

Trapping Buddies

By: Dave Muir

This article is about two fine young men and their fathers. Both boys just both happen to have the same name, Grant. The first Grant I came to meet through his father, Rob. He is our jet mechanic at work. He found out I trapped and wanted to learn more with his son, as they had seen the presentation Mike Bruns did at the Darke County Pheasants Forever hunt. We made arrangements to have them help run my lines. The big day arrived and they showed up shortly after 8:00. They just happened to be able to wear the spare waders that belonged to my sons so they could get up close and personal during the days checks.



Grant and I before we got started

We headed to a farm a few minutes north of the house, giving Grant and his dad a rundown of the sets that were there. I knew it was going to be a good day when the first trap we checked, a DP with marshmallows and syrup, had a 15 pound nearly all black coon. I showed them how to dispatch and remake the set. We went around the corner of the old abandoned house and there was another real nicely colored coon. Not bad, 5 traps checked and 2

coon. We moved over to a small ditch on the farm and had another coon in the first trap. After dispatching it I showed them how to use the catch pole to give the coon a good washing to get rid of the mud.



Grant giving the coon a bath

We continued up the ditch pointing out possible set locations and just generally enjoying each other's company. We finally made the second catch in the ditch, a nice large rat in a 1 ½ coil. I really expected more rats from that ditch but no such luck. It was a chilly day but Grant insisted on carrying the catch pole and the rat back to the truck. I had his dad take this picture as I thought it was a great picture.



Grant was all smiles when we got back home. I loaded all the gear on the 4-wheeler and prepared to run the rest of my line close to home. Grant and Rob were real troopers climbing in and out of the river and up and down the banks. Grant even tried to take an ice cold river bath but I grabbed him in time to keep him dry except for his arm. We checked a bunch of traps with no catches until we hit the fresh sets my sons and I put in two days prior. All the DP's on trails leading to the corn were empty so the ones leading into the beans I wasn't very confident in. I learned a valuable lesson that day—that is to set the trails leading into bean fields also. We wound up with 3 more coon out of 8 traps set leading to the beans.



We wound up with 6 coon and a rat, a day that is nothing to some guys but will leave a lasting impression on me.

The second young man I want to introduce to you has the fever BAD! He and his father Roger attended our Advanced Trappers Workshop at the Mercer Wildlife area. I work with Grant's mom, Brenda and made sure that she signed them up for the class. They had the pleasure of being taught how to trap rats by Harry Kinnison. Grant wound up

catching a rat at the workshop and really enjoyed putting it up. He went home from there full of smiles and some new traps and other goodies. About 3 weeks into the season, Grant wanted to get rolling setting traps. I made the 30 minute drive north after loading the truck with dog proofs and snares. I started out showing him what to look for in a coon trail. We wound up setting close to a dozen DP's and 6 snares on trails and locations that he selected.

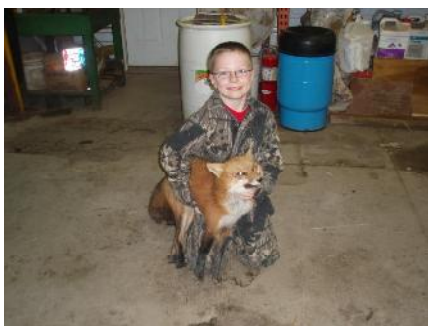


The very first night his dad called and asked if I could help them put up his first coon.



Grant with his first coon

They made the trip and spent the evening learning how to skin, flesh and board a raccoon. This went on 2 or 3 more times until the day I got a text asking how to dispatch a fox. Grant had taken his very first red in one of the trails we set for coon. The snare caused no damage to an absolutely beautiful red fox.



Once again Roger and Grant made the trip down so I could help him put up his fox. I knew from the start that this fox was going to Moyle's Tannery as there was no way Grant was going to sell it. The last coon he brought down to skin I let his dad skin so they didn't have to drive down each time Grant made a catch. I sent them home with a gambrel and tail splitter so they could have the tools to do the job right. This young man checks his own traps on their farm, walking over a 1/3 of a mile each way to do so. For a nine year old he is doing fantastic and is really looking forward to the NTA in Lima this summer.



Washington Courthouse Fur Sale

