

HunTeen

For The Next Generation Outdoorsman



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MY FIRST HUNT!!

By Hattie Weber
Texas

This summer, my Mom and Dad decided to take my older brother, Ross, and me to South Africa. Now, I have never really shot anything but targets and water balloons at camp. My Mom and Dad went to Africa two years ago and had a wonderful time.

Normally, I've only fished until we went to Africa. I've caught tons of fish and the largest fish I've ever caught (on a small lake in a boat) was six and a half pounds. My dad was always right by my side when-ever I caught a fish.

A few weeks after school started, my parents announced they were going back to Africa over the summer and taking us. I was so excited! When it is summer here, it is winter in Africa, so the weather would be cool in the mornings and a little warm in the afternoon. Perfect for hunting. That summer at Camp Longhorn, I practiced shooting without a scope so I was a much better shot

with a scope. Later, down at a club that my Dad belonged to, we practiced with my Dad's 30-06 over and under. My first shot was on a target of a deer and I got a dead on bulls eye. My Dad was so proud of me. I was shocked to see I could shoot like that.

In Africa you don't sit in a blind. What you do is you either shoot off the truck or stalk the animal and shoot off "shooting sticks" that are really cool. After my parents got back from their first trip to the rifle range, I tried the shooting sticks which were hard at first. After a few tries, I mastered "the sticks."

We left our house for the airport at about three thirty a.m. We took a plane to Atlanta, Georgia, after a hurricane had hit. The pilot was close to the runway but couldn't see the ground so he pulled up and tried again. Thankfully he made it just fine. We had about an hour layover so we checked

in and grabbed a bite to eat. Our flight was delayed by about forty five minutes because of bad weather and other passengers coming in. We finally took off for Africa! We landed on a little island off the north west coast of Africa called the Sal Islands to refuel. We then flew nine hours to Johannesburg, South Africa. We spent about twenty hours in the air. Our luggage was lost so we had to stay in Johannesburg that night. We were all so tired that we took a nap about three p.m. and woke up between four and five a.m.

We flew in a plane to our camp called Pidwa (which means "waterbuck" in African) where we met up with Mark Dewet and the manager of Pidwa, Chris, both professional hunters. Pidwa is in northern South Africa in the Limpopo Province near Kruger National Park. We sighted in the guns and all but one was perfect. The gun that Dad was going to shoot his cape buffalo had a very bad scope on it so we didn't use it. We drove to camp only seeing hornbills and other birds. That night we had a delicious dinner. We all kept journals so we would remember everything. The next day we went out hunting. My mom and I went with Chris to find any-

thing. Dad, Ross, and Mark went to try and find a cape buffalo with no luck. Mom stalked an nyala but shot a thirteen and a half inch warthog. Later Chris and I stalked some impala.

Two impala walked by then the third one stopped broad side and turned his neck and chest toward me. Chris said "Shoot him." so I took a deep

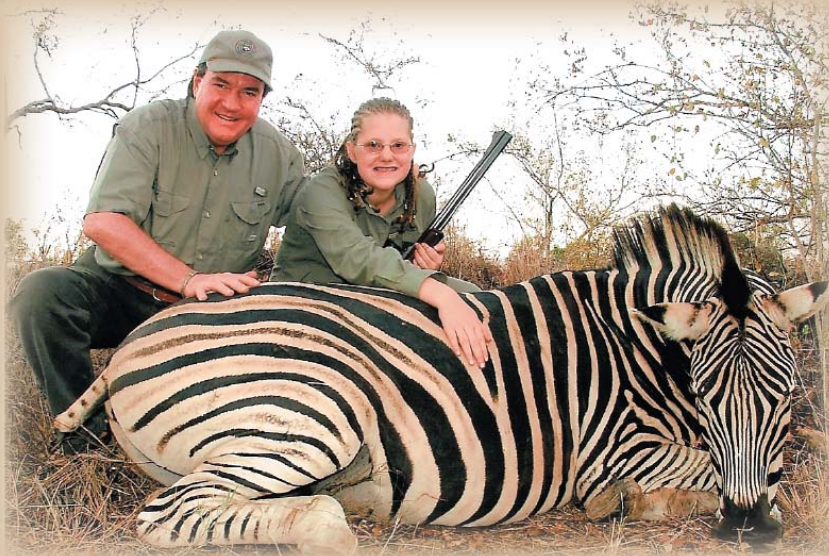
breath, quietly let it out and squeezed the trigger. The others didn't move. The one I shot ran and the others stood there until two ran off and the others followed. Chris said we needed to get out of there quickly. I listened to him but I heard something big coming at us. Chris told me it was a big bull

elephant about seventy-five yards away. We ran to the road and called (over the radio) to Samuel (the tracker/ driver) to come pick us up. So Mom and Samuel came and got us. We drove about twenty-five yards and found the impala a few yards off the road.

The next day, Dad and I went after a zebra with Mark. We saw baby ones that were not to be shot. Later that afternoon Dad, Chris and I went after a zebra (again.)

We stalked a herd with no luck. The wind changed right as we got a shot. We soon saw another beautiful stallion. We couldn't get him because when we got a shot he would move his shoulder behind a tree. We saw two more stallions that were

about fifty or sixty yards away. I shot one off the truck right in the chest. He ran up the hill he was on and dropped only about twenty





yards away. While at Pidwa our tracker spotted a rare animal that many men have never seen. It was a pangolin, an African

termite/ant eater. It is one of the most protected animals in Africa and there is a legend that if you kill a pangolin and its blood flows on the ground that there will be a three year drought.

After a week at Pidwa, we traveled to Port Elizabeth to hunt at another camp called Dornboom which means "thorn bush" in African. The bushes had huge four inch long thorns. Port Elizabeth is on the Eastern Cape.

My Dad's goal for this new camp was the three springbok species., I ended up shooting a black wildebeest. The gun wasn't

scoped in right so I only hit it in the gut. That afternoon though, the tracker, Patrick, spotted the wildebeest from so far away that you couldn't see it through the binoculars. Patrick could tell it was injured too. So Dad stalked it and shot it twice. Of course before that we re-scoped in the guns.



We soon returned to Dallas where we told everyone we knew about our wonderful trip to Africa. I hope to go back to South Africa very soon.

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BOWFISHING, What Is That?

By: Casey Jones
Texas

I am asked this question every time I pull my airboat down the road or stop at a gas station. There are very few people in the hunting and fishing world that know what I use my airboat for. My name is Casey Jones, aka the Carpmaster. I am 18 and I am the owner and operator of BigTymeBowfishing Guide Service. I have been hunting and fishing since I was big enough to go with my granddad. When I first found out about bowfishing I really didn't know what to think until I tried it for myself.



not in it for the money. I just love seeing peoples faces light up when they shoot that first fish, especially if it's a kid. It just makes me feel like I've done something good. I have been very lucky to win a few tournaments. The one I'm most proud of is the Trinity River Shootout. Robert Peebles, Kyle Kleb, and I were the team that won first place in the most fish

division. We shot over 100 fish. The tournament started at 7 p.m. We went to eat and waited until dark, which was a good choice. We went on to our honey hole and were glad that no one else was there. The night started very slow. We were in the direction the wind was blowing and the waves were making the water murky. Our lights weren't penetrating the water well. We ended up on the other side of the lake and got into the small mouth buffalo like crazy. One after another, we shot them and pulled them into the boat. After awhile, the bottom of the boat was full.

It was time to go back to the dock and count fish. As we drove back to the weigh in point, we didn't know how we had done and didn't know what to expect. When we got there, we were covered



I started shooting fish and I was hooked. It brought together my favorite past times, hunting and fishing. I have been bowfishing for almost 8 years. If I'm not at school I'm on the lake. Every time I leave home to go to a bowfishing tournament, my mom's friends always ask her if she worries about me. Her reply is always, "I will always worry but I would rather see him hunting and fishing than running the streets." This past year I purchased an airboat and wanted to start guiding people on bowfishing trips. I'm

"Spirit Ranch Elk"



By Brooke Allred
Tennessee

I had no choice but to be a hunter, everyone in my family is a hunter. My mom Lisa Allred has taken elk, whitetail, turkey and loves all kinds of small game hunting. My dad John Allred has guided elk hunters as long as I can remember. He guides for the Mountain Spirit Ranch in southern Colorado. Even my 10 year old sister Magen hunts deer and turkey. I've hunted whitetail deer and turkey at our home in Tennessee all my life, so I guess you could say hunting is what our family does together. When I turned thirteen my dad took me to Mountain Spirit elk hunting for my birthday. This area is in the San Juan Mountain range near the Colorado-New Mexico border. I had been there with him before so I knew what the area looked like but, I had never packed back into the elk country with him. We missed opening day of rifle season because my cousin got married that day. We had to be in Tennessee for the wedding because I was in the wedding. We flew out that evening and got to camp during the night. We got up very early, about 3:30 a.m.. My dad started asking where everyone had hunted the day before and

what they had seen, and where they had hunted. There were three other hunters in camp, all had seen elk but no one had fired a shot. My dad decided we would hunt toward a canyon below a mesa

on the southern part of the ranch. A couple of the hunters had been in this area the morning before and wanted to go to a different area that morning. My dad told me we would try to get in there early enough to be on a high spot when day light came. This way we could look with our binoculars and try to find elk. He said even if we didn't get into them that morning it would give me time to get used to being in the altitude. It was cold but after walking for what seemed like miles in the dark, it wasn't cold anymore. We got to the area he wanted to be in just before daylight. We were on top of a hill looking toward the face of a mesa. There were meadows below us but it was too dark to see down in to them. I heard my first elk bugle as soon as we sat down behind some oak brush. The bugle came from far away near the bottom of the mesa, but it was fun to hear one. *It was like being in the woods hunting turkey and hearing a gobble. You may*

not get one but you knew he was there. We looked into the dark meadows and I thought I seen something every few minutes. As the daylight came, what I thought were elk were huge rocks, lots farther away than I had thought. As more light came to the meadows my dad said, "Brooke there's only one thing that looks yellow in this meadow, and that's elk". He was seeing elk! It took another 30 minutes before I could make out what he was seeing. They looked very small, they were so far away. It took another 30 minutes for him to say "I see a bull!" I put my rifle up on a stump we had gotten beside and found the bull. I could tell he was a good one. My mom and dad had always told me if they have white tips on their horns they're good ones. He had white tips! I asked if I could take a shot. My dad said how far do you think that is? I thought it would have been 200 yards. I had shot deer almost that far before. He sad the elk was over 1000 yards. I thought we were out of luck for these. He decided to back off the high point we were on and make our way around the canyon.

We moved a very long way and I thought the elk would leave in that much time. Dad kept moving farther away, because he was worried about the wind. Finally we started up to another high point, this was over an hour of walking and crawling. He raised up over an old tree that had fallen, and came back down. The elk were close enough to shoot! Dad didn't like the wind direction and told me to get on the bull and shoot quick.

I raised up the rifle and the bull was the first thing I saw. He was walking and my dad cow called one time. The bull stopped, I put

the scope behind his shoulder and fired. The big bull fell right to the ground. I hugged my dad, handed him my rifle and ran toward the bull. Dad yelled at me to stop, that the bull may get up. He did! I got back down got a good rest

and shot him, again. This time I stayed until I knew he was down. I couldn't believe my eyes. I had dropped a huge elk. We went to the bull, it was a good 6x6 and had one of its back forks broken off. This was the greatest hunt I had ever been on. I had to get to a phone to call my mom and sister before I did anything else. After making that call we spent the rest of the day getting my bull out. I can't wait to go back.

