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## Stanley Thomas Palmer

31 May 1943 - 13 October 2015

Stanley was a painter by trade, and he attacked that profession as he did the many other passions it enabled him to pursue. He loved fast cars and motorcycles, pretty ladies, his dogs, the martial arts, skiing, fishing, hunting with gun and bow and falcon, and just about any pursuit that would put him in his natural element...the outdoors. Foremost among these was falconry. In 1967 at a gas station in Sparks, Nevada, Stanley chanced upon a vehicle with a hooded goshawk in the back. Thus began a lifelong friendship with Bob Pelton and the fulfillment of a rewarding obsession he'd been unknowingly born to. His birds were always utterly tame, and many occupied the house with him. Junior, a beloved gyr/peregrine partner of 15+ years who predeceased Stanley by a few days, often slept on an adjacent pillow in his bedroom. He trained a female gyr/barbary to follow his hand signals to find tidbits he'd hidden around the house, even successfully directing her to descend into the basement on those missions. His birds were not only cherished companions but accomplished game hawks that caught sage-grouse, pheasant, duck, hun, quail and rabbit.

Stanley had a great sense of humor and an appreciation of the absurd. His hawks and falcons were creatively named, beginning with the first red-tail "Big Al." Stanley hawked quail through a car window all around Sparks with a Cooper's Hawk called "Weinie Madea." A north African peregrine tiercel was "Toto Jo." He dubbed Steve Baptiste's German gos "Thunderchicken." Dave Jamieson recalls a group of Reno falconers getting together for exercise flights, and Stanley's bird landing on the front of a car when cast off. Undeterred, he turned the moment into comedy gold by exclaiming: "Who said he was hood-shy?" Stanley knew how to be a friend, which was one of the reasons he had so many. He never spoke ill of others, and we never heard unkind words spoken of him. His was a rich life, but he also enriched beyond measure the lives of those fortunate enough to know him.



**Remembering Stanley by Cliff Ponssock**



**I have many fond memories of days spent with Stan Palmer.** He was there helping me rappel down a cliff face when I took an eyas prairie out of the nest. He had a good laugh at my fear of heights and generously came down on the cliff next to me to give me confidence. He enjoyed my look of happiness when I tucked that little fluff ball in my creel and let myself down to the bottom of the cliff. We happily chased pheasants and ducks in central Nevada, him with his falcon and I with my goshawk. The gos did better than the falcon on pheasants, and the falcon better on ducks. We pursued sage-grouse in the high desert. His new gyr/barbary falcon took the first grouse at which she was flown. We had many happy hawking days together. One would be hard-pressed to find a nicer guy than Stan. He was gentle and kind to his birds, his dogs and his friends. He had a wonderful smile and a hearty laugh that are missed by all who knew him.



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