

## 2011 Flushing Whip Issue 6

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You can also print out *The Whip* in a booklet style and assemble it in full color. It is more tricky to read on-line because those pages bounce around and print like this: Page 56, 1, 55, 2, 54, 3, 53, 4 etc. But, as I said, it can be printed out and read perfectly in the "booklet" view once it is assembled.

If you'd prefer to receive it that way, please write me and I will send it right back to you. Enjoy your *Whip!* Deb ☺

[flushingwhip@gmail.com](mailto:flushingwhip@gmail.com)

# The Flushing Whip



### Best Photo Award!

Amos O' Liery

"Hunting in a Winter Wonderland"

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Half Page ad \$ 15.00	Full Page Ad \$25.00	Double Page ad \$ 40.00
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## Here's what's in your November December 2011 Issue



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Ed Liermann submitted this gorgeous photo of his dog on point during a winter hunt. The dog is named Amos O'Liery; he's an exceptional hunting dog and part of the foundation stock for Cedar Creek Kennel and Farm. This dog has not only sired some great pups, but now he's won a new hat for his Master. Congratulations Ed—the hat is in the mail.

## Rambling from Red Setter Run

Happy Holidays to all of our friends and members of the National Red Setter Field trial Club. There's a gift in this issue for you. A couple of years ago, Tom Davis wrote to me to ask if I knew of the whereabouts of a story called *Connemara Nellie*. I didn't really know Tom at that time but I began looking in earnest for the story. After several months I had to admit defeat and tell him I simply couldn't find it. Last year I received an envelope in the mail from Tom with a note, "Deb, you may not remember it, but a few years ago I asked you to help me find a story called *Connemara Nellie*. I finally was able to locate the story and thought perhaps you'd be interested in sharing it with your readers..." I LOVED the story and knew it would be a wonderful thing to share in our holiday issue. But, that meant I had to get permission to reprint it. The author, Paul Curtis had died shortly after writing it. Later, George Bird Evans included it in an anthology of hunting tales but he had died too. The same was true of his wife, Kay. With her death came the establishment of *The Old Hemlock Foundation* which now owns the copyrights to all the writings and works of George and Kay Evans. I wrote to the foundation and they graciously granted us permission to republish this exceptional hunting story. We appreciate their allowing us to share it in this issue. I also should thank Tom Davis for tracking it down and sending it to me. So here it is folks. Happy Holidays from *The Flushing Whip*! I know you'll savor every word of *Connemara Nellie*!

In the last issue I had invited you to take out a holiday ad with photos of YOUR dog and family. The best picture would make the cover! Unfortunately, except for the Board, I didn't get any takers. Maybe it wasn't enough notice so think about it for the future. Keep your eyes open and if you see a "Kodak Moment" over the holidays, snap that photo. Please send them to *The Whip* so we can share them with others. We'd love to see pictures of red setters from all across the country. Back to that covershot, I decided to use a photo

(Continued on page 5)

"The Flushing Whip: Official Publication of the Red Setter Foundation, Ltd. serving the National Red Setter Field Trial Club"

Ed Liermann shared with me for our cover. It is a rather striking picture of Amos O' Liery on point in the winter snow. Is there anything more beautiful than that? Thanks for the photo Ed; you won yourself a red setter hat!!

You still have a chance to win a hat too if you complete the holiday puzzle and send in the answer. We will draw a winner from one of the correct responses and that person wins a red setter hat too.

Speaking of sending things in— It's nearly the end of the year and time to be thinking about paying the 2012 dues. I'm including a membership form and an envelope in this issue. Please help your club by paying promptly! Those dues pay to print *The Flushing Whip*!

As part of our educational mission, I've included some information about first aid supplies for your hunting/sporting dog. Do you have a kit prepared in case you run into trouble? Think about putting it together if you don't. You never know when your dog— or YOU may need first aid help and support.

The fall trial was a great success. Thanks to the Hidalgos for all their hard work in organizing it so well, getting great judges, and making wonderful food. Folks had a great time. The next issue of *The Whip* will have a complete report, but for now, winners are listed on the back of this booklet.

The hunters here in Ohio are out catching turkeys right now. If YOU plan to catch one, I've shared my "Wild Turkey" recipe with you— for the bird, not the bottle! It goes along with a silly story that Letterman told about the pet turkey of his childhood.

This is a great time to make donations. People donate to charities at as the year winds down for a couple reasons— you DO get a nice tax break if you donate prior to December 31st. The second reason people donate is because they genuinely want to help with a particular cause. I hope you fall into those two groups. Please donate to the Red Setter Foundation. Your tax deductible gift helps our club programs and promotes "*the purest challenge in sportsdom.*" We appreciate your support. Thank you! Oppps! Looks like I have run out of room. Best wishes for a blessed holiday season and a happy healthy year to come. Run 'em RED!

## National Red Setter Field Trial Club Board & Officers

### OFFICERS

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

**1st Vice Pres. Jim Ashby**  
1414 Mooney School Road  
Robards, Kentucky 42452  
(270) 835-2066  
E-mail: reddogshunt@bellsouth.net

**2nd Vice Pres. Brian Gelinas**  
**Director & Spring Trial Co-Chair**  
2925 East Marion Road  
Shelbyville, Indiana 46176  
(317) 697-4000  
E-mail: bjgelinas401@gmail.com

**Secretary- Ed Liermann**  
N. 2573 Hardscrabble Road  
Palmyra, WI 53156  
(414) 625-0715  
E-mail: eal1886@aol.com

**Treasurer- Ross Leonard**  
247 McKaig Gulf Road  
Cloudland, GA 30731  
(706) 398-9090  
E-mail: lookoutdog@gmail.com

**Futurity Secretary-Allen Fazenbaker**  
5630 State Road at Red Setter Run  
Kingsville, Ohio 44048  
(216) 539-0330 Home  
(440) 969-0273 Cell ← **NEW**  
conneautcreekredsetters@gmail.com

**Deborah Fazenbaker**  
**Editor— The Flushing Whip**  
5630 State Road at Red Setter Run  
Kingsville, Ohio 44048  
(440) 969-0567 cell  
E-mail: flushingwhip@gmail.com



### DIRECTORS

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

**Rupert Colmore**  
PO Box 329  
Duck River, TN 38454  
931-224-0002 (C)  
ercolmore@aol.com

**Tim Hammons**  
**Director & Spring Trial Chair**  
1053 Richmond Road  
Berea, Kentucky 40403  
(859) 986-7076  
E-mail: kmhammons@windstream.net

**Dennis Hidalgo**  
**Director & Fall Trial Co-Chair**  
29100 E. 148th Ave  
Brighton, Colorado 80603  
(303) 655-1099  
dennis.hidalgo@millercors.com

**Michael Jacobson**  
1273 142nd Street  
New Richmond, Wisconsin 54017  
(715) 246-0603  
E-mail: mjacobson@frontiernet.net

**Tom Norton**  
81 Riverview  
Durango, Colorado 81301  
(970) 247-5129  
E-Mail: norton\_t@fortlewis.edu

**Robert D. White**  
2662 Providence Road  
Cassatt, South Carolina 29032  
(803) 713-9825  
E-mail: bobwhite17@yahoo.com

# Connemara Nellie

From *Derrydale Sportsman All* 1938

By Captain Paul A. Curtis

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Preface by George Byrd Evans

*I am convinced it is possible to create a legend simply by asking enough people enough questions about a man who is dead. This is particularly true of Captain Paul Curtis, for fifteen years editor of Field & Stream.*

*"Connemara Nellie" from his Derrydale Sportsmen All is his story of an ancient Irish Setter he met and shot over in Ireland in 1936. Written by a gun editor who could describe with clinical precision how to take an incoming double on driven Scottish grouse, passages from "Connemara Nellie" read like unexpected poetry. It is exactly what I wanted for this collection, but what was missing was the story of Captain Paul Curtis, and I set out to find it.*

*Once begun, my quest became a compulsion, for like John Masefield's hound to whom "the quarry never found is still a fever," I kept running cold trails. People remembered Paul Curtis, yet few could tell me more than one or two things about him—images like snippets from a movie film offering short bursts of motion, vivid but gone in little more than the time it takes to focus.*

*I remember photos of Curtis that appeared in the old Sportsman and Spur magazines when I first lived in New York. One showed him in hound's tooth tweed knickers, jacket, and Scotch grouse helmet—lean, with clipped moustache—braced on a shooting stick with his head thrown back looking at the sky, a light double*

*resting with the butt on one thigh and his left hand well forward on the barrels to take a high incomer, shooting driven pheasants on a Long Island estate.*

*In pursuing the wraith that was Paul Curtis, I more than ever was aware that what lives after a shooting man is what has been published of his writings. Memories of a man grown dim and not too rarely become confused. Following the back track to sporting editors who would have known Curtis, I spent one hot August afternoon in my studio talking by phone to Idaho and New England and Florida. No one could give me more than a facet of his personality—almost but not capturing for me a presence that surfaced lik a zither theme in a suspense movie.*

*Hugh Grey, who spoke of Curtis as an “Anglophile” as if it were a disease, thought he may have been a member of the Black Watch regiment, knew that he shot grouse in Scotland and that he at one time lived in Bermuda. David Newell, Grey’s predecessor at Field & Stream and delightful at eighty, remembered Curtis as “interesting but eccentric and British in manner.” Jack O’Connor could tell me that Curtis shot himself, choosing the same end as gun editors Bob Nicholls who succeeded Curtis at Field & Stream, Ned Crossman and Monroe Goode of Sports Afield, and Al Barr of The American Rifleman. I have the impression that O’Connor would have considered such acts inappropriate with anything but a Winchester 21. Paul Curtis’s suicide and his third wife’s loss of an eye in a shooting accident appear to be two facts that almost everyone has retained.*

*Tap Tapply, always generous with his help with any problem I take to him, remembered Paul Curtis more clearly than most. While editor of The National Sportsman, he had hired Curtis as his gun editor. They shot grouse together in New Hampshire in the late thirties. “I had never seen shooting chaps before and it*



*impressed me," Tap said. He sent me further information in a letter.*

*"George:*

*I went into the attic and found bound volumes of the magazine of which I was editor in my earlier years, and was able to pinpoint my relationship with Paul Curtis. He took over the gun department in National Sportsman in the issue of July, 1937, and continued through January 1939.*

*When I introduced Paul to my readers in a small vignette with his first department, I said he had spent much of his early boyhood in England and Scotland; returned to the states in his early teens and received his first lessons in rifle shooting from Theodore Roosevelt. He was commissioned in the U.S. Army in 1917, promoted to Captain in 1918, served as ACD to General MacRoberts. He lived from 1926 to 1928 in northern Alberta and shot a record sheep there. I remember he told me he shot a great deal in Europe as a guest of the upper classes, and I suspect he was a bit of a snob, although not obnoxiously so.*

*In going through the bound volumes of National Sportsman, I also discovered that he bought "Connemara Nellie" and published it in the September 1937 issue.*

*Cordially,*

*Tap"*

*People have always searched for something palpable in ghosts. Writing The Best of Nash Buckingham, I ferreted out men who had known and shot with Nash, reaching a few of them just in time, and even during the process sensing something like the shadow of a hawk closing in on me. In my hunts for the man who was Paul Alan Curtis I have found similar leads.*

*Paul Curtis was among the proliferation of captains and colonels with whom Nash Buckingham seemed to surround himself. In*

*"Are We Shooting 8-Gauge Guns?" Nash wrote of Curtis at the Camp Fire Club at Briarcliff Manor, New York. John Bailey, who can recite anything that has been said about or associated with Nash Buckingham, recalls that Paul Curtis shot ducks with Nash in Arkansas and Mississippi around 1925 and quotes Curtis verbatim as to Nash's shooting: " I watched him rake mallards out of the air high above the tallest timber, with a skill no other man has shown me in a lifetime of wandering for the sport. " (From Curtis's foreword to Nash's Ole Miss.)*

*John said Nash argued with Curtis about his claim to have shot a mountain goat at 465 yards. "After a few drinks, Curtis cut that down to 365." Speaking of Curtis as a wing shot, John said he was an "aimer" advocating 30 inch barrels—"too long for our country shooting."*

*John sent me the April 1932 issue of Field & Stream that reproduced a photo showing Curtis and L.B. Smith as official guns at a Fishers Island spaniel trial in 1931 with both men wear short gaucho chaps. In the accompanying piece Curtis reveals his flair as a shooting writer.*

*Ray Holland was editor of Field & Stream for ten of Paul Curtis's fifteen years with that magazine. His son Bob remembers Paul as something to a hero for a high school boy when they gunned pheasants, grouse, and woodcock in Dutchess County, New York. Like Tap Tapply, Bob had afterthoughts following our phone conversation and wrote a few days later. The Mrs. Curtis he mentions was Curtis's second wife Alice; the dog was "Busy," a Welsh springer spaniel, one of the characters in Sportsman All.*

*"Dear George:*

*I have been trying to recall something more definite about Paul Curtis. I knew him during my last years in high school. Paul and Mrs. Curtis had moved from the city of Scarsdale, where they*

*had lived.*

*I think dad was a little wary of Paul's flamboyancy. He was a very good shot with a shotgun. He taught ne things about rifle and pistol shooting, how to use fencing foils and his favorite sword, the epee. As a credit to Paul, some half dozen years later, I was fortunate enough to establish a new record in the 7<sup>th</sup> Calvalry Regiment in the .45 Colt and the calvalry saber.*

*I do not believe that Paul was in WWII. Had he been, I feel my folks would have known of it and would have told me on the chance that we meet somewhere. I lost track of him due to the activities of the Military Academy and the limitless jobs that befall a 2<sup>nd</sup> Lieutenant.*

*Paul had quite a few guns. I am sure his favorite was a Grant, one of the lesser known English guns. He had rapid coordination, shot fast. I think this irked some of the people who hunted with him, believing he took shots they may have been entitled to. However, that was his way of shooting. As to his dog—no recollection other than that he had a dog in Scarsdale. We always hunted with one of my Dad's dogs.*

*Sorry I don't have something more definite but it has been a long tme ago.*

*Regards,*

*Bob"*

*A cold trail is not necessarily a weak trail. A phone call to Charlie Wicks, who helped me with information about Capt. Harold Money, "De Shootingest Gent'man," for my Buckingham book, turned up more of the Curtis color. Charlie, who is active as a fine gun assessor, retired after more than forty-eight years in the gun room at Abercrombie & Fitch, where he knew famous sportsmen almost as well as he knew their guns.*

*" I knew Paul Curtis well. He was a good talker and well liked.*

*About the time we moved the gun department from the first floor to the seventh—in the 1930s—Paul and I considered opening a gun department at Brooks Brothers, but nothing came of it.*

*Paul was eccentric. He used to come to the gun room at A.&F. wearing Highland kilts and carrying a blackthorn stick. He was that kind of fellow. Dressed with style. He went with the wealthy crowd; shot grouse in Scotland with Ira Richards. He was a friend of Bob Owen. You know who Bob Owen was—came over from England to work on the Winchester 21. He made fine rifles. Paul Curtis was a good rifle shot and had an Owen rifle.”*

*While several people recalled the shooting accident that cost Mrs. Curtis an eye, Charlie Wicks knew the model of the rifle and the type of site: “She was firing a Model 99 Savage lever action rifle and the recoil kicked the folding rear peep site into her eye.” There is irony in the coincidence that an ad for that rifle appears on the same page with an article by Paul Curtis in an old Field & Stream.*

*Paul Alan Curtis is listed in Who's Who in America through the 1920's and 30's but drops out after 1940-1941. There I find that he was born in New York in 1889; was educated in church-related schools in New York and Long Island, and at Glasgow, Scotland; had one son by his first wife and one by his third; was with engineering and business firms for about fifteen years, overlapping his first year as gun editor with Field & Stream. His military duty is listed as Mexican border service, service in France in World War I, duty as instructor in equitation, with no mention of service in World War II. Curtis was joint master of the Star Ridge Hunt. The Who's Who record omits the kilts, and it does not give the end.*

*It seems incongruous that Captain Paul Curtis should have done anything as prosaic as work as an engineer. Some people still*

*think he was British, which along with being described as I describe him as a shootin' man would have pleased him. Certain men are concerned with the impression the world may have of them; others care little if the world does not approve. I suspect that what the world thought was vitally important to Paul Curtis.*

*People may have had a part in making the legend that was Paul Curtis, but it was something he was capable of achieving on his own. Ramrod straight, with the intensity that makes a good shot, he was the professional Britisher. It takes guts to walk up Madison Avenue in Mackenzie kilts—guts, and a kind of imagination that is a little mad. And, it requires a dreadful state of mind to contemplate suicide. To shoot himself a man must have enormous faith in a Hereafter or have lost an awful lot of faith in the Now. The consideration of where to place the shot, where the thing should happen, and the thought of what it will mean to others is more than the average man could face.*

*No one has been able to tell me when Paul Curtis shot himself, or where, and he remains the same Til Eulenspiegel, gone but existing in the echoes. I hope I may have contributed something to put this volatile ectoplasm into a container form or, if not, perhaps I have laid his nebulous unhappy ghost to rest. For at least, in "Connemara Nellie" Paul Curtis is happy, as all shooting men deserve to be happy, in a world of his own.*  
*--G.B.E.*

My wife and I sat on the hotel porch absorbing the mellow glow of an Irish evening. To the westward a great orange sun suffused the peaceful waters of Cashel Bay with a benediction.

The tide was coming in and the shore folk were restless; curlews cried mournfully as they collected to fly off to the hills, while

knot and dunlin skitted about over the slob, eager to obtain the last mouthful before being driven from the feast. The blue smoke of the peat fires rose from many a whitewashed shabean where the evening meal was being prepared, on the slopes before Cashel Mountain and the lower ground cross the bay where the snipe bogs lay.

The letter had said that we were too early for good shooting, as the snipe and the 'cock would not be in till November—still, there were a few grouse about if one would walk for them, and, with the old snipe, they would do their best to show me sport.

We were well pleased with the prospects as we sat in the sun digesting an excellent supper, and our mood was receptive when our host joined us, followed by an ancient dog.

"Ye'll be liking it, perhaps?"

"Yes," I agreed, "we will be pleased if the sport is a match for your fare and scenery."

He nodded. "I've eleven thousand acres and haven't had a gun on them this year—and didn't the O'Flaherty brothers take fourteen brace off it the first day of last season?"

O'Neil's tongue was a little thick and there was a bleary look in his eyes that betokened a long farewell with some recently departed guests, but his words were pleasing because they were what I wanted to hear.

"That's splendid," he said. "And you have a man with a good dog to take me out?"

"Oh" he answered with a maudlin grin, "there's Nellie." He nodded at the poor wreck that sat at his feet and looked adoringly at him out of eyes as befogged as his own. My heart sank with one shattering plunge to my boots—and the spell of Connemara was broken. I have seen all kinds of dogs but never one as decrepit as Nellie. She was an undersized red setter with a

lusterless coat, faded to yellow where the ends of the hair were dead. Her body, wracked by the excessive bearing of puppies, was like a misshapen sack, and like most old dogs, she was broken down behind so that her hind legs appeared ready to give way under her at her next effort to move. Poor old thing, she had not even the marks of good breeding to redeem her. Her head was too short and her toothless jaws were too light.

Her master bent to give her a careless pat, and she tottered over to sniff my tweeds. I glanced at my wife, who, reading my thoughts and pitying me, held her peace—she knew what a disappointment our outing was apt to be.

"Will Mrs. Curtis be shooting with you?" O'Neil asked.

She shook her head. "I think I shall try the river—I do so want to kill a salmon." Trust a woman to be diplomatic in a crisis—and to make the best of it.

O'Neil agreed. The river was right and some fine creels had been brought in, as indeed we knew to be the case. By that time I had overcome my first shock of disappointment.

"But O'Neil," I said, "surely you don't expect this old bitch to hunt again this season? It will kill her."

"Ah, no fear! Sure, Nellie has looked that way for three or four years. Have you not?" And he looked to her for agreement. "Twill do her good; takes the rheumatism out of her bones. Let her go easy at first and she will be better than ever by the end of the week."

"How old is she?"

"Fifteen," said O'Neil.

The following morning O'Neil introduced me to Joe Rudge, who came forward with a bunch of gillies who were gathered at the back of the hotel waiting for their "gentlemen" to come forth.

"Good marrnin', surrh!" he said with a tip of his dilapidated hat,

and that was all. Joe was in type similar to Nellie. His eyes had that same rheumy, far-away look, as if casting back into the past with little hope in the future. His gaunt, six-foot frame was encased in a neat suit of homespun, and he wore a huge pair of brogans. Joe Rudge was sixty-four, although he looked older, but if anyone thought they could beat him bogtrotting or climbing mountains, he was badly fooled.

"It's a fine morning," I said.

"It is surrh, a fine marrnin'." He went in and got the lunch, shouldering my cartridge bag, and called to Nellie, saying briefly that we would start out through the barnyard and out over a shoulder of Cashel to the moor that lay behind. Nellie wagged her tail and looked at my gun but she held back; she did not seem very keen, for the best dog in Cannemara.

Eventually, and with much blandishment, Joe got her out of the yard, and though she turned back several times, eventually coached her out on to the goat path which led up to the mountain. For that, at least, I was thankful. I need not be shamed by marching through the village with such a pair of companions—like the last of the Grand Army.

I was getting leary of this Irish grouse shooting before I was fairly started. The fishermen at the hotel had wished me luck which much of the same spirit they would have used to the leader of a forlorn of a forlorn hope.

I was truly heartsick when we reached the top of the ridge and saw the great lonely expanse of moor stretching before us. How was I going to cover that with such a dog? I hardly cast an eye back at the glorious panorama of wild Irish loveliness. It was dark as twilight where we stood with the midst swirling about; and the sky was menacing, blue-gray as an old slate roof, and the somber mountains seemed ready to topple over and crush us. But



away off, in the direction of Ballyconneely the sun pierced the clouds and struck the ground with a glare of light, so that the green spots stood out like emeralds against the granite boulders which angry gods had tossed about all over the land—and the blue sea beyond.

We took a beat along the top of the ridge to the eastward, old Nellie trotting on ahead, as we left the path, nosing here and there.

Occasionally, she would break into an ambling gallop, but she was never more than twenty paces in front. We swung back low down on the far side without a sign of game, the silent Rudge paralleling on my left hand, and headed towards the mountains. The moor was silent as the grave, except for the squelching of our shoes in the boggy ground. A wet mist blew in our faces.

Turning, I was surprised to find old Nellie standing on the edge of a clump of bracken. One could not call it a point: she did not stretch out, tail like a poker one foot raised in the conventional pose. She simply stopped and stayed put, head sunk between her shoulders, as ludicrous a figure as a dog could present, staring into the bracken. Thinking it was only a rabbit, I stepped in, thrashing about, and with a rasping protest, a snipe sprang from the muddy rill, hurtling down the mountain to tumble headlong when the nitro broke the stillness.

Nellie fetched it back and Rudge slipped it into his pocket; he seemed to brighten perceptibly and couched the remark that " 'Twas a good shot, whatever." We continued around the base of the mountain and conditions looked better; here and there on the rougher ground of the north slope the heather had withstood the ravages of the shepherds; great masses of fine old bush were a lovely purple in the midst. Twice I saw old droppings, and once a feather.

Old Nellie stopped again, standing just as she had before, looking straight ahead at a huge outcropping of granite some twenty yards in front. Gun ready, I passed her, and a single grouse hurtled into the mist and came down in a smother of feathers just as it passed over the rock.

I felt better as old Nellie brought the fine bird to me. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad after all. We put out another single at once and continued on across a long flat moor that was lifeless. It was heavy going and I sank into the water above the tops of my low shoes at every step, but its coolness was pleasant on my feet. Nellie was well out in front now, wasting her meager energy in a fruitless attempt, where anyone could see that there would be no birds, but she was too deaf to come in to a whistle.

Away across the moor there was another range of low hills, purple with heather, towards which we were making, with hope of better luck. As we reached the base of them, the old setter showed signs of interest and went slowly. Directing our course with silent signals of the arm, Rudge led me sweating to the top.

"We should do this bit again surr; they are here somewhere."

I nodded and we tried back. The slope was a series of ledges and we worked each one carefully in turn. Nellie pointed and I walked in. Nothing happened, and I went ahead until I could look down onto the lower shelf, thinking that it was another false point, and then something really happened. A covey of nine or ten birds took to the air. I missed with my first barrel, clipped a tail feather with my second, and watched them swoop down the slope, only to zoom again on the far side and disappear in the mist with the protesting *Grrrrrbeck! Grrrrrbeck!* Of the old cock in my ears. It was just as if he were growling, "Go Back! Go Back!" like some choleric old gentleman who hated being disturbed.

I lookd at Joe Ridge with mingled pleasure at finding birds and disgust at my poor shooting.

"Thim downhill shots are the very devil, surrh," he said cheerfully. "Maybe we will find them again."

But we found only one lying where we thought the rest of them had gone, and I added that to my bag. Then we sought a sheltered spot for lunch. Joe Rudge had a special one for Nellie but the old fool would not touch it. She threw herself down on her broad, fat back and wriggled about in the grass with grunts of pleasure, trying to dry herself, as agile as a pup, and then wandered off to sniff about, despite our efforts to make her rest. She did take a bit of hard boiled egg and a lobster claw that I offered, but plainly she was not hungry and wanted to continue the hunt.

On the way home we took another bird to which Nellie's unfailing nose led us, and then, striking the low ground, we tried several rushy places and picked up a couple snipes. It was a very stiff and tired old setter that reached the hotel, where she was quickly rubbed down with a wisp of straw under the watchful eye of O'Neil, given a spoonful of brandy in a saucer of milk at the bar and hustled off to the kitchen to rest in her favorite place by the fire. Yet that evening, when over coffee I was telling the surprised fishermen that we had actually taken some birds, the old girl wandered out and pushed her white muzzle into my hand.

The next day was disappointing. We went to a distant moor by car, far back in the mountains where another man who was supposed to know the land met us by a wayside tavern. It was a sparkling day and Nellie was, as O'Neil had predicted, a different dog. She was still wobbly on her own pins but she got well out in front and ambled along in a shuffling canter. We

skirted a low moor that held no more heather than I could carry in my hat, and came back to the tavern having raised one lone grouse which got up hundreds of yards in front of us. I did not mind so much for myself, bad as it was, but I did hate to see that poor old setter work so hard for nothing when I might have been saving her up for the following day. The indefatigable Irishman who was guiding us had all kinds of reasons why the birds had shifted, but Joe Rudge remained silent and I knew that the only shifting they had done was into the pocket of some local poacher. The guide wanted to work the other side of the same ground in the afternoon, but I vetoed that, so we walked the edge of a marshy pond where I picked up a couple of snipe, and as our car was not expected for hours, we decided to work towards home until we met it. Time and again the old dog left the road to hunt ahead of us. Four times in the hour she pointed and I had to shoot at snipe she was holding, two of which I added to the meager bag. It was dawning upon me that O'Neil was right. Despite her wobbly legs, dimmed vision and deafness, her decrepit old bulk had a heart that never said quit. There was no doubt about it—Nellie was one of the greatest grouse dogs that I had ever seen, and I had shot over Brodick Caste Brigadier when he was champion of all of Scotland and the North of Ireland.

We sat down on the bank of the road and I looked back towards the mountain as we smoked our pipes.

"A grand sight, that, Rudge," I said.

"It is surrh," he agreed. " 'Tis the Twelve Pins of Connemara—you can count them all here. I'm sure it's one of the most beautiful spots in the world."

"That's where the leprechauns live, I suppose," I hazarded.

"Oh it is surrh. But shure, they do no harm!"

I was silent for a while digesting that one—there could be no doubt about it, the old man honestly believed in them, God bless him! And wished that I did, too. And there was that old fool of a Nellie pointing again across the road! I would have to wade out in another bog to satisfy her. Well—let her wait.

“Did you ever see one?” I asked Rudge knocking my pipe.

“No surrh,” he answered solemnly. “I never did—though I have seen strange lights at night on the moor. But I do know people who have.” He added hopefully.

“I’d like to take one to America,” I said for the want of something else to say.

“Ah, shure you couldn’t ever see one surrh. ‘Tis only an Irishman with the sight that can—and they don’t take kindly to strangers.”

I got up and went out to Nellie to kill the snipe.

The following morning was my last chance. I had to be back by two at the latest, as we were going down into the south to visit friends at Ballybrittas. When I went out back I found Joe Rudge and old Nellie—tail awag—waiting for me. Actually that old fraud was getting younger. Rudge explained that we could not do better than try Cashel Mountain again. He was sure that we had not put up all the birds there and anyway, we might relocate the big covey. But first, we went to go down the road to the shores of a little lake where the returning fishermen and their gillie had put up a strong covey the evening before. The gillie had told Rudge right where they were. “They’re off our land surrh,” he said, “but we’ll push them back across the road before we shoot them down.”

Reaching the little lake, we skirted the shore unsuccessfully and decided that the birds had moved, so we struck out in the direction of our own moor, crossing a nasty bit of bog where the

ground shock like jelly with every step. I was scared but Rudge assured me that it was all quite safe so long as it did not go through the top crust. That was a comfort! I suppose that if one did he would have gone right down to China! Certainly I was not thinking of birds at that moment and a more unlikely place could not be imagined. Yet, there they were. With a loud cackling from the old cock they flushed in front of us, and forgetting the evil footing I cut loose, bringing down one with my left barrel at long range.

We watched them settle half a mile away behind some low hillocks, and took up the pursuit. Old Nellie trotted ahead, and we made two or three unsuccessful casts before she found them to the left of where I expected. I hurried over the intervening space between us and settled down to a walk; as I drew abreast of her, the covey sprang, and again I missed my first and scored with the second, bringing down the old hen of the covey. I loaded my gun and turned to send Nellie after the bird when I noticed that she was still holding her point.

"Hello!" I thought. "There's a single that hasn't got up," and I worked forward. Then another covey took the air and that time a brace hit the turf. The first covey had led us straight to a second one, and now we had two nice lots spread out before us about another half mile away. We watched them winging swiftly, low over the next ridge, like tiny black spots before ones' eyes the morning after a bad night, but Rudge was sure we would find them.

Picking up the birds, we went on and Nellie found them again. The first bird got up wild, carrying several others with it that apparently had had enough and were going to

cross Ireland, but as we topped a knoll, she pointed. A single got up and I downed it; fifty yards from it I grassed another and going to pick it up, flushed two more.

O'Neil was waiting for me when I got back to the hotel. "It's luck you've been having," he declared with an appreciative eye, seeing Rudge with the birds.

"It is," said I.

"How did Nellie do today?"

"Fine," said I, "except that the old fool took after a hare on the way home and chased it halfway around Twelve Pins."

"She would," said he. "Sure, before the season is over she will be out of control entirely. There's no holding her!"

And I believed him.

#### Postlude

*I had finished "Connemara Nellie" and it was at my publishers, when one of my friends went to south Georgia to gun bobwhites. At the Atlanta airport he entered a casual conversation with two men in snake books and shooting gear. One of them introduced himself as Colin Mackenzie Curtis and my search for the family of Paul Curtis ended.*



The National Red Setter Field Trial Club thanks for Old Hemlock Foundation for allowing us to republish this fine story, Connemara Nellie in *The Flushing Whip*. Thank you!

## Letterman's Thanksgiving Holiday Traditions

My daughter and I always enjoy watching the David Letterman show on Thanksgiving night. David always sends a camera crew to his mother's kitchen in Indiana. He likes to guess what kind of pies she baked for the holiday. Mary Kay and I have followed this segment for years and we have our



own annual competition to see if we can out guess David on the pies his mother prepares each Thanksgiving.

One time when I was watching Letterman's Thanksgiving show he told a crazy tall tale about his childhood. In honor of the holidays, I thought I might share it here with you. Here is exactly what he said:

"When I was a kid back in Indiana, we thought it would be fun to get a turkey a year ahead of time. Our plan was to feed it and care for it so that the following year we could have the biggest and best turkey dinner you could ever imagine. We did all that but by the time Thanksgiving came around, we sort of thought of the turkey as a member of the family— so we decided to eat the dog instead. Sorry... I was only kidding. We didn't eat the dog— it was the cat!"

By the way, after David talked to his mother about her Thanksgiving pies, she took a moment and assured the viewers that her family had NEVER eaten their dog, their cat, or David's pet turkey!

For those of you who hunt turkey— there is an excellent recipe on the following page. Happy Hunting— and eating!



## Recipe for our Turkey Hunters

1 wild turkey  
3/4 lb. fatback, salted  
pork, or bacon\*  
1 onion, minced  
3 ribs celery, minced  
4 cloves garlic, minced  
1 quart toasted diced  
bread  
1 cup chicken stock  
6 sprigs sage  
2 sprigs rosemary  
8 sprigs parsley  
Salt and pepper



\*Have your butcher slice fatback thinly into sheets slices of American cheese.

### Directions:

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Mince and render half of the fatback slowly in a heavy-bottomed sauté pan. Reserve and keep warm.
2. Dry turkey very well with paper towels. Using a brush, coat exterior with some of the warm minced fatback and season well with coarse salt and pepper inside and out.
3. Heat up the remaining minced fatback on medium. Add the onion and season with salt and pepper. Sweat for 5 minutes, then add celery and sweat for 5 minutes more. Add garlic and sweat for about 1 minute. Remove from heat and add toasted bread. Moisten with stock and add minced sage, rosemary, and parsley (all stems removed).
4. Taste bread cubes to ensure they are moist and seasoning is correct. Add more broth and herbs as needed. Gently fill the cavity of the turkey with mixture and cover breast with remaining slices of fatback.
5. Place turkey, breast side up, in a heavy roasting pan and put into preheated oven. Roast for 1 hour. Remove fatback, increase oven temperature to 375 degrees, and continue roasting for 1 hour to brown breast. Check doneness by poking the tip of a sharp knife or metal skewer into thickest part of leg and using a spoon to collect juice. Look for a very light shade of pink. Clear fluids will likely indicate an overdone bird.
6. When cooked to desired doneness, let rest at least 20 to 30 minutes.
7. Carve with a sharp knife and across the grain.

# National Red Setter Field Trial Club

## 2012 Membership Application

Please print in plain block letters

By submission of this form I hereby certify and attest that I am not currently under suspension by the AFTCA, any Kennel club, Stud Book or any Dog/Canine organization.

\_\_\_\_\_  
Last name First name

\_\_\_\_\_  
Spouse's Last Name (if different from Member's name) First Name

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address 1

\_\_\_\_\_  
Address 2

\_\_\_\_\_  
City State Zip code

(\_\_\_\_) (\_\_\_\_)  
Home Phone Cell Phone

\_\_\_\_\_  
E-Mail address (For NRSFTC use only. Your email will never be provided to solicitors)

\_\_\_\_\_  
Signature

Cost of family membership is \$30 per year and includes all children under 18 years of age. Please make checks payable to "NRSFTC" and mail to:



Ross Leonard- Treasurer NRSFTC  
247 McKaig Gulf Road  
Cloudland GA 30731



## "All I want for Christmas is.."

Cross out all the words from the list. You will find the solution in correct order as you write out the remaining letters. Just fill in the blanks— You won't need all the letters.



— — — — — !

P	R	P	S	A	S	P	Y	E	Y	D	W	H	S
I	O	E	U	T	U	R	D	R	R	E	O	D	H
H	R	U	T	P	N	N	A	O	E	R	O	S	O
S	G	A	P	T	A	A	C	L	S	B	D	R	O
N	N	Y	E	R	E	K	S	E	L	Y	C	E	T
O	I	B	G	G	C	S	B	A	S	O	O	H	I
I	K	E	R	E	N	A	D	E	E	K	C	C	N
P	L	B	H	E	C	I	T	E	G	H	K	N	G
M	A	C	Q	K	E	Q	A	N	R	A	P	U	D
A	W	F	I	E	L	D	T	R	I	A	L	A	O
H	S	S	O	R	C	T	U	O	Z	O	O	L	G
C	T	R	I	T	R	O	N	I	C	S	P	H	A
G	R	O	U	S	E	N	O	B	A	L	Y	N	W
S	E	N	I	C	C	A	V	A	N	I	R	U	P



## Happy Holidays from the NRSFTC

Send your answer in and enter a drawing to win a NRSFTC hat. Send to: [flushingwhip@yahoo.com](mailto:flushingwhip@yahoo.com)



ALL-AGE	FIELDTRIAL	PHEASANTS	TRITRONICS
BACK	GROUSE	POINT	VACCINES
BREED	HORSEBACK	PUPPY	WALKING
CHAMPIONSHIP	LAUNCHERS	PURINA	WHOA
CHECKCORD	LEGRANDE	RAINGEAR	WOODCOCK
COLLARS	NYLABONE	REDSETTER	ZOO
DERBY	OUTCROSS	SHOOTINGDOG	

Happy Holidays to all the friends of the NRSFTC

## Create a “Dog First Aid Kit”

When you own a dog, providing good medical care is an important responsibility to keep your animal in good health. Whether you are a hunter or a field trialer, you just never know when an accident will happen. Generally speaker, even if you are out of town, if you dog becomes ill or is injured at a field trial, it is likely that someone in attendance will know and have a relationship with a local veterinarian. It's a bit easier to get speedy care to your dog under those circumstances, If you are hunting, especially if you are alone, it becomes more difficult to get your dog to help and professional care. Whether you hunt, trial or just have a pet, it's always best be prepared... If you put together and organize an emergency first aid kit it ahead of time, you'll be ready when the need arises. Your *Dog First Aid Kit* should be stocked to assist you in helping your dog. Remember, in an emergency, with no veterinarian around, it falls upon is you to stabilize the animal so you can get it to the help you need. We keep a couple of kits handy— one in the kennel, one in the house and yet another in the truck. That way, the equipment we need is always pretty easy to access in critical situations. The following is a pretty good list of what to put together, but always consult your veterinarian for guidance and recommendations.



(Continued on page 29)

(Continued from page 28)

## Equipment and Supplies

- A soft Muzzle, or roll of gauze for making a muzzle
- Magnifying glass
- Scissors
- Tweezers
- Nail clippers and metal nail file
- Styptic powder or sticks, Kwik Stop, EMT gel or cornstarch
- Penlight
- Nylon slip leash
- Eye dropper or oral syringe
- Cotton swabs and cotton balls
- Clean towels - cloth and paper
- Rectal thermometer
- Lubricant like KY Jelly (without spermicide)
- Disposable gloves
- Syringes of various sizes
- Needle-holder— can be used for suturing and are wonderful if you run into a porcupine and need to yank out the quills from your pup's nose.
- Straight and curved hemostats
- Suture materials and/or wound staple gun
- Grease-cutting dish soap
- Bitter Apple or other product to discourage licking
- Towels and blankets
- Cold packs and heat packs (wrap in towel before using)
- Ace bandage and smooth flat pieces of wood that can serve as splints.
- Stethoscope
- Index cards, pencil and watch for recording details

(Continued on page 30)

## Bandaging Materials

- Square gauze of various sizes - some sterile
- Non-stick pads
- Tape
- Bandage rolls - gauze and Vetwrap
- Band-Aids (for humans)

## Nutritional Support

- Rehydrating solution such as Gatorade or Pedialyte
- Nutritional supplement such as Nutri-Cal, Vitacal, or Nutristat
- High sugar source: Karo syrup

## Medicines

- Wound disinfectant such as Betadine or Nolvasan
- Triple antibiotic ointment for skin
- Antibiotic ophthalmic ointment for eyes, e.g., Terramycin or Gentamycin
- Eye wash solution
- Sterile saline
- Epinephrine 1:1000 or an Epi-pen
- Antidiarrheal medicine Buffered or canine aspirin
- Diphenhydramine (Benadryl) for allergic reactions
- Cortisone spray or cream, such as Itch Stop
- Ear cleaning solution
- Hydrogen peroxide (used to make a dog vomit)
- Activated charcoal to absorb ingested poisons (consult your veterinarian before using)

I keep a current copy of the dog's medical records and our own Vet's number in the kit just in case we get into trouble out of town. It's convenient information to have.

*(Continued on page 31)*

There are several good animal first aid kits available for purchase online. Just google: "hunting dog" first aid. I started out with a simple basic kit from Lion Country Supply and I added to it. I wanted to include medications and some tools that I thought would be useful— especially things I'd previously needed for an emergency but didn't have last time.

Having been a nurse I always like to have certain pieces of equipment readily at hand in an emergency. As I said earlier, a good needle holder works to suture or remove porcupine quills. You can also use it for difficult to grab items especially in hard to access areas. One of our dogs got a stick lodged tight on the roof of his mouth between his upper teeth. I was finally able to grab it with an curved hemostat.

Incidentally, there are times when the best tool you have is a cool head. One of our dogs was playing with a soup bone and he somehow pulled it over his teeth and lower jaw. It was trapped there and the dog was about insane when I got to him. I initially tried to pull it off but it wouldn't budge at all. It's hard to stay calm when an animal is frantic but remember, they depend on YOU. I knew that if he got it over those teeth I could get it off the same way. I took hold and turned it slightly— similar to turning the combination for your high school gym locker. A couple clicks to the right and sure enough, that bone slipped off and fell right into my hand! It just needed to get back to the initial position and thankfully, I took time to think it through. Thank God I didn't reach for the chain saw!

Take the time to organize your dogs' first aid kit so you will be prepared for the emergencies in your dogs' future. Remember, having a well stocked dog first aid kit for the home, field or woods will buy you precious time— and can also make the difference between life and death. Be prepared!



## Tom Norton's All Breed Honor

As reported in the American Field Vol. 275, No. 15 dated April 9, 2011  
through Vol. 275, No. 26 dated June 25, 2011



Dog & Placement	Owner Handler	Sire	Dam	Trial Name	Competition
Restless Red Toolman places 1 <sup>st</sup>	Katherine Gove O/ Robert Gove H	Silver Creek's Wanted	Restless Red Cedar	Northwest Field Trial Assoc. Amateur Shooting Dog, 4-29-11	6 entries
From the report: Restless Red Toolman won first with a big race and bird work including a find far to the front at time.					
Red Rock places 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Tim Hammons O/H	Silver Creek Solution	Silver Creek Lizzie	Kentucky Field Trial Assoc. Open Derby, 4-12-11	6 entries
From the report: Red Rock placed second exhibiting a nice athletic race. He ran with enthusiasm and a high tail.					
Red Rush places 3 <sup>rd</sup>	Tim Hammons O/H	Silver Creek Solution	Silver Creek Lizzie	Kentucky Field Trial Assoc. Open Derby, 4-12-11	6 entries
From the report: Red Rush placed third, starting out with a puppy's playfulness but applying herself much better the final fifteen minutes. She was noted to be very light on her feet with a smooth flowing gait and high head, but with no bird work.					
Rockit places 1 <sup>st</sup>	Tim Hammons O/H	Another Time Around	Rock The World	Kentucky Field Trial Association, Amateur Shooting Dog, 4-12-11	2 EP, 2 ES, 2 IS
Carlisle Mollie places 1 <sup>st</sup>	Paul Griffin O/H	Breakstone	Applebee	High Country Bird Dog Club, Amateur Shooting Dog, 3-26-11	6 entries
Brophy's Queen Buckaroo placed 3 <sup>rd</sup>	Lee Shoaf O/H	Brophy's Bodacious Buckaroo	Brophy's Lightning	Southern Wisconsin Pointing Dog Club, Amateur Shooting Dog, 5-28-11	5EP, 5 ES, 2 Br, 1 Gordon S, 4 IS
Brophy's Queen Buckaroo placed 3 <sup>rd</sup>	Lee Shoaf O/H	Brophy's Bodacious Buckaroo	Brophy's Lightning	Southern Wisconsin Pointing Dog Club, Open Shooting Dog, 5-28-11	13 EP, 7 ES, 2 IS, 1 Gordon S, 1 Vis.



Dog & Placement	Owner Handler	Sire	Dam	Trial Name	Competition
Cedar Creek Falcon places 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Ed Liermann O/H	Come Back Cutter	Come Back Paula	Southern Wisconsin Pointing Dog Club, Amateur Derby, 5-28-11	5 EP, 1 IS
From the report: Falcon, still of puppy age, came to win something for Ed Liermann and he had everyone talking about him.					
Eshod's Rosie O'Floin places 1 <sup>st</sup>	Robt/Tracy Doran O/ Ray Dohse H	Celtic's Sedition	Missy Lou O'Floin	Mid-Florida Brittany Club, Open Shooting Dog, 4-25-11	26 entries
Justified places 1 <sup>st</sup>	Roger Boser O/H	Breakstone	Come Back Judy	Brandywine Bird Dog Club, Open Derby, 4-30-11	9 EP, 1 IS
From the report: Justified had two good finds with ood style and an excellent race to score the blue ribbon in the open derby.					
Redstone places 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Roger Boser O/H	Breakstone	Applebee	Brandywine Bird Dog Club, Amateur Shooting Dog, 4-30-11	26 entries
Justified places 1 <sup>st</sup>	Roger Boser O/H	Breakstone	Come Back Judy	Brandywine Bird Dog Club, Amateur Derby, 4-30-11	4 entries
From the report: Justified had a race very similar to his win in the open derby. He had two finds and a stylish race.					
Kit places 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Murray Lambkin O/ H	Kevin's Kosmo Kramer	Lucille O'Ryan	Mortlach Field Trial Club, Amateur Derby, 4-30-11	9 entries
Dale Creek Big Red places 3 <sup>rd</sup>	Thomas Waite O/ Andrea Ward H	Buster Brown	Wild Creek Leia	Green Bay Pointing Dog Club, Open Puppy, 5-1-11	11 entries

Dog & Placement	Owner Handler	Sire	Dam	Trial Name	Competition
Rock On places 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Doug McKenzie O/H	Jack Flash	Celtic's Sagacious Ryley	Ardath Field Trial Club, Amateur Shooting Dog, 5-14-11	8 entries
Rock On places 1st	Doug McKenzie O/H	Jack Flash	Celtic's Sagacious Ryley	Ardath Field Trial Club, Open Shooting Dog, 5-14-11	6 entries
Brownhaven Steel Magnolia	James Baker O/H	Brownhaven Let's Roll	St. Jude's Windsong	Brazos BTM. Field Trial Club, Amateur Shooting Dog, 4-29-11	12 entries
Celtic's Sagacious Ryley places 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Laurie Elliot O/H	Celtic's Supercilious	Celtic's Split Decision	Edmonton Pointing Dog Club, Open Shooting Dog, 5-28-11	13 entries
Celtic's Sagacious Ryley places 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Laurie Elliot O/H	Celtic's Supercilious	Celtic's Split Decision	Edmonton Pointing Dog Club, Amateur Shooting Dog, 5-28-11	13 entries
Iskote Ahnung places 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Spero Manson O/H	Brophy's Sandcreek John Galt	Brophy's Irish Dream	Northern Colorado Brittany Club, Open Puppy, 5-18-11	10 entries
Celtic's Sagacious Ryley places 1st	Laurie Elliot O/H	Celtic's Supercilious	Celtic's Split Decision	Calgary Pointing Dog Club, Amateur Restricted Shooting Dog, 5-28-11	16 entries
Celtic's Signature places 1 <sup>st</sup>	P.R. Ober O/ Robert Ecker Jr. H	Celtic's Synergistic	Celtic's Judicial Decree	Freeland Kennel Club, Open Derby, 8-13-11	9 entries

**2011 High Performance as of 11-1-11**

Runs January 1, 2011 through December 31st, 2011

Dog	Sex	Owner/Handler IF another person	Sire	Dam	Point
Code Red	M	Tim Hammons	Silver Creek Show Biz	Silver Creek Illustrious	380
Aiken	M	Don Beauchamp	Rockfish	Chantilly	216

**The 2011 NRSFTC NSTRA Award as of 11-1-11**

Runs January 1, 2011 through December 31st, 2011

Dog	Sex	Owner/Handler IF another person	Sire	Dam	Point
Pal Holiday	M	Steve Witz	King Cormac	FW Flash Edition	192

**2011 Le Grande Award Standings as of 11-6-11**

Runs January 1, 2011 through December 31st, 2011

Breakstone	M	Roger Boser	Sharpton	Chantilly	2790
Jericho	M	Don Beauchamp	Chaparral	Sunset Silk	620
Touchstone	M	Roger Boser	Breakstone	Applebee	580
Youtoo	M	Don Beauchamp	Aiken	Solitaire	546
Code Red	M	Tim Hammons	Rocky Branch Show Biz	Silver Creek Illustrious	380
Redstone	M	Roger Boser	Breakstone	Applebee	302
Aiken	M	Don Beauchamp	Rockfish	Chantilly	216
Jordin	F	Dennis & Bonnie Hidalgo	Breakstone	Applebee	96
Rockit	F	Tim Hammons	Another Time Around	Rock The World	60
Red Rock	M	Tim Hammons	Silver Creek Solution	Silver Creek Lizzy	24

**Standings continue next page →**

**2011-2012 Duke Award**

Runs July 1st 2011 through June 30th 2012

Dog	Sex	Owner/Handler IF another person	Sire	Dam	Point
Breakstone	M	Roger Boser	Sharpton	Chantilly	165
Youtoo	M	Don Beauchamp	Aiken	Solitaire	40

**2011-2012 NRSFTC Puppy of the Year**

Runs July 1st 2011 through June 30th 2012

Dog	Sex	Owner/Handler	Sire	Dam	Point
LVK Rondo Muldoon	M	Jim Ashby	Hondo Muldoon	Lakeview Kant Katch Me	24
LVK Lexi Muldoon	F	Jim Ashby	Hondo Muldoon	Lakeview Kant Katch Me	12

**2011-2012 NRSFTC Derby of the Year as of 11/1/11**

Runs July 1st 2011 through June 30th 2012

Dog	Sex	Owner/Handler	Sire	Dam	Point
Colonnade	M	Roger Boser O/H	Touchstone	Solitaire	126
Rendition	M	Roger Boser O/H	Touchstone	Solitaire	114
Tornado Alley	M	Don Beauchamp	Aiken	Soldier Creek Babe	28

**2011 Red Setter Walking Shooting Dog of the Year as of 11-1-11**

Runs January 1, 2011 through December 31st, 2011

Dog	Sex	Owner/Handler	Sire	Dam	Point
Her Ruby Red Slipper	F	Al Fazenbaker O/H	Sharpton	Applebee	192
Meteu Medicine Man	M	Al Fazenbaker O/H	King Cormac	Grainne Nimhalle	160
Hondo Muldoon	M	Jim Ashby O/H	Winnabow	Gillian	56

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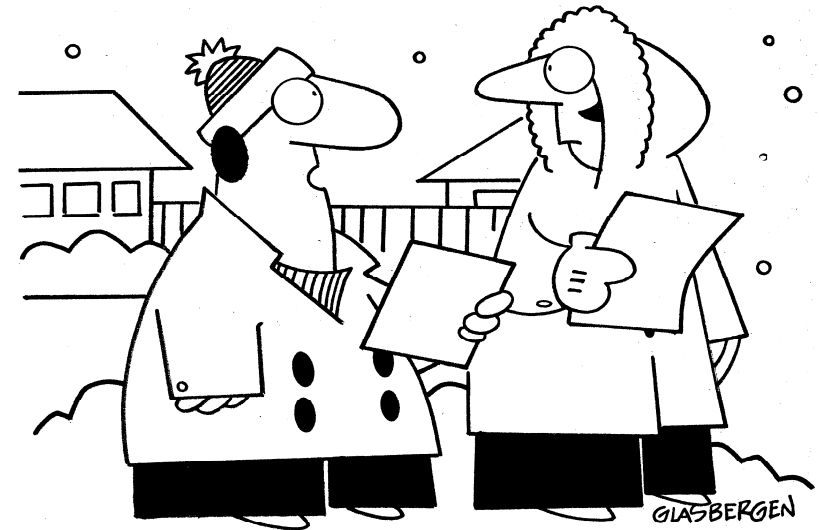


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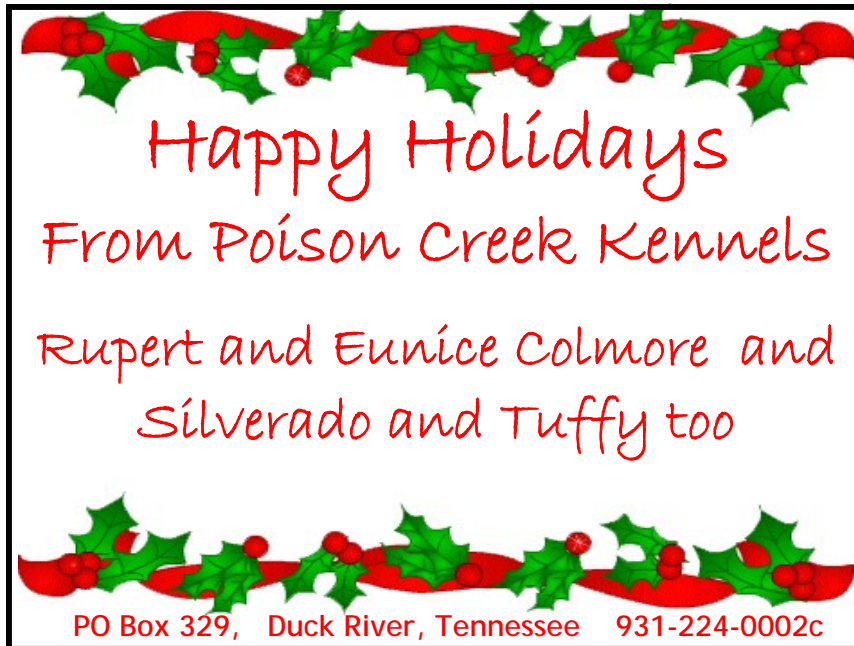
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your  
holidays be  
wrapped up  
with love!*

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# Happy Holidays from The Red Setter Foundation, Ltd.

*Serving the educational, scientific, and literary goals of  
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Established in 2007 to provide for educational, scientific, literary, and charitable opportunities for The National Red Setter Field Trial Club as our members "*pursue the purest challenge in sportsdom...*"

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Please visit our website at: [www.nrsftc.com/foundation/](http://www.nrsftc.com/foundation/)

Red Setter Foundation Treasurer,  
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## 42nd National Red Setter Futurity

\$ 1000 purse guaranteed divided 60%/40% winner-breeders to 4 places  
To be run on bob white quail in the spring of 2014

### Nominating Rules:

Nominations for bitches and stud dogs registered in the *Field Dog Stud Book* and bred after November 1, 2011. Bitches (dams) must be nominated and the first forfeit (\$25.00) submitted after whelping and within 75 days after service. This payment and enrollment of the litter in the *Field Dog Stud Book* qualify each puppy for entry in the 42nd National Red Setter Futurity. Nominations close December 31, 2012. Bitches (dams) can be bred until October 31, 2012 and be nominated. A second forfeit of \$20.00 for individual dogs must be submitted on or before December 31, 2013 and the dog registered in the *Field Dog Stud Book*. A Futurity entry fee must be paid prior to the trial drawing. Late second forfeits of individual dogs after December 31, 2013 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.

Name of Dam and FDSB Number	<b>PLEASE PRINT ALL INFORMATION CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS</b>	
Owner of Dam	Phone #	
Street Address	E-mail Address	
City, State, Zip code	Cell Phone	
Name of Sire	FDSB Number of Sire	
Date of Service	Litter Registration Number	
Date of Whelp	Number males	Number females

Send nomination form and \$25.00 check or money order to :  
Allen Fazenbaker— Futurity Secretary, NRSFTC  
5630 State Road at Red Setter Run, Kingsville, OH 44048

For more information, please visit our website at <<http://www.nrsftc.com>> under "Futurity."  
Additional questions: Email Futurity Secy at: [conneautcreekredsetters@gmail.com](mailto:conneautcreekredsetters@gmail.com)



Submit this page with Nomination.  
Official publication of the National Red Setter Field Trial Club, Incorporated

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Circle Award you are reporting -->	Duke	Le Grande	Hi Performance	NRSFTC Puppy	NRSFTC Derby	NRSFTC Walking Shooting Dog	NSTRA
Dog's Name			FDSB Number			Whelp Date if Puppy or Derby	
Sire	Dam						
Dog and gender	Placement	Owner/Handler	Trial		Date	Location	# Entries

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# **Happy Holidays from Silver Creek Red Setters**

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November December 2011

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## Winners from the recent trial in Missouri

The next issue of the *Flushing Whip* will have the complete fall trial report and pictures but here are the winning results:

*Open SD Champion is Redstone. RU Open SD is Breakstone  
Amateur SD Champion is Breakstone; RU Amateur SD is Redstone.*

*Open All Age: Come Back Silverado, 2nd is Touchstone, 3rd is Breakstone*

*Open Derby: Fidler's Firefly King Louis. 2nd is Kindle, 3rd place went to Rendition*

*Puppy stakes and Walking Stakes were not contested*

***Congratulations to all the winners***



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