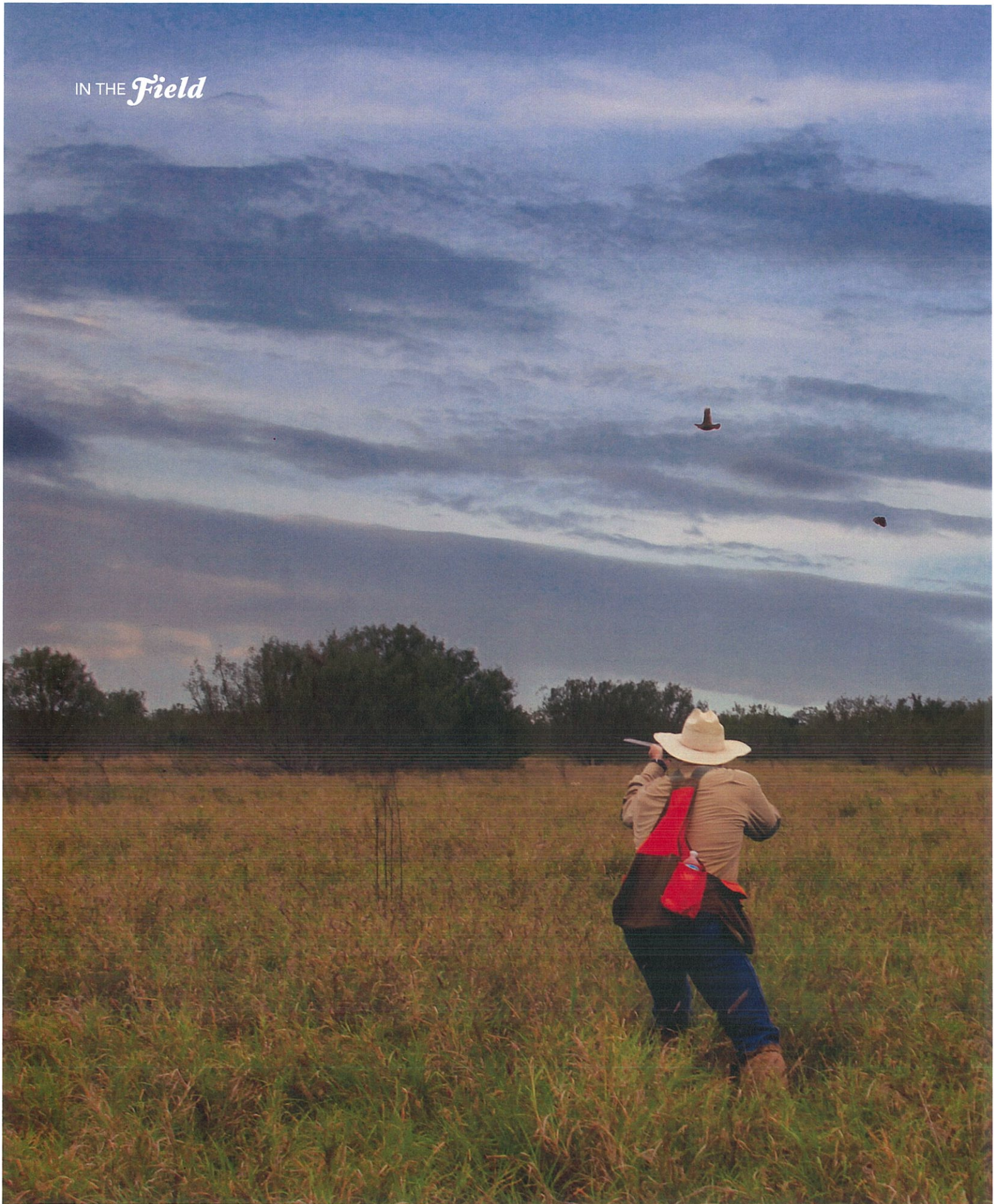


IN THE *Field*





Brush Country

Big Bucks and Bobwhites

ARTICLE AND PHOTOS BY **GAYNE C. YOUNG**

Gordie screeched and for a moment I thought I was hunting with his preteen daughter rather than him. I forgave his sudden 15 octave jump when I saw six-feet of coiled diamondback raise its head to knee level in angered frenzy just in front of him.

And that concluded my quail hunt for the day.

The others in my party were still game, however, and opted to continue hunting

(after the snake died from an overdose of 20 gauge lead poisoning that is) while I returned to the truck to quench my hard-earned afternoon thirst. By the time I had finished, Gordie and friends Dan, David, and John Higman had limited out. Not bad for South Texas wild quail hunting in this day and age.

Not bad at all.

I was quail hunting the Dos Condados Ranch near Rio Grande City, Texas at the