

Dick's Derby Day.—The Ice Man.—Dick fashioned a prairie race much more biddable than Pat's Regal Betsy, and more consistently favored than Safari's though not so far away in front all the time. He was never scouted, and hung out like a good prairie chicken hunting dog. Showing his love for these sharp-tail, he visited his bushes carefully from the upwind side and looked twinkling in the distance doing it. Ice Man was rather lateral this hour and his one find, at 29 minutes, was back to right on hill. His style was not of his usual character, tall a bit higher than level, for the wind was not in his face and he did not have full scent contact, but his manners were good. Dick, meanwhile, had two perfect chicken finds, out in front and away at fourteen in tall grass bottom, standing high and lofty, and at 32 minutes to right, never losing character though Smith had to thrash out and around a long time to raise the running chicken. This last find was exemplary on Dick's part. Near pickup time, this reporter pointed out Dick far to left skimming through wolfwillow patch and when the gallery reached there, Smith rode to look for him, turned back a bit and rode toward bush at left. Chicken left bush vicinity and Smith called point. When we arrived, Smith reported he rode the chicken up, and pointed to Dick, standing stanchly and positively under bush. Smith made no other attempt to flush and the dog was ordered up at time.

Alhambra — Everglades Sam.—Alhambra ran a rambling race out in front and hunting well, but contacted no game. Sam laid down a class prairie rambling hour, but could contact no game. He tried twice, was urged on once and he corrected and sped away again. The last time, at 44 minutes, he was found in small bluff circle amid meadow, and try though he might he could never locate his game. Sam finished strong and attractively.

Judges: Dr. J. Earl Miles and Arthur S. Curtis  
ALL-AMERICA CHICKEN CHAMPIONSHIP (One-Hour Heats)—24 Pointers  
Winner—MEDALLION II, 588043, pointer dog, by Medalion—Stanton's lane. Dr. W. B. Griffin, owner; John S. Gates, handler.  
Runner-Up—SEARUP, 553594, pointer dog, by Titanup—Sierra June. Dr. G. E. Oehler, owner; Howard Kirk, handler.

## Random Notes

By RAMESES II

W. W. HUTTO of Hickman Mills, Mo., stake manager for the next renewal of the Midwestern Amateur Championship, writes that "All arrangements for the running are complete and we are confident it will prove an outstanding stake."

Woody continued: "The dates selected are January 15, 16 and 17, 1960, and the locale, the excellent grounds at Onaga, Kan., situated about forty miles northwest of Topeka, courses with an abundance of birds. Last check of game conditions on these grounds reminded me of 1943-44 because of the plenitude of birds."

"Host club for the running will be the Northeast Kansas Field Trial Club. The committee in charge embraces C. J. Corn of Topeka, Kan., Earl Fizer of Kansas City, Mo., co-chairmen; I. L. Woodward, George Benzo, L. A. Nowlan, a trio from Topeka, Kan.; O. C. Keller of Atchison, Kan.; Loyd DeMone of Hoyt, Kan., Jim Roper of Wichita, Kan., and your correspondent. We already have judges lined up—Fred Lorenz of Belleville, Ill., and George Osborn of Joplin, Mo."

"There is a great deal of early interest being shown in this Midwestern Amateur Championship and all particulars relative to headquarters, time and location of drawing, etc., will be advertised in due time."

JIM INGLE of Tulare, Cal., reports: "Desirable new blood has been injected into the Western Field Trial Club. Ralph Keeley, who has thousands of acres of rice, grain and pasture land around Colusa, Cal., was elected to the presidency of his Club, and his pretty wife, Mattie Jeanne, got the secretary's post. The following will serve as directors—Ken Sutton, Sacramento, Cal.; Roy Kimberlin, San Francisco, Cal.; Ruon Everton, Twin Falls, Ida.; Frank King, Woodland, Cal.; and Jim Ingle, Tulare, Cal."

"No effort will be made to put on a trial this fall. It is hard to get things ready and there isn't much desire on the part of landowners to have a trial held just prior to the open season on pheasants. Plans are for a program next spring."

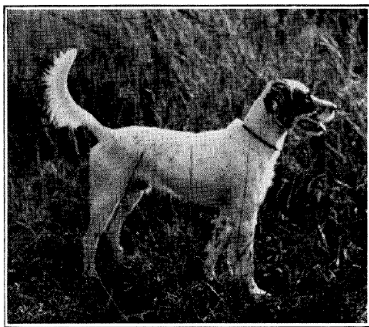
"Incidentally, under the leadership of the new president, the Western Field Trial Club should gain an important place, for Mr. Keeley is the man of the hour, who has the pheasant country and facilities, the desire and love for bird dogs to put on a multiple course trial on pheasants. The field trial fraternity is fortunate in his keen interest."

## Bradford (Pa.) Trials

By C. A. CRAWFORD

"If a man can preach a better sermon, write a better book or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

This aphorism wasn't written in Bradford, Pa., but few field trial organizations have exemplified it any better. The votaries who stage this Club's colorful events learned long ago that if one wants



CHIP ALERT

First in the Open All-Age Stake and Second in the Open Shooting Dog Stake

a path beaten to his door he must give the trade what it wants. That the Bradford Club has been doing just this is evidenced by the score of outstanding programs which it has sponsored over three decades.

Anyone who has ever attended one of the local club's gambits will tell you that psychoses, neuroses or just plain nervous tension don't stand a chance against the Bradford "entente cordiale." If Bradford's idiom of camaraderie won't cure one of melancholy, you can be sure that the person so afflicted is in need of a different kind of psychiatric treatment.

While this 31st renewal of the Bradford Club's annual fall trial, held August 26-27, didn't play to as full a house as in prior years, it was nonetheless a most delightful and pleasant affair. Two factors, doubtless, contributed to the comparative light entry, with the weatherman receiving most of the blame. It was another hot, sultry week-end, a prolongation of a record heat wave in this eastern sector of the country. A conflicting date with a neighboring club also contributed to the loss of a number of entries from regulars who have frequented the Bradford outings.

Bradford's popularity and forte with the dilettante of one-course events has long been one of singular distinctiveness. In size the local club is one of the smallest in the East and yet, year after year, Bradford's excellent and well-staged programs have attracted one of the largest fields of top-flight performers of any club in this part of the country.

As already noted, this 1959 offering did not draw a multitudinous entry but, by every other standard of comparison, it fully came up to the criterion of quality which one has come to expect of a Bradford event. To some of the luminaries on hand—including this writer—who at other times have had to work from dawn to dusk looking over the large field of contenders at a Bradford meet, it was a welcome respite on this occasion to be afforded a frequent number of enjoyable coffee breaks.

The cliché that to be successful one must own the smallest automobile and the largest power lawnmower in the neighborhood may be the vogue in some communities, but not so in Bradford, Pa. The bluebloods around this thriving and prosperous big—little metropolis go this *sine qua non* one better. They hold that a little old oil well or two in the back yard is a bigger feather in one's cap and helps to make the issue more conclusive. With the price of gas being what it is, we heartily agree with the Bradford colloquialism. In case any of our readers doubt as to whether or not Bradford has oil—it does.

The venue of the Bradford Club is located at Mount Alton, Pa., a distance of some ten miles from the city. The area embraces typical bird country. There is ample cover to test the intelligence, ambition and handling response of every dog. A most desirable feature of the Bradford itinerary is that the birdfield is situated in a hollow so that an excellent view of proceedings is afforded the large

and enthusiastic group of spectators usually on hand to witness this Club's attractions.

The officialdom responsible for Bradford's propitious events consists of a small but well-knit group of stalwarts. Key man is the capable and personable Robert P. Habgood Jr., well known and popular Orchard Valley setter dog fancier. Bob's experienced hand in any field trial endeavor, and it has guided the destinies of many, is an assurance that the venture will be a success. On hand, as usual, and helping with the chores were Bradford's two veteran tophands, Gregg Tyler, Club president, and Ken Lorch, vice-president. One little needs to write of the invaluable contributions which these fine two gentlemen have made to the sport.

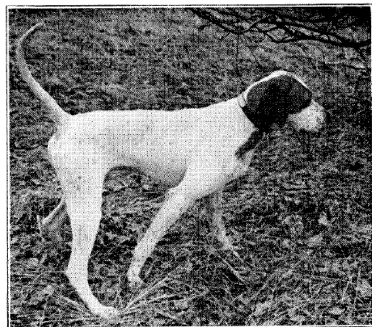
Others to lend a helping hand were Bill Enright, who again performed his masterful job of having completed programs available before the start of proceedings on Saturday morning; Russ Teague, a recruit on the Bradford team, officiated on the loud speaker fulfilling the assignment with a delightful bit of prose and wit; Bill Kuhn, the genial and popular horse wrangler, supplied some excellent mounts which were appreciated by the gentry, especially the members of the judiciary; "Short" Irons was back in his customary role of bird dispatcher, a chore which he performs with unequalled adeptness; Bob Williamson, the local banker, acted as publicity director and came through with excellent accounts of the trial in the Bradford newspaper. The large food tent on the grounds was staffed by old friends from the La Rue Volunteer Fire Department of La Rue, Pa.

Our last but two choicest orchids are for two members of the distaff side, Marjorie Habgood and Tooty Lorch. Their illustrious husbands may take all the bows, but it goes without saying that the presence of these two delightful ladies lends *fauteur* to Bradford extravaganzas.

Some impressive perpetual trophies grace the mantels of those who gain the winners' circle at a Bradford trial. In the Derby, the C. G. Dorn Memorial Sterling Silver Tray is offered. The Fern Memorial Paul Revere Bowl is taken home by the winner of the All-Age. The Homer Bancroft Memorial Silver Platter goes to the winner of the Open Shooting Dog and the beautiful and coveted Larry Tuttle Memorial Steuben Crystal Trophy is offered in the Amateur Shooting Dog.

The splendid and spacious accommodations of the Valley Hunt Club again served as official headquarters. A delicious buffet supper preceded the drawing on Friday night. On Saturday evening the same enjoyable quarters were utilized for the traditional field trial dinner. Secretary Bob presided as toastmaster, introduced the guests, and saw to it that the oration did not interfere with one's enjoyment of some excellent and well-prepared cuisine. As a finale to the evening's festivities, this official was the recipient of two gifts—only very beautiful and the other we describe as only being something usable. It was not the pretentiousness or applicability of the entitles of commendation preceding the presentation of the bounty that was real music to our ears.

Judging assignments were divided among the following sportsmen: Les Tichenor of Bernardsville, N. J., and Dick Shear of Wellsville, N. Y., in the Open Shooting Dog. In the Amateur Shooting Dog,



LORANDEA BING

First in the Open Shooting Dog Stake

Wink Griffin of Elmira, N. Y., teamed up with Dick Shear. Your scribe assisted Les Tichenor in passing upon the Derby and All-Age events.

### OPEN DERBY

Saturday morning a heavy fog blanketed the grounds. By 9:45 A.M. the sun broke through and the first brace moved out shortly thereafter. As the

day wore on the temperature crowded 90 degrees, with accompanying humidity.

Picnic Time, after a second series fling for bird work, which proved fruitless, eventuated the winner. From the breakaway to his final cast through open meadow approaching birdfield the white and orange pointer indicated a liking for the job at hand. In birdfield he pointed momentarily, the object of his interest being a matter of conjecture.

Elhew Jungle Tim was also given a second try for birds but he failed to improve his position. Tim was guilty of tagging brace mate in early stages, but once over the hill from breakaway, he made several pleasing and worthy casts.

Harvest Time showed good range and enthusiasm. The effects of the heat caused him to let down the latter part of his stint. In birdfield he nozzled two pheasants out of high grass.

The remaining entrants were: Elhew Dutchess, Ken Lorch; Questionable, Robert P. Habgood Jr.; and Grouseridge Lady, Dr. J. Flanagan.

Mount Alton, Pa., August 26—One Course

Judges: Les R. Tichenor Jr. and C. A. Crawford

OPEN DERBY—4 Pointers and 2 Setters

- 1st—PICNIC TIME, 604652, pointer dog, by Picnic—Tinkie Toes, Gregory Youtz, owner; James Youtz, handler.  
 2nd—ELHEW JUNGLE TIM, unreg., pointer dog, by Elhew Jungle—Gypsy of Wildwood, E. J. Forest, owner; Wink Griffin, handler.  
 3rd—HARVEST TIME, 606339, pointer dog, by Picnic—Tinkie Toes, Gregory Youtz, owner; James Youtz, handler.

#### OPEN ALL-AGE STAKE

Only three contenders, consequently only one placement could be accorded. Chip Alert, the winner, is a bold looking setter that goes about his work with sheer joy. At breakaway he swung to hollow on left and locked up with pleasing style. Before handler could reach dog, pheasant lifted. Chip standing mannerly until ordered on. In birdfield he chalked up another find after being sent on for re-location.

Grouse Ridge Smokey, setter dog, owned by Drs. Jim and Tom Flanagan, and handled by Carl Beattie, made some extended casts but his overall pattern lacked consistency. In birdfield he crowded a quail, then backed his brace mate with a good style and manners. Following this he was charged with an unproductive after a determined effort to re-locate.

Elhew Hindoo, pointer dog, owned by Dr. Arthur Glover, and handled by Carl Beattie, was the third contestant. Hindoo did not display his usual zest and went the route without rewards.

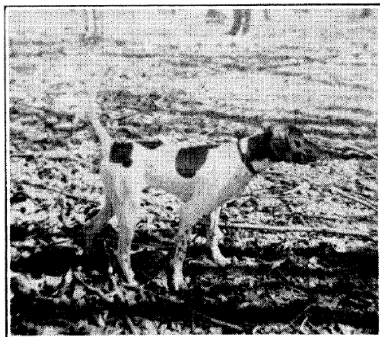
OPEN ALL-AGE—2 Pointers and 1 Setter

Winner—CHIP ALERT, 552881, setter dog, by Sherman's Jake Essig—Bonnie Shamrock, J. G. Bowen, owner; E. G. King, handler.

#### OPEN SHOOTING DOG STAKE

This event got under way shortly after the noon-day repast on Saturday and was concluded mid-day on the Sabbath. It easily eventuated into the *piece de resistance* on the two-day program. Scattered late afternoon showers improved scenting conditions and brought temporary relief from the sticky humidity.

All but one of the 22 contenders had an opportunity on game. The remaining 21 hopefuls scored 39 contacts with various degrees of success. With such a plentitude of bird work the judges were forced to shift the chaff from the wheat before they could name a worthy and deserving slate of winners.



PARAGON JOE  
First in the Amateur Shooting Dog Stake

First was Lorandale Bing, a good solid attractive bird-finding pointer, who has annexed a goodly number of placements in trials around these parts. Bing had one lone find at lower end of birdfield. It was a sparkling relocation in dense poplars on moving quail which engaging pointer handled with fiery intell and exemplary manners. Some may have

faulted the dog at times on his course effort, but there was no denying that Bing ran a purposeful and hard searching race.

But for a lapse on back course coupled with a hurried tour from last turn to birdfield, Chip Alert might have topped this stake as he had done in the preceding event. Coming back in the grueling heat with little more than an hour's rest, Chip easily adjusted himself to the range required in a stake of this kind and demonstrated that finding birds is largely a matter of knowing where to look for them. In the birdfield the setter racked up three corking finds, one of which he dug up almost under your reporter's horse.

Third place was annexed by Elhew Merry Legs, pointer female, who came through her stint with an industrious and well applied ground heat. On top of hill beyond breakaway she chose to work heavy poplars. When she failed to come through, handler rode over and found her standing stylishly on point. When pheasant was put to flight, Merry Legs swung around as bird flew past, standing immovable at command.

We thought Paragon Joe, pointer, owned by Wib Hugus and handled by Carl Beattie, was close to a piece of the purse. He was down with the winner in the fifth brace. Joe tallied a nice find in birdfield and then followed with a dandy relocation on a trio of quail which lifted before handler could get to the dog.

Crawford's Delivery Jake, pointer dog, owned by your scribe and handled by E. G. King, appeared well on the way to grabbing himself a handful of the marbles. As we approached birdfield the dogs were stylishly locked up with Jake backing. It was a mighty pretty picture. As handlers dismounted and went to dogs, brace mate's pilot felt his charge wasn't sure of himself and he ordered dog on. The pointer moved but a step or two, flushed a pheasant and chased lustily. Jake joined briefly in the melee, stopped at command and then scored two meritorious finds.



GROUSE RIDGE SMOKEY  
Second in the Amateur Shooting Dog Stake

Puckety Jeff, pointer dog, owned by R. Albee and handled by Wink Griffin, was another contender to come through with a pleasing course effort only to come a cropper in birdfield. In coveted area Jeff quickly chalked up two commendable finds. He then pointed in heavy grass by tree where judge had previously seen a pair of quail lift. Handler picked up dead bird in same area. In final minutes Jeff pointed again. When the stand appeared fruitless, the dog was ordered on. He crowded the pheasant which took flight.

The remainder of the field consisted of Lorandale's Winsome Dinah, Dale Young; Pine Knoll Sam, C. A. Crawford; Bye Babe, E. Gomat; Tyson's Jenny Mae, Dr. A. Glover; Salt City Springtime, C. B. Laidlaw; Don's Jungle Ripper, D. Bouerlin; Grouseridge Dutchess, Dr. Tom Flanagan; Hollybourne Sam Jones, Dr. J. B. Jones; Cowle's Beau Ace, Lloyd Cowles; Sam L's Senator, Sam Light; Tysiera, Mrs. John Hum; Lysine, R. K. Palmerton; Mile Square Dinah, E. Rogers; Tancanhoosen Air Flight, L. Bis-sell; Haven's Lucky Seven, K. D. Longley and Titanup Jet, T. Bellandi.

- Judges: Les R. Tichenor Jr. and R. C. Shear  
 OPEN SHOOTING DOG—18 Pointers and 4 Setters  
 1st—LORANDALE BING, 552229, pointer dog, by Rambling Senator Jim—Winsome Dinah, Frank O. Bonham, owner; Wink Griffin, handler.  
 2d—CHIP ALERT, 552881, setter dog, by Sherman's Jake Essig—Bonnie Shamrock, J. G. Bowen, owner; E. G. King, handler.  
 3d—ELHEW MERRY LEGS, 548188, pointer bitch, by Elhew Marksman—Log Cabin Mew, R. F. Gee Jr., owner; Wink Griffin, handler.

#### AMATEUR SHOOTING DOG STAKE

As in the previous events, this stake went down in weather too hot for dogs to perform at their best.

Paragon Joe handled smoothly and went to his objectives logically. Upon reaching birdfield Joe lost no time in making his first sale. He rang up a second tally quickly and decisively. He then pointed and when owner couldn't produce was ordered on, crowded a big pheasant, halting at command.

Grouseridge Smokey, after a rather wanton tour around course, came through birdfield to gallery. Sent back by a spectator, he puttered about, then

made game by ditch, pointing with listless appendage. The dog was snowing the *caecus* of the neat. He added another find with style better this time. A third contact resulted when he crowded bird.

Crawford's Delivery Jake came through to save the day for your scribe, thus adding further enjoyment to our most pleasant and happy week-end. Soon after entering birdfield he froze by clump of heavy grass. After a vain effort to produce, owner



CRAWFORD'S DELIVERY JAKE  
Third in the Amateur Shooting Dog Stake

sent dog on. Jake returned to area and pointed again. He stood mannerly as owner picked up a dead bird.

Other starters were Boh Jim, S. Saterlee; Bye Babe, E. Gomat; Haven's Lucky Seven, K. D. Longley; Best Regards, E. Murphy; Grouseridge Dutchess, Dr. Jim Flanagan; Pine Knoll Sam, C. A. Crawford; Brag Bird Lady, R. Teague; and Britt DeBuster, B. Ventura.

Judges: R. C. Shear and Wink Griffin

- AMATEUR SHOOTING DOG—6 Pointers, 4 setters and 1 Brittany Spaniel  
 1st—PARAGON JOE, 558279, pointer dog, by Puckety Village Boy—Miss Hotpoint, W. A. Hugus, owner and handler.  
 2d—GROUSE RIDGE SMOKEY, 541630, setter dog, by Ebb Tide—Grouse Ridge Countess, Drs. T. and J. Flanagan, owners; Dr. James Flanagan, handler.  
 3d—CRAWFORD'S DELIVERY JAKE, 520787, pointer dog, by Fast Delivery—Trey Willing, C. A. Crawford, owner and handler.

#### MRS. U. R. FISHEL IS DEAD

Mrs. Mary E. Fishel of Hope, Ind., widow of U. R. Fishel, distinguished pointer breeder, owner of the immortal Fishel's Frank and Comanche Frank, passed peacefully during the night of September 3 while at Kingsburg, Cal. Word of her death came from Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Fishel. Another son, U. R. (Bob) Fishel Jr., died some time ago. Funeral services were held from the Norman mortuary in Hope on Wednesday, September 9.

Mrs. Fishel had been keenly and actively interested in the bird dog and field trial affairs of her celebrated husband. She continued to carry on with her sons and in-laws, and was instrumental in the distribution of the book, "Fishel's Frank," which detailed the career of the Hall-of-Fame sire.

#### SEQUEL TO PRAIRIE EXPERIENCES

BY PAUL SABO

In my article in the September 12 issue, I did not mean to overdo the dog trainers "Blues." I now want to report that after thirteen days we found the eight-month-old pointer, Imperator, which we had lost within three minutes after his release for his first prairie run. I am mighty pleased to have this son of Wraylie Allegheny Sport—Jean's Stormy Hayride back safe and sound, though very emaciated from his long 312-hour heat!

I acknowledge gratefully the wonderful cooperation of local authorities and sportsfolk. The puppy was recovered near Marriot, Sask., 38 air line miles from where he was released. It took some coaxing to get him to the farm home of Ted Robson; he refused to be caught or fed until, with the assistance of Mr. Robson's Labrador Retriever, they were able to get a hand on him and thereafter he followed them home from the bluff where he was resting up. He came through the practically two-week ordeal, including three heavy rains and some cold nights, and though very emaciated, when I saw him his tail was up over his back like a lone reed in a marsh, his eyes aglow and despite the fact that the pads on all four feet were gone, he bounded into my arms. I thought readers would be interested in this and with his recovery, my life has taken on a very rosy hue. . . .