

The "River" Buck



This 8 pt. was taken Nov 1997 in the AM by the River Woods (final shot across Green River) approx 110 yds with 30.06 rifle.

My most memorable pulpy wine deer hunt, was this infamous river buck. I shot him as he phantomlike and briefly appeared on the edge of the river woods from my oil tank woods stand. Then later, spooked him when tracking. To my astonishment, with his fatal wound, he jumped in the river and swam the over 100 yd wide river to the other side. I only had a couple of rounds left so I waited 'til he started to climb the bank on the other side, and then took aim again. To my horror he rolled back down the bank into the water. This "river" buck became invisible floating there and really could have easily washed away downstream given the Green's strong current. As I told my story to some other hunters, who walked with me to the sight, they couldn't see him and really didn't seem to believe my tall tale anyway, and at the very least thought there could be no recovery of him. Well, at that moment, a barge rolled by going downstream on the Green river, and created a wake. As the waves made the other bank they uncovered the floating buck's white belly. Seeing that through binoculars, I started jumping up and down with my youthful exuberance saying, "see, he is right there," with no one else seeing what I saw nor believing me.

Undeterred, it was now time to plot the recovery. Hmmmm, Charlie doesn't have a boat and it wasn't possible to easily borrow one on this side. The ferry, 1/2 mile down the river, is no longer operating. Uuggghhhh, oh brother, we going to have to drive around the river and see if we can make something happen. So before we left, I marked in my mind the approximate spot on the river with some milk jugs used for a catfish trot line. Then 40 miles or so later, we got to the river's closed ferry landing, on the other side. The gracious ole landowner lent us a john boat and Gary and I put in and began to paddle. Boy, the distance from where we put in was probably 300 yards and the river looked sooooo different I was constantly questioning myself about location. Gary, without having seen the deer and just hearing my far out story, probably thought I was loco but like a good sport he kept paddling. We finally saw some trot line jugs that looked familiar and I started to look around. On the side of the john boat was something that seemed funny and when I grabbed it the buck's tail filled my hand. That was the only thing of that buck now on the water's surface, as he was starting to sink with his head down and antlers stuck in the mud. Gary and I pulled and we finally recovered the river buck into the john boat. And so ended one of my most memorable *hunts anywhere*, but surely one of the tops for me at the pulpy wine.

Hunting creates memories!!!! Go out and make some!!!!