

White Tail Hunting Mexico Style

I booked a hunt with Laredo Hunt Club's Dr. George Vogt at my deer expo in Birmingham to take a "Mue Grande Vendelro", or a "monster buck". George's hunts are guaranteed and now I know how he can do this. It's not in an enclosure, but the deer seem to be much gentler than those in the U.S. Anyway, George has thousands of acres with hundreds of deer that he has been managing optimum trophy genes for over 15 years. In Mexico, supplemental feeding is not only encouraging, but it is legal to hunt over, and George has feeding stations with stands established well in advance to opening season. Considering all the above combined with the only other feed source for the deer is cactus and other prickly plants, there's no wonder why George can sell 100% guarantee.

The first day of my hunt, I saw over 35 racked bucks, most within bow range, but none were what I was looking for. Mexico is notorious for their wide racked deer and that was what I was hoping for. On the second day, we had torrential rains that actually started the night before. If you've never been to a ranch in Mexico in the rain, you aren't really missing out! The roads are slick. No, slick isn't the word to describe it. In fact, there is no word to describe it, at least not in English. Anyway, the next morning, the roads were too slick to travel by vehicle. All who wanted to hunt in the rain had to walk to their stands. Almost all of the stands are 15, 20, and even 60 minute drive from the camp, so there are few within walking distance. Since I film my hunts for my television show, I hardly ever hunt in the rain to prevent my equipment from getting damaged. Plus, my theory on deer movement in the rain is: they don't move much. So I elected to

stay in camp the entire day. Sure enough, by the end of the day, there were three trophy deer taken in the rain just as there was the day before. So much for my rain theory!

On the third morning of my hunt, which was the second day that I hunted, we got into the stand right at daylight. Thirty minutes later than I prefer, but hey, this is a guarantee hunt! While the camera man was getting ready, I decided to rattle, hoping that by the time we were both ready, a deer might be ready to finish his final approach. I rattled hard and loud for about 60 seconds. I hung the horns and took off my back pack. I bent over to put my pack on the floor of the stand, and as I rose back up, I spotted him. He was one of the biggest bucks I have ever seen in the wild. I was busted. He caught my movement and was staring right at me, 50 yards away in a wide open green field. He must have come in as fast as lightening, because he left just as quickly as he came in. I waited 30 minutes and decided to rattle again, hoping that he would be fooled a second time. Well, he wasn't. But five minutes after I rattled, his grandson came in.

Now, to let you know how big grandpa is, his grandson had a 22 and ½ inch inside spread, and was a 10 pointer with 11 inch G2s. I decided to pass grandson up, hoping to get another opportunity on grandpa. NOT! Are you crazy? I'm not about to turn down a bird in the hand, or should I say a deer, for one in the bush! Grandson inched his way closer, and when he got about 50 yards away, he spotted the feed on the ground. He made a cautious bee line right to the feed 30 yards away. With my bow in hand and arrow knocked, I waited for the deer to put his head down to feed. It finally happened. After he had his head down feeding for about 60 seconds, I thought about drawing my bow. I don't know much about the sixth sense that deer have, but I do know

that they have at least six of them. I hadn't moved a muscle, I'd only thought about it. He some how sensed danger, peeled a 180, and trotted back the way he came.

About an hour later, a doe came in the green field behind us. She kept holding her tail straight out, parallel to the ground. Not straight up in the "alert, danger" posture, but straight out in the "I'm in heat" posture. After looking at her with the binoculars, the small traces of red blood on her buttocks confirmed my suspicions. I just knew things were about to heat up. Sure enough, they did. But not in the way I would have written the script. Right from the same trail she came was a small spike buck. His neck was straight, stiff, and parallel to the ground. His ears were slicked back, and his nose was stretched out as far forward as he could get it. Most avid hunters have seen and recognize this picture. Right to the statue doe he ran. She didn't even flinch. You know right where his nose went. Then two licks and the doe never moved. The spike stood up on his hind legs and mounted the doe. With one quick forward hip thrust, it was all over but the shaking. The spike pushed the doe right out from under him and through a barbed wire fence. On the other side of the fence, she began to quiver. All of her muscles were contracting to help draw the semen to the eggs. While the doe was quivering, the spike was prancing around with his chest poked out, as if to say, "Yep, I did that! Do you see that? I did it!"

As soon as she quit quivering, she came to the middle of the field to avoid the fence this time. She took the same posture and the spike obliged her again. The doe then came to the food and the spike collapsed in the middle of the field to smoke a cigarette and take a nap. After a 15 minute nap, the spike awoke and panicked. The doe had finished feeding and had wandered off and out of sight. The buck began to circle,

increasing the size of each loop until he finally crossed her scent. With nose to the ground, he wondered off in the same direction as the doe. Thirty minutes later, George picked us up for lunch.

That afternoon, we went back to the same stand. We hadn't been there 30 minutes when what looked like the same doe came to the feed to eat. She fed for 30 minutes while the entire time, I looked for her boyfriend, the spike. Two minutes after she left, I followed movements tracing her exact steps. Finally, I could see a patch of brown. Then suddenly, I spotted horns. This isn't a spike, I thought. This is grandson. Following a doe in heat, he wasn't quite as slow coming in as he had been this morning. When he got to where she had been feeding, he stopped and got himself a bite. I decided to let him eat and settle down for ten minutes so he would be as skittish when I drew my bow. After five minutes, I began to think he wasn't going to feed much longer with that doe on his mind. I lifted my bow at the speed of a minute hand on a conventional clock (everyone over 40 knows what I'm talking about). With my heart pounding in my throat, I finally got my bow drawn without his sixth and seventh senses detecting me. He was at 32 yards and quartering to me. I knew he was very skittish and was going to jump string. The problem was, how much? And how far would he lunge forward? I put my 30 yard pin just under his brisket, predicting him to drop six to eight inches down and six to eight inches forward. I touched off my release. Boy was the Lord with me on this afternoon! The deer did exactly what I predicted. My arrow hit the buck in the most perfect spot possible. The deer pulled a 180 just as he had that morning with one exception; he hadn't busted me, and now he had a fatal injury. I waited 30 minutes and got down to inspect my arrow. I could tell from the stand that it was a complete pass through. The sign on

my arrow confirmed what I already knew. After an easy, 100 yard tracking job, there was my magnificent trophy. A 150" class whitetail buck.

Thank you Dr. George and the Laredo Hunt Club.