

Hunting

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Elephant hunt Single shot bowhunt

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## Submit your photo, article or hunting story

It is only with the contribution of Universal Hunter's readers that we can make a success of this magazine. Please feel free to send in your trophy photos, hunting experiences, hunting tips, products and any article or contribution you might consider a benefit to fellow hunters or the hunting industry in general.

To improve the chances of having your photo or article published, please keep the following in mind: make sure you submit high quality and high resolution digital pictures, preferably taken with a camera with a minimum of five megapixels. When possible or appropriate try not to take a picture with things like fences, vehicles, buildings or other man-made objects in the background. Never hold a small animal by the head or feet so that it hangs down. Rather put it on an anthill or a log. If you have to take a photo in the dark, let a vehicle shine its headlights (on dim) on you and the trophy. Position the animal so that the hunter looks into the sun. Wash of or hide all blood that is on the animal or

on the ground that might show in the photo. Balance the head so that it shows the animal in a relaxed way. Try not to sit directly behind the focus point of the animal - the head. Rather sit by the back legs. The idea is for the hunter to show only his/her upper body from behind the animal. If the trophy is small, lie down behind it and put it up in front of you holding the head up with your hand under the chin. The camera must be as low as possible. Remove all grass, rocks etc in front of the animal. Do not put your foot or yourself on an animal in a disrespectful way. Always check that the tongue of the animal is not protruding. Cut it off or put it back in the mouth.

We prefer submissions by email, but you are welcome to send CD's or written articles if you do not have a computer available. In this situation, printed photos may also be submitted. Please send all submissions to chantelle@universalhunter.com.

## Bowhuntin Wild boar bruiser in the French woods



by the government authorities. Therefore I always have to travel to countries where bowhunting is permitted. Luckily a friend of mine and bowhunting outfitter asked if I was interested in joining him in bowhunting wild boar in France on private property. You can imagine that I unhesitatingly accepted his invitation. A couple of weeks later I found myself in the rustic French hunting camp in the woods close to a small village named Sainte

Menehould, which is in the champagne area not far away from the city of Verdun. We were five hunters from Switzerland and Germany plus Chris our outfitter, also from Switzerland, that

Camo: Cabelas Realtree

Boots: Meindl

gathered for a long weekend at the end of September.

For the first evening Chris brought some sumptuous French specialties for dinner as well as two bottles of champagne to raise our glasses to a successful hunt. We divided the hunting area into sections where each of us should stay and not cross into an area of any fellow hunter. The hunting was by walk and stalk only, but we also had two climbing tree stands which were used for one hunter and the cameraman. Chris made a hunting movie this time and everybody could choose on which day he would like to sit in the stand.

Friday morning started early before sunrise with the morning rituals. We first had to boil water and wash ourselves outside the cabin from a washing pan. That shook you up and after a hot coffee, some French bread or toast with marmalade, ham or cheese each of us toddled off to his hunting grounds to stalk on a hopefully good trophy tusker. The owner of the property told us that on the area of approximately 4 000 acres, plenty of wild boar are roaming - the only problem was to find them and get close without being detected. If some of your hunting buddies spooked them in their block you might be lucky if they wandered to your block - you never knew.

Unfortunately the morning stalk was not profitable for any of us and for the afternoon Michael, a hunter from Bavaria, decided to sit in the tree stand. The others changed the stalking sections and tried their luck again. At about 3:00 p.m. I was stalking slowly in a section of wind-thrown trees where boar often find hiding places and like to bed down. All of a sudden I smelled this typical wild boar odor and also found some tracks on the forest soil. Now my tension was mounting. For a better overview of the area I climbed on a fallen tree and kept an eye open for some sights or movements under the bushes and wind blast around me. I could not see or hear anything during 30 minutes of quiet and patient lookout, so I jumped down the fallen tree. The moment my feet touched the ground a big boar sallied out of the blue from under the branches of a fallen fir tree roughly 10 yards to my left and stamped away like a steamroller. My heart rate at that moment was in a range that cardiologists definitely do not recommend and I was happy that the pig did not charge me. What an exciting situation, but unfortunately the boar was gone. At the end of the day that was the only excitement on my stalking grounds.

Back in camp we were all in a good mood and had reason for a small celebration because Michael was the lucky hunter that day. He had shot a nice small boar, a so-called "Ueberlaeufer" from the tree stand and we all enjoyed the interesting video footage. Chris cooked a great meal and with a couple of drinks we all recounted our experiences of the day before going to bed.

The next day we all had some encounters with wild boar, but unfortunately had no clear or good shooting opportunity. On Sunday morning I stalked in a different block again and at about 09:30, when I walked uphill on a small path, I suddenly saw a big bruiser laying in the sun in a little muddy ditch. The wind was in my favor and so far he had not noticed me. Slowly, at a snail's pace, I sneaked forward to a fir tree that gave some shelter. As I was at 24 yards behind the tree and had a clear sight to the big male pig, I drew my Mathews SQ II and put the single pin of my slider sight on the boar. With a short grunt the boar raised his head and stood up slowly. That was my chance to focus the

sight pin on its vitals and release the arrow for its mission. The Muzzy two-blade broadhead equipped Beamen camo hunter hit him hard in the lungs and the boar squalled before it dashed away like a rocket.

I called Chris and he joined me to look for the animal after a roughly one-hour break. We found just tiny little blood tracks, which made me a little nervous, but after one and a half hour of crawling and searching we found the boar lying close to a fallen tree in a small ditch again and still alive. It is unbelievable how tough these animals are. We tried to get him out of the ditch by throwing branches and small stones towards him, which luckily got him up. He ran away for about 20 yards before he stopped for a moment and I could shoot another arrow from quartering away. which went through his heart. The boar made about 30 yards before it finally dropped dead.

What an amazing hunting experience it was. It needed all of us to carry it out of the woods to a path where we could load it on a car and take it back to the camp. The weight scale in the camp showed a live weight of 486 pounds. Yes, it was a big bruiser. Sunday was also a successful day for two hunters who could also harvest a 308 pound and a 396 pound wild boar.

Thanks to all who made this bowhunt possible and success-

Always good hunting. Shoot straight.

UHM

