



There's a feeling I get in late August; you know what it is: the anticipation of being outdoors with the fresh smell of fall all around you, being with special people, your family and friends. Once I tasted hunting, there was no turning back for me. It was the ultimate competition – you against the wilderness. I was 12 years old, I was with my Dad, my 308 Savage lever action was loaded and I was finally ready to hunt. A week of hunter safety, 12 years' living with a biologist – my father, Carl Sims – it was time!

We were in Northern Oregon. We made our plan: I would move down the ridge, Dad would move down the back side into the timber. There was a large alder thicket right below me. The trees were massive, some five feet, though there were ferns under the trees, no underbrush, just ferns and the woods. Man, I felt alive! I felt confident! There were bears, mountain lions, big ones – I had seen one only a week ago. I moved slowly down the ridge, the breeze was in my face, it was amazing. I knew I was safe. I had my gun and felt I was a good shot.

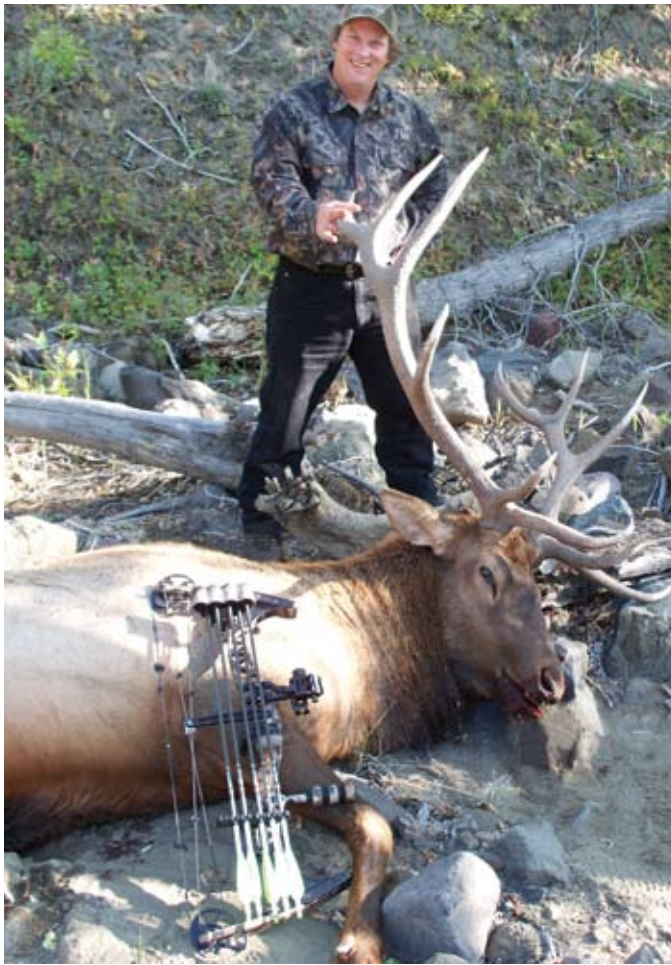
I moved as slowly and quietly as I could, then I snapped a stick under my left foot. From five yards to my right, the buck exploded straight up the draw. I pulled the gun to my shoulder by instinct, my heart was pounding with fear and excitement. The buck stopped at 50 yards and looked back at me. I took aim and fired. The buck went down; it happened so fast. I wanted to see the buck right away, but I had to be careful. I moved gun first over to the buck. I got him – there he was! I did it! At the top of my lungs I yelled for my Dad; he was too far away to hear me, but I kept yelling.

This feeling, this confidence, this is what it's all about! We must pass this on to our children. They must feel the power, the commitment to pursue a way of life. There's nothing you can't do if you put your mind to it. You must have commitment to succeed. You can learn this from being a hunter; I am proud to be one. Being a hunter makes you a steward, a conservationist, a competitive, caring human being. This real-life reality is far more exciting than a video game. Teach your kids to hunt – you just might create better people.



Steven Sims, Founder & CEO

It was September and I found myself deep in Area 58 about 30 miles outside of good old Cody, Wyoming. I had been hunting five days with my good friend, Bill Gartland. There was a full moon, and the weather was just too hot for a Northwest man like me. We had seen some good elk over the last few days, but we wanted to be real careful not to spook them out of the area. The bulls would start to talk and then stop; they just weren't ready to rumble. It didn't matter – I'm sure I didn't want to be anywhere else. We would plan different strategies and push as close as we could without getting busted. I could feel the excitement getting ready to happen.



On the 17th of September from the top of the ridge, it was pretty quiet. We knew it was going to be in the upper-eighties. Bill said, "Let's go down to the next ridge and see if we can hear something from down there." Before we made our way down the ridge, we heard them talking. The wind was still moving down the mountain, but the elk were off to our right just enough to let us keep moving down and up, and down again. In the back of my mind I was thinking we were going to be a long way from the rig. We kept moving, getting closer and closer; just as we were peeking over a small dip, Bill said, "Get down, I'm busted." We hit the dirt and moved into the timber. Two cows had seen him. I got up on one knee and put my bow in position. I could see several cows moving across the ridge to my left. There were small openings and I ranged them at 50 yards. Bill let out a cow call just as the bull moved across the ridge, and he stopped. I whispered the range, set my drop pin and said to Bill, "Should I shoot, SHOOT." The arrow was in flight and hit with a loud whack. The bull went over the back side of the ridge and out of sight. I couldn't see where the arrow hit because I held the pin on the spot and didn't peek.

When we got to the spot I found one drop of blood; we sat down and noticed a herd 200 yards below us. There was a big bull feeding with the cows. We waited until they moved off and started on the blood trail. There was very little blood, the angle of the shot was up-hill. We moved down the hill and up to a small hump. Bill said, "You are going to like what you see over this hump." There he was, he had gone about 80 yards and piled up. I was shaking and gave Bill a high-five. What a beautiful bull – I was so excited and thankful we had pulled it off. It feels so good when things go right!

My confidence in my equipment gave me the confidence to take that shot. The LimbSaver DZ-32 and Prism Sight worked with amazing accuracy. The arrow had hit right behind the front shoulder. We took some pictures and I got busy cleaning the bull. I wanted to move as fast as we could so we would not lose the meat. After I finished cleaning the bull, we covered it with pine branches and left our coats to try and keep the bears away while we went and tried to get the 4-wheelers as close as we could.

On the way back down, we overshot the spot by about 100 yards. As we moved back down the ridge, we came face to face with a big black bear. He had to be 650-lbs. and was dark brown, not a grizzly, but he only moved off 50 yards and stopped and looked at us. We kept moving down the ridge; we had spooked the bear just before he had gotten to the bull.

Five hours later we made the last trip. I am sore and tired, but I would not trade that experience for anything. Happy Hunting!

Steven C. Sims
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