

A HUNT TO REMEMBER

By Eric Weichman

Sandhill is a wildlife area in central Wisconsin. Each year the Wisconsin Department of Natural Resources holds a deer hunt for beginning hunters. I applied and drew a tag for the October 30-31, 2004 rifle hunt! In order to hunt in Sandhill, applicants must attend a “learn to hunt workshop” with their chaperone. My chaperone was my dad. (I always tagged along with my dad when he was hunting, but this time I would actually be the one hunting.)

The workshop was in August. My friend Brittany also drew a tag and we were able to ride with each other to the workshop. The workshop was very fun. We spent time in the classroom learning about deer, and how to deer hunt. We even saw a video on how to field dress a deer. We then went outside and practiced shooting rifles. We also learned how to use a compass to find our way.

Sandhill is divided into four areas. I was assigned in the Southeast area. Over the next few months my dad and I made several trips to scout for deer. It was fun because my dad and I got to spend a lot of time together. He taught me about rubs and scrapes, and a lot about deer. We also used our compasses to help us find our way. One day after scouting, I saw a huge 10 point buck in the willows.

It was the biggest buck I had ever seen. During our scouting, we found an area we thought would be a good spot to hunt. The easiest way to get to that spot would be to paddle up a channel in our duck skiff. Dad thought the duck skiff would be a quiet way to get to our spot, and if we got one it would be easier to paddle than drag it out.



We were finally ready for the big day. We would camp out Friday night in Brittany’s dad’s camper at the nearby camp area. I was so excited that I did not get much sleep. After a quick breakfast we headed out. We checked in and were issued our hunting permits. We

unloaded the skiff and paddled off to our spot, it was still dark. We hunted in our portable ground blind, which was perfect because it was rainy and nasty out. At twenty after ten, my dad spotted a buck, he told me to get my gun ready. I saw the deer, but my dad said my gun was pointed the wrong way, but I could see it.....The buck my dad saw was a 10 pointer, he moved the shooting sticks and saw the 12 pointer. My dad was looking at a different deer. Both deer ran off before I could get a clear shot. The rest of the day we did not see anything. We headed back to our camp and found out Brittany had seen some deer but did not get any clear shots either.

Continued on pg.23

"GONE HOG WILD"

By: Jacob Satterfield

It was the last week of the summer and my dad and I went on a three day hunt at Black River Plantation in New Zion, South Carolina for hog and deer. I was bow hunting. I had never had a harvest with my Parker bow which was set at 45 lbs, shooting Easton 1816 Camo Hunter Ultralight arrows with 75 grain Muzzy broadheads. The first morning we woke up about 4 a.m. in the morning. My dad and I were in the blind by 5:30. It wasn't until about 9:30 a.m. that my first hog walked up. I was very nervous. It looked like a small farm pig. I shot my bow and my shot went over his back, but I thought that I had hit the hog. I got out of the blind and found my arrow. There was no blood on the ground or the arrow, so I started walking around and saw something about 30 yards from us. It was a huge boar. It probably had 5 inch tusks or better. I was a little scared to take a shot at it because I thought it might charge me. I took the shot and it went over his back. Well, I went back that evening. I didn't see anything. I thought I had blown my chance at a wild hog. The guide set us up on the second day in a little lock-on stand. I felt much safer there; however, we didn't see anything. We were sitting overlooking the Black River Swamp. It was just a wonderful place there in the quiet calm morning.



Mike and Neal, at Black River Plantation were so nice. They told me they were taking us to a great area tonight which was 600 acres, and if you don't get something, we are going to take you to our favorite spot on your last day. We went out and got in our blind, we were in 90 degree weather in a Double Bull Archery blind. Which meant it was probably 190 degrees in that thing. We were sweating like pigs. We heard something behind us snorting and fighting so I got ready. My dad fumbled to cut on the video camera and he looked and there were three

hogs. I tried to get ready. My dad was still fumbling with the camera because he was so excited. Now, I was just waiting to shoot because my

dad was videoing. I told him I was going to take the one on the left because it looked the smallest. I shot and hit it. It wasn't a good shot. I hit it in the mid-upper back area. She took a step right when I shot and then ran off, but the other two hogs just stood there and looked at each other. Hogs are so crazy!! They looked at her like what's your problem. After about twenty minutes we got out to stalk my hog. After getting out we realized that she had doubled back behind a small group of trees. We stalked her and got within 15 yards. I pulled back my Parker bow, locked my thumb behind my neck, aimed, and whap! I shot the pig right in the lungs. PERFECT SHOT!!! She ran about 35 yards. You could see the two arrows sticking out of her left side as she ran into the woods. Then I heard two snaps and I heard a tree snap and waited for the guides to get there. We followed the blood trail. The guides were

saying, man you stuck that pig. We looked and there she was!

Just to let you know, the one pig that I was going to shoot, I didn't because it was the largest of the three and I knew my arrow probably wouldn't penetrate deep enough for the harvest. That pig stayed and it walked within 15 feet from us. We were yelling, cheering, and shouting and the hog never ran off. The guide pulled out his gun, told that pig, don't you get near me boy. He was getting ready to shoot, but I told him not to. It's not going to hurt you. The pig that ran off was the hog filmed for the intro



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to their show, Southern Outdoor Experience on the Men's Channel. It comes on Saturday mornings at 7:30, Saturday nights at 9:30 and Sunday mornings at 9:30 EST.

It took all four of us to load the hog into the truck. When we got back to camp, we weighed the hog in at only 400 lbs. My first hog was a fat mamma. God Bless.

Jacob "BUG"
Satterfield

continued

On Sunday the weather was much better. Around 9:00 we saw a buck rubbing its horns on a willow, but it was too far. We tried to call it in, but the deer bedded down in some tall grass. At twenty till ten we heard a shot nearby and I figured it was Brittany. Twenty minutes later, I spotted another buck. I got my 7mm/08 rifle on the shooting sticks. My dad said, "whenever you have a good clear shot, shoot", BANG!!! I fired and the deer dropped in its tracks. We waited about 15 minutes and started toward the deer. We found the deer right where I shot it. It was a 9 point



buck. Dad taught me how to field dress the deer.

When we met up with Brittany and her dad, we found out she had gotten a nice 8 pointer. We loaded our deer into the skiffs and paddled them back to the truck. When we registered the deer, we found out that my buck was 3 1/2 years old and weighed 150 pounds. Brittany's deer was 4 1/2 years old and weighed 160 pounds. We were both very excited and could not wait to call home and tell our moms.

My first deer hunt was awesome not just because I got a big buck but also because I got to go with my dad and our friends. I will always remember that hunt.