

JON'S INSIDE LOOK AT ROCKHILL

A Legacy Sporting Estate™

“I’ve got \$40M plantations for sale that don’t carry the trophy deer this \$3.5M place has on it. I’ve got high fences that don’t.”

That’s what I said to Jeff Karter standing in his yard at Rock Hill, on camera, and I meant it.

To understand this property you have to understand Jeff, because what he created here is the culmination of a lifetime of knowledge of trophy whitetails and a passion for wild turkeys. It is what most of us wish we had.

Here’s the number that made me say it. Jeff doesn’t only know how to harvest big deer — he has mastered how to grow them. He has five bucks over 200 inches on his wall, one of them scored 206 and made the Texas books with six inches of deductions. He has hunted Randolph County since he was sixteen. He counts 25 to 30 bucks living on these 377 acres right now that would score over 125 or 130 today, and several pushing 170. In Jeff’s judgment a buck gains another 30 inches when he reaches six — do that arithmetic yourself. And he has not allowed a single buck to be killed on this place in five years. Not by himself. Not by his sons. Not by a guest.

“I haven’t shot a buck off this property in five years. ... Just watching them grow.” — Jeff Karter

You are not buying a hunting property. You are buying five years of patience and discipline — proof of what this place is, not what it could be. Jeff isn’t like most of us. He doesn’t consider a five-year-old buck mature. He is growing them to six and seven.

And before you get to the improvements: the land and timber component alone here is under \$7,000 an acre. The rest of the arithmetic is below.

“The best way to describe this property is to take everything Dr. James Kroll has preached for the last 25 years, employ what Dr. Craig Harper says about habitat to the letter, then combine all of that with David Morris of Tecomate’s knowledge of trophy buck behavior. You have the poster property for all three.” — Jon Kohler

The Bucks

Jeff grew up in North Florida and started hunting this county as a teenager because this was the country that grew the biggest bucks he knew of. He spent thirty years learning it before he bought here. He started with 200 acres and added parcels one at a time; the last 37-acre piece — the one with a spring on it — is what finally tied all the ecosystems together.

He first learned deer from Rudy Rodriguez, a South Texas oilman in his eighties who grows giants on ground that looks like it shouldn't grow anything, and who kept a hundred-acre pen behind his house just to study them. He follows the Craig Harper school on fire and native forage. He is not guessing — he follows a process. The attention to detail is everywhere, and he has a reason and an explanation for everything he does. He sounds like Nick Saban. He's in search of perfection in an imperfect game.

“ — *"That buck, when it hits that six year, it's gonna jump what — 30 inches?"* — Jeff Karter, on why he lets them grow

A dozen cameras run on the property and they still don't cover it all. Roughly 100 acres of bottom he simply does not enter — no stands, no cameras, no feed, ever. It's 100% sanctuary. He has jumped bucks out of it off the Polaris that have never shown up on a card.

The genetics are worth your attention. Mainframe eights and tens, clean, very little trash, with true split G2s running through multiple age classes. Jeff's read on that: you don't see it in this area.



The definitive account of the Babcock, Wisconsin translocation — how \$35-a-head Northern deer brought to southwest Georgia created the most prolific B&C whitetail region in America in our [Woods 'n Water](#) article.



Read Our Article ["The Great Outdoors"](#) in the Conservation Issue of The LandReport and see how trophy whitetail properties are vying for prices once reserved for quail hunting plantations.

Jeff Karter's management prescription for the next owner:

- Harvest 15–20 does a year.
- Do not shoot a buck under five years old. A five-year-old here is just getting right.
- Keep the predator traps running and the sanctuary untouched.
- Expect to harvest three to five six-year-old bucks a year, sustainably, with the neighbors managing the way they do.

Most properties are valued on what came off them last season. Ask Jeff and you get a program instead.

“It’s fascinating to me, because most properties are like a college football team. You base next season’s expectations on the last one, minus the trophies taken off, and hope the next generation fills their spots. Fifth-year bucks are graduating seniors — that’s the most you’ll ever get. Here you’re redshirting six- and seven-year-old bucks. It’s a completely different game. You’re not buying into a team. You’re buying a championship program — the Bowden dynasty of the 1990s, the empire Saban built in 2009. That’s not ordinary. That’s what you’re buying here.” — Jon Kohler

Which is also how you lose it. Shoot four five-year-olds your first November and you haven’t had a good season — you’ve spent the principal, and it takes another five years to earn back.

“I think I have some right now on the cusp of the 170s. Year after year, the amount of deer coming in is just more and more.” — Jeff Karter

The Turkeys

Jeff Karter has spent his life chasing whitetails. The deer are what brought him to this county. But the turkeys are what made him buy this particular piece of ground.

“I bought the property because the deer were here, but I bought it because of the amount of turkeys that were on the property already.” — Jeff Karter

Want to get him excited? Ask him about designing turkey habitat.

Four natural spring heads, each holding its own group of birds. That is the mechanical reason Rock Hill hunts the way it does — you are not hunting one flock, you are hunting

four to six separate groups in a morning, and when you burn one out you go to the next.

Jeff and his wife counted more than 60 birds around the pond one morning. He has a photograph from last spring with twelve strutters in a single frame — and that is before counting the bachelor groups of jakes that keep to themselves. Those jakes are the number that matters. Birds in March mean the neighbors have turkeys. Groups of jakes mean hens are nesting and poults are surviving on this ground.

“— *"One morning you might hear 12, 13 on the front. You can't hear the back, the north part of the property. That's a whole different group going around Hog Creek and another spring. So you can't even hear those."* — Jeff Karter, on gobblers from his front porch

He takes two gobblers a year off it. Two. Like trophy bucks, he likes to stockpile gobblers.

“— *"You can hunt four to six groups of turkeys in any given day. One morning, my wife and I counted over 60 hens and gobblers around the pond and in the trees."* — Jeff Karter

“— *"If you're into turkey hunting, this is the place to be. ... Everybody in town knows it."* — Jeff Karter

The hardwood heads never break, so the birds have shade and cover in the warm part of the season, and you can sit on the ground and see fifty to a hundred yards in every direction. That is not an accident either.

And here is what tells you where turkeys rank on this property. There is a bottom that would flood into a wood duck hole with a three-foot board dam, Arkansas style — a whole extra season of hunting. He never built it.

“— *"It would disturb my turkeys, so I wouldn't wanna do that."* — Jeff Karter

The Quail

This is the part I would have been skeptical of if I hadn't heard where it came from. A Georgia state wildlife biologist who covers several counties sat in the yard at Rock Hill and counted thirteen separate wild coveys from that one spot. Jeff quotes him:

“— *"You have more quail on this little piece of property right here than I've seen in three counties combined."* — Georgia state wildlife biologist, as relayed by the owner

Wild birds. Not released. On 377 acres, in 2026. I sell quail ground for a living and I do not hear that sentence often.

The Architecture

Jeff is consistently modest and matter-of-fact. “I drew this house on a napkin.” I’m sure it started like that, but the result is architectural excellence. Like the land, the attention to detail shows in the best way — every decision has a reason behind it. Three buildings, on purpose: the main house for living, a bunk house, and a gathering space for everybody else. All of it oriented west, so that whether you are on the back porch, at the burn barrel, or in your chair by the fire, you are looking at the sunset.

“*I wanted it to be very warm and inviting and very comfortable, but I also wanted it to have that mini-plantation feel.*” — Jeff Karter

The main house is a SWGA shotgun plan you can see through, front door to back, with custom cabinetry throughout so no space is wasted. At 2,260+/- sq. ft, with primary and guest bedrooms in nearly identical size/design, the home was purpose built in 2024. The furniture was built by one craftsman — a man who furnished the plantations around South Georgia and has since passed — out of heart pine pulled from old barns, some late 1800s, some early 1900s. A few pieces were cut from beams hewn with an ax rather than sawn, one beam sectioned so the legs matched. You rarely find that wood now, and you rarely find people who can build like that.

“*The concept of this house was to be a meeting area and a gathering point.*” — Jeff Karter

The bunk house is the piece that tells you who built this place. Jeff’s grandfather had an old cracker house from the 1920s with a back room full of single beds. Jeff would go stay with him, they’d chase dogs all day on a six-pack of Yoo-hoos, and at night in that back room the old man would tell him story after story after story. That is where the deer hunting came from. So he built one here for his own kids. To share his stories.

“*I always wanted that bunk house because it reminded me of my grandfather. And so that’s why I put the bunk beds in here.*” — Jeff Karter

The dog trot is where the community ends up. Pizza oven going, four people on the line — one flipping dough, one pulling, one cutting, one passing — and twenty or thirty neighbors in the room. The outdoor kitchen with fireplace looks like it should be in Garden & Gun.

Practical throughout: buried 250-gallon propane and a backup generator so the freezers are never at risk, gas cooktop with an electric oven because his wife bakes, wood-burning fireplaces with gas starters, alarm and camera system.

The barn was the first thing he built — spray-foamed so it stays cool and tight against rodents, pallet racking, deep freezer, side-by-sides. A second pole barn on the back of the property holds the dozer, excavator, track loader, tractor implements and corn wagon. Jeff is in the heavy equipment business, and the equipment is available for purchase separately — everything he used to make this place what it is, if you want it.

To duplicate these improvements, budget at least \$875,000 and a year and a half, and bear the supply chain risk yourself.

“ — *"This home is what I call a wife stopper. If you show her this, it's going to set the tone for every other place you might look at, and that's going to be a problem. You're not going to find anything else in this price point, this nice, this well done. Just be prepared."* — Jon Kohler

How It Got This Way — the Program

Wildlife like this is a result, and the results here have causes. With the same authority as a Nick Saban press conference, Jeff can name every one.

Predators, hammered

“ — *"You can plant whatever you wanna plant and feed whatever you wanna feed, but if you don't kill the predators, they're not gonna reproduce."* — Jeff Karter

Raccoons are the quail and turkey killer nobody budgets for. Jeff trapped 50 to 100 in the early years and now runs a dozen cameras he checks daily for coons and possums — predator numbers today are roughly 20 percent of what he started with. He tracks the seasonal push off Hog Creek and off the farm fields when they get cut, and he traps ahead of it. I do the same thing on my own farm every morning before coffee, and the difference it makes is not subtle.

Ambush points, eliminated

I have been doing this a long time, and this is the only time I have seen a landowner actively manage for what Dr. Craig Harper describes as ambush points. There are no hard edges left on this property. The transitions have been feathered and the basal area thinned, so a fawn, a hen or a covey never has to walk blind past a thicket where a coon or a bobcat can sit and wait. A bird can still dive into cover — it just gets to see the predator first. That is a single design idea applied across 377 acres over five years, and it is a key reason the wildlife numbers here are what they are.

Fire, ecotones, and a road system a turkey hunter drew

Fire moves in rotation, section by section, never a clean sweep — deliberately staggered so the habitat always carries the age class the game needs somewhere on the place. Hardwood understory is opened where deer need cover and left thick where turkeys need scratching. Bedding areas have been built to hold does, because does hold bucks. Native ragweed carries more protein than most of what people plant in food plots, and the plots are cut with fingers and transitions so deer step out where you can see them and still feel safe doing it.

The road system was laid out by a turkey hunter to get a man in front of birds, and it doubles as the deer travel design — pines to brush to open, with destinations: oak groves, parks, places you want to sit.

Trees in the ground, already growing

Every January, Jeff and his sister plant a couple hundred trees together — sawtooth oaks, wildlife fruit varieties, and dogwoods specifically for the turkeys. The surviving early plantings are tubed; last year alone they put in over 200.

There are approximately 216± acres of young planted loblolly — 134± acres of three-year-old pine on the south parcel and 82± acres on the north — along with approximately 106± acres of hardwood, including mature white-oak bottoms.

“ — *“I wanted to make it better—the land, how it looked, the preservation of it and the history of it. I wanted to leave it better than I got it.” — Jeff Karter*

Water, Bluffs, and Bottoms

Four natural spring heads. Not a typical farm pond — clean, flowing spring water coming out of the ground under its own pressure. No pump, no power, no permit. It is the hardest thing here to replicate, the highest-scoring attribute on our Social Storm® index, and the same reason the Kolomoki people chose this country seventeen hundred years ago, followed by the pioneers.

The main pond runs about five acres with two springs in the head and a deep V Jeff estimates at twenty feet. When he bought the place the original dam had blown out and it had drained; he dug it out further and rebuilt it. Because it never stops flowing there is no algae and the fish don't taste like the pond — bream, crappie and bass, including one they called a ten-pounder and several eights. There is a feeder on it, and a dozen wood ducks came off the roost the morning we filmed.

“*The water's really clean because it never stops flowing...there's no algae in the pond at all. It's a little sanctuary as well.*” — Jeff Karter

The pond sits in a bowl with a dramatic fifty- to sixty-foot elevation drop — unusual relief for this part of Georgia — and that same formation repeats across the property in a series of spring bowls, bluffs and ravines. Rock Hill itself is the property's high point. Hog Creek wraps the east, north and west sides. In the bottoms there are white oaks you can't get your arms around, laurel oaks and natural live oaks, and enough hard mast that in a good acorn year the mature bucks never have to leave them. Deer put their backs to those bluffs where nothing can come in behind them; turkeys use the same ground for the same reason.

What Came Before

This ground was part of Chuly Plantation, and it has been carrying people and game for a very long time. The original road to Fort Gaines — running from a railroad that is no longer there — crosses the property. So does the old trading post where wagon trains watered their mules, and the hand-dug wells that served it are still here.

Rock Hill itself, the high point the place is named for, is where Jeff's sister has picked up arrowheads for years — nearly all of them knife-shaped cutting blades. And there is one more thing: a neighbor whose family has been here three generations says there is a cave in the back bowl of this property. She has the grinding stone she carried out of it when she was a little girl. Jeff has looked and so far never found it.

“*I don't think she would mislead me. Maybe the new owner will find it.*” — Jeff Karter

None of that is a coincidence. This property sits on what I call the Kolomoki Plain, anchored by the Temple Mound a few miles south — 56 feet of earth carried up one basket at a time, at the center of what was likely the most populous settlement in North America north of Mexico. The people who built it chose this plain for the same reasons Jeff chose this tract: springs that never stop, hardwood bottoms full of mast, fertile soils and an abundance of wild game.

Kolomoki is commonly translated as land of the white oaks — and the bottoms here are full of white oaks two men can't reach around. Today the plain is known worldwide for White Oak Pastures, where our friend Will Harris has farmed the same ground his family settled in 1866 and has been at the forefront of sustainable agriculture.

The Neighbors — Why 377 Acres Hunts Like 2,200

Deer don't follow property lines, so the only question that matters is what happens to a buck when he walks off your line. Here is the answer at Rock Hill.

The 700-acre farm to the south is worked by a man who doesn't hunt. The tract on one side is held by an owner who doesn't hunt at all. The hunted ground around this property has produced a handful of bucks between all of it in five years. And the 180 acres on the other side runs the same program Jeff does — does and cull bucks only.

That is roughly 2,200 acres of genuinely low-pressure ground under compatible management, and everyone talks to everyone.

“ — *"It's like having a two- or three-thousand-acre plantation, because we all talk, we all share pictures, we all look after each other's property."* — Jeff Karter

The property is also effectively landlocked from casual access — there is no easy way in for anyone who doesn't belong, and a stranger at the gate gets a phone call before he reaches the house. That happened to one of Jeff's own friends during construction.

That network is also why the place runs itself. Jeff lives six hours away in Tampa. A friend and manager is out here at least one day a week; another handles the yard and irrigation and drains the lines ahead of a freeze before Jeff even knows a front is coming. Ask any absentee landowner what the hardest part of ownership is and he will tell you it is finding somebody he trusts. Here it is already solved.

Social Storm® — Rock Hill Scores a 5

Fifteen years ago we developed our Social Storm® program because we recognized a need for places to go in bad times. It's hard to believe now, but back then it sounded crazy and many didn't believe there was a need. Today everyone gets it, and these properties are mainstream. The best ones are exceptional hedges — they rise with the recreational niche in good times and become more valuable and more in demand in bad ones. And unlike gold, this hedge is useable by your loved ones. Many have replaced gold with it.

The ones that score highest exemplify the self-sufficient, independent living that is the basis of the freedoms that made this country great. They all share the features of an “A” ranked, high-quality recreational property, with the additional benefits of wealth preservation, a financial hedge, and a safe retreat when any one of the things the Bible or the government is warning us about comes to pass.

Rock Hill scores exceptionally. It is exactly the kind of place one would go during the next COVID, or worse.

These properties carry the benefits of two different asset classes.

In good times their recreational values rise with the recreational market. In bad times — when the country's stability decreases — demand and value for this sub-asset class increase. Investors gravitate to them for safety in bad times and buy them for a recreation reward in good times. It is a natural hedge against inflation and hard times, it is fun to own, and it is why we have called these properties the new gold.

A graphic titled "SOCIAL STORM® — PROPERTY —" by Jon Kohler & Associates. It features a dark green background with white text. The text describes Rock Hill and its Social Storm® Property Attributes as highly ranked, belonging to a unique asset class. It lists eight attributes with star ratings: Land Quality (5 stars), Security (4 stars), Natural Resources (5 stars), Hard Assets (4 stars), Location (5 stars), Family-Friendly (5 stars), Lodging (5 stars), and Operational (5 stars). At the bottom, there is a gold button that says "Why Choose a SOCIAL STORM® Property >".

JON KOHLER & ASSOCIATES

SOCIAL STORM® — PROPERTY —

ROCK HILL and its SOCIAL STORM® Property Attributes are Highly Ranked. This SOCIAL STORM® property belongs to a unique asset class with key property attributes that investors gravitate to for safety in bad times and buy for a recreation reward in good times.

A SOCIAL STORM® RANKED PROPERTY:

LAND QUALITY ★★★★★	LOCATION ★★★★★
SECURITY ★★★★★	FAMILY-FRIENDLY ★★★★★
NATURAL RESOURCES ★★★★★	LODGING ★★★★★
HARD ASSETS ★★★★★	OPERATIONAL ★★★★★

[Why Choose a SOCIAL STORM® Property >](#)

“It's definitely a place of peace ... who else could build such an amazing place like this but the Lord.” — Jeff Karter

“*"The crime rate here is something below negligible. We just don't have trouble. We're in this huge area where it's pure rural. If the worst thing happened, we would not be hungry. We would not be unprotected. There's no doubt in my mind — this is where you want to be."* — Will Harris, White Oak Pastures

Rock Hill lies near Coleman in Randolph County, approximately 10–15 minutes from Cuthbert, 45 minutes from Eufaula, 50 minutes from Albany, an hour and a half from Thomasville and two hours from Tallahassee. Randolph County Airport (25J) is approximately 20 minutes away, with Southwest Georgia Regional Airport (ABY) approximately an hour away.

What You're Buying

I broker the top deer properties in the South, and I will put this plainly: at \$3.5M you are not going to find anything close to the value here. The land and timber component alone is under \$7,000 per acre. Our overall price per acre this year is running over \$8,000 for everything — and this is a superior property. Top whitetail properties are commanding closer to \$10,000 per acre, with two already beating that number this year.

Fox Creek has closed three times since we first proved it was a trophy deer place, most recently with parts of it selling for over \$10,000 an acre. River's Edge we've closed three times, each one setting a new record — the last at \$9,850 per acre, which is mostly land and timber value, a 135% increase in seven years.

Neither of those properties came with a custom home built in 2024, three buildings, a stocked five-acre spring-fed lake, or a five-year wildlife program with the inventory still standing. Both had to have their potential proven after the sale. Here it is proven before it.

Why Is a Dream Property Like This For Sale?

Jeff took a buyout from his company about ninety days ago. Both of his boys are in college and one graduates within the year, and after missing time with them while he was building a career, he doesn't want to be tied six hours from wherever they land. Nothing about the property drove this decision. This isn't a coach who sees a hidden problem coming and wants to exit on a winning season — it's a man who has decided that what we build in this world comes second to God and family.

He expects to buy land again. And he was clear that if he stayed in this area, he'd be buying the tracts next door instead of selling this one.

“ — *"Jeff is a practitioner of the world's oldest profession — land stewardship. Genesis 2:15: "And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it." It's certainly a job well done."* — Jon Kohler

Our Role as Brokers Is to Find the Next Great Land Steward

When I asked Jeff what letter he would leave for the next owner, he didn't want to leave a letter. He wanted to walk the property with whoever buys it — show them the roosts, the covey headquarters, the cameras that matter, which bucks to leave alone — and keep the line open after closing.

“ — *"I'd want it to go to the right family that appreciates this. ... I just hope the next person makes it even better, and that it's as special to them as it has been for me and my family."* — Jeff Karter

That walk-through conveys with the property. Thirty years of learning this county and five years of building this specific program, handed over in person, with the phone line open afterward. There is no line for it on a survey and no way to price it, and it is the most valuable thing changing hands.

Jeff has been clear about what the right family looks like, and he wrote the test himself: shoot your does, stay out of the sanctuary, keep the traps running, and pass on anything under five years old. If you read that and nodded, he wants to meet you.