

**The History of  
Bedford County Hunt, Inc.**

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## Introduction

The sport of foxhunting is based on the traditions of protocol, etiquette, and proper dress. But the members of Bedford County hunt are relaxed, informal and friendly people who love horses, hounds, the outdoors and a good time. We are an organization of families that live in, and care about, our community and strive to support all that benefits our community and our neighbors.

Bedford hunt has a rich and long history since its founding in 1887, and this is a special source of pride to members and area residents. Our hunt country is 25 by 30 miles in Bedford County, Virginia and is composed of woodlands, mountains, and rolling terrain. Jumps are post-and-rails, coops and natural obstacles. The entire area is privately owned, and we are deeply indebted to the hundreds of people who grant us the privilege of crossing their land.

The hunting season begins in the fall and continues until March, the hounds going out three times weekly, weather permitting. Our quarry is the red and grey fox, and occasionally a bobcat or coyote. Our pack consists of Penn-Marydels, with members helping to support the hounds by paying a subscription or membership fee. We also organize various fundraisers each year, including horse shows, hunter paces and culminating with our Point to Point in May.

# **The History of Bedford County Hunt, Inc.**

**1887 – 2006 (present)**

## **Early Foxhunts around Lynchburg, Virginia**

Mr. A Hennes Higgison, MFH and Julian Ingersoll Chamberlain, authors of the book The Hunts of The United States and Canada – 1908, note that many ancestors of life-long Lynchburg, Virginia residents started foxhunting in and about Lynchburg not long after the Civil War. An excerpt from this book is as follows:

*“About the year 1887 the Mssrs. E. C. Hammer, Chas. M. Guggenheimer, Hon. Peter J. Otey, Dr. R. W. Morgan, Chas. E. Held, N. C. Manson, and Maj. Marcellus Moorman who had been hunting about Lynchburg, Virginia with various packs of hounds in that region joined forces and organized under the name of Oak Ridge Hunt Club. “*

Oak Ridge is the forerunner of the Bedford County Hunt (BCH).

## **Lynchburg Hunt Club – Bedford County Hunt**

Prior to 1940, the group was known as the Lynchburg Hunt Club. The Lynchburg Hunt Club was eventually discontinued, but the embryo of our present hunt grew out of a sustained interest of former members and their families. The MFHA records show that the hunt was reformed again in 1940 – 1941 but was inactive during the WWII years. The hunt was re-activated in 1946, and the kennels were relocated in various locations near Lynchburg, Virginia until they were moved to their current location near Cifax in Bedford County.

## **Bedford County Hunt – 1946 – 2006 (present)**

The records show that from 1946 to 1963 organized hunting was directed by seven different masters. A chronological listing of BCH Master and Huntsmen derived from the records of the MFHA can be found at the end of this article.

Five of these Masters served as joint masters for seventeen years, 1946 – 1963. Around 1963 the kennels were moved to the home of Mrs. Claire Noyes Cox. Mrs. Cox was our Huntsman from 1964 to 1969. Several times we cast our hounds from the back of her farm. We would hunt the old Radford farm (our current Point-to Point course), part of the Colonial Hills Golf Course all the way to Creek Road and across it to behind the site that is now Jefferson Forest High School.

In the early 1960's, BCH purchased property off Route 221. At the time of purchase, the old Florence Restaurant was located on Route 221 and BCH owned the property to the rear of that restaurant. A small subdivision is now located to the rear of where our old show grounds were located. The entry road for this subdivision is appropriately named Reynard Run. BCH purchased this property in the mid-1960's for show grounds. The property served as the site for our fall and spring shows and Pony Club shows until the late 1960's.

In 1969, BCH sold the Route 221 property and purchased what is now Willow Spring farm located off Otterville Road in the Cifax area. We also removed the old show ring and reconstructed it at the Willow Spring Farm. Members of the hunt dug up and pushed over the old locust posts, removed the oak boards, and re-installed them. As of this writing, the ring is still there.

Also, during the late 1960's, members of the hunt, along with others, purchased various pieces of property in and around the Cifax area. This land covered the area from Fox Folly Mountain to Oslin Creek Road. Over the years this property has been re-sold several times. Fortunately, the BCH has remained friends with the landowners and has maintained foxhunting privileges.

The BCH property was also used as the official kennels and the home of several of our Huntsmen. Mr. Tom Marshall lived there while he hunted our hounds for the 1969 – 1970 season. When he left, the house served as a home for Mr. Michael Rowe, our Huntsman for the 1970 – 1971 season. The club sold the property in 1972 and invested the money in bonds. The property has been sold several times since then and is currently owned by Steve Stevick and Nancy Raine.

In 1972, Bill King left his position as Huntsman at Radnor Hunt in Pennsylvania and became Huntsman at BCH. The official BCH kennels was moved to his home, also in the Cifax area, and remains there to the present date, 2006.

The BCH hunting territory extends from the south side of Bedford City to Sweet Briar College in Amherst County and currently includes ten separate locations, each encompassing over 1000 acres. We hunt native foxes, both red and gray, using a pack of Penn-Marydel foxhounds. Our season extends from September until March with hunts scheduled three times a week, weather permitting.

## ***Officers of the Hunt***

### **Masters and Huntsmen of the Bedford County Hunt, Inc.**

#### Chronology – 1941 to 2006 (present)

1941	Established Kennels located near Lynchburg, Virginia
1941	Registered
1943	Inactive during WWII
1946	Dropped
1963	Re-registered
1964	Kennels located at Forest, Virginia on Fox Hill Road, Lynchburg, Virginia (Bailey's 1 <sup>st</sup> listing)
1966	Recognized
1966	Re-recognized
1969 – 1972	Kennels located in Bedford County, Virginia
1972 – 2006 (present)	Kennels located near Cifax, Bedford County Virginia

#### Huntsmen

1964 – 1969	Mrs. Claire Noyes Cox
1969 – 1970	Tom Marshall
1970 – 1971	Michael Rowe
1971 – 1972	Alan Coffey
1971 – 1989	William R. King
1989 – 2006 (present)	William R. King, MFH

#### Masters of Foxhounds

#### Years as Master

1940 – 1946	Clayton E. Bailey	6
1940 – 1946	Reed E. Graves	6
1946 – 1963	John Catherwood	17
1946 – 1963	Carl V. Hopkins	17
1946 – 1963	Mrs. Carl V. Hopkins	17
1946 – 1963	R. Sherwood Knight	17
1946 – 1963	Maj. James Stevens	17
1963 – 1966	Joseph W. Valiant	*
1963 – 1968	H. V. Traywick	5
1966 – 1968	Robert H. Cox, MD	*
1968 – 1969	Joseph W. Valiant	4
1968 – 1970	Mrs. Charles R. W. Schoew	2
1968 – 1970	Harry A. Wills	2
1969 – 1970	Mrs. Claire Noyes Cox	*

1970 – 1973	James B. Jones, MD	3
1972 – 1977	E. E. Dulaney, Jr.	5
1976 – 1977	Miss Mary Haskell	1
1979 – 1980	Mrs. Claire Noyes Cox	*
1977 – 1990	Edward H. Cann, Jr.	*
1984 – 1990	Mrs. Claire Noyes Cox	8
1990 – 1996	Max J. Tappero	6
1989 – 2006 (present)	William R. King	15
1996 – 2006 (present)	Edward H. Cann, Jr.	21

\* Indicates individual served more than one period; last period is cumulative service as MFH.

### ***Our Territory***

Territory is 25 by 30 miles in Bedford County, Virginia composed of woodlands, mountains, and rolling terrain. Jumps are post-and-rails, coops and natural obstacles.

### ***Our Season***

The Bedford County Hunt season begins on September 1st and lasts through late March. September and October are cubbing and informal. Formal season begins the first of November. Meets are held every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday unless otherwise scheduled.

### ***Our Hounds***

Penn-Marydels

### ***Our Quarry***

Red and grey fox, and occasionally bobcat.

### ***Our Colors***

The colors of the Bedford County Hunt are gold and brown. Hunt Colors are awarded annually by the Bedford County Hunt Masters of Foxhounds to members who hunt regularly and have demonstrated that they are an asset to the club.

## ***Special Events***

Hunt Ball, Spring and Fall Horse Shows, Hunter Paces, Point-to-Point.

## ***BCH Re-organizes***

by

H.V. (Bo) Traywick

Joint MFH 1963 – 1968

President 1960 – 1962

I became interested in foxhunting in the 1960s through my friendship with Reed Graves and Robert Cox. Reed was one of the best horsemen in Virginia, and he a one of the oldest judging licenses issued by the American Horse show Association. He lived in Forest, Va. and his children and ours were friends. They all rode, and one of the, Bill, had a nice career as a professional rider. He went on to be the director of yearling sales for the Thoroughbred auction company Fasig-Tipton.

The Bedford County Hunt had disbanded its pack of hounds during World War II and was just a riding club. But in the 1950s, Reed Graves, Robert Cox, Claire Noyes and Carl Hopkins and some others began making an effort to reestablish the club as a hunting organization. Robert was a pediatric surgeon. Claire was the head of the riding program at Randolph-Macon Women's College. Carl was in real estate and was interested in horses and hunting. They got me interested and I was elected president of the club in 1960.

The club was registered with the Masters of Foxhounds Association in New York, and I made it my goal to get the pack recognized, even though, at the time, we had no pack. We were hunting with a borrowed pack of night hounds. A man named Harvey Smith would let the club use his hounds on Saturday mornings. Robert Cox was MFH and Claire Noyes was the huntsman. Harvey Smith's hounds, of course, were used to hunting on their own. They didn't know anything about standing around in a pack at the meet or roading or being cast in a covert by the huntsman. So Claire didn't dare let them out of the hound truck until everyone was mounted and ready to go. When she gave the signal, someone opened the door to the hound truck and the hounds took off, and we took off behind them. You had to have a fit horse, because we ran up and down the mountains for hours. The, when got done, Harvey, Reed, Robert, Claire and I would stay out for the rest of the day picking up hounds. Sometimes we had to go back every day and pick up a few more.

One Saturday we had been foxhunting all day and it was cold. Reed Graves and Harvey Smith and I were out there in the dark, calling hounds. There were a bunch of pine trees along the road that had dead branches. It was good, fat, light wood. We built a fire and I kept breaking branches off and throwing them in the fire. Every now and then Mr. Smith would blow the horn.

Robert Cox wanted to do this thing by the book, like they do in England. He called me one day about Christmas time and said somebody had donated a horse that had died, and he wanted me to come help him butcher it for the hounds. I was Master and felt like I had to go. Man! What a mess! I never saw such a mess in my life. It was freezing cold and we were trying to skin the old horse. Not another soul came to help. We cut up a bunch of horse meat for the hounds. After we thought we'd cut up enough of it, we got Mr. Cavanaugh to pick up the carcass and render it.

Reed talked us into letting our daughter, Robin, go hunting on her wonderful pony, Jupiter, so she went before I did. She was about 10 years old her first time out. He ran away with her – the first of many times – and she fell off when Jupiter scrambled up the bank at a creek crossing. But she was game to go back and I decided to go with her. I had ridden all my life, growing up in South Carolina, and I had been foxhunting with hounds at night quite a bit. So hunting in Virginia combined the two experiences for me.

My first hunting horse was a crossbred quarter horse and Tennessee walking horse that I used to ride tournament with. I had grown up riding in jousting tournaments in South Carolina, and that's what I used Sox for. He was a good tournament horse. He was four gated: walk, running walk, trot and canter. We taught him to jump and I took him hunting. He could jump about three feet, which was all you needed, because we didn't have paneled country. Occasionally, you came to an old wire fence, and we'd find a low place and put a branch on top so the horses could see it and jump that.

Robert and Claire began drafting hounds from other packs and picking up hounds here and there to build a pack. And Claire worked herself to death making a pack out of those hounds. We had a mixture of Walkers and a couple of English hounds.

Along about then, Robert (who was divorced) and Claire (who had never been married) decided to get married. They had an unorthodox wedding, with the hounds there and so forth. They lived at her farm in Forest. We had moved the hounds out there by then.

Meanwhile, I was talking to the Masters of Foxhounds Association about getting recognized. Dr. Asa Shield, who was joint-Master (maybe past MFH) with Deep Run hounds in Richmond, was the regional representative. He told me he needed to come out and inspect our hunting territory. He was at a medical meeting in Roanoke when he called me and asked if I could show him around. I arranged for him to meet me at the garage in Forest. The view there is fabulous, and I waved my arm and said "this is our hunt country". Then I showed him some of our fixtures: Ivy Hill, Robert and Claire's place out there with the kennels, and so forth. And he was satisfied. "Now," he said, "I have to hunt with you".

We tried two or three times to get together and it didn't work. The annual meeting of the MFHA was coming up in January and I didn't want to let another year go by, so I called Dr. Shield. He said, "Can we hunt on Tuesday?" I said yes, and he said, "Can you mount me?" I had a good solid hunting horse named Sumsing that I put him on. My wife, Flo, and Margaret Anne Schoew and some of the women put together a breakfast for afterwards, and we got several people together for the field, and off we went. We hunted from a fixture we called "the tower". It was an aviation checkpoint, off 29 South in Campbell County. Like most of our country, it wasn't paneled. Claire had been practicing with the hounds at that location, dropping biscuits for them so they stayed together for the prescribed distance, then we took off!

I was leading the field and Dr. Shield was riding with me. Everything was going well when all of a sudden, some night hunter's dogs struck nearby. Oh lord! But lo and behold if Claire didn't blow the hounds in and lift them to another covert. Dr. Shield was impressed by that. "Good control of your hounds."

So he went to New Your and recommended that Bedford County hounds be recognized. It was 1966 and quite a feather in our crown.

We had a good time. The first clubhouse was in an old house on Fox Hill Road on Robert Cox's farm off Trents Ferry Road right at the creek. We kept the hounds out there, and we chipped in and put a bathroom in the house. We put in a tire swing for the children. I remember four of us men holding the ladder up and my son, Cris, who was about 8 or 9, climbed up and tied the rope to the limb. We had some great parties there. We played records and danced a lot. The Randolph-Macon girls were hunting with us and they always made things lively. Barbara Sullivan, who's now married to Gene Dixon, and Libbie Strachan were among those most active.

In the late 1960's, the club bought some property behind "Flo's Place" out in Forest and put in a ring. We used to have the BCH show at Dr. Brad Waters' place at the foot of Lock's Mountain, but then we had them at Forest.

We had great hunt breakfasts. One time we were going to have a breakfast at Boonsboro County Club and it was snowing. Flo went out early to check on things and Mr. Augustine, the club manager, said "Do you thing anyone will come?" And flow said, "Mr. Augustine, not only will they come, they'll bring their horses!"

I traveled for a living and one time I came home and found Flo on Clyde, my hunting horse. I said, "What are you doing riding?" She said, "I'm going foxhunting." She had gotten tired of hearing about it and she wanted to try it, so she had been practicing. I told her, "All you have to do is hold on. Clyde will take you over the jumps." When she was ready, I took her to a meet at the tower. She was on Clyde in the back of the field, of course, and I was up front on Sumsing. Well, the hounds turned and Claire blew the horn, and we took off. In a minute I heard bookety-bookety, here comes Flo. She couldn't hold Clyde. So I called to her, "Just don't pass the huntsman!"

About the time we were building things up at BCH, Tex Tilson and Viola Wise were doing the same thing at Rockbridge Hunt in Lexington. Tex was the Master and Viola was the huntsman. We had joint meets with them and drafted hounds back and forth. Tex had the same trouble with his hounds that we did: when they got to running, he couldn't find them. So he'd lead the field and run around looking for them, then he'd take a break by a stump where he had some whiskey cached. Then they'd take off again.

Tex gave Robert Cox a hound named Whiskey for the BCH pack. Robert kept Whiskey at home, not in the kennels, but he took him out with the pack. The hound wouldn't hunt. He just stayed with the horses. One time when we were sitting there, the fox came tiptoeing through the field and Whiskey, who of course was right there because he never left the horses, sort of followed him. Tex turned to Robert and crowed, "I told you that was the best hound you had!"

On Saturday mornings, Robert would make rounds at Virginia Baptist Hospital with a lab coat over his hunting attire. He would take Whiskey and put him in the house keeping closet. If the housekeeper opened the door, Whiskey would get out and wander around the hospital.

I was joint Master first with Ed Heady, who was married to Dr. Potts' daughter. They had a lot of ponies and ran a sort of riding school. They tired to start a chapter of Pony Club, but it took a while to get it off the ground. Later Joe Valiant from Bedford was joint master with me.

Tommy Whitehouse and Bruce Templeton were our whippers-in at the time. Both of them had a pair of wire cutters and we were known to cut fences, but we always tied them back. We never left any open. One time we were hunting on the Cottontown

Road. We had cast the hounds and immediately one of the whips came to me and said, "Tommy got his tooth knocked out". The horse had thrown his head up going over a jump and knocked his tooth out. I said, "Go back and find the tooth". And they did. I dismissed Tommy and sent him to the dentist, but I think he lost the tooth again before he got back to the trailers.

Robin was hunting with me regularly on her pony, Jupiter. He'd jump anything, and I often sent her back over the fences to lead somebody whose horse had refused. One time I took her with me to hunt at Farmington. I didn't want Jupiter to embarrass us by running away, so I gave him a tranquilizer. Just before we arrived at the meet, I pulled over and gave him a booster. But it didn't do any good. He dragged her all around their countryside. She tried to keep him in a trot as long as possible, and that pony learned to trot as fast as a horse could gallop.

I had a lot of different hunting horses, but my favorite two were Clyde and No Mistake. Clyde was a big black mare, a draft cross who looked lonesome for a plow. She had been eastern Pennsylvania open jumper champion and she could trot over the biggest jump you ever saw. She loved to jump. One day I got a call from the MFH of the Beaufort Hounds, near Hershey, Pa. He asked me if I had a big black mare named Patsy. It was the same horse. He had owned her and he wanted her back, but I told him she wasn't for sale. No Mistake was a piebald Thoroughbred cross who as a good jumper with a lovely disposition. After a while, he started jumping to one side, and we decided he was blind in one eye. I kept hunting him, I just made sure to turn his head so he could see the jumps.

Robin teases me about my hunting horses, which I bought and sold at a regular rate. I like to go visiting on a tall, good-looking Thoroughbred, but I had more fun hunting a well-mannered half-bred horse. So I'd buy one, then I'd be dissatisfied and trade him in for the other. One time I was going to hunt with Glenmore, and I decided to take Robin's horse, which was a beautiful, athletic gray Thoroughbred mare. Her name was Miss Behave, and she was well-named, because she was a dirty quitter. She would quit at a jump in mid-air. The Master invited me to ride up front with him, and we approached a jump at the bottom of a hill. It was a natural amphitheater, and the whole field was spread out on the hillside, watching as we went over the jump. At the last possible second, Miss Behave refused, and I sailed over her head with the bridle in my hands. It made quite an impression.

I resigned as Master in 1968 because I was working in Richmond during the week then, and I didn't feel like I could do the job justice when I was home only on the weekend. I continued to ride and hunt until we sold the place on Link Road and moved to Rivermont Avenue in 1972/73. I enjoyed visiting other clubs and hunted from time to time with Farmington, Glenmore, Deep Run and, of course, Rockbrige.

## ***The Early Years***

1963 – 1972

By J. B. Jones

When I first started foxhunting, the Bedford County Hunt had two packs of hounds. One pack of hounds belonged to Harvey Smith and was supported in part by individual donations from members of the hunt. Harvey's hounds were an uncontrolled pack of American foxhounds, mostly Walkers and these hounds were simply turned loose from the hound trailer whenever the hunt was to begin. We followed the hounds best we could, and as I recall, there were several self-declared huntsmen. The pack would frequently split and we would follow the hounds that could be followed but certainly not as a pack. Checks consisted of holding hard and trying to make a decision concerning which way to go and which hounds to follow.

Shortly after Claire Noyes arrived in Lynchburg to teach riding at Randolph-Macon Woman's College, she expressed an interest in foxhunting and was encouraged to become the huntsman for the Bedford County Hunt. Claire assumed this responsibility for about ten years. She started with some of Mr. Smith's hounds, which were Walkers and not the type of hound which is conducive to being controlled. It was important that our hunt have a controlled pack and this was accomplished by crossing some English foxhounds with our American hounds. Claire did produce a small controlled pack over a period of time and hour upon hours of work. Students at Randolph-Macon, Signe Oas, Libby Carpenter, Edita White, Marge Deitz, Debbie Stephens, Barbara Dixon, and others were enlisted and enslaved to help Claire. It was fun! Claire hunted the hounds on both Wednesdays and Saturdays and at other times we followed Harvey Smith's hounds which were not hunted with Claire's controlled pack.

As soon as Claire bought her farm, kennels were built there for the hounds. Many people participated in the construction of those kennels, especially Joe Valiant, who at the time was serving as Joint MFH with Bo Traywick. Having a controlled pack allowed Bedford County Hunt to become recognized by the Masters of Foxhounds Association of North America. We barely had enough hounds to qualify and I think that Mr. Smith's hounds had to have been added in to give us a sufficient number of hounds to pass.

Claire spent so much time and worked so hard as huntsman that she eventually suffered "burnout". She informed the hunt that she could no longer continue as huntsman and also informed us that it was necessary that the kennels would have to be moved from her place. This meant that Bedford County Hunt would have to hire a professional huntsman. There was a lot of agonizing over that ultimatum but Claire did give the hunt a year in which to get our act together.

Having to relocate the kennels was a major undertaking. Fortunately, the hunt had purchased property on Route 221. That property had served us well for horse shows and there was plenty of space for parking cars and vans. However, it wasn't considered suitable for the kennels because there was not a house and it was not felt that we could hunt from that location. We had been doing a lot of hunting in the Cifax area on Mr. Mayberry's property which adjoined Fox Folly Farm. Fox Folly had been purchased by

several club members a few years before for \$60.00 per acre. Mr. Mayberry was a true friend of our hunt and was pleased for the hunt to buy his farm of 120 acres for \$12,000 which included a little house, some out buildings and an old milking parlor which was in good condition. Plumbing was put into the house for a kitchen and a bathroom. A partition was removed to give one large room and the big back porch was enclosed. These improvements cost \$8,000, making our total investment \$20,000. Those improvements turned the little house into a small but acceptable house which over the years has served many purposes. When the property on route 221 sold, it was practically and even trade for the Mayberry property. All of the members pitched in and helped to move the show ring, spruce up the grounds, repair some stalls and, most importantly, turned the old milking parlor into kennels which were later expanded to give adequate runs for the hounds. By the time that year was over, the hunt a place for a huntsman, for the kennels and an area from which we could foxhunt.

Our first professional huntsman was Tom Marshall who came to us from Michigan. He had advertised in the Chronicle, came for a visit and our joint masters at that time, Harry Wills, Margaret Ann Schoew and Claire Noyes Cox agreed that he was the man for the job.

Tom Marshall was a fine huntsman and he provided good sport. When a fox went to ground, he would spend time digging out the fox. We hunted a lot at Grassy Mountain and for a while, Grassy Mountain wasn't so grassy anymore.

After a while, Tom Marshall began to exhibit paranoia. Some members called it a mean streak, which became more unpleasant as well as unacceptable. On one occasion he barricaded himself in the little house and proclaimed that he was going to kill our joint master Harry Wills. These episodes would pass and he would return to a more normal state. After two years he left Bedford, by mutual agreement. He ended up working for Ben Hardaway for a while but not for long. He late came back to Bedford with hopes that he could get his old job back but that was out of the question.

Claire found us another huntsman, Michael Rowe. Michael's father was the huntsman at the Fairfax hunt and was highly respected there. Michael came to us in 1970 straight from England and we were highly enthusiastic. Michael rode without any fear for either himself or his horse. He knew how to control the hounds, and in fact, he controlled them so well that the hounds wouldn't leave him, staying right under and around his horse. That produced a pretty picture and Michael himself was a sight to see with his red hair, hail and hearty English manner, speaking to everyone, tipping his hat, causing everyone to Oh and Aw! But then, when it came to hunting a fox, Michael decided that there were no foxes. We at first thought that Tom Marshall had indeed eliminated them all, but it soon became evident that the problem was that the hounds were under such wonderful control that they wouldn't go into a covert and find foxes.

Michael Rowe was determined that we should have good sport so he proceeded to lay drags using fox urine as a source. Drags were laid here and there without the knowledge of the joint masters, Claire Cox and J. B. Jones. But it wasn't long before members became suspicious of the hot runs which we were having down the best mown trails and occasionally over-running and going by a perfectly good native fox that just happened to be out for a stroll. I think it was at that point that Ebo Fauber suggested that we change our name to the Bedford County Roadrunners. It's amazing that none of us were killed!

On a junior hunt, we had imported a slightly crippled red fox which was put out at the end of the drag over at the little lake on Dr. Handy's Farm. While following the drag so that the juniors would be certain to have a "sporting good time", the field viewed two different native reds going their own way. None of the hounds expressed any interest but followed the drag. The run was so fast and so full of commotion that only Frank Spruce of all the juniors lasted to the end.

We tried to make up for our shortage of native foxes by importing foxes, but Michael didn't bother to use them. Because there were 'no native foxes' but plenty of deer, Michael decided to make our hounds "deer proof". He was able to obtain possession of an aromatic Billy Goat which he kept kenneled with the hounds. We never knew if this had any effect on making our hounds "deer proof" but we did learn that the goat could clean out any horse feed that had been left in an open horse trailer. When Michael left the Bedford Hunt with the goat in the back of his car, no one considered going after him to get the goat back!

Michael was fun; he certainly had flair, but he was one of the most irresponsible people many of us have ever known. Neither Robert Cox nor I could consider continuing with Michael even though we did have fun while he was with us. Robert talked to Michael and Michael's father together, describing the problems. They both became furious and Michael left us precipitously after the Spring horse show in 1971. His best friend, the goat, went with him.

I think it was Robert Cox who found Bill King's ad seeking to relocate to another hunt, and we invited him to come for a visit. We all liked Bill and he seemed to like us and our territory. We showed him the little house in Cifax and his response was that it was perhaps a little small but they could make it do. It was agreed that the Kings would come to Bedford County and we began to make our plans. However, the initial plans did not materialize because, as I recall, the people at Radnor felt that Bill had not given them ample notice. Bill, of course, did not want to leave there with any hard feelings and called to say that he could not come until the following year. It was agreed that we would work it out somehow.

Tommy Whitehouse had a friend who liked to ride and foxhunt and had just become a father and needed a place to live. A deal was made that Allen Coffey would look after the hounds and would hunt the hounds for us on Saturdays in exchange for living in the little house. It was also agreed that we could use the little house on occasions for parties. Robert Cox felt that he himself could hunt the hounds on Wednesdays and the two of us did go out on Wednesdays as much as we could. My recollection is that we did have good sport, hunting from the kennels. When out hunting we often had trouble trying to determine where the hounds had gone, and just as often, trying to figure out where MFH Robert Cox had gone!

There was one memorable hound named "Corey" who helped us keep our senses. She was a wonderful strike hound with a beautiful voice that we could all recognize. If we could keep track of Corey, all would be well and frequently we would have a wonderful run.

In the meantime, we kept in touch with Bill King and I made one trip to Radnor, mainly to be certain that he was still coming to Virginia. I can tell you that I was impressed with what I saw there and it was hard for me to believe that the Kings would leave such a wonderful setup and come to the Bedford County Hunt.

I have wonderful memories of that visit to the Radnor Hunt. Bill and his family continued to be enthusiastic about coming and I, at the same time, was wondering how in the world they were going to manage, all of them, to live in that little house. When I returned to Virginia I learned that the Jack Schubert Farm next to the hunt property was for sale. This was about 385 acres with a big old farm house, a big old barn, and a very long driveway. After several conversations between Mary Haskell, Bill King and I, we worked out an arrangement whereby we could get an option for the Kings to purchase the Schubert Farm within three years. All went well and when the kings arrived they moved directly into the Schubert house. I don't know how many trips it took. They brought with them not just horses and beagles, but children and bird dogs and house dogs and even a live fox!

The barn was in terrible need of repairs; no manure had been taken out of it for twenty years. Next to the Schubert house was an open pit that was once a ground silo and had been used for a trash dump for many years. I thought that this was unsightly as well as dangerous, so as the Kings were moving into the house, I set fire to it. Setting it on fire was like starting a war. It burned and burned, exploded and carried on for hours. This did not seem to be of much concern to the Kings who went about their business of moving. Bill didn't lose much time in building the kennels, making use of the old milk house.

Looking back, it was an amazing feat for the Kings who were all, at all times, optimistic and enthusiastic and remain so to this day. Bedford County hunt is indeed fortunate and grateful to them beyond words.

## **Memorable Days of Hunting**

### **Selected stories and memories of Bedford County Hunt, Inc.**

A hunt club such as Bedford County Hunt is more than chronological dates, names and places. It is rich with memories of days out hunting, the camaraderie and bonds of friendship that last a lifetime. Following is a list of stories and short biographies of people, horses and hounds that have been the life blood Bedford County Hunt.

## ***Blessing of the Hounds 1966***

By Ed Cann, Jr. *master of BCH from 1977 to 1990 and from 1996 to the present.*

On a dry and windy day in November of 1966, ninety-two riders and some one hundred friends of the riders gathered at Belgownie, the Bedford County home of Dr. & Mrs. A. D.F. White. The Rev. George Barton, Chaplin of the Woodbury Forest School for Boys came down to perform the ceremony.

Following the ceremony, Rev. Barton exchanged his vestments for hunting cap and Melton coat, mounted a grey furnished by MFH Valient, and joined the other riders. The hounds moved off across the field toward the Blue Ridge Mountains with the famed Peaks of Otter dead ahead. They were cast into the Band Box Farm through which they worked toward the double bridges and then into Congressman Burton's pines. After some fifteen minutes of trailing, the English hound Frantic struck and drew the pack together. In short order they had their fox up and running east in a big circle going as far as Cottontown Road, then turning northeast, down a small stream, then turning south running parallel to the stream behind the Wright house. Reynard was viewed several times by staff before coming to Ivy Creek where he climbed the bank and returned to the stream three or four times in an attempt to foil his line. Following this, he ran back to the Band Box Farm lot and the hog pen.

The hounds, despite the drought, carried the line with good cry to the creek where they checked and, with the aide of Huntsman Noyes, picked up the line once more. The decided to head for home and turned north through a small strip of woods between fields, going to ground in full view of Rockbridge MFH Tex Tilson and BCH whipper-in Max Tappero.

Never had we viewed a pursued fox so many times and had seen by so many of the field which included students from Hollins College, Randolph-Macon Women's College, Southern Seminary Junior College, Sweet Briar College and members of the Rockbridge Hunt and their guests.

After blowing a mournful "gone to ground", Huntsman Noyes recast the hounds and we had another short run on a grey through Congressman Burton's fields along Ivy Creek where he was lost in a plow. The field continued to a check where MFH Valient's truck served as a mobile bar for soft and hard refreshments and snacks for the hungry.

After the check, hounds were roaded back to the kennels at Gone Away Farm. An attractive and delicious breakfast was served at the hunt club on Fox Hill Road by Mrs. Betsy Hooss and Mrs. India Cann which set the perfect ending for a glorious day of sport. Master Valient proposed a toast to Claire Mansfield Noyes, our Huntsman, who had given so unstintingly of her time and labors to develop a controlled pack which permitted us to apply for recognition in the MFHA.

## ***Through the Years***

*by J.B. Jones, MD master of Bedford County Hunt, Inc. from 1970 to 1973.*

There have been many pleasures in our lives and for me and for my children the most memorable has been foxhunting. This has, for me, been a span of 30 some years.

The early season, cubbing, was exhilarating. Getting up before dawn, downing a couple of raw eggs, getting dressed, loading up, getting to the meet on time was never easy, but exciting. After arriving various riders would head off in different directions for you know what. I remember that Claire ( Noyes) Cox used one of the horse stalls. Then we would head off, admiring the way the light shone through the spider webs across the trails, part of trail clearing. Scenting was perfect and the hounds struck frequently since it was still nocturnal. Picking up on a fox at that hour was always better than a four o'clock fox. Their voices, a chorus, would make the hair on the back of your neck stand up, especially if they were down below, along a creek bottom, and you would get an echo. Before we had a professional huntsman, there was an Orange County Hound named Corey, light yellow, almost white, and we learned to listen for Corey's voice. She was a strike hound and the other hounds would honor her, and if we could keep track of her we would have a wondrous fox chase.

After cubbing, the formal season began and sometimes the Blessing did take place a week or so after the opening meet; sometimes it was the opening and frequently a joint meet with Rockbridge and Glenmore. For the first of these, for me as a member, our priest was "Buzz" Barton. He was the pastor at Virginia Episcopal School. Other members told me that Buzz always conducted the service of The Blessing and then he rides up front with the masters. Sure enough, after the service, and the collection taken, (no one was quite certain where that collection went but it was expected as at any religious service) Rev. Barton would off his surplice, a hunting horse would be brought over to him, and away we would go. This was impressive and I always thought a beautiful time of Thanksgiving. We people were joined together with each other in a common bond and with our great outdoors and with our animals. Riding your horse, to me, was a spiritual experience, and the sounds, that of the horn and of the horses and hounds can be truly, a symphony. Then, the fall foliage was at its height and the weather suited the occasion. Usually there was a stirrup cup (sherry?) before starting and after an hour or so there was a break with a bit of refreshment at an agreed upon location. Of course, the men had flasks. Robert Cox had a huge plastic container which once contained developing fluid that he had gotten from the hospital X-Ray department. I never experienced his, but always enjoyed George Moore's who would bring very fine brandy. Billy Doyle's favorite was whisky sour. Mine was vodka with some lime juice.

I served as president two or three years, the last being with Harry Wills as Master. Harry and I got along well, but at times we had some problems like, the time my youngest son's pony went out of his way to go over and kick Harry's horse. I didn't see why Harry got so mad because he should have gotten out of the pony's way. After all, Harry had the fastest horse (LEO CATO) ever seen in the hunt field. He would dance and prance before every jump, then away he would go. Harry could really ride that sucker.

When Harry was MFH, we had our first professional huntsman, Tom Marshall. We all thought Marshall was good except that Harry and Marshall didn't always see eye to eye. In fact Marshall hated Harry so much that he threatened to shoot him with a big shotgun which he sometimes used to bring down mistletoe from a big oak in front of his little house. So Marshall didn't last and we then contracted Bill King to come from the Radnor Hunt. Bill was all set, even anxious, but he had to put it off coming so that there would be no ill will at the Radnor Hunt. We were lucky that a friend of Tommy Whitehouse (Allen Coffee) was able to hunt the hounds and did so on Saturdays. He and his wife and child lived in the huntsman's house and Allen went to school. That year Robert Cox and I became joint masters and Robert and I were friends. Robert was a delightful person and he did a great job hunting the hounds during the week. We dipped the hounds together and helped keep the kennels. The trouble with Robert was you never knew what he would decide. We might be out with the hounds and Robert would decide something like we ought to have a jump in spot that could use a jump. So the members of the field would all get off and produce a jump using peak stones and whatever. Some of those jumps were actually used. In the meantime the hounds would have gone on chasing foxes every which way, but we would get with them because that year all of our hunting was from the kennels.

And so came time for The Blessing! Buzz Barton who always did the Blessing had been transferred from VES to some other parish. Robert, who was full of instructions as well as advice informed me to get a priest to conduct the service. Jack Spong was our priest at St. John's in Lynchburg. Jack and I were friends so I was not hesitant about asking him to do the service. Without giving it any thought Jack said that was absolutely ridiculous like asking a priest to bless the British Fleet. He has continued to refer to this in his talks and in his books. I must look that word up in a dictionary. I'm thinking having a blessing is being thankful. So much for semantics!

Not yet having a priest, I went to Louis Fischer, who was a young delightful person; always a good sense of humor. He was pastor at St. Stevens's church in Perroville. Robert's church, where he attended, often riding his horse to the church. Louis accepted with pleasure and a twinkle in his eye. He knew about the service and when the time of the blessing came we were assembled, the hounds were under control, our caps were off, the printed service in hand, and Louis looked up to me and said "what do you want me to say, J.B.?". I thought I was going to fall off but managed to say something to him about being thankful. He then proceeded to conduct the service, but failed to have his riding clothes on and was not mounted.

Just as we started off someone came to me and said a person had fallen and was injured. As an Orthopedic Surgeon I had to go back. She was an overweight Randolph Macon student with an obvious fracture of the right femur. Her thigh was markedly angulated. With help, her right thigh was brought to the other and the two legs held together. She was moved to Lynchburg General Hospital and I operated on her using an intermedulary nail. At that time we only had a bundle of nails and so we would measure the length of the other side and the cut the nail with a hacksaw our selves. We did not have various caliber nails so the nail might not fit snugly inside the femur. Anyway, she

did fine, but was in the hospital longer than necessary because there was a problem getting her parents to make arrangements to transfer her home. Later, I learned that the family was considering suing me for malpractice. I think that the femur may have rotated on the nail or it may have backed out some. In those days we watched for that and it was taken care of by putting the leg in plaster for a few weeks, after correction of the rotation. The person could still get about on crutches.

The next blessing was pure pleasure. Members of Rockbridge and Glenmore came. Tex Tilson, who was an accomplished horseman rode an appaloosa without a bridle; not even a rope around the neck. It was impressive and we ran foxes. Our country is "rough", up and down through the wood with little open land, so it can be dicey (love that word). It was probably my most memorable blessing.

My third year as joint master was with Yank Dulaney and was probably the most fun year that I had foxhunting. It was Bill King's first year with our hunt. The BCH was invited to a joint meet with Rockbridge. Carroll Smith, Yank and I decided that we would go. I had a new horse named Lonesome that I had purchased from Tommy Whitehouse. Lonesome did not like to load but after feeding him on the trailer for a few days, he was ok. So Yank and I went together over the mountain on 501 with Carroll behind us. As we went along it began to snow. It was just flurries at first, so we didn't worry. When we got to the Rockbridge clubhouse (at the allotted time) there was no one there. We went inside and the only thing we found was a bottle of bourbon. The three of us decided that the hunt was cancelled and we would go back to Lynchburg. But first, we all agreed that it would be appropriate to enjoy a libation, snowing the way it was. The next thing we knew Viola Wise was shouting at us from outside. She was mounted and ready to hunt along with a few other hardy members. Yank and I decided that we had to go but wise Carroll said "Heck no! I'm not going out in this mess." He left and Yank and I went out and unloaded our horses. I had a devil of a time tacking up because the first thing I did was drop my bridle in the snow. My hands were so cold and wet and I was trying to hurry. Yank was on board saying "Hurry up, JB!" Everyone was waiting and Viola was saying "We aren't fair weather hunters over here!" As soon as I was in the saddle Viola and the field took off at a gallop across a bottom. Looking down, there was snow with more gopher holes than I had ever seen in my life! We flew over those hills and over fences until we reached the place where the fox went to ground. Then we rode back to their clubhouse. As soon as we got back I was ready to go home because it was still snowing. I put a blanket on Lonesome and loaded him. I almost had the tailgate fastened when he came back fast and hard so I could have been crushed. Lonesome ran down the road to a barn where Yank was with his horse, Tallyran. Yank said, "We can't go yet. We have to party." So, we did, not with much enthusiasm on my part at first. With the drinks and food it was a jolly good time. Someone had a guitar and we sang songs and cemented our relationship with the Rockbridge Hunt. I don't think we had any difficulty loading. I do remember the trip back to Lynchburg because Yank's car was a front-wheel drive, and we had a load on the back going up and down those hills on 501. So I have lived to relate that anecdote!

\*Footnote by Ed Cann:

On the occasion J. B. relates, concerning our ill-fated return from Rockbridge, I

would like to add the following episode.

My daughter India and I also accompanied the BCH foxhunter over the mountain to hunt with Rockbridge. As J.B. related, the late snow made it impossible for us to return home. At the time of this hunt, I was driving a rear wheel drive pickup truck pulling a tag-a-long. Needless to say, we realized that with snow it was impossible for us to make it home, so we turned back up Route 11 to a stables we knew. However the stables was located some distance off Rt. 11 and I had to park the trailer on the side of the highway. India and I unloaded the horses and rode them bareback to the stable. There was only one stall available, so we put both my horse and India's pony in the stall and gave them water and hay. We then walked back to Rt. 11 and found Joe Westernelf who gave us a ride to a motel. We got the last two rooms remaining. By mid-morning the next day the roads were clear all the way home.

## ***Cub Hunting on September 19, 2001***, by Ed Cann Jr., MFH

On September 19, 2001 we hunted from Fox Valley. Bill King, MFH and Huntsman, cast the hounds in the mountain, called “Bill’s mountain”, behind the kennels. After five or ten minutes, I caught a glimpse of grayish object heading up the mountain in the direction of the hounds. It was a UFO (unidentified foxy object!). Since I wasn’t definitely sure of what I had seen, I waited patiently. Sure enough my patience was rewarded as the hounds struck the scent! They worked the line walking deadfalls, crossing logs, zigzagging around for another five or ten minutes. By then Bill was with me and confirmed that it was a fox. Our grey friend started walking the line east towards Willow Springs Farm. We watched and waited, wondering if the fox would break cover. He didn’t. The fox and hounds instead started north towards Dr. Handy’s property. The scent was faint, and the hounds were working it slowly.

I joined whipper-in Donna Johnson and we headed toward the lake where some puppies broke off on their own. We caught up with them and sent them back to where the hounds were running behind Willow Spring Farm. The hounds were still having a problem with the scent. The ground was dry as a bone but with the good Penn-Marydel noses they started pushing the fox towards Wilkerson’s. Donna and I headed out to cut them off in case they tried to escape to the south. The hounds turned again and headed east towards Bill’s sister’s property. But our pilot decided he would turn himself inside out and take a twisting and turning trail to the west and back to Bill’s mountain. Donna and I headed back to where we originally cast the hounds. The hounds were running full tilt now. They went up the mountain behind the kennels, down toward Handy’s property, down the other side of the mountain, along the creek and finally across the creek. We caught up with them in Bumgarner’s old property below the barn.

By this time the chase had lasted over an hour. It was hot and dry and the puppies’ tongues were hanging out, so Bill picked up the hounds and we took the short cut home.

## ***New Year's Eve 2004***

By Ed Cann Jr., MFH

December 31, 2004 produced a wonderful hunt and wonderful way to say “good-bye” to 2004 and “hello” to 2005. We had three flights on this day. I took the first flight, Jane Garland took the second and Crofton Held took the third. Since part of our hunt was a fast pace, we were pretty well strung-out. Being strung-out was of benefit to the second and third flights since they were able to view our foxy friends as the foxed doubled back time and again throughout the day. We must have chased four maybe five foxes....but who's counting. Within fifteen minutes of the 10 AM first cast, our Penn-Marydels found a fox near the top of the mountain behind the kennels. From then until after 2:00 PM we were chasing foxes. Some grey, some red and sometimes two at a time.

The first fox ran towards Otter Creek (generally west) but turned north and took a tortuous route heading toward the old Handy property. The field took the lower trail, but we soon had to make a u-turn and backtrack over the mountain and down to the lake on the far side. The fox, although not in a great hurry, took a winding path up the west side of Fox Valley Mountain. Down we went on the far side of the mountain heading towards Bill's sister's property. We were still within hearing distance of our hounds which now appeared to be heading down the power line toward the lake only to make a turn and head towards Hurricane Drive. We had to hurry now and make a u-turn and head back up the power line and down through the trail that leads to Hurricane Drive. The hounds were now some distance away, and we had to use a gate to enter Willard Cox's property. This put us even further behind, so we had to head toward high ground to listen. Very faintly, the hounds could be heard near Oslin Creek. The line took us across Willard Cox's property again, past his silo, then past his home, and out to his back fence. We could still faintly pick up hound music, so we went into David Wilson's farm and almost to Oslin Creek where we met the hounds and Bill King. The hounds were working a line that was taking them back towards Willard Cox's. At this point, we encountered a locked gate. Thanks to Dr. Dan Temeles and several others, the gate was removed from the hinges, the field passed through, and the gate was replaced... and no harm was done.

In the meantime, two red foxes were viewed crossing Willard Cox's farm heading back towards Hurricane Drive. Bill soon had the pack on the line, and off we went again. Our pilot was really moving and so was the field. The first, second and third flights, or what was left of them, were all together. Our big red friend was wishing up a Happy New Year in the only way he know how ... by giving us a run for our money.

After crossing Hurricane Drive, big red headed for Willow Spring Farm. By no means did he take a straight line, so we had our work cut out for us just keeping up with him. We followed our fox as he ran towards Wilkerson's property, then on the Steve Stevick's wagon trails. When we reached the far side, the fox crossed into Wilkerson's property where the field is not permitted to follow. Since we had been chasing foxes for over three hours, I called Bill on the radio and wished him a Happy New Year, telling him that I was taking the field back to the trailers.

As I found out later, the hounds were not ready to call it a day. It was another hour before Bill could return to the kennels. Bill and the whips tried to pick up the hounds, but a grey was viewed and the hounds were off for another sixty-minute chase.

## Notable Personalities

### **Claire Noyes Cox**

Huntsman

MFH

Written by Bets Hooss

Claire Cox was a lover of horses, fox hunting, travel, opera, and a party; whether it was tailgating, a hunt breakfast, or just a celebration of good food. She did her early riding with the army remounts as her father was a General in the U.S. Army. This also meant that the family lived all over the world.

I met Claire in the 1960's when she was responsible for working with the hunt's unruly American-English cross hounds. The Bedford Hunt had decided to develop a controlled pack so that they could be recognized by the Master of Foxhounds Association. Claire became huntsman in 1964, and the kennels was located at her farm. I'm told that she kept the fans on every night so that the hounds wouldn't disturb her sleep. She took four inexperienced riders – India Cann, Bets Hooss, Jane Tappero and Marcella Wills – and used us as her whips during the week. None of us had paying jobs. We were expected to ride anywhere that the hounds took us. Most of the time, we had no idea where we would end up. And it was even more difficult to keep up with the hounds in the trappy, fenced territory that we covered in those days. Of course, on the weekends, Claire had more professional help.

Claire became MFH in 1969 and led the first flight. She definitely took her "job" seriously – as any new entry in the Bedford Hunt field could attest. Learn the rules, remember your "manners", you MUST have control of your horse, and the first time out with the hunt, new members were to be accompanied by an experienced member.

Since Claire was a teacher, she was always aware of those hunting behind her and concerned for the safety of all. And while she didn't hesitate to express her opinion, neither did she hesitate to enjoy the party, large or small, that followed the hunts.

Those were great days to be riding with the Bedford County Hunt.

## ***J.B. Jones, M.D.***

Past MFH

Written by Carroll Smith

One of my favorite stories about J.B. Jones is about the day that J.B. and I collided and both of us were knocked out of the saddle. It was late in the afternoon and most of the field had gone in when the hounds opened with full cry. J.B. and I turned around and took off at full speed. We came up over a hill and there was a telephone pole jump into J.B.'s property. We were approaching it from a 90 degree turn and when we reached the jump, one of us turned into the other. We hit going over the jump! J.B. fell across the jump and I fell on top of him. I was sure that he had broken his back!

I caught our horses and asked, "J.B. are you OK"? He shook himself and said "Yes, let's catch up." We mounted and took off to enjoy the rest of a great chase.

J.B. has probably done more for the Bedford County Hunt than any other member. When he joined, we didn't have a club house, a full time huntsman or any decent fixtures for the hunt. He and Yank Delaney purchased the Annex property which the hunt no longer owns but continues to hunt across. And J.B. and Mary Haskell were able to purchase the property that Bill King, MFH, owns today. They were responsible for enticing Bill to take over our hounds and become our huntsman.

Over the years, J.B. has served as president, MFH, and financial supporter. BCH owes much to J.B. and his wife Jonan for their generous support over the past 42 years. And J.B. will be the first to tell you that he owes much to BCH for making it possible to spend all the past wonderful years with such good companions and horses.

## **William R. King**

Huntsman

MFH

A short biography written by

Ed Cann, MFH

Published in Friends of the Penn-Marydel 01/1998

A few months ago, Todd Addis asked me to write an article for the Friends of the Penn-Marydel relative to Bill King's biography that would include hunting stories, our experiences in changing Bedford County Hunt's pack to the Penn-Marydel hound and a bit of humor. So one, cold windy and rain day I interviewed Bill and jump-started this article.

Where does one start such an article...at the beginning of life, as a boy, or as a professional huntsman? I chose as my starting point the time he began hunting. When I asked Bill when he began, his answer was "when I was eight and hunted my pony in a halter and shank. My uniform was a pair of blue-jeans". A very auspicious beginning for Bedford County's joint master and huntsman.

Bill said his dad was his beginning inspiration for foxhunting. Bill's dad, Harry King, hunted hounds for a prominent industrialist, George Brooks, of Philadelphia. Mr. Brooks was a well known sportsman, maintaining a hunter and racing stable. He was also prominent in the coaching world, driving his own four in hand. Harry King hunted hounds at George Brook's historic farm near Birdsboro, Pennsylvania. His farm is now visited by nearly 200,000 people a year, as the Hopewell Furnace National Park.

Bill did not grow up getting his dad's full attention. He also could share the blame of bad boy behavior with brothers Charles, Hunter and Orville. All accomplished horsemen and all helping whip-in for Bill at various stages of his career.

Through and after graduating from high school, Bill worked for Walter Stokes, MFH of Radnor Hunt Club. Mr. Stokes made him honorary wiper-in when Bill Evans was huntsman and Joe Bird was Radnor's professional whipper-in. When Evans and Bird retired in the mid-1960's, Bill became Radnor's professional huntsman, the position he held until joining Bedford County Hunt in 1972.

Bill is a true houndsman. This includes beagles, bassets, coonhounds, and foxhounds. However, Bill is quick to point out that bassets played a very short period in his life.

The beagles are an entirely different story. Bill acquired one of his first beagles from Mrs. Jean Austin DuPont. This hound had been tested on the bench, but Bill went a step further and won several field trials with Westhaven-Emperor-Mero. After moving to Virginia with his Chesmont Beagles, Bill acquired Mrs. DuPont's Lister Beagles as well as the Ridgewood Beagles. Using this stock as his nucleus, Bill now hunts his pack as the Fox Valley Beagles. At the National Beagle Trials in 1978, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, and 1984, the Fox Valley Beagles won the Listener plate (donated by Mrs. DuPont) to be given to the best three couple pack of Beagles 13 inches and under. In recognition of this achievement, the publication Hounds and Hunting featured Bill King in an article entitled "King of the national Beagle Club".

For much of his life Bill King has been chasing cottontail rabbits, coons, foxes, and jackrabbits. I asked him about jackrabbits, since my experience out West was chasing jackrabbits across the Colorado flats with a Jeep, and I still had a tough time keeping up with them. Bill agreed that a horse would have been a major help then (and absolute necessity now) for the jackrabbits would run out a mile or more before squatting and taking off again when the pack got close.

As for coon hunting, it is said that many twenty-four hour periods found Bill sleepless. But again, this was years ago in Pennsylvania, and as a fair young maiden member of the Pickering Hunt reminded me on one of my recent trips to Pennsylvania, and I quote "Bill...Billy King, he's a little long in the tooth, isn't he?" Well, age or not, Bill is no longer involved in coon hunting. His hours are totally involved as huntsman and joint master of the Bedford County Hunt, hunting his Fox Valley Beagles, and maintaining his 300 acre farm.

Let's go back to the subject of foxhunting, beginning with Bill as huntsman for Radnor. I was curious concerning the difference between Radnor and Bedford County Hunt and why Bill decided to leave Radnor and take up residence in Virginia.

Having hunted with Todd Addis and the Pickering Hunt in Pennsylvania, I was well acquainted with Pennsylvania's great running red foxes, but I was most interested in any differences in the cubbing and regular season. One aspect Bill said that was different was Pennsylvania cubbing began in August with corn field hunts. That sounds like a great starting ground for the new hounds and fox cubs, and may be part of the reason Pennsylvania has such good running red foxes: i.e. they begin instructing the fox cubs very early in life.

Radnor then hunted three days a week, September through March. Although we hunted only twice a week when Bill arrived, we now hunt three times a week, September through March. The major sporting difference is that our majority fox is grey, while the red predominated at Radnor. We have some good running greys, but we have to dig them out of the underbrush, and, to be quite honest, we currently do not have the abundance of good running reds. However, the situation is cyclic and is improving. (Note: by fall of 2006, the majority fox was the red, and abundant.)

Accompanying Bill were his wife, Bernice, their two daughters Leslie and Tammy, Brooks Arrington (formerly Brooks Brown) and Sue Tice who whipped-in for Bill and shared the kennel chores. Brooks remembers the first hound walk. Bill combined the females and males and prepared them for their venture, which became more of an adventure. He instructed Leslie and Brooks to stand in front and yell "Hold up!" They were promptly run over by 20 couple of hounds. The hounds took off straight for the mountains behind the kennels and the last hound came in two days later.

Very soon thereafter Bill got the Bedford pack under control, but recognized that our mixture of hounds would not work as well as he desired. In 1974, he started to change the pack to the Penn-Marydel hound, a change that took three to four years to complete. Bill brought some hounds from Radnor, thanks in large part to Mr. George Hundt, MFH of Radnor Hunt. One hound Bill remembers very well, was Quack, a black and tan that never touched a deer and was responsible for many hours of exceptional foxhunting. Quack's breeding was through Andrew's Bridge and Radnor.

I believe the most satisfying experience we had in changing over to the Penn-Marydel hound was the unselfish help we received from everyone. Both Doc and Todd Addis have helped with our breeding program.

Probably the best hunting hound we now have came from Todd Sr. He answers to the name of Washington. To show you how important Washington is to Bedford, we have nine of his puppies that have been recently introduced to the pack. Todd also supplied two good hounds some years ago, Unido and Umblatt and although they have gone to hound heaven, we are hunting their puppies Cecil, Ollie, Eli, and Ike. Three of our current most promising hounds were out of Doc's Workbench. They are Pete, Pop, and Pet. Although Pete does not have a wealth of experience, he is hunting like a seasoned trooper.

Probably the biggest difference between Radnor and Bedford Hunt was territory. Bill believed that the Philadelphia influence was closing in on the Radnor hunting territory, while in Bedford we enjoyed a much larger and less developed hunting territory.

Territory is the main reason Bill left Radnor. He saw the opportunity of owning a 300 acre farm in the middle of Bedford's hunt territory where he could continue his passion for hounds and hunting.

Bill brought his family south and also brought some great hunting experiences with him. Bill tells of a good day with Radnor when the distinguished Radnor pack jumped a fox on the Master Walter Stokes' farm. They went full gear to the Green Tree School some 7-8 miles away. The skimming the mainline villages of Edgemont and Paoli and turning back again. Hounds then passed through the well fenced Rhoades farm. Bill was well mounted and his whip, Tommy McClintock (now Radnor's huntsman) was mounted on a green jumping 4 year old. Billy told Tommy to go around and not follow him over these four rail fences. Tommy said "I'm coming too so you can't say nobody could follow". Billy hear a rap-rap... Tommy was still there. Getting in is one thing, getting out is another. Billy gathered his tired trusty hunter and jumped another big fence out onto a hard road. Tommy followed, but created fire wood on the way. Father Cooney, the local priest and fellow foxhunter was there as a car follower, and on the spot priest to give last rites. Tommy was knocked coo-coo but resisted being loaded in the car. He remounted and continues with the hounds.

When hounds and fox returned to home territory Tommy kept asking Bill where were they and what were they doing. The got Tommy loaded in the priest's car and took him to the hospital and he finally stopped repeating himself.

When Bill began hunting the Bedford hounds w had only two major hunting areas, the kennels and Grassy Mountain. Although we do not hunt Grassy Mountain any more, our territory now includes 10 separate locations. All of theses locations include 1000 acres each and have given us some great hunts over the years. Doc Addis remembers on very well. It was a joint meet in December in the mid 1980's. The 3 ½ hour run started from Dor Carpenter's Elkton Farm.

Deer and fox came off the firs slope directly beyond the home and farm buildings. When the packs merged on the red fox line, only then did Bill relax.

A number of hunt members from Rappahannock and Rockbridge hunts also witnessed this great run over some well paneled country.

The second day was difficult. We met at the same farm but hunted another country called Kitsmont. As the day passed, we became more silent since we were in the midst of a blank.

After return to Elkton Farms to explain ourselves for this blank day, we let hounds drift into the same cover that produced the previous days sport.

Needless to say, hounds struck and after making one large loop in charted, paneled country, the pilot took off for uncharted, un-paneled country.

There we sat listening to hound music fade while the daylight faded as well. Soon it was pitch black.

Around 6 PM Bill decided to return to the vans and pursue the missing pack. Luck was with us, because fox and hounds returned no less than 100 yards from where the die hard hunters were still standing. Let me just say that whipping off in the pitch black is a challenge. One Pennsylvania whip got credit for cracking his whip at a stubborn hound only to find it was a white rock standing in some scrubs.

Those members returning to the club house for the 4 o'clock hunt breakfast may have eaten well, but those of us that arrived there at 7 o'clock really enjoyed the food, and had more to talk about.

Following the December visit by Doc Addis, I remember March 31<sup>st</sup>, the last hunt of the season, when 20-25 riders left Randolph-Macon Women's College stables. The day was cloudy but clear with a cold and blustering wind that made us question the scenting conditions. However, we soon picked up a red fox and after a short chase we lost him. The hounds checked by a group of woodsmen with chain saws and although we tried for a considerable time the hounds failed to pick him up. Bill then cast the hounds in Southhall's woods where we picked up a grey fox and ran him for over an hour through rolling fields, up and down steep and trappy terrain, crossing many panels. Towards the end, the fox crossed Coffee Road with the hounds getting very close to our quarry. He tried to make it to Coffee Road again, but thought better of it, so he climbed a tree at the wood's edge. There the field got to view a healthy but very annoyed fox. The best news was it was a fox we could enjoy next season.

Many of us are aware of Bill King's accomplishments in the management of hounds, but only a few of us are aware of his wife Bernice's. She is a dedicated Physical Education teacher. We should also recognize her as the most dedicated gate opener and closer. She does this many times a day with great attitude and spirit.

Bill kept his Pennsylvania friends and added some rebel friends from Virginia. All in all the experience has been good for Bill, his family, and Bedford County Hunt. He continues to enjoy hounds and hunting, and we are the beneficiaries of great foxhunting.

## ***Max Tappero***

MFH 1990 to 1996

Max was a cattleman and professional horseman. He was nationally known in the United States and Canada as a judge of quarter horses, appaloosas, cutting horses and hunters. He was twice judge of the Quarter Horse Congress and a former president of the Virginia Trail Riders Association. Max attended Washington State University and was a member of the Delta Chi fraternity. He served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War.

Max introduced horses “of a different color” to the Bedford County hunt field. He raised and trained appaloosas and led the field on his beloved Slipper, a chestnut with the classic blanket. Max was always turned out immaculately, but he also loved a good cigar and would frequently smoke one during the hunt.

Max initiated the Bedford County Point to Point races in 1990 on the Radford Estate in Forest Virginia.

# Bedford County Hunt Pony Club

By Jennifer Fessler

The Bedford Hunt Pony Club began when two mothers, Bets Hooss and India Cann, thought they'd look into having a local organization that would be an outlet for the horse-crazy energy of their kids. They wanted their daughters to have a group of peers that they could learn with and have fun at the same time. The moms also recognized that there was a great need for horse crazy kids to learn more than just how to ride. They needed to about the care and keeping of horses and ponies, the areas where non-horse parents who wanted to support their children didn't always know how to help.

Bets Hooss remembers a trip she and India took to Richmond to visit a Pony Club there, and "see what it was all about." What they saw made an impression. There were riders from all over the state in a clinic that was formatted for both mounted and unmounted sessions. The moms were very excited that there was such a thorough source of information for horse keeping and care, and the system was already in place to teach children to every appropriate level. The organization even had its own reference book: The Manual of Horsemanship. The powerhouse of this clinic, Bets and India saw, was its force of volunteers. Local horsemen and women donated their time to further the education of the group of eager kids. Parents volunteered what skills they had: acting as EMTs, providing meals, and doing the organizational and bookkeeping work necessary to run the clinic. The two Lynchburg moms realized that this "pony club thing" was just what our area needed, and we owe the inception of our club to this realization.

Bets and India saw all sorts of riding instructors teaching at the clinic they watched. They liked some instructors' styles of teaching more than that of others. The mothers noticed that some children and their mounts looked like they were merely surviving the tasks asked of them when mounted. On the way home, the women decided that if they were able to get a club going, they would like to have as much emphasis placed on good riding as the excellent horse care they saw being taught. Why not, they thought? So the idea was planted, even before our club was formed. We would excel in horse management *and* in riding...not just have riders chase after the next rating. Riders would not just ride at the D, C, and B level in our club. They would ride that level *well*.

When the moms got home, the organizational work began. Each Pony Club must be sponsored by a recognized hunt, so they set about getting the support they needed from the Bedford County Hunt, which gladly supported our fledgling club. The Bedford Hunt Pony Club's official colors followed those of its umbrella organization, and hence we came to have the seal brown and gold colors as part of our charter and our heritage. India and Bets bravely undertook the task of being Bedford Hunt Pony Club's first District Commissioners, and Mrs. William Driskell, Jr. acted as BHPC's first Secretary. In the fall of 1969, the Bedford Hunt Pony Club was officially born.

Avid area horsewomen Mary Haskell Petty and Ann Alexander supported the BHPC from its inception. The USPC's fifteenth Annual Report, in April 1970, is the first

time BHPC is listed. The membership was thirty-five, and all 35 are listed in this report as unrated. The membership consisted of 32 girls and 3 boys. The report from our club reads:

“The Bedford Hunt Pony Club, which was organized this past fall, has its first meeting early in October when Mrs. James K. Alexander and Mrs. Beverly Petty gave an excellent demonstration of both the C and A Program Rides. In November, we held our first mounted meeting when our members had a chance to practice their own program ride in preparation for ratings to be held this spring. There was also a lecture and demonstration on grooming as well as games, which were the highlight of the day. Our December meeting and supper had to be cancelled because of bad weather, but Mr. Clayton Bailey has promised to schedule his lecture-demonstration on Conformation of the Horse sometime in 1970. Besides attending our indoor meetings, many of our members are hunting with Bedford County Hunt and all of us are looking forward to good weather and many more pony club activities.”

By the end of our first full year as a recognized club, BHPC had 31 members, including 10 C's, 8 D's, and 13 other unrated members. At our first rally, held in Fredericksburg, we sent two teams, and were proud that our C-1 team brought home blue ribbons! D level riders enjoyed a gymkhana and “D-Day”, a day full of games and cross country for beginning riders. September was the highlight of the year, when the pony club held the first Bedford Hunt Pony Club Horse Show, which was organized and run by the members themselves. Money earned from the show started a savings account for the next year's rally expenses.

One of the highlights of that year was the Pony Club Hunt, at the invitation of the Bedford County Hunt Club. Over eighty were in the field, with good representation from both the Highlands and Roanoke Pony Clubs. In December of 1971, the pony clubbers organized a surprise Christmas party to honor the Co-D.C.'s and Secretary, and Treasury. “They kept their secret so well that the Secretary delivered her child and left, only to be stopped halfway home and sent back to the party.” By their inclusion of this anecdote in the 1973 Annual Report the officers of our club made it clear how much they appreciated this gesture of thanks for all of their volunteer efforts. This is a fine example of the “Pony Club Spirit,” and a proud moment that BHPC should always aspire to replicate.

BHPC in 1972 could boast two B's among their 21 members, along with 12 C's, 5 D's, and 2 unrated participants. This was also the infamous year of “The Flood Rally” where tack trunks went floating through the barns! The C-2 team managed to salvage “most everything” as well as bring home both the Stable Management and Sportsmanship trophies. Under the organization of Frances White, the Horse Show that year was more successful than ever. The Pony Club Hunt had great weather and everyone hunting enjoyed a tailgate of sandwiches, salad, and Cokes prepared by the Pony Clubbers themselves afterward.

Our club got its first taste of Beagling in 1973 with the Waldingfield Beagles from Charlottesville at the invitation of Sweet Briar College, which was a great way to learn the basics of foxhunting for those fit enough to keep up! Knowledgeable area horsemen gave lectures throughout the year: blacksmiths Joe Sitton and Roland DuVal, veterinarian Ronald Fessler, and Max Tappero on nutrition. By this year, BHPC had 27 members, including 3 boys! We had 2 B's, 10 C's, 7 D's and 8 unrated members. Everyone worked hard under the tutelage of Chief Instructor Kit Sydnor at a two-week day camp in preparation for rallies, and that work paid off. We sent D and C teams to Virginia Beach for the Sectional rally, and the delighted D's returned with blue ribbons. A week later we went on to the Regional with a C team and a B individual. Our C's again brought home the Stable Management Trophy. The Pony Club Horse Show was held at Mary Haskell Petty's Meadowridge Farm. (now Thistledowns...just imagine how beautiful it was without all those houses!) Indi Cann and the competent Pony Clubbers organized and manned the entire effort.

The membership in 1974 was a booming 36 members! Along with our 2 B's, we had 16 C's, 11 D's and 7 unrated members. The year started off with a mock hunt, complete with four very loud veteran C "hounds", to introduce our novice foxhunters to the rules and etiquette of the sport. The Bedford County Hunt again hosted a Pony Club Hunt, which was instructive as well as fun, since all Pony Clubbers got to ride up front and a few lucky riders were asked to ride with the staff. Several of our riders joined Deep Run for their Pony Club Hunt. Four BHPC members rode in a clinic with Mike Plumb at Highlands Pony Club. Our instructor, Kit Sydnor, ran the day camp again, with two two-week sessions, one for D's, then one for C's and up. In June we hosted the D Sectional rally and then sent two B's to the Regional rally and were very proud when Linda Lauterbach won the B individual competition. On to Nationals, where the Virginia Region team came in second! At the C rally at Deep Run in August, BHPC members won the Stable Management trophy for the third year in a row. To finish up the year, the Club replenished the treasury with yet another successful horse show.

The fun continued right on into 1975 with another Mock Hunt, which was reportedly enlivened by the enthusiasm of the staff's horses! Then the annual Pony Club Hunt, and the highlight of the year: a clinic given by Marshall Grey. The notes from that year read, "How lucky our children were to be exposed to the talents and expertise of such a grand horsewoman!" Kit Sydnor and Vera Herst ran another most successful four-week day camp, sent two teams to the D Sectional rally, and hosted the C Sectional rally at Sweet Briar. Our two C-1 teams were first and second, and they won the Stable Management trophy for the *fourth* consecutive year! What a reward for the hard work of our kids and their meticulous stable management coach, Frances White. The BHPC Horse Show, by now a fixture, was yet again a great venture.

With the membership now at 39, BHPC kept on rolling in 1976. The hunt activities had good turnout, Frances White held mandatory weekly stable management clinics for those wanting to rally, which paid off when our C team won the Stable Management trophy for the *fifth* time. The four-week Day camp provided intensive

schooling for the forty attending Pony Clubbers...and all this hard work again paid off when the four D and C teams each won their rallies! Our B individual did well at the Regional rally. Our C's were fortunate to have a clinic with Mrs. Presnikoff. D-Day for this year was "frantic with children and ponies arriving in droves. It makes it all worthwhile to see a pony smile when his rider has finally learned to put the bridle on with the bit right side up." Once again, the BHPC Show filled the treasury so that the club could continue to pay rally expenses for its members.

"Sunday Afternoon at the Movies" was a treat for everyone; on top of the regular wintertime hunt activities. Everyone watched movies of our riders at the last year's rallies, beginning with the D-1's and progressing up. The show concluded with movies taken at the Olympics by two of our sponsors. With new goals clearly in sight, the BHPC members sprung into '77. Along with the same camps and rallies, the club had its largest crop of riders with national ratings in our four B's (Leslie Carter, Caroline Schenkle, Paul Sydnor, Anita Williams). "When our three B candidates passed their screening and finally their test, we collapsed for a month", says the annual report for that year. But only a month—the annual horse show, which included a used tack sale, put money back in the bank for yet another year.

The winter of 1978 prevented much of anything horse-related from happening, according to the notes from that year. In the spring, members unpacked their tack and put away skis. Anxious to get this ponies fit for rallies, everyone went to work and kept diligent records in their booklets. After day camp, BHPC was once again prepared. We sent a D-1 team to Highlands, hosted a rally at Randolph-Macon, sent a C-2 team to the Regional rally, and our B rider qualified for the Regional team. With a larger number of young members in our club, (of 19 members, there were 2 B's, 6 C's, and 11 D's) BHPC held a very successful mounted games meeting, which meant that a lot on the non-horsey parents could assist, and they had a ball!

Unfortunately, after 1979, the format of the USPC Annual Report booklets changed, so much of our club's most recent history is not written. We do know that in 1982, the White sisters took over as Joint D.C.'s for one year, during which time the club was much less active. When listing each club's activities from the previous year, the 1982 Annual Report has BHPC only participating in a camp, not any rallies or other activities.

The 1983 Report lists BHPC as having one B level rider that year: Jill Jackson, who was our club's first (and so far only) African-American member. Kit Sydnor joined Ann Alexander that year to share responsibilities as D.C. The chart in the back of that year's report shows BHPC as being fully active once again, participating in dressage, combined training, trail riding, foxhunting, know-down, and show jumping.

Again, without the anecdotes in each year's annual report, we have lost much about our club's history. The early nineteen eighties did have a period when the club went "inactive," and our club truly owes its existence to a few steadfast sponsors who kept up with the paperwork so that our club would not lose its charter.

### **PAST D.C.'s**

Bets Hooss (1969-1970)  
India Cann (1969-1970)  
Ann Alexander (1970-1982),(1994-  
Mary H. Petty (1970-1977)  
Pam Whitten (1977-1982)  
Kay White (1982-1983)  
Frances E. White (1982-1983)  
Kit Sydnor (1983-  
Mary Ann Eustis (  
Lou Whitener (1994-1995)  
Margaret Turner (1995-1996)  
Brooks Arrington (1996-  
Sally Baum (1996-1997)  
Sue Brady  
Lou Toms  
Mary Ping  
Jane Frisa  
Eloise Mason  
Brooks Arrington

Very often, Pony Club graduates become volunteers whose considerable knowledge enables them to provide sound instruction for the next generation of members. BHPC is fortunate to have some of these generous people as instructors, including Ann Alexander, whose pony club peers on Long Island included Bernie Traurig, Joe Fargis, and Mike Plumb. Ann has successfully raised, trained and shown numerous show hunters, as well as teaching numerous riders. Kit Sydnor is a former member of Somerset Hills Pony Club (with the likes of Judy Richter and Carol Thompson) who went on to be an AHSA 'r' Judge for Dressage, Hunters, and Hunter Seat Equitation and a well-respected teacher and clinician. Vicki Byrd is a 1994 graduate A from nearby Glenmore Hunt Pony Club, and she has a successful string of junior show riders. Jennifer Sydnor Fessler, from our own Bedford Hunt Pony Club, won the Equitation Award at the 1990 Showjumping Nationals and rode on the third place team that year. This past year, 2000, Jennifer gave back to the club by coaching the BHPC "Rising Stars" at their Regional rally.