Phil was passionate about the sport of falconry. As the area around his house built up, keeping the hawk became difficult. He let the red-tail go. Other interests - cars and girls - took its place.

Phil graduated from high school in 1966. In the fall of 1966, Phil started attending the University of Nevada in Reno and majored in Range Management. Phil's passion for the wide open spaces of Nevada greatly influenced his choice of career. At the University Phil met Larry Wahrenbrock. Larry had moved to Nevada from southern California several years earlier. Phil and Larry became fast friends. Together they explored much of Nevada. It didn't really matter if their hunting trips to the Sheldon were successful, they enjoyed the time communing with each other and the landscape. While in college, Phil worked summers for the U.S. Forest Service. He was stationed at Carver's in Big Smoky Valley. From this base, he mapped the range in most of the Monitor, Smoky and Reese River Valleys. He became intimate with central Nevada and never tired of camping and hunting there. Phil met Linda Hoggan at Nevada. Linda worked in the Renewable Natural Resources Department where Phil had most of his classes. They began dating and were soon spending most weekends during the summer, spring and fall, camping, fishing and exploring in central Nevada. Phil graduated in May, 1970. He returned to Nevada the following fall to take more classes toward a Masters Degree.

Phil and Linda were married on October 7, 1972. It was the opening day of duck season as they were often reminded by Phil's sponsor. Phil trapped a kestrel in the desert near his home and Phil was happy to oblige. He named the Harris "Elvira" (her song was popular!) and together Phil and Elvira began hunting jack rabbits.

Many life changes occurred over the next several years. Phil and Linda's son, Brian, was born in 1980. Also, retirement would prompt the sale of their family business. Phil began working with a friend, Larry Baroli, on property management houses and he began artificially-fertilizing Elvira. Elvira began laying eggs and raising chicks. He also acquired a naturally-breeding pair of Harris hawks from Larry and Karen Kottrell.

Their first trip together to take a bird was in 1992. Phil asked Randy to be his spotter when he went to take an eyas goshawk. Since Randy considered a goshawk to be the "Holy Grail" of falconry birds, he jumped at the chance. Randy, Phil and Brian, Phil's son, headed out to the Desatoyas. After turning off the highway, Phil spotted a badger sunning himself on a rock outcrop. He yelled at Randy to turn the truck around and film the badger with his new camcorder. It sounded innocent enough to Randy so he complied, parking the truck so that the badger and the rock outcrop were on the passenger side of the truck. Phil hopped out and disappeared. Meanwhile Randy got out of the truck and was fumbling with the camcorder and battery trying to get things put together. Brian wisely stayed put! The next thing Randy heard was Phil's excited voice yelling "head's up". Just as Randy got the battery clicked in, the camcorder switched on and looked down, the badger came out from under the truck lugging at him ready to do some serious damage. Randy ran around the truck and hopped into the bed - just in time. The badger high-tailed it for his hole. They have been laughing about that badger for almost 20 years.

Eventually, Phil decided that he didn't want to repair sprinter lines forever and he went back to school to become a commercial refrigeration technician. He worked for Source Refrigeration for about 15 years. He also became interested in the art of bonsai through Richard Velarde. He spent hours trimming and wiring until each tree was close to perfection and harmony.

Over the years there were many birds flown, much game taken, many chicks hatched and sent to falconers from California to Scotland and England, countless memories shared, stories told and friends made. Falconry was a way of life for Phil; one which rewarded him with many hours of pleasure and cherished friends.