



One afternoon I parked my Toyota Tacoma, then grabbed my camera and rattling antlers. With any luck at all, I was hoping to photograph a decent whitetail. While closing in on my chosen area, I decided to walk through a small bluff and set up on the edge of it. Suddenly I heard a crash and a mule deer doe bounced out in front of me, followed by a huge buck. At about 60 yards, he pulled up and looked back towards me. I knew I had only seconds, so I took two photos before he fled the scene. Bill Longman and I managed to see him once again while snowmobiling in the winter. We figured he should net 195 inches. One amazing Wednesday morning, I couldn't believe it when I spotted his right side shed on the crest of a hill where he had been feeding the night before. Exactly one week later, I picked up the mate half a mile away. He had held onto that antler for some time.

Garry Donald photos.