



Common Scents

July/August, 2012



FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

This is the hottest summer I can remember in a long time and it looks like the heat will still be with us for our VST in a couple of weeks. We have three entries so far, so at least three people have been out tracking in this hot weather. Do consider coming out to watch and volunteer. The VST is one of my favorite tests to watch, and you get worker credit for helping out.

It's also the first summer in a long time that I have picked ticks off my dogs on almost a daily basis. I've even found a few on me and I'm particularly careful about where I

walk. June was the worst month. We should have smaller numbers now until September, when the next wave of ticks will be out. I'm sure you all have a tick routine when you go out into the fields. Be vigilant! My routine now includes going over every square inch of my daughter's two dogs (dachshund and tiny JRT mix - not too many square inches there).

Happy Tracking! See you at the VST!

Anna Burbank

Ed Note: Speaking of ticks -

There is an unusual reason why Lyme disease is less prevalent on the West Coast. It seems as though a popular host for ticks is the Western Fence Lizard. There is a chemical in the lizard's blood which kills the Lyme spirochete when the tick is feeding on the lizard. The tick is subsequently no longer a carrier of Lyme and doesn't infect anyone else when it bites.



DATES TO REMEMBER

VST Test
-----Sunday, August 19
Certification Workshop
----- Sunday, October 14
TD Test
-----Sunday, November 4
TDX Test
-----Sunday, November 11

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MEET THE EARLY MEMBERS

Jeff and Annette Pierce

Neither Jeff nor I was fortunate enough to have grown up with dogs, but we both have always loved them. Around the same time we discussed getting married, we agreed that as soon as we were able, we would get a dog, preferably a black Labrador retriever. We were eager to enter into dog ownership, but preferred to wait until we had a house, so to fill the waiting time we began going to dog shows and researching breeders for about a year before we would be ready to bring one home. Our journey happened to take us to the Newton Kennel Club show, where we met a wonderful puppy who was exactly what we had been looking for in a dog. A discussion with the owners led to an introduction to the breeder who informed us she would be repeating the breeding the following year, thus giving us a deadline by which we needed to have our own house! We closed on the house about 3 days before bringing home Scully, who was the first dog either of us had ever owned.

While we were waiting for her, we looked around for an appropriate training facility, having no interest in that point in anything more than a well-behaved family pet. We came across Princeton Dog Training Club and began beginning obedience lessons there. As a result of the encouragement and advice we received there, we decided to enter into competition, and Scully earned her CD easily, continuing on to earn a CDX, a UD, and 6 UDX legs before retiring due to severely arthritic elbows. In addition to Princeton Dog Training Club, at the suggestion of her breeder, we had also



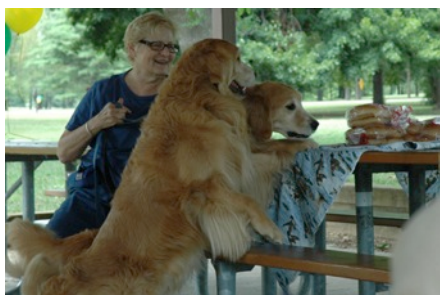
joined Mid-Jersey Labrador Retriever Club where we met Mimi Ruch, who was of course a long-time Lenape member. Mimi encouraged us to try tracking, so at her suggestion we signed up for Lenape's TED.

Scully took to tracking right away. I had taken over the Obedience handling, and Jeff wanted an activity to pursue with her, so he learned to handle, while I learned enough about tracklaying to help them train. We took her tracking almost every day that summer, even through a really hot, dry spell where there was nothing but dust in the fields. She passed Lenape's certification test that fall, and we entered the trial. Unfortunately, although she had actually indicated the glove, Jeff didn't realize it and she continued on to track John Etchells to the point where, as he later told us, he had gotten in his car and driven away. Having learned our lesson, we spent the next couple months teaching a stronger indication, and she passed her TD at Oriole's test the following spring. At first we did

attempt to train for TDX, but the intervening acquisition of a new puppy, followed by two human children as well as Jeff's changing to a job with a more demanding schedule kept us from pursuing that.

Due to the time constraints of raising children, I really only had time for one dog sport with Mulder (our second dog) and since Obedience has always been my first love, focused on that. He earned his UD, and then his VER (versatility), but it became obvious he was not cut out for UDX competition, so I retired him at the age of 11. Still being sound and enjoying to work at that age, I did attempt to teach him to track, but although he has a good nose, he had trouble grasping the concept, and I eventually gave up on that. We now have his daughter, Chloe, who recently finished her CD with very nice scores and placements. For now she will continue with Obedience, but I do eventually hope to try tracking with her – she has a great nose and I really think she will love it.

**CLUB PICNIC
MONMOUTH BATTLEFIELD STATE PARK
JULY 21**



Scenes from the picnic – taken by Nancy Grove

"HOLD" ISN'T JUST FOR BIRDS

In November, 2011, my male Flat-coat, Tex was to undergo anesthesia to have a small lump removed from the back of his neck. This lump had been there for about three years. Our veterinarian, Dr. Mary Stankovics, Pleasant Valley Veterinary Services of Washington, NJ had aspirated it when it first appeared, and it was just fluid and nothing to worry about.

Now that it had changed, it needed to be removed and tested. Dr. Stankovics asked if they should clean his teeth while he was under the anesthesia, even though they were not very dirty. Of course, I readily agreed, which turned out to be a really good choice.

When they opened Tex's mouth to clean his teeth, they found a mass in his mouth. It was a small, raised growth, next to the inner side of the first pre-molar tooth (that's why it was hard to see on a quick look at the mouth).

When test results came back, the lump on the back of the neck proved to be a sebaceous cyst, which is a benign growth.

The conclusion on the tests of mass from his mouth was that there was an 80% chance the mass was benign, osteoma. But the pathologist was concerned that it could also be a low-grade osteosarcoma. Monthly physical checks with periodic x-ray of his jaw were the recommended course of action.

At one of the appointments when Dr. Stankovics was physically checking his mouth, we were discussing when to do the x-ray of his jaw. Neither of us was looking forward to Tex being anesthetized so frequently. Dr.

Stankovics threw out a suggestion that I teach him to hold a piece of cardboard in his mouth. Then the x-ray plate could be taped to the cardboard. Dr. Stankovics would use a hand-held X-ray unit (Nomad) to take the x-ray. All Tex would have to do was sit and hold the cardboard.

So Tex, who loves to hold and carry things in his mouth, and I practiced two or three times a day having him take and hold the piece of cardboard.

Finally the appointed day for the procedure arrived. Tex, the piece of cardboard and I arrived at the office. While I knew he would do it at home, it would remain to be seen how he would react when asked to hold the cardboard in the treatment area.

Tex came through the experience like the great Flat-coat that he is. With the assistance of Eve Davis, senior veterinary technician, steadying his head, Dr. Stankovics was able to take the x-ray easily. The plate (having been taped to the piece of cardboard), when developed in the computer and shown on the screen, showed no boney involvement of the jaw.

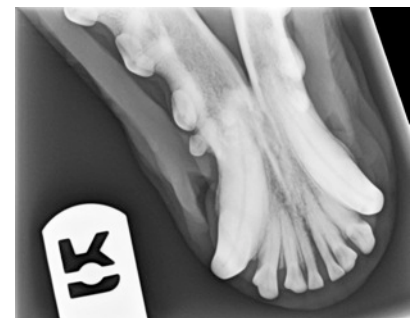


Tex holds the Cardboard, while Eve Davis (left) steadies his head while Dr. Mary Stankovics (right) takes the x-ray.

Being able to do the periodic x-ray without the use of anesthesia is much less stressful for Tex, his family and the Veterinarian.

We chose to share this experience so that if you are ever in the position of having a dog that needs x-rays of the jaw, doing it the "cardboard" way would be an option that you could suggest to the attending veterinarian.

Veterinarians who have questions can reach Dr. Mary Stankovics at Pleasant Valley Veterinary Services, 32 Pleasant Valley Road, Washington, NJ 07882 - 908-730-0773



Original film taken under anesthesia.



Six month follow-up taken with Tex holding plate in mouth!

By Peg Forte

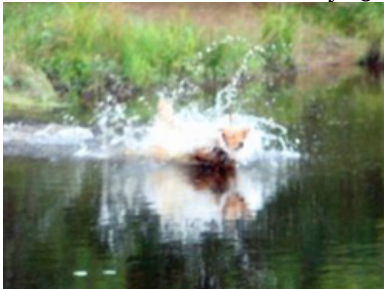


TIDBITS

The ETCHELLS' son SEAN retired from the US Army after a 21-year stint as an MP. He will be attending college in Denver.

PEG FORTE's *StormWatch WhirlWynd, Wyn*, made it to the finals in Best of Breed judging at the Flat-Coated Retriever Society of America's Specialty held in Oconomowoc, WI out of over 100 entries. She also earned a qualifying score in Beginner Novice obedience, in her first performance outing. At the Bloomsburg, PA, shows, she was Select Bitch once and BOB twice – earning her 12 Grand Champion points. And also at the Nationals, *Light-foot's Texas Two Step, Tex*, qualified in Veteran's Obedience, and had a good time being shown in Veteran's Sweepstakes with 28 other 7-9 dogs.

The WINDISCH Goldens, **Sobey** and **Ghetty**, have been busy at hunt tests lately. During temperatures near 100 degrees in upstate NY, Ghetty earned his 2nd and 3rd Junior Hunter legs (4 legs are needed for a title) and Sobey, *Adirondac South of the Border CD SH CGC WC*, earned her Senior Hunter title at Finger Lakes Retriever Club on July 15.



Thanks to Gail Thompson for sharing the following article

THE SWITCH

By Caitlin Lynch
Reprinted with permission

The hot dog I ate for lunch sits, like a boulder, in the pit of my stomach. My hands are clammy, and my breath comes in short, desperate bursts. The other students discuss their preferences; who said they wanted a lab, who loved male dogs, who hopes their dog has a good name. For once, I do not listen. I concentrate on the roller coaster rapid beating of my heart, and I wait. In the next two minutes, I will hear news that will change my life forever.

"Caitlin, you'll be receiving a female yellow lab, golden cross named Kiki."

My body instantly relaxes. It's a girl! She is a lab/golden cross, the breed I did not admit to my trainer or on my application, that I was secretly hoping to receive. I can't wait to meet her. As we disperse from the lounge and head back to wait for our dogs, another student stops me.

"Caitlin and Kiki, that sounds wonderful. You'll be the talk of your campus!" She says. She is a middle-aged mother from Oklahoma, and she has grown quite fond of me over the last three days. As she speaks, she rubs my arm kindly, and I wonder if she can feel the excitement emanating like electric currents from my skin.

I am seventeen years old, and I am receiving my first guide dog. Three weeks after I finish my July training class at the Guide Dog Foundation, I'll move up to college to start my freshman year. I have always wanted a guide dog, and I began the application process almost a year

earlier. Since the day I hit "send" on the electronic application, I have loved my dog. She has loomed before me, like a shooting star; intangible, mysterious, and so achingly beautiful. In a year plagued with indecision and discontent, just the idea of this dog has brightened my thoughts. At night, I would dream of a soft body and a formidable mind, that would guide me through success after success. I would fantasize about being popular on campus, with my unknown dog by my side. I knew the dog would change my life and provide me with a sense of purpose I had never known before.

Kiki is in my room. She is slender, delicate, perfect, like the first spring flower poking its head up from the frozen ground. I can make out her almost white fur, her long hair, and her black nose. My trainer tells me that her ears are a darker golden color, and that she has waves of darker coloring down her back. I ask if she is beautiful, but I already know the answer.

My trainer leaves and Kiki and I sit on the floor together. I run my hands along her body, trying to memorize the contours of her shape. I try to remember if the dog in my dreams felt anything like her, but I cannot. It doesn't matter though, she is what I have been longing for.

After I pet her, I hand her the nyla bone I've been issued. We have a romping game of fetch around my double bed, and Kiki seems to enjoy herself. After our play, she flops over on her back, and I am happy to oblige

her with belly rubs. Her fur is long and soft, and I am convinced that I got the best dog on class.

"I love you, girl," I say to her, and wipe a tear from my eye. I have already pinned my hopes to her, and am confident that, with Kiki by my side, my future will be legendary.

I can only pick at my turkey sandwich. My body shakes, my head sweats, my hands tremble, my heart tries not to break. Beneath my chair, Kiki rests comfortably under the table. She is glad to be inside the air conditioned dorm, as she has shown that she does not favor the high New York temps or humidity. Two days ago, she got scared of the revving training bus engine and pulled me, harshly, down the vehicle's stairs. Today, she decided that she didn't like the hot concrete, so lead me into various objects as she tried to walk only on the grass.

"There will be some changes this afternoon. We're going to have a trainers meeting after lunch, so we won't go out this afternoon. Some of you may get new dogs, some of you may get new harnesses. We'll call you down to the lounge when we need you." The head trainer announces.

I am starving, but I leave three quarters of my turkey sandwich on the plate. My trainer told me this afternoon that she thought a dog switch would be best. Kiki wasn't performing the way she should, and it was best to change dogs early in class rather than hoping for something more from her. The switch could happen as early as today. I convince myself that the dog switch will not happen, that the trainers will realize at their meeting what I have known all along; that she is perfect. I pray that they'll give

me another shot to show them the team I have dreamed we can be. I wake Kiki and head back to my room.

I sit on my bed, I shake, I try not to sob. I've just come from the meeting where they have told me that Kiki is being switched. She just isn't working out, and the trainers feel that I should start work with another dog. Kiki's fear of vehicles, her absent-minded guiding, and her uncertainty are not issues that the trainers feel can be resolved. They have a back up dog for me, though, and they think he will be great.

Kiki sits at my feet and I frantically stroke her back, her ears, her luxurious tail. In a few minutes, she will exist only in my memory. I whisper apologies to her as my confidence shatters. In the meeting they had with me, the trainers assured me that none of this was my fault, but I can't help but think they're wrong.

"I love you, and I'm so sorry," I say to her, as I desperately attempt to swallow the bowling ball sized lump in my throat.

My trainer knocks on my door. She says something about bravery, how sorry she is, and reminds me again that this is not my fault. She mentions how much it looks like I need a hug, and I hurl myself into her arms. I cry for what seems like hours, realizing how much I miss my family and how lonely I am. With one last tug on her leash, Kiki prances out of my room and my life.

He's here. His name is Laser, and he is a massive yellow lab. The first thing he does when he enters my room is to shove his head into my garbage can. I am disgusted, and recoil. My trainer says that he is a cream color,

with a dark yellow face and pink nose. His description is unattractive to me. He is not delicate in the least; he's massive, unruly, and he's thumping his tail loudly against my bed. She hands me his leash, and leaves us to "get acquainted".

Sighing, I sit on the floor beside Laser. He joyfully licks the snot and tears from my cheeks, and I smile a little. When we sit next to each other, he is almost as tall as I am. I wonder how I will handle this giant, and I pine for my elegant little lady.

"I'm so sorry," I tell Laser, as I pat his shoulder. "But I just don't think this will work out, and I definitely can't love you."

How will I be able to navigate my future with this behemoth? How can I trust him as I did Kiki? What if he doesn't work out, either, and I'm sent home? Will I be able to try again?

"Laser, sit," I say softly to him.

We've just left my room for the lounge and obedience drills. The walk down the hallway was terrifying, and Laser loped more than guided. My trainer said he was probably just excited, but I'm sure my incessant shaking didn't help him feel more comfortable.



"Louder," the head instructor reminds me.

"Laser, sit," I say, raising my pitch slightly.

Slowly, ever so slowly, he lowers his massive bulk on to the carpet. I lengthen my leash and walk around him. I ask him to lie down, and he obliges. The last exercise is the recall, which is often the most complicated. My trainer reminds me that, since we only met ten minutes ago, Laser may not come to me when I call him. For some reason, this makes me shake even harder.

"It's OK, Caitlin," My trainer soothes.

I reluctantly lengthen my leash, and walk in front of this unknown animal.

"Laser, come!" I call.

I expect nothing to happen, but he hurtles towards me and nuzzles my hand. Relief washes over me, and I find that I'm crying again. I am the youngest member of my class, and the only one who experienced a dog switch. As Laser and I walk back to our seat, my class begins to applaud. I settle my dog at my feet, and I think that maybe I will never forget this moment, or their incredible kindness.

"Straight to the curb. Come on, Lase, find that curb," I urge my dog forward. As he has done for the past week, Laser lines me up directly with the down curb. I drop the handle of my harness, and rest my hand on the top of his head. I've noticed that he may be roughly half my height, but that I don't need to stoop to pet him when he excels.

"Great walk, Caitlin," My trainer says as she comes up beside me. "He was a guide dog today."

I reflect back on the past two weeks. I'm about to leave for home, and Laser and I have come so far together. I have gotten used to his loping gate,

and our strides have found a rhythm. I have begun to understand his love of food and his propensity for licking sticky babies whenever he sees them. There are days when I wake up missing Kiki and that perfect idea of a guide dog that I once had, but they are fewer now that I am getting more fond of my giant teddy bear. I'm not sure I'm ready to go home or start our next big adventure, but I'm significantly more comfortable with this dog and the progress we have made.

"Yeah, he really was a guide dog today," I say, and pat his shoulder. I hear him yawn and feel his tail thump against my legs. I smile.

That was nearly six years ago.

I am a much different person than I was then. I am now a college graduate, a grad student, engaged, a homeowner, and the list goes on. I no longer blame myself for the dog switch that I experienced on class. As I've come to understand myself and my needs, I realize that there was nothing that I could have done to prevent what happened with Kiki.

A few months after graduating from guide dog training, I learned that she had been dropped from the program. I like to think of her as a happy pet, with a cool air conditioner and a nyla bone always by her side. But, to be perfectly honest, I seldom think of her. She was never "my dog"; she was a hurtle for me to skirt as I reached my final destination.

Having Kiki, and then losing her, taught me a few things. There were reasons she was a part of my life, albeit for one week. She taught me what guide dogs are not supposed to do so that I could realize the depth of

Laser's intelligence and the awesomeness of his abilities. She taught me that I can rely on others, and the strength that is buried within myself, when times are the most difficult. Most of all, Kiki taught me that something truly wonderful can come from something so painful.

As I write this, Laser naps by my side. He is almost eight, and he has lead me through the best, but yet most turbulent, years of my young life. He kept me grounded as we navigated my college campus; he strolled down Fifth Avenue like he owned the place; and he befriended nearly everyone he met. Next spring he will escort me, along with my dad, down the aisle as I say "I do" to the man I love so much. Two weeks before my wedding, he will guide me across the stage as I receive the diploma for my Master's degree. It will be his second graduation by my side, and I am sure that, as in all things he does, he will shine.

I tap my leg, and he wakes up.

"Time to go," I say.

We're spending the summer in the house my fiancé just bought. After I get married, I'll move from New York to Connecticut full time. The neighborhood is new and unfamiliar. I think that it is a perfect day for us to explore. I grab his harness from the closet, and he exuberantly thrusts his head into it. He is always ready for work.

Outside, the pavement holds its breath and waits for us. I open up the door, and grab a light jacket. We are ready.

"I love you, Laser," I say.

There are few things in this world that are so true.

It's closing in on a year since we left New Jersey – and we're getting used to being Oregonians.

The Rogue Valley in the summer is an interesting experience. We are by the entrance to the "Wild and Scenic Rogue River" area, and about half the license plates on the road are from either California or Washington State, and you can barely drive a mile on I-5 without passing an RV. Sure gives a boost to the local economy!



Grants Pass has a permanent sign "It's The Climate", which kind of describes the location. Winters are wet, but it is too warm for much snow at the lower elevations. Summers are hot, but because the humidity is low and it cools down at night, so you can open windows and rarely need to turn on your air conditioning. It never ceases to amaze me how green it stays, even with no rain during the summer. We do have to irrigate the new plantings and the lawn areas – but the forests just cope.

Downtown Grants Pass is a historic district, filled with antique shops, eclectic eateries, art galleries and coffee shops. Bear statues line the streets in the summer. Saturday mornings you can go to the Grower's Market and get organically-grown produce, purchase artisans' handiwork and listen to musicians playing for their supper (some of them are surprisingly good!)



FROM THE LEFT COAST

BY PAT ETCHELLS

Much of Southern Oregon is public lands, and recent legislation has basically stopped logging in them. Consequently, unemployment is high. Many retirees – largely from California – have made their way to Southern Oregon, so there is a large population of active seniors. I'm not sure whether the locals would have chosen to share their paradise, but it's bringing much-needed money into the area. In fact, some of the sub-contractors thanked us for building a house because it gave them work!

Oregon is basically a liberal state, (there is pending legislation to legalize pot!) but that doesn't flow down to the local level. Recently there was a vote whether to impose a property tax to pay for law enforcement, since the timber payments from the federal government were discontinued. The "no new taxes" contingent was successful, and the bill was voted down – with the result that they fired most of the sheriff's department and district attorneys and released about half the inmates. There doesn't seem to be an increase in crime – possibly because the criminals have no idea which residents have armed themselves to the hilt! We have four-foot field fencing around our entire property with a gate at the bottom of the uphill drive, so there are much easier targets...

Even though we don't have law enforcement, fire prevention is of paramount concern. Huge burn piles are commonplace in the winter, but now any open burning is banned, as well as having restrictions on chain saw use, smoking outside of vehicles, off-road vehicles and campfires. Residents have to contract privately with a fire department/emergency service. They'll still come out if you don't have a contract, but you'll be billed for the actual cost of services they render!



The dog club scene continues to be active. We took part in two Meet the Breeds in June. One of them was a free Frog O Faire Children's Festival held in a Grants Pass park. Various groups had tents where kids could do crafts, science projects get face painting, and pet bomb-proof dogs. Considering how clueless some of the parents were, the dogs' patience was phenomenal!