



THE RAPP SHEET



September, 2020

As we prepare to start our 2020-2021 season, we want to thank our landowners for allowing us to partake of the beauty of their land. The Rappahannock Hunt territory is exquisitely beautiful and has provided us with excellent hunting. Without the kindness of the landowners, we would not be able to participate in the sport we cherish.

Whenever you see one of our landowners, please be sure to say thank you!



This picture hangs on my wall

This is Matthew and I. Back then we had to dress with the hunting orange visible and being December, we dressed for warmth.

I bought Matthew from the Marshall Auction for \$300. He was U necked, knock kneed, big eared rack of bones. I had to put a sheet on him when he was out in the field because people wanted to call the SPCA on me. I told him if he could jump, he had a home forever. He had 6 auction stickers on his tail because he kicked so bad no one would get near him

He turned into the horse of a life time. He could jump a 4 foot stone wall from a stand still. I always said he was part Mule because of his ears. He would carry hounds or I could tie a hound to my whip and he never flinched. I was sorry he did not last my lifetime



Jamie Barry on Matthew



The answer to the Fixture in the July issue was Meadow Grove.

Thank you Jim and Debbie and family for sharing such beautiful country with the Rappahannock Hunt.

This is from my hunting journal, December 1985 by Jamie Barry

My horse had fallen in a hole, jumped up without me and took off. And there I laid, but it was good because I could still hear the hounds running.

Thirtyfive years ago we had no cell phones, no radios, no gps, just ears and prayers. I was whipping for MOC Beagles. We were up at Foxcroft School in Middleburg. Our Huntsman was a good man but a man of few words, and the words were sharp when he spoke. My name was Dammit Jamie, but my dear friend Fred who was the right side whip (I was the left) was called Jesus Christ Fred. I liked his name better than mine, and we would address each other with our given names. Good Morning Dammit...Good Morning Jesus...

I carried the hounds in the trailer, and they had been keen just leaving the kennel getting in the trailer so I knew it would be a good day. The hounds were cast, I galloped off to the left. Fred to the right. The hounds hunted at the pleasure of landowners in Orange County Hunt, Piedmont Hunt and Middleburg Hunt. So, in reality, everytime we went hunting, we had no clue where we were. We didn't know where coops were, whose property we were on or property we shouldn't be on. It was all done with what you could hear and praying when you couldn't hear a thing. I listened to the horn and his calls as he cast the hounds. They opened a few times, ran a little, but then I would hear the huntsman call them back and cast again. I galloped along trails, sometimes bushwhacking when a trail wasn't available to keep up with them. The hounds opened in full cry along Goose Creek heading east, but the cry was louder and fiercer than usual. I got a glimpse of them on the other side of the Creek. Their heads were up speaking. Fred was there on the other side and we galloped on never seeing what we were on but knowing it wasn't a fox, their heads were too high. Constable was the lead hound and he wasn't a deer chaser. It was a fast pace. The hounds crossed the creek in front of me. I stopped to listen and Fred came up the other side of the creek and stopped parallel on the trail. He yelled he was going to find a crossing. There was a trail going left handed from the creek and I galloped down it. There must have been a hole or the horse stumbled and his front legs went out from under him. I rolled off his neck and landed on my back. The horse jumped up and continued galloping down the trail. I laid there for a second catching my breath and, Hallelujah, I could still hear the hounds. I jumped up and started down the trail at a run, catching a glimpse of my horse as it rounded a curve. When I rounded the curve the horse had stopped at a fence gate. I grabbed the horse and listened. The hounds were still speaking, by now they were in a deep guttural scream, but they weren't moving.

Fred came bounding up behind me, I opened the gate, and we both started making our way into the heavy brush to where we could hear the hounds. There, in the thick woods, somewhere on Tail Race Road in Aldie, was an old abandoned, falling down barn. The hounds were screaming up at the loft.

"It's a bear." Yelled Fred. At that moment the Huntsman galloped up with what was left of the field. All Fred said was, "All on...Bear." As he pointed at the loft. With that the Huntsman turned and started calling in. Fred and I whipped the rest of the lingering hounds back to him and we trotted away the way we had come, the dusk settling in. We trotted down Goose Creek to Dotty Smithwick's Sunny Bank, where Dotty put our horses and hounds up in the barn and took us to get our trailers.



Fred and I put the hounds in the kennel and fed.....it had been a long day. As I got in my truck. I said "Goodnight Jesus....." "Goodnight Dammit"



RH snow day at The Hill

We have had such a hot and muggy summer with lots of rain. Just thought this snow picture from a hunt at The Hill would be refreshing for all.

Just like at our homes, the grass has been growing like wildfire in our hunting territory. Be sure to thank those that help keep the trails open for us to enjoy. If you have time to help trim and clean up trails, please let Michael Brown know.

Bay and the fox

Some of you may remember a hound we had named Bay. He was a big boned hound, and his distinctive feature was a crook in his tail.

We had a joint meet with Keswick in their territory. Just off of the Rapidan Road, we started running a fox., who obligingly ran along a fence line in sight of the field. There snapping at the heels and tail of the fox was Bay. Suddenly, the fox turned, bit Bay on the nose and then ran on. The field and Bay both looked on in surprise, but Bay was not deterred. He began the chase again for a good day of sport.

Bay eventually retired to Sharon Church's farm. Such a lucky hound. Sharon made him a welcoming bed on the garage floor. Nicely padded and ready for his comfort. But Bay decided the workbench was a better bedding down spot . The bed was then moved to the work bench and Bay lived happily at Sharon's retirement home.

A big thank you to Juli Robards for her donation of Frontline for the hounds. This donation goes a long way in providing our hounds the best care.

We plan to have a tracking collar fundraiser to update our tracking collars. These collars are an integral part of the safety of our hounds. Let Michael Brown MFH know if you wish to donate.

