



Y P's youngest brother was the IT guy for a steel company in steamy Houston. One of his collateral duties was to take high-dollar clients out fishing in the bay for the wily redfish, out shooting dove, and, in them days, off to one of Dolf Brisco's (former governor of Texas) ranches down bordering on the Rio Grande. It seems that the feral hogs wreaked havoc even in this desert, cactus country on anything that a cow might eat, and their numbers increased daily. Answer? Sport shooting! There were bunk houses and guides, who were good ol' boys, alleged drunks to a man, who would take you out for the day and damn near kill you while bouncing off road while chasing the evil feral hog. Now, these were not Javelina, who were rather small, and, as Colonel P.A. Puresome put it, were "all mouth and no ass." Feral hogs were domestic hogs that

Sic Transit Gloria Pork OR, LISTO, MARRANO SALVAJE del DESIERTO

had gone wild, grew great tusks, and bred as prodigiously as they ate. On the way out to the happy hunting grounds, the guide would hang a sack of deer corn out his window and seed the dirt roads. This did not disturb access to the case of beer on the bench seat beside him. We three shooters occupied the pickup bed with our various shootin' arns.

The deal was, Bro Jim would sneak his two brothers in with the high dollar dudes for the hog hunts. YP was a Texas chile in those days, living in the Great Anthheap, while his middle brother, Beel, the Heepy Boy, lived in Salida, Colorado. He would drive down to the home place in Portales, and YP transport would arrive, visit the COL, and provide transport down to Carrizo Springs, Texas, in Giuseppi, Puresom's private plane. On the first trip, a spot of bother with Giuseppi's alternator caused a pit stop in Plainview, Texas, for fixin'. After two takeoffs and landings in 50-knot winds and blowing sand, the returns necessitated by total electric failures, which necessitated two IFR approaches on the batteries of the Garmin GPS mounted on the antlers, YP was not quite sure Beel was ready to get slapped on the shoulder after the second event (at 10,000' over LBB in blowing dirt IFR), and get told "You just can't buy experience like this!". Third time was a charm, since every electric component in the system had been replaced, and the airport at Carrizo Springs was attained. Bro Jim picked 'em up and took 'em out to the shootin' and drinkin' place.

Now, YP found he was under somewot of an equipment handicap, since he had to stuff kleenex on both ends of his rifle scope and got to watch his pore shootin' arn rust in front of his eyes from the prevailing moistness. Bro Jim was used to growing fungus, and his rifles were plastic and stainless steel, with Butler Creek flip caps on the scope. The other disadvantage was both of Bro Jim's rifles had muzzle brakes on them, and whenever he or Beel shot, YP would get blown almost out of the pickup bed. "Throw lead! Throw lead!" the beery voice from the truck cab would holler. Hogs are big. Hogs run like hell when they see a pickup. Hogs are hard to kill, so lots of lead got thrown.

Now, hogs like to waller and hole up in the marshy stuff by stock tanks. Suitably fortified, some of the guides would set off on foot to thresh them out. This was a major lesson about 44-magnum pistols, which is wot they carried. A wounded hog will eat you, so you need serious stopping power. This included record sized rattlesnakes, too. Now, successfully morted hogs got loaded up and taken back to camp, where they got butchered and put in a cooler until the rightful owners could put them in king sized Coleman coolers and transport them to their nearest friendly German, who would turn them into summer sausage.

Coming back to camp after a day's morting, down the same roads that had been seeded with corn, a bunch of glowing eyeballs showed up reflecting in the truck's headlights up ahead. Wot's that? Binoculars showed a line of baby feral hoglets munching their way thru the corn

down the road. Beel said, I gotta have me one of them! When the hoglets got close enough, he and the guide lept out their doors in a pincers move, and Beel scooped up one of them.

Hoglet squealed until Beel got back in the cab and nestled same against his hairy chest. Then, quiet. It was opined that it was because Beel was hairy and smelly like the mother, albeit he drew the line when hoglet attempted to suckle.

Back at camp, the hoglet, now got named "Listo," because that means "ready" in Spanish, and we were always yelling that as a question while trying to get four people pointed in the same direction at the same time. A little cage was constructed with corn and water, and Listo was a happy hoglet as the camp pet.

YP knew the question was coming. Beel finally tole him, I wanna take him home. After some thinking, YP said OK, if you can construct a cage that won't leak and won't let him loose. A monstrosity of cardboard and duck tape fit the ticket, and it got loaded in Giuseppi's baggage bin for the trip home.

By the time they broke camp and got to the airport, it was the middle of a hot Texas day. Despite trying every altitude in the sky, there was no smooth air. So be it. Somewhere around Herford, Texas, this horrible smell filled the cockpit. That you, YP axed Beel, knowing he certainly would claim it if'n it was. NO, was the indignant answer. This called for rolling both wings in a belly check for stock yards underneath, but no. Smell went away until descending to land in Portales. Same awful smell. Yaaaaaa!

After landing and shut down next to the rent hangar, Beel was out like a shot and retrieved the hoglet box. YP was tending to putting the plane away when he came up and announced, Pig got sick. Oy. So the hoglet was put in back of the Colonel's pickup bed and was taken home, cleaned up and dusted him with flea powder. Cute little chit, with bristly black hair, a tail the stood straight up, and little black high-heeled feet. Scratch his back, and his piggie eyes would roll back in his head and he would fall over in hoglet organism.

Beel and Listo jumped in his truck and traveled back to Salida, where he and his current tent-mate ran a bed and breakfast. Listo grew up beside the resident pot-bellied pig, which was black, fat and pot bellied. Tenderly, his name was Tar Baby. Listo followed Beel around Salida like his hound dog, rode in the pick up with him. He did not stay small. He grew and he grew and he grew.

As thing go, Beel and Tent-Mate decided to split the sheets. They sold the B&B and split the money. Beel decided to take his poke to Guatemala, since he had admired the place for its Indians and had friends there from his bicycle racing days. He was going to fly, but there were some misunderstandings involved with "Hog" rather than "Dog" on the paperwork with the airline. This got solved by the airline going on strike. So Beel loaded everything in the back of his pickup, put Listo beside him in the cab, all hundred pounds of him, and headed south.

There were some issues getting past the Mexican border, some of which came from Beel hydrating Listo with the same floofy bottled water that the Mexican watch captain was drinking. In the end, enough under the table pesos resolved all.

Beel actually survived driving thru Guatemala wearing a Che Guevara T-Shirt, totally unaware that a 30-year war between the Fascists and Revolutionaries had just been won by the Fascists. So did Listo.

So, Beel met friends, signed up for Spanish classed in Antigua, was soon acknowledged to be interested in things other than learning. He got heavily involved in Projecto Mitch, which was a lashup of furriners who went out and rebuilt Indian villages destroyed by Hurrricane Mitch. He was doing such when he learned he had lung cancer. He took Listo to a friendly finca and came back to USA, where he stayed with YP until that malady got him.

When YP went to Guatemala to tidy things up, none of his friends would admit to turning Listo into tacos. *Sic transit gloria pork.*

But he left a beautiful memory. And thus was established the legal precedence for the eventual transport of Carnac, the wee willy goat, by the same method.

But that's another story.