

Heritage 360 at the RRR Ranch

Article by WARREN BLESCH, RRR Ranch
Photos courtesy of WARREN BLESCH

When many of us think about hunting heritage, our memories are of our granddads teaching our dads to hunt and them teaching us. In our family's hunting heritage, it did not go this way.

My grandfather Robert R. Rickard retired about the time of my birth. From the time I could remember, he took me to the family farm in Aledo, Texas, where we hunted rabbits, armadillos, doves and quail. I fell in love with hunting with his help and interest.

In 1996, while hunting in Mills County, the ranch we now own came up for sale. It seemed perfect to name the ranch after the man who taught me to hunt. So, using my grandfather's initials, the RRR Ranch was founded.

Back to the story. Oddly enough, my mother Bobbie Rickard Blesch had watched me leave with her dad every week while I was growing up, and she was not invited. "It was not proper," she was told.

Years, with my interest so strong, I taught my daughter Jennifer to hunt. We traveled to Goliad on many occasions for whitetail deer hunts with my Uncle James "Rip" Farley. With Jennifer in a baby seat, we cruised the pastures called Coots Pens. As she grew up, she, too, loved to hunt.

Each time I hunted Goliad with Rip, we used a custom gun that I now call "The Legend." It is a 22.250 mouser action that can drive nails. When Rip died years ago, he left me the gun in his will. My will sends the gun back to his great grandson, and the heritage continues.

However, now when we think about hunting heritage at the RRR, we think a little different. This summer, in our town of Goldthwaite, the Botanical Garden project was holding an auction. My wife Dori and I had donated a black buck hunt.

Little known to us was the fact that my mom, Bobbie Blesch, was going to bid high and bid often. Yes, at the young age of 83, she bought the hunt. I asked, "Why on earth did you do that, Mom?"

She replied, "I have always wanted to go hunting, and no one ever asked me!"

Our hunt planning began that night with Mom arriving in January for her hunt. It seemed like destiny when she drove in the front gate marked RRR, named after her father. The gun choice for the hunt was an easy decision. We would use the inherited gun from Uncle Rip, the gun that never misses.

That afternoon in a blind for her first time with me, my mom steadied "The Legend" and picked out the biggest black buck in the group. One shot, and her lifelong dream was a reality.

Two days later, I got a message from mom by email: "What? When? Where? is my next hunt?" Mom plans to hunt for whitetail; and, if successful, she would be one of the few 84-year-olds in the First Harvest category of the Texas Big Game Awards.

And the moral to the story is, "It is never too late to take someone hunting." 🍷



Jennifer Blesch, daughter of Warren Blesch



Bobbie Blesch, mother of Warren Blesch

