

Just me and the boys

Early goose season found me and two of my boys in an alfalfa field. We were up visiting Grandma and Grandpa Jenne – my wife’s parents and took the opportunity to do a little goose hunting. The boys were excited about going out. This was going to be their first adventure this fall, so it was easy to get them up and out of bed. It took a couple of whispers and they were up dressed and ready to set up decoys. The excitement of youth is contagious. I was excited to be out with my boys and hopeful that we would do well. There had been 75 -100 birds working the field that we were heading too. It didn’t take long after daylight and we started to hear geese flying in the distance. The boys each had a flag and were doing a great job in turning the distant geese toward our spread. As the geese got closer the morning was looking promising, yet I started to notice the morning wind had shifted. It was now blowing in my face. Being a veteran goose hunter, I knew this was a problem but it was too late to shift on this first flock. I called with my Zink Money Maker and the geese locked up and landed behind us. My boys couldn’t understand why I was not shooting them, but I explained I like to shoot them in the air. As I turned around to look at the geese they nervously flew off without injury.

Quickly, I adjusted the spread, turned my blind and prepared myself for the next flock. A minute later we heard birds coming over the hill. As they broke the tree line, we could see it was a pair. The boys flagged and I called sparingly. Like a pair of B52s, these giant residents set down their landing gear. As they closed to about 25 yards, I sat up and gave the farm a couple of good morning blasts that ended with two dead geese lying in the grass. The boys were excited. They jumped up and ran out to investigate the scene. Hearing geese, I told the boys to grab the geese and run back to their flags. They each grabbed a goose and headed back quickly. They laid down just in time as the next honkers cleared the trees. Committed, they came in and I shot another couple now giving us four geese. The boys seemed to get more excited with every flock and more intense about seeing them come in.

The next flock landed away from us about 100 yards. The boys went on a mission. Their mission was to circle them and kick them up back toward the decoy spread. Like experts, they did their job perfectly. The flock flew right over me. Poor shooting made it so I only dropped one, but that one was because of my hunting partners’ perfect push to me. We picked up the birds and the decoys and headed to breakfast. They had lots of stories to tell mom, grandpa, and grandma; especially how daddy only shot one out of the flock that they put right over his head. Thanks boys, I’ll try to do better next time. I love hunting with my boys.