

WYOGA HUNTING STORY CONTEST WINNER: HARV FRIDLEY

Sweet Redemption

It was day two of the hunt and we were once again at the top of the mountain in some prime sheep habitat. My friend from Gillette, Bob Glatt has hunted this area before and had agreed to come along with me and be my guide. We had stopped for a short break and to take in the scenery when almost out of nowhere, two rams popped over a narrow ridge about a quarter of a mile away and they were on the move headed toward us.

Bob assessed that they would pass just above us and if we could make it up the shale slide on our left, we should be able to intercept them. Bob took the lead and after about five minutes of huffin' and puffin' he came to an abrupt halt. In a soft voice he said,

"don't shoot him; he isn't legal." Standing broadside at about seventy five yards stood a young ram looking straight at us. I caught some movement just off to the young rams left and peering from behind a large rock was a much larger sheep. I raised my rifle and put as much of his left front shoulder in the Leupold as I could see and squeezed the trigger.

It is nearly a quarter of a century later and that

missed opportunity has haunted me all these years. I still have the empty cartridge and unfilled tag as a reminder.



Once again, it is day two of my hunt, but I have hired Butte Creek Outfitters out of Cody to help me secure a sheep this time. Owner and guide, Ron Lineberger, has located a band of ten rams that are bedded in a small aspen grove about four hundred yards, just slightly below us. Today, the wind is our friend and we have been able to cut the distance in half.

Ron has made a determination as to which ram I should shoot and we waited, hunkered down behind some small pines. Almost an hour passes before the sheep rises up out of his bed. He stretches and takes a couple of steps and presents me with a perfect broadside shot.

The 300 Win Mag barks and the bullet sails just over the ram's back. He freezes in full alert but is unable to detect where the shot came from. It gives me just enough time to chamber a second round which puts him down.

As we approach the downed ram, it is evident that we have harvested something very special. There is no ground shrinkage on this magnificent trophy! After getting him dressed out and back to camp, Ron puts a tape on him. He comes up with 180 1/8 SCI, which is pretty darn close to the 179 5/8 that is the final.

I want to thank the Lineberger's and Butte Creek Outfitters for doing all the heavy lifting and for making this my hunt of a lifetime and for removing that disappointment that I have had to live with for the past twenty-two years. 🙏