



# LENAPE TRACKING CLUB OF CENTRAL NEW JERSEY

## COMMON SCENTS

NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1995  
Vol. 19., No. 6

### FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK



Well, our fall events are behind us and everything went well. Thanks so much to all who helped with the certification match and test this fall! I can hardly remember my own name, so I won't list names and risk missing

someone. It's been a great year in general. The club made colorful new flags, and we gained many new members from TED.

Congratulations to Priscilla White and her Basset, Muffy, and to Joanne MacKinnon and her Golden, Chipper, who earned TDs at Burlington. Priscilla was a participant in TED this year and I believe this was the first test she entered. (It can be done!) Muffy even entertained everyone at the starting flag by rolling in good-smelling stuff for about five excruciating minutes before deciding to track. Joanne and Chipper just breezed through certification at our test in November and got their T the first time out. (How does she do this??!!) Both teams did a marvelous job, especially considering that the fields were not as lush as ours. We are very fortunate to have such nice fields. (Thank you, Peg Fortel) Raven and I were also entered at Burlington. I am thinking of setting up a support group for those who fail to earn a TD after more tries than they care to remember!

Coming up...

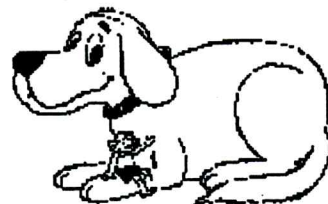
The Nominations Meeting will be held on Saturday, February 17. The program will be announced later, but please keep the date open and plan to attend. Also plan to attend the Awards Dinner in March.

Finally, as always, we will be needing lots of able bodies for Tracking Experience Day in April.

Thanks again to all for helping to make this a fun and successful year!

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

Anna Burbank



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### DATES TO REMEMBER

#### Nominations Meeting/Program

.....Saturday, February 17, 1996

#### TED '96

.....Sunday, April 21, 1996

#### Tracking Test

.....Sunday, November 3, 1996

**President** - Anna Burbank \* **Vice President** - Peg Forte \* **Secretary** - Pat Etchells  
**Treasurer** - Linda Riley \* **Board Members** - Pat Blake, John Etchells, Hope Meaker,  
Pat Paulding, Dot Vail \* **Editor** - Pat Etchells, PO Box 326, Lebanon, NJ 08833. deerhill@aol.com

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## 1995 TD TEST

Cocker **Robin** ETCHELLS got her first CDX leg at Cape May County.

JOANNE MACKINNON's Golden Retriever **Chipper** earned his TD at Burlington (see pg. 3)

DOT VAIL's Kerry Blue **Bonnie** got her 3rd UD leg at 12 1/2 years of age

Basset **Muffy** WHITE also got her TD at Burlington (see page 4)

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### TOP TEN WAYS THE WORLD WOULD BE DIFFERENT IF DOGS RAN THINGS

from *Waggin' Tales*, 7/94, via *The Flatirons Press* via *Sheltie Soundoff* via Richmond Dog Obedience Club's *The Pawprint*

- 10 More Donahue shows about shedding
9. Presidential candidates will stop in midspeech and sniff base of podium.
8. Cats must report address to Post Office every year.
7. Procter and Gamble introduces new liver-flavored Crest.
6. Drinking from toilet no longer a faux pas.
5. Museums filled with still lifes of table scraps.
4. Constitutional amendment extends vote to wolves.
3. TV commercial altered so dog catches and devours little chuck wagon.
2. Monument in Washington to commemorate "Our Neutered Brothers".
1. All motorists must drive with head out of car window.

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### ELECTRONIC FENCE WARNING

Talk about a false sense of security. A friend was told by the fence company representative - after her dog's death - that if there had been some deterioration in the perimeter wiring, the collar could have tested as being fully charged and operational, but it is possible that there might actually not have been enough power to give the necessary correction.

PE

Another year, another 3 new TD titles.

Westie - Kent's Little Sass N Back - owned by Rita M. Kline

Flattie - Ch Wingmasters Daystar Alfiecus CDX JH - owned by Linda Arble

Golden - Oakshadows Country Cottontail - owned by Romaine E. Halupa

The weather was in the 40s (down from the rainy 70s a few days ago), partly cloudy, and WINDY! Overnight we had experienced our first scattered light frost. Much of the cover was ankle high grass which had recovered well from this summer's drought. Two of the failing dogs had trouble at the first turn, but then remembered reasonably well how to track when they were helped. (Unfortunately, one of these two was Anna Burbank's Raven). Another dog did a fantastic track - but went off at the last leg, and it just wasn't the remaining dog's day.

Tracklayers with stinky feet were Barbara Greenfield, Peg Forte and this author. Those who got to cash in on their map making skills were Joanne MacKinnon, John Etchells, Hope Meaker and Dot Vail.



This year we tried something new - starting out at the Town Hall and then having the last tracks and the after-test festivities at the MacKinnon's farm. This worked out GREAT! By the time we got there, Priscilla Gabosch with help by Pat Blake, Kathy Gaynor, Priscilla White and Linda Riley, had pots of hot soup warming in the outbuilding and Ralph MacKinnon had a fire going in the stove.

As usual, hospitality was fantastic. Mollie Heide housed the two judges (Salle Richards and Sandy Roth) overnight and Joanne prepared an after-plotting buffet.

Oh yes. More good member news. After the test ended, Basset Muffy White and Chipper MacKinnon both proved their noses worked and were certified.

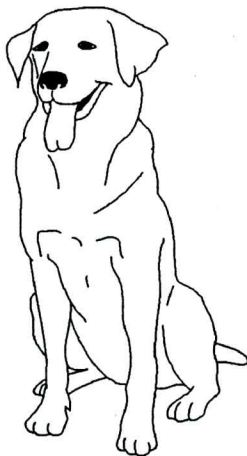
Pat Etchells



## MR. BLACK NOSE EARNS A "T"

by Joanne MacKinnon

BIT O' SKYE'S  
DIAMOND CHIP, a  
Golden Retriever owned  
and bred by Joanne  
MacKinnon, earned his  
Tracking Title at the  
Burlington County  
Kennel Club test held on  
Sunday, November 26,  
1995.



Chipper ran a near perfect track in a chickweed-covered field next to a busy highway while small airplanes were flying low over his head. His start was a little slower and more hesitant than usual (this gave me heart failure right off the start). He finally sorted through the scents to identify the one to follow. Once he made his decision he never doubted himself and I never doubted him. Our only slight confusion came when he overran a turn by a few feet and had to work himself back to find the next leg (in the course of it all he got the tracking line caught under one leg and I had to untangle it - will I ever learn good lead handling?). One more turn and we were on our way to the glove. The thrill of seeing THE GLOVE "smack dab" in front of us was wonderful. Chip picked it up and I jumped up and down making a noise somewhat like an Indian war whoop! Even though this is my third dog to earn a Tracking Title, the thrill gets better each time. The very best part of the whole tracking experience is the partnership you form with your dog, putting your trust in him, having him succeed and celebrating together! I WAS SO PROUD OF MY CHIPPER!

My partnership with Chip began the moment he was born. Pat Etchells, who was lending a much-needed hand during the whelping, named him Mr. Black Nose because his nose was black when he was born, not pink like his litter mates. During the wait at the Vet's office while mom Ruby was being checked out for a possible problem, Mr. Black Nose proceeded to nuzzle Pat and managed to find the warmth under her sweatshirt. Little did we realize what a wonderful nose he had! Once home again as mom and puppies settled in, I soon realized that Mr. Black Nose was having a problem suckling. He would have nothing to do with bottle feeding, so several times a day I would hold him in place so he

could get nourishment from Ruby. Once he was strong enough, he would push the big guys out of the way to get to the best spigots. He had to do it HIS WAY!

I was so pleased that Pat was able to be on hand to see Chipper earn his "T" since she is his chief tracklayer and certainly deserves to share in his success. You certainly appreciate a friend like Pat who is always there to lend support, whether helping to whelp a litter, laying track or just listening as you gripe about this or that. Thanks Pat!!

I also want to thanks Lenape Tracking Club for its support through the years. It is great to be part of a group of "fellow trackers." Whether getting together to share ideas, trade tracking tales or helping newcomers get the right start, Lenape members are great.

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### WHAT IS A JUDGE

reprinted from Palo Alto Foothills Tracking Association's *Gone Trackin'*, October, 1987

A judge is ... an odd person, who gives up weekends to travel on planes, that are always late, to strange places for the purpose of acquiring sore feet, indigestion, and often, a hangover. A mathematical genius with a computerized brain, a soft heart, and a gift for diplomacy, who can exist for long periods of time without going to the bathroom.

A judge is: supposed to remember that the rules are flexible and ought to be bent a little when you are in the ring - but you'll report him if he does it for the other guy; is a creature with ESP, six eyes and four ears, who can arrange a ring under the wildest circumstances so that it presents ideal working conditions for any dog; is the only one in the ring who is not permitted to make a mistake; is stupid and heartless if you don't place in the ribbons, fair and understanding if you took a first, and the greatest judge you ever showed under if you come out BOB; is given the red carpet VIP treatment before and during the show, but becomes instantly invisible as soon as the last class is finished and he's handed his expense check; is a dedicated character who loves what he's doing in spite of everything and tries to do it as well as he can, in hopes of keeping the sport something everyone can enjoy.



## THIS BASSET SMELLS

by Priscilla White

I am sure that I am probably the only person in tracking history that was late for my first tracking test. I had debated even entering a test on Thanksgiving weekend, as we would be away from home visiting in New England. I couldn't even talk anyone into getting up at 4 a.m. to make the trip to southern New Jersey with me. I even had to drag my Little Miss Muffet out of bed, and got within ten miles from the test site in plenty of time, but the local directions had me baffled. They made even less sense to the foreign speaking gas station attendants that I queried. I didn't know whether to pull over and cry or turn around and go home.

When I got to the general area of the test, the site was not marked and the tracking fields were spread over Mr. Jones' 2,000 acre farm. Everyone except one kennel club representative had gone to the tracking fields, so I was glad to spot a mini-van with a license plate "Find It" parked in a driveway along the road. By now, I was sure I should be awarded a VST for finding the place.

I was not upset that I drew the last track by "default." (Of course I had missed the drawing for tracks.) I find that my dog gets "keyed up" (as much as a Basset gets "keyed up") and probably very hungry waiting to track. Anyway, by this time I was sure this was not our day. The only thing that had gone "right" was the weather. It was a lovely fall day.

Before I knew it, it was time for our track. As we approached the track, both judges remarked that it was a "fun" track, wished us luck, and repeated, "have fun." I looked over the field ... didn't see any gift shops or snack bars and realized that the "have fun" was probably not meant for me. When I saw the starting "flags" (a stake with a yellow ribbon), I wondered if my Muffy would recognize it as a "flag." When I said "track and treat", however, she lunged forward past the first flag, where there was a collection of broken, dried up corn stalks - sticks to Muffy.

She chewed them, and brought a couple to me. Then her keen tracking nose picked up a spread of manure. Little Miss Muffet sat on her tuffit, eating her turds

away. She then rolled and rolled and rolled in it. Nothing I said brought her to her senses. It was probably only a few minutes, but it seemed like a half hour. I realized that is what the judges meant when they said "have fun." Muffy was definitely having fun. I had plenty of time, while she was rolling, to thumb through the rule book in my mind, but unfortunately I hadn't looked at it since TED. I was pretty sure that a good kick in the butt would probably be considered "guidance." I remembered reading something about a "restart" and wondered who would ever need that! I asked the judges for permission to start again. (I don't think I even needed to because I hadn't passed the first flag.) I just wanted to get Muffy back to me so that I could whisper "sweet nothings" in her ear. The only part that can be repeated here is that if she was going to smell as bad as she did now on the trip home, she'd better get a "T". Again, I wasn't sure if I should pull over and cry or turn around and go home.

The second start was only a little better, but after she passed the second "flag," she actually seemed to be tracking. I knew I would probably find out at the first turn, as the first leg was parallel to a busy main road, and a left turn would only lead to Mr. Jones' "Registered Holsteins" and I am sure, more manure.

I was relieved when she made a right turn and picked up speed. By the end of the second leg, I was holding on to the knot at the end of the line. I'm not sure if she was working fast or I was just slow. It seem to be going fine. 100 yds, right turn, 100 yds, left turn and no whistle. I realized that even I was having fun. About halfway down the final leg, she put her nose down, started to pull, and started flagging her tail. I knew she had the article scent. It came up about 30 yards ahead. What a thrill. I expected to find a big stinky man's glove, but it was a small black lady's dress glove. It was in such good condition, I returned it to the tracklayer.

All the way home, despite the smell, all I could think was "this Basset smells ... good"

Thanks so much to all the Lenape trackers who helped us this year, especially Anna and John and Pat who talked me into this test, and Mollie and Joanne for letting me track in their front yards.

