

The Old Hemlock Letter

*An Exclusive Publication Dedicated
to the Continued Development of the
Old Hemlock English Setter*



The Old Hemlock Foundation, Preserving and Promoting the Legacy of George Bird Evans and Kay Evans

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Greeting from Ohio

Our season is winding down. We have been spending some time in Pennsylvania, hunting their Game Lands that are very well managed for their released pheasants. Karma has shown a little too much independence and range, but boy is she fun to watch. She is learning about running birds and gaining some manners and learning from her mistakes. She likes to please and is easy to work with. I need to get her to a preserve to work on her manners some. I had hoped to make it to Pennsylvania for grouse but dealing with parent's health issues has taken that early trip out of the picture and the recent snow has eliminated plans for a late season hunt.

We will know if Steve Hitsman's Old Hemlock Sass is with puppies soon; we bred her to Old Hemlock Casey. Sadly the Catlett's Old Hemlock She lost the only puppy from that attempted breeding. We are waiting for other females to come in season and have hopes to have two litters this year.

Divya is doing well but boy can I see her aging more in the past year for sure, making me appreciate how short our dog's lives are and how much they give us in return. This was a year we lost many of our senior dogs and that is difficult even though we know it is a certainty even when we get a puppy that we will likely outlive them.

I want to thank John and Toni McGranaghan for the fine 2014 Calendars they produced and all those that sent in pictures for this product.

It is that time of year again and we hope to see many of you at the reunion March 6-8th at Hunting Hills. Thanks to Bob Rose for all the work he does to make this happen.

Thanks to Sue Buckley for the updates to our Old Hemlock Directory.

I hope you all had a great season and I hope to see many of you in March.

Best to all,
Roger



*"It was a beautiful day with air you could breathe to your belt –
October telling us there was no time to waste."*

George Bird Evans

Grouse and Woodcock in the Blackwater /Canaan 1997



Checking Back Mike Krol

We all know the importance of a dog routinely checking back with the hunter; there are few things more frustrating than a dog that doesn't hunt to the gun, and hunts primarily for himself. We want our dogs to be bold and ever questing for game, not bootlickers, but they need to understand that it is a partnership not an outing exclusively for their own pleasure. But as I said, we all know this, and there's another form of checking back that I'd like to talk about: Old Hemlock owners checking back with Roger Brown, and the folks who worked so hard to raise the litter your pup came from.

Many have read the story of the tobacco-juice spitting, finger in your chest, "Let me get you told" character that George and Kay dealt with those many years ago when he traveled to Old Hemlock to get his puppy. This fellow was not given a pup, and George and Kay anguished over the fear that they might have placed prior pups with similar individuals. That night Kay arrived at a solution: anyone requesting an Old Hemlock pup would have to come to them to pick up their puppy, thus insuring that "only the worthy" would be graced with an Old Hemlock gun dog. This practice continued for as long as they raised their own litters, but became less practical as other folks with Old Hemlock dams raised litters, the breeding of which had been previously approved by the Evans. Still, George insisted that anyone requesting an Old Hemlock puppy was screened by the Evans, a practice that is continued today through Roger Brown. Roger now makes the call on who is "worthy", and please trust that not just anyone qualifies. There have been a few bad tales that I know about, one in which a fellow came to the Kauffmans expecting his eight week old puppy to be a trained gun dog (can you believe it?). This gent was turned away, and Karen and Jim Killay benefited, for they went to pick up one puppy from that Kauffman litter and came home with two beauties. Another had Barb Recktenwald go to extreme measures to get a pup to a man in Georgia, flying with the puppy to Atlanta, only to be stood up at the airport (another one that boggles my mind). This fellow didn't get the pup that would eventually become Old Hemlock Bromley, owned and adored by John and Toni McGranaghan. Likely there are other stories Roger could relate, but you get my drift: every effort is made to place our puppies with folks who will give them the care, love, and hunting exposure our dogs so richly deserve.

Over the years I have had the pleasure of raising four Old Hemlock litters. If you have never raised a litter, perhaps it is difficult to understand the emotional investment that goes into such an endeavor. The worry about the health of the dam, the 7x24 care of the litter necessary in those first critical two weeks of their lives, and the rare but very real heartbreak when a puppy is lost after birth. Not to mention the cleanup work which can seem overwhelming when you have a bunch of puppies who seem to poop twice their weight daily at about six weeks of age! Overall, it is a very rewarding and enriching experience, and while tears are always shed when the puppies leave for their new homes, the litter owner takes great pride in knowing what a special treasure they have been able to provide to the families who were deemed "worthy".

Most of our puppy placements have been very special. Lifelong friendships have been made. I even got to meet a relative that I didn't know I had. From my first litter back in 1988, one of the pups went to folks from Massachusetts. As Jim and Karen Killay talked to us about their past, we were all delighted to learn that Karen is a distant second (or maybe third?) cousin. How cool is that? Through occasional updates and a picture now and then we have been able to learn of our pups' progress, and we take great pleasure in hearing from the folks who received the puppies that we nurtured and loved for the first eight weeks of their lives.

Sadly, a few placements have been devoid of updates. Of some litters, neither Roger nor I have heard a word after they were driven out my driveway. From other litters, a few folks got in touch the first year but have not been heard from since. You are left to wonder what became of those pups, how they are faring, how beautiful they might have become once they matured, and what kind of gun dogs they grew to be.

Checking back doesn't have to be a laborious process. The technology available today makes it quite easy. I realize Facebook isn't for everyone (I tend to be a bit bewildered by that environment myself!), but digital photography and email seem to be commonplace for all of us. It takes but a few moments to write a short update and include a photo. Checking back can even go to extremes: from that first litter so many years ago one fellow and I became friends, and he

eventually began telling me about how he didn't love his wife anymore and was having an affair with another woman. Seriously..... you can't make this stuff up! Now that's too much checking back!

For those who have fallen out of contact, please trust that should this article prompt you to get in touch you will be met with open arms, no hard feelings whatsoever will be displayed and I'm pretty sure I'm speaking for the other folks who raised litters but have lost contact with the people they placed their pups with. Having a dog that carries the name Old Hemlock is a special privilege. Please, please let us know how your dogs are doing. My email is OHGUNRUNNER@YAHOO.COM, and my phone number is 585-732-5346. Contact information for other litter raisers can be found in the Old Hemlock Directory, which Sue Buck-

ley works so diligently to maintain. I hope and pray this short article will be received with the good will it was intended to convey.



Sensitive dogs have anxieties; I've lived with them long enough to know that. They have seen Death, carry it in their mouth each time they bring a bird to me, but they are not burdened with man's concept of it reaching for them.

I would have it no other way.

George Bird Evans Living with Gun Dogs 1992

Letters from George and Kay, Little Did We Know.... Larry Catlett

In the middle of October, 2001, our OH Belle, daughter of OH Bittasweet (Sweetie) and granddaughter of our OH Heaven Scent, was about to deliver pups from a Pinecoble outcross. On October 16, Bob Vail (Robert V. Vail) appeared at Cateslot, we're still unsure upon whose referral, with a burning desire to "obtain another Evans type setter" like those of which he had been so fond all his shooting life.

His letter to Vicky dated the next day states, "it was a pleasure to meet you and to admire your beautiful Setters. It is amazing how we discovered the things we share regarding Setters and Breeders." Much older than ourselves and completely unassuming, we weren't quite sure what to make of this fellow who so late in life had such a burning desire for an orange Belton. He was sure this would be his last dog. Our conversations that followed educated us as to just whom we were talking. His experience with setters and his accomplishments at breeding coupled with his fervent desire to have one own him again convinced us that, should there be a second female (all would be orange), it should go to this highly appreciative dog man.

In that October 17 letter, Bob included a copy of his first letter to George Bird Evans dated June 1974 and also Kay's response. His letter began, "If there is

one thing you don't need, it is probably another long winded correspondent from Vermont." But his discussions regarding breeding were anything but uninteresting, as evidenced by Kay's reply.

Bob was born in Maine but grew up in Vermont. He was an educator and at some point became the Superintendent of Schools for the Waitsfield area. It was there that he first became acquainted with Bob Rose Sr., and possibly where he heard about us. He had grown up with setters and pointers kept by his father, who was apparently quite a dedicated shooting man. He tells George, "I only wish my Dad could have lived long enough to read it ([The Upland Shooting Life](#)) as he would have loved it. Sometimes I think it is he talking when I read your book."

Bob goes on to say in his letter to the Evans that he "became acquainted with Earl Twombly in 1956, and bought an orange Belton from him. Corey Ford's two dogs were my pups. She had 5 litters and it was from one of these that Bob Rose got his dog, Peg." Corey Ford, with whom Bob was acquainted, of course wrote the classic story "The Road to Tinkhamtown", and one of those two pups was the famous Cider.

This first letter to George talks a lot about breeding and included the pedigrees of the dogs in question. At that point he was considering breeding to a smaller male that had Old Hemlock blood five generations back in its lineage. He describes his dogs in detail and at one point states, "Using a list of many characteristics, my top three priorities would be nose, hunting desire, and disposition. At the bottom would be speed, all day stamina and a 12 o'clock tail. By accident and design, I am sure, I have managed to maintain my top three priorities with almost all the dogs I have owned or raised."

In describing the ideal setter he offers, "I realize that no two men have the same image of what the perfect setter looks like. From the pictures in your book (The Upland Shooting Life) I would say that my idea of a good looking setter is very close to your Hemlock line. My Bess looks almost identical to your Briar."

After several more questions about breeding he ends the letter with, "I wish that I had the opportunity to visit you in West Virginia in order that we discuss our common interest in more detail." Kay's response voiced concern that two men with similar interests were too far apart to connect in person and advised Bob to "Dial direct (person to person is not necessary as we are the only two here) and call between 5 and 7 pm (when) you can almost always reach him." Familiar???

I don't believe Bob ever made it down there but he did finally get to West Virginia with us to attend the 2002 Old Hemlock Reunion with Hallie, his orange Belton setter from OH Belle. We have kept in touch with Bob to the present, but time has been relentlessly taking a toll on his memory and function. Hallie, who died in 2013, will indeed be Bob's last setter. Like George himself, he kept them with him as long as he could.

Experiences like this, possible because of our setters, enrich our lives immeasurably. At our next breeding we will be looking for our sixth generation of Old Hemlocks born at Cateslot. Those of you who have been active in the breeding program know the joy and sorrow a litter can bring. To have helped make possible a puppy that satisfied such a knowledgeable and experienced breeder and to have been able to get to know him over time makes this whole effort, the joy and the pain, worth it all.



I lay my hand on the ninth-generation Old Hemlock Quest on the sofa beside me and feel the pulse of the one thousand twenty-two names on that extended pedigree of English setter bone and muscle and sight and hearing and scent and love and soul, and know the yearn of beauty there. These lovely setters with their uncomplicated honesty have given me an ideal of purpose and principle and courage, their way of Living for each day to when the day goes down, ignoring the Inevitable with a nobility I can only seek to emulate.

George Bird Evans Living with Gun Dogs 1992



A Guest on The Mountain Steve Marshall

Most grouse hunters I have encountered, myself included, tend to be a bit possessive of our coverts. We keep the best ones for ourselves or share only with the closest of friends. If you are fortunate enough to have good numbers of birds, sharing these special places is much easier. George and Kay shared with us many such places between the covers of their books and in magazine articles, filling our non-hunting hours with trips to the Blackwater Canyon, Dolly Sods, the Tramroad, and several once prime locations on The Mountain.

Chestnut Ridge, known by the locals as The Mountain, is a high ridge running several miles north and south on the western side of the Alleghenies. A place so very special to George and Kay that he had over one hundred entries in his journals from days enjoyed hunting there. Enough hours enjoyed that he shared the experiences with us in [Grouse on The Mountain](#).

Atop the mountain just off the interstate lies Coopers Rock State Forest, state owned since 1936. It encompasses 13,000 acres of Appalachian beauty. It is a great place to get away for hiking, mountain biking, rock climbing, or hunting in designated areas. Carefully managed timbering areas have helped maintain a very small population of grouse that have given us several days of enjoyment. One clear-cut in particular gives a nice view to the east and if you look carefully, Old Hemlock is visible nine miles away.

I think it fair to assume that George and Kay felt that mountain was theirs. They enjoyed exploring the forest, the rocks, and the streams, for countless hours. And so as we continue to enjoy The Mountain, I too feel a small sense of possession while at the same time I am a shooting guest.

I would like to share the following account of one such special visit to George and Kay's mountain and the pleasure it still brings to their dogs and their companions. The last day of 2009 came with three inches of wet snow and rising temperatures that can give good scenting conditions. We took our time getting ready, allowing the birds a chance to feed and move about. By nine we had driven the fifteen miles to the mountain and had parked near one of our favorite coverts. Once known as the Ryan farm, now with only an old family cemetery to remind us, it has been since 1936 a part of Coopers Rock State Forest. The morning

air was quickly warming past 35 degrees and heavy fog hung just below treetop level. As we started down the left fork of a well hiked logging road, Carmel was busy covering the right side above me. She certainly remembered this was a good spot to find a grouse. While I watched her work the grape vines and greenbrier tangles there was a comfortable stillness in the woods reminding me of the old panoramic black and white photographs. The image before me was all tones of grey with only her orange markings bringing it to life.

We took our time moving east following the trail down into the valley. As we neared the end of the covert I noticed fresh grouse tracks ten yards ahead crossing the old logging road, but too far to determine their direction. Thirty yards to my right and above me, Carmel had the foot scent and was tracking toward me. She slowly followed the tracks to my left and over a steep bank covered in greenbriers. Instantly the foggy black and white stillness came to life as a grouse thundered from my left, skillfully keeping dense brush between us until it made a quick right heading for the horizon above. This bird was heading toward a recent clear-cut that Carmel and I knew of. This spot had held some birds in the past.

Standing there puzzling over why Carmel had not pointed, it occurred to me she might be wondering why I didn't shoot! After collecting ourselves for a few minutes, we followed the general direction of the bird's flight into the relatively flat clear-cut above. After twenty minutes of quietly and carefully covering the area ahead, Carmel flashed into a point. Instantly our grouse sprang eight feet vertically and began an elevating escape directly at me and gaining speed. With my muzzles to the left and the grouse closing, I thumbed the safety as I mounted. While the bird crossed overhead, and what seemed like an hour later, my barrels finally got under the grouse which was getting small very quickly. A light touch to the front trigger folded the grouse.

A minute later, Carmel had located our bird in the autumn olive and was making a lovely wagging retrieve. We sat in the winter fog for quite some time savoring her first grouse. Later that night as the New Year began by the fire, I reflected on our grouse, a direct descendent of those pursued by George and Ruff. Also on "My darling Carmel", a descendent of Ruff, and the little Fox Sterlingworth crafted by the same

hands that built George's first and second guns. Lastly, on the hunter from eons ago who passed on to each of us reading this the drive to pursue game.

That foggy New Year's Eve is with me every day in the form of a single tail feather from her bird, its quill wedged into a small place in my truck's sun visor. On many, many occasions that single feather has transported me to that day while the rest of the world goes zipping past. Soon enough the leaves will turn and we will visit their mountain again.

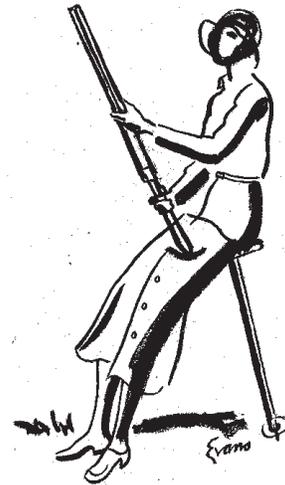


The Mountain has been eighty-seven years of Time for me, aflame in October, burning down to gray November and the white ash of Winter, resurrecting in new May green and lush dark Summer. The Mountain has been and is my Life; I am of it and it is I. For so long as there are grouse on The Mountain, the Old Hemlock setters and Kay and I will exist in a personal eternity each time Indian Summer comes.

George Bird Evans Grouse on The Mountain 1994

"I haven't known any other girls well enough to take them to wild back country like this hidden part of The Mountain, let alone on a forbidding day such as this, but to Kay it was adventure. From the first afternoon we spent together sixty-five Autumns ago, everything – every small detail we have shared – has been fun."

George Bird Evans Grouse on The Mountain 1994



The Cornucopia Jim Recktenwald

This year has been filled with a variety of experiences. The season opened on a warm September day. The day would have been great for swimming, but we were seeking grouse. Green leaves were still on the trees and the ferns were plentiful. Bill Larson was building his new home and could not join us. There were three curtains of foliage that confronted us as we entered the forest. Because of the wet spring, the ferns were covering the forest floor up to about three feet. Then there was a canopy from young alders from fifteen to twenty feet tall that shaded us from the sun. Finally, mature maples and oaks lined the edges of this cover that made it impossible to see. During the course of three hours we had a dozen productive points but not once did I see the bird and in most instances I couldn't see Becasse or Patches McNab. The only way I knew the dogs were pointing was the GPS collar, otherwise I was blind to their movements. The grouse took advantage of the heavy ground cover and ran circles around us.

The next weekend was the woodcock opener and a chance to hunt with Bill Larson (OH Kodiak), and with Aaron & Bode Hislop (OH Sky). Aaron had invited us to hunt his place and had done some scouting while bear hunting. This is a special piece of property with

great cover and grouse! The cooler weather was starting to give the leaves a blush of orange and yellow, and it was possible to see patches of blue sky as we walked through the woods. OH Sky is progressing nicely and was doing a great job of winding the birds. OH Kodiak was solid as usual, but was still getting used to the Minnesota forests versus the wide open Texas plains where she spends the winters and summers with Mike and Brooke. As I busted brush along the Split Rock River that meanders through Aaron's property I felt a vibration and noticed the GPS showed Becasse was on point. Then McNab was on point in the same area but pointing in a different direction. I thought the bird was running. No, it was a family of young grouse running. As I approached, a bird attempted a soft flush to avoid me and my brace of dogs. The sweet sound of the 16 gauge rang through the woods and then there was an explosion of grouse going in every direction, two at a time until finally we figured there were more than six in the group. I stood there and just watched the show. We then marched up to higher ground and Becasse went on point. I approached and two grouse flushed away from us using the tops of the heavily leafed alders as cover. I chose one bird and swung the gun through and fired a blind shot at thirty yards. I watched as a soft shower

of feathers floated through the air. McNab, who was backing, made the retrieve. Then it was McNab's turn to point a grouse that flew past both Aaron and me in the wide open without a shot being fired. Each thought the other one was going to shoot. We brought two grouse home that day for dinner and had seen some of the best pointing and backing I had seen from all the dogs. Several times I heard a beep and asked whose dog it was. I had gotten some Game Ears made by Starkey at the Minnesota Game Fair and was hearing the grouse flush a little better. Bill and Aaron repeatedly told me the beep was from my dogs. In three years I had never heard the beep on my GPS. It forced me to admit I have a hearing problem and quickly tried to rectify the situation. I now have the gift of hearing for Christmas and I do not have to read lips. The only downside of the day was Bill noticed the screw holding side plates on my shotgun was loose, and that meant it would be with the gunsmith for a few weeks.

We have been blessed with a symphony of colors this fall. As the fronts from Canada brought cooler weather, our friend the timberdoodle appeared. The dog work improved with the abundance of woodcock. My fondest moments for each dog occurred on the same day, when we scouted some new covers. We had a hard frost that morning and we didn't move a bird in the heavy swampy cover so we moved toward the eastern side of the forest where the sun was hitting the edges. There were a lot of mature hardwoods in this section, and as we neared the edges we heard a hard flush about twenty five yards from anyone. A road split the cover, and McNab and Becasse headed in opposite directions. McNab stretched out about sixty yards. I tried calling her back but to no avail. At seventy yards she locked up and stood patiently for me to appear. As I approached, I spotted a grouse at eye level in a mature birch. The grouse exploded when it saw me and at the report of my gun a woodcock flushed. We got both of them, with each dog retrieving a bird. To improve McNab being staunch I am approaching from anywhere but directly behind her. I am also trying to give her more one on one attention. Victor had discussed this with me during the last Old Hemlock Reunion. After a short drive we moved into another patch of birch and alders. It was a quarter section of perfect tall white trees with a few yellow shimmering leaves. Becasse started pointing and didn't stop for almost an hour. She is normally not fond of woodcock but that day she was unbelievable. Again both dogs retrieved a bird.

McNab is coming into her own using her range and speed to find the birds where we wouldn't expect to see them, while Becasse is rock solid with her ability to pick up the faintest scent. Mother and daughter

are equally productive, but have very different styles. Both girls had good days when the other seemed to have an off day.

Winter came unusually fast, and with the cold and snow came an opportunity to learn how to shoot with more clothing. The first weekend in December I ran the girls in a hunting test and the thermometer reading was minus ten with a stiff northwest wind as I left home. The dogs did fine but I was an atrocious shot that day. I had blamed my shooting on the cold and a new AYA 20 gauge, but as I think back it was mental mistakes and not leaving the problems of the office back at the office.

Redemption came the next weekend. I had donated a ten bird pheasant hunt at the Minnesota Horse & Hunt Club for the company's United Way event this year. We were hunting Sunday after church and the thermometer read negative numbers again. I really didn't want to use the 20 gauge again, and I didn't want to have people shooting over the girls who didn't hunt a lot. To top it off the guys wanted their young boys to shoot and they were bringing one year old Labs with them. I was dreading the event. But something happened, the sun came out, the stiff wind became a soft breeze and it warmed up to four degrees. Once I focused on my colleagues having a safe and fun hunt I had one of the best times I had all year. Everyone enjoyed themselves and my shooting miraculously improved. Helping others have fun seemed to be the therapy I needed.

Overall it has been a rewarding hunting season, with more opportunities to hunt still coming. We have been invited to a pheasant hunt in Kansas the first week of January with the possibility of some wild bobwhite hunting. It's also a good time to see old friends from Wichita.

Barb and I are looking forward to seeing everyone in March and hope our awful cold weather doesn't reach your homes.



"An honest point well done and a shot made or missed is what life is all about to a gun dog and her man."

George Bird Evans The Upland Shooting Life 1964



Editor's Note

Cap Kane is a friend of long standing. While not responsible for our life with setters, he was responsible years ago for inspiring our annual return to New England grouse and woodcock coverts with our OH Time and OH Flight, and for enriching that return by generously sharing his New Hampshire coverts, his knowledge, his setters, and his company.

Cap's reverence for our sport and its ethical traditions, and his love of both his setters and their quarry, places him firmly in the best upland sporting tradition. It is no wonder he got along well with George and Kay, and that they continued to correspond.

That Cap has not been an Old Hemlock owner is as much an accident of history as anything. We all know that opportunity and need must intersect at some point for such to happen, and that goal is seldom uncomplicated. Cap has always had good setters from traditional New England lines, and spiritually he is certainly one of us. That is why this guest writer appearance is appropriate, a wonderful look back at an unforgettable pilgrimage that many of us in our own ways have made.

A Day with Kay and George Cap Kane

May 9th, 1990

Yesterday morning I flew from Boston to Pittsburgh and then drove to Bruceton Mills, West Virginia to experience one of the most wonderful days in recent memory. This trip was to be almost a pilgrimage for me as I had long thought about what this trip, if taken, might import. Suffice it to say that my visit exceeded everything I had imagined it would be and pleasant surprises emerged throughout the day. Kay asked that I not arrive before 2:00 as George's schedule of early morning work and mid-morning sleep made any earlier time inconvenient. I was happy to oblige and managed to start my visit to the area with a sandwich at "Sandy's Lunch" in Bruceton Mills. From there it was a short hop to Brandonville and Old Hemlock.

The house was instantly recognizable by the porch and the stone façade on the wing and of course by the very tall hemlocks that grace the stone stepway to the back door. Quest apparently heard me coming as he alerted Kay and George to my presence. George greeted me at the door through which so many of his grouse have passed to hang on the deer antlers in the portico. His cordiality and instant warmth for some reason came as a surprise to me, perhaps due to his steadfast avoidance of phone calls from interlopers such as myself. Needless to say, Kay's friendliness came as no surprise, gleaned as it was from all of our past conversations. Physically both George and Kay are a bit smaller in stature than it would seem from their photographs, but that is of no consequence for they possess

an outsized spark and love of life compared to most people fifty years their junior.

We spent a wonderful couple of hours getting acquainted and expounding on our many correspondences, with both of them wanting to know all about my wife Annie and her horseback riding. Famed equestrian Bill Steinkraus is an old acquaintance and editor for some of George's writing.

As the afternoon progressed, we took a walk up to the top of the rise behind the house, with me receiving a brief but fascinating history of the house and grounds along the way. We played a standard visitor's game of taking giant steps up the hill to the fence and, at 40 paces, I was told that I had taken fewer steps to reach the destination than any other visitor, at least in recent memory. It helps to be 6 feet, 2 inches!

George also let Quest walk with us and he is a handsome setter, about the size of my five year-old McDuff but pure orange Belton. George pointed out the graves of departed Old Hemlock setters Ruff, Blue, Briar, and all the rest he has laid to rest. How much agony he and Kay must have felt in erecting each of those small memorials to such big parts of their lives. On the way down we inspected the water at the spring house and Quest accommodated us by running through it at just that moment.

We were back inside the main house just as it was getting dark, in time for tea and cakes. I somewhat immodestly showed them my journals and pictures of

Winston, McDuff, and Molly, my non-Old Hemlock but ancestrally connected setters. Time flew by as we went room to room looking at and getting the history of family treasures and memorabilia, including George's journals and a peek at his forthcoming book.

At long last, after an unanticipated and quickly accepted invitation to stay for a venison stew dinner, the hour to depart had arrived. To my surprise it was 10:30, many hours past what I ever expected they would let me stay. What a wonderful, wonderful day and two extraordinary people with whom to share it.

"A grouse and a brace of woodcock hang on the hewn-log wall of the porch in the sherry smell of leaves, and life as I would have it."

George Bird Evans
A Dog a Gun and Time Enough 1987



Recollections of a Shooting Host Mike Krol

I had the pleasure and privilege of hunting with George and Kay twice, the first time in 1980 and again in 1986. I'd like to share some of the fun and frustration I experienced during those two special occasions.

First, a bit of my background is in order: while being enamored with all forms of hunting since I was a little boy, it wasn't until my late twenties that I became a dedicated grouse hunter. No one in my family hunted, and my folks were a bit perplexed over my fascination with the blood sports and guns. Guns were taboo in my house until I was sixteen, and I can well recall buying a Daisy pump BB gun from the neighbor next door for five dollars and having to hide it in the garage when I was about fourteen, lest my Mom discover it. Mom and Dad finally gave in, and my Dad bought me a single shot .22 for my sixteenth birthday. As many here who know me well are aware, that would be just the first gun in what would become a lifetime quest for the perfect gun, and many fine ones have come and gone over the years.

Although I shot a few pheasants over my buddy's Springer Spaniel during my teens, I wasn't a bird dog man by any stretch of the imagination. I was raised with a dog always around, and my best buddy and constant companion growing up was a mongrel named Lady who had some setter blood. Lady would accompany me to nearby fields, and back in those days pheasants were everywhere in upstate New York. She only occasionally pointed, more often flushing the birds, and I can recall shucking that Daisy pump gun as fast as my arms would move when a pheasant flushed. To no avail, of course, but perhaps that first vision of a dog and a bird planted a seed.

About the time I turned twenty I became enamored with bow hunting, and bow hunted almost exclusively for the next eight years. I had a lot of fun, and saw some amazing places like northern Ontario for bear and moose, Idaho for elk, and of course Pennsylvania and New York for deer. I enjoyed some success, too. I will always look back at those early years with great fondness. Along about 1975 I joined the Field and Stream book club, and one of the new member offerings were four free books. While I can't recall the other three titles, one of my selections was The Upland Shooting Life by a fellow named George Bird

Evans. I wasn't an upland hunter at all, and don't know what caused me to make this choice, a book that would soon change my life.

At about the same time I bought an Irish setter for a pet. Mac was a fine and loyal fellow, and he would often accompany me when I was out stump-shooting with my bow. I did have a shotgun, too, a Winchester 101 12 gauge. While pheasants in New York had gone downhill since my youth, there were still pretty respectable numbers. I would routinely go out opening day with a friend who had a Weimaraner, and a friend of his who had an English setter. About the time Mac turned two I brought him along for that opening day hunt, not expecting a darn thing, just didn't want to be the only guy without a dog. Mac had never been exposed to many birds, although he had flushed the occasional one during our bow forays. He had also never experienced gunfire. On this particular opening day hunt I spread out away from my two buddies, wanting to feel like I was my own hunter, and I'll be darned if Mac didn't flush a rooster (surprise), I hit it (bigger surprise), and Mac retrieved to hand (biggest surprise of all!). On that day two bird hunters were born. Not long after that that he started pointing, was a natural retriever, and I quickly realized that the sight of a dog on point was just about the most beautiful thing in the world. Mac would grow to become a pretty fair field dog.

In 1978 I was still an avid bow hunter, but my dog Mac had given me a taste of what treasures might await me in the uplands. I would flush grouse and the occasional woodcock while bow hunting, and I well recall sitting in various tree stands during that autumn thinking I'd be having a lot more fun if I was walking around the woods with my dog. I did do a bit of bird hunting that year, which only served to feed the fever that was starting to grow inside me, and so it was at the end of that season I said to hell with it, I'm going to be a bird hunter. I hung up my bow and never looked back.

As the 1979 season approached I finally dusted off that book I had bought years earlier written by the fellow named Evans, and I read in earnest. In that year I walked into a fairyland of grouse; they were everywhere I went, along with goodly numbers of

woodcock. In the late summer of 1979 I had bought an English setter from an ad I saw in the American Field, a pup sired by Stormy Trade Winds, a very well known setter at that time. I named him Blue, after George's Blue, and what instincts this dog had! He was pointing and retrieving at fourteen weeks of age, and I followed George Ryman's advice to George Bird Evans those many years ago, "just shoot grouse over him and he'll take care of the rest". And like a young George, I set out to gleefully do just that. I thought I had a resource that would never disappear, and kicked myself for not getting into upland hunting sooner. This abundance of birds would continue until the mid - 90's, when suddenly populations dropped off dramatically, but of course I couldn't foresee that future back in 1979. I killed a bunch of birds, and on a whim sent a letter off to George and Kay telling them of my experiences, and how much I had enjoyed The Upland Shooting Life. Isn't it funny how many of us think of authors as famous people who might not want to be bothered with us common folk. Of course, with George and Kay nothing could have been further from the truth! I was delighted to receive a thoughtful reply from Kay, thus beginning a correspondence that would last until the very end of their lives.

And that brings us to my recollections, something that I'm sure you were waiting for all along, but I felt it important that you understand a bit of my background to put things in proper perspective. It was in the spring of 1980 that I suggested that the Evans consider a trip to New York. My friend who owned the Weimaraner had a cozy camp right in the heart of my coverts, more of a cottage than a camp, that I felt would be perfect for them. To my surprise and delight, they said they would love to spend a week in my grouse-rich coverts, and so plans were made for their arrival in late October.

While I keenly anticipated their visit, there were a fair number of worries and doubts festering in my mind. I had just become a "bird hunter" the year before, and here I was hosting one of the most famous bird hunters alive. My young wife (Merely and I had just married in March of that year) prepared a grouse casserole for them when they along with Belton and Bunny, Kay's "love dog" as she described her, arrived at my friend's camp and over dinner we made plans for the next day. Feeling very much in the shadow of greatness, I didn't think myself worthy to hunt alongside them, and further felt they wanted the intimacy and privacy they enjoyed in their West Virginia co-

verts. And so it was that I took them to my very best covert the following day, giving them brief instructions as to how they should hunt it. I wanted them to know that they were dealing with someone who at least knew a bit about the sport, so while George assembled "The Little Purdey" I proudly told Kay that I had shot two limits of grouse from this covert the prior year. As George joined us, Kay said (I swear with a twinkle in her eye) "George, Michael shot two limits of grouse here last year". George, always the gentleman, said something like "my, that was quite an accomplishment", and it wouldn't be until I read more of his writings in the ensuing years that I would learn of his distaste for what he viewed as excessive killing. I sent them on their way, while I worked the far less productive cover on the opposite side of the road. When we reconvened ninety minutes later I heard discouraging reports from them, while I had moved a few birds myself. It was a theme that would repeat itself throughout the week. On this trip I learned an important lesson: I don't know about your coverts, but many of my New York haunts take a while to learn. There are often specific hot spots that seem to always hold birds, and other areas that are often barren. You can try to tell someone to "turn north at the big oak and work the dogwood just beyond the hardwoods, then swing south through the thorn apples", and there's a pretty good chance they'll miss the landmarks that seem so obvious to you. That special covert that I put them into that first day held a good number of birds prior to their arrival, and they were still there after they returned to West Virginia, but for whatever reason they didn't enjoy much success in the covert that "Michael shot two limits of grouse" in last year, and I suspect they arrived at their own conclusions.

Throughout that week I would point them to this covert and that, but they never seemed to really get into goodly numbers of birds. An entry from my journal says: "am so disappointed for George and Kay I could cry". Merely and I hunted with them on the last afternoon of their stay, and finally George connected on a grouse. I had put them into my best spots, places that were productive for me after they had departed, but not nearly so for them. I took some hard lessons from this that I would have the opportunity to apply when they returned in 1986.

With six more years of experience under my belt I had learned much. I now knew that even a single individual could over gun a covert. One of the best ways to avoid this (besides the obvious one of restraint)

was to have many coverts at your disposal. I had broadened my hunting ground considerably, expanding from my prior home coverts of Nunda/Dalton to the bird-rich areas of Birdsall/Angelica, names that are likely meaningless to anyone reading this other than Rick Losey. But I'm sure Rick well recalls those glory years. Still licking my wounds from their prior visit, I was determined to give George and Kay all that they dreamed a New York hunt could be. I had scouted my coverts, refrained from much shooting, and had taken the week off from work so that I could be a more effective guide.

In January of that year I had been blessed with my first Old Hemlock setter, a lovely little gal from Mark Kucera's litter, who I named Blossom. This pup was sired by Quest, the dam being Mark's Old Hemlock Dream, about the most beautiful setter I have ever seen. I was so moved by Dream that I asked Mark's permission to name one of my current little ladies Old Hemlock Autumn Dream, which he graciously permitted. 1986 was Blossom's maiden season, and just the day prior to the Evans' arrival I had taken the first grouse over a Blossom point, and she had retrieved her first woodcock, an auspicious omen if there ever was one.

On this trip George and Kay had Quest to accompany Belton. I am unsure of Quest's exact age at that time, but I believe he was in his second season. Quest was a big, strapping fellow, all muscle and with the stamina and occasional stubbornness we all know two-year olds to have. Merely joined me on our first hunt with the Evans, and we headed into one of my better coverts with the plan to work about two hundred yards apart. I had Blossom on the ground, and it wasn't long before we were joined by Quest, happy to hunt alongside his daughter. I could hear George's whistle off in the distance, followed by his deep bellows of "Quest!! Queeeesssttt!!!!" I tried to tell young Quest that he'd best be on his way or he'd be getting a message from God above, but I was too late. A sharp yelp from Quest as he received electronic religion sent him off to return to George. This would repeat itself once or twice again before the afternoon was over. The Evans would enjoy some good dog work on this outing, but no shots were fired by either of us. Still, it was a good day getting into a few birds. The most memorable part of the day was at the very end as we shared some cider back at the vehicles. It was a warmish Indian summer sort of day, and in the twilight a few bats began fluttering about. George looked

up and exclaimed "Look, Kay, dusking woodcock!" I replied "uh, George, I think those are bats." He was insistent that they were woodcock, I was equally sure they were bats. Finally I said "George, I'll shoot one to show you that they are bats", to which he replied "Michael, I'd never shoot a dusking woodcock!" My response being "Neither would I, George, I tell you they are bats!" It all sounds rather serious as I write it out, but it was taken with good humor by all. I never fired the gun, and I'm sure both of us drove away convinced we were right.

On the next day we worked another favorite covert, this time it being George and Kay with Quest and Belton, and I with young Blossom. Again points were made with no shots offered, and we paused for a quick bite at the top of the hill. I had learned that George needed to eat often to control his blood sugar issues, and Kay would prepare some sort of gruel that looked just like Nance's mustard. On our descent Blossom bumped a nice cock grouse that I took in a crossing shot, and as my little girl gathered up the grouse and was in the process of delivering it, her daddy Quest dashed onto the scene overwhelming her and taking the grouse, then headed off into the woods with it. Kay yelled for Belton, telling me to keep an eye on Quest for he was certainly going to bury it, which he promptly did. Were it not for Belton, I may never have seen that grouse again. This was my first exposure to a bird dog burying game. Many years later I would see the same behavior in my Gunner, something he will still occasionally do even though he just finished his tenth season. Quest and Gunner are the only two dogs I have seen do this.

On our last hunt of that day we worked a little dogwood cove that adjoins the road, bordered by pines on the upper part of the hill. Grouse would routinely roost in the pines but come down to the dogwood at day's end for their final feeding. Again we got into birds, but with no shots offered. As we came out to the road and were making plans for the next day, George asked, "Michael, can you take me to other spots that have a lot of grouse close to the road?", to which I replied, "Hell, George, I thought you wanted to walk for hours without seeing anything!" We had a good chuckle over this. Although you seldom see George smiling in pictures, both he and Kay had wonderful senses of humor.

Day three it was just George and I with Quest and Blossom. Kay had decided to take a day of rest with

Belton. Here's the entry from my diary: "We got into several woodcock right away, which made both dogs a bit wild. We moved only two grouse here, where I had moved six two weeks ago. My high point came when I heard the report from the Purdey, and found George encouraging Quest to retrieve a woodcock which had been taken over a point (of course). George was elated, and told me it had been two years since he last killed one." I have a picture of George in my journal showing a smile so big and broad you can see his soft palate.

On day four we opted to go to different coverts, George wanting to return to where we found "a lot of grouse close to the road". My notes from that day don't include many details of their hunt, other than "George and Kay got another woodcock over a double-point, and were elated". Blossom and I had a good hunt ourselves, taking a grouse at day's end with a retrieve "on the double" as she often did in her early years. Oddly, she would become an indifferent retriever as she grew older. The downside of this was the following morning when I discovered Blossom's left eye nearly swollen shut. A hasty visit to the vet found a thorn imbedded in her cornea. Thankfully they were able to successfully remove it after she was sedated, but her hunting for that week was over.

On their final day I had little option but to hunt separately from George and Kay, for I had Blue with me and he had little tolerance for other dogs, or people for that matter. Blue was a one man dog who seemed to have a grudge against everybody except for Merely and me. I took George and Kay to the best woodcock covert I ever had, before or since 1986. I sent them in, while I worked the marginal piece on the opposite side of the road. My notes show that within minutes of our start Blue pointed a grouse that gave me a wide open chance, but I refrained from shooting; I didn't want the Evans to think I had chosen the better spot. This would prove to be a red-letter day for Quest, for he would make his first retrieve of his life on woodcock. George wrote of this on pages 63-64 of A Dog, A Gun and Time Enough, and a picture of the event is shown on page 123 of that book. All things considered, this second visit to my New York coverts was far more successful than the first, and I enjoyed my time with the Evans immensely.

Although they would never return to hunt, our close relationship continued over the years. I have a treasured box containing all of their letters, something that

will remain a keepsake within my family. We have all been touched in our own special ways by their generous friendship, and of course "those proud-headed dogs who hunt game birds in autumn". I am very proud to be a member of this fine Old Hemlock family.



"That trip did much for Quest. He hunted the rest of the season like a mature dog. Approaching three years as I write this, he is every bit as lovely as I had hoped from the beginning, and those were high hopes."

George Bird Evans
A Dog, a Gun, and Time Enough 1987

"October is an alchemy transforming gunning into rapture."

George Bird Evans
A Dog, a Gun, and Time Enough 1987





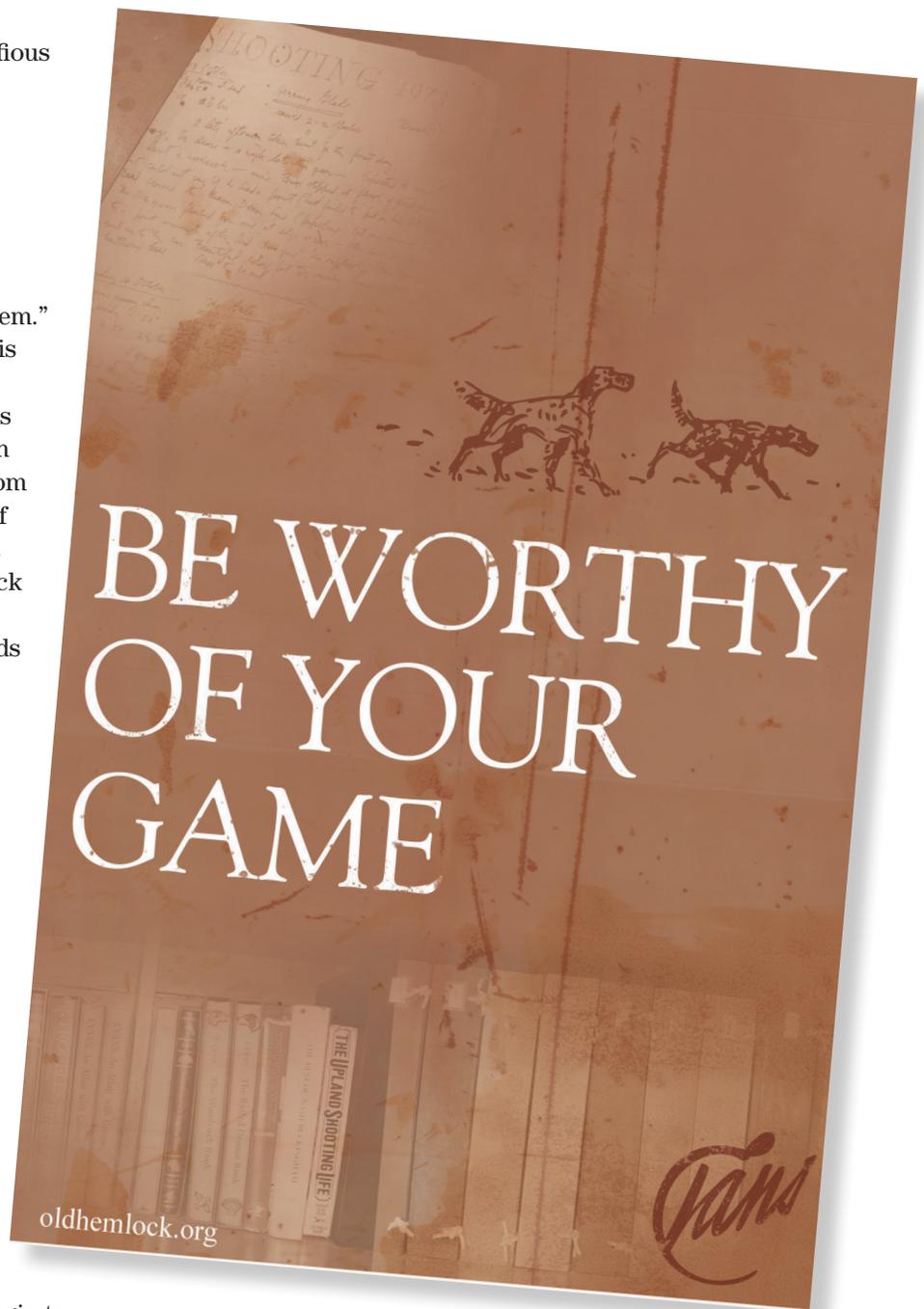
Be Worthy of Your Game

LeJay Graffious

“A place where trees are taller, or so they seem.” This is the inscription that George penned in his book *October Fever* when he gifted it to me. I have come to know this sensation that blankets Old Hemlock like a fresh snow on its evergreen boughs. This past weekend we had a visitor from Minnesota. Our guest was a long time reader of George Bird Evans and knew his writings well. After a scare with cancer, a visit to Old Hemlock was on his bucket list. As we walked into the studio where George painted images with words so we could vicariously live his hunts, our northern visitor said, “I pictured Old Hemlock as larger.” I am often asked, “How tall was George?” When I respond, invariably, they react, “From the books, I thought he would have been taller.”

The Legacy that George and Kay left at Old Hemlock is large. For George, the quality of a hunt is measured in the interaction of hunter and setter. The experience in the wilds searching for grouse gives meaning to life. The Old Hemlock Foundation directors presented a large framed poster to the shooting lodge recently built at Canaan Valley Resort. The poster, created by West Virginia University graphic arts student Dolton Richards, captures the essence of Old Hemlock. In large font we see “Be Worthy of Your Game”, and then the subtleties of the poster begin to emerge: a shelf of George’s books, his sketches of setters, pages from his journals, and his iconic signature. We posted a photo of the presentation on the Old Hemlock Foundation Facebook page. I immediately received a request for the poster from Robby Syler of Oklahoma. He described himself as having been in the publishing business for a long time and having worked with many graphic artists. He was drawn to the poster. After I sent him the file to print a copy for his office, he wrote:

“I am so grateful to you for allowing me to print a copy of the “Be Worthy of Your Game” poster. Through his writing, George Bird Evans has sculpted my attitude towards game



birds, bird dogs and hunting. The phrase captures the essence of what I have learned from him and it is the standard I hold myself to as a hunter of game birds with bird dogs. The poster will be a treasured reminder of my mentor.”

Robby had only met George through his words, but the effect was profound. Editor Steve Smith republished one of George’s articles in the last issue of *Pointing Dog Journal* magazine. When we talked, Steve indicated that many of his new readers did not know George’s work, so a reprint would be a fresh introduction. The Old Hemlock Foundation’s mission is “to preserve and promote the legacy of

George Bird Evans and Kay Evans". We continue to expand their legacy through social media, reprints, archiving knowledge, sharing his art, and sharing the Evans' story. This latter plan of action can be extended beyond the work of the Foundation itself. Those of us who count ourselves as members of the Old Hemlock family can make strides in reaching those unfamiliar with the Old Hemlock principles by sharing the Evans' work and our own connections to it. These connections often forge the strong bonds that define the Old Hemlock family and that mainstream media advertising cannot adequately deliver.

When George and Kay discussed their wills with me, they were most interested in two concepts. The first was to preserve Old Hemlock the house and the land. The second was giving back to the community. We have been actively working to preserve the home on two fronts, physically and legally. This summer, in an effort to reduce the humidity in the house, we installed heated gutters on the south side over the blue entrance and over the studio windows on the north side. Originally, Old Hemlock had gutters but these were removed since they required high maintenance. Technology has advanced and these heated gutters with leaf guards have reduced the splash on the south logs, diverting water from the screened dining porch and helping to dry the stairs to the north porch. We also installed a French drain on the Spring House side of the house and replaced the broken terra cotta tile drain with plastic pipe. This has greatly reduced the water running through the basement, further helping to protect the contents of the house.

On the legal front, our AmeriCorps Volunteer, Eliza Newland, has begun the process to have Old Hemlock placed on the National Register. This is a comprehensive procedure. A major document has to be produced for the State of West Virginia just to obtain an application. She has done the writing, but it will be interesting to work through the process with her.

The directors of the Old Hemlock Foundation are pleased to announce that we have given our first distributions to the community. Five percent of our assets will be given annually to causes established by George and Kay. The West Virginia University Old Hemlock Scholarships will give \$16,000 to a medical student with first ties to Preston County and expanding into the state. The Bruceton High School Alumni Association was given \$2800 to establish a scholarship in the Evans' name. The Preston County Humane Society also received \$2800 which will primarily be used for spaying cats and dogs. The local K-8 school has a \$2800 grant for arts and literature education. The WVU History Archive will use their \$2000 to build a fund that will ultimately lead to having

George's journals placed on-line in a searchable manner. A gift of \$800 was given to the Bruceton-Brandonville Historical Society for their support of Old Hemlock and for preserving the legacy of our community.



"Some men spend their lives making money, others inherit it and live their lives spending it. My wealth is in jeweled coverts and I squander my shooting seasons gathering the golden days with Kay, my setters, and my gun. Often in my dreams I tread those woods again and see the flaming Indian summer leaves. But dreams are nearly always frustrations or at best unfinished; it is the days we live that nothing can take from us.

George Bird Evans October Fever page 157

George and Kay at times do seem larger than Life. Their legacy grows through each of us, each of our setters whose head we touch, and our living the essence of what we have experienced reading his thoughts. We must strive to ensure that the "Be Worthy of Your Game" ideal grows as well.

If we have a brain, there is a need to find beauty – a dog, a gun, a love – and having found it, to hold it for our forever, which for each of us is not too long.

George Bird Evans Grouse on The Mountain 1994

Old Hemlock Foundation News

Hello, all! My name is Eliza Newland and I was raised in a small Georgia town by two parents who instilled in me a respect for nature and the past. I majored in history at Oglethorpe University, a small liberal arts institution in Atlanta. I'm currently serving as a Preserve West Virginia AmeriCorps service member at Old Hemlock while finishing up my Master's in Public History at West Virginia University.

Whenever I introduce myself to people, they inquire curiously, "What is Public History?" To me, public history is simply the act of sharing history with the people. It could be anything from a house tour to an interpretive sign in a state park. I chose public history because I enjoy making people think critically. Knowledge shouldn't be kept locked up in libraries and universities—we should be sharing it and thinking about it!

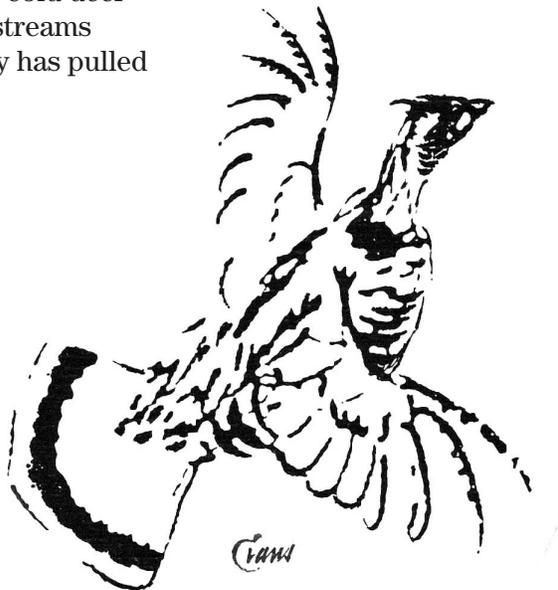
When I'm not sharing my love of history with the public, you can find me hanging out with my boyfriend Kenny, whippin' up some vegetarian magic in the kitchen, hiking in the wild and wonderful, or biking along the Mon River Rail Trail.

Slowly, I am beginning to consider Old Hemlock home. LeJay and Helen Ann are so incredibly welcoming and positive. I always feel at home in their cozy cottage. With her spots and contented demeanor, LeJay and Helen Ann's Old Hemlock Setter, Willow, warms the working environment even more.

I came to Old Hemlock at the perfect time of year. Foggy fall mornings, giant hemlocks, stone-cold deer spotted through yellowing spicebush, and streams clogged full of colorful leaves. The property has pulled me under its spell.

It doesn't take long at Old Hemlock to realize that there is more to the site than a historic house or a compelling story. There is a way of living that George and Kay pursued and achieved, despite their modern world. Over the next year, I hope to come to a greater understanding of philosophies behind George and Kay's way of life.

My big goals at Old Hemlock are to place the house in the National Register of Historic Places and to start an oral history program, thereby further preserving the legacy of George and Kay. I'll be keeping a blog about my year at Old Hemlock, so make sure to check in! (preservationyear.tumblr.com)



The Kamikaze Grouse

Robert Tovarnak

Webster's definition of kamikaze: of or resembling a kamikaze, wildly reckless, and suicidal.

George wrote of saving grouse covers for later in life. I saved some for hunting when my time was limited but I wanted to get out and hunt. Such was the Hilltop Cover, about forty-five minutes from my home. It was on a hilltop with mature hemlocks, and the surrounding hillsides were covered with grapevine tangles, berry bushes, and brush. It was difficult to get to but there was a right of way. At one time the cover was occupied. What was left was an old stone foundation of a home but nothing else. Apparently it had burned down and evidently the house had electricity because there was a right of way with poles still standing.

On that beautiful fall afternoon that I chose for my hunt, we started up the right of way. The temperature was in the mid-forties and there was a light wind out of the west. There were puffy white clouds against a blue sky. The black electrical wires were dangling from white insulators on the crossbars of the poles. All we needed was a grouse! As we got nearer to the top it became steeper. My four footed furry feather finder reached the top first. I increased my efforts to catch up. Then his bell stopped ringing. He was on point. I hadn't even reached the top yet! I was still

standing on the right of way when I heard the grouse flush. Then I saw the bird. My thoughts in a split second went like this: the bird is going to give me an easy overhead shot -- no it's diving down the right of way -- it will see me and veer off -- no it is coming straight at me, it's going to hit me. DUCK!!!!

That grouse came so close to me I could feel the disturbed air on my cheek. I picked myself up off the ground and retrieved my hat and gun. Looking down the now empty right of way I thought, that was one crazy grouse!

Good Hunting

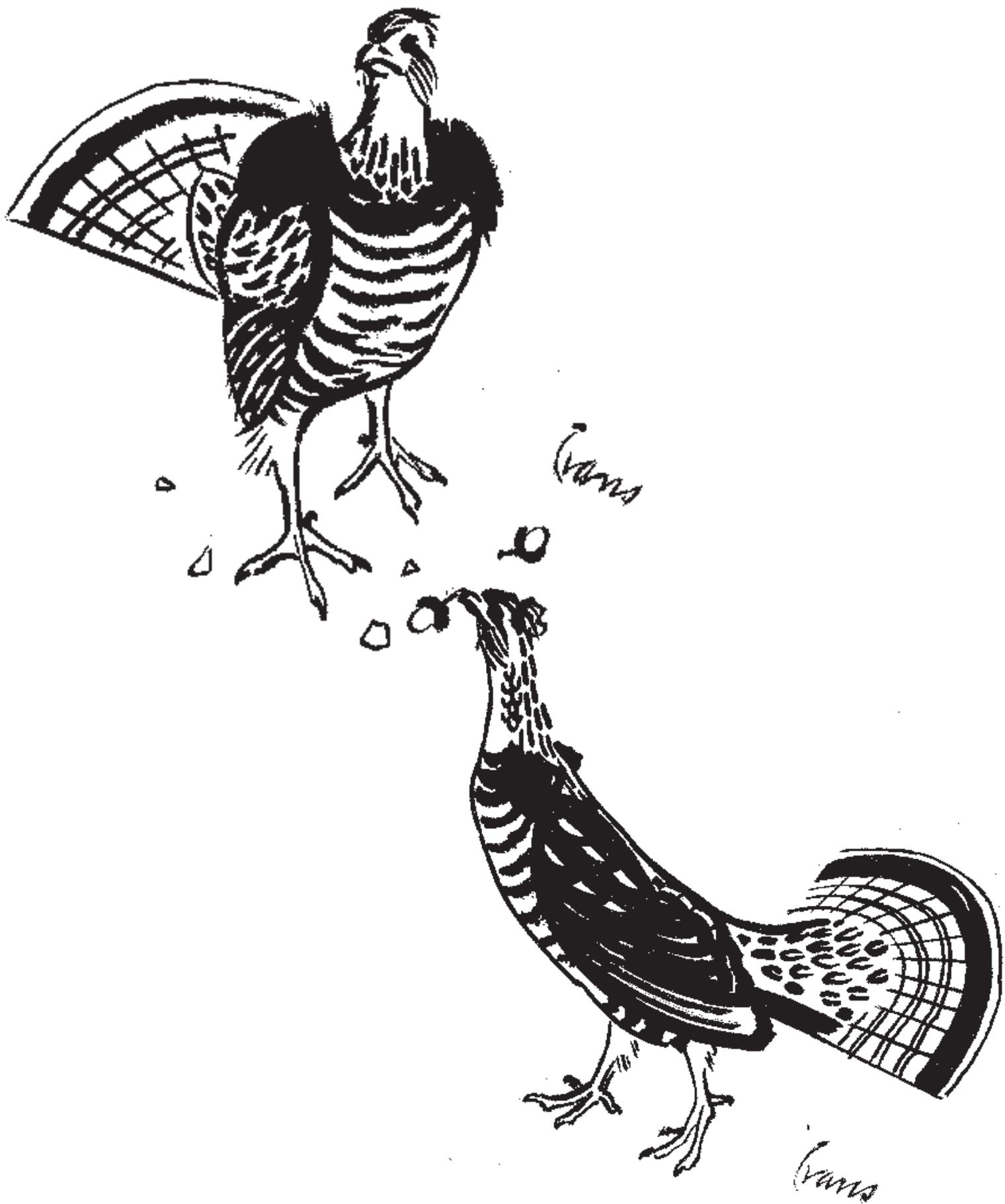


"The ordinary man uses his dogs as utilities; the discerning man clings to them because they intensify his life and because they are so entirely noble."

George Bird Evans

A Dog, a Gun, and Time Enough 1987





Editor's Note

I hope you have enjoyed this winter edition. The Letter is slowly evolving and growing while intentionally remaining within the sound tradition Mike McDonald gave us. It is appropriate that it does, and that will not change. Because we stand on his shoulders, the view forward is clearer from here.

Both quality and scope of the writing are improving as more of us become involved, and as those who are grant the process more thought and time, driven by the realization that the effort is both worth it and important.

That observation begs the question for those who have not yet chosen to participate, particularly those as yet unheard from who had the privilege of knowing George and Kay personally. Where are you? You could not have lived that experience without having stories and memories that are worth sharing, which should also be recorded for posterity. Those human associations are our legacy as much as the buildings, woods, and archives so lovingly cared for today by LeJay, and protected by all the Directors. The Old Hemlock Letter is a most accessible and appropriate venue for preserving them. The sand is running, and those memories will be lost if you allow it.

It is not an accident that we are joined together by the written legacy and very personal memories of George and Kay. There is a reason. We are an extraordinarily diverse group. Each of us has, whether through the setters, the books and articles, or George and Kay personally, independently arrived at their timeless doorway and been made welcome, knowing that we were in the presence of something special and rare. There was never any agenda, just that welcome and a quiet example to be aspired to. Take it or leave it. You had to decide to make the journey up that lane to get there, and be something when you arrived.

The tough losses of our senior dogs in 2013 reported in the September issue were sadly not over, for the Carter family and for all of us.

Old Hemlock Stonewall

As long as songs are sung and stories told of our greatest dogs, he is with us.



Thanks to each of you for being part of this,
Bruce Buckley

Old Hemlock Foundation Directors

LeJay Graffious, Jeff Leach, Roger Brown, Hall Carter

Past Director Jeff Kauffman

Editor Bruce Buckley

Graphics and Production Toni McGranaghan

Founder and Editor Emeritus Mike McDonald



SHOOTING 1971

3. Little
Harris Island
March 2-2 Harbor
A little afternoon then went for the first day
to down - a rich late in the morning - expected to see
about a week - was then stopped at home of a friend
at could not say to be back from that point to put in a
week - the team down had (perhaps) but no more
to the group (and) then out at edge of the sea
to a point where after had been out the night
and in the morning the play had to make the
between two "best" in hand



BE WORTHY OF YOUR GAME



oldhemlock.org