



Sooner Dog Gets TD in TX



It finally happened. Boomer and I captured that elusive glove! But maybe I should rephrase that a little bit. Boomer finally convinced me to trust him and follow him to that glove, which it was only elusive to me, not him, as he kept trying to “tell” me each of the other 3 times we tried. But he knows that we are a team and that eventually his patience would bring results and he could show me what a great feeling it would be to capture that TD title. And a great feeling it was! This is how it began....

We traveled to Houston the test being conducted the drawing of the tracks were the second draw and one had drawn, we were on track. Finally, it was nerve settling technique started me on), got and off we went to the during the night, so the water through the muddy to get to our start flag. switched his tracking line



on January 6 to participate in on January 7. We arrived for that Sunday morning. We drew track #3. After every-off to watch the first and second turn. I had my gum (a John Randall in Oklahoma Boomer out and ready to go start flag. It had rained more fields were far from dry. We grounds and a ditch of water Boomer calmly sat while I from his collar to his harness.

I asked him if he was ready and we went to the start flag and got the bandana, he took a quick sniff and off we went (I find I’m getting excited again reliving it!). He tracked a steady pace to the first turn, a brief side trip to check out a tree, did his circle and then made the firm decision to turn left at the first turn, then it was a right turn, while still trudging through the mud and water, then another left turn for a long leg (150 yards) to our next turn. There was more water standing at the 4th and final turn (not that I realized it was the final turn) and we circled around having lost the scent momentarily due to the turn being completely under water. But Boomer, being Boomer, kept up the good work and found his way and decided that we needed to take the turn to the left. I said, “If that’s the way it is, I’m right behind you.” Off we went on this, our 5th and final leg, which turned out to be another long leg (125 yards) to our final destination. Boomer tracked slowly down this leg, but happened upon a tree and decided to investigate a bit, but not for long, as I told him to “leave it” and get back to work, that we needed to find that glove. He fussed around a bit, circling, and even though there was water everywhere, I told him “let’s have a drink of fresh water and get our bearings.” I gave him some water, wet his nose, re-scented him and that did the trick. He got back on the track and it wasn’t much farther then suddenly there it was.... the Glove!!!! Boomer tracked right on to it, stopped at it, nosed it and glanced up at me as if to say, “See, I told you we’d find it.” I did my little happy squeal, raised my hand and walked my way up the line to Boomer, my wonderful Boomer. I praised him and thanked him for having faith in me that I would eventually put my trust in him. So here we are... Tomorrow’s Boomer Sooner TD!!!!

By Cindy M.

President’s Message

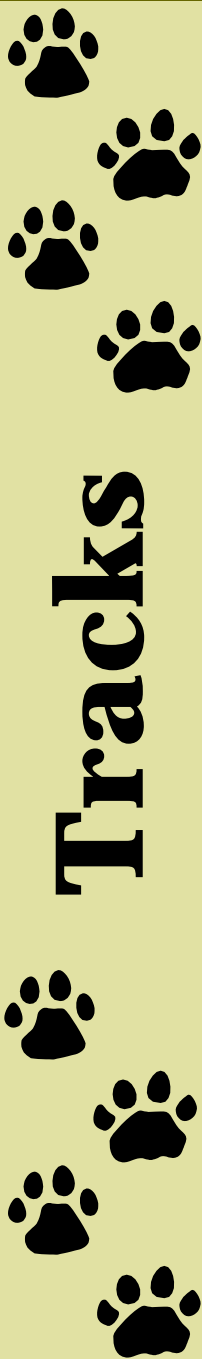
We got off to a very cold and wet start to 2007 with our January seminar. While the weather was uncooperative, the seminar still had a great turnout and many enthusiastic participants. Thanks to everyone who volunteered and a special thanks to the tracklayers who slogged through the water-logged fields and to those individuals who did some quick thinking to get the participants into some dry quarters during parts of the program.

There are a number of activities on the horizon. The club continues to find its way through all the hitches and glitches that will, we hope, allow us the right to hold full-fledged tracking contests.

Thanks to all the folks that continue to pitch in and help out in so many ways. Remember, a club is only as strong as its members want it to be. Work hard with your dogs and enjoy the tracking experience.

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Schedule of Events

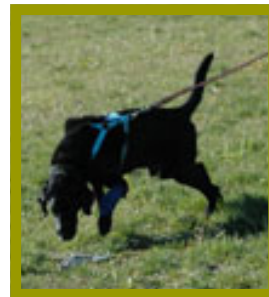
- Each Saturday—Tracking at AA
- 04/11/2007—Closing for Houston Test
- 04/17/2007--DFWTC Meeting 7 pm **Cracker Barrel** at Grapevine Mills
- 04/17/2007—Closing for Indian Nations Test
- 04/22/2007—Houston Tracking Test
- 05/05/2007—Last day of classes
- 05/6/2007—Indian Nations Tracking Test

APRIL 2007

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

Rescue ME

Rescue me not only with your hands but with your heart as well.
I will respond to you.
Rescue me not out of pity but out of love.
I will love you back.
Rescue me not with self-righteousness but with compassion.
I will learn what you teach.
Rescue me not because of my past but because of my future.
I will relax and enjoy.
Rescue me not simply to save me but to give me a new life.
I will appreciate your gift.
Rescue me not only with a firm hand but with tolerance and patience.
I will please you.
Rescue me not only because of who I am but who I'm to become.
I will grow and mature.
Rescue me not to revere yourself to others but because you want me.
I will never let you down.
Rescue me not with a hidden agenda but with a desire to teach me to trust.
I will be loyal and true.
Rescue me not to be chained or to fight but to be your companion.
I will stand by your side.
Rescue me not to replace one you've lost but to soothe your spirit.
I will cherish you.
Rescue me not to be your pet but to be your friend.
I will give you my undying love...



Charlene's boy, Morgie

To All Our
Rescues —

Who've
proved their
worth!

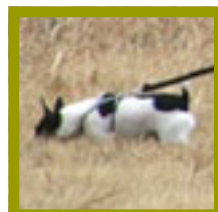


Cindy's boy, Boom Box



Left:
Cherita's
girl, Sav

Right:
Monica's
boy, Rowdy



Author Unknown



Koni's boy, Jetters

February Board of Directors Minutes

DFW Tracking Club

February 17, 2007 Board Meeting Minutes
1:15 pm (Meeting called to order)

In Attendance: Monica Becherer, Charlene Dunn, Deb Lyons

Guest: Sarah Helber; Budget Committee Member



Budget Committee Report:

Read spreadsheet report and assumption report for 2006/2007/2008

Discussion: Extending budget through 2009. Deb made motion to approve budget as presented and extend through 2009. Charlene seconded motion. Motion passed.

Seminar Report:

Read Income/Expenses Report and refunds for participants.

Discussion: Deb made motion for no refunds. Charlene seconded motion. Motion passed.

Club Tax for 2006:

Club Federal Income Tax are due March 15, 2007.

Discussion: Due to no communication from the IRS, the club should hire an accountant for this year.

Charlene made a motion to hire a professional accountant to prepare club taxes. Deb seconded the motion.

Motion passed. Deb made motion for the club to spend up to \$200 to have taxes professionally prepared.

Charlene seconded the motion. Motion passed.

New Business:

None.

Deb made motion to adjourn; Charlene seconded the motion. Motion passed. 1:45pm



Tanbark's Lock & Load UD RE TD



On March 4, 2007 at the Greater Kansas City Dog Training Club's 24 entry Tracking Dog Test. **Gunner earned his TD with an outstanding job!**

There were 24 entries and tracks. They divided us into the Red (R) Side and the Blue (B) Side. I drew track R8. After the draw, we split up by color and got to work. Bob Brown drew R1 and started out great. He got blown off on the last turn. R2 Miniature Pinscher failed; R3 Clumber Spaniel failed; R4 a Border Terrier failed; R5 an Irish Water Spaniel failed; R6 Clumber Spaniel failed; it was not looking good at this point. R7 Sheltie PASSED; R8 Golden Retriever [**Gunner**] PASSED. Gunner's track was about 450 yards which he completed in four minutes. In the Red group, only one of the last four passed. The Blue team has six dogs that passed. Gunner's tracking was right out of the textbook. Nose down, track sure and nailing turns perfectly.

By Bud S.

2006 Active Members

The following members are considered active members and eligible to hold office.

Monica Becherer
Marian Beck-Edwards
Karen Cook
Charlene Dunn
Julie Gatlin
Debra Lyons
Cindy Morrow
Connie Napier
Pam Raymond
Koni Vahdat
Benita Zapata

2006 Late Member / 2007 Members

Have until the end of 2007 to fulfill requirements for active status.

Frank Brauer
Bill Chaillot
Sarah Helber
Daphne Price
Cherita Sherrill

February Meeting Minutes

DFW Tracking Club

February 17, 2007 Meeting Minutes

Meeting called to order at 1:58 pm

In Attendance: Cherita Sherrill, Sarah Helber, Marian Beck-Edwards, Karen Cook, Julie Gatlin, Monica Becherer, Charlene Dunn and Deb Lyons.

Minutes of Last Meeting:

Julie made motion to approve minutes as printed to new letter. Karen seconded motion. Motion passed.

Report from Vice President – None

Report from Secretary – Read letter from AKC. AKC approved the changes made by DFWTC to by-laws. January 20 to March 08, tracking classes going well.

Report from Treasurer – Board approved not to return any fee paid by seminar participants. Board approved hiring a professional accountant for the 2006 taxes. Discussion of Board decisions ensued.

Committee Reports - March 4, 2007 Certification Match closes on February 21, 2007. Chief Tracklayer—Marian; Pictures—Deb; Food—Cindy (and wonderful Mom) and Deb; Draw items—Julie

Food Report—Charlene chili), Deb (cornbread), Cherita (chips & cheese), Karen (desserts).

Forms needed for Match and Test / How many will be needed? / Price break after 150 copies (would last several years).

Sarah made a motion to have 50 printed. Julie seconded motion. Motion passed.

Budget Committee Report—Board approved for 2007-2009. Discussion ensued.

Seminar Report - Planning dates for next seminar [March 4, October 21, and December 16]. Possible need for classroom & discussion. Plans tabled until April meeting where more information can be presented.

Old Business – Next class sessions will start March 17 and end May 5, 2007. Instructors and assistants needed! There are 4 people interested in the Beginner's class; 8-10 for Intermediate class and 3 Advanced class. If you can help, notify Deb L. by March 3 so she can notify students.

New Business - New members, Bill Chaillot and Cherita Sherrill voted in.

Next Meeting – April 17, 2007

Sarah made a motion to adjourn. Karen seconded the motion. Motion accepted. Meeting adjourned at 3:45 pm.

January [Barnard] Seminar

The weather outside was frightful ~ but it was warm and toasty inside~! John and Darlene Barnard presented insights into the wonderful world of tracking...the weather didn't hinder the dogs nor the pertinent information gleaned from the seminar hosted by DFWTC.

Thanks John & Darlene~!



March Certification Match - Sunday 3/4/2007

The tracking conditions were as close to perfect as anyone (handler or dog) could hope for this sunny Sunday in Dallas. On Saturday, tracking judges, plotters and tracklayers united to prepare for the tracking day [test] festivities. Five tracks were flagged and plotted in anticipation of the entries. Early Sunday morning, Track Chairperson, Julie, Chief Tracklayer, Marian, and Judges, Charlene & Sarah, arrived early to prepare for the big day ahead.

Julie's creative talents were evident by the St. Patrick's Day theme she applied to tracking contestant paraphernalia. Shamrocks with numbers were drawn to determine tracking order. Green shamrock (four leaf clovers of course) treat bags were given to all tracking teams entered. Julie continued the 'Luck O' the Irish' theme with the contents of the goodie bags. Inside were green candy, green mints, Doublemint gum...all that for the human counterpart of the tracking team...there was plenty of 'green' in store for the working canines too~! Thanks Julie for the awesome Green Theme!

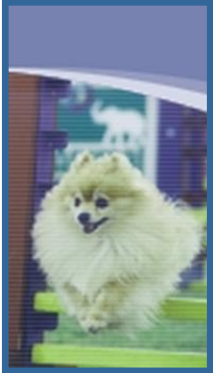
After all the tracks were run it was clearly time for lunch. Once again, Charlene set our tongues ablaze with her award winning chili. If you've never tried her chili before, it is awesome! To compliment the wonderful chili dish, Deb L. made the most unique and tasty cornbread. Deb, if you would like to share your recipe, we'll publish it in the next newsletter (hint, hint). And what is becoming a staple at our matches...Cindy's mom's cream cheese treats and cinnamon rolls. Her rolls and treats are always yummy and superb. To finish off a perfect picnic meal, Karen Cook (check out the last name!) and Marian Beck-Edwards brought culinary dessert delights. Thank you all so much. We are blessed to have these amazing chefs in our midst. Again, many thanks to those that contributed food and time.

Finally, a huge thanks to our Chief Tracklayer Marian, our judges Charlene and Sarah, our Tracking Match Chairperson Julie. We couldn't have done this without you. You kept us all on track, so to speak. :)

3/4/2007 Scrapbook



The Golden Years



"I searched the rainbow to the end; the gold I found was you, my friend."

We met when he was a puppy. I had discovered a great new sport called dog agility, and desired a dog with which to learn the game. I didn't have any real ambitions or goals for achievement; it was simply that agility looked like a fun thing to do with a dog. He was one of a litter of six, and his mother did not have enough milk to feed him. On his fourteenth day of life until he reached six weeks, I fed him every four hours around the clock. He was bold yet reserved, but I also saw in him keen intelligence and a desire to please. I don't know what he saw in me, but he sure did like to chew on my fingers.

I never imagined that the fluffy puppy I raised on a bottle would become the capricious canine with which I spent hundreds of hours, learning the game we both grew to love best. Nor did I envision that he would become my constant companion as our world expanded. For years we traveled throughout the United States and other countries too, seeing new sights and making new friends all along the way.

Our achievements accumulated as well; achievements I was proud of, but which became extraneous to the fun we had and the bond we shared. How quickly those often taken-for-granted times turned into weeks and months and years.

A new show season was on the horizon. I looked forward to resuming training and travel, individual and team competition, continuing the fast-paced life we knew so well. Most of all, I looked forward to continuing our annual quest to win the Grand Prix national individual championship. Several times we had been finalists, coming up short in the final round. My dog was now seven years old. While he no longer possessed the extreme speed of his youth, he was still faster than most, and had become more responsive and consistent to my commands. I perceived that he was getting better, not older. Then a change came suddenly, plans for the future fell tumbling down, and I would experience one of life's most valuable lessons, to treasure the gifts of each day.

Just before the new show season began, my dog began demonstrating discomfort when picked up or held. He also ceased jumping onto furniture, choosing instead to sit quietly at my feet. This was quite a change from the dog that could previously launch himself straight up from a standstill as if he had springs for legs. X-rays revealed that due to an old injury and normal aging, several spinal vertebrae were fusing together. The prognosis was fairly optimistic. Although his spinal column might not be as flexible as before, after a few weeks of rest and recovery he should be able to compete.

Several weeks passed with no change for the better. He seemed to be aging instantly before my eyes. Back to his veterinarian we went for more x-rays. This time the diagnosis was more dire; his vertebrae seemed to be degenerating. It appeared his days in agility were over, a reality I was not prepared to accept. I took him to an orthopedic specialist, desperate for hope and a cure. The specialist conceded that it was possible for the degeneration of his vertebrae to cease. He also offered encouragement that we could return to training. While his words did not coincide with the little dog hobbling before me, I clung to hope that all was not lost. The spring show season was passing us by. Even though my dog had not set foot on agility obstacles in four months, I entered him in an upcoming regional qualifying class for the national Grand Prix.

The day before we left for the regional event, I noticed something was amiss. My dog's rear feet appeared to be dragging slightly, the toes knuckling under as he walked. This time the problem was a pinched nerve caused by the fusing vertebrae putting pressure on his disks. My hopes once again deflated, I began the sixteen-hour drive to the regional event, since my younger dog was also entered to compete.

I withdrew my older dog from the day's first class. Instead I asked the show photographer if he could take a picture of my dog performing a tunnel. Quite a few times in years past I had watched helplessly as he disappeared merrily into a tunnel he spotted on course, even though the tunnel was not the correct obstacle to be performed. I often thought my panicked shriek as I pleaded for him to come back only added to his pleasure. On this day, as he entered the tunnel for his photograph, a spark ignited. His spirit came to life, and he began barking with anticipation and excitement. I took him out to the practice jump and was surprised to see him clear the jump several times. It was obvious he wanted to run, and with our chance to qualify in the regional class coming up soon, I decided to try.

The regional dog agility competition took place in Lexington, Kentucky, in conjunction with a prestigious horse show, the Rolex Three-Day Event. The crowd of spectators was quite large, standing three deep in some places along the ring. My dog had responded the crowd's cheers in the past by running even faster. Now he needed all the help he could get in order to complete the course, and those cheers from the crowd helped carry him through. The spectators did not see him stumble slightly on the dog walk, or notice his rear legs slip out from under him in the weave poles, or comprehend how hard he struggled to climb the 6'3" A-frame.

The Golden Years Continued

All they saw was a dog with flying fur and a gleeful grin working his way enthusiastically around the course. The crowd did not know a problem existed, and my dog did not care. Once again he was performing inside an agility ring, and that was exactly where he wanted to be. When he crossed the finish line, he had barely managed to qualify for the Grand Prix national event.

After the regional competition, my dog's veterinarian continued to monitor his condition, including prescribing anti-inflammatory and joint-lubrication medication. I was still hesitant to work him on agility obstacles, so instead tried swimming him at a local lake. This idea was soon discontinued because swimming seemed to cause additional discomfort to his back. His only exercise now consisted of short outings in the park, where I let him walk at his own pace. As the national event drew near, the treatment seemed to have a positive effect. We trained on agility equipment several times, fine-tuning performance on individual obstacles rather than performing a full course. While he retained only about forty percent of his former physical conditioning, I knew that in prior Grand Prix competitions, accuracy had been more important than speed. I desperately wanted one more chance to try, and so we embarked on another attempt to win the Grand Prix.

As we entered the airport on our way, my dog saw his carry-on bag coming down the conveyor belt at the security checkpoint. He wriggled out of my arms, scrambling into his bag with a gleam in his eyes that said, "Zip me up and let's be on our way!" My sadness was profound as I realized what he could not, that after so many flights together, this would probably be his last.

When I called my dog over the first jump in Round 1 of the Grand Prix semifinals, he again responded to cheers from the crowd. He finished the course with a good time, but also knocked down two jump bars. Previously, he had taken down only four or five jumps during his entire agility career. I knew it was not carelessness that caused the bars to fall, but evidence that although his willing mind knew what to do, his ailing body refused to cooperate. At the end of Round 1 our score stood at ten faults. While we would be advancing to Round 2 of the semifinals, there were numerous dogs with clear runs. I knew our chance of making it the finalist round was unlikely. However, as always, my dog was thrilled to be performing. And despite our score, I was happy too.

My spirits fell when I saw the course for Round 2. The course design included three double spread jumps; in Round 1 there had been none. Those spread jumps that he sailed over so effortlessly in the past seemed like wide chasms now. I did not see how he could possibly clear even one spread jump, much less all three. Only eight dogs would advance to the finalist round, and I decided not to attempt the course if he was out of the running before his turn came. Finally he was next, and there were not yet eight dogs with fewer than ten faults.

When I called him to me, his invincible heart and will burst forth, and age and injury remained at the start line. Faster and faster he ran, clearing one spread jump and then two and three. He finished Round 2 with a clean run and the fastest time of the day. As the remaining scores came in he was ultimately bumped from the top eight, and we did not advance to the finalist round for a chance to win the national championship. But that did not matter to him, and to my surprise, it no longer mattered to me. In my arms was my dog of old, a seven-pound bundle of enthusiasm and energy.

This year's national event most likely signified the conclusion of my dog's agility career. Each year before we had dozens of chances to compete; this year there were only three. Those three priceless moments are etched indelibly into my memories, and finally I understand their meaning. It was the quality of our time together that counted, not the number of times we competed, not the number of years.

When I began training my first dog, we had many lessons to learn. Not just about how to perform obstacles on an agility course, but lessons that would seal a bond to last a lifetime. Along the way I learned to take sole responsibility for our mistakes, even if I suspected my dog intentionally disregarded my commands. In return, he learned to acquiesce to my leadership, even when he believed he knew a better way around the course. Together we persevered and found a common language with which we could communicate. As our understanding of one another grew and our devotion deepened, we became a team.

My first dog is older now, that irrepressible rascal so dear to me. I know his physical abilities can no longer match his will. Common sense tells me it is time to let him go, to retire him and focus my attention on my younger dogs. They are the future and he is the past. But the magic and wonder of experiences shared with that first dog are not easily forgotten or replaced. As I look into his bright expectant eyes, I see his indomitable spirit shining from within, imploring me to share with him a few more joyous moments, to add to all those golden years.

Laura Yarbrough
Houn House—Agility



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DFW Tracking Club was founded in the summer of 2005 by members of the tracking community who wished to offer tests, teach classes, and serve the tracking needs in the DFW area.

The mission of the DFW Tracking Club is to provide a need to the tracking community for tracking tests, tracking classes, and tracking education.

DFW Tracking Club has instructors who can service all levels of tracking from the novice to the advanced tracker. Our classes are structured to teach dogs and their humans to track for an AKC tracking test.

For more information about the DFW Tracking Club, check out our yahoo group at dfwtrackers@yahoogroups.com or email the club secretary at info@dfwtc.org

We are on the Web!
<http://www.dfwtc.org>

Today I Am A Man...Almost

Today, I reached a milestone, An important one for me,

Instead of squatting like a girl, I raised my leg to pee.

I really wasn't thinking as I hurried past that tree; it just cried out for marking, by someone just like me.

It's really very easy, just lift and squeeze and squirt; you can do it on a tree; you can do it in dirt.

It's there for all who may come by, it tells my own story, it says the tree belongs to me; it's my territory.

My mom got all excited, but my sister, Tramp



Submitted by Cindy M.
Author Unknown

just sniffed. "Hey Buster, she seemed to say, "You think you've got a gift?"

She scratched the ground, she moved her butt, then proved me a liar, she raised both legs and let her rip, and hers was even higher~!

I stared at Tramp in disbelief, I felt like such a fool. She kicked some dirt right in my face; then she walked away so cool.

And as she left she turned to me, eyes glinting like a jewel.

The lesson to remember, "In all things, Chicks Rule!"

Upcoming Events

We are rapidly approaching mid-term in our tracking classes! How time flies when you're having fun. Weekly, beginners as well as intermediate and advanced students and their dogs learn new tracking skills from instructors Sarah and Marian.

Current classes will end May 5 and classes will resume in October. Stay tuned for Fall start dates.

*****Remember to check your dog after each tracking outing...spear grass is out in full-force.*****