

Proposal for a Compromise Eradication Zone CWD Plan

Legislative Committee comments by Phil Muehrcke

5-14-03

A battle is raging in big game management agencies across the country. One problem is that policies devised more than a half century ago for managing game on large tracts of public land do not work well when the **landscape is fragmented into a quilt-like pattern of small private holdings**, as is the reality in much of the country today. A workable model for managing private lands game, and for managing public lands interspersed with small private parcels, has yet to be found. Longstanding citizen frustrations are turning into anger, hostility and rebellion. Most everyone agrees, profound changes are required if big game management is to avoid descending into total chaos.

To make matters worse, **big game agencies across the country are engaged in an intense struggle to clarify who has what power** to determine the course of future deer management. The battle has been going on for years, and there is a long list of contenders. These include elected leaders (politicians), state government agencies (natural resources, health, agriculture), timber and insurance companies, outdoor media and journalists, and a variety of organizations purporting to represent the interests of hunters, farmers, animal rights advocates, and environmentalists. Almost lost amid this fray are the constitutional rights of individual citizens.

Wisconsin is no stranger to this battle. Over the years growing numbers of individuals and organizations have voiced discontent and called for change in DNR policy. For as many years, the DNR has claimed the deer herd was out-of-control, and attempt after attempt to reduce the deer herd to target densities have failed. The claim is heard that the DNR is asked to serve too many masters. Indeed, legislative power over DNR matters is on the line here today.

Finding CWD in Wisconsin has only made matters worse. The DNR has responded by attempting to impose even more forceful and extreme measures. Whether by design or by accident, CWD policy has called attention to simmering conflicts, opened old wounds, accelerated unpopular decision making, magnified frictions, and forced everyone to think more deeply about what kind of Wisconsin deer management we want in the coming years. Presently, the state is inflamed by anti-DNR passions. Many citizens are unhappy and in a rebellious mood. There may be much disagreement on Wisconsin CWD policy, but there is little disagreement that Wisconsin deer management is in trouble and needs changing. But more government force is not the answer.

So, where do we go from here? The challenge of CWD has forced upon us an opportunity to begin working toward a new deer management model which is more responsive to the wishes of the people. This means it must be less dictatorial, and more democratic. It must involve negotiation, accommodation and cooperation. Ultimately, it is only logical that the DNR will have to partner in a respectful way with landowners on whose property deer live.

As a pragmatist, I am here today to offer a modest compromise. Here is my argument:

Current CWD policy calls for killing all deer in the Eradication Zone (EZ) as soon as possible.

The DNR admits that, even at full bore, it may take up to six years to achieve this goal. Landowners in the EZ are **calling for a delay** in eradication until compelling evidence clearly justifies such drastic action. The result is an **impasse**, with building frustration and anger on both sides of the issue. The seeds of impending disaster have been planted.

The **future looks even bleaker**, since the only way the DNR can kill all the deer in the EZ in the face of overwhelming landowner opposition is to **use extreme force to impose its will**. Chaos is sure to follow, with lasting bitterness and damage to our government and the way of life of Wisconsin citizens. The social, economic and political "costs" of killing all the deer in this fashion would be staggering. The **negative ramifications are immense** for people and institutions that have nothing directly to do with deer or deer hunting. Nobody could win in such a confrontation.

But there is **room for negotiation and compromise**. Landowners have generally agreed to herd reduction, and have shown a willingness to kill deer on their land (roughly 9,000 last year in the EZ). But before killing all deer, they want time for research to play out. If the DNR would announce that they have decided to approach their eradication goal in stages, say reducing the overwintering herd by 20% in each of the next four years, they would end up with 10-15 deer per square mile of deer range [see graph below]. This would be less than half of the present density. Most important, this would give time for four years of statewide surveillance and CWD research, which is the primary concern of landowners.

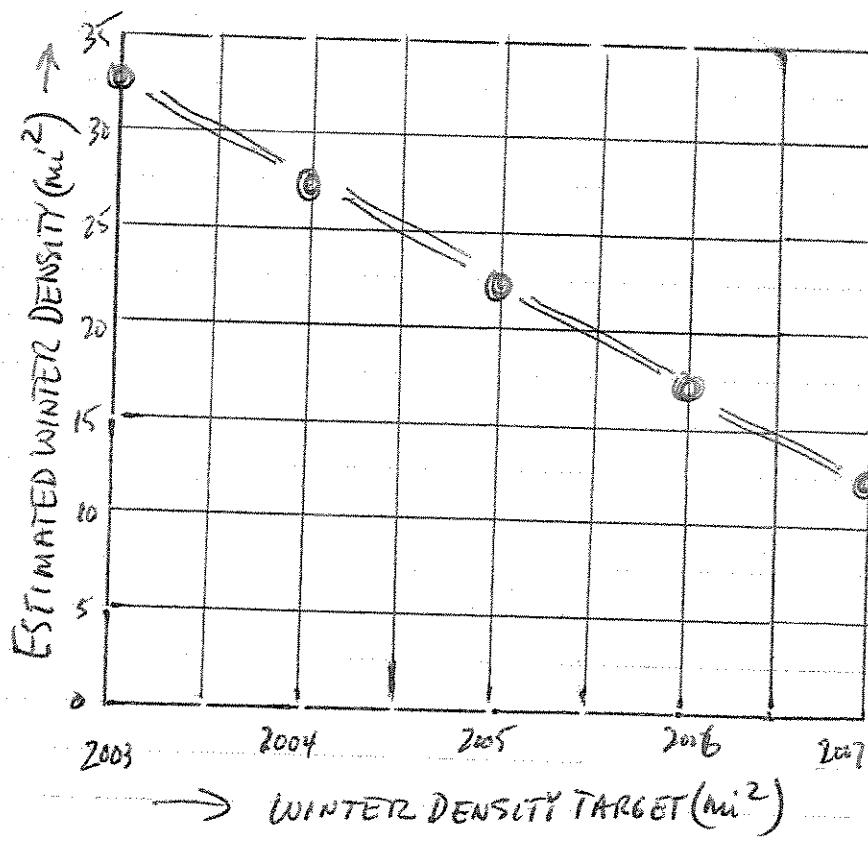
After these four years of partnership between the DNR and landowners, it may or **may not be necessary to launch into the ugly final "total kill" phase**. Reasonable alternatives may have emerged. But that is something that could be negotiated far better than it can now, since much more complete knowledge of CWD should be in hand after four years of intense effort nationwide. Both sides will also have had time to "cool off" by then.

In both theory and practice, this compromise asks the DNR to **give up nothing**, since it would be actively pursuing its goal of progressive herd reduction. It would let both sides get to a place in four years which is about where we might be by sticking with highly unpopular current policies. What is critical is that we could get there by **working as a team**, not by using current DNR practices that are widely perceived as abusive and disrespectful..

In exchange for landowner cooperation with this "**staged**" **eradication policy**, the DNR should agree to seriously modify the proposed permanent rules. Suggestions include:

- (1) Starting immediately, the DNR should conduct **annual reviews** of eradication policy, involving landowners as full partners. This review of the successes and failures of past year activities should be done before setting specific goals for the coming year.
- (2) State officials should do everything possible to provide hunters with **access to a convenient, quick and inexpensive means for testing a deer carcass for CWD**. This program should be in place by fall 2003.

- (3) The DNR should encourage people throughout the state to **kill sick looking or acting deer on sight**, and immediately call for a carcass pick-up. In turn, the DNR should set up a statewide infrastructure to collect these carcasses quickly enough that they could be tested for CWD.
- (4) The DNR should **test every deer that hunters kill in the Eradication and Herd Reduction Zones** each year, so that the distribution and prevalence of animals with CWD is determined as quickly as possible.
- (5) The DNR should **abandon the use of government sharpshooting**, except for selective culling of sick animals and targeted sampling.
- (6) The DNR should **verify deer density numbers annually** on a section by section basis using credible methods, and share these data with landowners in trying to identify locations where more or less intense management may be warranted.
- (7) The DNR should **not use any form of bounty or monetary incentive** to achieve additional killing. Eliminating this option would avoid the many destructive consequences that are likely to be associated with such a program.
- (8) The DNR should do whatever it takes in the form of infrastructure building and education to **reduce the waste of venison** to as close to 0 as possible, so that disgusting “dumpster killing” is relegated to the early “dark period” of Wisconsin CWD policy.
- (9) The DNR should **assist landowners** in every way upon request, using as a model the way forestry and agriculture agents have long interacted with people in the rural landscape.



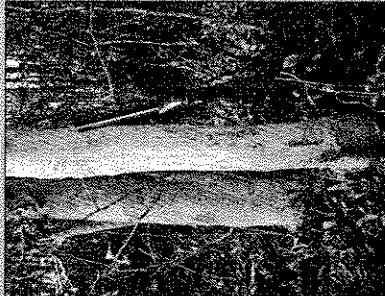
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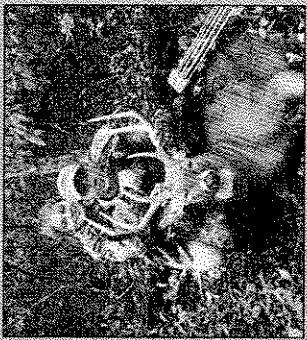
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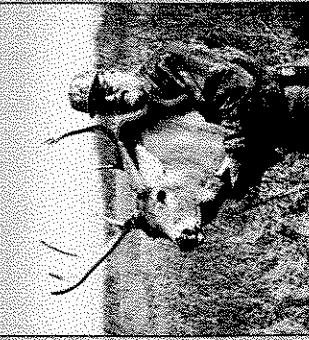
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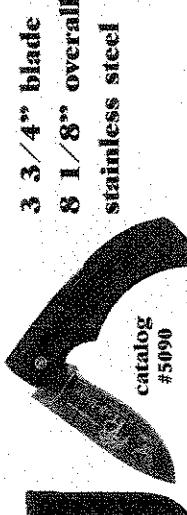
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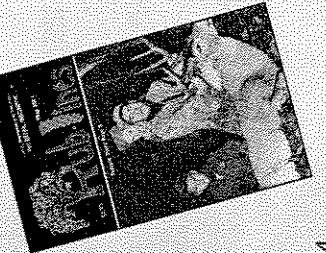
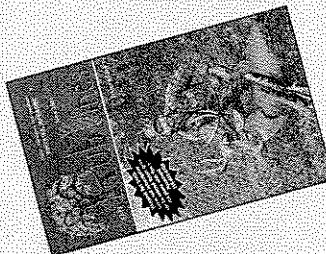
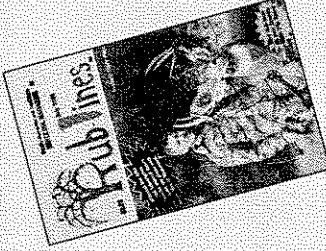


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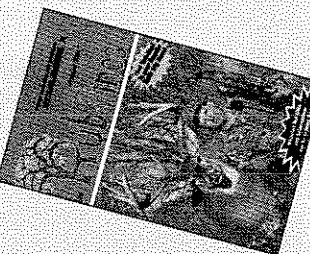
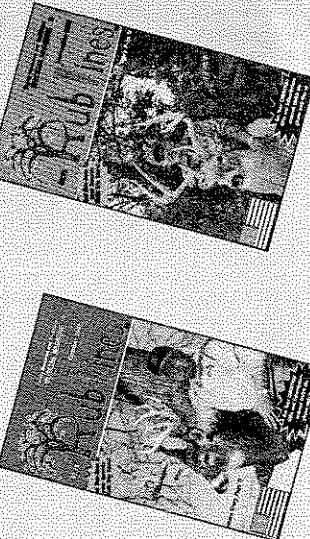
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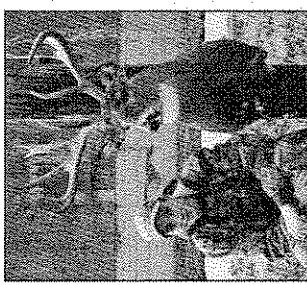
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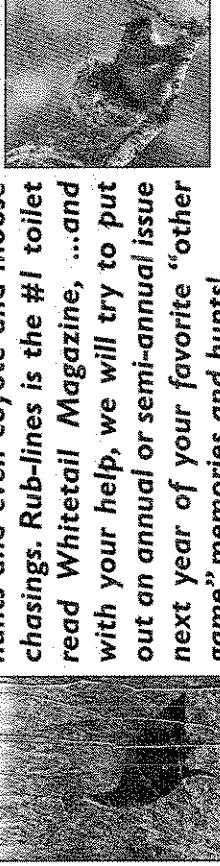
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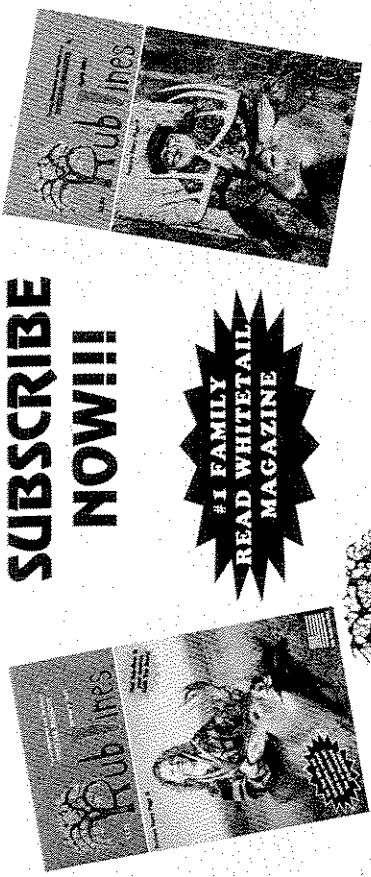
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THE OLD RIFLE

Scripture Reading Romans 10:9-13



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by John Miller
West Virginia

May 2003

Among my most prized possessions is a well used Model 722 Remington .300 Savage. I like to shoot the old gun and hunt with it not because it is the most accurate, most attractive, most powerful or best balanced rifle I own, but because of the memories that it brings to me.

The gun was purchased by my father-in-law shortly after Remington brought out this model in 1948. He liked the rifle very much and used it to take many fine bucks. I was privileged to share many of those hunts with him and many others I learned about from stories told by him and by others.

So, the old gun reminds me of my shortness of life. It seems like only yesterday that my father-in-law was strong and healthy, always insisting that he take the roughest and thickest part of the deer drive because he thought that someone else might skirt around these difficult places where the big bucks often hid. He went to be with the Lord fifteen years ago, the result of a massive heart attack.

My father-in-law was a faithful Christian and I know he was prepared to die. What about you? If this should be your day to die, are you ready? If not, put your faith in Jesus Christ today. Tomorrow may be too late!

Prayer: Lord, help me to live this day as if it were my last. Forgive me of my sins and save my soul through faith in Jesus Christ my Lord.

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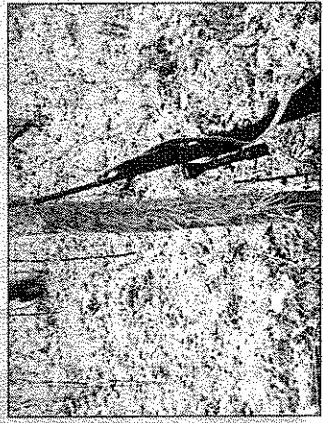
"Rub Review"



Whoa...that's a Rub!
Al Mears - Indiana



Craig Amborn of Wisconsin sent a picture of his brother Eric with a rub he said he found! HUMPH!



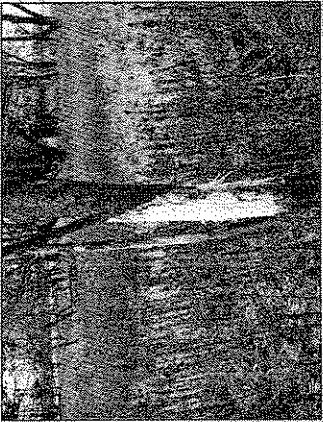
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ONLY IN WESTERN ILLINOIS

ONLY IN WESTERN ILLINOIS

by Les Davenport
Mt. Sterling, Illinois

Only in Western Illinois could a whitetail hunter harvest a one hundred seventy inch plus buck and have three larger already on the wall. Specifically, featured hunter Paul Newton's three "larger" bucks average over one hundred ninety inch gross.

Ever heard of Paul Newton? No, I suspect you haven't. He's in a category of whitetail hunters who, at least in my opinion, doesn't promote himself with smoke and mirrors. Paul's a down-to-earth gun and bow hunter born and raised in some of God's best whitetail terrain, Adams, Brown and Pike counties in western Illinois.

Paul's got some great tracts to hunt, and he hunts hard. However, he hunts no harder than thousands of other serious hunters who have never taken a top-end buck. So what's his secret? Is it "aggressive" whitetail hunting like one self-proclaimed expert puts it? Does he own the latest and greatest gadgets, equipment and clothing that magically makes him technically better? Or, maybe, he's only lucky more often than most.

The bottom line: Paul hunts managed property owned by his parents and refuses to settle for bucks of less than trophy class. Being satisfied at season end with an empty buck tag is a major ingredient for his hunting prowess.

Paul doesn't look down on those who aren't trophy hunters. Not the case! If he has a bone to pick with anyone in the whitetail world though, it's with the guys who only claim to be trophy hunters. You know the type. They'll shoot any dinky buck near the end of the hunt or when they need a kill for the camera. Unfortunately, there's a ton of those video stars in the woods nowadays.

I'm proud to say that Paul and the rest of the Newton family are my neighbors. It's amazing how many great bucks are harvested on Newton property. Management of the herd does work!

About hunting Illinois. At present, non-resident Illinois whitetail archery hunting is limited to under thirteen thousand licenses, one antlered buck is allowed per bow hunter. Cost is \$226.00 plus a five day or full season hunting license and habitat stamp (\$34.25 or \$56.25). Permits are sold by phone in early July (1-888-6-permit/1-888-673-7648), credit card sales only. Those born after January 1, 1980 must have a hunter safety card number. Shotgun or muzzleload hunters must draw for an either sex tag in August. There are three gun seasons, a three day and four day shotgun season and a three-day muzzleload season. These occur the weekend before Thanksgiving and the two weekends after the

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Thanksgiving weekend. Cost is the same for bowhunters.

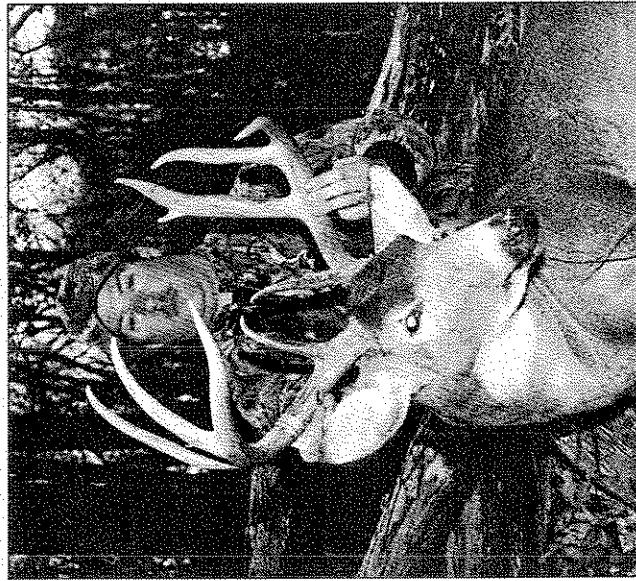
Write or call the IDNR office for public hunting areas, IDNR, One Natural Resources Way, Springfield, IL 61702-1271, 1-217-782-2964 or 1-217-782-7305. Many are managed by a four point or five point (one side) rule. Shawnee Forest in Southern Illinois offers non-residents more than two hundred fifty thousand acres of public hunting.

Illinois outfitters book hunts at most major deer shows. Your best reference to a reputable outfitter is a trusted friends recommendation. Fee hunts are usually five day and around two thousand dollars. A one hundred thirty inch minimum is usually required by outfitters. A large percentage of Illinois bucks carry that minimum as two year olds. Best rutting activity occurs first

three weeks of November. There's only been a few reported cases of CWD in Illinois. Ongoing trophy management by the IDNR, resident hunters, landowners and outfitters is sure to make the Prairie State a trophy hotspot for years to come.

About the Photos: Paul arrowed both of these beautiful bucks in the 2002 Illinois archery season. Paul's three biggest bucks average an **unbelievable** one hundred ninety inches plus!

EDITOR'S NOTE: I would like to thank Les for this story and his "right on the mark" viewpoints!! Besides being a fairly good "writer" (ha ha) Les has taken many exceptional bucks for himself and I consider Les as one of a handful of the most knowledgeable whitetail "nuts" in the country!!!



3rd Time Is A Charm

3rd Time Is A Charm

by Bill Snizek
Liverpool, New York

The mystique of hunting the whitetail buck, especially a mature buck, has driven every hunter to their wit's end at some time or another. Ever wary and reclusive, bucks have gained the hunter's respect. Their survival instincts seldom allow a buck to make the same mistake twice. Therefore, a hunt fraught with errors surely wouldn't result in success...or would it?

I woke to the sound of strong winds on my way to my favorite hunting grounds. We had experienced an ice storm that night and the trees were twisting under their heavy load. Heavy snow was falling and the temperatures were in the twenties. It was a miserable day for deer hunting, but it was opening day of the gun season and we had to make our best effort.

I climbed into my tree stand about one hour before sunrise. I was in a hedgerow between two open fields. I hunted this stand a few times during bow season and saw a few small bucks and does. While nothing was within range, I now had my shotgun and I hoped to catch a nice buck headed into the adjacent cover. The sound of snapping tree limbs was all around me. The wind and ice were taking their toll and I started to wonder just how smart I was for climbing a tree. I double checked my safety strap and settled in for what I hoped was going to be a very short wait.

The snow continued to fall and the wind cut right through me. I felt this day wasn't fit for man or beast. I had been on stand for two and a half hours and hadn't seen a thing. As I sat on my perch, I wondered how long the others would last in this weather. I hadn't heard any gunshots and figured I wasn't the only person getting cold and disgruntled. If I could just last long enough for the others to start moving that would surely increase my chances of having a deer pushed in my direction.

Finally, I saw something dark moving on the far side of the field. I noticed a nice sized deer headed out of the distant woods at a pretty good pace. I had trouble seeing through all the blowing snow. My binoculars were covered with snow within seconds of pulling them from my pocket. However, even without them, I was able to tell I had a buck headed my way. He ran diagonally across the field towards me with his head held high. I think he may have been proud of himself for escaping another hunter.

I decided I wanted to try to harvest this animal. I knew the distances to various landmarks in the field from my time spent in this stand during bow season. However, the field and surrounding woods were very different from what I remembered when there was no snow! To make matters worse, the weight of the ice had flattened most of the brush and small trees. I made my best guess at when the right time would be to try to stop the deer for a shot. I raised my gun and followed the deer through the scope. The snow was blurring the view but I was still able to make out the deer rather well. At what I thought was a distance of between seventy to

seventy-five yards I let out a "blat". The deer must not have heard me over the wind and snapping tree limbs. I let out another "blat", this time yelling it as loud as my shivering body would allow. This time the deer came to attention and stared right through me. I placed the crosshairs on his chest and squeezed.

I lowered my gun to see the deer still standing in exactly the same spot looking right at me. I missed! What really got me was that I missed so badly that he didn't feel compelled to run! Had I gotten snow in my gun barrel? Was I shivering that much? Did I misjudge the distance that bad? In any case, I was going to have one of those rare opportunities to try to right my wrong. I pumped my gun and steadied the crosshairs once again.

I slowly squeezed the trigger. Click! I had shot stroked the gun! Now I am disgusted with myself two major errors in a row! Nevertheless, the buck continued to stand there watching the whole thing. At this point, I would imagine he thought he had nothing to worry about!

Well, as the saying goes, "The third time is a charm". I didn't worry about spooking the deer. It obviously was more curious than concerned. I exaggerated my pumping motion this time and was certain I had chambered a new round. I raised my gun. The scope was inundated with snow at this point. Fortunately, I use Blizzard scope caps that are see-through. While I have taken most of my game over the years looking right through the caps, this was definitely an occasion where I needed to flip them open. My sight was clear and crisp. I placed the crosshairs and fired. The deer finally moved. He bucked and took off for the heavy cover.

I only waited ten minutes to get on the track. While I love to hunt in fresh snow, today I was going to have to fight it. I found the deer about thirty-five yards from the field.

I sat down and re-lived the comedy of errors. I have never had a deer or even heard of such an instance, where a hunter got so many chances in one encounter. I still do have the utmost respect for the whitetail. I think they are a smart and worthy adversary. Nevertheless, there are exceptions to every rule!!



OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER

by J. Grant Bowie

Dawson Creek, British Columbia

Way back in 1990, November 7 to be exact, a real gentleman took the buck of a lifetime, a big 207 4/8 non-typical whitetail! Maurie Hunter lives outside Fort St. John, British Columbia, near a farming community named Cecil Lake.

When I say farming community, I mean farming community. Big time agricultural engineering out there! Being the first time I had ever toured this part of the country, I went up there with a small expectation of what the area would look like. I had previously been near the area north of Dawson Creek, through Rolla and to a place called Clayhurst. That meant crossing the mighty Peace River and taking a right hand turn. It was the left hand turn that had always held some intrigue in my mind. Driving up, and I do mean "up", and out of the Peace Valley, one heads in a north-westerly direction. A few hairpin turns later and several spectac-

ular glimpses of the river and the road enters a vast open plateau. Land here is well suited for the reason many settlers stayed; rich, fertile soil. The set up is basically the same as many other farming areas; homesite here, shelter belt there, lots of open field bordered by creek beds or sections of standing timber. Just what I had envisioned.

Hearing many a yarn of the area concerning deer, primarily muleys, lots was mentioned of the moose hunting as well. Apparently swamp donkeys love pea crops, which border the river valley or numerous creeks and muskeg. The other hot topic that got my attention and was very well the contributing factor to my never venturing there, was that of the supposed impossibility of obtaining permission.

Hearsay, gossip,

rumor, loose lips, call it what you will, held me back from checking out the other side of the river.

Other Side Of The River

After moving to northeastern British Columbia several years ago, I was told by some locals as well as the Conservation Office that hunting north of the Peace River and to the east of Fort St. John was at times a shooting gallery. An area that was infested by irresponsible road hunters meant unhappy landowners and thus the implementation of the "Use Respect" system. By that I mean hunters who have obtained permission to hunt private property were required to display a card on the dash of their vehicle indicating just that: they had permission.

With that knowledge, combined with extra travel time, I have not hunted "up there". Preconceived ideas of the impossibility of obtaining permission ran rampant, so "why should I waste my time?" After meeting and spending a couple hours with Maurie, my "preconceived" ideas considerably lessened.

Maurie had patience enough to meet up with myself and two daughters in Fort St. John on a snowy day late last year. Immediately an inviting hand

reached out an open truck window to greet me and after a brief conversation we were on our way. We followed Maurie out to his place because I am terrible at taking directions and since my two little ones were with me, I preferred not to be touring the countryside on slippery roads. As I mentioned before, Maurie was very accommodating in leading the way.

Arriving at Maurie's place, the hospitality continued with coffee, milk and cookies for the girls and tales and photos from the past. A strong love and enjoyment of the outdoors was immediately noted. Outings with family, trips with hunting buddies, even wildlife and scenery shots taken while working as a truck driver. Traveling many miles, one encounters many intriguing events.

Maurie mentioned that the area in which he lives and farms he knows well, having homesteaded there since 1958. Since the early sixties, mule deer were the predominant species, but as time passed more and more whitetails were noticed. From the point of virtu-

al non-existence to aggressors for territory. Maurie told of witnessing a whitetail buck "laying the boots" to and chasing a mule buck across an open quarter section. This is a common observation of many long-time landowners who I have spoken to, that of the increasing number of whitetail deer.

Maurie stated that around 4:00 p.m. on November 7, 1990, he had finished driving truck for the day when a friend and he thought they would do

some hunting and look for moose. They knew of a certain field that held some deer and they had also been watching a herd for about a week. When they finally drove into the field, six to eight does were feeding with a nice buck, which Maurie's friend decided to take. After a one hundred yard shot they saw another heavy horned buck run off but they could not get a shot away. "We began gutting the buck, cleaned him up, then tried to put him in the one ton, which

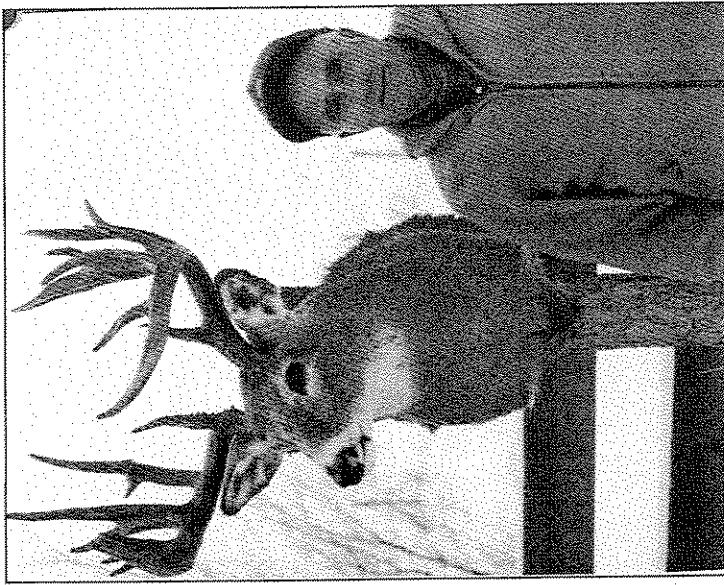
was difficult even with two guys! We started to leave and the clutch fell out, so while we are fixing the truck, this guy comes back out from where he had run, probably looking for the does." Using his .303 British with open sights, Maurie put the tremendous non-typical whitetail on the ground.

"Local taxidermist Steve Webber did him up in a couple of weeks so I could take the mount down south to the Sportsman's banquet. He was the biggest non-typical for 1990." When Maurie said that, pride was written all over his face.

This exceptional buck had ten scoreable points on each antler and 26 0/8 of non-typical points. The buck makes the book both ways, scoring an easy 181 4/8 net typical and 207 4/8 net non typical. Sporting an average 18

6/8 inside spread, this buck is still impressive, a grand buck! As an added note of interest, Maurie mentioned that another huge buck was taken in the same area in the same year. Guyle Cox had taken what was, at that time, the number one typical whitetail scoring 183 7/8 for British Columbia. Quite an interesting fact, I might have to check out the other side of the river!

EDITOR'S NOTE: I would like to thank Gary Donald and "Big Buck Magazine" for Maurie's mega-buck story. It you are amazed by Canada's awesome bucks you can check out www.bigbuckmag.com for more information and subscription details! It's a super magazine.



Whitetail Notes

Windy days are the best to "drive" deer. With all the odors floating around...deer get confused and will make mistakes!

LEG MAN

by Doris Erb
Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin

I was raised on a farm in southern Wisconsin with one sister and two brothers. It was the job of the women folk to take care of the housework and the men to take care of the farm work. This did not set well with me. I was a total tomboy and hated doing the dusting, dishes, ironing, etc. I'd much rather have been outside with the dogs and cats, the pigs and chickens and the ducks and geese.

And, I longed to go hunting with my father, but that wasn't an option.

When I married my husband, it's now been nineteen years, he introduced me to the joys of the hunt. When he married me he didn't tell me he was a "leg" man but I found out just how much of a "leg" man he was during several of our first hunting seasons together.

The first one was a very nice buck. All we found of him was a bone chip about four inches long. It was reported the next day that someone down the road a bit had gotten him. I was going to mount the bone chip for William but he threw it away before I could get my hands on it.

Over the years there have been a couple of other "leg" shots but the

one that takes the cake was "legged" about three years ago. He came across in front of my husband's stand. He took two shots at him before he was out of range. He crossed over straight toward my deer stand but I wasn't in it!!! I was across the creek up on the hill watching the whole saga unfold.

I could tell he was injured because his tail was down but I could also tell it wasn't a mortal wound because his head was up and he was running along at a fast limp. If I had been in my normal stand I could easily have finished him off but...!!!

My husband trailed the buck as far as my stand then waited for me to come down off the hill to help him in his search. It was decided since I was a good tracker and my husband was faster on his feet that I would wait until he got up ahead and in position then I was to track the buck slowly and push him out to where William was waiting.

The buck left a good blood trail and had even layed down a couple of times. I kept peering ahead in the hopes of getting a shot at him but after about twenty minutes the only glimpse I got was of him flee-

Leg Man

ing full limp ahead toward my husband's position. I yelled, "Here he comes!" so he would be prepared. Afterwards he told me he thought I had said, "Here he is!" so he had started to come back toward me. They crossed the open trail at the same time and my husband was able to down him with two more shots. He wasn't about to let this one get away no matter how many shots he had to put in him. The buck was an eight pointer with a twenty-inch spread a real trophy.

When I got to where William stood looking down at the monster,

we checked him over just to see where his first two shots had hit him. Well, guess what? He had shot off both right side hooves!! Now, explain that one to me. We still haven't figured this one out yet!

This happened about four years ago. And, thanks to the good Lord above, he hasn't made me track any more leg hits since. Oh, yeah, with one we also found a big bone chip when we first started tracking him, but since we had the trophy rack to mount I didn't have to keep the bone chip to mount!!!

Readers Report

Dear Rub-lines Magazine:

Thank you for publishing a "no nonsense" whitetail magazine with limited advertising. It is refreshing and fun to read from cover to cover.

Bob Allen
Minnesota

Rub-lines,

My boys and I believe you should publish your magazine every two weeks because we can't get enough deer stories!!!

Dale Pressman & Sons
Wisconsin

To Whom It May Concern,
Our deer hunting family would like to say keep up the great work on the magazine. We especially enjoy the shed section and rub section photos sent in by other readers. Long live Rub-lines!

Betty Warden
Ohio

FIELD OF VIEW

and Publisher

Adam Doro



Hi Rub-lines Readers:

The old saying "April showers brings May flowers..." is upon us. With the rainfall we received and the increase of temperatures, flowers, buds and all green growth will soon explode!

May is the perfect month to get your food plots in. Get them off to a good start and wildlife and you will benefit for years to come.

Food plots (clover, alfalfa, blends and soybeans) are highly nutritious protein sources for deer and turkeys. Protein is what builds body tissue and antler growth. Fawns need protein and fat to grow quickly. Does need protein to produce high quality and quantity of milk for their young. And, of course, bucks need protein to grow BIG RACKS!

Here is a tip for May....

If you want to take bigger bucks each year then plant high protein food sources and forget about the bucks on your property! Why am I saying that? It's simple. Does will take over the "best" areas with high protein food sources to raise their young. "ALWAYS"! If you can keep "mother and child" happy and content to stay home...(on your property), then guess who is going to show up in the fall for hunting season? MR. BUCK!



It is proven that dominant bucks will travel from three to ten miles in the fall to find and breed healthy doe groups. So, if we feed the does, we can drag dominant bucks to our hunting area. It is simple....

PLANT IT AND THEY WILL COME!!!

May is also an excellent time to get your mineral and early attractants out to benefit them. Since the does will start fawning now, they especially need mineral supplementation and the fawns will dig into it within a week of age if it is available to

From A Farmer's Field Of View

them. Bucks can use minerals year 'round!

A lot of folks have been asking questions about LIME. Does my property need liming? The answer is yes. There are very few places in the United States that liming is not needed. Lime sweetens the soil (your soil pH). By having a "sweet" soil (higher pH) and not an "acidic" soil (lower pH) crops will readily use nutrients out of the soil more efficiently.

To make it simple...add lime and you will get **better** growing and **longer** lasting crops!

Here is another "tip" and fact that will get and keep more deer on your property. You can take a field, split it in half, lime one half over the years and do not lime the other half and guess where the deer and turkeys will be eating? Yes! In the limed field! By "sweetening" the soil, crops do better and TASTE better. So, lime your acreage and deer will want your "tasty" treats and come right from your neighbors to get them!

Have a GREAT spring and be sure to get out with the kids, grandkids, neighbor kids, anybody's kids and enjoy the times you spend with them. A lasting memory! Talk to you next month.

P.S. HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY!!

A Whitetail Nut

HOT NEW PRODUCT LINE OUT

After two years of research and development, Outdoor Specialties Inc., of Joplin, Missouri, announces the introduction of its newest product, Citro-Flage. Citro-Flage is the first hunting makeup to combine an easy to remove hand/face makeup and the insect repellent properties of citronella, which will allow users to hunt without being bothered by annoying insects for hours. Unlike other hunting camouflage makeup products, which may be difficult to remove, Citro-Flage's high-quality cosmetic base allows it to be washed off easily with soap and water or a baby wipe. Citro-Flage also contains citronella oil and is specifically formulated to repel mosquitos, black flies, ticks, fleas and other insects.

Citro-Flage is available in a pack of three easy to apply twist-applications in black, green and brown, which allows it to be blended to match the hunter's preferred camouflage pattern for ultimate hunting concealment. The twist-applicators are small enough to fit conveniently in a pocket, ditty bag or day pack.

Editor's Note: What an awesome product!! You can order this product right from Rub-lines...see page 77

Special Women

by Tom Adamski
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

I wanted to write about some of the women who made deer hunting special to me. I first started deer hunting in 1964 at the age of eight. My father Walter (Johnie Adamski) was originally from Knowlton, Wisconsin but lived in Milwaukee at the time and would take me along deer hunting. I always loved hunting but when you're young, food and a place to sleep after a long day of hunting are important. When I first began hunting we would stay with Harry and Hazel Adamski, my aunt and uncle, in Mosinee, Wisconsin. My father had friends that came up from Milwaukee with us. Harry and Hazel always welcomed them into their home. I can still remember all the late night card games in their kitchen. Then, in the morning I remember Aunt Hazel getting up and making breakfast and lunches and getting all the guys up and going. She is a good woman and I'll always remember what she did for us.

When I was fourteen, we

started to stay at my dad's old homestead in Dancy, Wisconsin. We stayed with Ed and Mary Fitz. Mary is my dad's sister and one of the nicest women you could ever meet. I remember some years we had twenty to thirty people staying at the farm for deer season. They had an old gutted out trailer with about fifteen bunks and an old wood stove. The rest of the people slept in the house. I remember times the guys would stop off here or there after hunting and get back to the farm kind of late and she never complained. She would feed the whole bunch no matter what time. I really don't know how she did it. She always seemed like she liked the company of everyone and never turned away anyone from her table.

There's also my mother Phyllis Bastle and my grandmother Minnie Steger who lived together in Deerbrook, Wisconsin. These two were dueling cooks. Ever since I was in my early twenties I have hunt-

Special Women

ed at least a few days of each season around the Gleason, Wisconsin area and usually brought three or four friends with me. And, everyone was always amazed at how my mother and grandmother would try to outdo each other cooking for the hunters.

Another couple I have fond memories of is Bruno and Mayola Bagzis. These people were the mother and father of my aunt Kathy Steger. We hunted on their farm outside Gleason, Wisconsin. Bruno had some of the best hunting stories I ever heard and Mayola was a great cook and wonderful host.

About twelve years ago some of my relatives that I hunt with and myself purchased land that once belonged to my great grandparents outside of Gleason, Wisconsin. We built a cabin and it's usually just a bunch of guys at the cabin during deer season. So nowadays I usually don't stay at anyone's house. But, I must thank my wife Pat Adamski who is always cooking that Thursday before opening weekend to send food along for the week. That also

goes for Carla Haen and Sue Behnke, the wives of my hunting partners. I don't know if they do all that extra work for us guys because they know this is the one week we wait all year for, or if they are just so happy to be getting rid of us for a week!!!

I don't think people realize what special memories they make when they let you into their home. Deer season has always created special memories but the people who let you stay in their homes and hunt their land make it extra special by the things they do for the hunters that stayed with them. So, if you have the opportunity to stay with someone or hunt their property always let them know how much it's appreciated. I wish Bruno Bagzis was still around so he could write some of his stories for Rub-

lines. Happy Mother's Day to all of the special women who have given me so many great memories of my early hunting years

Editors note:
Well put, Tom...Happy Mother's Day to all the Special Ladies!!!!

"A Lady's Look"

"A Lady's Look"

Kansas Whitetails (part 2)

by Vickie Cianciarulo
Archers Choice Videos, Inc.
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Lanark, Illinois 61046

Vickie15@msn.com
www.archerschoice.com

Kansas, the land where the big whitetails roam! Last month I wrote about Ralph's 2001 Kansas whitetail hunt and how he lowered his rattling horns down on a rope to get the bedded buck to get up and come closer to him. This month I'm going to tell you about my 2002 Kansas whitetail hunt.

Ralph and I drove to Kansas about a week before Christmas. My Kansas deer tag was only good until the end of the year and we wanted to try and fill it. We arrived mid-morning and went to set up some Summit tree stands in a couple of different spots, then went back to the motel to get cleaned up and ready to hunt that afternoon.

The first afternoon we were set up in a travel area that the deer use between their bedding area and their food source, the green field. We did have a whole bunch of activity, but they weren't what we were looking for. We had about ten does and little ones walk by us right into the green field. We saw a couple of bucks, but they didn't use the same trail as the does and never gave me a shot.

The next morning we tried the same setup, hoping to intercept the deer as they came back through to their bedding area, but the deer had other plans. We watched them about one hundred yards away as they went back into the woods on a different trail. That's why they call it hunting, I guess!

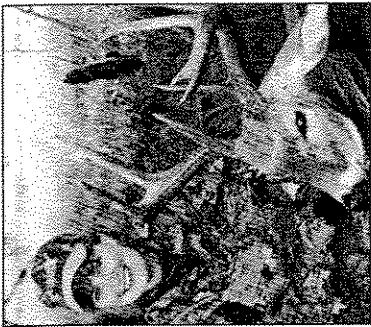
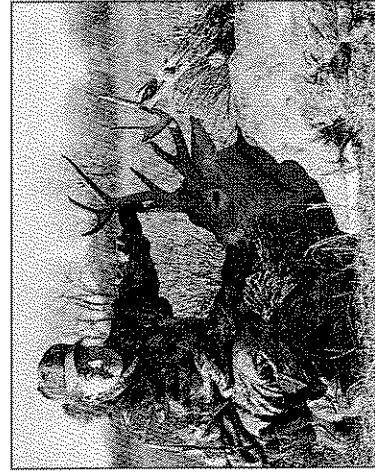
After the morning hunt we decided to try a different area for the afternoon hunt and try our luck. We set up in a major travel corridor that was

located between the river and a green field. The corridor was only about forty yards wide, with just a couple of trees that were suitable to set up our stands in. Ralph and I hung the camera stand on the side of the tree closest to the river and the hunting stand on the side closest to the green field, figuring that was where the deer movement would be.

That afternoon Ralph and I got situated in the stands and let everything calm down. As we were sitting we realized we probably messed up when we set the stands. If we rattle, a mature buck isn't going to come out into the open to check things out. He is going to stay back and try to get down wind of where he thinks the rattling is coming from and of course, that would be on the side of the tree that Ralph was sitting on to film. I took my bow off my bow holder and drew back to make sure that I could still shoot in that direction with a big limb in my way. I realized that I would need to bend down a little if that is where the buck decides to go.

I did a little rattling and a couple of grunt calls and waited. We saw some does out in the field about one hundred yards away, and thought maybe we weren't going to have any luck. I rattled a little more and saw some movement straight west of us. I looked a little closer and noticed it was a buck. Ralph was already on him with the camera. The buck stopped and was just standing there. I did a couple of buck grunts and the buck started walking towards us. And, wouldn't you know it, he walked to the backside of the tree, the side closest to the river just like we thought he would.

When I got a good look at him, he looked like a mature deer and I picked up my bow and watched him get closer to my shooting lane. He stopped once more, but only for a couple of seconds and then continued walking into my shooting lane. When I thought he was at about twenty yards, I drew my bow back and put my sight right on him and released. He went about sixty yards and dropped. I couldn't believe it! The second night on stand and I took a nice mature eight point buck! The buck's cape looked like he was losing his hair, and when I recov-



"A Lady's Look"

ered him I noticed that he had a few big ticks on him and he must have been trying to scratch them off.

My equipment set up was a Hoyt Hyper Tec bow set at fifty-four pounds at 26.5 inches with a Trophy Ridge Matrix sight. I was shooting a Beman Matrix arrow tipped with a 100 grain NAP Shockwave mechanical broad-head. I also used a Hunter's Specielities True Talker grunt tube. For more information or questions about Archer's Choice or Ralph and Vicki Cianciarulo go to www.archerschoice.com. You can also contact us at Archer's Choice Videos located at 31570 Willow Road, Lanark, IL 61046 or call us at 815-493-8998

Don't forget to watch The Archer's Choice TV Show on the Outdoor Channel April through September 2003. It airs Sundays at 9:30 pm, Tuesdays at 4:00 pm and Thursdays at 8:00 am Eastern Standard Time.

"What Goes Around Comes Around"

by Jack Butler
Berlin, Wisconsin

November 23, 2002 was coming and Saturday would be opening day of the traditional nine day deer gun season in Wisconsin. On Friday, though, my four sons and three grandsons had arrived at my home to take part in the upcoming hunt. This hunt would be different for me as one of the grandsons, Ben, would be hunting with a rifle. Two boys, Curt age eleven and Blake age seven would be "hunting" with Grandma Mary in the house. Enjoying lots of food, sweet treats, checkers, pool and hugs while following the hunting action on a two-way radio.

Ben was well prepared for the hunt. In the spring he had completed his hunter safety program. With money he had earned from mowing grass and odd jobs at his dad's clinic, he purchased a twenty-gauge shotgun. During the summer Ben did a great deal of shooting at hand thrown pigeons with his dad, uncles and, of course Grandpa.



The hunting season started with Ben with the Wisconsin two day special duck hunt for young hunters ages twelve to sixteen when accompanied by an adult. Ben's dad Bob and I enjoyed watching him shoot ducks on our marsh. October was pheasant hunting in South Dakota and Wisconsin, then the duck season opened in Wisconsin with Dad, Uncles and Grandpa.

As the opening hour of deer season neared we were all dressed

FROM THE RUBBING'S KITCHEN

VENISON POTATO SAUSAGE

Makes 4 pounds

1 lb. Well-trimmed venison	1 T. salt
1 lb. boneless pork	1 tsp. Pepper
1 qt. Water	tsp. Allspice
2 lbs. potatoes	tsp. Ground sage
1 medium onion, chopped	tsp. basil leaves
1 egg, beaten	tsp. brown sugar

Boil the potatoes in the quart of water until done, approximately 25-30 minutes. Drain, cool, and cut into 1 inch pieces. Cut the meat into cubes. In large mixing bowl, combine meat, potatoes, onion, and egg. In separate bowl, mix all of the seasonings. Sprinkle over meat and potato mixture. Mix well. Cover the bowl with plastic and refrigerate at least an hour or overnight.

Grind the meat using a medium disk. Shape into patties and fry over medium-low heat until browned and cooked through, turning only once.

"Shed Section"

and ready to leave the house, walking to our deer stands. Ben and his dad would hunt on the tree stand they built in the middle of the woods. Ben left for hunting as his uncles and dad did for their first deer hunt, with one rifle, one round of ammunition and one dad. Instructed to lock and load rifle only after he was sitting strapped to his tree stand and to unload his rifle before descending his stand. Something new this year was the use of two-way radios.

The Wisconsin hunt started at 6:30 a.m. The weather was clear, cold and quiet. At 7:30 a.m. I heard the crack of a rifle. Was it Ben's rifle? Bob's voice came over the radio "Ben shot a buck!" I looked in the direction of Ben and Bob and they were descending their tree stand.

I sat back down and started to reminisce. My life in these woods had now circled for the third time. Pa helped me shoot my first buck in 1950. During the seventies and eighties each of my four sons shot their first buck and now Ben. All in these woods that Mary and I bought thirty-eight years ago. Now, we also call it home.

As Dr. Bob and son pulled the deer near my stand headed for the house they stopped to rest. They waved and Ben shouted, "One shot, Grandpa!" Curt and Blake were running in blaze orange toward Ben. Grandma was on the deck with camera in hand. I waved, tried to shout congratulations but my advanced years got in the way and my throat had swollen. I could not speak, I even lost my eyesight for a few minutes!!!

At 4:30 p.m. the first day's hunt was over. All the hunters headed for the house stopping to look at Ben's buck. After all the hunters got out of hunting clothing and into lounging attire, the grandsons started playing pool while nibbling on treats. My sons mixed a round of cocktails, first one for mom as she was busy putting the finishing touches on the evening meal. I took Mary her cocktail and while handing it to her I said, "It doesn't get any better than this". Mary smiled and replied, "Jack we certainly have been blessed!" What goes around comes around.



Minnesota long-tined shed found by Brian Ventity!



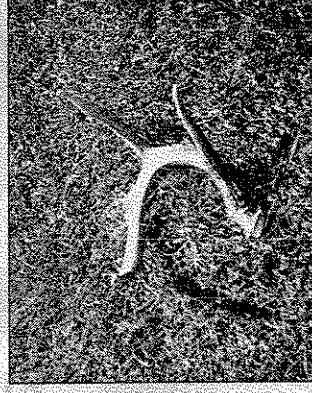
Look at this "hiding" shed! Super mass!!



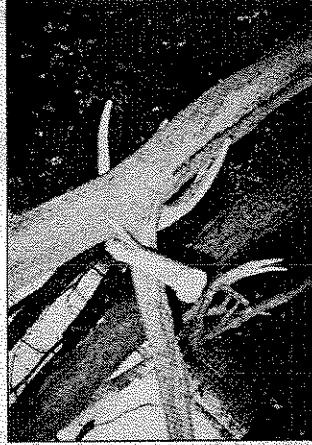
Bleached shed found by Tyler Bowling Indiana



Spike shed found in water and ice by Laurie Prasnicki - Wisconsin



Looks like this guy was fighting. Dylan Ealsiger-Wisconsin



Klein, Barb & Jacob Adams, Illinois found this awesome 5 point, 4 feet off of the ground in a tree!

Send in your "Shed Photos" and you will be entered into Rub-lines "WOW" Hunt Giveaway!... (see pages 44-45 for details) 1 entry per "Shed Photo" (photos can be returned SASE)

Hunt Of A Lifetime

by Jeremy Davis
Portland, Indiana

My hunt of a lifetime begins on Saturday, October 5, 2002 on an afternoon hunt on a mild October day.

After only getting to go out one other time that opening week of bow season I had a good feeling about that Saturday because all week temperatures were in the upper sixties to lower seventies and night temperatures didn't fall much below the middle fifties. But, that Friday night a small cold front moved in and dropped temperature

tures into the middle fifties. So, I was ready to hunt.

After having to work until noon Saturday, I got my stuff ready to head out to the woods at about 3:00 pm. I didn't know much about the five-acre woods I was hunting because the woods I hunted last year had been sold about one month before this bow season. So now I had to hunt another woods and didn't have time to do any scouting. I tried to make the best of

it even though a lot of my buddies told me I should just give up deer hunting because the odds of harvesting another Pope & Young buck was unlikely, and to do it two years in a row was almost impossible.

On this particular hunt my little brother Brandon, who just started bow hunting, decided he wanted to go and try to get himself a deer. I decided to set him on the northeast corner of the woods overlooking a standing cornfield and a bean field. After getting him set up I decided to hunt right in the middle of the woods where I could see movement in all directions. After taking my climber to about twenty feet and getting set, it was about 4:00 p.m. and it was appearing to be an ideal evening hunt; calm, sunny and about forty-five degrees, just as I had hoped it would be.

After sitting and watching a squirrel for about an hour, it was about 5:15 p.m. and the sun was getting lower. I was getting anxious because I had not heard or seen the first sign of deer movement. Then, all of a sudden, I heard something moving through the woods directly behind me and it was coming fast. I turned around and that's when I saw this huge buck heading straight towards me.

Hunt Of A Lifetime

I waited until the buck stopped and looked behind him at another smaller buck. I drew back and tried desperately to find a shooting lane. Finally, I found a small shooting hole at about thirty-five yards with a big dead limb running right through the lane. I decided this would be my only chance if the buck continued to head in the same direction.

After a few seconds the buck walked right into my lane and I took the shot. I couldn't tell if I had hit the deer or not because everything happened so fast. I watched and listened as the deer took off. After listening for a short time, I heard a loud crash and then silence down towards where my brother was sitting, so I waited about twenty minutes. I then began climbing down the tree and got halfway down and noticed the smaller buck standing there right where he was when I took the shot at the bigger buck. So, I waited about five more minutes until the smaller buck walked away.

I went to the spot where the big buck was standing when I shot and I couldn't find my arrow anywhere. I then walked up the path in the direction he was heading and that's when I saw my arrow sticking straight up and down in the ground.



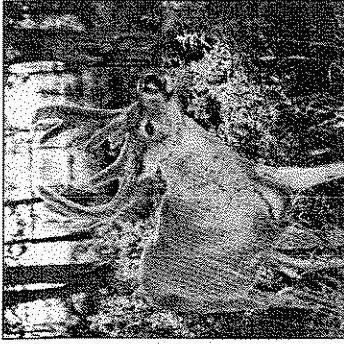
I went over to it thinking I had deflected it off the dead limb and that's when I discovered solid blood completely covering the arrow except maybe eight inches of it.

After starting up the blood trail I had a lot of good blood but it was starting to get dark in the woods and I had to continue with a flashlight. After about fifty yards I lost the blood trail. I marked the spot with an arrow and decided I needed a bigger light and another person to help because of tall grass and thick brush. Then I heard my little brother coming toward me in the woods. After talking to him about the situation he said he hadn't seen the buck. He did hear a loud crashing noise and then silence. I was confident we would find the buck still in the woods.

After getting a couple of lights and a buddy of mine we began to re-track the buck up to where I had last found blood. My brother then spotted the buck about ten to fifteen feet off the blood trail laying entangled in a brush pile. After seeing this big buck I was amazed at how big of an eight-point rack he had and how big a body he had. I was excited and amazed to see I had made a perfect shot considering what I had to shoot through. This eight-point buck field dressed at two hundred fifty-five pounds and was

three and a half years old. He sports a perfect typical rack with a twenty-two inch spread and he scored 152 5/8 Pope & Young. This buck carries a lot of characteristics to the ten-point buck I shot October 27, 2001 which field dressed at two hundred forty seven pounds and scored 175 5/8 non-typical Pope & Young.

You must be thinking "this guy has a perfect hunting spot," but actually these two big bucks came from two different woods about twenty miles apart!



TIPS WITH RUB-LINES

This month let's talk about "human scent" as the whitetails main fear. After all, we are their number one predator! (Except in wolf areas!)

If a deer (buck or doe) does not fear humans, they tend to be thinned out of existence by being shot. So the whitetails that do fear humans live longer and pass their "fear" characteristics on to their young. Survival of the most wary. You can think of human scent being carried in the breeze like smoke drifting around or water following its course through the woods and around hillsides. Your scent will be carried downwind if a breeze is present.

High wind days make deer spooky because of uncertain "danger" locations. Also, contrary to what you might think, "windless" days are harder to hunt because deer are just a little bit more cautious without a steady breeze.

We can cut down on our own "human scent" by washing thoroughly with an unscented soap before hunting and using an unscented deodorant afterwards. Remember...that goes especially for your hair. (No sweet smelling lilac hair goop!) No scent sprays ~~do~~ work, but not if we smell like a cigarette factory or perfume shop to begin with!

1. Hunt smart. Try to use the wind to your advantage.
 2. Hunt as "clean" as possible.
 3. Use no scent sprays and powders.
 4. Try not to over sweat when going to your stand.
 5. Carbon suits can also help to eliminate human odor getting to whitetails.
 6. If you really want to get serious...you can abstain from meat and spicy foods during hunting seasons. (That's a tough one!)
- More scent tips next month!!!

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Tangled Up In 1929

by Jeff Stephens
Carpenterville, Illinois

I recently had the opportunity to visit with a long time friend of mine in Perkins town, Wisconsin. Her name is Pearl Emstrom and she is ninety-six years young. Like a lot of older folks Pearl's short-term memory fades on occasion but she can recall events of long ago like they just happened. One such

event involved her late husband Ed Emstrom, Sr. He was hunting in the Jump River, Wisconsin area in 1929 along with a close friend of his named Hank.

After three days of hunting and not seeing any game the two men decided to check out the area west of their camp. Some local loggers

had been through a few years earlier and created a large clear cut that was growing up thick and nasty, a perfect place for some big bucks to hide. As Ed was moving slowly through the thick underbrush he could hear a commotion coming from a thick tag alder swamp that bordered the clear cut.

It sounded like a bulldozer was making a path through the alders. As Ed slowly moved closer he could see two huge bucks locked together in a fierce battle over a hot doe. When the doe saw Ed she spooked and took off running. The bucks were so intent on killing each other that they never saw her go or noticed Ed's approach. Ed slowly

raised his Winchester lever action 30-30 and dropped the largest of the two bucks. He thought the other buck would break off and run away but it was helplessly locked to the now dead buck. Ed was not one to miss a chance to help his friend secure his winter meat so he shot the second buck as well.

Both bucks were huge. The one

Ed kept had twelve points and scored around one hundred seventy inches. The other buck was a even ten pointer, almost as big, but in those days no one measured racks so no estimate is available.

It was a pleasure visiting Pearl

and her son Ed, Jr. and listening to

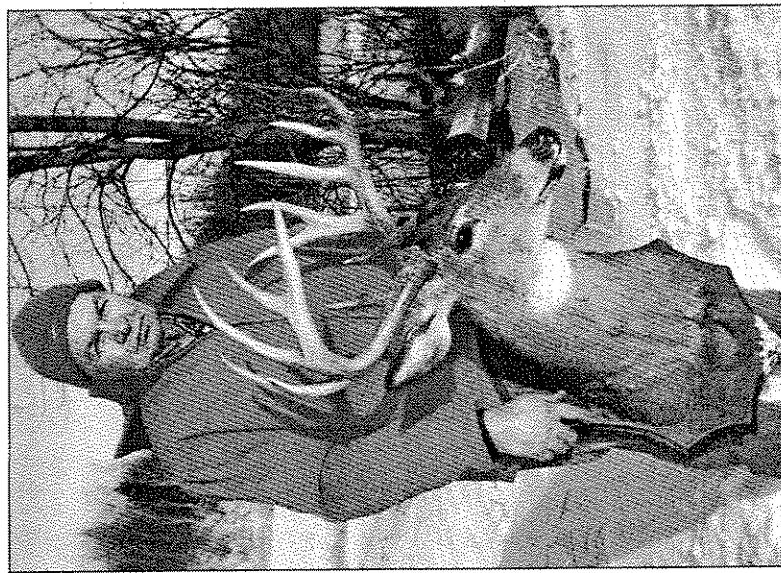
the stories from long ago.

Memory Heartshot



A couple of "good-ole-boys" relaxing after a long day in the woods!
Kerry Cliff and Mark Pieplow

"Tangled Up In 1929"



Ed Emstrom, Jr. with his late father's 1929, 12 point buck.

My First With A Bow

by Dylan Fritschle
Flora, Illinois

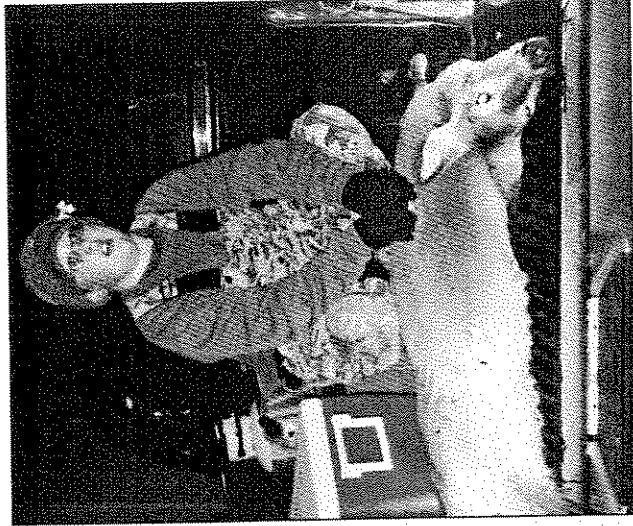
It was in late October when I set out to tag my first deer with a bow.

I was using a Micro Midus two with Easton arrows and Muzzy Broadheads. I was hunting on the edge of a bean field that supplied big bucks. It was close to dark when I heard a twig snap.

It was a doe coming out of a thicket. She was coming in fast. She was a small doe I had seen before, because it had lighter hair than all the others. She walked right underneath my stand to where I could spit on her. She was three yards away when she stopped.

I drew, placed my pin and THRU!!! I clipped a lung and she didn't even go thirty yards before she dropped. I was very excited.

What I learned from this hunt is to manage the herd and let the bucks grow.



My Advice... Listen To Dad

by Butch Ryan
Lucas, Ohio

My story starts out like all others. With the thoughts of last season ringing in my head, there was great anticipation for the up and coming season. Last year I passed up six different bucks while waiting on the big one. There were a couple nice eight pointers that simply needed another year. The big one did show up, but he never offered a good shot.

So, with dreams of big bucks the season started. But as with many things in life, reality sets in and, in my case, it dropped like a bomb. Last year my wife and I had around one hundred eighty acres of my neighbor's farm to ourselves. This year, however, the farm was overrun with hunters. There were at least seven others hunting the farm. Sometimes they would bring in their friends, which made the property even more crowded. I tried to get permission elsewhere but with the season already in progress I was having no luck. To make things even worse there were dogs running throughout the property. From a well placed stand

overlooking three deer trails, I saw more people and dogs than I saw deer. There was only once that I saw a doe and her two fawns come through without being pushed by the dogs.

I love to bow hunt. I don't consider myself a trophy hunter but when your county in Ohio only allows you to take one deer, you pass up the small ones just to make your season last. The bottom line is this: I love to be in the woods. But, this year was different. I wasn't experiencing the joys of the outdoors. Hunting this year was discouraging and becoming a chore. So, on the third week, when the dogs ran a small seven pointer up the trail towards me, I was ready to shoot just to end my frustrating season. As luck would have it he stopped short and never gave me a shot.

The following weekend instead of hunting I moved my deer stand and even put up another. From these two stands I started seeing two does. One had a single fawn and the other had twins. During

Whitetail Notes

BIG bucks will always parallel doe trails on the downwind side except during the rut!

the rut in mid-November I did see three really nice bucks. All were close but never presented a clear shot. I only saw each deer once and then never again. I figured that the rut had brought them through and the presence of the dogs drove them away. After that I had a couple of sightings of a small eight pointer that the dogs brought through. With gun season upon me I had decisions to make. Do I hunt on the property near my house? Will one of the three nice bucks return? Will the property have even more hunters during the gun season? What about hunting with Dad? Would that mean just another small buck?

My dad has a farm about an hour and a half from where I live. The western part of Ohio is known for its large crop fields and small wood lots. The area where he lives has never been known for having a lot of deer or for having large bucks. So, with all hope of getting the big one gone, I decided to hunt near Dad. He had a place picked out for me where he was seeing a couple of bucks and quite a few does and fawns almost nightly. One of the bucks was a small six or seven pointer and the other was a nice eight pointer. That sounded

like better odds than over-hunted, dog-infested woods. Of course me being the ever-opinionated son, I disagreed with where he wanted me to be on the opening morning of gun season. Conceding to a lost season, I finally told Dad he was right and I would sit where he wanted me to be.

So, a windy, cold opening day of gun season had me sitting in a fence row about one hundred forty yards from the woods we were hunting. I wanted to be about three hundred yards away at the corner of the woods. The plan was that Dad and I would sit until around 9:15 a.m., and then he and my brother-in-law, Will, would drive the woods towards me. I was sitting there half freezing thinking no deer would move because of the wind. I

would simply try to stay warm, wait for the drive to get started and then hope for the best. A couple of minutes later, around 7:50 a.m., I looked up and was surprised to see a buck coming through the woods. When he entered the picked cornfield in front of me, his rack looked small so I decided to pass him up. When he turned his head, I thought maybe it looked good enough.

The buck was at the edge of the

woods about one hundred forty yards away so I had to belly crawl across the field to him. Whenever he lifted his head I would stop. He never looked at me but instead kept his eyes on three does that were still inside the woods. As soon as his head went down I crawled. I covered about forty yards when he turned broadside and started walking towards the woods. I didn't want to let him get back to the woods so I got on my knees, slowly lifted my shotgun and took the ninety-seven yard shot. He just dropped! As I started to walk towards him he tried to get up on his front legs so I knew the shot had broken his back. The closer I got the bigger he looked. I was shocked by his size! His body's massive size had made his

antlers look smaller than they were. My old scale had his field dressed weight at two hundred twenty-five pounds but the butcher thought he was at least two hundred fifty and possibly topped the two hundred sixty mark. He said it was the biggest deer he had ever cut up! The eight pointer had an inside spread of 10 inches, with 5 5/8 inch bases and he gross scored 129 3/8 inches. He was a broken tenner from breaking the 130-inch mark. He was my biggest deer ever. Several people estimated his age at four and a half. Had I held my ground and sat where I wanted I would probably have never seen him. So, even at age forty you are never too old to listen to the advice of your dad!!

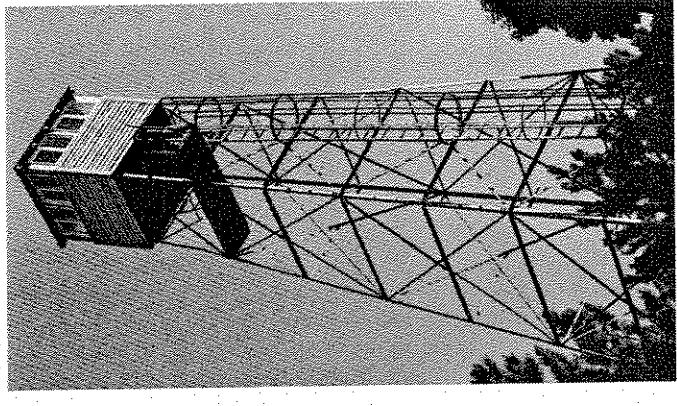


The Preacher's Perch

by Preacher John

"Deer" Friends:

The children whom The Lord hath given me are for signs and for wonders...Isaiah 8:18



I bowed down heavily as one that mourneth for his mother.

Psalms 35:14

May is a month to celebrate. Celebrate about "kids of the world" and "Mothers of the world."

It is impossible to watch a little child and not get caught up in their excitement about every little new treasure they discover! If you are ever feeling down and out, just go somewhere to watch a child ENJOY life.

May is also the "month" to ENJOY Mothers. Thank the Lord for mothers, godmothers, stepmothers and ladies who love and care for us all! Without "mothers" of the world, caring and sharing would not have the same meaning.

prayer:

Dear Lord, thank you for ALL of the "ladies" of the world who care and nurture us and our well-being. Thank you also for the children of the world who give us hope for the future!

Help us to show our love to everyone on this earth and make it a special place for all.

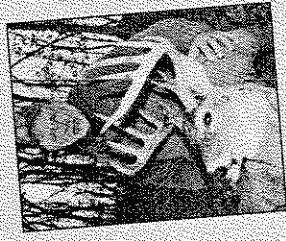
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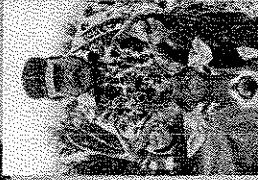


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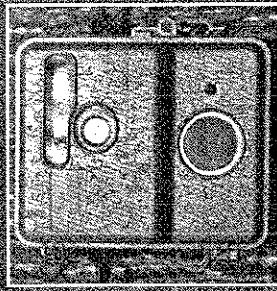
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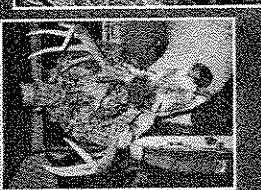
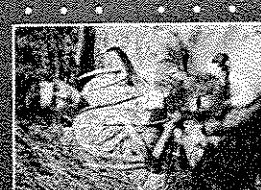
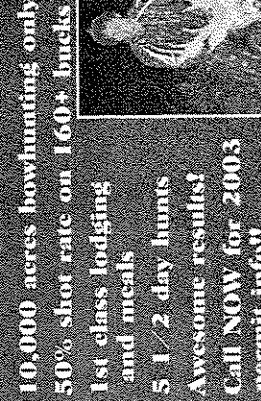
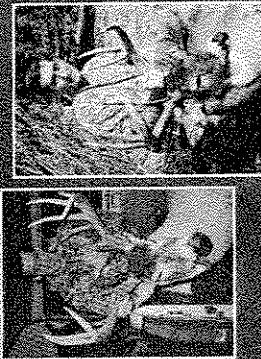
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Never Give Up

by Tom Brink

Plymouth, Wisconsin

It was one of those gray, drizzily overcast days. The kind that makes you shudder while pulling your jacket collar up a little higher. The final day of bow hunting season was upon me and I still had not arrowed a deer. I had been seriously bow hunting whitetails the last several years without success. Oh, I had shots all right. Some of them even connected. On trees, bushes and the forest floor. No matter what, something seemed to always go wrong, mostly with my shooting.

But, this year it was going to be different, I told myself. I practiced harder and longer than ever before, filling me with much needed confidence. That is, until the season wore on without a single arrow being launched.

"Stick it out to the very end you wussy. You'll never shoot a deer sitting at home," I told myself.

Another hour passed, when I realized there were only scant

on the last day of the season. Slowly trudging along the field's edge heading to my chosen spot, I began to feel a lonely sense of despair knowing it would be a long winter without a deer. The same type of feeling used to always hit me when I was a kid on my way to the first day of school knowing it was going to be a long, joyless, boring winter of sitting in school.

Reluctantly I climbed up into my ladder stand situated in a tight funnel between a steep cliff and an open field. I knew ninety percent of the deer passing through this area came within bow range of this stand. But, after sitting for an hour without even seeing any of the half dozen or so ground squirrels who usually terrorized me, I felt like giving up and going home.

"Stick it out to the very end you wussy. You'll never shoot a deer sitting at home," I told myself.

So, there I was at my truck's side, staring forlornly down the fence line toward my tree stand, wondering just what the odds might be of bagging a deer any deer during the final two hours

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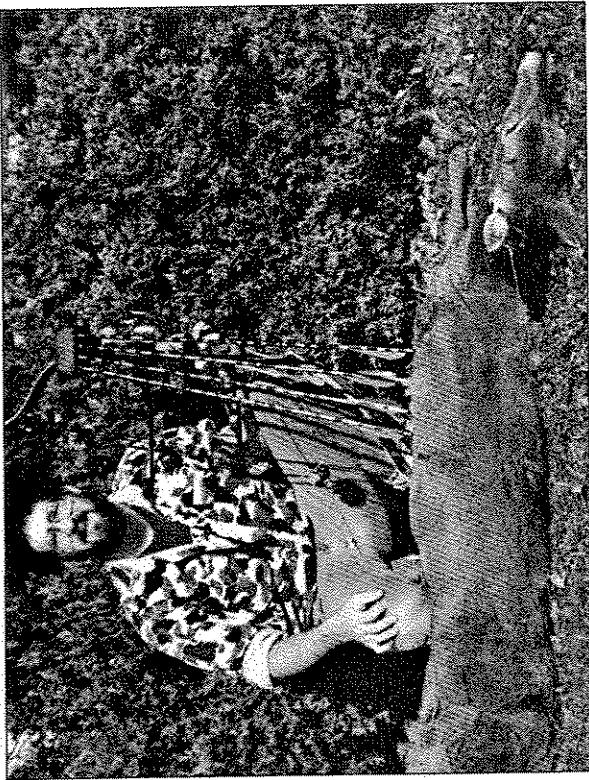
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minutes to go before the close of this season. I stood up, stretched and started to gather up my gear to leave when I heard a small twig snap on my immediate right. Pivoting my eyes as far over as I could I watched as a nice sized mature doe cautiously stepped toward my shooting lane coming to a stop just ten short yards away. "If I miss this one I am going to quit bow hunting altogether," I taunted myself.

At the shot I heard a loud crack like a two by four breaking and I thought that I had killed another tree. But then just before she ran over a slight rise,

I saw my arrow's fletching sticking out of her left shoulder and I knew she was mine! When my roommate showed up at my truck the two of us went back with flashlights, finding her only thirty yards away. From that day on my personal struggles to harvest a whitetail with bow and arrow came to an abrupt halt. I now attach my tag to those sneaky little devils quite regularly. So, if anyone out there is desperately trying to bring their first deer to bag, remember this: never give up, even if it comes down to the final minutes of the last day!



by Tim Koch
Bethel, Minnesota

His muscles were tense, but not in a bad way. His muscles were tense because he was holding the string of his bow back at full draw. He was waiting. Waiting for that perfect moment when the deer was quartering away from him at a slight angle and when the traffic from the nearby road was at its loudest.

Twenty seconds had passed since the initial draw of the bow and even though this hunter had the will of a giant, there are just some things that your will can't overcome. And, sixty-five

pounds of strength on a bow-string was one of them. Soon he began to shake just the slightest bit, but he knew that his opportunity was blown. He knew he couldn't fire a perfect shot so now it was just a matter of waiting for the deer to turn her head away so he could let up on the string without her noticing.

Ten more seconds had

The Hunter

by Tim Koch
Bethel, Minnesota

passed and now the shaking was becoming a little more noticeable. Even that slightest movement was enough to draw the deer's attention. It's head shot straight up and it stared straight ahead at the hunter. Upon seeing him, the deer stopped and stomped its foot into the ground. Clearly it was aware of the hunter's presence. With a snort, the deer darted off in large bounds with its white tail standing straight up as if it was a white flag warning all animals of the imminent danger.

With bittersweet resignation, the hunter let up on his bow and began to massage ever so slowly his right arm with his left. He would be feeling the effects of this night for the next couple of days. The strain of the bow on his arm was going to make it sore and every time he used his arm in the following days, he would remember this night and the errors that had cost him the shot at getting his deer for the

season.

Five minutes after the deer ran away, the sun was setting just under the horizon in the west. This was the hunter's favorite part of the night. This is when the world changed faces, when all the daytime animals rested for the night and the nocturnal animals were just beginning to start their "day". Sometimes, there is a five to ten minute gap in which the woods are completely silent with nothing but the last lingering rays of the sunlight to occupy this world. Tonight was one of those nights.

The temperature should have been a deterrent from staying out in the woods, but being an avid hunter, he had come prepared and amidst the bundle of clothing, he gazed at the under appreciated beauty of the night life. The raccoons started making their first travels to the creek and the flying squirrels were now jumping in graceful silence from tree to tree. No temperament was going to keep the hunter from experiencing this magnificent display of God's

creation.

A full hour after the deer darted off the hunter began to climb out of his tree and leave the woods. He left as silently as he could and upon reaching his car, he started it and drove from the edge of the field to the road before he turned on his lights. He wanted to disturb the wildlife as little as possible.

It was a short drive home but during that time a thousand thoughts ran through the hunter's head. He was initially frustrated with his hunting performance this evening. He thought about ways in which he could improve his hunting tactics. He'd certainly wait a little longer before he pulled back his bow. He wouldn't let his adrenaline rush cause him to become over zealous. He would be patient, as all the great hunters are.

He knew a few good things would come from this. First of all, he would be learning from his mistakes. Secondly, his wife at home probably wanted help with putting the kids to bed and you can't help put the kids to

bed if you are butchering a deer, and, if you're butchering a deer, that means finding room in the freezer where you can store it. Finding room in the freezer would undoubtedly become the wife's job and that is probably the last thing she wanted to do on a Monday evening.

The kids on the other hand would be disappointed. Every day that their father goes hunting, they run out of the house upon his arrival home with that hope in their eyes that their dad had bagged yet another animal. Once again, he would tell them that he didn't succeed and he would watch the hope flee from their eyes only to have it restored when he scooped them up in his arms to give them a hug. Upon doing this he would tell them of the deer he did see although he would leave out the part about having his bow drawn back and ready to fire. They would listen intently and as soon as he was finished with his story, they would begin a constant stream of excited talk which could only be about one thing; the experiences of

their own day. He would listen just as intently to their stories as they had listened to his and once they were finished, he would usher them off to bed.

Once the kids were in bed he would walk back to the dining room table where his wife would be working on some papers from work. She would turn at the sound of his steps and look up into his eyes and know that tonight he did not bag his trophy. A teasing smile would cross her face and she would stand up and give him a small kiss on the cheek and whisper in his ear, "I've saved supper for us." She would then walk past her husband to the kitchen and pull out two plates filled with food from a warm oven. Upon placing the plates on the kitchen table, she would sit down and the two of them would join together in saying grace. After saying grace, the hunter's wife would look up into his eyes and with love in her voice she would ask, "How was your day?" With short and simple reflection, the husband would look back into his wife's eyes and smile.

"Rack Review"

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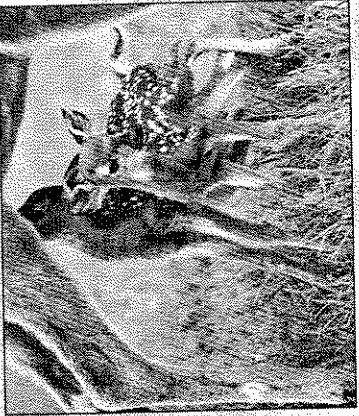
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Big Six!

by Dylan Fritschle
Flora, Illinois

It was November 17, 2000 when I tagged my first buck. I was hunting a big cornfield with my dad and my brother that we knew supplied big bucks. It was about 3:45 p.m. when I saw him "Big Six."

My dad picked me up and put me against the tree to get set. The deer seemed like it took forever to come. But, in a few minutes I saw him in my cross hairs and dad said "Take him." BOOM! He dropped like a bad habit. There was excitement going through the air.

I was using a twenty gauge thirteen hundred with Remington bullets. Today "Big Six" is hanging on the wall and always will be.



Putting in Time

by Dave Peloquin
Prescott, Wisconsin

OK, here I am on stand again for the hundredth time. It has been a long season. I have had dozens of opportunities to shoot a deer or two from my stands and ground blind overlooking the gorge that runs to the river. I had some real excitement about a week or two ago. First, was the huge twelve pointer I shot at and missed or slightly grazed, then there was the rut crazed (or blind) eight point-er that nearly ran me over when I was on the ground. I was almost certain he was attacking me when he stopped only a few steps away. Heck, I couldn't even get in a shot he was so close!

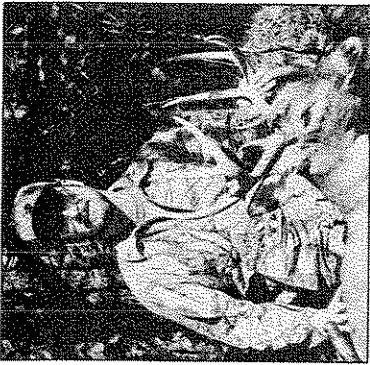
Dozens of does have been very lucky this year as I have passed on shot after shot. Usually, I wouldn't wait so long to put one in the freezer, but I am really hoping for a nice buck this year. The pre-rut in late October has been very active and so has most of November. It was now mid-month and usually the activity wears down by now. But this year has not been a normal year.

It is just before dusk and here come those does again. I wonder if they will bust me here on the ground. The tree stand has been OK but I like to be able to move around a little bit.

Especially if I see a doe pass by out of range and expect a buck to be on her tail shortly afterwards. Unfortunately the does sometimes peg me and warn everybody in the woods that I am there. Sometimes they just ignore me.

The mobile ground blind strategy has paid off. Here comes another-





Indiana Field Notes

Can You Believe It?

with "Antler Al" Mears
100 5th Street
Covington, Indiana 47932

er nice buck up the ridge following the same trail the doe was on. He pauses in an opening and I get ready for a shot. He stops broadside just over twenty yards away. Darn, he starts moving again and I grunt to try and get him to stop. Once he is in another opening, I take a shot and connect on him. There is a decent blood trail but it is too close to darkness to follow him. I think I saw him go down anyway.

Saturday, November 16 I get to claim my prize! He is a nice ten pointer and one for the books. My first! It ended up I didn't hit him as well as I would have liked and he traveled through a few of the neighbor's properties. I had permission to track him and found him laying only fifty yards from the road. Lucky for me nobody else saw him, otherwise the head and rack may have disappeared. (You can never tell these days!) I am really glad I put in the time and effort to get one of these big boys. He sure will look nice hanging on the wall overlooking the ridge behind the house.

This month I want to relate a story that took place last fall during our gun season here in Indiana. It was November 19th, only four days into our two-week season, when Jon Haynes of Vermillion County had a very unique deer hunt unfold. Here it is in his own words:

The 2002 firearms season started like no other in my fifteen years of hunting deer. The week before the season opened I had hand surgery on my right (dominate) hand. My hand was in a cast up to my forearm. I knew that I was going to have the surgery for several weeks in advance so I

Memory Heartshot



The women behind the "Mears Gang of Indiana!"



had taken my Thompson Center Encore to the range for a little left handed practice. I felt confident in my shooting for any shot less than one hundred yards (with the proper shooting rest).

Opening weekend came and went with me resting on the couch. On Monday afternoon, a hunting buddy called and said he could go hunting with me. I had to hunt with someone because I could not drag or field dress a deer. We went out for a couple of hours and I took a one hundred twenty pound doe at forty-five yards. With that, I

thought my season was probably over.

On the following day my wife took my truck to prevent me from hunting. With a day of watching TV on the agenda, I sat back to watch the Outdoor Channel. I got up to get a Mountain Dew and glanced out the window. A doe was walking through the yard. Seeing deer was not an uncommon sight, however, the way she was looking back toward the woods caught my attention. To get a better view, I walked to the bedroom window. Then I saw a shooter buck. I ran through the

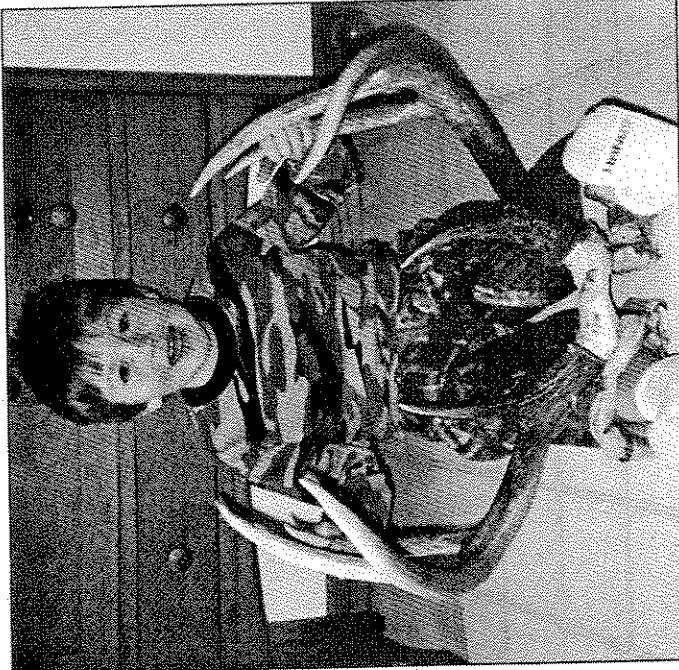
house to the other bedroom where my Encore and orange hat lay from the night before.

The deer field dressed at two hundred pounds and was an eight pointer. He gross scored one hundred sixty-three points and was entered into the Buckmaster's perfect category at 143 3/8. This just goes to show that a little preparation and a little luck (well, maybe a lot) goes a long way!!!

Well, fellow deer nuts, how was that for a once in a lifetime story? And, yes...you can believe it, it actually happened just as he wrote it. If you have a unique story of your own, send it in and share it with the rest of us. We here at the Rub-lines family are anxiously waiting to hear from you. Until next time, take care and God Bless!

house to the other bedroom where my Encore and orange hat lay from the night before. With hat and gun in hand, I slipped out the door and waited for the doe to pass and the buck to follow. As the buck came into position (fifty-eight yards away) the hammer fell. The shot felt good as the buck turned and ran fifty yards and collapsed. After the deer dropped, I went back inside for my shoes and shirt. I ran across my driveway, into the cornfield to retrieve my buck. I then realized that I could not get the deer back to my house. One handed and no truck! Yes, the riding lawn mower might work!

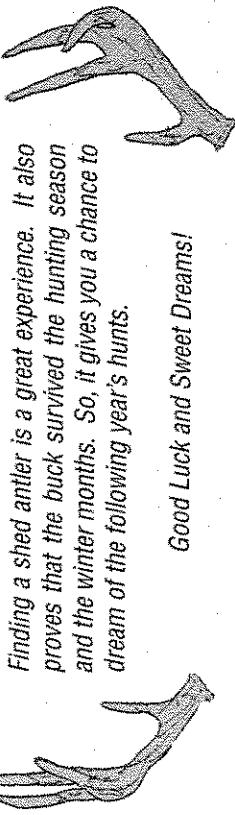
The mower seemed like a good idea until the weight of the deer made it sink in the mud. Now I was really in trouble. I called a friend at work and he came to the rescue. With his



NEWS YOU CAN USE

Finding a shed antler is a great experience. It also proves that the buck survived the hunting season and the winter months. So, it gives you a chance to dream of the following year's hunts.

Good Luck and Sweet Dreams!



Clarifying White-tail Disease

Certified White-tail Disease OR Certified White-wash Disease

by Adam Doro
Publisher

Does Environmental Contamination Play A Part In CWD In Wisconsin?

In an article in the April 2002 Feed Management Magazine, Larry Berger, PhD University of Illinois, made the following assessment. It is possible that environmental factors predispose certain animals or humans to prion related diseases. To understand this, one must first understand normal brain function. In 1999, Dr. Brown showed that copper is part of a normal prion protein in the brain. The prion will bind up to four atoms of copper and assumes a structure that is susceptible to proteinase.

In 2000, Dr. Brown and colleagues showed that the prion was also capable of binding manganese. When manganese replaced copper, the prion became proteinase resistant and as it aged it became increasingly resistant. When the immunohistochemistry (IHC) test for CWD is done, if the prions are proteinase resistant, the sample is called positive.

When CWD brain tissues were examined at Cambridge University and Case Western University, they were found to be low in copper and ten times higher than normal in manganese.

What causes a brain to be low in copper might not always be the same. It is possible that an area could be naturally low in copper in the soil. In the United Kingdom, some researchers feel Mad Cow Disease started when the Ministry of Agriculture forced cattle farmers to use an organophosphate called Phosmet to control warble fly maggots. One of the problems with Phosmet is that it binds copper and makes it unavailable. Professor Michael Boulois of the University of Avignon in France, also feels there is a direct link between the spread of BSE in France and the use of a pesticide to kill warble flies.

In an article in the Farm Journal Magazine, a concern was raised about cadmium. Cadmium is a naturally occurring poisonous heavy metal similar to lead, nickel and zinc. It is present in the earth's surface at about .3ppm. Higher amounts of cadmium are found in the mining of zinc, lead, copper and rock phosphates. Other sources are forest fires, volcanoes, the burning of coal and industrial waste, the spreading of municipal sewage and a by-product of many types of manufacturing. Like other heavy metals, cadmium stays in the body a very long time and can build up from many years of exposure at low levels. Unfortunately, the Environmental Protection Agency allows the use of material like coal ash and mining and manu-

"Certified White-wash Dilemma"

facturing waste, which contain many hazardous elements, to be mixed with things like fertilizer and road deicer.

According to Robert Smith, a veterinarian and animal nutritionist at Penn State University, as cadmium enters an animal, it binds to proteins and accumulates in tissues such as the kidney and liver. "At higher than normal dietary levels the body will absorb cadmium instead of similar, but essential metals such as copper," Smith says. Copper may be in the diet yet the animals show all the signs of a copper deficiency. Dr. Tom Swerczek, a veterinary pathologist at the University of Kentucky, tells a similar story. Cattle and ostriches in Kentucky were wasting away and had a high incidence of brain lesions. Again the problem turned out to be cadmium.

Another issue of concern is all the eagles that are dying with holes in their brain. This disease is known as coot and eagle brain lesion syndrome or CEMLS. The problem was first discovered at DeGray Lake, Arkansas. Fifty-five eagles died between 1995 and 1997. Since then the problem has shown up in Georgia and North Carolina. According to the Wausau Daily Herald news release on January 30, 2003, the Wisconsin DNR has more than forty bald eagles frozen waiting for autopsies. This does not mean they have CEMLS, but something killed them.

Unfortunately, we are polluting this earth at an alarming rate. These deer and eagles may be the canary in the coalmine. They are telling us what's waiting for us if we continue on as we are.

References include: Feed Management Magazine, Farm Journal Magazine, the book "Fateful Harvest" and the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services.

Kind of interesting information, huh? Also, John T. of Wisconsin wants to know exactly how many deer have died from CWD. According to a report he received, not one death can be proved "positively" from CWD.

Emily H. of Illinois believes the CWD scare will subside when some more research makes its way into the right hands. Mark M. of Texas would like "free" tags to anyone who wants to go to Wisconsin and shoot CWD deer.

Susie B. of Michigan would also like to see the research where "baiting" spreads CWD.

That will wrap up our CWD chapter for this month but please, send your comments and opinions to me, Adam Doro at: Rub-lines - W17065 Lou Ave. - Gilman, WI 54433 or you can email me at: rublines@centurytel.net

Whitetail Notes

The more time you spend "OUT" in nature and wildlife...
the more you will get tuned in on wildlife ways and patterns!

The Big Eight

by Jeffery Stephens
Carpenterville, Illinois

This hunt took place in Northern Illinois the first week of November, 1984. I had been reading all about rattling and using grunt calls to lure in big bucks during the pre-rut. I made myself a fine pair of rattlers from a big pair of sheets. The horns were a little on the heavy side according to the experts but I figured they would carry the sound better. They may intimidate the smaller bucks, but I was after the daddy.

I hunt in a fairly open area overlooking a large forest preserve that deer use for a sanctuary. My plan was to coax them out with a little fight, like kids watching a fight on the playground. The morning of this hunt the weather was perfect; forty degrees and calm. I knew that some big bucks lived in this area by the amount of rubs and scrapes I was seeing. There is a large brushy field that separates me from the forest preserve so I can see for two hundred yards in three directions.

I hit the horns together hard and started grinding and smashing them for two to three minutes. I hung up the horns and grabbed my bow. As I scanned the edge of the woods across the field I spotted movement. A big eight pointer was standing just inside the tree line looking in my direction. I pulled out my grunt call and grunted a few times. The buck started across the field at a trot. The closer he got the bigger he looked. He stopped twenty yards out and turned broadside enough to give me a good angle to his chest. He stood there with his ears laid back and his hair all standing on end. He was definitely looking for a fight. I slowly came to full draw and settled the sight pin on his lung area. I squeezed the release and let fly. The arrow struck a little high and broke his back and down he went. A second shot through the lungs and it was over. He dressed out at one hundred eighty six pounds and his eight-point rack missed Pope and Young by two inches.

I have used rattling and grunts to harvest several more deer over the years but the first time was super exciting and will always be special.



A Perfect Season

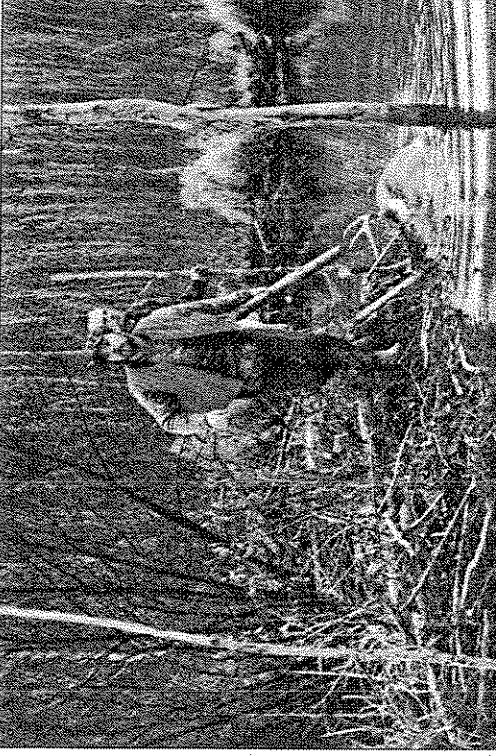
by Craig Amborn
Gilman, Wisconsin

Opening day had already been a huge success. My twelve-year old son Troy had already shot two bucks fulfilling my only goal for the season. I was soaked with sweat and river water but you couldn't have knocked the smile off my face with a hammer. With my goal already accomplished, I was ready to just sit back, thank God and enjoy the day.

I had been in my stand for about twenty minutes and I was comfortable. I decided to blow on my doe bleat since Troy had so much success with it and the bucks were still running. Not five minutes later I heard a crack. I didn't think much of it since there are a ton of beaver around but I got my gun up and ready just in case. Twenty minutes passed and I saw nothing. Just as I let down my guard I caught movement down and to my right. It was a deer. I then saw horns. I picked the best hole I could, through the clear cut mess. When the buck hit the hole, I shot. I could tell right away that I didn't hit him. He ran out about one hundred fifty yards onto a beaver dam and stopped. It was open for about one hundred

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Eric supervising the dragging!

A Perfect Season

yards but he was still too close to get out into the clear cut. Those clear cuts can be tough but that's where the deer are. I could see his neck sticking out of the grass on the dam. I had to stand up and shoot off hand at his neck. I shot and he ran. Dang! Missed again! The deer ran in a semi-circle onto another dam and stopped about two hundred yards out. Who knows why. This time it was completely clear but I still had to shoot off hand. I shot and this time he did one of those dreamy high leg kicks and ran out of sight. It looked good but I was still a little worried. I had missed him twice already.

I calmly walked down the hill wait! That's a lie. I ran/fell down the hill to where he had been. When I got there I found good

blood. I tracked him about fifty yards and there he was a one hundred thirty pound nine pointer. I had hit him in the lungs and not in the guts like my slanderous brother Eric would have you believe. My brother writes the Tail End for Rub-lines (tail end is a pretty accurate if not kind description of his appearance) and seems to love to spread jealous lies about his older brother's shooting ability of which he has always envied.

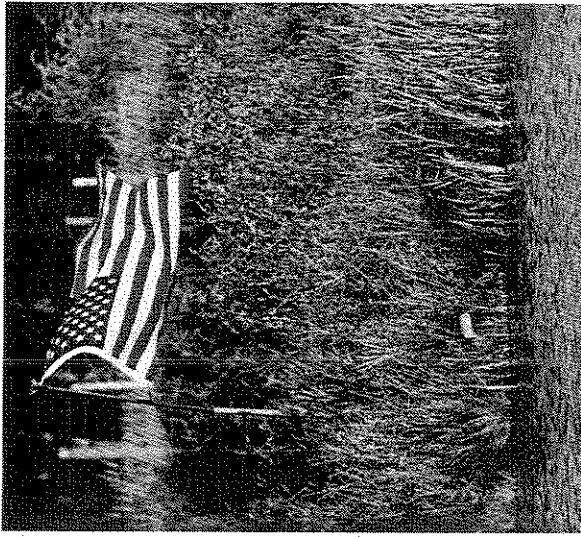
There was no way we could get the deer out that day. We would have to get him out tomorrow. So, I tagged the gutted the deer (in that order because in Wisconsin if you gut then tag you lose your deer and the DNR cuts off your trigger finger.) We put him under a pine tree in the shade with his chest held

A Perfect Season

open with a stick because it was still pretty warm. It would be a sleepless night worrying about predators and the heat. When we got back the next day the deer was fine. We had to take him out the opposite way I had walked in. It's just too far to drag and we would have to go over my hill, which is very steep. I had to drag him across a beaver pond.

EDITORS NOTE:
Next month we'll take a look at Eric watched me very closely, making sure I was doing it right. Within an hour we were out to the truck and try to "bash" on Eric a little more!!!

What a day! Troy shot two bucks

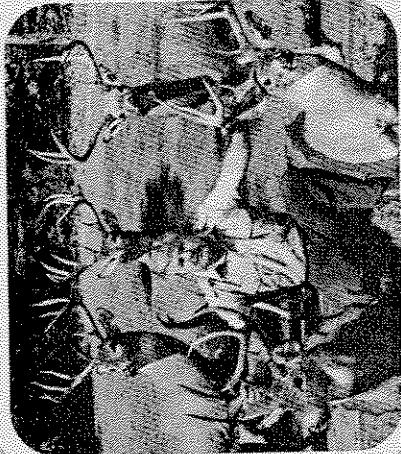


Memory Heartshot

Support our Troops!
Special Officer page 53



God Bless America!



HUNTING HIGHLIGHTS

by Mike Weaver
518 Big Buck Road
Bassett, Virginia 24055
Email: mweaver@sitesat.net

will give you edges where they meet. Match a cluster of edges up with water and food and terrain features like a ridge or saddle that helps to further funnel the whitetail deer to you. Vegetation such as clear cuts, mountain laurel, old road beds, fences, power lines, rivers, pine groves and hardwood groves are found throughout the deer woods and must meet each other at some point and then that will become an edge. Spots like this will traditionally be good year after year. I had one like this that I hunted for twenty-three years. I don't know how many deer I took from this stand but I can tell you I took thirteen Pope & Young bucks from it. I don't limit myself to these types of stand sites but I always try to find some in all the areas I hunt. This includes the other states I hunt also.

In all my travels to hunt the whitetail deer in different states, I have had the opportunity to share the woods with many hunters. I have seen their various techniques for stand placement. Some hunters select sites based on their experience and determine a good spot depending on the feeling they get when they walk through the woods. This is exactly what I do when I go out to scout and hang my stand.

I don't go out and look at the area and base it on what I like. I try to look at it in the way the whitetail deer will see it. I ask myself all kinds of questions on why a deer would travel here or there. It does not matter what I like; it all boils down to what that big buck will like. One of my best buddies does it that way. He looks at an area for himself. He will pick out a stand site based on what he likes and not give any thought to what that big

buck will like...or why. One of my other buddies looks at things the way I do. Sometimes we think too much alike and his wife says that is spooky.

Most hunters including myself try to read the woods and select stand sites based on the deer sign such as droppings, rubs, scrapes, worn trails, food sources and the more sign the better. Some hunters select sites because of easy access or difficult access depending on how committed they are. Have you ever really thought about your stand site that you choose to hunt and why?

There are many things to consider when choosing a stand site. My favorite spot for a stand is where two or more vegetation types meet. This can also be seen as the edges of different vegetation. You can have a crop field that runs up against a pine tree thicket or a grove of hard woods and this

gives you a shot. I harvested my biggest buck by hunting my stand for twelve days straight. Every day I had a lot of deer travel by my stand and they never knew I was there.

I have seen other hunters hunt their stands sparingly and some won't hunt a stand two days in a row. They want to rotate from stand to stand every day. I have seen other hunters that won't hunt a stand twice a year. I believe the more you hunt a stand site in a very good area the more likely you are going to have to take a shot at a trophy buck. That is as long as the other deer are still moving all around you and don't know you are there. As long as you stay clean and don't leave human scent going to and from you stand or around your stand these deer will not catch on to you and detect that you are there.

So, remember these tips and incorporate them into your hunting style and you too can be more successful with BIG bucks.

Next month I'll share some more tactics that have worked for me and can work for you.

Editors Note: Thanks again Mike for your honesty and unconventional methods that you share with us. With your forty-three P & Y bucks we can see that your tactics WORK!

the day that big buck comes by and



DEER RESEARCH

by T. R. Michels, Trinity Mountain Outdoors
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WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT

During May the bucks and does may begin to move to their summer home ranges. The does may begin to look for fawning areas. Turkey hunting may still be going on in some areas. While you are scouting and hunting turkeys, you can also be deer scouting, figuring out where the deer are so you can watch them in the fall when you can determine if there are any big bucks around.

DEER HUNTING AND SPORTSMANSHIP

More and more hunters are interested in hunting for trophy animals. But, because game managers are often interested in providing a large, healthy deer herd and not necessarily a balanced herd with trophy animals, these hunters are taking it upon themselves to try to increase their chances of seeing a trophy by practicing some type of deer management (sometimes with the emphasis on growing trophies) and improving the habitat. Hunters who are only interested in helping the animals grow bigger racks by providing food plots, minerals and limiting their hunting to larger racked animals often unwittingly improve the quality of the entire herd. Not only will the bucks use the food and minerals but so will the does and fawns. If the hunter then passes up smaller animals he gives them a chance to mature, develop fully and contribute to the gene pool.

MANAGEMENT PRACTICES

There is no question that deer herds must be managed. Increasing human populations, urban sprawl and changing land practices have led to less available deer habitat, while deer herds have continued to increase, which has led to an overpopulation of deer in many areas. This has compelled wildlife managers to issue abundant doe permits each year in order to keep the deer herds within the carrying capacity of the available habitat.

The deer management practices of many wildlife agencies revolve around the need to balance the deer herds in relation to the habitat, while still trying to keep deer populations high enough for hunting, with hunting as the primary method of deer reduction. The current practice of keeping deer populations high enough that they can be hunted and the past management practice of bucks only hunting combined with the belief by many hunters that they should only shoot bucks if they want to keep deer numbers high is one reason why there are too many deer in some areas, particularly does.

It is usually too many does (as in Minnesota and Wisconsin) and not too many bucks in a deer herd that prompts game managers to issue numerous doe permits in

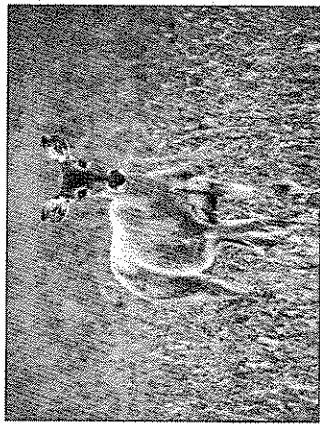
the hopes that enough deer will be removed to keep their numbers at acceptable levels. Eventually, this becomes a vicious cycle and both the deer and the habitat suffer. The effects of this cycle generally result in low buck to doe ratios and fewer numbers of dominant breeding bucks which leads to breeding periods that are later and longer than they should be resulting in poor spring survival rates of fawns.

To add to the problem of too many deer and not enough bucks, the interest in trophy hunting for whitetailed deer has skyrocketed in the past few years. This interest in high scoring whitetail racks by numerous hunters puts added pressure on the already depleted number of large antlered bucks and further reduces the number of available older breeding bucks. Fewer numbers of bucks, particularly older dominants, result in fewer contacts between the does and the priming pheromones deposited by bucks at rubs and scrapes. These priming pheromones are thought to cause the does to come into estrus and help synchronize the rut behavior between the does and the bucks. When these pheromones are absent the does may come into estrous from as early as mid-October to as late as January. Studies have shown that whitetail sperm production extends from mid-August through March. Sperm counts increased through October, peaked in November and dropped almost in half by mid-December. Lower sperm counts in December could result in lower conception rates of the does at that time.

Chronic Wasting Disease

We can no longer talk about deer management without thinking about how Chronic Wasting Disease may impact our deer herds and deer hunting. The threat of infectious disease spreading through deer and elk herds is one reason why some hunters and game managers have been asking for changes in wildlife management policies in some states, or areas of some states, in recent years. While some state game agencies have been managing their deer and elk herds for increased and/or maximum numbers of animals, some hunters and game managers in those states would like to see deer herds managed for more evenly balanced sex ratios and for herds that are more in line with the carrying capacity of the habitat. The threat of the spread of CWD may now cause game managers in several states to reassess how they manage the deer and elk herds in their areas.

T.R. Michels is a nationally recognized outdoor writer, speaker and wildlife behaviorist who has been researching game animals for several years. He is the author of the Whitetail, Elk, Duck and Goose and Turkey Addict's Manuals. His latest products are the 2003 Revised Edition of the Whitetail Addict's Manual, the 2003 Revised Edition of the Elk Addict's Manual and Whitetail Notes and Activity Factors. For a catalog of books and other hunting products contact:
*T.R. Michels - Trinity Mountain Outdoors - PO Box 284, Wanamingo, MN 55983
507-824-3296 - TRMichels@yahoo.com www.TRMichels.com*



a better specimen.

It was less than a mile later when a decent six point buck came trotting by with his undivided attention focused on the fleeing doe in front of him. My gun was soon up, but once again the animal was just not what I was looking for. "It's all right," I told myself, "More bucks will be coming by before the day is over." I had no idea how prophetic those words would prove to be.

The next buck was another six pointer, a little smaller than the last. This was followed by a five pointer twenty minutes later and a little four pointer an hour after that. (By now you might be wondering where on earth I was hunting. I'll give you directions: Take a left at "none of your business" and continue on "your merry way".) At this point most hunters would be saying, "Wow! I'm having a great day!" Yours truly on the other hand was getting pretty frustrated at seeing all of these legal bucks and restraining himself from doing what comes naturally emptying his gun in random displays of aggression toward whitetail deer.

It was getting along towards high noon when I crested a rise and up jumped a basket racked eight pointer with his favorite mistress. They took off at a dead run of course, leaving me with little more than a "poke and hope" shot through the thick timber. Believe me when I say that at that point I was just like Clint Eastwood, except much better looking. (Hey, stop laughing!) My buttons were pushed to the breaking point and the only thought on my mind (it was too a thought!) was the next buck that came anywhere near me was going to be

THE WAY END

BY ERIC AMBORN

by Eric Amborn
DePere, Wisconsin

You know who I like? Clint Eastwood. That's right, Mr. Dirty Harry Josey Wales himself. Especially do I like the scenes where he does that little eye thing. Those of you who have seen some of his western movies know what I mean. Someone will be there in the saloon trying to push his buttons and old Clint will just be ignoring the mentally challenged window licker while drinking his whiskey. Meanwhile, you're thinking "Back off you fool! Don't you know that's Clint Eastwood?" He's going to tear you a new orifice in a minute here! That's when you see it. The telltale sign you've been waiting for. The dreaded outlaw gunfighter "I've had it up to here" eye twitch. Old Clint gets that squinty look and that one eye starts to twitch like your little brother when he stuck a nail in the outlet. The eye movement that you just know Steven Segal and Billy Idol studied for hours before hitting it big. The eye tremor that has the Grim Reaper grabbing his party hat and yelling "YOU GO GIRL!" Because killin' is Clint's business and business is about to get good. Let me just mention that the cans of "woop @\$\$" get opened early and often shortly thereafter. Of course, the violence and sheer carnage that ensues is WAY too graphic for a family mag like

this one, but suffice it to say that the Federal ammo factory had to put in over time for the next six months. That "itchy" eyeball has become the universal sign that says, "You just pushed me too far pardner."

I remember one day in the deer woods when I knew just how Clint felt. It was way back in my youth when I was still parting my hair instead of my hair parting me. I had fresh legs back then and just loved to walk the countryside with my trusty .270 in hand while the older folks were sitting under a tree playing "Pail Rider" on their five gallon paint buckets. Yeah, those were the good old days. Bucks were everywhere back then. Especially on that one particular occasion. I had started out from home with the plan to walk the logging road circuit all day until I spotted a suitable critter with eight points or more to vent my teenage angst on.

After only a few hundred yards the first contestant jumped from the brush and stood out in front of me at seventy yards. My scope came up in anticipation only to find that the crosshairs had settled on a dopey four pointer. As it was early in the day and that wasn't quite what I was looking for, I let the little guy go and carried on in my quest for

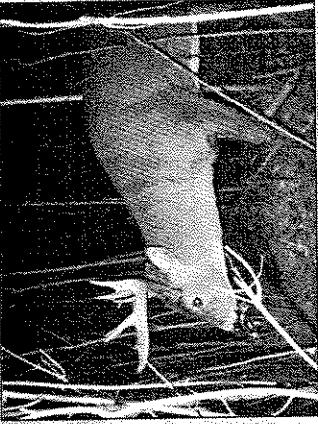
very VERY sorry. That's right, the dreaded blue peeper was twitchin' like an old guy with his pacemaker hooked up to jumper cables.

That's when it happened. I came into a freshly logged area and up jumped a herd of fifteen deer. These foolish animals ran right up to the edge of the standing trees two hundred and fifty yards away and stopped for one last slack jawed gawk at the hunter having an eyelid seizure. And there standing right among them in all his glory was the five pointer. The beast looked on with great interest to see if I had finally gone over the edge. Had I? My mind was in turmoil. Should I shoot the buck and satisfy my thirst for revenge, or should I stick to my resolve to wait for a bigger animal? That's when my two warning instincts struck a deal. It was agreed that if I could hit this five pointer in the neck, shooting off handed without a rest at two hundred and fifty yards, I would take him home. If I missed, I would continue on my journey without regret. The gun came up with crosshairs resting on the young buck's neck. The tension slowly increased on the trigger...then...BANG! The five pointer got dropped like a bad kisser after prom. Did I do the right thing? All I can say is that these deer can only push so far before a guy just has to push back. If old Clint had been there, all fifteen deer would likely have been scattered helter-skelter amongst the stumps with their tongues sticking out like Boy George at a men's club. Obviously, HE'S never had to do the gutting and dragging after getting the dreaded gunslinger eye twitch.

Photo Hunter Snapshot Showcase™



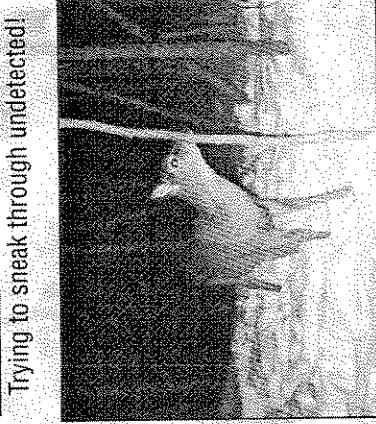
The Game Monitor Experts
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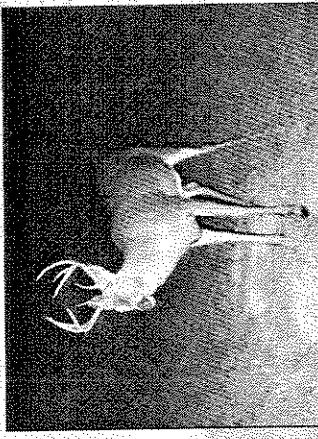
Catch and release...but my son shot
this deer later in the year!



I smell something!!



Scent checking some lure I put on the tree!



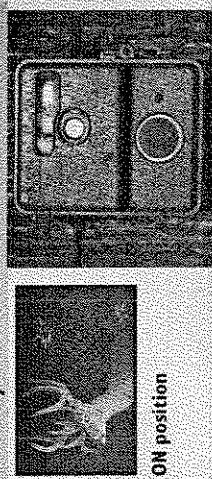
Iowa buck in October!



Whoa...look at this guy coming into the batt!

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3. Mount unit to tree
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EZ-CAM will do the rest!

EZ-CAM has EZ Setting Options

The EZ-CAM's ON/OFF Switch is so easy to use.
No Programming Needed!!!

EZ-CAM 35MM Film Camera is Loaded with High Performance Features

- * Date/time stamp
- * Self timer mode
- * Panoramic view option
- * Auto flash mode
- * ON flash mode
- * OFF flash mode
- * Night scene flash mode
- * Red eye reduction
- * And EZ-CAM unplugs from EZ-CAM to use as standard camera

EZ-CAM Is EZ to Depend on for Maximum Sensor Performance

- * EZ-CAM's exclusive long battery life is designed for cold weather conditions.
- * EZ-CAM Low Level Camera Battery Indicator Light tells you when it's time for new batteries in the camera. (When EZ-CAM's camera flash ready indicator light takes over 20 seconds to light, change AA batteries)
- * EZ 1.5, and 10 minute time-delay options
- * Convenient door padlock to prevent theft
- * Exclusive TIMBERGHOST™ camo pattern molded right into EZ-CAM™ weatherproof enclosure
- * Exclusive solid ABS sealed enclosure
- * EX Security for locking to tree using your favorite cable or chain.

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EZ-CAM Brought to you by the pioneer of game monitoring equipment;

The most trusted name in business... TrailTimer®
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Web: www.trailtimer.com

Rub-lines will not be undersold for this #1 camera!

**GREAT
BIRTHDAY AND
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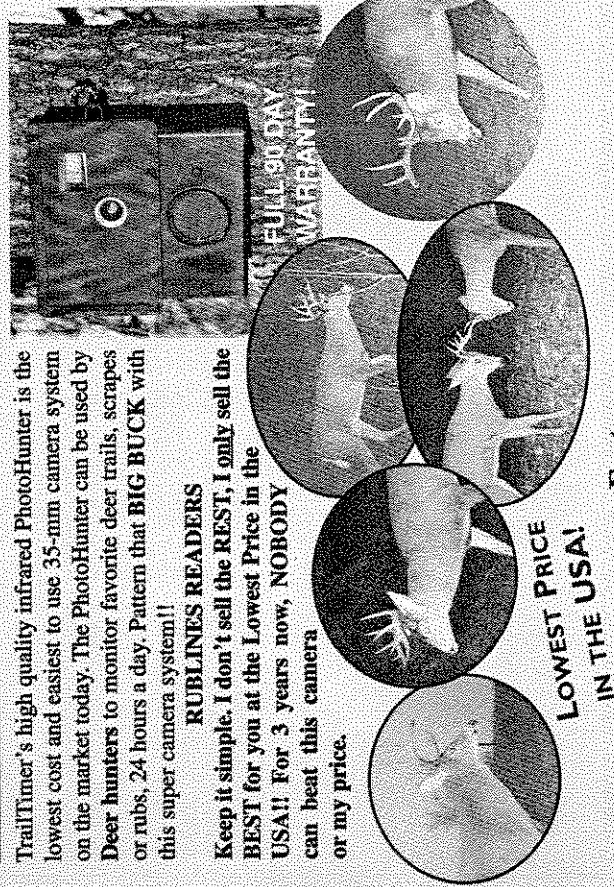
**\$179.95
S + H**

Send in your "Photo Hunter Photos" and you will be entered into Rub-lines "WOW" Hunt Giveaway...
(see pages 44-45 for details) 1 entry per "Photo" (photos can be returned SASE)

715-447-8785

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PhotoHunter



TrailTimer's high quality infrared PhotoHunter is the lowest cost and easiest to use 35-mm camera system on the market today. The PhotoHunter can be used by Deer hunters to monitor favorite deer trails, scrapes or rubs, 24 hours a day. Pattern that BIG BUCK with this super camera system!!

RUBLINES READERS

Keep it simple. I don't sell the REST, I only sell the BEST for you at the Lowest Price in the USA! For 3 years now, NOBODY can beat this camera or my price.

Features

- Easily attaches to tree using FREE military OD green stretch cord
- PhotoHunter "hunts" 24 hours a day while you can't!
- Simple, quiet and easy to use
- Fully automatic quality 35-mm film camera
- Infrared motion sensor beam (approx. 60 foot range)
- 1.5 or 10 minute event recording delay
- Event counter (indicates number of events, up to 250)
- SilentCamo finish

Scent Canisters

and more hard to find Whitetail Products!!



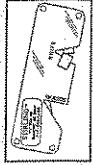
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Order form on page 86

Look for more
New Products in
June!!

Insulated Long-Johns

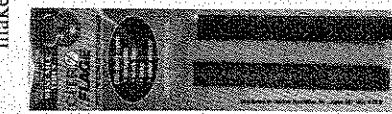
Polar Hoods



Citro-FlagTM

HOT NEW PRODUCT PRODUCT

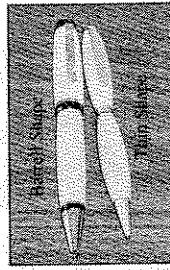
The first hunting makeup to combine an easy to remove hand/face makeup and the insect repellent properties of citronella, which will allow users to hunt without being bothered by annoying insects for hours. Citro-Flag is available in a pack of three easy to apply twist-applications in black, green and brown, which allows it to be blended to match the hunter's preferred camouflage pattern for ultimate hunting concealment.



Catalog #2003 \$10.20 each + S&H

Antler Pens

Now if you want to buy that "someone" a very special and unique gift...look no further



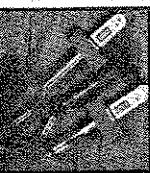
Beautifully styled (made from deer antlers and you can replace the ink cartridges in them). So for home or office, they will be a lasting gift!!!

\$29.50 + S & H (Each)
Specify Shape Catalog # 0097

MODERN

3 Hands-Free Calls & Video Calling Kit

If you want GREAT "Hands Free" calls... then here they are! A buck grunt, doe call and fawn bleat along with a custom camo three call lanyard.



Included is a 45 minute VHS video hosted by Dean Durham with tips and the step-by-step use of these Grunt "Hand Free" calls. With this kit you will learn the proper techniques for calling whitetails and get some great calls on the market!!!

\$26.50+ S&H Catalog #0065

Camo Dust Sock

(Camouflaged for human scent) This patented unscented powder prevents odors from forming. It is not a cover scent or masking agent. This is an excellent product to "dust" your clothing, boots, stands, etc...In cold weather than a liquid form of scent away sprays. A super product!!!



\$11.50+ S&H Catalog #0058

GRANDPA JOE'S DEER and BIG GAME LURE

The "Owner and Herbalist, Mary" who developed this ALL-NATURAL herbal blend to use as an attractant and powerful cover scent has a WINNER HERE! You can sprinkle this blend out as you go to your stand and sprinkle more around your shooting lane. It also DOES work on Bear and ELK! Hang in a drawingstring "attractant" bag or mix with boiling water and use as a liquid scent attractor too. Wow, what a neat product! AND...all natural Michigan outdoor TV, radio and Newspapers claim this product as a huge success...WOW....I had eight deer including 2 bucks come within 15 yards from down wind...I filled my tag! G.R. Crystal, Michigan. Sprinkle some down and let em eat their way to you! Forget the corn piles...use all natural BIG GAME LURE! HEAVY DUTY reusable 12 oz. pouch w/cotton drawstring bag included!!!

\$11.99 each + S&H Catalog #9090

*1 Seller

BOWGRUNTER + PLUS

Patented "Social" deer call

100% Hands Free 4 in INHALE Deer Call (body mount system) O-Ring adjustable fawn, doe, buck & dominant buck. Inhale action... Reed will not stick or FREEZE up in cold weather. Tone ranges from 5 yards to 100+ yards! ALL SEASON SOCIAL / CURIOSITY CALL! Calls come and calls go... but you will never part with this one! It is the **BEST** single call on the market!!! DON'T leave home without it!

BOWGRUNTER + PLUS

Patented "Social" deer call

100% Hands Free 4 in INHALE Deer Call (body mount system) O-Ring adjustable fawn, doe, buck & dominant buck. Inhale action... Reed will not stick or FREEZE up in cold weather. Tone ranges from 5 yards to 100+ yards! ALL SEASON SOCIAL / CURIOSITY CALL! Calls come and calls go... but you will never part with this one! It is the **BEST** single call on the market!!! DON'T leave home without it!

\$19.50+ S&H Catalog #7777



STIRLING **SHARPENER** TM

This knife, broadhead and scissors sharpener is not the biggest...but I'll tell you what...it is the best little carbide sharpener around!!!



#1 Best Seller!

If you want a sharpener that is handy and quick...Rub-lines have it!

\$15.50+ S&H Catalog # 0080

Rub-lines Redi-Sack

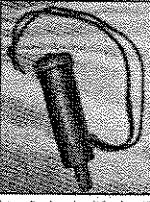
(Camo, 17" L x 13" H)

Hey whitetail nuts...this "carry-all" bag is the neatest, most handy item you can buy! With its shoulder strap, you can carry hunting clothes, shed antlers, mushrooms, books, food, scent, etc. And the best part is that you can squish it up or fold it and stick it right in your pocket!!!

\$9.99+ S&H Catalog # 0070

Hunter's Cough Silencer

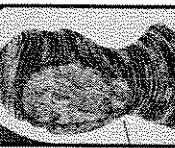
You should see this unique muffler selling at the shows! Lightweight and durable, very compact, non glare finish. Includes lanyard for around your neck. Disassembles for easy cleaning. The baffles take the sound waves out of the cough! A hunt saver for spontaneous coughs, cold, flu, allergies, asthma sufferers, and smokers cough. A lot of big game guides are making this a "must" on your hunt! Don't spoil your hunting spot with a cough.



Whitetail Nut All

Weather Camo and Mosquito-Free Mask

It is lightweight, has a mouth opening for grunt-call use and in Advantage Timber design! The "Neal est" all weather mask on the market!! Great for deer and turkey nuts!



\$10.50+ S&H Catalog # 0062

\$23.50+ S&H Catalog # 0099

Use the combination of Tag-Out and Body Boost...It is AWESOME

TAG-OUT® DRIVES DEER CRAZY!! They will lick, paw, root and smell the ground. **TAG-OUT® IT WORKS!**



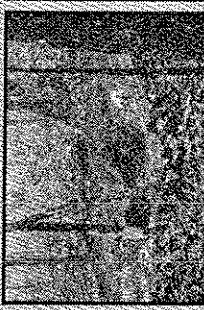
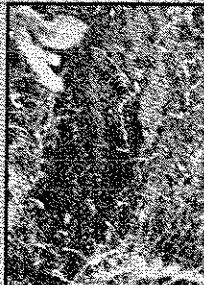
Here's a product that is classified as an "attractant" and it works! Deer go nuts digging this up! Attractant's can and do direct the flow of deer to an area. (a natural scent station).

You can use it alone or for even better results, mix it at the site with a gallon of Body Boost Mineral and the deer will get the nutrition they need also!!



You Can Bring Bucks In Like These!

"Look at the results!"
R.D. Alabama



"We actually drew deer off our neighbors land onto our 40 acres," - G.C. Minnesota

Buck Visiting
Tag-Out Site

Buck Visiting
me later!

gallon-\$10.00 + \$8.00
4 gallons - \$38.00 + \$8.00
Catalog #002

GET IT
OUT
EARLY!

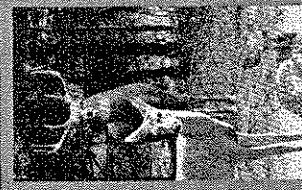
(Directions on each lug)

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RUB-LINES BODY BOOST WHITETAIL MINERAL

Order Form
On Page 86

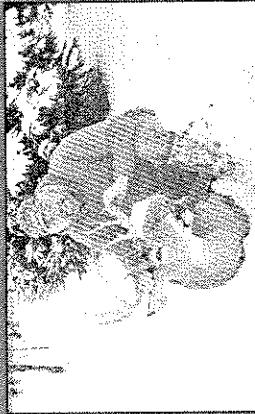
Feeding mineral in your areas...is the #1 item that any person can do to increase body size, improve herd health and also greatly improve antler development!



Body Boost will nutritionally help the fawn, does and bucks reach their true potential. Number one for any mineral is that you have to get the deer to eat it...they "love" Body Boost. Number two make sure it is a good product that can help them. Body Boost is a great product and will help the deer reach their potential. We only use the very finest ingredients! (Protein and just seasonal)

Start your own mineral site today! Just kick sticks and leaves out of the way and pour the mineral on the ground.

IT'S EASY!!!



Same Buck 1 Year later
with Body Boost



Yearling Buck
(These are WILD deer, not in a fence!)

"Every deer in our neck of the woods is coming regularly to our site." - G.C. Minnesota

Same buck 2 years later with Body Boost

Deer will consume 8 oz. Boost

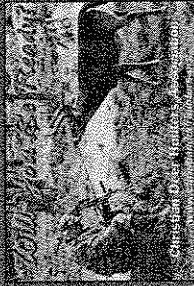
year-round if available.

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Animal Land is a family owned business run by Roger & Caara Holmstrom. You'll see dozens of species of animals...from cougar, bears, bobcats, white-tail to goats and geese. MORE SPECIES OF ANIMALS! Feed the fish at our Trout Pond, they'll jump right out of the water! Come see our white-tail buck, BJ (Bambi Jr.)! You'll get to watch the "babies" be bottle fed every day. And if you're interested in shopping...we offer a great gift shop so you can take home a souvenir of your day at Animal Land. We also offer pet sitting for your "traveling pets".

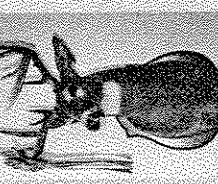
Visit BJ - 200 point +
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Handicap Accessible • RV Parking • Restaurants
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Group Rates Are Available For Large Groups • Adults \$5.00
• Children (3-12) - \$4.00 • Seniors - \$4.50
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WOW!

PERKINS TAXIDERMY

Tim Perkins

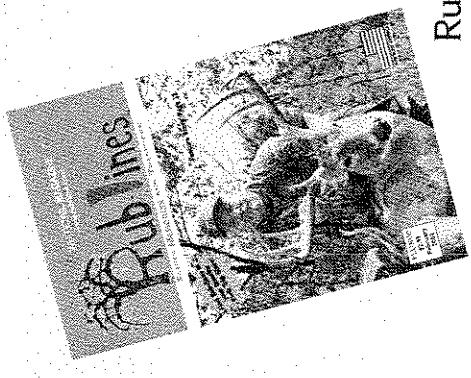
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SUMMARY OF CR 03-016, CWD MANAGEMENT

Zones

CWD Eradication Zone is defined as area that includes all sections that are intersected by or within a circle with a radius up to 4.5 miles from the center of any section with a CWD positive deer.

The new eradication zone, based on recent testing is now **874 square miles** plus the sections that will form the EZ in southern Rock County near the closest Illinois positive deer site.

Zone maps will be updated yearly by rule based on each year's test results. Special legislative authorities for deer removal exist for the EZ but not for the IHZ or HRZ. The population goal for the EZ is 0.

The **Intensive Harvest Zone (IHZ)** is defined by a map with the intent to have highway boundaries close to the EZ boundaries.

The IHZ is used for easy recognition of the boundaries of areas with different hunting regulations, that are more liberal in than out. There will be no IHZ around the small EZ in southern Rock County.

Herd Reduction Zone (HRZ) is defined by a map. The population goal for the HRZ is 10 deer per square mile of deer range. The new HRZ includes all of unit 71 and Unit 77A in addition to what was included last year.

A map of all 3 zones will be on the DNR web site soon.

Gun Season

The gun season for the IHZ will be from the Thursday nearest October 27 to January 3 (shorter, allowing bait permits to be issued earlier if desired).

The gun season for the HRZ will be from the Thursday nearest October 27 to the following Sunday and from the Saturday before Thanksgiving to January 3.

Archery Season

The archery season for both the IHZ and HRZ will be from the Saturday nearest September 15 to January 3.

State Park Season

The archery and gun season for state parks in the IHZ will be from the Thursday closest to October 27 to the third Sunday after Thanksgiving.

The archery and gun season for state parks in the HRZ will be from the Thursday closest to October 27 to the following Sunday and from the Saturday prior to Thanksgiving to the third Sunday after Thanksgiving.

Hunting hours will close at noon on the first 4 days of the season. A free permit is required. A park sticker is required. Some parks may be exempted if they are in urban areas or consist primarily of designated use areas.

Permit System

The Earn-a-Buck (EAB) regulation will be used in both the IHZ and HRZ, same as last year. Tags will be unlimited, but issued up to 4 per day. The EAB will be dropped in individual units of the HRZ when they are brought down to an over-winter population of less than 15 deer per square mile of deer range.

The same is true for the IHZ. Landowners issued permits within the Eradication Zone will be issued 2 buck tags that they or their guests may use. Earned buck tags can be used in the year after they are earned in the IHZ or HRZ if the EAB system is still in place in the subsequent year (don't know yet if this can be retroactive to buck tags earned last year).

Reasons DNR stayed with this regulation in spite of public opposition at hearing include:

- Performance measure has to be number of deer removed by end of season, even though some bucks will have to be passed up
- Most effective herd reduction regulation in Wisconsin history
- Many only want bucks; can't have people just shooting bucks to be successful
- Less than half kept their deer in the EZ last year, so many would not be shot if less interest in meat
- Reports from many at the registration stations that they only shot the antlerless deer so they could earn their buck tags
- Focuses on those most likely to disperse and therefore possibly most likely to spread the disease—fawns
- Focuses on the fawn producing component—does
- Changes the sex ratio and lowers productivity of the remaining herd
- Can't afford to risk population growth at this point if an either sex regulation were used and didn't work
- Public focus groups and workshop input suggesting we needed EAB to get many to shoot the does and fawns

Landowner Permits

The department may issue permits to landowners for shooting deer in the Eradication Zone only. The permits will specify shooting periods and other parameters. The department may issue bait permits to these landowners.

Landowners and guests hunting under authority of a permit will not be required to have a deer hunting license.

Registration

Deer killed in the IHZ must be registered in the IHZ. Deer killed in the HRZ must be registered in the HRZ or IHZ (new). Deer killed in the HRZ or IHZ may be transported out of these zones prior to or after registration, but they must be registered in the appropriate zone by 5 p.m. on the day after kill.

Firearm restrictions

Rifles may be used in the IHZ. Normal restrictions apply to the HRZ.

Aircraft may be used to drive or shoot deer in the EZ only between December 1 and April 15. (**Sen. Schultz opposed to this provision**)

Sick Deer Replacement Tags

Hunters may shoot a sick-looking deer and turn in the complete carcass to a warden or wildlife staff person, who will issue a replacement tag of the same kind used on the sick-looking deer. This is a statewide rule.