

Bull Stories: Number 34 at Age 76 in 2003

By Don Webb

I had not got a bull in several years, so it felt good to get one, although it seems a lot harder to dress one out by yourself than it use to be. Must be that, well, I'm getting old.

I was out scouting in the Clear Creek area and was driving the roads looking for tracks when I came around a corner and there was a very large bull standing in the middle of the road. He was looking at me at about 75 feet. He swung his head and hit the brush in two jumps.

Now I have seen a few bulls and I believe this one would score in the Boon and Crocket easy. I was planning to hunt with my son Dale Webb and Ken Enneberg the next day in another area but decided I would try for this big one. He was in an area that was thick with reprod fir, lots of black berries and brush. I decided I would hunt around the area because if I went in after him, all I would do would push him out to some one else. I hunted all the way around this area and saw no tracks going out but saw tracks of two more going in, these tracks were a little smaller but could be younger bulls. The weather was good this day but tomorrow was going to be a very wet one, and the next dry with sun breaks. I thought I wouldn't get near this bull in this thick cover even in a wet windy day, and so decided to wait till we got a dry day. There wasn't much feed in this thick area so I figured they would be out in an adjacent area that was more open but still had some cover and had good feed.

So the next day I hunted the Mist area with Dale and Ken. Ken had gotten a bull the day before and he and his dad Lee were packing it out while Dale and I were hunting. It rained hard all day and I didn't see anything. The next day found me back where I saw the big one. I scouted around the area on foot. Most of this area was closed to motor travel. I found where two more elk had moved into this area and the tracks looked a month old, but those tracks weren't there two days before, the rain had washed them out.

I eased toward that feeding area and soon picked up a fresh track going that way, then another joined. I could see where one had broken off a couple small fir limbs with his horns, so I knew I had at least one bull going. I went another hundred yards and another track came from below and was heading back towards that thick area. This track was larger and I bet this was that big bull. I didn't think I had much of a chance in that thick area so decided to follow the two who were headed towards that feeding area.

My guess was right-- I hadn't gone a quarter of a mile when I came up on two bulls feeding in a small clearing. They were about seventy-five feet from me, one was quartered to me and the other was facing directly away from me. I had a good view of the one facing me, but he was only a small legal raghorn, maybe a three or four point. All I could see of the other one was his butt and the tip of his horns as he was feeding. I was hoping this was that big one, but when he raised his head I see he was also a

small raghorn but still bigger than the one he was with. I thought, I would like to get that big one but this one would be a lot better eating.

I didn't have a good shot at the one I wanted, so I waited till he quartered a little and slipped one in behind his shoulder--he ran about twenty feet and stopped behind a fir limb that covered his rib area, so I shot through the limb hoping I would hit the lungs. He was still standing and knowing from past experience when a bull is still standing you keep shooting, so I put one more shot in the same place, he was still standing and I was about shoot one more, but a little more forward when his feet went out from under him. I thought, good he's down and started to walk up to him when that other bull decided to come back and ran between me and the bull that was down. He stopped about fifty feet away and stood there and looked at me. I hollered at him to get out of here and he took off.

Now the fun starts! I dressed

the bull out and skinned him back as far as I could so he would cool out good, because I wouldn't pack him out till the next day. I made a landmark on my GPS and when I got back to my pickup, checked it and I was just a mile from the bull. I went home and hooked up the trailer and got the pack rigging all ready.

The next morning Ken was with me. We hauled the horse and mule as far as we could drive. I rode my saddle horse and we led the mule into the bull. We loaded both animals and were back to the pickup in a couple hours. Dale came in early, a couple hours ahead of us, so he could hunt the area before we got there. He didn't see the raghorn or the big bull that day but he got a nice five point the next day not very far from where I got mine. He also saw another nice bull with the one he shot, so we guessed there were five bulls holding in that brush patch.

I was hoping that big bull would be around the next year.



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