



TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTERS of TEXAS

NEWS and EVENTS for April through June 2013



From the Prez

Well vacations and trips are being planned for summer. Keep safety in mind for family , kids and friends. Thoughts are already turning from tournaments to leases and lakes.

Tbot has had its share of growing pains this past year. We have had made it , but not without losses ! Maybe we will emerge stronger and better .

The Hill Country Shootout was a great success (see photo at left). At our annual meeting we revisited and revised the rule on the size of the groups at out satellite shoots. The Host club and or representative for that shoot can make a decision due to low attendance or late arrivals
Be Safe have fun, Take The Kids
Wm. H. Murphy.

A note from your Secretary,

First I would like to thank everyone for attending our **20th Hill Country Shootout**. We owe great thanks to the **Bug Scuffle Ranch**, the **Currie Family** and **Bryan Keeling** for hosting it. Again, we had a great turnout with our usual "die hard" **TBoT** enthusiasts and many new members and guests. We know how important this shoot is to everyone at a time when the economy is stressed and gas prices are high. We realize that many of you book for next year before leaving the event. Taking off time at work and taking the kids out of school. We take pride in the importance each of you place on this event. That is incredible, thank you!

We would like to recognize our vendors and raffle donors. Much of our success is due to their generous contributions and support. We could not do it without your help. A sincere thank you, from **TBoT**. We have gone through some trials and tribulations this past year. Please rest assured that **TBoT** is as strong as ever and our newsletter will continue again. We have decided to utilize an outside source to assist with the publication, our current webmaster Harold Nelson. We are asking for material, articles, pictures, recipes, etc. to include. We encourage everyone to contribute, after all, this is your newsletter. You can send material to me by email or snail mail. My contact information is listed under officers. A note to our advertisers, we will honor your business membership for an extended period to compensate for the loss of issues last year. We appreciate your ads.

As with all volunteer organizations, we welcome help. If you can donate your time in anyway, please let us know. We welcome your help at satellite shoots as well as the **Hill Country Shoot** or committees.

Brenda

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Shoot Schedule - Please visit our website at tbot.org for up to the minute schedule additions.

July 13th & July 14th - TBoT Midsummer Melt Down at Concho Valley Archery San Angelo TX.
Contact Butch Gleghorn, 325-944-3517 Saturday 7:30 am - 4 pm Sunday 7:30 am - 2 pm

August 10th - Huaco bowmen archery club in Waco TX is holding a shoot. Gates open at 800 o'clock start shooting at 900 o'clock last score card at 1100 o'clock all score cards to be turned in by 200 o'clock contact for more information Chris martin phone 245-299-7588 club rep or Glenn Buchhorn 210-559-8266 tbot rep or look up Huaco on face book
<https://www.facebook.com/pages/Huaco-Bowmen/246533182094446>

August 10th - Banana Bend Archery Club. California start. 9 am to 10 pm. Contact carl stiebing at 409 554 2259

September 14th & 15th - Sagebrush archery shoot. Wellington , Tx. For info call Durk Green--806-205-2626 or north tx rep Todd Smith

September 14th & September 15th - TBoT Devils Mountain. Contact Butch Gleghorn, 325-944-3517 Saturday 7:30 am - 4 pm Sunday 7:30 am - 2 pm Thanks, Brenda Stein Traditional Bowhunters of Texas 3419 Roaring Creek St. Spring, TX 77380 713-628-0121

Shoot Results - Please visit our website at tbot.org for complete results of all the shoots



TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTERS of TEXAS
20TH ANNUAL
TEXAS HILL COUNTRY SHOOTOUT
BUG SCUFFLE RANCH, VANDERPOOL, TX, BUGSCUFFLE.COM
APRIL 13TH & 14TH, 2013 • Scoring – 50 targets (0-5-8-10-12)

OVERALL WINNERS

YOUTH GIRLS
Allison Compton 619

YOUTH BOYS
Gage Sattler 724

LADIES
Shana Sattler-Wilson 868

MEN'S
Shea Sattler 875

The 2013 Texas Hill Country Shootout at Bug Scuffle Ranch in Vanderpool was a great success. The results are way too big to show here but you can see them all at our website

http://tbot.org/shoot_results/2013/04_13_2013_vanderpool.html





A Legacy of A True Friend

By: Connie Balusek

Joseph "Uncle Joe" David Krout III, 78, of Orange, Texas, passed away on Friday, January 20, 2012.

Born in Camden, New Jersey on December 4, 1933, Joe was the son of Joseph David Krout, Jr. and Helen Viola (Hanner) Krout. He served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War and was a Senior Technician for DuPont for 33 years. Joe was a life member of the Lone Star Bowhunters Association, Traditional Bowhunters of Texas, and the National Rifle Association.

Preceded in death by his son, Joseph David Krout, IV (better known to friends as "Tiger" or "T. Joe" Krout). Joe is survived by his wife, Teresa Krout of Orange; sister, Joan Delores Tucker and husband Earl of Austin; nieces and nephews, their spouses; sister-in-laws and brother-in-laws; great-nieces and great-nephews and other loving family members and friends.

Losing "Uncle Joe" has been very difficult. There really are no words to express his influence on people he touched. It is through his examples and love for life that we've learned what true friendship means.

Joe was a hardworking, strong, loving, and gentle man. He loved his family and was deeply devoted to his wife, son, and all his friends.

His favorite past times were bow hunting, bow fishing, racing, building model air planes, and living life to its fullest. His favorite meal was a "rare" steak, baked potato, salad, and sometimes dessert.

As long as I can remember, I always looked forward to Uncle Joe coming for another adventurous trip. Each trip or visit with Joe was a learning experience. He truly believed that if you worked hard, treated people right, and with a little love from God, you would have a good life.

My family and I enjoyed many Thanksgivings, archery tournaments, and hunting trips with Joe. We would enjoy all of Joe's jokes, stories, fibs, and knowledge. He would always push my brother and I to do the very best and chase our fondest dreams.

Joe always had a camera in his hands recording history of his trips, after which he would share his glamor shots. There were very few times in which he didn't have pictures of the events, including, TBoT, Stick Bow Round Up, LSBA shoots and banquets, hunting and bow fishing events. Joe Krout will truly be missed by many.

God Bless you Joe. Thank you for all of your memories.



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Odell Wanderings

by Bob Morrison

Amphiuma? What's that?

On first glance, the aquatic animal looked like a snake. Long, slender body with a slightly pointed head.

"Nope, it can't be a snake. There is a pair of gill slits but no gills; the animal must be an eel. Nope, it's not an eel because I see tiny legs," I mumbled as I watched the animal in the shallow water near the shore line of the canal.

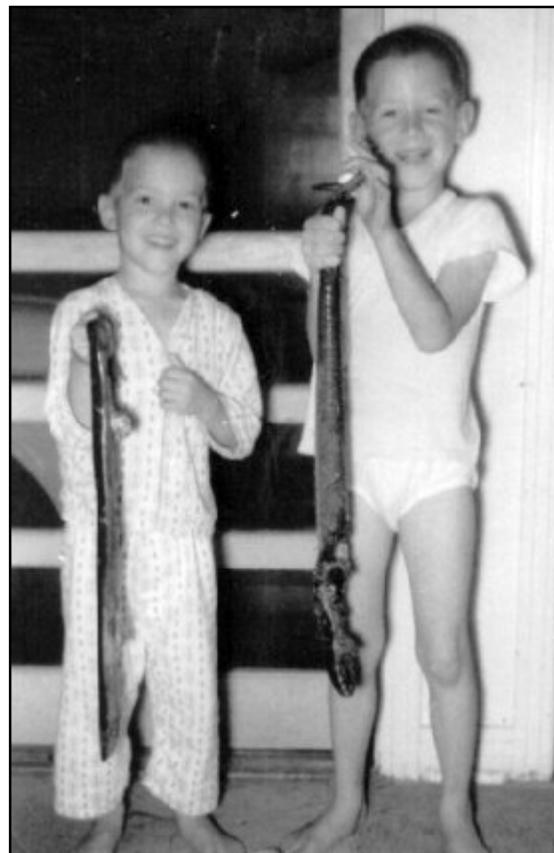
Curious, I shot two of these strange creatures while they fed along the shore line of the Main Canal A, where it passes beneath State Highway 73, just north of Port Arthur, Texas. I clipped the animals onto the fish stringer. It was a dark, star lit night on April 12, 1966. I was bowfishing for alligator gars.

At my Beaumont home, I looked up the creatures in Roger Conant's "Field Guide to Reptiles and Amphibians of Eastern and Central North America." The snakey looking animal was an amphiuma (*Amphibuma tridactylum*, the Three-toed Amphiuma). It is endemic in Texas from the Red River near Paris, south to Galveston. There are three species of amphiumas in the United States: Two-toed in east Louisiana up to southeast Virginia and the One-toed in a small area of Florida's panhandle and a small portion of western Georgia. The three species feed on crustaceans, small fishes, and aquatic insects. Amphiumas are not poisonous and aren't a threat to humans.

I sent a report to the National Field Archery Association's Director of the Small Game Awards. He never acknowledged receipt of the report of the amphiumas.

My family and I moved on May 30, 1966, from Beaumont, where I taught at Lamar University, to Stephenville, Texas, where I accepted an associate professorship in the Biology Department of Tarleton State University. Although I bowfished each May, in and around Sabine Pass, Texas, for many years, I never saw another amphiuma.

Photo (B&W): Greg (L) and Jeff Morrison hold two amphiumas shot by their dad, Bob Bob Morrison, in a canal near Port Arthur, Texas, on April 12, 1966.



Photo

Large bullfrog shot by Bob Morrison, in the College Station, Texas area. The frog weighed 1-lb., 7-ozs.; The dressed carcass weighed 16-ozs. Its hindlegs tipped the scales at 7-ozs. Frog was shot using a bowfishing rig. Notice hole in right shoulder. Photo by Bob Morrison.





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Ah, No!

by Bob Morrison

During the past fifty-plus years that I have played with the crooked limb and pointed sticks, I have met and made some lasting friendships with a few bowbenders; made casual friends with others; and had the displeasure of meeting many wannabes whose self-images didn't match their people graces and skills. This last group faded from the bowbending sports. Good riddance; they didn't help promote the sport.

Over the last half century plus, I have experienced all sorts of shooting problems. Ask me about shooting problems. I've fought every one of them. Didn't win all of the battles, but I learned to recognize'em before they became engrained beyond control. In fact, I fought for more than five years with the problems before I changed to my natural dexterity of left-handness. Oh sure, I still have problems, but I can stop the problem(s) and return to normalcy before reaching the point of no return and giving up the sport.

Shooting problems aside during the past fifty-plus years, there have been times of fun, frustrations, foul-ups, and carelessness that spooked the hell out of me. These are a few of the times I want to share with those who may have had similar episodes during their bow hunts. I'm certain if they'd admit them, we'd all laugh.

I recall vividly when I absolutely made booboos that I could say, "Oops! How could that have happened?" The first that I remember was in the early 1960s, just two years since I thought seriously about competitive archery and bowhunting. I was on my way early one Saturday morning to an archery tournament in Abilene, Texas. Abilene is approximately one hundred miles southwest of Stephenville, Texas.

I loaded the pick-up truck at sunrise and told Alice that I'd be home by dark. She asked if I had lunch money, a full tank of gasoline, and all of my target equipment. I assured her that all was ready to go. And, pecked her on the cheek

"Well, good-bye; see ya about dark-thirty," she said as I climbed into the truck.

Half way to Abilene - about fifty miles from Stephenville - a car passed, and the driver waved as the car sped by. I smiled cockily and waved back thinking, "They saw my bow and arrows hanging in the bow rack in the back window." Causally, I glanced into the rear-view mirror to check.

"Ye Gads!" I screeched. "Where is my quiver of target arrows?" I remembered putting them on the living room couch. Hastily, I made a U-turn and headed for Stephenville. I barely made it to Abilene and my assigned target before the tournament started.

I giggle at this next careless handling of an arrow tipped with a razorsharp Bear broadhead. I believe this happened in October, 1961, on the Carson Pryor Ranch, near Wheelock, Texas.

At the time, I was working on my PhD in entomology and parasitology. Bob Barnes and I were on a bowhunting lease near Wheelock. With College Station no more than a 30-minute drive to the lease, he and I spent the night at the lease one evening and would hunt the next morning.

An hour before daylight, the alarm awoke us. We struggled to the kitchen. I made coffee; kBob drank some sort of canned liquid - no, not beer. By the time we finished the finished the liquid breakfast, we discussed which treestands we'd use. I told him that I'd sit in the one nearest the cabin. He would sit in his favorite one near the creek.

We put on our camos, scraped charcoal brickets and rubbed the black dust onto our faces, and left the cabin. "See you about noon," Bob said quietly as he veered off the main trail. "O.K.," I whispered.

I climbed into the tree, hauled up my bow, hunt up the quiver, and drew out a Bear Razorhead. Unlike now when flogging an arrow, we put the arrow between the string and the bow handle before nocking an arrow. Wel, clumsily, I raked the sharp broadhead across the bowstring.

"Whap!"

The cut string and bow made a helluva sound. Hunt over! I didn't have a spare string in my fanny bag nor one back at camp.

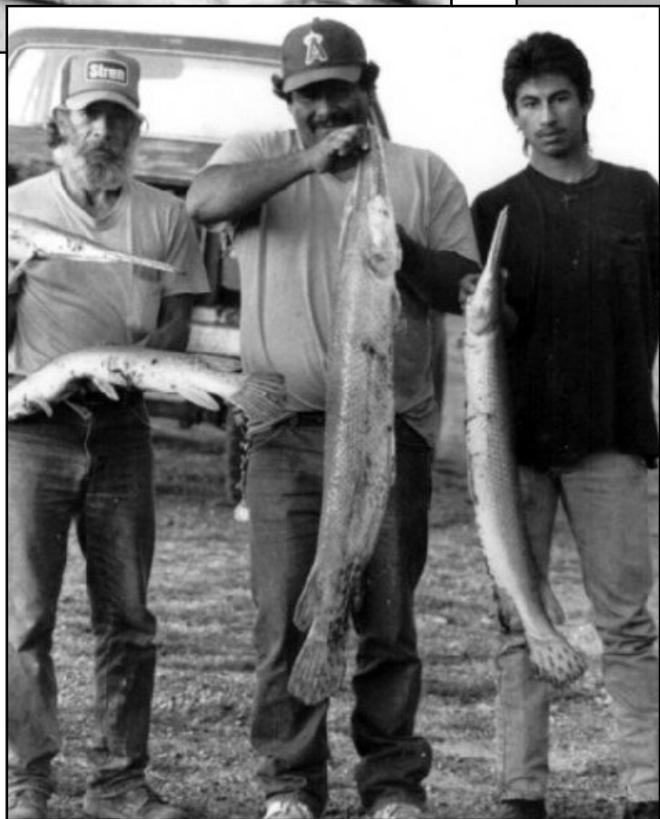
*Taken from "Bowhunter Bloopers & Boners (Some Funny; Some embarrassing; Some Dangerous)" by author, Spring, 2011.



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Beautiful morning ... no wind. I sprayed our pecan trees against the pecan nutcase bearer before the breezes started. Didn't want any drift from the insecticide onto the neighbors' homes. Enclosed are four photos, with captions, for the Magazine. Hope you can use them. Weather permitting, I'll sneak in a bowfishing trip to Lake Palo Pinto (near Possum Kingdom Lake) some time next week. Thank you. Outdoors forever, Bob Morrisor





TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTERS of TEXAS

NEWS and EVENTS for April through June 2013

Odell Wandering

by Bob Morrison

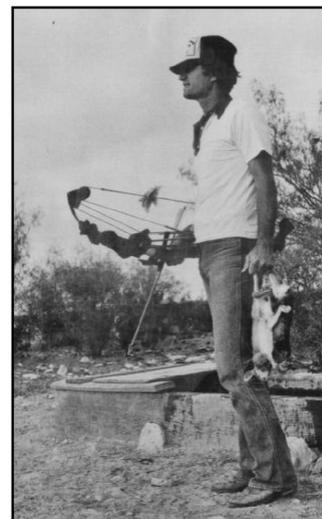
Twixt the end of deer season and the beginning of bowfishing, hunt the smallest whitetail - the cottontail rabbit.

You have been keyed up since October to put venison in the freezer, and when the special doe/spike buck season ends in mid-January, what can you do with your free time? Spring is a couple months away. The carp spawn usually doesn't kick in until the waters reach the magical mark of 72 degrees.

There are several options to occupy your spare time. First, check and repair your hunting gear: maybe the bow string needs replacing, an arrow or two need new flething, patch the camos (for sure they need washing), clean and oil the hunting boots, etc. But, checking your gear doesn't take but a few afternoons. Then what? Of course, take care of the honeydos.

If you want to "pop" paper, the tournaments are in full swing. Go to the field range and shoot a couple rounds of animal targets. Better yet, hunt Texas' smallest whitetail ... the cottontail rabbit. Ask the owner of your lease if rabbit hunting is allowed after deer season. If it's not, contact a commercial bowhunting ranch; there are several in the Texas brush country. Book a rabbit/feral hog hunt. The daily rates are not to expensive, and most of these ranches have all amenities for a good hunt.

Texas has plenty of cottontails, and there isn't a season. However, it's best to hunt cottontails in mid-winter because they're usually in good condition. For sure, they won't be infected with Bot Fly grubs. The parasitic grubs are commonly called "warbles", "wolves", and other colorful names. Although the grubs don't carry any diseases, the unsightly grubs ruin a hunter's appetite when skinning an infected rabbit.



All you need is a place to hunt cottontails, a valid hunting license, and "throwaway arrows. I switch from my deer hunting bow to a small game bow pulling 45-lbs., wooden arrows, and Bodkin points. I ease along the ranch roads and game trails just at daylight and quit hunting around nine O'clock. The rabbits are just about finishing grazing and headed for their forms to snooze until sundown.

I skin and gut the rabbits, put them in plastic bags, and into an ice-chest. At home, I butcher the rabbits, put the pieces in a shallow, square, metal pan, cover with water, and freeze. Then, I remove the block of frozen meat from the pan and put it in a plastic bag labeled with the date. The meat can be boiled, fried, grilled, and stewed.

I've booked a rabbit/hog hunt in South Texas the last of February for the past thirty years. I spend the first morning of a 2-day hunt for cottontails; the remaining day and a half, I hunt feral hogs. I switch to my deer hunting bow when I hunt hogs.

I certainly enjoy a meal of polenta and boiled rabbit. Chicken-fried rabbit, French fries, and a crisp green salad are mighty good, too. After a rabbit/hog hunt and a good meal of Texas' smallest whitetail, I'll take it easy until the carp start thrashing in the shallows.



Odell Wandering

by Bob Morrison

Tide's coming in; alligator gars are rolling.

Several hundred yards east of the culvert where I stood waiting for the incoming tide to flood the marsh on each side of SH 87 and north of Sabine Pass about a mile, I watched alligator gars surface, roll, and gulp air. They were on their way to the marsh to spawn.

Alice, my wife, and our three young sons were on the west side of the highway crabbing while I waited on the other side for gar. She yelled at me that she had seen several gar surfacing after they came through the culvert. She indicated their size by holding her arms outstretched from her sides. I yelled back that I was going to walk the southeast shoreline and shoot gar before they reached the culvert. She yelled back to watch out for snakes.

As I started along the shoreline, an old Cajun stopped his battered pick-up truck beside the culvert. He crawled from the truck and motioned "hello" with a nod of his head. He reached over the side of the pick-up bed and brought out an eight foot pole with a half-inch rope tied to one end. On the opposite end there was a small harpoon with a single barb. The harpoon slipped over the end of the pole. A long, small diameter cable was attached to the harpoon and to the rope. When the harpoon penetrated a fish, the point slipped off the pole and the pole dangled free. The fish was hauled in with the rope.

In broken English, he told me he would catch a gar. "They maka fine gar balls."

I looked a bit skeptical and decided to watch him a few minutes before I continued along the ditch. He uncoiled the rope and ran his left hand through a loop on the free end of the rope. He coiled the rope and held it in his left hand. He held the harpoon pole and cable in his right hand. He raised the harpoon shoulder high in ready to throw the spear. He stared intently at the water. Suddenly, he drew back and whipped the spear into the water. He hauled in the rope hand over hand. The wooden shaft dangled freely. A small gar flounced from the end of the cable.

"Ah," he spoke proudly, "I needa one mar for tha suppa."

My oldest son, Jeff, asked later if the man was really going to eat the gar. I told him what the man told me. "Yuck!" Jeff made a face in reply. "I wouldn't eat one of those nasty things!" Later, we ate deep-fried gar balls, spiced with onions, chopped garlic, salt and pepper, boiled rice and brown gravy. Our first Cajun meal, ever.

When I was growing up on a South Texas ranch, boiled rice was a dessert mixed with Red Carnation milk and sugar. We never thought of rice as a main dish. Now, we eat lots of boiled rice, brown gravy, and fried deer meat.

The old man harpooned another gar and left.

I walked along the ditch about a hundred yards and saw a lone gar surfacing. I watched and timed its surfacing. When it was within a few counts, I got set and watched closely for its dark shadow rising to the surface. When its snout broke the surface, I sunk a Bear fishing point behind its head. I threw my bow on the bank and fought the fish for a few minutes and gradually brought it ashore. I disposed of the fish. It was my first trophy alligator gar. No, it wasn't a 100-pounder. It was 47 inches long, with a 17-inch girth, and weighed 23 lbs.

I didn't have any idea of how to dress the gar. I gave it to a neighbor, who boiled the gar steaks in court bouillon, canned tomatoes, seasoned with lots of onions, garlic, salt and black pepper. This was poured over boiled rice.

I learned from another Cajun how to dress a gar. And we ate many of them before we moved from Beaumont. Needle-nose and spotted gars are excellent substitutes for the alligator gar in this dish.



Photo Morrison sons (L-R) - Gary, Greg, and Jeff holding the gar. The gar weighed 23-lbs. It was shot one mile north of Sabine Pass, Texas, on State High 87, about a mile north of Sabine Pass, on May 8, 1966. Photo by Bob Morrison.



Mountain Lion Claims Doe

by Bob Morrison

The regular gun season opened on November 16, 1961. It opened with a Bang! No, it opened with a Zing! on the Carson Pryor bowhunting only ranch north of Wheelock, Texas. I had shot a 6-pt. (my first bow-killed deer) there on October 5, of the bow season. And, on November 16, I shot a 7-pt. buck. A doe would be tagged on December 21.

It was nearly dark on the 21st., when a doe and two yearlings tip-toed from the dense briar and yaupon thicket, 26 yards from my treestand. I drew slowly and aimed for the middle of her rib cage. At the snap of the bowstring, she doubled back toward the thicket, trying to dodge the wooden arrow tipped with a 125-grain Bear Razorhead. The evasive maneuver didn't work. The shaft hit low in her abdomen near the rib cage and angled forward and emerged from the right shoulder. I'd gut shot her.

I walked quietly back to camp, scolding myself for a sloppy shot. I asked a seasoned bowhunter if I should pursue the doe or wait until morning. He suggested that I wait until because the temperature had been in the low 30s for two days, and the temperature shouldn't get to the high 40s or low 50s by morning. I decided it would be best to wait until morning since it was a gut shot.

At daylight, I stood over the spot where the doe had wheeled to dodge the arrow. A scanty blood trail led from there toward the seasonal creek that ran through the pasture. Time and time again, I lost the trail, and then finding the tiniest flecks of dried blood, every five or six yards, on the leaves. Patiently, I searched. Approximately 150 yards from where she had whirled to dodge the arrow, I found her. What a surprise ... something I would have never expected to see.

"Well, look who came to dinner. A cougar," I whispered, looking carefully into the underbrush to see if I were alone. Then, I looked at the doe. She was covered with leaves. Her right ham was half eaten. Several of the bowhunters had mentioned earlier in the season that they had had glimpses of a cougar bounding through the dense underbrush. One of the hunters, a fish monger from East Texas, had taken a running shot with his 30-30 rifle at noon, when he spied a cougar bounding across an open field near the camp.

The year, 1961, was a memorable one. I filled out three tags and earned two NFAA Dale Brown Pins for big game. Also, the NFAA awarded me the first, second, and third silver arrows for small game; further, I had earned 32 points toward the NFAA's first crossed arrows pin for small game.





Odell Wanderings

by Bob Morrison

"He's on point! Ease up there beside Chris and get ready for a shot when the covey flushes," Lionel whispered.

I had lost count of how many times Lionel Felts had repeated this to me on the chilly morning of February 3, 1973. We were hunting Bob White Quail near Lueders, Texas, in North Central Texas. Lueders is north of Abilene, on SH 6.

Lionel was a student at Tarleton State University, majoring in biology. We became friends in the Spring of 1973, when he enrolled in my general biology class. We swapped hunting and fishing stories over coffee after class. During this time, he invited me to hunt quail before the season ended in the latter part of February. I accepted his invitation and told him that I hunted only with the bow. He was skeptical but said it didn't matter to him what weapon I used so long as it was legal. He also said he'd give me the first shot; after that, he'd follow up with his shotgun.

Lionel was curious about the arrows I'd use. I explained that I tipped the arrows with a bird point. The home-made point was 125-grain field point with a 7-inch, steel wire attached. I also explained that the heavy arrow - with regular hunting fletching - had an effective range of about 20 yards. I asked if he could get me within this range a covey before it broke cover.

"Sure. I believe Chris can hold a covey until you get set. Do you think you can hit a bird on the wing?"

"Well, I've never shot at quail before. I have shot into flocks of black birds and knocked down a few, but quail ... maybe I'll get lucky if I shoot enough," I answered.

"You won't get upset if I kill'em after you shoot, will ya?"

"Heck no; I just want the chance to fling a few arrows. Maybe I'll get lucky."

"After we the morning hunt, would you like to hunt duck?" he asked.

"Sure. I do some duck hunting at Lake Proctor, southwest of Stephenville on U.S. 67. I'll bring my shotgun. I have a Duck Stamp. Alice and I like duck gumbo. Also, I save the gizzards and livers for Cajun dirty rice.

I met Lionel shortly after daylight on Saturday, February 3, and we drove to the hunting area. The pastures had short grass and mesquites and were pock-marked with livestock tanks (ponds). We stopped near a tank and let Chris out to get the kinks from his legs. While he ran around, Lionel said we'd make a big circle and then drive to another pasture. He was sure we'd have plenty of shooting before noon. After lunch, we'd duck hunt.

"Bob, when Chris hits point, you slip up quietly behind him. When you're set to shoot, step ahead of him. He'll flush the birds. Pick out one. The rest is up to you. After you shoot, squat down. I'll shoot. Okay?"

"Ready and rarin' to go," I answered as I flocked a bird arrow.

Within 30 minutes, Chris crossed the scent of a covey, trailed it, and hit point within few a minutes later. But, the birds wouldn't hold and ran ahead of him. Chris followed, hitting point, breaking it, and then went after the birds again. This happened several times.

"The birds are pretty spooky this morning. Don't know why unless other hunters have been here the past few days. We'll get some birds; don't worry."

Sure enough we did. And, sure enough I missed.

"Seems like you're shooting behind the birds, Bob. They'll fool you; they're flying faster than they look like. Swing faster on'em and lead'em quite a bit more. Maybe you'll get luck." Lionel smiled when he spoke.

So it went for a couple of hours. Lionel was near his bag limit. I hadn't broken a feather.

Lionel patiently kept moving; Chris kept finding birds. I kept missing.

Finally, after many shots (I won't admit how many.), I knocked down a bird. Chris brought the bird to me and sat down wagging his tail, as if to say, "Well, you finally hit one."

I did better on the ducks.



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TRADITIONAL BOWHUNTERS of TEXAS

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Shoot Results - Please visit our website at tbot.org for complete results of all the shoots

Cherokee archery shoot 05/12/2013

ladies longbow open	score	mens longbow wood	score	mens recurve open	score
kim summerall	224	rusty horn	263	rusty horn	279
		david vaught	192	jerry bischaffberger	267
		paul mohen	183	mark gibbons	254
ladies long bow wood				rob green	226
kim summerall	203			steve horn	189
				ron durst	187
		mens longbow open		monty roberts	187
ladies recurve open		rusty horn	295	gary sadler	183
kim summerall	172	jerry bischaffberger	287	jason sowell	149
		steve horn	239		
		bill neve	219		
		rob green	217	mens recurve wood	
mens seniors		gary sadler	189	steve horn	228
ron durst	206	david vaught	188	sam tate	207
sam tate	187	glenn buchhorn	188	paul mohen	195
				monty roberts	147



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Collin County June 01, 2013

MENS LONGBOW WOOD		MENS RECURVE WOOD		MENS RECURVE OPEN		LADIES LONGBOW WOOD		YOUTH BOYS LONGBOW	
Caleb Ballard	268	Todd Smith	265	Bennie Williams	289	Linda Lutkenhaus	211	Keaton Heffley	263
Jeff Casey	266	Bennie Williams	263	Jeff Casey	275	Marianna Harris	197	Luke Williams	228
Bobby Lutkenhaus	255	Freddie Crowder	240	Charlie Alexander	241	Donna Powell	176	Matthew Wheeler	225
Charlie Alexander	246	Dustin Thickler	236	Greg Holmes	223	Anita Murray	174	Caleb Williams	175
Mark Holman	245	Brandon Keys	229	Dustin Thickler	209	Maureen Mackin	157	YOUTH BOYS RECURVE	
Jeff Fleming	235	Jason Heffley	222	Brandon Wheeler	202	Priscilla Green	142	Keaton Heffley	245
Brandon Keys	230	Jeffro Murray	207	Randy Probst	198	LADIES LONGBOW OPEN		Matthew Wheeler	229
Joe Wallis	226	Wayne Meir	206	Nick Martin	189	Linda Lutkenhaus	216	Luke Williams	186
Freddie Crowder	221	Brandon Wheeler	205	Josh Brown	186	Tina Williams	201	Caleb Williams	165
Jeff Murray	221	Charlie Alexander	198	Steve Seals	180	Meagan Alexander	192	Dawson Heffley	113
Brandon Rogers	219	Steve Seals	170	Chris Brooks	174	Maureen Macks	162	CUBS	
Roger Crowder	218	Durk Green	143	MENS SUPER SENIORS		LADIES RECURVE WOOD		Keaton Heffley	243
Chad Meuir	216	MENS SENIORS		Durk Green	117	Rachel Fleming	232	Luke Williams	237
Jeremy King	212	Doug Hill	240	Randy Probst	222	Anita Murray	187	Kate Benik	226
Greg Bench	210	Wayne Meuir	233	James Collier	209	Marianna Harris	183	Max Meuir	215
Frank Porter	198	Ed Agulari	227	Wayne Meuir	195	Tina Williams	177	Wade Welch	168
Jason Heffley	174	Mark Holman	226	Jim Hoedebeck	184	Maureen Mackin	133	LADIES RECURVE OPEN	
Mark Watts	161	Freddie Crowder	219	Lewis Via	181	Rachael Fleming	255	Tina Williams	200
David Rubio	147	Randy Probst	211	Richard Crowder	173	Meagan Alexander	194	Maureen Mackin	158
MENS LONGBOW OPEN		James Collier	208	MENS SELFBOW					
Bennie Williams	280	Jimmy Garrett	195	Caleb Ballard	270				
Robert Lutkenhaus	248	Neal Kuznar	161	Charlie Alexander	254				
Branden Rogers	238	Durk Green	150	Glenn Bryant	250				
Jim Booth	234	MENS COMPOSITE		Glen Moore	216				
Charlie Alexander	230	Glenn Bryant	251	Bennie Williams	202				
Jeff Carey	229	Lewis Via	203	Dannie Hughes	196				
Chad Meuir	228	Todd Smith	194	Jason Heffley	168				
Frank Porter	219								
Jeff Fleming	219								
Greg Bench	214								
Brandon Wheeler	205								
Matthew Wheeler	201								
Ronnie Bates	182								
Glen Moore	178								

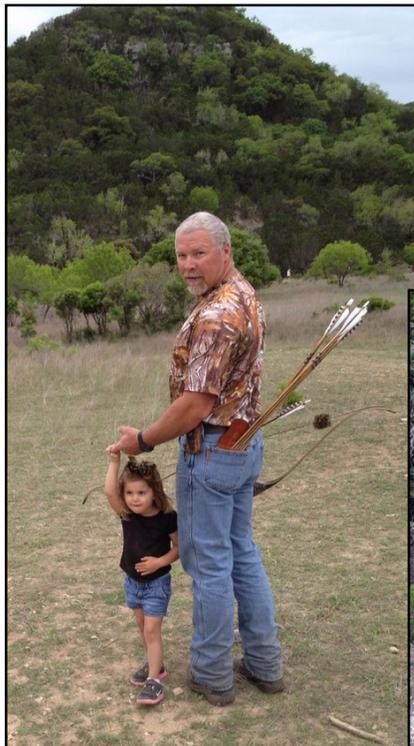




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Photos at Bugscuffle - Please visit our website at tbot.org to see them all





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Wyatt Landrum - youth hunt winner 2012

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188 lb. Black Bear Taken by **Heath Bryant** in June 2013. Duck Mountain Provincial Park, Duck Mountain Outfitters – Manitoba Spring Black Bear Hunt. This is Heath's first bear ever, and first with traditional archery. Gear is Bear Patriot Longbow by Byron Ferguson, Tred Barta Cedar arrow, and 160 gr. Winsel Woodsman Elite broadhead 3-blade. Shot was 12 yd, bear only ran 20 yd, great blood trail from tree to stop. Bear weighed 188 lbs, going to be a nice rug! Saw lots of action, great outfitters, great guide Andy. Complete hunt was recorded and is on you tube page - heathbryant2011 - or use this link
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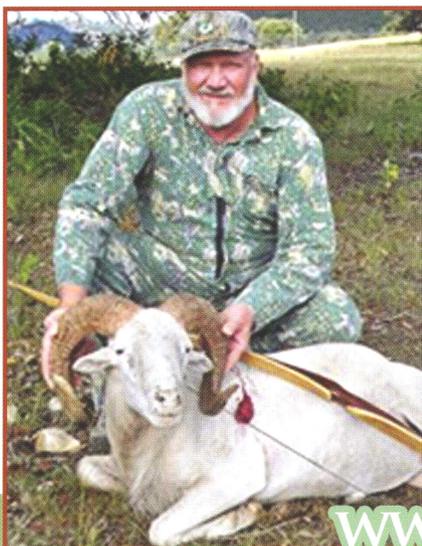


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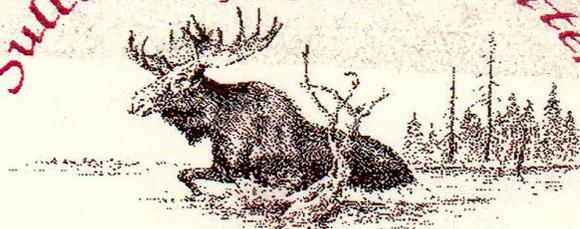


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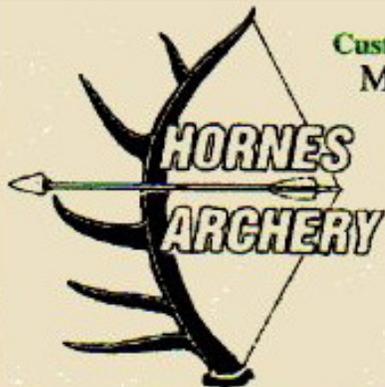
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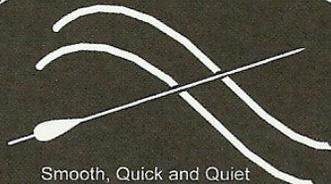
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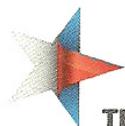
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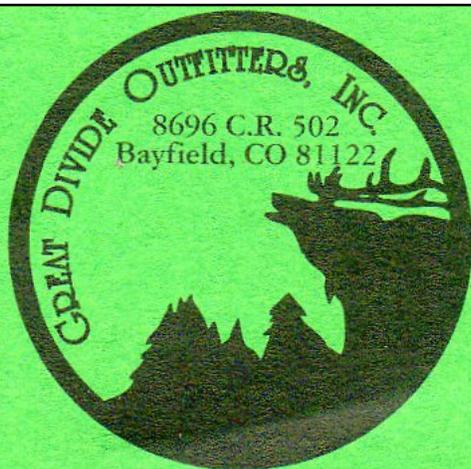
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