



Jacob Albertson made a career move away from the hunting grounds where he grew up in northern British Columbia. While enduring a lot of other hunting pressure, the new BC area revealed a great buck with much potential. Two seasons later, Jacob was able to seal in the deal in a most unexpected way!



CRAZY BROWS

by Jacob Albertson

First, I'd like to thank my wife and family for the patience and support during this life-long addiction, but especially the last three years of chasing a legend of the woods.

Hunting has been a very important part of my life. Some of my earliest and happiest memories as a child were with my dad and brothers, hunting around the homestead. I was raised on a small farm where I had daily chores of feeding the horses, cows, chickens and pigs, on top of milking our old dairy cow, "Bossy" twice a day. As well, we had the responsibility of getting a load of firewood to fill our wood shed for the long winter months that we get in northern BC. I remember my motivation to get the chores done as quickly as possible was hunting! I lived and breathed getting into the woods to chase an elusive big buck or elk. Me and my best friend, Chandler spent every minute possible hunting our parents' acreages. That obsessive desire never left as we grew into adulthood. Even in the off season we would be combing the woods for antlers, or filming animals in late season, obsessing at the thought of what they would grow into next year as we watched the footage over and over. We both harvested great animals, but struggled to find the true ancient bucks that manage to elude most hunters during the hunting seasons. As life happens, we all grew up and I moved from my home town to pursue a career to support my wife and two baby girls. The change was in no way easy for us as we moved away from friends and family, and from my known hunting area that I had spent over 30 years learning.

The first two years, I spent countless hours scouting new ground in the Peace Region which had many upsets. I'd never seen an area with so many local and non-local hunters. Every time I found what I thought could be a good area to set up a blind and some cameras, there would be droves of hunters come in as soon as the moose and elk seasons started. I had several great up-and-comer bucks that I had been watching grow. It seemed to be without fail, when they were at an age of 4-5 years they would end up shot by other hunters before reaching their true potential.

In 2021 a great buck showed up in one of the areas I had spent a significant amount of time scouting. He appeared once in late summer and then again in late fall. The deer looked amazing with some real character starting on his bases and G2s, but it looked young and light-horned. I remembered hoping he'd make the long winter and avoid the cougar that had roamed through the area earlier in the year.

In spring of 2022 I set out again; scouting and setting cameras in the area in hopes to see if the buck had survived another one of the northern BC winters. I checked my cameras in May and June with several deer on it but not him. Every time I pulled an SD card I remember feeling like a kid at Christmas who opened a present only to find some new black socks for church! It was soul crushing when he hadn't shown. Finally, in mid-July, the buck materialized again. And man had he grown! I was now the kid with the baddest monster truck present at Christmas.

Jacob's brother-in-law Derryk also shot this wide framed B.C. whopper in 2021. 181" gross

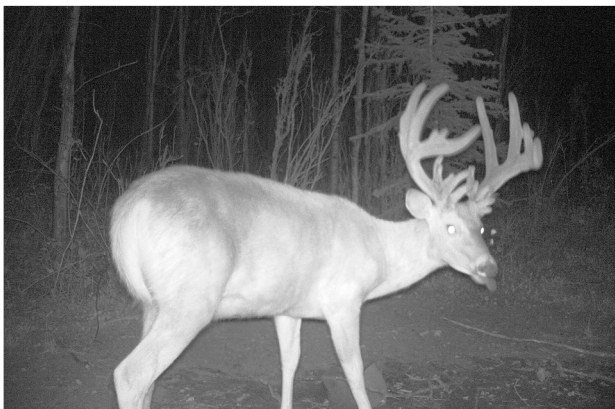


Jacob's brother-in-law got this fantastic buck back in their old stomping grounds.....

Immediately I sent pictures to my best buddy, Chandler and brother-in-law, Derryk (who also is a lifetime buddy even before I married his sister). We were all ecstatic; making plans on how I should hunt him and with what tactics at given times of the year. The anticipation grew as this buck now was showing himself every single day, although he was completely nocturnal. I set my blind up and started a mentally torturous journey of patience. From the beginning of the season in September, every moment I could find, I spent in my blind patiently waiting. My two buddies were coaching me to stay motivated as I questioned whether to change locations or strategy.

A month and a half went by before the buck we were now calling, "Crazy Brows" finally showed himself on camera during daylight hours. Of course, it was a day I wasn't there, but it re-energized me as the time was close to when he'd be on a hot doe, perhaps making a fatal mistake. Just a few days after the daylight pictures I snuck in, pulled the SD card and settled into my blind.

The second year Jacob knew of this buck was a big jump in antler growth. It was exciting times.





Now in hard horn, the buck was still sticking to its nocturnal ways.

As I scrolled through the pictures, I came across four images of Crazy Brows and another great 4x4 buck. I was absolutely shocked as the pictures showed them face to face, posturing. The 4x4 had a body that dwarfed Crazy Brows significantly. Immediately I sent the images to Chandler and Derryk. We all agreed the buck was young, but discussed the fact he was on public land that was getting significant amounts of hunting pressure. In the end, with an immense amount of anxiety, I decided to pull the blind and leave Crazy Brows for yet another year.

Once again, the worry of a long winter came and went. When the snow had left and allowed access, I set my cameras up and started the wait, filled with anticipation.

The first camera check of 2023 provided nothing but a few does. With a heavy heart I left it again for another month, hoping not to create too much scent or disturbance. On check two I opened the SD card, scrolling through well over a thousand photos when, Wham! There he was! I was in absolute shock. The size difference from the last year was considerable. I knew my summer was going to drag by like a slug on hot cement. What made it worse was, the buck completely disappeared after that. And instead, a massive tom cougar spent over a week lounging in front of the camera daily, knowing this was a high traffic area for deer. My stomach dropped every time I checked the camera with still no sign of Crazy Brows. I started to fear the worst.

On September 25th I trudged in to my camera. Crazy Brows was finally back on the SD card! He had shed his

velvet and looked stunning. My blind was set and I was ready. The buck did a complete repeat of the year before though, coming in to the camera like clock-work, every single night at about 10 pm.

Every chance I had to get away from work I went straight to the blind to sit in the hopes that would be the day Crazy Brows would switch his pattern. The weather had been far warmer and windier than any previous year. Even the does were mainly nocturnal. I still remained determined as I knew this was a buck of a lifetime that I believed had reached his full potential. I watched the



Finally, a daytime visit! But not long after, the buck would square off with an old 4x4, which revealed a big size difference with Crazy Brows. Jacob would roll the dice by leaving the buck for another year to mature even more.

forecast, hoping the weather would turn cold. When I saw a window of what was supposed to be cooler weather, I submitted my request for a week off.

Days 1,2,3, and 4 of sitting in the blind for hours went horribly with only three does and two small bucks daylighting. Day 5, we finally got freezing conditions with about four inches of snow. The deer were moving again. I had one old warrior of a buck come walking 15 yards from me that any hunter would have loved to harvest. But, he was no Crazy Brows so I watched him work a nearby scrape and move on.



see the buck. On my way out, I decided to take a different route than normal back to the truck. The wind was howling and I thought it would cover my noise, even though the snow was super crunchy.

As I was easing along, I got a glimpse of a doe with what looked like a great buck hot on her tail a couple hundred yards away. I put my binos up, only getting a glimpse of the buck. I wasn't certain, but it looked like the 4x4 that I had seen several times. I wanted to be sure though so I worked my way downwind of the island of trees that the deer had run into. I got on an old fence line that went through the middle of the island of trees. Almost as soon as I stepped next to the fence, I heard a buck snort and grunt.

After disappearing once a big cougar showed up to Jacob's set up, Crazy Brow was back. He was still sticking to his night time routine however.

On the second card pull of 2023, Jacob knew his gamble had paid off. Crazy Brows had made it through the winter, and avoided predators. He was looking bigger than ever!

Every single night Crazy Brows continued to come in. When I climbed into the blind on day 6, I checked the card and became worried as the buck was a no show the night before. There had been hunters continually driving by on atvs and trucks. Also, within 24 hours the weather turned again to plus 6 and melted the snow. Things were slow in the deer woods.



Day 7, I grabbed the SD card and slipped into the blind. Once again, I discovered Crazy Brows was a no show. I was fighting the dread of never seeing that buck again. There was significant sign that the rut was in full swing so I also held hope that maybe the giant buck had found a hot doe that he wouldn't leave alone. At 11:30 am I needed to stretch my legs and make some work calls that I had been putting off, so with a heavy heart I crawled out, knowing I had limited time left to



I froze in my tracks trying to see through the thick willows. Sure enough, not 60 yards ahead, there was the 4x4. He snorted and grunted every thirty seconds and pawed the ground and raked the willows. It was one of the coolest things I had heard and seen. I wasn't able to spot the doe, but I assumed she was nearby in the thick timber. I watched for a good 10 minutes then decided to pull my phone out to video as I tried to blow back at the buck. I put my hand to my mouth. "Pfft, pfft, pffffff!" I hit record on my phone. 40 yards away, the 4x4 stepped into the open again, marching with his head down and ears back right towards me! I thought, 'Man he's seriously ready to fight!'

After about a minute of filming, off to my right I heard some other snorting, followed by a loud buck grunt at less than 40 yards away. My eyes went wide! I peered to my right trying to see through the thick cover. Then I saw deer feet moving towards me. My heart went into overdrive! I had an opening of maybe two feet wide and four feet high that was in the direct path the deer was headed. I knew I had to get down on my knee if I had any hope of seeing if it was Crazy Browns.

This view clearly shows how the buck got its nickname. the majority of the 55 inches of non-typical points are around the brow tines. Jacob has the rack as a euromount now until he can get the shoulder mount.

We are hoping to have this amazing whitetail at our Big Buck Nite on April 6th!

The 4x4 was only 20 yards in front of me when he blew and bolted just as the deer on my right poked its head into the opening, a mere 15 steps away from me. I knew immediately without a doubt it was him! I threw out two quick grunts and he stopped in his tracks. I got my crosshairs locked on him... "Boom"! Silence... The cover was so thick I couldn't see a thing so I scrambled through the brush to where the massive whitetail had stood. Nothing! In a brief moment of panic, I looked to my right just in time to catch the buck wobble, then drop! My mind was spinning in disbelief.

When I had somewhat regained my senses, I grabbed my phone and called my wife. As soon as she answered the flood gates of emotion poured out.

"I got him hun, I got him! You'll never believe it, but I got him!" I'm not sure she even got a word in before I hung up and called Derryk and Chandler, who were floored when I told them how everything went down.

It was all so incredible. The final moments with Crazy Browns were certainly not how I had drawn them up, but for sheer adrenaline, I'm not sure anything could top this final chapter! 🍄





Things were not looking good for Jacob's hunt until fate stepped in. In a wild turn-of-events, Jacob almost got more than he bargained for! But, thankfully he made his opportunity count. The 220 inch BC beast was down.....



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