



Common Scents

Lenape Tracking Club of Central New Jersey
September / October 2005 Volume 30 Issue 5

President's Message

Let's see. I asked for a little cooler weather in the last message – and we have it! Of course, it took a little rain to drown the earth first, but better later than never. I don't know about your trackers, but mine is so excited to see the leaves fall – she chases them with unbridled joy as only a puppy can. She also is running about 150 yards with her nose down all the way – until she over runs a turn, then snaps up her head, says whoops – and angles off to find her quarry. At only 4 months, yet!

I understand we do have fields available for our TD and TDX tests in November – they are not *all* under water. Hopefully you have all found suitable land to practice. On the plus side, we should have clear weather for November 6 and the 13th – can't be that much more moisture in the heavens for us, can there?

Now that I've jinxed the events, let me wish all participants much luck, thank **Molly and Peter Heide** for all their work in Chairing the TD test and hosting the event, **Mimi Ruch** for finding our judges, (actually Molly and Peter's hospitality has several clamoring to judge for us) and **John Etchells** for his track laying organization, and all track layers for their skills.

Let the old year leave us with our memories of a hot and sodden summer, and may the New Year greet us with a few new TD and TDX qualifiers.

Hope to see you all in 2006!

Alice Crans



Tracking Dog Test
November 6, 2005

Tracking Dog Excellent Test
November 13, 2005



Brags and Tidbits

Kathy Gaynor...on September 17 ASCA CDX- U-CD Vandy's K Out of the Blue CDX RAE CGC TDI was Highest Scoring Keeshound at the Keeshound Club of Delaware Valley Specialty Show. On October 9, Blue earned her Australian Shepherd Club of America Open Title.



Lenape's Tracking Class Comes to a Close

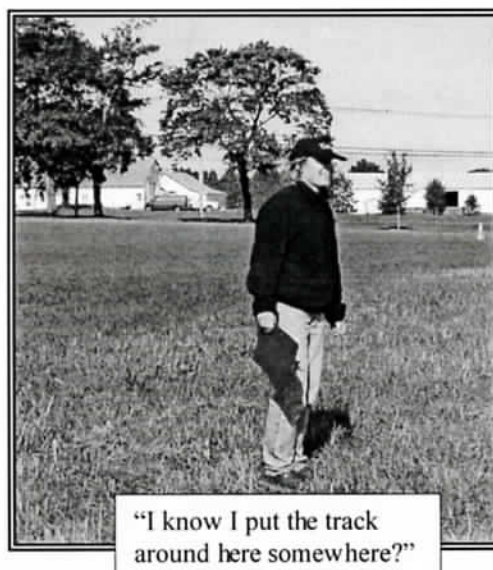
By Teryl Lebkuecher

Lenape's Beginning Tracking Class held their last class on a sunny, windy day. All of the participants had a very successful six weeks of tracking. The enrollment included a variety of dogs: Doberman Pinscher, Lab, Rhodesian Ridgeback, Pomeranian, Mastif and a Golden Retriever. We were very lucky, canceling only one class due to rain.

The class participants were a very experienced group of dog owners who were very eager to introduce their dogs to the sport of tracking. Agility, confirmation, rally, obedience and lure coursing were some of the previous activities for the dogs. The ages of the dogs ranged from six months to 7 years. Each team brought with them enthusiasm and willingness to learn. With time, patience and work, I believe each of these dogs are capable of earning a Tracking Dog title.

Working with such a diverse group of people and dogs was a wonderful experience for me. I enjoyed each class and always looked forward to the next...especially since we had treats to eat at each class! I hope to see each team entered in Lenape's 2006 TD trial.

Above all, I would like to thank the Lenape members who helped me make this class a success. Marilyn Mueller, Diane Thompson and Bev Olsen were a great support. I appreciate all of their efforts and their willingness to share their expertise.



Certification Workshop 2005...

By Carol Shields

TD Certification was held on Sunday, September 25th. The entries consisted of a Rhodesian Ridgeback, a Cairn Terrier, a Doberman and a Chesapeake Bay Retriever. The draw for track took place at HiHill, the beautiful home of Mollie and Peter Heide, under the watchful eye of Tracking Judge, Sue Dolbin. Once completed our tracklayers left for the fields and the event was fully underway. The weather was dry, as it had been, and overcast. The fields were quite dry and brittle, but all dogs and handlers put forth valiant efforts.

We had one qualifying track. Susquidilla High Fiber, the Chessi, put her nose to the ground and never looked back. Owner, handler and Lenape member, Charlene Bridgwood made qualifying look so easy. Great job by this team!!!!

The Club would like to thank all those volunteers who came out to make Certification 2005 another successful event.

Chief Track Layer- John Etchells

Track Layers- Peter Heide

Alice Crans

Pat Etchells

Peg Forte

Hospitality & Judge's Accommodations - Mollie & Peter Heide

Certification Secretary - Carol Shields



Charlene and Beanie enjoying quiet time after finishing their certification track

Welcome

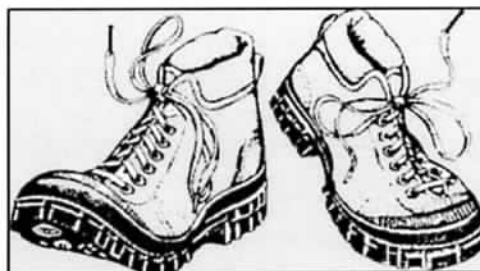
New Lenape Members

Penny Giovinco

Kathleen Edwards

Interested in Laying Track ?

Lenape is always looking for folks who would like to support the club by laying track at the upcoming events. If you are interested, please contact John Etchells at 908-236-2423.



Are you creative? Do you like to write and share with others? Then you might be interested in sharing the responsibility of the Lenape newsletter. I would very much like to give another member(s) the opportunity of putting together the newsletter.

It is not a difficult or time consuming job. After putting together the newsletter for several years, I think the members would benefit from a fresh outlook. If you are interested or have any questions, please contact Teryl at info@lenapetrackingclub.org or 732-493-4919.



Lenape Tracking Club of Central New Jersey

Officers:

President: Alice Crans 908-537-2574

Vice President: Carol Shields 732-264-9933

Secretary: Mimi Ruch 908-722-9723

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Past President: Bev Olsen 732-772-0886

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Peg Forte 908-832-7231

Peter Heide 609-466-4160

Teryl Lebkuecher 732-493-4919

Lisa Pattison 908-850-8879

Bark In The Park

By Alice Crans



Every fall, Tewksbury offers a day at Christie Hoffman Park for dog aficionados – demonstrations of agility, fly ball, obedience – plus there is an opportunity for vendors to display their wares. This year, Lenape was invited to participate, and we decided to take them up on their offer. Good thing, too. Because of all the rain in the preceding weeks making the grounds slippery, most of the organizations who normally demonstrate, didn't. Thus, the sole event was – Lenape's **Marilyn Traug** of West Orange with her Curly Coat, **Cookie**, who thankfully (and professionally) followed a short track laid by me. Not altogether an easy task.

We were able to start early to avoid major contamination, but in order for the gallery to see – without traipsing all over the soggy hillside – I had chosen to start in a glen and use the side of a hill for one turn. Not great, because of the area's potential to trap and distort scent. Wind conditions weren't great, either. It was gusting every which way periodically. Then there was the tracklayer. Now, I know Marilyn has been using treats on her tracks. And I know Cookie's not used to crowds. Nor is she used to following anybody other than Marilyn. So, I lay a track without one single refreshing treat – anywhere. I also know we are supposed to start a track with a scent article. I didn't. I forgot.

Nonetheless, after a bit of effort getting started – which allowed me to explain to the gallery what was going on, tell them why Marilyn was catching up the lead as Cookie came back for a sniff of her and started to meander – she followed thru, made a beautiful turn – and clearly demonstrated finding the article. Whew!

I expect next year we will be getting another offer to participate – it's really a good experience for a tracking team looking to get their dog in front of a gallery and otherwise experience test conditions – even if not a test length track. Thank you Marilyn and Cookie for making the event a success for us – we already have a few recruits for TED thanks to your efforts! (And next year, we may even have a capable tracklayer.....?)

We're Not in Kansas Anymore

By Alice Crans

To paraphrase Dickens, "It was the best of times, and the worst of times....."

Some of the more resilient, caring, resourceful and spirited people I have ever met were on both sides of the table in Laurel, Mississippi this month. The men and women in the Red Cross, and the men, women and children we were serving from Biloxi, New Orleans, Gulfport, and from all the affected parishes and counties in the South. Perhaps Coleridge said it better in his *Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner*, "Water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink...." *Katrina* not only soaked the coastal cities, but the forty or more tornadoes spawned by the storm spread major damage over an enormous expanse miles inland, uprooting ancient and immense live oaks, tearing through homes of the wealthy and poor alike. It was a real equal opportunity event.

The Central New Jersey Red Cross chapter, Princeton, sent me to the first staging area in Montgomery, Alabama. The American Red Cross (ARC) was using a defunct K Mart – at least I hope it was defunct before the Red Cross arrived. Client Services was located approximately where *Women's Wear* usually was in those stores, Mental Health near *Sporting Goods*, Mass Care along the back where linens were usually located, bulk distribution was over near the loading docks next to *layaway*, and so forth. It was only a few days after the hurricane when I arrived, and little was known of the areas we were to serve. At first, volunteers had been told to bring bedding and boots – then at the last minute an e-mail strongly suggested we bring our own food and water for a few days as well. I jettisoned my cosmetics in favor of tuna fish, and a "good" outfit to make room for more water and trail mix.

Eventually, five of us attached to Client Services were originally deployed from the staging area in Montgomery to Biloxi, MS. While there were people in shelters, and the HSUS had an animal shelter in the area, ARC decided not to open a service center; because of the primitive conditions (no electric, unreliable communications, poor sanitary conditions, possible hepatitis, etc.), I felt it was an inappropriate place to bring therapy teams – the goal being to move people away from the area. Most people who had already left honestly felt they would return in a day or so, thus there were dogs needing rescue – and I presume cats as well, although I saw none. No evidence of FEMA, either. Canine or "humine".

These towns along the Gulf coast were tough places to work. Red Cross did have about 10 ERVs (food trucks) serving the area – mostly with MREs, water and ice. A friend, a psychiatrist attached to Mental Health, was most affected during his tenure in Pascagoula (I can't spell it and he couldn't pronounce it). I happened to run into him later as we processed out and compared notes. Enormous mansions on the beach were either reduced to pick-up sticks, or were moved – in toto – and plopped in the middle of a highway miles inland. And the people in less substantial housing were left utterly bereft. With no insurance. The reality was so far from the norm, there was nothing to grasp, no straw of a sane existence to find.

We're Not in Kansas Anymore...continued

We then moved onward into Laurel, Mississippi where the five of us were to open a center in a shelter which housed about 1,000 people. The Red Cross chapter exec in Laurel, Peggy, knew her area, welcomed our assistance and was totally supportive. She had been working non-stop since the 28th, had a live oak through her house, and was, herself, sleeping in the chapter house. In anticipation of evacuees from New Orleans, Peggy had set up the enormous shelter in an indoor equestrian arena near the Fairgrounds. To give an idea of the scale, the kitchen at the Fairgrounds serving our area set a national (probably international) record the first week – 69,000 hot meals in one day! Our first clients were refugees (in the truest sense of the word – people seeking a safe haven) from New Orleans, Biloxi, Gulfport and other towns along the Gulf. Our job was to interview the clients, and award them a small emergency stipend they could use for gas, clothing and food. Many intended to visit homes of friends and relatives in less affected areas – they were already moving out to the Carolinas, Tennessee, Virginia, California, New Jersey and probably every state in the union by now. Our interviews were hardly necessary to determine need. All had a story to tell, and all had to tell their story, as a necessary step in their own recovery.

Meanwhile, we found lodging in the Ramada Inn, where we each carved out a niche in the Azalea room, already populated by assorted ERV drivers and bulk distribution folks. On the floor. This gave “rolling out of bed” in the morning a whole new dimension. And at night, I could have “conducted” the various snores (mine was apparently one of the most sonorous). In my real life, I would have looked at these arrangements with disdain. But, I really wasn’t in Kansas anymore. Or New Jersey, for that matter. Eventually we were joined by about fifty other case workers and mental health – all of us sharing one shower key. Can’t describe the room one had to go thru to use the shower. We all held our noses and were delighted to have it (for everybody else as well as ourselves; bear in mind, the days were mighty hot.) And, ours was arguably better than the hot and cold running hoses they had outside at the church shelter, or the horse wash-up area in use at the fairgrounds. Amazing how one can come to appreciate the small niceties of life. Just think “Survivor”.

After a week, we had a small army of Mental Health and Client Service volunteers with us (all of them untrained when they arrived, which, to look at the bright side, gave me the opportunity to train them...), and we expanded our operation into four counties. I was selected to supervise (got a field promotion) the largest in the train depot in Laurel (a marvelous brick building with stone tiled floors from the turn of the century). The National Guard had to let us in the station the first day we opened county wide service – seems a crowd of about 6,000 people had surrounded the station. Sort of milling about. Ready to greet our tiny group. Never have I seen a venue more appropriate for animal therapy teams. We sort of toasted three mental health workers between the sun, the heat, the crowds and the tensions.

We're Not in Kansas Anymore...continued

We also desperately needed one or two therapy animal teams out in the other counties (Wayne, Green and Jasper) to work with mental health in terms of crowd control. The resources these people had to draw on to calm and entertain folks while they waited in line for hours....one of our best mental health people could do a Bette Midler imitation, hands down! And the press created additional stress. Literally, I think. One of my floor mates, a Mental Health responder (a Director of her own clinic in Tennessee in real life), encountered what I believe was a situation entirely contrived by the press. Reports said there was a riot in her location, and the center had closed. Truth – there was one noisy woman a local TV station zeroed in on. There was no riot and nobody closed anything.

By the time I left, we were dealing with about 1,000 families a day, serving up 1 million in aid a day and we had about 30 caseworkers in the depot, alone. We had given out over 13,000 numbers, plus nearly as many in the outlying counties - so the center will remain viable for several weeks to come. And I was running from one end of the depot to the other checking data input and putting out fires – almost as though I was playing *The Flight of the Bumblebee* and the speed was getting out of control. (Imagine the political wheeling and dealing just to get some Porta Johns delivered for the crowds!)

The work was exhausting and immensely rewarding. We all watched out for each other, and our supervisor was a caring, intelligent and decisive man who truly cared about his team. (Mind you, enough people asked me, "Are you OK?" before I realized my pale face without lipstick was pretty scary – so I went to the local *Walgreens* and purchased some color. Next time, I'll think twice before leaving the make up behind! Or mouthwash.)

Through it all, a sense of humor is the only must-have item to bring on a venture like this. Otherwise, perspective is lost, and you can no longer function in a decisive, rational manner. Humor (and "Totos") are the only things that help you survive when you realize you are truly not "in Kansas" anymore. (In fact, there may truly be no "Kansas" ever again, for so many.)

