



DONORS:

Patricia Elmone, Bob Collins, North American Falconers Association



Ron standing beside his favorite painting.



Ron and the Uptons on grouse moor.

Ron had a passion for falconry that traveled with him where ever he lived, from California to Florida, and Missouri. His love of travel led him all over the world.

In loving memory...

By Bill Murphy

I met Ron Elmone at a California Hawking Club meet in Hemet in the mid-70's. He was just getting into falconry then, and did not have a bird at the time, but the fire was lit. It was not until he moved to the Santa Cruz area a few years later that I really got to know him. From his sense of humor and laid back style, I would have never guessed that he was a Marine helicopter pilot in Viet Nam rescuing troops. From the slow speed that he drove his own Suburban, I wouldn't have thought he was a pilot for TWA, jetting passengers cross-country as well as across continents. There were many other facets to Ron's personality that I grew to learn and appreciate during our 40-year friendship.

We became closer friends when Ron moved to the Santa Cruz area. There he moved from red tails to Harris Hawks and then began his love affair with longwings. I remember his first peregrine, a Peale's tiercel named Ringo that he obtained from Pete Widener. Ringo was a fine high flying bird that helped him hone his hunting and telemetry skills. The falcon was accompanied by Ron's first Brittany, Wiley, whose name was never repeated fewer than three times when he was called. At that time, Ron was also lucky enough meet Patricia, who became his wife and partner in a series of life time adventures.

Ron's job with TWA took him and Patricia to Saint Louis, where he continued to become a more proficient falconer, flying Midwest pheasants and waterfowl with peregrine

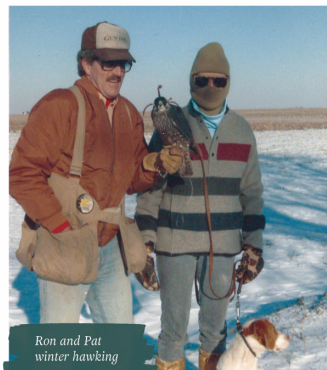
falcons. Despite the distance, we kept in constant phone contact. On occasion I flew out to meet him to travel together to NAFA meets in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and Iowa. On other occasions, my wife Tracy and I met with Ron and Patricia for vacations. Our New Orleans trip was particularly memorable.

Eventually, after moving for a short time from Saint Louis to Oklahoma, Ron and Patricia settled in Sacramento, where he blossomed as a successful duck hunter with his Peales falcon, Kiko. I was most impressed watching the bird remained high overhead for long periods of time as they pursued big water ducks. I should mention that they were aided in these hunts by "Homer, Homer, Homer", Ron's Brittany at that time, who like his predecessor "Wiley, Wiley, Wiley", was never called by a single name. As impressive as his flying skills was his ability to find outstanding flying fields by cultivating relationships with land owners.

Ever the wanderers, the Elmones moved from Sacramento to Florida. Although he was without a falcon for the past few years, his passion for falconry did not dissipate. He did, however, find the opportunity to pursue other lifetime dreams, including cage diving with great white sharks off the coast of Mexico last December. No one could have guessed that a few months later, Ron would be the victim of a massive stroke. He lived his life well with passion and vitality, and I miss him.



Ron with friend Bill Murphy and his bred falcon Kiko



Ron and Pat winter hawking



Pat & Ron's first Christmas in 1988

Remembrances of Ron by Patricia Elmone

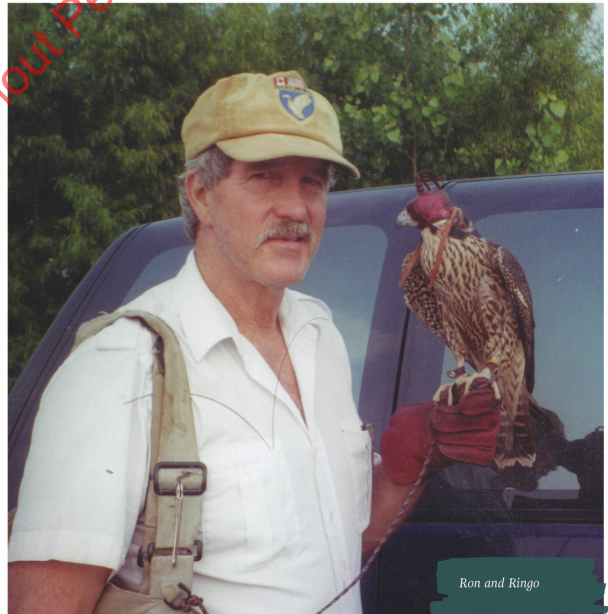
When Ron asked me to marry him 28 years ago he made it very clear what marrying a falconer meant. The month after our wedding and the first week in our new home I had Ringo, a tiercel anatom, living in my laundry room while Ron built a mew. In November, our first big dinner party was cancelled when Ringo took off at dusk and we loaded up the truck with the dog and sleeping bags and spent the night trying to stay warm in the freezing cold so that we could be right there to call Ringo in at first light. My first married birthday celebration - similarly postponed. Over the years Ron had many birds and we had many terrific, fun and scary experiences, and I loved it all. I think the main thing Ron loved was the flight - the speed and agility of the bird. When he was a kid, he always knew he was going to be a pilot and he made it all happen, from becoming a Marine aviator to having a great career as an airline captain. The falconry was another way to be passionate about flight. Ron was taken quickly by a massive stroke but he was strong and positive to the end. I think of him always, and especially when I see a falcon or a hawk, and I think God he let me be part of his life as a falconer.



Ron arriving at his surprise party for his TWA captain upgrade



Geoffrey Pollard and Ron on Scottish grouse moor.



Ron and Ringo