

“Remembering a Country Sport”

Submitted by Agnes Clesson & Betty Jane Easley

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“Fox hunting has been a sport in Marion and surrounding counties for many years but it is dying out. The Kinmundy Fox Hunters Association was very active in the 1940’s and 1950’s. An annual dog show was held in Charlton Grove, west of Kinmundy. For the American fox hunters the sport is listening to the dogs bark as they trail the fox, unlike the English hunt.

Ruth Hanes attended a chase with her dad, Tom Dorris, Agnes Clesson and her dad, Melvin Hines, went by horse back to the gathering point. Agnes thought it boring, but is glad she attended the hunt. Mr. Hines purchased a dog named Fred, from Freddie Miselbrook that was an excellent hound. Later hunters drove Model A Fords and pickups to the release area, build a bond fire and listened to the chase.

Weather was always a consideration on the dogs. Personal clothing or blankets were left at the release point if the dogs hadn’t come in and the hunters would go back the next morning and pick them up. Hunters were good keepers of their hounds and the American Fox Hounds were never mean or bad natured. Horns were used to call the hounds and some horns are still around. Melvin Hines horn has carvings on it like – MH – 1887 and BS (Britton Smith) 1840 and the horn still remains with a family member.

There aren’t many hunters left. We tried to contact some for more information. It is not intended to leave out any names from our listing. A special Thank You to Donald and Nola Robb for helping.

A few of the hunters we knew were Tom Dorris, Melvin Hines, Lewis Moser, Freddie & Roy Miselbrook, Clyde Ballance, Wiley Campbell, Whoopy McMackin, Pearl Easley, Glen, Mac and Thurman Robb, Paul Courson, Gene and Merle Baker, C.C. “Pid” Bassett, Ralph and Francis Krutsinger, Glen Osborne, Bill Hayes, George and Alva Jett, Bill McWilliams, Nan Silvey, Dayton Crutchfield, Jerry McCarty, Gale Sill, Roy Williams, and Glen Johnston.

As a final tribute to our local Fox Hunters of years gone by a quote from Tennyson:  
“Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me,  
And may there be no moaning at the bar  
When I put out to sea.”