

WYOGA HUNTING STORY CONTEST WINNER

My Elk Hunt by Dana Doyon

BIG GAME HUNTING



Dana Doyon and I live in New Durham, New Hampshire. My brother Marc and I have hunted together since we were young. The past fifteen years or so we have travelled many places to hunt big game. Last September we travelled to Wheatland, Wyoming to hunt with Elk Mountain Outfitters, LLC run by Myron, Karma, and son Mike Wakkuri along with grandson Toni English, who was my guide. My first night there I knew we would be taken care of as their hospitality was exceptional. We were treated like family. This is a hunt I will never forget and I'm honored to have experienced it with everyone involved from the day we arrived to the day we departed.

We all know no matter what you are hunting, mother-nature controls your fate. She controls

Many Elk Hunt stories have been told, some successful, some not so successful. My story just happens to be one of the successful ones, finally, after five trips. My name is

the weather and she controls the animals desire to fall for the call or not. My week started slow, elk in the distance and bugling going on, but weather was too warm, in the 80's, so not a lot of movement or opportunities.

Mid-week the weather started to change in our favor. Snow, rain and cold. The elk were bedded down across the meadow up the mountainside. The bugling was lasting longer throughout the days. We made our way closer, positioning ourselves below them and started working our way up. I had several encounters but nothing worthwhile until the last day of my hunt, September 13th, 2015.

Our guides, my brother, and I decided we were going to hunt together. We headed back to the same spot we were scouting the previous two days. It was a quick setup once we reached our destination, elk were coming into our calling but the closer they got the more spooked they were and hesitated to come in close enough. We moved up over the hillside once again, positioning ourselves well but the bulls were moving too fast chasing the cows and we were unable to stall them. Come noontime my brother and his guide left to hunt another site. Toni and I decided to stay and finish the day where we were.

Late afternoon the bugling was non-stop and low and behold, my heart started to pound,

a bull made his way down the mountainside, was crossing the meadow and heading towards us. We started to make our way towards him, staying low, trying to intercept him sooner. Seventy-Five yards in front of us was a water hole. The bull proceeded to go in it, trashing around. Toni stayed buried in juniper bushes and I stood, positioning myself for a shot. Toni gave a quick call and the bull faced our direction and started coming towards us. I could not believe what I was seeing nor feeling. I'm finally going to score. Nineteen yards, I drew my bow back, released, and scored. Both dazed, myself and the bull, the bull walked off but for whatever reason stopped, turning broadside he looked at me. Toni whispered, another arrow, another arrow. I drew back again, another whisper from the bush, forty-five yards, fort-five yards. I released the arrow and it was a text book double-lung hit. The elk moved again but only a short distance before he dropped. We waited forty-five minutes, no movement, we made our way towards him. I could not believe what I was seeing in front of me, this beautiful animal mother-nature created. What I thought to be 330-340" class from a distance, was a little over 350" elk that awarded me second place in the Big Game entry for the Elk Typical Archery category. 🏹