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Dear Bob:

You are certainly welcome to print the letter from Horace Lytle to me asking me for a son of Chip. I wish I had a few pups from that litter myself, but they are long gone. You know that Willow-Winds Hobo was sired by Horace's & Elly's Chip. I think we should soft pedal that information because I don't think we want to fight another battle over breeding records at this late date.

I am kind of partial to Hobo as he was probably the biggest running dog I ever raised. Hobo won the puppy stake at the old Grand Junction grounds over nine or ten pointers. He had the biggest race in the stake by far. Hobo was sent to the prairie on 3 different years and the pros. neatly stretched him out. Unfortunately he got spear grass in one eye, and that made him blind in one eye. It never hurt him in his field trials though.

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The American Field gave him a great write up after he beat those 9 or 10 pointers on their terrain, and in their kind of a trial.

As I was getting Hobo ready to cast off a 10 or 12 year old girl asked her father who had just climbed on his horse "Daddy, what kind of dog is that? The father who was on his horse by then, answered his daughter's question; "I don't know what kind of dog he is honey but he looks like a Red Fox."

Needless to say I enjoyed the banter, and, liked it even better when Hobo was braced with their pointer. To make a long story short, Hobo ran the legs off of that Louisiana pointer, and all the other nine pointers. After the brace was over I spoke to the father and daughter and asked them how they liked the Red Fox? Their answer was He sure can run.

This was quite a write up in the American Field about it being the first time and Irish setter ever won the Grand Junction - puppy stake. Sincerely, Ned