

## Go BIG RED

*The red setter is back. Now this dog can hunt!*



**B**OB SPROUSE IS THE NATIONAL repository of the history, lore, and legend of the red setter—that mahogany-and-chestnut-colored gun dog with the sun-glittered feathers (the dog man’s name for long, dancing hair) you now see coursing the bird fields with a smooth gait, a happy countenance, and a sturdy body.

No longer is he the Irish setter ruined for the bird field by the bench enthusiasts. No. He’s now been bred back to functional conformation with a deep heart girth, a stacked pelvic drive muscle, protruding bones over the eyes to knock away stubble, high

toenails so they won’t split, a tight foot so it won’t splat, a full-bore nose, and a yen to hunt.

Yes, the red setter is back. America’s gun dog men are the benefactors. And Bob Sprouse has the story of how it was all done, in which he never mentions his contribution. You see, Bob is editor of *The Flushing Whip*, the national bulletin of the Red Setter Club. He’s been the club’s scribe since 1978, and I’ve always enjoyed his articles.

We’re with Bob at his cabin in Cypress Inn, Tennessee. We’re so far in the sticks a camera on a satellite working with a bloodhound and an Indian scout couldn’t find us. Bob rolls his wheelchair close. It takes effort; his

spine was severed by shrapnel in the prelude to the Battle of the Bulge in World War II. He’s now been in that wheelchair fifty years. Three of his red setters follow him, standing up to place their front paws on his legs, the better to get a pat on the head.

Bob Sprouse says, “My grandfather Charles Gallagher of Logan County, Ohio, and my great uncle Pete Gordon, from the same place, had red setters back in the 1870s. They’d take the dogs to Frankfort, Kentucky, in the fall to hunt quail and I’d tag along. It didn’t take long until I talked them out of a puppy.

“In the mid-1930s, grandfather probably had the last dogs with the Campbell strain in them. Two Spring Hill, Tennessee, brothers, George and Milton Campbell, started this line of red setters. They called them native setters; that’s how they registered them in the *Field Dog Stud Book* in Chicago.

“Now these Campbells sent for an Irish setter from the British Isles. They bred him to a bitch they had and came up with a pup named Joe Junior. Joe won the Championship of America in 1884, down at Florence, Alabama, against the most famous bird dog of the day, the English setter Gladstone.

“Even back in Granddad’s time the Irish setter had been destroyed by the bench enthusiasts. The dogs couldn’t hunt anymore; they were made for show, not work.

“I went into the Army in 1941,” says Bob, “and when I left home, I had a real good Irish setter male. When I got out of the army hospital in 1947, he was seven years old. I looked for a bitch to breed him to, but no litter produced anything. The Irish setter, as a hunter, was gone.

“Then a man named Don Waters became game commissioner in Ohio, and he helped create the Killdeer Plains. In 1962, one of the early red



atter trials was run there, and Waters was present. He wrote and told me how good those dogs worked—you see, he was an English setter man—and he got me Marge Moffat's name; she was secretary of the Red Setter Club at that time. I wrote to her and started receiving the news.

"A couple of years later I bought my first LeGrande red setter. Now, let me tell you about LeGrande and his friends who brought the red setter back. Ned LeGrande was from Virginia, and his family owned Gudebrod when fly lines were made of silk. Rusty Baynard ran a filling station in Delaware. And Arch Church was a banker or broker and lived in Pennsylvania or New York.

"Anyway, the three of them met independently at an advertised Irish setter AKC field trial in New England. And after watching the dogs run, LeGrande said, 'Somebody's got to do something about the Irish setters.'

"And the three of them took it from there. They did a lot of advertising all over the country, asking for red setters that could hunt. And they had dogs coming in every day on the railway express—and going out that night, I might add. But LeGrande wound up locating about twelve dogs.

"LeGrande picked up a good one in West Virginia named Willow Winds Mike, so that's what he named his kennels: Willow Winds. About that time Ned read an article by the noted gun dog writer of the day, Horace Lytle, who was interested in crossbreeding.

**"L**YTLLE HAD A DOG NAMED Isley's Chip, an English setter, who had some of that old Campbell breeding in him. He was the son of the last setter at that time to have won the National Bird Dog Championship: Mississippi Zev.

"LeGrande also thought crossbreeding might be able to bring the dog back. So, when Ned heard of a good five-year-old dog down in South Carolina, he went to see it. He liked what he saw, and brought the dog back to Pennsylvania. Ned later said he paid an awful price for her, but she produced nine crossbred litters, and the breed was on its way again. She was Askew's Carolina Lady, and she is recognized today as the foundation dam of the red setters. Almost every red set-



## Experience the Best of Nature and Imagination.

Quality craftsmanship plus the industry's finest support services have made Wilderness the preferred choice in log homes since 1972.

Only Wilderness offers you your choice of eight exciting log styles. Our InSul-R™ Log System, featuring an "R" Value of over 40, gives you twice the energy efficiency of conventional construction. Traditional full log styles are also available. Select from Northern White Cedar or quality Pine.

You'll discover a log home that's perfect for you in our full color, fully illustrated Planning Guide which includes all standard models with over 1000 floor plans available. Or, if you prefer, let us custom design your own Wilderness dream home at no charge. Nationwide free shipping included.

Call or write today for your Wilderness Planning Guide and Video. VISA, MC & AMEX. Satisfaction is guaranteed or your money will be cheerfully refunded.

CALL US TOLL FREE  
1-800-BEST-LOG (1-800-237-8564)

IN WISCONSIN  
1-800-852-LOGS (1-800-852-5647)

FAX  
(414) 892-2414



P.O. Box 902, 94FS06, Plymouth, WI 53073

- ☐ \$12.00 - Planning Guide
- ☐ \$13.00 - Wilderness Video
- ☐ \$21.00 - Planning Guide/Video
- ☐ \$15.00 - Dealer Kit/Planning Guide

SATISFACTION  
GUARANTEED

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
☐ Own land ☐ Building date \_\_\_\_\_

ter running today goes back to her."

Sprouse pauses to pat the head of one of his treasured setters. He draws a breath and begins again, "Now Baynard and Church were also active. Church had bred up the Sunburst red setters. And Baynard was putting dogs around and he sent one to a Marine flyer, Colonel Ed Schnettler, who co-incidentally had some red setters up in Minnesota that went back to the old market gunner's dogs. They favored the red setter because they were tough in the winter time; they took the cold water and would hop through the snow and everything.

"Schnettler developed a line that is still going today, the Saturday Night kennels. He developed a real producing sire in Saturday Night Ed in the late 1960s, and he was used throughout the breed quite a bit.

"Then Earnest Lewis of California and David Hasinger of Pennsylvania came into it. Hasinger had a pup he bought from LeGrande, Valley High Country, and he leased this dog to Lewis out in California. Well, Lewis developed a line of red setters called

the County Clare line, named for his grandfather who had come from County Clare, Ireland.

"By that time, the red setter breed was getting pretty well established. Now I think we're far enough along to get the dogs qualified to run in the National Bird Dog Championship. The biggest all-breed, *Field Dog Stud Book* win to date was Paul Ober's (Reading, Pennsylvania) championship at the New England Open All Age. That dog was named Celtic Sua Sponte. Paul's a lawyer and gives all of his dogs legal names.

"The big names today are Don Beauchamp, a geologist, of Cheney, Kansas, and Roger Boser, a veterinarian, of Seven Valleys, Pennsylvania. Boser presently has two dogs, Bearcat and Desperado, who were number one and two in 1992 dog-of-the-year awards. Beauchamp has Motion Magic. A real contender. Oh yes, there's Bob and Katherine Gove of Princeton, Minnesota, who've got a great line of red setters."

I ask Bob who's been the greatest red setter to date, and he immediately names Buddwing, owned by Don



Beauchamp. Buddwing had seventy *Field Dog Stud Book* wins when he died. Other red setters have had more wins, but Sprouse says they came from less prominent trials.

So, the bottom line?

Sprouse tells us, "The *Field Dog Stud Book* permitted the first crossbreeding of an English setter and a red setter in 1953, to create the new red setter. This was a milestone movement, for no other kennel club will permit crossbreeding. Ned LeGrande and Horace Lytle registered the first litter out of LeGrande's red setter dam named Willow Wind's Smada, and Lytle's English setter sire, Isley's Chip.

"These were notable dogs. Smada Byrd was one of the great red setter field trial winners in the 1920s. Smada became a powerful red setter line. And Isley's Chip, you'll remember, was the son of the last English setter at that time to win the National Bird Dog Championship: Mississippi Zev.

"Though more than half of our membership are bird hunters," reveals Sprouse, "the red setter is now ready to qualify for the National Bird Dog Championship." He pauses, then says, "That'll be the day."

If you've been intrigued by any of this, contact Bob Sprouse, Dept. FS, Route 1, Box 71C, Cypress Inn, TN 38452. If you want to tap further into the red setter dialogue, read *The Flushing Whip*. You too may end up shouting, "Go, Big Red!"



## MOST PRIVATE CAT

(Continued from page 45)

a fair number of hunters with trained cat hounds run them for sport as well. Predator callers using a call simulating the squall of an injured rabbit also focus on bobcats.

In northern Michigan, I hunted bobcats on snowshoes with friends who had burly cat hounds. Many a day we exhausted ourselves without success just for the sport of the run. I especially remember one long-in-the-tooth cat that undoubtedly died of old age. We knew its travel route. After a fresh snow, we'd go out early in the morning, find the track, and release the two hounds. On one of our worst days, the cat, gliding easily across the top of the snow while the

hounds plunged deeply, would get a good lead, crawl into a jampile of logs and branches where pulp wood had been cut, work its way up to the top, then leap far out into the snow. The hounds would worry, baying and pawing at the pile. By the time they picked up the scent again, the cat was long gone.

Then there was a spot on the Pigeon River where a huge tree had fallen, its trunk spanning the river, about 6 feet above the water. Invariably, the cat would head for that log. Masterfully agile, it would cross on the log. The hounds would try the same maneuver when they reached the spot, with entirely different results—in their eagerness and awkwardness, they'd fall off into the swift, frigid current. By the time the hounds reached the other bank, they'd be covered with ice and snow, long ears wearing great frosty balls as they followed the trail. At long last, they would quit and huddle under a balsam, whining until we could get to them and lead them out.

Bobcats are remarkable colonizers. Forests and woodlands, coastal lowlands with accessible cover, Southern

## READING THE REGS

■ Bobcats in the U.S. are not endangered or threatened and populations are surprisingly well-monitored. When the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna & Flora (CITES) agreement was signed back in the 1970s, it covered the world's spotted cats, of which the bobcat is one. Although the bobcat was not in trouble, as some of the world's spotted cats were, it was thought wise to keep close watch of bobcat populations state to state when fur prices skyrocketed from the mid-'70s to the mid-'80s. CITES involved federal authorities, and states made population studies and estimates. Fur seasons were set. Every pelt sold out of every state had to bear a federal tag, and still does. Quotas were set for each state, related to its bobcat population. When a quota was reached, no more could be taken. Some states divided their bobcat ranges into regions, according to estimated cat populations in each, and divided their state quota into portions to fit each. Quotas are seldom reached anywhere.

Specific regulations differ widely from

state to state, and require careful perusal by anyone interested in taking bobcats. States classify them differently as furbearers, game, non-game, predator. License requirements also differ. In some states only a trapping license applies, whether you hunt or trap. In others you must have the license required for the method you use: trapping or hunting. In a few instances bobcats may be taken, or run by hounds, outside the specified season. In Florida you may train hounds on cats outside the season, but may not carry a weapon. In Texas, bobcats may be killed at any time by any method, but hides for sale can be taken and sold only during the specified season. In Georgia, cat hunting can be done only at night, with no rifle larger than .22 rimfire allowed. In Oklahoma a special license is needed. Certain areas of each state contain high-density populations, and some areas have few or none. Both hunting and trapping seasons may differ in specific regions of certain states. In states with low cat numbers, taking bobcats may be illegal, or the season may be temporarily closed.—B.W.D.

swamps, Southwestern deserts, mountains, brushy stream courses thrusting into the plains, and rocky badlands with patches of brush are called home. As a rule, bobcats are loners, each staking out a home range, and following regular hunting routes, bedding wherever their stomachs are full. The exception, of course, is during breeding and when females are raising young.

**M**OST BREEDING OCCURS during the first quarter of the year. The males wander widely at this time, sometimes 10 to 25 miles, emitting hair-raising yowls and caterwauling at night in their search for females. About two months after mating, the female finds a protected place among rocks or vegetation, well hidden from prowling males that may kill the kittens. Average litters are two to four. The kittens' spotted markings are quite unlike the adults', and they are born with eyes closed. When the eyes open about ten days later, they are blue, turning to yellow as the kittens mature. After several weeks the mother leaves them