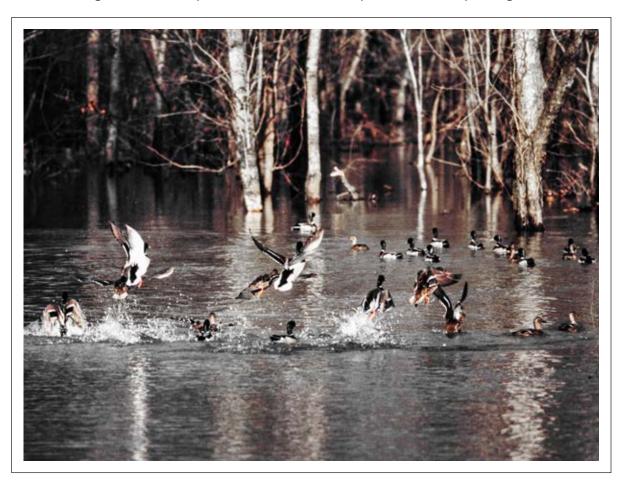
Vernon Hartsfield's Big Creek Duck Hunting Club

743.75 +/- Acres • Monroe County, AR

AVAILABLE FOR ACQUISITION: Owned by the same family for over a century, Vernon Hartsfield's Big Creek Duck Club is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to acquire one of Arkansas' most storied and historic hunting properties. The land is surrounded by the White River National Wildlife Refuge, offers a proven and consistent track record of hunting success, and is just 35 miles (as the crow flies) southeast of Stuttgart, Arkansas.



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Vernon Hartsfield's Big Creek Duck Hunting Club

PROPERTY SUMMARY

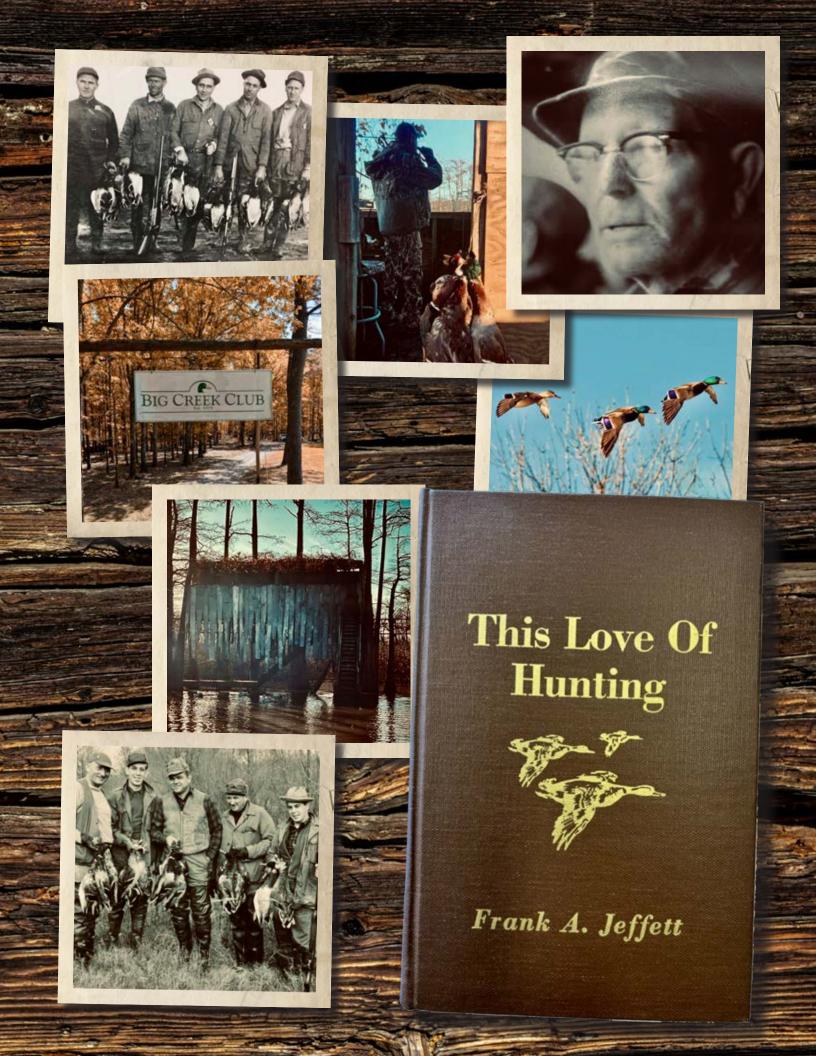
ernon Hartsfield's Big Creek Duck Hunting Club is a place steeped in Arkansas's duck hunting history. The club was founded in the 1920s by R. L. "Cobb" Hartsfield, and it has over a century of family ownership, functioning as a duck hunting property. The land offers 743.75 acres and a sprawling 4,620-square-foot lodge, making it the perfect retreat for entertaining family, friends, and business associates.

Located in southern Monroe County just south of Indian Bay, the property is bound by the White River National Wildlife Refuge on the east and west, and Sandy Bayou Duck Club on the south. The land has excellent access via Arkansas Highway 1, Bay Town Road, and Hartsfield Lane, which end at the Lodge. Stuttgart, Arkansas, is only a 45-minute drive, and Little Rock and Memphis are within 100 miles.

This legendary property is one of Arkansas's most storied duck hunting clubs and was written about in the book, "This Love of Hunting" by Frank A. Jeffett. It has been a haven for thousands of ducks for decades, delivering consistent hunting success season after season. The proximity to the White River National Wildlife Refuge and agricultural land provides an unparalleled habitat for thousands of wintering ducks around the property. The land's diverse bottomland topography blends oxbow lakes and sloughs, cypress and oak timber, and scrub-shrub wetlands comprised of smartweed, button-willow, and willow. A large open area lends itself to cultivating duck food crops for sanctuary. The various hunting locations are accessed by boat from established blinds. In addition to great duck hunting, the property has excellent hunting for trophy whitetail deer and fishing opportunities.

This property's direct link to the White River Refuge is especially unique. Sportsmen can enjoy hunting on private land or boating down Big Creek to reach over 100,000 acres of untouched bottomland timber. This rare and convenient access to one of the area's most significant protected waterfowl and wildlife habitats enhances the property's value as a distinct investment for outdoor recreation.

This outstanding recreational property is offered for sale for \$7,900,000.00. Qualified and interested parties should contact Chuck Myers of Myers Cobb Realtors at 901-830-5836 to learn more or schedule a property tour.



PROPERTY SUMMARY

Acerage - 743.75 +/- total contiguous acres

- 728.75 +/- acres in bottomland associated with the White River and Big Creek (98%)
 - 3 natural lakes (Mud Lake, Little Lake, and Lost Lake) all lakes connected by bar ditches
 - Cypress and hardwood timber, and scrub-shrub wetland (smartweed, willows, and button-willows)
 - 382.8 +/- acres are enrolled in the Conservation Reserve Program (CRP), expires 9-30-2029
- 10.0 +/- acres planted in hardwoods (south of lodge grounds)
- 5.0 +/- acres consisting of the lodge, shop, dog kennel, boat launch, parking, and area

Location - Monroe County (Southeast Arkansas)

- Address: Hartsfield Lane, Indian Bay, AR 72069 | Coordinates: 34.372134, -91.050337
- Distance to Regional Towns/Cities:

St. Charles, AR: 8.5 +/- miles

DeWitt, AR: 24 +/- miles

Little Rock, AR: 94 +/- miles

Stuttgart, AR: 40 +/- miles

Marvell, AR: 18 +/- miles

Memphis, TN: 98 +/- miles

Legal Descriptions

- Parcel 0001-06149-000, 79.99 acres 06-4S-1E, FRL SW
- Parcel 0001-06145-000, 315.87 acres 06-4S-1E, N 1/2 NE & SW NE & W2 SE & SE NE & E1/2 SE
- Parcel 0001-06144-00, 347.89 acres 06-4S-1E, FRL W 1/2

Access

The property offers excellent access via Arkansas Highway 1, Bay Town Road, and Hartsfield Lane, which ends at the property's private gate to the lodge. All hunting locations are accessed via several various boat ditches and trails. Travel around the perimeter is via ATV or vehicle on levees and property roads, depending on conditions.

Improvements

- 4,620 +/- square food lodge built in 1975
 - Single-level, masonry construction, concrete foundation, gable metal roof
 - 8 bedrooms (currently sleeps 15, but can sleep more) and 3 full bathrooms (one is a double bathroom)
 - Great room with a large open layout and brick wood-buring fireplace
 - Commercial kitchen with all major appliances
 - Dining area (table with seating for 14 people and bar provididng additional seating
 - Den and entertainment area with brick wood-burning fireplace
 - Wet bar with built-in cabinets, sink, and icemaker
 - Large laundry room and utility gear and mud room and
 - Abundant cabnets and closets for storage throughout
 - Custom concrete flooring throughout
 - Large foyer to main entrance
 - Satellite TV and internet service
 - Electricity, butane, central heat and air, water (well with filtration system), septic system
 - Additional details, features, and conveyances shall be supplied to qualified and serious prospects
- 800 +/- square foot shop building
 - Wood construction with metal roof
 - Provides storage for boats, ATVs, decoys, tools, and maintenance
 - Fuel tank on concrete pad outside
- 1,642 +/- square foot floating, covered boat house
 - 4 stalls allow parking for 6 boats
 - Large storage room for boots, supplies, tools, and equipment
 - Metal walk-way ramp with rails for access to boat house
- Dog kennel
 - Covered chain-link fencing on concrete pad
 - 4 individual dog pens each with houses



Landscape

The land is positioned between Indian Bay on the west and Big Creek on the east. 98% of the property is wetland associated with the White River bottoms. The landscape is comprised of three natural lakes, cypress and oak timber, smartweed, willows, and button-willows. The area surrounding the lodge is a slight hill with the lodge resting on the north center.

Water Resources

- 3 wells (2 electric and 1 diesel)
- Underground piping to risers
- Levee system with water release pipes
- Natural water sources such as Big Creek, sloughs, and drainage

Recreational Opportunities

- Duck Hunting The property offers a long history of producing outstanding duck hunting with annual harvests exceeding 1,250 birds annually. Since 1979 (46 years), the property has been leased to the same Tennessee hunting group, a testament to the quality of the hunting. The South Unit of the White River National Wildlife Refuge adjoins the land on the west and east, providing thousands of acres of high-quality waterfowl habitat. Sandy Bayou Duck Club has a solid reputation for duck hunting and borders the land on the south. Hunters leave the boat house to motor down ditches and trails, passing big cypress, oak, and willow trees and large areas of button-willow and smartweed to their shooting locations. Mud Lake (three blinds) and Little Lake (one blind) have large structural blinds for safe and comfortable shooting. Turks Hole and Honey Hole offer two excellent hunting locations on Big Creek. Lost Lake and other areas on the north portion of the property are exceptional locations for new blind development, and there are specific sites throughout the landscape for planting duck food crops.
- Trophy Deer Hunting The South Unit of the White River National Wildlife Refuge is a sanctuary for massive trophy deer. Bucks often move from the refuge onto the property, especially during the rut. Six established box stands and four ladder stands are positioned throughout the land.
- Fishing When the conditions are right, the lakes and Big Creek offer crappie and bass fishing during the spring spawn.

Annual Income

- Conservation Easement 382.8 +/- acres are enrolled in the Conservation Reserve Program at \$76.00 per acre, providing an annual payment of \$29,093.00 (expires 9-30-2029).
- Hunting Lease The property is leased for \$150,000.00 annually, which can be renewed or terminated at the owner's discretion.

Real Estate Taxes

- \$4,329.14 (source: Monroe County Assessor data, 2024)
 - Parcel 0001-06149-000, 79.99 acres: \$1,366.59
 - Parcel 0001-06145-000, 315.87 acres: \$1,821.29
 - Parcel 0001-06144-00, 347.89 acres: \$1,141.26

Offering Price

\$7,900,000.00

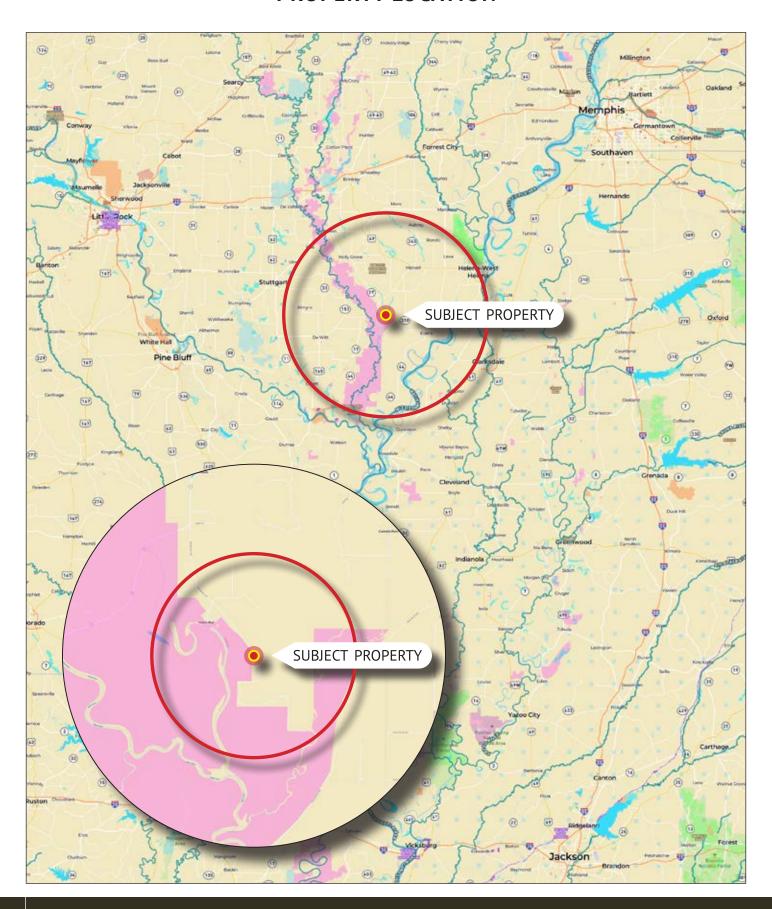
Contact

Qualified and interested parties should contact Chuck Myers at 901-830-5836 regarding questions or schedule a property tour.

ATTENTION: Myers Cobb Realtors is the Exclusive Agent for the property described herein. This property brochure and all information contained herein are believed to be correct; however, no guarantee is made as to its certainty. Prospective buyers are urged to inspect the property and perform independent due diligence. Myers Cobb Realtors and its agents assume no liability as to errors, omissions, or investment results. All information is approximate. Some images shown within this property offering brochure are used for representative purposes and may not have been taken on location at the subject property. A Land Agent of Myers Cobb Realtors must be present to conduct a tour of the property. We respectfully request that interested parties contact us in advance to schedule a proper showing and do not attempt to tour or trespass on the property. Thank you for your interest and cooperation.



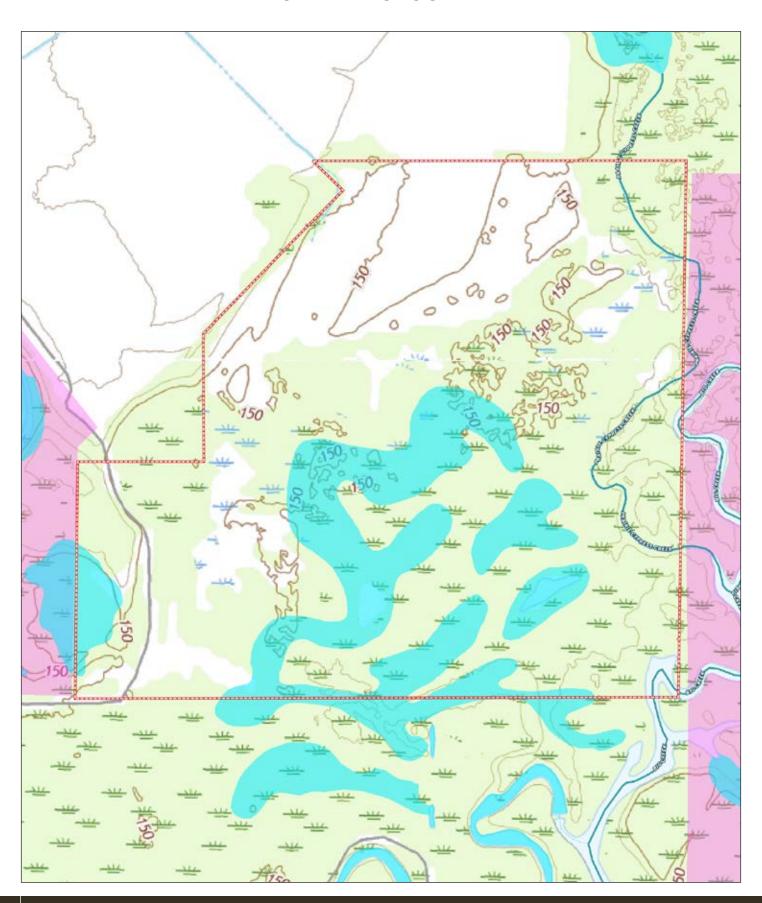
PROPERTY LOCATION



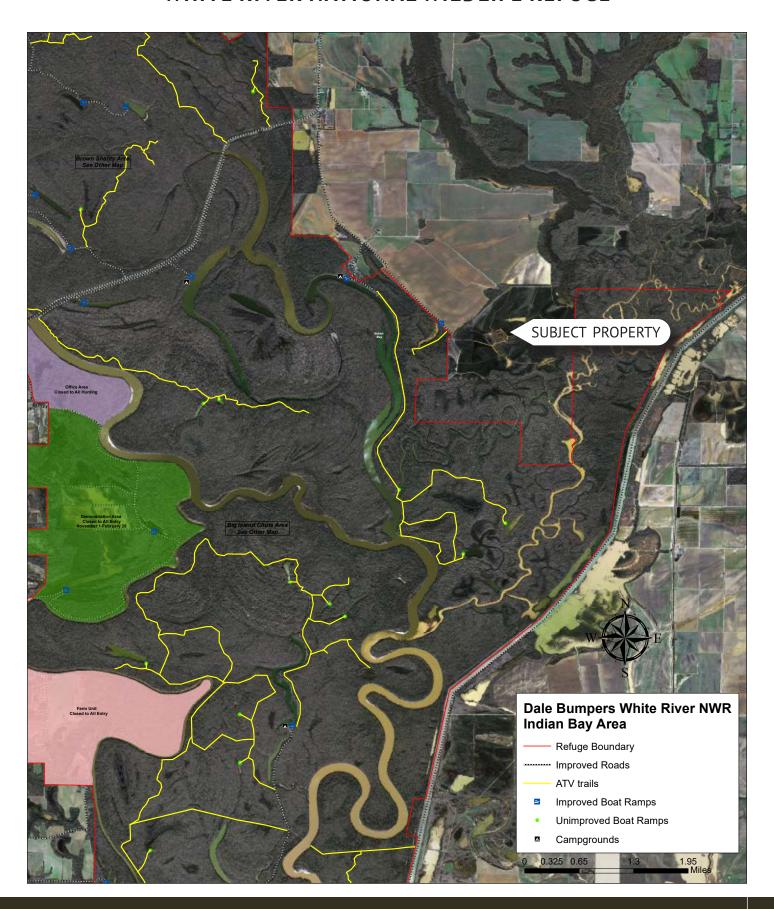
PROPERTY AERIAL MAP



PROPERTY TOPOGRAPHY



WHITE RIVER NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE



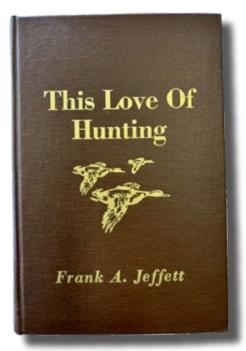
BIG CREEK DUCK HUNTING CLUB IN SPORTING LITERATURE

THIS LOVE OF HUNTING

by Frank A. Jeffett

THE DOCTOR

WHEN WE LOST BELLE, one of the great bird dogs the Doctor had trained, it seemed to set the Doctor back more than any of us expected. We still had Blaze and Doc, one of the finest pair of hunting dogs to be found anywhere in the Mid-South, and several other younger, less experienced dogs, in our kennel. Nevertheless, when we returned home for Christmas in 1949, the Doctor seemed to have lost a little of his usual zip. He complained that his walking long distances seemed to be nearing a thing of the past since he had a good deal of trouble, that fall when goose hunting and having to pack all of the equipment across the sand bars to the goose pits. We had noticed that for the past couple of seasons he seemed to be slowing down, if only slightly.



Bogan, Walter, and I talked it over with Rufus and we agreed that we needed to get him out for a good duck shoot to pep him up since he had lost a little of his enthusiasm for the quail season which was no doubt due to the loss of Belle. We decided we would frame up on him and get him down for some hunts at Maddox Bay and to Big Creek. That Christmas we had some fine mornings together. After the first big duck shoot that we had way down Maddox Bay in a little lake over in the woods west of the main channel, the Doctor was just as enthusiastic as always for the great sport of duck shooting.

One morning we picked up at 3:15 so we would be having breakfast at Nick's Cafe from about 3:30 to 4:00. We then took the drive to Marvell where we turned south and headed toward Indian Bay. When we came to the turn off the Indian Bay road to the south, we headed down where Big Cypress Slough joins Big Creek, the headquarters for two of the greatest duck hunters in that part of the country. Cobb Hartsfield had hunted ducks for a lifetime with hundreds of friends and another great duck hunter who lived nearby was Dallas Grider.

We made a date to hunt with Cobb that morning and even though he was a famous guide for people from all over the Mid-South, he knew we liked to do our own calling and he always extended this courtesy to the Doctor and his boys when we were there.

We went down to the boat landing on Big Cypress and all piled in Cobb's big inboard gas boat. For years duck hunters have been telling hair-raising tales about the close calls they have had on that fast run down Big Cypress into Big Creek and on down the creek to where you cut out through the overflow into Cobb's little lake which for so many years has furnished famous duck shooting to all the sports who have hunted there. We loaded our guns and other equipment in the big boat and headed south for that cold, half hour boat ride, going at full speed so that we would make it into the blind before daylight at Mud Lake.

When Cobb was at the wheel of his boat, it was either going full speed or was at a dead stop, and he didn't believe in slowing down for minor obstacles like floating logs or any other debris that might happen to get in his way. The big 20 foot flat-nosed boat was similar to the flat-nosed boats used on the Mississippi River and very much like the ones that are used by the commercial fishermen which you see so often on the rivers and lakes throughout the Mid-South. Cobb backed the boat out, turned it around, and after having the engine die on us a half dozen times and wondering if it was going to begin to purr, you could tell when it warmed up as he gave her the gun and we started moving out at fast speed through all the trees that lined the narrow trail we were in.

Big Cypress flows into Big Creek not too far from the boat landing so in a matter of a few minutes, we went out of the mouth of Cypress Creek into the flooded channel of Big Creek. Then we headed down the wider channel with the timber on each side and the overflow stretching out as far as the eye could see through the timber. The boat moved along about 25 miles an hour even with our full load for it had a very high-powered inboard engine which kept the hull going oftentimes through some rough country where normally you would not even try to take a boat. For those of you who have hunted in the overflow, you know how many floating logs you find in the backwater and many is the time that Cobb would give the boat the gun and sail right over some seemingly insurmountable objects.

We motored down Big Creek where we turned west to head out through the overflow to the opening of his little lake and as we were moving more slowly through the heavily wooded area, dodging trees and stumps, Cobb made one miscalculation and we were headed right for a very healthy looking sycamore tree that was sticking up in the overflow. Before he could manage to turn the wheel or throw the motor into reverse, we hit it, moving along at 8 or 10 miles an hour, and the front of the boat rode right up on it since it sloped gradually away from us. Some of the backwash came in the back end of the boat, wetting Walter and Bogan pretty severely and throwing spray all over the rest of us who were sitting forward ahead of the motor. The boat gradually slipped back down the tree and Cobb cranked her back up again and put us into the blinds very shortly.

There was a little water that had to be bailed out that morning after the hunt before we could start back, but this was one of the few times that I saw us hit anything that stopped the boat right where it was. How the old boat survived those trips up and down Big Creek and through the woods, I will never know, but he could always come up with a piece of bailing wire or whatever we had to have to make repairs for one more trip when we were there, ready to hunt.

We got in our blinds and Cobb tied the big gas boat back in the overflow and slipped into his small pickup boat that he used for chasing cripples and moving around the flooded area. He took his bailing scoop and after bailing out the little pickup boat, he paddled by the face of each one of the blinds which were covered in big slabs of cypress bark and threw water up on them to darken the color and further perfect the camouflaging of the blinds which were built up in trees. He moved down in one end of the lake behind a big cypress tree with knees all around it where he could stand in among the knees so that he wouldn't have to stay in the little lightweight boat and there he proceeded to do his calling and watch what he called "real sport."

The ducks were milling at the treetops that morning and they came over in great waves just after daylight. After the first few minutes of frantic flying back and forth, we started to get some of the ducks to circling and coming into the lake, and Cobb used to like to see them light. We had an understanding among all of us that we would wait to shoot until Cobb would shout "Let 'em have it," for he loved to see them funnel into the lake and there were times that we would light several hundred mallards in this small lake, no more than two blocks long, and it was a sight to see. From our vantage point in the blinds we could shoot clear across the opening which was no more than 50 or 60 yards wide, and the blinds were situated up and down the length of the narrow lake so that we could almost get a shot at any duck that would decoy.

I was in a blind with the Doctor at one end, and Walter, Bogan, and Rufus were in the blind toward Cobb at the other end. We killed our limit of 24 ducks by 7:00 o'clock and legal shooting time had started at 6:30. It was one of those fast shoots when you get through in a hurry and you can almost tell when you get the first few ducks that it is going to be too fast and easy and that it will be over before you know it. The Doctor and I had a good time killing our eight ducks out of our blind at the end and we were taking turns on who would do the shooting when we had one or two ducks in our range. When we got a big group in, we would both cut loose — the Doctor shooting his favorite old duck gun, the Winchester automatic, and with me shooting the Model 11, 12-gauge Remington automatic.

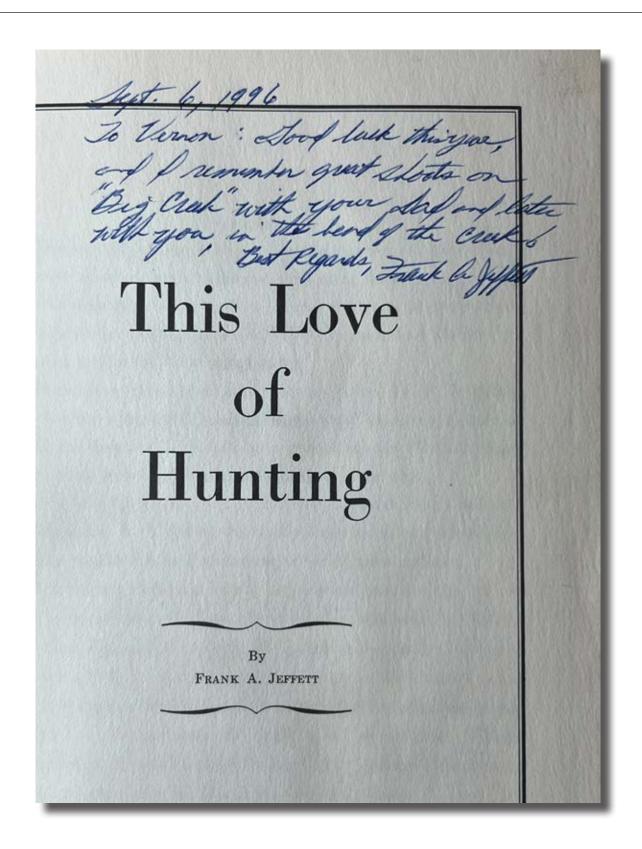
We had a terrific time that day, teasing each other about who missed this shot and that, but it was really tit for tat and I think we came out about even.

When the six of us had killed our 24 ducks, Cobb paddled out in the back of the woods to get the big boat and it was always sort of sad when you heard him crank up the big inboard engine and start to idle the boat over to the edge of the blind where he would nose her in and pick us up.

There were many good hunts like this those last couple of years of college for there were times when the ducks were in the Big Creek area when they were not in the flat woods and we pretty well alternated our hunts between the Big Creek area, the Mallard Flats area, and the Maddox Bay country.

Cobb and Dallas, who were professional duck hunting guides on Big Creek, charged the large sum in those days of \$5 a person for an all day hunt. This meant that they furnished the boats, motors, the decoys, the blinds, and all you had to do was come along and bring your own gun and shells. As I have said before, we did prefer to do our own calling and we really preferred hunting at Maddox Bay and Mallard Flats because we were hunting on our own without any help from anyone. Nevertheless, Cobb and Dallas were both gentlemen and excellent guides whom we enjoyed being with and every hunt that we made with them over quite a long period of years was a real pleasure.

When we came in and unloaded the big boat at the landing, I remember seeing the Doctor and Cobb talking quietly about the fee for the hunt and I saw Cobb protesting and holding his hands up in front of him. I could tell he was insisting that there be no fee paid by the Doctor that day. It was to be Cobb's way of repaying old favors that the Doctor had done through the years, not only for Cobb, but for many, many other people whom he had helped look after through his forty years of practice before and after World War I.











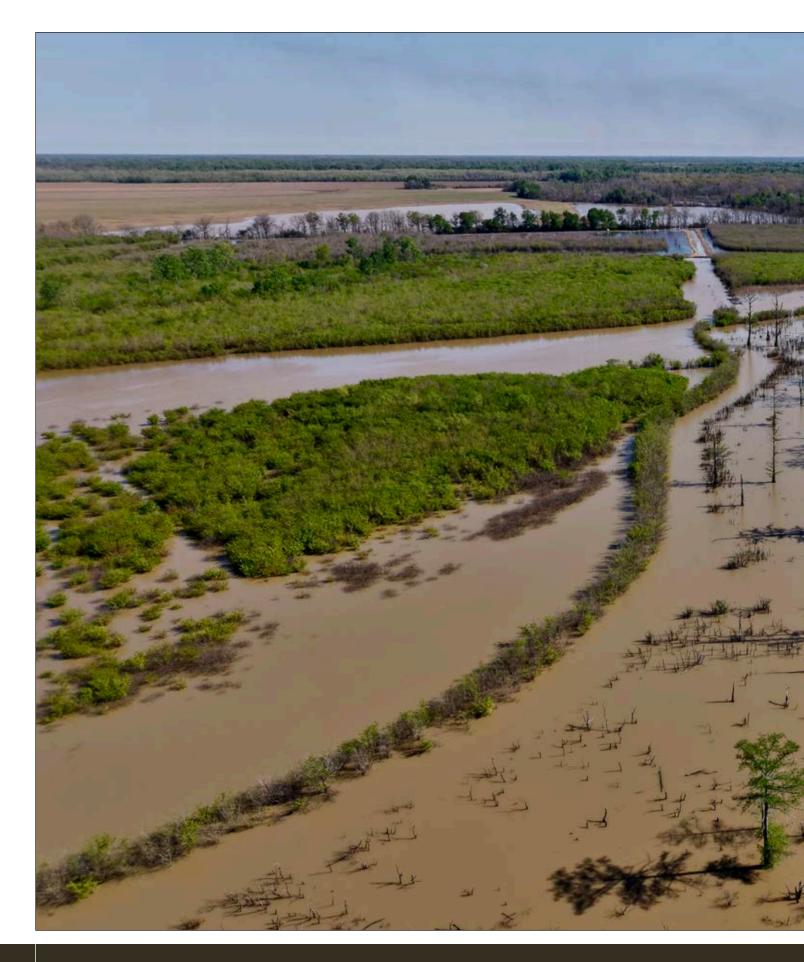


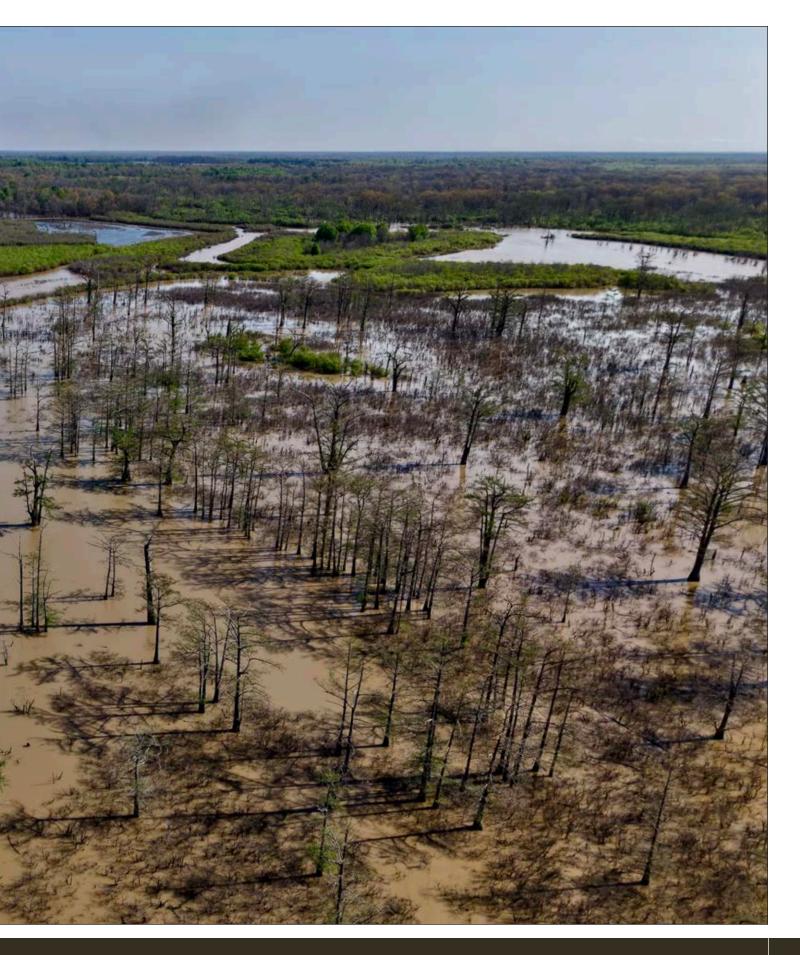




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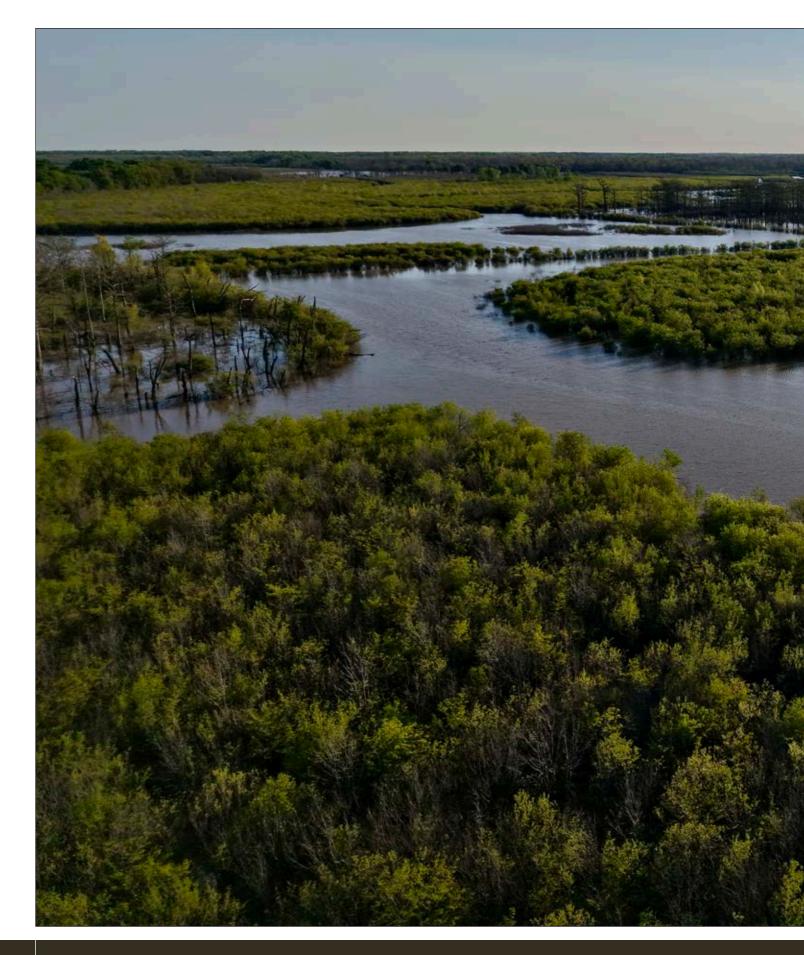


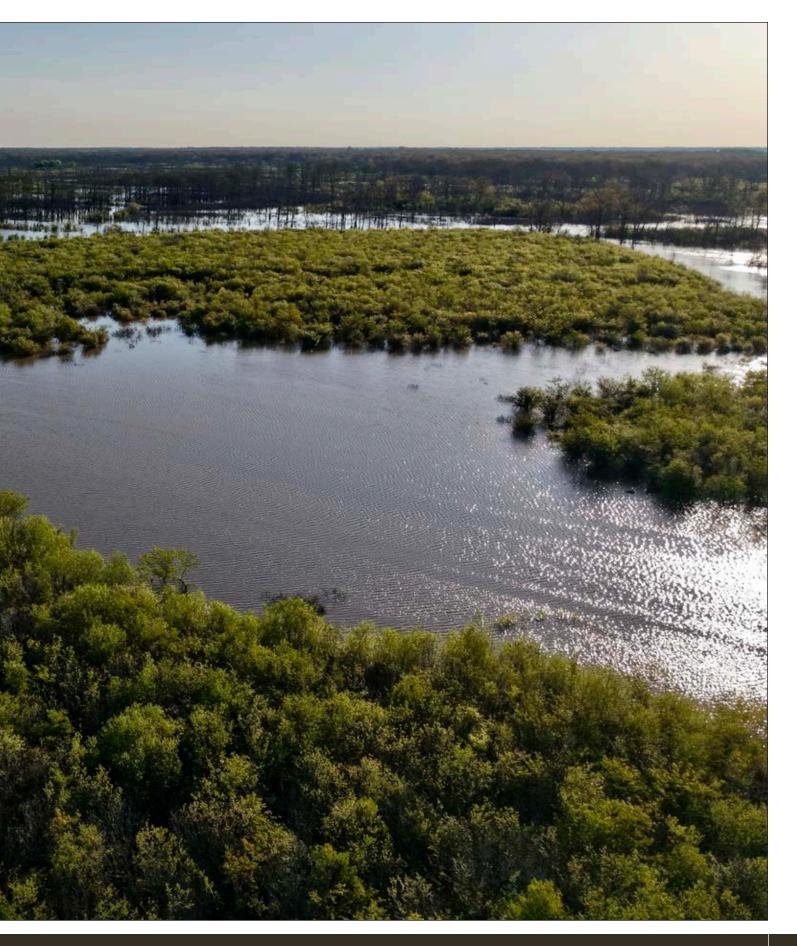


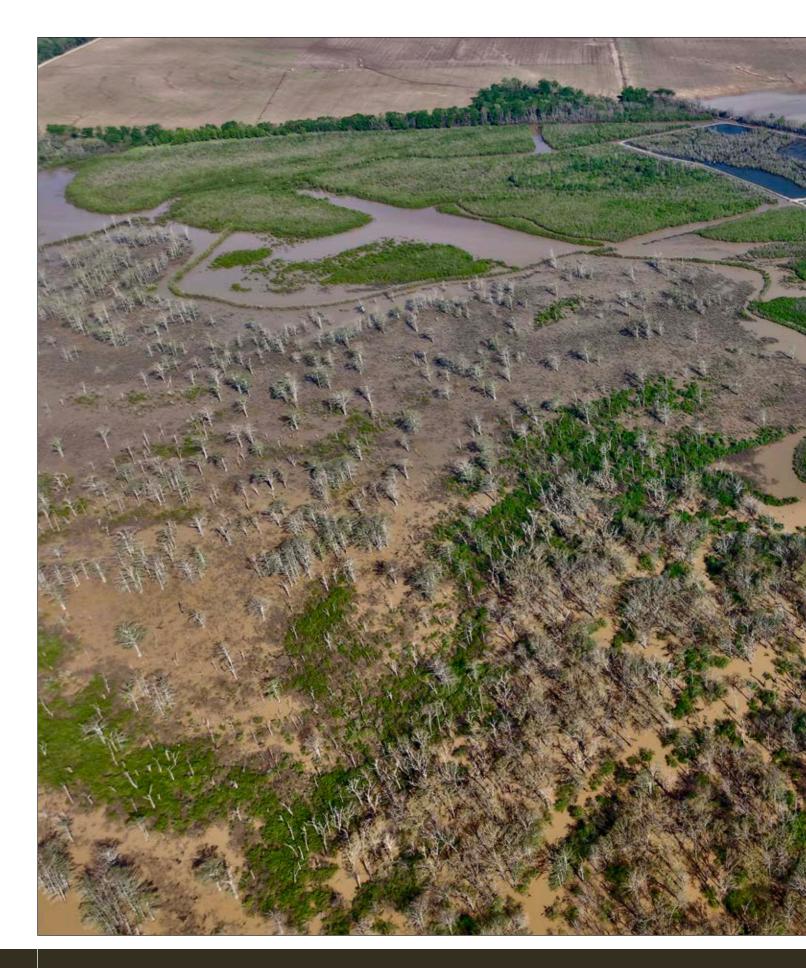




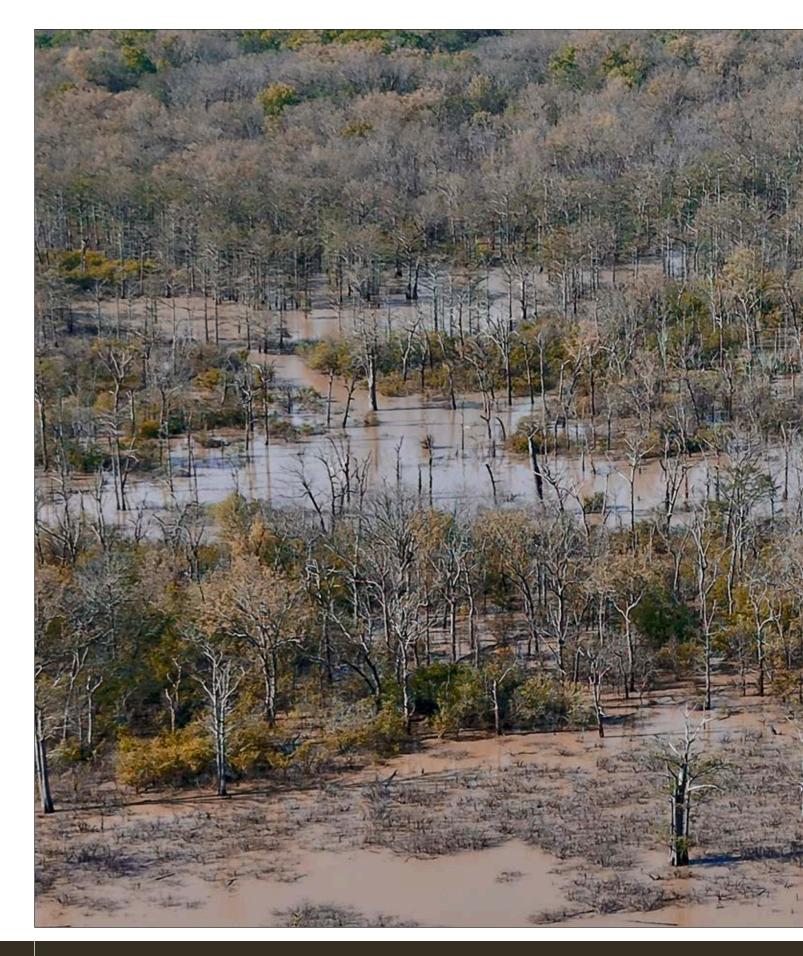






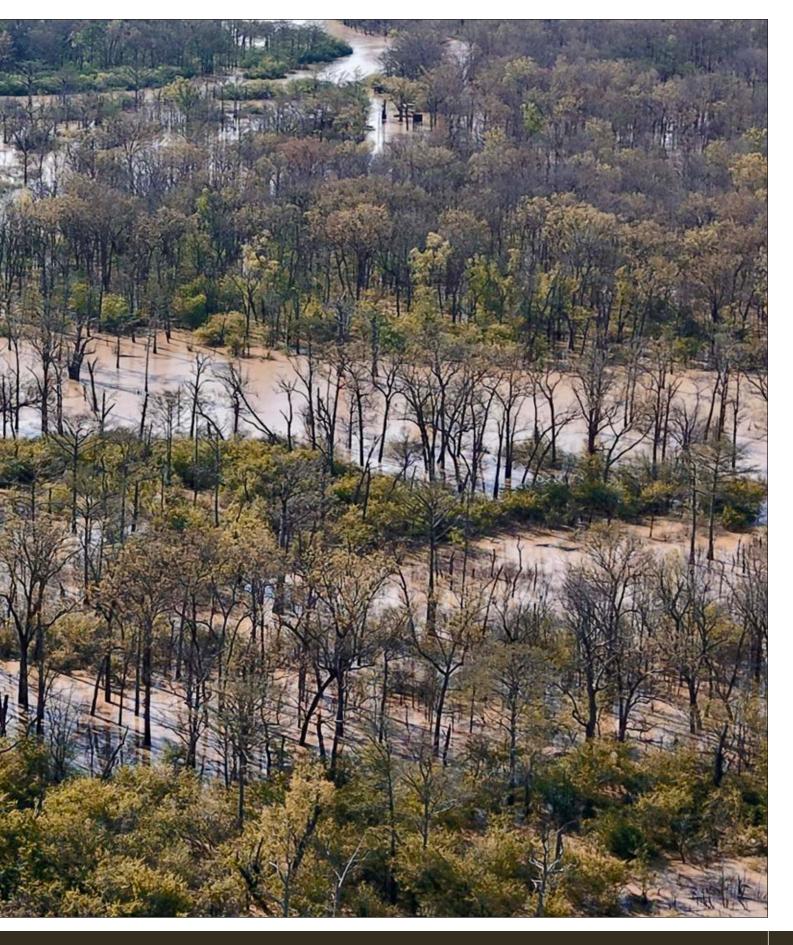












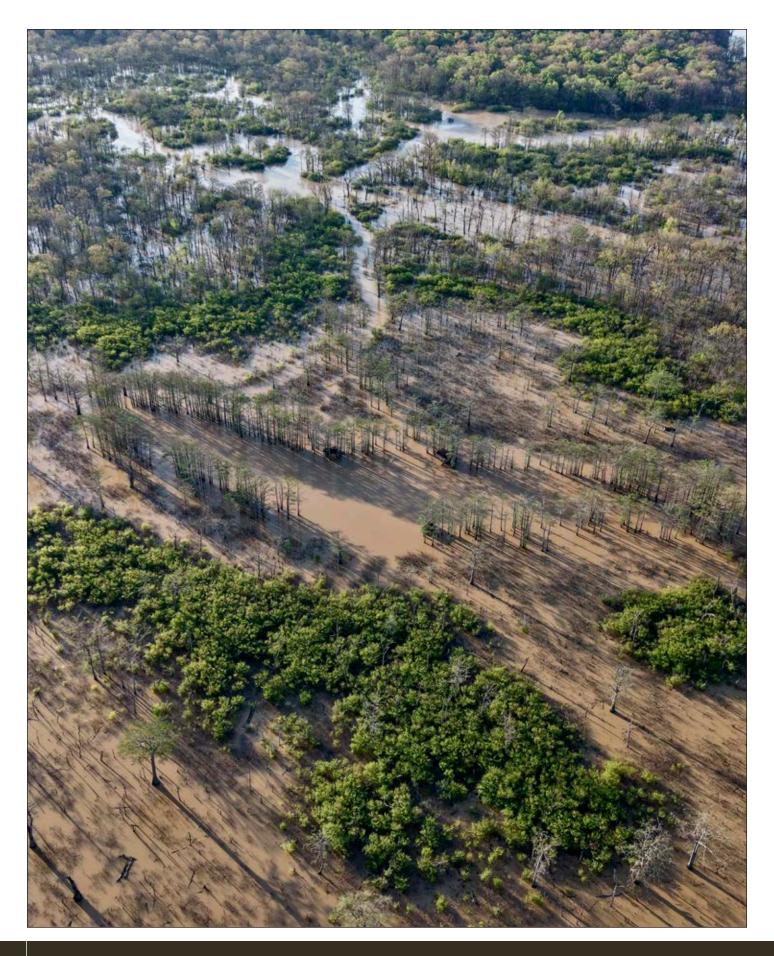


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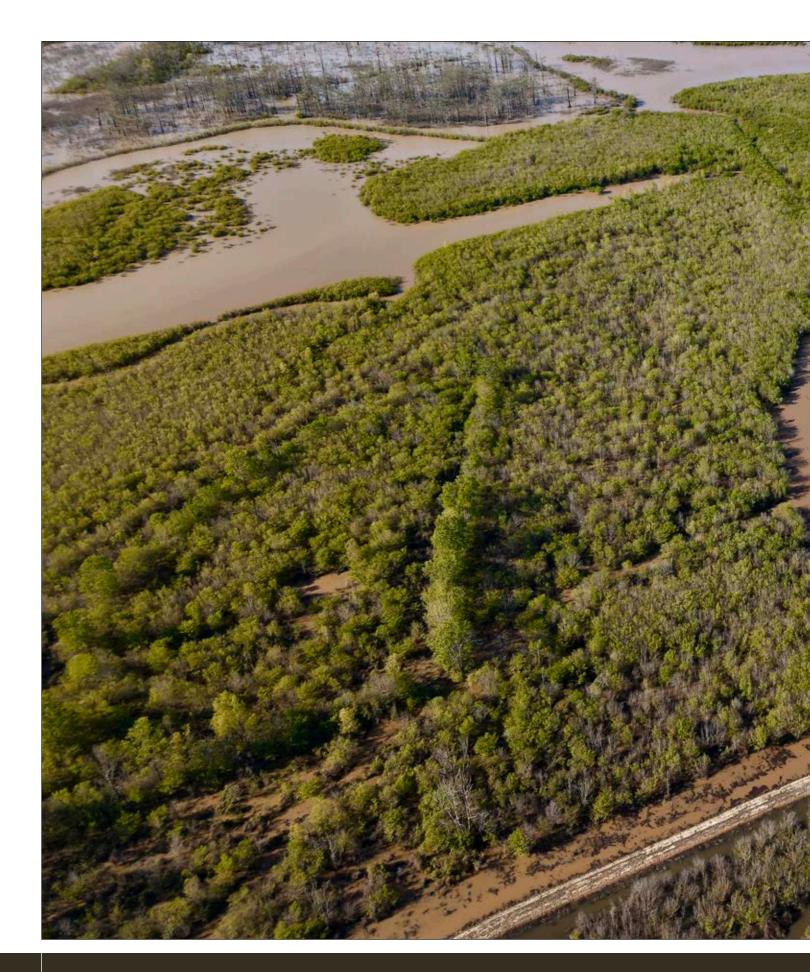




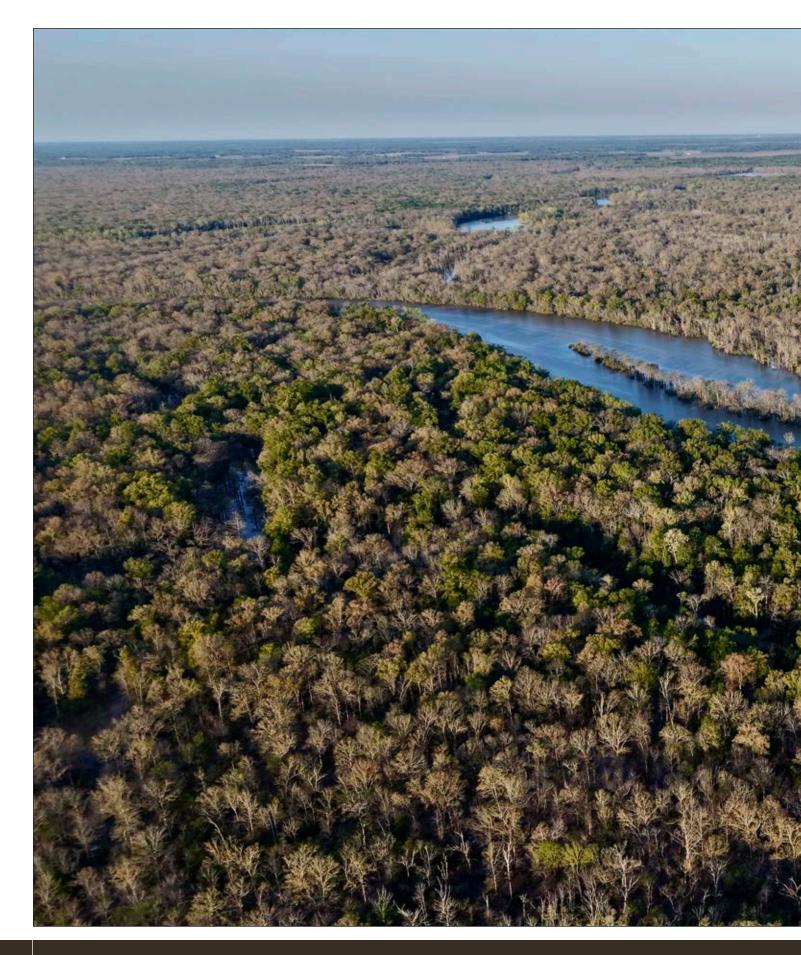


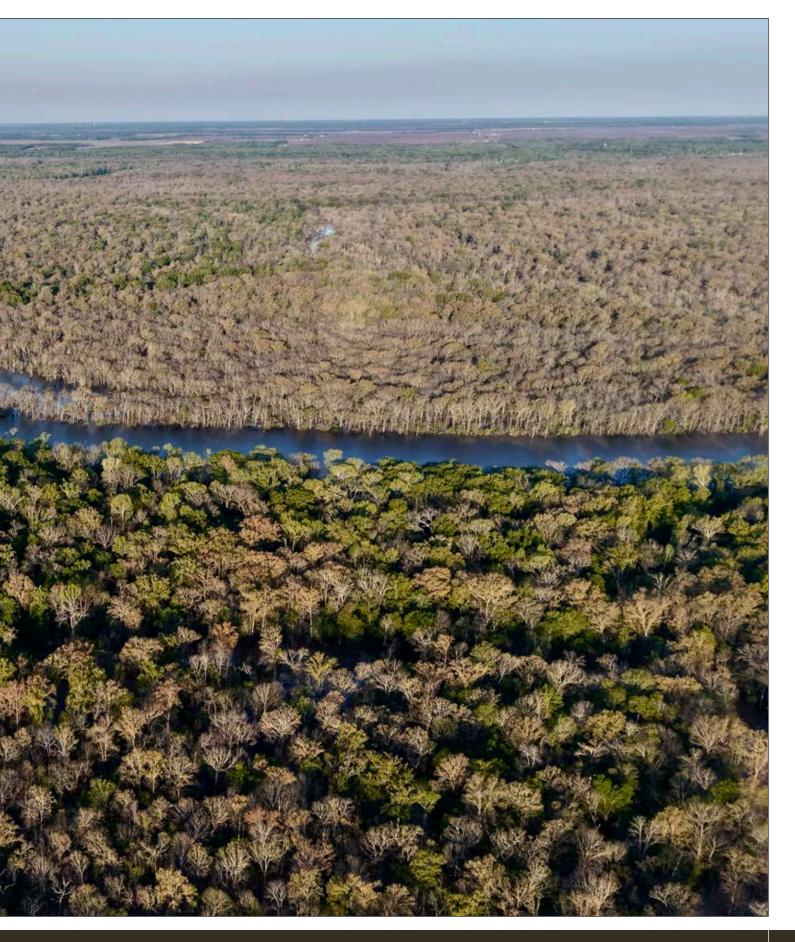


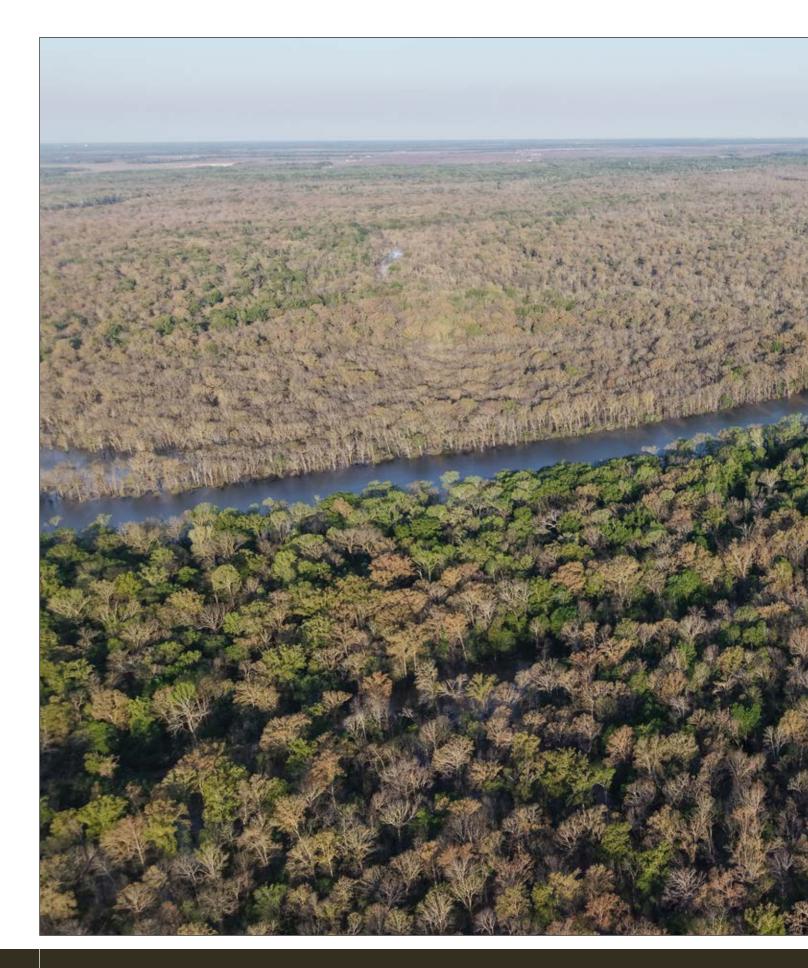






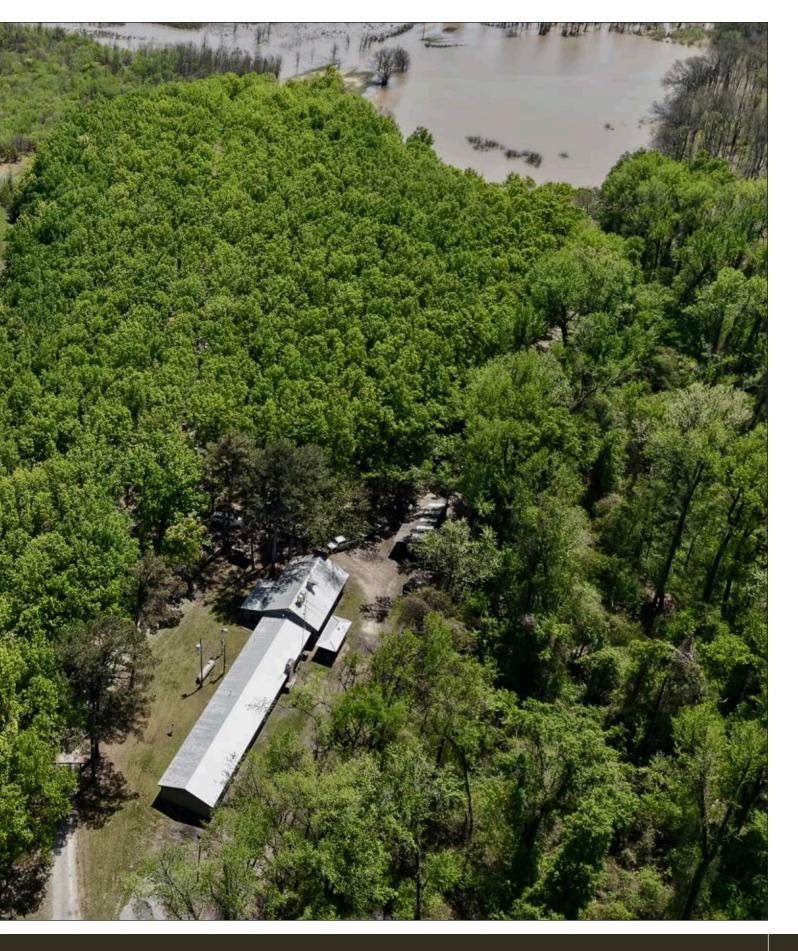


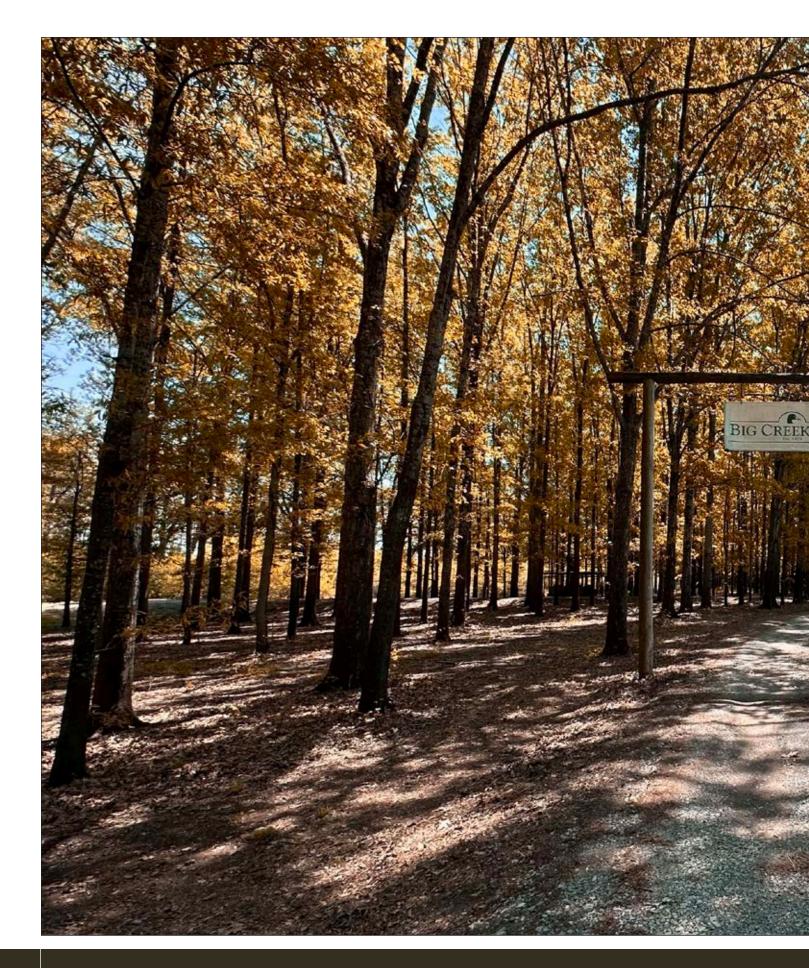




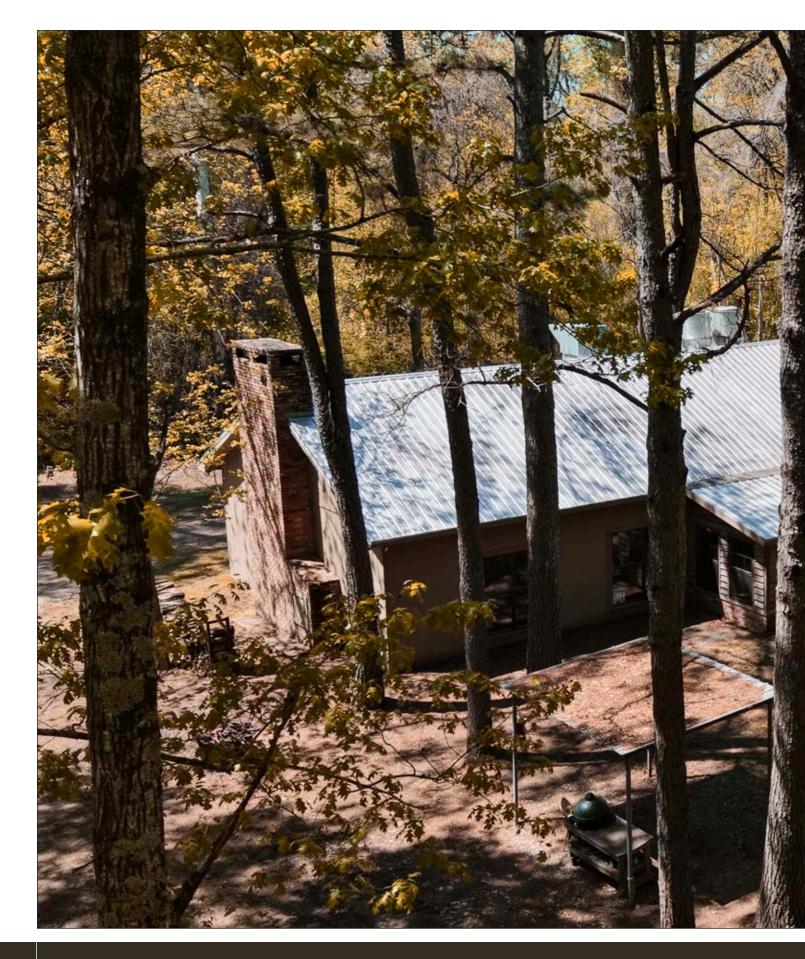




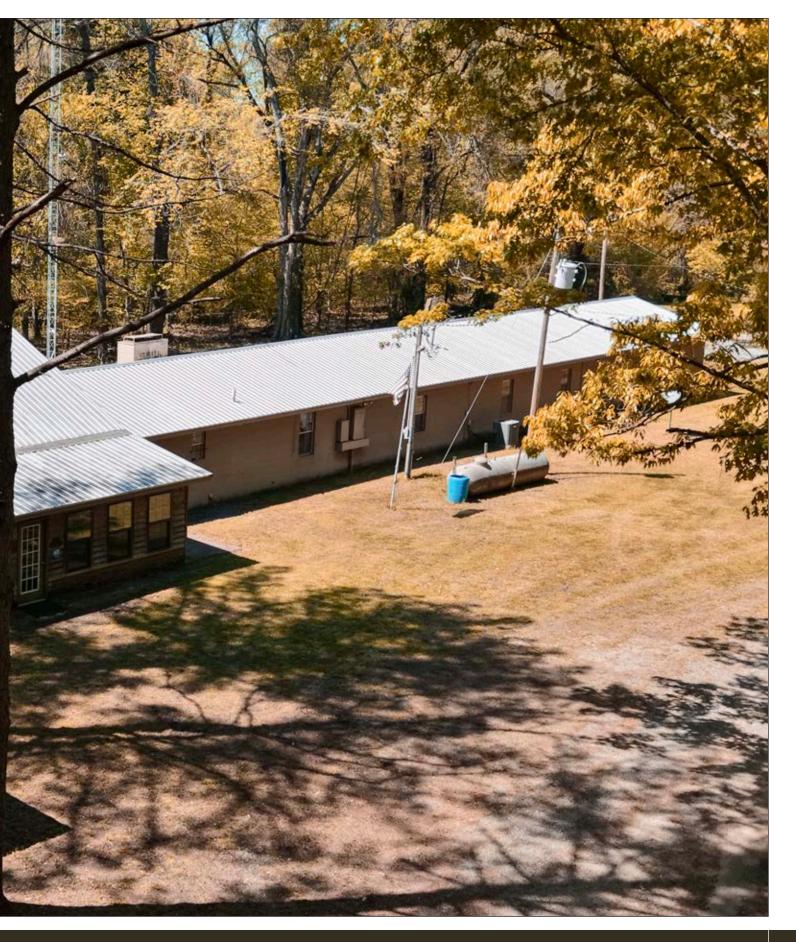








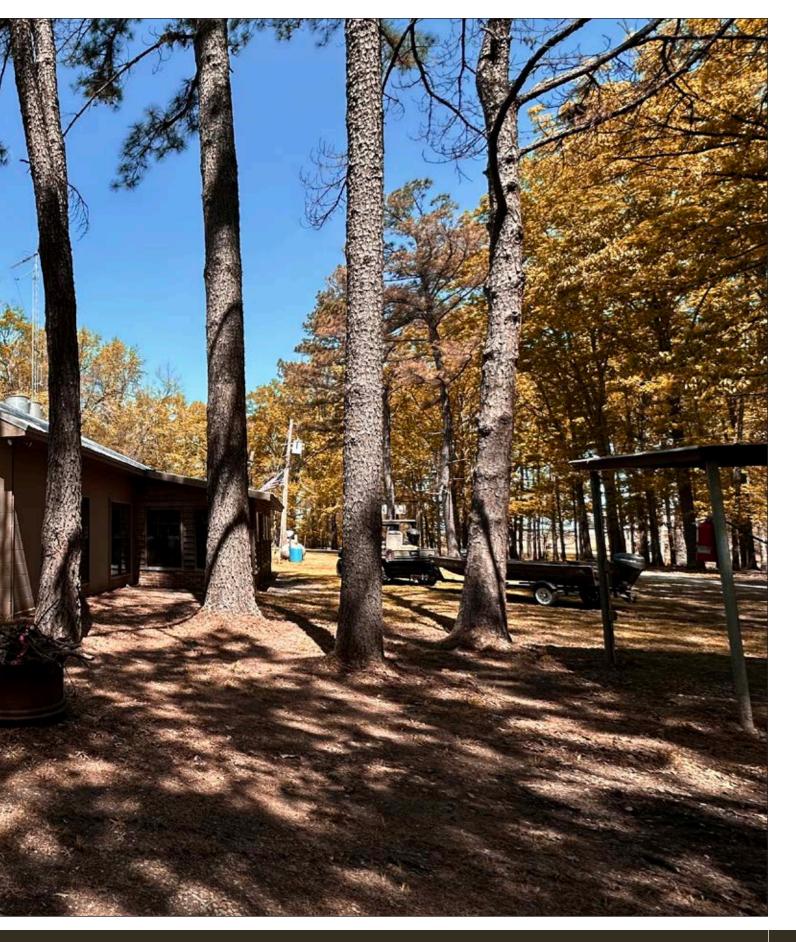
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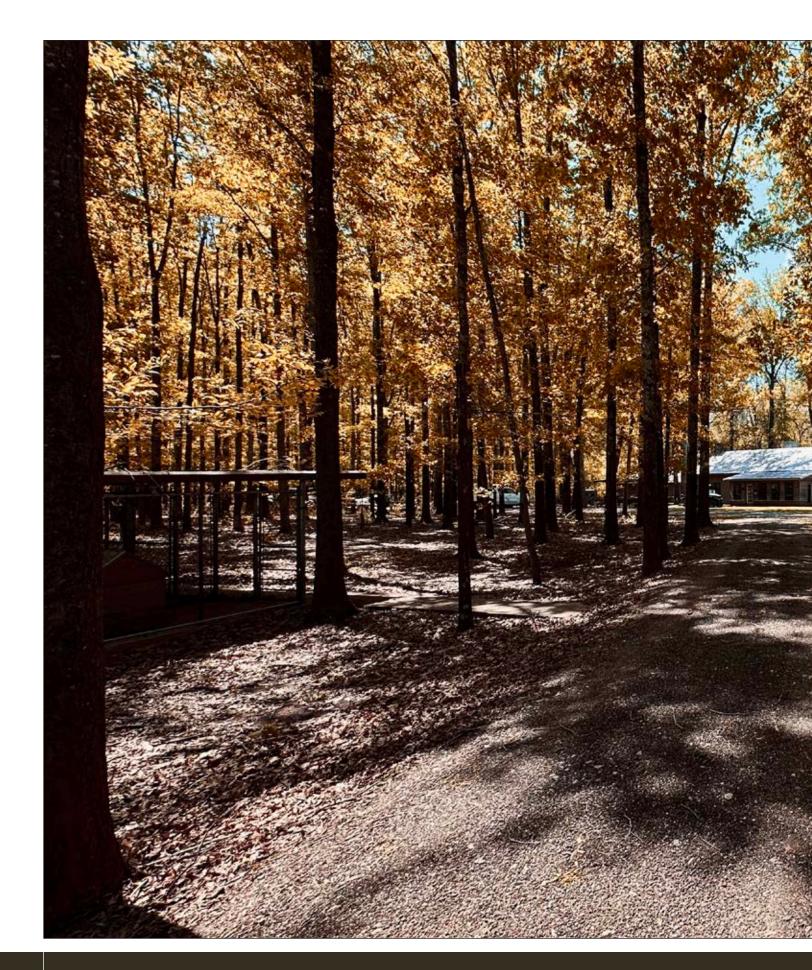


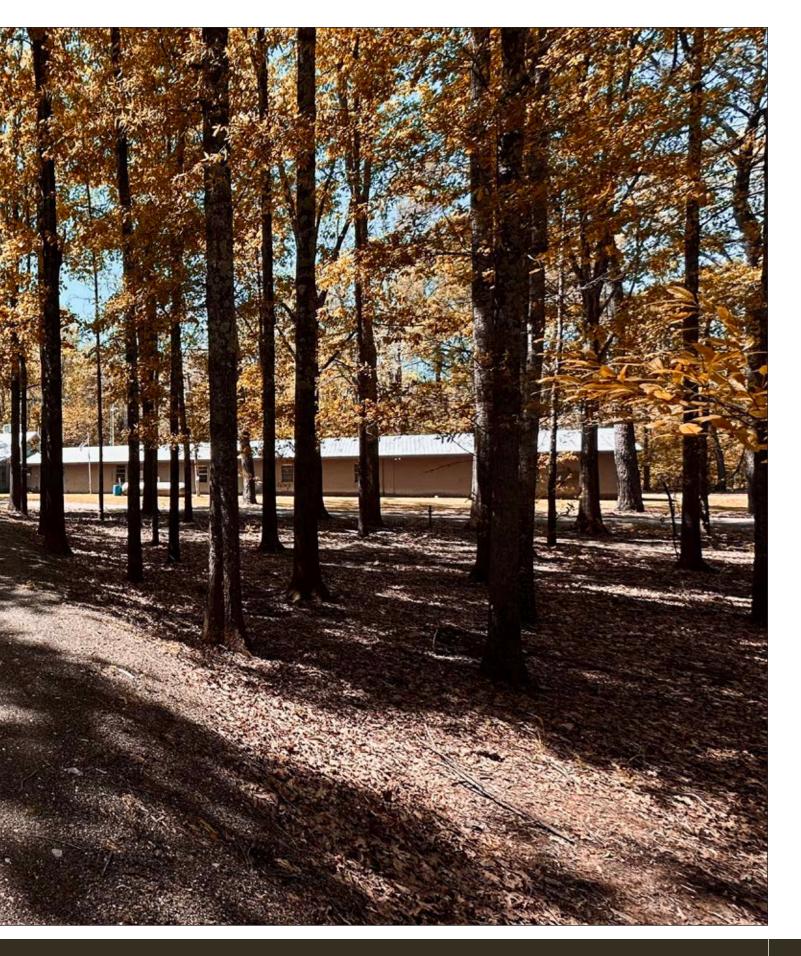




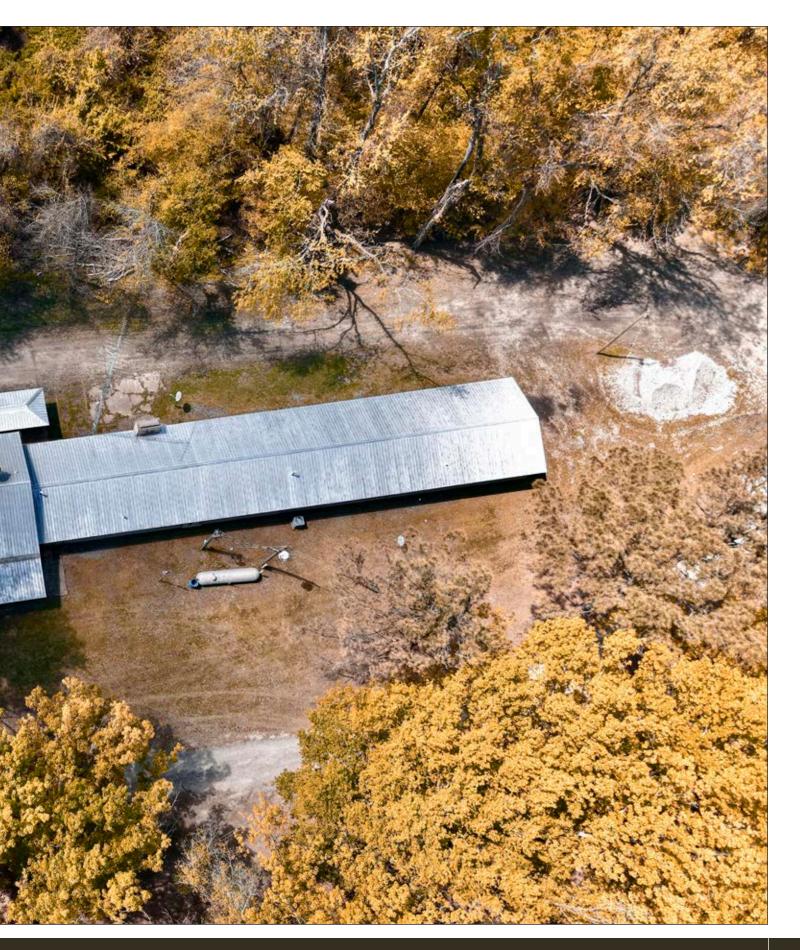


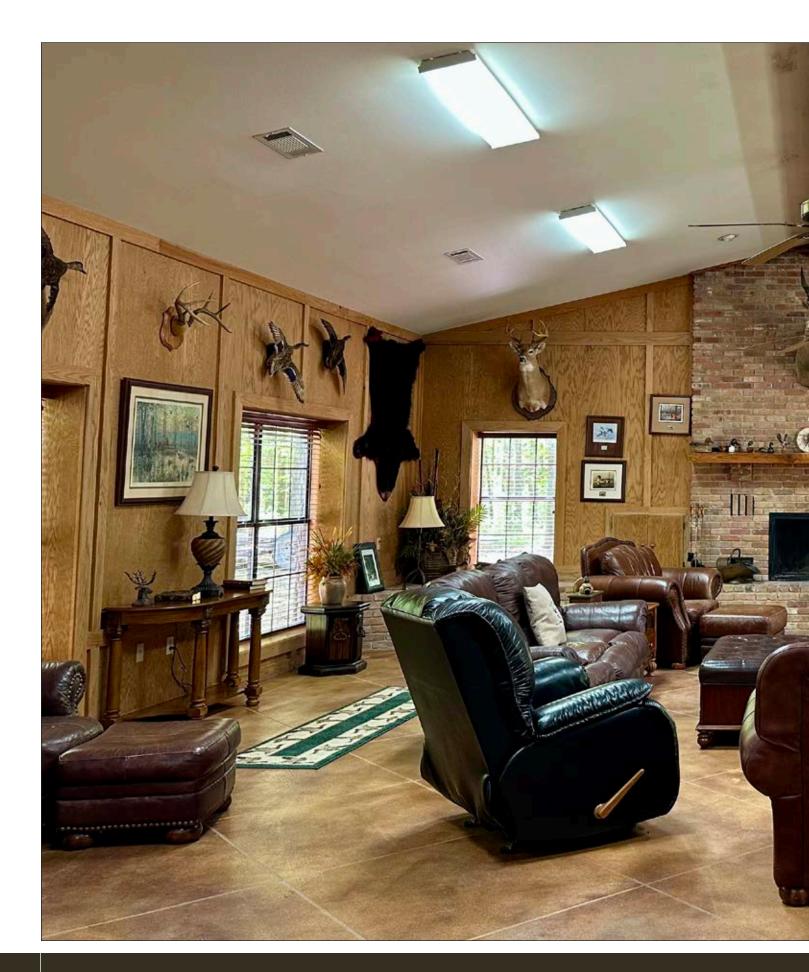


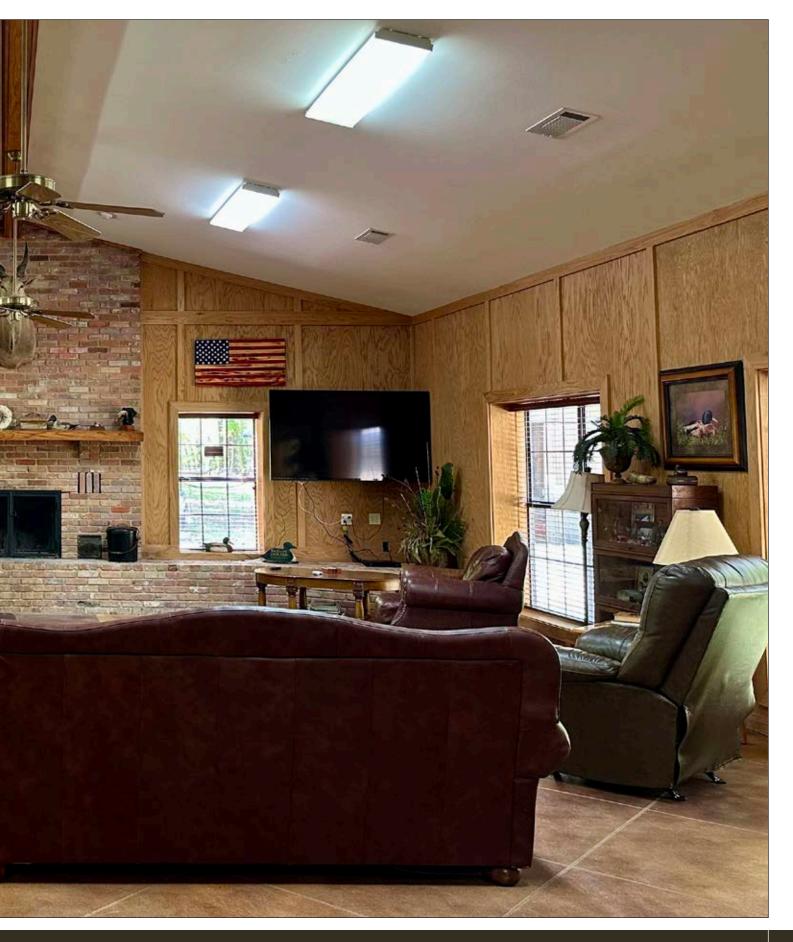










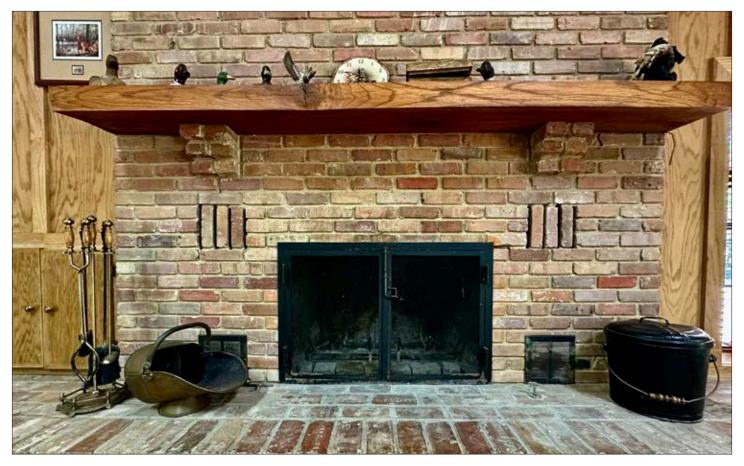


























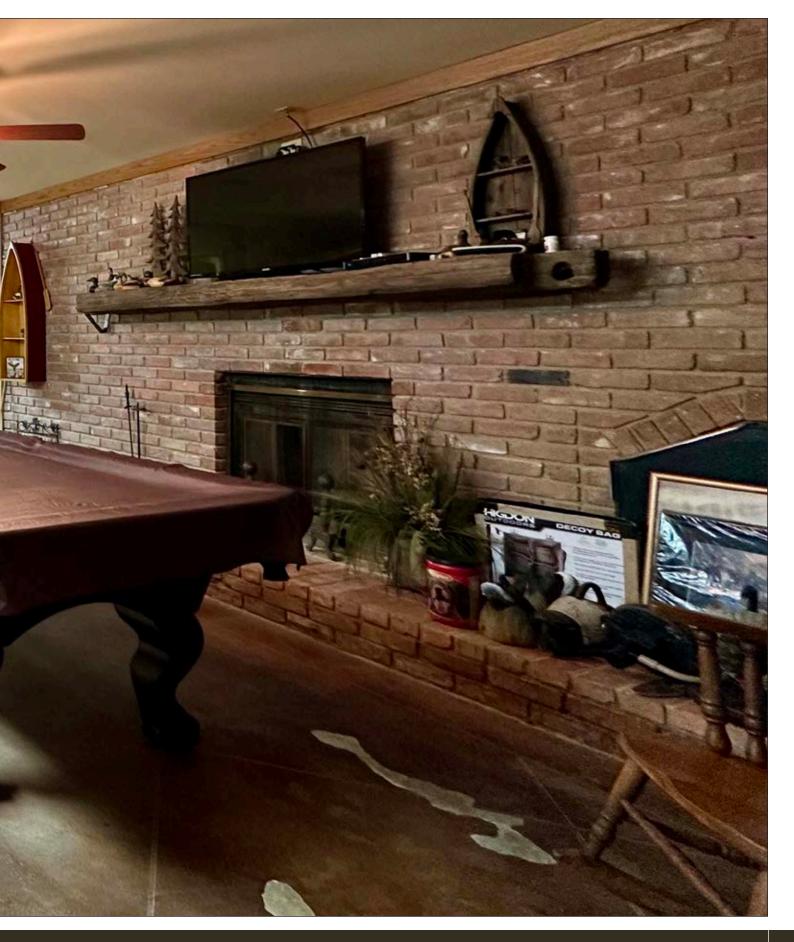


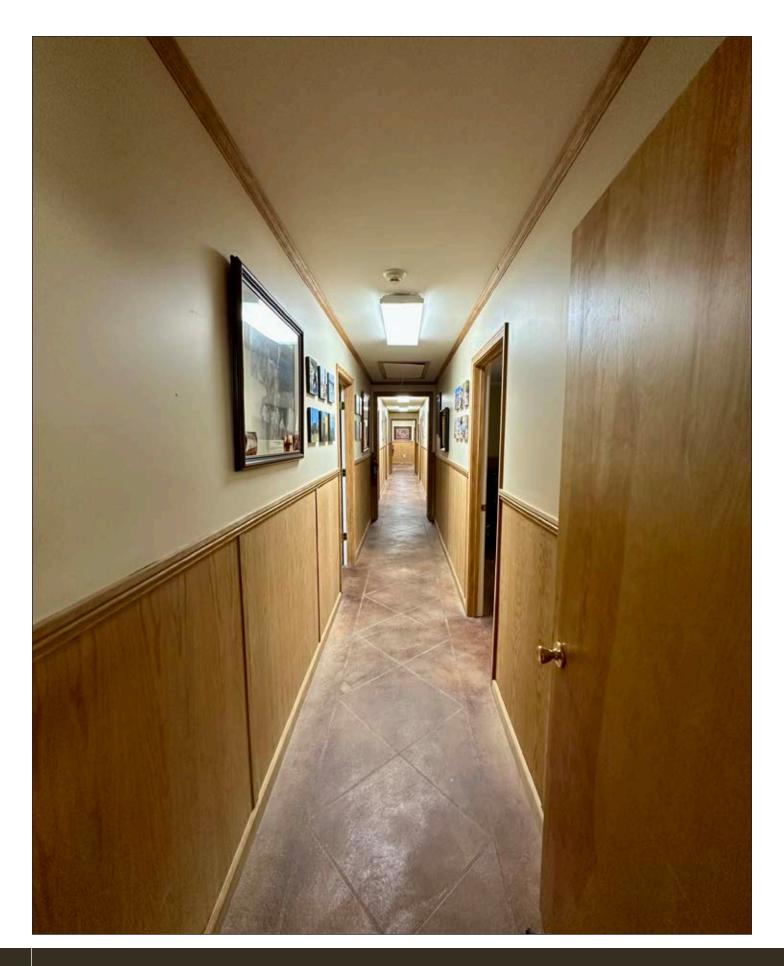






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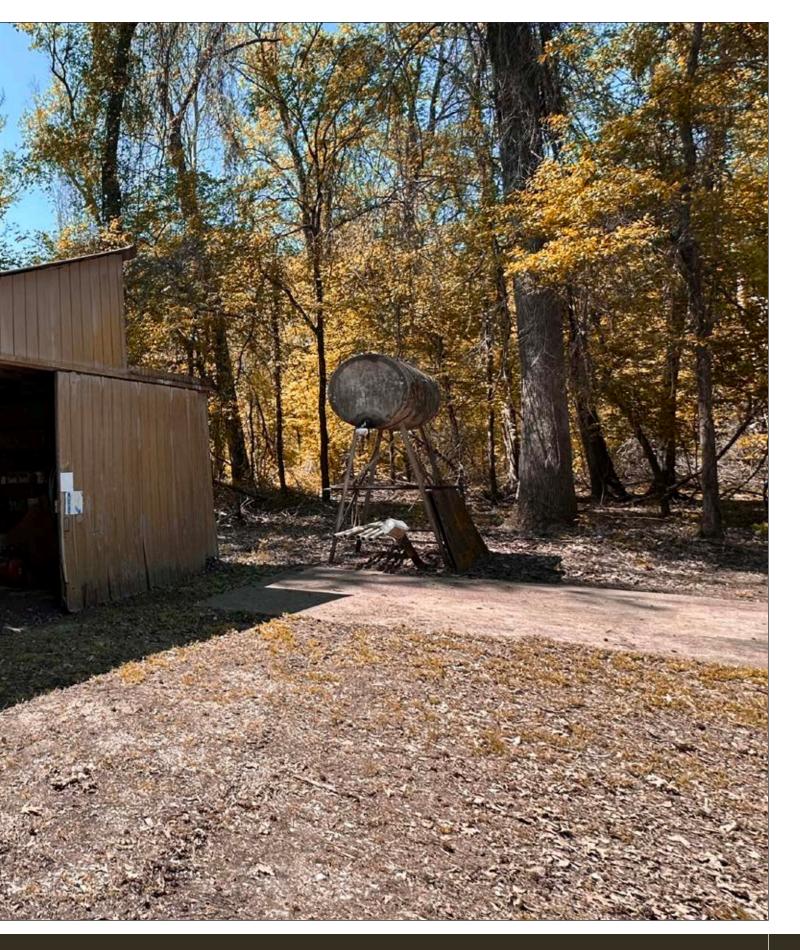






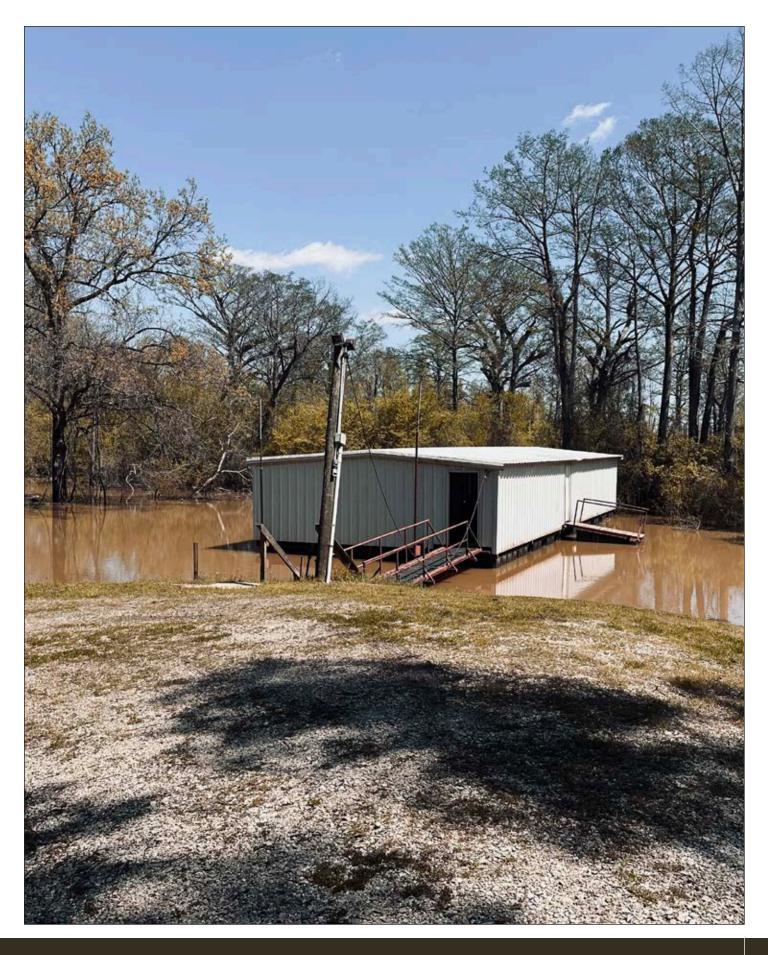










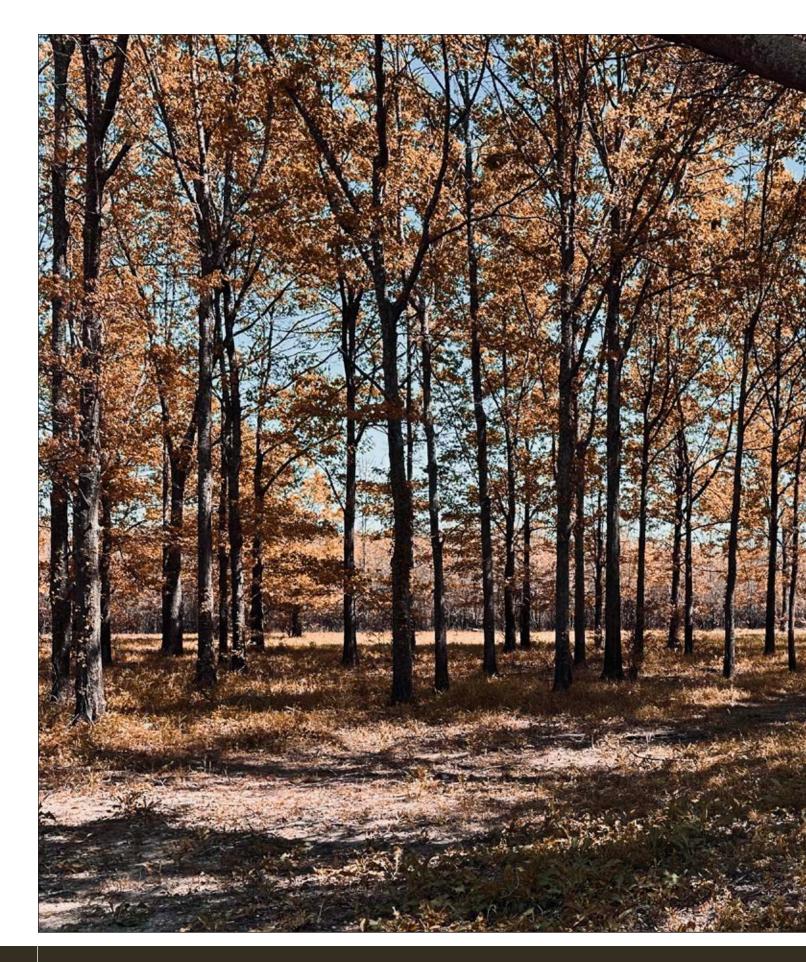


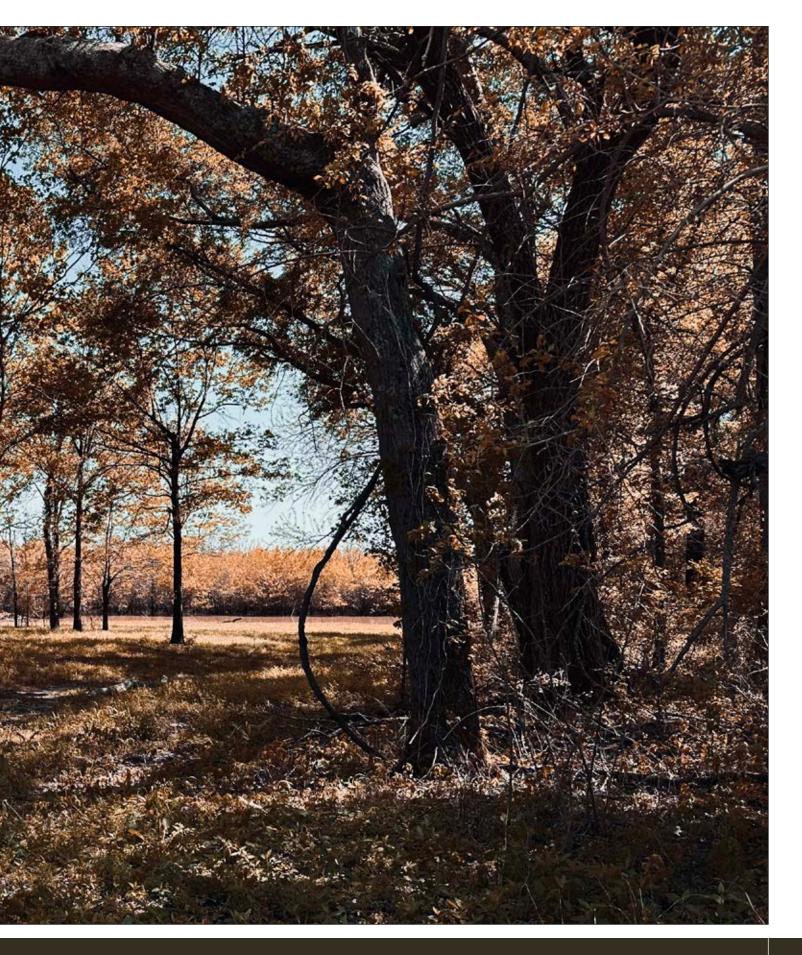


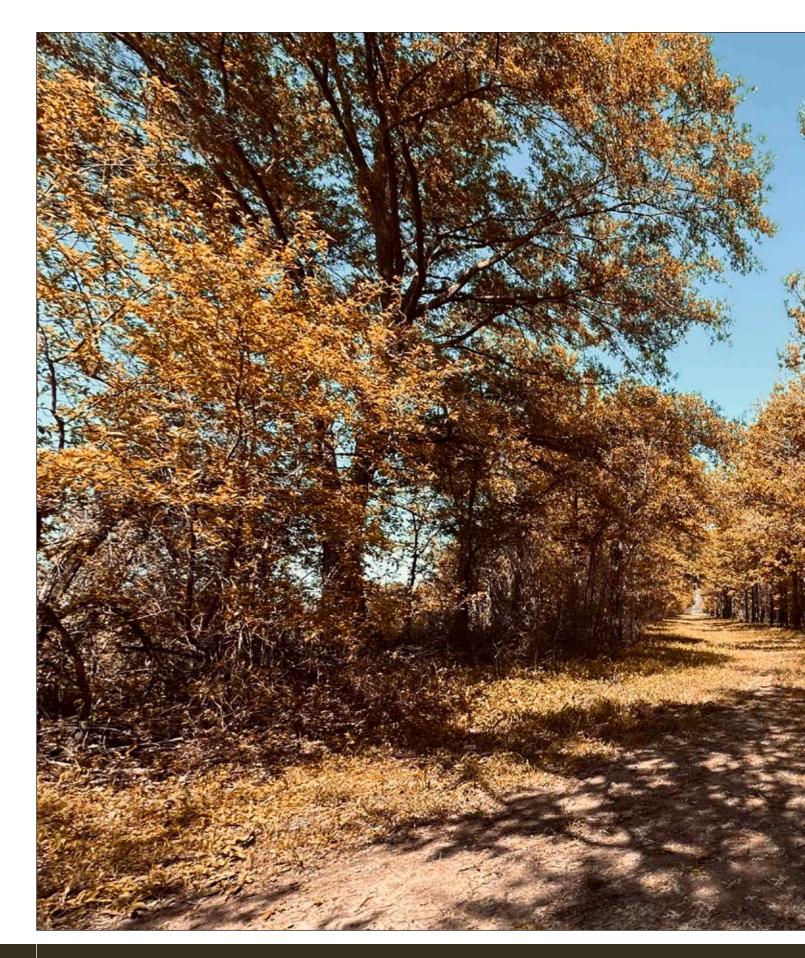




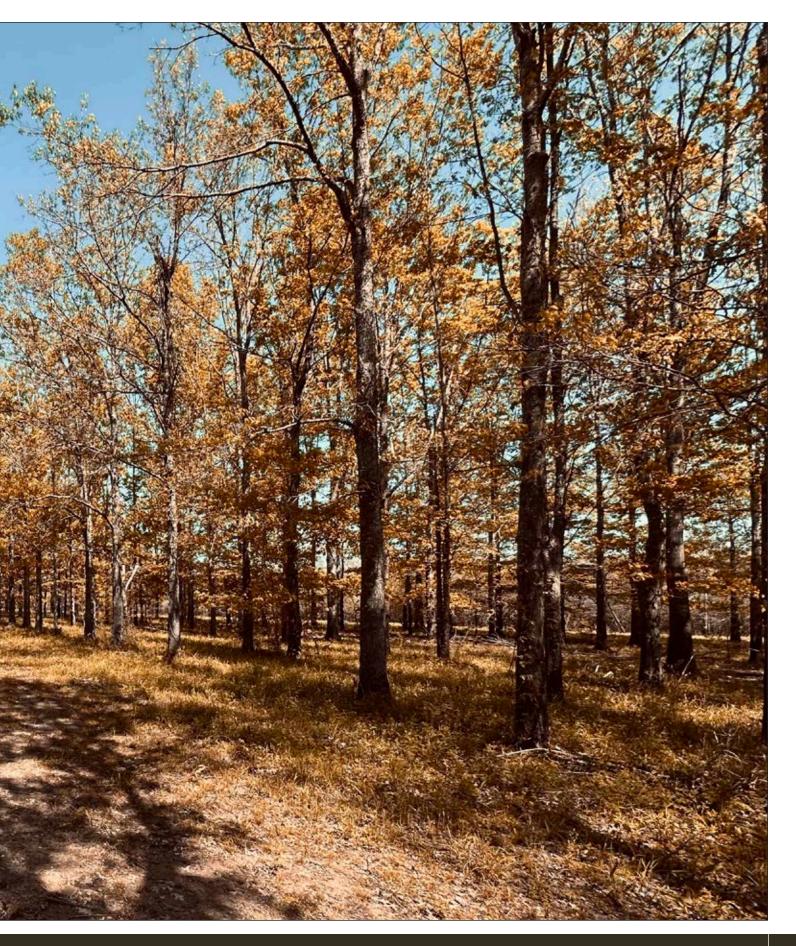




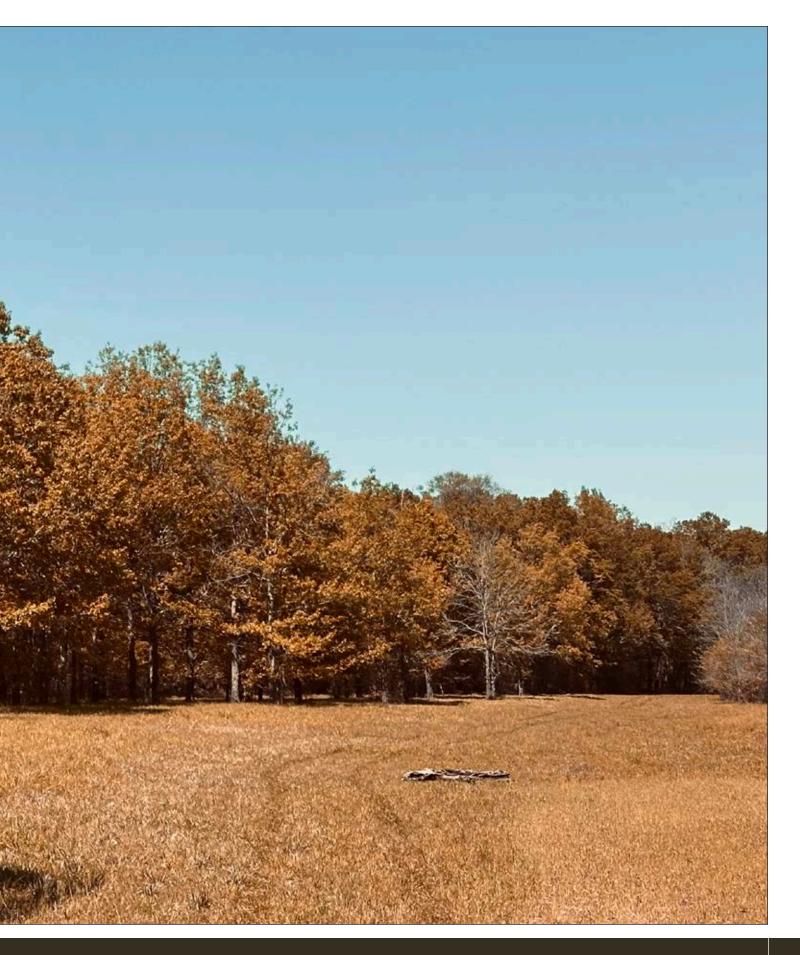


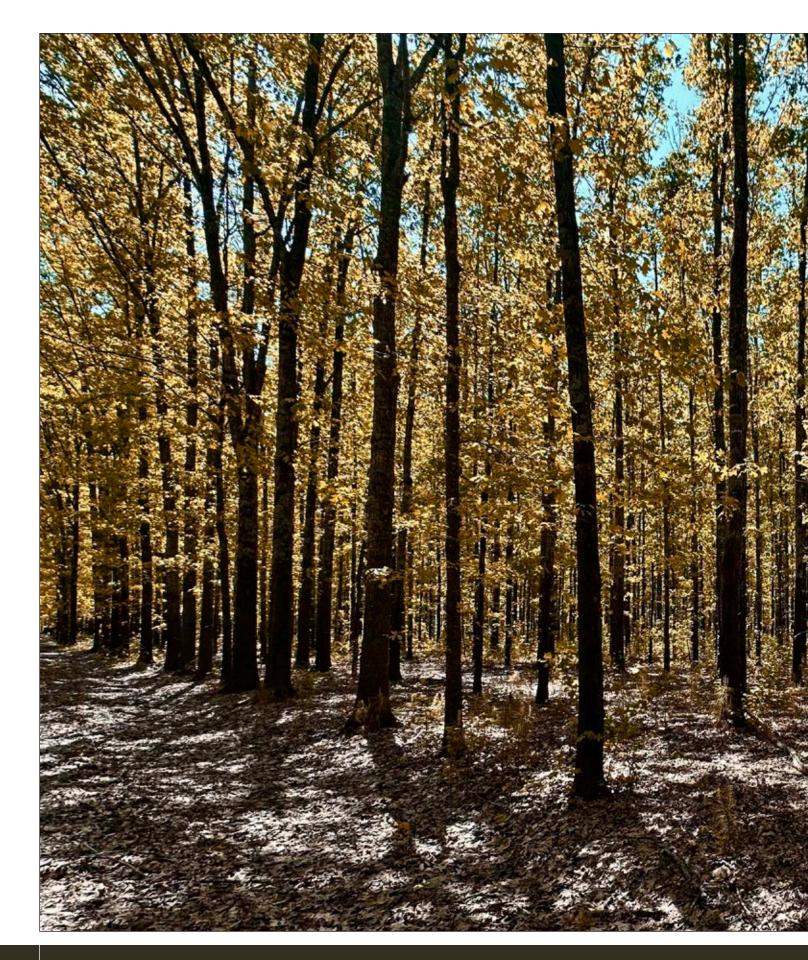


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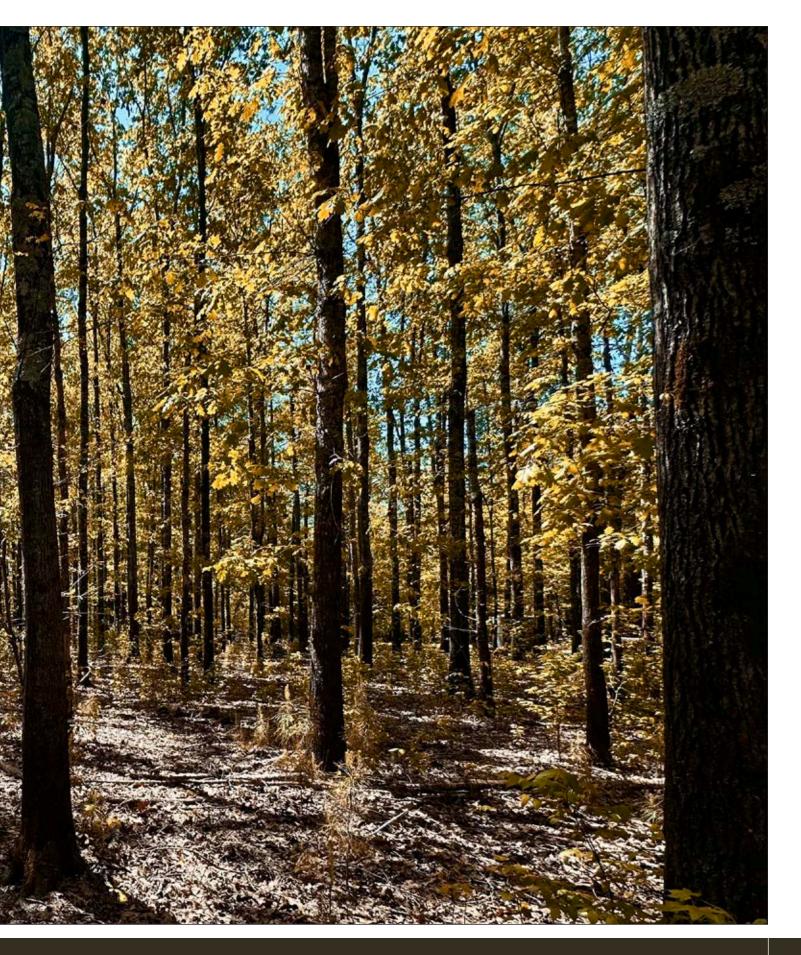








LAND + RECREATIONAL PROPERTIES



Chuck Myers

Chuck Myers is a Partner and Agent with Myers Cobb Realtors, licensed in Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee. After an Agribusiness career as an industry National Sales and Marketing Manager, Chuck entered the real estate market, developing and managing legacy hunting clubs in North America.

Chuck has a proven history of marketing and selling equity in premium hunting properties. He also has many notable real estate sales of premier hunting clubs. Chuck has a 30 year market reputation of assisting clients and partners with the acquisition, development, management, and selling of exclusive recreational estates. Chuck has a comprehensive archive of hunting and farmland involvement achievements. A limited list includes Greenbriar, River Oaks, Wolf Farm, Greentree, Paradise, Deer Creek, and Delta Duck Farms.

Over the years, Chuck has developed an extensive range of relationships with qualified land investors and professionals within the agriculture and outdoor real estate business. He is a seasoned land specialist and has transacted millions of dollars in Mid-South land sales. A knowledge of land and a passion for the outdoors, Chuck identifies with the client, is direct, and enjoys the agent-client transactional relationship.

He and his wife, Jerri, have three children, seven grandchildren, and currently reside in Memphis, Tennessee.



MYERS COBB

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