

FREE

FALL 2011- WINTER 2012

YOUR GUIDE TO
HUNTING
FISHING
HIKING
WINTER ACTIVITIES
EVENTS
MAP

eXtreme

Carbon County

What's in a bow?

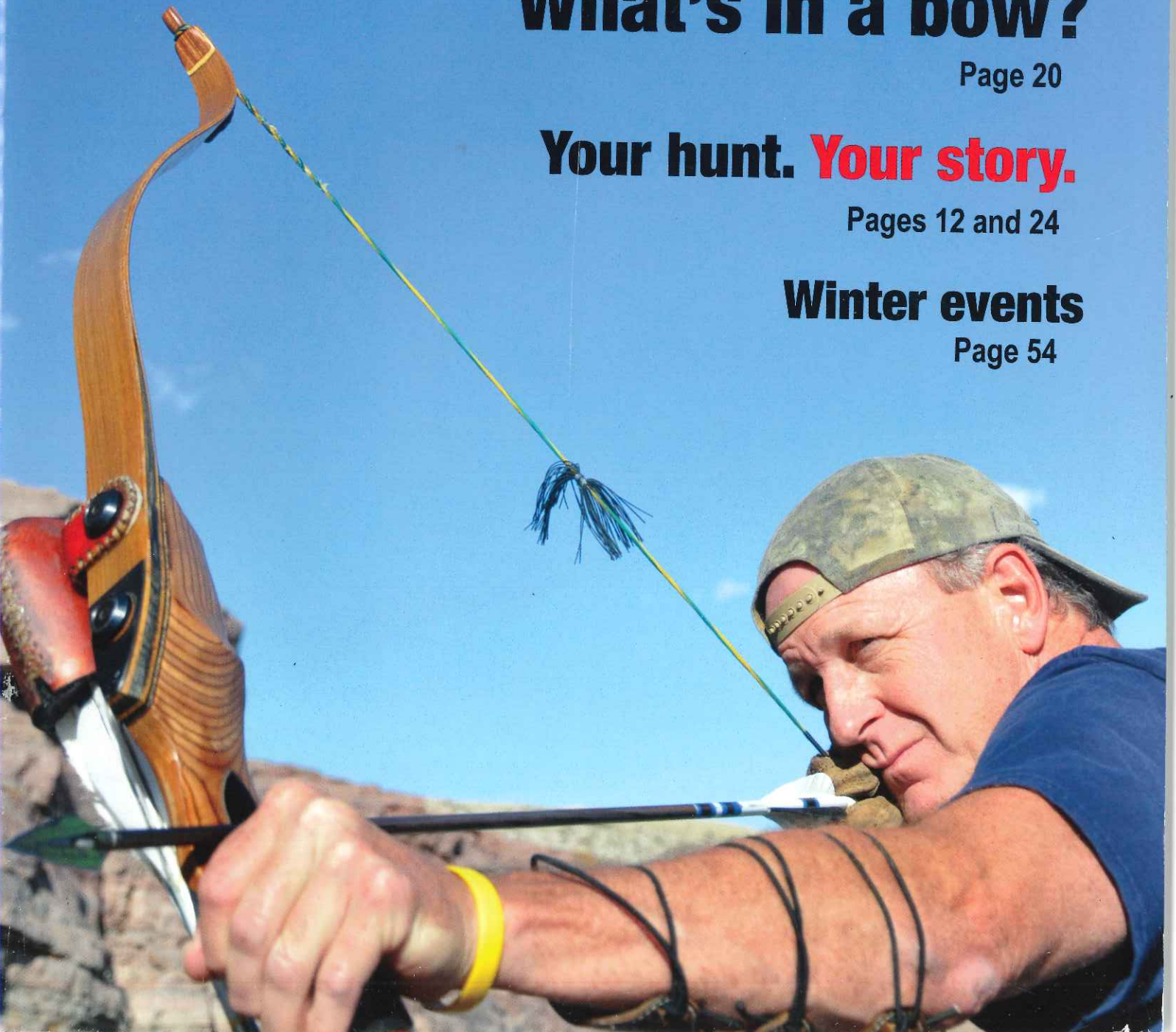
Page 20

Your hunt. **Your story.**

Pages 12 and 24

Winter events

Page 54



A ONE-DAY SEASON

My hunting story: **Jordan Seitz**

My first mule deer
with a bow

“I smiled as my
toasted nerves
caused me to drop
to my knees. I was
thrilled to have my
buck down ... but
felt some remorse
that my deer
season had only
lasted one day.”

Sept. 1, 2010 – Encampment Area

I'd spotted a bachelor group of bucks toward the back of my friend's property, so I dressed light, shouldered a small backpack and began a long stalk.

I crouched through several old hay meadows and closed the distance to 500 yards. Open ground or a water-filled ditch was my

only option to get any closer, so I dropped into the ditch, soon filling my knee boots with water as I sloshed through deeper holes.

I had to be careful not to alert an antelope herd to my south, or any wandering deer to my north. For 45 minutes I kept low and tried to keep an eye on the bucks' locations. A fork horn took me by surprise as I neared the group, and I nearly put an arrow into him as he fed within 10 yards while I knelt waist deep in the ditch water. I let him wander off to rejoin the bachelor group just out of bow range.

They were moving parallel to me and my ditch, so I carefully sloshed farther down. After an hour of additional sloshing and literally crawling waist deep in water, I again passed on the same fork horn from earlier when I ironically came on him feeding about 15 feet from me.

Once he disappeared, I closed the final distance to where I thought I'd intercept the bucks on their feeding route. Slowly rising up, I was confused that not a deer was in sight. I thought I'd lost them, until I spotted a small 4x4 bedded nearby in the tall grass. Staying below his line of sight, I inched my way forward until I was less than 15 feet from the buck. My plan was to rise up, and put an arrow behind his shoulder as he stood in reaction to my movement.

It would be my first mule deer with a bow, and my second mulie after moving here a year previous from Michigan where I'd spent a decade bow hunting whitetails. The buck



realized all was not right in his world of self preservation, and my movements were a second behind his as he leaped up and bolted away.

At full draw I followed his bounds and was stunned to watch the bachelor group of ten bucks all rise up out of the grass 25 to 30 yards from me. I nearly went into buck-overload, and frantically looked about for a shot. None presented a good angle, so I focused on the closest buck, hoping he would turn broadside.

When he didn't offer a shot after what felt like several minutes, I could no longer hold at full draw and slowly as I could, shakily let down my bow.

I tried to relax my arms as I refocused on the buck. I anticipated that he would turn and trot off to

my right. I saw his muscles tense and was at full draw and following his movements as he began trotting. I doe bleated twice and released my arrow as he completed his third step. At 25 yards the arrow connected tight behind his shoulder.

He bucked, and dashed ahead and to my right while the group spun and angled off to my left. He paused at 50 yards, while I was fitting another arrow to my string, and then bounded away. At 100 yards he hurtled a ditch and I saw legs flip up in the air on the other side.

I smiled as my toasted nerves caused me to drop to my knees. I was thrilled to have my buck down (unofficially Pope and Young), but felt some remorse that my deer season had only lasted one day.

Your story. Your words.

Do you have a hunting story? Email your story and photos to jerryraehal@rawlinstimes.com. Your story could appear in the Explore or eXtreme magazines or in the Daily Times.