

Hunting Story by Mike Dorough

Hunting is something to do between meals.

I had the best of the best in hunting. I had deer/elk, rat (prairie dogs), upland birds, waterfowls, and pigeons.

The hunt I would look forward to the most were the annual deer/elk hunt. Mark (my twin brother) and Michael was invited to go. Some of the time Michael could not be taken out of school. This would leave Mark and I on most hunts by ourselves. We hunted for approximately 30 years (Oregon and Arizona). We hunted with bows for that time. The equipment improved over the years. Currently I shoot a Mathews bow with a range finder. I can hit an elk at 70 yards.

Marilyn and I was in a blind (camo tent) when I decided to rest my eyes. She stated she saw two hunters with bows over their shoulders. This did not sound right. I looked at an Imperial Elk(7 by 7) come straight at us. The sweet spot was over 1 foot at 22 yards. I could hit a dime at that distance. His rack was so big he could scratch his butt with his anthers by moving his head back and forth. This was deer seasons so I let it pass. It is never wrong to do right.

We improved what we ate over the years. We never ate bad but it improved over the years. We ate many steaks.

Our camps improved also. I take nearly everything I own except the kitchen sink, for camping/hunting. I pack all the camping/hunting stuff in a trailer.

Mike