



"A Falconer's Falconer" — Great Lakes Falconers Association • Idaho Falconers Association

**Donors:** Mike and Sally Melvill



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**OBITUARY - DICK GLASOW**

—by Jon Neviaser

On Friday, June 5, American falconry lost one of its best, Dick Glasow. Dick practiced falconry with a lifelong passion; from a childhood admiration for birds of prey, he was still ascending a tall aspen tree with climbing irons to select a new eyas goshawk a year before his death at 56.

An "old school" austringer, Dick often reminded me of a professional falconer of old. His knowledge and occasional quotations of classical falconry gave one the impression of having talked with one of the old masters. Kent Carnie once advised, "Don't waste time trying to talk about how much you know, just shut up and listen; the guy's done more hawking than anybody."

Many old haggards out there will remember Dick for his signature bird, an African crowned eagle "Stanley"; flown in classical shortwing style, strictly from the fist at white-tailed jacks, Stanley was a major crowd pleaser at NAFA Field Meets in the 70's. Dick's admittedly obsessive-compulsive personality produced the most devout falconer you'd ever meet; it also made him particularly hard for some folks to understand! At Dick's memorial service, Bruce Haak commented that he'd felt puzzled about

Dick's never saying a negative word about anybody — "I'd start to vent about some guy, a falconer, and Dick would just be silent! I'd think, what's wrong with this guy?" Dick just didn't talk about others — out of character for a falconer! An eternal optimist, Dick always saw the best side of everything and everybody.

Some hard times had taught Dick what was really important in life — e.g., having time to fly hawks was more important than having money. He quoted, Money doesn't make the world go 'round, but it sure does grease the wheels!" and "I've got a fine memory, it's just short!"

Ed Fitch brought up another of Dick's unique qualities, "Dick was never afraid to pay a guy a compliment — if someone had a nice hawk, Dick praised him. Never jealous or worried that their hawk was "better", Dick would get excited for him and made him feel good. After spending a week hawking with Dick and Jesse Woody last season, not having hunted together for over 18 years, Ed said that it was just like they'd hunted together just the day before!

Of the hawking trips and adventures, spectacular flights, sunsets and camp fires — they're all just fond memories of yesterday to each of us when we remember our friend Dick and the times in our lives that we shared together.



Dick Glasow with eyess German Goshawk and Mike Melvill with adult female American Goshawk, 1974



Nov. 1969



That's lil-ole me by our fountain in front of the barracks. It's in the mid-70s, typical "winter" scene in Hawaii!



If you look close - my eyes are closed - it looks like I'm saying, "Please, Lord, don't let her break any tail feathers this season!"



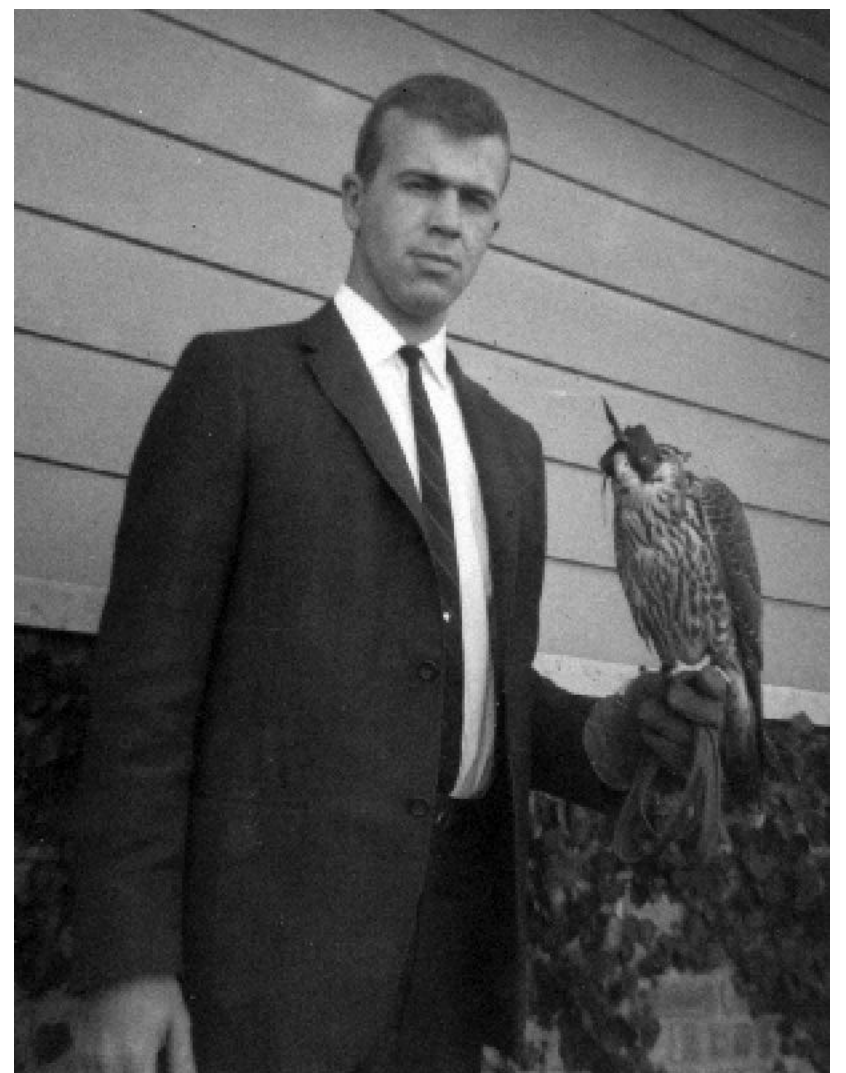
Dick Glasow, George Woehrl, Ed Fitch, (kneeling) Jimmy Buchman - all GLFA founders. Illinois, ca. 1961



L to R: Jose Soto, Kathy (the best thing that ever happened to Bill), Frank Metallo, Bill Glasow, Tom Ward



Chuck Glasow (center)



This was the nicest bird I ever had! I get sick every time I think about losing her - she flew at 1 lb 12 oz. I would like to get a gos or prairie next. It will probably come from Hal Webster. George is going to trap with him.



### A Day Trip Hawking with Dick

Hawking with Dick was always an adventure, be it with a Goshawk or Eagle. It wasn't for the faint-of-heart. I'd like to share one of my fondest memories that summed up hawking with Dick.

South of Chicago, Illinois there is a town called Chatsworth in Livingston County. In the late 1950s thru the late 1970s there were long rows of Osage orange trees along the section roads. In the western states they are used as fence post and called hedge. In the winter months the pheasants flock up and would stay near the ditches along side the Osage trees. We would road hawk with Goshawks and at times would slip them out the window.

One Sunday we left Dick's house and drove south for Livingston County. I was driving my station wagon. Dick had a real nice inter-mewed male European Goshawk. First stop was always the Catholic Church, Dick would run in and pray for us all and then off we went after giving me a candy bar. Being Sunday morning there was little activity on the gravel roads.

As I drove along looking for a good slip, Dick said, "Slow down". As I started to brake, out the passenger side window went his Goshawk. It was in hot pursuit of a cock pheasant. As I watched the flight, I realized it was going to be a very long tail chase. Dick was still sitting beside me as I headed along the road parallel with the flight. I saw a farmstead coming into view and about that time the pheasant headed for the open barn door with the gos in hot pursuit. The barns in the mid-west are built on raised ground, with the ground level used for a

tractor or combine. Above that would be a hay loft and below the main floor would be an area for milking cows or livestock stalls.

As I pulled up into the yard Dick jumped out. I headed to the house to explain what had happened. As I was knocking on the door, I heard an awful loud noise and witnessed the biggest Holstein bull I have ever seen crash thru the side wall of the barn. The blood in my veins turned to ice water. For a split second I had a vision of Dick and I in handcuffs heading to the Livingston county jail for property damage, animal endangerment and trespassing. I then heard Dick say off in the distance, "Meet me on the road." I headed for the station wagon and as I got into it, the bull went by me heading out the driveway and going in the direction we had just came from.

I pulled up and Dick jumped into the wagon with his Goshawk proudly plucking the feathers off his kill. When I could eventually talk coherently, I asked Dick what on earth happened. He said the Goshawk had followed the pheasant down a square hole that was used to pitch hay down into the bulls stall. He slipped on the hay around the hole and fell into the stall with the bull. The bull, seeing him land next to it, hit the panic button. It started kicking wildly and kicked a hole in the wall and out it went. After picking up his bird. Dick followed the bull through the same hole.

Hawking with Dick was always an adventure. He was a falconer of the highest degree with a Goshawk or Eagle. I have always been proud to have been his friend and cherish the many fond memories of our time together. I look forward to flying with Dick once again when my hawking time here is over. "Till then, your loving hawking buddy —Ed Fitch.



Dick Glasow and Ed Fitch. "In all the years I hung with Dick, I never heard him say a bad thing about anyone, he always found something good in everyone, he was truly a great friend and hawking buddy for many years." (Ed Fitch)

