

Thanksgiving is my favorite time of the year. It's a time we all get together to enjoy family, friends, and hunting. My brother, Blaine, and I were blessed to grow up in South Georgia on a 2000 acre farm. Our family farm is located in Irwin County and consists of primarily agriculture, pasture and timberland. We started practicing trophy management back when we were young boys. We decided at a young age that if we did not let our little bucks walk, we would not have any trophies. We have been practicing QDMA for over 25 years and let hundreds of young bucks walk. Our motto has always been "Let the young bucks go so they can grow."

As we grew older, we went off to college and started our own families in different part of Georgia. Now, we look forward to bringing our families home as we gather at the farm for Thanksgiving and a week of food, fellowship and hunting.

I arrived at home the Friday before Thanksgiving and began my week of hunting. I spent Saturday and Sunday hunting a huge cotton field that had plenty of big tracks and plenty of buck activity. Frustrated with not seeing any daytime rut activity, I decided to go in after daylight on Monday, November 24, 2008. While driving my truck to my stand, I spotted a huge buck running down the edge of the cotton field. At first sight, I knew this was one of the biggest bucks that I had ever seen on our family farm. I rushed to my stand and tried rattling and grunting, but to no avail. I returned to my parent's house at lunch and told my Dad that I had seen a monster that morning. My first impression of the big buck was that this was a 150 class buck with mid-west mass.

For my afternoon hunt, I decided to return to the same cotton field and do some grunting but no rattling because of the proximity to the buck's bedding area. Around 4:30 pm, I was settled into my stand over-looking the cotton field. I decided to do only one aggressive grunt sequence at 5:30 pm. After doing a 30-second grunt sequence in combination with the can, I put everything away with anticipation of the big buck coming to investigate. Sure enough, moments later, I spotted the huge buck coming out of the thick cover heading in my direction.

At first sight, I knew it was the big buck I had seen earlier, and he was definitely a shooter. I threw up my TC Pro Hunter .7mm Mag, found his boiler plate, and squeezed the trigger. At first impact, I knew it was only a matter of time before he went down. I watched as the buck buckled and traveled only 40 yards before going down. I waited for about 30 seconds until I could not stand it any longer. I jumped down and went over to check out my trophy. At first glance, I realized that this buck did have it all: points, mass and spread. I counted a total of 13 scoreable points, (6 on the left and 7 on the right) and more mass than I had ever seen on any buck on our farm.

I am very proud to harvest such a trophy in Georgia, and especially on property that I manage. I credit my family and friends for the hard work and effort that it takes to allow a buck of this caliber to grow old enough to reach maturity.