

NATIVE

BY CARLTON





NATIVE

BY CARLTON

3





Our Patented Ripit Frame



The tone bar across the frame gives consistent air-flow through the reed providing stable notes. Unlike traditional open framed calls where the shape of a person mouth can dictate consistent sounds, the tone bar creates a sound-chamber that allows any person to have better success in using a diaphragm reed.

Small Frame Options

We've had a huge request for the RIPIT frame in a smaller size, well here it is! This gives the reed a heavier spine and stiffness and results are a longer-lasting reed that doesn't tire out as easily.



Ripit Tribute Small Frame

.025 latex backed with a .004 for support. Mid-weight reed to mimic mature bull & cow.



Brawler Small Frame

Heavy .004 latex that performs. Giving big sound and mature tones of bugles & mews.



SS Black Small Frame

Light .003 latex soft and subtle young elk tones of bugles, mews & calf talk.

Classic Frame Options



Double Blue

Standard frame. Classic Double-Reed Diaphragm Elk Call



Triple Brown

Standard frame. Classic Triple-Reed Diaphragm Elk Call



Double 2 1/2

Standard frame. Runs like the double blue with the extra rasp of the added half reed



Red Single Cow & Calf

The Single Red is a .004 thick reed. Considered a medium weight beginner reed, excels at cow calls and beginner 3-4 note bugles. Call Armor tape for extended use. Built on our RIPIT frame.



Single Black

.003 thick that takes light pressure to use and versatile to all calling situations. It makes high pitch cow calls and bugles capable of multiple pitches and notes. Good choice for an all-around call. Lightweight reed beginner reed.



RIPIT White 1 1/2

.003 thick main reed with .025 half for an extra note delivering some backbone. Provides 5-7 note bugles and excellent cow calls. Mid-weight reed tha excels in immature bull sounds, but not too big and over-aggressive.



Ripit 450

Main reed of .004 with a half stack of .003. Big bull bugles and can handle lots of pressure for the callers that are heavy-handed. Excels in lower tonal bugles but still has a good range of pitches.



Deuce 500

A medium weight all-rounder. Two layers of latex make this medium to heavyweight reed of .005. Pounds out high pitch bugles with an excellent top-end of 5-7 notes.



Ripit E.C.A

SOLID. The E.C.A is the best of both worlds. Reverse stack reed with a .003 thick bottom reed backed with a thicker .004 combined making it a .007 medium to heavyweight reed that runs with the ease of the lighter reeds.



Ripit Dirty Deuce 700

Heavy-weight reed for the experienced user moving big air volumes. Black latex reed is .003 thick that punches up good top end, paired it with a heavy .004 piece of latex on the short side combined for a total thickness of .007.



Ripit 750

NEW for 2020 is Natives 750 triple reed. 3 layers of thin latex built up to a heavyweight reed. There is a short break-in period but after that this thing may be the most solid reed we've made yet. My new favorite...



Call Scabbard

Small little flip wallet that fits 4 diaphragms but easily has room to double up. Mesh pockets allow safe drying and a nylon cover keeps it all safe with sewn-in magnets to hold it tight.



Big Bat Grunt Tube with Acrylic Mouthpiece

The "Big Bat" bugle with an acrylic mouth-piece. Designed after trumpet-style mouthpiece to help focus and amplify the lip-bawl the mouthpiece is a favorite. What you'll like is the tube is ultra-lightweight and doesn't weigh and ton. Most big tubes are super thick and are heavy, on the downside when you hit your hunting buddy on the head for making the wrong sound it won't hurt as much.

1 3/8" OD Mouth Piece 23" in length 3 1/2" at the bell



Mini Grunt Tube

This is our mini-grunt tube. We have had a lot of requests for a realistic and practical size tube that still gets the job done. This is our solution.

1 1/4" opening at the mouth.
16" total in length



Native Vintage Grunt Tube

Simple is just better. Back by popular demand, an old-school practical grunt tube. Wrapped in a heavy Fleece cover to keep it quiet, paired with an elastic lanyard, it keeps it close to you and easily accessible. Surprisingly crisp sounds when compared to the Big Bat Grunt Tube, but way more convenient to use and carry. Owners choice for tube





Mini Mouth

The old fighting cow call body with a stiffer reed set deeper into the call that makes super nasally cow sounds. The heavier reed gives good volume and is user-friendly and hangs up less than the lighter reeds. I'd have to say if I bought just one call on this site this would be it.



Loud Mouth

The loudmouth us just that, loud. We use this as a locator call. For those days you need to cut through the wind or reach a long way on silent mornings. You can cram a ton of air through this and get the big volume that reaches out there. It's not a finesse call but we use it a lot in trying to stimulate a response, it's a mainstay on our call lanyard..



Marc Carlton owner of Native, and hunter Jon Gunderson from Kings Camo participating in the futile act of procrastination before the 6 hour pack-out ahead of them.



Magna Porta Barrel

A no-nonsense custom option with a vented barrel with exceptionally nasally sound allows you to throw the sound around with your hands. The barrel is a non-shiny matte finish and comes with a complement of reeds and blocks if you choose to fit a different reed to it. It's our less fancy option but comes in multiple choices of matte acrylics. The Elk guides favorite.



Belled Barrel

These barrels are polished acrylic with the classic curves that one would expect from a custom-turned call. Made to fit your hand like a glove and creates a deeper tone than magnaport available in all kinds of colors. They come with the full reed set like all the customs. Our most popular style barrel.



Custom Burl-woods

Each burl wood is individual and unique to itself, and there are no two alike. They cost more due to the meticulous processes involved to make them, but they are truly unique. We make them available with a standard call band or fitted out with your Elk ivory for that extra cost, but it makes a fantastic call. The same full reeds package as the rest of our custom lines.

ButtHead Decoy

3 Dimensional ultimate detail face design. Total weight is under 2 pounds and rolls up to of a small coat. Simple one stake design for quick set-up. Laminated solid design with non-UV printing giving the most natural look in the woods and doubles as a place to conceal your setup.



Green Weenie

There's some good stuff in this little green call. An open profile barrel that makes this thing very nasally, and a heavy reed that hangs up less and is user-friendly. BUT look closely and notice the tone board and the texture built into it. That surface greatly reduces reed hang up. It's small and lightweight and very consistent.



Custom Design

**“Quality is never an accident... it takes thousands of hours and repetitions, successes and failures.
It's a focus on the little details and the sincere intention to create something of worth.”**

When we started the Native custom line, our goal was to offer something that put our 40 years of experience making elk calls to use, offering you the best we can make. We wanted to craft something that wasn't just another cheap call but a cherished, appreciated tool that becomes part of your hunting story, prized enough to pass down to the next generation.

We offer a full lineup of custom calls available in several barrel options depending on personal preferences. Each comes hand-tuned and has multiple reeds and blocks that allow you to build it out how you like. They are all on a dual-platform soundboard used as a cow elk call or predator distress.

We have our standard acrylic calls, burl woods, and exotic woods

available with the Native logo band or custom engravings on request.

The optional Elk Ivory calls take your ivory tooth, and we have it set into a silver call band from Ouray Silversmith, making a great keepsake of past hunts.

When we talk about our customs, it's endless; look at the website and Instagram page and give us a call to see what we can do for you.







The Gunnison Basin

John Gunderson:
7 years in waiting.



GUNN-ING FOR ELK

Chasing bugles in Colorado's Gunnison Basin

Photos and story by
Marc Carlton

Originally written for Western Hunter Magazine

Marijuana... Mushrooms, Forrest fires, and wolves are Colorado's latest hot trends. Becoming a little less popular is the abundant hunting opportunities we've had for a lifetime. Before you turn away from all the democratic voters and our green loco weed, let me remind you with an account of what you may be missing. The state is quietly shifting gears turning the hunting country into quality, draw only areas.

We are in the last five days of Elk season. In Colorado, it's considered the best five days. Warm, ocean waves of Aspen are a visual prism of yellow and gold. The Elk are frantically pushing full tilt into the rut, murdering the innocent pine trees, fighting, squealing, and bugles abound. For the

outdoorsman, two divine parts of the year waited for in fervent promises. Three hours into the morning hike with numbing feet and legs on fire, we both catch what we think is the cadence of an Elk bugle... but hardly legible.

We are on an obscure path consisting of a vaguely discernible outline that leads, as always, directly up. Following the remnant of a cattle trail dissecting the fall rabbitbrush and open patches of rock, we are skirting a mountain creek that cuts through a seemingly non-passable canyon of jagged black granite contrasting against white barren sandstone only the sheep call home. No, Google earth, no fancy Apps, no trail signs. Found by putting boots on the ground and following one of the general rules handed down from mentors to follow the water will lead you to wildlife. Omitted is that it's usually in places that require repelling gear to access and lack of self-preservation. Years of stumbling around chasing elk take you into these unexpected little holes of hunting Eden



CO

Jon Gunderson
Colorado, 2020
By Marc Carlton

that sear into memory, beckoning you to come back later to explore. This dim mountain artery leads to Elk. This is my favored but deceiving route. Known to the few local ranchers and maybe one or two obsessive-compulsive hunters that are tougher than smarter. It's driven by and overlooked by just about everyone. I smile as I place my feet down. No apparent sign before us this season as we curve, climb, and

sidehill through Aspen benches of old grazing ground. We are knee-deep in straw-colored mountain grass working towards dark timber 3 hours away. I find comfort and contentment in these rarely traveled, if not overly ambitious paths. It's a theme that echoes of my choices throughout life. Always taking the hard way.

It's in 2020. A year better forgotten, but can't be. Elk season



in Colorado was no exception mirroring COVID. The Colorado Division of Wildlife turned the entire southwest corner of the state to draw. Severely limiting OTC hunting and crowding my usual haunts. If 62 was statistically estimated by the state as the busiest unit before, it's a total madhouse now. Throw in a midsummer drought helping birth some state record wildfire that is still actively burning over 300,000 acres of elk country to the north. The draw may end up being a good thing curbing the 12,000-13,000 archery hunters every year (we'll have to see in time if it helps our quality of hunting. I'm hopeful). The wildfire has more fuel to burn than ever with the beetle kill. From a scouting plane, it's just a sea of a dead gray mass from the continental divide all the way to Denver. It'll never be the Colorado of my youth again. Grizzly Creek, Williams fork, Cameron Peak, and more are burning as I sit here and start recapping my time in the woods.

I'm with a long time friend Jon Gunderson that I first met, guiding him in this same draw unit years ago in the Gunnison Basin. Originally an OTC unit but now costs a person the time and effort of applying. This opportunity took Jon years to acquire out of state. I failed to pull a tag but was determined to go whether I drew or not. I quickly picked up my camera and Elk calls in place of my longbow. Glancing over Jon's gear I smile to myself as I look at the worn-out compound bow. The graphics are seriously faded. The string is frayed and pilled. I think and laugh that it may be that same bow used 12 years ago, heck I think it may even be the same Gold Tip arrows. They are dressed out in the same simple white fletching from the time before. In comparison, I'm the guy that'll change gear as often as my underwear. This is one of our few contrasts.

At the first bugle, we sit and wait. Breaths come ragged and hard at 11,000 feet. The crisp morning air burns your

lungs. We wait all year thinking we know what's coming and try to anticipate it with preparation, but it's never this physically raw your mind. A break is needed, and time can be an ally.

I'm currently a fire department guy. A first rule taught is, slow down, don't do stupid things twice. I've adopted this rule into everything. It's good advice and works great for things like running into burning houses and handling heart attacks or peeing on an electric fence when your six years old (advice I apparently needed sooner in life). Now, I like to give calling and even a single set up 45 minutes to an hour. It's 10:00 a.m. We start feeling him out, tenderly approaching him, trying to get some idea on location in the dense quagmire of trees with simple high shrill location bugles. It takes him a few minutes, maybe 15 or so. He's still there. I check the wind and grimace, rolling my shoulders back in frustration. It's going the wrong way... Thermals should have shifted by now.

By having to move up in elevation to him, my primary concern has become the draft. Forced, we put in more climbing and effort, we slide over to the ridge line. Here the wind will pull to the center of



"It's a fantastic thing to hear an elk bugle under 100 yards in the woods when it rattles you to your core and you can feel it in your feet."



it, helping manage our scent. We took this route early, hoping to get elevated and anticipate the thermals before arriving at the main hunting area. With the unpredictable wind today, that original plan won't work... Once we get at least even or preferably above him in elevation, we can slide back over. Years of screw-ups have taught me that getting even or above works better for successful call-ins. He's responsive to just about everything. Bugles and loud cow calls used primarily for locating keep him vocal. But there's no pressure yet, we're still far enough out that he is just talking back. Elk are pressure sensitive like every other living thing. Past 500 yards, I consider it an indirect pressure. Closer, and he'll start to

feel it more when we begin to close that distance. Dealing Elk is like anything else. They have good days and bad days. Some are aggressive, others passive. They have moods and personalities all their own. So I have no expectations just yet, but the fact he's responsive is all we can ask for.

Once on the ridge line, the wind is still not great, but it's better. The sky is overcast. An unremitting haze of orange smoke from the fires up north is probably affecting today's wind shifts. You can only see an obscured outline of the mountain on the pass close to us. We move silently up and stop. I look around, and there are two to three rubs in every direction I turn. Eleven, I count as I turn all the way around in a circle. We both make remarks about it. It's damn impressive; Elk rubs as far as we can see. It's the most significant elk rut staging area I've ever seen, and I put it in the memory bank for next year. Today is officially a good day; I'll be back for sure. I love finding these little pockets. I throw out a locate bugle, and he hit's me back—a deep, nasty response at full throttle. I always giggle at what we think Elk should sound like. It's supposed to be clean with discernible notes and classic chuckles. Then, out here, a big bull can bugle like a possessed Sasquatch in mating season, an unreal sound that we didn't quite imagine. I like this one... A lot. I can tell why we couldn't make him out at a distance. It's a very raw and primal bugle, nothing flutey. I guess him at 500 yards. Jon agrees so we push into the woods as stealthy as we can. My goal is two hundred yards or less. I want to get inside his bubble before I hit him again. Sliding in with eyes wide, checking our winds, Jon whispers a dreaded urgent hold, the kind that tells me we're screwed. The kind we don't recover from, it's like watching something precious falling in slow motion. After what seems like an eternity in



a mid-step freeze stop, Jon sighs and drops his head. Says, "That was a big damn elk." Immediately I'm crushed inside, but I try to hide it. It's my mountain, my calling, my mistake. This country is immense, physical, and demanding. It's one of the few places in Colorado that's so big it was intimidating to me the first time into it years ago. Even from the air, I'm always taken back at the vastness of it. Mistakes hurt like hell at the top of a big mountain. He was on a rope us, and I just made a rookie error that I was consciously trying not too. That one burns me because I know better. Don't do stupid twice rattles in my head.

Jon and I both tell each other we're losing some hearing at 45, so the new rule of saying 500 yards will now be a 250-yard estimate. Seems common-sense to me. Going along, we emotionally recover and realize we're still walking in thrashed out trees for the last 45 minutes. I'm again overly impressed by all the Elk rubs here. I've decided to call it "Rub Ridge."

Jon and I still haven't reached the original plan of where we wanted to go, so I'm still optimistic. There's an incredible amount of sign every step, and with so many tree rubs, it looks like they have disease from the ground level to 7 feet up—my new favorite tree contagion. We bust a raghorn that slipped in after 20 minutes up the mountainside. Maybe the raghorn busted us is more accurate... Once to the edge overlooking drainage where we can see and hear, I let loose again. Five



minutes later, an elk bugles. I breathe a sigh of relief. We just were granted more playing time, and the effort of the day isn't lost. The early mistakes not as painful now. This time we are moving slower, determined, being stoic not to make any more mistakes. There's always this invisible barrier of engagement when you get close that says time to get serious. We're in it. As we creep in, I can tell there's more than one bull. Maybe ... 3 or 4. We hear lots of action within the 200-yard bubble, and I switch up calls for the situation. I have rules, but they are general. Every one of them I have made, I also had Elk break them, molding my habits to start easy and work up if needed. I like starting with light calling pressure.

Calf calls and bugling are my favorites in close quarters. Calves get away with murder on the mountain; no one pays them any mind, and the mature cows don't feel pressure from them in competing with the bulls. Like in turkey hunting, Gobblers never leave you as you sit there and yelp. It's the





hens that feel the pressure, and they are the ones to leave, taking your opportunity away with them. Cow Elk? The same thing, in my opinion. I start light with my calf calls, and the woods light up. Trees begin to shake, and two separate bulls sound back. It is a fantastic thing to hear an Elk bugle under 100 yards in the woods for those of you that haven't been there.

The ground literally tremors, and trees vibrate. It's like a deafening thunderstorm stopping everything for a second. Jon and I share a look, but we know without saying the setup we are about to make. The draft is still screwy, going the wrong direction, but we can manage it. It's pulling down at a diagonal, so Jon moves ahead of me 25 yards as I stay put, pulling any of the Elk's attention if one comes in. I'd love to get footage over the shoulder, but we are killing today, not filming. Events moving fast, less than a minute, Jon draws back and holds looking downhill as I can only catch glimpses of elusive tan hide, legs, ears, and antler branches that flash through small windows. It's been 2 or 3 minutes at full draw now. The anxiety is thick and heavy and builds into the final seconds in this make or break moment, seven years of waiting, time from your kids and wife, money spent. Expectations and anticipations. I bugle, and pine cones start falling out of the trees as a screaming bugle slams in, reverberating through the timber. Seconds later, I hear Jon's bow thump sending an arrow, and all hell breaks loose in a collision of trees and dirt that I can't see. I scream a bugle hard the bull's last direction to calm the situation, and the crashing slows... more crashing follows. Then, nothing... Moments later, I hear death groans that remind me of a black bear in his last moment. It's a sound with finality to it.

At the same moment, Jon stares downhill like he's lost something bobbing up and down left and right, trying to steal some conformation in the moments of chaos. He starts heading back with hands raised in what we both hope is a



triumphant moment. Once sat down, Jon recalls the whole sequence. A small 5 point at 20 yards, then a big 6 point walks up to 10 yards leaving him a full-frontal shot that he chose to take in the close proximity, and with the lousy wind, it seemed the best choice in the situation. The shot opportunity was crazy close and likely was the last encounter to the day. With the wrong wind, it could have derailed at any moment. It's decisions made in half seconds looking at possible scenarios that could go wrong, based on past failures. A minute later, the adrenaline slams into Jon, making him shake. I smile. A few seconds ago, he was Joe Cool handling the whole thing like the seasoned hunter he is. Now he's reminded in part of why we are here. At the same instant, another bugle, another bull, the one we thought we just shot, rattles the trees again less than 100 yards away. We probably just put a big satellite bull on the ground. I'm sure of it... I'd love to see the bull and

work with him, but I'm confident we just signed up for two days of packing, and by the time we get down, it'll be dark. In an unspoken emotion and selfish thought, I'm comforted by an Elk left on the mountain, more to chase next year.

We sit in a reprieve for 30 minutes. Sure enough, Jon brags on his old bow, confirming it's the same bow he had last time. I appreciate the simpleness of that and the admirable humility that goes with not buying the latest and greatest being caught up with all of today's techy gear. Making our way down looking, we find a deluge of blood on the trees and ground. Then 30 feet from there, we see Jon's 6 point augured under a tree with his feet in the air. It's a crash that we can now see that fits what we heard in the final moments of passing chaos. We do our work, quarter, and de-bone the meat steady in our work, knowing we have a long way down, also trying to preserve the moment. Jon has me dig around



and pull the arrow out of the kill, hoping to recycle it (yep, I think, same old arrows too, apparently). Good hunts like this are appreciated. They come few and far between. I have 15 years before I'm 60. I know it'll be different for me in that future. Challenging hunts like this will be tougher then. We'd stay here all day and soak this in, freezing time if we could. There won't be enough of them. Maybe it's an awareness of working an ambulance and sharing in people's worst moments. I've learned that we all don't have tomorrow, so appreciate today, bathe in those good moments. The weather is warm. The view irreplaceable. Camp Robbers watch over us as we work-sharing moments with a friend from long laid out plans. I let it burn into my head. We head back down around 3:30, glancing back at the meat hanging in the trees, knowing that we have a second-round yet to go. Flashes of Jim Carrey's movie line (I'm kicking my own ass, Do you mind ?!!) flashes through my brain, knowing what's to come.

Five hours down, the last of daylight passes in imminent obscurity. We trudge out uttering profanity, stumbling in pitch black, unable to retrace the chalky outline I was so fond of before. Tree branches in the face and deadfall that tears at my shins. I know the trail is right next to us, but I'll be damned if we can find it. We are earning it now, crawling back to the truck on the last of our legs. Once there, I slam an old bottle of water left in the back of the pickup. I ran out 5 hours ago as soon as we left the top of the mountain. I'm nauseous, my head hurts, feet are on fire, and my traps feel worn... everything hurts. We get back to camp and crawl into bedrolls, feeling the exhaustion of putting it all out there, readying for the final round two in the morning, and maybe plans of the next hunt.





Combo Cut Diaphragm

Triple reed call that produces very high pitch raspy calls of a mature hen on what has become a standard in the turkey call industry "combo cut style"/short frame diaphragm. Good from beginner to professional levels.



Triple Batwing

Designed to produce lots of rasp, high and low pitch calls easily. Reach long distances as well as close-in calling. Easy and raspy calls for the inexperienced caller and can run like a champ for the veteran.



RIPIT 250

This is an ENTIRELY NEW frame. The main reed is topped with half reed of .025 latex. This is going to run differently and feel lighter than your traditional turkey diaphragm. Long range, realistic with very organic sounds from raspy yelps clean high pitch Kee Kee's.



RIPIT 600

The half red on this call is a thick and heavy .006 latex on our NEW RIPIT frame. This is a more experienced platform for the advanced caller but produces a deeper sound of an old mature hen with very natural and organics sounds.



ZEBRA WOOD SLATE OSAGE ORANGE STRIKER

Slate housed in a dense ZEBRA wood bowl. The striker is a specially designed Osage orange wood with a wide foot on the base making it easy to use. Both are a very dense hardwood that transfers the sound out of the call efficiently. This call produces yelps, purrs, cutts, putts, fighting purrs. An extremely user-friendly slate that holds up under constant use of working a bird and feels comfortable in hand.



Crow

Produces loud crow calls for locating tight lipped gobblers. A must for every turkey hunters vest



Mini Cedar Box

The mini cedar box is 100% cedar wood. Easily one of our favorites in the hunting vest. High pitch with good note break over from that high to low yelps this will be hard to beat by boxes that cost even twice as much. One of the best boxes for the money. You won't be disappointed.



Owl

Produces loud owl hoots for locating roosted birds. A must for every turkey hunters vest



Chalk

Quickly tune your box calls for crisper yelps. A must for every turkey hunters vest



NATIVE
BY CARLTON

19



Open Reed

Open-reed calls with multiple reed kit included. Mini & large body coxer sizes.



1.5 Distress

Small Frame



1.5 Distress

Lightweight
Regular Frame



2.5 Distress Double

Heavy-weight
Regular Frame



NEW

Howler

Small-frame.
Extremely comfortable
and easy to use.

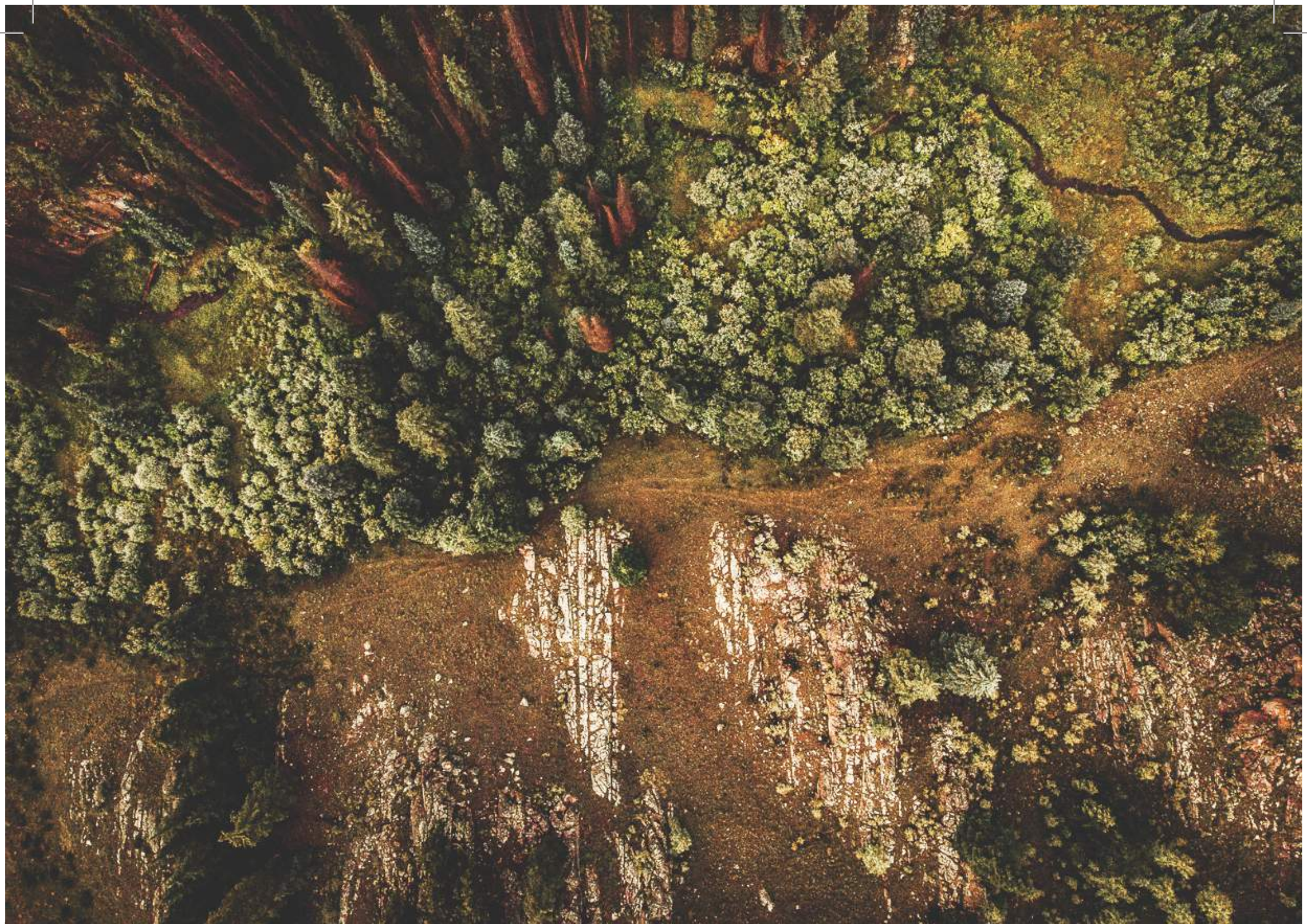


Howler

Regular Frame
Reverse stack of latex
made specific for mimicking
coyote howls .

PAT. RIPIT frame diaphragms: These are unique as predator reeds. Built as double-reeds with no cuts you can hit high pitch squeaks and screams, paired with the heavy bottom layer it allows you to shift gears with pressure that turns this thing into aggressive squalls.

Available in two options:
REGULAR FRAME (similar to turkey sized reeds)
SMALL FRAME (similar to elk small frames)
Wrapped in our bomb-proof call Armor tape.





Accessories

Please visit the website for additional options for accessories and apparel. You'll also find various calls for elk and turkey that you may not view in the catalog.



NATIVE
BY CARLTON



NATIVE

BY CARLTON

104 South 1st Street

Montrose, Colorado 81401

1-970-240-3075 office

info@nativebycarlton.com

Marc Carlton 970-209-2396