

August

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Bill couldn't resist the red-colored dog who was standing at the fence with his big paws and wide head.

"I told him, throw that mutt in too!"

Meet August.

Annie was a natural hunter and right away she was ready to work.

It was 2015, August just turned six-months old and Annie took the pup on a wounded deer hunt.

"August just kept growing; he got bigger than I expected and was learning from Annie."

August's trusty leader and mentor soon died a short time later after catching chagas disease leaving her protégé to fend for himself at just a year old.

Bill remembers being filled with sorrow and grief at the loss of Annie. His son's dog had just had a litter of pups so he took a white mixed breed female, Ruby, to help out August.

The trusty-old pup took to Ruby and taught her all the skills Annie had taught him. At six-months old the duo went on a wounded deer hunt and within ten minutes were able to bay up the whitetail.

"Then my luck seemed to be running bad. Ruby got heart disease and died leaving August alone again."

By now August was a big, strong dog and started working alone. The vet in Carrizo Springs, Dr. Taylor, gave Bill a beautiful, female, half Catahoula and half

Black Mouth Cur that was about four months old.

Suzy has been a great addition to the Rumfield household and she and August are inseparable.

Bill and Alecia never know what they are going to walk outside to find; August has earned his keep and become an all-around everything dog.

"He has treed 11 bobcats, 14 coons, found 3 wounded deer, bayed 3 hogs, found 5 rattlesnakes. And Suzy is learning fast from August making a beautiful dog. You never know what a pound dog may become; I've always had hog dogs but August is the best all-around dog I've ever had."

"The ones that got away..."

Bill holds onto many vivid memories of hog hunting with dear friends over the years. Perhaps his quest to capture a monster feral hog roaming the fields in the coastal bend area was his most memorable.

He had written down the story on a white notepad as to not forget a detail of that night some 50 years ago.

"Being a hog hunter since I was 11 years old, there were very few hogs in this country during the drought of the '50's my dad always had cow dogs but they would run hogs if they ran across one."

An old friend of my dad's named, Pedro Zepeda, was just like an Indian and always looking for hog tracks so if he found hog signs he would come get us and our dog because Pedro only had one dog.

Bill remembers Pedro's dog: he was big, black and tan, and together with our Catahoula we could really catch some hogs.

The avid hunter left home for Corpus Christi in 1958, and to his surprise the hog population had increased "a hundred times over." While he was working in Corpus Christi for Reynolds Metals Company near Ingleside he met more hog hunters.

The group of men started hunting together near the Aransas Wild Life Refuge with grain fields all around it. Thousands of hogs roamed that area and some were near full blood Russian boars.

Among the hunters were James O'Neal and Perry Blackmon, both were excellent hunters with some good dogs. The trio had ventured up to the Guadalupe River where a monster hog had been unsuccessfully run by several people; the hog had killed seven dogs and escaped every time.

Perry and James had seen this hog in the day time and his back was several inches above the three-foot salt grass.

Bill and J.C. "Slim" Ardoin, a Cajun man from Louisiana, decided to give it a try at night.

The pair let their dogs out near a rice field and were walking on a dyke when they heard the dogs bay, then silence fell, the pair feared the worst for their dogs.

A noise behind Bill caused him to look back only to find the monster boar heading straight towards him.

"I tried to pull out my 44-mag pistol but I fumbled it and the hog changed lanes and ran over Slim. Slim's flashlight went twirling about eight-feet into the air like a baton and his 410-shotgun went in the other direction. The hog stepped on Slim's ribs before disappearing into the brush."

The dogs were able to bay the hog one more time, however, they were unable to keep him bayed and he made the great escape.

