

# First Crossbow Eastern Turkey

By: MCF President Dennis Britton

Thurmont, Maryland – Located twenty miles north of Frederick, Md. and twenty miles south of Emmetsburg, Md. The property that I hunt is located inside of the Thurmont watershed which backs up to Gambrill State Park and Cunningham Falls State Park consisting of seven thousand acres of giant boulders, huge timber, scattered streams, steep mountains and deep ravines. To say it's rugged is putting it mildly. But the forest is full of wild game, including the Eastern Wild Turkey.

A long narrow trail leads to my favorite hunting spot. The area is hidden in a cluster of tall old oak trees, nestled between an open field and a large pond. The area is a paradise for wildlife, having all the essentials, water, acorns and mountain laurel for protection.

Upon arriving just before sunrise, with my flashlight in hand, I began setting out my decoys. I'm always in a hurry to get them up because I want the forest to settle down before I begin talking to the birds

After setting up the decoys, I picked out a huge Cluster of mountain laurel and placed my ghostblind inside of them. I placed my arrows and crossbow next to the stool that I was sitting on. Picked up my squawk box and began chirping. Within a matter of seconds, a reply rang out. Gobble, gobble, gobble. Then it was my turn, chirp, chirp, chirp. Then he yelped and then I chirped. This went on for over an hour. At times he would hang up the phone on me, but I would sweet talk him back into another conversation.

Suddenly the tom appeared out of nowhere to my right. If it were not for my ghostblind, I would have been busted and a lot of preparation would have went south. After settling back down, I ranged him at sixty yards with my rangefinder and then focused on a tree stump at thirty yards, thinking that if I get him that close, I'll take the shot.

The first time the big tom saw the decoys, he immediately raced in, attacking the jake with all the fury of a UFC fighter. Now the tom was within eighteen yards from where I sat. He hadn't a clue that I was there. I brought up my crossbow, clicked off the safety, aimed at his mid-section and squeezed the trigger. I heard a SMACK when my arrow slammed into its mark and saw feathers flying all over the place, he began rolling over, flapping his wings in frenzy.

When I got to him, he was lying lifeless next to my arrow. As my heart pumped pure adrenaline through my veins, I packed up my Tom, equipment, and headed back down the narrow trail.

I want to thank the following for making this hunt possible:

The Maryland Department of Natural Resources

Arrow-precision..... InfernO Crossbows

Slick Trick Broadheads

Carbon Express Arrows...

GhostBlind

