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Sportsmen's Stories—November 2007  
by Anthony Privitera of Rochester, NY  
Photo: by Rob Dempster of Greece, NY

### Thanks Dad

Anthony Privitera ~ November 27, 2007

Hello fellow sportsmen,

I was lucky enough to get a second opportunity at this fine buck on the same day. The first was in the morning around 8 a.m. , I had seen him some 300 yards away in a grass field ,so I used my primo can to see if I could get his attention, To my surprise he came in running ,but circled around me to get a better downwind perspective. He must be pretty smart I said to myself, A minute later I caught a glimpse of him running full out away from me....He caught my scent ! I couldn't stop thinking about him, replaying this giant rack in my mind, over and over.

Later that afternoon I went back to the spot where I first seen him in the morning, with a different wind direction, I was hoping he would come from the direction I had seen him running off to. There he is...Off to my right, as I was trimming a tree on the edge of a grass field. I'm sure he has heard me cutting limbs from the pine tree I was hunting out of. He is at least 400 yards away, just watching his does feed in the grass.

It began to rain pretty hard that afternoon as I watched the two does bed down in the field, The rain stopped and the buck began to make his way directly toward me, all open fields I could hardly control my heart from coming out of my chest, My legs began to shake, I can't believe it ...Here he comes ! Calm down , calm down...It's only a doe I told myself, Yeah, That never works...As I stare at the drop tine coming off his right side....He's now at 50 yards as I begin to slowly pull back my bow without him catching a glimpse of movement. I stopped him broadside at 35 yards, just before he disappeared in to the hedgerow I was on the edge of.

MAAAAT...I said softly enough to stop him, I put my one 25 yard pin a few inches high and released the arrow. Perfect! I heard the thwack, the arrow disappeared in the bucks lower right shoulder, he ran parallel with the hedgerow in the field, Just 50 yards or so, The buck is down. Drop tine buck is down. I did it!

Immediately I called my brother (who last year shot an amazing non-typical 186 7/8 which placed his buck @ #10 of all time in NYS with the bow. ), Shaking uncontrollably... Mark I did it! I shot a drop tine!!!! He's down, HE'S DOWN! Mark was so excited for me; He explained it was like being out there in the tree with me... Alright Anth, Alright, Great job! Then I called Dad, He loves it when I call him from the tree, whether I see a fox, squirrel or nothing at all.

I reflected on the good old days when Dad use to drive his two sons to Naples to hunt every weekend, never complaining about gas prices, or having to get up early again on his two days off a week or the long 50 mile drive each way from Rochester. He just knew that the days spent in the woods with his boys were priceless, and the tradition and memories would always be there. Twenty years have gone by since that first opening day in Naples New York, Dad can't get out in the woods anymore, and I'd like to dedicate this Drop Tine buck to Dad, Thanks for taking me hunting Dad...

Best regards,  
Anthony Privitera  
Rochester, NY