



# The Flushing Whip

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**Looks like Santa Arrived Early  
Have a "Dog-gone" Great Holiday**

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## Rambling from Red Setter Run

Hi Everyone! I hope this last issue of 2015 finds you happy and healthy as the holidays approach! As you can see by my photo right here, I have a small pup who has taken up residence in my office. Let me introduce, Flushing Whip's Ahoy Matey— he'll be called Matey for short. We have been involved in a bit of a breeding project and had 5 puppies. Our intention was not to sell the pups, rather we wanted to evaluate them carefully. We generally breed very rarely and when we do it is because we believe we can make a better dog. Anyhow, when the pups were nearly four weeks old, we heard one scream out at about 4:30 am. Allen ran down the basement to check the puppies but didn't notice anything amiss. An hour later Allen got up for work and he checked again. This time he saw that something bad had happened to one of the puppie's eyes. I think what happened was the lad tried to nurse and his mama took hold of his head to pull him off. In the process, his left eye popped out of the socket. I took him right to the vet's office and was there when they opened up at 7:00 am. The vet took him to surgery and placed the eye back in position— she couldn't tell whether or not he'd have sight in that eye. He had to be isolated from the other pups who enjoy rough housing and tussling about. So, Matey moved into my office. His eyelid was sewn closed "for 14 days" after which she planned to re-evaluate his vision. Matey had what I'd call as "retention sutures" across the top of his eyelid. (A small piece of rubber prevents the suture from tearing through the eyelid tissue.) Two days later I noticed that although the retention sutures were still attached, his eye was totally open— no sutures in the lower lid at all. We went back to the vet and she removed the retention pieces and decided the eye looked good enough to leave open. Meanwhile, he's staying with me in the office and we've become fast friends. I don't know if the eye has vision or not— but it moves naturally and in concert with the other one. I'm hopefully optimistic! Matey seemed like a pretty good name for a pup who behaves like a Perilous Pirate.... And, if he turns into a dog worth breeding, MATEy just might be a perfect name for a "stud."



As I mentioned earlier, this is the holiday issue for 2015. I try to find something unique as a gift for our readers in this special release. Turns out that this year, I found two different stories you might be enjoy. The first, "Ready Aim, Fire!," written by T. Edward Nickens, originally appeared in the

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2011 January-February issue of the Audubon magazine. It is an interesting educational article about handling land management in such a way as to increase the numbers of quail on the property. It's great to read about a research farm working to find ways to turn back the clock to an era when quail were abundant throughout the south.

The other article, *The Road to Tinkhamtown*, by Corey Ford, is a great story that I'm certain our hunting members will truly appreciate. Tinkhamtown is the site of that elusive hunting ground where wild game and coveys abound! There are some who believe it is a real place. Happy Holidays from *The Flushing Whip*. I hope you enjoy both of these articles!

In the last issue I included ads to purchase several red setter items. The response was such that I decided I better leave it in again. One page is clothing and apparel and the next is the three books available through our club. Please support your club and *The Flushing Whip* by purchasing these items.

We had three members of the Board celebrate 50 year wedding anniversaries this past fall. Congratulations to Roger and Mary Boser, Tom and Sue Norton and Rupert and Eunice Colmore! As time goes on there is a decrease in those who reach such a milestone and it is a real tribute to each of you that you accomplished and enjoyed fifty years together. It seems like many of today's young folks are not so committed. What an excellent example you have shown!! Well done.

The fall trial begins in Grovespring Missouri on Tuesday, November 3rd with the drawing for braces. The drawing is held at the clubhouse at 7 pm CDT. First braces go out on Wednesday at 8 am. Bonnie and Dennis work very hard to organize and orchestrate this trial and this year is no exception! Thanks for your great efforts. Hats off to the Hildagos— please join us for the trial!

When I first started writing the *Flushing Whip* ten years ago, I occasionally purchased cartoons to make our newsletter a bit more fun. The artist, Randy Glasbergen loved dogs himself and was always interested in our club and our work. Randy had 3 Basset Hounds. We got to know each other over the past years and developed a long distance friendship over time. This week I called to purchase a Thanksgiving cartoon for our issue, and was stunned to learn that Randy died very suddenly in August. He was only 58 years old. What an incredible loss for our world— our condolences to all who knew and loved him— including his three beloved bassets. Randy had such a great sense of humor— the Thanksgiving cartoon in this issue made me burst out laughing the first time I saw it. I hope when you see it, you'll take a moment to appreciate his wit and talent— he was the best! Gosh— I hate to end here but it looks like I'm outta room. Enjoy your *Whip* and remember to cherish every day— it's a gift, that's why they call it our "present."

## National Red Setter Field Trial Club

November 4-8 2015 Starts at 8:00 AM

At the Field Trial Sportsmen's Grounds, Grovespring, Missouri

Drawing: Tuesday, November 3rd @ 7pm CDT @Clubhouse (417-462-3626)  
 Stakes & Order of Running: Starting Wednesday, November 4th @ 8 am CDT  
*Only Manufactured Solid Barrel guns of .32 caliber or larger may be used. We reserve the right to alter order or cancel stakes should unexpected circumstances occur.  
 Entry fees include grounds fees.*

### NRSFTC Open Shooting Dog Championship (1 hr.)

Entry fee: \$125.00 Purse: \$500 divided 70/30.

Qualification: Open All Age, Open Shooting Dog or Open Derby placement in an American Field recognized stake.

Judges Pat McInteer & George Hill

### Red Setter Open Derby (30 min)

Entry fee: \$45.00 Awards to 3 placements.

Judges Pat McInteer & George Hill

### Red Setter Open All Age (30 min)

Entry Fee: \$55.00 Purse: 50% of fees (less grounds fee) divided 50/30/20.

Judges Pat McInteer & George Hill

### Red Setter Open Walking Shooting Dog (30 min)

Entry fee: \$45.00 Awards to 3 placements.

Judges TBA

### Red Setter Open Puppy (20 min)

Entry fee: \$35.00 Awards to 3 placements.

Judges Pat McInteer & George Hill

### NRSFTC Amateur Shooting Dog Championship (1 hr.)

Entry fee: \$100.00 Champion: Tri-Tronics collar & possession of Fountainhead Trophy. Runner-up: Trophy Award

Qualification: Amateur or Open All Age, Shooting Dog or Derby placement with an Amateur handler in American Field recognized stake  
 Judges Pat McInteer & George Hill

Contact Bonnie or Dennis Hidalgo Trial Co-Chairs for further info/entries  
 303-886-6084c Bonnie 303-717-8670c Dennis



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Congratulations are in order for these 3 couples who recently celebrated 50 years of marriage. Please send them a card



Mary and Roger Boser  
 7276 South Rd  
 Seven Valleys  
 Pennsylvania  
 17360



Rupert & Eunice  
 Colmore  
 PO Box 329  
 Duck River  
 Tennessee  
 38454



Tom and Sue Norton  
 61 Riverview  
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 81301



## Read, Aim, FIRE!



Jimmy Patterson certainly looks the part of a hunt master. He is a big man decked out in a red vest and suede leather chaps, part dog handler, part hunting guide, and part choreographer of the Southern

plantation pageant unfolding on this Florida savanna. "Easy, boy," he coos at an English pointer stalking through broomsedge and blackberry. The pointer twitches with checked energy, then freezes in its tracks. In an instant Patterson stands up in his saddle and signals with a lifted red cap. "Point over he-ah!" he yells, and we're off the horses, pulling guns from leather scabbards.

Lane Green goes right while I stride to the left of the bird dog, fingering two shells into the shotgun. "Careful," Patterson cautions again, and this time I'm not sure if he's talking to me or the dog. He slashes at the thicket with a leather flushing whip. A few feet away, two mules shuffle in their harnesses. Hitched to a large wheeled wagon that carries another six bird dogs—the pointers are rotated every 30 minutes to keep them fresh and hunting hard—the mules seem to know what's about to happen.

Suddenly the covey flushes with a sound that has startled predators across the ages, a roar of whirring wings all out of proportion to a six-ounce bird. "Mark!" Patterson hollers, as a shotgun blasts. "Mark again! Mark!" Another shot, and another quail tumbles from a corolla of russet feathers that floats above the savanna. A yellow Labrador

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retriever leaps from the mule-drawn wagon and vaults into the thicket. When it reappears, it holds a bobwhite gently in its mouth.

It's early February, near the end of Florida's quail hunting season, and this is the year's 491st wild northern bobwhite shot at the 6,500-acre Foshalee Plantation in north Florida. Patterson tallies the count with clerical fervor, for here in the sprawling Red Hills along the Florida-Georgia border, chasing bobwhite quail with dogs and mules and horses and guns is a fundamental part of what some might consider a counterintuitive reality: Hunting the birds goes hand in hand with conserving them. And with taking care of a vast landscape flush with other animals tied to this imperiled ecosystem.

Northern bobwhite numbers are free-falling across most of the bird's range, but not here. Between Tallahassee, Florida, and Thomasville, Georgia, about 80 quail hunting plantations—most with roots that reach back to the Gilded Age—comprise 300,000 acres of rolling open pinewood savannas, carpets of golden wiregrass, ancient lakes, and river swamp. This landscape seems lifted from another time. As southern land prices collapsed after the Civil War, wealthy industrialists from the North snapped up huge Red Hills land parcels. Fueled by a growing interest in bird hunting, the trickle of Yankees swelled into a flood. The first luxury hotel was built in Thomasville in 1875, and soon quail plantations were chockablock between the Ochlockonee and Aucilla rivers.

Today the region's quail-crazy landowners spend small fortunes on their hunting passion. Some are the scions of original late-19th-century plantation owners, families that guard their identities—and properties—cautiously. Others have come into their uber-wealth more recently—think Ted Turner and a raft of dot-commers. Just about all of them employ plantation managers and request advice from biologists charged with fine-tuning their lands for quail. They burn tens of thousands of acres in prescribed fires to mimic natural conditions. In effect, the region has evolved into a massive, privately owned, accidental reserve of biological diversity. More than 100 bird species are found here, including Bachman's sparrows, Henslow's sparrows, and brown-headed nuthatches, three of 20 Red Hills birds

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considered “species of greatest conservation need” by state wildlife agencies. The plantations are home to the largest population of federally endangered red-cockaded woodpeckers on private lands anywhere. They are a stronghold for gopher tortoises—a federally threatened species across its range except for the state of Florida—and rare Florida pine snakes.

Yet this is no longer a timeless landscape. Development is pressing in on the Red Hills. Between 1980 and 2009 Tallahassee’s population more than doubled, from 81,548 to 177,879, and tens of thousands of rural acres were lost to low-density residential development. The nationwide economic slump is hampering families that annually spend hundreds of thousands of dollars maintaining open lands with frequent fires that are the foundation of the region’s ecology. Many plantation owners are growing older, and their conservation ethic may or may not be shared by heirs and new owners. A loss of expanded tax benefits for conservation easements could make it more difficult to secure new open-space agreements. “Our job of selling conservation and stewardship is only getting more challenging,” says Lane Green, executive director of the Tall Timbers Research Station, a privately funded, 4,000-acre Red Hills research facility whose work is the foundation of conservation efforts in the region.

All of which is forcing plantation owners, scientists, and local conservationists to wonder: Will bumper crops of bobwhites be enough to sustain this landscape—and grassland wildlife species other than the beloved quail—in a future increasingly dissimilar to its post-Reconstruction roots?

To some, quail hunters might seem an unlikely ally for conservationists. Nationwide, bobwhite numbers have fallen 82 percent in four decades, putting the bird at the top of Audubon’s list of Common Birds in Decline. Yet the habitat maintained by the quail plantations closely resembles much of the native South, where sweeping pinewoods underlain with grasslands once covered 150,000 square miles from Virginia to Texas.

“We’re not apologetic about being gung-ho for quail,” says Bill Palmer, director of Tall Timbers’ game bird program. “In this area we have huge pieces of open country protected forever, and rare wildlife

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species that are not just persisting but thriving. The greater conservation community is beginning to understand the broader benefits of what happens when hunters spend hard-earned dollars—and a lot of them—to raise a wild bird in its natural environment.”

What can be done in the Red Hills is land management on a scale difficult to achieve in many places. On a typical plantation, woods are burned as frequently as every year or two. “Our primary concern is knocking back the hardwoods that encroach on open grasslands,” Robbie Green tells me one morning. The wildlife habitat manager for Mistletoe Plantation, a 3,000-acre tract on south Georgia’s serpentine Ochlockonee River, Green steers his truck between six-foot-wide firebreaks harrowed into the ground. “The tool for that is fire, and a lot of it.” In addition to prescribed burns and selective logging, plantations rely heavily on supplemental feeding of quail and detailed monitoring of populations to boost bird production.

While the gunpowder approach to Red Hills conservation has been an overall success, there are concerns about ignoring the needs of non-game species, removing too much timber in order to boost quail numbers, and focusing on ridding the landscape of any element that isn’t quail-friendly. “Quail have a checkered past in the region,” says Julie Wraithmell, wildlife policy coordinator for Audubon of Florida. “There can be a narrow-minded emphasis on predator control, which neglects the fact that bobwhite are part of an ecological system.”

Trapping and removing predators is one conflict with a long history in the Red Hills. In a one-year period in the early 1930s, bounties were paid at Foshalee Plantation for 255 rattlesnakes, 506 opossums, 160 “pole cats” or skunks, 277 hawks, and a pair of weasels. Many plantations still trap raccoons, foxes, bobcats, and other quail eaters, while hardwood trees such as live oaks that might harbor rat snakes and opossums, or provide perching sites for hawks, are routinely felled.

Unfortunately, newer landowners are trending toward even more intensive single-species management than in the past. “I’m afraid it’s becoming more of a numbers game,” says Lane Green. “Many newer owners are more interested in quail than anything else.” Each time a plantation changes hands, he says, the education process of what the

*(Continued on page 13)*

Red Hills is, and can be, starts anew. The good news is that the raw material for conservation success—open land—is still available. “There’s been a constant tug-of-war between more quail and a more holistic approach to management,” Wraithmell says. “The northern bobwhite could be the saving grace of our fire-dependent landscape. But it will be up to individual landowners to strike the right balance.”

**Two tiny sparrow feet kick up sandy soil on the far side of a fire-blackened pine trunk. I sprint toward the tree’s rootball 20 feet away. Despite three flushers wading through the savanna and the beckoning sounds of Bachman’s sparrows twittering from a boombox, this bird has twice eluded capture. If I can beat it to the far end of the log, I’ll have a chance to flush it back toward our nets—and into a database scientists are using to study this declining species.**

I race the sparrow, leaping over broken branches, and reach the rootball a split second before the bird, waving my arms and whooping like a cowboy. The little brownish-gray bird vaults aloft, turns 180 degrees to flee the yodeling Pecos Bill figure, and wings swiftly into the mist net.

“Got it!” Jim Cox hollers. “That’s some fine sparrow herding, gentlemen!” While Cox, the vertebrate ecologist for the Tall Timbers Research Station, delicately unravels the bird from the net, I catch my breath and look around. Old-growth longleaf pines soar overhead, massive columnar trunks capped with gnarly crowns pruned into gothic silhouettes by hurricanes. Gallberry shrubs stud a carpet of wiregrass that unfurls out of sight, tawny gold in the day’s early light. In 1979 Jep and Paddy Wade donated a 206-acre easement for what is known as the Wade Tract, one of the country’s few remaining fragments of old-growth longleaf. Here, Tall Timbers scientists conduct a dizzying array of studies—from longleaf regeneration to Bachman’s sparrow population dynamics to gopher tortoise demographics.

Cox is particularly interested in the Bachman’s sparrow, a bird with very specific life requirements. The sparrows, ground nesters like quail, key in on open grasslands, where the first flush of new growth

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after a fire provides easy movement at the ground level but an umbrella of vegetation overhead to protect them from predators. If grasslands don’t burn again within 18 months or so, Bachman’s sparrows nearly abandon them.

An avid birder’s dream list of grassland species is similarly tied into specific niches of pine savanna habitats. Brown-headed nuthatches excavate nesting cavities in decaying stumps and snags, features many quail plantation managers are quick to remove before they can harbor snakes and raptors. Red-cockaded woodpeckers hollow out the heartwood of mature living pines. Henslow’s sparrows, whose numbers have declined more steeply than any other North American grassland bird, overwinter in southern pinelands, and burning the woods in early spring can wipe out their habitat. “Quail can carry the water for a lot of these species,” Cox says. “There are ecological subtleties that require attention, though, and species that require slightly different habitats that we need to keep in mind. You don’t want to get fixed on one approach.”

Management issues aside, the greatest challenge to the Wade Tract, and to the Red Hills in general, is keeping the landscape intact. Drive north on U.S. 319 a few miles outside Tallahassee and the helter-skelter of sprawl overwhelms you. Fast-food restaurants and shopping centers crowd both sides of the road. Then, in an instant, there’s a hard line in the Florida sand. Route 319 turns into the Kate Ireland Parkway as the highway enters the first lands protected by conservation easements. For the next 19 miles the road rolls through tunnels of live oaks draped with Spanish moss and edged with rolling pine savannas. This is a landscape Spanish explorer Hernando de Soto would remember, and it continues until the last easement peters out, just south of Thomasville, Georgia.

The parkway’s namesake is equally unforgettable. In a landscape largely defined by gunpowder, fine horses, and \$5,000 dogs, an outspoken, sharp-shooting 80-year-old woman gets much of the credit for kick-starting the Red Hills’ conservation agenda. No surprise, Kate Ireland did it on her own terms.

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"You may wonder how an old woman like me shoots quail," she asks one day at lunch, with a glance cocked like a bird dog's stiff tail on point. Ireland is fuming over knee problems that have her sidelined; it wasn't so long ago that she shot a wild turkey while hunting with a broken arm in a cast. Now a doctor's visit is keeping her out of the woods for another day. "I bought an electric Bad Boy hunting buggy, and I can ease right there beside those pointers and BAM! They don't mind a bit."

In the late 1980s, when Ireland first began buttonholing fellow landowners about preserving the Red Hills landscape through conservation easements, they had a common reply: What do you mean, protect the land? It's already ours.

"But I was talking about something different than ownership," Ireland says, looking up from a plate of stewed oysters to gaze through tall windows that overlook a pine-studded expanse of lawn. She has an exuberant wave of gray hair and blue eyes that do not waver when fixed on a subject. "I was talking about understanding the land to the depths, and making sure that the next generations will keep it intact and carry on the traditions we have here."

Ireland, from a venerable Cleveland-based coal mining family, has since become one of the most forceful proponents of conservation easements in the region. And she's just as straightforward about the inspiration for keeping the land intact. "Quail, quail, quail, and quail," she says. "That's why I got involved with conservation. I am intrigued by the little curiosities, the woodpeckers, the songbirds. But what I care about is how to make land more agreeable for quail. If we don't have the quail, the other animals won't be there. Pure and simple."

Such a forceful presence carries weight in a place like the Red Hills. "In a community like this, you need that one person to step out and really take a chance," says Kevin McGorty, director of the Tall Timbers Land Conservancy, the land trust associated with the Tall Timbers Research Center. "Kate put her land where her mouth is, so to speak, and donated 4,000 acres in easements. She used that as a bully pulpit, going peer to peer to talk about conservation. Ever since, the red on the map has been growing."

*(Continued on page 16)*

The map McGorty refers to is a large document perched like an unfinished painting on an easel in his office. Each Red Hills quail plantation is outlined, and red blotches denote properties protected with conservation easements held by the conservancy. All told, easements cover 121,741 of the region's 300,000 acres, and spell out parcel-specific timber-cutting guidelines, endangered-species prescriptions, and if and where new homes can be built—a key concern for landowning families with multiple heirs. It's not a perfect solution; disagreements over allowable activities, mainly logging, sometimes wind up in the courts. Still, conservation easements "are one of the best tools we have to keep development out of the Red Hills," agrees Wraithmell. Already, the Tall Timbers Land Conservancy has secured half of a 200,000-acre conservation goal. "It's a tremendous accomplishment," McGorty says. "But we've picked most of the low-hanging fruit." The second 100,000 acres, he admits, will be a tougher row to hoe, since the most willing landowners are already a part of the conservancy.

Meeting that challenge will require convincing more Red Hills property owners that each parcel of quail hunting paradise exists as part of a greater, and irreplaceable, ecological treasure. After all, a dearth of driveways and drive-throughs is only one aspect of a healthy, intact Southern pinelands ecosystem. The ability to manage the land, says Charles Chapin III, is equally important. Chapin is on the Tall Timbers Land Conservancy's easement review committee, and workers on his 3,700-acre Elsoma Plantation, just south of Thomasville, Georgia, will start to burn the woods in a few days. "If a golf course community was nearby, I'm not sure people there would be happy about that," he explains. "Losing the ability to burn on the scale required here is one of the great dangers of losing smaller properties to development. When you carve up the landscape, you lose the marvelous ambience of like-managed properties, yes. But you lose as well the genetic diversity of wildlife, the ability for aquifer recharge, and the basic values of open space."

Those are values beyond simply getting a property "all quailed up," as some locals call the region's traditional approach to conservation.

*(Continued on page 17)*

Managing for broader ecological goods and services will require a more holistic view of what the Red Hills has to offer than a season's tally of shot quail. Hope lies in the fact that here, so many human hearts have been tuned to the call of birds—be it the bobwhite's lilting whistle or the Bachman's trill.

"We just love every aspect of what this land offers," says Russell Chubb one morning. "We have wood storks and sandhill cranes, gopher tortoises, and gators. Plenty of gators." Chubb wears khakis with a faint crease, and is prone to lifting his head to



watch the trees sway when he hears the wind sighing through the pines. Springwood Plantation, set under Spanish moss-draped oaks and pines two miles from the hardtop road, was built in 1915 for the Thorne family of Chicago, onetime owners of Montgomery Ward department stores. It was used for less than six weeks a year, but Chubb now works year-round to keep the plantation up. In his mind, that means taking it back.

"This isn't a quail plantation so much as a forest ecosystem—sort of a wildlife preserve where you're allowed to hunt," Chubb says. "We are consciously not a quail shooting machine." Timber cutting on Springwood is minimal. Native longleaf pines soar over wiregrass and bracken fern. While it's an atypical approach to managing a quail plantation, it's a balanced brand of Red Hills reconstruction that many conservationists cheer—and hope other plantation owners emulate. "Before man," Chubb says, "no one was managing for basal areas or quail chick production, and the forests and wildlife were doing just fine. That's pretty much our way of doing it now. Let nature prevail. I can be happy with whatever quail are left over."

*This article, by T. Edward Nickens, originally appeared in the January-February issue of Audubon magazine. We would like to thank Audubon magazine for allowing us to reprint this story as part of our educational mission.*

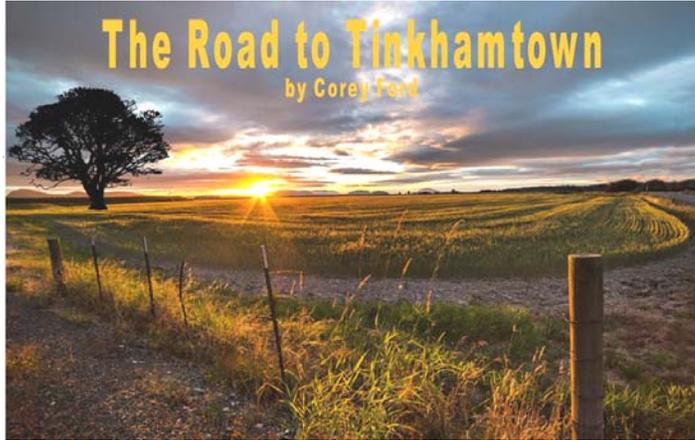
## BERKEN OF THE SNOWS



2007–2015

We extend our sincere condolences to Tom and Sue Norton who recently had to put down their handsome, beloved dog, Berken of the Snows. A broken leg brought out a diagnosis of osteosarcoma; rather than amputate the leg and force him to endure the pain, disability & continued illness, they mercifully had him put down. A big part of their hearts went with him for sure. *RIP Berkie. May the shamrocks gently fall!* It's been some difficult weeks for them. Sue is in the midst of chemotherapy for bowel cancer — needless to say, they could use some sunshine at their house right now. Please send Cards to:

Tom and Sue Norton, 61 Riverview, Durango, CO 81301.



The road was long, but he knew where he was going. He would follow the old road through the swamp and up over the ridge and down to a deep ravine, and cross the sagging timbers of the

bridge, and on the other side would be the place called Tinkhamtown. He was going back to Tinkhamtown.

He walked slowly, for his legs were dragging, and he had not been walking for a long time. He had not walked for almost a year, and his flanks had shriveled and wasted away from lying in bed so long; he could fit his fingers around his thigh. Doc Towle had said he would never walk again, but that was Doc for you, always on the pessimistic side. Why, here he was walking quite easily, once he had started. The strength was coming back into his legs, and he did not have to stop for breath so often. He tried jogging a few steps, just to show he could, but he slowed again because he had a long way to go.

It was hard to make out the old road, choked with young alders and drifted over with matted leaves, and he shut his eyes so he could see it better. He could always see it whenever he shut his eyes. Yes, here was the beaver dam on the right, just as he remembered it, and the flooded stretch where he had to wade, picking his way from hummock to hummock while the dog splashed unconcernedly in front of him. The water had been over his boot tops in one place, and sure enough as he waded it now, his left boot filled with water again, the same warm, squidgy feeling. Everything was the way it had been that afternoon. Nothing had changed. Here was the blowdown across the road that he had clambered over and here on a knoll was the clump of thornapples where Cider had put up a grouse - he remembered the

*(Continued on page 20)*

sudden road as the grouse thundered out, and the easy shot that he missed - they had not taken time to go after it. Cider had wanted to look for it, but he had whistled him back. They were looking for Tinkhamtown.

Everything was the way he remembered. There was a fork in the road, and he halted and felt in the pocket of his hunting coat and took out the map he had drawn twenty years ago. He had copied it from a chart he found in the Town Hall, rolled up in a cardboard cylinder covered with dust. He used to study the old survey charts; sometimes they showed where a farming community had flourished once, and around the abandoned pastures and under the apple trees, grown up to pine, the grouse would be feeding undisturbed. Some of his best grouse-covers had been located that way. The chart had crackled with age as he unrolled it; the date was 1847. It was the sector between Kearsarge and Cardigan Mountains, a wasteland of slash and second-growth timber without habitation today, but evidently it had supported a number of families before the Civil War. A road was marked on the map, dotted with X's for homesteads and the names of the owners were lettered beside them: Nason, J. Tinkham, Libbey, Allard, R. Tinkham. Half the names were Tinkham. In the center of the map -the paper was so yellow he could barely make it out - was the word Tinkhamtown.

He copied the chart carefully, noting where the road turned off at the base of Kearsarge and ran north and then northeast and crossed a brook that was not even named on the chart; and early the next morning he and Cider had set out together to find the place. They could not drive very far in the jeep, because washouts had gutted the roadbed and laid bare the ledges and boulders, like a streambed. He had stuffed the sketch in his hunting-coat pocket, and hung his shotgun over his forearm and started walking, the old setter trotting ahead of him, with the bell on his collar tinkling. It was an old-fashioned sleigh bell, and it had a thin silvery note that echoed through the woods like peepers in the spring; he could follow the sound in the thickest cover, and when it stopped, he would go to where he heard it last and Cider would be on point. After Cider's death, he had put the bell away. He'd never had another dog.

*(Continued on page 21)*

It was silent in the woods without the bell, and the way was longer than he remembered. He should have come to the big hill by now. Maybe he'd taken the wrong turn back at the fork. He thrust a hand into his hunting-coat; the sketch he had drawn was still in the pocket. He sat down on a flat rock to get his bearings, and then he realized, with a surge of excitement, that he had stopped for lunch on this very rock ten years ago. Here was the waxed paper from his sandwich, tucked in a crevice, and here was the hollow in the leaves where Cider had stretched out beside him, the dog's soft muzzle flattened on his thighs. He looked up, and through the trees he could see the hill.

He rose and started walking again, carrying his shotgun. He had left the gun standing in its rack in the kitchen, when he had been taken to the state hospital, but now it was hooked over his arm by the trigger guard; he could feel the solid heft of it. The woods were more dense as he climbed, but here and there a shaft of sunlight slanted through the trees. "And the forests ancient as the hills," he thought, "enfolding sunny spots of greenery." Funny that should come back to him now; he hadn't read it since he was a boy. Other things were coming back to him, the smell of the dank leaves and the sweet-fern and frosted apples, the sharp contrast of sun and the cold November shade, the stillness before snow. He walked faster, feeling the excitement swell within him.

He had walked all that morning, stopping now and then to study the map and take his bearings from the sun, and the road had led them down a long hill and at the bottom was the brook he had seen on the chart, a deep ravine spanned by a wooden bridge. Cider had trotted across the bridge, and he had followed more cautiously, avoiding the loose planks and walking the solid struts with his shotgun held out to balance himself; and that was how he found Tinkhamtown.

On the other side of the brook was a clearing, he remembered, and the remains of a stone wall, and a cellar-hole where a farmhouse had stood. Cider had moved in a long cast around the edge of the clearing, his bell tinkling faintly, and he had paused a moment beside the foundations, wondering about the people who had lived here a century ago. Had they ever come back to Tinkhamtown? And then

*(Continued on page 22)*

suddenly, the bell had stopped, and he had hurried across the clearing. An apple tree was growing in a corner of the stone wall, and under the tree Cider had halted at point. He could see it all now: the warm October sunlight, the ground strewn with freshly-pecked apples, the dog standing immobile with one foreleg drawn up, his back level and his tail a white plume. Only his flanks quivered a little, and a string of slobber dangled from his jowls. "Steady, boy," he murmured as he moved up behind him, "I'm coming."

He paused on the crest of the hill, straining his ears for the faint mutter of the stream below him, but he could not hear it because of the voices. He wished they would stop talking, so he could hear the stream. Someone was saying his name over and over. Someone said, "What is it, Frank?" and he opened his eyes. Doc Towle was standing at the foot of the bed, whispering to the new nurse, Mrs. Simmons or something; she'd only been here a few days, but Doc thought it would take some of the burden off his wife. He turned his head on the pillow, and looked up at his wife's face, bent over him. "What did you say, Frank?" she asked, and her face was worried. Why, there was nothing to be worried about. He wanted to tell her where he was going, but when he moved his lips no sound came. "What?" she asked, bending her head lower. "I don't hear you." He couldn't make the words any clearer, and she straightened and said to Doc Towle: "It sounded something like Tinkhamtown."

"Tinkhamtown?" Doc shook his head. "Never heard him mention any place by that name."

He smiled to himself. Of course he'd never mentioned it to Doc. There are some things you don't mention even to an old hunting companion like Doc. Things like a secret grouse cover you didn't mention to anyone, not even to as close a friend as Doc was. No, he and Cider were the only ones who knew. They had found it together, that long ago afternoon, and it was their secret. "This is our secret cover," he had told Cider that afternoon, as he lay sprawled under the tree with the grouse beside him and the dog's muzzle flattened on his thigh. "Just you and me." He had never told anybody else about Tinkhamtown, and he had never gone back after Cider died.

"Better let him rest," he head Doc tell his wife. It was funny to hear

*(Continued on page 23)*

them talking, and not be able to make them hear him. "Call me if there's any change."

The old road lay ahead of him, dappled with sunshine. He could smell the dank leaves, and feel the chill of the shadows under the hemlocks; it was more real than the pain in his legs. Sometimes it was hard to tell what was real and what was something he remembered. Sometimes at night he would hear Cider panting on the floor beside his bed, his toenails scratching as he chased a bird in a dream, but when the nurse turned on the light the room would be empty. And then when it was dark he would hear the panting and scratching again.

Once he asked Doc point blank about his legs. "Will they ever get better?" He and Doc had grown up in town together; they knew each other too well to lie. Doc had shifted his big frame in the chair beside the bed, and got out his pipe and fumbled with it, and looked at him. "No, I'm afraid not," he replied slowly, "I'm afraid there's nothing to do." Nothing to do but lie here and wait till it's over. Nothing to do but lie here like this, and be waited on, and be a burden to everybody. He had a little insurance, and his son in California sent what he could to help, but now with the added expense of a nurse and all. . . . "Tell me, Doc," he whispered, for his voice wasn't as strong these days, "what happens when it's over?" And Doc put away the needle and fumbled with the catch of his black bag and said he supposed that you went on to someplace else called the Hereafter. But he shook his head; he always argued with Doc. "No," he told him, "it isn't someplace else. It's someplace you've been where you want to be again, someplace you were happiest." Doc didn't understand, and he couldn't explain it any better. He knew what he meant, but the shot was taking effect and he was tired. The pain had been worse lately, and Doc had started giving him shots with a needle so he could sleep. But he didn't really sleep, because the memories kept coming back to him, or maybe he kept going back to the memories.

He was tired now, and his legs ached a little as he started down the hill toward the stream. He could not see the road; it was too dark under the trees to see the sketch he had drawn. The trunks of all the

*(Continued on page 24)*

*(Continued from page 23)*

trees were swollen with moss, and blowdowns blocked his way and he had to circle around their upended roots, black and misshapen. He had no idea which way Tinkhamtown was, and he was frightened. He floundered into a pile of slash, feeling the branches tear at his legs as his boots sank in, and he did not have the strength to get through it and he had to back out again, up the hill. He did not know where he was going any more.

He listened for the stream, but all he could hear was his wife, her breath catching now and then in a dry sob. She wanted him to come back, and Doc wanted him to, and there was the big house. If he left the house alone, it would fall in with the snow and cottonwoods would grow in the cellar hole. There were all the other doubts, but most of all there was the fear. He was afraid of the darkness and being alone, and not knowing the way. He had lost the way. Maybe he should turn back. It was late, but maybe, maybe he could find the way back.

He paused on the crest of the hill, straining his ears for the faint mutter of the stream below him, but he could not hear it because of the voices. He wished they would stop talking, so he could hear the stream. Someone was saying his name over and over. They had come to the stream - he shut his eyes so he could see it again - and Cider had trotted across the bridge. He had followed more cautiously, avoiding the loose planks and walking on a beam, with his shotgun held out to balance himself. On the other side the road rose sharply to a level clearing and he paused beside the split-stone foundation of a house. The fallen timbers were rotting under a tangle of briars and burdock, and in the empty cellar hole the cottonwoods grew higher than the house had been. His toe encountered a broken china cup and the rusted rims of a wagon wheel buried in the grass. Beside the granite doorsill was a lilac bush planted by the woman of the family to bring a touch of beauty to their home. Perhaps her husband had chided her for wasting time on such useless things, with as much work to be done. But all the work had come to nothing. The fruits of their work had disappeared, and still the lilac bloomed each spring, defying the encroaching forest, as thought to prove that beauty is the only

*(Continued on page 25)*

things that lasts.

On the other side of the clearing were the sills of the barn, and behind it a crumbling stone wall around the orchard. He thought of the men sweating to clear the fields and pile the rocks into walls to hold their cattle. Why had they gone away from Tinkhamtown, leaving their walls to crumble and their buildings to collapse under the January snows? Had they ever come back to Tinkhamtown? Or were they still here, watching him unseen, living in a past that was more real than the present. He stumbled over a block of granite, hidden by briars, part of the sill of the old barn. Once it had been a tight barn, warm with cattle steaming in their stalls and sweet with the barn odor of manure and hay and leather harness. It seemed as though it was more real to him than the bare foundation and the empty space about them. Doc used to argue that what's over is over, but he would insist Doc was wrong. Everything is the way it was, he'd tell Doc. The present always changes, but the past is always the way it was. You leave it, and go to the present, but it is still there, waiting for you to come back to it.

He had been so wrapped up in his thoughts that he had not realized Cider's bell had stopped. He hurried across the clearing, holding his gun ready. In a corner of the stone wall an ancient apple tree had covered the ground with red fruit, and beneath it Cider was standing motionless. The white fan of his tail was lifted a little, his neck stretched forward, and one foreleg was cocked. His flanks were trembling, and a thin skein of drool hung from his jowls. The dog did not move as he approached, but he could see the brown eyes roll back until their whites showed, waiting for him. His throat grew tight, the way it always did when Cider was on point, and he swallowed hard. "Steady, boy," he whispered, "I'm coming."

He opened his eyes. His wife was standing beside his bed and his son was standing near her. He looked at his son. Why had he come all the way from California, he worried? He tried to speak, but there was no sound. "I think his lips moved just now. He's trying to whisper something," his wife's voice said. "I don't think he knows you," his

*(Continued on page 28)*

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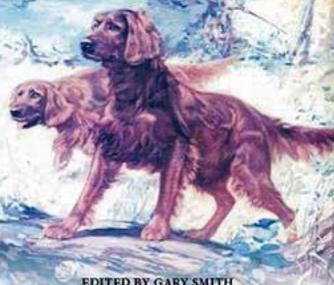
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wife said to his son. Maybe he didn't know him. Never had, really. He had never been close to his wife or his son. He did not open his eyes, because he was watching for the grouse to fly as he walked past Cider, but he knew Doc Towle was looking at him. "He's sleeping," Doc said after a moment. Maybe you better get some sleep yourself. A chair creaked, and he heard Doc's heavy footsteps cross the room. "Call me if there's any change," Doc said, and closed the door, and in the silence he could hear his wife sobbing beside him, her dress rustling regularly as she breathed. How could he tell her he wouldn't be alone? But he wasn't alone, not with Cider. He had the old dog curled on the floor by the stove, his claws scratching the linoleum as he chased a bird in a dream. He wasn't alone when he heard that. They were always together. There was a closeness between them that he did not feel for anyone else, his wife, his son, or even Doc. They could talk without words, and they could always find each other in the woods. He was lost without him. Cider was the kindest person he had ever known.

They never hunted together after Tinkhamtown. Cider had acted tired, walking back to the car that afternoon, and several times he sat down on the trail, panting hard. He had to carry him in his arms the last hundred yards to the jeep. It was hard to think he was gone. And then he heard it, echoing through the air, a sound like peepers in the spring, the high silvery note of a bell. He started running toward it, following it down the hill. The pain was gone from his legs, it had never been there. He hurdled blowdowns, he leapt over fallen trunks, he put one fingertip on a pile of slash and floated over it like a bird. The sound filled his ears, louder than a thousand church bells ringing, louder than all the heavenly choirs in the sky, as loud as the pounding of his heart. His eyes were blurred with tears, but he did not need to see. The fear was gone; he was not alone. He knew the way now. He knew where he was going.

He paused at the stream just for a moment. He heard men's voices. They were his hunting partners, Jim, Mac, Dan, Woodie. And oh, what a day it was for sure, closeness and understanding and happiness, the little intimate things, the private jokes. He wanted to

*(Continued on page 29)*

tell them he was happy; if they only knew how happy he was. He opened his eyes, but he could not see the room any more. Everything else was bright with sunshine, but the room was dark.

The bell stopped, and he closed his eyes and looked across the stream. The other side was basked in gold bright sunshine, and he could see the road rising steeply through the clearing in the woods, and the apple tree in a corner of the stone wall. Cider was standing motionless, the white fan of his tail lifted a little, his neck craned forward, one foreleg cocked. The whites of his eyes showed as he looked back, waiting for him.

"Steady," he called, "steady, boy." He started across the bridge. "I'm coming."



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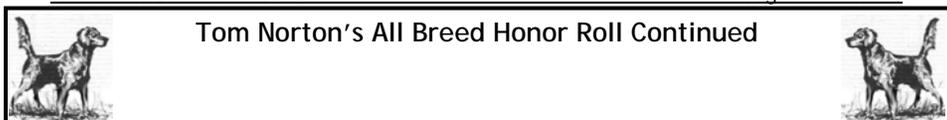
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**Tom Norton's All Breed Honor Roll Continued**  
As reported in the *American Field* Vol. 284, No. 27 dated July 4-11, 2015 through Vol. 284, No. 38 dated September 26, 2015



Dog & Placement	Owner Handler	Sire	Dam	Trial Name	Entries
Conneaut Creek Dixie Chops places 3 <sup>rd</sup>	Allen Fazenbaker O/H	Justified	Patina	Fairbank Rod & Gun Club, 3/28/15, Jan Zarebicki Puppy Classic	7 entries
Flushing Whip Roger Ramjet places 1st	Allen Fazenbaker O/H	Breakstone	Flushing Whip Flash Edition	Fairbank Rod & Gun Club, 3/28/15, OSD	12 entries
Conneaut Creek Queen Maeve places 2nd	Allen Fazenbaker O/H	Toronado Alley	TK's Firefly	Fairbank Rod & Gun Club, 3/28/15, OSD	12 entries
Brophy's Kingpin places 3 <sup>rd</sup>	Mary Paveko & Greg Dixon O/Greg Dixon H	Brophy's Sandcreek John Galt	Brophy's Paprika	North Dakota Pointing Dog Club, 5/23/15, Open Restricted Shooting Dog	18 entries
Cedar Creek Gem places 3 <sup>rd</sup>	Ed Liermann O/H	Come Back Cutter	Come Back Paula	Southern Wisconsin Pointing Dog Club, 5/23/15, ASD	9 P, 1 S, 1 V, 2 IS
Lincoln Watch That Tail is runner-up	Mark Smith O/H	Iskote Ani Mosh	Brophy's Iowa Boy	Southern Wisconsin Pointing Dog Club, 5/23/15, OSD Classic	8 P, 1 S, 1 IS
Brophy's Butler Buckaroo places 3 <sup>rd</sup>	Lee Shoaf O/Greg Dixon H	Iskote Ani Mosh	Brophy's Independence	St. Croix Valley Brittany Club, 5/15/15, Open Restricted Shooting Dog	28 entries
Brophy's Kingpin places 1st	Mary Paveko & Greg Dixon O/Greg Dixon H	Brophy's Sandcreek John Galt	Brophy's Paprika	St. Croix Valley Brittany Club, 5/15/15, Open Shooting Dog	30 entries
Brae Val Bearcat Laddie places 2 <sup>nd</sup>	Gregor McClusky O/H	Justified	Redstone	Setter Club Of New England, 4/18/15, Amateur Derby	8 entries



Dog & Placement	Owner Handler	Sire	Dam	Trial Name	Entries
Zansett Ricky O'Ryan places 3 <sup>rd</sup>	Stan Zdanczewicz O/Deb Dlobik H	Kevin's Kosmo Kramer	Lucille O'Ryan	Twelve O'Clock Field Trial Club, 5/2/15, NBHA Amateur Shooting Dog	5 P, 8 S, 1 IS
Russell's New Day places 3 <sup>rd</sup>	Susan A. Russell & Simon Phillips O/Susan A. Russell H	Chukar Hill Burn Notice	Russell's Grapevine	British Columbia All Breed Pointer Club, 5/16/15, OSD	13 entries
Russell's New Day places 1st	Susan A. Russell & Simon Phillips O/Susan A. Russell H	Chukar Hill Burn Notice	Russell's Grapevine	British Columbia All Breed Pointer Club, 5/16/15, ASD	14 entries
Russell's Shots Fired places 1st	Susan A. Russell O/H	Heiligsepp's Blick	Russell's New Day	British Columbia All Breed Pointer Club, 5/16/15, Open Puppy	6 entries
Allegiance Zilk Elixir places 3 <sup>rd</sup>	David Sutherland O/H	Cairncross Above The Law J Edgar	Allegiance To The Limit Mex	British Columbia All Breed Pointer Club, 5/16/15, Open Puppy	6 entries
Zansett Simply Red places 1st	Stan Zdanczewicz O/Tom Waite H	Kevin's Kosmo Kramer	Lucille O'Ryan	Badger Brittany Club, 6/6/15, Open Restricted Shooting Dog	14 entries
Brophy's Gonzo Style places 1 <sup>st</sup>	Mary Pavelko & Greg Dixon O/Greg Dixon H	Brophy's Riding High	Brophy's Sweet Darlin	North Dakota Pointing Dog Club, 8/21/15, Open Puppy	10 entries



# REMINDER

**This is the last issue for 2015. Please mark the calendar and pay your 2016 dues by the end of the year! Thanks!**

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## Derby of the Year Award as of 10/1/15

Runs July 1st 2015 through June 30th 2016

Dog	Sex	Owner	Sire	Dam	Points
Windfall	M	Roger Boser	Touchstone	Redstone	42
Freestone	M	Roger Boser	Breakstone	Breese	28
Rosie	F	Al Fazenbaker	CB Cutter	CB BeeGee	24

## NRSFTC Puppy of the Year Award as of 10/1/15

Runs July 1, 2015 through June 30th 2016

Dog	Sex	Owner	Sire	Dam	Points
Bob Cassidy	M	Ron Cassidy	CB Audie	CB Gracie	18

## Walking Shooting Dog Award as of 6-30-15

Runs January 1st 2015 through December 31st 2015

Please note: In the May June 2015 issue of The Whip I published the rules for all club awards. The dates given for this award (OWSD) were incorrect. This award runs January through December as listed above. I apologize!

Zan Sett Simply Red	M	Stan ZZZ Owner Tom Waite H	Kevin's Kosmos Kramer	Lucille O'Ryan	72
Her Ruby Red Slipper	F	Allen Fazenbaker	Sharpton	Applebee	72
FW Roger Ramjet	M	Allen Fazenbaker	Breakstone	Flushing Whip Flash Edition	56
Lake View Timely Treasure	M	Lance Carver	Hondo Muldoon	Lakeview Kant Katch Me	48
Zan Sett Ricky O'Ryan	M	Stan ZZZ Owner Tom Waite H	Kevin's Kosmos Kramer	Lucille O'Ryan	32
Lily An Creagan	F	David Creagan	Justified	Redstone	30
Come Back Red Cassidy	M	Ron A. Cassidy	Come Back Shaggy	Come Back Silver	16

**2015 Le Grande Award as of 10/1/15**

Runs January 1, 2015 through December 31st 2015

Dog	Sex	Owner	Sire	Dam	Points
Breakstone	M	Roger Boser	Sharpton	Chantilly	1914
Roses Are Red	F	Tim Hammons	Time To Rock	Red Rush	372
Nantucket	M	Roger Boser	Justified	Solitaire	230
Moonshine Again	F	Kristine Hammons	Silver Creek Twist	Silver Creek Charle	160

**2015 High Performance Award as of 10/1/15**

Runs January 1, 2015 through December 31st 2015

Dog	Sex	Owner	Sire	Dam	Points
Breakstone	M	Roger Boser	Sharpton	Chantilly	900
Moonshine Again	F	Kristine Hammons	Silver Creek Twist	Silver Creek Charle	160

**Duke Award of 10/1/15**

Runs July 1, 2015 through June 30th 2016

Dog	Sex	Owner	Sire	Dam	Points
Breakstone	M	Roger Boser	Sharpton	Chantilly	162
Moonshine Again	F	Kristine Hammons	Silver Creek Twist	Silver Creek Charle	76
Roses Are Red	F	Tim Hammons	Time to Rock	Red Rush	76

**NRSFTC Shoot to Retrieve Award as of 10/1/15**

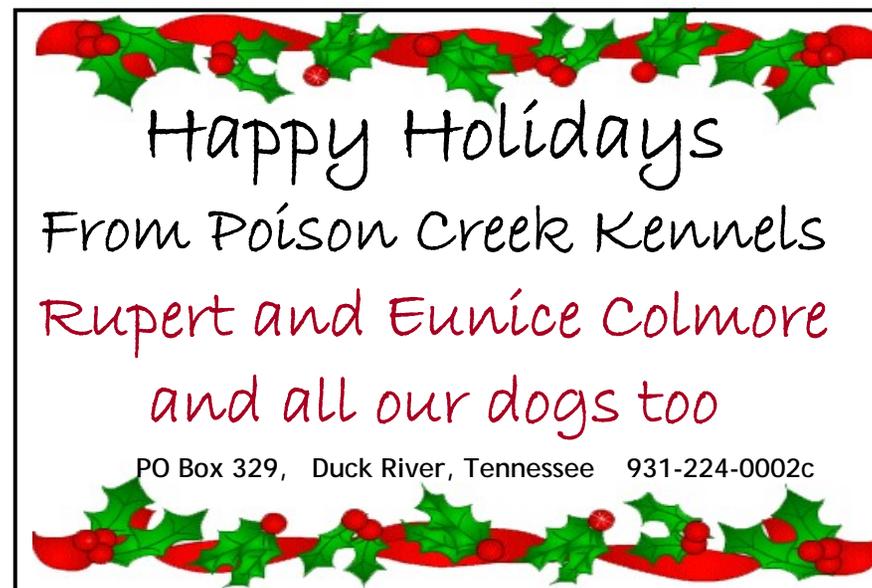
Runs January 1, 2015 through December 31st 2015

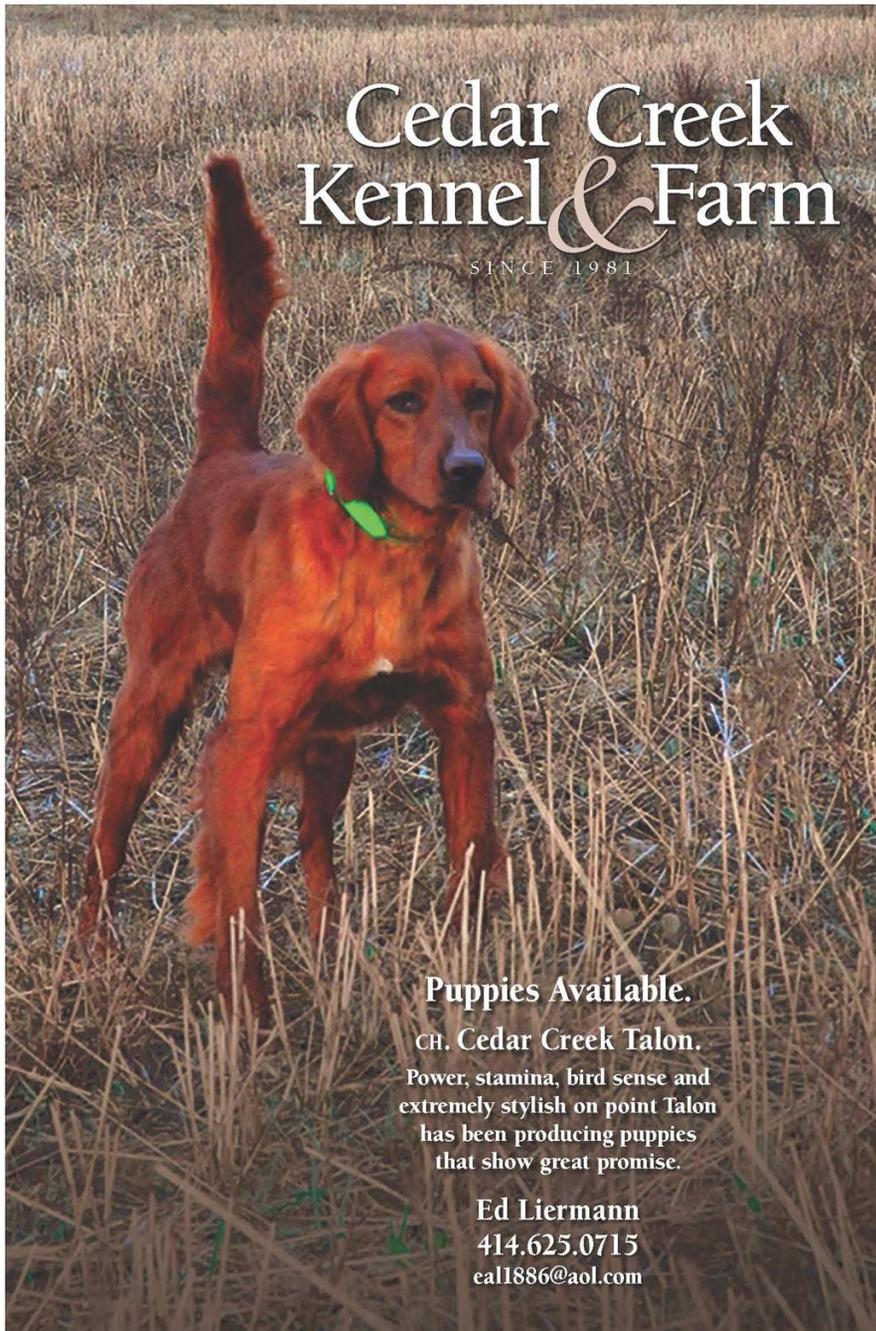
Dog	Sex	Owner	Sire	Dam	Points
Ch. Cherry Bear Holiday	F	Steve Witz	Breakstone	Applebee	408
Ch. Pal Holiday	M	Steve Witz	King Cormac	FW Flash Edition	176
Cardo's Red Bull	M	Steve Card	Youtoo	Soldier Creek Sissy	48

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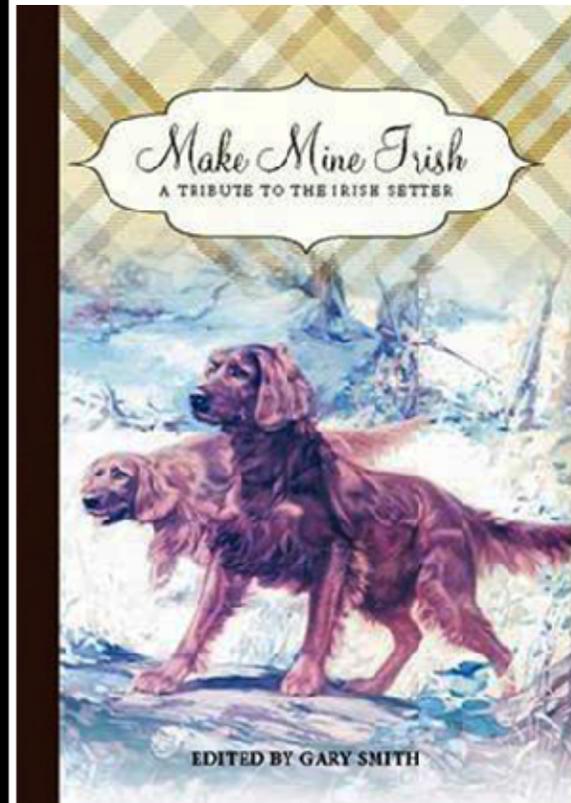


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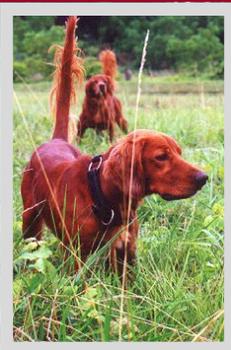
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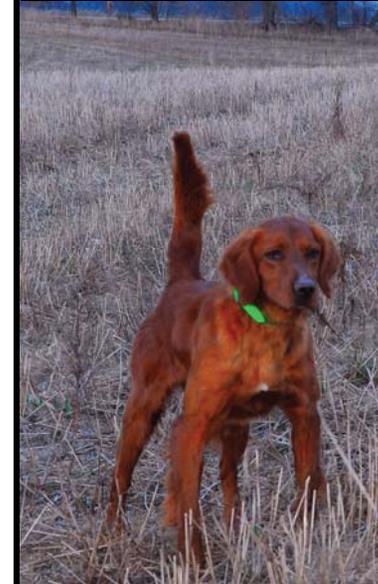
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## Reminder:



Reminder to all red setter folks who are planning to run a derby in the March 2016 Red Setter Futurity... your nomination paperwork and fees must be mailed and postmarked no later than December 31 2015 to avoid a late fee penalty. For information and downloadable Futurity nomination forms, visit the red setter website at:  
[http://nrsftc.com/?page\\_id=152](http://nrsftc.com/?page_id=152)

**Avoid Late Fees.....Avoid Late Fees.....**

## Merry Christmas & Happy New Year



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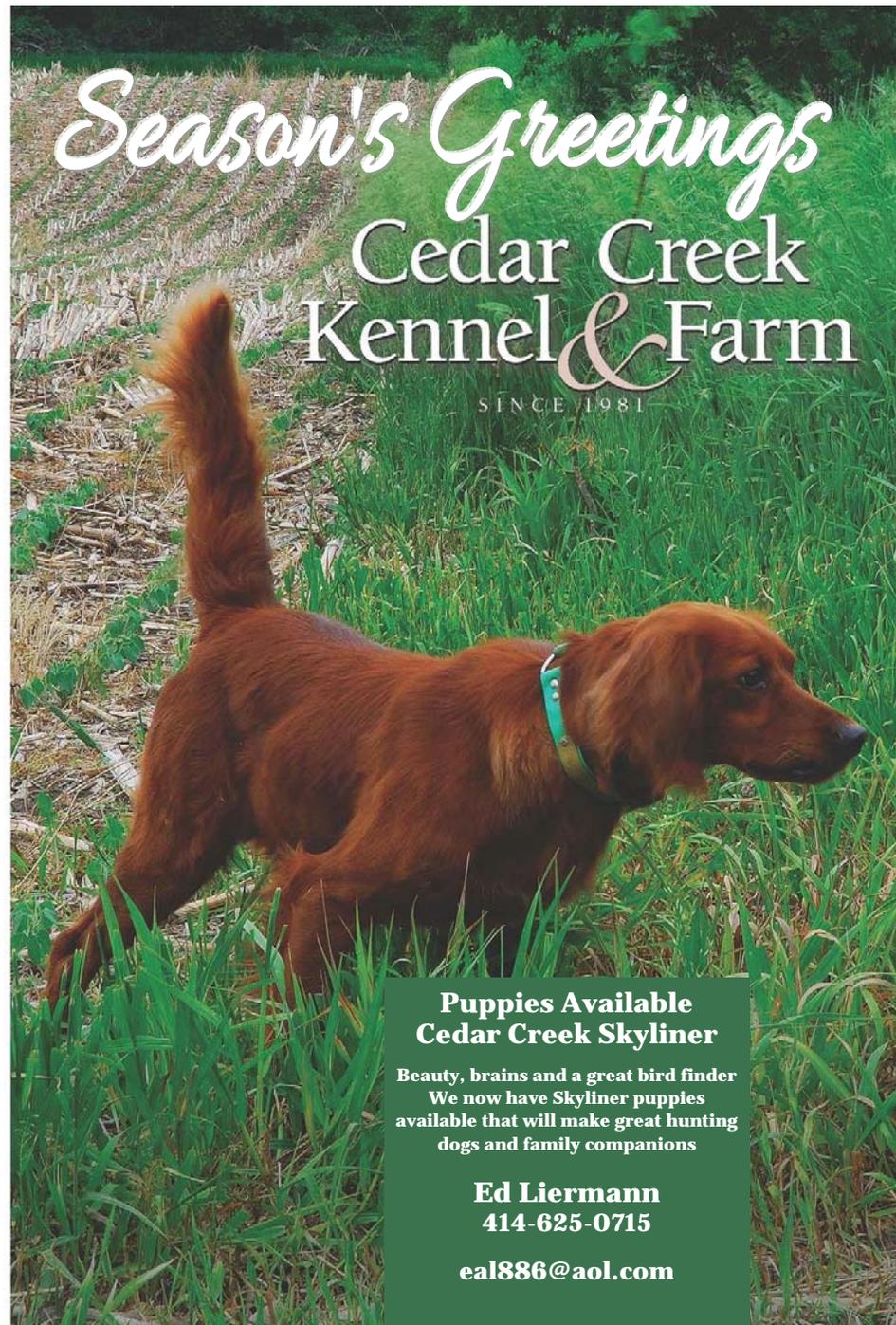
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## Reporting your field trial wins for club awards

### Duke

This award runs 7-1-15 to 6-30-16. 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 26, 2014 issue of the American Field. A list of the Purina Amateur Shooting Dog Points trials that count are on page 29 of the August 16, 2014 issue of the American Field. Also, all Amateur Shooting Dog Invitational Points trials count toward this award

### W.E. LeGrande Award High Performance Award

Runs Jan-Dec 2015  
Send your 2015 placements for Duke, LeGrande and High Performance 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](mailto:lsbeauchamp2@aol.com)

### Red Setter Walking Shooting Dog

Runs Jan-Dec 2015  
Send 2015 Placements for this award within 30 days to:

**Tom Norton, 81 Riverview**  
Durango, Colorado 81301  
(970) 247-5129

E-Mail: [norton\\_t@fortlewis.edu](mailto:norton_t@fortlewis.edu)

### NRSFTC National Shoot to Retrieve Award

Runs Jan-Dec 2015  
Send 2015 Placements for this award within 30 days to:

**Steve Witz**  
27 Black Pine Drive  
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Phone (208) 451-4407

E-Mail: [holidaysetters@live.com](mailto:holidaysetters@live.com)

### Puppy of the Year Derby of the Year

Both Awards Run 7-1-15 to 6-30-16. Send 2015 Placements for this award within 30 days to:

**Bill Aughenbaugh**  
1071 Hartman Road  
Clarion, PA 16214  
Phone: 814-226-7812

E-Mail: [Baughebaugh@juno.com](mailto:Baughebaugh@juno.com)

### Jim Fike Amateur Handler's Award

This Award runs from 7-1-15 to 6-30-16. The awards secretary takes note of placements recorded in the American Field Magazine. The Amateur Handler award can only be awarded to a recipient, once every five years. Tom Norton currently does that reporting. His contact info is listed under the Red Setter Walking Shooting Dog Award

To report wins, Tear out this sheet and complete the form on the back. Mail it to the appropriate award secretary.

NRSFTC Reporting form: Use this to report wins and compete for our various club awards  
1 dog per form but you may report several different trial wins on this same paper

Select the club award	DUKE	LEGRANDE	HIGH PERFORMANCE	WALKING SHOOTING	NSTRA	DERBY	PUPPY
Canine's name				FDSB #		Dog?	Bitch?
Date Whelped				Sire:	Dam:		
Owner				Your Phone	Handler		
Address				City		State /Zip	
Date	Trial	Location	Placement and stake	Length of stake	# Entries		

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