



NEWSLETTER

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OUR GOAL: To Promote, Preserve, and Experience One of the Greatest Southern Traditions Known... Quail Hunting.

Pat Dye at August Meeting!

AUGUST 12

You and your family will not want to miss Coach Dye when he meets with us at our monthly meeting at Lloyd's restaurant. He spoke with us 5 or 6 years ago and we had our biggest crowd ever despite a very stormy night.

Over the years, Pat has been there every time we asked for his help. He was the headline speaker and drew a large crowd of land owners at the 1st Annual Quail conference in Montevallo. When we had our 1st annual Bird Dog Day, Pat brought a horse drawn wagon and hauled kids and participants around the fields.

The last time he was with us, I really don't know who had the best time. It may have been the Auburn fans that miss him or the Alabama fans that respected him as a worthy adversary. It could have been the quail hunters that loved his stories about bird hunting in his youth and present day experiences. It may have been the wives that enjoyed a night out with their husbands and experienced insight into this pastimes their spouses enjoy. Or, how about the young kids that showed up early and stayed late to get autographs from



a living legend that they had heard their folks talk about.

Maybe it was the Coach himself who truly enjoyed talking and taking questions about three of his favorite subjects; football, bird hunting and his favorite dogs.

Be sure and get there early between 6 and 6:30 to get a good seat. You are not required to order supper, but Lloyds' would appreciate it if you did. We do have the entire room reserved and will probably fill it up with good weather. If you are traveling a long distance, call me at 205-910-0845 and we will try to save you a good seat.

My First Pheasant

BOB CARR

It was a crisp, cold Nebraska morning. My brother, Jack, my Dad and our long-time friend and hunting buddy, Julian had driven the seventeen hours required to get from Birmingham to Hebron, Nebraska without an overnight stop. We had arrived at our motel the night before in time to buy our licenses and to get a few hours sleep. My Dad's English Setter, Prince was eight years old and a big dog, weighing between 90 and 110 pounds, depending upon how many miles he had run that day. Prince was a beautiful, black and white puppy in 1969 and had pointed the first quail he smelled. He had located and pointed many wild coveys and had found pheasants for Dad and Julian on earlier trips to Nebraska. This was Jack's and my first pheasant hunting trip.

Julian's dog was a four year old, brownish gray Weimaraner named Chivas. Prince and Chivas had hunted together nearly every winter weekend for the past three seasons. They each had their own favorite compartment in Dad's dog trailer. Chivas had no tail and was nearly impossible to see in sage grass, so Julian had fitted him with a small bell. This forerunner to the electronic locator collar was essential equipment. When Chivas' bell was not ringing, he was either

My First Pheasant

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drinking water, relieving himself or on point. Hunting with Prince and Chivas kept all your senses activated. You watched for Prince's flashes of black and white through the foliage while listening for the correct direction to the tinkle, tinkle of Chivas' bell.

Our marathon drive to Hebron was not intended to prove our manhood, although, it did. We did it so we could hunt an extra day. We would not join Dad's friend, Bill Nash and his brothers until later that evening for dinner. Bill, also from Birmingham, had established a friendship with Warren Jeppesen, a native Hebron farmer who owned or leased thousands of acres of corn and milo fields. The "real hunt" guided by Warren with Bill and his brothers would start tomorrow, but today was my first pheasant hunt.

I got up about an hour before daylight, started the coffee pot and dressed quickly in my layers. My stirring awakened Jack. He lives in Connecticut and has very few opportunities to hunt. The anticipation of our first pheasant hunt got him moving quickly. I awakened Dad and Julian by beating, not knocking, on their door. Hot coffee always got Dad moving, so the smell of the two freshly brewed cups I brought into their room did the trick. Prince and Chivas were glad to be let out of their warm compartments in Dad's dog trailer for their morning constitution. They too were eager to hunt as they pulled on the check cords and fertilized the motel grass. My breath froze into foggy ice crystals as I waited on Prince and Chivas to finish.

A pre-dawn breakfast at the Farmers' Coop Café was the norm for many Hebron farmers. Visiting hunters were very welcome. The coffee was fresh and hot, the food was good

and plentiful and the company was friendly. Our orders of scrambled or over-easy eggs, bacon, ham or sausage, juice and toast or biscuits were ready in a heartbeat and served as fast. By the time Dad was sopping up the last bit of his over-easy egg with his toast, the sun was lighting the eastern sky. We bought a thermos of coffee to go and left.

We drove north of Hebron toward a public hunting area Dad and Julian had hunted in prior years. Before we arrived, we saw four roosters and six hens fly from a thicket into a sage field behind a farmhouse. We pulled into the farmer's driveway and Dad knocked on the door,



seeking hunting permission. The farmer was glad to allow us to hunt on his property. "Just do not shoot towards my house or my barn," he instructed.

As I put on my hunting vest, it was a crisp 20 degrees, but I was not cold. My Auto 5 Belgium Browning, 20 gauge had a cold trigger, but I did not need a glove. I was pheasant hunting for the first time and I was hunting with my Dad, my brother and our good friend. I was warm all over.

As we closed the gate behind the barn, I loaded my Browning with

five Federal, 7 ½, High Velocity. We saw that the sage field had been planted in milo the prior season. Prince and Chivas with his bell were expertly working to locate those ring-necks. The sage was covered with frost and it made a light clicking sound as we walked through it. Dad and Jack were on the left and Julian and I were on the right as we moved through the field. Dad signaled a point. Prince had his head high and his long tail at about 10:00. Jack and I went in ahead of and on either side of Prince and flushed a hen. Having been previously warned not to shoot hens, no shots were fired. In the excitement of the first point, we lost track of the bell...where was

Chivas? Prince seemed to be hot after another pheasant but still no bell from Chivas. I told Julian to stay with Dad and Jack and I would go where I last heard Chivas.

Walking back toward the barn, I heard a single, faint but familiar tinkle from Chivas' bell coming from a small draw heading west that had head-high weeds and sage. As I signaled to the others, Chivas' bell started ringing as if he was moving rapidly. Even though I could not see Chivas, he was excited about something. Dad told me to go ahead. With the morning sun at my back, I moved closer to Chivas. The ground exploded with the wing beats breaking frozen weeds and the loud, rapid cackling of a single rooster ring-neck pheasant. If I had been an "at risk" heart patient, I would have died then and there. From over my left shoulder, the splendor of the morning sun shining on the iridescent plumage of this magnificent bird with the white ring around his neck clearing the weeds at my eye level is engraved in blazing color into my memory. I watched him fly straight up and then out in

My First Pheasant

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that morning sun as I shouldered my Browning. I punched the safety off, took aim and with a single blast, I brought him back into the sage. Chivas retrieved him to me with his characteristic soft mouth. I lifted my first pheasant over my head and with a shout of joy, announced my victory to my hunting companions.

There were other pheasants that I harvested that day as well as later during that week. I returned to pheasant hunt in Nebraska several years later. I have also hunted pheasants in Iowa, South Carolina and Alabama. No other memory of any other pheasant is as clear in my mind, nor more cherished in my heart than that one, my first pheasant. Thanks, Dad.

June 29, 2003

New Members

We have several new members to welcome. They are:

Tripp Head
Wayne Howard
Dorothy Hyder
Scott McAlister
Kim Price
Tim Price
Collier Smith
Danny White
Rick Wilson

President's Corner

HEY FOLKS!

I hope you have had and will continue to have a great summer. Rain has been plentiful this year a positive for insects and for wild birds.

Ben Black has offered to help our club locate or provide some property for training puppies and for hunting. We all should thank Ben for his generosity and assistance. Please continue to make us aware of any property that may be available through a lease for hunting and or dog training.

Philip Wiedmeyer was recently elected President of Mid Alabama Chapter of Q.U. All of Alabama Quail Hunters join me congratulating Philip and wishing him success.

I was very excited to receive my first copy of the Covey Rise. Covey Rise is being provided to all dues paying members of Alabama Quail Hunters at no charge as a courtesy from Covey Rise. It is a new publication dedicated to wild quail and is being published by the Tim and Kim Price. I hope the Price Family exceeds their expectations.

We have a very busy schedule in the coming months. Looking at our calendar...

August - includes a visit from former **Auburn Coach Pat Dye** on

August 11th at Lloyds'. We should have 100% attendance from the Auburn membership. Come and bring a friend.

September – will be open to **preserve owners** to come and present what they have to offer such as preseason release, put and take, dog training, lodging and etc. Preserve owners who do not wish to speak may bring brochures, or send them in advance.

October – tentative at this release for **October** 14th will be an Auction. Each member will be encouraged to bring an old but good item (s) or perhaps new item(s) and donate it for our **Auction**. Examples would be an old hunting vest you have out grown preferably in better condition than the one Mike Barlow wears. Proceeds from the auction to benefit Alabama Quail Trail.

November – Also in the initial planning stages is a **Fall Field Trial** to be held in late October or early November – It will be held in Lincoln. Harold Ridgeway will chair. This is the place, Harold Ridgeway, Terry Cohron and Tommy Smith have leased. The date will be announced.

Please make every effort to attend these events. I promise you will enjoy them.

President, Frank Harris

Treasurer's Desk

We have begun to remove names from our AQH mailing list. Those people who have not paid their dues in quite some time are in danger of being removed. If you would like to continue to receive this newsletter, please pay your dues, now. Thanks, again, to all of you who have already

paid your \$15.00, 2003 dues. If you have not yet paid them, my mailing address is:

1901 Morgan Road SE
Bessemer, AL 35022

If you have moved, changed telephone numbers or have a new

Email address, please include a printed or typed note to me with your correct personal information, particularly your correct Email address. Thank you very much.

Bob Carr
Treasurer, AQH

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www.alabamaquailhunters.org • www.alabamaquailtrail.com

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

Home Phone (____) _____ Office Phone (____) _____

Email Address _____

New Member Renewal

2003 DUES – \$15.00

Check Payable to "Alabama Quail Hunters"

Call Jim Bradford, 991-8635 or for more information, contact...



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