

The Colorado Bowhunter



A BOWHUNTING ASSOCIATION FOR BOWHUNTERS BY BOWHUNTERS SINCE 1969
vol 28 | issue 3 | www.coloradobowhunting.org

PAUL NAVARRE

A Recurve, A Bull, & 25 Years



INSIDE THE ISSUE

- SASKATCHEWAN BLACK BEAR HUNT
- SURVIVING ALL-DAY PRONGHORN SITS
- HISTORY OF THE CBA (1980-1981)
- HUNTING FOR ADVENTURE IN THE ANDES

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EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Matt Jackson

CBA CHAIRMAN

Kaleb Bell

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Joe Bradley

ASSISTANT EDITOR

Kaleb Bell

ART DIRECTOR

Dustin Etheredge

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Solo Tree Media
Shane G. Gilster
402-742-0125
shanegilster@solotreemedia.com

SUBSCRIBER RESOURCES

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FROM THE EDITOR

WHAT'S HOLDING YOU BACK?

There's a quiet magic to fall in Colorado. The mornings start crisp, your breath a ghost in the air, and somewhere just out of sight, a bull bugles. This is your season. And there's nothing holding you back.

Not the years. Not the storms. Not the worries that weigh heavier than a fully loaded pack. You were made for this.

This fall, be more than just a hunter—be resilient. Be patient. Be courageous. Be present. You won't remember the emails you didn't send or the news you didn't watch. But you'll never forget the first frost on an aspen leaf... or the moment your arrow flew true.

Let the woods teach you again. Move slow. See more. Take only the shot that honors the moment. And when it happens—because it will—be the kind of hunter your granddad would have been proud of.

Leave no trace but boot prints and gratitude. Use every edible part of the animal you harvest. Let your respect show in your clean kill and your full freezer. And if you've got more meat than you need—share it. There's a neighbor who's never tasted wild game. Let them taste what wild freedom truly means.

Let's give a heartfelt thank you to the staff at **Colorado Parks and Wildlife Staff**—those hard-working men and women who protect our wild places, manage our animal populations, and enforce the laws that keep this whole system alive. Because of them, our children—and their children—will get to chase bugles and follow tracks like we do.

This fall, remember: you are more than just a hunter. You are a steward. You are a bridge between this way of life and the world that doesn't yet understand it.

We are the connectors of our heritage with those who may not share it, but can respect it and help us protect it.

We don't need to shout to be heard. We just need to live in a way that earns respect. Share with meat eating non-hunters why you enjoy hunting in Colorado. Don't be afraid to tell them how it affects yourself, your family, and the connections you share with friends in all the positive ways it does.

I hope you all have the very best season of your lifetime and all your dreams come true!

There's nothing holding you back.

Now go. Be in it.

Be all in.

MATT JACKSON • editor@coloradobowhunting.org





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WRITERS

Conrad Dreher	Joe Bradley	Joel Grosshans
Kaleb Bell	Kurt Hovanec	Lane Walter
Matt Jackson	Paul Navarre	Steve Fossil
Tyler Farney		

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Joe Bradley	Joel Grosshans	John Cannon
Kurt Hovanec	Paul Navarre	Steve Fossil

SUBMISSIONS - Matt Jackson • editor@coloradobowhunting.org

DISTRIBUTION - Matt Jackson • editor@coloradobowhunting.org

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The Colorado Bowhunter

OUR MISSION

The Colorado Bowhunters Association proudly accepts the mission:

- to encourage and perpetuate the sport of bowhunting for all legal game;
- to protect, improve and increase the opportunities for hunting with the hand held, hand drawn bow;
- to cooperate with and support federal and state agencies, sportsmen's associations, and conservation organizations, which are insuring the propagation and preservation of game and its habitat;
- to encourage and conduct educational programs designed to acquaint the public and the archer with the safe and ethical use of the bow for hunting and bowhunting as an effective method of hunting legal game;
- to foster unity and perpetuate the spirit of good fellowship among bowhunters; and
- to develop and advocate specific policies that support and help fulfill the Mission.

CBA POLICY STATEMENT

Bowhunting Seasons:

The CBA will promote seasons and season structures that strengthen and enhance the opportunities for bowhunting with the handheld, hand-drawn bow and actively oppose seasons and season structures that diminish or degrade those opportunities without evidence of overriding wildlife management goals.

Legal Bowhunting Equipment:

The CBA will develop and promote bowhunting regulations with thresholds that limit hunters to using only the handheld, hand-drawn bow and that emphasize archery and bowhunting skills.

Crossbows:

The CBA categorically rejects crossbow technology as being legal archery equipment for use during any archery season in Colorado, and will actively oppose the use of crossbows or implementation of crossbow seasons under any circumstance, where such use will diminish or degrade the bowhunting experience, opportunity and/or quality with the handheld, hand-drawn bow.



A photograph of a deer in a field with autumn foliage in the background. The deer is in the foreground, facing right, with its head down. Its coat is a mix of grey and brown. The background is a soft-focus landscape with trees showing yellow and orange autumn leaves. The text "Monarch of the basin" is written in a white, cursive font in the upper right corner.

Monarch of the basin

PHOTO BY KEITH DOUGLAS

CHAIRMAN'S REPORT

BY KALEB BELL



AUGUST IS HERE

It's crazy to think we are already $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way through the year and hunting seasons are just around the corner. For those of you chasing speed goats in August, elk in September and the elusive Snipe with your kids around a campfire, I wish you the best of luck and I expect to see some awesome hunting stories in the near future.

Hopefully some of you took my advice in the previous magazine and have spent some dedicated time preparing for the upcoming fall. We are less than 15 days away from the three months we spend all year thinking about and now it's time to test how prepared you truly are.

I was recently asked "what does it take to be consistently successful year in and year out during hunting season?" I'm not going to lie; I laughed and looked around behind me to make sure they were asking me this question.

I'm a horrible bowhunter, truth be told but one thing I am is relentlessly consistent and driven when it comes to hunting. That's just it, success in the woods comes from consistency. It's repeatedly waking up before daylight to

be in the perfect position on the elk you spotted the night before. It's relentlessly being consistent behind the glass scouring the mountain side for the buck of a lifetime. It's consistently staying on the mountain when all you want to do is give up.

Don't confuse what I am saying with "time" whether you have all of September off or only a brief time you can still be successful and put yourself in the position to harvest an animal by being consistent and deliberate with your actions. So good luck to all of you this fall, stay consistent and hopefully mother nature will reward you!

It never ceases to amaze me, our organization is the true embodiment of the adage "many hands make light work." For those of you fortunate enough to attend the Jamboree, Easter Seals Shoot, Kings Canyon Shoot or one of our many other events, you know exactly what I mean. Each one of these events is made possible by a team of folks who've spent months preparing so we can enjoy the fruits of their labor. With that being said I wanted to give a special thank you to the event committees by recognizing all that you do, you are all amazing teams, and the CBA is truly grateful for all the hard work you put in.

If you're reading this or have ever been to one of our events I have a challenge for you. We are always in need of volunteers and are constantly adding to our executive board. Without our amazing volunteers and passionate board members none of this would be possible.

The events would go away and your voice at the capital would be lost in the crowd. So, I want to encourage you to take that step, to ask the question and let your voice be heard.

We are all working class folks with a life outside of the CBA. There are no time requirements or educational criteria to qualify you. We simply want to unite the outdoor industry by giving passionate driven like-minded people the ability to make a difference.

So, if you've been on the fence, it's time to take the leap and ask about joining the board or our volunteer teams! You can reach out to us at membership@coloradobowhunting.org.





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LEGISLATIVE REPORT

BY TYLER FARNEY

THE FUTURE OF COLORADO IS AT STAKE

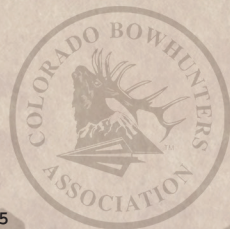
There has been a lot going on in Colorado along with the nation since my last update. For one, SB25-003 has been signed into law and will go into effect August 1, 2025. To recap, this bill is a purchase program for all gas operated semiautomatic rifles, handguns, and/or shotguns with a detachable magazine. Litigation will go after the constitutionality of this bill, however, any challenges won't be able to begin until the law goes into effect. Regarding lawsuits, the NRA along with many other gun rights groups are challenging the state's 6.5% excise tax on all firearm and ammunition sales.

By now, I am sure everyone has been made aware of that the massive land sell off has been removed from the Reconciliation Bill. I want to thank all those that made their voices heard on how important public lands are to us and that we will fight to make sure we keep our public lands. While the language has been removed from the bill, we are likely to see future attempts from Senator Lee to pursue the selling off of public lands. This attempt by Senator Lee is an important reminder to us all that it is our duty as Americans to ensure we elect political candidates based on the issues that are important to us. We must continue to monitor Congress to ensure that they are held accountable to their election promises and constituents.

As we approach another election cycle in 2026, there are developing ballot initiatives for Colorado that will result in far worse consequences than the selling off of public lands. Ballot initiative #82 titled the "Colorado Wildlife and Biodiversity Act" will seek to create a new state commission called the "Wildlife & Ecosystem Conservation Commission (WECC)," and will have all authority when it comes to wildlife and natural resources in the state of Colorado. Additionally, this new act will allow the WECC to have complete oversight over all land whether public or private within the state. And shall you not follow certain environmental policies, this new commission will enforce strict penalties using their own law enforcement.

The other ballot initiative is #98 titled the "Colorado Working Lands and Wildlife Corridors Act." This initiative is extremely confusing because in the bill language, it states that a new commission called the "Landscape Connectivity Commission" will be created. However, in the title hearing from June 27th it addressed that this act would create the WECC. The unfortunate fact is that there is an unlimited amount of times proposals can be sent for review. Thus, if #98 is denied, the groups associated with these proposals can readjust and try again. Nonetheless, this new commission will have similar goals as to the WECC in protecting keystone species and monitoring public/private land.

One frightening aspect to both commissions is that nine members will be appointed by the Governor from academia, environmental groups, and policy institutes. It must be noted that there will be no representation within their members representing



hunting, logging, mining, or agriculture. The goal of these new commissions will be to assume all authority in the protection of "Keystone Species." In summary, the overarching goal of this ballot box biology attempt is to essentially defund or disband CPW in favor of management by a purely nonconsumptive use commission.

For one, this is problematic because in the language of these initiatives it is projecting that CPW will not be around in the future. CPW is already struggling financially with the wolf reintroduction costing over \$3 million along with now having to create and manage the programs associated with SB25-003. Thus, it is paramount to ask the question as to why the language of CPW being defunded or disbanded is included within this ballot initiative. The second major issue with both initiatives surrounds the language of protecting "Keystone Species." There is no discussion in either bill about what constitutes as a keystone species, henceforth, it is probable that predators such as the wolf, mountain lion, and bear will be included. Ultimately, the initiatives are based on the flawed ideology that wildlife populations are self-managing. Anti-hunting groups believe that through the preservation of carnivore populations, ungulate populations would be controlled, subsequently, wildlife management tactics such as hunting would not be required.

The language in initiative #98 supports the notion of migrating away from hunting as a funding source for conservation by discussing the creation of a conservation and biodiversity fund. This new fund will receive \$5 million from the state's General Fund plus a 0.05% sales tax to generate around \$150 million annually. On the other hand, shall initiative #82 pass, this commission will receive \$2.5 million in taxpayer dollars. To generate further income, both commissions will oversee fines and penalties along with public and private grants. One extremely alarming part about #98 is there will be a \$500,000 penalty or fine for each offense that this new commission deemed was not aligned with the protection of keystone species or habitat conservation. Essentially, it appears that proponents of these initiatives are working to prohibit hunting in Colorado and force the general public to fund wildlife conservation instead of funding through established science-based wildlife management organizations.

The last important update to keep on your radar is a citizen petition from The Center for Biological Diversity that is urging CPW to eliminate the commercial sale of all fur taken from wildlife within the state of Colorado. This petition is being driven by the same proponents of Proposition 127 who believe that Colorado should confront the current biodiversity crisis by modernizing wildlife management. Additionally, these individuals believe that fur-bearing and trapping goes against the North American Model of Wildlife Conservation. Thus, if this petition is approved by the current CPW Commission, then a whole new precedent will be set in how wildlife is managed within the state.

As of now, it is unclear whether both initiatives will make it through the entire ballot process. There have been many issues surrounding both initiatives for its constitutionality because state statute does not allow the creation of a new government entity that will operate independently of an already existing government structure. Additionally, the fact that money will be allocated out of the state's General Fund means these new acts will impact TABOR.

As we are entering into the final years of this Governor's administration, there is going to be an escalation of attempts to push portions of their anti-hunting agenda. We are already seeing such attacks in play via the CPW Commission, ballot initiatives, and through the legislature. While our community is coming off the tremendous success of 127, it is vital that we continue to stay engaged and active to ensure we preserve our rights as hunters. We will continue to partner with our sister organizations, however, it is also vital we all stay engaged with CRWM who continues to lead on how we WILL save the hunt in Colorado for future generations.

Until next time, be steadfast in preserving our heritage and traditions that made us America.

COLORADO PARKS & WILDLIFE LIAISON REPORT

BY LANE WALTER



FROM OTC TO LIMITED: WHAT THE NEW V HUNT CODES MEAN FOR ELK HUNTING IN COLORADO

For the past several years, the Colorado Bowhunters Association (CBA) has led the effort to limit over-the-counter (OTC) archery elk hunting licenses for nonresidents. That push has finally come to fruition—2025 will mark the first year that Colorado Parks and Wildlife (CPW) limits all nonresident archery elk hunting licenses through the newly created “V” hunt codes.

To better understand how CPW determined the quota for these new V hunt codes—which previously allowed unlimited nonresident OTC access—the CBA sat down with CPW Deputy Assistant Director of the Terrestrial Branch, Matt Eckert, along with other CPW leadership.

When setting the 2025 quotas, CPW aimed to strike a balance between reducing hunter crowding and maintaining financial sustainability. In 2021, nonresident OTC either-sex archery license sales peaked at 19,027. That number dropped to 17,011 in 2022, and continued to decline until just 13,095 licenses were sold to nonresidents in 2024.

CPW considered basing the 2025 quota on a three-year average of past OTC sales, but that would have resulted in a quota higher than last year’s sales. Instead, they opted for a more conservative approach, recommending a quota of 12,415 licenses across all V hunt codes, with the understanding that further reductions may be considered in the future. The CPW Commission voted on and approved this recommendation.

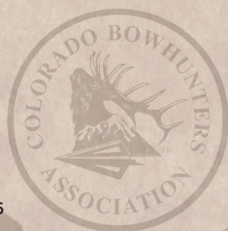
It’s important to note that the total V hunt code quota of 12,415 is lower than last year’s total OTC nonresident sales (13,095) partly because some Game Management Units (GMUs), such as GMUs 4 and 133, which were valid under the 2024 OTC archery season, are no longer included in any of the new V hunt codes.

Will the New V Hunt Codes Sell Out?

It’s still too early to say for certain. However, during the primary draw, **9,114 unique nonresident hunters** applied for at least one V hunt code—**about 73% of the available quota**. That leaves between **3,301 and 7,559** licenses available in the secondary draw and as leftover licenses. Based on current interest, I’m optimistic that most—if not all—of these licenses will sell out before the season begins.

Overall, I’m excited to see CPW implementing these long-anticipated changes for the 2025 OTC Archery Elk season. I look forward to another season of elk hunting in an OTC unit with great friends, and I believe this is a positive step forward for both wildlife management and the hunting experience in Colorado.

Lane Walter
CPW Liaison



GENE MOORE

JULY 16, 1945 – APRIL 18, 2025



Gene Moore, a beloved member of the Colorado bowhunting community and a true legend in the field, passed away on April 18, 2025, at the age of 79, surrounded by his family in Aurora, Colorado.

Gene's legacy is deeply rooted in a life filled with competitive spirit, family devotion, and a fierce passion for the outdoors. Born in Leoti, Kansas, and raised in Denver, Gene found his lifelong calling in the wild — with a bow in hand.

From 1983 to 1998, Gene held the world record for archery BigHorn Sheep — a title that still ranks #14 globally. His remarkable success in the field reflected not just his skill, but his discipline, patience, and deep respect for the wilderness. Gene also held additional records for other BigHorn Sheep over the years, some of which have since been surpassed — though his legacy in the sport remains unmatched.

Gene was more than a record-setter. He shared his passion for hunting and fishing with his sons and grandsons and inspired others through his stories — including those from his decades at Coors Brewing Company, where he worked from 1972 until his retirement in 2005. His presence lit up a room, and his enthusiasm for the outdoors was contagious.

A lifetime member of the Colorado Bowhunters Association, Gene was a bowhunter, a record-holder, and a family man — but most of all, he was one of us. With recent memorials given to CBA in his name, Gene's legacy will continue to inspire and support the bowhunting community for generations to come.





BIG GAME RECORDS

BY JOE BRADLEY

PLAN FOR PERFECT, PREPARE FOR POSSIBLE

I By the time this goes to print, the seasons will be upon us. Shooting skills are locked in. Backpacking gear has been dusted off. Those new boots you bought for this fall are almost broken in. The one that “got away” last year is just going to be bigger this year. Let’s go!

We have some clean slates to get dirty. We have some blank canvases to paint. We have some empty pages to write. Who knows what is about to happen this season!!

Annual hunts. Once in a lifetime hunts. Family hunts. Dream hunts. Backyard hunts. Inaugural hunts. Last hunts. The bow and arrow takes us all to some amazing places, doesn’t it?

Myself, this year I have some special hunts coming up. I can feel the anticipation and excitement slowly turning into ice in my veins as I execute “The Moment” in my head.

PERFECT location.

PERFECT set up.

PERFECT wind.

PERFECT shot.

PERFECT hunt.

Am I the only one who just got chills???



The PLAN was to leave after work and drive all thru the night to be in my treestand before sunrise. I never considered falling asleep at the wheel as a POSSIBILITY. Instead, I got to spend the whitetail rut in a flak jacket with broken ribs/ collarbone. A rested mind and body are now part of my PLAN.

PERFECT.

What is the definition of PERFECT?

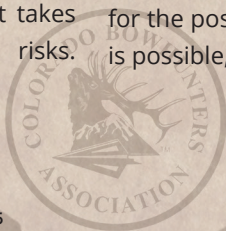
per·fect (adjective) /ˈpɜrfɛk(t)/

1. having all the required or desirable elements, qualities, or characteristics; as good as it is possible to be.

Let’s remember that perfection takes effort. Perfect takes planning. Perfect takes preparedness. Perfect takes risks. Perfect takes... PERFECTION.

Because anything less than perfection seems like failure, which is always possible, right?

But let’s not be so hard on ourselves. Our success is not defined by perfection. Our success is defined by how well we PLAN for it, while being PREPARED for anything else that’s possible. On a hunt involving a raft, why wouldn’t you PREPARE for the possibility of going overboard? It’s not your PLAN, but it is possible, right?



Every year I make myself a new custom set of cedar arrows. I select premium shafts, but I still manually straighten, cut, swedge, and spine each one. I have fine-tuned my fletchings into 2 and 3 color splices with my own signature "traditional cut". My painting of dips and crests has gotten very consistent, and the pattern always has a meaning. In short, I strive for PERFECT arrows.

When finished, I always hold the whole set, but I will single one out and just hold it. I look at the glue lines. I look at the nock straightness. I match up the color reveals. I recheck the broadheads for scalpel-like sharpness. Then I whisper... "What's going to be your story?"

Each arrow will have a different ending. A different destiny. A different story. Some are very far from perfect. Will it break at the range shooting with my kids? Will it shatter on the rocks, just under the chest of a big, mature mule deer after a long, well-executed stalk? Or will it finally slip through the rib cage of the rutting bull elk of my dreams?



I made this set of arrows 3 years prior, not knowing what adventure they'd take me on. Then I found myself on a dog sled in the North Pole. The -50 degree weather conditions were not perfect. I PREPARED by freezing, then shooting my arrows at home before the hunt, to make sure they were ready to execute.

Each arrow has a different story, but when you let an arrow go, there are only two possibilities: kill or miss.

Some kills are quick; some kills are slow. Some misses are clean; some misses are not. But we can only kill or miss. We PLAN to kill (perfection), but we should still be PREPARED for miss (possibility).



My son's set of arrows has different stories. One arrow "missed" by 18" that took the femoral, resulting in a P&Y antelope. One arrow missed by 2", resulting in a sheep tag remaining unpunched at the end of the season. Neither arrow went as PLANNED.

I once heard a quote from a guy at a shoot that stuck with me. He said, ***"The second-best shot in bowhunting is a clean miss"***. I agree.

However, an animal not hit perfectly can still come home in a cooler full of fresh steaks. We can turn a miss into a kill if we handle the situation perfectly. Knowing when to leave an animal overnight, versus pushing it, can turn a miss into a kill. It obviously wasn't where you **PLANNED** the arrow to go, but you were **PREPARED** to handle the situation correctly. We've all known someone who had a wayward arrow that still resulted in a kill.

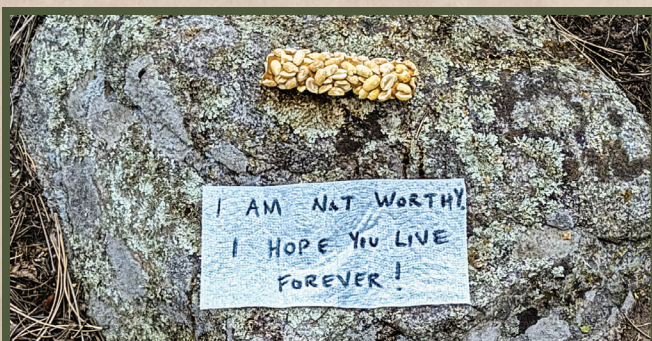
Be thankful, learn from it, and get better.



My **PLAN** was to hunt my favorite treestand like I did every year. Until logging operations made me **PREPARE** differently that season.



After I made this set of arrows, if someone would have asked me: "What animals do you think this set will take?" This beautiful badger would not have been on the list. Some things aren't **PLANNED**, even when they are **POSSIBLE**.



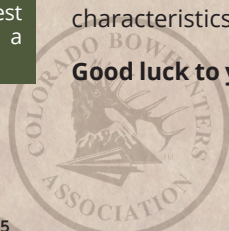
I hunted this bear exclusively, every day for 10 days. We played cat and mouse all season. When my **PLAN** was finally perfect, my execution was not. Somehow, I managed the "2nd best shot in bowhunting", the clean miss. I left him a treat and a (biodegradable) note on the last day of my hunt.

You see, we don't **PLAN** for bad weather, but we **PREPARE** for it. We don't **PLAN** to make a bad shot, but we **PREPARE** for it. We don't **PLAN** for equipment failure, but we **PREPARE** for it. We don't **PLAN** for emergencies, but we **PREPARE** for it.

Planning and preparing are all about effort. While "perfect" is all about execution.

So, make your **PLAN** perfect. Make your **PREPAREDNESS** perfect. Because ironically, most hunts are rarely **PERFECT**. However, if you review the definition of "Perfect" in the beginning of this piece, isn't **BOWHUNTING** "all the required or desirable elements, qualities, or characteristics; as good as life is **POSSIBLE** to be?"

Good luck to you all this season. Let's stay prepared out there...



In The Stillness

Father, my son asked me something today that broke my heart...
'Dad, why do we still hunt when we can just buy meat?'

I tried to explain about tradition,
About the skills passed down through generations,
About the sacred responsibility we carry.

But I saw it in his eyes.
He doesn't understand. Not yet.
And I'm terrified he never will.

Is this how it ends, Lord?
Four generations of Thompson hunters,
All that knowledge, all that wisdom,
Dying out in my lifetime?

Unless...

Unless we find a way to bridge this gap.
To make these ancient ways speak to modern hearts.
To show them what they're losing before it's gone.

Guide our hands.
Strengthen our resolve.
Unite our voices.
While there's still time.

- *Anonymous*



CHANCE ENCOUNTER

By Paul Navarre

Just by chance, I met CloudsonFire, a meeting that was spiritual in nature which evolved into a huge amount of luck coming my way and into a friendship worth noting. It all started with me complimenting him on his rounded topped, wide brim hat with a colorful beaded hat band. When he turned his head, his turquoise earrings spun in union. Later I found that he had a southern Apache background, with a modern flair.

It was one that respected his heritage, his history, his elders, and his tribe in New Mexico. While "Americanized", he loved the history, tradition, and attempted to teach the Indian youth of that heritage and lifestyle.

That first meeting we spoke of western American Indian history and his connection to the Apache tribes in New Mexico. He learned that I had just returned from a successful archery turkey hunt in Nebraska, and he then inquired about turkey feathers.

I stated that yes, I had a full tom turkey tail and that I would bring it to him in the next hour. He told me that his elders will use the turkey tail as a wand to bring spiritual smoke over their bodies during one of their ceremonies.

When I returned, CloudsonFire suggested we go outside of the coffee shop where he pulled from his pocket a buckskin medicine bag which held corn pollen. Corn Pollen is revealed by the Native Americans as spiritual and magical. Symbolizing life and renewal it can be used also as a blessing in ceremonies.

He first dusted my head, then my shoulders and then my legs with the pollen in appreciation of my gift. This was followed by the dusting of the turkey tail feathers including a prayer to the four-compass point headings.

CloudsonFire started with the east point where the new sun of the day brings life to our planet. These prayers are based on the belief that humans are connected to all things in nature and that each direction has a unique energy which can call in the spirits.

Before he left, CloudsonFire promised to bring me my own medicine bag as he had realized through our conversation that I had a deep respect for wildlife and their habitat. A week passed before we connected again and during that time, I thought of a few items he might enjoy and maybe become part of his medicine bag.

I selected one long turkey wing feather, an elk ivory, a bear claw and a jake turkey beard. At week's end, we connected and exchanged our gifts and promised to join up again.

A day later at home, the buckskin medicine bag felt warm in my hand as if the spirits that it held inside were trying to communicate a message to me. Little did I know that message would be heard loud and clear.

A few days later, and after twenty-five years of applying for a Colorado archery bull moose license, I was successful. Good medicine for sure and I believe it all came from that chance meeting and encounter.

September 7th, 2024

COLORADO ARCHERY MOOSE SEASON OPENS

September 7th 2024 was the magical opening of the Colorado archery moose season. My friend Randy and I arrived at the designated camp area adjacent to a good moose bottom, three days before the opening and prepped camp using my pop-up trailer.

I had explored this unit five different times prior and had chosen two drainages to scout. I had seen moose in both drainages each time and both areas held some good bulls to consider.

Randy was a non-hunter on this occasion but had been on a few other moose hunts and had a wealth of knowledge.

No doubt, we saw cow and bull moose behind camp, also down the road in two other meadows. We were told by a few campers where they had seen moose. A nearby elk camp would keep an eye open for moose, especially a good bull moose while they were elk hunting.

What was of interest concerning this one elk camp is that it was occupied by a group of modern Native Americans of Indian ancestry, with modern campers, modern bows and trucks.

I spoke with George who seemed like the leader of the group. He told me of his Apache heritage as were the other five members in camp. I told George about meeting CloudsonFire and the medicine bag holding spirits within. He acknowledged the strength of good medicine and offered some advice to honor the bull moose if I killed one.

Opening day came and I was able to hunt in the afternoon but with no results although I did see a good bull moose towards evening. The second day, and near camp, I tried stalking two bulls and one cow moose, but the moose bottom was thick with willows, drop-offs and bogs preventing me from getting within bow range. On the third day of the season, I called a bull and one cow to within 45 yards, but they were suspicious and did not advance. That evening, I hunted behind camp waiting for a bull to come out from his bedding area, but he did not show. Randy had to return home that early afternoon, but I requested that he call Tricia and see if she could join me for a few days. When I returned to camp at dark, Tricia, and our new black Labrador, Teal, were there waiting. What good luck, the medicine bag was working again.



September 10th, 2024

THE MORNING EVERYTHING CHANGED

The fourth day of the hunt. Tuesday September 10th. It was 34 degrees out but the sky is clear with a billion x 10 stars. Tricia and I head out at first light, and we see the bull and cow from yesterday.

I tell Tricia I will give this younger bull a rest today. The '08 Tacoma continues down the road passing two more meadows; no moose sighted. We passed the big meadow where I saw two bulls and a cow two days before: no moose there

Traveling farther, I turn down a different road to a different drainage. Two hundred yards farther I am looking on both sides of the road and out into the moose meadows, looking hard in the new light of the day.

The sun is about to peak over the distant mountains. Up ahead, as we are about to cross the creek at the bridge and looking over to my right I see what looks like a black 4x8 sheet of plywood standing upright 150 yards up-stream.

Wait, it has long legs and widespread antlers, and it is moving. Holy cow, no, holy bull moose and a shooter for sure! I put the Tacoma in reverse and back slowly up the road and out of sight of the bull.

He is busy feeding in the thick willow bottom and had no idea we were there. Another day, another opportunity. Heck yes! The medicine bag was burning a hole in my pocket.

I slowly get out of the truck and take my recurve bow and range finder. I creep down the road, cool morning breeze is in my face, and I start the stalk. The moose bottom is covered with thick willow plants, not too tall for good cover but the thickness does make it hard to advance.

I seek another route, better now, trying to get closer, now fifty yards. The bull looks in my direction and I freeze behind some taller willow brush. He seems suspicious and continues to stare in my direction.

Staying low, I cow moose call to him and that seems to calm him down. He continues to feed and moves forward, grunting along the way with each step. I move forward also getting closer, now thirty-nine yards. Still closer now thirty yards.

He looks in my direction for a few seconds but then continues to feed and I can hear him grunting more with every step he takes. I move closer still, and as I do his head and eyes swing in my direction; he turns broadside at twenty-seven yards trying to figure out what this object is following him; I draw back the 55# recurve bow and pick a spot a little higher.

I am somewhat shaken at the sight of this large beast and within bow range, and then I loosen the 550-grain arrow with a 150 grain very sharp three blade, VPA broadhead, a WHACK sound is heard across the flats and in the calmness of the cold morning air.

As the bull moose spins away, I see the arrow sticking out of the posterior of the shoulder blade and little higher than planned and it only penetrated eight inches.

The brightly colored arrow and fletching waving in the air. We have all been there. A "flyer" for sure be it the first arrow or the last arrow we ever launch.

The bull charges off, slows down, grunting all the way out fifty yards farther and starts to feed again, hardly noticing that a large bee might have just stung him. I watched him move out to one hundred yards away and he then entered a small island of trees and began to feed again and to rake a nearby tree with his still velvet-covered antlers.

I needed to get out of the willow bottom jungle and move to my right to get on more solid ground, which I did, keeping an eye on the bull moose. I was able to move parallel to the moose bottom, without much cover, but it was a lot quieter that way.

I would stop in the shadows of the few trees that were there, being very cautious not to spook him. I needed to get another arrow into this bull.



Finally, I got to within fifty yards of the small, wooded island where he was feeding and raking the nearby brush. I stalked forward as he turned away. Closer still closer, wind in my favor, now thirty yards.

I stopped, then twenty-five yards, watching the bull's every move, watching his eyes. Moving very slowly, I came out behind a small pine tree at nineteen yards, he turned broadside, and he had no idea I was there.

The sharpened broadhead split the distance between his heart and lung area and this time only the brightly colored fletching stood out. He ran out to seventy-five yards and just stood there in the same spot for the next five minutes.

Yes, five minutes in the same spot with the bright fletching glowing in the new sun of the morning. I was waiting for him to tip over as I knew the arrow placement was a killing shot. He then started to slowly walk forward to the bank of the nearby creek thirty yards away where he laid down on a shelf above the water almost out of my sight.

I knew he would die shortly but I needed to get another killing arrow into the bull. Waiting a few more minutes and moving towards that spot. At first only seeing the tips of his antlers, then his head, moving closer, his neck and moving still closer, his chest.

At five yards, I drew back the recurve and shot an arrow through his lungs. He jumped up, sprang forward, and then landed in the shallow slow-moving creek twenty feet away. He stood there on stiff legs, then wobbly legs that were giving out.

He then toppled over, struggled to get up, fell again and died in the shallow water. I let out a loud cry of excitement and of relief that could be heard miles away on that calm crisp morning.

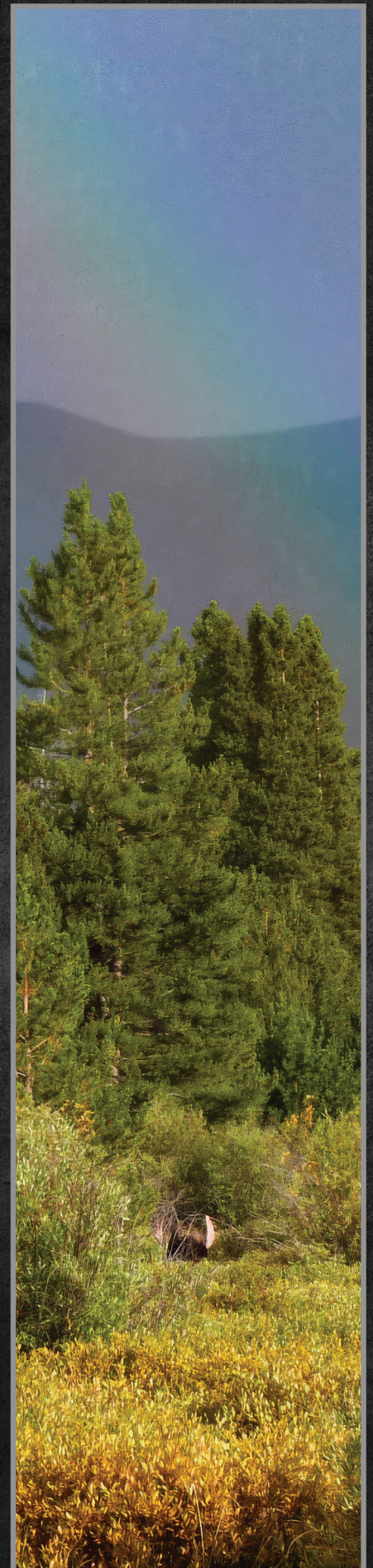


TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE MAKING

I sat there on the creek bank looking down in amazement and the memories of the last hour flooded through my mind. I remember being asked, "Why the challenge of using your recurve bow for this once in a lifetime hunt?" I remember my answer was, "I just believe this noble beast deserves the best in me and I am up for the challenge and my recurve bow will be in my hand."

Don't get me wrong, there were a few times I doubted myself, and my compound bow would also be in the truck as a sort of back up bow. Sort of like taking along a gun into a knife fight; you know how that would end! The compound bow stayed at home.

OK, reality check! The bull moose is in cold water and that is a good thing as the water will help cool down the hide and organs, but I will need to move him twenty feet to the dry sand/pebble bar.





Tricia, and the new Labrador, Teal, are still back at the truck and I have no idea if she heard my loud yell. Time to get moving and as I moved away, I looked back at the scene and just shook my head, still in disbelief. Twenty-five years!

Arriving back at the truck, Tricia had no idea of what happened and the end results. A tear came from her eyes, and she only said, "Oh Paul," and then a huge hug.

Driving back to camp, I knew exactly how to handle moving the moose to dry land and I just knew my prayers would be answered and issue solved. The medicine bag was reacting.

An hour later when I pulled into George's camp, I was able to recruit five fellow elk hunters who would help me drag the moose twenty feet to a nearby gravel bar.

Before we left the camp George offered me a few suggestions to honor this bull moose's life and now its death. He gave me a bag of dried white sage to burn as spiritual smoke over the dead moose where it fell. It was also suggested to break up a flower or brightly colored plant and place that on the moose. A handful of water would be placed in the moose's mouth as its last drink. I had also planned, like CloudsonFire did with the turkey fan, to turn and dust the four compass points and the moose with corn

pollen to honor this mighty bull moose. For the life he had lived and now its life I had taken, to provide my family with life giving nourishment.

With the ceremony completed, the pulling crew had to leave. Tricia and I spent the next five hours gutting, quartering, bagging and then floating, yes floating the moose quarters and parts in my Jet Sled, downstream four hundred yards to the bridge. Then to the back of the truck. That evening, after a warm meal, and a shot of Maker's Mark, we both hit the sack, tired as expected.

The twenty-five years of waiting for this Colorado bull moose license all seemed worth it now and even better with the recurve bow. I thought back to 1962 when I killed my very first white-tailed deer with a recurve bow, and now I had just killed the largest deer species in North America with the stick, sixty-two years later.

This moose made number nine of the Colorado Big Ten big game species with a bow.

What is next? A Colorado Desert BigHorn Sheep of course! Wait, the medicine bag is again warm to the touch and its spirits within are strong, another chance encounter for sure.





SURVIVING ALL DAY SITS FOR PRONGHORNS

BY STEVE FOSSEL

Just like the game we pursue, we have three basic needs: Food, water and shelter. Since we are all products of the information age I'll add a fourth to survive an all day sit for pronghorns, entertainment.

Sitting in a pop-up blind in 90+ degree heat can be tough and test your endurance in a different way than hiking mountains all day chasing elk. Some may be good enough to spot and stalk pronghorns through calf-high grass and the occasional cactus, and then confidently make a 75-yard shot, but not me.

While I may prefer elk and the mountains, pronghorn is the first season to open, so August 15th finds me sweating in a pop-up blind every year.

FOOD & WATER

In short, bring plenty of both. A small soft-sided cooler to bring both in is perfect. The cooler can also double as a good bow rest in the blind.

Food-wise, we all have our favorites. One of mine is homemade chocolate cookies. I would caution, however, that asking your spouse/significant other to make you some right before you are leaving on a hunt is not a wise move.

Another warning: try not to eat too much junk food as elk season starts in about two weeks, and you don't want to haul any extra weight up and down those mountains.

Drink-wise, bring more than you think you need. As said, with another item many of us like to carry, "It's better to have it and not need it than need it and not have it." To be efficient, I like to freeze a couple of water bottles the night before in place of ice packs.

By day's end, you will have some nice cool water when you need it most. "Pro tip", bring at least one caffeinated beverage to drink after lunch to ward off a nap. Pronghorns come in quietly when you least expect it. Don't ask how I know.

SHELTER

There are many good pop-up blinds on the market. I'd recommend one that is sturdy and roomy. When setting it up, if the terrain allows, try to have it face north towards the water.

This will keep the sun out and keep you slightly cooler. I've found the stakes and string that come with most blinds to be wholly inadequate in the windy Colorado plains. Upgrade to a stronger cord and buy some big, heavy stakes that you wouldn't be caught dead packing into Colorado's high country. Better yet, if you plan to hunt there again next year, and if allowed, pound in a couple of T-posts.

One can also be used to attach a game cam. I prefer to use T-posts on the sides and back, but on the front facing the water, tent stakes to avoid the chance of a post getting

in the way of a shot. Importantly, if cows are around and you are leaving your blind up, you need to keep them from destroying it. Get some old shipping pallets and surround your blind with them. Cows won't step on them, just like a cattle guard.

Lots of other creatures may want to share your shelter. Besides, the ones with six or more legs watch out for those with no legs. I had a snake one afternoon make itself at home in my bow quiver that was sitting in the corner. I decided to grab my arrows by the fletches and carefully put them out the window.

When I heard what sounded like rattling, I began moving much faster. I've since been told it was a bull snake that can make a rattling-like noise with its scales. I wasn't about to Google it with the snake two feet from me.

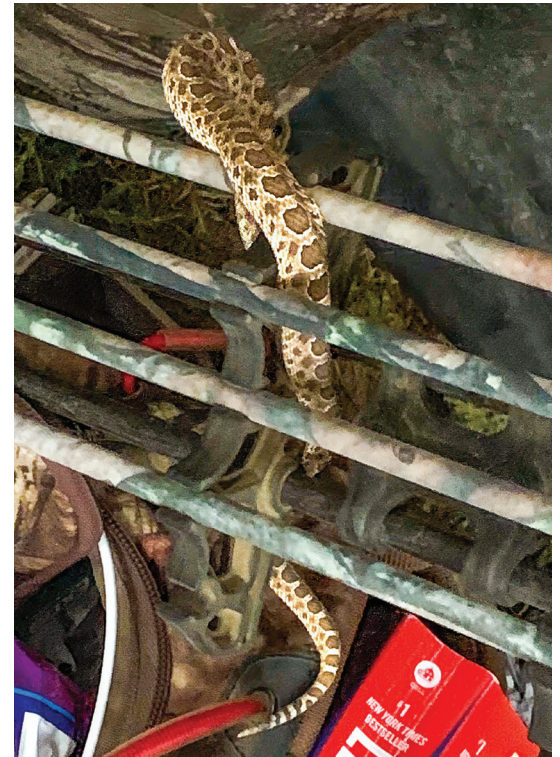
A little pistol that shoots 410 shotgun shells can also be handy for snakes. Once I bought mine, I haven't seen another snake.

To stay cool, lightweight clothing is best. A short-sleeve button-down shirt provides some good venting options. Dig out those silk boxers that you haven't worn since you were part of the dating pool. Mine are so old that they even have a couple of extra holes for venting. If there are no cactuses around, taking your shoes and socks off can help.

ENTERTAINMENT

If you plan to rely on your smartphone, ensure you have a reliable connection and bring a good power bank with you. Alternatively, make sure you have a good book and/or some good magazines to read.

I intentionally don't read the last few issues of some hunting magazines so I'm assured of good reading in the blind. Don't forget to look around outside thoroughly every paragraph or page, depending on how far you can see. This includes peaking through the crack in the window behind you.



One year, I had already filled my pronghorn tag and was sitting in my truck watching while my son hunted. Through my binos, I watched what looked to me like a nice shooter buck walk right behind my son's blind but not come into the water.

Knowing my son is not as picky with what he shoots as I am, I assumed he didn't see it. I waited until it got 100 yards away from him and factitiously texted him, "You didn't want to shoot that buck?" As I expected, he replied, "I just saw it!"

Depending on your job, you can also work from the blind. I've taken conference calls, traded stocks, and am scribbling out a draft of this article on top of a few hunting magazines from my blind.

In summary, set up your blind correctly. Watch out for snakes and cows. Most importantly, stay well fed, hydrated, and entertained, but not too well so you don't see the pronghorn walking behind you.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY **KEITH DOUGLAS**

Keith Douglas is a Colorado native who enjoys bowhunting, fishing, and photography. He's grateful for the CBA's steadfast contributions to the fight against those who want to eliminate our rights and our hunting heritage.

To follow Keith's journey as a photographer on Instagram
[@keith_a_douglas](#)





HISTORY OF THE CBA

1980-1981

BY CONRAD DREHER



From the beginning of the CBA, bowhunter education has been a priority. By 1980 the state was divided into 7 regions with a chairman in each of the regions. There was also a state bowhunting education chairman to support the entire state's efforts.

The Colorado Bowhunter Education Program classes were available throughout the state. In 1980, there was a push to make bowhunter education mandatory, and over time, it has become mandatory in 12 states. The CBA was heavily involved with teaching the National Bowhunters Education Foundation class for those who needed the NBEF card to hunt.

In the beginning not every state recognized other states' bowhunter education classes. Eventually with ongoing work and the standardization by the NBEF the bowhunter education program would be recognized in any state.

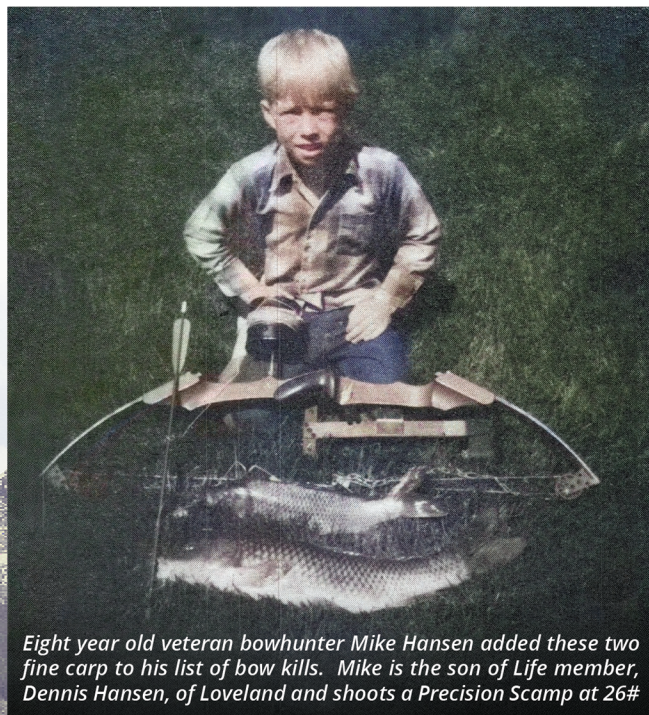
In writing these articles, I refer to old magazines and minutes for my inputs. Once again, it was a great reminder of all the work of bowhunters inside the CBA performed in keeping our hunting seasons. It was a constant effort to protect our sport, and every year there was a new challenge.

This was also during this time that the CBA was able to expand on the sheep and goat seasons. One strategy was to have volunteers hike into sheep areas and help the Division perform animal counts, which did lead to opening new hunting areas for bowhunters. One item of note was that in 1980, once in a lifetime for bighorn sheep was removed. The CBA, along with CSAA, worked closely with the Division, and the partnership has been a good one over the years.

The CBA board had increased to 15 members with the addition of 5 regional board members. The areas for the regional board members were the same as the Division of Wildlife regions. The number of Area Reps had increased to 45. The CBA membership had increased to about 3000. Regular membership dues went from \$5.00 to \$7.00. Life membership dues increase from \$100 to \$140.

In 1980, the CBA, along with CSA, held the sixth Jamboree. It was moved to Fort Carson along Highway 115. 423 registered shooters, along with their families, attended the event. If you had attended the Jamboree, you would have remembered that the grasshoppers invaded the event. If you lost an arrow, the fletching would be gone by the next day. Paint off of targets were eaten, and of course, the grasshoppers were in everything.

In 1981, the CBA, along with the CSAA, held the seventh Jamboree, which was moved to Camp Hale. The targets were still being handmade, and in a form of revenge, someone bought a scaled-up version of a grasshopper; needless to say, it was a very popular target at the jamboree.



Eight year old veteran bowhunter Mike Hansen added these two fine carp to his list of bow kills. Mike is the son of Life member, Dennis Hansen, of Loveland and shoots a Precision Scamp at 26#



Ed Wiseman was in attendance. Even though Ed Wiseman was not a speaker at the banquet, he drew a crowd on Saturday afternoon.

As you may recall, a grizzly bear attacked Ed in September 1979. During the discussion, Ed was asked how much pain he was in during the attack. He responded that, probably because of the adrenaline, he didn't remember any pain, but when the bear was biting and tearing at his shoulder, he did remember hearing his flesh being torn.

He would also open his shirt and show the damage done to his shoulder, and there was a lot of it. The attack caused quite a stir in the wildlife community. Because grizzlies were on the endangered species list in Colorado, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Services were called in to conduct an investigation.

The investigation was extensive, but it was closed in April of 1980 with no charges brought against Ed. Later, Deb Carpenter Nolting, with Ed's input, wrote a book about the attack titled *Grizzly Attack in Colorado: The Ed Wiseman Story* in 2013.

If you want a great read, pick up a copy and keep a sharp eye out for grizzly bears!

The 1981 Jamboree also featured a new attraction, the kids' shoot. The shoot was a big success with each kid receiving a prize.

The sixth CBA banquet was moved to the Holiday Inn West off of I-70 and West Colfax on March 8th, 1980. The Bowhunter of the year was John Rhine, and Scott Schowalter was the guest speaker, with over 400 in attendance. I have not provided much detail about the banquets, but during this period, several awards were presented for either new state records or new world records.

The seventh CBA Banquet was moved to the Country Palace on South Santa Fe Drive in Littleton on March 14th, 1981, with another sellout.

The guest speaker was Charlie Kroll. The Bowhunter of the Year was Chuck Hutton, and by every measure, it was a great banquet. However, at this banquet,





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SASKATCHEWAN BLACK BEAR HUNT



By Kurt Hovanec

Plans for this hunt started in July of 2023 when Kris Cheater of Full Boar Outfitters set up a booth at the CBA Jamboree. Two groups of CBA members booked a Black Bear hunt for the Spring of 2025. The first to go would be Linda, Rich, Roger, Frank, and Kurt, followed by the Peters family a week later. With anticipation of a great archery bear hunt, we headed north. This is our story.

For our first group, our hunt would start the second week of May. Spring came late and hibernation was over. Before we arrived, Kris and his team were busy setting up stands, cameras, and bait sites. Kurt arrived one day early and was able to visit many stands as they made baiting rounds. "I was given an offer to hunt that evening. I sat at a productive stand that evening, saw 6 Bear - two shooters but no shot." The next day the rest of our team arrived and settled in. The camp was what you would expect of a picturesque Northwoods Camp, water-front on Wapawekka Lake, very remote, accessible by foot or ATV, with beautiful sunsets and the haunting cry of Loons.

The next three days we hunted, following a routine of a great breakfast, checking stands in the morning, practicing at a 3D bear target, loading packs, and then off to designated stands by ATV or in some cases, by boat. Lots of bears were encountered but waiting for the right Bear or right shot was everyone's plan. We could hunt until dark, about 9:15 PM, and then the guides would come get us for a trip back to camp, dinner, a few drinks. We were off to sleep around midnight. Kris's daughter, Sydney, was the "Chef" and cooked all of our meals - food was excellent. We dined on a variety of game including Bison, Elk, Moose and Northern Pike.

On day three at Kurt's stand, eight Bear came in that evening, 12 yards from the stand. Very entertaining to watch but waiting for a shooter. Then at around 8 PM a very respectable chocolate provided a quartering away shot at 7-yards. The shot was quick, no time to think about it, a solid hit, followed by a violent response. Chase, his guide, arrived and we found good blood that led us to a thicket where Kurt knew the bear expired. Kurt and Chase returned to camp to get a trailer and help. We successfully recovered the Bear within 20 yards of the ATV trail.



Linda hunted for five days, 8 hours in the stand waiting for the right Bear. Thursday evening, a very large Boar came in, flopped down on his belly at the bait can and drug out one fish at a time and carried it out to eat – he did this 7 times. Finally, Linda got the 20-yard quartering shot she wanted and took the bear. Linda's guide, Evan, was extremely helpful in this hunt. It was a large Boar, the biggest bear in camp with a 20-inch plus skull!



Then Frank was the next one to harvest. Hunting multiple stands, seeing lots of Bear, and waiting for the right opportunity, he took a very nice Boar at 15 yards. It was a quick recovery.



Rich hunted several days from both ground blinds and tree stands, accessed by boat and ATV. Having opportunities on several of the bait sites, he connected on the last day of the hunt, taking a nice Boar at 15 yards. The shot was true - the Bear was down and retrieved.



This first group came home with 4 nice Black Bear Boars, great hides, lots of meat and many great memories. Too early to tell, but two should make Pope & Young, one for sure. Full Boar Outfitters exceeded our expectations.

And now enter the Peters' family led by John, his sons Gary, Evan and grandson Adam – a family hunt. Except for Gary, it was their first Saskatchewan Bear hunt. It doesn't get any better. They arrived at camp 24 May, checked their equipment and made their way to the stands. They outclassed our first group with matching attire to commemorate the event. Well done!



Evan Peters hunted one of the stands on his first day only accessible by boat, and then on day two he moved to a different location, hunting out of a tripod stand. Six Bears showed up in the first hour. A Sow came to the bait, and a very large Boar moved in and ran her off. After a lot of jockeying for position, the Boar finally gave Evan a 20-yard shot. In only an hour and a half in the stand, Evan was done. Climbing down to retrieve his arrow, then back up to get his pepper spray, he could see the Bear down just 30 yards away. He climbed back up to wait for help – good idea! The big ones can be aggressive.



Next was John Peters' turn. It was day two and he was hunting from a ground-blind. As some of you know, John is visually impaired and has had to transition to a scoped crossbow in recent years. On day two he took a nice one with a clean heart shot – the bear died only 10 yards from the bait. Great to see John at 80 years of age, a CBA member since 1970, and Life Member, overcoming a handicap and still getting it done!



On day three of the hunt, a rapidly moving range fire and extensive smoke caused road closures and evacuations. The whole operation had to relocate. Plan B was to move two hours north to Otter Lake region where Kris got us access to another

area where we could finish the hunt. The transition was smooth and soon to be successful.

This was Gary's second trip to Full Boar Outfitters. He took a big Boar (20¼) in 2023 and that elevated his expectations. On his first two days, he had several Bear come in but was looking for bigger. His patience paid off as he harvested a beast, the biggest of our hunt on day three. Skull measurement is over 22 inches, guaranteed to make Pope & Young, Boon & Crocket, and SCI!



This was Adam's first trip to Saskatchewan, a great way to spend time with family. Adam had seen several Bear come in but was waiting for his shot opportunity. He even had cubs climb and visit a tree right next to him! On day four, Adam took advantage of his opportunity with a well-placed shot at 14-yards. Recovery was quick.





John Peters and his family finished the Saskatchewan Black Bear hunt in epic style, harvesting 4 truly nice trophies, two of which will score very high in the books.

We were very thankful for the opportunity to hunt and harvest these magnificent predators, and all of us developed a greater respect for this truly wild and powerful animal. Watching



and hunting the Black Bear species up close and personal was a learning experience, especially hunting in some of the wildest and remote country of Northern Saskatchewan. These Bear are wild, and the big ones don't appear to fear humans. They can be very aggressive around the bait sites. The stands are very remote. You will want backup recovering your Bear.



Sydney deserves all the credit for the meals. And the guides, Chase, Evan and Kris were consistently on their game. Not only did we see well over 60-Black Bear in total on this trip, but Kurt also saw 3 wolves. And did I mention that fishing was great - a strike on about every other cast. Sidney prepared fresh-caught Northern Pike. Sidney, Roger, Frank, Gary as well as others excelled at fishing as you can see in the pictures below. We are already making plans for return trips.

And a special thanks to our Canadian hosts, Full Boar Outfitters, owned and managed by Kris Cheater. We also want to thank them for attending and donating to our Jamboree in 2023, and for ultimately getting us into some very large and mature Black Bear.

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HUNTING FOR ADVENTURE

BY JOEL GROSSHANS

Hunting is a very personal venture. That's no secret to us hunters, but it can be difficult to describe to others. For many years, I struggled to explain in simple context why I hunt. Many would describe me as a "trophy hunter." When you walk into my house, you will be greeted by taxidermy and hunting memorabilia. I have hunted internationally and in Texas a few times, bringing home new species to admire on the wall. But trophy animals, while incredible to see, do not drive my ambition. I sit and listen to conversation about Pope & Young or SCI rankings, and it does not engage me deeply. I like the idea of record books and honoring both the animals and the hunters who harvest them. But I have only measured my harvests when someone else has asked me. I've always just been content with a good representation of a species and the memories I have of its harvest.

I have friends I call "check mark hunters." This is not to diminish why they hunt, as their hunting resumes are very impressive. I gave them this nick-name because through the SCI they check off species that they have harvested. The motivation to complete these lists drives them. If you sit at tables with these hunters, you will hear stories covering the world, and you will learn a great deal about the species across the globe that you can pursue. Conversation with these hunters grabs my attention, but not my passion.

There are hunters who love a particular species. That's a fun group to talk to. The depth of understanding these hunters have about their favorite species is incredible. They will describe such fine details about these species that you can't help but become a better hunter by listening. But there is just not a particular species that gets my blood flowing. There is not a season I look forward to with childlike anticipation. My dad, by contrast, lived all year for elk season and spoke of his only sheep hunt with such passion you could not mistake his love of these two species. In fact, as he lay unresponsive and dying, I played an elk bugle for him, and he smiled.

Any time I have been around other hunters, these are the types of conversations I would hear. It was easy for me to participate in the banter and fun to learn from all of these types of hunters. But I just did not share their unique passions. I tried, but it felt forced and left me wondering why I hunted. All I could identify is that I just like hunting. I like to hunt so much, I even hunt for rocks.



I recruited a couple members from the Colorado Bowhunters Association, Tim Turner and Adam Arends, to join me on this adventure. We landed in Bariloche on March 13, 2025, settled into our hotel, and began to understand our adventure was real. Sleep was easy after 26 hours of travel, but anticipation for tomorrow ran high. We woke early the next day and loaded into a Toyota Helix to head to our first camp. It was a quaint mountain cabin that would rival any Colorado ghost town structure with the added amenities of a wood-fired oven, a gravity-fed water system from a mountain spring, and a wood-burning water heater for a shower. After feasting on lamb asado, we prepared for an afternoon hunt.



While on a drive home from Nebraska after a weekend whitetail hunt, I struck up a conversation with my friend Will about why we hunt. Will is only one species away from receiving SCI's World Hunting Award with a bow (only nine hunters have accomplished this feat). It's a great honor and part of what has driven him to chase animals across five continents. It was in this conversation that I mentally created a new class of hunter. I began to call myself an "adventure hunter." I realized it truly is the adventure of the woods and the pursuit that drive me. This call to adventure with my bow in my hand has led to some of the best memories and stories I have. I love to guide others. I love to teach new hunters. As long as I am in the woods hunting, I truly enjoy myself.

I recently had yet another opportunity to engage the wild and explore new habitat and a new species in Argentina. We would be hunting red deer, during the roar, across 40 miles of the Andes Mountains on horseback, all while living with backcountry herdsman. Holy cow! Now you're singing my song!





Hunting was very rough in this first location. There was some roaring going on, but not enough to locate animals and move in on them in the thick brush of the Andes Mountains. Adam and Tim decided to move over the mountain after the first day in hopes that the more remote area would offer additional opportunity. I stayed for another day, hoping to surprise one stag I had heard the night before. I hunted hard the next morning, but we never did get sight of the stag. So, I joined the boys over the mountain that afternoon. I arrived at what they call a "puestos," an old cabin sometimes from original settlers, or constructed by herdsman so they can stay with their animals through the summer months. It was nothing more than a dry place to sleep. The hunting was better on this side of the mountain, and I soon realized that the Andes Mountains were no joke when actively pursuing red deer. The combination of my American physique and

the loose rocky inclines tested my quads and my will, especially as I watched my 24-year-old guide bound up the mountains like the sheep he tended, constantly looking back to make sure I hadn't passed out. It was here that we finally found stag and gotten close

a couple times, and I began to really settle into the hunt. After a couple days, it was time again to move, hoping to find that sweet spot where the stags were roaring, and the terrain allowed for a bowhunter's approach.

It was now the eighteenth. We packed up essentials the night before and loaded our horses for a five-hour ride. Up until this ride, I carried my bow while riding. But with such a long ride, I strapped my bow to my pack so I could relax a little. The scenery was incredible. We were riding where only shepherds go and

seeing things most tourists only see in pictures. Crossing a river and entering a canyon, there were a few trees near the trail. One tree with an overhanging branch looked pretty low. I ducked and asked Adam, who was riding behind me, if I was low enough. The last thing I heard was "get lower!"



"WE GOT A LITTLE WESTERN
AND HE RESET MY WRIST..."



As much as I thought I had, I did not get low enough, and a part of the branch went through the limb of my bow and began to pull me off my horse. I did what any fearless, full-grown man would do; I panicked. I regained my wits and tried to stop the horse or get my feet free from the stirrups and managed only to get my right foot free. I pulled back on the reins, and my horse began to stop, but not in time. I hit the ground with my left boot still in the stirrup, and my horse spooked, dragging and kicking me. Leo, the guide closest to me, managed to stop my horse. The only thing I remember is seeing him by my horse, freeing my left leg.

I was kicked twice in the right leg and once in the head, fracturing my jaw and sinus. My left hip was bruised up from the rodeo, and my right wrist shattered at some point in the chaos. I was left unconscious. After a couple minutes, I woke up; after 8-10 times asking why I was on the ground, I regained mental composure and began to understand this was not the adventure I had signed up for. But you cannot plan adventure, you can only participate. I don't know much about the actual timelines that followed, only the events.

We decided to press the SOS button on my Garmin. This set off a string of events that led to no help for me and severe anxiety for my wife. Within minutes of us pressing the button, my wife was called. The operator told her that my SOS button was pushed, I had been severely injured by a horse, and they needed her help to try and locate me. It would be hours before I could communicate with her and calm her mind. I struggled deciding whether to include this. I'm sure the SOS button has been a life saver for some. However, in the

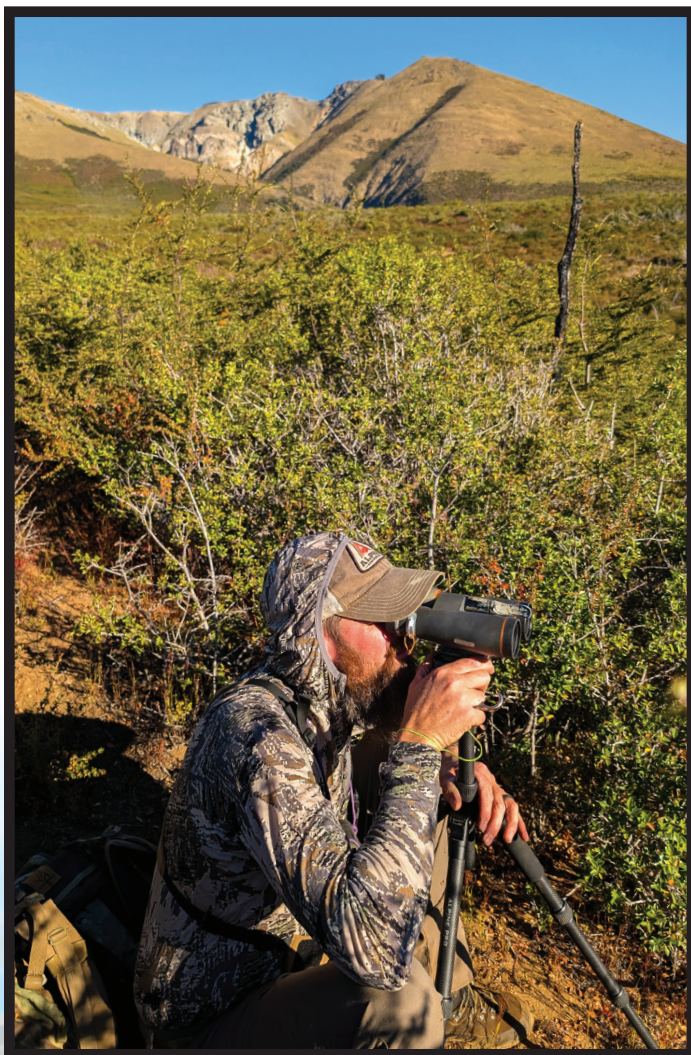
remote parts of the Andes, it did not prove helpful to me.

After realizing that SOS was not going to be the help I hoped for, I began to process the situation. I began to really check my body and my ability to help myself; no broken ribs, no internal chest pains, left arm in great shape, face hurts but head feels okay, right arm can't move, and legs, unsure. We tried to splint my arm but quickly realized that it was causing more pain than help, so we lashed it to my chest instead. I sat up, waited; stood up, legs holding weight with no added pain, waited; not dizzy, we can try to move. We hiked about a mile back to a two-track road we had passed across the river (the river crossing on foot was a minor adventure of its own). I was picked up there and driven to the closest town, about three hours away. I was assessed at a clinic there, but they did not have the capacity to help me. They did notify a hospital in Bariloche that I would be coming. This was another 3.5 hours away.

Having left my passport and really everything I had with the horses, we had to wait in the town for the guys and my gear. Santiago, one of our guides, lived in this town, and we were able to wait at his house. This is when I gave my boots away. If you have ever hunted in a third-world country, you learn quickly that quality products are hard to come by and are very expensive, if they can even be found. My Asolo boots would cost a month's salary. Santiago wore the same size boots as me and had been working in what I can best describe as house shoes much like Hey Dudes, but tighter. Knowing I could not draw my bow again, my hunt was done, or so I thought. I also figured I would not see Santiago again, so I left my boots at his house as a parting gift.

The funny thing about health care in other countries, unlike American hospitals, is that it is under no compulsion to treat you. Marco, our lead guide, and I went to four different hospitals before we found one to treat me. After x-rays, it was determined that my wrist could be re-located and put in a cast. I asked the doctor about pain medication and was told the only option they had could stop my heart, and he did not recommend it. I made him promise not





to laugh if I screamed like a little kid, and he agreed. So, we got a little western, and he reset my wrist, casting my arm from my hand halfway up my bicep. We didn't know it at the time, but the bones were broken too severely to allow my wrist to stay set; this would lead to immediate surgery once on American soil, but that's a far less interesting story than the hunting adventure that ensued.

It was now 2:00 am, so we found a hotel and stayed the night in Bariloche. In the morning, life looked a little better. Knowing you cannot fly soon after a major medical event, I told Marco I wanted to re-join Tim and Adam if that was possible. I did not appreciate the concept of staying in a foreign town alone and being injured. I thought at the very least I could glass for the guys or just enjoy the Andes. But regarding footwear, I only had my "Hey Dudes" that I fly in. Well, "when in Rome," we went to the local market, and I bought a pair of the house shoes the guides had been wearing. We made our way to a farm that was about 2.5 hours by horse from where the guys were camped. At this point, I'm committed to riding one-handed, so Marco and I made a pact not to tell my wife that I would be riding a horse. No reason for her to share in my anxiety.

Arriving at camp and realizing that I was not really needed by two seasoned hunters, I started to feel like extra weight. I stayed around camp, rockhounding and glassing from camp. We took a couple short rides to areas where Tim and Adam weren't hunting to scout. That's when I asked the question, "Do you think I can shoot a rifle?" Marco's eyes lit up like daybreak over the mountains, and he quickly grabbed a 300 with an attached bipod. "Mate, this makes me so happy!" he said as I raised the rifle left-handed, attempting to dry-fire it, seeing if I could even reach the trigger with stability.

The next morning, I glassed a modest stag take a bed about a mile from camp. These animals are unpredictable and wary as all heck with one exception; they go uphill in the morning and downhill in the evening. After lunch, Marco and I made our way to a slope

**"YOU CANNOT PLAN ADVENTURE
YOU CAN ONLY PARTICIPATE."**

where we could see the stag if he made his way into the valley. After walking through bogs and dumping rocks from the house shoes a few times, we were at the location we thought best. The slope was steep, and loose rock made stability a challenge, but I was able to get set up above a small bush I used as a foot hold. As the sun began to duck below the mountains, we saw movement. Two hinds were making their way through the brush around 280 yards below us, then two spikes joined them. We waited, hoping for the larger stag. No such luck. When the foursome showed through another opening, Marco told me, "Take a shot if you want, we need camp meat." Having never shot an animal with a rifle or even shot a rifle over 100 yards, I asked where to place the crosshairs at this distance. He told me, and I tried to find stability on the slope and clear vision through the scope. Lightly touching the trigger, the blast of the 300 made me lose position against the bush and slide down the slope a couple feet. I was sure I had missed. We waited a couple minutes, and we saw the hinds again, trotting away from us now at almost 500 yards. Marco urged me to try again. I was trying to wrap my mind around a 500-yard shot when Marco said, "Mate, there was four before, now only three." Did I connect? We made our way down the slope and found the young stag laying against some brush. The culmination of one of my great adventures was a humble spike,

and I loved it. I may not have come home with an SCI level stag, but I will remember this trophy just as proudly.

Fred Bear once said, "A hunt based only on trophies taken falls far short of what the ultimate goal should be." This resonates deeply with me. So, to my fellow hunters, I hope you never let the adventure of the hunt fade. I hope that even in adversity, you strive to participate in the adventure. And if you ever find yourself losing the love of the hunt, reminisce with people and relive your cherished memories in pursuit of game, celebrating the victories again.



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SPICY VENISON



Ingredients

- 1.5 LB cut of Venison backstrap, diced.
- 3 Tablespoons of Soy Sauce
- A dash of Worcestershire sauce
- 2 Teaspoons of Fish sauce
- 1.5 Teaspoons sugar
- A few cloves of garlic, minced
- 1 red onion
- 1 jalapeño
- Black Pepper
- Salt
- Olive oil
- Apple cider vinegar
- Salad Greens

Directions

1. Marinate venison for at least 2 hours in soy sauce, worcestershire sauce, fish sauce, sugar, black pepper, and garlic.
2. Heat a cast iron pan on medium-high heat and add a few tablespoons of olive oil.
3. Slice a red onion thin and add to the pan.
4. Slice jalapeño (with seeds) into rounds and add to pan once onions have started to brown. Cook for about a minute and remove from pan.
5. Add olive oil again to pan and add meat. Cook for a few minutes, getting a solid sear on all sides and remove.
6. Serve over a bed of spring greens tossed in cider vinegar and salt and pepper.

KID'S CORNER



"SEASONS IN THE WILD" WORD SEARCH

Colorado's wild places change with every season — from summer scouting trips to frosty fall hunts. Hidden in the puzzle below are 36 words that capture the sights, sounds, and seasons of life in the wild. How many can you find?

S	M	J	P	C	H	I	L	L	S	M	D	Y	R	B	C	K	F	B	H
S	G	B	U	K	B	Q	A	I	T	U	S	P	U	B	A	X	R	C	L
P	C	I	D	T	N	U	I	D	I	Z	C	B	T	M	M	I	L	R	W
R	F	A	L	L	I	N	G	D	L	Z	O	K	R	R	P	B	G	I	G
I	O	R	A	N	G	E	Q	L	L	L	U	F	X	X	I	G	B	S	I
N	M	O	R	N	I	N	G	O	E	E	T	E	R	E	N	F	I	P	T
G	C	T	W	S	F	R	X	C	W	L	W	F	S	O	G	D	L	B	H
Z	W	H	H	U	R	D	L	Y	G	O	Z	A	U	W	S	U	W	E	E
D	I	U	Y	M	E	U	H	B	V	A	H	L	N	U	U	T	Z	N	R
O	N	N	H	M	E	S	E	C	R	D	Q	L	S	C	L	Q	Y	A	M
Y	T	D	U	E	Z	K	A	M	Y	E	V	C	H	S	N	O	W	R	A
E	E	E	N	R	E	Q	T	D	T	R	E	D	I	B	A	R	T	C	L
L	R	R	T	L	T	Z	K	W	R	L	U	Z	N	D	A	W	H	H	S
L	Q	W	H	Q	H	E	J	N	G	I	A	S	E	Y	B	H	T	E	S
O	J	F	I	H	C	D	R	A	W	R	Z	Y	Z	K	F	I	Z	R	A
W	L	I	G	H	T	N	I	N	G	H	E	Z	E	W	O	T	B	Y	C
M	H	B	L	A	Z	E	S	J	Q	Z	C	E	L	R	G	E	G	O	A
W	D	C	U	V	E	L	V	E	T	H	U	B	N	E	S	C	A	W	G

Find the following words in the puzzle. Words are hidden → ↓ and ↘.

ARCHERY
BLAZE

BREEZE
BUGLE
CAMPING
CHILL
CRISP
DRAW
DRIZZLE
DUSK
FALL

FOG
FREEZE
FROST
GREEN
HEAT
HUNT
LAYERS
LIGHTNING
MORNING

MUZZLELOADER
ORANGE
RIFLE
RUT
SCOUT
SNOW
SPRING
STILL
SUMMER

SUNSHINE
THERMALS
THUNDER
VELVET
WHITE
WINTER
YELLOW



Moose

Moose are the largest members of the deer family. They are the tallest mammals in North America. Moose look very awkward. They have a long head with big ears, a large rounded nose, and a bell .of hair-covered skin or "dewlap" hanging from the throat. Powerful shoulder muscles give moose a humpbacked look. Despite their ungainly appearance, moose can run at speeds up to 35 mph and swim as fast as six miles an hour!

Moose live in spruce, fir, and pine forests near water. They like willow thickets along streams, ponds, and marshes. They stay in the high forests in Colorado even in winter. Moose hair is long, thick, brown, and hollow. The hollow hair holds air which helps keep the moose warm. Moose have long legs. Their front legs are longer than their rear legs. This helps them jump over fallen trees and walk through streams and deep snow.

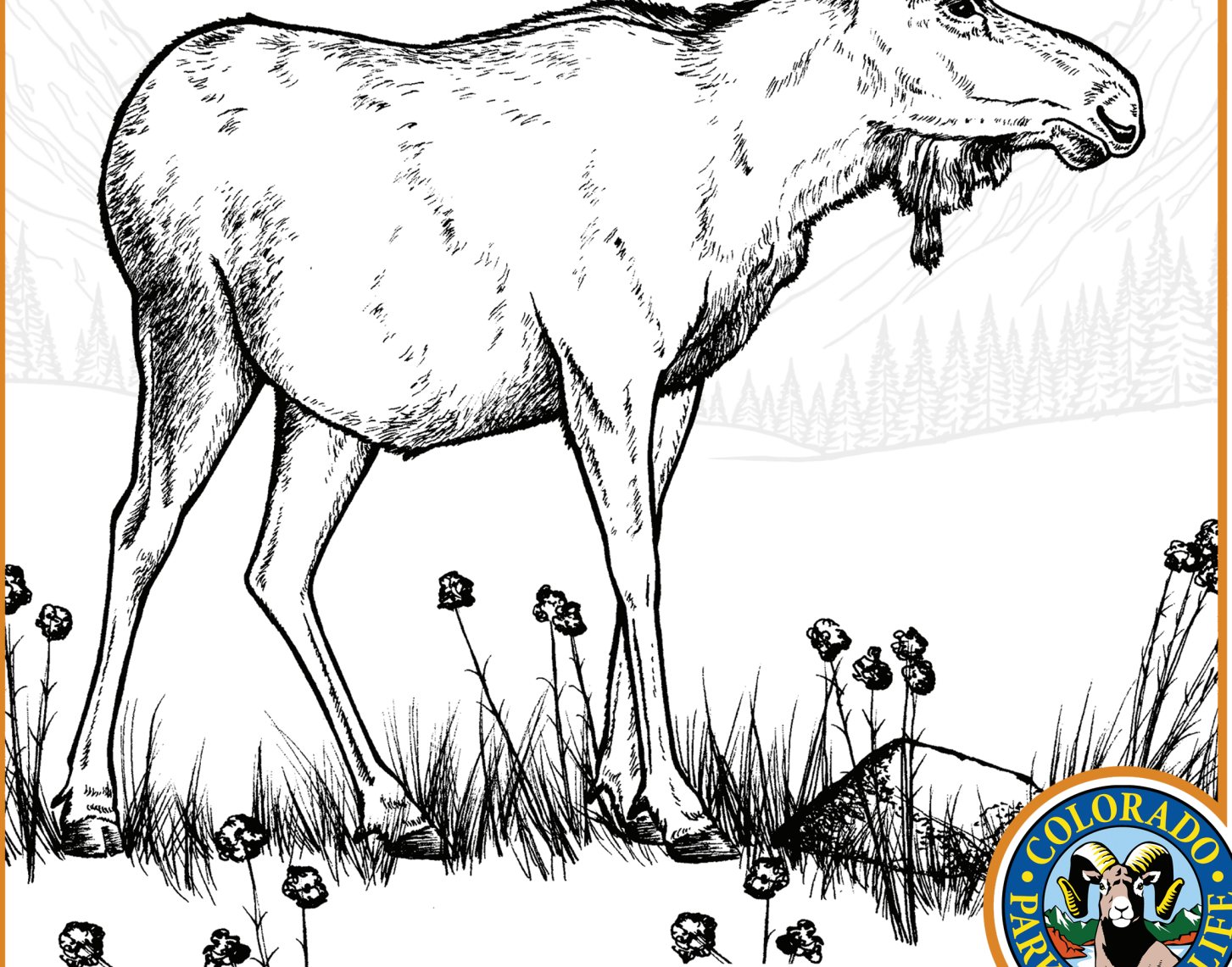


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Wildlife Discovery Page-Moose/Primary

<http://cpw.state.co.us>



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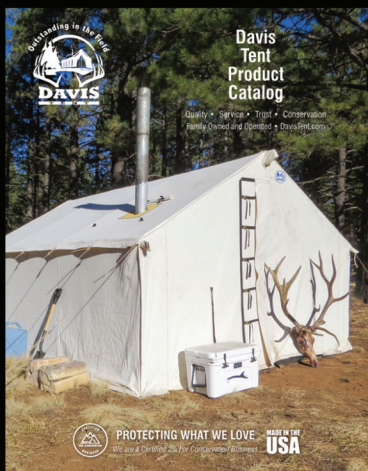


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