

The Radel Buck

By Eli Randall

The day started out on the stormy side with a lot of cloud cover and on and off rain throughout the day. As late afternoon rolled around, a cold front started to move through and that is when I decided I would head out for an evening hunt with hopes of shooting a doe. I was hunting close to home on some private ground just east of the Wisconsin River. My plan was to sit in a chair close to a tree that was approximately 15 yards from a trail. Once reaching my spot I put a little doe urine on a wick close to the trail and settled in for the evening hunt.

I started to wonder if I would get an opportunity at a deer before it got too dark as light was fading a little earlier than normal because of the overcast conditions. Just then, I saw a deer coming from the opposite direction I had anticipated a deer coming from. Immediately I saw antlers and prepared for a shot. The deer came up the trail and stopped to smell the urine soaked wick I had put out earlier. At that moment, I released my arrow at the buck. My shot appeared to be good and he swung around and ran off to my right. After waiting a little while, I went down to look for blood but couldn't find any. I looked until it was too dark to see any longer and decided I had to back out for the night.

I didn't sleep well that night because of the sickening feeling of not being able to recover my deer after the shot. The next morning I took off of work and with the help of my brother went back out looking for my deer. After two hours of looking we decided to head back to where I had shot originally and try to start over again with looking for blood. On the way there, we were coming down near a logging road where we saw my deer lying dead. He had not gone more than 50 yards from where I shot him but because of the earlier rain, thick brush, and the fact my arrow did not pass thru him, had made the tracking job a difficult one. We were both pleasantly surprised by the size of his antlers as I did not realize he was that big when I had shot him.



My deer was shot with a crossbow due to a work injury that happened back in 1981. The work related injury lacerated my neck and nerves that control all the muscles in my left arm and shoulder. This injury left me unable to shoot a legal compound, with bowhunting whitetails being one of my main passions it left me devastated. A Class B Disability Permit was my only option to continue to bowhunt. Although I would much rather be using a compound, the crossbow allows me to continue to enjoy bowhunting.

In April of 2002 I took my deer to the Wisconsin Deer & Turkey Expo in Madison where I had it measured by a Wisconsin Buck & Bear Club Measurer. The final tally on my deer was a gross score of 203-4/8 with a final net score of 199-0/8. I was notified that my deer had won an award which I received at the Award Ceremony, as well as being informed my deer was a New State Record in the Special Permit Category.

