

RUSTY'S STORY

Reprinted From January 1971 The Flushing Whip

This is intended for the sole use of the membership and is to be digested by them and their progeny with the sincere hope 'that my thoughts will not leave bitterness but only a lasting desire to put long red hair on a physical structure with a blistering awareness that his heritage in life is to search for, find, and handle any of our game birds and to please the most discriminating of judges while doing it. Now let's pick up the critique at this point. Remember, this was written in December. 1968 and I will not attempt to carry the discussion any further.

Every time I pick up the Whip I swear I will not be upset by it's contents, but it still tears me up. I realize all too well the burden of editing and publishing must be an almost impossible task far our friend, Larry, and that he has done a most commendable job. I say, "I realize" and I really do, because as you may or may not know, and I say this humbly but proudly, *The Flushing Whip* was so named by me, written by me, and put in the mail by me until Herm picked up the load.

You wonder why some of the contents of this periodical upset me - it's very simple. I love history, dogs, horses, sports, our nation, name it; I enjoy page after page, but when people set themselves up as historians capable of chronicling an evolution I sincerely feel that they should really do their homework and do it well. After they become familiar with all the facts, they should write the whole story and not just the glorious side because many, many neophytes will be exposed to this written word and I do believe they should know the truth, don't you?

Let's get back to the carrier of the gifted word - the Whip - it's continued success is guaranteed by the enthusiasm of the supporters of the Red Setter and, since it's beginning, the thinking of most of those it attracts is the same and the 'questions are the same as those asked thirty or more years ago. The history of the Irish Setter goes back to the days before fowling pieces, when birds were netted over pointing or setting dogs. Let's not delve into the background of the Irish, that is for students-our friend Bill Thompson readily qualifies, but let's make a back cast into what makes the Red Setter and why was he so called. This I do with no fear of condemnation or reprisal from the purist or the one who is ashamed because his mahogany beauty threw a pup with a white chest or white toes.

At an Irish Setter Trial many years ago, I met a chubby, jovial gent, Arch Church, who had some dark red ones, McKerrys, and some sandy colored ones. Now these dark ones were beaus but the sandy ones were rather odd. They waved their tails straight to the sky and moved effortlessly. These dogs didn't get the job done this particular day because my three derbies, one of which was our own Rusty's Jinx went one, two, three and we also placed third in the All Age and third in the Shooting Dog. If my memory is correct, Paul Long at that time was working for Mrs. Myra Berol and the great Rufus won both the all age and shooting dog. A young

dog, Wheeler's Red Boy, just purchased from Elias Vail, picking up the second place ribbon in stakes. Arch's sandy dogs were just not enough.

These dark ones of mine were good Irish but could not get a placement anywhere in the East in open trials at that time. Our competition then was Shore's Brownie Doone, Frank Doone, Vernon's Beau Lady, Freddie, Blackie, Lakeview Queen, Tidbury Kate, War Admiral's Peggy, Popeye and others of this calibre. Vernon Wimbrow in a gathering of gathering of major circuit professionals made the remark years later that Jinx was a pretty fair derby and this was before the days of the so called shooting dog derbies. The jovial and generous Arch Church and I became close friends, so close in fact that he discussed his breeding program with me - light dogs versus dark dogs - and later on when he was recuperating from a heart attack he asked me to handle his dogs at the Irish Setter Club of America and the New England trials spearheaded by the brothers Finn, The Cassidys, and The Wards. At the New England Trial, Ned and Helen Le Grande introduced themselves. From then on there developed a close communion between Arch, Ned, and myself; so close in fact that when I approached them about an Eastern Irish Setter Field Trial Club they agreed to back it with dogs and finances but with two conditions. 1st, the word Irish be changed to Red and 2nd, that National rather than Eastern be used in the name. To both I agreed and this was the beginning of the National Red Setter Field Trial Club, with the same avowed purpose then as now.

There was sound thinking behind the names - Red Setter because of the necessity of a cross if we wished to establish our dogs as the competitors they once were, and National because of the importance of finding more dogs and interested people in areas other than the immediate East. To the best of our knowledge there were less than thirty good field Irish in the country and most of these were lacking in some of the physical necessities of class bird dogs. There happened to be an opinion expressed in a national publication by our great friend, Horace Lytle, that the best Irish in the country be crossed with the best English available and thenceforth scientifically and logically produce a new breed that could hold its head high wherever field trials might be held. We believe these comments caused such a storm of protests by the purists that Mr. Lytle was relieved of his editorial duties, but he stuck to his guns and stuck by us; we began to lay the cards on the table. Arch had experimented and, as he so well stated, it had produced a kennel full of tails but not much run. Ned methodically did his homework. He contacted Mr. Lytle, Mr. Henry P. Davis, Mr. Joe Stetson, Dr. Whitney and Mr. Bill Brown. Their support was tremendous, Mr. Brown told us what we could do and stay within the confines of FDSB registrations, and the four editors backed up their comments with their knowledge of bird dogs and genetics. Dr. Whitney opened his horn of knowledge and, under the skillful questioning of Ned, let facts known only to a few become a basic contribution to this breeding program.

I believe about here Carl and Joyce (Schollenberg) joined the forces with us and also Al Bortz, John VanAlst and Col. Ed. Schnettler. Now Carl, Joyce, John, Al and Anita, the lady who fed my dogs and helped break them, felt we could stay within the confines of the blood of the pure Irish and still breed better. This was and is impossible. Ned had so many dogs shipped in, in answer to his ads for field type Irish, and shipped out as rejects, that the stock in Railway Express jumped three points during this period. We found that there were about eight or ten Irish left in the country that could run, point and handle birds, and later that only three could point with an erect tail. Lady, Jack and Sugar, and unfortunately Sugar was barren. So for survival the cross became an actuality, yes, a necessity. This is a matter of record and can be found in the files of the FDSB, a fine Little Irish bitch was bred to a great son of Mississippi Zev-Ilsley's Chip.

You will probably ask, why chip? This decision was the answer to and the results of all the letters, phone calls, and personal contacts that were made by Ned. His analysis was this; we had good run but could use more and this run was not too well gaited. We needed smoothness in our shoulder action. Mississippi Zev could help us there. We could find birds but we lacked the necessary character on point. Zev was tri-colored a possibility, even a certainty that black would become predominant. Ned then turned to Chip who was white and orange and threw predominately orange ticked pups. So for the Zev dogs, the first thought was to pass them by because they were too long in the making and had a tendency toward softness, but they were so beautifully gaited, so swift afoot and so majestic on point that Ned sent Biddie to be bred to Ilsley Chip; his sunburst dogs were the result. From there on the die was cast. These dogs had most of what we were looking for other than color, but that would come. The records were kept, and finally the blood was declared clean after three more matings.

During this period Double Jay and Hobo stepped in and kept the movement alive with their thrilling performances in the East and on the mid-western prairies. Now, contrary to the written word of Dr. VanWye, the owner of Rusty's Jinx did not persuade Ned LeGrande to see and watch this big Irish work. Ned had seen him run many times but had never seen too much work on liberated game. One afternoon he came to my shop and we took a ride. What he saw of Rusty's Jinx on the ground and on native coveys made him request a mating to little Eve. Jinx up to this time had only been bred once, to Uncle Ned R's Ginger owned by John VanAlst. There was no other bitch around that I cared to service but Eve was so pretty and so sensible that the mating was made. So along came Double Jay, Hobo, Zet and Kate.

Then Hunter Grove found Lady and Jack for Ned, and we were really off to a good start. Soon after this, Arch suffered his fatal heart attack and John VanAlst left us, but the dogs were running and more people were attracted by the publicity gained by the brilliance of these dogs. They were beginning to show up everywhere, and as the years passed new support was developing - names I will not attempt, -surely I cannot remember all even though thousands of words were written in direct

answers to questions from as far away as Chile to the South, England to the East, California to the West and Canada to the North. Cindy, Cathy, Red, Riley, Jimmy K, Shane, Youtz's Red. We could fill pages with notables but the background of the winning dogs was the cross and the 100% purebred had no place in the invasion of the Open Trials. This is not to say that his was and is the only cross-there have been other attempts to broaden the field, I am sure, but this dynasty as researched and put into effect by Ned has to be the backbone of *your* dog today.

I will also have to back up my own Rusty's Jinx with his contribution. This you will find in the pages of the Field and who is to dispute these records. Ch. Double Jay, Ch. Willow Winds Hobo, Ch. Van's Cindy, Willow Winds Cathy, Van's Red, three great Champions and just a few of their offspring, the great Valli Jay Hi, a son of Double Jay and Van's Red, a top sire line on both dog and bitch, Ch. O'Leary, a great winner and producer, he by Hobo out of Lady, Hobo by Jinx. The "record is there for all to see; these are just a few;" we are quite proud of our dogs and their contributions. For those sincere historians who really mean to help, why not search the pages of FDSB and get a surprise? The effect of Jinx blood on your winning dogs of today might amaze you. This is not to take away from the Grand Lady but to remind others that Jinx was there too.

So I say (to you, John Miller) in answer to a gentleman's comments as published in the Whip Dec.68, take advantage of the work already done, see what you have to offer, analyze this, follow the advice of Dr. Boser (Dec.'68-Jan.'69 Whip) on genetics and maybe you can save yourself thirty years of hard work. It is better to use the parents of the great for your breeding program rather than the great ones themselves. To the lady with her dream of a great dual champion, tops in the field and tops on the bench, an impossibility. For the facts, I offer Ed McIvor's finest, AKC Bench Ch. AKC Field, Ch. AKC Obedience Ch. Tyronne's Mahogany Mike, who in three tries could not go the distance in championship competition on the prairies of the West or the quail country of the East. Why was this so? The hook up of his front quarters that made him the master and darling of the bench galleries and judges could not carry him as far, as fast and as long in the field as his big heart wished him to. In essence, he was not smoothly gaited while running and the burden of his front end going up and down instead of flowing out front brought on physical exhaustion too quickly. Mike was truly a great dog, Ed and his family loved him and were very proud of him as they had every right to be, and we were always glad when Ed slipped the lead on him because he was a real tough one to beat.

Another bit of evidence I would like to offer; we had just returned from Double Jay's most impressive win at Delaware Dam and were judging a trial on the edge of Pennsylvania. Two prominent AKC Setter judges were members of the committee, so we asked them *to* take a look at our dog, hoping he just might make it on the bench. Their comments were very cryptic, If you wish to show on the bench, get rid of this dog and get another; he is too wide in the chest, shoulders laid back too far, tail set too high and something about the briar scars

on his face and front legs." Two dogs, both proven great in their respective fields of endeavor, but neither could cross the line into the other's territory. Many more I could cite, but if you wish to make the try, do, and should you succeed Ed and I both will hope to be the two first to congratulate you.



So there it is; whatever your reactions, I hope I have at least caused some room for conversation, but never forget this, without the sincere consideration of Ed Schnettler during the last ten years, your Red Dog of today might not be what he really is.

Sincerely,

Rusty R.C. Baynard