

The Gun Dog Supreme

NEWSBULLETIN of the WIREHAired POINTING GRIFFON CLUB OF AMERICA
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Mike and Kathi Rackouski, Editors, 1806 E. Sixth St. Ashland, WI 54806

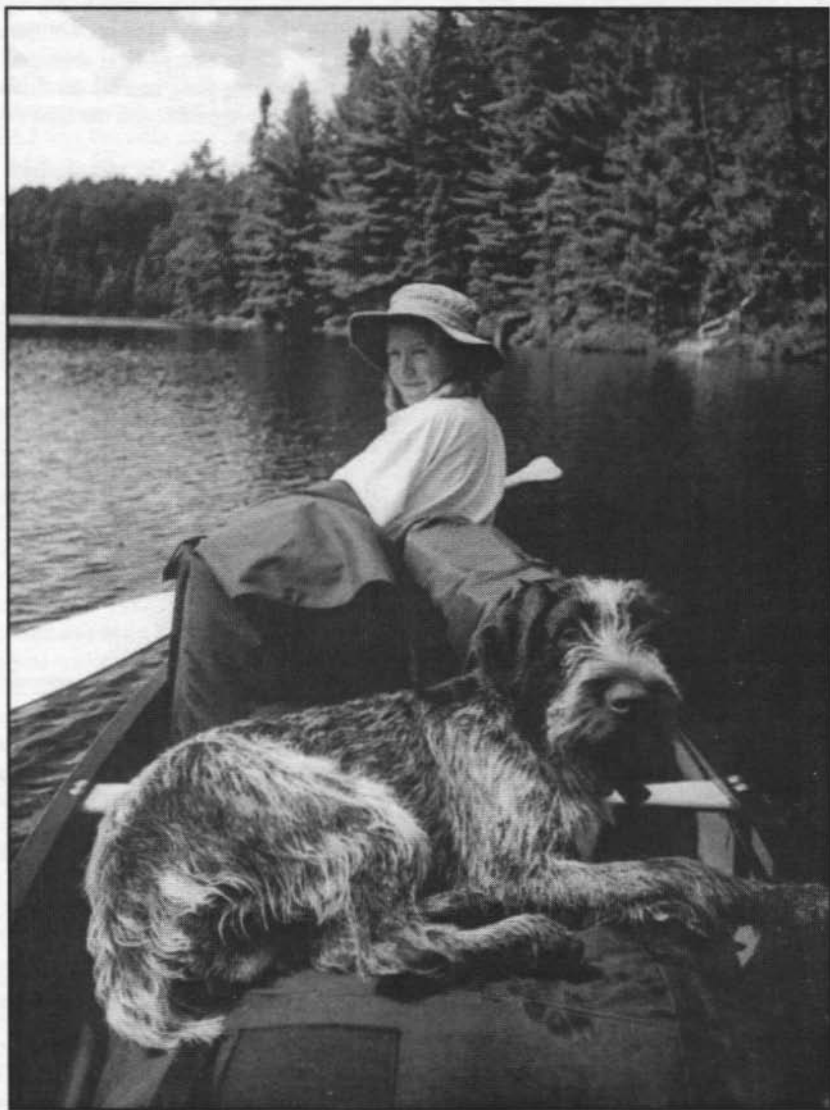
Telephone: 715-682-0383(CST), Email: mracko@ncis.net

Pete and Linda Engman, Co-Editors, 557 160th Ave., Turtle Lake, WI 54889 (715) 268-9231 (CST)

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A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Well, winter is finally over, if you can call it winter. Here in northern Wisconsin we had a very unseasonably warm winter. I am not complaining, though, as it allowed Badger and I to grouse hunt through December and snowshoe hare hunt through March. Generally, we can't hunt after November as the snow is too deep to get around. We usually don't go hare hunting just for this reason. So, given the warm weather, We really took advantage of it and spent a good amount of time hunting the hares. After our pursuit of these "white ghosts" I have come to realize why there is no bag limit and the season is open year round for them....you can't see them! When there is snow on the ground one can find their tracks all over the woods, but to actually see a hare is another story. Many times I would be walking along and suddenly stop because I thought I saw something out of the corner of my eye. I didn't think anything of it at first, until about the fifth time, when I just happen to make out the image of a snowshoe as it slipped out of sight. When I directed Badger off in that general direction he did get "rabbitie (?)" and followed the track for several yards, but than came back and we continued on. One generally doesn't get a second chance at these critters given their jumpiness and the type of cover they prefer.

When the snow all melted in mid February the tables turned in our favor...or so I thought. The hares stuck out like sore thumbs as they were still snow white, but I would forget to put a .22 cartridge in the chamber or forget to take the safety off. In other words it was hunting as usual. In the end Badger did get to retrieve ONE and he really relished it.

Snowshoe hunting is fun and Badger really enjoys it, but more importantly it is a great opportunity to extend our hunting season, exercise, train, and bond. We always come across ruffed grouse and because the season is closed I have the time to work on Badger's steady to flush and basic commands. On March 4th Badger pointed at what I thought was a rabbit than maybe a grouse as it turned out it was a woodcock! That is the earliest I have seen woodcock up in our neck of the woods.

Well, in this issue we have a follow up on the passing of AVAJ and news of HELA'S passing from Joan. Following this is an article from Kevin Kennedy about a chukar hunt with ARCHIE OF THE HIGH COUNTRY. Next, I had some nice photos from a couple of breeders and decided to put together a brief article illustrating just some of the love breeders put into their pups to give them the best head start in life before going to respectful owners. Lastly, Jim Gill sent in a letter which caught my eye because for him and his family hunting with AIDA is a family affair.

Hope you enjoy. Be sure to get out to a test weekend near you and have fun!

Mike Laskowski

- Deadline for getting articles in for the June GDS is May 8th.
 - We are always looking for photos. If you have a photo you would like to send in be sure to include the following:
 1. The name of the dog(s) that appears in the photo. (including sire and dam if possible).
 2. Names of any persons in the photo.
 3. Date and location of photo.
 4. The name of the person who took the photo.(if you want the photo(s) back be sure to indicate in your letter or better yet make duplicates)
 - If you have a change of address please be sure to let us know. This way you will keep on receiving the GDS and John and I won't have to worry about "return to sender".
-

COVER PHOTO: A perfect example of exposing your Griffon. The next time you go on vacation think about bringing along your hunting companion. What better way to strengthen a bond than to spend several days just having fun together...just don't forget to bring the whole family! Here RED HOT ADLER (CHYT ZE ZAPLAV x EBGB OF DUTCHANS' HOLLOW) at 8 months of age takes in a relaxing canoe tour of the Canadian wilderness with Sarah Hoffman and Erik Anderson. (Photo by: Erik Anderson)

MORE ABOUT "AVAJ"

By: Joan Bailey

She has a unique place in our history. **AVAJ OF IAMONIA** was from the first litter when we injected our new blood, the Cesky Fousek. She was not imported from Czechoslovakia, she was "home grown" with the help of **ERIK**. Only a few weeks after **ERIK** arrived, Tom Whitley's **SUZIE** was sent to the Lundberg's in New Jersey, and the first breeding took place.

AVAJ was the only dog from a litter of 8 or 10 pups (I've forgotten the exact number now!) that we felt at the time was suitable for breeding, though several of the other dogs went on to become fine hunting dogs.

When we decided to breed her, the question was to what male. She was the product of a complete outcross. We had no other male Fouseks that we could use with her. We also did not want, really could not, breed her to anything on the dam's side because if we did we would be line breeding to weaknesses, i.e., temperament, open eyes, bad bites.

We did find one male, completely unrelated to **AVAJ**, **BLUE MOUNTAIN'S BREW**.

As you will remember from the Griffon book, there were weaknesses in **BREW'S** bloodlines, but there were also some strengths. It would be a risky breeding, but we had to get on with it, and we had to breed **AVAJ**. I remember my conversation with John Pitlo, telling him of the risks, asking him if he was okay with this. He said he was, and a year later we tested the "A of **DUTCHMAN'S HOLLOW**" dogs in NAT, and they were good! We had an entire litter, *that as a litter*, tested well. That was step one. In the fall, we tested some of the dogs in IHDT and the rest in the spring, and again, *as a litter*, it was a success.

The next year we wanted to breed **AVAJ** again, and now we had a full Fousek male available—**BOSS OF THE CASCADES**, and as most of you know, this became that very excellent "B of **DUTCHMAN'S HOLLOW**" litter. There is no doubt that this was an improvement from the "A" litter. **BOSS** had the gene strength and purity that **BREW** didn't have.

And there was one more litter from **AVAJ**, the "C" litter, which was a repeat with **BREW**. Out of the "C" litter we bred three of the bitches. In hind sight we wished we would have used **BOSS** again, but that's the way breeding goes.

So with three successful litters out of **AVAJ**, and six breedable bitches (three by **BREW**, three by **BOSS**) translates into **AVAJ** being in many, many of our dogs' pedigrees today. Because of that broad influence we probably someday will call **AVAJ** one of our foundation dogs, but it's a little too soon to make that judgement.

Now you can see that **AVAJ** has a very unique place, and has had a great influence on our breed, or on the breed of dog we've been breeding since 1986. She was hunted over by several people, known and loved by many of us.



A Successful Day's hunt. AVAJ OF IAMONIA proudly poses with her ringneck. (Photo by: John Pitlo)

HELA Z DOBROVSKA**1984—1999**By: *Joan Bailey*

HELA died late in November, only two months after **ERIK** died. She was quite old, 15 years, and had gone for a stroll. The Lundberg's discovered her body later, at the edge of their pond. We surmise that **HELA**, ever the water dog, got a whiff of a duck, took off into the water and probably had a heart attack. I like to think that this was the way she would have wanted to go - in the water.

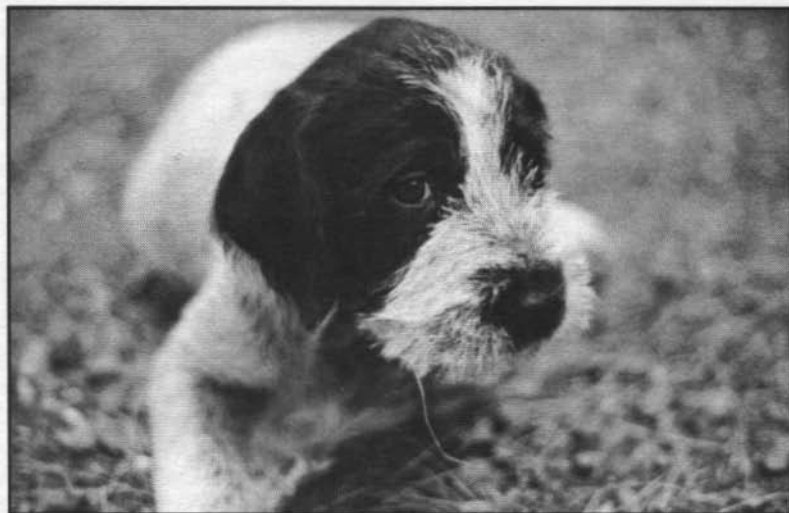
Like each of our dogs, she brought something unique to our gene pool - love of water and a fantastic drive for game. I remember at a test in Maine in the early '90's, at that historic Merrymeeting Bay site. The Lundberg's had driven up from New Jersey and had with them both **ERIK** and **HELA**. We had to drive to get to the water work, and John left his station wagon parked at the edge of a two track, close to the duck tracking area. When the first released duck started swimming away **HELA** squirmed through a half-open window and was on the duck before any of us knew what had happened! That was **HELA**.

That intense drive for game that so many of you see in your dogs today, especially coming via the **PRAIRIE STORM'S** dogs, and also through the recent dogs sired by **ARIKO VOM ERIK** (**ERIK** x **HELA**), that's **HELA**!

So now the last of the original group of dogs from Czechoslovakia is gone. They were the first wave - **ERIK**, **HELA**, **AXA**, and **BOSS** (who was bred in Czechoslovakia, but born here). We still have dogs from the next wave, specifically **DAN**, and a few years later, **CHYT** and **FLORA**. But the first dogs, the ones who laid our foundation, they are gone. Even tough old **HELA**.

2000 BREEDING UPDATE

SIRE AND DAM	BREEDER (STATE)	RESULTS
Prairie Storm's Beau x Elle of Auger Falls	Gary and Ann Pool (ID)	8 pups born 2/1/00
Auger of Alderbrook x Prairie Storm's Alder	Jane and Gene Mckenna (ME)	8 pups Born 3/1/00
Chyte Z Zaplav x Berta of Show-Me-Borealis	Judy and John Coil (MN)	8 pups Born 3/27/00
Elmo of Auger Falls x Adeline of Sandhill	Steve and Debbie Schuette (WI)	Due 4/10/00
Askari Scout of Truman's Pride x Elizabeth Ann of Auger Falls	Bob and Carolyn Matsuoka (ID)	Due 4/20/00
Frankie of Auger Falls x Avian of Show-Me-Borealis	Pete and Linda Engman (WI)	Due 5/1/00
Askari Scout of Truman's Pride x Babine of the High Country	Sykes and Pam Mitchell (OR)	Due 5/3/00



"A" OF SANDHILL pup (Ariko Vom Erik x Avian of Show-Me-Borealis). (Photo By: Pete Engman).

A Good day in the Field

By: Kevin Kennedy

Pouring the last of my water into a depression in a rock so Archie could get a drink and wash the feathers from his mouth, I thought, "If I don't see another bird all weekend, I'll still rank this as among the best hunts ever."

Archie's first point earlier that morning had been a covey of hunns from which my partner, Bill, and I dropped a single each. The little gray bird Arch brought me was our first upland bird of the season and I was eager to stow the partridge and head up the hill.



ARCHIE OF THE HIGH COUNTRY, The author's hunting companion, taking a break between birds. (Photo by: Kevin Kennedy)

The breaks of the Grande Ronde River, where hunns share the range with chukars and valley quail is, like most chukar ground, tilted and hard. Bill had a German Shorthair bitch that knew her business well and I knew Archie would do his job, so after that first covey we split up. Bill and his shorthair took to the ridge tops while Archie and I combed the slopes.

The next point had me wishing I had a camera rather than a shotgun . . . well, almost. Arch was above me, broadside, his tail rigid and quivering and the rest of his body as solid as the rock he was standing on, with nothing but blue sky beyond. He remained staunch as I circled above and came down into the birds.

I shot one chukar on the covey rise, swung on another and touched off the second barrel just as the squadron dove over the rocks below.

Archie was gone, sprinting down the canyon after the first bird. Even a good shot leads to a long retrieve in the canyons of southeast Washington and this bird hit the ground running. Several minutes later, Archie delivered our first chukar of the year.

I wasn't sure about the second shot. It felt good but, a) I didn't see a bird fall, and b) I never get doubles on chukars.

Not wanting to lie to my dog this early on the first day, I was hesitant to tell him "dead bird" so we just walked over to where the birds disappeared and I shrugged and nonchalantly gestured.

The hillside was thick with chukar scent but Archie was almost instantly on the track -- I flashed back to the pheasant track in the IHDT for a moment -- but soon was engrossed watching him work, lose the track, come back and line out, down the draw, up the other side, down and out of sight, now visible again on the next ridge, then running after a two legged one winged chukar.

That retrieve really humbled me; I would never have found that bird.

Like I said, no birds after that and it would still have been a great weekend. But it turned out that there were more birds, lots more birds and lots more points. Every bird hit, even those on the margins, were brought to bag.

This hunt and the really outstanding dog work (the unbelievable parts I've omitted in an effort to be taken seriously) got me thinking about my apparent skill as a bird dog trainer.

It reminds me of a piece of advice I once heard concerning how to be a millionaire and not pay taxes. It began, "First, get a million dollars."

I think bird dog training is similar -- to get a dog that ranges out, points chukar, quail, pheasant and hunns, points grouse while hunting close, is willing to break through the ice to retrieve ducks and geese, never lets a cripple get away and is a pleasure to be around -- "First, get a Griffon."

BEHIND THE SCENES

The making of a good all around hunting companion



A day of fun and exploration. The "D" OF IAMONIA litter spends quality time playing in the field. These outings go a long way in building a pups confidence and curiosity. (Photo by: Tom Whitley)

or even 10 at the same time! That is exactly what our breeders are faced with. Granted they have the pups for only 10 weeks, but in dog time that is a long time and it is a crucial period in the life of a pup. Add to this, that in 10 weeks all the puppies will be leaving for new homes and the responsibilities start to really add up for the breeders. These are responsibilities our breeders take seriously. Not only do they want their puppies to go to good homes, but they want them to go there with the "building blocks" for a successful



The center of attention. "E" OF DUTCHMAN' HOLLOW pups spending a typical evening with kids in the yard after supper. Our breeders spend the time to insure that their pups are well socialized. (Photo by: Vivian Pitlo)



Out for a leisurely swim. A Pup from the "D" OF IAMONIA litter at approximately 8 weeks of age. (Photo by: Tom Whitley)

It is spring time and that means puppies. For many of you waiting for a puppy, you may be thinking you have a lot of work ahead of you...and you would be right. Taking in a hunting dog puppy is a big responsibility which may seem daunting at times. You may ask yourself "am I doing it right?" "should I be doing this what about that?" Shouldn't my puppy be doing this? Relax and don't worry, because your puppy will have a good start by the time it arrives.

If you think raising one puppy is a lot of work try raising eight

hunting and family life.

To accomplish these tasks our breeders put in a lot of time exposing their litters to fields, woods and waters. Letting the puppies explore, learn, and just have fun. All of this goes a long way in building up a puppies confidence for hunting. To ensure the pups step in the right direction toward family life our breeders take time to also socialize their pups to strange adults and children so that they will know how to interact with them. All of this work is to insure that their little ones have the best opportunity at success.

As a new owner it is your responsibility to take that foundation, reinforce it, and then build upon it. If you ever have a question about anything regarding your puppy, DO NOT HESITATE to call the breeder. Most likely they will be sitting by the phone waiting to hear from you. If they can't answer your question they will know who can. Remember, raising a puppy is a great undertaking, but that doesn't mean it isn't fun. Enjoy your puppy, take him with you as much as possible. Someone once said that every puppy should meet 100 different people before he's a year old. Your breeder has probably got 25 people under puppy's belt before he comes to your house, it's up to you to find the other 75, and the hundreds of outdoor experiences he needs to be the well-rounded family and hunting companion your breeder meant him to be.

Dear Joan,

Old man winter finally brought cold and snow to eastern Iowa. Although it's cold outside and the pheasant season is over, I definitely have good feelings and a warm heart about this past hunting season and AIDA. She has continued to improve in her hunting skills. We frequently hunted large brome grass fields throughout the season, and from the first day until the last, these ole ring necks did not hold well. They zigged; they zagged; they always ran, with AIDA on her tracks. It became commonplace for Aida to track these birds for 300—500 yards before they either would flush wild or hold long enough for a point, flush, and kill. Overall it was an excellent pheasant season.

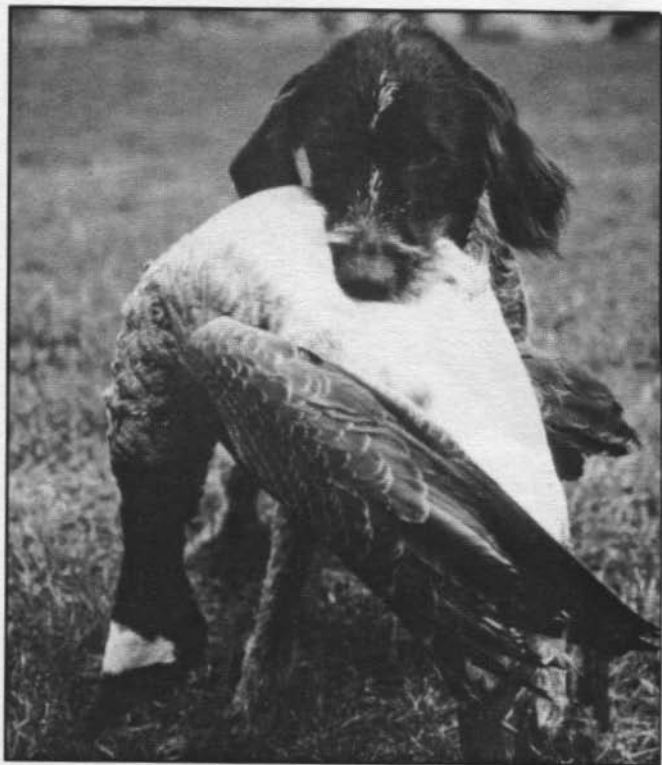
Other game was hunted, but not as frequently as pheasant. We bagged a few quail and still are trying until Jan. 31st. Duck season was dismal. The fall was extremely warm and dry around Iowa City. Relatively few ducks came down before season's end. We did manage to shoot a few. The goose season was similar, and Barb and I did get a couple of nice canada's. AIDA was absolutely thrilled with retrieving these big birds!

...Other good news: Barb and Emily have come hunting with AIDA and me numerous times. Barb has bagged a duck and had many attempts on pointed pheasants. We recently discovered that her misses are due to left-eye dominance in a right-handed shooter. We're working on ways to overcome this. Emily, on the other hand, has no problem with shooting. She's deadly on clay birds when starting from the shouldered-gun position. Her accuracy drops with the gun down-safety on position either on clays or live birds. She needs work on shouldering the gun quickly. Danny has even come with us a few times. He brings his BB gun and has taken some shots at flying pheasants.

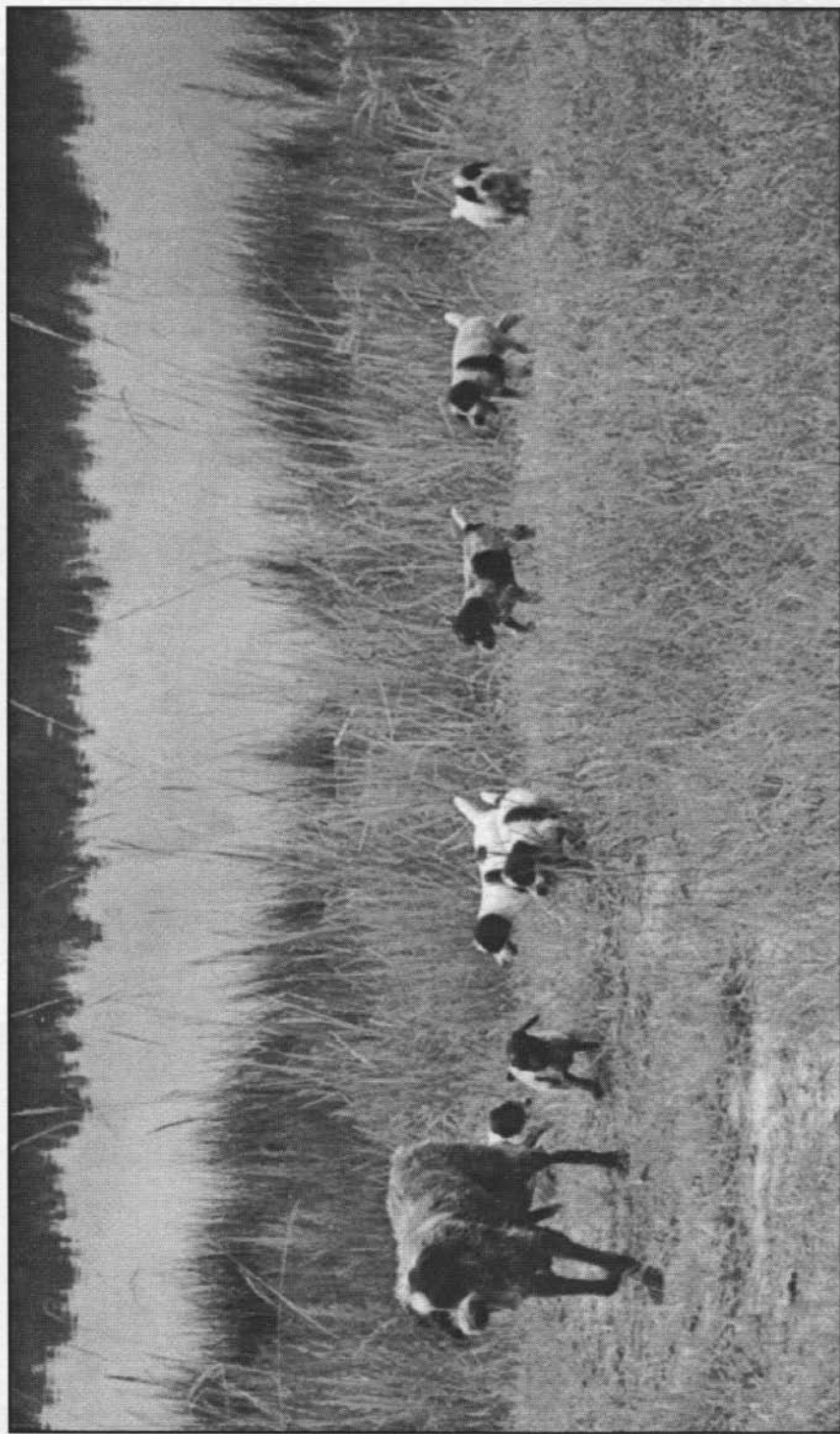
Thanks once again for your consideration of my request for the exception of AIDA and breeding. I completely agree with the final decision of not to breed her on grounds of being undershot. The club has done a great job. AIDA is proof.

See you this spring in Wisconsin.

Sincerely,
Jim Gill



*AIDA OF THE GREAT PLAINS proudly holding a
canada goose for her owner. (Photo by: Jim Gill)*



*Follow the leader. After a fun day by the lake a tired **FLORA ZHILOZKU** heads for home with her pups following close behind.*
(Photo by: Tom Whitley)