

Alberta Moose Hunt 9/02/03

We got to Larry's house late Tuesday night after leaving my house at 3:00 am. That makes for a long day. Larry sent his oldest daughter, Robin and her friend to pick us up. We ate supper at the Keg Restaurant. Larry and Lori had gone to the Moose Honey Hole to drop off the tents and other items. They were not home when Greg Griffith and I decided to hit the sack. We slept late the next morning. Larry had coffee ready when we got up. After 3 cups of coffee, Greg and I decided to check my bow. My bow was shooting 2 to 3 inches low at all distances. I finally decided to shift all my sights down a grunt. After getting all my sights set, we decided to do a Broad head test. I shot my Rocket steal head and a sniper Rocky Mountain Broad head into a McKenzie target at 50 yards. I marked the shaft on each arrow and the steel head appeared to penetrate about ½ inch deeper than the sniper. Then we took a dropped Moose antler and set it up in front of the target. I shot the steel head into it at 20 yards. Three quarters of the broad head went through the other side. This was about 1 inch penetration. Then I shot the sniper. It went all the way through and came out the other side about 2 and ¼ inches. The blades on the snipers are so much wider than the steel head that I thought it would have stopped the arrow before it penetrated, but it didn't. This caused me to re-think the McKenzie target test. The shaft of the arrow of the steel head went into the target about ½ inch deeper than the shaft of the arrow of the sniper. But, the sniper broad head is about 1 ½ inches longer than the steel head broad head. That means that the actual penetration of the sniper was at least 1 inch deeper. I decided to shoot the Rocky Mountain Snipers. We loaded up our gear. I took Greg to show him Stan Smith's log cabin. We then took the ATV to the tower stand that Larry had built over a 60 acre pea patch. Boy, it was the Tosh Ma Hall. It was the nicest tree stand I have ever been in. It was about 20 feet high and was about 12 foot by 12 foot in size. It was very nice.

We left for camp and after 3 hours, 2 of which was on 4 wheelers, we got there with chainsaws in hand, we spent the next 3 to 4 hours setting up camp. We cut poles and stakes as well as fire wood. We put up a cook, wall tent and a sleeping, wall tent. About 2 hours after dark, camp was 90% done. Lori, Larry's wife, had cooked supper just before she headed back home. We had sausage and bacon simmered in onions and red bell pepper with steamed potatoes and carrots. It sure was good.

That night it rained off and on all night. I heard a bull moose and some wolves during the middle of the night. At first light, it was still raining, so we slept late and got up about 2 hours after daybreak. It had stopped raining by then but everything in the bush was very wet.

We put on rain gear from the waist down and headed out into the bush. We walked and called for about 2 miles which took about 2 hours. Larry said we should start hunting back toward camp. By the time we got back to camp, we had not seen or heard any moose. Back at camp we still had a little fixing up to do. When we finished, Larry cooked us brunch. Which were pancakes, eggs over easy and bacon. After we ate, we had time for an hour nap. That evening hunt, we decided to hunt from tree stands overlooking a scrape live. Larry made some cow calls at about 7 pm but, nothing responded. We heard several wolves, which we later found that they had killed and ate a calf moose. From the sound of them, their must have been 8 or 10 or more. About 7:30

we saw several grouse. I started to shoot one for supper but, thought better of it in fear it would disturb my moose hunting. At dark, Larry came to get us but, before we climbed down, he made some cow calls. A small owl flew into the tree just in front of me and began staring at me, Greg filmed a little of him than a bull moose answered Larry. Larry motioned for us to climb down as he called again. By the time we got down, it was very dark. Larry called again but, this time he made a bull moose call. Nothing responded. We headed back for camp knowing in the back of my mind, we had located a bull moose to hunt on another day.

That night, Larry cooked us some moose steaks and spuds, mixed with onions, sausage and bacon. We also had some cream corn.

The next day we left camp at daylight. We hiked and hunted till 1:13 pm. We covered about 5 miles. We had been hearing wolves everyday and today was no exceptions. Larry called numerous times but, we heard nothing but wolves. We were fearful that the wolves had ruined the moose hunting in this area. We built a fire and had some lunch. We rested until 6:00 pm and then started hunting again. At about 7:14 pm we got turned around and couldn't find the right trail. At almost dark, 1 hour later, we found the trail and started hunting again. Right at dark we spotted 2 moose about 800 yards away. We cut the distance in half. They appeared to be a cow and her calf. Larry did some calling but nothing answered. By the time we got to where they were, it was plum dark. We found an active scrape where they had been standing. By this time we had worked our way back toward camp about 2 miles but still had about 3 miles to go, in the dark. We were beat when we got back to camp. Supper was mad up of chips and dip. It was almost midnight by the time we got to our sleeping bags.

The next morning it was raining so we decided to wait for the rain to stop before we went to hunt. At about 1 pm I went to the woods, in the rain, to use the facilities. While in the assumed position, a pack of wolves were lured to the scent. When they got about 25 yards to my rear, down wind, they began to wince. I guess the smell was too much for them. Larry and Greg heard the commotion and came out of the tent just in time to see 7 of them cross the path about 70 yards from their tent. I got my bow in hopes they would come back to the tent, but I guess I was a little more than they could chew. At 6:00 pm it was still raining but only off and on. We decided to try it anyway. We walked about a mile due west. Larry made some cow calls, about 15 minutes later we heard him grunt again. We had to move because he was circling down wind. Larry cow called again, nothing. We waited about 30 minutes and it got dark on us, but we never heard the bull again. We walked back to camp where Larry cooked moose steaks, cream corn, fried potatoes, and salad.

The next morning about 2 hours before daylight, it began to rain again. It didn't stop until just before daylight. This caused us to get a late start. We walked and cow called about a mile and maybe a mile and a half. We stopped where we had heard the bull the night before. We stayed there about 45 minutes to 1 hour. We heard a couple of grouse drumming in the brush, but no moose. At 11:00 am we worked our way back toward camp.

At camp we fired up the 2 chain saws and cut enough firewood for another week. Greg washed the dishes, Larry started lunch while I went the creek for a pale of water to take a bath. While at the creek, I spotted the biggest black bear track I have ever seen.

Larry said it was probably a grizzly bear track. In either case it was big and just 50 yards from our tent and worse yet, it was fresh.

That afternoon we decided to take the bikes and scout a new place to hunt to the east. It started raining the moment we left camp. After about 5 miles and 45 minutes of time, the rain turned to hail. After another mile or two we found a large spruce tree and started a fire under it. About the time the fire got going good the hail turned to snow. Thirty minutes later the sun came out and the snow stopped. About 50 yards from the spruce tree, we found a fresh scrape. It was still just a little early, so we continued to ride and scout. About 6:30 pm, we started to hunt and work our way back to the fresh scrape we had found earlier. By 7:45 pm we were within sight of the scrape and Larry increased the intensity of his calling. We hung around the scrape for another 20 minutes calling 2 or 3 more times. As we were about to leave, Greg and Larry both heard a bull answer. Larry called again and even I heard the bull answer. Then we heard a cow bellow and Larry cow called again. I checked the wind and we all moved up the trail about 50 yards. Larry separated from us about another 50 yards and began to bull call a drake a tree with the shoulder bone he had packed for that purpose. This really fired up the bull. He began to come straight toward Greg and I grunted every step of the way. He was thrashing trees grunting and coming closer. There was an older tree directly in front of me at about 20 yards. When the bull got to the tree he had to go left or right. Had it not been for the tree, he would have run right over me. There was a slight breeze blowing from right to left. I had a 50/50 chance of being winded depending on the route the Bull chose to take around the Tree. I was blessed on this day. The moose went to his left around the tree which brought him to my right. He was still coming hard and grunting every step of the way. My mind was racing 90 miles second. I was thinking that I did not want to shoot the moose too far forward and hit him in the shoulder. I knew that the fat, gristle, and shoulder bone would be too much to ask of a mechanical broad head on such a large animal. So rather than land the moose, I decided to put my pain right on his shoulder and let him walk right into a rib lung shot. Larry was 50 yards directly to my left and could see everything. He knew everything that was happening as it was happening. But, he didn't know what I was thinking. He saw me as I drew my bow and anchored. The bull was about 20 yards away. The moment I touched off the trigger of my Scott release, Larry grunted, and the moose stopped dead in his tracks. Larry's plan worked, mind didn't. My arrow caught the bull smack in the shoulder. Right where I was aiming. I was shooting white flashings and their contrast to the black moose left no doubt what so ever about where the arrow had landed. The bull bolted to the right took 3 more steps and did what I call the backward shuffle and down all 1100 pounds went. The bull had only gone 15 yards from the point of arrow contact to where he expired. Further evaluation disclosed that the broad head went through the fat, through the gristle, through the shoulder blades, through the ribs, through the chest cavity and cut the rib on the other side in two. It cut the arterial artery just about the heart and punctured both lungs. I have never had such deep penetration on such a large animal when placed in such a non penetratable spot. We gutted the moose and propped the chest cavity open with a stick. Each night the temperature was falling below freezing so we knew the meat would be ok. We went back to camp for the night. You can't use a 4-wheeler before 12 noon while moose hunting in Alberta. So the next morning, we broke down camp and loaded it onto the 4-wheelers. At noon, we made the 3 hour trip to the truck and

unloaded. After the last items were taken off for the moose two hours later, we had gathered up and loaded into the trailer and 4-wheeler. It was very late when we got back to Larry's home, so we slept late the next morning. Boy it felt great. Lori had been checking the bear baits for Scott Williams and found that 2 had been hit. She replenished both baits and reported to Larry her findings. Larry and Greg went Goose hunting and pea slinging while I drove to Grande Prairie to get shells at eh Wal-Mart and to pick up Tami, Tammy and Scott at the airport. I had my moose pictures developed while I was at Wal-Mart and Scott and I gaulked at them. We got back to Larry's house at about 9:30 pm. But, no one else was home. They were all still driving home from goose scouting. Scott and the 2 Tami's where beat so they went to bed. I stayed up another hour but, I got tired of waiting and I went to bed also. The next day we went Goose hunting. I filmed Tami, Scott, and Greg hunted. Tammy Williams didn't carry a gun. This was the best hunt of the week. 29 Geese and 25 ducks. Larry and Blake also hunted.

That evening, Greg went to the airport to pick up Wanda, Jim and Bobbie Parson. The rest of us went duck hunting. We only killed 3 ducks and 2 geese. The next morning and afternoon hunts where a bust. But , the 3rd morning was great.

Tami, Jim, and Bobbie hunted and I filmed. 27 geese and 21 ducks were killed. Larry's brother Greg also hunted. I was filming.

The next morning I shot a little. I killed 9 Ducks before Lori and Greg got the trucks parked. Bobbie, Jim, and Tami killed 18 geese and 17 ducks. That night Tami and I hunted. We only killed 8 ducks. This was the final hunt.