

## Tim Tipton's- 48 Hour Ohio Buck

Friday November 6<sup>th</sup> I was perched in a tree over looking my 3 acre food plot, consisting of soybeans, corn, and clover. Over the last week the rutting activity around the field was in full swing with my wife Lana having an opportunity at a mature ten point just two days earlier. Unfortunately Lana had an appointment Friday evening so I decided to sit in her stand. This stand faces the food plot to the north and a thick swamp lies to the south about 200 yards from the field separated by mature hardwoods. The hunt started out a bit slow, but as the sun was starting to set and the temps started to drop a bit my excitement started to grow. Around 5pm I did a series of tending grunts followed by an estrus bleat call and watched the woods behind me for movement. After five minutes had passed without any movement, I repeated the grunts and bleats and watched and listened. Nothing responded so I directed my attention to the woods on each side of the food plot. A few minutes passed and the notorious snap of a twig behind me alerted me to an incoming deer. I slowly peeked around the tree to see a mature buck at 50yds and closing, instantly grabbing my bow off the hook preparing for a shot. The buck had turned slightly and was going to my left, I quickly moved my bow to the other side of the tree and picked an opening at 18yds and waited for the buck to hit the spot. As the buck hit the shooting lane I released my arrow. The arrow looked perfect but just before hitting the buck's chest it nipped a twig too small for me to notice, and in horror I watched the buck run off with my arrow sticking out of the top of his shoulder. I watched the buck stumble a bit and stop 100yds from the shot, but he took off again into the swamp and out of site. I sat back down in the stand to contemplate the events that just unfolded. Knowing I had a marginal shot, one lung at best I decided to slip out and leave the area till morning.

That evening turned into dozens of phone calls with Rob Wilt, Gene Carney, and Bill Keagy discussing the shot and a plan of attack for the morning. We decided to wait till 8:30 to take up the trail, 15 hours after the shot. One of the hardest decisions I had to make but the right one when you are not sure on your shot placement. Morning came after 4 hours sleep, and I was optimistic that he lay just inside the swamp. We started off where the shot took place and found blood 20yds away. The blood trail began rather faint as I expected due to no exit wound. After the first 60yds the blood trail got a lot better and my spirits were on the rise. We followed the blood trail into the swamp and discovered where the buck had bedded and left a puddle of blood. The next 200yds produced twelve more beds and a diminishing blood trail to the point where we had lost blood after the thirteenth bed. Each of us started scanning various deer trails hopping to pick up some blood. Bill found a tiny speck of blood on the edge of a cut hayfield 150yds north of the last bed. We started into the field heading north and that's when I spotted the buck, he had bedded behind my neighbors pond in a small patch of golden rod and was still alive! Unfortunately, he smelled us as I saw his horns shine in the morning sun. The buck started to head east towards the cut hay field and that's when I took off on a dead sprint to cut the distance and hopefully get a shot. Using an overgrown fence row as cover I estimated the distance at 70yds as the buck stood broadside and released my arrow. The shot was traveling perfectly but ended up a few inches low and the buck was running again with me in tow ready to shoot again if he stopped. The buck made it into the neighbor's 150 acre cornfield and I decided to let him go for the day. I was hoping that he would lay up again and die by tomorrow afternoon.

In the morning after another sleepless night, I went flying over the cornfield with Bill Bieber hoping to spot the buck lying dead. After 30 minutes of circling the field we called off the search. At 3:30 I headed to the field with my bow to look for his track. After searching for 15 minutes my break came, two sets of cornstalks knocked over with the unmistakable chipped hoof print I had tracked the day before. The next 400yds I followed the tracks thru the cornfield to the top of a slight hill. I stopped to glass down the corn row I was in and that's when I spotted a darker color of brown at the far end of the field 300yds away that had to be a deer! I moved over one row and continued east 150yds, stopping to glass the brown spot. As I was glassing the deer I saw horns, big horns and was sure it was my buck, still very alive. I stepped out of the row the buck was laying in and continued to cut the distance 25yds at a time, checking that the buck didn't move each time I stopped. When I got to 25yds I quietly cut 5 cornstalks off at the base with my buck knife and stuck them in the ground to make room for me to step into his row. Thank goodness for a cross wind for the buck had no idea I had slipped in so close. After one more peek with the binoculars to determine where his rib cage was I knocked an arrow and came to full draw and stepped into his row, settled my 25yd pin on his chest and released an arrow thru the lungs! At the impact the buck got up and ran 10yds and piled up. I knocked another arrow and eased up and saw him lying stretched out. He raised his head and I put another muzzy broad-head thru the chest. After 2 days I was taking no chances! He got up again making it out of the field and collapsing one last time. The emotions that swept over me at that point were beyond description, I thanked god and knelt down to hold the antlers of my 48 hour trophy.

