



Common Scents

November/December, 2011

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

We did it. With the help of many members, we held the certification, the TD and TDX tests. I will not try to name everyone who helped because I know I will forget someone. Elsewhere in this newsletter there is a list of those who got worker credits for these events.

But I will single out some who went above and beyond. George Laubach handled the Chief Tracklayer's job like a pro at the Certification Workshop; he had everyone organized. Janet Doerer, Chief Tracklayer for the TD, made the arrangements for the fields at the Solberg Airfield. This was her first time being Chief Tracklayer and the day went very smoothly and six dogs passed. Gina DeAlmeida took on the TDX test and proved her leadership skills and TDX knowledge.

DATES TO REMEMBER

TED 2012..Saturday, March 31
TED Follow-ups
..... Sunday, April 15
..... Saturday, April 28
..... Sunday, May 20

New member, Cindy Grodkiewicz, who came to TED 2011 and earned a TD with her Wirehaired Pointing Griffon Leala, offered to host the TDX judges. Then she worried whether the power would be restored in time (it was).

Janet Doerer picked up the TDX judges at Newark airport. Originally they were scheduled to arrive about 45 minutes apart. But Herb Morrison's flight was rerouted from Georgia through Ohio, and Janet returned to Newark to pick him up around 11 p.m.

All the tracklayers for the events, Anna Burbank who served as Secretary, the members who brought food and the gallery who supported each dog ... you are all the greatest.

Mark your calendars for March 31 – the date for the 2012 TED. We already have four entrants. We need many members to make TED a success. Whatever your level of experience, we will have a job for you to do that day.

We will be having our nominations meeting in



February and our annual awards dinner in March – dates will be announced soon. Rosemary Laubach is working on a speaker for one of those meetings. Hope to see each of you at these meetings and helping at an event or two in 2012.

Happy Holidays,

Peg

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President – Peg Forte * **Vice President** – Rose Laubach

Secretary – Janet Doerer * **Treasurer** – Anna Burbank

Board Members Jim Bunderla – Gina DeAlmeida – George Laubach – Joan Luckhardt – Judy Todd

Editor - Pat Etchells, deerhill.tracking@gmail.com

MEET THE BOARD

Judy Todd



I was born and raised in New England. I got my very first very own dog in 1963. Town Hill Solo was the daughter of the first Border Terrier that I had ever seen in the flesh. He was Eng. and Am. Ch. Falcliff Tantaliser, and I was hooked on the breed.

In 1996 with my third and fourth Borders (Rhys and his mother Rosie) I joined a club which was active in Earthdog events and in hunting. Rhys and Rosie also were longtime Therapy Dogs.

In 2002 with my fifth Border Terrier, Raisin, I started conformation showing. Raisin finished her Championship in 2004, almost completely owner handled. She had also worked as a therapy dog since she was a puppy. Later that same year she earned her first Working Certificate in a natural den to groundhog. In 2006 Raisin's nephew, Merlin, joined the family. Both of them have earned the Border Terrier Club of America Versatility

Excellent Award for titles in a variety of venues.

After a 30 year career as a Veterinary Technician, I have now recently retired and am now glad to have the time to expand my activities with my dogs into more performance sports. We are active in conformation, den trials, Earthdog tests, agility trials, rally obedience trials, therapy dog visits and hunting. I have been an AKC Earthdog judge since 1966 and an AWTa Go To Ground judge since 2006. I treasure my judging assignments as they let me watch dogs doing something very close to what they were bred to do.

I joined the Lenape Tracking Club a few years ago and I feel that the people I have met are some of the finest anywhere. I look forward to serving on the Board.

NOTE:

WORKER CREDITS

If you want to know who has received worker credit for any event, just check the newsletter article. Ever since Lenape started to record credits, the names of the workers have been printed in bold type in the article describing the event.

2010 and 2011 newsletters are all still in the Yahoo group files.

TDX TEST

NOVEMBER 13

It turned out to be a wonderful day for tracking, and we had one dog pass out of the six entries. A big "thank you" goes out to all who volunteered to help with the many tasks involved with a TDX test.

Gina DeAlmeida was chief tracklayer and there were many who helped her pull the test together to make it a success. Her tracklayers were **Jim Bunderla, Janet Doerer, Alyson Fuge, Gerry Harmer, Chuck Schultz** and **Martha Windisch**. The cross trackers were **Anna Burbank, Joe Doerer, Nancy Grove, Sandy Hambrecht** and **Ro Laubach**. Anna Burbank also took charge of the paperwork, **Cindy Grodkiewicz** graciously opened her home to both judges for the weekend and played chauffeur to the judges the day of the trial. **George Laubach** helped Jim Bunderla with the photography. The judges were Michele Gillette and Herb Morrison.



Bev Olsen and Tulgeywood's Man In Black, TDX

CERTIFICATION WORKSHOP OCTOBER 20

It was a perfect day for tracking at the Solberg Airport. The grass was ankle high and wet, the sun was warm, the air was cool and there were a couple of hot air balloon launches during breakfast. All the participants were eager to track, and the morning ended up ahead of schedule.



Chief tracklayer **George Laubach**, with assistance from **Anna Burbank**, **Janet Doerer**, **RoseMary Laubach**, and **Judy Todd** made sure that the six tracks plotted by judge Diana Reich had so much scent on them that five dogs earned certification slips. Meanwhile, **Jim Bunderla** and **Nancy Grove** made sure that all were well fed and that there were lots of pictures to memorialize the event.



Alyson & Jacqui



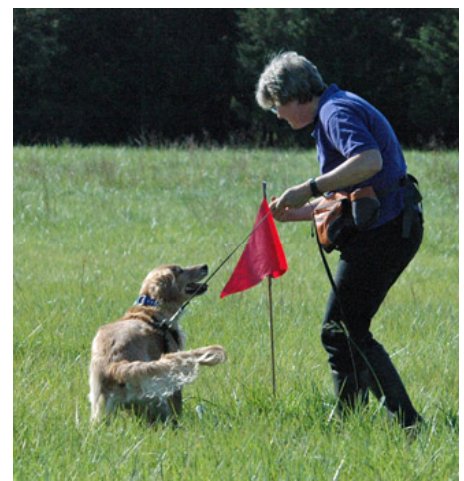
Martha & Ghetty



Sandy & Frankie



Cindy & Leala



Martha & Spring

TD TEST NOVEMBER 6

It was another good tracking day at Solberg Airport – a 60% pass rate – with three of those coveted gloves being found by members' dogs!

Janet Doerer was chief tracklayer and capably coordinated the efforts of her tracklayers: **Jim Bunderla**, **Nancy Grove**, **George Laubach**, **Joan Luckhardt** and **Joyce Miller**. **Anna Burbank** again handled the paperwork and **Ro Laubach** helped Jim Bunderla with the photography. Judges were Mike Clemens and Diana Reich.



Martha Windish's Ghetty TD loves his tracklayer Joan!



Leala, TD & Cindy Grodkiewicz show their glove to Janet.



Frankie, TD and his proud folks Sandy Hambrecht & Bill Kuntz



Six passes and six stinky feet!



A chilly start



Interesting scenery at the airport

GHETTY'S TD STORY

by Martha Windisch

My youngest Golden, Ghetty, earned his TD at Lenape's test on November 6. Because he is just over 1 year old and is sometimes a goofy male, I was not sure he would manage to pass.

I had both Ghetty and his Aunt Spring entered (she's really his Aunt, since Ghetty is her sister Lola's puppy). Spring is 7 years old and definitely knows how to track. However, she is very difficult to track – she thinks it's a timed event, her tracking and crittering body language look very similar, and she has the highest prey drive of any Golden I've owned. Because she tracks so fast with a minimal number of body parts touching the ground at any one time, I call her style, "Mr. Toad's Wild Ride"! She has flunked many certification tracks due to her terrible style. This year she finally passed certification in record time – she zoomed through the track lightning fast and lay down at the glove just as fast. I also lay down at the end to try to catch my breath.

Ghetty, even though he is closely related to Spring, does not have her crazy tracking style. His style is quite reasonable. He follows the track and will patiently work through scenting problems.

So for the draw on the morning of November 6th, I drew Track 3 for Spring. Then I prayed that I wouldn't draw Track 4 or 5 for Ghetty since I was pretty sure I would not be recovered from Spring's tracking yet. Luckily, Ghetty got Track 6.

That morning there was dew/frost covering the ground when I started Spring.

Unfortunately, the dogs on Tracks 1 and 2 did not pass, and at least one of those got involved in crittering. As soon as I started Spring, I knew that the frost was holding in too much critter scent and she was not going to pass. Her brain was chanting track-critter- track-critter- track-critter-critter-track-critter-critter-critter-critter-critter... and we got the whistle at the second turn.

After that the dog on Track 4 passed and the dog on Track 5 did not. I was a bit worried about young Ghetty's ability to handle the track since Spring did not have an easy time following it. Peg reminded me that Ghetty's tracking style is much more reasonable than Spring's. I realized that this was a good thing, but still was not sure. I was hoping for a change in conditions and got my wish when the wind picked up and dried out the grass. I normally would not be wishing for this, but I figured that since only one dog had passed thus far, that any change in scenting conditions might be good – or at least if I imagined it to be better, then it would help my confidence.



I took Ghetty to the start flag and told him to track and he did. He only stopped the forward progress at one turn (the ground dipped past it) and he searched in a concentrated manner for what seemed an eternity to me. I figured that the low area was holding the scent and had backed up a little, but was not sure how far I needed to back up. Usually Ghetty does not miss turns by much – so I figured backing up a little was adequate. And it was, and he started pulling to the left – I believe he took at least one more turn before he started running. At first as I about lost my footing, I thought, oh no, he's after a deer! But he had just scented, then spotted, the glove and made a dash for it. So, that ends Ghetty's TD story!

SUCCESS AT LAST!

By Sandy Hambrecht



It was our fifth attempt at earning a TD, and we were ready, Frankie and I. After four failures the previous year, we had refined our partnership and techniques through hours of diligent practice. Nevertheless, I was leaving nothing to chance. I had brought our “lucky cookie” No. 5 from Frankie’s smoothly-executed certification track a few weeks earlier; I also had a printout of tracking coach Teryl’s email, advising me to trust Frankie – he would lead me right to the glove. And we got up at 4 a.m. on Sunday, November 6th, to arrive at Solberg Airport with plenty of time for a brisk 20-minute warm-up walk and some casual “crittering” in the parking field. By the time of the draw, both of us were fairly relaxed and ready.

The conditions were perfect: sunny, cool, wet grass, a little wind, but not too much. We drew Track 9, also perfect: grass of moderate height which was ideal for a 12

pound smooth dachshund. In a bit of a daze, I fought to focus my mind as we walked to the start flag. Frankie gave the start article barely a passing sniff as he took off at a dachshund’s version of a canter, forcing me to quickly pocket the sock and let the line slip through to the 20-foot mark before lurching after him.

Much of the track was a blur for me. As Frankie porpoised confidently through the grass I concentrated on watching for the change in behavior that would indicate a turn, but he found each one and darted ahead so quickly on the straightaway that I was more than once caught flatfooted or off-balance. This was Frankie tracking at his best!

The final turn was an open one – my bugaboo! Had he caught the scent of something more interesting than the track? But he was pulling hard, and I made myself repeat Teryl’s words: trust Frankie, he’ll take you right to the glove. Half expecting to hear a whistle at any moment, I suddenly noticed something in the grass ahead. Could it really be ... ?! Frankie stopped and turned sideways to me, put his head down, and flipped something yellow with his nose. Relief washed over me as I hurried up to praise him, waving the glove at everyone BUT the judges and tracklayer, whom I’d totally forgotten were behind me.

As I picked up my wonderful little dachsie and began walking toward the group of cheering Lenape spectators, judge Michael Clemens

laughingly reminded me to “wait for the judges, please.” I turned back toward them and Frankie and I received hugs all around from Michael, judge Diana Reich, and tracklayer Nancy “Stinky Feet” Grove.

I’m still euphoric over our triumph, but I realize we could not have done it without the good training provided by Lenape Tracking Club’s TED and Joan Luckhardt’s summer sessions a couple years ago. Further coaching by Teryl Lebkuecher locally, and Mary Thompson and Doris Viguers at Camp Gone to the Dogs helped us refine our partnership.

But above all, we owe a huge debt of gratitude to our regular “tracking buddies,” Nancy Grove, Jim Bunderla and Judy Todd (joined on a number of occasions by John and Pat Etchells). They have watched, critiqued, given advice and moral support, and laid countless practice tracks for us. Our hard-earned TD is a tribute to them as well. Thank you, Buddies!



FIRESIDES LEALA'S ADVENTURE TO TED, CERTIFICATION AND TD TITLE

By Cindy Grodkiewicz

I have this great Griffon Pup who is my best friend, but we needed to do something together. The Lenape Tracking Club was having a TED in the Spring of 2011, and I decided that would be our "something" together to do. Boy did we get hooked. We had a wonderful time and the people were very informative, but I soon realized that we had a lot of training to do. We didn't even have the "come" command down among all the other things.

I signed up for certification in October. Leala was ready; I, on the other hand, was not. You have heard it before, the lead getting tangled around the handler's legs - that was me. Leala waited patiently while I, trying to hide the embarrassment on my face, untangled myself and on we went to be certified.

Now we really had to start practicing. My lead handling needed much to be improved upon, and Leala had to slow down. We went out in all sorts of weather: rain, wind, cold and the occasional sun, and I felt like I had perpetual wet feet, but Leala on the other hand couldn't get enough. When we were finished practicing she would give me that look, "can we do it again?" I, on the other hand, was ready for a hot shower and a warm tea!

We got into the November 6th TD, and of all mornings we woke up to a heavy frost at 5:30. Leala knew that something was going on because why else would her Mom get up that early if it didn't have something to do with her? I was the nervous

one and couldn't eat my breakfast. I was worried about all that frost on the ground. We only got to practice in the snow in October, you remember, trees down and power outages, so with nothing else to do so we went tracking.

On the drive there Leala was curled up in her usual spot in the back, very relaxed and taking a nap. I was up front trying to make sure I hadn't forgotten anything. I had the dog, lead, harness, water, dog food, coffee and tranquilizer – oh, that's what I forgot.

Upon our arrival the first four dogs had to drive over to where the tracks were laid, and we were one of the four.

While the other dogs were taking their turns I sat in the back of my SUV with Leala's head on my shoulder telling her what the other dogs were doing and trying to give her pointers. Yes, my Leala does understand English when she wants too. As I tried to keep myself calm, we watched the first three dogs do their best, but none of them could make it to the end. This was not looking good, and now it was our turn. By this time the sun had finally burned off all the frost and it was our turn, and I just knew we would not be joining the first three dogs at the next TD test. We were going to make it to the end!

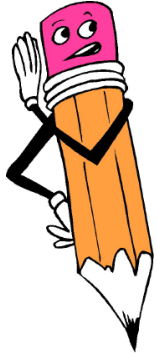
Leala picked up the scent before getting to the start flag with the article, and I took this as a good sign. She was ready to get the job done. We both took a deep breath and



were off. We went through some tall grass with wet swampy ground, and my waterproof boots sure paid off, as my feet stayed dry. After that, I was the dope at the end of the rope. All I kept thinking was, "I trust my dog." We still hadn't heard a whistle, so I knew we must be on the right path. Leala reached her first turn, she did her normal circle around me and off she went for a left turn and still no whistle. We then moved into some shorter grass that again became tall, and Leala lifted up her head and realized, "oh that airplane is close to me," but then immediately went right back to work. Off we went to a right turn, no problem, on to another left, still going strong, and then we hit the tricky part. I believe they are called "arched turns." Well we had two of them, one right after the other. By this time I felt like we had been tracking forever (it only took about 10 minutes), but she completed the turns, found the glove and we were done! We were both newbies and it was a great experience!

I want to thank Cindy Everett for her time, wonderful track laying and telling me to believe in my Leala.

TIDBITS



GINA DEALMEIDA's Rottie **Toro** finished his Canadian Championship in style. On September 30 he was BOW for 2 points and then was BOB over 6

specials. Later that day he earned Group 3 in a large working group at the show. He now has three breed championships and his tracking championship.



Diggs ETCHELLS made his show debut in Oregon in Rally Advanced, where he finished his title with a first at the Umpqua KC show. This title gives him enough points to qualify for the Nova Scotia Duck Tolling Retriever Club's Versatility Certificate. (His points were from his TD, his CDX, a breed ring major and now the RA.) Later during the Oregon cluster, he picked up two RE legs.



At the Ramapo KC show PEG FORTE's Flat Coat StormWatch WhirlWynd (**Wyn**) was BOS under Judge Betsy Horn Humer. This was her first time out as a special. She earned her first 5-point major towards her Grand Championship. On November 27, she was selected as BOB at the Upper Marlboro KC show in Maryland, adding another 5-point major, and she made the final cut in Group.



Ch. Wynbrook Apogee Ironclad Oath, AKA "**Steeler**", JANET KELLY's Bloodhound, took a Hound Group Four under Mrs. Houston "Toddie" Clark on October 11, at the Gloucester County Kennel Club in Buena, NJ. On November 6, at the Amish Classic-West Trailing Trial in Mechanicsburg, PA, he passed his Mantrailer Excellent (MTX) trial and has attained all three Parent Club titles at the tender age of just 16 months!



ROSEMARY LAUBACH's Golden **Hope** (Goldenways Thanks for the Memories, CD, U-CD, TDX, ASCA TD, RA, NA, NAJ, VCD1, CGC, THD) made her stage debut in September in a local theater production of "Annie". She played her role of "Sandy" with dramatic flair!!! In total, she did six performances with two different Annie's.



JUDY TODD reports that in November at the Alabama Earthdog Club event **Merlin** qualified in the Master Earthdog class. In the his remarks, the judge noted that during the walk-up Merlin had taken off running fast through the pecan trees toward a car that he saw going by on the road. Once Merlin realized that it was a car, he circled around and ran back as fast as he had run out. His brace mate had run at this site before and as soon as she realized where we were going, she took off for the den area. I was afraid that she would draw Merlin off with her but he stayed with us. He was therefore able to satisfy the requirements of the Master walk-up, checking the empty den and approach to and marking the entrance of the den.



MERLIN TO THE RESCUE

By Judy Todd



To all Border Terriers out there, my dog Merlin asked me to pass on this story that he dictated to me for all of his fellow Borders who hunt underground or who patiently wait above ground for something wonderful to happen or who play at hunting by going to AKC Earthdog events or to AWTA Go-To-Ground trials. Please note that no critters were involved in this story at all.

To all my fellow hunters of every type, my name is Merlin and I live in someplace called New Jersey with my two-legged mom and my dog mom's sister.

An amazing thing happened this morning as my mom and I were sitting in our chairs out on the patio. She was folding and unfolding the paper-in-plastic package that someone leaves on our driveway every day. I was on alert, as usual, for something, anything, that would give me an excuse to bark. I noticed a toad hopping across a sunny spot in the yard. (You young dogs should know that you have to be careful of toads. They look slow and clumsy, and indeed they are, but if you try to bite one something awful happens to the inside of your mouth. They taste really bad and then your mom or dad will rinse your mouth out with lots of water from the

hose to make you stop foaming and spitting all over the yard.) I do know that toads don't hop in the sun as it makes them too hot, so I barked at it. Of course, my mom told me to be quiet but then I noticed something really different going on in that sunny spot in the yard. I stopped barking, stood tall on all four sets of my tippy toes and started my whining/growling sound that means "I have something special here" while I stared really hard at the sunny spot in the yard. My mom made a disgusted noise but she went to humor me and walked over to look at the sunny spot in the yard. When she got there she said, "Uh-oh" {actually she said another kind of word but there may be young pups reading this} and then looked around the spot that I had marked. Something was wrong because her shoes were squishing in a puddle in the grass, and we have not had any rain. She then walked over to the neighbor's house and knocked on the door. I did not understand what she said but soon my mom brought the neighbor lady over to look at my special sunny spot in the yard. She did not walk in the squishy spot but she and my mom lifted a piece of steel about the size of a plate up out of the grass. They both said that kind of word again. I kept my eye on this spot because there was definitely something going on there.

The neighbor lady got her cell phone out (and a cigarette, phew) and she was soon talking to some people at a place called "Township Utilities." In about 20 minutes there were some new people in the yard. These were

three nice men that I did not know so I barked at them, but they were only interested in my sunny spot



in the yard. They looked at the spot and then they went back to their trucks. When they came back into the yard, they had shovels!!!! Well, I know what people with shovels mean. As do we all, right? Hunting!! One of the men then called on a walkie-talkie thingy for something called an "emergency mark-out" and he told my mom that they would be back to DIG(!!!) after this "mark-out" thing was done. In another 30 minutes or so there were even more men in the yard but these new ones did not bring shovels. What they did bring was some really neat locator boxes. Now, I have only seen the ones that are like the one that my mom has when we go hunting: little grey boxes that make clicking noises in order to find out where to dig. These locator boxes that the men had were very long and they whistled when they found something. I learn something new every day. These new men did make a mess, though. They sprayed paint (ugh) around on the grass. What's up with that? Soon the first three men came back and started to dig. All right, now we are getting somewhere. They dug an enormous hole. It was as big around as the length of a shovel and it was almost as deep. I could hardly wait until it was my turn to get in that hole but my mom kept telling me that the hole was not for me. What? Bummer. The funny thing was that in the center of this big hole was a white plastic pipe sticking straight up and inside the big pipe was something that they

kept calling a "meter". Even this white plastic pipe was plenty big enough for me to get in. It was as big around as a rat bucket!!! Most all the dogs that I know would have been able to fit in it except for some that are in my agility class. When they had dug far enough they found something at the bottom of the hole. Now is the best part of the digging, right? But no. One of the men went down in the bottom of the hole. He started cutting pieces of pipe and throwing them out of the hole. Then he put pieces of new pipe down in the hole. People, sheesh. Can't make up their minds. After that the man came back out of the hole and turned something on. The neighbor lady had to go inside her house to turn on her water to

check something out. She said through a window, "Everything is fine, thank you". And then, the men started filling in the hole. Hey, wait a minute. How about me getting a chance? No such luck. They filled it all in before I got a chance to even get to look into the hole. Then they swept the grass with a big thick broom so it looks very nice and smooth. All that great digging gone to waste. Soon the men took their shovels and went away and left my sunny spot in the yard all clean. I am not sure what happened but it was interesting, and I am glad that my mom believed me about something being very wrong at the sunny spot in the yard.

So, if you guys see something that does not look right, don't be afraid to tell your mom or dad. After everything was all done my mom told me that I had done a good job. When she told the neighbor lady that I had been the one to find the water main leak, the neighbor lady thought that I was very clever. Well, of course I am. I am a Border Terrier!

This made an interesting morning around here. Lesson learned? Always trust your dog. If I hadn't, who knows what that water main break would have done to our yards by later on in the morning. Of course, Merlin will probably never let me forget this. :-))

FROM THE LEFT COAST

By Pat Etchells

We're almost three months into our excellent adventure and are learning our way around. We have our Oregon licenses (after memorizing such differences as it is legal to make a left on red onto a one-way street, traffic IN the circle has the right of way, and you must pull over and STOP for an emergency vehicle.) And we have Oregon plates on our car – which deprived us of the excuse, "we're from out of state and don't have a clue where we're going." We're still amazed by the number of pedestrians and hitchhikers on I-5. And panhandlers have their regular spots - but they must have a sign since they cannot ask people directly for a handout.

Still no tracking, but we've endeared ourselves to the Rogue Valley Kennel Club by working their two-day show.

It was interesting, stewarding obedience. There were some very nice working dogs, an unlimited supply of Aussies, and especially impressive were the 4H kids.



We've been really busy working on the property. John got a chain saw (and protective gear) and has been giving it a good

workout cutting logs on the ground into fireplace lengths and cutting dead manzanita branches so we can drag them to the burn piles. Burning is allowed when weather conditions permit, and it's entertained us for hours – keeping the piles fed.

The house is progressing. The bureaucrats **finally** moved the permit application from the inbox to the outbox, and the builder was able to pour the foundation on October 25. It's been going great guns ever since. Even making daily trips to the site, we are noticing significant changes each time. This picture was taken on November 30. The builder is very anxious to get it enclosed so that work can continue in comfort once the rainy season really gets underway.

