

TURKEY HUNT by Les Werner

Hi to all Adaptive Sportsman,

I thought I would tell you about a very exciting turkey hunt that I had this year. It all began when I drew a tag for the second period of the hunt. Adaptive Sportsman's loan program allowed me to borrow a Double Bull Blind. I set up the blind two weeks before the hunt. My brother Frank was hunting with me, and he set up his blind about 100 yards away on another field.

On opening day my brother Frank and I arrived before daybreak, wondering if there were going to be any birds. At first light we got our answer, as a gobble broke out about seventy yards from me. It was two toms with two hens. I tried a mouth call to get them to come close enough for a shot but they wandered away. During the rest of the day I saw four sets of turkeys, five toms total and fifteen hens but the closest any came to us was seventy yards. Frank's day was just as fruitless.

On the second day, the first turkey I saw was all by himself up on a ridge, approximately one hundred yards away. I did a mouth call. The turkey fanned out and did a gobble. Looking at my watch, it read 6 A.M. The turkey was on a plowed strip, with a strip of grass, another plowed strip and a field between us. My blind was about seventy yards from the lower plowed strip. The turkey continued walking back and forth on the upper plowed strip but wouldn't proceed over the strip of grass. After thirty or forty minutes of anxious waiting on my part, he finally walked through the grass on a deer trail down to the lower plowed strip. He got to the lower part of the strip and again wouldn't step on the grass. The entire time, this Tom is talking back and forth with me, fanned out and gobbling almost continuously. Finally, he decides he would not walk on the wet grass and struts out of sight behind some trees.

I could no longer see him but I kept producing a hen mating call ever three to four minutes. I look up and suddenly; there the tom was, standing about five yards from my decoys and ten yards from the blind. Slowly I eased the gun up and stuck the gun barrel out an open window, breathlessly hoping he wasn't able to see me in the blind. I must have been lucky, because he just stood there, tail feathers all fanned out. Taking careful aim at his head, I pulled the trigger. He jumped a few times and that was it. I looked at my watch and it was 7:20 A.M, an hour and twenty minutes talking back and forth with the Tom. It just doesn't get any better than that. The Tom weighed 24 pounds. His beard was eleven inches. The spurs were one inch long. Estimated age was three years old. I am now the proud owner of my second turkey tail to be mounted for the wall. Thanks to Adaptive Sportsman for the use of the blind. Hope the rest of you had as much fun as I did turkey hunting this year.

Enjoy The Outdoors

Les Werner