EMPIRE BEAGLE CLUB 13th ANNUAL TRIAL

RANDALL

The Patch Era at Beaver Meadows

by Ray Libby

The story of Randall and his long career at Beaver Meadows is a story of a man and his dogs, and of the sport that has been the love of his existence. A lover of wildlife and an early lover of the beagle. It is the story of a kid who, maybe in search of his own identity, found it in the beagle and the hunt. It is the story of the individuals withdrawn at Beaver Meadows, many of whom have become lifelong friends. It is the story of the hunts, the breeding personalities of this country, and the founder of one of the most successful kennels in the history of the sport of beagling. "The Patch Family" has been built on the willingness, talents, and generosity of many people. Randall has been the first to admit that he exercises, all this was his, and a lot of "humans" on earth for him are there to beagle the rest of us.

As I sit here writing these lines, a frigid wind is blowing out of the northwest, and the snow is falling. It is the kind of a day that would have caused the beaglers outside, as early remembered by Randall, to have stayed in bed. Not so with Randall. He was out there with his dogs, his day for it is sacred and comfortable, with a December storm blowing. Randall is a man who has always been a man of his own convictions, and in addition, he likes beagling. Randall was born in Boston, Massachusetts, and was a boy of ten when one of Hingham's most overbearing officials became the first person to ever tell him that he was not welcome on the property of the Hingham Country Club. Randall was a caddie at the club, and his parents were active members of the club. Randall's father was a well-known Boston realtor. He is a member of several Boston clubs, and is presently a member of the Hingham Country Club. Randall's mother was a Boston debutante. She was a member of the Hingham Country Club, and was very active in the affairs of the club. Randall's parents were married in the early 1920's, and Randall was born in 1924. Randall's father was a hunter, and Randall's mother was a horsewoman. Randall's father was a member of the Hingham Country Club, and Randall's mother was a member of the Hingham Country Club. Randall's father was a member of the Hingham Country Club, and Randall's mother was a member of the Hingham Country Club.

White Sulphur Springs, WV 1924

It was a friendship which was to last a lifetime. Randall's father was a member of the Hingham Country Club, the first club to hold a beagle trial in the state of Massachusetts. Randall's father was a member of the club, and Randall was a member of the club. Randall's father was a member of the club, and Randall was a member of the club.

Ray Libby and Willet Randall talkin about

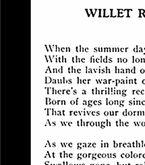
Fall Champion Patch - owned by Willet Randall

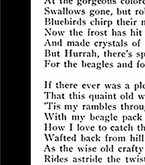
Ch. Ch. Patch
Pathfinder x Montas R. V

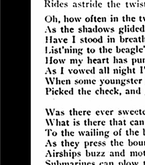
May Patch

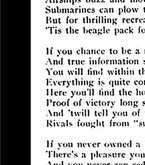
Willet Randall with Namrog Sister Girl

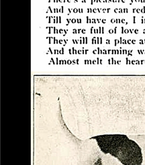
Willet at Empire

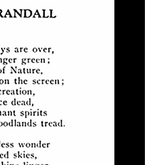


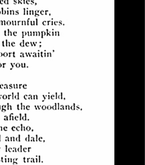


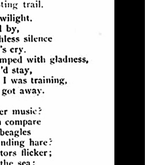


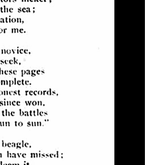












MY TRIBUTE TO THE BEAGLE

BY

WILLET RANDALL

When the summer days are over,
With the fields no longer green;
And the lavish hand of Nature,
Daubs her war-paint on the screen;
There's a thrilling recreation,
Born of ages long since dead,
That revives our dormant spirits
As we through the woodlands tread.

As we gaze in breathless wonder
At the gorgeous colored skies,
Swallows gone, but robins linger,
Bluebirds chirp their mournful cries.
Now the frost has hit the pumpkin
And made crystals of the dew;
But Hurrah, there's sport awaitin'
For the beagles and for you.

If there ever was a pleasure
That this quaint old world can yield,
'Tis my rambles through the woodlands,
With my beagle pack afield.
How I love to catch the echo,
Wafted back from hill and dale,
As the wise old crafty leader
Rides astride the twisting trail.

Oh, how often in the twilight,
As the shadows glided by,
Have I stood in breathless silence
Listning to the beagle's cry.
How my heart has pumped with gladness,
As I vowed all night I'd stay,
When some youngster I was training,
Picked the check, and got away.

Was there ever sweeter music?
What is there that can compare
To the wailing of the beagles
As they press the bounding hare?
Airships buzz and motors flicker;
Submarines can plow the sea;
But for thrilling recreation,
'Tis the beagle pack for me.

If you chance to be a novice,
And true information seek,
You will find within these pages
Everything is quite complete.
Here you'll find the honest records,
Proof of victory long since won,
And 'twill tell you of the battles
Rivals fought from "sun to sun."

If you never owned a beagle,
There's a pleasure you have missed;
And you never can redeem it.
Till you have one, I insist;
They are full of love and spirit,
They will fill a place at home,
And their charming ways and manner
Almost melt the heart of stone.

F. T. CH. PATCH