

A November to Remember

— LARRY'S SHORT STORIES #88 —

We named it 'Grand Central Station' back in 1985 -- 'Grand Central' for short -- when we first hunted there. In the fall the deer often move through this area all day long, as there are large tracts of woods on the east, the west and the north -- with the necks of the crop fields all coming together in an old fencerow. Through the years we've added a food plot and a heated blind, allowing us to comfortably hunt in the rain or the cold.

This story actually begins back in 1987; Russell, Sara and I were sitting on a makeshift platform in the old fencerow. Russell had shot a doe earlier and it was now Sara's turn to shoot. A nice 8-pointer came out from the right, crossing about 50 yards in front of us.

I whistled the buck to a stop and Sara plugged him -- she was eleven years old.

Fast forward twenty-seven years; Sara is the guide and her daughter Eliza and son Jay are the hunters. Last year the kids had shot their first does, and this year they were allowed to hunt bucks. Jay's opportunity

came the second morning of the early youth season; the buck came out of the woods at the end of the food plot and walked across the field to a salt lick -- on the west side. 125 yards is quite a distance for a seven year old to shoot. Sara grunted him to a stop seven times as he crossed the field, but Jay could never quite get comfortable and didn't shoot. The deer went into the woods and Jay cried, because he really wanted that buck. Twelve minutes later, out came the same deer, but this time at only 40 yards -- and Jay's aim was true.



Mom (Sara) with nine year old daughter Eliza and her first buck.

Two weeks later, it was opening day of the rifle season and mother and daughter were back in the blind at 'Grand Central'. Now it was

Eliza's turn. Her buck came into the food plot from the

"...might just start a tradition..."

right, about 60 yards out. She quickly put on her glasses and earmuffs, then took careful aim and made the shot.

Two nice bucks, taken in the same area that mom took her first one twenty-seven years earlier, might just start a tradition and certainly made it a November to Remember.



First buck for seven year old Jay.

USA
Midway

Larry Potterfield

Grand Central Station
Midway Farms
Fayette, Missouri

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First buck for mom -- twenty-seven years ago.