expense when it comes too practical joking so we figured their would be some kind of catch. Except that this time their was no catch, he was serious. Seven guys going on an all expense paid Elk hunt took a little time to sink in. There were a few restrictions though. The location of the hunt had to be within driving distance because the "Land Barron don't fly". He did not want to make any of the arrangements for the hunt, and there was a maximum amount of money that could be spent (a very generous amount). So I agreed to do the research and book the hunt and coordinate "The Republic Of Texas



The Republic of Texas Bowhunting Society Elk Hunt '98

Elk Hunt '98." And the adventure began. The first thing to do was to locate an outfitter that could handle seven hunters at one time that was within driving distance of here and would remain within our budget. I soon found out that that was not going to be an easy task. I spent hours on the phone talking to outfitters and trying to locate one that would meet our needs. I appealed for help on the Bowsite but didn't get very far. I soon realized, what if I set this hunt up and it doesn't go very well? All of sudden, this wasn't much fun anymore, and now I worried about losing friends over this. But that was not really the case. Even if it didn't go very well we have a friendship that would take a lot more than a bad hunt to ruin. So I kept searching and finally came across an outfitter that would meet our needs and had good references. We would be hunting on private land with guaranteed licenses in Northern New Mexico. The deposit was sent and the

hunt was booked almost a year in advance.

The wait began. A million things ran through my mind and I was never really at ease. I would talk to the other guys and they would tell me not to worry, it would be ok. They would say things like "a bad day hunting is better than a good day working." Or it doesn't matter, we will still get to spend a week in the mountains of New Mexico, and if we don't get an Elk it will still be a great time." I finally couldn't stand it anymore and started calling everyone and every place I could think of to get information on this outfitter. I called the New Mexico game department, The Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation, friends who have elk hunted before, the Board of Tourism, everyone. I found several people who knew of this outfitter and no one had anything bad to say about him. So I finally decided that it was a done deal and we would just go hunting and hope for the best.

It was finally time to leave for the hunt and we decided to leave a couple of days early and get to New Mexico so that we could get acclimated to the altitude. The closest place to our hunt area that was close to the same elevation was the ski resort of Angel Fire. We loaded our stuff into two trucks and a van and headed for New Mexico. I really never new that west Texas was that flat. The tallest thing out there is a horny toad's back. After a long drive and several convenience stops we arrived in Angel Fire and checked into a local hotel. The rest of the day and the next day we explored the surrounding area and drove over to Taos for some sight seeing.

It was finally time to go hunting. We consolidated all of our gear into one truck because we couldn't take the two wheel drive vehicles into the camp and we were going to have to leave them in Tres Piedras, our pickup point. The outfitter had other vehicles their to meet us. We were supposed to be their at 10:00 to be picked up and we were early. We waited and waited and waited. It was now well after the designated time, and my buddies were all starting to look at me and I was trying to find a place to hide when one of the guides finally showed up. He said it took longer to get the

supplies unloaded at the camp than they expected. What a relief! We were finally on our way and I was still in one piece.

We turned off the main road at Hopewell Lake and entered the national forest. The paved road soon quit and we began our long and slow trip to the camp. We were soon out of the National Forest and onto private land. We passed through several locked gates, past beaver ponds, and across creeks. We were travelling through some of the prettiest country that I have ever seen. We saw Mule Deer, beaver and coyote on the way into camp. We came over a small rise and could finally see our base camp. It was a small line shack, and the guides were there waiting for us. We would use this camp for our main base, but would have to split up because it was not big enough for us all to stay in.

Our hunt was not suppose to officially start until tomorrow, but the guides were eager to go so we broke out the gear and prepared to make an evening hunt. We all split up. There were four guides and a cook in camp and they split us up as needed. This hunt would be more of feeling out; us of the guides and the guides of us. You see "The Republic Of Texas Bowhunter Society" is the most physically fit group of overweight couch potatoes you ever saw. Well, maybe not. We all tried to exercise and get ready for this hunt but we soon found out it wasn't enough. The "Catfish" and I left camp

with our guide "Stefan". Stefan was a South African professional hunter and former Mr. Olympian contestant. The "fish" and I were in trouble from the start. We were just going down the valley a ways and cut up over the hill. "What hill?! All I see are mountains, big mountains!" Well we huffed and we puffed and we finally made it to the top of "the hill" and rested for a minute. Our guide said to take it easy we had plenty of time, but we really need to be on top of that hill over there. Oh boy, another hill climb. Just what I needed! We finally made it to the top of the next hill and had just sat down under a cedar tree to question the sanity of "out of shape couch potatoes" and Elk hunting when it began to hail, big hail, marble size hail. Ouch! Thank goodness for the cedar tree. It at least blocked some of the hail from bouncing off of our heads. Then when it was slacking off it started to rain., Next came the thunder and lightning, then

"KABOOOOOOOOM!!!!!" Lightning struck the tree close to us and bark flew everywhere. We quickly moved out from under the tree and took our chances in the open.

As quick as it started, it quit and we were off and hunting. It was as if someone was saying, "welcome to Elk hunting, rookie." We worked our way along the ridge until almost dark when we heard our first bugling bull.

We pin-pointed it's location, but it would have been too dark by the time we got their so we headed back to camp. It was well after dark when we got back and the rest of the guys were already there. We must have looked pretty bad because everyone kept asking if we were alright. Sure we were fine; (remember, never let them see you sweat!) I could have slept on a porcupine and never knew it, and was questioning whether I would be able to even stand up in the morning. I should have hit that Stairmaster a little harder!

The morning arrived early and my partner "Catfish" decided he would rest and go hunt in the afternoon, completely refreshed. Not me. I didn't come all this way to stay in the cabin, although I probably should have. Truth is I knew just how "Catfish" felt, but



"A bad day hunting is better than a good day working!" Even more so with a view like this. We all need friends like the Land Barron!

was afraid to admit it. We left the cabin and crossed the valley to a game trail that headed up the hill to rock slide. We climbed the rock slide and entered the dark timber where we heard what sounded like an Elk breaking brush. We spent the next 15 minutes stalking the noise only to find out it was a squirrel throwing pine cones at us. How embarrassing, "great white hunter stalks furry tree rat!" We continued up the rocks into a park where we spotted a cow elk grazing and we worked our way into position as they worked their way toward us. We felt sure that these Elk would have a bull with them somewhere, but we never saw it. The cows grazed to within 15 yards of me, but since this was the first day of a 5 day hunt, I decided to wait and try for a bull first, before I decided to shoot a cow. They grazed on past, never knowing we were there. We continued across the park and into the timber and could see signs and smell Elk everywhere. We followed close behind a bull but could never catch up to him in the timber. We traveled through some really beautiful country, and it was enough for me just to be here. We had just crossed another high mountain park and had decided to work our way back to camp when we heard the bull bugle in the distance. My guide looked at me and said he was close and asked if I wanted to try for him. I looked at him and said "I can eat lunch anytime, I came to hunt," and off we went. We chased that bull all over the mountain and at one time we thought we passed a sign that read, "Canada 10 miles," or at least it seemed that we had walked that far. We finally gave up and returned to camp to get "Catfish". I was excited because we were sure that we knew where the Elk were, and we were going to get them this afternoon.

We left camp and headed back to the game trail, as it was an easier climb up that hill than the way we went the day before. We had left early so we could get to the top of the hill and glass the valley for Elk before we tried to move into position. We had been sitting there for about

30 minutes when Stefan spotted Elk about 2 miles away. How he saw them with his naked eye; I don't know how, but his eyesight was incredible. I had trouble spotting them with my binoculars. We decided to move in their direction and keep out of sight as much as possible. We descended into the valley and across a creek and up to the far ridge. We worked our way along the ridge and through the next valley to the next hill, and then along the top of it until we were within 100 yards of the Elk we had spotted earlier. We searched the brush and watched as the Elk decided to bed down for a rest in the trees. As we searched the trees, we spotted one bull among the cows, although it was only a spike, and we continued to search for a larger bull. As we watched this group of Elk, we heard another bull bugle just a little ways farther ahead and we were on the move toward this bull. As we got closer, we heard the bull bugle several times and it was finally time to begin the stalk. We left "Catfish" in a clearing in case he came around behind us. When we started this hunt, it was agreed that I had the first shot. Right now I was so physically drained that I was not real confident that I could make the shot if I had the chance. So before we left "Catfish", I asked him if he wanted the shot. He said "no, we agreed that you got the first shot". Stefan and I left and started working our way through the timber for what seemed like forever. The bull bugled again but now it seemed as though the bull we were following was not the same bull. There were now two bulls in the area. We came to a small clearing and decided we were close enough and shouldn't try to get any closer. I was told to pick a spot that I could comfortably shoot from. I chose a spot where I had 3 shot opportunities; one to the left, one to the right, and one straight in front. I was concealed by a fir tree, which was devoid of leaves at its lower level. It was easy to see through, but there was no way to shoot through it. Stefan positioned himself about 10 yards behind me and when we were ready, he gave a cow call. All of a sudden the woods erupted with the loudest bugle I have ever heard. Words cannot describe the sound adequately. He was so close that it was like being inside a barrel and someone blowing an air horn. After that, the woods became completely quiet. Possibly because

the bull had scared the @#\$\$ out of everything, or my testicles were sucked up so far they were plugging my ears! Then, for several minutes there was silence. Nothing made a sound, nothing moved. The breeze even quit blowing. Stefan made another cow call and this time, there was no answer. Then I saw the bull coming through the trees directly toward me. The bull came and stood right in front of me at a distance of 8 yards and stared a hole right through me. I was doing some powerful praying, sitting there trying to make my body as small as possible, hiding behind a stick and a string, which is not easy for someone 6'-0" and 250 lbs. I could see the smoke coming from his nostrils as he breathed. I watched his nostrils flare, I could see his glossy black eyes staring a hole straight through me and all I could do is hope that he would move away and turn so I could get a shot. He finally decided that there was something funny about that bush and started to walk away. Stefan gave a real quite cow call and the bull wheeled around and started down the trail to my left side. Thinking that the bull would enter my shooting lane I pulled my 70 lb. 65% letoff bow to full draw. The movement must have been detected because the bull stopped dead in his tracks and stared directly at me, again one foot short of my opening. I held the bow at full draw for what seemed like an eternity, but was actually about 3 minutes until I could hold it no more and had to let down. The movement made the bull turn around and start to walk directly into my forward facing shooting lane. The bull was moving and Stefan could see that he might not slow down to give me a shot so, as he entered my opening he cow called to try and freeze the bull. I had once again come to full draw and as the bull entered the opening the cow call spooked him and he jumped right through the opening. Luckily the bull continued around to the left and stopped broad side in the other opening. I repositioned myself as carefully as I could brought the bow to full draw, anchored, took a deep breath exhaled. The bull began to walk forward. Thinking this was going to be my last chance, I adjusted my point of aim to



lead the bull slightly and released the arrow. Upon release of the arrow I could tell that something was wrong. When I released the arrow a small branch had deflected it slightly. Although I watched the arrow pass through the bull, I could tell that it was too far back and I immediately sunk into a state of depression. Having only hunted whitetail deer up to this point, I expected the bull to hightail it for cover and I would never find it. I suddenly heard a whisper "knock another arrow". As I looked up, the bull had only gone about 10 steps and was still standing there. I could see that he was wounded really bad, and my guide wanted me to get another arrow into him. From the position I was in, I did not have a clear shot at him and needed to adjust my position to get a clean shot. The only problem with this is that I had been sitting on my knees for so long that both of my legs were asleep. I finally managed to stand up and get to a position that I could take another shot, and the bull had moved to about 60 yards. I drew the bow, picked a spot and sent the carbon shaft on its way. The shot appeared to be on its mark and the bull walked about twenty yards and lay down. We watched the bull for 15 minutes and then decided to try to approach him to see if the second shot did indeed do its job. As we approached the bull he stood up and I could not get another shot as he walked away and lay down again. It was getting dark and, as it was a very cool night in the mountains, we decided to leave him and come back at daylight to retrieve him. We had been gone almost an hour when we picked up "Catfish". We filled him in on the details and returned to camp, which was about 4 miles from this spot. We walked back

without any light to avoid spooking any more Elk in the area.

That was the longest night of my life. I did not sleep at all. I replayed that shot in my mind a thousand times. How had I not seen that limb? Did the second shot actually connect? Was the first shot a killing shot? How could you have messed up a shot at only twenty yards? Over and over again, second guessing and wondering.

The morning finally arrived and we headed out to retrieve my Elk. Hopefully. We took two other guides with us to help pack him out. We arrived at the spot where I had made the shot and there was blood everywhere. We went to where he had lay down and found more blood, then to where he laid down the second time and found more blood, but no Elk. We followed the blood trail from there up the hill, down the hill, through a wallow, along a ridge, then back down the hill toward the creek. We had trailed almost a mile and I was about to give up when I heard Stefan say "there's your bull". I walked over to where the bull laid, and at that moment in time I was the happiest bowhunter on the mountain. The small 5x5 bull elk will never make any record books or be pictured in any magazines, but he is the finest trophy in my collection and he will always be the first. I can't thank the people that made this possible enough. I not only have a wonderful

trophy, but I have the best collection of hunting buddies and friends that a person could ever have. I only hope that some day I am in a position to take them all on a hunt with me for my birthday.

For the rest of the hunt I became the head cheerleader and camp daddy. I wished the others well and prayed that they would have the same luck that I had. Unfortunately, I was the only one that was able to harvest a bull on this trip. As much as I had hoped and dreamed about taking home seven bulls it just wasn't going to happen.

The first "Republic of Texas Bowhunting Society Elk Hunt" is now history. I have been seriously bitten by the Elk hunting bug, and the plans for another hunt are already under way. I hope that everyone that bowhunts gets at least one chance in life at hunt like this, if not more. We hunted for 5 days and killed one bull, but will have enough hunting stories and memories to fill a lifetime. I am extremely fortunate to hunt with a group of fellow bowhunters that are the best friends that anyone could have, and hope to continue to share a campfire and stories for many more seasons to come.



Who says Earl Schultz's 5x5 New Mexico Elk won't be pictured in any magazines?! Texas Bowhunters' Journal is proud to display this fine trophy!

Bowhunting Only Day Leases

By Dennis Mulder

Are bowhunting day leases becoming a thing of the past, or will they become the only way for the average working man to be able to afford to hunt? What does the average bowhunter expect on a day lease? Does the hunter know all the work involved in running a bow-only day lease?

These are some questions that are hard to answer by anyone! But I do have some comments on these topics which may be of interest to you and may help you understand what is done and what can be expected at a bow-only day lease!

I am by no means an expert on this topic, but I have worked with some darn good outfitters and have learned a lot from them. Yet, I still have a lot to learn.

One thing I would like to enlighten everyone on is that running a bowhunting lease, verses running a gun lease, is that there is twice as much work in a bowhunting lease than that of the gun lease. Yet, all the bowhunters expect the price to be lower on the bow lease than the gun lease. On the Bow lease, the outfitters and guides are expected to be able to put the hunters within bow range of their quarry, which is twenty yards or less. If the animals are spooked once or twice from the same location then the stand must be relocated to a different site. This means moving several stands, several times a season. Then if someone spooks the animals and doesn't tell the guides, the next hunter is upset with, no, not the previous hunter ,he's upset with the guide or outfitter! While on the other side of the picture, gun hunting leases have only to get within gun range, which is hundreds of yards, and most often

they don't spook animals at that distance. By no means am I saying that there isn't a lot of work running a gun lease.

I had a gentleman ask me this year what our success ratio was on our deer hunts! So I asked him if he would answer a few questions for me before I talked success ratio on our ranch:

- 1) I asked if he had been on a season deer lease lately? Answer - yes last year.
- 2) I asked how many days did he hunt there last deer season? Answer-15 days
- 3) I asked how many deer did he harvest in those 15 days. Answer-two
- 4) I asked did he take them with gun or bow? Answer- gun
- 5) How many stands and feeders did you have and how many people hunted these sites? Answer - two stands and nobody but him hunted them.

So you get the picture, he hunted 15 days in stands that nobody else hunted in and he only harvested two deer and took them with a gun!That's something like thirty times in the woods figuring morning and evening hunts and he was successful two times.That's ruffly 7 percent success rate,would you book a hunt with this success rate ?

You see on a day lease people hunt this area all season so its up to the guides and outfitters to do the best they can to put you on the animals.

What does the average bowhunter expect out of a day lease? Well we all know that when one books a hunt it is with the intention of harvesting one or more animals on their hunt.We all would like to harvest our quarry when we go on a certain hunt, but we all know that's not always the case. You see that's why I guess they call it hunting. Oh I know there are places that have animals under every tree, but their prices will reflect on that also.

I feel before one books a hunt they need to evaluate their self first and foremost. Then decide on what it is that means the most to them. For example, if you book a hunt on a high dollar ranch where you can drive out and almost pick the animal you want

to shoot,and you and your pocket book can both be satisfied with that, then that's where you need to look! If your pocket book can't afford such places and you book a hunt on a ranch that offers a chance on a fair chase hunt. Would you be mad or upset if you didn't harvest an animal. If so, why book where you might end up with an empty ice chest! But on the other hand of this if you love the great outdoors and our great sport of bowhunting and the good times you spend on a hunt with friends and meeting new friends with the good possibility of harvesting an animal,then you're already in for a good hunt and harvesting an animal is just a bonus to your hunt!!I've seen it way to many times when one hunter can ruin the whole trip for everyone just by complaining and whinning.

Most people just don't like to hear another person complaining. For the price one pays on ,most day leases(which is around \$75.00 to \$200.00 per day)this isn't much more than a nights stay at a good motel! Plus you get all the extras like 3-d targets and game storage and guides and tracking services,kitchen previliges and sometimes meals included!What you don't have to worry about are things like stands ,feeders, feed ,fences ,preaditors,pochers and so on.

So, before you book your next hunt on a day lease evaluate the ranch and then evaluate yourself and come to an agreement with yourself on what you want.If you just have to harvest something or,you won't be happy, then save your money and book on one of the guaranteed hunts.If you're going for the hunt and good times then pick your friends and book a ranch that offers you a chance at your animal,and you will always have a good time! The taking of the animal will be just an extra bonus to your great times!

In closing I want everyone to enjoy our great sport of bowhunting and for everyone to know that good times with friends and family will out wiegh any trophy on the wall ! To have good times with friends and family plus harvest a fine animal can't be beat!

Product Review: The Gametamer

By Michael Middleton

In my six short years of bowhunting, I have hunted from, and own a variety of stands and blinds, including tripod stands, ladder stands, chain on stands, ground blinds and climbers. Each of these different types of stands are positioned throughout my hunting area, and I try to rotate between each of the stands so as not to burn out a particular area. But try as I may, it seems that I find myself returning to one stand location more than any other. And I've determined that it's as much the stand that I'm hunting from as much as the stand's location!

Several years ago, while attending the Texas Trophy Hunters Association's Bowhunter's Extravaganza in Conroe, TX, I met a gentleman named Joe Dunn, who manufactures a tree stand called the Gametamer. It was the most unique tree stand I had ever seen, and I had to have one!

The Gametamer is a chain-on type stand that will adjust to fit the lean of any tree. A plastic boat-style seat attaches to your choice of either a 24" or 36" base via an 18" steel rod. The position of the chair, at the center of the base, provides enough clearance from the tree to allow a full 360 degree rotation. The chair base, steel rod and platform are machined such that there is no play in the connection to make noise, and yet the chair swivels quietly and smoothly. It requires only light pressure to turn the chair and, unlike many swivel-type seats, does not spin so freely so as to turn unexpectedly. The back of the chair is reinforced to prevent bending while leaning back, and is comfortable enough to hunt from all day without creating discomfort.

The stand uses a two part system to attach to the tree. The stand slips easily onto a t-screw that is screwed into the tree, and then secured with a chain that can easily be tightened to the tree using a large wing-nut. The combination of the seat, the large platform and the tree attachment system provide an unmatched sense of safety and comfort for the hunter, which is important in allowing total concentration on hunting, rather than focusing on whether the stand is safe.

Although the Gametamer can be moved or repositioned relatively easy, it is a bit too bulky, especially with the removable chair, to be considered a highly portable stand. It's certainly not the stand I would choose to pack several miles into the mountains. However, I wouldn't hesitate to set the stand over a "hot spot" for a weekend hunt and remove it afterwards.

If you're in the market for a new stand that is safe, comfortable and quiet, take a look at the Gametamer. You'll be glad you did.

Texas Bowhunters Journal Classifieds

Martin Cougar Compound Bow
– brand new in box, red/white/blue magnesium riser, 55-70#, 26-32" draw, complete with all modules - \$150 Txbow@dialaccess.com

ACC Hyperspeed Arrows – 11 arrows, 28.5", excellent condition - \$95 (retail for >\$150)
See photo!
Txbow@dialaccess.com

Montana Elk Hunt – Fully guided hunt, 2 hunters/guide. Need another hunter to join me on this exciting adventure. Call Glenn Lemke @ (281) 324-2930 or email glemke@swbell.net

Pearson Spoiler II Compound Bow – Excellent shooting bow, 29-31" draw adjustment, 55-70#, energy wheels, very quiet. - \$200
Mmiddleton@dialaccess.com

Sell your hunting stuff here!
Free classified ads. Send email to txbow@dialaccess.com

1996 Chevy Silverado Extended Cab Pickup – Fully loaded, leather seats, CD Player, spray-in bedliner (Rhino), 3rd Door, Light Autmunwood. Excellent condition.-
mmiddleton@dialaccess.com



The Last Shot

By J.P.Davidsson

I thought I might use this month's column to reminisce a little and immortalize a friend of mine and etch the story surrounding his first official bow kill in the bow hunting history books. Rarely does anyone get the privilege of witnessing a harvest of such huge proportion. Imagine experiencing a bow kill that writes it's own entry into the archery record books. The legality issue is still being discussed today regarding this being an out of season entry. The story you are about to read is 100 percent true and only the names have been slightly altered to avoid ego over-inflation or possible arrest. When a 4000-pound beast goes down by the power of a single, perfectly placed broadhead, the truth must prevail to preserve the integrity of the witnesses and all parties involved.

Let me paint a mid-morning scene on the day prior to the opening day of archery season, seven Septembers ago. It was already hot and sticky outside when the four of us awoke in the hotel room that morning. The night had been restless for the future record-setter, and myself because this was the first time to hunt on our very first lease. Our two other friends were fairly seasoned bow hunters, but we were as green as green horns could be. I had one bow kill to my name but this was to be Jim's first official hunt. The little hill country hotel was laid out in the shape of an H and had a total of 15 rooms divided into 3 blocks of

five. It was situated just to the left of a small shopping center and the view from our back window was the back of that building. Much to our surprise, the place was deserted except for the owners who were always holed up in their office. What a perfect opportunity to fling some arrows and do some last minute tuning before the big day.

The back of the shopping center was about 150 yards long and the shooting lane was an ample 20 yards or so wide. We set out a foam target 20 yards down range and began practicing. We shot quite a few arrows that morning and Jim's bow in particular was shooting exceptionally well; taking large chunks out of the target with each shot. Jim is a big, 250-pound guy that shoots a big, heavy-poundage bow with arrows like Lincoln logs and BIG, 170-grain broadheads. We were having an absolute blast, B.S.ing about who would see the first deer, arguing about who had the best stand and just all the things you talk about to get pumped up for the first hunt of the year. Little did we know that in just seconds we were about to become part of bow hunting history.

Jim stepped up to take his turn and let another one of his monster broadheads fly. He shot, the arrow sliced through the foam like a hot knife through butter and blew completely through the target. At that split second, a huge 4000-pound air conditioning unit jumped out from behind some brush and darted directly into the path of big Jim's speeding arrow. The mighty arrow blew through the outer shroud and all the cooling fins. Then the mammoth broadhead came to rest at

dead center in the 10 ring of the unit's compressor. I had never seen a two-ton critter come out of nowhere like that.

All at once the beast moaned and hissed and began spewing out a 40-foot high blood trail of freon towards the sky. The creature uttered one final moan and then it was over. Never before had four people moved so fast and efficiently. Every piece of equipment (and evidence) vanished within sixty seconds flat. The arrow was lodged pretty well, but Jim and his adrenaline had no problem removing it. Once back inside the hotel room, Jim was panicking and the rest of us were in tears from uncontrollable laughter. We observed the scene from behind the curtains for the next hour or so. Finally a few very sweaty insurance agency employees came outside to investigate the cause of the sudden rise of temperature in their office. The repairman showed up about an hour later and had a very puzzled look on his face. I guarantee he had never seen a problem like this one before. To this day, Jim's record still stands and he never was arrested. Anyone with a bow kill of this magnitude should be recognized, even if it was taken a day before A/C season officially opened.



LSBA's 25th Anniversary 1999 3D Shoot Schedule

Social and Benefit Shoots

2nd Annual Bowhunter Classic

February 13, 1999 (Club shoot format) February 14, 1999 @ 10:00 AM (Classic and Barbecue)
Arrowhead Archery (Cleveland, TX) Contact: Mike Clark - (281) 592-8500

St. Judes Children's Hospital Benefit Shoot

June 12 & 13, 1999 California Start from 9:00 AM - 2:00 PM
Just Archery (Jasper, TX) Contact: Mickey Schillings - (409) 384-9701

Regionals

February 28, 1999 @ 10:00 AM - Crossroads Archery Club (Victoria, TX)
Contact: K.C. Jones (512) 573-6303

March 21, 1999 @ 10:00 AM - Rusk County Archery (Henderson, TX)
Contact: Matt Moore (903) 822-3625

May 2, 1999 @ 10:00 AM - Canyon Lake Archery Club (New Braunfels, TX)
Contact: Mike Rust (830) 629-1160

May 23, 1999 @ 9:00 AM - Heart of Texas Bowhunters (Springtown, TX)
Contact: Denzil Jones (817) 220-2432

June 20, 1999 @ 9:00 AM - Buffalo Field Archery Club (Houston, TX)
Contact: Vance Meischen (281) 890-3787

July 11, 1999 @ 9:00 AM - Fredericksburg Archery Club (Fredericksburg, TX)
Contact: Stanley Klaerner (830) 997-2261

July 25, 1999 @ 9:00 AM - Nacogdoches Bowhunters Association (Nacogdoches, TX)
Contact: Coby Carter (409) 569-7210

LSBA State Shoot

August 7, 1999 (Saturday) @ 9:00 AM and August 8, 1999 (Sunday) @ 9:00 AM
Panola County Bowhunters (Carthage, TX)
Contact: Rodney Williams (903) 693-3382

All the Regionals and State shoots will be a shotgun start. For any information pertaining to 3D Tournaments around the State or in your area, please contact our Tournament Director - **Joey Simone** at (281) 498-5769

Bowhunter's Album



Dennis Mulder submitted this photo of a fine 4x5 Bull Elk, killed with a Pearson Spoiler and 2213 Easton arrows tipped with Satellite Mag 125 Broadheads. The 42 yard shot yielded a complete pass-through, through the heart. The elk travelled 100 yards.



Keith Latimer with his P&Y Whitetail taken from Four Arrows Outfitters. The 10 pointer scored 135 5/8 net P&Y. See story, "Day Lease Double", on page 7.



Kevin Johnson is all smiles about this fine buck taken from his lease in Refugio, with a Hoyt Bow. Nice job, Kevin!

Casey Morris proudly displays his first bow-kill deer, taken in Hamilton County with a Hoyt



Denny Mulder with his first hog with traditional equipment. Looks like Dad (Dennis) taught him well!



Dennis Mulder with Javelina taken with Palmer Recurve.