

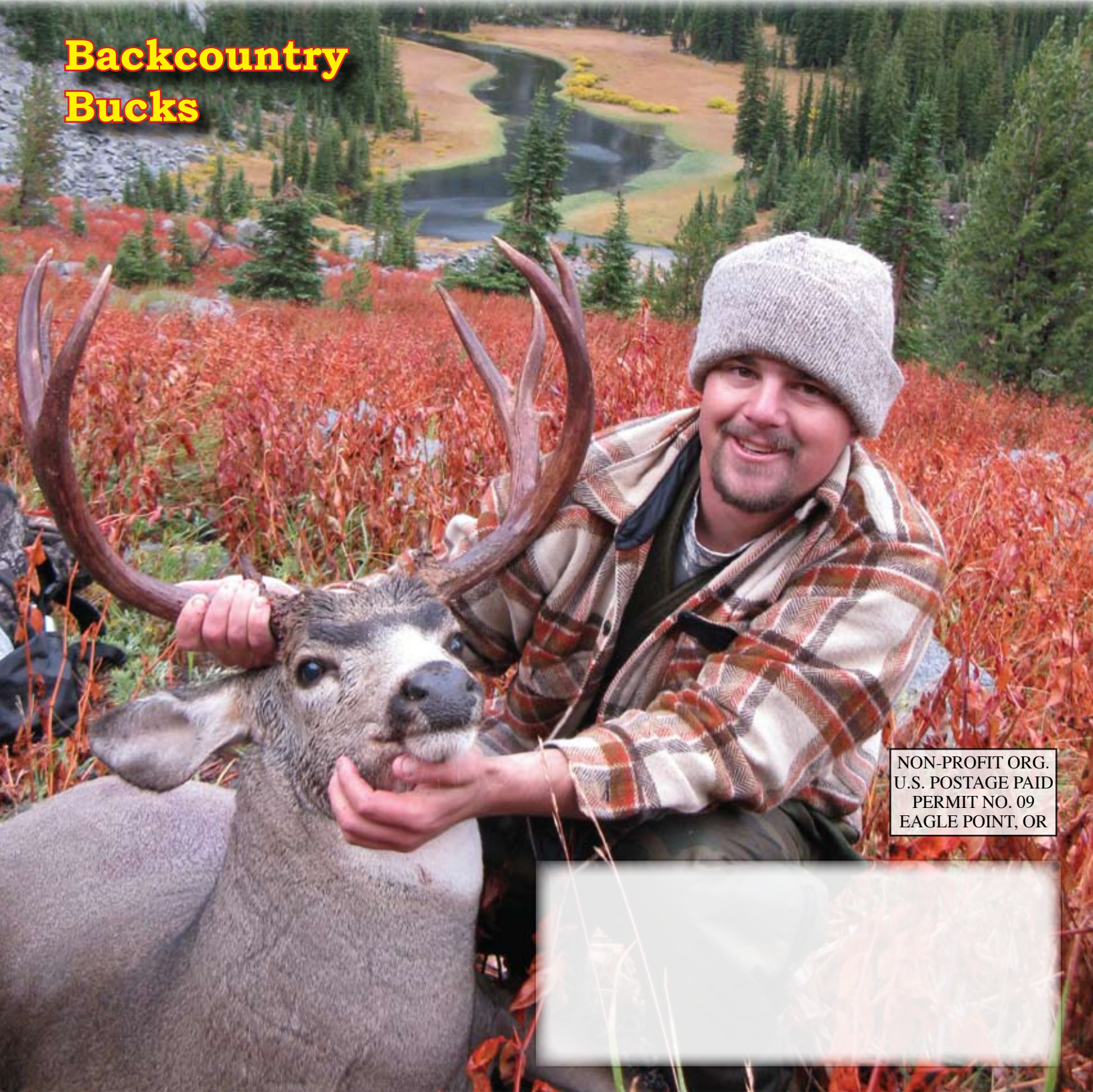


BACKCOUNTRY JOURNAL

Winter 2009

OFFICIAL MAGAZINE OF BACKCOUNTRY HUNTERS AND ANGLERS

Backcountry Bucks



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New Year Promises Big Things for BHA

As Backcountry Hunters & Anglers closes out its fourth year, it's a marvel how much we have accomplished since our first meeting around an Oregon campfire in 2004. But the New Year – 2009 – promises even more. The other day I looked back at old copies of our newsletter. The first one was black and white and printed on one 11"x17" folded piece of paper. We've come a long way in four years!

Like stalking deer or casting for steelhead, playing the conservation game takes patience and perseverance.

Clearly, with wars abroad and an economic crisis at home, Congress has a lot of big issues to deal with. In spite of that, Congress is making time for conservation, if not as quickly as we might like.

We were hoping Congress would pass several bills that BHA has helped worked on in 2008. Here's a few that we've been involved with:

- the Monongahela Wilderness bill in West Virginia, protecting native trout and wildlife habitat.
- the Copper-Salmon Wilderness bill in Oregon to protect the salmon and steelhead stronghold of the Elk River.
- the Wyoming Range bill, protecting 1.1 million acres of the Bridger-Teton National Forest in the Cowboy State from oil and gas development.

In each of these and more, BHA's "boots on the ground" expertise and passion has helped advance habitat protection.

Many of us who have worked on it were extremely disappointed that Senate Bill 3213, the Omnibus Public Land Management Act of 2008, would not be considered during the U.S. Senate's lame duck work session at the end of 2008. Our measures and much more were wrapped up in that bill.

But given priorities in Washington, the choice to delay is understandable, if regrettable.

Let's not fret about "the one that got away." The majority leader in the Senate has pledged to get this bill introduced within the first few weeks of the next Congress. We will be diligent in our demands that this happen and continue to speak up about our values and the tremendous fish and wildlife habitat and great hunting and fishing that these backcountry places have to offer our kids and grandkids.

There will be other important developments in 2009, like finalizing plans to protect roughly 9 million acres of backcountry roadless areas in Idaho national forests.

BHA will continue to monitor these important measures and will keep all of you informed. We will help make it happen! 🐾

On the web

www.wyomingrangesportsmen.org

www.sportsmenforcoppersalmon.org



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Cover: Matt Brockamp's Eagle Cap Wilderness buck. Photo by Mike Beagle

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B.H.A. NEWS

BHA teams up with My Topo

Good maps are key to success in the backcountry. Now, Backcountry Hunters and Anglers has teamed up with My Topo, an online topographical map company to give our members access to some of the best maps available.

So next time you're in need a map for an upcoming backcountry excursion, go to the BHA website. Find the MyTopo link and purchase a customized map shaped to

suit your demands. Better yet, part of the proceed helps BHA fulfill its mission of protecting our backcountry habitat. When you buy maps through the MyTopo link at the bottom of the BHA website (www.backcountryhunters.org), 15 percent of every purchase will go to BHA. You design the map online. MyTopo will print it on high-quality waterproof paper and ship it in less than 24 hours.



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New Year's resolution: become a life member!

As you can clearly see in the pages of *BACKCOUNTRY JOURNAL*, Backcountry Hunters & Anglers is on the move. We've got a growing camp of members, some expert help, and marching orders to protect the best hunting and fishing in the world — the North American backcountry.

Theodore Roosevelt said it well a century ago: "Preserve large tracts of wilderness for the skill and exercise of the hunter, whether or not he is a man of means."

What is your hunting and fishing tradition worth to you? It's hard to put a dollar sign on it, but if you lived in Europe, Asia or hunted in Africa, odds are you would pay a lot more for your outdoor adventures.

So with this New Year, consider upping your investment in Backcountry Hunters & Anglers. If you're an individual member, bump up to a family or supporting membership. If you're a



As an added bonus, life members of Backcountry Hunters & Anglers receive a customized belt knife from the Scandinavian master knife-makers, Helle. Learn more at www.backcountryhunters.org.

supporting member, consider becoming a life member.

How about giving BHA memberships (which include a subscription to *BACKCOUNTRY JOURNAL*) to your hunting

buddies this Christmas season? It's a great way to thank a friend for helping drag out that buck, or letting you fish the promising holes first.

Donations to BHA are tax-deductable. The money goes to education and conservation. We have very low infrastructure, because we are driven by volunteers, without staff and rent.

The year 2009 brings a host of new opportunities for protecting our backcountry. Expect to see BHA become more and more effective as we protect national forests and public lands from abuse by off-highway vehicles and inappropriate development. We will continue to be a voice for core values of solitude, challenge, freedom and tradition, so badly needed in the world where outdoor pursuits risk becoming more about selling products and technology instead of exercising skill and woodcraft.

BHA is getting better and better. The best is yet to come.

*The scenery is beautiful!
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IN THE WILDS, A TEACHER BECAME THE STUDENT

BY MIKE BEAGLE

Through a coach's eyes, I watched the 140-pound freshman fly all over the football field at Silverton High in Oregon. Matt Brockamp played with reckless abandon on both sides of the ball, humbling the opposition.

Now, 15 years later, I was the one being humbled.

Over three years as a high school player, Matt became an all conference football player on offense and defense. He was the kind of kid that makes coaching fun. From the furnace of August daily doubles to the surprise upsets he helped win late in the season, his character came through. His attitude carried over to players and coaches alike. And he was just as committed in my classroom, studying history.

Matt was in our school's fishing club and we once spent a day driving all over Silverton painting "Dump No Waste-Drains to Stream" on storm sewers. Relentless as ever, Matt was the last one to call it quits. And he looked it too — covered head to toe in gold paint.

Now, Matt's married and living in the northeastern Oregon town of Enterprise with his wife and three young children. He's a great father; teaching his kids to love the outdoors, the beauty of nature and wild things and wild places. Hunting and fishing is in his blood.

I drove across Oregon this fall to hunt mule deer with him. I was worried about hunting with a young man who could probably run up mountains backwards faster than I could hike forward. We were in Oregon's crown jewel, the Eagle Cap Wilderness. At over 350,000 acres, it's our state's largest Wilderness and is known for its steep, glaciated canyon walls, benches, alpine lakes and Wild and Scenic Rivers flowing from its core.

For 20 years, Matt's hunted this daunting country with his family and hauled meat out on his own back. The tables were turned from my coaching days. Now I was in for a challenge and education.

Matt's family had set up a wall tent near a trailhead. Matt and I planned to pitch a spike camp several miles into the valley just below timberline, forgoing the creature comforts of a base tent for a chance at a big, alpine buck.

We loaded packs and headed up a miserably steep trail in the rain within golden aspens and larch trees framing our view.







Matt Brockamp and Mike Beagle prepare to pack loads of meat out of the Eagle Cap Wilderness.

I felt the year's inactivity in my heart and lungs. Matt tried to be encouraging: "The worst part is behind us," he said. For some reason, it didn't help.

Hours later, we pitched camp, cooked a small meal and glassed the canyon walls for wildlife. Our campfire fizzled out in the rain and we hit the tents. We awoke to a driving rainstorm, soaked before even starting our day, and drew warmth from a small cup of coffee.

Quietly, we began our hunt. Matt had no problem negotiating rain-slicked rocks, mud and underbrush. He quietly melted into the landscape, one with the land.

Just like back in football practice, he cut no corners. He was ready to work hard for whatever rewards the hunt might bring. His woodsman skills would have made 19th Century mountain men like Jim Bridger or Jedediah Smith proud.

We climbed a rock slide then entered a stringer of timber which led up to a bench over looking the river valley below. I quietly moved through the timber while Matt moved off to the east of me with plans to move up the steep slope and eventually meet at the bench. Within five minutes and unbeknown to me, I kicked a buck out of the timber. I heard a dull whistle, then a shot from Matt's .270 mountain rifle cracked through the silence.

A stout, four-point buck had broken out of the trees running across to the west and Matt tried to stop the big muley by whistling. The buck stopped and stared for a split second and Matt's shot downed him in a talus slope.

We reached the buck within 10 minutes and marveled at his size, which I estimate pushed 220 pounds or so. Initially, we tried to move him to orient

him for field dressing and both of us about blew out our lower backs doing so. We cleaned and boned him out, divided up the meat, loaded our packs and headed down canyon with the intention of making it to our trailhead. We would leave our backcountry camp until the next day.

As we tramped under the heavy loads along the muddy and rock-strewn trail, my head was down to keep an eye on my footing. We descended to a river crossing, and Matt whispered loudly "There's a buck! Shoot him!"

Matt immediately plugged his ears. I jacked a round into the chamber of my .270, put the scope on the three-point buck.

"Fogged up," I said. The cloth I usually use to clean the lens was out of reach, so I used my thumb to clean the glass.

I fully expected the buck to have disappeared. But he was still there staring at us. I fired and he fell just off the trail.

Matt smirked. "Road hunter," he said. We moved to the buck and I knelt next to him, removed my wool cap and said a short prayer of thanks for what he would provide for my family.

We boned out the meat then hauled the backstraps and tenderloins from both bucks down to the trailhead, where Matt's family had a wall tent.

We warmed up, dried out and each drank about a quart of coffee before hiking back up the canyon's switchbacks to retrieve the rest of the meat. We hauled it out, hung it on a meat pole, rested for a day and repeated the process of suffering up switchbacks to retrieve our spike camp.

We were both very proud of our hunt and it was pleasing to haul out the organic, free-range and all-natural meat on our backs. That meat will help sustain our families for the winter, but will feed our spirits for the rest of our lives.

As Matt's old coach, I thought philosophically about his skill and strength in the backcountry.

Like sports, I believe the backcountry builds character. The years that Matt spent in the woods helped shape him into the man he became. Wilderness was a positive life force, along with his strong family and perhaps the influence



Any backcountry game taken in fair chase is a trophy.

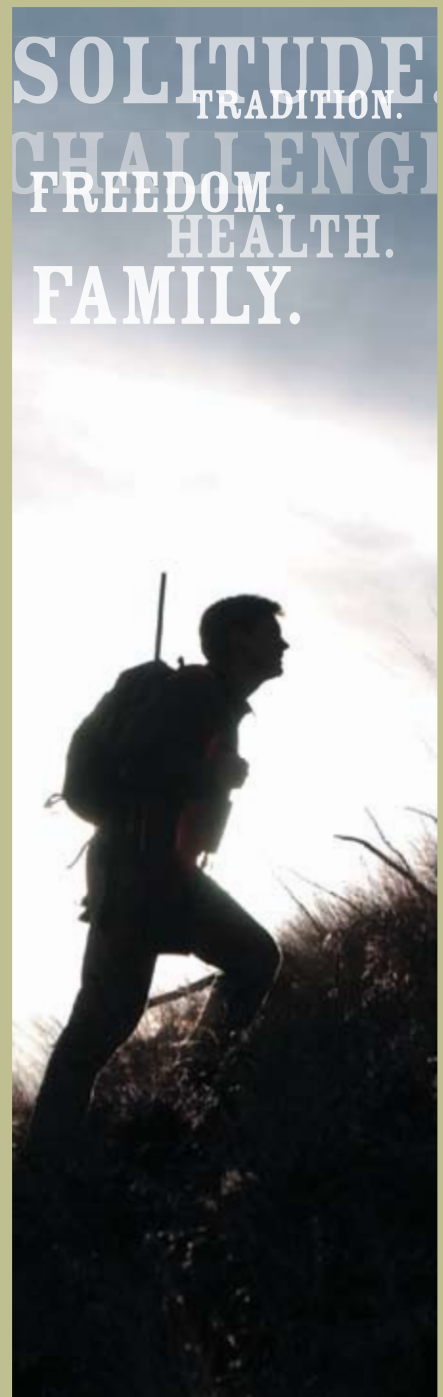
of teachers, coaches and others in his formative years.

America's youth are fortunate to grow up with a lifetime supply of wild country. But will it always be that way? Will there be other hunting, angling and recreational opportunities for our children in backcountry settings that offer us challenge, freedom and solitude? Only if we make sure it is so.

There are now 300 million Americans. The pressure to develop our wild lands and invade more places with technology and machines is growing year by year. Wild things need wild places to survive.

Designating new Wilderness areas across this great land and keeping backcountry lands intact by other means, will provide our children and grandchildren a chance to challenge themselves and build self-confidence for a lifetime. Matt's kids will experience spiritual days like we had in the Eagle Cap Wilderness. So will mine. They and others deserve no less.

Mike Beagle is a former U.S. Army field artillery officer and Oregon high school teacher and coach. A field coordinator for Trout Unlimited, he lives with his family near Eagle Point, Oregon. 🐾



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Author Tom Reed rides near the timberline in southwestern Montana. Photo courtesy of Randy Wimberg

***For the wilderness hunter,
there's no substitute for a good
horse, a wild mountain range
and big game to pursue.***



Trailheads & Trail Ends

By Tom Reed

In the sweet calm warmth of an early fall day, you come to a meadow, a big one. It stretches east and west, an island of grass in a sea of timber. This is far-back country, so far back that you feel as if you are descending years instead of ascending a trail. At the trailhead, a sign talked of things wild—of grizzlies and campfires and wilderness. This, you realize, is what it's all about, about wild. Wildlife and wilderness and a good mountain horse. Those words belong in the same sentence and that sentence is your hunt.

You have been in this place before and

never before. This year, the trail is new, but the sense of bigness, of wild, is the same. Last year, it was the Fitzpatrick Wilderness. This year, it is the Teton. Next year, perhaps it will be the same, or perhaps it will be another. But you know that without wilderness, your hunt would be very different. It would have a different texture and a different feel. This is the place you go when the words you say about the last place are “there’s gettin’ to be too many hunters here.”

At the meadow, you work quickly to unload heavily laden pack horses, moving with the ease of the years, cooing

softly to good mountain horses, touching soft noses, whispering a light hand down a sweaty neck. You work rope and pannier and you dig down for the hobbles and the picket. You find a place out there in that island where the little bay mountain mare can work grass on her picket. Enough to keep fit for a week’s hunt. The rest of the herd goes into the meadow too, some with hobbles and some nothing at all. Another mare, with a soul as tame as an old dog, walks about the meadow freer that she does in pasture back home. She has always been like this, ever since you brought her back from Missouri as a two-



Bull elk in Wyoming embody the spirit of the backcountry.

year-old filly. Now the mare is old and still sweet. Up here, in this high place of wapiti and grizzly, she could walk all the way back down the trail to the old pickup, or she could point her blue roan nose north and be in Montana in a week or so without crossing one fence. That is the definition of freedom, but she will stay because her friends are here and so is the grass. A young mule gets the same treatment. Mules love mares. Two picketed mares will hold an army of mules.

After the horses are cared for, camp goes together quickly. There's a wall tent for cooking and, away and upwind, there are two tents for sleeping. It is grizzly country and you walk with respect and caution. You sleep away from grizzly food because you do not want to be grizzly food. The panniers stay at the cook tent, and everything else goes up on a pole, out of bear reach. It is work, but this kind of work has a reward and that reward is wild country and wildlife.

Before dawn, you rise and walk to the cook tent through the last tall grass of summer, between small lodgepole. The stars are brilliant, brighter than you remembered them from last year. It is dark, so dark. Sometimes, in other places, you can see the far-off shine of city lights in a night sky, but up here, there is nothing. You could be at the end of the earth, or the beginning. You see the Big Dipper, and, more importantly, Orion The Hunter, his belt and his sword. It will be a good day today.

After breakfast and in the dim light of

pre-dawn, you work up through the pines and spruce, following a thin trail made by elk, working higher. You walk into an old burn and start to pick up elk tracks. You surmise that the elk are shading up in green timber, then working the burn at night. If you are right, you will pick up more tracks at the edge of the timber, still in the burn, but near cover. The timber gives shelter, the burn provides food. All day you work up through a mosaic of timber and burn, walking softly and carrying a good bow. The elk are here, but not close enough. You see lots of them, big bulls, smaller ones, ever-watchful cows, calves.

The next day follows a similar pattern, a system that your being swings into as easily as you swing aboard that good walking-out gelding that you ride. Rise, check the stock, eat, walk, listen, smell, eat, look, feel, walk, check the stock, eat, sleep. And over again. One day you see a pine marten deep in the timber and he watches you, curious. Perhaps this is the first human he has ever seen. Another day, you watch a big grizzly, a four hundred pounder, work across an open slope five hundred yards away, dining on currants and elderberries, working into the breeze, his golden hide rippling like grass before a prairie wind. Once, deep in the woods, you see an animal that is black and cat-like and think that perhaps you have seen a fisher, a rare sight. You hear a wolf one morning. You jump two big bull moose from a patch of green timber in the old burn on another. Deer bound from day

But now, there is a mountain to climb and a wild place to hunt. This wild place, this wilderness, speaks of another time and of this time. And you think how fortunate you are to live in an age where you can still feel the true wild, the last of it.

beds every morning and you are into elk every day. What a game country.

At night, you jot these things down in a journal you have kept of every hunt before and you vow to keep these things going, for when you are old and toothless and blinded by years, perhaps you can convince someone to read from this journal, to stimulate that old brain and send it back to a wild place.

But now, there is a mountain to climb and a wild place to hunt. This wild place, this wilderness, speaks of another time and of this time. And you think how fortunate you are to live in an age where you can still feel the true wild, the last of it.

When you do finally get close enough to an elk to bring an arrow to its mark, you bend to that warm body and you ply a sharp knife, sweating from the work. And as you leave the place where the elk fell, you stop and turn and you make this wish: May there always be a place to hunt, where Orion shows clear in the hour before predawn, where the lights of no city invade, where elk browse in the goodness of a long-ago fire, where freedom means a place wild enough that an old blue mare can walk clean to Montana without hitting barbed wire. If she wants to.



This essay is from Give Me Mountains for My Horses by Tom Reed. (Riverbend, 2007.) Reed is an outdoorsman, conservationist and Backcountry Hunter & Angler who lives in Bozeman, Montana. He is also author of Great Wyoming Bear Stories. 🐾



Backcountry Kids

Poem by
Riley Beagle

A Buck



*A buck running
through the forest.
I see him every couple
of seconds or so.*

*My shot fills the air
The buck is down.
On the blood stained
Ground he lays, eyes
glazed over in death.*

*He is beautiful, a 4x3
I kneel down and
Say a prayer for his
handsome spirit.*

*He is gone now
But his body remains.*

*I am thankful for his
Sacrifice.*

...

**Riley, age 12, is the
daughter of BHA
Chairman Mike Beagle**

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COLLISION COURSE: SNOWMOBILES & MOUNTAIN GOATS

BY BEN LONG

In 1886, a young Theodore Roosevelt traveled to Montana's Cabinet Mountains to hunt mountain goats. It was pure adventure, an arduous mule trek to the goat rocks, followed by TR scaling heights with shoes studded with nails.

"All mountain game yields noble sport, because of the nerve, daring, and physical hardihood implied in its successful pursuit," Roosevelt wrote. "The chase of the white goat involves extraordinary toil and some slight danger on account of the extreme roughness and inaccessibility of its haunts."

Actually, the danger is more than slight. This fall, a guide leading a goat hunter in Montana's Crazy Mountains fell 200 feet to his death.

Roosevelt predicted that mountain goats would thrive as America was developed, protected by their rugged habitat. But Roosevelt did not foresee two developments: snow machines and global warming.

The roaring popularity of backcountry snowmobiles are on a collision course with mountain goats and may be taking a toll on our opportunities to hunt these magnificent animals.

Mountain goats are also facing an uncertain future because of global warming. Already living at the very highest elevations and evolved to endure Ice Age conditions, mountain goats have no where to go as the climate changes.

In Montana, the state wildlife agency sounded the alarm in the September 2008 edition of its magazine, *Montana Outdoors*.

"As tough as they are, these remarkable animals are disappearing in parts of their historic range... Since 1994, the Department of Fish, Wildlife & Parks has closed nearly 20 percent of mountain goat hunting districts due to low numbers." And once a district is closed, it is rarely reopened.



KAREN NICHOLS

Snowmobiling in the high alpine has grown increasingly popular as snowmobiles have grown more powerful. It took TR days of hard riding to reach the goat rocks. Today, snowmobilers can zip around for an afternoon ride, often challenging each other to "high mark" or go as high as possible on steep terrain.

"Goats are right on the survival line in late winter and early spring," says Montana FWP biologist Mike Thompson. "That's also when the snow is the hardest and snowmobilers like to high-mark."

One area in question is the Scotchman Peaks, on the border between Idaho and Montana. Every year, more than 100 Montana hunters put their names in the lottery for a restricted permit to hunt this herd. Every fall, a handful of lucky hunters are allowed to follow TR's footsteps.

As long as we protect the habitat and limit hunting, those goats are a renewable natural resource for the century to come.

Of course, mountain goats are more than hunting trophies. They are part of America's unmatched wildlife heritage, a point of pride and an economic asset. I think all Americans agree they should be managed to exist perpetually into the future.

Imagine the rigors of spending the mountain winter above timberline. Temperatures plunge below zero, while hurricane-force blizzards howl. Mountain goats are relics of the Ice Age, but they are still susceptible to winter cold and wind.



BHA member Greg Munther took this mountain goat in Colorado.

“A single wind-blown ridge may sustain a mountain goat for an entire winter,” says Greg Munther, a BHA member, biologist and retired Forest Service ranger. “I once witnessed a nanny and kid that had spent a week or more after a heavy snowstorm under a small, 50-foot long ledge, with little to eat but able to conserve energy.”

Goats stressed by snowmobiles burn excess energy, are displaced from prime habitat and will thus die early and have fewer young. It’s pretty basic biology.

Land managers generally steer snowmobile routes away from winter range used by deer and elk, but the US Forest Service seems blind to the problem of snowmobiling in mountain goat habitat.

I have ridden snowmobiles and appreciate it as a knee-slapping good time. But everything has its limits. There should be a place to ride snow machines on national forests. But the willingness to accept limits is what separates a sportsman from a poacher.

It all comes back to this principle: No

one group has the right to take something away that belongs to all of us.

Protecting mountain goat habitat is one of the reasons that the Montana Chapter of Backcountry Hunters & Anglers has supported the creation of the Scotchman Peaks Wilderness Area. The Scotchmans are on both the Idaho Panhandle National Forest and the Kootenai National Forest in Montana.

Sometimes, I imagine what would happen if Theodore Roosevelt could burst unannounced into the local Forest Service office. I imagine he would – in forceful terms -- remind the agency that its job is to provide the greatest good, for the greatest number, over the long haul.

And it’s time for the Kootenai National Forest to do its job, enforce the law, and keep the Scotchman Peaks special. And it’s time for Congress to protect this special portion of the northern Rockies forever as Wilderness.

But we cannot stop there. In my opinion, concerned backcountry hunters, biologists and agency officials should identify key mountain goat habitat and

direct snowmobilers well away from this habitat. Wildlife management agencies should also increase funding for more accurate monitoring of mountain goats, since they are difficult and expensive to survey, and learn more about the impact of motorized disturbance. We also need to look at mitigation of global warming’s effects on habitat, for example using burns to stop trees encroaching on alpine meadows where goats graze, and augmenting and restoring goat populations where practical.

Of course, curbing snowmobiling won’t help stop global warming or solve all problems facing mountain goats. But it’s a commonsense step to help this remarkable animal that deserves an extra hand if we are to continue to enjoy them in generations ahead.

Ben Long, of Kalispell, Mont., is on the national board of Backcountry Hunters and Anglers. He can see mountain goat habitat out his office window, and often wishes he was there, instead of behind a computer. 🐾

Honest Sweat: Backcountry Hunters & Anglers at Work



Munther Joins BHA Camp

Greg Munther, of Missoula Mont., is bringing decades of expert experience to Backcountry Hunters & Anglers.

BHA recently contracted with Munther to help build membership for our fast-growing group of hunters and anglers in 2009.

Munther brings deep experience in a variety of specialties. He is a trained fisheries biologist. He was a district ranger for the Ninemile District of the Lolo National Forest. He is a dedicated longbow hunter, bird hunter and fly fisherman. He has hunted all over North America and Africa and counts Coues whitetails of Arizona as among his most challenging efforts. Greg is also a dedicated grandpa.

"Munther's warm personality, professional experience and dedication to backcountry values make him a perfect fit for Backcountry Hunters & Anglers," said Chairman Mike Beagle.

The BHA board has given Munther two major tasks. One, he will represent BHA at sportsmen's shows around the country. He will attend the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation Elk Camp in Texas, as well as the sportsmen's show in Salt Lake City, and others in early 2009.

Munther will also execute a direct-mail membership campaign, working closely with board member Joel Webster.

"Part of keeping good, healthy elk herds on national forests is to make sure they have ample secure habitat – big wild country with large blocks of land without motorized disturbance," Munther wrote in a recent letter to Bugle Magazine. "If we continue to allow destruction of habitat security on our national forests, we are only hurting ourselves."

BHA was born around an Oregon campfire in 2004 with seven friends and now has more than 1000 members in 43 states.

If you are interested in helping represent BHA at 2009 sportsmen's shows, contact Greg at munther@bresnan.net.

Wichterman Works for the Mountain State of West Virginia

Backcountry Hunters & Anglers has invested in protecting wild-land hunting and fishing opportunities in the eastern United States. BHA has been building a membership around the 1-million acre Monongahela National Forest, located entirely within West Virginia.

BHA hired a part-time organizer Dustin Wichterman, a West Virginia native with a degree in Wildlife and Fisheries Management, who has spent his entire life hunting, fishing, backpacking, and enjoying the Monongahela.

Dustin has been working with state, federal, and local agencies to design restoration and improvement projects and give public input to ensure West Virginia's National Forests are not misused.

BHA has a budding membership base in West Virginia, as well as members from the surrounding states. "We are continually growing each week in the East, and will soon be electing officers to lead us into the future," said Wichterman.

BHA is currently involved in several projects including:

- Improving native fisheries by adding limestone to acidified streams in the Cranberry Backcountry, coupled with trail and bridge restoration there.
- Habitat improvement within red spruce stands to encourage snowshoe hare, ruffed grouse and white-tailed deer development.
- Fighting to keep Elk River, one of West Virginia's premier wild trout fisheries, from being devastated by encroaching development;

So, if you have some friends in the East please let them know that BHA is coming about hard and strong and ready to make an impact. Contact Dustin at backcountryhuntersandanglers@yahoo.com.



B.H.A. MEMBER PHOTOS



Mark Johnson, of Grand Rapids, Minn., took this 54-inch bull moose last October, in the Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness near Ely, Minn. The Minnesota moose population is declining, and some scientists credit the decline to physiological stress brought on by higher temperatures associated with global warming.



Scott Stouder, BHA advisory board member, took this big-bodied six-point bull elk in the steep canyons of Idaho this fall.



Mark Clifford killed this buck in the backcountry of California in October.

BHA members, send your favorite backcountry photos to: editor@backcountryhunters.org

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Annual and Family Membership Includes member sticker, bumper stickers and quarterly magazine. Add a BHA camo hat for a Supporting Membership. Life members receive a custom-made Helle knife with your name and BHA logo engraved on the blade along with quarterly magazine and stickers.

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