

The Gun Dog Supreme

NEWSBULLETIN of the WIREHAired POINTING GRIFFON CLUB OF AMERICA
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Spring is here and it is time for...puppies!



Kyle Engman has a fun time with ARTHUR and ADDIE OF SANDHILL (Ariko Vom Erik x Avian of Show-Me-Borealis), July 1998. Photo by Linda Engman.

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SAYING GOOD BYE TO MORE OF OUR WONDERFUL DOGS BRITTANY AND BRANDY OF DUTCHMAN'S HOLLOW

By Joan Bailey



BRANDY OF DUTCHMAN'S HOLLOW at 10 weeks of age with Jim, Tami, and their children. The Edgars made the trip to John and Vivian Pitlo's home to pick up their little treasure. (Photo by Vivian Pitlo)

1998 continued to be a bad year for our wonderful dogs, and 1999 hasn't started out all that well. Last fall, **BRANDY** was killed by a car while on a hunting trip with her owner, Jim Edgar, and his son, Zach. They had lost sight of **BRANDY** in the thick grouse woods, and just as she crossed a road to get to them, a car appeared, and she was dead in a moment. They were hunting with Jon and Judy Coil, and as Jim wrote, he was grateful the Coils were there, and could drive them home, so he and Zach could cry. **BRANDY** was the dam of two successful litters, "A" and "B" of **SHOW ME BOREALIS**.

Life takes many strange turns. Larry Olson got his **ANA** from the Edgars. We wanted to breed **ANA** again this year, but the Olsons have a wedding to put on and can't have their backyard torn up by a bunch of hooligan Griffon puppies. So... as soon as **ANA** is bred, she will go to stay with the Edgars and the pups will be born and raised

there by Jim and Tami and their three kids. This will help ease their pain, and will provide pups for some of our folks. And, they will be keeping one of the pups.

Sadly, a littermate, **BRITTANY**, known to all her many friends as **SPOT**, died in February of bloat. I don't know much about it, but it happens fast. It is not stomach torsion, it's something else. As many club members know, **SPOT** belonged to Richard and Jane Bovard of Fargo, North Dakota. Shortly after **SPOT** got to Fargo, I began getting postcards signed: Dick, Jane and Spot. When **SPOT** was around 8 or 9 months old I received the following note from Richard:

Dear Joan:

Happy holidays from Dick, Jane, and Spot. Spot has had a long hunting season (Sept. 1 to Dec. 16), and she's been out on grouse, partridge, and pheasant at least twice a week. She has a superb nose and she points nicely. She tracks well too, though these late-season roosters are giving her fits. Unfortunately water conditions have been terrible and ducks few. So we could not build upon Spot's extraordinary water play and retrieving from the past



BRITTANY OF DUTCHMAN'S HOLLOW, 10 weeks old, with Richard and Jane Bovard, the proud new owners, at John and Vivians home. (Photo by Vivian Pitlo)

summer. We don't see water until April now. Spot's coat is medium to harsh, and it's short. She has few furnishings, except for a small beard. The coat's a little sparse under her forelegs. She has formed an unusual bond with me, but she is interested in others...I can't think of much else. Oh yes, Jane and I are fine. Thanks for the trust. I'll be in Iowa in April...

Regards, Richard

WAITING FOR A PUPPY?

By Richard Bovard

(Editors note: this article is reprinted from the April 1993 GDS, Vol. 68, No. 2)



Supper Time! "E" OF DUTCHMAN'S HOLLOW
puppies at 4 weeks of age. (Photo by: Vivian Pitlo)

If you have been reading the GDS lately, following the test results, reading the letters to the editor, and studying the questions to the Breeding Committee itself, you have probably been pretty optimistic. If you are on the waiting list for a puppy, you are also pretty eager. But you should not be too optimistic and eager. Why? While our dogs often breed with eagerness, they lack the long-term goals that we have. They have no optimism in their temperaments.

Yes, the evidence suggests that we have a number of breedable dogs in the program. We have sound stock that was imported, and we have already produced dogs with excellent temperaments, coats, conformation, and field test scores. Indeed, the Breeding Committee planned for as many as nine breedings this year but two breedings that have been attempted already did not take.

Likewise, not every owner who has a breedable dog can support a litter at the time that the Breeding Committee would select—no matter what the owner's commitment to the program. For example, my dog is one of those selected litter of Dutchman's Hollow mentioned earlier in Joan Bailey's answer to a question to the Breeding Committee, but the Committee planned for a December breeding. I cannot handle a litter in North Dakota in the winter. Thus, I am an owner who cannot help at that

time. Fortunately, however, I have time this summer: I can support a spring breeding, therefore. Of course, I cannot promise that it will take.

You can see that we have a number of new members. This is another cause for optimism, naturally, but many of them are waiting for puppies and some of them will be disappointed, because the breedings that the committee has planned for may not occur. I would urge members to be patient, and I offer my own experience as perspective.

I got into this club some five years ago, after my son noticed Larry Mueller's article on Griffons in Outdoor Life. I wrote to the club, described my hunting experience and previous hunting dogs, and got placed on the waiting list. Because there were few dogs available from the club at that time, I had plenty of time to wait. I also had plenty of time to reconsider. For, back then, this breeding program was a

controversial experiment. Indeed, in many places, it still is. I talked with club members, and I attended tests in Iowa. I talked with breeders who did not support the club's program. As a member of the North American Versatile Hunting Dog Association (NAVHDA), I talked with judges and handlers about Griffons, the club's program, and other versatile breeds that seemed less risky. I studied test scores from the club's tests and from NAVHDA's tests.

I became convinced of two things: one, I could find a very good versatile dog that was not a Griffon (a Shorthair, a Wirehair, a Brittany); and two, this was a confusing situation. But I decided to stay on the list. I liked the idea, I liked the people in the club, and I liked the dogs. Most of all, I liked the idea. After all, I could get another kind of dog; after all, I might find a Griffon from outside the program that was OK. I knew it would be a risk, this program. But I decided to wait. I could change my mind, after all.

Indeed, I think that I did change my mind more than once. At least, every time that I got a preference list for breedings, I did. I kept going to our club's tests, I became more involved in my NAVHDA chapter's tests, and I talked with Griffoniers. I waited.

Finally, after two years, my name was coming up. Then, of course, the bitch didn't go into heat. Or the dogs didn't breed. Or they bred and the breeding didn't take. Or there was only one puppy in the litter (could that have been a litter, then?).

Then, my name came up. The dogs had bred, the breeding had taken, and an April litter was expected. I got optimistic and eager. For yet one more time, I would drive ten hours to Iowa. I thought about the waiting, and I left the North Dakota winter for the Iowa spring.

When I met Joan Bailey in Coralville, she greeted me with the following statement: "I have good news, and I have bad news. The good news is that the litter is on the ground; the bad news is that two puppies didn't make it. Your dog died."

Well, you can imagine. Just writing about it, I can remember the feeling. I almost came home. But, I waited. It was a long way home. Besides, I had been in Iowa before, I had attended tests before, and I had been without a Griffon before. So, I watched the test. I talked with the people. I studied the dogs. I thought that I was seeing some improvement in the dogs. Their scores were better. More dogs were qualifying, even dogs from parents that I was not interested in. People, of course, were optimistic and eager. I felt worse, and I thought of the wait.

Then, at the end of the test, I was offered a choice. Perhaps it was the long drives: they created the impression that I would come back to test my dog. Perhaps it was the fact that, alone in North Dakota, I would get help from my NAVHDA chapter, in spite of the opposition to the club's program from Griffoniers in the states on both sides of me. Perhaps I waited well, Perhaps.

I could have a puppy from a litter that would be born in a month. It would not be from a breeding that I had selected, of course. It would not have "pure" blood or parents with an impressive, if unpronounceable, background. It would come from the heart of the program itself. It would come from a breeding that I had consistently avoided in my selection process.

I thought about the waiting. I thought that dogs from the same bloodlines had done pretty well that weekend. And I said, "OK." I confess that I was neither overly optimistic nor very eager. And (I hesitate to say this in an article meant to encourage and console those who wait) I was getting a little tired of waiting.

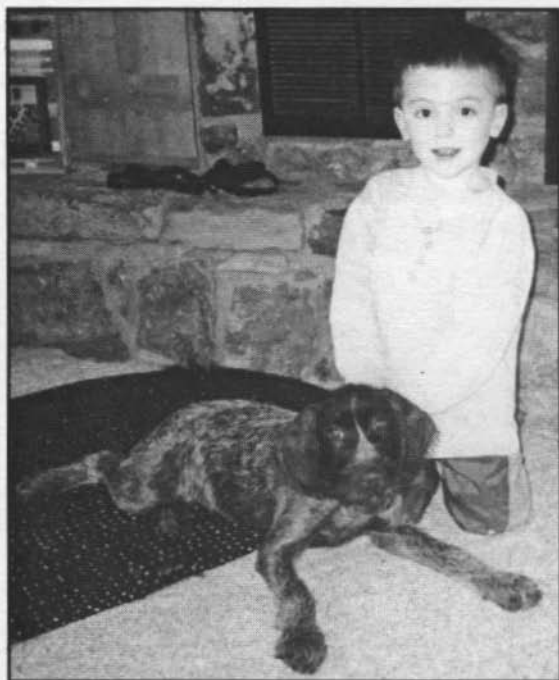
I drove to Iowa twice that summer. The second time, I returned with **BRITTANY OF DUTCHMAN'S HOLLOW**. She was not the dog that I had spent so much time worrying about and studying test scores for. She was not the dog that my NAVHDA friends said to select. She was not the dog that even some club members themselves had recommended, that is, when they would risk such a recommendation at all. At that time, she was simply a dog that I had waited for.

The rest, as they say, is...another story. You could read about it, and you could study the test scores. You could talk to me at a test in Iowa. I would tell you about study and talk and travel and time and confusion and risk-taking and an 'experiment.' I would tell you about waiting. And I would tell you about the "pure" luck of getting the dog that I had not even considered getting, that I had not dared to dream of getting.

I would tell you about "SPOT." Now, she is the dog that I have waited for. She is a gun dog supreme.

PUPPY'S FIRST POINT

By Jim Hughes



*The Authors son Nathan with RED HOT AUBRE "BRE"
(Chyt ze Zaplav x EBGB of Dutchman's Hollow). Photo
by Jim Hughes*

Recently I got to see firsthand the payoff for all the WPGCA's hard work. I truly wish that each of you could have been there. Moments such as these are once in a lifetime. Let me paint a picture for you.

It is just before dark. A sliver of the sun gives you just enough light that you can see a covey of quail leave the hedgerow next to the house and fly out into an uncut bean field. You mark the birds down and head for the spot with your young pup. You've followed the birds before but pup wasn't sure what you were up to. This time things are different. After many similar nightly walks the parts of the puzzle magically slip together. You circle the birds and come in down wind to give pup a chance to wind the covey. When you get to the spot where the birds should be they have vanished. Pup says, "I know where they are" and takes off like a shot down one of the rows in the field. You have never seen her so excited about anything in her short life. You are astonished with the efficient way that the pup dissects the field and covers ground. She hunts as if she has been working birds for years. She kicks in the gear that she has reserved for this

special occasion. You walk along quickly behind her as she works the rows. She zigzags covering every inch of ground possible. She holds her head to the ground most of the time but occasionally lifts her head to test the wind. When she over shoots the scent she quickly works back and picks up the trail again. You are amazed as the game plays out in front of your eyes. Where did this fine tuned hunting machine come from? This can't be the same puppy that just chewed up one of my son's new toys. As you walk along in a daze the unthinkable happens, the puppy stops dead in her tracks. For a brief second you think, "now what is that crazy dog doing", then it occurs to you that she is pointing a bird. How can this be? I've never trained her to do any of this! You walk in; pup holds the point steady as a rock. As the bird blasts out of the short grass between the rows you fire a starter pistol. The combination of the bird and the shot send the pup into a frenzied search for more birds. About the time you think she couldn't possibly hunt any harder, she reaches down inside herself for some unknown energy source. She streaks down a row and comes to a sliding halt as she freezes on a second bird. What a classic point. Her body is pointed down the row but her head is pointed back. There is no doubt in her mind where the bird is hiding. You walk in, flush the bird and fire the pistol. This scenario is repeated a third time.

Before you realize, it's pitch-black and you are standing in the middle of the field. You and pup have worked almost every inch of a five-acre field. You call the pup to you and sit down. The dark continues to creep in as the birds start to whistle to each other. You can't even begin to know how to tell pup how proud and happy you are with her. You gather her in your lap and tell her "Good Girl". The words seem so inadequate considering what you have just witnessed. As you sit in the darkness your mind starts to drift to past hunts with other faithful companions. You dream of what the future may hold. When it is all over,

your pup looks at you with that excitement that says "Wow, I really did something great didn't I". I was fortunate to be a witness to all of this. At the time, my puppy was still months away from having any kind of formal training. As a matter of fact, about the only thing that we had done was take a lot of walks together. You see, the Wirehaired Pointing Griffon is a very unique breed of dog, which requires a unique form of handling/training. The good news is that you will never find an easier or more enjoyable handling/training method. If new puppy owners will simply follow the suggestion of the WPGCA and get their puppies out for exposure, they will be truly amazed at the outcome. Don't worry about formal training until after the Natural

Ability Test. If you are still wondering what "exposure" means, simply read Joan Bailey's book *How to Help Gun Dogs Train Themselves*. This book gives an easy to follow process to use to bring your puppy along. Be sure to read it over many times before you receive your puppy.

I have spent all of my life around hunting dogs but I will never claim to be a good dog handler. Over the years I have met many people that have forgotten more than I will ever know about dog training. I do know one thing though; it is truly a wonder to watch a well bred dog. My hope is that this story will be helpful to each of the people that will be getting a puppy this spring and in the future. The group that you are about to get a

ONE LAST REMINDER...

Nearly everyone has sent in their dues and we are grateful. Our dues add up to our largest income, so each of us is very important. If you have forgotten it's \$30 - still the best bargain around. Check payable to:

WPGCA E&RF
17550 17 mile road
Marshall, MI 49068

puppy from has a tremendous collective knowledge about this particular versatile breed. Take advantage of that knowledge and listen carefully to what they have to say. Attend a regional test before you get your puppy. Watch carefully what goes on at the test and don't be afraid to ask questions. Get involved in the activities of the WPGCA. Like any good organization, the WPGCA requires the effort of many good people to be successful. Make as many friends as possible within the WPGCA and then don't be afraid to call those people with questions. Most importantly, spend time just enjoying your puppy.

Franz Kröninger † 1924 - 1999

Franz Kröninger, past president of the German Griffon Club died February 28, 1999. Word came to me from Tom Mincheff (Dr. Mintscheff's son) in South Carolina. Tom had just received word from Germany. Kröninger was president for a long time, and a friend to American Griffoniers for most of that time. Tom told me that Kröninger had been like an uncle to him.

During our first visit to Germany in 1969, Franz suggested that we exchange puppies - the two clubs. So we did. A puppy came to America and a puppy went to Germany, actually to him.

He was a warm-hearted, fun loving man and he and his wife and daughter made all of the American Griffoniers feel very welcome when our group went across the ocean in 1988 to help celebrate the 100th.

I remember the last day of our historic journey in 1988, Sunday afternoon in the courtyard of the castle where we had just watched the parade of Griffons. Things were breaking up, and people were beginning to leave. Franz and others had gone into a little café off the courtyard. It was time for our group to go and have an early dinner and then get our car and vans packed for an early morning departure. I walked into the café to say good bye. I remember tears welling up in his wife's eyes, as she grasped both my hands in hers. It was a poignant moment.

I am sad to have another old friend gone. Wherever they are I am sure Franz and Thomas are out together working their dogs.

Joan Bailey

A PUPPY'S FIRST YEAR

By Mick Muck, Spearfish, SD



FESTUS ANN OF AUGER FALLS (Ariko Vom Erik x Elle of Auger Falls), at 7 mos., Retrieving one of her first pheasants in South Dakota.

Photo by Mick Muck

beat them to a lot of downed birds. She saw hundreds of hunns on the two trips we made to Montana. After the first day's hun hunt we went dove hunting. **FESTUS** and I set up on the edge of a wheat field, the doves were flying pretty well. The first dove I shot, she didn't pay much attention to the dove, but retrieved my empty shotgun shell. After thanking her for the shell, I showed her the dove and she picked it up also. At only five months old I was impressed. My second trip was with my son Dave and we had **FESTUS** and my wirehair Shooter. That time I hunted **FESTUS** a little by herself and we were again successful and she began to learn what "dead bird" was all about. An additional bonus was a flight of pigeons that flew over the edge we were camped on in the evening. **FESTUS** got additional retrieves there. By our pheasant opener she had been exposed to sharptails as well.

I began hunting her more and more by herself. She began pointing some of the time. Everything else was outstanding. She did well on pheasants, was hunting the cover better and we always found birds. I did little training; throw a dummy a couple of times a day; taught her to stay; did the whoa conditioning, but no discipline, just fun stuff, let her chase meadow larks until she decided she couldn't catch one. She lives in the house and she behaves well. We hunted pheasants, grouse-blues, ruffed and sharptails, and found a few South Dakota hunns. Like I said before she saw lots of birds.

My son and I were trying to figure out how we could go to Arizona, use our 98 license, go when the snakes were down, and get back before Christmas when my wonderful bride of nearly 35 years says, "why don't you guys go spend Christmas down there". We went, left the 12th of December and returned the day after Christmas. Christmas in a wall tent camp, hunting quail, it doesn't get any better than this. We showed **FESTUS** gambles, scaled, and mearns quail. We hunted nine days, giving the dogs and us a couple of days off to rest by hunting doves. Festus began pointing in Arizona on a regular basis. Several times this hunting season she found dead birds that we didn't know we shot. Not far from the truck **FESTUS** pointed a large covey of gambles, about 40 birds, I shot two on the rise. Dave took his dog to the truck and we set out to hunt Festus Ann's covey. After about 100 yards Festus brought me a dead gambles that was "hot". Conditions for scenting in Arizona are never great, usually dry and little ground cover, yet we lost few birds

Dear Joan:

I've kept in touch with Ann and Gary Pool and reported on the progress of my pup **FESTUS ANN OF AUGER FALLS**. I would like to thank you for your help in learning about the breed and my selection as the proud owner of our little dog.

We gave **FESTUS** a lot of opportunities this year, first week in September my son, Dave, and I went to Montana for a hun hunt I'd lined up on the ranch that hadn't been hunted for a while. We found lots of hunns. Scenting conditions were poor, dry and hot. **FESTUS** went along with the big dogs, we rested her a lot. You folks talk about exposure and that is probably what we were doing. As I recall she beat the big dogs to a hun the first day and after that,

and learned that if you wing one of these little devils they will crawl into a pack rat nest. I'll send a few pictures. I am very pleased with my pup. I don't know how she will do when she is tested this spring, but she has passed all of my tests.

I work at a sporting goods store and I take **FESTUS ANN** with me. She will stay where I put her even when I wait on customers. The hunters who stop all wonder what kind of dog she is. Then marvel at how calm and well disciplined she is. Some have asked me to train their dogs. When I tell them that I didn't train her but just showed her what I wanted her to do, they don't believe me. Having had quite a few dogs, of a number of pointing breeds, I have never had one that is as easy to handle as she is. Some

observations based on **FESTUS**; do Griffon pups mature later than some of the other pointing breeds? Pointing in this pup was not her strong suit. She is a great retriever, hunts dead better at 8 months than most dogs will ever do and is soft mouthed.

On one duck hunt on a small pond I had the opportunity to shoot two ducks. I shot only two ducks because I didn't think she was ready for tough cold water hunting. The one fell dead at the waters edge while the other duck was winged and flew 40 yards away from the pond and landed in some tall grass. **FESTUS**, at only 6 months of age, went to the dead duck, sniffed it, determined it wasn't going to eat her, picked it up and brought it to me. Her attention then turned to the crippled duck. As I stood on the grade of the pond **FESTUS** ran up and down the bank without any direction from me until she hit the duck's trail. She then tracked, caught, and brought the duck to me. Festus has an excellent nose. She had the opportunity to retrieve quite a few pheasants and when hunted with the big dogs got more than her share of retrieves. **FESTUS ANN** and I had a great year. It seemed to me that October had ten days in it. November had about a dozen and January has already been here for thirty-five. I took your advice and let **FESTUS** be a pup.



***FESTUS ANN** with another nice retrieve of a South Dakota rooster. Photo by Mick Muck*

ABOUT A PAST PRESIDENT - ROY SPEECE

By Joan Bailey

The following excerpts are from an article in the York, Nebraska "York News-Times," February 20, 1996. Most members have read about Roy in the Griffon book. The author of this article, Jean Hylton, is a feature writer for the paper.

The article begins:

Roy Speece is a man of the outdoors. A hunter of game birds in the fields of Nebraska and beyond; a fisher of the state's rivers and a booster of wildlife and conservation.

He is also a meticulous researcher and a writer for national magazines.

This sportsman was recently contacted by an author [me] asking his permission to publish his 1970 article "Wintering Quail" in an upcoming book [GRIFFON]. The story first appeared in Hunting Dog magazine, which featured his prize dog, The General, a great, gray, grizzled Griffon.

Such writings also earned Speece an award presented by the Dog Writers Association of America. The sales of many articles let Speece spend his "mad money" on hunting trips. "I still could put beans and bacon on the table for my family," said Speece, a one-time natural science teacher and an employee of the York Rural Power District. "I had a goal to hunt the 23 game birds on the North American continent. Sometimes

my wife, Kay, accompanied me. The trips took me to the north edge of Hudson Bay to bag the Arctic Ptarmigan. I crissed-crossed the United States from Maine to Arizona and to Utah to hunt the Chukar Partridge. I have all but two of the birds, the Mountain Quail of California and the Chapcalaca of Mexico. Circumstances prevented me from finishing my quest."

In Nebraska, Speece has a life-long interest in studies that foster good management of wildlife. He decided to participate in a quail survey sponsored by the Nebraska Game and Parks Commission. It required the hunter to send in every bird's wing with a small piece of flesh attached. "I never went over my limit," he said. "By the end of the 10 years, I had sent in 1,024 specimens. The commission can tell the bird's age, which month and year it was hatched and in what county it came from."

In relationship to hunting, Speece collected guns...When the Speeces sold their home, an auction was held and many of the [guns] were sold. "My gun collection drew national attention," said Speece. "We got calls from Las Vegas to Maui and actually brought in buyers from seven states. Another prize were my duck stamps saved since 1934. The set brought over \$1,000.

Asked what advice he would give to people aspiring to be writers, he said: "Know your subject. Research, research, research. Don't make up stories. Stick with the truth...Enjoy what you're doing. Then you will succeed."

The days of hunting with his dog, fishing in Nebraska and writing about his experience are over for this outdoorsman... "I'm 80 now, I'm too old," he said. "But I have wonderful memories. It's been a good life."

Thank you, Roy!!!

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE GRIFFON'S VERSATILITY

By Mark Barker

As I sit down to write this article, I imagine that there are those people that may think I'm not quite "all there". The truth is that I did not get a Griffon to hunt birds. My primary interest was to get a dog in which I could train to blood-track deer. It is not that I don't hunt upland birds, I do, but it has always been a sideline. My father hunted birds, but that was just an excuse to get into the woods to look for deer sign. Our family are deer hunters. Early bow season, regular rifle, muzzle loader season, late bow season, from Oct. 1 until Jan. 1, this is deer country. Many, many times as I have bent over a lantern at 10 p.m. in some nasty swamp following or looking for a tell-tale speck of blood, I dreamt of having a dog putting its incredible nose to work for me. At long last enter **AMOS OF TRUMAN'S PRIDE**.

Of course all of the normal time in the woods has to be invested for the time honored "exposure", add the time for normal training getting ready for the spring test, then a game plan as to how a person goes about training for "blood tracking". Our State law requires that a dog be leashed during this activity. So I went and purchased a harness only to be used for this activity. Blood was next on my list, so to a slaughterhouse I go, and come home with a gallon of blood...but when I go to make a trail it has turned into something other than liquid and I cannot use it. To the vets office I go, and with his help I get anticoagulant for the next gallon. This time it is not solid but more the likes of Jell-O, and again unusable. I quit the blood game and formulate a new plan, I will train on actual animals shot in bow season.

My wife and I both hunt bow and arrow, and as luck would have it we both shoot deer on the same evening. I eagerly get out the "tracking harness", get the lantern, and the adventure begins. I soon found out what "adventure" means. As I approached the blood trail my intentions were simple. I would just point to the drops of blood and say "blood," (the word is unique enough that I felt **AMOS** would figure out after enough repetitions that this is the stuff we were interested in), we would work the trail this way until we found

IDENTIFY THE DOG CONTEST

I've had one phone call - a good try, but wrong dog. I know this is a tough one, so here's a hint or two. It's a female. She was born about 1989. Her father was **ERIK**. She lives in Oregon with two other Griffons. One of her persons is Mary...! Call Joan: (503) 296-6725

the deer; at which time I would "praise him lavishly." That was the plan or should I say "my plan." Of course in reality I had an "eager" 67-lb. dog on a 24' leash in one hand and a lantern in the other, and a wall of tangled brush to navigate. We got to the blood trail OK, I almost got to point at the blood, but long before that AMOS had figured out that this was worth following and started into the alder brush with me in tow. Things went well for about 3 yards...he went under, the brush followed the leash up to my knuckles and took a chunk of skin off. The lantern globe took a hit in the other hand, and my face was on its own in the middle being whipped from both sides. I yelled at Amos to heel to get myself together, so he obediently came around to the side encircling a half dozen other bushes in the leash. I would untangle everything, say "OK" and the whole scene would repeat itself. We continued on for approx. 80 yards, I was bleeding, sweating, swearing and thinking "this is nuts," but we followed to the deer. I did "praise him lavishly." So much for the first "easy" track of the night. I almost did not take AMOS to the second location, thinking maybe I had gotten all the training I could take for one night, but I did take him and luckily so.

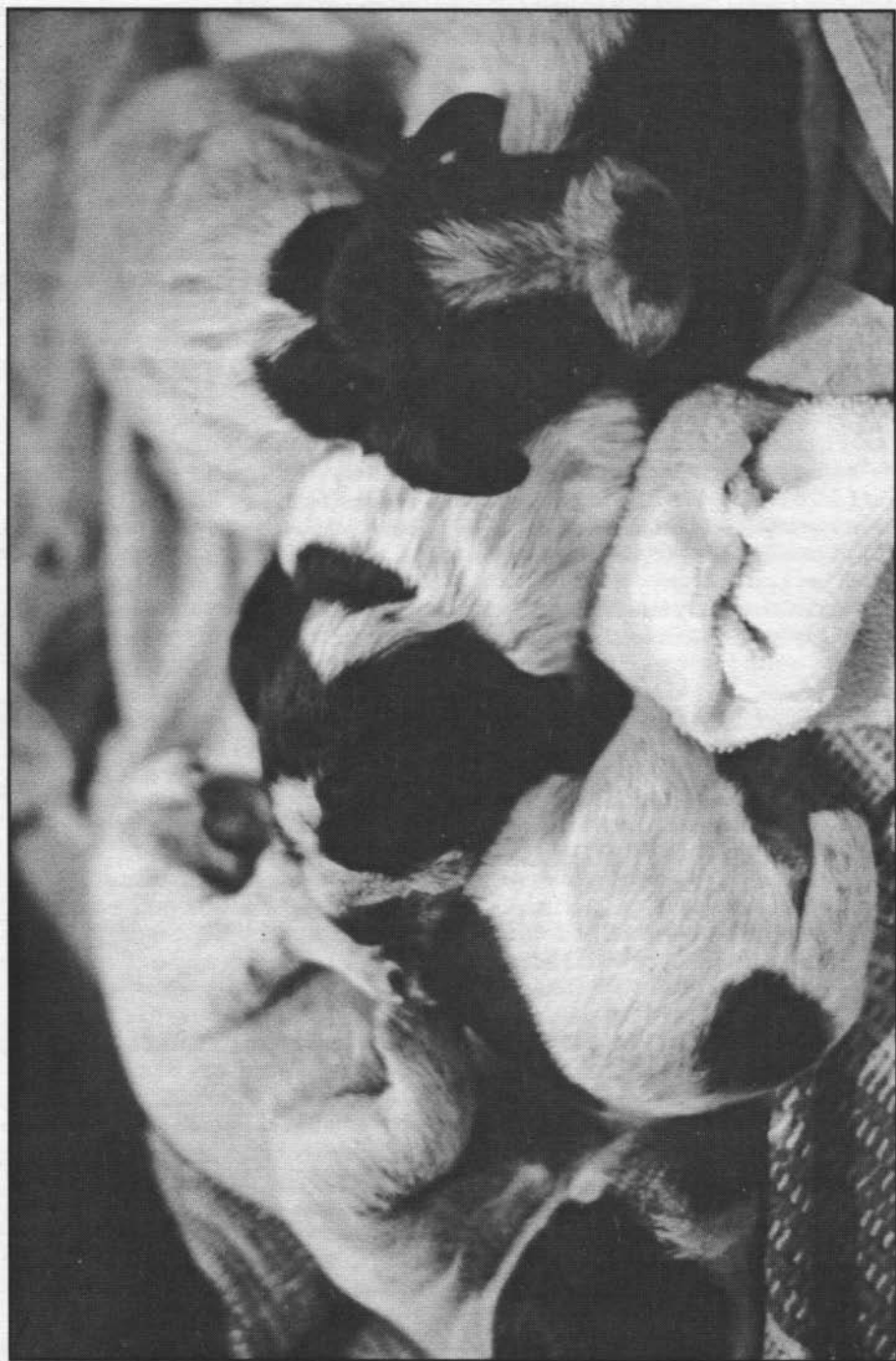
My deer had been shot in a black- spruce swamp, the ground was moss, covered with rusty colored dead spruce needles. We got to the location and neither my wife or I could find any blood where it should have been, we looked in vain for 35 minutes and I was really angry at myself, I hate wounding deer. Finally we met back at the original spot and I told her that since we couldn't find anything I was going to try something with AMOS. I took him to where I shot and pointed at the ground and said "blood" like I had on the first track, but unlike the first track I could not see even a speck. I would then let Amos pull me where he wanted to go. As soon as I did that and released the tension on his lease he began pulling me as fast as I could walk for about 50 yards at which time I just thought he was snooping around not looking for what I wanted him to. I told him to whoa! I then looked at the moss... nothing, but after a moment I noticed a speck on a tree and looking closer there was a speck of blood about the size of a pinhead. I called my wife to that location, and repeated "blood" to AMOS and we were off again, again after 50 or so yards I had to whoa him and again after some close scrutiny found a speck of blood. We continued this way for 250 yards and he actually pulled me to a very dead deer, which I had hit too far back and too high, but nevertheless had killed. This time I indeed "praised him lavishly". He had actually figured out with only one experience what this was all about.

AMOS is far from the point where I hope someday he will be when it comes to blood-trailing, but based on what he has shown me so far he has all the potential I could ever hope for. I share this story in the hopes that if others share my enthusiasm for other hunting opportunities and have one of our dogs, they tap into the versatile aspect of their talents. It can be an adventure!

APPROVED BREEDINGS FOR 1999

*** Indicates that the breeding will be by artificial insemination.*

- ****ARIKO VOM ERIK x ELIZABETH ANN OF AUGER FALLS** (pups due end of March)
Bob and Carolyn Matsuoka, ID - Telephone: (208) 733-2990
- ****ARIKO VOM ERIK x ANA OF SHOW-ME-BOREALIS**
Jim and Tami Edgar, MN - Telephone: (507) 346-9866
- ****ARIKO VOM ERIK x BRANKA OF CLOUDY SKIES** (pups due late June)
Dick and Janet Bubbs, WA - Telephone: 360 384-4394
- **CHIPPER DE LOS ALTOS x FLORA Z HLOZKU** (pups due mid-May)
Dr. Tom Whitley, DVM, and wife Mahaska, FL - Telephone: (904) 386-3625
- **BOSS OF THE CASCADES x ELLE OF AUGER FALLS** (pups due early June)
Gary and Ann Pool, ID - Telephone: (208) 324-2473
- **CHYT ZE ZAPLAV x BERTA OF SHOW-ME-BOREALIS** (pups due May 1)
Jon and Judy Coil, MN - Telephone: (218) 647-8451
- **APACHE OF SHOW-ME-BOREALIS x BREVAJ OF IAMONIA** (pups due late June)
John and Vivian Pitlo, IA - Telephone: (319) 872-5764



"A" of SANDHILL pups (Ariko Vom Erik x Avian of Show-Me-Borealis), perhaps dreaming of birds?