

Here's What's in your Holiday Issue

From Deb's Desk.....2

The NRSFTC Officers and Board3

Editorial: Building Membership and Continuing the Quest.....4

Mailbag6

Cowboy with a Vision for the Future.....8

Hunting for Thanksgiving by Joan Schnettler Zimmerman.....10

“Tip from a Pro” hosted by Mr. J.C. Turner13

Glory Bee Remembered by Bob White14

How and When to Report your Wins15

Education of Patrick's Owner by Mike Omerzu.....16

Honor Roll18

Standings: Duke, High Performance and LeGrande.....19
(Red Setter Puppy, Derby and Walking Shooting Dog have no new postings are therefore not included in this issue.)

Important Futurity Announcement.....20

Join the Purina Pro Club and help the NRSFTC.....20

Classified Advertisements21

Play the Puzzle and Win! Back cover

From Deb's desk



This is supposed to be the "Holiday Issue." But somehow, in light of the tragic events of Katrina, Rita, and the War in Iraq, the idea of shopping lists and gift exchanges seems a bit frivolous. So in choosing a focus for this particular issue, Thanksgiving seemed a better "fit." Sometimes we forget how very lucky we actually are. If your family is safe, you have your health, a roof over your head and food on the table— you are very blessed indeed. So, whatever your religious affiliation, please take time to remember the citizens of our nation who are not nearly so fortunate this holiday season. Poverty isn't restricted to the Gulf Coast— it's near your neighborhood and mine. Go check it out and consider what you and your family can do to make a difference for someone else. Share with others. Volunteer to work in a soup kitchen this Thanksgiving. Take a meal to a homeless shelter. Adopt a needy family in your community. Visit a nursing home. Write letters to the men and women serving our country in harm's way. Thank them for their sacrifice— their families are missing them terribly this holiday season. Look around you. Perhaps you have a friend who is seriously ill. Call, write, keep in touch. Remember that person in your prayers. What a powerful difference we'd make if each of us did just one of these things for someone in need. I hope every family will make Thanksgiving especially meaningful this year.

Last August I traveled out west to get a close look at dog training in the Dakotas. I met some exceptional people and heard their stories. In this issue, and the ones to come, I hope to share those stories with you. This issue will introduce you to an incredible cowboy named Ray Riehl. Ray allowed me to write his story for you— it begins on page 8. His is the first of several articles I plan to run in *The Flushing Whip*. I'm going to spread them out over several issues because our space is so packed!

Some months ago we published a tribute to Colonel Ed Schnettler. His daughter (Joan) recently saw the article for the first time and was very touched by it. In response, she decided to tell you an exceptional story about her parents— a story that I'm certain you do not know. The Joan Schnettler Zimmerman article is on page 10.

I met Mr. J.C. Turner in Raleigh, North Dakota. J.C. successfully handles and trains dogs— most of them "white." He graciously agreed to share one of the secrets of his success. You'll find "Tip from a Pro" on page 11.

In August, Bob White lost a precious dog, *Glory Bee*. We extend our sympathy to him. Bob wrote a story in honor of *Glory Bee* on page 14.

Mike Omerzu and his wife Tommie decided to get back into the dog business. Mike purchased Patrick, a Come Back pup from Joe Edwards. This issue contains the first segment of Mike's series, *The Education of Patrick's Owner*. It begins on page 16. We'll follow Patrick's progress in getting Mike and Tommie trained!

I want to thank everyone who checked in and let me know about the delivery of their *Flushing Whip* last issue. I am trying hard to find a less expensive way to get it to you. As part of that, I've settled on keeping the font at 10 pt. which is what you're reading now. Using this size reduces the number of pages—less weight for postage and less printing cost too. Also, there have been several forms included in each issue I've written: Membership, Futurity, etc. Although they will be in SOME issues, they will not be in EVERY issue. The forms are always available at our website. If you experience difficulty getting a form, contact me and I will mail it to you.

The National Red Setter Open Shooting Dog Championship, Amateur Shooting Dog Championship, Amateur Walking Shooting Dog Classic and all supporting stakes will take place November 3rd through the 6th in Grovespring, Missouri. We hope to see you there. Full information is available at the [website:www.nrsftc.com](http://www.nrsftc.com). Look under "Events" and then click on "schedule." Don't miss this great event.

Well, I'm out of room. The December holidays are just around the corner. Whether you celebrate Christmas, Chanukah, or Kwanzaa, The Flushing Whip extends our very best wishes for a safe and blessed holiday.

The National Red Setter Field Trial Club, Inc.

OFFICERS

President– Don Beauchamp

1401 South 359th Street
Cheney, Kansas 67025
(316) 542-0103
E-mail: lsbeauchamp2@aol.com

Secretary– Christie Young

3989 Yann Road
Marine, Illinois 62061
(618) 887-9176
E-mail: birdogart1@wmconnect.com

Treasurer– Ron Young

3989 Yann Road
Marine, Illinois 62061
(618) 887-9176
E-mail: birdogart1@wmconnect.com

Futurity Secretary– Allen Fazenbaker

5630 State Road at Red Setter Run
Kingsville, Ohio 44048
(440) 224-2674
E-mail: red_pups@yahoo.com

Editor– The Flushing Whip Deborah Fazenbaker

5630 State Road at Red Setter Run
Kingsville, Ohio 44048
(440) 224-2674
E-mail: flushingwhip@yahoo.com



BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Jim Ashby

1414 Mooney School Road
Robards, Kentucky 42452
(270) 835-2066
E-mail: Reddogshunt@myvine.com

Roger Boser, DVM

7276 South Road
Seven Valleys,
Pennsylvania 17360
(717) 428-3158
E-mail: rogerboser@aol.com

Dale Bruns

2348 East County Road
830 South
Greensburg, Indiana 47240
(812) 591-3134
E-mail: dbruns@bruns-gutzwiller.com

Jack Flynn

507 River Road
Asbury, New Jersey 08802
(908) 537-4952
E-mail: reddogflynn@earthlink.net

Tim Hammons

1053 Richmond Road
Berea, Kentucky 40403
(859) 986-7076
E-mail: kmhammons@chpl.net

Harry Rollinson

1400 Route 56 East
Apollo, Pennsylvania 15613
(724) 478-3247
E-mail: arking1@ptd.net

Robert D. White

2662 Providence Road
Cassatt, South Carolina 29032
E-mail: bobwhite17@yahoo.com

Stan Zdanczewicz

South 9292 Parker Drive
Muskego, Wisconsin 53150
(262) 679-0597
E-mail: zansett@aol.com

Editorial: Building Membership and Continuing the Quest

By Deborah Fazenbaker

I've been writing *The Flushing Whip* for several months now. Since *The Whip* is one of the major expenditures of the National Red Setter Field Trial Club, I am always trying to find ways to reduce the cost. To give you an idea of how expensive it is, let me share a couple of numbers with you. The cost of publication and postage for this holiday issue was \$487.30. It didn't really matter how I sent it. There was only a 96-cent difference in mailing *The Flushing Whip* at bulk rate or by first class. By bulk rate I was able to send out 204 copies. By first class I would have been limited to 150 copies. So, although the price was essentially the same, I was able to distribute 54 more copies by sending it standardized mail.

The very first issue I ever wrote for you was twenty-eight pages. But I've got NO shortage of material for *The Flushing Whip*. I have stories that are waiting for a space to print them. Our readers are also contributing and we certainly encourage that. But *The Whip* has grown as result. The September/October issue was 36 pages long and it cost \$512.23 to publish and post. To add those eight more pages (x204 copies= 1632 more pages) certainly increased the cost. It also increases the weight and postal fees go up too. So, on one hand I am working hard to produce a newsletter with quality and substance. But it takes balance to do it in the most cost effective manner.

Consider this: Our dues cost each member \$30 per year and we are a relatively small group. Figuring the memberships at 100, we'd basically have about \$3000 a year for club expenses. With publication and postage cost for *The Whip* at nearly \$500 a month, we spend almost the entire budget. This leaves nothing left over for AFTCA dues, FTCI insurance, FDSB inserts, pre field trial expenses, etc, We have to find a solution before it bankrupts us.

I've made some physical changes in the current issue to try and limit the expense. I held the number of pages in the newsletter to a total of 28. In addition, I reduced the type size to a #10 font. Yes, it IS a smaller font but still larger than what you get in your daily newspaper. Using the #10 font allows me to pack more material into each issue and (hopefully) maintain some substance and quality. Aside from the physical changes I've just described, I'm at a loss of what else I could do to reduce the cost. We accepted estimates from all over the country and no printer was able to come close to the rate that our current publisher gives

us. The only other thing I can think of to reduce the cost of *The Flushing Whip* is to reconsider the fees charged for Classified Advertisements although we don't really carry enough ads to make much of an impact. Still, I am going to suggest to our Officers and Board of Directors that the fees for advertising be reviewed and recalibrated. By figuring the average cost to publish and post an issue of *The Flushing Whip*, I can then determine what it costs to produce one page. Based on the numbers I gave you for this issue, a page costs us approximately \$17.40. Currently a NRSFTC member only pays \$15.00 for a full-page ad. In essence, it costs us money to accept that advertisement right now. We need to adjust our advertising rate so that the ads actually help offset the cost of the pages. The January-February issue of *The Flushing Whip* will reflect new advertising prices. Again, in an effort to encourage membership, there will be a substantial discount afforded to those who join the NRSFTC. Many of our advertisers prepay their ads for an extended period of time— we will certainly continue to honor the older rates until their ad comes up for renewal.

Those are some of the things I'm doing. Now, what can You do to help out too? Certainly the very first thing I ask of you is to please join the club and pay your dues annually. 2006 is right around the corner and we need to collect the dues in a timely and appropriate manner. Ron Young was still recording "2005 renewal memberships," as late as last month. Our expenses are ongoing— they do not wait until our members get around to paying their fees. Think about your dues and make it a priority to get them paid on January 1st! Please make that your New Year's Resolution!

I had a couple of other ideas too. If you are a breeder who sells NRSFTC puppies, think about this idea. Raise the cost of your puppies \$30 when selling to non-NRSFTC members. When you sell that puppy, use the \$30 to send a membership in on behalf of the new owner. The owner will appreciate the opportunity to get *The Flushing Whip* and learn about the club. Hopefully, during the course of that first year, we can educate them about the NRSFTC.

Part of that instruction pertains to The Futurity. These new members need to get their young dogs trained, broke and ready to run in their scheduled NRSFTC Futurity. If you look back at the May-June issue of *The Flushing Whip*, Earl Pursell addressed this issue. Earl noted, "Although 26

(Continued on page 5)

(Continued from page 4)

litters were nominated for the Futurity, we were only able to draw 10 dogs." He challenged us to do better! And we must! The National Red Setter Field Trial futurity is a field trial run specifically as a breeder's stake. Young Red Setters are evaluated for their potential as future championship field trial caliber horseback shooting dogs. These young dogs should exhibit characteristics that the NRSFTC looks and breeds for in our "*Quest for the Purest Challenge*:" style, class, drive, intelligence, bird finding ability, ability to handle, and ground race. Because the "futurity" is literally our FUTURE, we must actively work to assure that owners of new puppies appreciate the importance and value of The NRSFTC Futurity. Again, if you are breeding and selling pups, please register the litters for the appropriate futurity. Keep in touch with your owners and encourage them to train, prepare and participate in their scheduled futurity.

Let me digress just a moment in this Futurity Discussion. I have noticed that several of our breeders have not only nominated their litters for the NRSFTC Futurity, but have also nominated them to all-breed futurities. Tim Hammonds and Don Beauchamp each nominated Red Setter litters for the American Field Quail Futurity. Dale Bruns suggested to Brian Gelinas that he should nominate his litter to the 72nd American Field Pheasant Futurity. Brian followed through and as result, his dog, Rocky's Straight Arrow, had the opportunity to compete as the only Red Setter against 69 "white dogs." I commend all these breeders for raising the bar in this way. In our "*Quest for the Purest Challenge*," we must continue the work and commitment of Ned LeGrande and our founding fathers. Competing in All Breed Futurities opens up new fields in which to showcase the caliber of Red Setters today. Our Red Dawgs truly ARE capable of competing on the highest level. Put them out there! Please forgive me for getting off track but I couldn't miss the opportunity to say "well done" to these breeders and all other breeders who follow their lead.

But, to get back to the topic of what can we each do to help out, please consider this idea. For those of us who have been playing the "Red Dawg" game for a while, we pretty well understand what to expect at a trial event. But it's not all so obvious when you're the new kid on the block. I know because many years ago Allen and I attended a national trial for a different group. There was a great deal of unpleasantness and we'd each been very put off by what we saw and heard out there. In fact, that next year when Allen attended his first NRSFTC spring trial in Berea, I decided not to come with him because the other group had

left such a bad taste in my mouth. But when Allen returned from Berea, he couldn't say enough about how helpful (and different) NRSFTC folks were. What a great experience he'd had! The following year I decided to check it out for myself. I can't even name all the folks who reached out to me so I'll just pick one: Kris Hammons literally met me in the parking lot and thanked me for coming. She offered to allow me to ride Jake, her horse. (He's retired now but there never was a smoother, steadier ride. Jake knew the game and I didn't know anything— but God Bless him, he never let on for a second!) Throughout the weekend folks were very friendly and really made me feel welcome. I didn't hear the kind of petty backstabbing remarks that had been so commonplace at the other trial. We just had such great fun! That was probably 10+ years ago and the rest is history. Who could have imagined I'd go on to become the Editor of your *Flushing Whip*?

I guess that brings me to my final advice in building memberships. When you're at a NRSFTC event, pay attention to what's going on. If you see a new face, walk over and introduce yourself. As members you're on the front line to meet, greet and educate. Tell them what's happening and where things stand with the schedule. Invite them to the Banquet or any ceremonies. Make sure that our visitors are always treated well and that they'll want to come back. Remember, each one of us is really a public relations billboard for the National Red Setter Field Trial Club. Put on your best face and keep it there. Listen to what people say. Never miss an opportunity to make things right. When I look over old mailing lists, I see folks who no longer are members of our group. Many are still alive. I never met most of them but I mourn that loss. These are people who helped write our history and are an important part of what we are today. I want them to feel welcome and I hope they will decide to stop by again. There is strength in numbers and it boils down to a lot more than just getting someone to pay thirty bucks to join our club. Above and beyond all of that, is the fact that National Red Setter Field Trial Club members get dogs, train dogs, and continue working to "*Honor the Quest*." That's what we are all about— and the more folks we have working on that, the better our picture for the future.

Well, that's my Editorial to cap off 2005. Thanks for reading all the way through. You may not agree with everything I said and that's OK. Please write and let me know. Communication is important and I want to hear from you. We need your expertise, your ideas and your help to continue working in 2006. Maybe you'll even have an idea how to finance *The Flushing Whip*; boy would I like to hear that! Thanks everyone. Don't forget to pay those dues.



The Mail Bag



James Edward Schnettler

Dear Deb: I have just received a copy of "The Flushing Whip" which was dedicated to my uncle, Col. Ed Schnettler. I am sure he would be as pleased as I was with your kind words. From about the age of 12, I spent a lot of time at the Colonel's kennel mostly planting trees, building fences and painting under my grandfather's supervision. While I had several red dogs myself, I never acquired the passion that the Colonel had for the breed, although I was always welcome to come out and "play with the puppies", which usually meant cleaning up the kennels and the horse stalls. His tough Marine corps exterior and dedication to the task at hand was often lost on a 12 year old youth, but if you showed interest and were willing, you couldn't find a finer teacher. (As I'm sure Ben Berg will also testify to.) I had occasion to travel with Col. Schnettler to near-by field trials. With his straight forward approach and unwavering integrity, he taught me more lessons in life than just about dogs. He frequently dropped by the house in later years to visit. The barn is still there and the pine trees are 30 ft. High. If you go into the woods you also might find the remnants of a quail pen— it's on the other side the lake (where we fished) and were taught early lessons in marksmanship on evasive ducks. Ed Schnettler will be missed and I thank you for remembering him. Sincerely, James E. Schnettler

Note from Deb: You weren't the only family member who recently saw the story for the first time. The Colonel's daughter Joan just saw it too. She responded by sending us a wonderful story, *Hunting for Thanksgiving*. Hope you enjoy it!

Brian Gelinas, 1287 N 200 W., Shelbyville, Indiana 46176

Dear Deb, Good job with the latest issue, can't put it down. I found a couple typos and want to correct them so the right spelling will appear in the future. In *Puppy of the Year: Rock's Straight Arrow* should be...**Rocky's Straight Arrow** and *Lightening Lucy* should be...**Lightning Lucy**, I want to make sure Rocky gets due credit for Arrow even though Dale Bruns owns both Rock and Rocky. Also, do you have a minimal amount of space for the website? I was thinking it would be nice to leave the old field trial reports on there as well as pictures from

events or about some of our people such as Jack Carter for example? Interesting reading, especially to a surfer who doesn't know us. Also what about a member list and contact info could be optional. Like right now I would like to have a number for D. Burgess in Iowa but don't have any contact info. If it was on the website.....bingo. It might also help Ron Young with his renewals if only paid members were on the list, people would miss their name and re-up. Also like to leave all the travel info to the different grounds with motels etc.... Just some random thoughts, keep up the good work. Brian

From Deb: Thanks for the corrections! I just copy and paste the "Standings" issue after issue. So, if no one corrects me on an error, it continues forever. I thank you! It's fixed now. Sorry!

As far as the website material, my husband, Allen is the NRSFTC webmaster and he can better address those questions. I'll have him write you. I will however respond in a very limited way. Besides being members of this club, we are also involved in a NAVHDA chapter. (www.buckeye-navhda.com.) I also write that club's newsletter and maintain their website. In that club we never publish a hard copy of our newsletter; rather it is e-mailed to our members and is also accessible on the website. It costs nothing that way. We also keep old test scores and publish them on the site too. Initially, we didn't include our membership list on-line because we were concerned about putting that kind of personal information "out there" on the web. But our members asked us to please add it— and for exactly the reasons you just described. We do publish it (with member's permission) now. It's a much smaller and more basic club but go to the website and check it out. I'd be interested in hearing if other members do indeed agree with you. You have some great ideas and may be on to something big. Also: If anyone out there can hook Brian up with D. Burgess in Iowa, please write to Brian at bjgelinas@direcway.com.

Rob Clay in Austrailia writes: robcrayau@yahoo.com Many thanks for the copy of the *Flushing Whip*. Congratulations wife Deb, it's a fine magazine. I thought it was appropriate that the issue you sent me had an article about snake breaking. Here in Australia we have the worst snakes in the world. I was attacked

(Continued on page 7)

(Continued from page 6)

by one once, a few years back, was running my Brittany looking for birds, apparently (thou I didn't see it) the dog must have run right over the snake, anyhow by the time I got up to it, he was good and mad. Snake was 6' foot long, thick as my wrist, top half of it's body was raised in the air and rusting toward me, mouth open - by the time I shot him he was about 10' away. I picked up the dog and called it a day at that point. For quite awhile afterwards every stick I saw in the paddock gave me a scare. Then there was the time when I was a boy swimming in a the river and a snake swam by. There is something scary about being chest deep in water and having a snake go by you at eye level. They're so fast across the water!! Anyhow, enough of my snake stories. Thanks again for the Whip.

Sorry I can't afford an international subscription right at the moment. I've attached a recent training picture of the pups and myself, the background will give you an idea of the wide open paddocks where we hunt quail. Sort of like western USA, big sky country and with few (no) objectives.



Note from Deb: It's always great to hear from our friends down under. But those snake stories? YIKES! Thanks for writing to us! Keep in touch.

Tracey, Susan & Zeke Flatford of Knoxville, Tn. write:
Hello everyone! Just introducing ourselves. I am Tracey Flatford and have a wife Susan and a son, Zeke. We have gotten into Red Setters this year and are interested in membership in the club. We are already acquainted with Roger Boser and Andy Agnew. We live just outside of Knoxville, Tennessee. We have two of this year's pups from Andy Agnew. We also have WOODBURY, the dog that had belonged to the late Jack Carter. Thanks for your time. Hope to see you soon.

The Flatfords: Tracey, Susan and Zeke

Note from Deb: Thanks for the note and welcome aboard. I am mailing the most recent *Flushing Whip* out to you so you can start to check out what's going on with the group. There is a trial in November in Missouri and another in Berea Kentucky in March. Hope to see you there. I'm so happy that you have Woodbury and hope he enjoys being with you and your family. He's a great dog!



Deb Agnew, 1202 Crestbrook Lane, Knoxville, TN

Andy and I recently visited Jack Carter's gravesite. Here is a picture taken at that time. It's quite nice, don't you think? The flowers were beautiful. He was a very special man and I will miss him. I last talked to him after he won the Championship— he was so proud and so very deserving! Isn't it wonderful the way things work out sometimes. I once scouted for him (on horseback— me!!!) at a trial in Berea. We'll never forget him. He was quite a gentleman!

Note from Deb: Thank you so very much for your thoughtfulness in taking and sending us this picture. I know it will be meaningful to many of our readers and in a way, may bring them some closure. I hadn't seen the stone until now. I've always felt drawn to Jack— he physically resembled my own grandfather. Just now, when I saw the engraving on the stone, I was surprised to see that they shared the same birth date, Feb 12th.

Joan Schnettler Zimmerman, Minneapolis, Minnesota

I wanted to write and tell you I received the my copies of *The Flushing Whip* in today's mail. Thank you to Ross Leonard, Roger Berg, and to Christie and Ron Young for giving up their copies for my family. I will keep a copy for myself and share the others with family members. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Note from Deb: I am so glad that you were able to get the copies. We printed extras but your dad was so well thought of in the our club and the Field Trial community— everyone wanted a copy! I'm glad you got yours. We have some pretty nice people here with us and I thank them for responding. While I'm thanking folks, thank YOU for the wonderful holiday story you shared with us in this issue! It's absolutely wonderful! I hope you get what you're hunting for!

Cowboy with a Vision for Success



Ray Riehl was always a kid who enjoyed challenge and excitement. He grew up in Raleigh, North Dakota and as a young teen became interested in local rodeo activities. Ray loved trying to hold his own while staying

astride the thrashing animals in the rodeo corral. As he got older, it was almost natural that Ray gravitated toward that arena for work. Certainly by then he'd been tossed around enough to have better sense than to make a career riding. So Ray toned it back a notch and began hauling and selling livestock for a local rodeo contractor. Ray settled in Flasher, North Dakota and enjoyed life to the fullest. He was a cowboy in the truest sense of the word and probably would have done it his entire life except that fate intervened.

On February 24, 1986 Ray was in a terrible head on collision. The hood of an oncoming truck went right through Ray's windshield. It was a miracle that Ray even survived. For three weeks he hung perilously between life and death. Finally, on March 17th, he regained consciousness— only to discover a world robbed of all light and color: the accident had taken Ray's eyes!

Anyone else would have understandably needed years to adjust but Ray moved quickly. As soon as he could travel, Ray went to Grand Forks and spent six weeks learning to read Braille and to walk with a cane. After he completed the training, Ray returned to Flasher and decided he'd better find something to do. Many people would have just sat down and waited for the government to step in and pay the bills but not THIS cowboy!

Because of his work with the rodeos, Ray knew a great deal about Western tack. He also knew how to braid. Ray began taking lessons in braiding and knotting. In the early days the frustration must have been unbearable but Ray refused to surrender. With the tenacity of the toughest rodeo rider, Ray clung to the challenge. Some days were more difficult than others but he just kept at it. Within 14 months of the accident, Ray opened R. R. Supplies and began selling beautifully handcrafted items

that are perfect for dogs, horses and field trialers. I visited Ray's shop and spent part of the afternoon watching him work. He answered the door and invited me in without needing the assistance of a guide dog or cane. He moved easily about the shop pointing out items with absolute accuracy and explaining their use. Ray gave me the grand tour— room to room. When the phone rang he ran to catch it. He uses a special recorder to make sure he remembers the caller's instructions clearly. When he finished with the call Ray grabbed a ladder and ran up to retrieve a pattern for me. He moved with great agility and except for his prosthetic eyes and sunglasses, gave no indication that he was blind.

His shop was immaculate-- a place for everything and everything in its place. As Ray walked along he pointed out headstalls, nosebands, tie downs, reins and harnesses. He even had Flushing Whips. Not the newsletter. These were the real deal. Ray also makes strong canvas tool bags which roll up to protect wrenches, chisels and awls. As we turned the corner, Ray stopped to show me a Trooper saddle project he was working on for a customer. The saddle looked well worn and sore! Ray described in detail how he intended to renew and revitalize it before moving on to his design patterns. He creates holsters to carry blank pistols, and pouches to hold the controllers for Innotec, Tri-tronic or Dogtra collars. Ray fashions the holsters from leather which he cuts and sews himself. In yet another room, he showed me an entire wall covered with braid work—beautifully colored belts, collars, leads, and supplies.

Ray stores all the necessary hardware in bins that line the perimeter of his workbench. He could reach accurately into the correct container to grab a particular hook, buckle or clip. Ray knows exactly where every single inventory item is stored. That's important because much of Ray's work involves "special orders" which he creates himself. Ray will talk with his



(Continued on page 9)

(Continued from page 8)

customer until he sees the image of the item in his mind. He swears there is nothing he can't make if he has a design—and I believe that's a fact. R. R. Supplies isn't a big conglomerate like Lion Country Supply or Gander Mountain. It's just one dedicated blind man willing to move heaven or hell to get the job right for you. Ray's items don't come off a big assembly line one after another. No, they don't! He sews each and every one on an old-fashioned treadle sewing machine lent to him by the Prairie Learning Center in nearby Saint Gertrude. Every inch of the fabric or leather has endured the scrutiny of Ray's fingers. You can't ask for a more personalized touch than that!

I have to tell you how humbled I was in the presence of this courageous cowboy. For the last five or six years I've done social work in a very economically depressed region of northeast Ohio. Many of my customers are simple folks struggling against the darkness of disease or depression. Although most of them have pretty good sight, they have a lot of trouble seeing beyond the moment. A few of them do indeed make progress but, it's tedious: They take one step forward and two steps back; two steps forward and one step back. Slow and sure they creep along trying to gain momentum. But unfortunately, many more just stand paralyzed afraid to take the first step at all. For me, the greatest challenge is finding the leverage to motivate them to even try. How can I move them from INERTIA to a place where they can achieve the kind of self-sufficiency that Ray Riehl cherishes? I have to tell you, it's difficult at best. I wish I could charter a bus and pack them all out to Flasher, North Dakota and R. R. Supplies. They could see first hand what Ray Riehl accomplishes every day with his eyes closed. Talk about motivation. Ray Riehl is nothing short of amazing! I so appreciated the opportunity to meet and interview him!

I left his shop and took the long way back to Boser's camp. Driving along, my eyes scanned the horizon and took in the quilted colors of the prairie hills and plains. The afternoon sky was vividly blue with thick bright cotton candy clouds. Tiny goldfinches seemed to guide my way as they danced before the windshield. Three hen pheasants scampered across the road—a sight unheard of in Ohio anymore. I pulled over and took a good look around. I drank in the images and savored the moment. I studied every shadow and hue. I gave thanks for what I

knew I'd taken for granted every day of my life— my eyes. It saddened me to consider that for Ray, this spectacular panorama was reduced to a solid black screen. It's been nineteen years but I pray he somehow still remembers the gorgeous sights of the North Dakota prairies.



So listen folks; the holidays are coming and R. R. Supplies might have just what you need for that special person on your list. Please give Ray a call. His ad is in the back of this issue. Ray does most of his business over the phone and can turn over your order very quickly. Field trialers always need equipment and this really IS the best place to shop. His prices are reasonable—lower than any other I've seen. The work is guaranteed and the craftsmanship is superb. In fact, I bought a couple things myself.

I purchased two heavy-duty roading dog harnesses (at \$20 each) and five tickets for the upcoming raffle at the Prairie Learning Center. In turn, Ray purchased a NRSFTC Raffle ticket for a chance on the Charles Daly over under shotgun pictured below. I have a feeling that if Ray wins that shotgun he'll use it with absolute accuracy. Maybe not the first time... but he'll keep at it until he's right on target. I guarantee it won't take long because success is what THIS cowboy is all about!

Be Smart like Ray



To purchase tickets call (303) 655-1099

**Buy a Chance to Win this Shotgun
Help your club: Drawing 11-04-05**

Hunting for Thanksgiving

By Joan Schnettler Zimmerman

Since many of you remember my dear father, Colonel Ed Schnettler, I wanted to share a Thanksgiving story with you. I'm not much of a writer but this true story comes straight from my heart.

My parents were very modest and unassuming folks who didn't brag or talk about themselves. They believed that actions spoke louder than words. People often said my mother was smart and really beautiful, but I never found her to be vain or self absorbed. In fact, I didn't even know, until a year after her death, that she was a Valedictorian who had skipped two grades! All she ever told me about her education was that she was surprised she did as well as she had considering the academic load she carried. My father never told me that that he was captain of his track team. I knew he played football and ran track, but it was my aunt who told me of his other achievements. Most people probably remember my dad as a tough Marine Corps Colonel. But, in truth, he had a very tender and caring side too. It really disturbed dad when he saw people suffering or someone very ill. My parents were good caring people and my sisters and I were blessed to have such positive role models.

Dad never had sons, so Lynne and I benefited from his love for dogs and horses. When Lynne was 13 and I was 9, dad bought us each our own 20 gauge shotguns. He had pictures of our setters engraved in silver on our new shotguns. We spent several weeks learning about gun safety and practicing our shooting. We graduated from coffee cans (can't miss a can with a shotgun!) to trap shooting. I begged to shoot my dad's gun, which was a 12 gauge. He allowed me the lesson of shooting it and finding out on my own that it had way too much kick. Later that autumn our parents gave us special shooting jackets and caps for the opening of pheasant season in North Carolina. We were so excited. Mom packed lunches early in the morning and we took our individual dogs with us. (Lynne's was Tara and mine was Lady) We had permission to hunt on a local farm and all the way there dad talked about how much fun he had as a boy hunting with his dad in Minnesota.

It was a crisp November morning and when we arrived at the farm we hunted for quite some time. Then we put our dogs in the back of the truck. While they rested we began working a huge cornfield. I walked down the middle sections with my dad and sister each about 8 cornrows away on either side of me. It took quite a while to get all the way through. I eventually came out into the open. I stayed by the corn but could see a tiny shack about 500 feet up ahead. Even as a nine year old I could see it was in terrible disrepair. I waited several more minutes for my dad and Lynne to appear. Finally my dad stepped out of the cornfield and walked over to me. He asked where Lynne was and I told him I'd been waiting for her. He stared in the direction of the old shack and remained very quiet. We waited a couple more minutes and as time passed I literally watched my dad's manner change right before my eyes. I could see he was terribly frightened. I knew his serious look and respected it.

After a few more minutes he quietly took off his watch, pulled out his car keys and gave them both to me. He directed me to go get into the truck and lock the doors. I was to wait for 15 minutes for his return. If he didn't come by then, I was to start the truck, put it in first gear and drive to the next house to call the sheriff. He told me to ignore any bad noises the gears might make and to just keep going. He said that if anyone tried to break into the truck before the 15 minutes were up, I was to shoot them. He spoke very seriously in nearly a whisper. Even though I was scared, I followed his instructions exactly. I trusted him and knew he had always protected me and had his reasons for what he said. I ran and got in the truck as fast as I could. I locked all the doors and placed the watch up on the dashboard where I could see it. Then I prayed they would get back in time.

About 10 minutes later a shadow crossed the driver's side window. I turned quickly and was relieved to see my dad motioning me to unlock the doors. Both he and Lynne climbed in without speaking and we drove straight home without further discussion. Each had the same somber expression. I tried to get Lynne's attention by looking at her and making my eyes big but she flashed me her

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

"don't ask" look and said nothing. I wondered what terrible thing had happened; I'd never seen my father look so very sad.

When we got home, my parents went into their bedroom and shut the door. I went down the hall to use the bathroom, but as I passed their room I could hear my father crying. It was something I never thought he did and it terrified me. I stood frozen listening at their door. I overheard him telling my mother how scared he was that something happened to Lynne. He said he crept up to a side window of the tiny shack worried sick about what he might see. But when he looked in, there was Lynne, his sweet daughter, sitting in the middle of the one-room shack reading a story to the 6 children and two adults who lived there. Both parents and their children were sitting on the wooden floor surrounding Lynne's chair, smiling at the enjoyment of hearing a story being read to them for the first time; you see, none of them could read.

My father went on to tell my mother, between choking sobs, how cold it was and that there was no heat and that family was not suitably dressed for winter. They did not have electricity, a inside bathroom or running water. They lived as tenant farmers for the property owners and basically were their slaves. I couldn't imagine what their life was like and even after I went back to my room I kept thinking about them.

Over the next few days, I watched my mother haul out old Mayflower moving boxes and tape them together. She packed them full of long winter underwear, pants, shirts, coats, hats and mittens. She went through our clothes removing any excess and even purchased additional things in different sizes. The day before Thanksgiving, my mother cooked all day long. She made a 20 pound turkey, with all the "trimmings and fixings!" She packaged the dinner and sealed it up in aluminum containers before moving it out to her car. Her station wagon was already packed with boxes of canned goods. Once everything was loaded up, dad pulled out in his truck. Mother followed along right behind him. Both vehicles were brimming with boxes. Later that night when our parents finally returned, they rode together in

my dad's truck. We asked about the car and mom simply said that we "didn't need it anymore."

About a week or so later, Lynne and I saw mom's station wagon pull up to our stable which was a couple miles from our house. A man got out and walked slowly over to my father. He seemed rather shy; he never even looked up when Dad introduced him to us. My father said "he was a new worker to do odd jobs, including mucking out the stalls." My sister and I had been the "Chief Muckers," so although we were surprised that dad had hired someone, we were delighted to give up our pitchforks!

Over the next few months, I watched my dad work hand in hand with this man. I remember walking by them on a hot, humid day. Both were shirtless— sweating and digging side by side. I heard my dad telling the man: "when you talk to someone, look directly into their eyes— not at the ground. No more of that Uncle Tom stuff!" I had no idea what that even meant at the time. But the man smiled and I could see that he took my dad's words to heart. Every time that Dad was with him, he would quietly teach and instruct him. My father enlisted his friend, Aaron Craig to work with them too. Aaron had job connections in the community and somehow they even managed to find a reading instructor. As time passed the transformation of our farm hand was remarkable. Within just a few months he literally seemed to come alive. Everything had changed! His confidence soared and he greeted everyone head on. He took pride in his accomplishments including the fact that he was learning to read! It wasn't too long before he landed a real job working as a janitor for a local church. Of course once he moved on, my sister and I had to go back to mucking our own stalls.

My parents never talked about what they did for that family. It was years before I really understood it all myself. It came to me, not through my parent's explanation, but because of their actions. I still think about it today. I know that if my folks had only donated food and clothing, it STILL would have been a great kindness! But my mother and father believed in going the entire distance on any given path. In this case, they

(Continued on page 12)

(Continued from page 11)

gave away our mother's car in order to provide a means of reliable transportation. They shared books and found an instructor to teach the family to read. My dad hired on a farmhand he really didn't need and he paid him a good enough wage to help them get by until more substantial employment finally came along. These were the things my folks simply did because they were good caring people who went the extra mile. And in the process, eight lives changed very dramatically.

Many thanksgivings have come and gone since the autumn of my ninth year when my first hunting expedition became the most meaningful Thanksgiving of my life. The lessons I learned that fall still remain vivid and alive in my mind today. There are lots of stories about Colonel Schnettler the "tough Marine," but I'm pretty sure no one ever told you this one before. It just wouldn't have been my father's way to brag about the wonderful things they'd done for that family. But I've shared this story for a very different reason. I wrote *Hunting for Thanksgiving* because I really am hunting again— not with my dog and shotgun this time— but with the words on this paper. Since my father's death, I've come to realize that many of you may have Ed Schnettler memories and stories that I've never heard. Please share them. You can't imagine how very much it would mean to me. In the end, our memories are really all we have left of those we've loved. So, if you knew my dad in any way, please take a moment to tell me about it. For me, it would make this Thanksgiving almost as meaningful and special as the one back when dad took me hunting and I was only nine years old. Please write me at: Joan Zimmerman, 1425 Wisconsin Avenue North, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55427. Phone 763-544-1173. E-mail:joanzimmerman@hotmail.com. Happy Holidays everyone!

Life with The Schnettlers



I was blessed with wonderful role models!



When we camped out, Hellfire guarded our tent door for us



Daddy and I doing the Saturday Night bathing



Lynne with a pup dressed up as her doll-baby

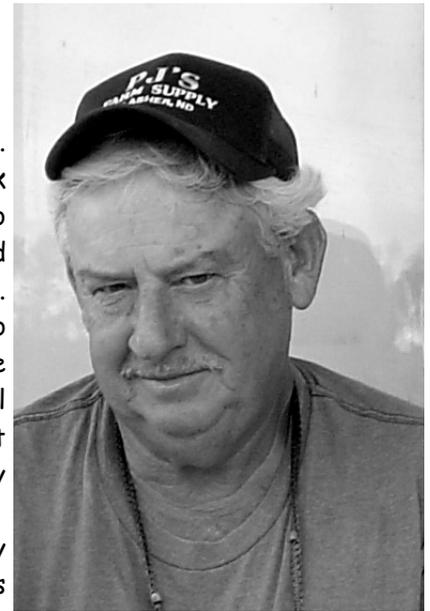


Me, 1953—My Dad started me on horses early on!

Tip from a Pro by J.C. Turner

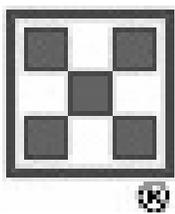
You can get a dog with great genetics and the very best breeding in the world. But it won't mean a thing if you can't convince the dog to get on the team and work to please you. One of the most important things you should do with a new pup is to put in your time. Keep that puppy with you constantly! Teach it to be with you and to depend on you. That early bonding is key to setting the stage for future success. With very young pups it's simply a matter of playing with them and getting them to enjoy your companionship. I handle the puppies frequently and at a very young age I start using the Whoa command so that the pup begins to "get it" before real training actually begins. You can set the puppy's food down and delay them just briefly by saying Whoa while you stroke them up. It's surprising how quickly they respond to it and begin to stop and wait for those rubs.

I talk with them the whole time we're together and make a point of calling them by name. When they are quite young I take them out in the field and throw pigeons off the back of the truck and wait while they playfully chase after them. When the birds get away, the pups run back to me to get another. Early on they start to realize that we are a team and I can get them to where the game is. From the pup's perspective it's not training at all. From MY perspective it's laying the groundwork for future success. So play with your puppies, have fun and get ready to win! Your time is the most valuable thing you can give to that young puppy!



I met J.C. Turner at his camp in North Dakota. J.C. has been training dogs for well over 30 years and currently handles 94 dogs fulltime. He's had more than his taste of success and Champion dogs including famed multi Champion A Tarheel Shadow!

The National Red Setter Field Trial Club salutes:



Purina

Chosen by Champions

**Thank you Purina! We appreciate your support in our
"Quest for the Purest Challenge"**

Members: Please patronize this exceptional Sponsor and join Purina's Pro Club

GLORY BEE REMEMBERED
APRIL 13, 1993-AUGUST 8, 2005



By Bob White

I lost a truly magnificent dog last August, a dog that I nearly passed her up because I hadn't anticipated her true potential. It all began about 10 or so years ago. I had an aging dog at that time who just was not competitive in any way—and to me, "competition" is the name of the game! I decided it was the time to get a couple of young and hopefully more competitive dogs. I talked to Roger Boser and Joe Edwards about it and decided to take a puppy from each of them. When Roger returned from North Carolina, Joe had Roger bring a new pup home for me. I traveled from Connecticut to Roger's place in Pennsylvania to pick up Joe's pup and yet another from Roger. My intention was to have one male and one female. Joe had sent a female up so it meant I would be looking for a male from Roger. As it turned out, neither he nor Joe had any males. I still wanted two dogs—thinking if one didn't make it the other one would. I decided to take a female from a litter of four that Roger had. I named her *Fermanagh Mary (Molly)*. While I was there, Roger started to talk about an older dog he had named *Glory Bee*. He said she had taken fourth in the recent futurity and asked me if I had seen her. I hadn't. He brought her out and she pointed a bird but I wasn't overly impressed. Remember, I was there because

I was eager to win! Although I saw a fine dog in *Glory*, I was judging her in my mind against the first dog I ever competed with: *CH Fermanagh Penny's Red Pepper C.D.*. *Pepper* was extremely competitive and never wanted the other dogs to get in front of him—and they never did! I just didn't see that kind of drive in *Glory Bee* that day. But she carried herself so beautifully that I finally decided to go ahead and take her with me. Of course that created a new dilemma: now I had three dogs-- one more than I really wanted. I returned the *Come Back* pup to Joe.

It turned out that *Molly* and *Glory* were from the same breeding (*Desperado* and *Pollywog*). *Mary Boser* actually named *Glory Bee*. When Roger told *Mary* it was just a one-pup litter she exclaimed "Glory be, a one-pup litter!" They began calling her *Glory Be*. *Glory Bee* is the only dog I have ever owned who did not have the prefix "Fermanagh." For those who don't know what that name is, it is the name of a county in Northern Ireland known mostly for it's famous *Belleck China*.

The first time I ran *Glory* she was still a derby. I was braced with *Gene Casale* and his dog, *Lucky*. *Lucky* had five finds, *Glory* five backs. I always suspected that *Glory* found at least on one of those birds she was pointing but that *Lucky* ended up in front of her. In fact, she was backing with her nose at *Lucky's* tail. Of course she did go on to prove she would back a dog a lot further away. But that time *Gene* won the stake and said, "it was a pleasure to run with a dog who could back his dog."

Glory was always extremely stylish both on point and while backing. I don't know how many times I heard comments that she looked better backing than the dog that was pointing. Her intensity had her using so much energy that in her latter years she would tire and go down a little while still maintaining her staunchness.

As I mentioned earlier, at first I was concerned that she didn't have the competitiveness of a dog wanting to win. She was happy enough to honor the other dog and didn't seem to care who found the bird. But over time, that began to change and *Glory worked* to get in front. Sort of like the sled dog situation, she was looking for a change in scenery—the front row position on point. I'm not sure exactly when it happened, but when she took on that persona, she went from being a good enough dog to a truly great competitor. She not only won her stake—but she won my heart along the way.

(Continued on page 15)

(Continued from page 14)

Like so many red setters she won far more times than she was placed. When the judges were fair she would place. She won often enough that I felt the stake wasn't over until after she ran. I would like to relate a few situations I had with her that was typical of her: One time she was backing from about one hundred yards. The judge who was watching the other dog but had been well behind came by her and asked "is she backing." I said yes. He said "WOW!!!!!!!"

When I first came down to South Carolina I entered her at a local trial. We found her on point. It took me at least ten minutes to locate the bird. Glory never moved, even when I was far from her as twenty yards. She didn't place (surprise), Comments from both judges were that they both would consider getting a red setter. It didn't happen. One person asked how I was able to get her to stand so long without losing intensity. My reply was that it was all in her breeding. My one regret is that I never bred her. The pups would have been magnificent! Unfortunately, Glory came in heat so few times and it was difficult to detect. I often found out too late.

I was running her one time and someone in the gallery was so impressed with her pointing ability he exclaimed: "I have never seen a dog point like that before, I'm only going to watch her." I didn't hear this comment myself but it was reported to me by one of the judges. Glory didn't place that time. The judge was the same person who asked me how I was able to get her to stand so long. While I was still in Connecticut, I ran her at a trial and during her run she locked on point at the far end of the field. Instead of riding hard to where she was standing, I kept the horse at a walk, flushed the bird and went on. Someone came up to me and said "you sure have confidence with her." You bet I did! And, we DID place that day!

The last situation I want to relate is a time when she did an outstanding job at a local trial. An individual who had followed the brace asked me later if I had won. I told him, no. The following week she ran in the H. Cooper Black Shooting Dog Classic, She won. One of the judges was that same individual who asked me if she won the previous week. Later another person told me the judge told him "there wasn't another dog close, Glory won it hands down."

I think Glory's mission in life was to please. She did all of that and more. As Roger said to me, "it is tough to lose a great one. They come by so infrequently." And I guess that pretty much says it all! Glory is gone but she'll never ever be forgotten by me. Somehow I feel like she'll always be on watch nearby—standing there in all her GLORY—right up front where she loved to be!



How and When to Report Wins

Duke Award * (Runs July 2005 through June 2006)

W.E. LeGrande Award (Runs January 2005 through December 2006)

High Performance (Runs January 2005 through December 2006)

Send your placements within 30 days to:
Don Beauchamp, 1401 South 359th St. W.
Cheney Kansas 67025
Home (316)542-0103 Office (316)262-1841
E-Mail: lsbeauchamp2@aol.com

Red Setter Walking Shooting Dog (January—December 2005)

Shoot to Retrieve (January 2005 through December 2005)

Send your 2005 placements within 30 days to:
Christie Young, 3989 Yann Road.
Marine, Illinois 62061
Phone: (618) 887-9176
E-Mail: birdogart1@wmconnect.com

Red Setter Puppy of the Year (July 2005 to June 2006)

Red Setter Derby of Year (July 2005 to June 2006)

Send your placements within 30 days to
Jim Ashby, 1414 Mooney School Rd.
Robards, Kentucky 42452 Phone (270)835-2066
E-Mail: Reddogshunt@myvine.com

*(For Duke) This year Purina is sponsoring the Top Shooting Dog Award events that will be qualifying trials in addition to the designated point's trials for the Amateur Shooting Dog Invitational. Check the *American Field* July 23rd 2005 for a list of Purina Events for the Duke Award

The Education of Patrick's Owner By Michael Omerzu

Michael Omerzu and his wife Tommie purchased a new puppy and set out on the process to get him trained. Mike decided to keep some notes about the experience and share them with you here. The Omerzu's live in Florida. This is the first segment. Hope you enjoy it!



The First Week

Patrick is a high bred Irish Red Setter hunting dog. We got him from Joe Edwards, a well known breeder and field trailer. Joe is known for Comeback and Shag Dancer breeding. I am an amateur trainer and hopefully beginning breeder. We bought a female from Joe six years ago and are close to retirement now. We want to raise and breed bird dogs and thought this would be a good time to start. There are some unusual circumstances involved in our situation. I have not had a bird dog for 15 years. We raised English setters for twenty years before that. We live in south Florida where our weather is hot and hotter.

Why now? Why Irish setters? and Why here? Having built a home in a hunting and riding club that has 2500 acres of common land and an area used for planted birds, we have a great place to work the dogs. We also have begun a Christmas tree farm in north Florida with plenty of open areas for training, several native coveys and many management areas nearby. Why Irish setters? We

like their beauty, style and personality. We are looking for members of the family that enjoy living together, traveling together and hunting with style and intensity. Having owned several English setters and several Irish setters we believe this is the breeding for us. Our first Irish setter was just this type of dog: hunting open fields, heavy brush and wetlands all efficiently. She was successful hunting both quail and pheasants. As for setters in the south, I'm not nearly as mad at the quail as I used to be. I don't need to kill a lot of birds. It's not about meat any way, it's about the thrill and enjoyment of good dogs and fun with good friends (human and canine). Why here? With arthritis I like warmth and half days are just fine with me and, on the occasional full days, afternoon naps for the dogs and me are the rule. Since most of my dogs are started in the house with air conditioning the heat is only for short periods and with proper conditioning the dogs can last longer than I can.

Back to Patrick. Joe had a mid season litter that we had to choose from. I don't believe there was a bad puppy in the lot; all high tailed, eager, healthy and with great heritage in both the sire and the dame. Joe wanted the smaller female and said we could choose from the rest. Three males and one female. One of the males was a little small and since our bred female is 55 lbs. we eliminated the smaller male. Our selection process included a walk in the field to see the studs. During the walk my wife said it "looked like one of the males and the female had already selected us" As we walked along they kept coming back to us! Knowing their breeding, I wasn't concerned with their hunt ability but was looking for a dog that wanted to be with and please people, which, for me, is an easier dog to break. Since both my children wanted males from our bred female, I selected the male. Why Patrick? Well it is an Irish name and my wife saw a picture with an Irish setter on a porch and the name of the picture was Patrick's porch and we have a porch.

I'm not sure Joe knew he was breaking a gentleman's shooting dog with Patrick or whether Patrick has us well trained but so far the adjustment has been phenomenal. Although seeing my wife at the motel at 4:30AM in her nightgown walking the new puppy was a site to behold. Casey our pregnant 6 year old female has been the only dog in the house and her concession in sharing her back

(Continued on page 17)

(Continued from page 16)

seat and owners was to totally ignore the new menace. However Patrick is hard to ignore. First he tried to nurse then he found her ears and tail were great pull toys. Casey, though tolerant, wasn't too happy with this decision and seemed relieved when Patrick was again confined to the carrier. After 10 hours in the truck and a short rest at our son's house where he met our three grandsons, we finally got Patrick home.

Just in case we had hidden something on the last of the toilet roll Patrick decided to check it out. We watched him trot past us from the bathroom through the great room and into the kitchen with a 30 foot white trail. Rolling toilet tissue is not better hand over machine. Not finding what ever was hidden in the toilet tissue it obviously must be under the flower on the coffee table. Nope not there either. Maybe under the bed or behind the sofa. By now all were ready for bed. We were exhausted! Being the true hunting dog, one hour before sunrise was a great time to announce he must go out! We had a serious discussion about being a "gentleman's gun dog and now he sleeps until about 15 to 30 minutes prior to day light.

The house breaking has been a real surprise. Maybe Joe's letting them run free around the barn or our being trained to attend to their needs about every 3 to 4 hours has helped, but one accident in five days was great. Walking the two of them on a leash is truly a coordination better fit for a ballerina not an over weight almost 60 owner.

This week was Patrick's first trip to the vet. He made friends with all the other owners and couldn't understand the complete anti social attitude of the cats. Patrick, as you can see from his picture, is truly adorable and has the personality of gregarious clown. He loves to be petted and wants to be everyone's friend. If Patrick is unsuccessful as a bird dog we have decided to loan him out as a flower trimmer. All our flowing hanging baskets and flower displays no longer flow. Hope he doesn't find a poisonous one. He's a very curious little guy. While I'm typing this I have had to remind him several times he doesn't know how to spell, yet. I guess with spell check maybe he could; I'm trying. We started sit and whoa training this week. There seems to be some confusion. He doesn't mind whoaing before his food but doesn't see why you should have to stand and wait. I understand

completely— it's a problem I have waiting at the mall for the wife! Tonight Patrick decided it was time to help her with the new house plans. I explained our job was to say "OK, yep that looks good" and we "certainly weren't in charge of color." Obviously there were several blueprints that didn't have what he liked because just to make sure we didn't use those he decided to shred them. Oh what puppy teeth can do.

I know that there is a plan and a purpose for everything. God created puppies so cute to save their lives. When we came home and my wife's daily puzzle and her cross stitch thread were chewed, shredded, and all over the den, I'm sure he would be dead today if he wasn't just so cute. Don't mess with the crossword. I remember when my son was about two and took all the labels off the can goods and we had surprise for dinner each night for about a month. I wonder if there are cross stitch patterns for "surprise" colored thread since all the covers and color numbers have been chewed and shredded.

Oops, about that easy house breaking. Well a rainy day came and now we know why puppy is close to puddle in the dictionary. I guess today he is getting a big dose of no, no, no, no, no and NO. Anyhow, we finally found out what ceramic tile is really for ---- puppies. One of the problems with "NO" is that it sounds so similar to whoa and the puppy needs to know the difference. Since we cannot change NO some trainers prefer hold instead of whoa. Being from the south I don't hear that much difference. (You know, we hear slow too). Besides, since I've been around bird dogs most of my life, it would be too difficult to change "my" vocabulary now. More about Patrick later. **This story will be continued...**

We'll be following the progress as Patrick gets his mom and dad under control and their education continues. Hang in there Mike!

Copyright 2003 by Randy Glasbergen.
www.glasbergen.com



"House training a puppy isn't covered by flood insurance."



All Breed Honor Roll

7/23/05 through 9/17/05 by Christie Young



Reports are few this period as the spring season closes out and the fall season begins. We do have some very exciting achievements to brag about. Hard working veteran competitor, Roger Boser has been awarded the Thelmar Page Memorial Amateur Handler of the Year Award by the Association of North Carolina Field Trial Clubs. The same association lists Piccadilly as RU in the South Carolina Amateur Classic. Al Fazenbaker's King Cormac, who is coming on strong, has been awarded Amateur Shooting Dog of the Year by the Pennsylvania Walking Shooting Dog Association. And Jim Ashby has no less than six awards with five different youngsters by taking Amateur Derby of the Year with Jim's Molly Girl, Amateur Puppy of the Year with Rock It Again, Open Puppy of the Year with LVK Butch, RU Open Derby of the Year with Hondo Muldoon, RU Open Puppy of the Year with Moonshine Runner, and RU Amateur Derby of the Year with Moonshine Runner, all via the Illinois Bird Hunter Association. Not only that, Jim Ashby recently received a great surprise in the mail. It was an invitation for Molly, Hondo and Moonshine Runner to participate in the NBHA Amateur Invitational Championships next January in Oklahoma. Jim may not manage to get there but receiving an invitation is a considerable honor for anyone. Three invitations are simply phenomenal! Recognition is also in order to Brian Tiffany's Sleepy Creek Lacey with another complimentary report. She is described as eye-popping, classy, stylish and hard driving. You can be justifiably proud of her Brian and so are we. We have some impressive youngsters coming on in the membership as the reports show! So, big congratulations to all on these noteworthy accomplishments that elevate the breed proudly! This period also shows four Red Setter litters nominated for the American Field Quail Futurity by breeders Tim Hammonds and Don Beauchamp and one Red Setter, Rocky's Straight Arrow, entered in the American Field Pheasant Futurity by Brian Gelinias. Best of luck to all from this cheering section!



Dog	Owner/Handler	Sire	Dam	Trial Name	Placements	Competition
Moonshine Runner	Jim Ashby	Silver Creek Solution	Bootleg's Moonshine	Fayette County FTC, (Tn.)	2 nd NBHA Amateur Derby	8 Entries
Jim's Molly Girl	Jim Ashby	Zan Sett Albert Collins	Frankie's Time Around	Fayette County FTC, (Tn.)	3 rd NBHA Amateur Derby	8 Entries
Jim's Molly Girl	Jim Ashby	Zan Sett Albert Collins	Frankie's Time Around	Fayette County FTC, (Tn.)	1 st NBHA Open Derby	8 Pointers, 2 Setters
Sleepy Creek Lacey	Brian Tiffany O Jim Heckert H	Outburst	Sizzlin Belle	Teton Bird Dog Club, (Mt.)	2 nd Open Derby	6 Pointers, 4 Setters, 1 Irish Setter, 1 GSP

From Seaford, Delaware came eye-popping Irish Setter "Lacey", owned by Brian Tiffany. She displayed class, style, hunt, and a hard driving way of going. And with just a little longer more intense point she would have upended the placements.

Piccadilly	Roger W. Boser	Come Back Rock	Gillian	Rappahannock Bird Dog Club, (Va.)	2 nd Open Shooting Dog	12 Entries
Aiken	Roger W. Boser	Rockfish	Chantilly	Rappahannock Bird Dog Club, (Va.)	2 nd Open Derby	8 Entries

Current Awards Standings as of October 1st, 2005

Duke Award Standings (Runs July 2005 through June 2006)

Dog	Owner/ Handler	Sire	Dam	Points
-----	----------------	------	-----	--------

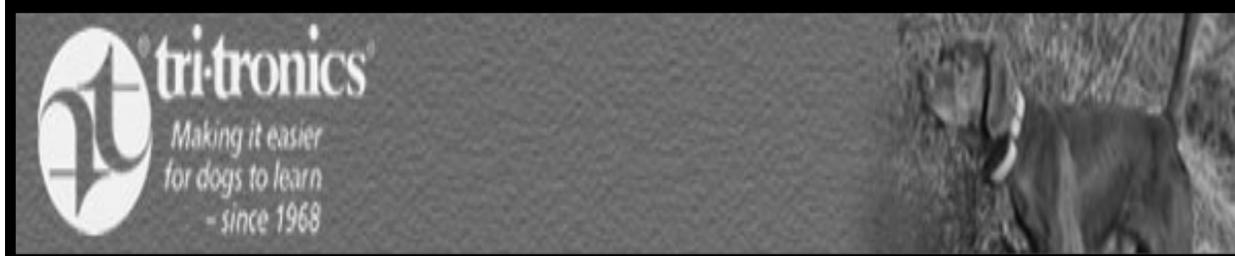
A new season began July 1st 2005 for the Duke Trophy Award. This year Purina is sponsoring the Top Shooting Dog Award events that will be qualifying trials in addition to the designated points trials for the Amateur Shooting Dog Invitational. Check the American Field July 30, 2005 issue for a list of Purina Events

High Performance (Runs January 2005 through December 2005)

Dog	Owner/ Handler	Sire	Dam	Points
Chantilly	Roger Boser-O/H	Desperado	Come Back Dixie Girl	32
Rock the World	Tim Hammons O/H	Zan Sett Albert Collins	Zan Sett Juice	32

W.E. LeGrande Award (Runs January 2005 through December 2005)

Chantilly	Roger Boser-O/H	Desperado	Come Back Dixie Girl	2164
Piccadilly	Roger Boser-O/H	Come Back Rock	Gillian	902
Rock the World	Tim Hammons O/H	Zan Sett Albert Collins	Zan Sett Juice	308
Code Red	Tim Hammons O/H	Rocky Branch Showbiz	Silver Creek Illustrations	280
The First Tee	D. Burgess & J. Henning	Outburst	Fast Break	216
Brandywine	Roger Boser O/H	Bearcat	Hollywood	204
Creed	Don Beauchamp O/H	Come Back Riptide	Come Back Jeanie	96
Come Back Rocky	Dale Bruns O	Come Back Riptide	Come Back Miss Pat	68



36th NATIONAL RED SETTER FUTURITY

\$1,000 Purse Guaranteed (60% - 40% Handler-Breeder) to Four Places
To Be Run On Bobwhite Quail In The Spring Of 2008



NOMINATING RULES

(Nominations for females and stud dog registered in the *Field Dog Stud Book* and bred on or after October 31, 2005)

Dams must be nominated and the first forfeit (\$25.00) submitted within seventy-five (75) days after service. This payment and enrollment of the litter in the FDSB qualify each puppy for entry in the 36th National Red Setter Futurity. Nominations close December 31, 2006. Bitches (dams) can be bred until October 31, 2006 and be nominated. A second forfeit of \$20.00 for individual dogs must be submitted on or before December 31, 2007 and the dog registered in the *Field Dog Stud Book*. A Futurity trial entry fee must be paid prior to the trial drawing. Late second forfeits of individual dogs after December 31, 2007 will be accepted up to the night of the drawing with a LATE PENALTY of \$25.00. The trial date and venue will be advertised in the *American Field* and *The Flushing Whip* well in advance. For additional information or to request nomination forms, contact:

Allen Fazenbaker, National Red Setter Futurity Secretary
5630 State Road at Red Setter Run, Kingsville, OH 44048
Phone (440) 224-2674 Email: red_pups@yahoo.com

Join us in our quest for the "Purest Challenge"

Join the Pro Club



Have you signed up as a member for the Purina Pro Club? Please consider doing it today. As a Pro Club member, you can clip weight circles from bags of participating Purina brand dog foods, send them in and earn Purina Points. Those points can be redeemed for a variety of rewards, including:

- ♦ Rebate checks good toward future purchases of Purina brand dog food.
- ♦ Purina logo apparel and merchandise.
- ♦ Checks for veterinary services.
- ♦ Gift certificates for retail, restaurants and travel.

And, it doesn't just benefit you— being a member of the Purina Pro Club also helps the NRSFTC. The National Red Setter Field Trial Club has filed application to register as a participating breed for the Purina Parent Club

Partnership (PPCP) Program. Here's how the PPCP Program works: Pro Club members redeem weight circles from bags of participating Purina brand dog foods. Purina tracks these weight circle submissions. It is my understanding that for every \$100 of weight circles redeemed by membership, \$5 will be returned to the breed club for educational purposes, and \$5 will be donated to the AKC Canine Health Foundation. Please visit the Purina Pro Club Website and sign up today at <http://www.purinaproclub.com> It is very important that you list your breed club as the National Red Setter Field Trial Club. The program runs with a January to December fiscal calendar year so the timing is perfect! Checks are issued each February. You will earn personal points and rewards for yourself and credit The National Red Setter Field Trial Club at the same time. It's really a win-win situation. Please sign up today. Make a difference for the NRSFTC!

Classified Section

WANTED



Your Wedding Picture

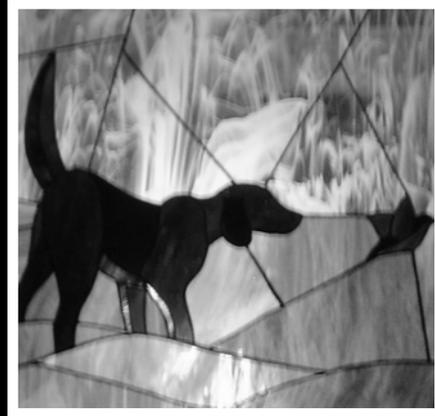
(to be used for the January-February Whip)

Please send your wedding picture to:

The Flushing Whip
5630 State Road at Red Setter Run
Kingsville, Ohio 44048

Pictures will be scanned & mailed
back unharmed within 48 hours

Stained Glass Art Made to order



Please Call Dusty for Prices & Quotes
on your very UNIQUE designs
440-357-9115

PUPPIES

AKC/FDSB

Nominated in Both Futurities

\$250.00

Your Crate and Freight

Andy Agnew
Knoxville, Tennessee
(865) 691-9464

Wilson Dunn:

“A good friend of Bob Sprouse & the NRSFTC”

Dog and Kennel Supplies

- ◆ All Size Dog Collars in Nylon, Day-Glo or Leather
- ◆ Automatic Watering Dish
- ◆ Stainless Steel Bowls in all sizes



Horse Supplies & Tack

- ◆ Jack Haggis Trooper Saddles in Black or Brown
- ◆ Saddle Pads trooper or Western Black or Brown



New Tracker Classic

**Quality at a Great Price
Starting at \$499**



**A Great Set:
2 Collars,
The receiver
Batteries
Holster &
Carrying
Case**

1 year Warranty on Collars
3 year Warranty on Electronics
10 year Warranty on antennas & body

Hunting Supplies

- ◆ Hunting Clothing
- ◆ Accessories
- ◆ **Tiemanns Chaps**-these are the most durable and best fitting field trial and bird hunting chaps on the market \$49.95
- ◆ **Camo Coveralls** by Key
- ◆ **Lined Camo Jacket** by Key
- ◆ **Uplander front loading coat** by Ruddy duck
- ◆ **Blaze Orange Shirts** by Ruddy Duck

Wilson D's Sporting Goods

PO Box 189

Grand Junction, Tennessee 38039

PHONE: (731)764-2041 TOLL FREE: (888) 456-5150

**Learn the Secrets
of the FIRST new Training
Technique in the last 25 Years!**

**Buddy Smith shows you how to take your dog
step-by-step from a young pup to finished performer**

FOR ALL DOGS— Field trial or Hunting, Retrieving & Pointing

“The Buddy Stick” DVD or VHS Video



**A Training Program with Hall of Fame Trainer:
Buddy Smith**

DVD or VHS Video is ONLY \$39.95

+ \$4.00 Shipping and Handling

Available from

Wilson D's Sporting Goods

PO Box 189

Grand Junction, Tennessee 38039

PHONE:(731)764-2041 TOLL FREE: (888) 456-5150

Classified Section

Ray Riehl

R. R. SUPPLIES

306 6th Avenue West
Flasher, North Dakota 58535



701-597-3568

Fast Shipment-Delivery

Tack Supplies for Horses, Dogs, Trainers and Trialers

Red Setters at Stud

Puppies from proven parents
that are broke bird dogs !

IronFire Kennels

Roger and Toni Berg
4165 2nd Street South East
St. Cloud, Minnesota 56304

(888) 251-7415

E-mail: RReddogman@clearwire.net

Visit our website at:
www.IronFiresetters.com

Firefly Farm

Gaited Horse Rental and Sales



Bonnie and Dennis Hidalgo
(303) 655-1099 Fireflyfarm@msn.com

