

# American HUNTER



### KNOW-HOW

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ZERO YOUR RIFLE FOR YOUR HUNTING SCENARIO

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## MEMBERS' BEST 2023

J. TOM WHITE'S NEVADA BUCK LEADS THE PARADE

### An Old Hand in a Colorado Elk Camp

### Like Father, Like Son in Finland

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# MEMBERS' BEST 2023



■ **Pete Graziano**, Jefferson Township, N.J.

Anyone who's done it knows that Western pronghorn hunting can be challenging. Those critters can see far, and run for miles. Making a great shot is imperative, but making the right decisions after a less-than-great shot can also make or break the hunt. Pete and his team from Wyoming Professional Hunters made all the right calls on his first-ever pronghorn hunt in Wyoming. This 70-inch buck came in running from 200 yards on the second day of the hunt, disappeared then showed again at 20 yards. That was the ideal shot for Pete and his Hoyt RX-5 Ultra. The Easton Maxima arrow hit a bit back, according to Pete, and the buck took off and bedded down 150 yards away. Pete and his team watched the buck, and eventually made the decision to back out. The next morning they knew they'd made the right call. "The expandable broadhead did its job. Found him no more than 50 yards from last position. If we tried to stalk him the day before, he could've run for miles," writes Pete.



■ **Abby Kulju**, Chelsea, Mich.

Last archery season was disappointing for Abby ... until Oct. 30. That's when, with only 15 minutes of legal shooting light left, a doe crashed downhill behind her, followed by two grunting bucks. She stopped both bucks with a grunt of her own, but they didn't come closer and instead drifted away in the fading light. She thought that was it. Little did she know they would circle behind her through the autumn olive thicket. Suddenly a massive-bodied, dark-horned 8-pointer appeared 20 yards to her right, his vitals hidden by a walnut tree. Heart pounding, Abby raised her crossbow and settled the crosshairs on the textured bark. But then the second buck emerged from the same spot and froze only 15 yards from her—and its vitals were not behind the walnut tree. Writes Abby: "I heard the *thwack* of the bolt hitting lung. He ran 40 yards and collapsed. My 20<sup>th</sup> year hunting whitetails produced my biggest buck to date."

■ **Grant Nesbit**, Indianapolis, Ind.

Last fall Grant took his longtime No. 1 bucket-list trip: a Dall sheep and grizzly hunt in Alaska. Over 10 days the hunting party hiked 85 miles, camped in a light-weight teepee and ate freeze-dried meals. Grant's feet were never dry or warm in the land of extremes that included strong wind and snow one minute and sunshine the next. Bull caribou were everywhere in the 2-million-acre concession inside the Arctic Wildlife Refuge, and bull moose and musk ox and sheep seemed abundant, too. They had several run-ins with grizzlies. "Quite simply, short of missing my family, I've never had so much fun," writes Grant.