

## Recognition



Nineteen forty-one was a landmark year for the Fox River Valley Hunt. Having passed the strict requirements of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, the hunt had achieved recognized status in only one year.

The minutes of the May 1941 annual meeting reflected the optimism for fox hunting in Barrington:

membership tripled that of the first year, and more panels had been added, bringing the number to 170. The hunting territory of more than 60 farms covered 45 square miles of the extensive and open Barrington countryside. This abundant hunting country extended from County Line and Sutton Roads south to Higgins Road, and from Route 59 west to the Fox River. Projections for the coming year included increasing the country to 126 farms by expanding north to Northwest Highway. Plans also included developing the Bell and Godehn properties located along Brinker Road near Otis Road. This is the area that now encompasses Goose Lake. A 1941 landowner's map provides perspective on the size of estates and farms then.

At that same meeting, Denny gave a report stating that the Fox River Valley hounds had gone out 18 times the previous season. Denny had remained as Joint Master of the Longmeadow Hunt; therefore, he participated in both hunts, a formidable schedule. The pack averaged seven-and-a-half couple of hunting hounds, which included the original draft of those from England. Denny had hunted the hounds with his whippers-in, Henry Bate and his son, Dick. They found 24 red foxes. Seven were put to ground and 17 lost. As Denny explained, "This was an excellent performance for their first season. Normally, it would have taken a season to get the pack acclimated to both the country as well as the huntsman and have them work harmoniously together."



# FOX RIVER VALLEY HUNT

DENTON B. HULL, M.F.H.  
77 West Washington Street  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

September 22, 1941.

Mr. J. Watson Webb, Secretary,  
Masters of Foxhounds Association,  
99 John Street,  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Webb:

This is to acknowledge your letter notify-  
ing me that the Association has granted recognition  
to the Fox River Valley Hunt. We appreciate this  
greatly and shall endeavor to do our best to uphold  
the traditions of the sport.

Yours sincerely,  
*Denton B. Hull*  
DENTON B. HULL, M.F.H.

DBH:OK



Bridle Paths of the Riding Club of Barrington Hills

(1941)

Possessing an intellectual curiosity, Denny had become a student of pedigrees and hound-breeding. His ambitious program that year had produced six litters of puppies. He was striving to increase the size of the pack and thus develop a good foundation of hunting hounds for the future.

As membership grew due to the tremendous success of that first season, some misunderstandings arose between the fox hunters and the newer general membership with regard to manners, dress, and conduct in the field. Many had joined with great enthusiasm, but with little knowledge of the traditions of the sport. Denny decided to rectify this through a practical but light-hearted approach and presented what became his famous "White Elephant Report."

FOX RIVER VALLEY HUNT ASSOCIATION

Hunting White Elephants

A cowboy in his native habitat--and habit--is a romantic figure. But in his "store clothes" the illusion is shattered. One of the best ways to waste good money in the hunting field is to buy the wrong thing---and regret it later. Hunt in your blue jeans; hunt in your old clothes; hunt in what you have; but if you do buy get the right things.

Formal hunting dress, scarlet coats, the hunt button, and the hunt color on the collar are never mandatory; they are worn only on invitation of the Master anyway. But correct informal dress (called "ratcatcher") is rather conventional; it is the outgrowth of experience in what is practical. It is the same for men and women. This is it:

1. The hat should be a hunting derby, reinforced for protection of the head. The ordinary derby is no protection. Velvet caps are worn only by the Hunt Staff, by children, and by "visiting firemen".
2. Neckwear should be a white stock, pinned with a perfectly plain gold pin; the pin should be vertical. A soft shirt and necktie is right, but not so warm.
3. The coat should be a plain riding coat of tweed or "Oxford gray" (which looks black), with a vent in the back, ordinary bone buttons, flaps on the pockets, and without any belt or plaits in the back. If tweed the preferred colors are mixtures of browns or of grays.
4. The vest should preferably be flannel, usually a Tattersall check, but may match the coat.
5. The breeches should be heavy cavalry twill or Bedford cord of sand color, fawn, buff or some inconspicuous shade of brown.

They should fit snugly at the knee, and the buttons on the legs should be on the inside of the shin. Jodphurs are not practical for any except children.

6. Boots should be plain black or brown (black with black coats) cut as high as possible, with garter straps to match; no laces at instep or top.
7. Gloves should be washable--of leather or string. String gloves are for wet weather.
8. Spurs are optional. But don't get any with chains under the instep. Spur straps must match the boots.
9. A whip is useful for opening or closing gates, but is never cracked or used on hounds (the Hunt Staff will attend to that). If carried it should be complete, with stock, thong and lash.
10. Bridles should have nosobands, plain leather browbands (not colored); stirrups should be large and heavy--avoid rubber pads, as they may catch your foot in case of a fall; saddle cloths or nummahs can be avoided if your saddle fits your horse.

The essence of correct appointments is to be practical. In cold and damp weather (the best weather for hunting) you may get hot while galloping and then sit around for ages. Absorbent materials are the best protection against chills.

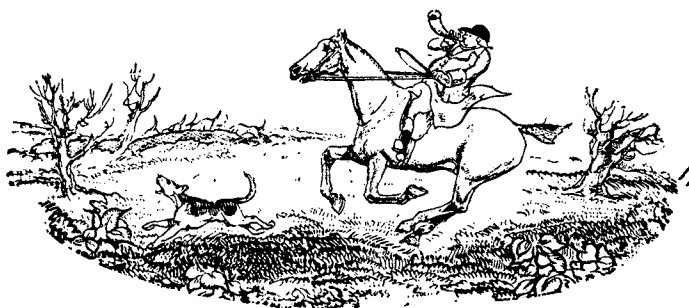
During cub-hunting there is less restriction in conventions because the practical problems are less: white salt-sack coats and colored stocks, for instance, are highly practical. But hard hats are always important. And don't be afraid to ask questions--we've all bought some white elephants.

DENISON B. HULL, M.F.H.

Sept. 25, 1940.

During this time, Denny had corresponded often with A. Henry Higginson, keeping him apprised of the success of the hounds he had received from England. By way of a reply, Higginson wrote his comments in an article published in the April 25, 1941 issue of *The Chronicle of the Horse*.

# Hunting Notes:-



## The End Of The Season

**One Of The Strangest Seasons Closes  
With Hounds Carrying A Line  
Alongside Tanks On Maneuvers**

By A. HENRY HIGGINSON, M. F. H.

### The End of The Season

I do not feel sure that the Censor will not have a hack at this story; for though I never write anything which could possibly be used by the Nazis—if it fell into their hands—or by any enemies of England, it is possible that I have inadvertently mentioned something which the Censor's Office might feel had better be left unsaid.

The hunting season, so far as I am concerned, is over. The pack with which I have hunted this year has been loyally supported by the gentry and the farmers in the district. Everyone who is young enough and bodily fit is in the Army or the Navy or the Air Force; even the older men are in the Home Guard or in Civil Defense of some sort or other, and we have none of us much time or heart for hunting. There has been a general feeling, however, that the game must be kept going and no one has been keener about this than the farmers, who have not only been out when they could steal a few hours from their work, but have subscribed liberally in cash and in kind to the upkeep of the pack. Our master, although himself in the Army, has had a few days' sport, and the committee, made up of old men like myself, have done what they could to help. The result has been very satisfactory, and the pack has killed a great many foxes (45 brace), which is more than double the tally of the other local pack in this County and compares well with any of the packs in England,—as far as I can ascertain. To this tally must be added the Hunt whose capture was described in an earlier article.

Of all the seasons I have hunted—close on fifty—I think this has been by far the most unusual; and perhaps the strangest day of all was the last, when hounds chased their fox over a heath, across which tanks were moving in many directions, looking like fleas on a dog's back. Not a very elegant or polite simile, I must say, but perhaps forgivable as being descriptive. Hounds had met half a mile away in the river valley and down some very thick rhododendrons on the hillside above. They found almost at once and in a few minutes there came a holla on the far side of the covert on the plateau above. We galloped through the ride and out into the open beyond and there, not a quarter of a mile away, were hounds running with heads up and sterna down, and fairly screaming on the line. The Master was not out and hounds were being hunted by that same Huntsman who had added a Hun to his tally some months ago, and behind him galloped "Miss Peggy" whom I have mentioned in an earlier article, and whose services as whipper-in have helped so much this season. As we topped the rise and the heath stretched out before us, we could see tanks, and ever more tanks, perhaps a dozen or fifteen

of them, maneuvering with apparently no object in view except to give the crews practice in going over rough ground. Fox and hounds paid no attention to the interruption and we had to follow as best we could. I do not suppose that ever before in the history of foxhunting has quite such a sight been seen. The whole crossing of that heath did not take more than ten minutes, and from there on the rest of the hunt,—which ended at an open earth,—was nothing out of the ordinary; but somehow that first vision will always stick in my mind.

We did not have much of a day and about three o'clock I pulled out and rode home with a neighbour of mine, an old soldier who had served in the last War. Somehow we got to talking about the present conflict, and I voiced my appreciation of the way the men and women of England are taking the punishment which is meted out to them by Hitler's bombers.

"I should think you would be very proud of your neighbours hereabouts," I said to my companion. "They take it all so quietly; almost as a matter of course, and they must realize the risk they run every day and night with these cursed bombs being dropped indiscriminately about the countryside. The farmers are really in the front line almost as much as the fighting men."

"They are," he said, and sometimes things happen that make me believe they've got more nerve than any of us. It's a damned sight harder to face the risks when they come in civil life,—in cold blood, so to speak,—at least I've found it so. Their nerve is something extraordinary.

They go on tilling their land, working more hours than ever before and raising crops for the country. In many ways this War is doing the country good from an agricultural point of view, for land which has lain idle for many years is being reclaimed, and since much of it has been used for grazing, the soil is naturally well manured and very fertile. If Hitler and his gangsters think they can starve this country out, with such men working to keep it going, they're making an awful mistake. They're all in favour of hunting, too. If it weren't for their loyal support, you people on the Kennel Committee would have had a hard time of it this winter to keep things going. It makes me sick to read the articles in the papers that some members of the Anti Blood Sport Society write. One would think they would have sufficient loyalty to keep their hands off at a time like this, and not try to destroy the chances of giving those men who come back on leave a little recreation."

A little farther on we parted, my companion turning up a lane which led to his house and I continued on my road toward home. The afternoon mail brought me letters and papers from that land across the sea which is, even now, sending England all the aid in its power; that country where foxhunting still goes on in full swing uninterrupted by warlike preparations. In one of my letters was a clipping giving an account of the New York Hound Show and a picture of a young Western M. F. H., to whom I had shipped some hounds earlier in the season. I think perhaps this is a good opportunity to point out to any enterprising young master who needs drafts to replenish his pack, that there are still many hounds in England which could be disposed of with advantage to both the donor and the recipient. The master in question wrote to me about a year ago and said that he would like, if possible, to get some hounds to use as a foundation for a pack which he proposed to breed. If he had written and asked me to get him good-looking hounds that could win at the hound shows, I do not think I should have been particularly interested; but when a man, starting his career as a M. F. H., considers first and foremost the usefulness of his hounds IN THE FIELD, my interest is aroused at once. I was able, through the kindness of three English masters of hounds,—the Duke of Beaufort, Captain Wellesley-Wesley, and General Lesley Butler,—to send to my American correspondent a very useful lot, and I think he was as well pleased with the result of his first season's foxhunting as either he or I had hoped. The Duke of Beaufort who, like his father and grandfather before him, is not only a great sportsman but one of the most generous men in the hunting world to-day, let me have two stallion hounds from his pack to send over; Captain Wellesley-Wesley, whose success with the South Dorset is a matter of common knowledge, sent two couple of very promising young hounds; and General Butler, brother-in-law of the late Sir Ian Amory and acting master of the pack which the latter brought to such a high standard of efficiency during his lifetime, sent ten couple of hounds whose experience in the rough country hunted by the Tiverton should make them particularly useful in their new home. The combination of Tiverton "Actor" blood with the Duke of Beaufort's bitches has been productive of wonderful results, and my American friend, Mr. Denison B. Hull, the master of whom I have spoken, has the materials for the same cocktail. It should be a good one.

Higginson's observation about fox hunting continuing "in full swing uninterrupted by warlike preparations" in the United States was soon to lose its validity. Although America was not officially at war until December 7, 1941 the impact of the destruction throughout Europe by Hitler's armies was reaching across the Atlantic.

The hunt achieved a remarkable level of success in only two seasons of activity. It was inevitable, however, and only appropriate that those activities would have to be curtailed as gasoline rationing went into effect and many members left to join the war effort. By the fall of 1942, policies for a minimum level of activity and the preservation of the pack were in place.



## FOX RIVER VALLEY HUNT ASSOCIATION

EDGERTON A. THROCKMORTON, *President*  
DUNDEE, ILLINOIS

F. DONALD BATEMAN, *Vice President*  
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

DENISON B. HULL, M.F.H.  
115 DeWindt Road  
WINNETKA, ILLINOIS

MISS VIRGINIA CARDWELL, *Hunt Secretary*  
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

HAROLD BYRON SMITH, *Treasurer*  
BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS

October 21, 1942

### MEMBERS OF THE FOX RIVER VALLEY HUNT:

A meeting of the Fox River Valley Hunt Association was held at Hartwood last Thursday evening, at which the following conclusions were reached:

1. Due to the shortage of rubber, gasoline rationing, etc., Mr. Hull feels that it is impossible for him to hunt the Fox River Valley hounds this season. The situation is further complicated by the fact that Mr. Hull is busy with war work and has had no time to spend with the pack. There was some discussion as to the advisability of trying to keep part of the pack in the Barrington area, but this thought was abandoned due to the difficulty of finding the personnel for regular exercises during the week.
2. A number of hounds have been disposed of, many to other hunts, but a breeding nucleus will be maintained by Mr. Hull so that the pack can be readily built up again when active hunting is resumed.

3. It was decided that although the Hunt would therefore have to suspend hunting this year, every effort would be made to maintain the hunt country to keep our panels, gates and fixtures in good order during the war. We now have over 200 installations of this kind in the country, and if they are allowed to go to rack and ruin it will have a very unsatisfactory effect on the thinking of the farmers in the hunt country. This would provide a very definite handicap towards picking up again some other year. If panels are allowed to go to pieces farmers will get the idea that they are a nuisance and will strongly resist the introduction of new panels later.
4. In addition to the maintenance of the country every effort will be made to hold the Association together, and to that end group rides will be held every other Sunday as long as weather permits. During these rides the country will be thoroughly explored and organized "larking" will be arranged. This will sometimes involve a paper chase or some similar method of providing interesting activity.

The first meet of this kind will be held on Sunday, October 25, at the corner of Sutton and Donlea Roads at 10:30 a.m.

5. Neighboring drag packs have been invited to hunt our country occasionally, and it is hoped that two or three hunts of this kind may be arranged during the remainder of the season. As a result of this invitation, we are happy to announce that the Longmeadow Hounds will meet at Hail Weston on Sunday, November 8, at 11 a.m.
6. To support these minimum activities dues of \$25.00 per family will be asked of the membership, and we hope that we may have your full support. A great deal of effort has been made to launch the hunt since its inception  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years ago, and we have a large investment in fixtures and good will which must be maintained in the interests of not only ourselves but the community as a whole.

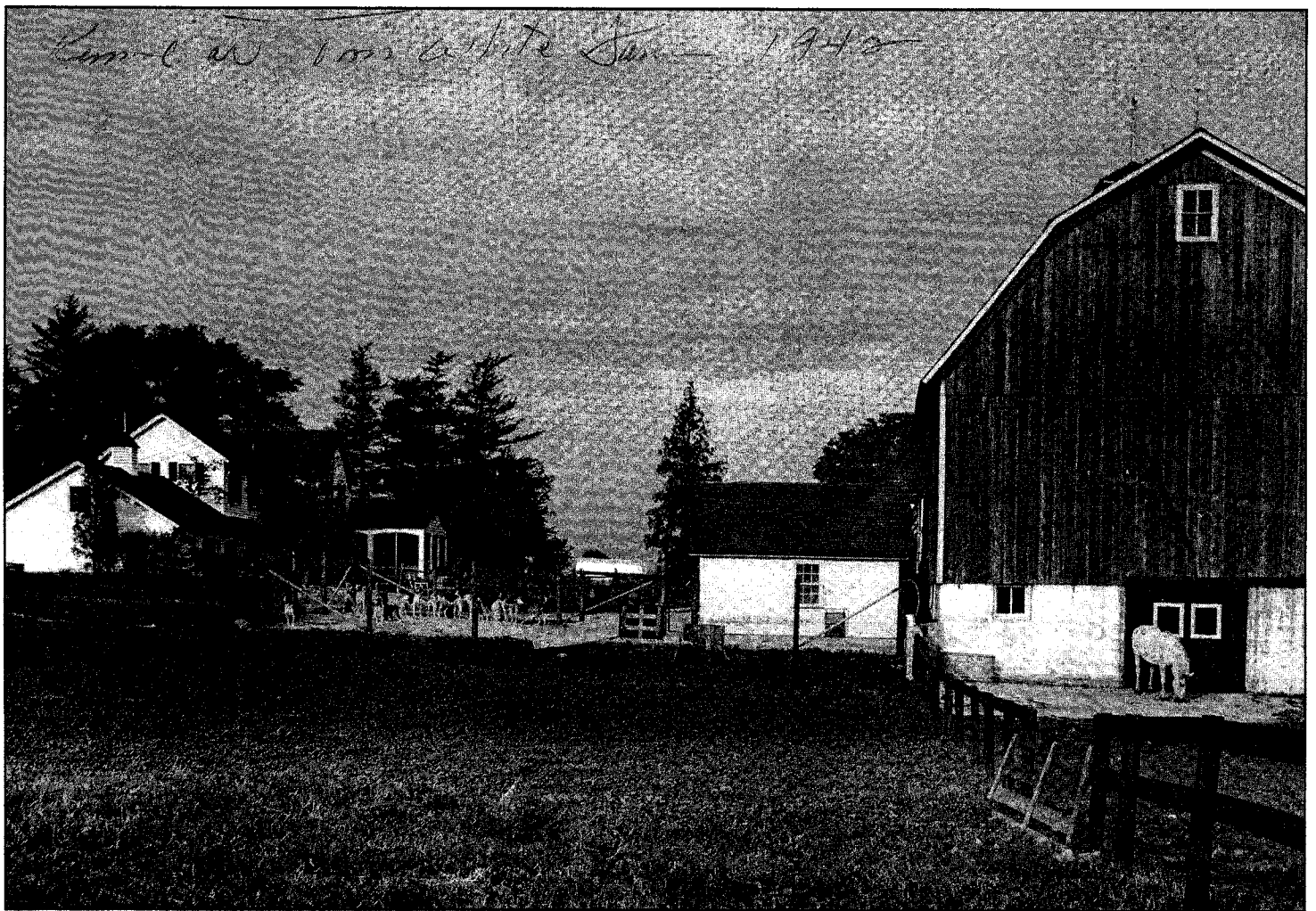
Sincerely yours,

F. Donald Bateman

Secretary

One of the greatest difficulties was the hounds being kenneled at Denny's stable in Northbrook. He had neither the time nor the gasoline to drive them back and forth to Barrington for regular exercise, so their future was uncertain.

But again, externally adverse circumstances proved fortunate for the hunt. Thomas White, who had joined the hunt in 1941, graciously offered to kennel the hounds at his property on Sutton Road. Although the pack was somewhat depleted, they could come home to Barrington and participate regularly in the activities scheduled for the duration of the war.



FOX RIVER VALLEY HUNT ASSOCIATION

Members to May 1, 1941

Ernest S. Ballard	6 Kent Street	Winnetka, Ill.
F. Donald Bateman		Barrington, Ill.
Henry Bate	259 Mary Street	Hubbard Woods, Ill.
Harold L. Behlke	Old Dundee Road	Barrington, Ill.
Arthur E. Biddle		Barrington, Ill.
Charles W. Buckley II	124 W. Russell St.	Barrington, Ill.
George Buffington		Barrington, Ill.
Orville S. Caesar	Brinker Road	Barrington, Ill.
Virginia Cardwell	Oak Knolls Road	Barrington, Ill.
Paul M. Corbett		Barrington, Ill.
G.D. Cowin	Spring Creek Rd.	Barrington, Ill.
Arthur Croxson		Barrington, Ill.
Andrew Dallstream		Barrington, Ill.
James Draper		Barrington, Ill.
Arthur Farwell	133 S. River St.	Geneva, Ill.
James L. Free		Barrington, Ill.
Corwith Hamill		Wayne, Ill.
Geo. F. Henneberry		Barrington, Ill.
Fred Hodgdon		Barrington, Ill.
Wm. Horne Jr.		Barrington, Ill.
Denison B. Hull	115 DeWindt Rd.	Winnetka, Ill.
Mrs. E.C. Kohlsaatt	1120 N. Lake Shore	Chicago, Ill.
Harry Lowther		Barrington, Ill.
Wm. B. McIllvain Jr.	765 W. Westleigh Rd.	Lake Forest, Ill.
R.F. McLaughlin		Barrington, Ill.
Dr. Paul B. Magnuson		Dundee, Ill.
Frank Mitchell		Barrington, Ill.
Henry Neil		Barrington, Ill.
Mrs. Kimball Salisbury	85 E. Westminster	Lake Forest, Ill.
W. Lane Schulze		Barrington, Ill.
Harold Byron Smith		Barrington, Ill.
Edgerton A. Throckmorton	Helm Road	Dundee, Ill.
Elizabeth Van Hagen		Barrington, Ill.
Emory Wilder	Helm Road	Dundee, Ill.
A.T. McIntosh	521 Roslyn Road	Barrington, Ill.
Hill Blackett	614 Pine	Winnetka, Ill.
Nathaniel Duval	Ela Road	Barrington, Ill.
Nancy & Sally Miller	9926 Kimbark Ave.	Chicago, Ill.
Maxine Cooper		Hinsdale, Ill.
Mrs. Orton Prime	Crooked Lake Farm	Oconomoc, Wisc.
Robert Showers		Dundee, Ill.
John Thompson		Barrington Ill.
Clark Lawrence	960 Sheridan Road	Winnetka, Ill.