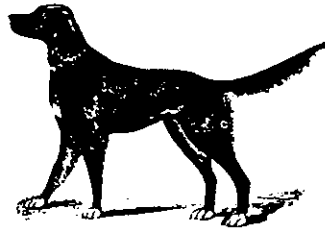


the  
Flushing



Public Champion Of America 3-4, 5

APRIL  
1959

# Whip

ANOTHER DENLINGER PUBLICATION



# the flushing Whip

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ANOTHER DENLINGER PUBLICATION

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Middleburg, Virginia

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## On The Cover

*Upper left: Best opposite sex winner at Westminster, Argo Lane's Golden Skylarker, shown by owner E. W. McIvor, Field Trial Chairman of ISC of A. Upper right: Mr. McIvor posing his Reserve Winner's Dog, D'Arcey's Kim-O-Mike. Lower: Dr. Anne F. Casper posing her home-bred Reserve winner's Bitch, Wolfcroft My Wild Irish Rose*

Let's keep the Whip rolling this year with photos, reports, stories, announcements, with everything happening in the Red Setter world.

# Obituary, Cooper's Hollyberry Scarlet



*Cooper's Hollyberry Scarlet is dead, struck by a car March 8 on a seldom-traveled rural road.*

*The one I called my "dancin' little darlin'" is gone, never again to thrill field trial followers who love a class dog. Holly had many wins, both in breed-open stakes and in Irish Setter events, her latest being runner-up in the Midwestern Red Setter Open Championship of last spring. She was not campaigned last fall.*

*Holly was taken by her owners, Bill and Pat Cooper of Oneida, Tenn., along with other winners in their string, to the grounds of their trainer in a remote corner of a southern state. All were to be conditioned for the renewal of the Red Setter Club's Midwestern Championship on April 11.*

*Apparently rebelling at the change from house to kennel, Holly escaped the second night and was killed before she could be found. The kennel afforded far more than normal protection against escape and it was only by extreme effort that Holly was able to obtain her brief and fatal freedom. The grief of the Coopers is matched only by that of the very conscientious trainer.*

*My own first memory of Holly is of her first appearance at a field trial. It was a spring Irish Setter event and the five-month-old so clearly outclassed the other puppies she was a standout winner. I have a vivid picture of her as she floated along a hedgerow in the early evening's twilight the following fall at the National Red Setter trials in Dover, Delaware. And, I shall never forget the classic, but birdless, heat she ran as a bye in the Red Setter Club's Spring*

*Classic last year. She was always where a shooting dog should be, without command or handling, fast and busy, intelligent and flowing in gait.*

*But, the great thrill Holly gave me was on a morning Bill Cooper and I went quail hunting near Oneida. The sun emerged from a cloudy sky just as we worked our way out of a small stand of pine. One-hundred yards ahead stood Holly, still only a puppy, on one of the prettiest points I have ever seen. She was standing on a bit of a ridge, head high and stabbing the sky with her tail, the sunlight backlighting her, red feathers fluttering with the breeze which brought the scent of game to her. In that instant I hated myself for not having a color camera along.*

*Whether she won or lost, Holly drew praise and affection. In many great stakes, such as that at Union Springs, Alabama, she brought honor to herself and her breed. Holly was, at four, only coming into her prime.*

*Holly was never more than a mite of a thing, and a very womanly one. She was Queen of her kennel and actively jealous of all other dogs. To the Coopers' children she was more of a baby sitter than a playmate and her great sense of dignity was always manifest.*

*Holly was bred by W. E. "Ned" LeGrande of Douglassville, Pa., from Willow Winds Kate by Willow Winds Duke. Because the Coopers lived a great distance from veterinary care she was never bred.*

*The Red Ones can ill afford to lose one of Holly's quality.*

H.D.

# Backward Progress

by Lee Schoen

IT is a fact accepted, if not well explained, that some of the world's great proclamations created little stir, or none whatever, at the times they were made. For example: Czar Alexander II's Emancipation of the Serfs in 1861. Few beyond the Russian borders seemed excited over it then. How many remember about it today? Yet all of us, somewhere in our schooling, must have heard or read of this basic historical development. (That many modern outside experts still regard the Russian serfs as serfs doesn't enter in here).

Nearly a century later, 1958, some English serfs had their bonds loosened—in the world of the dog. This, in its way, being also quite a shattering pronouncement, I kept listening for the reverberations over here. They have been few, and disturbingly mild.

On Tuesday, October 21st last, the Kennel Club of England decreed that all of the hundreds of "gundog" breeders who for years stamped and fumed and fought against the field certificate stipulation for the title "Champion" have at last had their way. On that date members present at the Clubs Biannual General meeting carried a resolution providing that from then on, and retroactively, the title "Show Champion" would attach, to any gundog male or bitch receiving under different judges its required three Challenge Certificates on the bench! There had been considerable debate, but put to the test, only two dissenting votes. Show Champions were legal—official abbreviation: Sh. Ch.

Most British breeders of Irish Setters were overjoyed at the news. Now they were free to swarm over their ancient pedigrees, gleefully dotting in the Sh. Ch.s wherever they belonged. (And who's to go back and check?) Some few were and are less pleased.

October is a long way back. Why has this event made so little splash with us, I wonder? I thought about it quite a lot, trying to find an answer.

At first flush it seemed to me quite definite, the austere body abroad had blundered, and seriously. This was, I felt sure, a case of backward progress. I found it grim and discouraging for all who have put good years into the effort to maintain and improve field abilities of the Irish. It looked like a new and caveless coffin nail—from a most unexpected quarter.

The more weeks I pondered, though, the more this view veered round. I still regarded the regulation as a mistake, but now I began to doubt that there had been anything thoughtless about it. Soon I was asking myself, could not this be an illustration of vaunted British diplomacy and at pretty close to its clever best? Diplomacy which dictated, "Don't ever say No—bluntly, like that!—if you possibly can avoid it. Compromise. Give a little, take a little. But do it on the periphery, not the main axis. That you must protect and keep clear."

Old fashioned English diplomacy! Still rather good. With perhaps, here, an extra touch of the tongue-in-

check: give them the rope they clamor for; maybe they'll hang themselves with it. For couldn't it be that a number of the voting members were sensing that people like you and me, if we were breeding over there, might not want to use the new title now authorized—might feel that printing it in was in a way more damaging to the pedigree than enhancing? Might not prospective buyers who understood the workings of it be put off a pedigree studded with Sh. Ch.s while having almost no plain Ch.s (full champions)? Certainly a field-minded purchaser would think twice before buying into bloodlines appeared to have been strictly bench-successful.

Not that the oldstyle "ch." in England said that the title wearer was a field trial champion. Far from that. He need not ever have been a place winner in stakes of any consequence. Usually he wasn't at least in recent decades. The only requirement for the field qualifier, as explained to me, is that the dog run a reasonable race over the course and display to an acceptable degree (what is an acceptable degree!) the actions and instinct of a bird dog.

Hence the Ch. in itself was, and is, no great safeguard to a man buying for field performance. But its total absence in a pedigree generously stippled with Sh. Ch.s could be easily a total deterrent! Members of the Kennel Club in England that October day might have had this very thought. And possibly they reassured themselves, thinking, Well, it'll do no harm if it does not good.

Yet I, personally, cannot look upon their action as in any way a step forward. To the contrary, it moves in just the opposite direction to one I have always advocated: that we should put a stop to this feverish mass-producing of "champions" and try to get some meaning into the title—the way they did in England before October, 1958. Year after year, they crowned two or three, or four Irish Setter champions annually while our tallies ran to thirty, forty, fifty.

Incidentally, how can there be such a thing as fifty new champions? And if, say, five or six years' worth of the old ones are still alive, it would mean that at least three hundred living Irish Setters are wearing the title over here today! Doesn't that seem a little preposterous? What does champion mean? Why bother? There is in existence one World Heavyweight Champion; one each World Figure Skating Champion, male, female; one World Professional Tennis Champion: three hundred Irish Setter champions!

Now I happen to be one of England's big rooters. I have enormous respect for the country and its people, and am one of those convinced that they and we, more than any two nations, must hold together; that we always have had, and have now, much of value to exchange with one another. But somehow we do not always manage to exchange the right things. This applies in dogdom, British and American.

Let's just see what features have been rubbing off

# Another Breeding Accomplishment

by Erwin A. (Red) Carroll

Mr. Mack Triplett, February 18, 1957, F.D.S.D. 579960

In the spring of 1956, I met Ned at the M. I. S. C. trials at Highland, Mich., and discussed the advantages of prairie training. That Summer he sent Willow Winds Queen and Willow Winds Colleen, to Canada with me, both dogs having gone on to great things. In 1957 he sent Shane (Sulhamstead Norse D'Or) who has made his mark wherever he has competed.

This year, 1958, he sent Mr. Mack Triplett (Jack), who is one of the best, most consistent running setters. I have ever seen. Wherever I run him, he is the topic of conversation. He has been campaigned strictly in open competition, and has held his own against some of the top dogs in the country. His accomplishments to date, are 2nd Southeastern Ill., Open Derby, 1st Goodyear Hunting and Fishing Club Open Derby, but his greatest achievement was in the Michigan

Pointer Club open stakes, where he competed against 82 of the top dogs in the district, winning 1st Open Derby, 3rd Open All Age, 1st Amateur Derby. Judges: Ed Van Tassel and Paul Dawson.

At the conclusion of the trial, Judge Van Tassel, in commenting on the success of the trial, said, (quote) "The only thing lacking was the Red Setter not being entered in the Amateur All Age. He was the most consistent dog at the trial, always showing in the right place at the right time, and his bird work was without reproach. He is the best Red Setter I have ever seen."

Mr. LeGrande is to be congratulated, and if nothing untoward happens to this young dog, he is destined for great things, as he has endurance, style, speed, brains, and most important of all, he is a bird dog in every sense of the word.

on one another, between the two countries; and what other features perhaps should, and don't.

First of all, we took across from Britain the whole idea of the dog show, and of operating under a powerful central registering and governing body. (Field trials evolved along somewhat different avenues which we haven't the space here to trace.) After we developed the shows on our side to something approaching the present level, Britains began to find over here certain improvements worth re-importing. For instance, the simpler and far more dramatic manner in which each of our shows, large or small, unravels to reach its climax. Numerous British show-givers have now, recently, adopted the American 'Group System,' clearcut, easy to follow—which the British method was not. To me their shows had always seemed rather confused and systemless. If you asked anyone "What are they judging over there now?" the answer, almost unvarvingly, ran: "I can't just say, really. I think it may be the..." Hardly anybody appeared to know. They are doing well here to copy us.

So, we have borrowed many things, and they have borrowed. But what they have picked up now, through the "Show Champion" regulation, they should have let lie! I call it borrowing because, as I view it, the regulation is designed to satisfy English breeders who point to America and lament, "Why can't it be made less of a grind for us, too, to turn out champions?"

But this is precisely the area, I am sure, in which we should have been emulating the English, not they, us. I have contended for two decades that we ought to consider eliminating our Specials Only class and copy the British arrangement of obliging all champions to appear in the Open classes. This by itself would probably cut our annual output of champions from fifty to maybe fifteen, or fewer. "We ought to tighten up," I wrote again and again, "make 'Champion' mean something, like they do on the other side!" And at

the same time I was recommending the institution of a field qualifier of some sort.

Instead, what happens? They copy us! "Ease up," the new regulation seems to be saying. "Accord to everyone a reasonable crack at having a champion of his own. If he doesn't have the facilities, or interest, to work the dog, lets not penalize a good exhibitor because of this."

Here is a ruling upon which I shouldn't think the proud words, "Made in England," could be stamped with any great satisfaction. It slaps directly at everything being done to achieve the dual-type gundog—not only in Irish Setters; for the resolution took in all the gundog breeds. Its natural effect has to be to push wider apart the two types, field and bench. Inescapably the new ruling must take the two lines, which have been converging so satisfyingly, so impressively, and bend them again outward where they can never meet to establish solidly the so long sought-after dual-type dog.

A most devastating announcement that hardly made a ripple! Nobody seems to care.

*Dave Hasinger's Pimlico, whelped 10/8/58*



# Sportsman's Cookbook

## BREAST OF MALLARD DUCK

(Four Portions)

- 2 mallard ducks
- ¼ cup olive oil
- 2 tablespoons red wine vinegar
- ¼ teaspoons rosemary
- 4 sprigs parsley
- 1 onion sliced
- 2 pieces celery sliced
- 1 crushed clove garlic
- Salt, pepper, paprika

Pluck the feathers from the duck, removing only those which cover the breast. Cut into the skin, not the flesh, starting at the neck and cutting straight back along the breastbone to the tail. Remove the skin from the breast. Cut along side of the breastbone to remove the meat. Remove each side of the breast in one piece. Place breasts in bowl with all other ingredients except salt, pepper, and paprika. Marinate overnight. Preheat broiler at 550 degrees. Remove the breasts from marinade. Sprinkle each breast lightly with salt, pepper, and paprika. Broil under the broiler flame about five minutes on each side. Serve with wild rice, creamed silver onions, fresh green peas and guava jelly.

## ROAST PRESSED DUCK

(Four Portions)

- 2 wild ducks, cleaned, drawn and singed
- Salad oil
- Salt, pepper
- Dash cayenne pepper
- 2 tablespoons sweet butter
- 1 teaspoon minced shallot or onion
- 2/3 cup red burgundy
- 2 tablespoons currant jelly
- ½ teaspoon beef extract
- half lemon
- 1oz. cognac

Be sure oil sac is removed from each duck near the tail end. Preheat oven at 50 degrees. Place the ducks in a shallow roasting pan. Brush ducks generously with salad oil. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Roast 15 to 20 minutes, no longer. Slice breast meat from ducks, and place in a deep, warmed platter. Save all juices when carving. In a chafing dish over a direct flame melt the butter. Add the shallot. Saute about one minute. Add the burgundy, currant jelly, beef extract and juice of half lemon. Simmer three to five minutes. Place the carcasses of the ducks in the well of the duck press. Squeeze the juice several times and pour it into the chafing dish. Add juice from platter. Add cognac and dash of cayenne pepper. Season to taste. Pour hot sauce over sliced breast of duck. Serve with fried hominy, grilled tomatoes and a tossed garlic-flavored green salad.

## DUCKLINGS STUFFED WITH SAVORY DRESSING

(Eight Portions)

- 2 (4 to 5-pound) ducklings
- 2 cups long grain rice
- ¼ cup fat
- 1 cup diced onion
- 2 (3-oz.) cans chopped broiled mushrooms
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- ½ teaspoon powdered rosemary
- ¼ cup honey
- ½ cup chopped parsley
- 2 teaspoons kitchen boquet

Prepare ducklings for roasting. Chop giblets which have been cooked in boiling salted water until tender. Cook rice according to package directions. In a large heavy frying pan cook onion in fat until lightly browned, about 5 minutes. Add cooked rice, giblets, drained mushrooms, seasonings and parsley. Mix thoroughly and use to stuff ducks. Close vent by lacing strings around poultry pins. Roast ducklings on rack in open pan in 325 degree oven for 2 to 2½ hours, or until done. About 15 minutes before taking ducks from oven, brush with mixture of honey and kitchen boquet for a beautiful glaze. Makes 8 servings.

## VENISON CHOPS, CHESTNUTS ESPAGNOLE

(Four Portions)

- 4 venison chops, ¾ inch thick
- ½ cup French dressing
- Prepared mustard
- Salt, pepper
- 12 oz. can imported whole chestnuts
- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup celery, small dice
- ¼ cup onion, small dice
- 8 oz. can tomatoes
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- dash of garlic powder.

Marinate the venison chops in the French dressing for two hours. In a large sauce pan melt the butter. Add the celery, onion and green pepper. Saute *only* until onion turns yellow. Chop the tomatoes coarsely. Save the tomato juice. Add tomatoes and juice to the saucepan. Simmer slowly five minutes. Drain chestnuts; add to pan. Add sugar and garlic powder. Season generously with salt and pepper. Simmer 10 minutes. Remove venison chops from French dressing. Brush each chop lightly with mustard. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil under a preheated broiler flame about five to six minutes on each side. Serve chestnuts alongside chops on serving plates.

# MIDNIGHT MELODY

by Joe Stetson

IT was New Year's Eve and the five men were celebrating in the best way they knew. There could be elaborate goin's-on in the big cities and the dance bands could play, but to these five men and many others in the hill country there was no finer music than came forth from the throat of a good hound with the warm scent of the fox ticking its nostrils.

Even in the south country the night was chill as they waited for the approach of midnight to cast off. The dogs had moved closer to the fire, the older ones relaxed as if they knew better how to conserve energy for the work ahead, while the youngsters moved about, whining restlessly.

The men had chosen the territory of their favorite fox for this New Year's—a wary red, still in his prime, with stamina and boldness to give the pack a good two-hour run before going to earth. They had nicknamed the fox "Dusty" as, whenever they had caught a glimpse of him circling their way, his brush was high and jaunty and he was figuratively kicking the dust in the faces of the best they had to offer.

Midnight arrived and the pack was cast off to range and quarter the valley and the year was only a few minutes old when the first dog struck and his solo became a duet and finally swelled to full choir as dog after dog honored the strike and joined the chase.

There was no need for talk. The men listened intently for the tones and overtones that gave evidence of each dog's progress as they went through the wet grass of the lower meadow with the pungent scent it held. The cries became ecstatic, only to be punctuated by a yawning silence at the brook which the fox had run downwind. It was Melody who worked out the check and her sweet bawl soon brought the pack to the line by which the fox had left the water.

Melody was a trim old Walker bitch with a world of speed, but her experience had taught her that she should never overrun her nose. The younger and less-cautious dogs soon took over the lead while she voiced a periodic confirmation of the line in a position slightly to the rear until they reached a check when either she or one of the older dogs would work it out and the pack would be off again in full cry.

The fence-running, doubling and ledge-jumping tactics of the fox, as the hunt progressed, soon convinced the listeners that Dusty was their adversary on this special night and they settled back against tree trunk or rock completely satisfied that they could count on a good two hours or more to test the stamina of the younger dogs and the cunning of the veterans. This was no mere fox they ran, but a clever agent that laid a trail as important to their program of breeding and sport as they themselves.

No more than an hour had passed when the increased tempo and pitch of the hound voices gave rise to fears that something was amiss. The rising crescendo could mean but two things; either the fox was not Dusty, but one of lesser calibre, or some mishap was slowing down the old trooper. Then again, it might be that the dogs had short cut one of his cut-backs and he would soon leave them with a burst of speed or a cleverly conceived check.

No—something was wrong, for hysteria continued to grow and the race swung toward the ledge where Dusty was in the habit of going to ground.

If they hurried they could slip down the hill to the ledge and witness the end of the chase. The quick change of the music to sight barking warned them that they might be too late and they ran with abandon, without heed for the loose stones that rolled under their feet and the branches that whipped their faces.

They were suddenly out on the bluff that overlooked the clearing in front of the den, and none too soon. Dusty came limping into the clearing, dragging a badly injured hind leg, and made a desperate effort to cross the last few yards to sanctuary.

There was no moon, but to the men emerging from the woods, with eyes adapted to the night, the starlit clearing was like a stage on which the crippled fox was destined to be caught above ground by two of the young and eager hounds fast closing with him. Caught in the drama of the moment, they stood fascinated by the inevitable with mingled feelings of helplessness and regret that the worthy adversary would be killed in a contest that had become accidentally so one-sided. At that last moment a third dog swept into the clearing, and with a timing that would have been the envy of any football coach, hit the young pair with her shoulder and sent them end over end. It was Melody.

Dusty had gone to ground and the pack was gathered around, "barking holed" before the full realization of what they had seen came to the men. As they recovered themselves they scrambled down to get their dogs on leash and prevent any fighting at the burrow. Then they turned, and with their dogs at heel, started toward home.

"Jealous, that's what she was," said one; "Wanted to make the kill herself." "Mebbe," said her owner, "but Melody never done that before."

Only occasional exclamations were heard as these hound-dog men made their way to their homes, kennelled their dogs and went to bed, but their thoughts were all on Melody, the old bitch, wise in the ways of dogs and foxes and men, who made it possible for a worthy adversary to run again another day.

# Santa Caligon ISC

**T**HE spring field trial of the Santa Caligon Irish Setter Club, was held on the James A. Reed Wildlife Area, Lee's Summit, Mo. March 14 and 15, with a total of 64 entries.

With a good day's running of 28 Irish, the five puppies were the early starters. 1st. place went to Black Jack Golden Rose, owned by Carl Fink of St. George, Kansas, and handled by Clarence Strimple of Topeka, a classy little pup. 2nd. place to Shamrock Flamingo, owned and handled by Joe Earl of Kansas City, Kansas. 3rd. place to Kathy, owned by Stance Gorski, and handled by 14 year old Joe Gorski. 4th. place to Spaeth's Rose Marie, owned and handled by Dickie Spaeth, another 14 year old.

The 4 braces of derbys moved off to a fast start. Many rabbits moved also. Tami, owned and handled by Father Kenny of Marshall, Mo., showed a lot of range and class, had a find in the bird field, and remained steady. Mac's Star Queen, owned and handled by Harold McNeil of Hiawatha, Kansas, an Irish who hunts all the way and looks good doing it, placed 2nd. Pat, owned and handled by Father Kenny, has wonderful range and drive, and placed 3rd. Laurie Lee, owned and handled by Joe Earl, is a nice moving dog, plenty of drive and interest in anything that moves, placed 4th.

The All Age with 15 Irish moved off before lunch, the judges hardly stopping for lunch. Jewel's Ginger was piloted to 1st. place by her owner-handler, Wiley Jewel, with a covey find and a stop to flush on the back course, a steady find in the bird field, made her hard to beat. Ray Hagan's Pride's Red Rambler took 2nd. place, with finds and a back in the bird field. 3rd. place to Hennessey, a German bred Irish, owned and handled by Capt. Tom Sherry. 4th. place to Tara's Irish Delta, owned and handled by H. H. Lamb.

The All Breed Shooting Dog stake ran on Sunday with 36 entries. 12 Pointers, 10 Brittany's 3

Weimaraners, 3 German Shorthairs, 2 English Setters, and 6 Irish.

The winners of this stake were: 1st. Storm Trooper Joe, pointer, owned by Bill Troop, who ran a terrific course, with 4 perfect finds. 2nd. place went to Tom Bell's Brittany, Mac's Cornouilla King, who had 2 perfect finds. 3rd. to Faraway Rex, pointer, owned and handled by Earl Fizer. 4th. Warhoop King, owned and handled by John E. McClain. There was terrific bird work in this stake, lots of thrills.

and sultry, bad for dogs and birds. The ground was very soft, places where the horses had trouble crossing. Saturday night the temperature dropped sharply, as only it can in Missouri, and there was quite a snow storm, which made the early hour of seven, a little rugged for the All Breed stake.

Among the out of towners were the Ray Hagan's of Mexico, Mo., Mr. Hagan, vice-president of the National Red Setter Field Trial Club. Father Kenny and Mike Frame of Marshall, Mo., Harold McNeil of Hiawatha, Kansas, the John E. and A. D. McClain's of Nevada, Mo., Mr. Teegarden of St. Joseph, Mo., Floyd Crosley and Kenneth Updike of Fremont, Nebraska, Mr. and Mrs. Ravenscroft and son of Newton, Kansas, and Clarence Strimple of Topeka, Kan.

Horses were furnished by Pennington's stables. Howard Parker of Radio station KUDL conducted a broadcast from the Field Trial grounds which was quite interesting.

The wonderful dinner Saturday night, given by the club, at the home of Dee L. Johnson was prepared by the ladies of the club, and was attended by a very large crowd. The trophies were presented by the president, Ed. L. Stevens at that time.

A very large gallery was in attendance both days. Enough praise can't be given our judges, Emmett Smith and Bill McKim for their tireless efforts, also Jim Cooper who was always ready with the announcements. Thanks to all!

## IMPORTANT FIXTURE

Red Setter Midwestern Open Championship and Supporting Program

April 11-12, 1959

Delaware Dam Area, Ashley, Ohio

All stakes will be run over contiguous courses on native quail and pheasant. Starting time each day 7:00 A.M., EST Horses free to handler.

**Stakes and Order of Running**  
Saturday, April 11

**Midwestern Open Shooting Dog Championship**—One hour heats—Entry fee \$20.00—Rotating trophies—1st and 2nd.

**Open Puppy**—20 min., Entry fee \$6.00; **Open Derby**—30 min., Entry fee \$9.00; **Amateur Shooting Dog**—30 min., Entry fee \$9.00.

Trophies—1st, 2nd, 3rd.

**Judges**—Ralph Wallace, Circleville, Ohio and Bill Wooten, Tenn. All horse reservations to Jack Kramer, 207 Obetz Rd., Columbus 7, Ohio. Drawing at clubhouse of Central Ohio Bird Dog Club, Delaware County Road 220, Ashley, Ohio, Friday, April 10, 9:00 P.M. for all four stakes. Handlers dinner to be held at Delaware Hotel, April 11, 8:00 P.M.

F. C. Bean, Chairman, Rt. 3, Athens, Ohio; After 6:00 P.M. Clubhouse Ph. Ashley 3535.

**A**T the Annual Meeting of the Irish Setter Club of America, Inc., held on February 9, 1959, the following Officers and Executive Committee were elected to serve for the current year: President, Mr. Lester O. Gatchell; 1st Vice-President, Mr. Richard H. Adams; 2nd Vice-President, Miss Laura F. Delano; Secretary, Mrs. Wm. Bolton Cook; Treasurer, Miss May H. Hanley.

The Executive Committee: Mr. James W. Bayless, Mr. Arthur E. Clemons, Mrs. J. Brooks Emory, Jr., Mr. Ivan Klapper, Mr. Joseph P. Knight, Jr., Mr. Edgar W. McIvor, Mrs. Marion B. Neville, and Mr. Lee M. Schoen.

Delegate to The American Kennel Club: Mr. John C. Neff.

THE FLUSHING WHIP, APRIL, 1959



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TUREN, Inc., Dept. FW Beaver Park, Danvers, Mass.

## IRISH SETTER PUPPIES

3 Males — 6 Females  
Whelped Nov. 17, 1958

Sire: Willow Winds Poppy (558156); Grand Sire: Ike Jack Kendrick; Grand Dam: Lady's Colleen; Dam: Lady's Last Gal (584646); Grand Sire: Ike Jack Kendrick; Grand Dam: Askews Carolina Lady. Shots and worming completed. \$75.00 & \$50.00

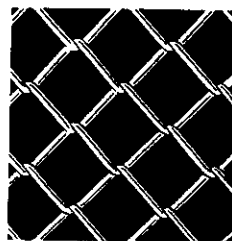
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## Please Fence Me In

NOT many years ago distemper was the great killer. Skin diseases, internal parasites and other miscellaneous causes contributed to the annual toll—but not today. The automobile has become Public Enemy Number One to the canine race, snuffing out the lives of more mature dogs than all other causes combined.

Nothing can be gained by pointing the finger of blame at the motorist and condemning our ever-faster highways and motor cars. Dog owners, themselves, constitute a large portion of the population who use or depend upon the continuously increasing flow of cars and trucks that roll, each toward its own destination, across our country. In fact, trials, dog shows and hunting could not continue at their present rate without the motor car. Motor traffic is a fact we must face.

If dogs were able to evaluate the situation and ask us for the protection they need, they'd undoubtedly say "Please Fence us in."

Saving the lives of our valuable dogs is not the only advantage of keeping them under control. In populated areas, neighbor trouble often develops, when dogs are on the loose, digging up gardens, ruining shrubbery, getting into fracas with other dogs, jumping up on children, playfully or other-

wise or packing up and engaging in more serious mischief.

In the country, dogs develop such bad habits as running deer, killing chickens or harassing stock, self hunting or wandering for long distances. Except for the farm collie or other guard dog type that has been trained or naturally found a practical and functional place in the routine of farm life, country dogs, too, should be kept under control.

The dog house and chain or the chain on a wire method of keeping a dog is certainly better than leaving a dog on the loose, but it certainly does not allow the dog to live a very pleasant "dog's life." The chain method, I feel, is too restricted. There is, I believe, no healthier and pleasanter way to control a dog than in a run.

The larger the run, the more chance sun, wind and rain have to keep it fresh. A very large run need have no special floor. Smaller runs need gravel to keep them from getting muddy from use in wet weather and to allow excrement to wash through. Runs that are definitely limited in size should have a flushable surface which can be picked up and washed down regularly.

There should always be some shady spot and some spot exposed to the sun in a run so that a dog may choose the location which will

keep him healthiest and happiest depending on the weather and climate. This is usually easier to provide in a run of ample dimensions.

I'm one guy who can't sleep well at night if I am not sure that my dogs are safe and sound in secure quarters. How about you? J. S.



Phil's  
Red  
Ike

## The Irish Must Have Their Day

Maybe it was the nearness to St. Patrick's day, maybe it was a desire to show off, but a young Irish setter really put on a show at the Santa Caligon trial.

It wouldn't have been so bad, but the setter's owner had done a little bragging before the brace. He had assured his friends his dog was in great shape, just back from a professional trainer.

So the brace started. The Irish took off fast. Up jumped a rabbit. The Irish gave chase and caught the rabbit.

The Irish started to bring the rabbit back to his red-faced owner, when up jumped another rabbit. He dropped the first rabbit and chased the second.

Finally steered past the rabbits, the Irish did all right until a quail flushed wild. The Irish took off a streak and caught the bird in flight. Tender-mouthed, the Irish did not injure the bird. He started to bring the quail back to his owner, then changed his mind and galloped to a pond for a drink, dropping the bird in the water.

While he was drinking, the quail swam ashore. He picked up the bird, waded back into the pond and dunked it.

By that time the embarrassed owner did not know whether to take him up or let him continue having fun. He had broken every rule in the book, a few more would not matter.

Who says dogs don't have a sense of humor? Which is another reason field trials are interesting.

## 'Touring with Towser' Out In A 1959 Edition

The 1959 tourist season is "officially" under way now that the Gaines Dog Research Center, New York, has brought out its new edition of "Touring With Towser."

This handy guide on where to stop when it is time to put up for the night makes traveling with the

family pet a pleasure instead of a problem. By consulting the directory and selecting a motel or hotel in advance, dog owners no longer need to drive from place to place to see if the "dogs welcome" sign is out. Establishments in all states that accept guests and their dogs are listed in the directory—about 5200 of them—along with tips on what to take along for Towser, special regulations in the various states and national parks, requirements for entering Canada and Mexico, and a lot of other useful information. An important feature of the directory are the suggestions for proper dog etiquette while a guest of the hotel or motel.

A copy of "Touring With Towser" may be obtained by sending 25 cents (to cover first-class postage and handling) to the Gaines Dog Research Center, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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## Handlers

Keep your name before the Red Irish public. Two bucks a month, twenty bucks a year does it.

## Dog's Bark Saves Family From Fire

A neighbor saved a family of four from a fire which destroyed their home near Wheaton early Thursday after he was awakened by his barking dog.

"I heard Duchess barking and I looked out and saw the flames," said Dan D'Alessio, 36, of 2N134 Willard rd., a plumbing contractor.

D'Alessio said he told his wife Genevieve, 32, to call the fire department while he rushed over to the house, broke out a bedroom window with a rock and aroused the family.

The occupants, George Swanson, his wife, Marie, and their two children, William, 13, and Beverly, 18, got out safely.

Their six-room brick home, at the corner of North av. and Burdette rd., one mile north of Wheaton, Illinois was destroyed.

Spring Is Here Again -  
When Driving -

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*Ernest H. Hunt*

Red Blooded Red Setter Fans! Cut out the attached form and send it with your last two bucks TODAY for a life-size print of the above head study.

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