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SOLID

MAGAZINE

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HUNT of the MONTH

featuring
"THE PIG MAN"

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You will love reading
about our nation's best
and their love for hunting!
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by Corey Tharpe



OPERATION

PIG-OUT

by Brian John



When I got the call from my buddy, Matt, that he wanted to bring a couple of military friends down to Georgia from Washington DC for a hog dogging trip, I had a feeling it was going to be something special. I immediately got on the phone with my hunting partner, Reid Ballard, and we started planning the hunt.

We left out a couple of hours before daylight on a Saturday morning with a truckload of food and a trailer full of dogs and headed south to one of our clubs in Crawford County. Upon arriving at the land, we got the dogs collared up and we had the dogs on the ground hunting shortly after daylight. Within an hour, we had a nice boar caught on the side of a creek bank. After getting him tied and hauled back to the trailer at camp, we pushed on

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to search for more hogs. We weren't seeing much sign in the area so we decided to try it on the other end of the property. We loaded up the dogs on our 4-wheelers and headed out to look for some good sign. When we arrived at the hardwood creek bottom on the opposite end of the 1200 acre tract, it was rooted up like someone had been in there with a plow. We turned the dogs back loose and they immediately disappeared down through the creek bottom. Within minutes, we heard the unmistakable sound of a hog squealing and we took off (some of us faster than others). When we got there, the dogs had caught a nice boar. But we could still hear dogs barking about 300 yards further down the creek. We realized the dogs had split bayed

a group of hogs. A few of us stayed with the first hog, pulling dogs off and getting him tied while Reid and a couple of others took off for the second one. They got there and flipped that hog to the ground and got him tied as well. We had successfully pulled off a split bay and had caught two nice boars. At that point, we realized that our military friends, who had never been hog hunting before, were right there in the action, flipping hogs, pulling dogs and

basically performing like they had been doing it their whole lives. It was obvious that they had been in intense situations before and with very little direction, they had immediately become hog doggers. Later that afternoon, we caught a couple of sows and we decided that with five hogs in the trailer, we would head back to camp for some grub and a few cold ones. With a good fire in the pit, we gathered around and swapped stories from the day's hunt.

I've been a hunter my whole life but to have the opportunity to help guide a hunt for a group of men that have dedicated their lives to fighting for our freedom was extremely special to me.



The next morning, we woke up really early and got everything loaded. About an hour east of our club, we met up with some other hunting buddies to try a piece of land that reportedly had lots of hog sign. When we arrived, there was a trailer full of dogs at the camp but no sign of any hunters. Since no one else was supposed to be at this club, we were unsure to whom the trailer and dogs belonged. But after talking about it for a while and realizing that our military friends had flown in for this hunt, we really didn't want to waste the day and go home. So we decided to go ahead and give it a try. After several dry runs, we decided to change locations on the property. It ended up being the right move because shortly after, we heard some barking coming from the direction of the trailer of dogs that we had seen earlier that morning. At first, we just assumed that it was those dogs barking at some of our dogs running close by. But after looking at the GPS, we realized that the barking was further back in the woods from where we had seen the trailer that morning so the race was on. Amazingly, Reid's dog, Blaze, and one of his young dogs, Tuff, had an extremely nice boar bayed about 200 yards behind the abandoned trailer of dogs. Just as Reid came up to the bay, Jim cut the bulldog loose and she went in there and made a solid catch on the hog. Doug and our other hunting buddy, Tyson, got there and helped to flip the huge boar. As they were tying him, there were four men on



the hog and he just stood up with them like they weren't even there. It took about three times and they finally got the bad boy tied. He was a monstrous 350 pound boar and a real pretty gold and black color. After a bunch of picture taking and high-fives, we began the daunting task of getting the huge beast out of the swamp. By the time we got him back up to the trailer, it was starting to get really hot and the dogs were just plain whipped from two solid days of hunting so we decided to call it a weekend. When it was

all said and done, we had caught six hogs and one of them is going to look real nice hanging on Doug's wall. Overall, I don't think any of us could have asked for a better hunt.

I've been a hunter my whole life but to have the opportunity to help guide a hunt for a group of men that have dedicated their lives to fighting for our freedom was extremely special to me. I look forward to future opportunities to hog hunt with this fine group of men because I definitely think we have made them hog doggers for life.

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