



Letter to Mom

February, at *Sugar Run Farm*

Hayyyy Mom,

Hope you're warmer in Tennessee this winter than I've been here in West Virginia—cold, snowy, wet, now muddy!! But people still gad about and me with them.

You'll be proud to learn that not only am I a registered walker, I'm learning to be a certified hunter—a fox hunter!! Yeah, chasing those clever, long-tailed fast pawed little fuzzies.

Last year, I went with the whole crowd of long-legged, high jumping fellows ridden by people dressed in helmets, tall boots, and black coats or red coats, that they, believe me or not, call *pink*. (People probably have a slight impediment in their ability to see color.)

When we all took off after some tan and white barking dogs, that they call "hounds making music," I was so excited that I broke into a slight butt-bustin boogie, complete with a touch of fetlock fling and a hint of hock hokie-pokie.

Wellllll . . . ! Next I knew I was in another group, watching quietly as the rest of the crowd flew by. Was incensed at first, until I realized that I had moved up to an elite group, the HILLTOPPERS! We slow-gait to just the right spot to see EVERYTHING without getting so hot and bothered, never mentioning TIRED. We also watch those foxy critters scamper out of reach of the hard-working hounds. What a frolic!

The regular flight flies by going one way trying to see, and, soon comes back galloping in the other direction. We could have told them what was happening, but they were running back and forth too fast.

I gait along behind a rather tall touchy fellow . . . you know how those painted ponies are! . . . ridden by a lady in one of those pink/red coats in the company of interesting horses and ponies from all over Virginia. I am the only mountaineer mount except for my good friend, Wings. We are having so much fun!

Only bad part is the early start. We *Sugar Run* horses are enclosed in the center field so that owner woman, wildly riding a four-wheeler, can round us up and lead us in before dawn.

We do get a good breakfast, but then the toil begins. That woman is a clean freak!! She scrubs places I wouldn't mention; and how she fusses about my previous joyous roll in the mud. I stone-wall, not mentioning my plan to dive into that lovely, gooey substance again as soon as I am free.

Wings and I endure a wild-eyed, wide-stanced, gut bumping trip across the mountain under the pink glow of dawn tracing the tree tops. We scoot out the trailer to find everybody clean, excited and raring to go. What a ball!

When you come here to see me, I'll be ready to give you the mane points of chasin' reynard. But, I'll be hoss boss; wither I goest, thou must fallow. Later, we'll share tall tails over a flask of ale. One guy opens Red Dog, after trailering the hounds!!

Hope this finds you well, bootin' scootin' about with my brothers and sisters.

Love you the best, Traveller—your tall, black, talented, and handsome son.

(As transcribed to Joan Ashley)

Secretary's Corner

The next meeting of the
Glenmore Hunt, Inc.
will be on Tuesday,
February 7

At
The Glenmore Office

The Board of Directors will meet
at 7:00 P.M.
General Membership at
8:00 P.M.

Member Roster Changes Address Change

Sheila and Jeff Jennings
1852 Churchville Ave.
Staunton, VA 24401

Dwight Phelps, Hon. Secretary

Events of Special Note

February

11th Hunt Mountainside 10:00 am., Hunt Breakfast at Cryders
25th Reedy Creek Hunt Jt. Meet, hosted by Glenmore—location
TBA, addition to fixture card, please note.

March

3rd Hunt Ball, Verona Holiday Inn
2th Jt Meet with Reedy Creek Hunt at Reedy Creek Hunt—time
and location TBA, addition to fixture card, please note.

April

4th Glenmore Hunt Officer Election
8th Masters' Party Location TBA
22nd Hunter Pace

February 11th Hunt Breakfast Celebrate Mid-Winter at the Cryders'

The February 11th Valentines Day Party will be held at the home of **John and Sandra Cryder**, beginning at 6:30 p.m. All family members and guests of members are invited. Members are asked to bring a covered dish or dessert. Meat will be provided by the **Cryders**.

Please RSVP to **Jean Viel** or **Sandy Cryder** so we have an idea of the number planning to attend. In case of bad weather, cancellation will be reported on the Glenmore Huntline (885-7004) or contact **Sandy Cryder**. For directions contact **Sandy** (234-6084 or scryder@mac.com).

Hunt Ball date set for March 3rd

The 2006 Annual Hunt Ball is being held again at the Verona Holiday Inn. The invitations should be in your hands by now and hopefully, you have sent back an enthusiastic "YES, WE ARE COMING with our dancing shoes shined" Dance music by Blue Suede will make sure they are well used.

Silent Auction items are still needed and will be greatly appreciated. Call President Jean (886-0225) for delivery instructions or to provide information on your contribution. This is always a fun part of evening and a great fund raiser (and you will go home with great "stuff."). So, please participate as buyer, provider or—hopefully—both.

President Jean wants to thank the following committee members who worked on this time-intensive and skill-intensive project: **Margaret Henderson, Marjorie Hays, Terry Smith and Mo Blyth.**

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Glorious, Glorious Twelfth Night

Glenmore was blessed with its sixth Twelfth Night party to be held at beautiful *Shiloh* owned by **Joyce Eavers**. As in years past, the house was lovely in its Christmas finery, and this year the weather co-operated. No blizzard to slow down four-wheel vehicles and altogether discourage front wheel ones. This year, there was even a horse trailer serenely parked on the grass, packed in anticipation of an early morning hunt.

Our thanks go out, again and again, to **Joyce** for her hospitality. Also as an enthusiastic partaker of the bounty, thanks to Glenmore members for the fine array of food, which completely filled the table. And, of course, thanks to Mr. Calvin Woodson who has graced this party each year with his unmatched skills in the kitchen and grace in organization. This year, the fillet was perfection itself; last year I wrote the same of the loin of pork. He was joined again this year by his son Franklin, and once again the party was raised a notch above perfect by their presence. The traditional cake of predictions was tasty and beautiful—as were the superb desserts members added to the “calorie table.”

(As a point of information, Franklin Woodson now has his own catering business as the senior Mr. Woodson is going to take life a little easier.)

But, back to the party, the crowd of partygoers was just enough to fill the space with good cheer and lively conversation. There were a number of guests of members in the crowd; and we hope see the ones who live locally at future functions and in the hunt field.

Anne



Happy Valentine's Day!

All in a Day

On January 7th the weather was nearly perfect as riders from Oak Ridge Hunt joined Glenmore at the Merrifield fixture. The December ice was gone, and the footing much improved after a week of rainy weather. There was an air of anticipation as riders tacked up and mounted.

I put together the list of hounds to be drawn from the kennel the night before, considering the size of the meet and how the various hounds were hunting. However, that morning as I started drawing the hounds to hunt several others just seemed to say that they too wanted to join in the day, so I added Jealous '03 (**Terri Smith**), TUCKER '04 (**Sandy McMeans**), and KIRBY '05 (**Bebe Wills**) giving 9 1/2 couple for the day. As the day materialized, it proved so important to have a steady and biddable pack.

After welcoming our guests from Oak Ridge Hunt, we started to move off with Masters **Sandy Cryder** and **Jewell Phelps** taking the fields. Just about this time the *Merrifield* resident guinea flock came over to see what was taking place in their yard, preparing (in their minds) to drive out the intruder hounds. With a few quiet words to the hounds from the whipper-ins on that side, "**T**" **Stewart** and **Jan**, we left the marauding guineas behind (untouched) and moved on out the lane to our first cast. Little did the field know of our close encounter.

Hounds were keen as they hunted Bonfoey's pasture and woods. Between "Ed's Jump" and Carr's hill several hounds started to open. On reaching them, they could be seen pushing through the small game trails in an area thick with rose and brush. A sneaking grey fox I figured. After several minutes in the thick, more hounds began to speak as they headed toward thickets at the Rt 275 pond. Not wanting to continue toward the highway, hounds were lifted and we hunted toward Carr's Hill. As we moved down the west side of Carr's Hill, hounds cast to the left and opened in the vicinity of Suicide Hill.

Meanwhile **Jan** had moved forward to escape the din of the construction and was in position to watch as the deer came off the hill, but could not hear hounds as they went toward the red barn where the red fox was viewed by **Sara Wood** and "**T**" as he doubled back. Hounds lost on the hillside and, without being able to hear, it was decided to gather them and move on to the other side of the construction and new road where we would be up wind of the construction.

When we moved into **Hardy's**, it had warmed considerably and hounds were carrying a higher head. In the thick undergrowth a deep voice spoke and soon the pack spoke steadily as it moved through **Hardy's** and the pines at *Cobble Hill*. Hounds crossed the bottom and appeared to be at a loss in a thicket of rose and honeysuckle where three runs earlier in the season ended. With the leaves off, a closer examination revealed a large earth in the middle of the thicket. While praising the hounds for a job well done, Tingle '98 (**Bob Heitler**) slipped off toward the far side of the woods into another thicket. She began to speak, and was immediately honored by Jealous with the rest of the pack coming on hard.

My next vision was two large deer rising from the thicket in front of the pack as they ran toward the new woven wire fence. After a few admonishments to the pack, I pressed over the coop into the sheep pasture with **Jan** going for the gate behind the *Cobble Hill* main house to cover the left. The field was close behind. As I stood in the field, GIPPER '98 (**Sandy Cryder**) and Sultan '02 (**Mo Blyth**) owned the line, turning right-handed, and ran along the fence, across the bottom and into the pines by the dump. The deer left the sheep pasture toward Woodlee Rd.

A check near the dump gave the quarry some lead. Hounds soon sorted out the line and were off to **Hardy's** pasture toward Springhill Rd. Confident that whippers-in **Sara Wood** and "**T**" were on the Springhill Rd side, whipper-in **Nickee Randolph** and I rode the fenceline of the pasture hoping that hounds would not cross Springhill Rd. but turn back to huntable territory. With deer coming out all

(continued next page)

All in a Day, cont.

around us, a tallyho was reported back in the bottom by the new road. As we followed hounds in that direction, we came upon **Jan** who had viewed a rather large coyote followed closely by a deer at the bottom. GORDY '98 (**Anne Avery**) and young entry KIRBY '04 were in the lead. The deer turned right.

The coyote went straight with the pack following GORDY'S lead. As hounds moved forward, it became evident that it had gone behind the fence that marked the back yards of town. What now, as the only hole in the fence (about a 3' x 3' opening used by deer) was about a quarter of a mile away, beyond that are the streets of Staunton. Racing to the hole, I dismounted, gave my horse to **Nickee**, and radioed, "need to stop them NOW!" as I went through the hole just as the lead hounds turned to continue toward town. With whips and field fast converging to help, hounds were lifted and brought out the hole leaving the coyote to continue its visit in town without us.

As we prepared to start the hack back, **Sara** informed us that she had viewed a red fox at the new road. That fox proceeded to go over the hill within 30 yards of car followers **Ed Moran**, Kennelman **Eddie Satters**, and the photographer. Unfortunately, it was so close that she couldn't find it in the lens. They watched as the fox made his way to a briar patch where it stopped to enjoy the warming sun. Considering the hour and the happenings of the day, all agreed to call it a day. **Bob Heitler** and **Jean Viel** joined the group for a fine tailgate as we unraveled the happenings of the day.

Dan

Troubles Brewing

(legislative update)

The Virginia Foxhound Club (VFC) has seen fit to discontinue the use of lobbyist **Tom Evans**. We don't know why but understand that ex-MFHA president, Jimmy Young and our district representative, Joyce Findley, have also separated themselves from VFC. This is a terrible time for foxhunters to lose any representation in Richmond.

Tom has written two canine bills that will be introduced by Delegate Cole this session. One (HB150) deals with hounds inadvertently going onto posted land and reinforces the section of state code which lets hunters get their dogs off the land of others without criminal liability. The other bill (HB1411) deals with exempting hunting dog and show dog breeders from dealer requirements including taxing each dog. Both Senator Emmett Hanger and Delegate Chris Saxman will support both bills.

It is a great disappointment that the VHC is leaving us without someone to look after our interests and lobby against legislation that is generally written without consideration for foxhunters. As a Glenmore member, Tom has been able to bring our interests to the attention of those that are ignorant of foxhunting.

This is just a short synopsis of Tom's correspondence to me, shared with his permission.

Graham

and from Bob Goodlatte, Member of Congress:

. . . I am happy to inform you that I am a cosponsor of H.R. 586 . . . Further, I am working closely with the Resources Committee as well as outside groups such as the American Horse Council, to bring this measure before the House of Representatives for a vote. . . As you may know, H.R. 586, the Right-to-Ride Livestock on Federal Lands Act of 2005 . . . would preserve the use of and access of pack and saddle stock animals on public lands including wilderness areas, national monuments and other specifically designated areas administered by the National Park Service, the Bureau of Land Management, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, or the Forest Service where there is a historical tradition of such use, and for other purposes.

Master's Corner—Hunt of a Different Kind

On December 26, 2005, Glenmore members were invited to join members **Gerald and Mo Blyth** at *Foxglade*, the home of **MFH Dan Jones** and **Whip Jan Jones** to go Beagling. The "field" was led by **Dan** and included **Kaye Tysinger** and her visiting brother Frank; **MFH Sandy Cryder** and husband **John**; **MFH Jewell Phelps** and husband **Dwight**; **Kay Frye**; **Nickie Randolph**; and **Bob Heitler**. **Mo Blyth** and **Jan Jones** "whipped in" to **Gerald Blyth**, who hunted his 2 ½ couple of beagles (5 beagles total).

It was a cold, blustery day without the convenience of horses, the field was on foot. The beagles were quite energetic, busy hunters, with their sterns (tails) in constant motion and their noses to the ground. They hunted in the pasture, through cedar growth, and dense cover. The beagles, due to their smaller size, can go into dense covert much easier than foxhounds.

The beagles ran three rabbits and pushed out an orange/red fox for the field to view. The day ended with a very welcome tailgate at **Jan and Dan's** barn.

This event was very much like foxhunting but on a smaller scale. It requires only several acres and some cooperative bunnies. As Beagling doesn't require a horse or the ability to ride, this is an activity that can be enjoyed by anyone who enjoys being out of doors and in nature.

Our Beagling members are planning another day with their pack for Glenmore members to come out and have a new sort of adventure. We will keep everyone posted.

Jewell

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*In
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Issue*

Hunt Ball + Twelfth Night Pictures + Legislative Updates + More!
