



CHAPTER

3

Lessons for Buddy

SO IT WAS THAT BUDDY, whose registered name was Duke's Royal Jester, went to Oklahoma to begin his career, and to start his life's journey. Brian Hill's kennel, Holloway Hills, was in a word, flawless. He had hired an architect named Tom Quigley to research the project and design a perfect kennel, sparing no expense. Brian's explicit instructions to the designer were, "I want to have the absolute best private kennel facility in the country."

Tom was very familiar with Brian's demanding and volatile nature. It was exciting to be able to design things without a worrisome budget, and not once had Brian balked at expenses.

Yet it took a fair amount of patience to work for him. He had fired as many people as had resigned from his business because they couldn't get along,

understand, or communicate with him.

Charlie Holland was hired as head dog trainer of the new operation. Charlie had run Quail Hollow Kennels, which had closed its doors after forty years of successful residence near Tulsa, Oklahoma. Charlie enjoyed training the dogs that Brian had bought from Hal Tipton

Brian had also bought two German Shorthaired Pointers from a local breeder, and from a kennel in Georgia a Brittany, English Setter, and Gordon Setter. Although all of the bird dogs were talented and would be considered special in any hunter's book, Charlie preferred the English Pointer breed.

"More fire in their bellies," he would tell Brian. "They'll never quit on you. You may have to put your foot down once in a while, but you give 'em a job finding coveys, and they'll run circles around these other dogs."

Brian would shake his head and slap Charlie on the back. "Whatever, Charlie. Just give 'em all your best effort and we'll see."

Charlie's devoted interest made Buddy's personality sparkle. He loved the attention the trainer gave him and tried hard to please him. But he was a bit of a loner socially, and it was hard for him to be a team player. He had a passion for hunting, but would have preferred doing it by himself. He really

THE SAGA OF BUDDY PAYLESS

felt that the others just got in his way. Many times he had found and held a covey for what seemed like an eternity while the other dogs “caught up.”

Charlie recognized the little dog’s frustration and would pat his shoulder, saying, “My boy, you



must learn patience. Keep the other dogs and the hunters in sight. Don’t get so far ahead that you can’t see the group, or you may find yourself lost someday.”

Buddy would lick the trainer’s hand and think to himself, *That’ll never happen. Not to me. I’m the best!*

Hunting season finally arrived, and Charlie had all the dogs ready for their first time out as a team. They were physically fit and eager. It would be the first season for the English Pointers. The German Shorthaireds and the Brittany had hunted for two years. The Gordon Setter was the oldest and the most experienced with a career that spanned seven seasons.