





# ELK Camp

*An Enduring Tradition*



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*t*his world of leather, canvas, stout rope, and cast iron has nothing to do with what you left behind down there. Except that, for a week or so, you consider it home...



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...The practical value of elk camp, of course, is that you wake up each morning in the heart of elk country. Camp is set up, and maybe there's even someone hired to do the cooking. That leaves 24 hours a day for either sleeping or hunting...



*...But you came here for more than that, surely. There's poker, and jokes, and telling stories at day's end ("You'll never believe what happened...") Later, while drifting off to sleep, your senses recall the saddle's creak, the steam coming off sweaty horse flanks, the chatter of chickadees flitting about camp, the sparkling frost on moonlit tent walls...*





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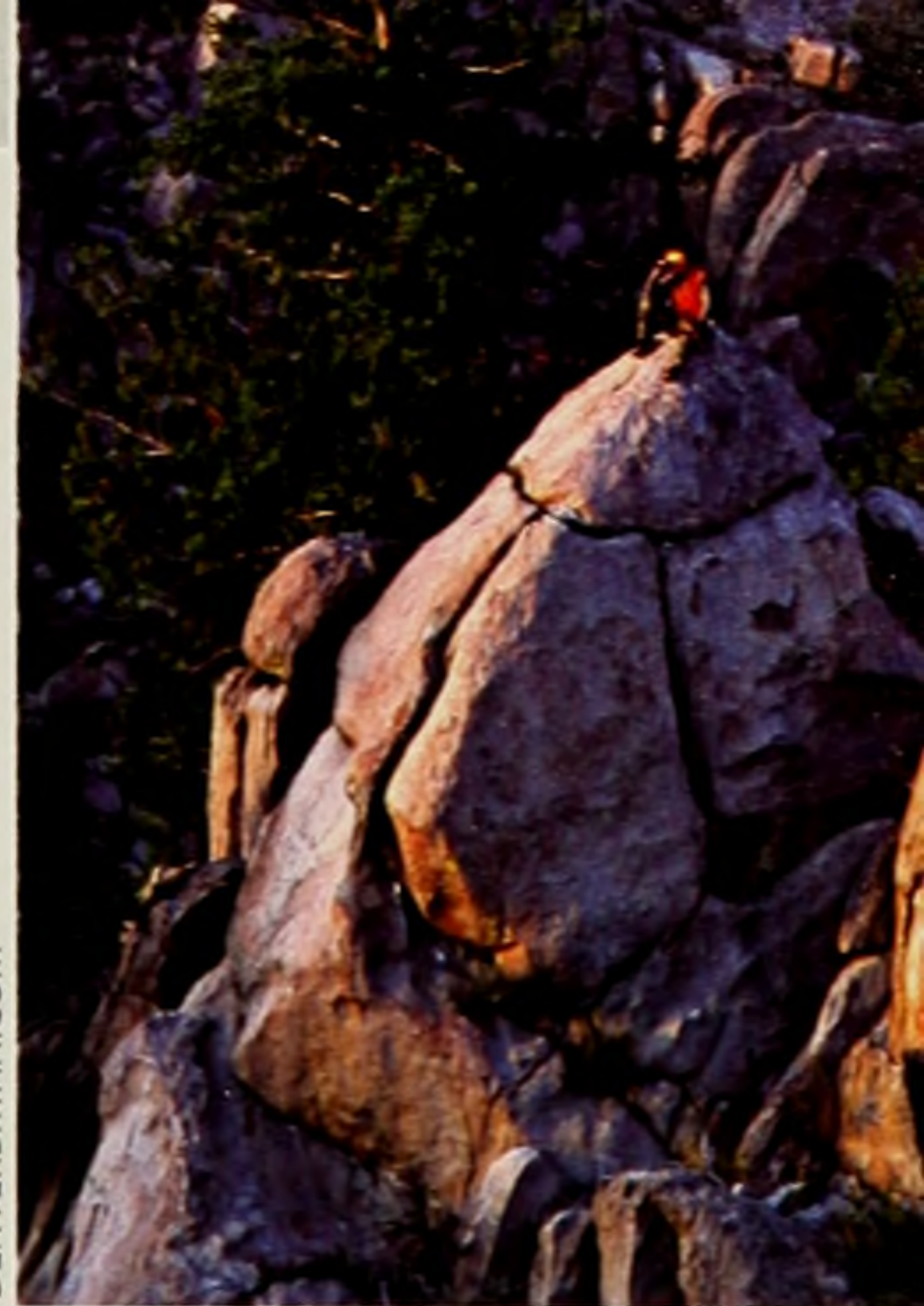


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*...The next morning you dress quickly, bid the others good luck, then steal away into the predawn dark, to hunt all day until your legs can hardly hold you up. Successful or not, you stagger back that evening, drawn by blue smoke rising against dark conifers, warmed by faint sounds of laughter, the clink of cooking pots, the tear of wood being split for one last campfire, for one last story. "You'll never believe what happened..."*

—TOM DICKSON

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