

Washington Oregon California British Columbia

BLACKTAIL LEGENDS

of the Pacific Northwest



First Edition
by Northwest Big Game, INC





BLACKTAIL LEGENDS of the Pacific Northwest

A book dedicated to trophy blacktail deer and the hunters who pursue them. Made possible only through hundreds of years of experience, this book defines the true science of hunting trophy blacktail deer. Read and learn the tactics and strategies used by the greatest hunters ever to harvest the "Legends of the Pacific Northwest!"

This book features over fifty stories told by the legends themselves, renown blacktail hunters like Lester Miller, George Shurtleff, Clark Griffith, and Fred & Riley Bean are just a few of the stories along with the photographs of these legendary hunters and the bucks they pursue.

"Blacktail Legends" features a complete listing of Oregon, Washington, California and British Columbia for the TOP ONE-HUNDRED greatest typical Columbian blacktail and the TOP ONE-HUNDRED greatest non-typical Columbian blacktail ever taken.

That is the TOP ONE-HUNDRED taken by rifle, the TOP ONE-HUNDRED taken by archery and the TOP EVER by black powder. Separate sections for Oregon and Washington record listings for the greatest Cascade blacktail deer, Columbian blacktail deer and Western blacktail deer, with separate divisions for rifle, archery and black powder.

BLACKTAIL LEGENDS of the Pacific Northwest

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by Boyd Iverson

HUNTING TROPHY BLACKTAIL

"The Challenge and Thrill of the Hunt"

Though I've hunted blacktails since I was twelve years old, I didn't shoot my first Boone and Crockett buck until 20 years later. I started out like everyone else, with an itchy trigger finger and a strong desire to fill my tag.

But after taking numerous bucks over the years, the thrill of the hunt was diminishing, so in 1978 I decided to change my game plan and hunt only trophy-sized bucks. Like everyone else, my ultimate goal was to take blacktail buck, which would make the Boone and Crockett Record Book.

I left my current hunting territory and began looking for areas with proven genetics. Learning to be a good hunter is important, but learning to hunt in an area with weak genetics does not increase the size of the antlers on the wall. Historically there are locations in any given area or unit, which produce, larger than normal deer.

After lots of research, I decided to hunt an area where I had hunted in high school and had seen some very good bucks, but I lost contact with the people who allowed me to access the area. So I got out my maps, started driving the various roads, and began taking long hikes, until I found other ways to access where I wanted to hunt without crossing private land.

At this point I began the lengthily process of learning the habits and habitat of the animals in the area. I actually took a better than average buck each of my first two years, but this only wetted my appetite. These were good bucks but they were still short of my ultimate goal.

Finally in 1981 the Oregon Department of Fish and Game extended the regular blacktail season until November 10th. This would be the latest season ending date, for several years. I felt that this would provide a great opportunity for a better than average deer season.

I spent all the time I could in the woods but as the season continued, no large bucks had entered by sights. I had hunted almost the entire season and though I had seen some very good bucks, I still hadn't taken a shot. I was down to the last day of the season, and in fact I was down to the afternoon of the last day of the season. This was definitely where the rubber was about to meet the road, or not.

It was a great day to be hunting with clear and cold weather. The type of weather that really got the bucks fired up. If it were going to happen this year, it would have to happen before sunset!

I had watched a couple of large bucks the previous evening, after legal shooting light, push and shove each other around, to see who was the "boss" and I had also jumped a large buck in the early morning hours, while still hunting the same area, so I was getting pretty excited, as the afternoon moved towards evening.

I had found a lot of sign of "rutting bucks" during the day. For this reason I decided to get set up for my evening vigil earlier than usual, so I would be prepared the bucks decided to move earlier normal.

I arrived at my tree stand and got quickly and quietly settled in by 3:50. This time I didn't have long to wait and all my research, trigger control, and persistence was about to pay off.

Only 10 minutes after I arrived, a very large, heavy, symmetrical 5 x 5 blacktail came down the trail towards by position with his nose to the ground, like a bloodhound tracking a rabbit. I knew immediately that this was what I had been waiting all season for and that my planning and persistence over the past two years was about to pay off. I placed my crosshairs on the buck's neck when he was only 45 paces away, which ended his quest and mine.

I have shot several other good bucks since this time, two of which also made the record book, but he is still the largest buck I've taken. I can still close my eyes and clearly relive that magical moment, when I watched him approach my tree stand. It was a very satisfying moment and made all of my hard work and determination well worth it.

May you have as much fun hunting this fascinating animal as I have! ■

About the Author: Boyd Iverson is the author of "Blacktail Trophy Tactics II" You can get information about his book, product information, hunting tips and trail timer photos on his web site at www.blacktailtrophytactics.com.

©Photo Courtesy of Donn Walgamuth.

All Time Greatest TOP 100



PACIFIC NORTHWEST'S ALL-TIME GREATEST COLUMBIAN BLACKTAILED DEER (TYPICAL) All-time Greatest 100

FINAL SCORE	INSIDE SPREAD	LENGTH of MAINBEAM		NUMBER of POINTS		FIRST CIRCUMFERENCE		YEAR	COUNTY	STATE	HUNTER / OWNER	RANK
		R	L	R	L	R	L					
184	2/8	26 2/8	26 1/8	26 2/8	5 5	6 1/8	6 0/8	1935	Cowlitz	WA	Place Mcdermitt/Don Rismoen	1
183	5/8	20 5/8	22 7/8	22 7/8	5 5	5 4/8	5 3/8	1954	Clark	WA	Clifford R. Richter	2
182	2/8	20 2/8	24 2/8	24 5/8	5 5	5 2/8	5 2/8	1953	Lewis	WA	Lester H. Miller/Hollinger & Howard	3
180	7/8	23 7/8	25 6/8	24 4/8	6 6	6 1/8	6 3/8	1939	Polk	OR	Leonard Hammer Sr/Joseph F Bolas	4
179	4/8	23 4/8	23 7/8	24 4/8	5 5	6 1/8	6 0/8	1964	Lane	OR	Jim Tidball	5
179	0/8	19 4/8	25 0/8	24 5/8	5 5	4 7/8	5 1/8	1958	Coos	OR	Robert Irving	6
178	4/8	23 3/8	22 5/8	23 4/8	5 5	4 5/8	4 7/8	1940	Jackson	OR	Ginger Rogers/Mert Thomson	7
176	7/8	21 4/8	25 6/8	25 7/8	6 6	6 0/8	5 7/8	1950	Pacific	WA	Don Sowell/Adam Burhop	8
175	5/8	21 7/8	23 3/8	23 6/8	5 5	4 6/8	4 6/8	1948	Tillamook	OR	Rich A. Sterett	9
175	5/8	16 3/8	24 3/8	22 4/8	5 5	4 3/8	4 3/8	1990	Thurston	WA	Mike Hanson	9
175	2/8	17 1/8	22 5/8	22 0/8	6 5	4 6/8	4 6/8	1981	Mendocino	CA	Clem Coughlin/D.M. & J. Phillips	11
175	1/8	22 1/8	22 7/8	21 7/8	5 5	4 7/8	5 2/8	1978	Skagit	WA	Don Webb	12
174	7/8	23 2/8	26 7/8	27 0/8	7 5	5 6/8	5 3/8	1966	Douglas	OR	Don Ellis/Chris Ellis	13
174	5/8	21 2/8	24 6/8	23 0/8	6 6	5 6/8	5 4/8	1950	Lane	OR	David Lammers	14
172	5/8	21 0/8	23 6/8	23 1/8	5 5	4 7/8	4 6/8	1919	Washington	OR	Fred Wolford/Swede French	15
*172	2/8	20 4/8	26 3/8	25 7/8	7 7	5 3/8	5 4/8	1969	Marion	OR	B.G. Schurtieff	16
*172	0/8	22 6/8	26 4/8	25 5/8	4 4	4 7/8	4 7/8	1985	Multnomah	OR	Dave Brill	17
171	7/8	21 5/8	25 3/8	25 1/8	6 5	4 4/8	4 4/8	1964	Linn	OR	Forrest Hundt	18
171	7/8	20 5/8	26 4/8	26 4/8	5 5	4 5/8	4 6/8	1970	Jackson	OR	Dennis King	18
171	6/8	22 2/8	24 3/8	24 2/8	5 6	5 6/8	5 2/8	1939	Snohomish	WA	Harry M. Kay/Dan Heasley	20
171	4/8	22 7/8	26 5/8	25 6/8	6 6	5 7/8	6 0/8	1925	Pierce	WA	Jack Bacon/Karl Blanchard	21
170	6/8	20 7/8	24 2/8	24 3/8	5 4	5 1/8	5 2/8	1955	Clatsop	OR	Larry Naught/Allan Naught	22
170	6/8	21 4/8	23 6/8	24 5/8	5 5	5 4/8	5 4/8	1962	Lincoln	OR	Clark Griffith	22
170	6/8	21 0/8	24 2/8	23 7/8	5 5	4 1/8	4 3/8	1979	Siskiyou	CA	Frank G. Merz	22
170	4/8	18 7/8	25 7/8	25 1/8	5 6	5 0/8	4 6/8	1952	Jackson	OR	Boaz Salman/Richard Salman	25
170	4/8	21 6/8	24 1/8	23 3/8	5 6	4 6/8	4 7/8	2004	Mendocino	CA	Mike Thompson	25
170	3/8	21 1/8	22 5/8	21 7/8	4 5	4 6/8	4 7/8	1950	Tillamook	OR	William S Lane	27
170	1/8	19 5/8	23 0/8	22 6/8	5 5	5 0/8	4 6/8	1963	Linn	OR	Woodrow W Gibbs/Don Gibbs	28
170	1/8	17 2/8	26 0/8	24 5/8	5 6	4 4/8	4 4/8	2000	Trinity	CA	Eric Helms	28
170	0/8	20 2/8	23 7/8	24 3/8	5 5	4 3/8	4 3/8	1989	Jackson	OR	Wayne Despain	30
169	6/8	23 5/8	22 6/8	22 1/8	5 5	5 0/8	5 1/8	1977	Jackson	OR	John Mee	31
169	3/8	18 3/8	23 2/8	22 7/8	6 6	5 7/8	6 1/8	1941	Lewis	WA	Larry V. Taylor/Thomas Gogan	32
169	3/8	16 7/8	22 5/8	22 1/8	5 5	5 4/8	5 2/8	1986	Tillamook	OR	Arrice L Day	32
*169	3/8	19 7/8	25 4/8	26 3/8	9 8	6 1/8	6 2/8	1995	Jackson	OR	Randy Allen	32
169	1/8	17 6/8	23 4/8	22 7/8	6 5	4 1/8	4 1/8	1984	Jackson	OR	Ken Wilson	35
168	5/8	21 6/8	24 2/8	23 4/8	6 6	4 2/8	4 3/8	1913	Lincoln	OR	John J Wilson/Mike A Wilson	36
168	3/8	23 4/8	25 1/8	24 0/8	5 5	5 5/8	5 4/8	1970	Jackson	OR	Fred & Riley Bean Collection	37
168	3/8	18 7/8	23 2/8	24 1/8	5 5	5 0/8	4 7/8	1995	Tillamook	OR	Kevin Mason	37
168	2/8	21 4/8	22 4/8	21 4/8	5 5	5 2/8	5 1/8	1899	Lake	CA	Bob DeShields/D.M. & J. Phillips	39
168	0/8	18 7/8	24 2/8	23 6/8	5 5	4 6/8	4 6/8	1953	Jackson	OR	Fred & Riley Bean Collection	40
167	7/8	22 6/8	24 0/8	23 1/8	5 6	4 1/8	4 3/8	1963	Lane	OR	Unknown/Karen Gill	41
*167	7/8	21 5/8	23 2/8	22 2/8	6 5	4 4/8	4 3/8	1988	Josephine	OR	Marie Darrow	41
167	6/8	22 0/8	24 4/8	25 3/8	5 5	4 5/8	4 6/8	1985	Skamania	WA	Ed Barnes	43
167	4/8	19 4/8	24 3/8	24 3/8	5 6	4 7/8	5 0/8	1980	Marion	OR	Robert L Brown	44
167	2/8	16 1/8	24 3/8	26 0/8	7 6	6 0/8	6 0/8	1976	Lewis	WA	Maurice D. Heldreth	45
167	1/8	15 5/8	22 5/8	21 6/8	5 6	5 5/8	5 7/8	1992	Chilliwick Lake	BC	Al St.Pierre	46
167	0/8	20 6/8	26 1/8	26 4/8	7 6	4 5/8	4 4/8	1940	Jackson	OR	Dean Bright	47
167	0/8	19 0/8	24 1/8	24 4/8	5 5	4 6/8	4 7/8	1940	Jackson	OR	Fred & Riley Bean Collection	47
167	0/8	22 5/8	24 4/8	24 0/8	7 6	5 3/8	5 5/8	1955	Pierce	WA	Selden/Gordon Hansen	47
167	0/8	20 0/8	23 0/8	23 0/8	5 5	4 2/8	4 3/8	1958	Jackson	OR	Fred & Riley Bean Collection	47
166	2/8	26 5/8	23 2/8	24 3/8	6 6	5 4/8	5 1/8	1949	Glenn	CA	Peter Gerbo/Dennis P. Garcia	51
166	2/8	21 6/8	25 5/8	25 3/8	5 5	4 2/8	4 1/8	1959	Polk	OR	Earl Starks	51

NW BIG GAME RECORDS MINIMUM 150

CA entries used with the expressed written permission from the Boone & Crockett Club.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST'S ALL-TIME GREATEST TYPICAL 100

Boone & Crockett's World Record Columbia Blacktail Deer

182 2/8 B.C.

Lewis County, Washington 1953

Lester Miller – Hunter

Dana Hollinger & Bob Howard – Owners

by Lester H. Miller

From the very first moment that I saw this buck, I knew I had to have him, no matter the cost in time and effort. He was standing at the back-end of an open hay field, near a patch of second growth timber. His horns glistened in the morning sun and he looked almost like an elk. I had been walking up an old railroad grade that was half obscured by willow and alder. It appeared that I might be able to get close enough for a clear shot at him, but that was not to be. I was carrying my Winchester Model 94 30-30 carbine, not capable of making clean kills at any great distance. My deer hunting had been limited to heavy brush shooting at ranges of 150 yards or less, and this big buck stood at least 300 yards away. I carefully moved to a small opening and peeked out. The buck either saw me or heard me. He was into the second-growth in a flash.

For the greater part of every day of every legal hunting season in the years of 1950, 1951 and 1952, and until that all important day in October, 1953, I stalked, drove thickets, and took stands in the upper Lincoln Creek area of Lewis County, Washington.

On as many as a dozen different occasions during that period, we were able to see him in the vicinity of Lincoln Creek. At Grange meetings, livestock auctions, and where-ever people gathered in the nearby towns of Chehalis, Centralia, Fords Prairie, or Adna it was not unusual to hear someone mention this majestic animal. Mostly, they would talk about his huge antlers, four points or bigger. Of course, the stories grew in the telling and soon he was almost a legend. Although I had twice jumped this deer out of his bed, and had seen him running down a runway on three or four occasions, I still never fired a shot at him, fearful that I might wound him and not make a clean kill.

And so it went. The sightings continued to be reported, with an occasional shot fired at the buck. He was often seen in the company of two other large bucks in late summer and early fall. He was seen in many different places (sometimes at the same time), Doty Lookout to Adna, up Bunker Creek Road to Lincoln Creek. To hunt and to take this fine buck became an obsession with me. As the 1953 season approached, a gnawing kind of fear grew in me that a poacher might kill him or someone else would get him during the coming season.

I began to look for him on foot, cold-tracking him mostly, but many times hot on his trail. The purpose of this was for me to get familiar with his whereabouts and his habits, and hopefully to catch a glimpse of him and rid myself of a little of the "buck fever" I usually felt when I would see him. I covered a lot of ground during this period as I was not hampered by carrying a gun or being heavily dressed. This game came to an end two days before the general buck season opening in 1953. For the greater part of that day, I had been traveling along the creek bottoms and alder swamps, hoping to cut sign.

The day was rainy and the brush was wet. I was wearying of the game, when right in front of me in the muddy crossing, I saw the unmistakable tracks of several large deer and one smaller one. My pace quickened as I began to follow the very fresh tracks. They led me up the side of a small hog-backed ridge, covered with thick hemlock. I worked my way through this wet brush and emerged on the other side to look down into a large, open alder bottom. There, not 50 yards away, were two large bucks, one a forked-horn and one a very nice four-point. But the size and the majesty of a third buck dwarfed the other two. Here was my prize buck! He was nuzzling the neck of a young doe, occasionally the other two deer as they sparred with each other.

As quietly as I could, I worked myself back into the heavy cover and made my way down the creek bank where I sat down. I noticed that my hands were trembling and they continued to do so for some time. Naturally, my mind was full of thoughts and plans for opening day of the buck season, 36 hours away.

My plan for the hunt was fairly simple. As I saw it, I would drive up the forestry road to a point where I could park. As soon as it was daylight, I would walk to the creek, which I felt certain to be an excellent place to start hunting. However, I reasoned those deer could move some distance in any direction since my sighting of them two days before. Daylight found me parked on the forestry road, preparing to enter the woods. My pack contained a hatchet, knife, whetstone, rope, first-aid kit, lunch, a waterproof tube of kitchen matches, a liver bag and a handful of 30-30 shells.

Arriving at the crossing where I had picked up the tracks before, I discovered more tracks in the mud. They indicated that the deer had returned on their back-track to this creek bottom. It took me quite awhile to figure out the direction the deer had gone when they left the bottom. After several false starts, I finally found the right trail and proceeded to follow the tracks. The deer were obviously following a well established game trail to another location.

Although it was once-again raining so that the sounds I made were muted, it was difficult to travel this muddy runway without making considerable sloshing sounds. I had left the runway, walking in the moss, grass and rotting wood parallel to it, when I rounded a bend in the trail and found myself face-to-face with a huge four-point buck.

He was no more than 25 feet from me! I don't know to this day what kept me from shooting that deer. He was a prize in any man's language. I guess instinctively I must have known that he wasn't the one. He whirled half-around and bounded 30 feet away to the creek, jumped it, and disappeared into the woods.

At the same time, a short way up the creek, I saw the ghostly figures of two other deer cross the creek and disappear. The relatively small clearing in which I was standing came to an abrupt end about 50 yards upstream. At that point, a fringe of sapling spruce made an almost solid wall. The runaway went through this spruce thicket. As I moved up to peer through it, I saw the rump of a very large deer disappearing up the trail. I bent over and began to trot as best as I could after the now running animal. My pursuit slowed, faltered, and came to a stop after a time, as I became winded and needed rest. I felt that unless the deer entered a clearing or an area of sparse timber, and stopped, I had lost him.

As I sat there, I could see a fairly high ridge-top over the tops of the alder trees and what appeared to be an opening on the side of the ridge. I got to my feet and began making my way toward that clearing. It was only about 150 yards through the bottom to the base of the ridge. When I arrived at the opening, I found that the clearing had been created

by a massive debris torrent. Supersaturated dirt and debris had let go to slide down the ridge. In the middle of the clearing, 80 yards away, stood my buck! He was quartering away from me, looking downhill right at me. I raised my gun and fired. The bullet struck him behind the shoulder and went into the heart. He went down in his tracks and never moved.

I have killed many bull elk in my lifetime, but, no animal has ever had the impact on me that this huge buck had when I looked down on him as he lay there on the side of that ridge. The antlers were awesome to see with their spread and color and symmetry. In addition, they were hanging heavy with moss and lichen that he had accumulated while feeding or "horning" the alders and willows along the creek.

I placed the Game Department seal on a horn and field-dressed him, putting the liver and heart in my liver bag. With my hatchet, I cut alder poles, turning the carcass belly-down on them to cool-out while protected from the rain. With one last look at my magnificent (to me) buck, I hurried downstream to try and get help to get him out to the road. By my reckoning, the road was about three miles away.

Although this hunt began years ago, certain things are as clear now in my mind as they were then: the first time I saw him; the times he outsmarted me; and, of course the day his luck ran out. One of the things that keep the hunt fresh in my mind is the never-ending stream of visitors that come to see and admire "The King", and the letters I have received from those who have pursued him in vain. ■

Author's Note: Lester Miller's buck is still the current World Record Columbia Blacktail Deer and is owned by Dana Hollinger and Bob Howard.



Oregon State Record Cascade Blacktail

Steven Gregory
Non-Typical 301 6/8 B&C
66 points on the right antler
and 5 on the left.
Taken in Linn County, 1992



The New Era **SPORTS**

Steven Gregory

Patience pays off with unusual trophy
opening morning for S.H. hunter

Patience paid off Saturday for a year-old Sweet Home man...in a way!
In a case worthy of Ripley's believe it or Not, the hunter shot a buck on the opening day of hunting season, whose horns had 63 points.
Steven Gregory, 26, 27439

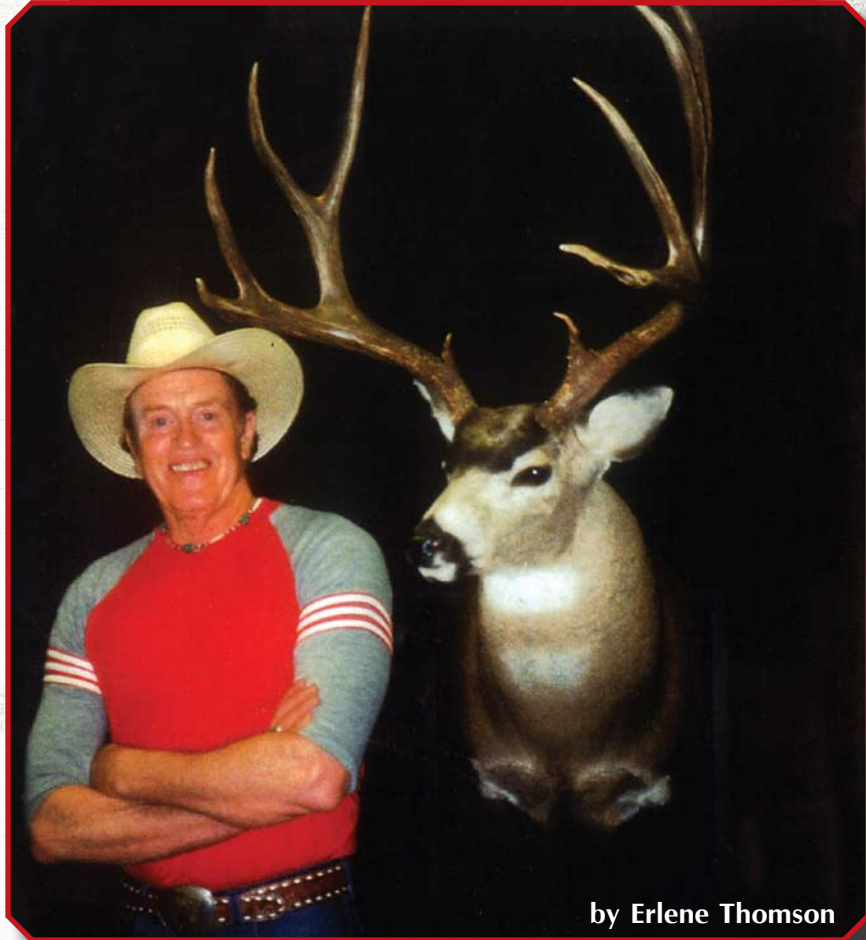
"We counted the points without marking them and found 63 on one side," he said. "I estimated the buck will weigh around 250 pounds, maybe more."
Gregory works at Bauman's

"In fact I work graveyard cleanup and I asked my boss if I could get off early to go hunting," Gregory said. "I got off at 5 a.m., drove up to where I was hunting and about an hour later I was dragging that big buck out."
The sportsman said he gets his

"nothing like this ever comes in."
"Eight to ten years hunting in the same spot a nice 4-point taken me," Gregory said. "My granddad said 'don't



"Ginger Rogers Buck"
Mervyn Thomson
178 4/8 B.C.
Columbia Blacktail Deer Typical
Jackson County, Oregon 1940



by Erlene Thomson

The year was the golden age of the Silver Screen and a wonderful year for 29-year old movie star, Ginger Rogers. Ginger won her Oscar for "Kitty Foyle" and she bought the 4R Ranch, a vacation place for her and her mother, Lela. It was far away from the pressures of Hollywood, 1200 acres along Oregon's beautiful Rogue River.

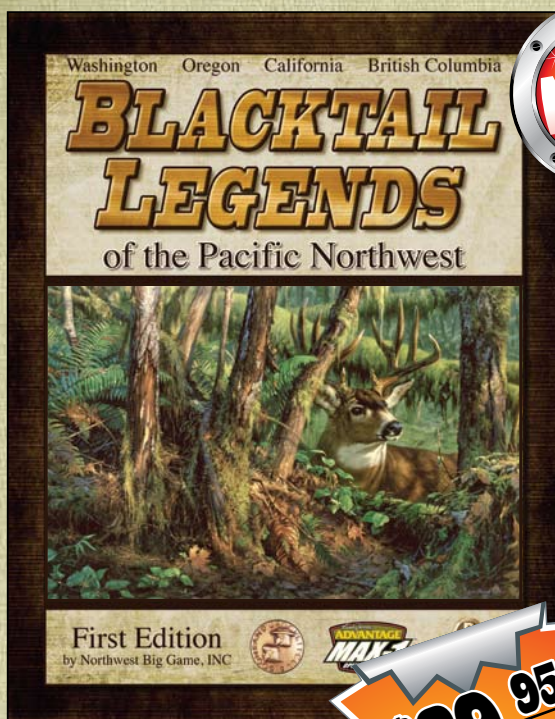
In the fall of 1940 while Ginger was riding her horse, three rifle shots rang out and one whizzed right pasted her. She rode to the edge of the trees near the river where she saw two men rowing across toward her and to where a large buck lay dying. Ginger took off on a dead-run back to the house and had her mother call the Jackson County Sheriff's office. Within 20 minutes two officers arrived. The police arrested the trespassers as they were dragging the gutted deer to their boat. The hunters were placed in the squad car and an officer said he would send a game warden to get the deer. Lela (little but persuasive), told the officers she hadn't had venison since she was a little girl. She asked whom needed to talk to in order to keep the deer and was eventually given the tagged deer.

Ginger, Lela, and the ranch foreman skinned, cut up and wrapped the deer. They had venison for the ranch and took frozen venison in an ice-box back to California with them—they loved it. Ginger had the tall graceful horns mounted and they hung on her Oregon ranch house walls over 50 years. Clark Gable tossed his fishing hat on the horns. Lucille Ball scared her poodle half to death introducing it to the 4-point. David Niven used it as a rack for his fly rod. This deer was the official greeter to many famous people.

After close calls with the hunters, Ginger decided to purchase the property on the west side of of the Rogue. No hunters, photographers, or anyone else could gain access to her ranch from across the river. Her ranch now totaled 1,800 acres. Ginger owned the property across the river from her ranch until 1970, when the government wanted it for a state park. She fought them until they threatened to "condemn" the land. This piece of land is now known as Takelma Park on the Rogue River Drive, directly across from her Shady Cove ranch that still has her signature red roofs.

Several years later, our local newspaper wanted to write a story about a huge black bear our son Chris took. It had been lurking around our ranch and tearing up our beehives. We took the bear and Ginger's deer to the Northeast Nig Game Show in January 1998. The 7 foot 3 inch black bear weighed over 600 pounds and scored 19 10/16 points. To our amazement, Ginger's Columbia blacktail 5-point buck scored 178 4/8 points and is presently number 1 in Oregon.

The battered 60 year-old cape was replaced by Brad Stallworth Taxidermy of Grants Pass, Oregon and has been on exhibit with the Tour Northwest Big Game Animals. I would like to thank Glenn Abbott, a real gentleman, who did the measuring. As Ginger's secretary, I am happy the name of this great lady and sportswoman will be listed in the prestigious records of Boone and Crockett. ■

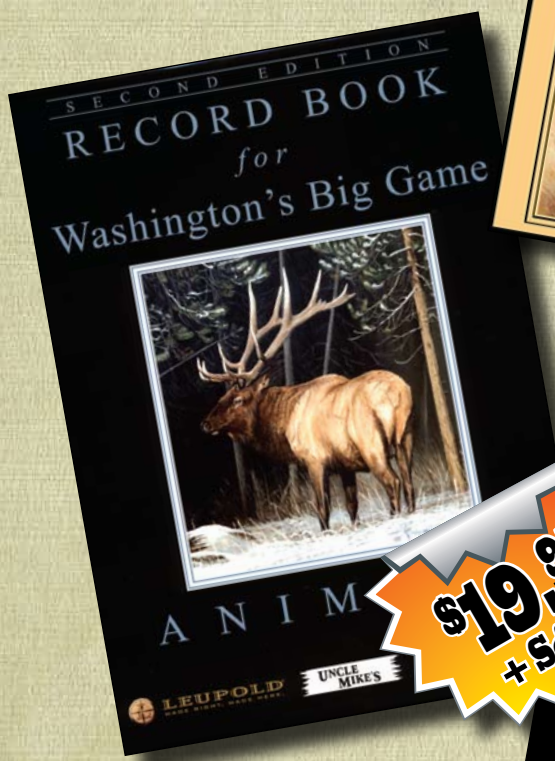


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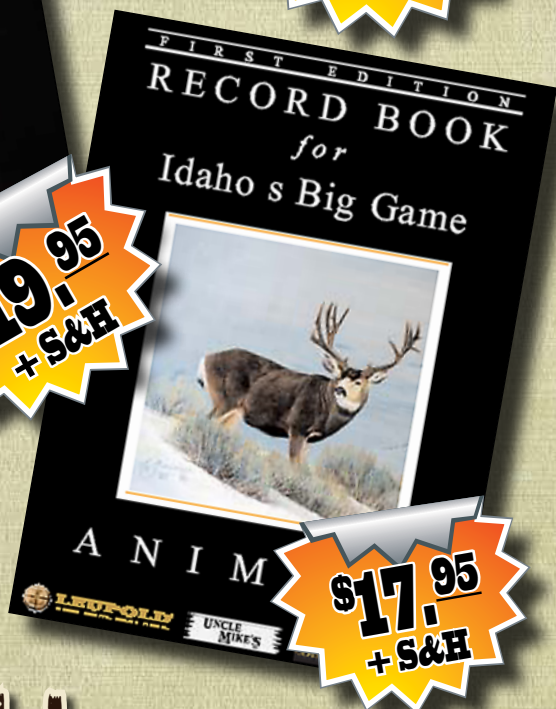
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- Record Book for Washington
- Record Book for Oregon
- Record Book for Idaho
- Record Book for Montana

WASHINGTON SHOWS

- Tri-Cities – 3rd week of January
- Puyallup – 4th week of January
- Yakima – 3rd week of February
- Spokane – 3rd week of March

OREGON SHOWS

- Eugene – 1st week of February
- Portland – 2nd week of February
- Roseburg – 3rd week of February
- Medford – 4th week of February
- Redmond – 1st week of March
- Pendleton – 2nd week of March

IDAHO SHOWS

- Boise – 1st week of March

MONTANA SHOWS

- Bozeman – 4th week of January
- Billings – 3rd week of January
- Great Falls – 1st week of February
- Kalispell – 2nd week of March

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