

Staff

Master of Foxhounds
and Huntsman:
Dr. Rita Mae Brown
540-456-8787

Joint Masters:
Mr. David Wheeler
434-977-1563

Mr. Bob Satterfield
434-361-1696

Field Master:
Mrs. Sue Satterfield
434-361-1696

Hilltoppers Master:
Mr. Bob Satterfield

Third Flight Master:
Mrs. Gretchen Robb
540-456-8347

Professional
Whipper-In:
Mrs. Karen Osborne

Hon. Whipper-In:
Mrs. Emily Schilling

Hunt Secretary:
Mrs. Lynn Stevenson
434-361-2331

MASTER'S REPORT

Black-eyed Susans and Jerusalem artichokes fill the green meadows with yellow. Goldenrod and ragweed fill them, too. By your house the crepe myrtle provide long lasting color and the butterfly bushes will bloom for perhaps another month. My roses produce the occasional splash of pink or creamy white but fall approaches and with it another hunt season.

We all enjoyed the most spectacular spring and summer within a century (if the weather reporters are to be believed, and this time, I do believe them) will give way to a crisp fall. Right now, Labor Day, the ground unfortunately is like a brick except for those trails along the Rockfish or along creek beds.

At the home fixture we've watched our red cubs grow fat. When a few staff members checked jumps at Cherry Hill six weeks ago, maybe even two months ago, we saw evidence of fox. We have not yet checked or built new jumps for Oak Ridge, but we're crossing our fingers that all is well there also. We have not yet visited the Emert Farm, Chellowe or Chellowe West (hope I got the name right). Snell, however, is foxless. This was one of our best fixtures, full of our red friends, so we are hoping we can bring it back.

Now begins the push to clear trails, build new jumps, repair old. People who move here from more Northern latitudes wonder why we wait until September. Years ago I had one Yankee accuse me and the club men of being lazy. (Maintaining fixtures in clubs without paid staff to do so has been the prerogative of the gentleman. Our women get out there and work but tradition still means it is considered to be the men's job hence a certain amount of unexpressed competition between clubs as to how jumps are set, the type and so on. Mind you, our neighboring hunts of which I am a member have had, in some cases, over one hundred years to do this. Given the time we have been revived, eighteen years, and the phenomenal vastness of our territory, I think our folks have worked miracles.) Cotillion affected me so instead of telling the lady with the abrasive accent to bugger off, I ever so sweetly said, "Why don't you show me how?" She took the bait and cleared a wonderful trail down along the creek bed that flows through my land and Mrs. Carter's. The woman really could work and was handy with tools. Two months later after the initial praise-filled ride, I suggested she trailer over and we ride her trail before cubbing began. Naturally, I suggested she ride first. When finished, we were both scratched to bits and occasionally the trail all but disappeared. She was bloodier than I was. Do you know that woman never again accused us of being remiss?

What we do now will last the rest of the season but it's a push to just reopen old trails, much less make new ones. We'll get it done before Opening Hunt, November 1, but it does lend a heightened sense of adventure to cubbing.

Tony Gammell, huntsman at Keswick, gave us a lovely draft of made hounds. He also allowed us to whelp Kilean. This is a hound I placed Reserve Champion in their puppy show three years ago. (Was it that long? Where does the time go?) Bob Ferrar, a powerhouse of a man and master of Caroline Hunt judged with me. We were both taken with her. Emily Schilling, Mary O'Brian and I saw her again at the Mid-Atlantic Hound Show at Shakertown, Kentucky. She did very well there also under the sharp eyes of Tommy Lee Jones, huntsman Casanova, and Chris Ryan, MFH and huntsman Scarteen in Ireland.

Tony has many puppies on the ground and we don't. So he said if I whelped Kilean, he'd take one puppy and I could have the rest. She presented the world with seven beautiful babies on July 4. Lucky. Two Sundays ago, Tony came to pick her up bringing Whitney, his pretty wife who also whips into him, and their baby. I'd gone to see James Noel shortly after he arrived on planet earth which was, I think, May 2. He's already grown, shows signs of *personality* and really is the cutest baby. The Gammells and I couldn't stop talking about hounds, hunting and then we got onto the

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In Sympathy

Our condolences to the family of the grey fox trapped and killed at Lambeth Field. All he was trying to do was get a walk-on spot for the football team since he's faster than any halfback the Cavaliers or any team has. If he could carry a sweater, he could learn to carry a football.

Poor little fellow was killed for his pains.

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Greek gods. After four hours of some of the most stimulating conversation I've enjoyed in years (the baby was not peevish at all) we went down to the kennels, where Tony and Whitney could visit Biker, Wagtail and Sasson, recent drafts, plus drafts from other years. All were in fine flesh, with shiny coats, and of course, they remembered the Gammells. What a lovely reunion. Then up to HQ we trundled. I opened the puppy stall, out tumbled seven little fatties. Jailbreak. They ran up and down the aisles, visited the humans. I blew the horn and seven puppies picked up their heads, eyes bright and followed me into their big stall.

Tony and Whitney observed this and then in that wonderful Irish lilt he said, "You keep them all." What a gift.

Kilean, good girl that she is, was lifted up into Keswick's hound truck with a nice box that Tony built himself. I'd gotten quite close to her, letting her out to follow me around when I did chores. No, I didn't cry but I was close.

Next time you see Tony, thank him. And we would not be the recipient of such generosity without the support of Andy Lynn, MFH and Charlotte Tieken, MFH.

Andy, by the way, has taken the lead, done all the work, set up and attended meetings with our state wildlife commission to find some way we can strike a balance with trappers. Some of their fixtures have been denuded, Rockbridge Hunt as well and ourselves. This is not a happy event. Some foxes are being killed for their pelts. Others are sold to foxpens. There is a season for taking pelts. None, I believe, for foxpens. Much as I deplore killing a fox, I recognize that for some this is a supplement to a slender income. Surely some accord can be reached and if it is, every foxhunter owes Andy and Tony, too, as he and Andy work closely together on and off the hunt field, a huge thank you.

Joe Cassidy, Hunstman, and his brother, Mark, whipper-in at Radnor, which reposes seventeen miles west of Philadelphia, drafted us good looking, brimming with personality puppies and one youngish, spectacular lady named Comet. We've hunted her at Foxpen and took her out on our first staff hunt. Oh my god. She's every bit as fabulous as these two talented and dangerously handsome brothers said she was. Emily Schilling, Kay Hodges, Hunt Secretary for Red Rock, and I drove up to Radnor to walk out hounds. We thought we were getting two puppies but I guess Joe decided we were all right. We came home with a draft which, like Keswick's, will be heaven sent. Then, too, there's the infusion of new blood for our breeding program which is progressing apace. We didn't expect the master, Michael Tillson, III to be there. He's an extremely elegant man and soft spoken, so I fell in with him and shut up. Good idea to shut up around hounds anyway. Along the way I found out he's another gear head and the force behind the great Concours they have. Well, I could have stayed for hours listening to him. He works on these machines. For those of you not entranced by engines, I know this is boring but for those of you who are, what wouldn't you give to see a Testarossa pulled apart or even a street 911?

Then we came home to find out that Middleburg, with a new huntsman, was bequeathing a large draft to us. Manna from heaven. Jeff Blue, MFH and our beloved Fred Duncan have helped us so much over the years. So many Middleburg hounds carry the old Bywaters blood. They're now in our kennels.

One more little thing, went out to Red Rock this summer and walked out hounds with Lynn Lloyd, whom many of you know is a dear friend and an incredible huntsman. I was quite taken with her Z line and can't wait to hunt behind the pack and observe. We have a joint meet there Dec. 3-7. She goes out on Fridays and Sundays, as do we. Emily found airfare for \$275 round trip. Usually it's close to \$1000 to get to Reno and back. The weather will be coolish to cold, flurries possible. Here the weather can change in an hour. Out there it's a little more predictable, although, when the seasons truly roll over is a guess. Red Rock can have an early fall or a late one but once the season arrives, I don't think there are the wild temperature bounces we have here.

Remember the last week of our season? 80° on Tuesday, six inches of snow on Wednesday, followed by unremitting sleet, a few more flurries, rain. Sunday, our last day, the cold seeped into your bones. For one and a half hours a big fat nothing, then Siren blasted out of the woods at Foxden and in a twinkling, all hounds came to her in full cry. Those of you on that hunt will note I avoided jumps because the footing was hateful, frozen underneath, grease on top. I still don't know how people stayed in the saddle given the footing. However, the bar is low and I'm not going to be so thoughtful come cubbing. Fair warning. Hope I'm not the first one to part company with my horse. The thing about hunting is that sooner or later you will purchase some real estate. Back at the trailers I look for the dirty bottoms!

Can't wait to see you all. September 18, Friday, 7:30 AM, Kennels.

Off and Running,

Rita Mae

The Changing of the Guard

As you know, Dana L. Flaherty has moved on although we still see her regularly. She's working hard to lead a healthful life.

Our much loved and gleefully tormented Mrs. Mary Tattersall O'Brien, M.D. has retired due to injuries. What a painful decision for Mary and for us, too. We can't imagine being out there without her and Hardy. She said she's going to endure another operation on her foot and we all hope this will be to her benefit. She worked right after the last one and she takes little or no painkillers because her feeling is if she's going to see a patient then she must be 100% mentally clear. Small wonder her patients have been with her for decades.

She has shepherded some of our members through illness and crisis. Sometimes she was paid and sometimes she wasn't because there were no funds. She never spoke of it but the people themselves often told me they don't know what they would have done without Mary.

I don't know what I will do without Mary, not just because I love her beyond measure, but because she's so much fun to bedevil. I mean, if you're going to have a friend, surely you should abuse them regularly.



Quote of the Month

Pattie Boden said, "Oak Ridge reminds me of that Cher song, 'Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves'." This was said with affection because we were both remembering when that was the theme song of our Phillies. Note: they're back up again.

Our club contains three baseball nuts! Pattie, Cindy Chandler and myself. I'm sure there are others.

Ever notice how unintelligent people rarely make it to the pros no matter how good the physical skills? Baseball is a thinking game which is why we love it so. Case in point, at any given moment there are usually three possible plays on the field in order of desirability, so 1-3. Which play you make, if you're on defense, depends on where the ball is hit, the strength and accuracy of your arm. You have a split second to decide unless you're in the outfield, then you have a bit longer.

What a great game. Almost as much fun as foxhunting. Fortunately, you don't have to be smart to foxhunt. The fox is smarter than all of us.

The new team

Emily Schilling is now our First Whipper-in. Usually, it takes a good decade to find one's self in this coveted position, but Emily has crammed, so to speak. She's completely dedicated to the hounds, working tirelessly, traveling to hound shows with me, walking hounds in the morning, as well as working with the bassets, and those little guys are a great way to learn about hunting. She's worked with Jan Green. Rocco and Emily are the right pair. The list could go on but I feel confident, indeed excited, that she has accepted this responsibility.

Karen Osborne is the Professional whipper-in and the stables have been transformed under her kind and patient hand. She also works with the hounds and whips-in to the bassets as well.

A good huntsman can be made to look bad with bad whippers-in. A so-so huntsman can be made to look good by a good whipper-in. Good huntsman, good whippers-in: happiness.



One of the factors that led me to this decision was we did work together the last half of the season. At Cherry Hill, toward the end of that nasty dry cold spell which retarded good runs, hounds picked up a fox. Once he started his route, he dipped down behind niece Anne's, dropped onto that steep bank. We had to go all the way around because of the hot wired fencing. We did, caught up and then scurried into the small ravine which eventually tails out at Wilson Road. I took a short cut, difficult footing and you pop right out on Variety Mills Road where the blind curve is. Not a good place but that's right where he was going with the entire pack except for Powerball and Sheila (I think it was Sheila) going with him.

This is when you know you have a fabulous Field Master because Sue Satterfield quickly turned onto the trail above that ravine and took the cedar log jump into the open field. I heard her turn but only found her in the field later.

I blew the four notes calling for my whippers-in because I'm now in the middle of Variety Mills Road, the hounds packed in, thank God, but cars fly around the curve in both directions. Within seconds, both Emily and Karen came up behind me. One moved forward ahead of me, I was in front of the pack and one stayed behind the pack. I was never so glad to see two people.

The other good news is that Page Turner moved back home and she will be whipping-in at least one day a week. She also whips-in to the bassets and as you know, is fearless. We're thrilled she came home.

And the surprise package is Judy Pastore who hopes to be able to whip-in once a week. She has an instinct for it and has also whipped-in to the bassets.

Those bassets are proving invaluable.

We're excited to be working together. We'll make mistakes. We'll learn from them and even then there is no perfect hunt. Upon reflection, a staff member usually finds something he or she wishes he'd done better or faster.

Our field remains the same. Bob Satterfield will again lead Second Flight which I believe to be the most difficult task in foxhunting. You get good riders who may be coming back from injuries or who have, with permission, dropped back from First Flight; you have green riders or green horses, and then that death defying combination: green riders on green horses.

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Bob, being Bob, wants to excel at his task. He's ridden behind Sally Lamb, Second Flight Field Master at Keswick and Kay Butterfield, who holds the same position at Farmington. Both these ladies are about as good as it gets, putting people in the right place at the right time and each has a sharp eye for an individual's ability, as well as horse's ability. He'll probably go out with these clubs again and I encourage all our members to ride with Keswick and Farmington also: great packs of hounds, marvelous huntsmen, most fixtures have been lovingly tended for a century or more. Farmington was founded in 1929 so they're getting close and Keswick was founded in 1896. You'll be following hounds, no bushwhacking. On the other hand, all those scratches on your face give you a raffish allure.

Again leading the Third Flight is Granny. (If she doesn't fuss over that, take her pulse.) Yes, our irrepressible Gretchen is back at the helm on Tommy Sundae. Given that she has to trail two flights, it's amazing how often she gets her field, not all of them quick stepping either, to see the action. I guess this means we have to be nice to her.

And every now and then Cindy Chandler takes out a Fourth Flight. Cindy used to be our Field Master as well as a whipper-in. Her schedule has changed dramatically so she's not available regularly. Cindy possesses an uncanny game sense. John Western, new to shepherding a field, likes it and really takes care of his people. He's also been whipping-in to the bassets, doing things he never thought he would be doing and doing them rather well.

That's Team Oak Ridge. Cheer for us.

The K Puppies

Kaboom, Krash, Krafty, Kool, Kathy, Ken and Kilean, Jr. will look longingly as the big kids go out to hunt. They promise they'll be out next year and they'll be stars.

Wish List

Half rounds for fence posts! We need as many as we can get for a new run plus future ones. Given that hounds can climb, ideally we'd like two feet in the ground with eight feet above the ground.

We also need wire, I call it turkey foot, others call it diamond wire. It's heavy duty wire squares with a V of wire in each square. There's no way we can afford chain link fencing. Turkey foot lasts between ten and fifteen years.

Your dues did not pay for the wonderful clearing job which was quite efficiently done, all timber being chipped for future use. RMB paid that. However, I can't pay for the rest of the materials. The Depression has hit me, too, but I'm muddling along.

Can anyone help us? I know Bob Satterfield, Bill Johnson and Gib Stevenson will build the condos. Anyone else who wishes to build condos or feeder stations, please contact Bob. He's been over all the plans and examples with John Morris.

We need to get this run done as soon as possible. If you can help with materials or yourself, please call Bob: 434-361-1696.

The previous Wish List resulted in many items being donated to the hounds. I'm sure Lynn Stevenson has thanked each of you, but we'd like to list you. Every little bit helps.

8 tracking collars – Barbara Dixon and Joe Manning
12 heavy web leashes, purple - Pattie Boden
3 powerful flashlights – Gib and Lynn Stevenson
hound cookies – Barbara, Pattie, Gib and Lynn, Lucy Rolston, Priscilla Friedberg,

The items I thought that would be the most difficult to receive were the first ones donated. That was tracking collars, rebuilt ones, and Barbara Dixon and Joe Manning stepped right up to the plate. This will be an enormous help with young entry.

We still need a good desk lamp with an articulated arm, one that can take a 100 w bulb or a halogen lamp that's bright.

Still need two director's chairs and a refrigerator, not fancy but full sized. If we don't get one by November, we'll use club funds. I just thought someone might have a good one or a credit somewhere. It's okay. Everyone is doing what they can and refrigerators aren't cheap. Ours at the kennel is filled with various medicines, food supplements, etc.

And the hounds always need their mid-sized cookies. David, Bob and I appreciate all that you do to keep the club going. Ours is not a rich club but the three of us have often commented to one another that this forces us to be resourceful. Because of that our members come up with ideas that give us a better way to do something, fundraisers that are original, their time. It's brought us all closer together. You might say, we've become a level pack.

Hunter Pace 2009 at Tea Time Farm a Huge Success!

Thank you to all who rode in or helped with the September 5th Oak Ridge Hunter Pace. It was our first such event in a while and we were very pleased with the turn-out and the comments we received on the course that our John Morris and his team set up and cleared for us. John, Toot, Melvin, and Robert got Tea Time looking fabulous overall, cleared the trails like Interstate Highways, cleared the jumps, and built several new jumps. A big hurrah for John and the guys!

We had 88 riders sign up and compete. Thank you to our many fox hunting friends from Farmington, Glenmore, Caroline, and other clubs for supporting this event. The club netted over \$2,500 for the day, making the hounds very happy. Listed below are the winners of each category. Congratulations to all!



Long Course - Fastest time

1. Sarah Green and Hannah Gentry
2. Tom, MJ Timmerman and Ken Luke
3. Jane Gatewood, Mary Catherine Severin and Sommers Olineger

Long Course - Average time

1. Jan and Steve Green
2. Marilee Lindbeck and Sue Migliore
3. Rebecca Duncan and Kim Rath

Short Course - Average time

1. Becky Birnbaum and Andrea Danforth
2. Kathleen Merlino and Tina Mallia
3. Kay Kaufman, Carolyn Maki and Philippa Whitelaw



Reminder Notes for Cubbing from the Field Masters

Field Masters are there to help show you good sport, keep you safe, and maintain order during the hunt. They will do their best to show you a good and safe time while hunting. Below are points of information that will help you understand and enjoy the cubbing season.

Information and Fees

There is no published schedule for cubbing, except that meets are held on Fridays and Sundays until Opening Hunt, weather permitting.

You will need to call the Hunting Hotline for place and time information. The Huntline number is 540-456-8787. Always call before leaving home!

A Hunting license is required by law.

A negative Coggins is also required.

A current signed liability waiver is required by the club.

Capping is available during cubbing season for guests of members. The member should call one of the Masters before bringing the guest, and the member is responsible for getting the guest to sign the waiver form and for paying the capping fee.

Capping fees for cubbing are the same as regular hunting season: \$50 on Fridays and \$65 on Sundays. Juniors are \$25.

Etiquette and Manners

Hunting is possible through the courtesy and kindness of landowners. Keep off seeded fields. If a gate was closed, the last person through must close it. Avoid livestock. If you see a damaged fence, even if we did not do it, repair it if possible. Report it to the Field Master immediately.

Arrive in time to tack up and be ready to ride out when hounds arrive. Late arrivals may wind up crossing lines or straying into areas that can cause problems with landowners or the hunt.

Sign a release waiver if you have not already done so. The field secretary will have them.

Say "good morning" to the Master before the hunt moves off. If you have a guest, be sure to introduce him or her to the Master.

If you must leave the field, tell the field master, who will direct you so that you will not interfere with the hunt and not get lost.

No smoking!

If a gate is closed when you reach it make certain the last rider through closes it. If a gate is open, leave it open. Put a red ribbon in the tail of a horse that kicks and a green ribbon in the tail of a horse that is new to hunting.

Riding in the Hunt Field

As in regular hunting season, we will have three flights at most cubbing meets. You should ride where you feel comfortable and safe.

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First Flight riders should have full control of their mounts, go at any speed, jump any and all fences, negotiate all obstacles, and stay with the Field Master and Huntsman.

Second Flight riders should be able to do all of the above except jumping. Sometimes, there are smaller, optional jumps that will be offered to second flight riders.

Hilltoppers, or Third Flight riders, are either new to foxhunting, have a new horse that is learning about the hunt, or just want to go a little slower. This flight will usually walk and trot unless hunt conditions or the experience of the group dictate otherwise.

Each flight has its own field master who knows the hunt and its territory. Riders should stay behind and with their field master. This means they should “keep up” with the field master. If they can’t, they should move to the rear of the field.

Do not leave the field on your own. You could disrupt the hunt if you cross the scenting line, or get lost, or get hurt. Ask your field master’s permission and he or she will direct you.

Don’t slam into the horse in front of you. At least one horse-length between you and the horse in front is considered minimum. If you can’t rate your horse, ride in the rear of the flight or take him home.

Hounds always have the right-of-way and you should do everything you can to keep your horse from kicking or stepping on them. You should not speak to a hound except to protect them from traffic or other obvious danger.

When staff or other hunters need to pass, especially on a narrow trail, be sure you position your horse’s head toward the trail and his hindquarters away from passing riders.

At checks, you should keep your horse and yourself quiet so that staff can hear the hounds.

Cubbing Attire

During cubbing season, dress for all meets is informal, or ratcatcher.

All riders need to have a hard hat or helmet and safe hunting boots.

Ratcatcher means tan, brown, or rust breeches with a tweed or salt sack jacket, a shirt with hunt collar or tie, and field boots of either black, brown, or tan.

Rita Mae likes to give new hunters a year to get their “kit” together, but she likes a “well turned-out field”.



Music of the Hunt

Co-sponsored by the Oak Ridge Fox Hunt Club

Waynesboro Symphony Orchestra

Peter Wilson, Music Director

In Concert

Featuring Aaron Copland’s “Lincoln Portrait” and other selections to celebrate the American Presidency including solo performances by Dr. Wilson, violinist of The White House

November 21, 2009, 7:00 p.m.

Grand Pavilion Ballroom, Boar’s Head Inn.
Lovely reception will follow. Black tie formal attire.

For the Hunt Clubs, Scarlet if convenient.
Tickets: \$85.00 per person

*For tickets, please call (540) 241-2683
or email wcs@ntelos.net with your request
www.waynesborosymphonyorchestra.org*