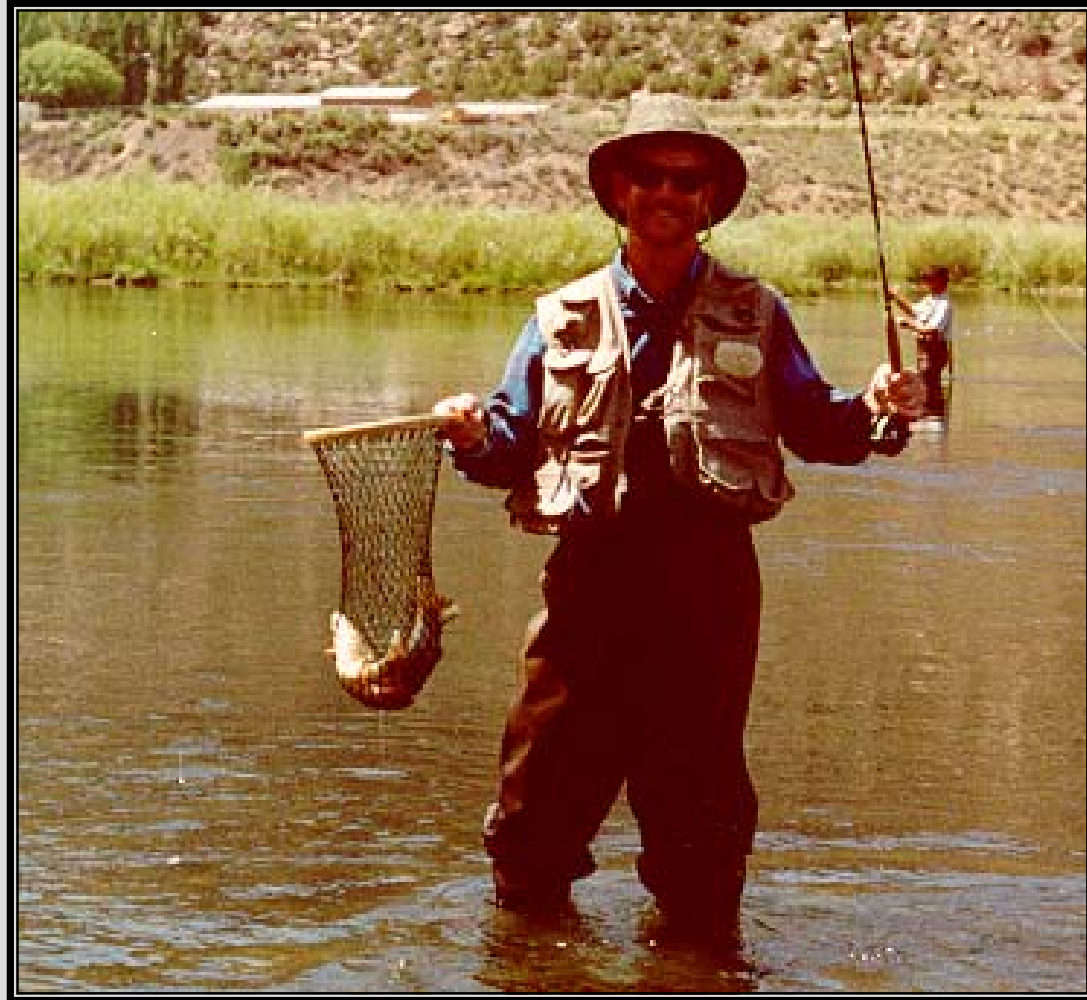


# San Juan Cable Hole

The San Juan cable hole is one of the best spots on the San Juan river. There are lots of deep runs and riffles to fish. The trout on the right was caught on a small number 24 midge.



# Thrall Dove Hunt

Yes that's right it was suppose to be a dove hunt. But just in case the dove hunting was off, my friend john brought along his duck hunting boat. The dove hunting was slow but the bass fishing was red-hot-unbelievable. John and I caught over 100 bass in one afternoon. We each kept 10 for the frying pan. With all that fishing I completely wore my thumb out. Bass do have teeth and holding the fish's mouth open while taking them off the hook took its toll. Just as we quit fishing, the doves started coming into roost. We had some fast and furious action. We headed for home with a mess of birds and fish to clean. It was truly a cast and blast outing.



# San Juan Wolly Bugger



I caught this large rainbow on the San Juan in Northwest New Mexico. It was early in the morning and I was unsure what type of fly to start off with. The steam was rising off of the water and the current was swift. I cast a large olive/Black Woolly Bugger 90 degrees to the current. As it drifted even with the current, this big boy hit. Since I was fishing by myself there was no one available to confirm my catch. I just lay the fish on the bank and snapped this photo. The rod and reel give some sense of the size to this fish.

# Speckle Geese

Corey Gaskil and I pose with the geese we shot on a Garwood Texas goose hunt. We left Austin at 4:30 A.M. and were late getting to the field. We were still getting set when I saw a lone goose coming into our spread. I think everyone jumped when I fired off that first shot of the morning. The dead goose almost hit the guide as it fell to the ground. You don't want to be hit by a falling goose as these birds are big and heavy.



# Chama Monster

David Arrington was determined to make sure everyone had a great time on the annual boys fly-fishing trip. When the heavy run off made fishing on the Rio Grande difficult, David got on the phone and started putting another fishing deal together. He ended up providing several fishing scholarships to a private ranch in Chama New Mexico. The fly fishing on Chama Land and Cattle's high mountain lakes was excellent. Here I show off a hog I caught using a wooly bugger



# Mason County Turkey

In 1987 my friend Matt Mathias invited me on a Deer hunt in Mason County. I knew the hunting was going to be good when Matt hit a deer with his Blazer on the way into camp. Later that evening I noticed everyone was busy sharpening their knives. I had no knife. The next day Matt rattled up a buck and shot it with his pistol. I shot at an 8 point buck with my 30-30, a distance of over 400 yards. I didn't know any better. Then the following morning Matt shot two wild turkeys. The turkeys had really been to far away to shoot at, but Matt chanced a shot. The turkey took to the air and flew directly toward Matt. This time Matt didn't miss. This was my first experience with Central Texas hunting. It was great fun. I also knew that I had a great deal to learn.



# San Juan Trophy

Steve Wright is one of the best all around fisherman that I've ever had the privilege to fish with. On a trip to the San Juan in October he caught this monster rainbow trout. I just watched because I wasn't catching anything. We ate pop tarts for breakfast, drank beer for dinner and stayed in flea bitten motels. But we didn't care, because during the day we were spending every minute bending trout lips at one of the hottest trout rivers in the world.



# New Years Day Turkeys

Mike Leach invited me on a deer hunt on New Years day. We decided to get up at 4:00 A.M and drive to his friend Bill Terry's property outside of Lampasas. Upon arrival Mike told me that there was only one blind. He suggested that I hunt from that blind and that he would hunt about a half mile away along the creek. I got to the blind and started hunting. I had a hard time staying awake. I dosed off and then was roused by some loud clucking. There in front of me were 50 wild Turkeys. I searched desperately through the scope to find a turkey with a beard. When I finally fired my rifle, Turkeys scattered everywhere. In the confusion that followed I could not see the turkey I shot at. Had I missed? I looked for another target. Along the fence line, 150 yards away I saw a turkey and fired. I got out of the blind not expecting to have hit either Turkey. I found both of them



# Ferrell Hog Hunt

I shot this Ferrell hog on the Pebbles Ranch. The hog came to a deer feeder that was 375 yards away from the Ranch house. I know it was 375 yards because I paced it off. Any shot over 200 yards is considered a long shot. Another important point about this story is that I missed shots at two other pigs earlier in the day. For this particular shot I took a great deal of time to get everything just right. I aimed six inches above the hogs back. I reduced the power of the scope to 6x so that I could hold the rifle impact point. I took a padded rest and worked on my breathing. When I finally squeezed of that 7mag round I saw the hog do a summersault. Now the real work began in cleaning that pig.



# Archery Hunt

Matt Mathias invited me out to his ranch near Rumley, north of Lampasas. It was during the early bow season. Both Matt and I were fortunate to get shots. I shot the deer from a tree-house like platform that was positioned above a game trail. It was late in the evening when two deer jumped the fence and began moving toward me. I had the worst adrenalin rush of my life and almost fell out of the tree. I waited till the first deer was less than 10 yards away before letting the arrow go. It was my first deer with a bow. Matt also shot a small cull buck with his bow. It was Matt's first deer with a bow as well.



# Lake Dallas Teal Hunt

Steve Wright, Terry Read and I met up in Dallas for a Teal hunt. We decided to leave at 3:00 A.M. so as to insure that we had plenty of time to make it to our hunting spot. This dovetailed nicely with the fact that Steve and I at 2:00 A.M had just closed down a popular country western bar called Borrowed Money. We had a problem finding our way in the dark but that was really no problem because Steve just called his friend Brian on the Cell phone. Bryan a fanatical duck hunter himself, woke up long enough to give Steve detailed instructions. We ended up wading through waste deep water and muck to the perfect spot. The teal shooting was fast and furious. Here Terry and I show off two Green wing Teal drakes.



# San Juan Upper flats

Steve Wright and I took a trip out to the San Juan in October. I fished all morning and didn't catch a thing. I was starting to get discouraged when this big rainbow hit my flies. He fought hard for about 10 minutes before finally succumbing to the net. From that point on I had good success.



# Terry's golf course bass

Terry Read and Steve Wright on a golf outing in Florida noticed that some large bass were using the shallow area of a water hazard for spawning beds. Being true sportsman, that evening they went to Wal-Mart and returned the next day with a pair of Zebco 505 fishing rods. Each rod was placed in golf bag to be used after the golf round.



# Antelope Hunt



My friend Doug and his nephew Tom pose with two Pronghorn Antelope. Bill shot his Antelope the first afternoon. Doug, Tom and I shot our Antelope the next day. The ranchers were very excited about our shooting ability and encouraged us to shoot some more.

# Sara's snow goose

My brother Mark and I went goose hunting at his lease in Kati. It was very overcast day. There were lots of geese but none came in low enough for a shot. On the way back to the truck, my chocolate lab, Sara spotted a crippled snow goose in an irrigation canal. The chase was on. It was touch and go for a few minutes but Sara prevailed and returned with the bird. It was the only goose we got that day.



# Goose Hunting



Doug Hodge, Steve Wright and Clark Wicker hold up four speckle bellies and one lone snow goose, the results of an early morning south Texas goose hunt.

# Mike Leach Twins

My friend Mike Leach heard that a cold front was coming down. He took off early and headed for his deer blind. It was really windy and he was sure no self respecting deer would be out in these kind of conditions. As he looked out of the blind he was surprised to see a buck standing in the middle of an oat field less than 50 yards away. Mike quickly took aim and fired. The Buck ran across the field. As he watched it disappear Mike saw another buck 100 yards away in the same field. Mike took a shot at that deer and then watched it run away. Had he missed both bucks? Mike followed up the trail and found both deer. Each had been shot right through the chest. By the way Mike how many bucks can you shoot in Williamson County?



# Sage's first duck hunt

My brother and I went out to his duck lease in Kati. It was Sage's first Duck hunt. She complained the whole time and typical of young dogs could not sit still. After a couple of hours with no ducks in the bag, we started picking up the blocks. Sage thought this was great fun. She spent the rest of the hunt chasing decoys aimed at the decoy bag.



# Lampasas Quail Hunt

I was uncertain about bringing Sara on a central Texas quail hunt. I figured there would be lots of bird dogs and that Sara would get in the way. I took her anyway. I was wrong, as no one had dogs. Another guy in my group brought the only other dog. The two labs worked well at flushing coveys and routing out singles. By 11:00 all five of us in my hunting party had limited out. When we got back to the lodge we were surprised to find out that none of the other five groups of hunters had close to a limit. LABS RULE!

