



MY GRAND SLAM QUEST

Be Patient and Something Good Will Happen!

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THE GRAND SLAM

I have just returned from my second trip to Nebraska in the last three weeks where I successfully completed my quest for the Grand Slam of Wild Turkey hunting. There are two species of turkey pursued as game animals in North America, the Wild Turkey and the Oscillated Turkey. The Wild Turkey is further divided into six sub-species, four of which are indigenous to the continental United States. To harvest a bird from the Eastern, Osceola, Rio Grande and Merriam's Wild Turkey sub-species in the same year is known in turkey hunting circles as the "Grand Slam". Technically, the real trick is to harvest them all in one season, which is what I accomplished in March, April and May of 2013. Over the last three months, I've traveled over 15,000 miles by plane or car and spent almost 14 days in the woods hunting for turkeys in Florida, Georgia, Texas and Nebraska. My ability to undertake this quest to achieve the Grand Slam was made possible by my law firm, Dean, Mead, Egerton, Bloodworth, Capouano & Bozarth, P.A., which underwrote this quest as my "thank you" gift for the honor of serving as President of the firm from 2007 - 2013. I doubt I would have ever committed the time to undertake this quest but for the firm's encouragement. I had no idea how much successfully completing this quest would mean to me. It truly was the quest of a lifetime and something I shall always remember and cherish, but not a feat I wish to repeat any time soon.

Little did I know, after quickly securing my Osceola turkey in early March, that the degree of difficulty for obtaining each bird would grow exponentially, with the Merriam's giving me the greatest challenge and requiring multiple trips to Nebraska. As my fatigue grew and my joints ached, I came to rely upon the motto of "be patient and something good will happen". Now that I have successfully completed the quest, I have a great feeling of accomplishment, gratification and elation. I have had the opportunity to reacquaint myself with many old friends, make some new friends and share some great experiences.

OSCEOLA TURKEY

MARCH 2, 2013

SARASOTA, FL

Opening weekend I hunted with Chuck Turner, who graciously accompanied me on many of my hunting trips as I undertook this quest. It was a cool Saturday morning and we expected weather to change as a front was to move through with wind and rain developing mid-morning and continuing for the rest of the weekend. The Osceola turkey which is located just in the State of Florida and considered primarily inhabiting the area south of Gainesville, is generally considered to be the toughest of the four species to harvest (or bag) for most hunters. This is due to the limited geographical area they inhabit and the limited opportunities most hunters have to hunt them. I, however, am very fortunate that our family has property populated with Osceola turkeys as do many of our friends, so I have ample opportunity to obtain my Osceola.

I was concerned with the expected change in weather and knew I needed to be in a position to take the Osceola early on Saturday for fear that the birds would shut down for the rest of the weekend once the weather changed. We arrived on the property at about 5:30 AM and I set up on the edge of a hammock that opened out onto an improved pasture to the west. I was able to secure my blind within the palmettos in front of cabbage trees that really hid my location well. I located my turkey decoys (hen and jake) such that my hen decoy was placed about 40 yards out in front of me, clearly visible from afar within the pasture, whereas my jake decoy was tucked in much closer to me (about 20 yards out) and only visible once one cleared the point of the hammock. I was looking to the west and the sun would rise to my back.

I hadn't been settled into my spot but 10-15 minutes when I could hear the hens that were roosted in the hammock to my back start to go through their early morning routine of puts, purrs, clucks and yelps as they awakened to begin another day. The birds hit the ground at about 6:30 AM and I could hear that they were joined by a gobbler who was quite vocal about having such an attractive harem in springtime. I could hear the birds as they worked their way through the hammock and they were responding to my call, but were not

intent on coming my way until after they visited a feeder that was located at the south end of the hammock.

I could hear the birds as they reached the area where the feeder was located, at which time I let loose a gobble of my own from my shaker, to which the gobbler immediately responded. He was clearly displeased that another gobbler would invade his territory. After a few minutes of yelping between my call and the hens, the gobbler broke from his six hens and proceeded in my direction. All the while, he could see my decoy hen, but it wasn't until he cleared the point of the hammock that he could see the jake decoy placed in front of my blind. Gobbling and in full strut as he rounded the point, you could see him turn his attention to the young jake decoy and begin to close the distance towards the jake and, to his demise, my location. One shot later at 7:15 AM, I had bagged my first bird of the quest.

It was an excellent Osceola with a 9-1/2 inch beard, slightly over 1 inch spurs and weighed approximately 17-18 pounds. So, after slightly over an hour and half in the woods, I had already secured the first of my four prize turkeys to complete this quest. This was going to be a piece of cake!



EASTERN TURKEY

MARCH - APRIL 2013

LAKELAND, GEORGIA

The second bird on my quest was to have been secured the opening weekend of the Georgia hunting season on Saturday, March 23, 2013 at our property in Lakeland, Georgia. I had been scouting birds earlier in the year and we had recently thinned the pines in the southern end of the property. There were two huge birds that were working this area during deer season and I was confident that I would be able to quickly obtain my second bird. As luck would have it, however, the weather was a total washout that weekend and we probably spent more time sleeping in the barn listening to the rain pound on the tin roof than we did hunting.

Finally, mid-day on Sunday the rain cleared and I was able to set up on the edge of young tree plantings not far from the north end of a food plot. It wasn't 30 minutes after the rain cleared and the sun came out that I heard the turkeys in the field but they were out in the middle of the young pines cackling, gobbling and carrying on like a fraternity party. I was able to slip out into the middle of the field but quickly found myself surrounded by birds, with hens immediately to my left, and five gobblers gathered up about 55-60 yards straight away, strutting and fighting. Even though my camo is very good and I have been able to freeze and avoid spooking birds, I was caught in the open. I had to make a decision as to whether to take the shot or chance missing out on the opportunity. I opted to take the shot at one of the gobblers that had separated from the other four and was in full strut staring at me. I rushed the shot, which was a head shot, and shot right over him and took the top out of a small pine tree. I left Georgia frustrated that I had missed that opportunity.

Thankfully though, I had a client that had a closing in late March in north Florida/south Georgia and was able to arrange to meet with them on Thursday, April 4, 2013 at their new offices which are located just 30 minutes from our property in Lakeland, Georgia. I, therefore, was able to travel to the property on the evening of April 3rd and had time for a hunt on Thursday morning before my meeting. Once again, it was a rainy day, so I opted to set up my blind underneath the hunting box that we refer to as the "Condo of Death" on the south edge of the food plot that is planted in the same field of young pines where I

missed my bird on opening weekend. I had a nice set-up with my hen located on the far edge of the food plot where she was visible from great distance and the jake decoy was set up nearer the hunting box. My blind was under the hunting box where I was protected somewhat from the elements.

As the morning unfolded, I had a gobbler behind me gobble on the roost and as soon as it was light enough, a large bird appeared in the food plot about 200 yards from me. This bird immediately came to my decoys with just the slightest encouragement of a few soft yelps from me, but she turned out to be one of the largest hens I had ever seen. She quickly surmised that my small jake decoy was not near the mate for her and she dismissed him out of hand and fed on. For the next two hours I called intermittently with no response and had about decided to pack up my decoys to go get showered and changed for my meeting with my client, which was to take place at 11:00 AM. Just before breaking from my blind, I decided to use my shaker for one quick gobble to see if I could shock a gobbler into responding. When I gobbled I got an immediate response from about 300 yards away at the other end of the field. After a few minutes I gobbled again and got another immediate response from about 200 yards away. I then set up to be prepared to take the shot when the birds appeared. The same five gobblers that I had been amongst and missed 10 days earlier appeared together, each strutting and gobbling as they made their way toward my decoys. At about 120 yards from my location, all five gobblers stopped and threw their heads up in unison. In the distance, you could faintly hear the sound of the feeder that's located at the north end of the field go off. So here's the dilemma: at the north end of the field about 400 yards away, but out of sight, is the feeder that has just gone off – I am at the south end of the food plot – and the birds are strategically located half way between the feeder and my location. It was almost comical to watch the thought process go on as the five birds in unison looked back towards the feeder location then would turn to look at my hen decoy; then they would look back towards the feeder and then turn to look back towards the hen decoy. This went on for the better part of 30 seconds and at some point the leader of the five made the command decision that the feed would be there when they returned but that the hen may not.

In unison, the five gobblers proceeded to close the distance between themselves and the hen. All five were again gobbling and strutting. When they were within about 50 yards



of my location, one gobbler broke from the others and provided a broadside strut view which is when I took my shot so that I could avoid the potential of bunch shooting the birds. This time my shot was true and I aimed more for the base of the neck than a pure head shot. When hit, the gobbler went down hard and stripped most of the feathers off his chest. This gobbler, too, was a fine specimen of an Eastern with a 9-1/4 inch beard, 1-1/4

inch spurs and weighing between 18-20 pounds. Therefore, now one month into my quest I had successfully secured two of the four birds needed to complete the Grand Slam. The next stop was Texas for the Rio Grande that next week.

RIO GRANDE TURKEY

APRIL 13, 2013

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

The next stop on my journey was San Angelo, Texas with Chuck Turner and Dean Saunders as my hunting mates. We left on Wednesday, April 10th. Our first challenge of the hunt was actually getting to San Angelo. It started with the airline's agents who were most confused about checking a firearm. When Chuck, Dean and I rendezvoused in Dallas, we were then informed that our flight from Dallas to San Angelo was cancelled, but if we wished to wait until the next morning, we could be on the next available flight. We informed them that by the next morning we would be in the woods hunting and after two hours of haggling to recover our own luggage, we were able to secure a rental car and our luggage and start our 3-1/2 hour drive from Dallas to San Angelo.

We were the guest of a friend of Chuck's from Sarasota. We were hunting on a 1,200 acre spread in some of the meanest and most inhospitable terrain in west Texas. As Chuck was fond of saying "everything out there wants to stick you, prick you, sting you or bite you". This area of west Texas had endured terrible drought two years prior and we quickly found that while they had had an excellent hatch out of birds the previous year, which meant jakes and hens were abundant, there were very few mature gobblers. We actually saw many large mature-looking birds that had no beards at all and, at great distance, saw a few mature birds that had obvious nice beards.



There was one gobbler with about a 6-7 inch beard, however, that we came upon the first day at one of the feeder locations. To keep the hogs away from their feeders, they build pens around their feeders (much like we do in Georgia) and this young gobbler was in the pen at the feeder when we arrived. He proceeded to virtually beat himself to death running into the fence trying to leave the feeder, having forgotten that he could fly. After what seemed like agonizing minutes of watching him try to escape, he finally did realize . . . “yes, I can fly” and he was able to escape from the fenced area. None of us were going to shoot this bird while he was within the penned area around the feeder, but the fact that he preferred to frequent this feeder did help formulate my plan for taking my Rio. The next day I set up a few hundred yards from this feeder half way up the knoll of a hill with my decoys out front. The one difficulty about this location is that it is near the boundary of the property which takes a 90° turn at this location, and the neighboring property has a fence designed for Jurassic Park that is some 14 feet tall with hog wire up and down the fence to prevent game from leaving the neighbor’s property.

I was in my blind for about 15-20 minutes when, once again, I decided to see if I could shock a gobbler into responding and used my gobble shaker. As in Georgia, I got an immediate response gobble that was nearby. I quickly gobbled again and got another immediate response that was closer. This bird couldn’t have been more than 75-100 yards away from me over the knoll of the hill on which I was sitting. I just knew this bird would present himself immediately and I prepared to take the shot. After what seemed like an eternity (but was probably only 5-6 minutes) the bird did not appear so I started calling and got no response. I tried my gobble again and got no response. Now, a bit panicked that something had happened to scare the bird away, I broke my blind and worked my way along the woodline edge to where I could clear the knoll of the hill and see beyond to the other side. I looked where the bird should have been and there was no bird. I looked up the hill from where I was sitting and there was no bird. I then took my binoculars and looked down the fence line from where I was sitting, and there on the other side of the Jurassic Park fence was that same gobbler from the day before madly trying to get through the fence to me by sticking his head down at the base of the fence looking for some hole or other means by which to clear the fence. All this time he had been trying in vain to come to me and had worked himself into such a lather as he tried (to no avail) to clear the fence by going under

the fence. He had now managed to work himself a good 150-200 yards away from my location, constantly banging against the fence and working himself further away from me.

My first thought was “what a stupid turkey – he once again has forgotten that he has the ability to fly”. I was most frustrated with the results of this hunt, but it was later as I sat in contemplation, that I realized that this bird frequents that feeder by going through that fence on a regular basis. He, therefore, must have a hole that he goes through and when he got excited he forgot where that hole was when he was trying to come to me. I went on a scouting trip to find the hole. Where would be the best place for a hole through the Jurassic Park fence? The feeder is along a bit of a dry drainage gulch that goes through the fence. I therefore surmised that there must be a hole at the bottom of that gulch at the fence. When I inspected the area, that is exactly what I found and it was obvious that turkeys, hogs and deer alike were using this hole to traverse the fence and to access the feeder that was located a few hundred yards away. So – I then deduced that the best opportunity to secure my Rio was to set up near the hole by the drainage gulch that went under the fence and



take one of the birds as they came through the hole.

The next day, after trying in vain to secure a gobbler coming off the roost, I set up around mid-day at that hole under the fence and after about 20 minutes of calling, here came two jakes each supporting a 4-inch beard and the beginnings of spurs. In fact, they were so close, the first thing I saw were their feet and spurs! We had been hunting hard for 3-1/2 days and this was my last afternoon before we returned to Florida. Though it is not the type of bird I would like to have gotten as my Rio, to borrow a baseball analogy

“sometimes you have to take a bunt single in order to have runners on base to be able to swing for the fence for the grand slam”. This jake was my bunt single and I secured my Rio with one shot at close range; I think the wadding from my shell may have been what hit him first.

So, now, half way through April, I had three of my four birds. While we had great fun during our trip to San Angelo, the birds were not very cooperative and did not respond (other than that one gobbler who forgot how to fly and the two jakes) to any of my calls. For the trip, we only had shots at jakes, though Chuck did have a close encounter with a nice gobbler the last morning. We saw plenty of game including deer, quail, hogs, wild goats, and this one hilarious wild donkey. Each of us had our run-in with the wild donkey who would make the most hideous noise when he would see one of us and had the most interesting mannerisms. It seemed regardless of where I would set up a blind, that donkey would show up and at one point became most inquisitive about my turkey decoys. One time he stared right at me, reared his head back, rolled his lips up and bared his teeth at me (as if he was smiling) before loping off.

An interesting observation about hunting in Texas was the utilization of watering holes much like you might use a food plot as a location to secure a shot at a nice bird. Due to the limited availability of water, anywhere there was a trough or watering hole used for livestock, the birds would regularly visit these locations to get water. Each of us hunted very hard that week, and after four days in the woods, the quest was still alive with just the Merriam lacking to complete my Grand Slam.

MERRIAM TURKEY

MAY 2013

NORTHWEST NEBRASKA - NEAR CRAWFORD

After attending my middle daughter, Alexandria's, graduation from the MBA program at Rollins College on Saturday, May 4th, I boarded the plane on Sunday, May 5th to Minneapolis, Minnesota where I met Chuck Turner. The two of us then flew to Rapid City, South Dakota and drove our rental truck to Ft. Robinson, located near Crawford, Nebraska. Chuck, who was gracious enough to join me again on another one of my hunts during this quest, and I were the guests of Paul Linder, an old college friend and fellow attorney from Orlando who owns a couple thousand-acre spread in the mountains just above Ft. Robinson. We joined Paul, his son and friends Sunday evening. We enjoyed a wonderful dinner at the Homestead Restaurant which is located about 30 minutes from Crawford and reminds me of an old Pony Express horse-changing station located virtually in the middle of nowhere. The food was delicious; the friendship and camaraderie was most appreciated.

The next morning, Paul's son took us out to the property and we started our first hunt. The first morning I had birds that were roosted on the opposite side of the draw or stream bed on which I was located. It was hard to tell whether they had seen me when I set up my blind and placed my decoys, but when these birds pitched off the roost, they pitched away from and west of my location. There were five hens and a couple of jakes, but there also appeared to be one shooter gobbler with the group as they fed off over the hill away from me. That evening, I set up under their roost Ponderosa Pine tree in anticipation that these birds would come back to roost at the same location. They did, in fact, come back late that afternoon but this time there were just the hens and the two jakes but there was no shooter gobbler amongst them. One jake came within range, but his beard was just barely noticeable outside of this breast feathers and I didn't want to complete the quest by taking such a young bird. I also noticed the turkeys did not decoy, but gave a wide berth to the decoys.

Chuck and I then proceeded to hunt for the next three days without getting a good look at another gobbler within shooting range for the remainder of our visit to Ft. Robin-

son. The views were spectacular and the weather was erratic and extreme. Our first morning it was 29 degrees and by the middle of the third day we registered a high of 90 degrees. At one time it was in the mid-80s when a thunderstorm came upon us and it began to hail the size of marbles; the temperature dropped to 46 degrees by the time the storm cleared an hour or so later.

I was in birds the entire time; I had birds gobbling and had hens around me, but could never get a shooter gobbler to step out and give me a good look. It was some of the most frustrating hunting epitomized by one scenario where I had found the strut zone for a group of gobblers that I had heard the day before and had set up to catch them at that location. I could hear the birds coming with this one vocal gobbler announcing his presence the entire way. Just moments before that gobbler was to reach my location, a hen breaks out from the same general direction and feeds across the opening in front of me. I just knew that gobbler was hot on her tail and would soon present himself. That gobbler gobbled to within 10 yards of the opening . . . and stopped. I don't know whether he saw me or what caused him to break off his pursuit, but he retreated up the hill on the wrong side of the boundary fence from my location. After four days of great frustration and some of the toughest hunting either of us had ever endured, Chuck and I left Nebraska, having been skunked!

We had many elements working against us. That part of Nebraska had recently had up to 30 inches of snow with large patches of snow still in place while we were there, but most of the snow had melted. The gobblers were henned up and either did not respond to a call or they would speak to you but they wouldn't come to you. We saw many elk, mule deer and white-tailed deer as well as antelope. To add insult to injury, on the drive back to Rapid City, SD to catch our plane (as was the case on the drive to Ft. Robinson when we first arrived) we counted numerous gobblers on the side of the road and in fields along the highway. Frustration and dejection set in as I returned to Florida without my final bird.

The one positive thing about our having traveled to Nebraska early in May was that the season in Nebraska ran to the end of May. I reached out to a friend with whom I had hunted many years ago (when I shot my first Merriam). Richard Edwards is an excellent turkey hunter, guide and caller and was gracious enough to extend his season beyond when he would normally guide folks and invited me to come hunt with him Memorial Day week-

end. On Saturday, May 25th, I once again boarded the airplane and headed to Rapid City, SD. This time I went solo and met Richard and his wife, Tara. Richard has a wonderful ranch of approximately 800 acres located not far from Harrison, Nebraska. His property suffered significant damage from the fires of August, 2012 and he had not hunted the property much during the Spring due to concern about stress on his turkey population.

On the morning of Sunday, May 26th, we were not successful getting the birds to speak to us upon coming off the roost. We set up in two different locations, and each time we saw hens but no gobblers. As the misty rain set in and the temperature dropped into the low 50's, we decided to call it a morning. We'd try again after breakfast and a nap.

We went back out mid-day around 1:00 PM and trucked to the back part of his property, where the fires had been the worst. The property now has an emerald-green covering of fresh grass having just been fertilized by the ash of the fires, which stands in stark contrast with the black and copper Ponderosa Pines that have been burned so thoroughly that few will ever come back. We set up on the downward slope of a logging road that was about 40 yards from a clearing area and loading zone where three logging roads would intersect. I was located off to the side of the dirt road in the drainage ditch, well protected in the shade of the remnants of a tree with very little visibility to the birds if they were to approach from below. Richard was set up above me about 15 yards where he had good visibility and could call. The mountains that day were alive with bull elk in velvet. The scene was spectacular. As the sky cleared, blue sky and sunshine warmed us and, thankfully, the turkeys.

As Richard began to call, after about 10 minutes, a gobbler responded with a very strong gobble from within the draw below. Over the next 10-15 minutes that gobbler proceeded to get closer and closer until I was sure he was going to present himself on the clearing down below. When he gobbled again though, it seemed as if he had turned and moved away from us. Richard tried silence but the gobbler did not react well to the silence. Richard called again and this time the gobbler responded in rapid fire succession with a number of double and triple gobbles. He was clearly hot and he was coming to our location. As the bird approached, I set up knowing that as soon as he presented himself, I would need to take the shot because these birds can quickly determine if there is a hen present or if they are being led to ambush. They know their terrain! While I was looking at the clearing,

movement caught my eye off to the right and there, in the sunshine, appeared the royal blue and white head of a mature Merriam gobbler. As he ascended to the clearing, he stood and looked straight at me and threw up the most perfect and beautiful strut with the white-tipped feathers of his tail creating an arching halo over the back of his blue and white head. While I might have normally waited to let the bird come closer into range, I must admit that I was as excited as I have been turkey hunting in the past 30 years, for the opportunity to shoot this large mature Merriam. I couldn't wait any longer. I was not going to chance that this bird might not present himself entirely to me. I lined up for my shot and at 45 yards down hill, I squeezed the trigger.

All I had visible was the bird's head, the top of his chest, and the arch of his strutting tail feathers over his head. When I shot, dust spewed forward from the road in front of me as my shot went right over the top of the road's surface and actually left an imprint along the road's surface. With the dust blinding me, I really could not see what happened to the bird but I could hear the distinct thud and flop of a bird that had been mortally shot and falling to the ground. Since the bird was downhill from me some 45 yards, it did not surprise me that I couldn't see the bird laying on the ground. I immediately sprung up from my location and went to the spot where I had shot the bird.

As I arrived at the spot, there was no bird. I peered over the edge of the mountain where I shot the bird and there was no bird down the mountain. My thoughts were that I heard the distinct sound of a bird taking the shot and the sound of the bird hitting the ground. I **did not** hear the sound of wings flapping or the sound of a bird cackling at you as he ran away, so I knew that bird was mortally wounded and had to be nearby. At about this time, I saw movement off to the left. That bird had taken the shot and rolled some 100 feet down the side of the mountain to where the logging road traversed back parallel to where I was located. He had run some 70-80 yards down that road by the time I saw him. I immediately began to run parallel to the bird along the side of the mountain so that I could line up to be able to take a shot at him to finish him off. It was at this time that I noticed that the bird had now collapsed and the chase was over. When I approached the bird, it was clear that he had taken the full brunt of my 12-gauge, 3-1/2 inch, No. 4 shot square in the base of his neck and the top of his chest. Even with that square-on shot of a bird in strut, he was still tough enough to withstand the 100-foot fall down the side of the mountain and

still rise to the occasion to run 70-80 yards before he gave out.

I also noticed upon further inspection of the bird that he had been a survivor of a close call with the fires of August 2012. His feet and snoodle had been burned. The feathers and hair along his neck had all been singed. Thankfully, however, his beard was intact and it measured 10 inches and his spurs measured at 1-1/4 inches. He was truly a trophy Merriam gobbler and certainly one tough old bird.



Now with my Merriam secured, I could truly say that I had completed the Grand Slam and that I had saved the best bird for last. Constantly reminding myself throughout the last month that “with patience good things will happen”, by not shooting the jake three weeks earlier, I was put in the position of taking the trophy of a lifetime. I was also overcome by the emotion that this quest on which I had started some three months earlier had taken on special meaning and that its successful conclusion had been my driving force for the last twelve weeks. After letting out a rather loud “rebel yell”, I thanked my friend Richard for such a beautiful, classic hunt. I thought of my wife, daughters and mother and I wished that my father had been able to be there, but I knew that he was also enjoying this beautiful moment with me.

LESSONS LEARNED

What started out as seemingly a “piece of cake” quest turned into a grueling endurance test in perseverance. To quote a character from the Outlaw Josie Wales movie – “endeavor to persevere”. Some of the lessons I learned over the last three months are as follows:

1. Be patient and something good is going to happen;
2. My camouflage is really, really good – thanks to my wife, Misty, who designed my outfit. During these hunting trips, while frozen in place because of turkeys nearby, I had one songbird land on the barrel of my shotgun and fly into my chest thinking it could check out the foliage of this new shrubbery. I also had a dove try to roost upon me flaring at the last second before he flew into my face;
3. In the process, in addition to many turkeys, I heard a mountain lion and saw herds of elk, antelope, deer (mule and whitetail), wild goats, a moose, hogs, quail, ducks, geese, coyotes, other birds too numerous to list and a wild donkey! We have a vast and virtually unspoiled and beautiful country that is teeming with wildlife. We should take whatever steps are necessary to maintain this national treasure and, I believe the best stewards of this land are those farmers and ranchers that rely upon it for their sustenance;
4. Everything in nature happens for a reason. If you take time to observe and then analyze “why” something happened the way it did, you might learn something that will help you later -- just as I learned a valuable lesson from that “stupid” turkey in Texas; and
5. I have been blessed with the most loving family, great friends and colleagues that made this Grand Slam quest possible.