

Hunting Whitetail Deer



Times Remembered
Betty A. Young
BYoung505@Outlook.Com

I can clearly recall my first white tail deer. I was working at Blue Grass Army Depot and I was a deer guide for the deer hunts that year in the early 70s.

It was an unseasonably hot October afternoon, the leaves on the oak trees were vibrant oranges, reds and yellows, and squirrels frantically gathered nuts for winter. Seems when you deer hunt you always see more squirrels than deer.

I left the club with the assigned hunters for my area and headed to the site for the hunt. Everyone was assigned to their places and I headed on down the road to my tree stand just below the railroad tracks near LP-10, just above the creek.

I climbed up into my stand 20 feet or so above the forest floor, anticipating the day. I mentally played out every situation. I felt prepared but this was my first deer hunt in my life. And with a 45 pound recurve bow that I'd never killed anything with. In fact, this was my first ever hunt with a bow. I had always hunted small game with my Dad growing up and used a .22 rifle or a 410 shotgun.

As the sun began to come up, I heard movement..... then a clippidy-clop, clippidy-clop kept coming down

the railroad tracks, and then I noticed movement a mere 20 yards or so away.....it was a buckI froze, and fearing that he had seen me, but he kept coming my way. I think he smelled the apple scent on my clothes and he loved it. My knees were shaking so bad I thought I was going to fall out of the tree stand. I gathered my thoughts, I knew it was now or never as he headed down the bank straight for my tree. He practically walked beneath the tree.

I slowly drew my bow, set my aim right behind his shoulder, and let my arrow fly. It hit the mark, my heart was racing, and I was so focused to where the buck ran that I dropped my bow to the ground below. I finally made it safely down the tree and hit the ground. I remembered you are supposed to wait for a bit to start looking for the deer. So I calmed myself down and sat down in the tall grass and waited for thirty minutes.

By that time the head guide came by and helped me start looking for the buck. I knew the direction he went in and there was a blood trail, which was a good sign. We followed it down the hill, nearly all the way to the creek and the blood mysteriously just disappeared.

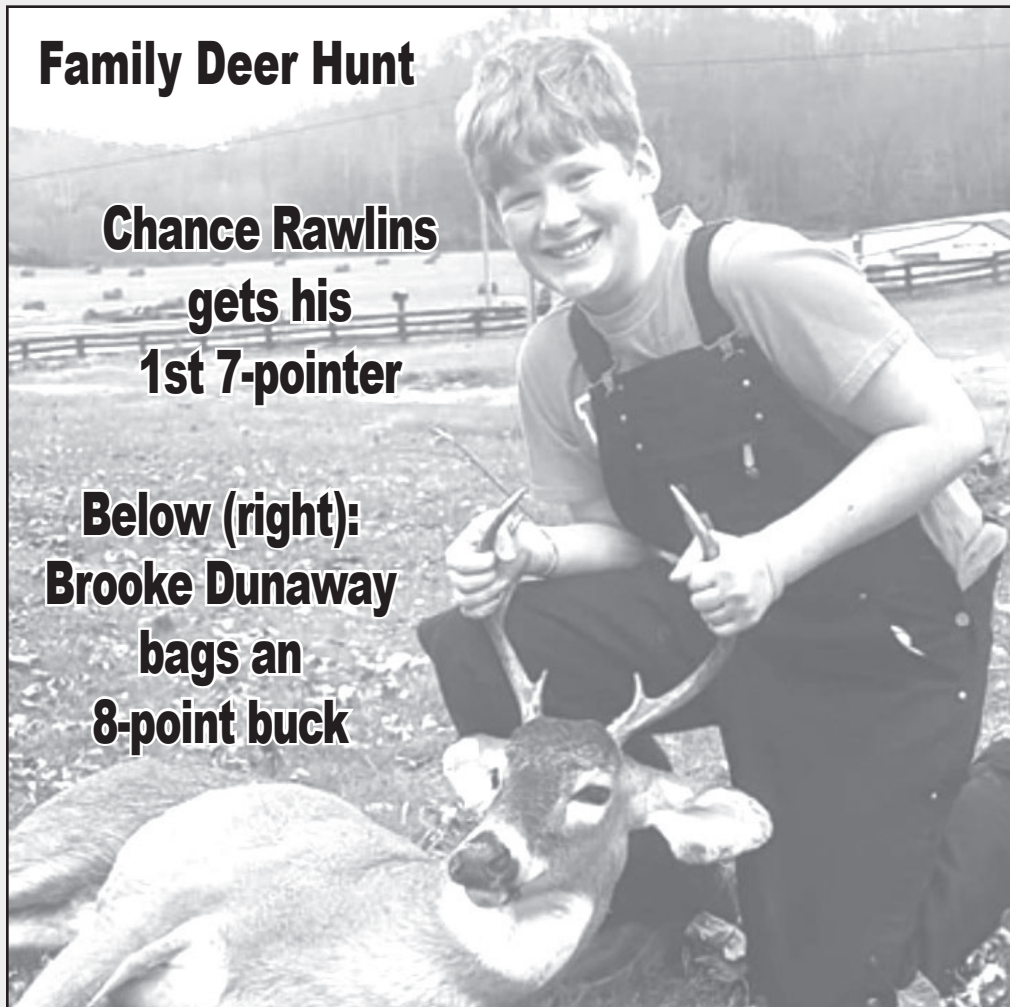
We searched every inch of the surrounding area and walked the creek, but no deer. It was getting late and almost time for everyone to leave the restricted area. I was devastated, I was sure it was an 8 point buck, I remembered he looked really good. Now he had disappeared into thin air. Where was he hiding?

We had to leave the area and head to the club to check out at the required time of 2:00 p.m. I had a difficult time accepting that I wasn't bringing a deer home with me. It looked like a good shot, but where was the deer? The guys I worked with said they would look for it again on Monday when we went back to work. That helped a little; perhaps

Family Deer Hunt

Chance Rawlins
gets his
1st 7-pointer

Below (right):
Brooke Dunaway
bags an
8-point buck



everyone wouldn't think I was crazy if they didn't find it.

Come Monday morning the head guide came into my office and said, "Guess what?" I said "Yes, I know, you found my deer!" It was just a little ways on up the creek. The meat was ruined but he did saw the antlers off and brought them to me. I still have them 48 years later above in the living room above the fireplace beside all of Bob's

trophy mounts, but I still hold the record of killing a buck with a Recurve Bow.

This past week-end the modern gun hunt for deer opened and these kids, my great, great niece, Brooke Dunaway, bagged an 8 point buck and my great, great nephew, Chance Rawlins, killed his first 7 point buck deer yesterday. Chance is 11 years old. I'm proud of both of them. See attached pics.

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