



NEWSLETTER

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

Kansas Father/Son Trip

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Early November is opening day for quail season in Kansas. In the previous years I had gone with a group of eight or ten men. We would hunt for five days during opening week. My son, Austin, had heard the stories of the good times we had and all the different wild life we had seen on each trip. For the past several years he had begged me to let him go with us on a hunt. I advised him that he would be graduated from high school in a couple of years and he could go then. Well, after much persuasion by friends and family and not knowing what tomorrow holds, I decided to let him go with us. There was only one problem. Austin is a junior on the varsity football team and the last week of the regular season and the beginning of the State playoffs were during the same time as the opening week of quail season in Kansas. Needless to say we couldn't go with the group of men that were going that first week. Austin and I decided that we would go as soon as the State playoffs were over, because we didn't know a definite date. I told him we would go, just the two of us.

They lost the first week of playoffs, so that put us going the week of Thanksgiving. I quickly made motel reservations, loaded the truck and we headed out.

We spent the night near Fort Smith, Arkansas on our way there that first night. We left early the next morning and drove through Oklahoma and on into Pratt, Kansas. Austin said, "Wow, it sure is flat here and these fields go forever!" Keep in mind this young man had never been west of Jasper, Alabama. We checked into our motel, unloaded our luggage, a sack of dog food and a bag stuffed with Coastal Bermuda hay to keep the dog boxes fresh. After getting settled in we drove down the long sandy roads to scout out the prairies we planned to hunt. Crossing the road in front of us were white tail deer, mule deer and an occasional pheasant.



Each morning before daylight we would eat breakfast at Rick's Restaurant, a little café next to our motel. We were in the fields by the time the sun was rising on the beautiful Kansas Plains. We had two pointers and two setters. Three of the dogs had experience with wild birds, but the young setter, Sam, had only pointed pen raised birds. That became evident as the first three coveys got up out of shooting distance because Sam thought he could put his nose within two feet of them. Austin said we may have to put him back in the truck, but after a man to dog talk and a little help from Tri Tronics, the young setter made a vast improvement from day one to day two. I knew we would need him down the stretch. Hunting from

daylight to dark five days straight is tough on older dogs. We alternated resting two dogs and hunting two.

At the end of day three, the pointers preferred to stay in the box and lick their wounds. After all, they had found their share of birds. Day four and five we hunted almost solely with the setters. We had been finding most of the coveys in plumb thickets or next to evergreens, but the one that stands out the most is when we came over a little rise and found Sam hard on a point with his daddy, Doc, backing him. There was very little cover as we walked past the dogs. We were firmly gripping our guns, thumbs on the safety and I thought to myself there can't be any birds here because there is no cover. About that time the ground in front of us exploded. We both emptied our guns as several birds began to fall. We both began yelling "dead" at the same time. Austin looked at me and said, "There must have been 35 birds in that covey!" I laughed and said that I didn't think they were that many, but it was a good covey rise.

On Saturday morning, which was day six, we checked out of our motel and prepared for the long drive back to the Heart of Dixie. As we got into the truck worn out, tired and knowing we should be heading home, I asked Austin if he wanted to go back out one more time for a few hours. Of course he said yes! We found two more coveys by 8:00 a.m. and killed three or four birds. We then headed home.

As we drove down the long sandy road with the beautiful prairies in our rear view mirror I thought about how nice and accommodating the people of Pratt, Kansas were to us. We had a great father/son experience.

I am glad the good Lord made Bobwhite quail and dogs that love to find them!

Treasurer's Desk

This is our time of the year, cool, breezy and dogs pointing quail. I love it! Please check your AQH Newsletter mailing label. If "12-13" does not follow your name, my records show that you have not yet paid your 2013 dues, payable from all AQH members on January 1st. Please send me your check made out to AL Quail Hunters & mailed to 1901 Morgan Road, Bessemer, AL 35022. Your annual \$15.00 dues are income tax deductible. If I have made an error, please email me at coalcarr@bham.rr.com or call me during office hours at (205) 424-1381.

Bob Carr,
AQH Treasurer

Welcome To Our Newest Members

Tony Edwards from Birmingham
Allen Harris from Birmingham
John Thames from Childersburg
Joe Woodard from Munford

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Spring Field Trial

The Alabama Quail Hunters Fall field trial will be held at the AQH lease Sat. March 2nd.

If you would like to register your dog please contact Bob Carr (205-424-1381) or Frank Harris (after business hours 205-595-0203). Please register by Thursday night (2/28) at the latest.

Directions to our AQH Stemley Quail Preserve:

- Exit I-20 onto US 231 South and go through Pell City.
- Turn East (left) onto County Highway 34 (also named Stemley Road) and go about 5 to 6 miles to County Hwy 366.
- Turn South (right and go about 2 miles to the STOP sign. Our leased property is on your right. Turn right onto Joe Lee Road and our main gate is about 200 feet on your right.

HEY FOLKS

The summer of 2012 was a trying time for the AQH lease members. We had stepped out and purchased a farm tractor. It was a 64 horsepower John Deere, model 5320. Then, unexpectedly, we received notice our lease was coming to an end. We searched for land available to hunt. Several stressful months later, Mr. Joe of Munford offered an old farm south of Stemley Bridge on State Route 34 in Talladega County. He is also a bird hunter. The farm is nearly 200 acres of abandoned farm land, and recently thinned pine plantations. The fields were thick with various grasses, such as bermuda, sedge and weeds. The pine plantations had sprinklings of partridge peas, beggar weed and occasional Chinese privet. The only building was a pole barn with a deteriorating roof. A creek more often, dry, than wet runs throughout. To the far side a transmission line broke up the landscape as it ran diagonally across the landscape.

You cannot believe how excited I became as others like Jim and Bob assisted in reaching an agreement to finalize the lease, known as Stemley Quail Preserve. Mr. Joe requested we purchase several pieces of farm equipment. Mike and I rode out to look over the equipment, and found it was all in good condition. The board was eager to approve the move. We were a little short on funds to make the equipment purchase and one of the club members, John assisted in purchasing one piece.

Most of our members have had the opportunity to go run their dogs in Talladega County by now. The future outlook is positive for the land, which boast a couple of wild coveys. We are anticipating a spring and summer of quail habitat improvement work. Plans are to stimulate the soil with a farm tractor, disc and fire. This will produce early successional plants which quail need.

Most importantly, we are extremely grateful to Mr. Joe, for allowing us to lease his farm property.

Frank Harris,

President



Alabama Quail Hunters

1901 Morgan Road S.E.
Bessemer, Alabama 35022

MEMBERSHIP INFORMATION

Date _____

Name _____

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

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New Member

Renewal

2013 DUES – \$15.00

Check Payable to "Alabama Quail Hunters"

For more information call N. H. Holt @ 205-936-6293 or contact:



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