



The President's Den

By Jay Young

It is hard to believe that another hunt season has now come and gone. I am happy to report from the standpoint of the Board of Governors, it was a very successful year. Our fiscal plan remains on track. The systematic restoration of the physical plant is progressing as planned, although the occasional surprise keeps us on our toes. Our fundraisers were not only financially successful, but (I hope you will agree) a tremendous amount of fun. Our hunting subscriptions were up, we enjoyed a significant increase in social membership, and capping fees remained at encouraging levels.

It was also a fantastic year from the perspective of a fox hunter. The mild early winter allowed us to enjoy more sport and more comfortably. Just when you don't think our hounds can get any better, they continue to do so. Our fox hunting seminar in the early part of the season was very successful and added a deeper level of appreciation and enjoyment of the sport and the season for many of our members. Our participation in the Masters of Fox Hounds Association Centennial celebration events brought our Club to national prominence. Our hosting and participation in the field trials, large and dedicated turnout at social events, and our recent joint meets with Midland and Live Oak hounds demonstrated our Club's commitment to our national support organization, but also demonstrated that we can compete favorably with any pack of hounds or club in the nation. Our hounds performed magnificently – as did our members. I must confess to a certain perverse pleasure when our gracious Southern hosts turned over the mechanical bull riding championship trophy to the ultimate Yankee, Ellie Hamilton Williams. I want to thank all of you who participated in

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EHHC Huntsman Geoff Hyde rounding up the girls after a very successful day at the Centennial Joint Meet at Live Oaks. (Photo courtesy Kerri Smyth)

The EHHC Bitches Travel South

By Geoff Hyde

On Feb. 26 the Elkridge-Harford bitches, 16 ½ couple, traveled down south to hunt with the Midland Hunt in Alabama and then with the Live Oak Hounds in far south Georgia for the Centennial Joint Meet they had there. The hound rig, with Bob and Kerri Smyth as my co-drivers and support team, left at 8:00 P.M. Mon. so we wouldn't hit traffic and drove overnight 15 hours to Fitzpatrick, Al. After walking out the girls, who were very glad to get out of the trailer, we enjoyed the warm sunshine and inspected a couple of the numerous fire ant hills. The Midland hounds arrived shortly after. Originally we weren't going to turn hounds loose in Alabama, never mind hunt them jointly, but then I thought it might be a good tune up under lower pressure for the big day we would have at Live Oak. Also, it seemed a very long drive for the ladies to only hunt them one day. So we walked out together with the Midland hounds and their staff, Marc and John (a.k.a. "Fester" and "Shreck") the hounds blending nicely. A good thing as they were to bunk together in the "guest kennels," a wooden structure which required them to climb upstairs 8 feet or so to enter. The hounds are kept well off of the ground in this area to avoid parasites and other nasties. (For the purposes of this article I'll stick to hound related matters other than to say we were well entertained each evening everywhere we went).

The next morning we met with a mixed pack of 24 ½ couple at 9:00 in shirt sleeves as the temperature was in the 70's. The country was a mix of well paneled cattle farms, some swamps and medium sized coverts. Jt. Master and huntsman Mason Lampton and I hacked a mile down a dirt road to draw back through a large woods. Hounds got busy on a line and after running around the woods a bit we got out into the open. Looking up I saw a coyote running along a ridge in the distance. We managed to get hounds out of covert to lay them on the line but it was obvious that scent wasn't too good especially out in the open. We finally got running pretty well and had some nice

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Tornadoes And Ptomaine But Its All Good

By Bonnie Six

I was asked to chronicle my trip to Florida with ElkrIDGE Harford. Where to begin is a difficult question. First let me say that I was skeptical of the whole idea. It was a long way to go; how would our horses handle the trip and the different type of hunting. Let me just say that I was tentative at best.

Then came the decision of whether I should go or not go. That too was an up and down process, but I finally came to the right decision and agreed to go. I have traveled with animals before, although it's been awhile. You never forget the process of prepping and packing. The horses were the easy part for me. I ran into trouble with getting myself ready. After several stressful hours, most of which I spent looking for my glasses which were on top of my head (but that's another long story), the long anticipated departure time was near.

I must also say that adding to my concern was that I was accompanying the horses. Once again the horses were the easy part, but I was going to spend 16 hours in a truck with someone I had never met before. At this point I adopted the motto of 'This was going to be a bold adventure and I was going to make the best of it'.

After a late start with traffic and mud complications we gave each other hugs and bid adieu with the promise of seeing everyone in the morning in Florida. I hopped in the truck with who is now my new best friend Brian Hogan and away we went. The travel went well for the first 6 hours or so until we stopped for fuel at a truck stop. Brian was hungry and got a cheese burger. I was not going to be held responsible for asking for stops so I opted for no food. Back in the truck and south we headed; the horses looking quite happy with their traveling accommodations. A couple hours later what was either food poisoning or a virus affected Brian for the rest of the journey. While I have an ill man in the truck I get a phone call from Chris, who as he hugged me goodbye on Pockock road and assured me he, Bob and Dean would be waiting for us in Florida, advised me that they had missed their connecting flight and would be at least 4 to 6 hours late. Not to worry I had back up, the early departure group was flying in from Alabama. Reinforcements, not to worry, until I got a call from Jay advising me their plane had been grounded due to tornados and heavy rains, they too were driving and would be many hours late. Brian in a very tired and weak voice said not to worry he would help me, it was "All Good".

Remember my earlier statement of "a bold adventure". Well it had indeed become one!

The horses, Brian and I were lucky we missed the tornado activity, but the CB'ers were quick to spread the word of how much damage

had occurred. We did encounter at first light rain, but then drove through seriously heavy rain where the lack of visibility was a major factor and did definitely slow us down. After the rains, the weigh stations, the Agriculture check stations and other stops along the way we finally arrived at PatChuck Farm. We had been on the road for over 16 hours with only a half an hour of sleep for Brian and not much more for me. The horses were quite ready to get off their rolling barn and came off as such. With only one broken halter we got the unloading done. Brian collapsed in the sleeper compartment of the truck and I started trundling the supplies and trunks into the barn. That's when the calvary arrived!!! The crew of PatChuck Farm and their version of a gator came to my rescue. Pat, Chuck and Mike and several of their friends loaded all our gear up and hauled it into the barn, where they had prepped each stall with water and hay. With much appreciated and needed assistance I got the horses settled in and most of the gear sorted out by the time the rest of the ElkrIDGE crew arrived. It was now 5pm on Thursday and I had been up since 6am on Wednesday. Needless to say at that point this was all looking less and less like a good idea! When the merry ElkrIDGE crew announced that they were staying till 6pm to feed, well to quote Liz, "I hit the wall". All I could do was sit on a rock and stare off into space. That's when I heard "don't worry, it's all good". Brian had resurrected himself and was heading back to the hotel and offered me a ride, which I took, said bye to Chris and Bob and headed off for a much needed nap.

This is when everything became a bit of a blur. I did get a nap but was awakened by something ringing which I determined later was the phone. Anyway, the first of 3 parties was to start in half an hour and I had to rally myself and get ready. This also was the first of many car rides where we repeatedly got lost and managed to be fashionably late to every function. The party was wonderful, there was plenty of food and drink and the now famous bull riding contest took place, which our own Ellie Williams took top honors!!!! Because the meet was early and everyone was exhausted we made an early evening of it and headed back to the hotel. I think I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

Day 2 proved to be as exciting as the first day. Apparently the bad weather had continued to batter northern Florida and another huge storm blew through in the wee hours of Friday morning. When we got to the barn there was no power for a greater than 10 mile radius and schools had been canceled due to the heavy damage. Well no frills today! Every one pitched in and helped everyone else, holding horses, tacking up, holding flashlights, etc. It wasn't till the sun came up did we see that our little group looked pretty

sharp!!! All the horses loaded up on the combination of the Smyth and Kinsley trailers and off to the first of our 3 Florida/Georgia hunts. I must admit I stayed back at the barn. With everyone and half the horses gone, I now had time to organize myself and make sure everyone had their correct gear. Satisfying myself that we were now as close to organized as it was going to get I did a bit of braiding for the next day just so our horses would look as good as I knew our hounds would run. This is when I found that the crew of Pat Chuck Farm also picks out all the stalls almost round the clock, tops off water buckets and feeds the horses for us if we dipped up their meals. As I braided, various members of Pat & Chuck's family came by the stalls and chatted with me as if they had known me forever. Heaven help you if you are seen with a muck bucket or manure fork in your hands you would be scolded and told "now we do this, not you!!!" Almost done braiding, I get the phone call to come to the meet; they are coming in and another feast is about to happen. Andrea Knight had been befriended by many of the locals and Leslie was very kind to give me a ride back to the meet which was a sprawling Georgia plantation. As we waited for our tired horses and riders we toured their kennels full of upland game dogs, pointers and spaniels, and an adorable litter of hound puppies. Even our horses were thought of and a huge tub of water was brought around for all the tired equine visitors to drink from. Home again and back to the confusion of taking care of 5 horse and rider combinations. Again everyone pitched in and as the old saying goes, many hands make light work. Horses were bathed, tack was cleaned, and stories of the days hunt were told.

Unfortunately Dean and his horse Nolan fell into one of the many holes that are a major obstacle in this hunt country. Horse and rider were fine, just a little dazed but none the worse for wear. I was told that during the fall there was some concern that Dean had hit his head and some fellow riders thought to ask him questions to determine if indeed he had injured himself. The problem became clear when the question of what day it was was asked and none of us knew the right answer! As a group we decided that if any of us was injured and could indeed attempt to answer a question then it was all good!!!!

Horses all tended to, our tired and slightly sore group headed back to the hotel for hopefully a nap then off to a second party. Having concerns about our ability to navigate the Florida/Georgia roads Chris found Helen, a local who had relocated several years ago from Virginia. She knew a short cut to the party and would take 20 minutes of the suggested travel time. After a series of high speed chases with Helen boldly taking the lead of at least 6 cars and also missing a few turns we arrived at

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Horses, Riders, Barn Chores and Braiding But Its Still All Good!!!!

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Flying Colors Farm just in time for hors d'oeuvres. They were followed by another wonderful meal, and great conversation with all our new friends. Once again because of early meets and tired bodies we excused ourselves and went back to the barn to check horses. We left the party not really knowing how we got there so went another way and got to the barn in half the time it took to get to the party, so much for short cuts!!! The horses once again were all fit and fine and the crew of PatChuck Farm was hard at work. Finding ourselves with a bit of free time we headed off to Appleby's and had several well deserved coffee and baileys. Once again, it was all good.

Day 3 dawned beautifully and we were all excited because this was the day the Elkridge bitch pack would provide sport for all the riders. The flurry of activity was amazing in the barn. It also helped that this morning we had power and could actually see what we were doing!! Horses were loaded and off to the meet we headed. This time I did go and car followed with Trish, Lewis, Allison, Meg, and Brian. What a fun group. Car following down there is a bit different because you are under the watchful eye of Marty Wood and his road whips. There was a briefing session before the hounds set out for both the mounted groups and the car groups. The rules of the day were explained and you were expected to abide by them, no exceptions. We drove around and were flying full tilt down back roads to keep up with Marty. Our crowning moment was when Lewis viewed a grey fox and the hounds put on the line picked up the scent and lead off on a glorious run. We weren't sure if we were prouder of Lewis for viewing the fox or "the girls" for running him. After that we headed back to the barn to tidy up and get ready for the hunters return. The barn was so peaceful the sun was blazing; birds were singing, chores all done we sat in the sun and soaked up just a tiny bit of the warm Florida sun.

The call came in head back to the meet for yet another tea. Horses all tended to and loaded on the trailers we were then treated to a wonderful feast alongside a pecan grove. At this point our group of stalwart hunters was looking a bit worn out. Once we sat on the ground it took a bit of work to get everyone up and back to the cars! I was wondering if they were that tired or just wanted to sit on the nice manicured ground and enjoy just one more mimosa. Back to the barn to treat our horses to a nice warm bath, clean lots of dirty tack and get ready for the Sunday hunt. The scene in the barn before and after hunts was like a group of bees circling the hive. Everyone pitched in; if you finished with your horse then you turned around and held another or started cleaning tack. Bob Smyth came and commandeered everyone's boots and did a most excellent job of polishing!!! In no time

the flurry of activity was over and all the horses were contentedly munching hay. Off we went, back to the hotel to prepare for the hunt ball.

Dressed in our finery we all met in the lobby of the hotel. What a handsome group of people. The ladies all twirled in their gowns while the gentlemen stood near by. What fun!!! We were all rested and ready for a party. The only problem was could we find the place before the party was over. We did find the country club, but it was after several circles on Rt 19 and one trip into the local burger joint in gowns and tuxedos for directions. We finally pulled into the parking lot expertly directed over the phone by Kerri Smyth. Cocktails started the evening followed by dancing, dinner, speeches, awards and more dancing. The seating was arranged so there was a mix of Elkridge folks, Live Oak members and also members of Fox River Valley/Cornwall Hounds. We made many new friends and had hearty conversations all evening.

Sunday morning was an early one for me at 5:15am. Our plan was to try and leave for home that evening and I needed to go through the ordeal of packing for myself. That done we headed off to the barn to prepare for what would be the final hunt of our trip. There were the usual preparations but we were all moving a bit slower. Four days were finally taking its toll on all of us. Horses loaded, we headed off to the Live Oak Kennels for what proved to be an exciting day. We were amazed at the beauty of the grounds at Live Oak. Our trailers were parked among a grove of pine trees surrounded by the barns to the left and kennel to the right. It was a cold morning and the sun coming up was burning off the mist in the air. Marty Wood came over and asked if we were going to try and follow, but with packing and organizing in the barn we declined. After the field pulled off we loaded up in the car and after a quick breakfast at the Waffle House headed back to the barn to get ready for the trip back north. Once again the barn was so peaceful with everyone gone I got things organized and arranged so we could get loaded and started for home.

The call came to head back to the meet for the final tea. So back in the car and finally a short cut that worked, we were back at Live Oaks in good time. We were treated to eggs, sausage, ham, grits, and muffins. Even though the air was cool and windy the sun was bright and the sky was blue. It was a beautiful day. We thanked Mr & Mrs Wood for their hospitality and after a tour of their home and many goodbyes we set off to the barn. This time we curried and towed the horses and let them relax. Then all the gear that was used was packed and hauled to the van. Brian arrived at 3pm and we started

to prepare and plan our route home. Load the horses first then the trunks and supplies and hit the road. It went like clock work and at 3:45pm Sunday afternoon Brian, the horses, and myself were traveling north towards home. We found a short cut that actually worked and with Brian feeling better we flew home, arriving back at the hunt club at 8am Monday morning. The horses traveled like stars, they ate hay and drank water and seemed happy the entire trip. We had one stop for some much needed shut eye then back on the road. The people did better on the return trip as well, it was all good.

I started writing this telling you that I was skeptical about this whole trip, but afterwards I can honestly say I would do it again in a heartbeat. I was with the most hardworking, fun loving, dedicated group of people. The journey definitely had its ups and downs but was an experience of a life time. I am so lucky to have been included. We all made new friends and saw new things. I really do see the importance of the joint meet to narrow the geographical gap and bring all foxhunters together. The sport is much different down there, but it's good sport all the same. The work was hard and the hours crazy, but what a ride!!! As much as we were all more than ready to head home, I think I can safely say that we were a bit sad to end our bold adventure. This was truly ALL GOOD!

Maryland Steeplechasing Spring 2007

Saturday, April 7
Elkridge Harford Point to Point Races
Sunday, April 8
Marlborough Hunt Races
Saturday, April 14
My Lady's Manor Races
Saturday, April 21
Grand National Steeplechase
Saturday, April 28
Maryland Hunt Cup
Sunday, April 29
Maryland Junior Hunt Cup
Sunday, May 20
Potomac Races

WANTED

Caretaker for private residence, pleasure horses, garden, farm and handyman work in Monkton, Md. FT salary plus benefits plus large tenant house. Call Hannah or Thorne: 410-329-3156

The President's Den

(cont'd from page 1)

those events throughout the season. I especially want to thank those of you who did not participate in the events but who, nevertheless, suffered some of the inconvenience associated with the Club's participation in those events.

Special kudos go out to our spectacular, and now nationally celebrated, Joint Master, Liz McKnight. Liz not only chaired one of the Centennial celebration committees, but spent the year flying all over the place to attend meetings, participate in field trials, judge field trials, and attend innumerable events. When some expressed reluctance or reservation about our Club's participation, Liz was a strong voice of encouragement. That determination brought us to the national arena, and taught any doubters that the Elkridge-Harford hounds can compete favorably on any level. Congratulations, Liz, on a very successful Centennial celebration year, and thank you for the leadership and encouragement that allowed us to enjoy such unparalleled success!

And now it is time to turn our attention to the Spring steeplechase racing season and, hopefully, a quiet and enjoyable Summer. Carol Tanzola will be introducing new EHHC logo wear and accessories for your summer enjoyment. I hope to see you at the tailgates for jump racing or polo, sporting your new EHHC flip-flops, wearing the new logo belt, and sipping from the new insulated logo cocktail tumblers. Happy Spring!

EHHC Social Calendar 2006-2007

APRIL

Apr. 7, 2007 EHHC Point to Point Race
Members Tailgate Party

Apr. 14, 2007 My Ladys Manor Race
Members and Landowners
Appreciation Party

MAY

May 11, 2007 Wrap Up Party

JUNE

June 9, 2007 EHHC Yard Sale

AUGUST

Aug. 4, 2007 EHHC Horse Show

Centennial Joint Meet Hosts Marty and Daphne Wood Prove What Southern Hospitality is All About !!!!!

By Ellie Williams

In addition to daily hunting, our gracious Live Oak hosts offered us a jam-packed schedule with outstanding hunt breakfasts and evening gatherings. Daphne and Marty Wood hosted the "Kick Off Western Shindig" under white tents in front of their glorious plantation home. Although the weather was not picture perfect due to the impending storms, a country western band was playing on the veranda and we were treated to a great feast and libations a plenty. You'll have to ask Geoff Hyde his opinion on the shucked oysters as he ate most of them. He was however still game to give us a preview of his riding ability on the untamed bull. The Elkridge Harford members put on a good show and had a fantastic time 'taming the beast.' I am proud to report that Andrea Knight and Liz McKnight took top honors in the tandem bull riding division, and this Elkridge Harford victim was able to hang on through the finals and prevail as the bull riding champion. Only Jay Young has a true understanding of the comment 'well hung' on. The evening festivities wrapped up with some fancy footwork across the dance floor before we headed out for a good nights sleep.

Following the first day of hunting, the field was invited to an elaborate hunt breakfast overlooking the live oak shaded driveway. While enjoying barbeque chicken and ribs with all the fixings, our host, Marty Wood, called court to order. Intrigued by this unusual custom, he had our full attention. Apparently, court is held following each hunt in order to sentence anyone who may have found themselves without a mount at some point throughout the day. Each defendant states their case prior to sentencing, and with a vote from all hunt club members, it is usually with a thumbs down that one is found 'guilty as charged.' All fines are to be submitted in the form of champagne.

Our Friday night gala was hosted by Bobbi and Patti Brantley who offered us more country cooking. Following yet another fabulous meal, we were all invited inside to experience some famous Southern karaoke. The Live Oak Ladies, donned in gowns from the 80's, gave the performance of the century. The Elkridge Harford boys were extremely perturbed when they realized that their performance attire had been stolen and refused to set one foot on stage. All the excitement of hearing them sing, "I'm a Virgin," was for nothing! We left the Live Oak Ladies monopolizing the microphones and headed in for an early night as we had a big day ahead of us with the Elkridge hounds in the spotlight.

Following an absolutely fantastic day of hunting (to which Geoff will give a full report) the field was invited for tea at the Merrily Farm Headquarters. Under the shade of an old oak tree, we were all able to enjoy a cold drink, good fare, and great company. After returning the horses to the comfort of their stalls, the Elkridge crew spent the afternoon shedding hunting attire, removing the dirt from under our fingernails, attempting to glam up for the evening's Hunt Ball.

Soon after we arrived at the formal affair, we were privileged to meet world-renowned photographer, Jim Meade who had been documenting the Centennial Joint Meets by chasing everyone around for days. His preview photographs were stunning and it will be fun to share these special records of our experiences back at the club, when our order arrives. Dancing was soon underway with more eating and those libations. During the presentations I was proud to accept the Centennial Joint Meet bull riding trophy on behalf of the Elkridge Harford Hunt Club, even though I was referred to as a 'yank.' Finally, on the steps of the club, Elkridge Harford members presented an award of their own to Andrea Knight. The "Forget Me Not" award was presented in hope she would never again be left at a hotel or barn.

Our adventures ended just as they began, under the white tents at the home of Daphne and Marty Wood. To conclude our third and final day of hunting, we gathered for brunch and mimosas with our gracious hosts. There were so many events in such a short period of time, with endless stories and memories. I was so excited to be afforded the opportunity to take part in this Centennial celebration. This experience far exceeded my wildest dreams.

Hunting Coyote at The Centennial Joint Meet at Live Oaks (cont'd from page1)

music and good galloping on the lovely footing. We probably had a 45 minute chase before losing. We then had a couple of fair chases on grey foxes but they kept going across areas that had been burned off to get rid of underbrush. That combined with the bright sunshine and heat finally put an end to the day after three hours. Hounds worked hard and well together with only a few stragglers. These were quickly picked up with the aid of tracking collars which had previously been fitted to all hounds. Hounds that hunt mostly coyote routinely use these devices due to the longer distances they tend to run. The staff also all have radios although I didn't carry one.

Day two at Midland we met at 8:00 at Mason's High Log stables where the horses were kept. The day was cooler with a threat of rain due to an approaching front. I brought 10 couple hounds to mix with 14 ½ couple of fresh Midland hounds. We drew a covert behind a small settlement where there were supposed to be some red foxes. The reds feel safe in this covert because the locals and their numerous dogs tend to keep the coyotes away. Red foxes are much rarer in the deep south than they are here, coyotes are a mortal enemy. We found one and ran it well with good cry for five minutes before losing along a two lane road. After that it was all down hill, maybe due to the imminent bad weather. Game seemed to be scarce and when they did find it was hard work to keep things going. Hounds persevered for over three hours before we decided to call it quits as we still had to drive four hours to Monticello, FL. Unfortunately we had three hounds out and it was starting to rain. Two were quickly retrieved but Temperance '05, according to the tracking device, was well out of the area. She was in a deep woods with a ravine and no trails in it and appeared to be on the move. We finally got a good bearing on her and I walked well into the brush blowing my horn. Finally she came out but we had spent well over two hours and were behind schedule to get to Live Oak. This almost proved to be more than a minor inconvenience. After getting back to the kennels, quickly loading hounds and gear, and saying goodbye to all, I started on the road to Florida accompanied by Master Liz and the Smyths. The weather was turning for the worse and we passed through a very heavy thunderstorm, the kind with almost a greenish tinge to the sky. It took almost twenty minutes of furious driving to get thru and in front of it. We turned on the radio only to hear the tones of the emergency broadcast system. Tornadoes were getting ready to touch down everywhere and it appeared the cell we had just gone through was turning into one. Warnings were issued for every town we had just gone through and the road we were on was closed behind us due to fallen trees. The Midland staff called on a cell phone to tell us to get the hell out of there," just lean on the horn and keep going!" they said. One report stated that a tornado was getting ready to touch down in Fitzpatrick, where we

had just left. The town of Enterprise AL made national news due to the destruction there and they were only about twenty miles from our route. If we had spent another half hour looking for dear old Temperance we may not have completed our trip or even worse. After thinking a bit we decided that "Temperance could get you killed!" However the fact that two of my passengers decided they needed a "potty break" (due to previous libations) just as we got in front of the storm cell, might beg the opposite!

We arrived at Live Oak kennels in the dark and were helped to unload by huntsman Charles Montgomery. We stayed in the main kennels which were spacious and airy to suit their very warm climate. Since it was already late we went straight to the party and I even went to Marty and Daphne Wood's house and stayed up late talking hounds with the various masters and huntsmen. Needless to say I was still very wired after that trip!

Next day it was the turn of the Fox River Valley hounds to show their stuff. A field of about 90 met at one of the big plantations which range from 10,000 to 17,000 acres. These plantations are used a lot for bird hunting and are mostly pine forest with scrub brush underneath. There are rides cut everywhere, some by the hunt but mostly by the plantations. Beater trails, they are called, used to flush quarry up for the guns. There are a few open fields in between and you can ride almost anywhere except for the occasional swamp. There is almost no jumping except for ditches. Tony Leahy fielded 17 ½ couple of mixedhounds including E.H. Treason '05 whom we drafted to him this fall. Hounds spoke quickly in the first covert and Charles' radio announced "coyote away!". For almost an hour we galloped, close to flat out with rarely a check for more than a few seconds to listen. The beauty of this country is that you can, just barely, ride to cry and keep in touch with hounds without too much radio interference. There is just enough brush however in a lot of places to camouflage the numerous armadillo holes and the larger holes left over from tree planting and removal. These claim their fair share of hunters, after awhile we got tired of calling "ware hole" and pointing with our whips, they were just too many. Finally Tony's hounds got split and the road whips stopped the body of the pack. By the time we got hounds together and put an injured one in the truck (F.R.V. Keg '05, a Va. Hound Show grand champion, no less) the line was lost. Hounds drew and worked hard to get something else going but scent was pretty much gone for the day. Tony's hounds however had set the standard for the next two days and

tomorrow was our turn.

The Elkridge-Harford bitches stood patiently in the early morning Georgia sun. Liz and Kerri had been press ganged into being whippers-in for the morning. When my horse Ballad shifted his foot to move off, they chimed up a bit but held before being released to charge into covert in their usual fashion. A Live Oak whipper-in remarked how well mannered they were, "at least they wait till you move off before they pipe up" she said. The coverts here were much less dense than at home and when they got to a likely spot they opened and a grey fox was afoot. For over an hour the girls made the pines of the deep south ring with cry. As I galloped by Liz at one point I shouted "mountain music has come to Georgia!" (Dallas Leith's description of the EH hounds' cry was "mountain music") Staff and field alike remarked on the volume and intensity of the cry. We had a good view of a grey fox crossing the road with hounds right on. The problem with grey foxes though is that they usually don't run far, preferring to run in smaller circles, foiling the line. This combined with fresh foxes jumping up made us decide to pick hounds up at a loss and go to a new area. We drew for awhile, it was getting warmer and I started to worry that the day was waning. A high pitched chop sounded from well inside a large covert. After a bit a couple more joined in and once again "coyote away" was announced. Fortunately I was in a position to encourage hounds on with lots of cheering and horn doubling as this is not our usual quarry. The bitches, being very biddable, were quick to respond and away we went. Only this time we were on a straighter course, through woods and fields, once again with lovely music, but now to the tune of a coyote. We galloped on, for nearly an hour, trying mightily to stay with them. They'd had a two-week layoff at home, a 900-mile trip, two consecutive days hunting at Midland, four hours on the road again, only one day off, and had already run a fox well for over an hour this day. In spite of all this and the unaccustomed heat they pressured their quarry. Talk about heart, drive and stamina! Road whips said at several points they were right behind their coyote and closing. A slight check in dense covert gave our coyote some breathing room but hounds still ran on awhile before making a loss by a flooded cornfield. Charles remarked that his hounds had lost in just the same place weeks earlier. I cast-hounds around some but due to the rising temps and tired animals, our pilot was given best. All hounds were soon on, a couple had been picked up in the truck, but most hounds were right there at the loss. During the long hack home I asked Charles if we'd been running any kind of circle. "Yes, but it probably had a twenty mile radius" he replied. The G.P.S. said a 6-mile point but much further as hounds ran. Everyone seemed genuinely impressed with the cry and drive of our hounds. Some confessed to being skeptical that we'd be able to run coyote at all, never

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2760 Hess Rd.
Monkton MD 21111

Don't forget My Ladys Manor Races on Saturday, April 14th. If you haven't volunteered yet, there are still some spots that can be filled. Contact Turney McKnight: STMFNDN@aol.com

“All in and All Done”

(cont'd from page3)

mind with the panache that they did. The bar had been raised, tomorrow was Live Oak's turn, and the pressure was on.

Twenty-five and a half couple of mixed hounds burst forth from the Live Oak kennel, looking ready for anything. Mostly English and somewhat larger than our hounds, they were an impressive sight. The field was much reduced from the previous two days of hard hunting. Charles hacked past the big house for a photo op, and then into the pines. Hounds opened a bit and the radios said a coyote was afoot on the other side of a swamp. This one had been run before and used some fox like tricks to evade hounds, resulting in some confusion and splits among the huge pack. Charles soon had hounds together and away however, only this time to a real swamp. We pulled up and listened to the cry which surprised me. “This swamp is about a mile wide” he said, “We can stay here or gallop around this end if they go out the north side.” “How far is it around the other end?” I asked. “About 100 miles” he responded. After a bit with cry fading away we galloped to the other side and hounds were gone. Some very fast riding got us back in touch, at least with tail hounds. We caught some brief glimpses of



EHHC Ladies in the Live Oak Kennels still eager to hunt after a days lively outing.
Photo courtesy Kerri Smyth

hounds and heard cry in the distance. Radios seemed to be of little use, we stayed in touch the old-fashioned way. I stayed in Charles' pocket, Liz right behind. I had no idea where we were until hounds checked by a pig farm on a road that we had come in on earlier. Hounds soon put themselves right and we were off again. My horse Possum, who had been out on the first day was getting tired but ran bravely on. The almost perfect footing and lack of any hills probably made it easier for the E.H. horses. Still we galloped on, bushwhacking at times, jumping ditches and scrambling across boggy streams, then we

heard the whipper-in, Dale doubling the horn in front of us. Here they play a kind of tag team huntsman, as no man can be with hounds all the time on this kind of chase, and they want to keep hounds well up together on their quarry. Soon after, it was over, hounds had accounted for their game. They worried him enthusiastically, and when the field caught up they gave a group view holla that reminded Master Bob of a bunch of Indians in an old western catching up to their white man. The Live Oak hounds had answered the challenge, a short morning but nothing else to do but go home. It wasn't going to get any better than that, and everyone was well satisfied. Not only with this day but with the whole weekend, most said it couldn't have gone better.

Well we did it. It was an interesting trip, I learned a lot and had a lot of fun in the process. No, the hounds that we took are not ruined, they simply did what I asked them to do. Fortunately we don't seem to have any coyote here yet, if and when they do arrive they will be treated as riot, we simply don't have the space, and the number of road crossings would be murderous. The bitches had a red letter day from Manor Glen since we've been back, all on red fox, and the pace was enough to rival any coyote chase. Master Liz always says “Click your ruby slippers, there's no place like home!”