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flushingwhip@yahoo.com

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The Flushing Whip



Jim Baker presents Roger Boser
with the first
Dr. Jim Fike Amateur Handler Award



Membership to the: National Red Setter Field Trial Club



You are cordially invited to participate in The Purest Challenge in sportsdom. Join us in the National Red Setter Field Trial Club and enjoy the successful revival of the Irish Red Setter as an effective gunning companion and first class field trial competitor by becoming a member of our organization.

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Visit the site at : <http://www.nrsftc.com>

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The material contained in this publication is intended to provide accurate, authoritative and educational information for our members. By their nature, the articles contained herein cannot provide the total, complete and detailed guidance required by every individual in every situation. The material is therefore offered with the provision that it is not the intent of the editors or the authors to render professional counsel on the matters covered and said persons cannot be held liable for any use thereof. If specific assistance is required, the services of an expert authority should be obtained.

Here's What's in your: November December 2009 Holiday Issue

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The first recipient of the Dr. Jim Fike Amateur Handler Award went to Dr. Roger Boser. It is fitting that Roger be the inaugural recipient; he is a consummate professional when it comes to dog training and handling. Roger may be an amateur but in the field he is an absolute PRO. According to the Fike Award rules, Roger is ineligible to receive this award again for the next 5 years. Meanwhile, if you want to see handling at its finest, watch the "Master" at work! Congratulations Roger.

President's Page



As most of you know, I have always liked big running dogs. That's why I promoted the High Performance Award years ago to honor the All-Age winners. In years past I have owned All-Age American Field Futurity winners and Qualified All-Age Dogs for Grand Junction, Tennessee, but never a Red Setter. So much emphasis in years past have been put on developing a class horseback shooting dog since the inception of the National Red Setter Field Trial Club, and rightfully so, I

believe we have in most part achieved that goal and now its time to take our vision one step higher. The only way to qualify a dog for the Nationals at Grand Junction, Tennessee is through the All-Age world. If we don't breed for it and participate in it, there is no way we will ever get there.

A year old Red Setter male puppy got the attention of the big boys on the North Dakota prairies. At the Dr. D.E. Hawthorne Border Classics hosted by the North Dakota Open All-Age Field Trial Club at Columbus, North Dakota, Kylies Rising Star, a one year old Red Setter, male puppy whelped 9/04/08, was entered in the Open All-Age Derby. Nine major circuit All-Age Pro's entered twenty-four (24) Derby dogs in this event which concluded September 15, 2009.

Gary Hill, of Briscoe, Texas, handled Star owned by his very young Granddaughter, Kylie Tomah and wife Carol Hill. A fellow "pro" and friend of Gary Hill was the designated scout, but when Gary got the pup out of the dog box for the break away, some grins and a few snickers began to emerge from the crowd. In fact Gary's wife Carol had to release Star at the starting line because none of the pro's wanted to touch the "Red Shag." However after the mile long breakaway cast and at the first opportunity to water Star, Gary's friend quickly rode to the dog to help him. "He wanted to get his hands on that dog." Star finished the thirty minutes going away to the front at pick up time and won third place.

Star is out of Champion Chaparral (now retired) and Mattie's Blue Darter

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(a Bolero ex Pizazz female) Mattie was reluctantly sold at five weeks old, by me to Mark Workman, a teacher and coach in north-eastern Kansas with the understanding that when she reached breeding age, she would be returned for breeding to Chaparral. Workman and I agreed to split the litter. This did happen and at six weeks old I picked a female for myself (Dynamic Dancer) and a male (Star) for Gary Hill. Gary was at Toronto, Kansas at the Sunflower All-Age Championship and I delivered the pup. Gary got home gave the puppy to his Granddaughter. She has also handled the puppy at a couple of Trials in Oklahoma.

I am so happy when I think of this one year old, (born the wrong time of the year) competing and winning against much older major circuit quality All-Age Derbies and still improving daily. I will soon be calling Mr. Workman and see when Mattie will again be coming in season. Maybe, just maybe if all goes well and as time goes by Kylie's Rising Star or one like him might qualify for the Nationals at Grand Junction. Thanks for letting me blow a little smoke and share what's on my mind. It's really made my day! Don Beauchamp. President NRSFTC



Gary Hill handles Star

A Tip of the Hat to Gary Hill who purchased Star for his grand daughter. Gary is teaching her just how much fun field trialing can be. Involving the young folks is the key to our future! Course you can see that the "real" handler here is Kylie who not only owns Star but also her grampa's heart! She's one lucky girl!



Look at that intensity !



Kylie mounted up ready to ride



From Deb's Back Porch

Hi everyone. My dear friend and red setter fan, Bill Dalton sent me a couple FBI hats. Finn and I wanted to show them off for you. Thanks Bill.

You will notice that the color of The Whip covers have changed.

We pre-print them annually and it was time to make some new ones. Hope you like "Irish Green!" I made a space so that we could have a PHOTO of the Issue! Do you have a special picture to show off? Let's see it— your pic could be on the next cover. This issue it's Carlyle's Mollie owned by Paul Griffith. That little puppy has self control!!! Send the pictures via e-mail to flushingwhip@gmail.com. That's a new address— so make a note of it. thanks everyone!

As I type this issue, I am sitting in the clubhouse at Grovespring. Our weather is glorious, the birds are plentiful and we are enjoying every minute. If you weren't with us— you missed a great time... and we certainly missed YOU!! Once again, Bonnie and Dennis Hidalgo did a marvelous job of setting up and organizing the trial. This is typical of the Hidalgos but was more difficult this time because Bonnie arrived somewhat under the weather struggling with a virus the entire weekend. She's tough as nails and, in spite of how lousy she felt, the show went on. Thank you both so very much. You did an incredible job and, we had a marvelous time. Purina Rep. Jim Smith was on hand. He pitched in helping Bonnie and Dennis! We appreciate Jim and the generous support of Purina for our trials! Tritronics also donated two collars which were award. We really are blessed by GREAT sponsors. The full report of the trial and winners will be included in the January-February 2010 issue. Please stay tuned!

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It's the first of the year and that always means it is time to pay your 2010 NRSFTC dues. I am including an envelope for your convenience. The major expense for the club is this publication— and we appreciate your help and support with its production. If you have already paid your 2010 dues, we THANK you. If you have not, please help your club and do it now.

We have some great stories this issue. Ryan Frame did some incredible research and put together a great story entitled, “The Great Dual Meets of Field Trials’ First Decade.” (Page 6) It includes the famous duel of Joe Jr. and English setter Gladstone. Several years ago Christie Young gave us a wonderful signed print of that duel and I have included it for this story. Christie's a marvelous artist and strong supporter of the Purest Challenge. I'm sure you'll agree that she captured the essence of the moment pg.9.

A couple of our western members, Fran and Scott Seagren recently tested their red setter pups' “natural ability” through NAVHDA. Even though they were brand new to the process, they did a Prize one job. Way to go guys! Check out their story on page 16.

Keith Hickam sent another installment from training camp, “Sojourn on the Prairie.” (pg 22) Special thanks to Georgia Brown who keeps telling Keith to send me his stories. Keep them coming. They are very enjoyable!

I wasn't able to include the summer award photos in the last issue of the Whip because I needed the pictures. Check out winners of the Duke Award, The NRSFTC Derby, and Puppy. They made the centerfold!

This issue has more ads than usual. Thank you everyone who purchased holiday ads. Those ads help pay the postage through out the year! We certainly thank you for helping us this way.

Nina Catanzarite took a few minutes to give us a “Tip from a Horse Pro.” Nina wrote a very entertaining article on understanding the emotion of FEAR in horses. (pg.28) And speaking of horses, we have some interesting horse trivia in this issue too. Test your knowledge beginning on page 31.

Finally, for one lucky reader, YOU will be the recipient of a special Christmas surprise. I wish it could be for each of you! Anyhow, one way or another, may all your Christmas and Holiday dreams come true.

Outta room. Stay well... Keep Safe... Peace... and Enjoy your Whip! *Deb*

The Great Dual Meets Of Field Trials' First Decade

By Ryan Frame

Like most history buffs, I have always been fascinated by the those seemingly subtle incidents that happened, and upon which history has hinged. The ebb and flow of history is full of such examples and historians thrive on the inevitable 'What ifs?' that follow. My own involvement in field trials for bird dogs began with the Pennsylvania Grouse Trial Club, through my brother Robin. Yet, the PA Club had a long and storied history long before even our parents were born, a tradition in which I have been proud to participate in, and without which I might well have involved myself in other activities.

A point of fact is that the club's early history was greatly influenced by the arrival of a setter dog into the Keystone State over 100 years ago. The owner of the dog was from Michigan, and had passed away. The setter, Count Noble, thus came to the man's friend Mr. B. F. Wilson who lived in the southwestern Pennsylvania town of Sewickly, to live out the rest of his days. Count Noble became a legendary producer and he filled up the countryside with field trial and hunting dogs alike. Though his field trial record was unimpressive, The Count was overwhelmingly elected into the Field trial Hall Of Fame because of his prowess as a producer. His mounted remains, which were displayed for decades at the Carnegie Mellon Museum of Natural History in Pittsburgh, are now at the Bird Dog Museum in Grand Junction, Tennessee.

Among those who gunned over The Count was Sam Cahoon, who later told the tales of his hunts to his younger brother Herb and sparked a passion for bird dogs in Herb Cahoon that lasted a lifetime. Herb Cahoon, in due time, became the co-founder of the PA Club in 1911. Records reveal that the organizational meeting of the club was attended by Walter Wilson the son of B. F. Wilson. Records also reveal the great influence of Count Noble on the trial dogs of those early years. Still today, virtually every dog that trials traces back eventually to The Count. One of Herb Cahoon's well known quotes was, "If your dog is not a descendant of Count Noble, then he is not a very good one." So the unfortunate death of a man in Michigan over a century ago set off a chain of events that may well have resulted in my own involvement in the wonderful sport of field trials.

While those small incidents that eventually loom large can be fascinating, of equal interest are those 'big' events from which seemingly nothing at all develops. Perhaps in this category belong

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the so-called 'great dual matches of early field trial history.' In these matches, one noteworthy dog was pitted against another in direct competition to settle the issue of which was the best 'mano a mano' as they say. There were two such matches Gladstone vs. Joe Jr. in 1879 and Grousdale Vs. Lit in 1883.

There were two driving forces behind these matches. One was the notion on the part of the participants that 'my dog is better than your dog and that the opinion can be proven in a fair test in the field.' This sentiment sums up the spirit which pervades all field trials. The owners were willing to back up their beliefs with cash in the amount of \$500 a dog, an impressive sum in those days, for each was thoroughly convinced that his dog would not be beaten. The second driving force was that the matches were set up to defend each dog's ancestry. Both matches were set up in an attempt to prove whether native dogs were superior to the imported so-called 'blue-bloods,' a source of a considerable amount of debate in those early years.

In each of these two dual meets, the dogs involved became instantly famous. Dr. Nicholas Rowe, editor of *The American Field*, took time to report the events personally. Periodically over the next decades, the reports were reprinted in the *American Field* due mostly in response to popular demand. A reprint of the Grousdale - Lit match in 1943 (60 years after the match was run), brought about a flurry of requests to reprint the other match as well. One man wrote, "That reprint of the Lit - Grousdale race was very timely. I got a bigger kick out of reading this than any account of the big trials. They were wonderful dogs, trained and handled by great artists and the race, as described by Dr. N. Rowe, is a classic."

The matches were also important enough to be covered by A. F. Hochwalt in several of his publications. In 1929, William Tallman, who handled Grousdale in the 1883 event, penned an article in the *American Field* to offer his thoughts on the event and on dual matches in general. The overriding purpose of his article, it seems, was his desire to straighten the record which he felt was not quite accurate, and was too harsh on his beloved Grousdale. He seemed to know that, even 46 years after the event took place, interest in the two dual matches was still keen among the sporting public. Undoubtedly, these two dual matches were the most famous events in early field trial history.

The Gladstone - Joe Jr. match took place on the 15th and 16th of December 1879 near Florence, Alabama. Gladstone was the famous import, having been bred at Llewelin's kennels in England and imported in utero and purchased out of Canada as a pup by Mr. P. H. Bryson. Bryson

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was among those Tennessee sportsman who staged the very first bird dog trial in America 5 years prior to the Gladstone- Joe Jr. match. The third renewal of that Tennessee trial was dominated by 'blue-bloods' and that had likely sparked the controversy which the match was supposed to settle. In the 1878 renewal of the Tennessee trials, the championship honors were split between an import by the name of 'Drake' and a native called Joe Jr. The controversy as to which was best was in full bloom.

Joe Jr. was owned by M. C. Campbell. The Campbell brothers, M. C. and G. W., hailed from Spring Hill, Tennessee and were quite successful in those early trials, and the Campbell setters were quite well known. A red and white dog called "Joe," who was owned by G. W., is considered by some to be the very first American field champion. Joe Jr. was a grandson of Joe. "Guido," one of the spectators at the first match and who also who put up 1/2 of the money for Joe Jr., was also involved in bringing about the first trial in 1874.

Joe Jr. was a red setter, Gladstone a tricolor. Several weeks before the event, Gladstone suffered a severe break in his tail. Mr. Bryson requested that because of the injury that the trial be reduced from three days to two. Mr. Campbell agreed. For the duration of the trial, Gladstone's tail was wrapped in a cast of sorts - a muslin cloth wrapped around the tail and secured with glue. The match went on.

The rules of the trial were simple. Too simple. The dogs would hunt for two consecutive days from sunrise to sunset with only a short break for lunch. The dog that pointed the most birds would be the winner. By merely counting finds, they felt, and minimizing subjectivity, it would be easy to determine a winner. It was thus to be a test of endurance and nose.

In time, handlers and judges alike came to detest the rules. Handlers declared that they would never run under such rules again; both judges determined that they would never judge under such rules again. The trial was designed to duplicate hunting conditions, but the handlers soon found that when a bird was shot over a steady point, the dog automatically was handicapped. For while one dog was standing there watching the covey flush in a mannerly way, the other dog would snap up several points on the scattered singles and seize the lead. A dog retrieving a shot bird was wasting time and allowing the other dog more time to point.

The report says, "When a bird was shot, therefore, the dogs were worked from the dead bird as assiduously as possible, and not to find it. The trial can be properly entitled a rough and tumble trial. One with less element of a true trial we never saw , and hope never to again. It

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was far from being interesting, but on the contrary, could not but fill an admirer of the fine work of a field dog with disgust and regret that two such magnificent animals as Joe Jr. and Gladstone should have been prostituted to such base rules. Speed, style, quartering, backing, retrieving, dropping to shot and to wing, counted nothing to the merit, and failure in either nothing to the demerit. All the chances of fine work were vetoed by the rules, and the race was but a scramble between dogs and handlers."

Among sportsmen, anticipation had been high for the match. The 'native vs. blue-blood' controversy had been waging hotly for several years in the magazines. This match, it was felt, would go a long way towards settling the issue. The match had been duly hyped by The American Field and the bird dog public, in those days before telephone and other modern communications, held their breath as the match neared and waited for word.

At 7:30 Monday, on the morning of Dec. 15th, 1879, both dogs were turned loose and the long awaited, much hyped match was under way. Witnessing the event were the two handlers, two judges, a referee (to decide on controversial decisions where the judges



This reenactment of the great duel of Gladstone and Joe Jr. was created by artist Christie Young.

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might not agree), the reporter, and several partisans for each dog comprising the gallery, Guido among them. Dr. Rowe had left Chicago on Friday, but due to some problems with the trains, was not there for the first hour and had to ride six miles on horseback to catch up. When he finally arrived at 8:30, one hour into the match, he was informed that the score stood Joe Jr. 7, Gladstone 4. From that point on, Dr. Rowe offered a blow by blow account of the action and a running tally of the score.

"After several fields had been drawn blank, Gladstone, half way up a slight elevation in grass field, stopped instantly on a magnificent point to a covey, his body being curved, and Joe backed handsomely; a beautiful picture. The birds were flushed by Mr. Bryson, and settled a short distance ahead, where both dogs made several points, at the termination of which the judge announced the score: Joe Jr. 22, Gladstone 21."

The first day ended at the hour of five. The reporter writes that though dogs had been at it for over 9 hours there was no sign of tiring:

"On the gallant dogs sped, Joe keeping up his gait, which we mentioned as having increased, after lunch, and Gladstone still maintaining the racing speed he had started with in the morning, and which he had not slackened during the day." The score after the first day was Joe Jr. 23, and Gladstone 21.

Following a "hearty breakfast of wild turkey, quails and possum," the trial resumed the next day at 7: 15 A. M. Both dogs began the day running hard and "neither showing the slightest effect from the hard work of the previous day." The sun came out strong as well and the day became quite warm. Joe Jr. soon opened a 6 point lead, but Gladstone came on late in the morning and closed the gap back to 2. By that time another development occurred which threatened to upset the whole match. Toward noon it was evident that Joe Jr. was becoming lame. As the group broke for lunch at 1 O'Clock, the dog was in great distress. When they resumed 20 minutes later, the red dog went out on three legs. Though he did work out some of the soreness, he was in evident pain the rest of the trial. Dr. Rowe later wrote of the courage of Joe Jr. that day:

"What he suffered during the three hours and forty minutes of that afternoon's race no one can imagine; it was one of the gamiest and pluckiest performances we ever saw. Never did animal or man punish himself more and show himself gamier than this dog. He is entitled to a niche in the temple of fame, among the bravest of the brave."

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Gladstone, bad tail and all, continued on to the finish with no signs of slowing or wear. He made many admirers of the Campbell camp. One of Joe Jr.'s backers determined to have a Gladstone pup. Joe Jr. plugged away the whole afternoon in pain, and garnered a legion of admirers for himself as well, for he grittily added to his lead. Guido would say, "I never wanted the sun to go down so much in my life as on Tuesday afternoon, when Joe was ahead." With Gladstone, no lead was safe. Finally though, the sun disappeared below the horizon the match was declared over. The final score was Joe Jr. 61, Gladstone 52 the report reading, "And thus ended the Joe Jr. - Gladstone match, in which so much interest has centered for so long a time, as to its result."

The issue of whether natives or blue-bloods was superior though, was far from over and the 1879 match did little to resolve the debate. True, a native had won. But the event was run in accordance with decidedly poor rules, and the Llewellyn import had run with the disadvantage of having to go the distance with broken tail, still acquitting himself admirably. In fact, Some years later, in fact, Bryson pointed out in letter to the American Field some years later, had the trial gone three days instead of two as was originally planned, it is likely that Joe Jr. would not have finished as he was struggling to finish the second day.

The issue of 'blue bloods' versus natives was therefore far from settled. Inevitably, the debate flared up hot again, this time in the summer of 1893 and once again in the pages of the American Field. The letters went back and forth with Mr. Buckingham, proud owner of a 'native' English Setter called "Grouse-dale," being the chief proponent of the natives, and Major Taylor supporting the imports. The challenge was eventually laid by Buckingham in the July 21 issue of the American Field: "I will bet him [Major Taylor] \$500 that Grouse-dale can beat any dog that he owns, or ever did own, in a two or three day's trial, under judges and according to field trial rules. Now if the gallant Major is ready to sustain his precepts... I suppose we shall hear from him by return mail."

Major Taylor's acceptance of the challenge was published 2 weeks later, offering "Lit" as the challenger. 'Lit' being a daughter of Gladstone added another interesting dimension to the proposed trial, it was a chance for offspring to avenge the father's defeat, this time with more advanced rules. If Lit were to win, not only would the 'natives vs. imports' be settled in the field, but the results of the 1879 race would be erased. There was a lot on the line.

The trial was scheduled for three consecutive days beginning Dec. 17,

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1893. Subsequently, the trial was moved to Dec. 20th due to Lit being in season. The trial would begin daily at 8:00 A. M. and run until noon, whereupon a lunch break of one hour would take place. Following lunch, the trial would resume at 1:00 P. M. and conclude for the day at 5 P. M.

Each side would choose a judge, the judges would then choose a referee to decide on disagreements between the judges. The Buckingham/Grouseale side chose D. C. Sanborn, the Taylor/Lit side, D. C. Bergundthal. They chose Mr. Stoddard as a referee, though as things turned out, the referee's services were not needed as the judges were never once in dispute about the proceedings. Once again, Dr. Rowe made the trip from Chicago to ensure that the readers of his magazine received an accurate accounting of the events.

Unlike the Gladstone - Joe Jr. match, both Grouseale and Lit were handled by professional handlers. Grouseale was handled by W. Tallman, Lit by H. M. Short. Both Tallman and Short were well respected professionals and quite competent in their craft. The handlers and the judges road horses according to the report, "but the referee preferred to walk and as a walker he is a success. Never once was he ten feet behind the handlers." This hinted at the slow pace with which the horses moved during the course of the trial.

There is no doubt that, due to terrible weather conditions, the trial should have been cancelled or postponed. The ground was frozen and covered with sleet. All of the shrubs, tree limbs and vegetation were covered with ice. And it was bone-chilling cold. Dr. Rowe lamented, "The weather was the most disgustingly disgusting. None other than a lunatic would have chosen a day to have hunted, such as Thursday and Friday were. Regard for himself, regard for his faithful dog, and the fact that even decent work could not be expected, would prevent a sane man from going afield on such a day. It was the most severe public to which dogs were ever put; candor compels us to say it was so akin to cruelty that it was little short of cruelty."

Likely, neither side was willing to suggest postponement, for to do so could well have been viewed by the other side as backing down from the challenge. Neither was willing to risk that accusation so the trial went on despite the despicable conditions. By 8:50, on Thursday December 20th, 1883, the second dual match had commenced.

The fact that bird work was even possible under such conditions was a credit to the quality of the dogs. By the time the noon lunch break arrived on the first day, there were 13 points registered, 7 by Lit and 6 by Grouseale. Lit, however, was also charged with a deliberate flush and several false points. Consequently, the dogs were declared equal in

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the first morning's heat.

The group continued on after lunch with Lit "going faster than at any time in the previous heat." Grousdale, by contrast, was laboring and there was doubt as to whether he would even finish the day. Dr. Rowe, from the outset, had noticed a great difference between how the two competitors were moving. Lit, a 35 pound female, had a smooth gait which seemed to carry her across the ground with very little effort. Grousdale, a 55 -60 pound male, had a pounding gait, with an upward and forward movement that resulted in his hitting the ground very hard. He seemed to need to exert considerably more energy to move than his counterpart. Perhaps, Rowe speculated, this laborious gait was hurting him, particularly given the extreme conditions.

Gamely, however, Grousdale rallied by 3 O: clock and wound up carrying the afternoon and the day. At some point as the afternoon progressed, the group turned back toward the village so that the five O'clock end to the day's running would find them at the village so that they might immediately remove themselves from the elements. Dr. Rowe summed up the mood that pervaded on the long trek back to town on that dismal afternoon long ago: "A more solemn, silent and colder hunting party we never followed. Neither handler even blew his whistle to break the oppressive stillness which preceded the death of the day." With all hands warm again and with a meal in their bellies, the results of the first day were announced: Grousdale - winner of the first day.

That evening the temperature rose slightly and a light rain fell overnight. This would seem to have made conditions better by the next morning, but as Dr. Rowe noted, "What the dogs gained in softer ground... was counterbalanced by the melting ice which kept them wet from a few moments after they were put down until the end of the race. As they ran through the long grass and bushes, the ice which coated the blades and twigs of these, moistened by the rain of the night before and the warmer temperature, fell in showers on them; consequently, whether in the open or in the cover, they were continually in a bath of ice water."

Regardless, Friday morning found both dogs back at it hard again. Lit in particular had a good morning with seven points. Grousdale was no slouch with 6 points, but 2 inexcusable flushes resulted in the judges awarding the heat to Lit by a good margin.

The afternoon began much like the previous one. Lit was running faster than ever and Grousdale again showing signs of distress. Birds were

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scarce and the only thing worth noting by Dr. Rowe was that "Short and Tallman twice gave each dog some whisky." Around 3:00 P. M. the dogs were into birds again. Grousdale racked up five finds to Lit's one. His efforts though, were for naught for the trial was about to come to a most unsatisfactory conclusion.

At 3:20, Grousdale came in to heel and refused to cast off again. For 7 minutes Tallman tried to get him to hunt again " but Grousdale, instead of going out, moved to Tallman's side, sat down, looked into his face and expressed it as plainly as if he could have spoken, 'I have done all I can, I cannot do any more.'" At 3:37, the match was awarded to Lit. The dogs had run for 13 hours and 30 minutes over two days in dire conditions.

Tallman later wrote "I took off my coat and wrapped it around Grousdale, mounted my horse, and he was handed up to me. Dr. Rowe had an extra coat, which he kindly loaned to me, and we returned to the hotel."

With Dr. Rowe and Dave Sanborn with him, they moved the bed near the fire, nestled Grousdale between the sheets, and worried for his life. "Later on in the night or rather towards morning," Tallman continued, "Grousdale seemed to breath easier and was certainly more comfortable, so we retired."

Grousdale made a full recovery - the concept of the dual match did not. William F. Brown would write of another occasion when an owner would "put up anywhere from \$1,000 to \$5,000 that his dog would vanquish the other dog in question in a match race," but added, .."it was the exception if any of these challenges actually brought a showdown. There were a few races staged, but these were of little consequence." It is likely that the Dr. Rowe and The American Field come to doubt the value of the dual match and had refused to give the events the publicity which characterized the 1879 and 1883 affairs.

Twice the dual match had been tried, and each time the results were less than satisfying. Lit had won the last match by default in terrible conditions, but nothing was actually proven or disproved by the exercise. A husky could have won just the same. Both handlers of the losing dogs went away with strong convictions that their dogs were better than the winners and with strong arguments as to why.

Bryson blamed terrible rules and an injured tail. Tallman claimed that the trial that Lit won was a test to see which dog could better handle sleet and ice, not a test to see which was the better bird dog. Tallman perhaps summed it up best in the introduction to his 1929 article on the dual meets: "There were two - I was going to say great - matches that

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took place in the early days of field trials, but there was nothing great or good about either of them."

Perhaps the public failure of the matches sparked a lot of thought as to trials that do test the essential qualities that are necessary in a bird dog. When the match first match took place, field trials in America were only five years old and only one trial was held each year for most of that time. Trials were truly feeling their way along at that point, struggling by trial and error (pun intended) to find the right test. The Gladstone - Joe Jr. match showed that more advanced standards of judgment were necessary for a trial to be of any value. The Grousedale - Lit meet showed that even more refinement was necessary, and also demonstrated that the dual meet was not the answer to the question, "Which dog is the best?" - the question which is at the heart of field trials. Perhaps the most important positive effect of the dual matches is that they served to generate a lot of interest in the sporting public towards pointing dog competitions at a time when growth in the new sport was essential.

Irrespective of their success or failure, the reports of those early matches provide interesting insights into the type of dogs in favor a century ago. Dogs of that era dropped to wing and shot, were seldom lost on point, made mistakes that did not automatically disqualify them, and above all displayed staying powers far beyond what we are accustomed to today. There was one additional side effect of the final match. Dave Sanborn, one of those who judged the trial in that 'disgustingly disgusting' weather, took a chill and fell sick. Six weeks later he died of pneumonia. After his death, his dog, Count Noble, was sent to Pennsylvania....

Ryan Frame is a long time friend of the NRSFTC, a lover of dogs, field trials and a great historian of pointing dog field trials. He is very active in the cover dog world. As an assistant to professional trainer, Dave Hughes, Ryan has helped in developing some truly great dogs. Ryan frequently reports trials for the American Field and has published articles in the Pointing Dog Journal as well as several other sporting dog publications. Thanks so much for the extensive time you put into this article Ryan. Our readers will surely enjoy it!

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Red Pups score Prize 1 in NAVHDA Natural Ability

By Fran Seagren



“Dog People” Scott and Fran Segren and their 5 dog family: 2 black labs and 3 red setters, Ruby, Robert and Boudica

I would love to share a story about our two young red setters, Robert and Boudica. We entered them in a NAVHDA “Natural Ability” level test this past spring. The story is really about how “naturally” they are totally cool dogs.

My husband, Scott, and I have been “dog people” forever, but we were brand new to NAVHDA and had never seen or trained for one of their tests. And, although we read through the “Aims, Programs, and Test Rules” booklet prior to the test, it became obvious and comical during the testing that we’d missed a few significant items. But, this story is about how even with having Scott and myself as their trainers and handlers, it didn’t cramp our youngsters “Red Setter” style.

My husband Scott was scheduled to test on Saturday with his girl, Boo. I would be handling Robert on Sunday. The test was held south of us in Oregon. And, true to the northwest, it rained hard the entire weekend.

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The Field Phase test was first. When Boo and Scott left with the judges, apprentices, and gunners, it looked like quite a parade. That was the first thing we hadn't considered prior to the test. As our two young dogs had only hunted and trained with us, it was a little overwhelming for Boo with all those people in the field. At first, she kept looking behind her to see what was going on. But, she quickly adjusted to the entourage, started hunting and began quartering out in front strong and fast. Suddenly, Boo pointed - for about 30 seconds. And I know this sounds prejudiced, but when a Red Setter points, there is no doubt about what is going on. It's an impressive sight even for those of us running setters. The majority of the dogs entered in this NAVHDA test were of the German-type. Most of the people at the test, had never seen Red Setters, let alone had any entered in their tests. The impressive points of our red guys didn't go unnoticed by the other handlers and gallery that weekend. Then Boo flushed the bird and chased it! The gunners don't shoot the birds during the Natural Ability test; they just fire the guns to test for gun shyness. As I was watching with the other handlers and gallery, I wondered how long these youngsters are supposed to hold a point. None are expected to be fully broke, but there must be some sort of a time expectation? Then I saw Boudica coming back with the bird in her mouth. I had to smile because Boo is a natural retriever and from the beginning would bring back bumpers and birds to hand. (I'm a Labrador person as well, and have hunted and competed in retriever events for close to 18 years. A natural retriever is a joy for me to watch.) Even though I was pleased, retrieving skills are not evaluated in the N/A test.

Boo continued to point, flush, chase, find and retrieve every bird that couldn't fly as far as she could run. She did this the entire 20 minutes of the Field Phase. Another item we missed when trying to learn about NAVHDA tests is that judges really don't want you to handle your dog. So, trying to "control" or handle a dog that is having the time of her life with a bunch of wet, pen-raised chukars was not really allowed. And, Booda was definitely having fun. After the test, Scott couldn't help but

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be proud. He said, “Boo didn’t harm one of those birds, she’s really soft-mouthed;” (a trait that all hunters appreciate.)

The Tracking Phase was next. As I mentioned earlier, we didn’t have the opportunity to watch a test, or train with NAVHDA people, so we missed a detail or two. For instance, where the book described the tracking part, I got the “Natural Ability” test mixed up with the “Utility” description. So, in preparation for the test, we used a dead duck and encouraged our two youngsters to follow that trail as we followed behind them. What they actually do for the Natural Ability Tracking Phase is to release a wing-clipped pheasant that runs off into cover. The handler and judges don’t go with the dog on the trail - an important detail we missed. Using the pheasant instead of a dead duck wasn’t a big deal for our pups.

Scott showed Boo the beginning of the track and released her as instructed. With nose to the ground, she took off - for a short distance, and then stopped and looked back, “Are you coming, or what?” Oh, and the judges don’t want you to say or do anything after the initial release. Boo kept coming back to Scott, looking at him, putting her nose to the track, taking off and then coming back again. This small circle of “desire and uncertainty” went on for what seemed like eternity! I could see by Scott’s posture that he was more than a little frustrated. Finally the judges said he could say something to encourage Boo to go on without him. Once he did that, she again put her nose to the ground and this time followed the track left by the rooster to where he had stopped. She locked up on a point and held it. Then, the judges allowed Scott to go over and get Boo.

The last part was the Water Phase. When we were waiting with the other handlers and dogs, you could feel the anxiety. Apparently, this was a tough test for these NAVHDA folks. The handlers appeared nervous while watching the test. As we watched one dog after another take its turn, it became apparent to us that most of these dogs don’t “love” the

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water. As a matter of fact, even the older experienced UT (utility) “pick up” dogs didn’t appear to enjoy getting in the cold water. Unfortunately, there were a few dogs that refused to get in the water and retrieve a bumper. Now, to a retriever person like me, I was surprised. The distance they threw the bumpers was no more than five to ten yards, at the most! While Scott and Boo were waiting their turn, Boo drew attention to herself in that she could not contain her excitement at the prospect of retrieving a bumper from the water. She was standing on her back legs while Scott held her lead. She wiggled and whined and dancing around. So, it was not surprising that everyone watched closely when it was her turn. Just before Scott took his turn, I gave him a little advice, “Don’t ‘John Wayne’ this. These people seem nice so don’t throw the bumper to the other end of the pond just to show off.” He responded with a smirk. “I know. But, it would be fun.”

Needless to say, Boo was the only dog to enter the water with what I call “The Labrador Leap.” You’ve seen the dogs on TV where they measure the distance of their airtime as they leap off a dock after a retrieving toy or bumper. Boo could probably compete with those dogs. And, of course she delivered every bumper back to hand.

Some of the handlers came up to Scott after the test and wanted to know “our secret.” As we had all our dogs with us on this trip, people knew we also have Labradors. But, there really is no secret. Ruby, our 5-yr old Red Setter is mother to Boo and Robert. Ruby loves to swim and retrieve. We didn’t need to do anything special with the pups. They simply love the water like their mother does. Boda is just a little more enthusiastic than Robert. The “secret” with all water work for both our labs and setters is simply for it to be fun. They are fun-loving dogs. If you make the initial water retrieves “not” fun, they will always remember that. So, we don’t introduce any of our dogs to water when the weather is cold and the water is colder. We always start off in warm weather. Then, later when the water is cold - like it was for this test, they don’t care.

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It's already too much fun.

When we gathered back at the headquarters for the final scores, Scott and I were hoping to at least pass the test. We would have been satisfied with a Prize III. So, when it was announced that Boudica received a score of 108 out of 112, a Prize I, we were stunned and extremely excited.

That night we celebrated in our trailer at the test site campgrounds in the company of all five of our dogs. I was hoping when I ran Robert on Sunday, he would at least pass. As Robert is a bigger runner than his sister, I was a little worried he would leave the test site for the next county. Even though he would "mostly" come back on my whistle, the judges made it clear they don't want you to do that unless they tell you.

Unlike Boo, Robert wasn't bothered at all by the large group of people in the field. When released, he kicked it out there like he knew what he was doing. The grassy field was so wet and soggy; walking was tough as my boots got sucked down in the mud. In an instant, I temporarily lost sight of Robert. But, then I heard one of the apprentice judges say, "point!" I could barely see his tail above the thigh high grass. As we all walked toward Robert, the bird flushed or Robert flushed it (probably the latter) and off he went. This bird could fly better than some and managed to stay above ground for a long time. Robert was in hot pursuit and I was not allowed to yell at him or whistle him back. So, knowing "my little man", he figured if I wasn't telling him otherwise, all was good and he kept up the chase. I saw a glimpse of red at the very end of the field. I was by now getting panicked that I would lose him. I begged the judges to let me whistle him back and they agreed. Of course, it took multiple whistles before he started to return, but then on his way, he obviously smelled good stuff (the field was filled with yesterday's chukars as well as new ones they had planted). Robert started to quarter again and suddenly another bird flushed. This time, he stopped and pointed for a split second before the chase was on. This bird didn't fly so well, and Robert returned with

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it. He was so proud of his catch; he wasn't willing to give it up initially. Robert paraded around with the bird in his mouth between me and the judges (three judges, two apprentices). Every time he would get close to me, he would change his mind at the last second and duck his head and wind around another direction. One of the judges (clever lady) took her hat off and "fluttered" it. Robert instantly fell for the trick. He dropped the chukar and bolted over to her thinking she had another live one. Good news was that the bird he was carrying was unharmed. Robert's Field Phase continued in this out of control fashion. He pointed strong a few more times and certainly covered the field in his search for birds. He retrieved a couple more birds that apparently were too wet to fly when he "pounced" on them. I was relieved when the judges said time was up and we were done.

When we were getting in line to be tested on the Tracking Phase, all the handlers and dogs walked past the bird truck that was parked alongside the road some distance from where the test would be run. Robert duly noted the truck with all its great smells as we passed by. I, of course, didn't think any more about it by the time we were brought to the line. I was instructed to show Robert the start of the track. He was extremely excited about this whole game and as soon as he put his nose to the ground and smelled the feathers left there, he said, "YES!" I know exactly where this bird is!" I released him and he did a 90-degree turn and took off BEHIND me (the opposite direction the track was laid) about 100 mph and "poof" was gone. I had no idea what he was doing. About 30 seconds later he came full-speed back, sniffed the spot again, glanced up at me and repeated his speedy departure in the same (wrong) direction. He did that one more time - total of three, before he came back, put his nose to the feathers and then followed the track to the rooster. Just like his sister, he went on a nice point. Unlike his sister, when I got close, he flushed the rooster, leaped into the air and grabbed it. This time, he gave it up to me and I handed the angry bird over to the judges. When I walked back down to where Scott was waiting, he was grinning from ear to ear. He said, "You know what

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Robert was doing, don't you?" I did not. Scott said, "Robert knew where the bird truck was and kept going back and flash pointed at the bird boxes in the back of the bed! All of us standing here could see him get there, get all excited, then leave and head back to you." It was funny - later.

When Robert tested in the water, he was second in enthusiasm only to his sister from the day before. He has a "mini" Labrador Leap for his water entries. He doesn't deliver to hand naturally, but instead drops the bumpers a foot or so from me. But, they weren't judging on water entries or delivery, so we did good.

Mentally exhausted from the day's events, we headed back to the headquarters with the rest of the handlers for the scores. With all the craziness of Robert's field and tracking performances, to hear that he received the maximum points of 112 left me speechless. I'm so very proud to have these Red Setters as part of our lives. Their great disposition, intelligence, and loving nature really makes them "Natural Ability" dogs! What more could you want in a companion hunting dog?

NRSFTC members Scott and Fran Seagren live in western Washington just south of Seattle in Auburn. They are both recently retired from Boeing. Scott grew up hunting and fishing in Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Fran was introduced to bird hunting when they got married 20 years ago. Between the two of them, they have five children and two granddaughters. They currently have two Labradors and three Irish Red Setters. Fran has

been competing, running hunt tests and hunting with their labs for almost 20 years. Scott and Fran had two Brittany's over the years along with Labradors. But, five years ago, after their Brit passed on, they decided to try a "field" Irish Setter to add to their family dog-pack and now they are hooked on the breed.



Scott with Red Setter Rob and Disco the lab enjoying a day in the field together.

Sojourn on the Prairie

By Keith Hickam



The old trainer got up early - the sun had risen but was barely peeking over the top of the buttes to the east of his camp. There was a damp chill in the air, so he reached up and took his oilcloth

duster off the hook. He turned up the collar to the ward off the chill. He was greeted by half a dozen mahogany colored pups and he sat down on the steps of his horse trailer to pet and scratch the young puppies.

One female puppy crawled up on his back, and proceeded to lick his ears, he smiled and pushed her away and stepped up into the trailer and took his saddle off the hook. His horse was gathered up quickly and saddled, and shortly he was riding towards the high butte west of camp. He looked down and he was being followed by a single red colored puppy. He smiled and wondered how long she would be able to follow, before he would have to get down and pick her up to carry her on his saddle the rest of the way. He admired the tough little girl, her daddy was tough too. He rested under a shady tree near camp now, gone too soon, like many good dogs.

The butte was a bit of a ride. It would be much easier to take his pickup, but he enjoyed the ride. As he rode, he watched a small group of antelope grazing in an alfalfa field west of camp. Riding across the

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big CRP field the little red puppy suddenly turned - catching scent of something and she bounded with great enthusiasm into the middle group of sharp-tails. Bouncing around with her eyes wide, the old trainer laughed aloud at her antics as she tried to figure out which bird to chase, finally giving up, but seeking more as she went along with him towards the high butte. He enjoyed these rides; they gave him an opportunity to reflect on the previous days training, and ways to make the training program better.

The old trainer spied movement from the corner of his eye, perhaps the flick of an ear. As he turned towards the movement and his eyes focused on the area, at first not being able to pick out where the movement came from. Then slowly the image of a doe and a spotted fawn laying motionless in deep grass took shape. Once the doe realized that the old trainer was looking at her, she let out a low call and she and the fawn bounded away across the prairie. As he climbed up towards the high butte in a series of buttes the little red puppy let out a whine and he got off and picked her up securing her in the front of his duster. He thought that they must have made quite a sight - an old trainer with a little red puppy resting her head in the crook of his arm, as he guided the old horse up through a gap in the rocks leading to an ancient rock cairn on top of the butte. Who built the cairn and why was unimportant. It commanded the entire valley and prairie below. The old trainer had once been a Church going man, even teaching Sunday School for a time. He had been to the Holy Land and walked in the footsteps of the Prophets and toured the ruins and temples of what had once been their world. As he looked across the splendor of the prairie, he reflected that no man-made Church or Temple he had been in compared to the glory and creation of the prairie.

The wilds of the prairie had become his church, and he had never felt closer to his Creator than he had since coming to the prairies all those years ago. This is where he came when he needed to reflect on

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things. As he sat there, he watched a kit fox wander and play in a prairie dog town far below, obviously not caring or perhaps not knowing that his antics were giving the old trainer a bit of joy. Prairie dogs frolicked on the prairie, emerging as the kit fox moved off to the north.

A gentle breeze was coming out of the west, causing the knee high prairie grass to sway in the wind. He reflected on how he was privileged to live in such a great country, he thought of the lessons he learned in Mr. MacDonald's History class all those years ago and how that influenced so much of his life. The words were written on that old document:

"We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

People don't talk like that anymore, and he wondered how much longer the country could stand without believing in the fundamental things that are the bedrock or the cornerstone of our country. He bowed his head and recited a prayer that he knew by heart, that had always been above his parents mantle as a child growing up:

"God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change;
courage to change the things I can; and the wisdom to know the
difference.

Living one day at a time;
Enjoying one moment at a time;
Accepting hardships as the pathway to peace;
Taking, as He did, this sinful world
as it is, not as I would have it;
Trusting that He will make all things right
if I surrender to His Will;
That I may be reasonably happy in this life

As he rode back towards camp, he reflected on his life and those three things that had shaped his life and gave him great joy. God, Country, and the dogs.

Congratulations Roger Boser & Breakstone
2009 Winner of the DUKE Award



RU for the 2009 DUKE Award is Chaperon
owned by Ross Leonard

**Congratulations 2009 NRSFTC Derby of the Year
Touchstone owned by Roger Boser**



**Congratulations 2009 NRSFTC Puppy of the Year
Carlyle Mollie owned by Paul Griffith**

Understanding FEAR in Horses

By Nina Catanzarite

The most important thing to understand about fear in a horse is that it is real. Horses don't pretend to be afraid of trailers, bridges and Purina signs flapping in the wind just to make your life miserable. For millions of years, FEAR has been a very vital emotion for horses. It protected them from being attacked by mountain lions or cougars and the horses who keyed in to their fears lived long lives and produced many beautiful (and fearful) offspring. Fear helped horses to stay alive in the wild— but now, it is **our job** to let them know that they can relax; we are in charge, and will make good decisions which will help and protect them.

An easy way to understand a horse's fear is to think of something that scares you but that others may find irrational. How about flying? Now let's say you have 3 friends that claim they are going to help you to get over your "fear of flight."

The first friend gets you to the airport and decides to take you to the bar to get you drunk and loosen you up. Well, you get so wasted that you pass out and they pour you on the plane. When you end up in a strange city, you still have not overcome your fear of flying, you now have a fear of airport bars because the last one you went to somehow transported you to a strange city.

Your second friend is in the World Wrestling Foundation and he grabs you, beats you up and wrestles you on to the plane. You make your flight but not only was the flight terrifying, you now believe that it is incredibly painful.

Luckily you have a third friend who takes you to the Cleveland Airport several weeks before the scheduled flight. You explain to this friend how terrified you are and how you were drugged and beaten up at airports. Your friend listens patiently and then asks you if you want to go to this great restaurant in the airport called 5300

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Boulevard. You reiterate how you have been drugged and beaten up at airports but your friend assures you that you just want to have a good meal at the restaurant. So reluctantly you go to the restaurant and have a good meal and your friend takes you straight home. You arrive home greatly relieved and eternally grateful for a friend that did exactly what they said they were going to do and not trick, drug or beat you up to get you on a plane. The next week the same friend says they have some leather coats on sale at **Johnston & Murphy** in the airport and you jump at the chance to go shopping with a friend who does exactly what they say they are going to do and who would never drug, trick or beat you up to get on a plane. You find a great bargain on an outback coat. The next week the same friend calls up and says that USAir has a new plane that the Cleveland airport wants to unveil to the public and you can sit on the plane but it never leaves the ground. Now you know you can trust this friend and you have never seen the inside of a plane before so you go for the tour and see the nice new plane and were all the exits are and the tiny little bathroom. Afterwards the friend takes your right home. The next week the same friend tells you about another tour of the plane that is being given but this time the pilot will taxi you up and down the runway and show you all the new terminal gates they are building. You trust your friend more every time you go to the airport so you decide to take the tour. At first, the sound of the engines startle you but they seem to fade in the background. You go on the tour, up and down the runway and think what a shame it is that all this nice flat open land is being used up by a runway instead of bird dog hunting land. The next week your friend asks you if you want to go up in a plane and fly over your local bird dog club for about a 10 minute flight. Your friend has been incredibly honest and has never drugged, tricked or beat you so you decide to have some faith and go for a short flight. You are amazed at how beautiful the fields are below during your flight and you tell your friend how much you enjoyed yourself. Before long, you are flying all over the country to

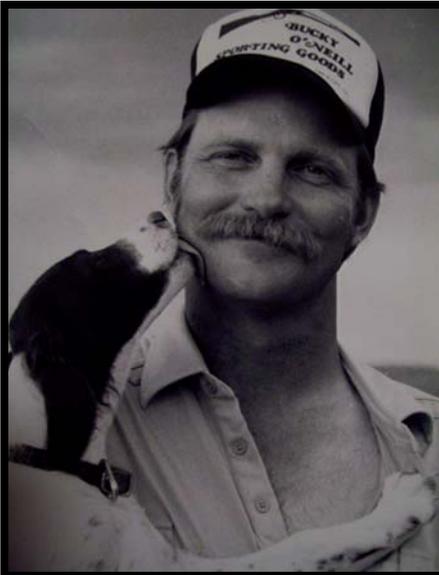
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major field trial championships with you and your dog. You have not only overcome your fear of flying , but you have made a trustworthy and honest friend who never tricks, beats or drugs you. Next week your friend is taking you to Cedar Point for their world famous curly fries even though you are terrified of roller coasters.

So the next time your horse is afraid of something, don't make it more fearful by beating on them or reaching for the Ace. Try to remember that their fear is REAL, and the more you can praise your horse for every small accomplishments, the more the horse will trust your judgment & look to you for guidance and direction.



Nina Catanzarite and her husband Chris live in Southwestern, PA with their 4 horses and 5 English Pointers. Nina competes in Dressage and owes most of her horse understanding to trainers John and Josh Lyons. Chris has won 4 Championships with his Backcountry bird dogs and tirelessly supports the bird dog field trials in Ohio and Pennsylvania.



**Who is this
former trainer
and what's
in store
for his future?
Turn to
Page 35
for the
Answer:**

Interesting Horse Trivia

1. What was the name of the sole survivor of Custer's Last Stand?

Answer: A buckskin named Comanche. He had twelve wounds and spent a year in slings before becoming fully recovered. The US Cavalry headquarters allowed Comanche complete freedom for the rest of his life at Fort Riley, Kansas. Comanche was officially retired and



it was ordered that no one would ever ride him again. He was called "the Second Commanding Officer" of the 7th Cavalry. His only duties were to be lead in the front of official parades occasionally. It is said he developed a fondness for beer in his later years, and was such a pet at the fort that he was often indulged in this habit. He lived to the age of 29, and when he died his body was mounted and put on display at the University of Kansas, where it stands to this day.

2. What was the name of Tonto's horse?

Answer: Tonto's horse was a paint named Scout. Jay Silverheels, the actor who played Tonto in "The Lone Ranger" TV series, from 1949 to 1957, was born Harold J. Smith in 1919 on a Mohawk reservation in Ontario, Canada. He was a star Lacrosse player and a boxer before he entered films as a stuntman in 1938. He died in 1980.

3. What was the largest number of horses ever assembled for a US movie?

Answer: Eight thousand horses were used in the movie War and Peace.

4. What was the average price for shoeing a horse in 1842 and 1920?

Answer: A shoeing in 1842 cost \$0.5 or a load of corn. The average price for a shoeing in 1920 was \$1.75

5. When did the US Army first try aluminum shoes?

Answer: The US Cavalry field-tested aluminum horseshoes in the 1890's. The report praised the ease of shaping, fitting and light weight but determined that the shoe would not wear long enough to be practicable for military service.

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6. In 1897 Sears, Roebuck & Company catalog offered generic horseshoes and horseshoe nails in its hardware section. What was the price for 100 pounds of shoes and 25 pounds of nails.

Answer: 100 pounds of shoes cost \$3.75 25 pounds of nails cost \$4.25

7. When was the all time peak of the horse and mule population in America and how many animals?

Answer: In 1918 there were 27 million horses and mules.

8. How many teeth does the adult horse have?

Answer: 40



9. How long is a furlong?

Answer: 1/8 mile or 220 yards

10. Upon his death Napoleon's war horse was presented to the Royal United Service Institution. What happened to his hooves?

Answer: They were made into snuff boxes.

11. How old was the oldest horse?

Answer: The horse was Old Billy who lived in England to a ripe old age of 62.

12. What breed of horse was the talking Mr. Ed?

Answer: The Palomino horse was an American Saddlebred.

13. What is the normal amount of sleep, per day, needed by a horse?

Answer: A horse only needs four hours of sleep per day.

14. What is the highest speed recorded for a horse's kick?

Answer: A horse's kick has been recorded at 75 mph.

15. How many pounds of saliva does the average horse produce per day?

Answer: The average horse produces 10 pounds of saliva per day. That's nothing to spit at!

16. What runs all around a paddock but doesn't move?

Answer: A fence

17. What is a foal after it is four days old?

Answer: Five days old.

18. What side of a horse has the most hair?

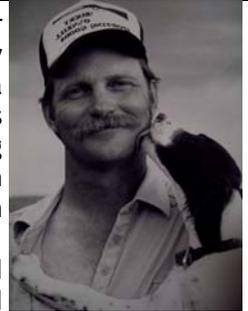
Answer: The outside.

19. What kind of horse can jump higher than a house?

Answer: Any horse since houses can't jump.

Bruce Ludwig is eager to get back in the Field Trial game!

I was reading an old copy (July 1992) of Outdoor Life and an article caught my attention. Larry Mueller, their Hunting Dogs Editor had written a piece called “Whoa Without Words.” Larry was describing a method that dog trainer Bruce Ludwig had developed. Here’s an old picture of Bruce with a pup. Bruce used to be very seriously involved in dog training but eventually had to put it all on hold. He went back to college, became a teacher and coach for North Callaway High School while he and his wife Deb raised their family. Bruce later took a job with the City of Columbia as a building inspector. After going back to get his masters degree at the age of 53, the city created a new position for him as Building Construction Coordinator (in charge of all vertical projects) for Columbia Missouri.



Bruce will turn sixty three on March 3rd and he is set to retire in a three years. He longs to get back into field trialing and has been talking about it for years. His favorite red setter from the past was named Nevada Zach. Bruce felt the dog truly had all age potential and hopes to find a dog like that again. He figures if he gets a pup in the next year, it will be just about ready to go when he trades in his construction helmet for a Purina Cap! Bruce and his delightful daughter Jessica dropped in at Grovespring during our Fall trial. He spent a couple hours with us looking at dogs, meeting folks, renewing old acquaintances and having the time of his life. The high point? He met Aiken who recently was named Kansas All Age Dog of Year 2009-2010. Aiken is not only colored just like “Zach” was— he currently leads the club in All Age wins! Before Bruce went home, I watched him go back and take a ton of pictures of Aiken. We were especially delighted he liked Aiken.

Flip this page, & read why:

Surprise Bruce! Merry Christmas!



You see, we knew something Bruce doesn't yet know! Bruce's wife and children have already reserved a puppy with Don Beauchamp. The sire? Aiken, the dog Bruce so obviously loved! Bruce's family has been planning this project with *The Flushing Whip* for several months! The puppies will arrive just after the first of the year— one will be a Christmas present for their hero, Bruce Ludwig. Bruce will learn about it right here.



All Breed Honor Roll by Tom Norton

As reported in The American Field Vol. 272, No. 33 dated August 22, 2009 through Vol. 272, No. 42 dated October 24, 2009



Short column this month without much reported yet in The Field. A lot of trials and reports are yet to come. Great to see Rich Strumpf (from California) showing the west what the red dogs can do! Keep up the great work everyone – Run ‘em Red!

Dog & Placement	Owner Handler	Sire	Dam	Trial Name	Competition
Celtic's Cherry is sweet in 2nd	Paul Ober Owner w/ R.J. Ecker Handler	Not given	Not given	Freeland Kennel Club, Open Puppy, 8-9-09	15 dogs
Youtoo Runs away with 1st	Dr. Roger Boser	Aiken	Solitaire	Barnhill Bird Dog Club, Open Derby	11 dogs
From the report: In the Open (shooting dog) Derby, Youtoo, Irish setter male owned and handled by Dr. Roger Boser, ran a classy, moderate paced shooting dog race with four stylish broke finds, a stop to flight and an unproductive at time.					
Touchstone scores a 3rd	Dr. Roger Boser	Breakstone	Applebee	Barnhill Bird Dog Club, Open Shooting Dog	8 entries
From the report: Third was Touchstone, Irish setter male that ran a strong, well paced shooting dog race, a bit lateral at times. This nice running setter searched diligently and finished well.					
Conneaut Creek Holly's Memory takes #2	Al Fazenbaker	King Cormac	Flushing Whip Flash Edition	Beaver Valley Pointer and Setter Club, Open Puppy	5 dogs
From the report: Second place in the Open Puppy was graciously taken by Conneaut Creek Holly's memory, Irish setter female under the whistle of owner Al Fazenbaker.					
King Cormac scores 2 nd place	Al Fazenbaker O & H	Come Back Rock	Gillian	Beaver Valley Pointer and Setter Club, Open Shooting Dog	26 entries
King Cormac gets 3 rd place	Al Fazenbaker O & H	Come Back Rock	Gillian	Dubois Beaver Meadow Amateur Trial, Amateur Shooting Dog	2 Pointers 6 Setters 4 IS
From the report: King Cormac, red setter male, was third with immaculate bird work. We thank Al Fazenbaker for showing us some nice red setters this weekend.					
Heiligsepp's Blick	Rich Strumpf O&H	Altamuskin Pete	Altamuskin Bella	Fat Toads Unlimited Bird Dog Club, Open All Age	4 pointers, 6 setters, and 1 Irish setter



How to report NRSFTC Award Wins:



Duke Award * (July 2009 to June 2010)

W.E. LeGrande Award (Runs Jan-Dec 2009)

High Performance (Runs Jan-Dec 2009)

Send your 2009 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 (Runs Jan-Dec 2009)

Send your 2009 placements within 30 days to:
 Tom Norton, 81 Riverview
 Durango, Colorado 81301
 (970) 247-5129
 E-Mail: norton_t@fortlewis.edu

National Shoot to Retrieve (Runs Jan-Dec 2009)

Send your 2009 Placements within 30 days to:
 Mike Jacobson, 1273 142nd Street
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 Phone: (715) 246-0603
 E-Mail: mjacobson@frontiernet.net

Red Setter Puppy of the Year (July 2009 to June 2010)

Red Setter Derby of Year (July 2009 to June 2010)

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Jim Fike Amateur Handler's Award (7-1-09 to 6-30-10)

Send your 2009 placements within 30 days to
 Jim Baker, PO Box 1015,
 Del Valle, Texas 78617-1015
 Email: Murphy@mail.utexas.edu

*Duke: A new season is now in effect for the Duke Standings. The Purina Open Shooting Dog Points trials that count for this award are found on the inside cover (pg. 2) of the July 25, 2009 issue of the American Field. Watch for an up coming issue of the American Field for the Purina Amateur Shooting Dog Points trial that count. In addition all National Amateur Shooting Dog Invitational Points Trials count toward this award.

Only NRSFTC members qualify for Club awards: Join for 2009 today!!

2008 LeGrande as of 11-2-09

Runs January 1st 2009 through December 31st 2009

Dog	Sex	Owner and Handler	Sire	Dam	Point
Breakstone	M	Roger Boser	Sharpton	Chantilly	2987
Aiken	M	Don Beauchamp	Rockfish	Chantilly	1060
Chaperon	M	Ross Leonard	Chaparral	Sizzlin Belle	920
Picadilly	F	Roger Boser	Come Back Rock	Gillian	514
Touchstone	M	Roger Boser	Breakstone	Applebee	156
Moonshine Again	F	Kristine Hammons	Silver Creek Twist	Silver Creek Charle	123
Code Red	M	Tim Hammons	Rocky Branch Show Biz	Silver Creek Illustrations	92
Heiligsepp's Blick	M	Rich Strumpf	Altamuskin Peabo	Altamuskin Bella	84
Patina	F	Roger Boser	Aiken	Solitaire	60
Manteo's Mattie Blaylock	F	Paul Falkowsky	Aiken	Home Page	56
Rock It	F	Tim Hammons	Another Time Around	Rock The World	32
Jordin	F	Bonnie & Dennis Hidalgo	Breakstone	Applebee	24

High Performance Award as of 11-2-09

Runs January 1st 2009 through December 31st 2009

Dog	Sex	Owner and Handler IF another person	Sire	Dam	Points
Aiken	M	Don Beauchamp	Rockfish	Chantilly	300
Heiligsepp's Blick	M	Rich Strumpf	Altamuskin Peabo	Altamuskin Bella	84
Code Red	M	Tim Hammons	Rocky Branch Show Biz	Silver Creek Illustrations	28

Duke Award as of 11-2-09

Runs July 1st 2009 through June 30th 2010

Aiken	M	Don Beauchamp	Rockfish	Chantilly	40
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NRSFTC Open Walking Shooting Dog as of 10-30-09

Runs January 1st 2009 through December 31st 2009

Dog	Sex	Owner Handler If another person	Sire	Dam	Points
Hondo Muldoon	M	Jim Ashby	Winnabow	Gillian	392
King Cormac	M	Allen Fazenbaker	Come Back Rock	Gillian	218
FW Roger Ramjet	M	Allen Fazenbaker	Breakstone	FW Flash Flash Edition	36
Mattie	M	Allen Fazenbaker	Mac	Grainne Ni Mhaille	30
Berken of the Snows	M	Tom & Sue Norton	Iron Fire's Jack Radigan	Sleepy Creek Lacey	21
Celtic's Consensus	F	Paul Ober	Celtic's Collateral	Celtic's Summons	16
Come Back Doodle	F	Craig Thomas	Comeback Johnson	Comeback Diddle	14
Ironfire's Jack Radigan	M	Michael Jacobson	Ironfire's Michaelleen Flynn	Ironfire's Ruby Harlot	8
Celtic's Axiomatic		Paul Ober	Celtic's Barrister	Celtic's Assignment	7

Derby of the Year as of 10-30-09

Runs July 1st 2009 through June 30th 2010

Kylie's Rising Star	M	Carol Hill & Kylie Tomah/Gary Hill	Chaparral	Mattie's Blue Darter	96
Youtoo	M	Roger Boser	Aiken	Solitaire	96
Redstone	F	Roger Boser	Breakstone	Applebee	72
Celtiagh Magix Cullen	M	Keith Hickman	Harry O'Floin	St Judes Windsong	64
Autumn	F	Don Beauchamp	Chaperral	Sizzlin Belle	42
Flintstone	M	Ross Leonard	Breakstone	Applebee	36

Puppy of the Year as of 10-30-09

Runs July 1st 2009 through June 30th 2010

Holly's Memory	F	Al Fazenbaker	King Cormac	FW Flash Edition	56
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Roger Boser Won the 1st Jim Fike Award!
Jim Fike Amateur Handler's Award as of October 30th, 2009
 New award runs July 1st 2009 through June 30th, 2010

Handler	Pts.
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In the past year, 31 amateur handlers have garnered 165 placements in 78 trials reported in The American Field. An additional 50 placements were not so reported and therefore were not considered for this award. A brief look at the placements shows just how strong the Irish red Setter has become. 71% of these placements were either first (41%) or second (30%). 25% of the time, Red Dogs accounted for more than one placement in a given trial and nearly 10% of these placements were in 1 hour stakes. Well done everyone. Keep up the good work.



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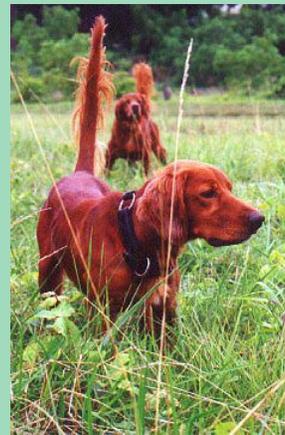
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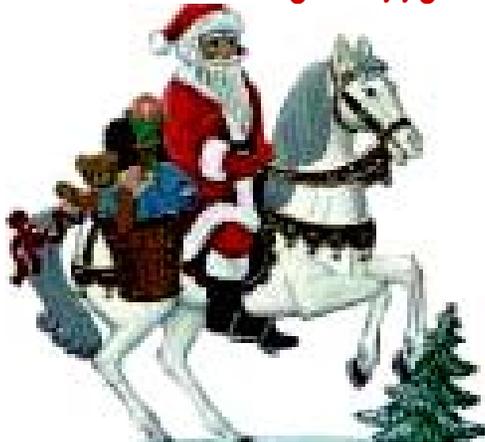


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