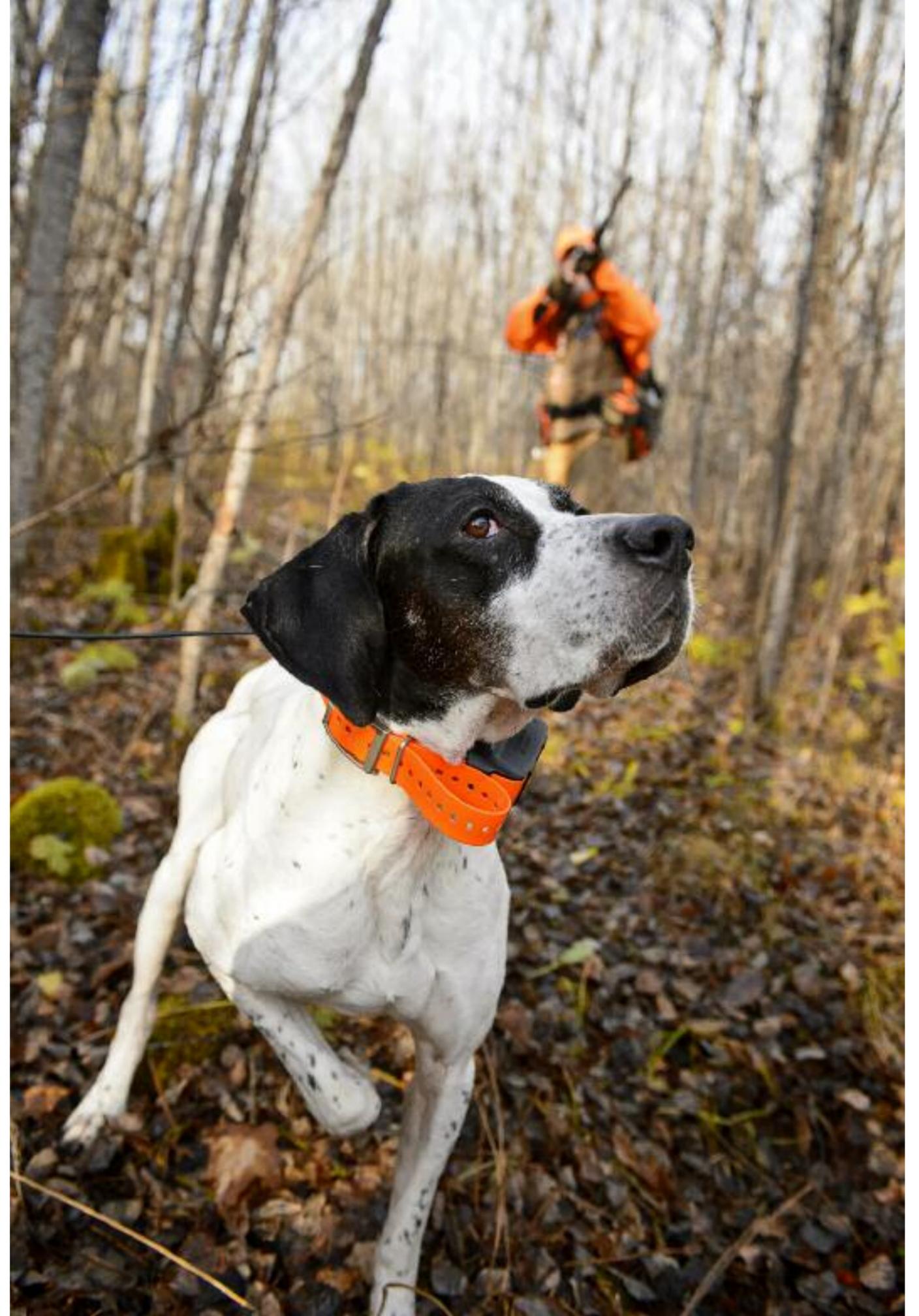


to the point Photographed by Chip Laughton

Generations of breeding come to the fore for that one moment in the field when the world stands still.



The grasses have turned brown, the leaves have fallen and there's a nip in the air that signals the start of another season of upland bird hunting. Grab your gun, whistle up the dog and let's go.



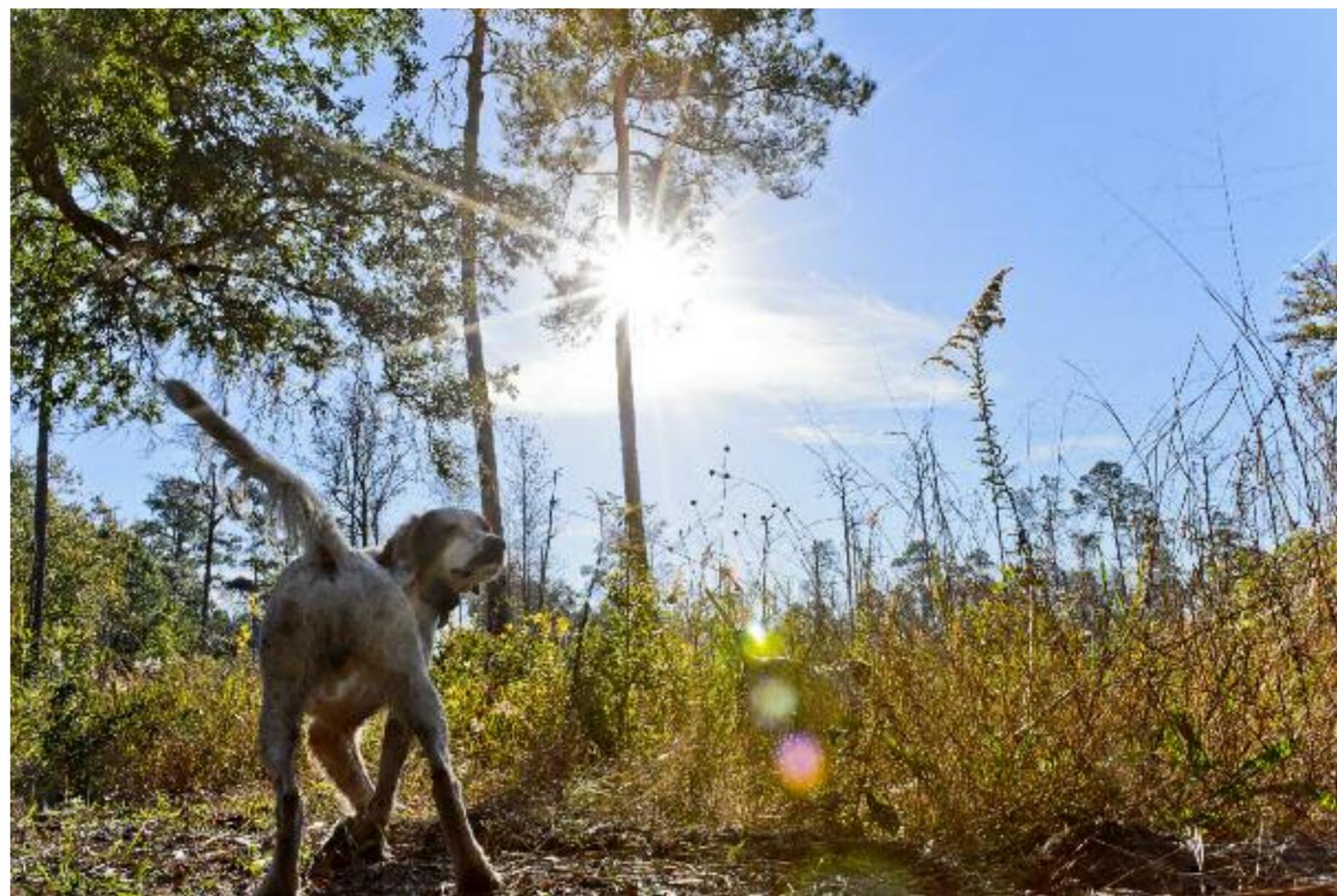


Every hunter has his own opinion on bird dogs, but that great quail-hunting writer Havilah Babcock had this to say: "For a covey dog, give me a pointer — stamina, dash, derring-do. For a singles dog, give me a setter — patience, thoroughness, precision."



"There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood — touch of manner, hint of mood," wrote American poet Bliss Carmen. Surely the dogs can feel it, and we can, too, as we watch the steady points, the sure retrieves and the return of a beautiful feathered creature.





>>> There is something eternal about hunter and dog in the field, searching for game. The time is now, but it could be 50 years ago. Memories are as apt to take wing as a grouse or quail. Writing of his boyhood, W.H. Hudson said, "I want only to keep what I have; to rise each morning and look out on the sky... from year to year... to feel the same old sweet surprise and delight."