

"Family, Friends and Hunting"

By Wayne Schumacher



The things we do for our family. My son, Adam, asked me if I would help him move into his new house in Dubuque, Iowa on September 18, 2009. His goal was to be moved in before his deer hunting season opened October 1. Even though Wisconsin's season opened on September 12, and as many avid hunters know the first couple of weeks are sometimes the best, I reluctantly agreed.

The move went well on Friday and Saturday, so I mentioned to him that I would like to get back early on Sunday to allow for at least few hours of hunting that night. On the way back I called my brother, Pete, and asked where he was hunting that night. He informed me the wind was bad in St. Peter, where he hunts, and if we went to Princeton, where we lease land, it would be awfully late when we got home. In the end, we decided to go to an area west of Fond du Lac because it was closer and we had not yet hunted there this year.

I called him back a half hour later to see if we could leave earlier and pick grapes by a friend, he agreed. We make homemade wine to use for celebrating either during deer hunting or in the winter when on the lake sturgeon fishing. Arriving at our friend's house, we picked the grapes with them, talked for awhile, loaded up the truck, and headed out hunting about 4:30 p.m.

My brother Pete and nephew Jeremy, along with myself, had put in three food plots in July. The areas were grassy, so we had to cut the grass and spray it. We left it for two weeks, then took four-wheelers with a cultivator and disc to work it up good. We decided to put in brassicas around

the outside and white clover in the middle, although many hunters prefer to use turnips in food plots. I, personally, never had good luck with turnips as they always seemed to freeze in early and the deer would not dig them out.

We set stands by all three plots after that. Most stands we put about 12 feet off the ground. I have read that some hunters like stands up to 20 feet off the ground so there is less chance of being winded. Although that may be true, I don't like the angle of that shot if the deer was close to the stand. Once we got to the property and dressed, I asked Pete which stand he was going to sit in and then I told him which one I'd be in.

Once at my stand, I climbed in and put everything into place, hung my bow and waited. As a hunter sitting in a stand, you think about how a deer may come and how to shoot or what if a big one came by and what would happen. I had heard of a big one being seen two miles away the year before, but nothing of it being in the area we were now hunting. I had a camera out for three weeks and never saw anything with any substantial size.

While sitting in my stand, I could spot all three food plots and see my brother, who was about 175 yards away. An hour and a half had gone by and I hadn't seen anything in any of the food plots.

As I was day-dreaming at about 6:45 p.m., a branch cracked under my tree – I couldn't believe what I saw. Seeing only ten inches of the right side of the rack, there was at least eight points and a lot of mass to this deer.

I knew from that, it was probably the big one from last year. I slowly started to reach for my bow. He stopped about eight yards from my tree and looked toward the food plot in the open field.

At that time, I stopped moving and waited for him to continue. Because I knew the wind was coming from his direction, he should not have caught my scent. After about 5 seconds, he continued on. I pulled back on the bow and lined up the sights.

Earlier that afternoon, I had shot six arrows at a target. On the last arrow, I flinched and it was off by about ten inches. I told myself before releasing the trigger, "You don't want to flinch on this one." At that point the arrow left my bow and hit right where I was aiming. While he was quartering away, the arrow entered behind the right rib cage and came out by the left front leg. He bolted away, which is when I first saw the entire rack. I couldn't believe how big it was!

As his head rocked with the massive antlers, he reminded me of an elk. I never took a good look at it before I shot, thinking that I would freeze or start shaking if I did. He ran about 70 yards, stopped, his head went down, front knees buckled and he tipped over. I could not believe it!

At that point I got light-headed, held onto some branches, and started to take some slow deep breaths. After a minute, I regained my composure and started to gather my equipment.

I didn't know what to do; should I wait until dark and let my brother finish hunting or go and get him while it was light out yet?

I decided to go get him. As I started walking toward him, I thought about it again, and walked back a ways. My brother could see me and knew something was wrong, because normally I never get out of my tree early. I knelt down, took a few more deep breaths, and decided to go tell him.

Since we have hunted and fished together for many years, I wanted to go look at it with him. Once I got to him, I apologized for ruining his hunting for that evening, but "I just got a dandy."

We decided to go get the truck and then get the deer. Once we parked the truck near my tree, I told him I had left something under my tree and needed to get that first. When I returned to the truck, I realized he had gone to look for the deer without me. When I caught up with him, he was already walking back. "You ass, I counted 28 points!" were the first words out of his mouth. I told him, "We were supposed to find it together." He commented that he couldn't wait. I ran to find it but couldn't, he then told me where it was. When I looked at it, I couldn't believe what I saw. It was awesome!

He recounted the points again and came up with 31. Then

counted again and came up with 30. It was hard to know which points you had and hadn't counted. We decided to tag it and dress it out before it got too dark on us. I was shaking so bad at this point, Pete cut the tag information for me. Together, we dragged it back to the truck and attempted to lift it onto the tailgate.

It would have been a comedy show for anyone watching us try to get that massive buck on the truck. We could not get him more than six inches off the ground, so there seemed no way we would be able to hoist him onto the tailgate.

Finally we put the head on the tailgate; I climbed in the back of the truck and pulled while Pete lifted. It took some work to organize the truck to fit him in with the grapes and equipment, and then to get the tailgate closed. On the way back, we called home to start the cooler at Pete's house and told them I had gotten a 30-pointer.

I don't think many of them really believed us, considering I've been known to joke around at times. I called my son to tell him about my staggering night of hunting. He was ecstatic for me.

We stopped at my house, so my wife Nancy could take some pictures and e-mailed them to him. After getting them he called to congratulate me and tell me that he would celebrate for me in Dubuque with his friends.

We made a few more stops before we headed up at my brother's house. While on the way, his son, Mark, called to find out where we were, because there were a lot of people already waiting for us.

Once we arrived, no one could believe what they saw. People started calling others, until about 50 people came through that night to see the deer and celebrate with me, while enjoying beer and homemade wine.

We decided to weigh him. Our scale went to 200 pounds. He maxed it out at over 225. Now it was getting late, fortunately my daughter Kelly offered to be my designated driver that night. I called her at 11:45 p.m. for her to come and pick me up.

The next day, I went into work and asked for half the day off. I called my brother to let him know and to see if he could get off as well to join me in registering it.

He was glad, because it seems he celebrated with more homemade wine and beer than I did. Once we got to Dutch's Sport Shop in Fond du Lac, it was crazy. They knew we were coming and a big crowd had gathered already. Others going by would see the big crowd and then they would stop, look, and call others. There had to be hundreds of people who stopped to look.

We were there about two and a half hours until we had to leave to get the deer back in the cooler. Once we got to my brother's house again, it started all over. People

Records of
North American
Big Game



Bow

250 Station Drive
Missoula, MT 59801
(406) 542-1888

OFFICIAL SCORE SHEET FOR NORTH AMERICAN BIG GAME TROPHIES

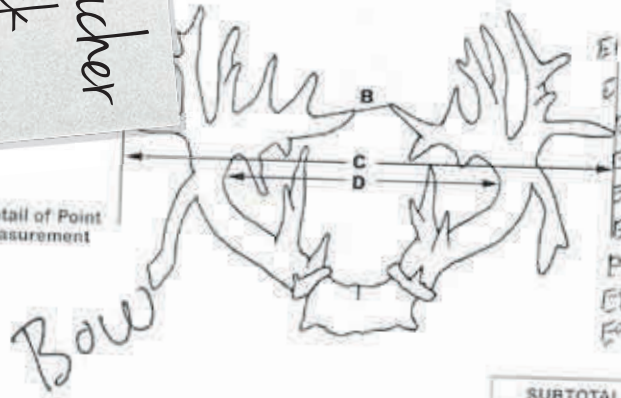
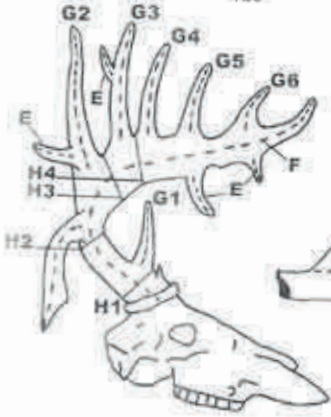
MINIMUM SCORES
AWARDS ALL-TIME

Whitetail 185 195
Covets 105 120

**NON-TYPICAL
DETAIL AND COVES' DEER**

KIND OF DEER (check one)

Whitetail
 Covets'



Abnormal Points	
Right Antler	Left Antler
E1	1 7/8
E2	1 3/8
E3	2 3/8
E4	7 1/8
E5	4 3/8
E6	5 1/8
E7	6 1/8
E8	2 1/8
E9	2 1/8

SUBTOTALS	24 3/8	35 1/8
E TOTAL	58 1/8	

SEE OTHER SIDE FOR INSTRUCTIONS

COLUMN 1		COLUMN 2		COLUMN 3		COLUMN 4	
1. No. Points on Right Antler	14	No. Points on Left Antler	15	Spread Credit	Right Antler	Left Antler	Difference
2. Tip to Tip Spread	11 5/8	C. Greatest Spread	25 1/8				
D. Inside Spread of Main Beams	20 5/8	SPREAD CREDIT MAY EQUAL BUT NOT EXCEED LONGER ANTLER		20 5/8			
F. Length of Main Beam					26 5/8	27 1/8	1/8
G-1. Length of First Point					7 1/8	5 3/8	1 5/8
G-2. Length of Second Point					10 7/8	11 1/8	1/8
G-3. Length of Third Point					11 1/8	9 1/8	1 3/8
G-4. Length of Fourth Point, if Present					6 3/8	9 1/8	3 1/8
G-5. Length of Fifth Point, if Present					4 1/8	8 1/8	3 3/8
G-6. Length of Sixth Point, if Present							
G-7. Length of Seventh Point, if Present							
H-1. Circumference at Smallest Place Between Burr and First Point							1/8
H-2. Circumference at Smallest Place Between First and Second Points							1/8
H-3. Circumference at Smallest Place Between Second and Third Points							1/8
H-4. Circumference at Smallest Place Between Third and Fourth Points							1 1/8

Bow Kill



ADD	Column 1	20 5/8	Exact Locality Where Killed:	5 mi
	Column 2	85 3/8	Date Killed:	9-20-2009
	Column 3	91 1/8	Owner:	Same
	Subtotal	197 1/8	Owner's Address:	N 7007
SUBTRACT	Column 4	12 1/8	Guide's Name and Address:	
	Subtotal	185 5/8	Remarks: (Mention Any Abnormalities)	
ADD	Line E Total	58 1/8		
FINAL SCORE		24 3/8		

Messed by Brian Dwyer
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would stop and look, call someone, who would come and look and call others. The driveway was always full of cars, along with people parking on the road. There had to be over 250 people who stopped to look at it and congratulate me. It was awesome for everyone. A number of people said that due to the publicity during the first two days, it should be caped out as soon as possible and put in a safe place.

I was not able to find anyone to cape it right away so a friend of mine, Tom Burton, offered to stay with me overnight in the building to be sure it wasn't stolen. I called my wife to give her the news, "Honey, I'm sleeping with the deer!" She said, "What!?" But she knew I was serious.

It was 12:30 a.m. before the last person left, and we needed to get up at 5:30. We weren't going to get much sleep, but we got even less because we talked for about an hour after everyone left. Five-thirty came too quickly. I went home, changed, called work, and was able to take the day off. Needing to get it caped out, I called Bruce Zuehlke, a taxidermist in St. Peter, to find out if he could help me. He called his friend, Ray Groff, who helps him when he needs help capping deer. It took about three hours of careful cutting and they were finished.

I couldn't believe all the calls I got during the week, from people all over the United States. A radio station from Fargo, North Dakota, wanted a live interview, as well as one from Minnesota and many others. It is amazing how news travels. My niece, Chrissy Mand, from Madison left a message saying she saw Uncle Wayne on CNN. Next, my brother-in-law, Randall Mand, who is in the Navy and stationed in Norfolk, Virginia, called because of a recent appointment with his chiropractor. The doctor asked what he did and where he was from. When Randy mentioned Wisconsin, the doctor asked if he had heard about the guy who got the 30-point buck. My brother-in-law said, to the doctor's amazement, "Yeah, that's my brother-in-law."

After 60 days had passed, which is the amount of time needed for antlers to dry before they can be measured for scoring, I found out through a friend that there was a certified scorer in Fond du Lac, Mark Miller. After contacting him, we met to talk about what needed to be done in order to have it scored. If he would have scored it, and it was a record or in the top five, it would need to be panel measured by four certified measurers.

We decided to have it panel scored right away.

He took over from there and contacted the right people, which was a relief for me because of all the other things

I now had to deal with. December 5 turned out to be the day that worked for everyone.

At 11:45 a.m. I arrived at Mark's house with my wife and son. There we met the panel that consisted of 4

certified measurers from one or more of the following: Wisconsin Buck and Bear Club (WBBC), Pope and Young (P & Y), and Boone and Crockett (B & C). They were Steve Ashley (WBBC, P&Y, B&C, Records Director for WBBC), Brian Nietzel (WBBC, B&C), Brian Tessman (WBBC, P&Y, B&C) and Mark Miller (WBBC, P&Y). Joining them was a retired WBBC, P&Y, B&C measurer, Bob Hults. WBBC is the official scorekeeper for the Wisconsin State Record Book.

After some small talk, we were told we needed to leave, and they would call us after the measuring was complete. Two people would score it first, and then the other two would take a turn. Then, they would all compare notes and come up with a score everyone agreed with.

At 2:45 p.m. my phone rang. I was told they were done, so I could come back. When I walked into the basement, I met Steve first. With a disappointed look, he said it scored 216. Part of me was disappointed, yet part of me didn't know if I should believe him.

After looking at everyone and seeing their faces, Steve congratulated me and said I broke the record. The record for non-typical buck was set in 1979 with a score of 231-5/8. In November, 2008, Bob Decker of Eau Claire, killed a buck which scored 233-2/8 in Buffalo County.

Now, 11 months later, I was fortunate enough to get a buck which scored 243-6/8, with 29 points and a spread of 20-5/8 inches. While shaking hands and congratulations, they were excited to be a part of this memorable event. Several pictures were taken; even a little celebrating was done. Unfortunately, we forgot to bring the homemade wine.

In February, I decided to have Buckmasters score the deer as well. Their official score was 231-2/8, with 30 points and a spread of 20-3/8. This is a new state record for Buckmasters under their irregular category.

Currently I have plans to make replicas for myself and others that would like to own one. The original will be kept in a safe place unless someone would show interest in the purchase of it.

There have been many people throughout this ordeal who offered help, and given advice and suggestions on what to do.

I want to thank my son Adam, brother Pete, nephew Jeremy for everything falling in place that day (FAMILY); all the FRIENDS who celebrated with me after I got him, this made for a once in a life time HUNTING season. That's why this story is dedicated to FAMILY, FRIENDS and HUNTING.

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