

HUNTING WILD PHEASANTS

He knelt next to his grandson, a shotgun across his lap,
and watched the boy slowly turn the pheasant in his hands.
It was his first bird, taken cleanly with a single shot.

The low sun turned the bird to burnished copper
and warmed his face.

The prairie wind spoke. ~ Bob White



with CRANEY HILL KENNEL

Thursday Light wind, 48°, Clear Sky
Jill hurt Flushed 8 wild pheasants, Dale shot 2
Good and prairie grasses
Several bobwhite and a coyote.



Dear Todd & Christina,
It was truly wonderful hunting
wild birds again after so many
years of game preserve hunting.
Your expertise with the dogs and
cover provided us with plenty of
shooting opportunities. Even for a
couple of deaf and blind old guys!
Fabio Poli, Illinois



There comes a time in life when you want more from a
pheasant hunt than just a limit of birds. It should take you back
in time, to the start of it all, with open spaces, a slower pace,
time to bond with friends and family, and the creation of
memories for the next generation.

We hunt wild birds like you did with your grandfather, a small
group of friends following the dogs across a prairie landscape.

Taste the wind.
Smell the earth.

Feel the sun on your face,
and listen to the ancient song.
Hunt with all of your senses.
Hunt with your soul.



Join us.



Todd & Christina 815.358.2006 www.craneyhill.com

