

Up Close and Personal Russian Wild Boars

By Denny Britton, MCF President

After years of anticipation, I finally got the chance to go on my dream hunt. On December 1, 2011, I booked a walk, search and stalk crossbow hunt for Russian Wild Boars at The Wilderness Hunting Lodge in Everett, Pennsylvania, located high up in some of western Pennsylvania's most treacherous mountains but still only a three hour drive from Baltimore and Washington DC.

There are many breeds of wild hogs in the USA; some of these are European, Carolina, Feral and Razorbacks. All are invasive, destroying vegetation and forests; they multiply quickly and are very dangerous when provoked. One of the most hunted is the Russian wild boar; he is very large, well muscled, and dangerous with a nasty attitude.

Hunting Russian wild boars with archery equipment is difficult and IS NOT for the faint of heart. First the archer must make himself appear smaller than what he is, in order to get close enough to place an arrow in the vital area and this is not a good idea because the smaller you appear to a boar, the more inviting a charge becomes. If you get within twenty yards of him by crawling on your belly and he detects you and then charges, you may be forced to hurry off a shot, and if you miss, well it could get very tricky.

After hours of fast paced walking up and down treacherous mountains, climbing over huge rocks and downed trees, wading through creek beds, stopping only for a split second to glass the terrain, the bitter cold and strong winds almost went unnoticed.

It was on one of these stops that CJ my guide spotted a group of hogs bedded down about three hundred yards on the far side of a large pond. As I hid in a large cluster of downed pine trees, CJ navigated up and over the mountaintop, walked four hundred yards through a valley and came up behind the sleeping hogs. Once CJ got within eighty yards of the hogs, they spooked and stampeded off in my direction. They were following a creek that fed the pond. The only place that the hogs could cross was at a bridge that was thirty yards in front of me. No matter if they continued running straight or crossed the bridge, I would have a thirty-yard shot. As the hogs got closer, I turned on my red dot scope, aimed it toward the bridge and waited. Here they came, snorting and blowing, releasing all their violent anger from being disturbed. I could see hot air spewing from their mouth and nostrils. They stopped at a small flat level area just in front of the bridge and began mulling around. Goring, squealing and shoving.

As the hogs turned their heads away from me to look at CJ coming up from behind, I searched for the largest boar. Spotting this big dominant boar goring the other hogs with his large tusks in an effort to get them moving across the bridge, I clicked off my crossbow's safety. When the smaller hogs started moving across the bridge, they opened up a clear shooting lane for me. I placed my thirty-yard dot on his shoulder and squeezed the trigger. SMACK I heard the arrow hit its mark. Immediately I saw blood gushing out of his side. A clean pass through! He snorted loudly, spun around and charged at me, dropping just ten yards from where I released the arrow.

I would like to thank the following for making this hunt possible: Excalibur Crossbows, Slick Trick broad heads, The Wilderness Hunting Lodge and Reflections of the Wild Taxidermy.

