



CHRIS DAUBIN
Retired Riverton Game Warden

WHAT SOME PEOPLE EXPECT YOU TO BELIEVE

During the fall of 1986, I was driving along the Grand Canyon Road in the Black Hills National Forest checking hunters. I spotted a pickup stopped about 50 yards in front of me. There was a man standing alongside it aiming a rifle at something on the hillside next to the road. He didn't have any hunter orange on. As I watched him for a couple minutes the woman passenger looked up, pointed towards me and said something to the man. With great haste, he took the rifle down and got back into the truck. As they started off, I stopped them. After the usual "Hi, how are you's", I asked what they were hunting. The man replied, "I have a deer license and my wife has a turkey license." I noticed she was dressed for church with high heels and nice slacks and was thumbing through a Good Housekeeping magazine. I asked what he was aiming at on the hillside. "I was just looking at some turkeys," he said. "Good thing you didn't shoot one from a public road without a license." I told him. "Oh, I wouldn't do anything like that," he promised. "Well, since you are only deer hunting, you are supposed to be wearing some fluorescent orange clothing," I said. He made a great show of looking around the truck cab for something and finally fished a Corral West orange shopping sack from behind the seat. Holding it up to me, he said, "I will wear this as a hat when I'm hunting." I asked him to put it on and as he did, I tried to keep a straight face. As I went back to my truck, "Good luck and be careful," was all I could manage.