

Xmas

MR/MRS RALPH F PRIDE
151 FLORENCE GARDENS
FLORENCE, AZ 85232

July 12, 1988

Dear Datus and Anna;

I have owed you a letter for a long time. Have stalled around, deciding whether it would be possible for us to get up that way this year. I think we will not. Florence's sister has an 80th birthday coming up the last of this month, in Portland, Or, and I think we will try to make that. Then will fish in Oregon, and maybe in northern California.

I caught your story, on fishing in the east. A welcome change from the many big fish stories, and it sure is beautiful there when the trilliums are in bloom.

Possibly we will make it another year, as I am somewhat committed to meet a couple of grandchild ren in Yellowstone, to see if I can teach them something about Fly Fishing. Hard to make any definite promises, as my next birthday will be my 80th.

I have never hunted the Mearns Quail. They will hold well for a dog, I am sure, but the country they are in is Hell for a dog not acquainted with the desert. I have seen them sometimes. Once, hunting Turkey, I walked into a covey, and when I got right into them, they took off in every direction. Ranchers hate them, as they frequently spook a horse, by exploding right under the horses belly.

Local Quail season is not looking good. The young I have seen are very small coveys, like 4 or 5 birds. We did not get the rain we needed to get them to nest. Much as we would like to see you, I would not advise coming to this part of the state to hunt.

This, at one time, was a paradise for dove shooting. There were fields of millet for food, and salt cedar thickets along the Gila for nesting. They cut the Salt Cedars, and now plant cotton where the millet used to be, and there are few doves. Right now there are many White-Wings, feeding on the Sahuaro fruit, but they will leave before shootings season.

Sometime when you are looking for something to do, drop us a line and tell us how the fishing is up there.

As always
Ralph

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Aug. 29, 1987

Dear Datus and Anna;

Not having your Montana mailing address, I will send this to the old one, knowing that it will reach you, eventually, and there is no hurry.

I think it would be unwise for me to come up there this year. I am having a minor dental problem, and don't want to get too far away from my dentist. Maybe next year, and maybe not, Quien Sabe. At my age (78), one does not make plans very far ahead. Just sort of roll with the tide, and take what comes. I hope you are having excellent fishing, and will get some real good hunting. As for Arizona Quail--- There appear to be a good crop of Gambels around here. I have watched a covey of 20 walk thru the vacant lot next to us on several mornings. Will know more after a few days X hunting doves which start next week. Can't say about the Mearns. They are down in the Patagonia area, east of Nogales, and near the Mexican border. That is a tough country for a dog that isn't desert born and bred. Mearns quail are funny actors. They will let you walk into the middle of a covey, and then fly in every direction. People who ride in their country hate them, as they will wait for a horse to get into the covey before flying, and many a rider has been thrown and had to walk home.

At one time, around twenty years ago, there was a limit of 12 mourning doves and 25 Whitewings here, and people coming in from all over the country for the big dove hunt. It is not that way any more, because the grain fields have been replaced by cotton and May trees where they nested are no more. I didn't get a limit of doves any time last year. I go out for a little while each morning and evening, and get a few along. Season is shortened this year, and limit down to ten total, with not more than five Whitewings. Let us know your Montana address, and how the fishing has been.

As always

Pete

Patti Pride
4607 Van Ness, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20016

6 July 1992

Answered 7/9/92

Dear Dotus and Anna,

I am writing to tell you of my father's death May 26 in Florence, Arizona. He was hospitalized for a week, and the cause of death listed as renal failure. Two major surgeries in the past three years left him unable to regain his stamina and his ability to do the things he so enjoyed. He had hoped to fish with you in Montana. As you may know, my mother died January 7, also in Florence. Her health was fragile, and with a recurrence of cancer.

There were no services. I plan to scatter their ashes in an Oregon trout stream sometime this summer.

Patti Pride