

Kayla Dieno of Young, Saskatchewan, anchored this great mule deer on November 3, 2010, in that province. Greatest spread is 25 7/8 and the inside spread goes 22 1/8 inches. Main beams are excellent at 25 6/8 and 25 4/8. Longest G-2 is 17 6/8, G-3 runs 10 1/8, G-4s are 7 1/8 and 7 5/8, and the largest circumferences are the H-1s at 5 2/8 inches each. Kayla's big brute of a buck grosses 184 3/8 and nets 175 1/8 typical points.



It was November 2010 and the first time I was drawn for mule deer bucks. My dad and I had spent a lot of time in the fields looking for a monster since the beginning of archery season. We would go out right after I was done school and on the weekends when Dad didn't have to work.

Since we live in a small town and everyone knows everybody, people around Young, Saskatchewan, were talking about the big bucks they had seen, and the older people who knew my family would ask if we had shot any deer yet. My dad had talked to his friend Stuart Elderkin, who reported that he knew where a nice mule deer buck was hanging out.

We started hunting in early September because Dad and I each have a compound bow, and he was lucky enough to get a buck, but so far I hadn't connected on anything. That was OK because I still had a lot of time to hunt with muzzleloader and rifle, my favourite season.

During the last week of muzzleloader season, we decided to check out the area where Stuart had seen the buck. We spotted a mule deer doe and I decided to take a shot at her since I was also drawn for them. However, when I was about to shoot, I heard some cracking in the willows off to the side of me. It was

a very high-tined mule deer buck with more does. Before I could take a crack at him, he had run into some trees. My dad knew right away by the description that it was the same buck his friend Stuart had told him about.

I turned back to look at the doe to make sure she was still standing there, and she was, so I opted to fill that tag. We field dressed the deer and got it loaded onto the truck as quickly as we could. By the time we were done, we weren't sure if the buck had gone into the next field or stayed in the same one we were in. All we knew was that he was hiding. Since it was almost time to stop hunting for the day, we didn't want to spook him, so we left him for another day when we could come back.

On November 3, I woke up at 5:45, not knowing that I was going to shoot a deer that day. The only thing on my mind that early was to get ready for "Take Your Kid to Work Day."

At around 4:00 p.m. when we got out of the Colonsay Potash Mine where my dad works, we were on our way to find that big buck. As I put on all my hunting clothes and hopped in the truck, I had a good feeling that we were going to find the big guy.

A Year To REMEMBER

BY KAYLA DIENO

We hunted on the way to the area where we had seen him before. While driving, we checked out some spots that looked promising. After only seeing a cow moose and two calves, we continued on. When we were about a mile from where we had seen the buck the first time, we decided to check out some bushes on the way. In the third bush we circled, Dad spotted a big guy lying under a willow bush. Dad kept driving until we were about 100 yards away from the bush, all the while saying, "It's a really nice buck, and I think it's the same one we saw

before!" I could tell he was excited because he was shaking like crazy, but I still couldn't see the buck. When Dad passed me the binoculars, I found it right away and became pretty excited, too, because it really was big! I got out and grabbed my .30-06.

By this time the brute had stood up and was looking directly at me. At the shot, I heard my dad say, "You hit it!" That was the best feeling! Then Dad said, "Shoot again!" I did as I was told, and as the buck took off running out of the bush,

Seventeen days later, Kayla harvested a great whitetail to make the 2010 hunting season a year to remember. This 5x5 has main beams that go 24 4/8 and 24 3/8 inches. Brow-tines are above normal at 7 1/8 each, G-2s and G-3s all go over nine inches, and G-4s are 5 7/8 and 5 3/8. This Saskatchewan whitetail grosses 160 4/8, and after deductions it nets 158 4/8 typical points. Dion Dieno photos.



I fired two more shots to make sure he wouldn't get away.

We jumped in the Chev and drove over there. I got out, shaking uncontrollably with excitement! We walked into the bush, hoping to find him quickly. I spotted him lying in the trees, and as we approached him, sure enough, it was the same one we had seen before. Closer inspection revealed that the first shot had been fatal and the third or fourth shot had gone through his jaw. I will never forget how I felt at that moment. He was a pretty nice buck, especially for my first mule deer!

Now it was on to whitetail season and we were optimistic having seen a few big ones around. The season started out extremely well; on our very first morning out, my dad shot a Booner that he had first seen three years ago.

While hunting two days after Dad anchored his buck, we were seeing lots of small bucks with quite a few does. I had volleyball practice that day, so we were heading back into town. While driving, Dad kept telling my mom and me to look really carefully in the small sloughs and bushes in the field. We were approaching a hill when off to the north in a little slough Dad spotted a buck and doe lying in the willows. He hit the brakes and yelled, "Get out, there's a good one!"

By the time Mom and I got out to shoot, the buck was on his way out of there. Dad figured he knew where it was going, so we went half a mile down the road, then turned north for

three-quarters of a mile. As we went over the second hill in the field, there he was, stretched out as fast as he could go. Dad slammed on the brakes again, and as Mom and I quickly jumped out, he told us to hurry because the buck was just about behind the hill.

I fired and the deer went down at the shot. I hollered, "Yes, I got him!"

At the same time, Mom said, "Yes, I got him!"

As he skidded behind the hill, all we could see as he came to a stop was one antler sticking out. We looked over at Dad, and with a puzzled look, he asked who had taken the shot. It turns out, since Mom and I had both fired at the exact same time, Dad couldn't tell that we had both pulled the trigger. We couldn't believe our luck as we drove up to the deer and there was a hole right through the heart and one through the neck; Mom and I had both made fatal shots.

Later on that afternoon when we got home from volleyball practice, Mom shot a heavy old warrior with five-inch brow-tines and some broken off tines. All in all, it was definitely a year to remember!

I would like to thank my mom for graciously letting me tag our buck, and my dad for always taking me out whenever he has the chance. You're the best! :)