



## FIRST DEER

■ **Bart Landsverk** ~ Whitetail News Senior Editor

— **MAX LANDSVERK**  
shot his first buck while hunting with  
the editor on an Imperial Clover field.



# PASS IT ALONG

## Helping Nephew Bag First Buck Quite a Thrill

**M**y youngest brother, Adam, had a conundrum — two young sons who love deer hunting and only one dad to take them. The solution was easy in our hunting camp’s eyes: One of us would take the older child, Max, who was 12 years old.

We had others who offered to take Max, but I insisted I be the one. At 53, I was the oldest option. That sort of saddens me! But, moreover, I have had the opportunity to take many good bucks and knew it was time to help keep a young hunter interested in our great sport.

Max is tall for his age, and has an easy going, pleasant personality. I don’t get to spend that much quality time with him, so I looked forward to that. I also realized that it would be fun to pass along some of the woodsmanship I’ve learned chasing whitetails these past 40 years.

“I woke up in the morning barely able to get up but in spite of that I got up and ate some cereal and got suited up for the hunt. I got in the car with my Uncle Bart and we chatted on the way to our hunting land,” Max explained. “Once we got to the hunting land, we got on our orange

hats and jackets and we walked up to the tree stand we would be hunting in and climbed up. Once we got up the tree and we were strapped up we pulled up the gun and the hunt began.”

It wasn’t my whitetail knowledge that came to the fore as dawn broke. There were a few turkey hens that started tree yelping less than 100 yards away from our red oak tree. Max gave me an inquisitive look, so I whispered that these were turkeys still on the roost. He said he hadn’t heard that sound so close to him before. We spent the next 30 minutes having the hens chime in with their raspy yelps. We even heard a few unenthusiastic gobbles from a Tom.

As the turkeys settled down and quietly walked away, a few shots rang in the distance. Thankfully, it wasn’t too cold or windy so we both were comfortable as we waited for an opportunity to bag Max’s first buck.

“The turkeys to our left were being very loud for our first half hour or so, and once they stopped, I began to fall asleep,” Max honestly quipped. “I woke up a few times and then my Uncle Bart woke me up and I watched as a nice buck walked into view.”

The buck had four points. It wasn’t in any hurry as it munched on the clover, so I coached Max to take his time and wait until the deer was broadside.

“I got my gun ready, aimed, turned off the safety, and squeezed the trigger. The buck dropped right where I shot it,” Max said. “I was very proud with myself because I made a good enough shot to drop the buck where it stood. I couldn’t stop smiling because of my accomplishment.”

We waited a few minutes, and it was obvious as I peered through my binoculars that this deer had expired. I also knew that Max wanted to get his hands on his first-ever buck. So, we carefully descended the ladder and walked towards his buck. We field dressed the deer, took a few photos and started walking back towards the stand. I asked him if he wanted to keep hunting or go back to the cabin and warm up.

“No, Uncle Bart, let’s go back to the cabin,” he said with a wide grin. “I’m satisfied.”

So was I.

