



*The Phillips Whiteline Family Tradition* - By Gary Phillips

As long back as I can remember, my father, Richard L. Phillips, owned bird dogs as his father before him had. The sites and sounds of my father and his bird dogs are eternally etched in my memory. From the time I was a small boy, I can remember him going hunting with his cousin. In southern Indiana in the old days, quail season began on November 10th, and on November 9th, you made sure your gun was cleaned and oiled for opening day.

Everyone had little sleep the night before the season in anticipation of the next day's hunt. My memory is clear as day, I was just a young little guy who longed to go on my first hunt with my dad. Finally, one morning before day break and long before I was old enough to carry a gun, my dad woke me up and said, "son, it's time for you to go with us on your first hunt." You can't imagine the joy and excitement I felt that first day.

A couple of years later, just before opening day, my dad surprised me and handed me my first gun, a .410 single shot shotgun; that was the day I had looked forward to for a long time and was the start of something special, my love for hunting with bird dogs.

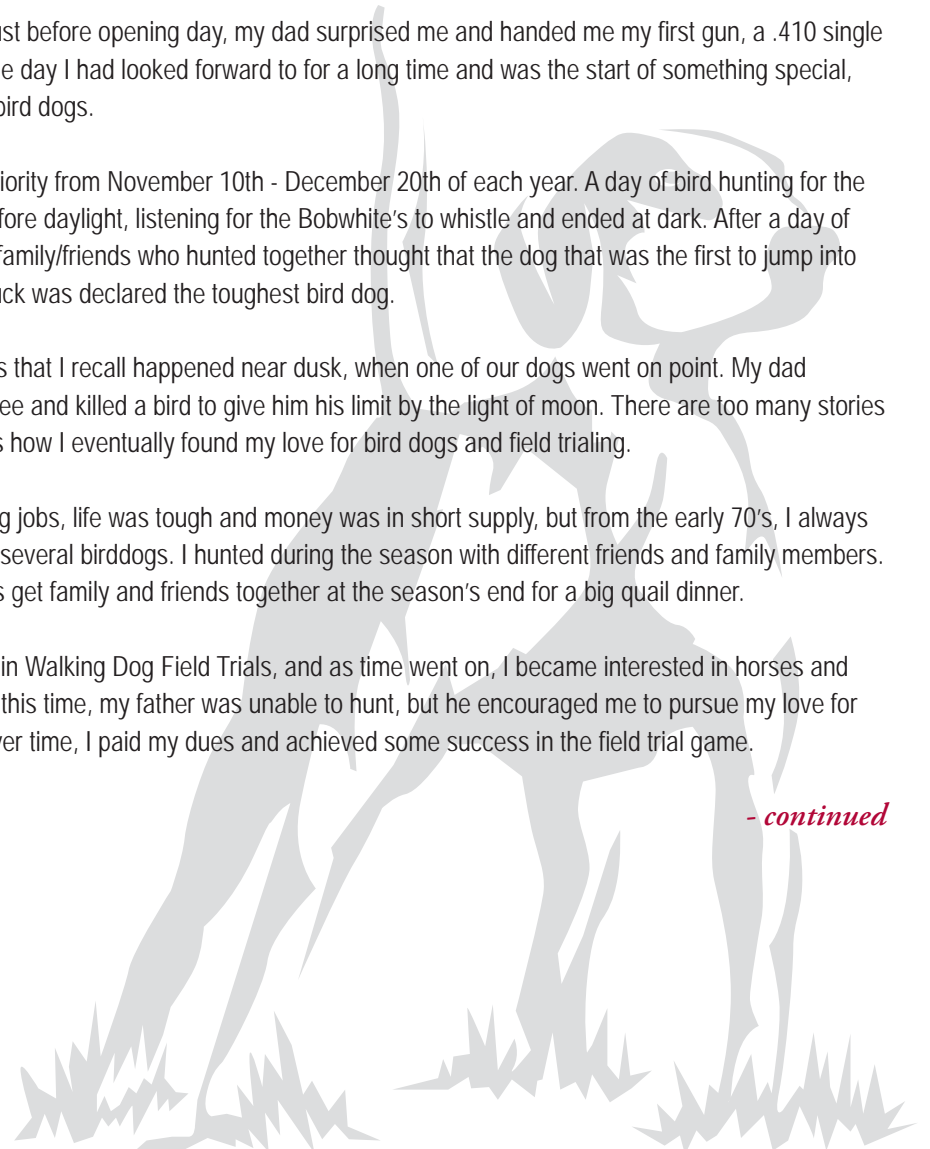
Bird hunting was a top priority from November 10th - December 20th of each year. A day of bird hunting for the Phillips' family started before daylight, listening for the Bobwhite's to whistle and ended at dark. After a day of hunting, my dad and his family/friends who hunted together thought that the dog that was the first to jump into the back of the pickup truck was declared the toughest bird dog.

One of my favorite stories that I recall happened near dusk, when one of our dogs went on point. My dad dropped down on one knee and killed a bird to give him his limit by the light of moon. There are too many stories that I could tell, but this is how I eventually found my love for bird dogs and field trialing.

Growing up in coal-mining jobs, life was tough and money was in short supply, but from the early 70's, I always had a bird dog or in fact, several bird dogs. I hunted during the season with different friends and family members. For years, I would always get family and friends together at the season's end for a big quail dinner.

Eventually, I participated in Walking Dog Field Trials, and as time went on, I became interested in horses and horseback field trials. By this time, my father was unable to hunt, but he encouraged me to pursue my love for horses and bird dogs. Over time, I paid my dues and achieved some success in the field trial game.

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At a later date, I met up with a childhood friend who also loved the sport of bird hunting and field trialing. Along with him and some other friends, we formed the Pike County Bird Hunters Association. I have been involved in this association since its conception.

My father and his father before him lived a tough life as Indiana coal miners. They never had much money, but always made quail hunting and bird dogs a part of their lives. This passion has been passed down to me and as my father before me, I too have passed this on to my son, Nathan Phillips.

The hard work and joy we have shared is a life and a passion my grandfather and father started many, many years ago. I only wish they could see the legacy of what they left behind. Just maybe they can.

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*A Family Tradition Continues* - By Nathan Phillips

I can't ever remember when my dad didn't have a bird dog. From the time I was a toddler, I went with my dad to the farm each day and followed him around watching everything he did. I had enjoyed my time with my dad so much that when I started school, I proclaimed, "I don't want to go to school, I wanted to go to the farm with Dad."

When I was 5 years old, my dad took me to Canada training dogs at Freddy Epp's camp. I had a great time and couldn't wait, until I was big enough to have my own bird dog. I remember telling my mother about "Miss Mary" and what a great cook she was. The trip made a lasting impression on me, one I will never forget.

During my junior year in high school, I asked my grandpa to buy me my very own bird dog. My grandfather and I made the journey to Evansville, Indiana to purchase my first dog. I later decided that I wanted to compete in horseback and all age field trial competition.

My dad and I later purchased a young puppy, raised her to maturity, and later bred her to Miller's White Powder; and this is how I came to know and admire a very special person in my life, Ferrel Miller. Ferrel invited me to spend several weeks with him training bird dogs and working with him on his farm in Kentucky. He taught me work ethic in training bird dogs, as well as how to spot a good prospect. Ferrel is tough, but he only asked of me what he would give himself, an honest and hard day's work.

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*A Family Tradition Continues* - By Nathan Phillips

I remember a great story when we were clearing brush on his farm. Ferrel's hat came off his head and while he was so focused on stacking brush he did not realize his hat had dropped into the pile of brush. After stacking brush for what seemed hours, he realized he had left his hat in the pile. Well, if you know Ferrel, you will realize that we had to go right back to work to retrieve that hat. Growing up poor, Ferrel is a worker and is also very careful not to waste anything.

Ferrel's hard work and commitment to bird dogs has made a direct impact on my life. He has been a role model to me and so many others in the bird dog world, hence our family kennel name "Phillips Whiteline Kennels".

Through his help in teaching me how to develop young dogs, he helped me to later raise a litter of pups from White Powder. In 2002, I was the youngest to win the American Field Pheasant Futurity with Phillips Silver Legacy. I later sold him to Indiana Sportsman, Bert Wimmer, for what at the time, I thought was a fortune. He is now known as White Powder Pete. White Powder Pete is a three time champion and was a contender in the 2006 National Championship under the guidance of Colvin Davis.

I especially enjoy working with young pups and developing derbies. I don't know exactly what it is, but I think it is the thrill of the first time I see the light go on and realize this one is going to be a champion!

As my father and Ferrel Miller have past this love for bird dogs on to me, I have begun to pass this onto my son. And so, our family commitment says to you *"Our Passion Is Producing Championship Caliber Field Trial Dogs."*

*I hope we can get to know you and to deliver to you your next great champion!*

