



## STEVE'S OUTDOOR ADVENTURES - HUNTER REPORT

Christopher Morrow / New Mexico Rifle Elk  
October 31 – November 4 - Five Day Hunt

As a boy, I used to use my meager allowance to buy the monthly issues of Field & Stream and Outdoor Life Magazines. In them were articles by Jack O'Connor and other writers of their adventures and advice for Elk Hunting and of the places out West they used to hunt. I couldn't wait for each issue to come out so I could read them. Afterwards, I would dream about those hunts and wish I would someday have a chance to be able to elk hunt.

Well, I retired this year and I found that it was time for me to begin working on my "bucket list", while I was able. I also have an Uncle, Lewis Carter, who is 77 years of age who is an avid hunter. He needed a little assistance in traveling. He had been asking me for years to go on an elk hunt with him so since I am retired I said I would go with him on a hunt. Later that year we booked the elk hunt through Steve's Outdoor Adventures to their premier ranch just north of Chama, New Mexico.

We drove from Georgia to New Mexico because I couldn't talk him into flying, he wouldn't have it any other way. We would have saved time and wear and tear on our bodies. This turned out to be a good thing. We took our time and viewed the country side and attractions as we went. This surely is God's country and he had blessed us with a chance to see a small part of it. Lewis and I were stationed in Vietnam at the same time and location. We were both combat soldiers. Through all that strife and turmoil, now I was allowed to see another thing we were fighting to protect.

I shot my bull the second morning of the hunt. I was using a .30-06 with a 3-12x scope and a 180 grain bullet. We were driving to our hunting area and when we rounded a curve in the road two bulls and a cow ran in front of us and up the mesa. We grabbed the rifles, bailed out of the truck and ran down a path for a shot. The guide spotted them, slapped the shooting sticks down and said, "There's your elk!" Lewis, who had won the coin toss earlier for the first shot, looked at the shot and said it was too far for him and to take the shot. I slapped the rifle on the sticks and asked the guide for a range. The shot was 390 yards at about a 35% angle and I waited for the elk to turn broadside before taking my shot.

All this happened in just a few seconds and we didn't see the elk go down. With great we loaded back into the truck and drove around the back side and onto the top to the Mesa. Once on top, we dropped down about 150 yards and found the elk.

We then butchered the bull in the field. Normally they load the entire elk whole but he was on a steep hillside and not possible. So we cut out the back straps, tenderloins, and quartered him up and packed the meat up the mesa to the truck. It was all great fun!

On the other hand, Uncle Lewis did not get his elk. He did have numerous opportunities at smaller bulls, but chose to pass on them, holding out to the very end for a big herd bull. He had no problem coming home without an elk. To him the total experience of the hunt, travel, and accommodations at the lodge were enough.

After we arrived home, I split my elk with him and gave him a set of photos from the hunt. To my surprise after a couple of weeks, Lewis gave me his rifle. It was his .300 WSM. He had carried it on several hunts for several years. I accepted the gift with tremendous appreciation and at the same time great sadness for I knew what it meant.

Thanks for your help, Steve. It was great fun and the staff, lodging, and meals were excellent. It was truly the Hunt of a Lifetime!!

Warm Regards,  
Christopher Morrow

