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Texas Bowhunters' Journal  
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# TEXAS BOWHUNTERS' JOURNAL

## A Texas Sized Welcome

*Michael Middleton*

Welcome to the premier edition of *your* newsletter! Texas Bowhunters' Journal is a publication that is designed to be written for and by its subscribers! I am not a professional writer or publisher. I am, like you I suspect, simply a bowhunter that enjoys reading the adventures and stories of other bowhunters, especially Texas bowhunters!

If you've ever wanted to share the accounts of your hunt - whether your first rabbit or a Pope and Young whitetail - a hot new tip, a fictional adventure or your favorite wild-game recipe, this is your forum!

My challenge to you is to help me complete each issue of this newsletter. The frequency of the newsletter is dependent on your response. Without

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## Don't Miss Out!

*Dennis Mulder*

We all can't wait for the beginning of deer season and the excitement of getting a chance to go after that whitetail buck of our dreams! But if you're just sitting around the house waiting for deer season to start, then you're missing out on a lot of fun and good times!

Here in Texas we have about every kind of exotic animal you can think of, not counting the wild hogs that can be found in almost every county of the

state. Exotics and hogs can be found free ranging and on private ranches. The hunts for these animals can range from about seventy five dollars a day to the first class style hunts that costs thousands of dollars and more. It's what ever your pocket book can afford to spend on these hunts.

There is fun to be had for all. We like to get a few friends together and spend a couple of days hog hunting. These hunts are real reasonable and always produce good times! Just getting away from the everyday hustle and bustle of work is worth the trip. But sitting around a campfire relaxing with your friends is a wonderful way to spend an evening.



**Author with his first longbow kill**

With the heat being like it's been this summer, and the animals not wanting to play fair, we decided that we would have to do a little moonlighting. No, I'm not talking about another job after hours! I'm talking hunting hogs by the light of the moon. Being as hot as it's been the hogs wouldn't move until after dark when things started to cool down.

I told my friend, Bryan Keeling, that we needed to do some moonlighting. He wasn't too sure that this would work, but was very willing to try. First we waited till dark and then got on the four-wheeler and sprinkled corn down the ranch roads for about two miles. Then

we waited for the moon to get high enough to give us good shooting light. We would stalk with the wind in our face for about twenty-five yards then stop and listen. Then we would repeat that until we would hear or see the hogs eating the corn in the road.

It was on our second stop that we heard him munching on the corn. We hadn't gone fifty or sixty yards from the four-wheeler and we were already into hogs! We eased up into the shadow of a large cedar tree and began our wait. It took the big black boar about twenty minutes to feed into our spot were we decided to take the shot. (about 13 yards) I can't explain the excitement I felt standing on the ground with this boar getting closer and closer with each step. The rush was unbelievable, nothing between us and this wild boar but our shaking bows and arrows! I could hear Bryan's breathing getting a little erratic and I knew that something was going to happen real soon! When the hog finally got to our shooting spot, we both drew and shot at about the same time. The hog turned and ran into the fence and then on down the road and out of site. Thank goodness! Wow, what a rush! A few seconds later we heard him crash and fall, not seventy-five yards from us, right in the middle of the road. How about that? No tracking tonight!

Well, to say the least, we high-fived each other and told each other about the rush we got as that boar got closer and closer to us. It was definitely a great time! Wouldn't have missed it for the world.

So, you see, if you're staying at home, you're missing out on a lot of fun and good times. Try hunting some exotics, or the wild hogs of Texas. You'll like it. Guaranteed good times!

May your arrows Fly True! **TBJ**

**Editor's note – Dennis Mulder is a guide for the Bugscuffle Ranch in Vanderpool, TX.. He has also written articles for the Traditional Bowhunters of Texas newsletter.**

## CAMPHOUSE FIXIN'S

### Island Delight

- 1 1/2 Cups chopped green onion
- 5 cloves garlic, minced
- 1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
- 1/4 tsp. Ground ginger
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 3/4 cup soy sauce
- 1 cup dry sherry
- 3 lbs venison steak, boned and cut into strips
- 2 lbs uncooked white rice
- 1 1/2 lbs broccoli, cut in flowerets
- 1 red or orange bell pepper
- 1 lb carrots
- 1/2 lb fresh mushrooms, sliced
- 3/4 cup vegetable oil

Combine onion, garlic, brown sugar, ginger, cornstarch, water, soy sauce and sherry. Add venison strips and chill, covered, for 2 hours. Prepare rice according to package directions, cooking while preparing meat with vegetables. Remove meat from marinade, reserving 1 cup liquid. Stir fry meat strips and vegetables in large wok or skillet over high heat, cooking until meat is done and vegetables are tender. Add reserve marinade and heat thoroughly. Serve over rice.

Note: This will serve 10. Reduce recipe accordingly for fewer servings.

## Good Friends, Good Dogs and a Great Buck!

BY GLENN LEMKE,

Wednesday morning, the 27th of December, 1995, dawned as the mornings of hunting seasons in South Texas have done for so many previous years, always with that excitement and anticipation of not only seeing a record buck, but the actual possibility of harvesting one for the book. Little was I to know that both of these things would come true by the end of that day.

I have been privileged to have the good luck of being able to hunt an exceptional piece of real estate near the small town of Batesville, in Zavala county. My good friend and hunting partner, Ray Branch, is the owner of the

AR Branch Ranch, and has allowed a few trophy class bucks to be taken each year. The ranch has not been professionally managed, but has never been hunted commercially. Numerous surveys, both on the ground and by air, have shown a high concentration of bucks with a number of 130-140 class deer and several that will push the B&C limit.

In 1994, Ray harvested a twelve point that scored 163, and another friend, Ronnie Klouch, took a unique ten pointer that grossed 148. Both were gun kills. That same year I left the ranch with a bow killed spike, but with plans already made for the '95 season.

I have been seriously bowhunting for the last ten years and have taken a number of deer during that time. Most of my hunting was done in the Hill Country and East Texas, and very little thought had been given to taking a record buck. It was not until I had the

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## Important October Dates

**Saturday, October 3**  
**Statewide**  
**Opening Day Archery Season**

The traditional opener for Texas Whitetail Bowhunters! Don't miss it!

**Friday, October 2**  
**Register to Vote!**

**If you are not currently registered to vote, be sure to register before the weekend for the November elections!**

**Friday, October 23**  
**Deadline for November Newsletter Submissions**

Send your October success stories, articles or pictures by October 23 for November's Journal.

**November**  
**Your Upcoming Event**

Send me your upcoming shoot, group hunt, happy hour or event date and post it in next month's journal. Send all entries to [txbow@dialaccess.com](mailto:txbow@dialaccess.com).

### Welcome *Continued from page 1*

subscribers, there's no reason to publish this newsletter. In addition, without YOUR submissions, there is no newsletter to publish!

My goal is to publish the newsletter monthly, on or around the beginning of each month. The newsletter is a FREE publication. Because of this, it will only be sent to subscribers, at lease initially, via e-mail. If you would like to be added to the subscription list, simply e-mail your request to Texas Bowhunters' Journal at [txbow@dialaccess.com](mailto:txbow@dialaccess.com). You will automatically be added to the

subscription list for current and future issues.

Just as important as your subscription to the newsletter is material to publish. If you have a story and/or pictures of a successful bowhunt, send them in! Anything you think other bowhunters would find of interest are also welcome. Creative stories, techniques and tips, how-to columns, recipes, human interest stories, songs, you name it. The list goes on and on. Get your creative juices flowing and send them in to [txbow@dialaccess.com](mailto:txbow@dialaccess.com).

I am excited about this first issue of Texas Bowhunters' Journal and can't wait to get started on the second! Until then, good hunting! **TBJ**

## The Glory of Teaching

*By Dennis Mulder*

You may have read some of my articles in the past, and I hope you have enjoyed reading them as much as I do writing them. But this article is for all you bowhunters out there that have taken the time to help our young ones get into our great sport of bowhunting and traditional archery.

We try to teach our youth the fundamentals of traditional archery and, most importantly, what it takes to be a good sportsman. We teach them to respect what God has blessed us with and, in our own way, to be an ethical bowhunter!

At the beginning of this year, my son got his first bow kill. We were all very proud of this great achievement, and to see him maturing into a fine sportsman. The first of September, we headed back out to the ranch to do final preparation for the opening weekend of season. We worked all day, then grabbed the bows and headed out to try and get a pig to

cook on the pit during opening weekend for our hunters.

I have tried really hard to teach my children good ethics of bowhunting, along with safety and respect for what God has given us. As a parent we hope that some of our guidance will stay with them so they may use it and pass it along some day. I can't explain the thrill I got when my daughter and son got their first bow kills! There is no feeling like it, to be there with them at such a moment. It's a time I'll never forget and will cherish forever.

But this weekend the pride in me was too much to keep to myself. After working all day, we grabbed our bows and headed out to our stands. We put Denny, my son, in a stand overlooking a feeder and wished him luck. We left him and went on to see if I could whack one for the pit! As luck would have it, I was stalking along a rock cliff and a nice, pit sized boar came my way. As I released the string, I knew we had pig for the pit. The hit was a little high but cut the big artery and he was down in thirty-five yards. So I went back to the truck and waited for dark before I went to pick up Denny.

When I got to him, he was all smiles. Seeing the smile I figured we had some tracking to do. When I ask him what he shot he told me "nothing!" Denny went on to tell me he seen hogs and had them at less then twelve yards. But then he told me this, "Dad they were right there in front of me but they never gave me a broadside shot so I didn't shoot." Wow! That may not be a big deal to a lot of you, but it sent cold chills up my spine! To think he passed up an animal because he didn't like the shot it presented! I've seen many hunters who would of taken that shot anyway! Well, at that moment I new I had a bowhunter for a son!

To teach our youth is one thing, but to see our teachings being used in the field is the greatest! Remember, the youth are the future of our sport, so give them the guidance they need and want.

May Your Arrows Fly True. **TBJ**

# AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

*This is the first in a series of stories about life in a hunting camp. The stories are an embellishment, and the characters are fictional, no matter how closely they may appear to resemble actual people. . . honest!*

## *The Boys . . .*

*By Michael Middleton*

A large part of the hunting experience is that it gives us a chance to pull up a stump around the campfire, toss on another log, reach in the cooler for a cold beverage of choice and see who can tell the biggest whopper of a story.

My campfire is much like yours or anybody else's, I suspect. Good friends, long stories, late nights and big lies! The names may change but the characters are more or less the same. Each year the same stories are told. Isn't it funny how it changes ever-so-slightly? The deer's rack gets bigger each year. The shot gets longer. The fall is farther and harder. But the laughs are still there, too, bigger than the year before.

We all gather at the camp, located about three hours' drive south and west of San Antonio, the Friday before opening day. Well most of us anyway. You see, Edward is a high-school principal, and as such is responsible for the "away games" on Friday nights. His small, class 3A school is about 60 miles east of Houston, but it never fails that the opening weekend "away game" is just west of the Louisiana border! You gotta love football in Texas! We'll have a pot of coffee ready for him when he rolls in tomorrow morning, just shy of opening daylight! We all pitched in and bought him a safety harness this year, so he'll feel more comfortable dozing off

in his treestand! Well, all except Lloyd. More on that later!

Jeffrey always arrives at camp first. By the time the rest of us get there, he already has his camp ready, and then prepares everybody else's sites. The mesquite is cut into fire-sized pieces, ready to throw on the fire when the sun goes down. He'll have dinner ready, too. Some concoction of rabbit, dove (from the Labor Day scouting trip!), javelina and some other "secret" ingredients all stirred together in a stew with fresh garden peppers, beans and vegetables. Lloyd, whom we affectionately call "Fresh Squeezed" (again, more on that later) always brings his own fixin's. Lloyd is the paranoid type. He's convinced that Jeffrey's "secret" ingredient is comprised of "the catch of the day" collected from the rodent traps that we set on Labor Day. Jeffrey always has them cleaned up before the rest of us get there, and we have never figured out what he really does with them.

Allen and Benji were the next to arrive at camp. Allan and Benji are brothers, and by the time they got to camp, we had to allow them some time to cool off. We know now not to let either of them take their weapons from the back of the pickup. That four-and-a-half hour drive down I-35 can take a toll on a couple of brothers that are 9 years apart in age!

Allen is the older of the two. He's mostly a gun hunter, but likes to come up during bow season to attempt hunting with a bow. He's what I call a fifth year rookie bowhunter. He's brought his bow for the last five years, but he has to re-learn how to shoot it a couple of days before each season. As a matter of fact, it takes him a week to figure out which storage facility he put it in after opening day last season! We give him grief over it, but truth be told we aren't at all concerned with him. He'll sleep in tomorrow morning, and by the time he gets around to eating his bacon, finds his mildewed camo shirt and pants it'll be 10:30. And if you've ever hunted South Texas in October, you know that by 10:30 it's time to find the nearest deep-water horse trough to

## Venison Picatta

By Debbie Davidsson

*This recipe has been a favorite in our household for years. While most people grill their backstraps, this is something different that will have them fighting for the last piece!*

### Ingredients

1 ¼ pounds of deer, elk, or antelope backstrap  
2 cups of milk, divided  
½ cup of flour  
½ teaspoon of salt  
½ teaspoon of pepper  
¼ cup of butter or margarine  
¾ cup of dry white wine  
2 to 3 tablespoons of fresh lemon juice  
¼ cup of parsley (fresh, if possible)  
2 tablespoons of capers, drained

Slice the backstraps across the grain into thin slices, about 1/3 inch thick.

\*If the meat is partially frozen it will be easier to slice.

Put 1 cup of milk in a glass baking dish and add the venison. Cover with plastic wrap & soak in the refrigerator for 3 hours. Drain off milk and add the 2<sup>nd</sup> cup. Let stand at room temperature for 1 more hour. Drain off milk again. Pat venison slices semi-dry with paper towels.

In a large ziplock baggie, mix flour, salt & pepper. Add the venison slices & close baggie. Turn & shake the baggie until the meat is well coated. In a large skillet, melt butter over medium-high heat. Add venison slices & lightly brown on both sides. \*Remember; venison is best when cooked to medium rare, DO NOT OVERCOOK!

Add the wine & cook for 1 minute. Transfer venison to a heated platter. Quickly add the lemon juice, parsley & capers into the skillet. Reduce to medium heat. Stirring constantly, scrape bottom and sides of the skillet and cook for 2 minutes. Cover the venison with this sauce.

Serve with white or wild rice and your favorite vegetable. This makes 3 to 4 servings.

jump into to cool off! He'll ride off on his Polaris 4 wheeler to see what he can "scare up." What would he do if Texas regulations didn't allow hunting from a vehicle!? He'll be the first one in line for lunch at high-noon!

Benji doesn't bowhunt yet. He likes to come along for the ride. I guess he just doesn't have the time for it between the Nintendo 64 and time he spends skating the 'Net on his 400 mega, uh, watt, Pentup III, 6.2 gigaflex laptop computer. He's a pretty smart fella on those things. The thing I haven't figured out yet is how he can do all that without phone lines! "That's why they call it 'roughing it,'" he says!

Benji and Allan's oldest brother, Eugene, may or may not show up. He'll probably be here, provided he doesn't forget. I called yesterday to remind him, but a lot of time has passed since then! Eugene is an excellent woodsman. Probably the best of the entire group. He can pattern a buck such that you'd think he brought it from home, and track an animal better than Buffalo Bill. He is probably the best natural shooter of the bunch, too. He could put his PSE away at the end of the season, pull it out the night before the new season, fire a couple of shots and bust the knocks, ready for the morning hunt. The problem is, that's exactly how he does it. Skill-wise, he's the only guy I know that could get away with that strategy. What he often fails to realize, though, is that his equipment is often less reliable than his shooting ability. Last season, it cost him the entire opening weekend. He picked me up after work on Friday afternoon and headed out to the lease. Because we got off to such a late start, it was well after midnight before we arrived. While I unloaded our gear and set up camp, Eugene pulled out his bow to sight it in for the next morning's hunt! After a couple of uncharacteristic misfires, he discovered that his rest had broken sometime between this season and last! A trip to the nearest Wal-Mart, some 45 miles away, failed to yield a new rest so Eugene had to chalk this one up to an in-season scouting trip.

Seems like he'd learn, but as of yesterday when I talked to him, he had been "too busy to shoot much." Eugene drives a tractor-trailer rig, an eighteen wheel, Peterbuilt truck and belly dump trailer combination. Because of the tropical storms in recent weeks, he hasn't been able to work for over two weeks. But he's been too busy to shoot much. Go figure. He's sometimes a little absent-minded. There's even odds around the campfire on whether or not he pulls up to the camp in his rig!

With a belly full of Jeffrey's mystery stew, I make a few final notes in my journal by the flickering light of the fire. Allan takes a final swig from his Bud Light, tosses the can on the fire and reaches in the cooler he is using for a chair to grab another. Jeffrey turned in early, as usual so he'd be ready for the hunt. I pick up a tiny bone from my bowl to use as a toothpick - come to think of it, this bone is much too small to be from a rabbit, or a dove, for that matter. . .but anyway, the camp is quiet except for the occasional crackle of the fire, and the steady, rhythmic sounds of Benji's fingers massaging his keyboard, his eyes straining in the dimness. Lloyd is sitting in his chair, finishing off his second balogna sandwich, eyes fixed on the burning embers of the fire as though he expected them to hop up and dance. Edward and Eugene still are not here, and come to think of it, neither is that new guy, Cain Deass. Cain is new to our group. He's the only one of the bunch that shoots a longbow, and is convinced that the rest of us are "panzies" with our training wheels on our bows that "sound like I'm slammin' the doors on my Sebmdy-seb'm Ford!" In Cain's estimation, there are different levels of panzies. I'm the most tolerable of the bunch because my Hoyt Bow with energy wheels has a 65% letoff. Edward, on the other hand, is nothing but a "speed freak", with his 80% letoff Buckmaster. He doesn't even know about his newest purchase, a brand new, one-cam Pearson King Cobra, also with 80% letoff, but about 20 fps faster than the Buckmaster, which shoots a modest 280! Add to that his carbon Goldtip arrows with expandable Gladiator broadheads, fiber-optic sights and a

backpack full of "useless gadgets," and it becomes quickly obvious that Cain Deass and Edward are at opposite ends of the traditional vs. technology spectrum! Of course, Edward is the only one of us that can proudly display a Pope and Young qualifying buck on his wall. All arguments seem to end with that not-so-subtle reminder!

AAAARRRGGGHHHH! What the. . .? My thoughts are suddenly interrupted by Benji's muffled screams and the sound of his laptop hitting the ground below his feet. I stumble out of my chair to find a camo-clad Cain Deass with his self-made 9 inch skinning knife at Benji's throat. "You pansies call yourselves hunters!?" he exclaimed as he sheathed his weapon in his scabbard at his side. "I've been watching you boys for two hours, stalking you like a bunch of Tennessee pigs!"

"What'd ya do with your truck?" I asked, remembering that his truck with Glass-packs sounded like a gang of Harley's. "I parked it down at the Oasis so I could sneak up on you buncha pigs!" "Well I sure hope you enjoy the six-mile walk back, 'cause ain't nobody here going to drag your arse back down there to get it," shouted a still shaken Benji. "Not after that (expletive deleted) you pulled!" he snapped, as he bent down to inspect his laptop. "City folk. . .," Cain mumbled as he turned to walk down the road toward the Oasis.

When Cain finally returned with his '77 Ford rumbling through the gate, Benji headed off to bed before further conflict could arise. Cain joined Allan and me around the fire for one or two more Buds. "Mike!," called Cain, in a soft whisper. "Yeah," I responded. "Why do they call Lloyd "Fresh Squeezed?"" he asked. "Well, I reckon you'll have to ask him that yourself," I responded slyly, with a glancing eye at a snickering Allan. "There's not enough mesquite left in this campfire to tell the whole story. Maybe next trip. And besides, I think I hear the familiar roar of a diesel engine coming over the hill! Pay up, Allan!" **TBJ**

**Good Buck** *Continued from page 2*

privilege to hunt the Batesville property that I started to dream of that possibility.

Late during the '95 bow season, another bowhunting enthusiast and friend, Delton Weise of Wallis, Texas, had decided to hunt an area that had been a good producer of does for me during past seasons. A tree stand was in place, overlooking an old pond site and one of the ranch roads. Both of these areas were prime traveling and feeding areas. On this particular afternoon, Delton chose to hunt on the ground, opting for a location that overlooked the road. The area he picked was behind the forks of a large mesquite tree, which afforded both good concealment and an excellent ambush site for any animal walking the road in front of him. He returned to camp that night and related how he had watched one of the largest bucks he had ever seen in all of his hunting years.

The heavy antlered eleven pointer had been within twenty yards for a good five minutes and Delton had ample time to evaluate him. He estimated him to be easily in the 140-150 class. An easy shot, but Delton had decided to simply watch instead of draw; the hunting Gods were on my side that afternoon. Although I hunted the ranch several more times during November and early December, I never hunted that particular location again. It would not be until the Christmas holidays that I would get another opportunity.

On Christmas afternoon I left Center, Texas for the ranch with high expectations for the upcoming week of hunting. The first morning was spent shooting a number of 120-plus bucks and an assortment of does with my camera. Later that afternoon I set up a tripod in an area that a nice buck with drop tines had been photographed weeks before. Several good cull bucks were also using the area and I had a high degree of confidence for the afternoon hunt. A strong wind shift later in the day totally ruined any chance of hunting the area. All I could do was to relocate the stand and get ready for the next morning.

Back in camp that night, our conversations centered on what had been seen and where to hunt the next day. Ray reminded me of the buck that had been seen by Delton and urged me to hunt there. I told him that I would hunt there before the week was over, but that I had good feelings about my present location.

A foggy, windless morning greeted me that Wednesday, and the only deer I saw were shapes as they drifted in and out of the haze. I returned to camp discouraged with the morning hunt, and decided to take out my frustrations on a mess of huevos rancheros. As we were eating, Mark Branch, Ray's son, related that earlier in the morning they had heard bucks fighting just beyond the hill from camp. Around 11:30 I decided to walk to the area from where the commotion had come. I took only my binoculars and rattling horns.... big mistake! I set up in a tripod that overlooked a large mesquite flat. I had rattled for less than five minutes when several nice bucks appeared from the upper end of the flat. They slowly moved in my direction, searching for the source of the ruckus. I continued to gently work the horns together trying to entice them to come a little closer. Suddenly, their attention became fixed on the lower end of the mesquite flat. An extremely large buck had crossed from the adjoining lease and was steadily moving in my direction.

He moved to within 75 yards of my tripod trying to discover what, or who, was making all the noise. I estimated the buck to easily be in the 160-170 class. He sported a perfect twelve points, with ten inch brow tines and G2's of not less than 15 inches. He was at least 3-4 inches outside his ears and was massive. He was one of those bucks we dream about, and all I could do was sit, shake, cuss, and shake some more as he walked off. I returned to camp, shaken, excited and ready to hunt the pond site monster buck. I had set up my portable tree stand in the same large mesquite that Delton had used earlier. My stand afforded only one shooting lane, but allowed me to watch a lot of

country. The road in front would be my target area and I had corned the area with hopes that it would slow down or stop deer moving through the area. A fence ran along the road to my right and there were numerous trails, crossings, and several scrapes within fifty yards of my stand, all along the fence. One particular trail came from the old pond site at my back and lead directly under my stand and then down the fence line.

I climbed into my stand shortly after midday. For nearly two hours, the wait was fruitless and produced only a few rabbits and numerous local bird-life. I caught myself dozing a number of times before the first deer began to materialize. Five bucks and several does had come to the road to feed. All of the bucks were small, typical six and eight pointers with 13-15 inch spreads. They continued to feed in my direction for the next thirty, or so, minutes. This group was joined by two more bucks, one of which was a fairly large spike. Long horn spikes have been considered cull bucks on this ranch and I prepared to take this deer if he moved within range. While watching this group, I heard several deer moving behind me, and another buck sparring with some of the brush in the pond area. I had lost focus of the big buck that had been seen earlier and was now concentrating on the single spike that was getting closer. The deer on the road had moved closer and the noise behind me had grown louder. I turned in my stand to see a young five pointer with a twelve-inch basket rack starting to move toward the trail that went under my tree. He was extremely nervous and was constantly looking over his back. I could not see what he was looking at, but presumed that it was the deer that I had heard racking brush. The five pointer suddenly trotted up the trail and crossed over toward the fence. He moved up and down the fence row, looking for a spot to cross.

Upon finding a crossover, he quickly moved into the road and confronted the other deer that, by now, were about forty yards from me. A strange occurrence then took place; the smaller five point suddenly grunted and, with

head down gestures, forced the much larger bucks to back off and move back down the road. The five pointer then resumed feeding and no longer seemed to be in his nervous state. This lasted a few minutes when suddenly he, along with all of the other deer, became very alert and began to watch the area behind me. I could not see, but could hear a deer moving behind me on the trail. I slowly turned to see a tremendous buck slowly moving along the trail toward the fence. I knew immediately this was the buck I had been waiting for. He was a typical ten point with extremely heavy horns, which kept their mass from the bases to the tips. He had a small crab-claw point on the left main beam and I rough scored him at 140+. I quickly decided I would attempt to take this deer, but I now needed him to cross the fence and come my way. He quickly jumped the fence and began eating. As soon as this buck entered the road the smaller five pointer moved toward him and it appeared they were the best of buddies. It is my speculation that the smaller deer had been serving as a lookout for the older buck. Both bucks then began the ever so slow progress of working their way toward my shooting lane. It took what seemed like an eternity for this to happen. For nearly twenty minutes I didn't dare move or breathe with fear of sending this buck into the brush. I was now preparing to make that shot of a lifetime.

I shoot a Ben Pearson Spoiler II that is set at 72 lbs. The Beman carbons are cut to twenty-five inches and tipped with Thunderhead 100's. With the overdraw this setup will put the short arrows out there in the area of 260 fps. I have always been very comfortable shooting this rig, but I had never been faced with such an opportunity. I was, for the second time in one day, a little shaken.

Both bucks were about twenty-five yards away and I waited for what I judged to be the right angle. I drew and released in what seemed to be the same motion. The carbon hit him higher than I had wanted. My first thought was that I had hit him in the upper part of the shoulder, but quickly saw that the arrow had caught him behind the shoulder. I

was surprised that the arrow had not penetrated as far as I thought it should have. I had not been accustomed to the carbons not passing completely through the animal.

The buck immediately headed into the brush; he made several increasing circles and then disappeared into the heavy white-brush about a hundred yards from my stand. My adrenaline was already flowing, but it was not until I lost sight of him that it really started pumping. It could have been heart-attack-city. I waited all of a big, long fifteen minutes before I climbed down to look for blood. I needed to find a blood trail, but could not locate a single spot anywhere near the spot where the hit had occurred. I knew that the buck had crossed an open flat and decided to look there. It had only been thirty minutes, and this was now my second mistake in trailing this wounded animal. I really knew better than to pursue this buck so soon, but felt that I desperately needed to find a blood trail or possibly lose this trophy. As I neared the area that I had last seen him cross, I heard him busting through heavy brush. I came to my senses and realized that I needed to back off and resume the search later.

I returned to camp to discuss the situation with Ray and the others; it was decided that we needed a tracking dog if we were to locate this deer. We had remembered that we had seen an advertisement for a tracker at a local restaurant in Batesville. I called and secured the number of a local rancher, Bodie Davidson. Mr. Davidson was eager to help and said that he would be at the ranch shortly. He arrived with his wife and son; we soon learned that the tracking operation was the responsibility of his son Racie. Racie Davidson, who is all of ten years old, had raised and trained the two dogs that had been brought along for the task. We were a little skeptical, but Racie soon proved that he indeed was the expert in this game. He taught some older folks a thing or two that night.

We went immediately to the spot where I had shot the deer, and within a few

minutes, Racie, armed with a small, two-cell flashlight had found blood. He set his lead dog loose and the search was on. After an hour and a half of circling in the dark and looking at hundreds of tracks, with no visible blood sign, we were about ready to give up. Mr. Davidson stated that Racie would find this deer even if it took all night. He related that on several occasions he had spent all night on ranches alone tracking deer with this particular dog. I still had my doubts.

We had covered what I had estimated to be about three-quarters of a mile and spent close to three hours when we heard the dog head out on a straight line, something he had not done before. The tingle of his collar bell revived us. In a matter of minutes we heard the dog's yelp, then Racie's yelp, and then we all yelped as we gathered around one super buck.



The arrow was still in place; it had entered between the shoulder blade and the chest. The angle had been bad, but the depth had been good enough to cause severe internal bleeding. If I had not stopped my pursuit when I did and it had not been for Racie Davidson's dog I feel I would have definitely lost the buck.

This fine buck field dressed 124 lbs. and was aged at five and a half. He was rough-scored at the ranch at 139. I later took him to Mr. Randy Reeves, who green scored him at 136 gross and 133 net.

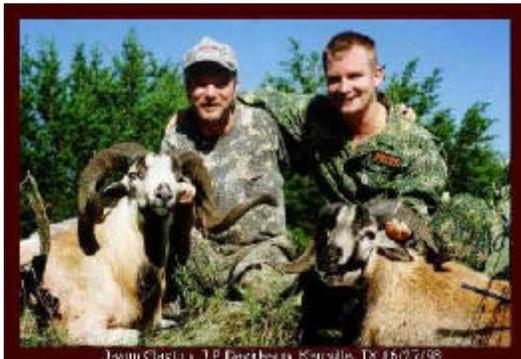
My thoughts of that Wednesday morning had come true thanks to the urgings of a good friend and the working of a good dog. **TBJ**

# The Last Shot

## The Change of Life

By J.P. Davidsson

Opening weekend of bow season.... Ahh, my favorite time of the entire year. The weather has started to cool down a bit and the leaves are changing colors. Everyone seems to be just a little happier at this time of the year than any other. Bowhunters change colors at this time of the year as well. It's as if we open the closet door and change out of one personality suit, then into another and transform into different people. Don't try to deny this, you know this is true.



**J.P. Davidsson (left) and Jason Clayton sport a couple of nice rams, scoring 94 7/8 and 78 1/4, respectively. Both were glassed and stalked. J.P. uses a 28" Jennings Barracuda at 70 lbs., Goldtip arrows with Vortex 100 Broadheads. Jason shoots a 29" Hoyt Enticer at 80lbs., 2317 XX78 arrows with Vortex 125 broadheads. Outfitted by Thompson Temple in Kerrville, TX.**

There has been extensive medical research done concerning this puzzling disorder. The American Journal of Medicine has labeled this disease as chronic and incurable.

Once stricken, the patients seem to get worse and worse after every hunting season. The symptoms are easy to identify and heavily afflicted victims often enter a "trance-like" state for the entire 4 months.

Here are some key indicators that can determine the severity of the affliction:

1. Do people often scare you (more than usual) while you're staring blankly into space?
2. Has all your prime-time television been replaced with watching hunting videos?
3. Do you talk to your bow when no one else is around?
4. Does it have a name?
5. Have you ever retrieved an arrow from your neighbors' yard?
6. Have you ever paid medical bills for any of your neighbors' pets?
7. Have you recently eaten anything you've shot from your backyard?
8. Has your bow been on your kitchen table at any time during the last 3 weeks?
9. Has your bow been in your bedroom at any time in the last 3 weeks?
10. Does your bow have its' own pillow?
11. Do you have any archery-related items in your bathroom?
12. Do you ever get more than 2 hours sleep before opening morning?
13. Do you ever get more than 2 hours sleep a night the week before opening morning?
14. Have you ever come back from hunting, taken a shower, then gone to work?

15. Have you ever been logged on to the Bowsite and awakened with just enough time to shower and get to work?

Many bowhunters cannot recognize these symptoms and go into severe denial. Family and friends must be patient and can only wait. It is often March 1<sup>st</sup> before you return to a normal state of mind. Hopefully the freezer will be full, you're still employed, you are still together with your significant other and your internet service bills are current. Unfortunately, this will only a temporary remission because turkey season is just 45 days away.....

Have a safe and very successful season. **TBJ**

## Stop the Presses!

By Michael Middleton

Sorry, but I've got a late addition from this past weekend's dove hunt that I just have to include in this newsletter!

I had the closest, near-death experience of my life on Saturday!. My dad, Glenn Lemke (a.k.a. Anachoia Mtn. Man), and I made a pre-opening-weekend-of-bow-season dove hunt and feeder fill at his lease just west of Uvalde. On Saturday afternoon Glenn, a good friend of ours, Curtis Wallace and I loaded into Glenn's 1973 Jeep CJ-7 to head down to the front of the lease to find some doves. The Jeep is a two-seater with a 10 foot high-rack. They call it the "Red Goat" because of it's ability to climb the steep, rocky roads that wind through the Anachoia mountains, on which the lease is situated. I climbed into the Jeep's high-rack with my shotgun so that I could blast any doves that we scared

up on the road to the front pond on the lease.

When we began our decent down the steepest part of the mountain road, I sat down in the seat, holding the rail of the high rack in one hand and my Browning BPS shotgun in the other. After we started down, I noticed that we were picking up speed. I braced myself, waiting for Glenn to apply the brakes.

“Hold on, Michael!” I heard Glenn yell as we continued to pick up speed. Was he joking? I quickly realized that he was not. “Hold on, Michael!” he hollered again, as we headed toward a sharp turn, still gaining speed. By now, I had a death-grip on the rail. I realized that we were in serious trouble. As we made the sharp turn to the right, I slammed against the hog-wire on the left side of the high rack.

Do you want to know the first thing that crossed my mind when I realized that the Jeep was out of control? “I’m not going to be able to go hunting next weekend!” Here we are careening out of control down a steep mountain road, with no brakes, and I’m thinking about not being able to go hunting next weekend!

My thoughts quickly turned to more important things, namely holding on. The road now had a bend back to the left, and we were heading toward some large rocks on the right side of the road. “Hold on, Michael!” I

heard over and over as Glenn tried to keep control of the vehicle. Glenn made a sharp turn back to the left and I was now against the right-side railing. I could feel the Jeep tilting, exaggerated by the whipping action in the top of the high-rack. I was resigned to the fact that the Jeep was going to turn over. Even as quickly as things were happening, I never had a sense of panic or fear. My thoughts were clear and rational. “Should I jump out of the high-rack to avoid being slammed down on the rocks by the rack?” I thought to myself. I decided I would hang on and ride it out. I dropped my shotgun to the bottom of the rack’s floor so that I could now hold on to the rail with both hands, ready to jump if need be to clear myself from the over-turning Jeep. We were now heading to the left side of the road, still tilting to the right, toward several large boulders.

“Hold on Michael!” I could feel the Jeep quickly rock back to the left. This was it, I thought, readying myself for the fall. The rack went once again back to the right, and then I could feel it begin to stabilize. We were now at the bottom of the mountain, and as the surface flattened, we rolled slowly to a stop.

“You alright?!”, Glenn yelled, as I reached down to pick up my shotgun. “Yeah, but I lost my gun,” I said. I started climbing out of the rack. “You lost what?,” Glenn responded. “My shotgun fell out,” I said as I began walking back up the mountain, not wanting to think about what had just happened. “Where?,” asked Glenn, I’m sure realizing the answer to his stupid question before he finished answering it. I turned back and looked at Glenn and Curtis, who were following behind me up the mountain.

We walked about halfway back up the road, where I saw my gun sitting beneath one of the large boulders that we somehow missed with the Jeep. I quickly inspected it, admiring the scars on the cherry-wood stock and nicks on the gun’s barrel. As Glenn

and Curtis arrived behind me, we all began chuckling nervously, just now beginning to realize the potential severity of what could have happened.

We all returned to the Jeep, I climbed back up into the rack, and we drove the rest of the couple hundred yards (on flat surface!) to the pond that we were going to hunt for the afternoon. “I need to inspect my gun before I start hunting again,” I thought to myself as we traveled down the road. Even as I was thinking about it, two doves flew in front of the Jeep and I instinctively blasted two shots from the top of the rack (missing the birds, but through no fault of the gun!). “I guess she still shoots,” I heard Curtis say from below.

We piled out of the Jeep at the pond. We grabbed a couple of Nestea iced-teas from the cooler, making jokes about what just transpired and taking inventory of what else we might have lost on our exciting journey, but realizing full-well how lucky we were to have made it down unharmed.

Curtis summed it up best when he said “You can consider every day from here on out a bonus!”

It was not until later that evening that I truly considered just how serious the ordeal could have been. Had the vehicle overturned, the whipping action of the high-rack would have thrown me onto the rocks with ten times the force of an Andre The Giant body slam! I could not wait to get home to hug my lovely bride and my daughter.

With Opening Day coming this Saturday, before you walk out the door, give your wife a kiss, and your kids a big, long hug (or your dog, if you’re not married!). Then when you get in your truck, crank the engine and throw it in gear, put it back in park, get out of the truck, go back in and give them another for good measure! Or better yet, take them along like I’m going to do. Be careful this weekend and have a great hunt! **TBJ**

### *Bowhunting Hot Links*

Try out these links to exciting and informative archery-related sites on the Internet!

- The Bowsite – [www.bowsite.com](http://www.bowsite.com)  
The ultimate bowhunting web page, with articles, chats and interactive conferences!
- The Bowman – [www.bowman.com](http://www.bowman.com)  
Great technical support and advice!
- Bugscuffle – [www.bugscuffle.com](http://www.bugscuffle.com)  
Hunt the Bugscuffle ranch for whitetails, hogs and exotics.
- Place your [www.webpage.com](http://www.webpage.com) here!

# Bowhunters' Album



After 4 ½ years, Bryan Keeling finally bagged this trophy Aoudad Ram from the Bugscuffle Ranch in the Texas Hill Country! The ram measured 30 7/8" on one side and 31 1/8" on the other! Congratulations Bryan!



Denny Mulder proudly displays his Texas Trophy Squirrel, his first animal taken with traditional equipment. You taught him well Dennis!



Michael Middleton with his first-ever whitetail. Taken from a ladder stand in Huffman, TX (Harris County) on October 24, 1997 with Ben Pearson Spoiler II bow, 28" Easton 2213 arrows, tipped with 100 grain Thunderheads.