

Steve's Hunting Adventures.....

THE STORY OF THE ROGUE BUFFALO

While hunting massive whitetail in Kansas, I had an encounter with a rogue Buffalo, this is what happened.

I was on a self guided bow hunt in Spivey Rego, Kansas which is known for its large antlered whitetail deer and as usual my mission was to find that elusive 170" buck of a lifetime. This was my first trip to Kansas, and I had a 900 acre farm to hunt that was leased from a local rancher. He allowed 2 trophy bucks per year to be taken off this farm. The Rancher had a 200 plus inch monster on the farm and a number of 170" or better also. The 900 acre farm was bordered by a river for approximately 1 mile; there were 100 acres of woods on the river and 800 acres of pasture and CRP. The deer tended to stay around the river in the woods, so setting up 4 tree stands would be pretty easy. I took 1 day of setting up the stands and scouting the area and I was ready to hunt (by the way, there is not a straight tree in Kansas, which makes a conventional stand useless so I had to get a little creative with the set ups). The rancher had some homemade stands in the area that I could use as well.



The next morning I climbed into one of my stands, I saw deer but they were all on the other side of a field with impossible trees for a stand. So, after a little scouting I found one of the rancher's homemade jobs, let's just say it was an adventure getting into it and there was no way to tie off while sitting in it. Against my better judgment I sat in it anyway. Lesson #1, don't ever sit in a stand you are not familiar with. Lesson #2, don't ever sit in a tree stand and not be tied off, period. So, you guessed it, the tree stand broke and I fell about 16 ft. Luckily there was a bunch of brush at the base and it broke my fall. This tree had bark like iron and it was sharp. I was scun up from my right ankle all the way to the bridge of my nose. I was hurting but I stayed at the base of the tree and finished the hunt until dark.

So here I am limping out of this place (1 mile walk) in the dark and I see a large black object in the middle of the field road, as I got closer it moved to the side and was huffing and puffing at me, at first I thought it was one of the ranchers cows but as I got closer I could see it was a buffalo! I backed out of there and went around a large watering hole and got the heck out of there. It's funny, I seemed to forget about the limp and pain from the fall earlier. I called the rancher later that night and told him about the buffalo, he said "you damn Yankee, there haven't been buffalo around here in 100 years, that was a cow", I told him I knew the difference between a cow and a buffalo and what I saw was a very large angry buffalo. The next morning, I went to a different stand I had set up, tied off securely and saw a few deer but no shooters. I decided to take a break and headed for the truck. I figured I would take a short cut across a large field which had waist high grass, I was about ½ ways across and that darned buffalo stood up about 50 feet in front of me. Now remember, I'm bow hunting, no firearms. I froze, he stared at me then he started waving his head from side to side and huffing at me again, (I found out later this means they are about to charge) I softly spoke to him as I was backing up, "easy big boy, you don't want any part of this, easy big boy" he let me back out and then I took the long way around him to the truck. I called the rancher again, he said "yep that is a buffalo, I called the State today and they said it's a rogue buffalo from a herd on the western side of the state. They don't have the people to come get him so if he threatens you again; you have permission to shoot him". I hunted that afternoon until dark, the buffalo didn't show. I was just as happy that he didn't. The next morning I got in yet another stand early, tied off and settled in. I was right over the fence line which intersected with the river, you guessed it, Mr. buffalo comes across the river and right under my stand. It didn't hurt my feelings one bit watching the arrow go right between his 5th and 6th rib(Charlie), it was over quick. The rancher came and picked him up, I even took a picture of him with the buffalo because he didn't think anybody would believe him.

Wait until you hear The Story of the Wolf.