

LENAPE TRACKING CLUB

of

CENTRAL NEW JERSEY



COMMON SCENTS

MAY--JUNE 1990

VOL. 15 NO. 3

DATES TO REMEMBER

TED FOLLOW-UPS

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1990

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1990

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1990

CERTIFICATION MATCH

SATURDAY & SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 22 & 23, 1990

ANNUAL MEETING AND PICNIC

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1990

TRACKING TEST (Pending AKC Approval)

SATURDAY & SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3 & 4, 1990

WHO'S WHO

OFFICERS;

President: Fran Wilmeth 215-862-2453

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COMMITTEES:

MEMBERSHIP: Fran Wilmeth

INTERCLUB COMMUNICATIONS: Fran Wilmeth

FLYBALL/SCENT HURDLE: Janet Quodomine 201-852-7127

TRACKING EXPERIENCE DAY: Fran Wilmeth

FALL CERTIFICATION MATCH: Janet Quodomine

NEWSLETTER: Marion Rapp

TID BITS

Fran Wilmeth's Schipperke, Della, earned her second UD leg at the Mt. Pocono Kennel Club show on May 11th with a score of 188 1/2 and third place in Utility A.

Jane Henderson's Miniature Poodle, Dobald's Genet finished her UD at Huntingdon Valley Kennel Club on June 2nd and took first place in Utility A!!!

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK:

I had several interesting discussions with Mr. Robert Squires who was the AKC "Rep" at the Allentown Dog Training Club Trial. I took the opportunity to ask him about the new Rules and Regulations for Tracking since I had been sent a copy of the Obedience Regulations when I wrote for the tracking book that was to be available in April. It seems the new regs are still at the printer's but anyone who writes for them is being put on a wait list and will receive them as soon as they become available.

In the course of our conversation, Mr. Squires commented on the relative scarcity of tracking events here in the East as compared to the Mid-west. He noted that the rapid disappearance of open land in this part of the county could mean drastic changes in tracking tests within the next ten years. One idea being talked about is to hold tracking tests in industrial areas on the blacktop parking lots of large industrial parks. That would certainly change our training procedures! I then mentioned the scarcity of tracking judges in this area and asked if it were true that AKC is going to require a person to have earned a TDX before applying to become a tracking judge and he said it was true. We'd better all hurry up and get our dogs trained while there are still some judges near by and some open land still available. Mr. Squires also said they were strongly considering giving a TDX track to an alternate dog if the assigned dog was unable to get away from the starting flag. He had just been to several TDX tests where three or four dogs failed to find the track at the starting flag and the entire tracks were wasted. Mr. Squires was pleased to hear that a tracking club (Lenape) exists in New Jersey and may soon be putting on tracking tests.

Lenape will hold at least three follow-up days for the TED participants. Come help the newcomers and track your own dog as well. We are planning a certification match in September, our picnic in September and hopefully, our first test in November. This will require much work and many volunteers but I'm sure I can count on you. Keep on tracking.

Fran Wilmeth

TRACKING EXPERIENCE DAY 1990

All went well at TED in spite of it being the hottest April 28th on record. We only had three "no-shows." Joanne MacKinnon had extra water and lots of ice in her station wagon near the fields but the dogs seemed to handle the heat without difficulty. Some people did not do the Day One tracks three times but we left that decision up to the participants. Most dogs I saw seemed to have the idea of what tracking is all about by the end of the afternoon. The human members of the teams expressed pleasure and satisfaction with the results.

We had forty-nine participants, thirty-nine with dogs. Forty people signed up for information on the follow-ups. The variety of dogs included an Akbash, Basset, Great Pyrenees, Bull Terrier, Scottish Terrier, Westie, Boston Terrier, Portuguese Water Dog, Pulik, Chesapeake Bay Retrievers, Rhodesian Ridgeback, and several each of Dobies, German Shepherds, Labradors, Shelties, Newfoundlands, Rottweilers and only one Golden.

TED couldn't be done without the help of many people including those on the panel of "experts" and the group instructors. We thank you all. Brock Brown did his usual demonstration track, finding the glove at the end in front of a cheering audience. The fields were in beautiful condition and we owe Jane a vote of thanks for the use of her ranch house and grounds. Not many dog clubs have the use of such wonderful facilities. I thank all of you for being so careful and showing such respect for the property. It's that great cooperative effort that makes it all work.

Fran Wilmeth

The following person has applied for membership and will become a member 30 days from the date of mailing of this newsletter unless the secretary, Dorothea Vail, 329 Crescent Avenue, Leonia, NJ 07605; receives any letters of objection.

Mrs. Lynne Hollingsworth
18 Lynne Drive
Middletown, NJ 07748

'201' 530-2184

Mid Rothrock presented a tracking seminar where she discussed several theories of how and why a dog tracks. The following is one theory.

All theories about HOW a dog tracks are just that--theories! However, one theory holds up to scrutiny better than any of the others and is difficult to dispute. That is the "Screaming Bug Theory."

We know that no matter where we step, we are going to step on some bugs. Some of these will be killed outright, but others will be mildly or severely injured and will begin to moan or scream in pain. The sound of these suffering bugs is what the dog hears and follows as he goes along the track, and this readily explains why those breeds with long, pendulous ears (Bloodhounds, Beagles, Coonhounds) or large, soft ears (Goldens, Labs, Rottweilers) easily pick up the sounds as their heads bend toward the ground. Likewise, it is difficult for those breeds with very small ears, or prick ears, to track--Schipperkes, Pugs, Poms, etc.

Tracking for all dogs is difficult across pavements, because when you step on a bug on cement--POW!--he's dead and there is no sound. However, dogs are often able to track across small ponds or deep puddles, because the micro-organisms at the bottom of the water are injured, and immediately force their way to the surface where they splash and kick as they try to make their way to the shore.

The long (3-5 hour) track of the T.D.X. is always more difficult. By the time the track is ready to run, most of the injured and dying have been removed to aid stations and we frequently see the dogs working well off the actual path of the track as they hear the moans and screams off to one side or the other. It is rare, on the other hand, to see a dog miss an article because the rescue teams mistakenly regard these as a place of refuge and place the victims underneath where the sound becomes quite concentrated. This seems particularly true of the final article, which is usually a large glove, and explains why dogs invariably speed up and rush to the end of the track.

The final word on the validity of this theory, however, comes from the American Kennel Club itself, for while they do not bar from competition a dog with no olfactory sense, dogs which are deaf may not enter or compete!

Credit for above goes to Judy Asher, former member of Sacramento DTC. Lenape thanks Betty Fletcher for sharing. She received this from Mid Rothrock.

BETTY FLETCHER AND COLONEL, TD !!

Well we did it! No, I mean my little short legged, tailless, long-bodied Pembroke Welsh Corgi, "Colonel" did it. The place, Southern Maryland Dog Training Club of Forestville, Cheltenham, Maryland. The day, March 25, 1990. The time 11:10 a.m. The weather COLD and SNOWING, the snow melting as it fell on the ground. Nine entries showed up, seven English Springer Spaniels, one Bloodhound and one Corgi.

I drew the 8th track, so had plenty of time to wait. The site is a Boy's Correctional Facility and is very large, many buildings and miles of fields. You had to drive from one track area to another. When my time was near they told me where to drive and park and we prepared ourselves by walking around, mainly to keep warm.

As the dog before me finished I was told to go out onto the field to meet the Judges. When I started to walk in that field I found out not only that they grow giant tufts of grass in Maryland, but tall grass. This was not a field for a short-legged Corgi.

I walked and the Colonel jumped, trying to get over the tufts of grass he could not walk thru. He would try to go around them, but mainly he had to jump over them. We walked quite a distance to meet the Judges and that was just the beginning; the starting flag was not visible, because it was so far away. So again I walked and the Colonel jumped until we reached the flag.

By now we felt as if we had done a Marathon. I was warm and the Colonel was panting heavily. He seemed quiet and I was thankful it was not a warm humid day or it may have ended right there. I put the harness on very slowly to give him some rest, and when we got ready, walked to the flag.

I said FIND and off he went nose to track as best he could between jumping, skipping, and hopping. He never stopped working and never went off the track, but because of the high grass it took over 12 minutes to complete it. I really felt that he was on the track, he was working so well, but still I braced myself for a whistle blow at every turn. It is such a lonely, empty feeling out there, so quiet, you feel as if you are on a planet all by yourself, and I could sense the Judges were far behind me.

It seemed I had 14 turns and 2 miles of track before the magic glove appeared in front of the Colonel. He grabbed it and brought it to me and fell on his back waving all four paws in the air and said "I DID IT."

The track ended in a deep gully and as I looked up the "mountain" the Judges and tracklayer were all waving and cheering. What a wonderful feeling. Both the Colonel and I rode out of that field on a wonderful high cloud, wet, cold tired and happy. Would we do it again? You bet, TDX here we come!

I would like to thank Joe Dainty for steering me to Lenape, one year ago. Special thanks to Millie Hefner who kept me on the "track", Fran Wilmeth for her quiet encouragement and Marion Rapp who believes that Corgis can do Anything.

Respectfully submitted

by

Elizabeth Fletcher

&

Ariel's E. Bright Pocket UDT



"What do you mean you can't find the car? You've got to find the car!"

THE NOSE KNOWS

by

Fran Wilmeth

For years it has been my custom to keep a small plastic baggie filled with kibble-sized dog treats next to the back door. The offer of a cookie will often speed up a squirrel-watching terrier or an acorn-eating Doberman who are slow to come in when called. The cookies also increase cooperation during the daily grooming session. One evening not long ago I had replenished the supply of cookies in the baggie and was surprised to find an empty baggie the following morning. I figured I had a hungry field mouse who had come in out of the cold. I was pleased that it was a neat mouse who left no crumbs or other signs of its presence. I did wonder that a mouse could eat a generous fist full of "cookies" but didn't think it could be a rat. I set a mouse trap and soon had the first of some six victims.

Meanwhile, Della, the elder Schipperkie, started pawing at a bookcase in the living room. I tried to convince her that no mouse would hide there but she persisted. The other little dogs, A Schip and three Norwich, expressed brief interest but departed the scene when Della told them to "take off." Della continued her pawing and scratching until she tore the paper cover off one of the books. At that point I decided to show her no mouse was there and pulled out the books in that section of the bookcase only to find a cache of dog treats piled behind the books!

I apologized profusely to Della as I removed the cookies. Then I began to picture a very busy little mouse who spent the night climbing up to the top of a two drawer file cabinet, taking a cookie, climbing down and traveling down the hallway past an open bedroom door to the living room where he hid his treasures for future use. He must have made fifty or more trips as I doubt he could have carried more than one or two kibbles at a time. Sleeping on my bed during all this activity were two Schipperkes and three Norwich Terriers, all reputed vermin dogs! Maybe I should get a cat!

THANK YOU FOR USING THE POSTAL SERVICE



PEOPLE TRACKS

featuring Joe Dainty

Joe got started in dog activities with his Golden Retriever Storm (which he acquired on Washington's Birthday, 1956). They saw an advertisement in the paper for a match show, and Millie, Stormy and Joe attended - and found how little they knew, but did learn about show handling classes, and later enrolled in one and were "hooked" on conformation shows.

Besides Golden Retrievers, Joe has had German Shepherds. He likes German Shepherds because of their reputed loyalty, protectiveness, and their handsome appearance. Golden Retrievers have fantastic temperaments, love of life and everyone involved in life, and are loyal, intelligent and beautiful.

Titles earned by his dogs are:

Ch Jo-Dee's Golden Storm, CD
Ch Jo-Dee's Misty Day of High Farms O.D. (Outstanding Dam)
Ch Jo-Dee's Golden Sun Spray, CD
Ch Jo-Dee's Tawny Twister
Ch Jo-Dee's Golden Halcyon, CD
Jo Dee's Sun Kist Candice, CD
Jo-Dee's October Twister, CD
Jo-Dee's Storm Cloud, CD, TD

Joe got interested in tracking when he read that Lenape was to conduct an Experience Day. He subsequently participated in this and in the follow-up sessions. With the help of Dottie Vail, Millie Hefner and Gerry Sullivan, he reached the point where he felt that his Golden "Chipper" was ready for Lenape's certification match, which he entered. Chipper was successful and was certified. In his first attempt to earn the "T", he was again successful. "TDX - My God, What Have I Got Us Into?"

Joe currently has just one Golden and he is working him toward his CDX. A certified "Pet Therapy" Dog, once a week Chipper visits the King James Nursing Home. This atmosphere brings out the "ham" in Chipper, and he eats up the attention (plus the "goodies") that his admirers pass out. Joe is also an AKC judge, approved to judge the 24 sporting breeds and the group, the miscellaneous breeds, Best in Show and 15 hound breeds. He is currently engaged in the preparatory requirements to gain approval to judge the remaining 6 hound breeds.

Joe is a widower. His wife, who loved dogs and who was extremely active in the dog world, passed away in October. They were not blessed with children, so their Golden became their family. Joe is retired and all other hobbies have for the most part been superseded by dog activities.

Joe's most amusing dog story:

Millie and I, together with our first Golden "Stormy" drove to Harrisburg, PA, to attend the Harrisburg KC show the following day. About 11 p.m., we were settled in for the night, cozy and warm. It was snowing, and the wind was howling when I sat bolt upright in bed and said, "I forgot to bathe Storm before we left home." Several minutes later Storm and I were in the shower. When we exited the shower, Millie said, "You can't go back to bed until that dog is dry. Also it is too cold for him to sleep on that tile floor." I spent what seemed like half the night drying Storm and "Yeah", you guessed it - Stormy slept on the bed with us. The punch line? The next day in a class of five (which, incidentally, in 1958 was a large class for Golden Retrievers), Storm placed fifth out of five.

