

The South Dakota

November 2018



Bowhunter

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President

Jim Twamley
Box 641
Parker, SD 57053
jtmotors@hotmail.com

Vice-President

Wyatt Skelton
408 5th Ave. E.
Bryant,,SD 57221
wyattskelton@hotmail.com

Treasurer

Ryan Biel
10089 SD Hwy 27
Britton, SD 57430
ryanbiel@hotmail.com

Secretary

Dana Rogers
24021 Twin Rocks Rd
Hill City, SD 57745
dana.rogers.1@hotmail.com

Mark Viehweg
3556 S. Spencer Blvd.
Sioux Falls, SD 57103
mviehweg99@gmail.com

Garin Haak
34933 225th St
Gann Valley, SD 57341
garinhaak@yahoo.com

John Meyen
P.O. Box 191
Roshold, SD 57260
rosholtinsurance@yahoo.com

Jake Leibke
121 First St
Garden City, SD 57236
skullwerx@hotmail.com

Craig Oberle
P.O. Box 76
Mellette, SD 57461
coberle@nvc.net

On the Front: Tim Hoeck,

On the Back: Dave Perrion



Editor's Note

Mike McKnight

But for a love of bowhunting our paths likely never would have crossed. SDBI and Minnehaha Archers brought us to know one another, initially at the outdoor archery range or annual conventions but later through serving on some ad hoc GFP committees and planning an SDBI Convention.

We shot together from time to time, although not as much as either of us probably should have and only by happenstance. When Charlie Bledsoe was in the VA we talked about writing a book on the history of SD bowhunting. He was excited about the prospect. Sadly it never got beyond the talking stage.

We never hunted together but I lived vicariously through him more than a time or two over lunch as he showed me pictures of one exotic hunt or another that he had taken. He was a lot smarter than me for going on those adventures.

I swear that he won every drawing available at the Spearfish convention even though he wasn't there. I hauled his treasures home to him that Sunday. He even sold me arrows from Scheels at his discounted employee price. Sorry Scheels. Whenever I needed something related to bowhunting or SDBI he was just a text message away.

I was shocked when I got the email regarding his death. I read it several times to make sure I was reading what I was reading. It could not possibly be. An obvious solace can be taken from the fact that he died doing something he loved. But then I realize I will never see him and that left handed stick bow at the outdoor range again. Ever. I will never listen to his stories of his hunts again. Ever. Life is short and fickle, far more so than any of us care to realize. Dave Perion was my friend and I will miss him a great deal.

There are a lot of lessons to be learned from Dave's tragic and untimely death, lessons that would bring that smile to his face. Enjoy ever minute afield as if it might be your last. It very well could be. Take the time to mentor and teach a young bowhunter. That time may very well be your last.

Mike McKnight
Editor

"There can be no greater issue than that of conservation in this country."

— Theodore Roosevelt



The President's Point

Jim Twamley

Fall 2018 Presidents Column:

The 2018 Archery Elk Seasons are behind us now and deer seasons are well underway. Hopefully 2018 is a good year for you. I started this year by drawing a Black Hills Cow elk tag, in which I used my accumulated Preference Points to draw. After hunting 10 days, I was able to harvest my elk. Now if the rain stops, our hunting area down by Hudson will stop flooding out, I hope to be in a treestand soon.

As most of you know, we lost Dave Perrion Sept 9th while he was Elk Hunting in Wyoming. Dave was a hunting buddy and good friend to me personally; he was a great husband, dad and Grandpa. Dave was a spokesman for SDBI and bowhunting in South Dakota. Dave invited me to go to my first SDBI convention when it was in Mitchell in the early 90's, he nominated me to the Board of Directors a few years later, which led me to be President of SDBI the first time. Dave passed away in his sleep on the mountain doing what he loved and Dave will be missed by all bow hunters who knew him.

When I first met Dave, he was the first person I ever encountered personally who could shoot a bow either left (his natural hand) or right hand with equal proficiency. At that time (1991) I was shooting a Bear compound but wanted to start shooting instinctive as well. Dave, along with a couple of other buddies who also shot traditional equipment, worked with me and provided motivation needed to keep trying to become proficient with the recurve. Sorry to say that I never was good enough so I felt comfortable hunting with my recurve bows but I thoroughly enjoyed shooting them.

2019 Convention:

Plans are well underway for the 2019 Convention that will be held in Pierre again this year. We have Barry Wenzel confirmed as the guest speaker with seminars scheduled throughout the day on Saturday. We will have the Trophy Board set up, so please bring any bow killed mounts out for everyone to see. We will also have an Pope and Young measuring station set up so we can score your trophy. Please invite any Bowhunters that you know to come to the Convention to see what SDBI is all about. A complete schedule will be sent in the next newsletter.

One of the items we will be discussing at this year's Convention, in addition of electing 3 Board Members, is taking nominations for the location of the 2021 Convention. According to the bylaws we need 2 people from the General Area of the host city to work as liaison between the Board the Convention site. Please take some time and talk to your friends and see if you are interested in holding the convention in your area. This rotating of Convention Site location helps SDBI to recruit new members and also gives hunters in those areas to see what SDBI is about. Of course the Trophy Board is also a plus because it allows everyone to see the quality of animals.



The President's Point

(continued)

Jim Twamley

SDBI Commitment:

As an Organization that prides itself on representing our members, as well as our fellow bowhunters in the state, it requires that, we as an Organization, present facts to the commissioners, GF&P Staff, and to other Organizations that request them that represent the feeling and concerns of our membership. While the Board Members try to pool our resources to come up with a Position Statement or testimony that represents what the membership of SDBI and in turn other resident bowhunters, there are times that the Board is dealing with an issue that is so broad or overwhelming that we need the input from the members of SDBI. We have tried several means in the past few months, but the responses have not been what I had hoped for. Please, if you get a questionnaire or a survey from SDBI, please take a few minutes and respond either by filling out the survey electronically or gives me or one of the other Board Members a call to let us know your position. This is the only way that we can come up with a consensus for a position that represents our membership.

Next deadline to submit articles or pictures is December 1

Email articles, photos, want ads, cartoons, and letters
for newsletter submission to :
Mike McKnight
msmcknight2912@gmail.com



Five Stages of the Hunter

Regardless of our motivations for hunting, studies show that all sportsmen evolve through, or are currently in one of five identified stages in their hunting careers. As we age and our experiences accumulate, what we give and get back from hunting changes over time. What defined success or accomplishment at age 14 can be very different at ages 24, 34, and 54. As careers in hunting evolve, so too are the hunter's attitudes and commitments to conservation.

SHOOTER STAGE

For many who are introduced to hunting at an early age, our satisfaction can be as simple as just being able to see game and get a shot. Our skills in the woods, recognizing and interpreting sign, and knowing game behavior, when and where are just developing. Seeing game and getting shots are what matters most, and misses are of little concern. Our skills are being tested and refined, including field shooting skills and whether or not to take a shot. The number of shots taken or opportunities missed can be the measure of a good day.

LIMITING OUT STAGE

The satisfaction of just seeing game and getting a shot is now not enough reward. These are replaced with the need to bring home game, and not just one, but a limit of birds or filling a tag. Limiting out is in the conversation as hunt stories are told. This stage is very much more than just being a hunter, and more about proving oneself as a skilled hunter who get his or her game every time out.

TROPHY STAGE

Shooting opportunity and quantity of game are replaced by a self-imposed selectivity in the pursuit, and the quality of game taken begins to trump quantity. Prior successes tell us we can get game, but what kind of game has become more important. Mature male specimens—"trophies"—are fewer in number and harder to come by. More planning, preparation, skill, patience, and persistence are required to be successful.

The notion of conservation enters one's thinking. We have seen enough and hunted enough to now realize wildlife, and quality-hunting experiences don't happen by chance. Trophies in particular are a result of age, good genetics, and a life spent on quality habitat. Finding a trophy therefore begins with hunting where proper wildlife and land management are taking place—where older age-class animals exist. This takes purpose, and being part of this purpose is now also important to the hunter. Getting involved with conservation organizations and being vocal about issues offers its own rewards, as giving back and caring for the resource



Five Stages of the Hunter (continued)

now adds to the hunting experience. Thought is now given to, “If I take this animal, how will he be replaced so I can hunt here again next year?”

METHOD STAGE

While a trophy may still be the benchmark, “how taken” has become more important than “what taken.” With all the technology at a hunter’s disposal, what is really necessary to be successful is employed, and what is not necessary is left behind. Self-restriction now adds to the challenge and rewarding aspects of the hunt. An example of a hunter within this stage is the handicapping of his or her affective range by hunting with short-range weapons such as a handgun, muzzleloader, or bow and arrow. In some instances the mechanical advantage of a compound bow is left behind for the simplicity of a recurve or longbow. These methods take practice and discipline, and both are cherished as part of the process.

The chase and a lasting experience move to the forefront over just taking game or only a trophy. The easy route to a quick kill means much less than a hard-fought, tough pursuit. Going home without game increases in frequency and is understood and accepted. The reward now becomes very much proportionate to the challenge and effort expended. An animal taken by more skill than a technological advantage becomes a memorable trophy, regardless of size.

SPORTSMAN STAGE

All stages are remembered fondly, but the urgency to take game or a trophy fades to the background as the total hunting experience now offers its highest rewards. Planning, practicing, and honing skills are still important, but just being outdoors, reconnecting with family and friends, and taking the time to “soak it all in” happen more and more. Filling a limit or a tag means the hunt is over, as is the experience. Photo memories now include more than just that of game taken. Camp, scenery, old buildings, and other wildlife now appear in the portfolio. Macro becomes micro as every aspect of the hunt is cherished. Trophies taken in the past mean more and are converted from a prize for the wall into memories for a lifetime. By now, activity in conservation is at its peak. Mentoring young sportsmen, seeing that they enjoy and experience what you have experienced, can replace even your own opportunity at taking game. For many, this the greatest reward in hunting.

Not all hunters experience each stage completely or necessarily in this order. Some may enter motivated by the trophy stage. Some are completely satisfied stopping at any one of these stages, and some progress all the way through. There is no right or wrong.



Five Stages of the Hunter (continued)

It is also true that many sportsmen seek to experience the hunting of different species in different locations and habitats. This can either lead to reverting back or jumping forward in stages depending on the species or hunt itself. For example, knowing that a hunter may only have the chance to hunt for one particular species in their life

time, a trophy stage hunter may choose to take a younger animal he or she might not have taken otherwise, or a bowhunter might opt for a rifle for a particular hunt.

Regardless of the hunting stages, what originally brings most hunters to hunting remains a constant—an appreciation and fascination for wildlife. Even within the earliest of these stages, all sportsmen are participating in conservation because of their participation in hunting. Thankfully, for many the minimal commitment to conservation from the purchase of licenses, tags, and supplies extends much further.

Copied from www.huntfairchase.com



Dave Perrion with Wyatt Skelton





Mulie on a Tuesday

Wyatt Skelton

After work on Monday I hooked onto the camper and set a course westward for a week of bowhunting antelope and deer. Since the deer season opens up this year on September 1 I would have liked to been hunting opening day, but work didn't allow that so Sept 4 would be my first this year to be able to hunt deer. On the drive out I called my buddy Anthony to check if he was going hunting yet. He said he was on his way to the same area with another hunting buddy he knew. He said I should camp with them. I was originally thinking of camping at a different spot, but quickly changed my mind to camp with friends and share the experience and comradery.

Just before arriving at camp I witnessed double rope tornadoes! Ok, one and a half since one didn't touch the ground, but what a sight! I had just enough time to set up the camper and do a quick drive before dark. They had in a top camp spot; the deluxe Cabelas "Hilton" 20x10 tent set up, heated shower, generator for the pellet grill, tables up, and steaks on the pellet grill! Really roughing it! Almost wished I had left the camper, but it was nice to sit in to eat and visit.

In the morning I headed towards an antelope spot and spotted a bachelor group of 8 mule deer. I pulled over on an oil rig road and glassed them over. One in particular looked pretty fair. I realized if they kept going up the hill they would be public land and I could make an attempt on them. I started to the west and wasn't sure on that course so I returned to the main road and the group was gone except one remaining buck. He looked at me and then jumper into some boulders. Turns out there was a fence there they jumped I didn't see. I figured they were surely gonna bed down in the rocks for a while.

So I decided on a new plan of attack. I found where the public land touched up to the road for an access point. I parked on an approach and grabbed my bow. I left my dog Bow to "guard" the truck. I started up into the rocky benches and big boulders and bumped a doe and two fawns. Luckily they ran away from where the buck group was hiding. Soon I spied two more fawn bedded in the shadow of a big rock. Then boom, of course, there was the doe, standing, blocking my path. She knew something was there but didn't spook. I retreated back a ways and found a cut in the rim rock that I thought I may be able to climb. I found claw marks in the rock from likely some kind of cat (lion or bobcat). I clawed my way up, pushing my bow up on small brushy little ledges. Once to the top of the rock rim, I arched along glassing at each arch point for the buck bunch. Finally, at the border of the public and private ground I located the group of mulies. They were bedded in this secluded boulder rock fortress only about 50 yards in from the fenceline that I saw the last buck jump over earlier. The next part was unbelievably fortuitous. The tall rim rock wall had a "V" channel that led down to a piece of rock that leaned out from the rim that worked as big visual shield from the group. There was also a flat rock platform to stand on behind the rock screen and a 5 wide foot crack to peer around to spy on the group. I had to stand with one foot on a small spire point of rock to lean around the rock and watch. I took some photos of the bedded bunch and only 37 yards to the biggest buck. Gusty north winds prevented me a steady shot from my vantage above them. I had wished I had a 15' piece of p-cord to lower my bow down to the bottom of the wall. Since I didn't I had to free climb down by pushing



Mulie on a Tuesday

(continued)

Wyatt Skelton

my hands, arms, and boots to the sides between the spire point and the platform rock wall. All the while holding onto my bow! Very precarious, but ya gotta do what ya gotta do to get a shot at a good one! I reached the bottom without incident on sound. I found two large boulder rocks at the bottom of the 5 foot crack that blocked the deer from seeing me as I crept through the split. I settled in between the two rocks and made myself comfortable at 33 yards from the biggest buck. As I waited, I quietly bent little twig branches out on my way to clear the way to draw my bow.

Not long after, some of the bucks began to get to their feet and feed around below me. They ambled back towards the west as they munched. The last one to get up was the largest buck. As he stood up I readied myself for the shot. I took a breath and drew back on the bow string. I told myself to just remain calm and focus on the shot. As I settled the fiberoptic pin on him, he popped a squat to pee! Ah! I somehow felt obligated to let him finish his business before I shot. After an eternity, I just couldn't take it and snapped the trigger on my release. Shwoop! The arrow whipped right over his sloping back! Dang it! Ah the humanity! The other bucks beat it out of there, but the big guy just jumped a step since he didn't know the source of the sound. I grasped another arrow, slammed it on the string, and hoisted back again, very quickly. He was facing straight away from me so I didn't have a shot angle. I waited and waited, screaming in my head for him to turn left or right. Finally he took a slight quarter step to the left. It was a tight angling away shot, but I couldn't take it any longer. I settled the pin and my nerves lower and let 'er rip. Kashmack! Perfect shot slid in behind the last rib on left side and out in front of right shoulder. He took off like a drunken scalded mule! I clamored up the rocks to try to see him run off, but alas I could not view his departure.

I sent a picture text to my buddy Anthony of the bedded group of bucks when I was up above them. He text back "shoot." I text back "He's shot. Blood trailing now" along with a picture of my crimson stained fingers. He come back with "B there in 3 minutes." He had just driven by my pick up so he knew roughly where I was located.

I followed a lot of blood at first, but shortly it trickled out. So I followed the path he likely traveled and saw a small buck spinning in circles. That seemed quite odd behavior I thought. After following a dip in the terrain, up along next to a boulder, and walking up to the top of the bench in the ridge, I spotted velvet covered antler. It was protruding out of some short brush about the same spot the small buck was spinning in circles. The buck expired on the surface of a mostly buried large rock with his head in the shrubs. I admired him and pondered how awesome this moment felt. I thanked God. I called Anthony and told him I found the deer and to check on Bow in the truck. Also, asked if he could bring my backpack out of the truck when he and Dan came up to help.

I walked a little ways to a vantage point overlooking where I parked and waved so they could locate me in their binocs. I walked back and retraced the bucks' finals run. He went approximately an astonishing 165 yards. Looking at the entrance and exit the arrow should have passed through all vitals.

Anthony and Dan arrived at the fallen buck and we all high fived and such. Anyone who knows me, is aware I like to take lots of photos. Anthony took it to the next level with a



Mulie on a Tuesday

(continued)

Wyatt Skelton

whole pro photo shoot. This angle, that, angle, head tilted just right, which I appreciated to capture the memory of the hunt. Then after field butchering, we got the cape and head tied the pack for more hike out packing shots. I was happy to have more aspects of the hunt documented. It was a short half mile downhill jaunt back to Bow and the pickup. I thanked both Anthony and Dan again immensely for assisting with the “after the shot” work. I took the 3 no-longer-white pillow cases of meat back to camp and hung them in a shady ponderosa pine tree to cool. What a first day archery deer hunting in 2018!

I also hunted for antelope the rest of the week, but didn't get to tag one. My buddy Anthony took a beautiful almost 14' goat with ivory tips the day after I tagged my mulie. They left Friday and I continued my hunting until Monday, but I should have left Friday as well. On Saturday someone stole my arrow antennae off my pick up. Luckily I had the original antennae in the tool box so I got radio back working. On Sunday night I awoke at 1:30 am to my low battery alarm beeping. So I went out and fired up the little red Honda generator. At 2:30 am Bow woke me and wanted out to do his business. I didn't hear the generator running so I walked back behind the camper and it was gone! Just gone! One of two camo long sleeve T-shirts, in Cabela's Prairie Seclusion was taken also I discovered later. I called the theft into the authorities and dispatch said an officer was already in route to my location for shots fired and disturbance. Apparently at 2am marauders came through the camp shouting and shooting while Bow and I slept. The deputy called me and I told him where I was camped. He stopped on the road about 100-150 yards away from my campsite. I walked down to him to see that big whitetail doe had been poached and left in the middle of the road. The fawn was standing a short distance away. After we checked out the deer, I gave a description of the stolen generator. After the deputy left I later discovered the camo shirt was missing

The next morning in daylight on my way through the pines to the outhouse I found my generator lying on its side near the road. It still worked after starting it up. I was very happy to have it back. I was very fortunate. I talked with another camper who was retired and just camping for a few days that they stole the flag off their three wheel bicycle! He had the same generator as mine but his was chained to his camper. He was more prepared than I was for lunatics. I found out from a friend the marauders also hit another camp that night too shouting and shooting. And a month later another similar episode took place. So if you go west, go armed and ready!



Mulie on a Tuesday

(continued)

Wyatt Skelton



Wyatt Skelton





Mulie on a Tuesday

(continued)

Wyatt Skelton





Pictures from the hunt — 2018



Dale Penning, Lincoln County whitetail



Pictures from the hunt — 2018



Eric Polzin, September Black Hills elk



Thank you!



Jeff Holchin, Tim Finley and Mark Viehweg presenting Tim Finley a plaque of appreciation from SDBI for his many generous contributions to SDBI over the years.



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2091 Rand Road
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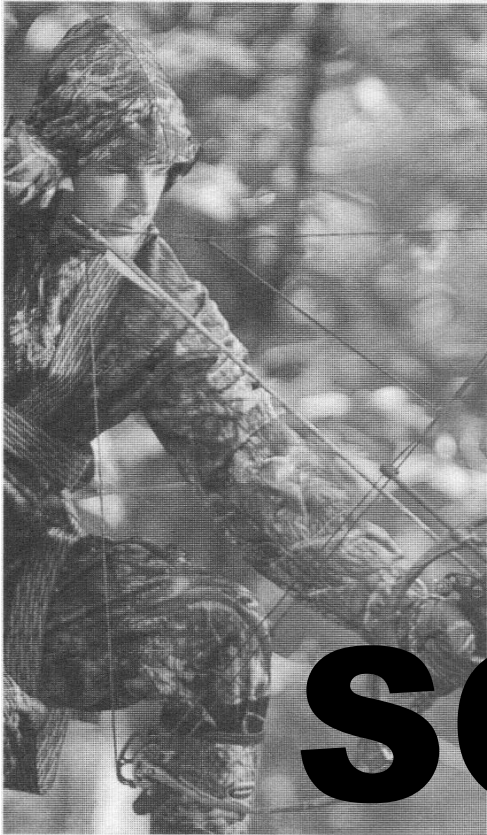
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A photograph of a man in camouflage gear kneeling next to a white goat in a mountainous landscape. The goat has a logo on its side that reads "BLACK HILLS ARCHERY" with a stick figure and a goat. A Facebook logo is in the bottom right corner.



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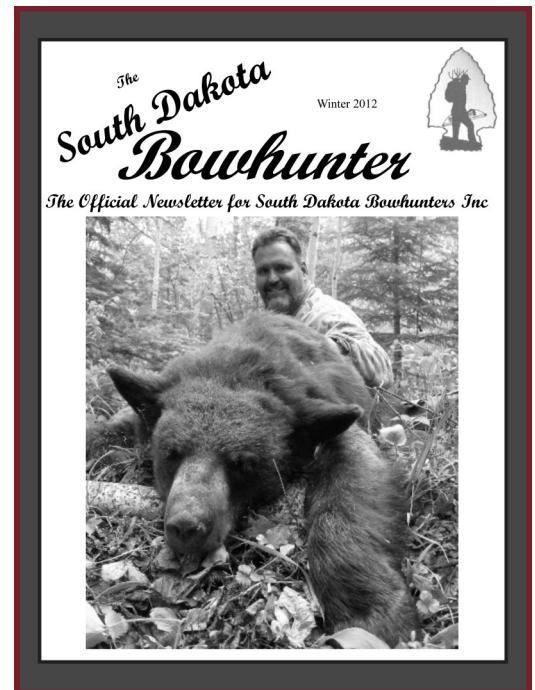
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Dave Perrion, RIP