

Waggin' Tales

"A well trained dog is a happy dog"

Volume 1 Issue 1

January 1997

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 Dates to Remember 

 Jan. - No training changes 

 Feb. - No training changes 

 2/19 Awards dinner
 reservations due 

 Mar.- 3/4 Training change 

 3/5 Membership
 meeting 

 3/9 Awards dinner 

 3/10 Waggin' Tales
 deadline 

 3/16 Tracking test

From the Editor

After some discussion with Taffy, I have decided to take on Waggin' Tales. Taffy assures me that the only talent needed is to be willing - and typing skills would be helpful (I knew that Master's in Computer Science would come in handy one day!). This is my plea to please help me out by sending me all the interesting things you are doing - and I see some of you doing them! I would also appreciate feedback on the type of things you would like to see here - it's your newsletter. I am always grateful for artwork, clip art, cartoon's, etc., as you will find I am not the artistic type! I found a bunch of stuff Cindy drew (thanks!) so I will be using some of that. You can send me articles via E-mail, the post office, on disk or hand it to me at training! I have limited access to a scanner so I will see how that works out for including pictures, etc. If you would like to help scan things, let me know. Sally Compton has graciously offered to continue her "Old Bones" column, letting us know what the club was doing 10 years ago. I would like to start a regular "Member Profile" column so everyone can get to know everyone else - by name instead of by their dog's name! This would be a column telling us about the member's interests (besides dogs?!) and how they came to join the club, their accomplishments, etc. I will include a picture when possible. I would like volunteers to sign up - otherwise I'll be calling you! My E-Mail address:

KWEBER@FNAL.GOV

Waggin' Tales



OLD BONES

Sally Compton

from *Waggin' Tales*

Nov.-Dec. 1986

Ruth Anderson

Bloodhound -George

Peoria OTC-Novice B

182 1/2 C.D.

High Non-Specified

Brenda Rivera

Sheltie - Tampa

London Canine Assoc.-Open

198-196-196 1/2 C-C.D.X.

Judy Award

Dick Kallal

Std. Poodle - Monte

Logansport -Open B-195 1/2

Utility-198 1st Place

Oshkosh-Open B 197 2nd

Utility-198 1st Place

O.T.C.H.!

Winnegamie-Open B193 1/2

Utility - 194 1/2

Ed Kneip

Golden - Casey

Lakeland - Open B- 199 2nd

Utility - 199 1st

High Combined,

High Golden

Won runoff for HIT

Capital DTC-Open -197 1/2

1st Place

Utility - 197 1st

HIT

High Combined

High Sporting Dog

OLD BONES (con't)

Lyons Township-Open-198

Utility-198

HIT

High Combined

High Golden

(These were just a few of their many terrific shows)

Dick and Elaine Kallal have added a new white Std. Poodle to their family - welcome Mardee.

Chuck and Jane Libberton have packed their bags, house stuff, and dogs and have moved to Florida. Thanks again to both of you for all you contributed to Fox Valley - we'll miss you!

Linda and James Benson joined the club in 1/87 as did Donna Stahelin.

Announcement of Awards Dinner to be held on Feb. 12-at Fisherman's Inn - cost is \$11 per person.

Master of Ceremonies to be George Goodman - requested repeat performance. Entertainment will be provided by "Bit's and Pieces" a barbershop quartet whose dedicated to the philosophy "Have fun, sing well and make you audience laugh."

Next "OLD BONES" will let you know who got what awards at that dinner!

Heavenly Zuri

Your wonderful story brought tears of remembrance. Christmastime, three years ago, my beloved father was bedridden with bone cancer. Hospice care had begun, so he could remain at home, but there was no enjoyment left in his life.

This changed the day I brought 7-month-old Zuri to visit him. Zuri had only been with us a week and was still very insecure and shy, especially around men. I wasn't sure what reaction I'd get from either Dad or Zuri at their initial meeting, but Heaven had a plan for these two. Zuri began by sitting next to Dad's bed and softly laying his head on top of Dad's fingers. With effort, Dad picked up his hand, and with eyes full of tears, spoke for the first time in days, "my little dog...my little dog", as he pet the head whose brown eyes never wavered from his. When Dad exhausted his small store of energy, as I held my breath, Zuri slowly, ever-so-gently inched his way onto the bed, never diverting his gaze from Dad's face. Any grimace brought him to a momentary halt. Eventually though, dog curled up next to his chest, Dad managed a few more pats before sinking into sleep. From that point, my daily visits brought JOY to the lives of both dog and man. The same routine; head on hand, petting, slow crawls, napping; led to renewed interest and conversation in Dad. He told stories of his childhood dogs and the comradie they'd shared. He spoke of love of his family and now, Zuri.

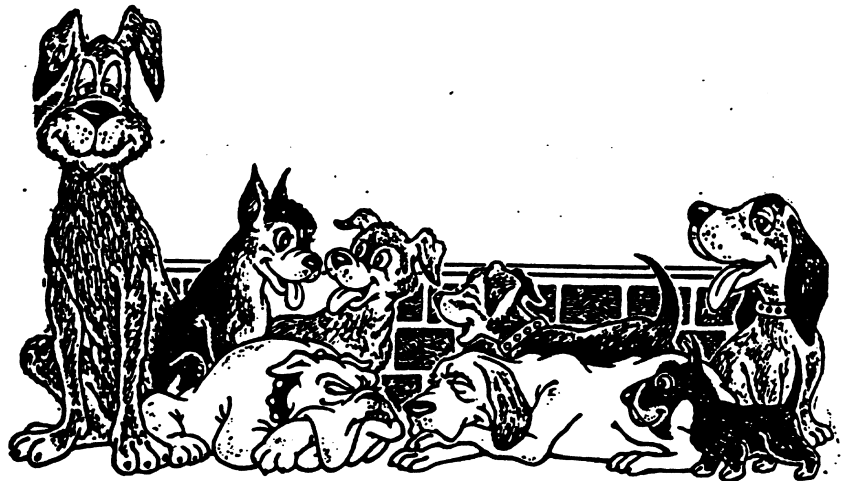
One day, coming directly from work, I didn't take the time to stop at home and pick up Zuri. Boy, did I catch heck! "Where's my little dog? Has anything happened to him?" From that day forward, Zuri always

accompanied me to my childhood home. As the end came, dog and man communicated in silence, gaze to gaze, soft brown eyes and the faded grey ones telling each other of Love and Acceptance of what must be. On one long afternoon, as I sobbed, Dad suddenly turned his head to me, smiled, and whispered, "Don't cry honey. I love you. And, I love my little dog. He's from Heaven, you know." The next morning Dad left us on angel wings...freed at last from the pain and failed body. When I brought Zuri to the house, he took his familiar post, looked at Dad, then turned to me with a puzzled look as if to say, "Why are we here? Can't you see he's left already? My work is done here."

He got up, ran to the front door, and sat there waiting to leave. No one can ever convince me that Zuri wasn't Heaven-sent to guide my father to his eternal home! That job done, he's been "normal" (and often naughty) Basenji ever since - except when someone's depressed or ill. Then he once again begins his Heavenly calling; head on hand, angelic eyes focused...

Marian Sweeney

Submitted by Jim Benson



Waggin' Tales Christmas Party

The annual Fox Valley Dog Training Club Christmas party was held on Dec. 26th at the Fairgrounds and a good time was had by all 4-legged and 2-legged creatures! There were treats for both dogs and people and a visit from Santa complete with pictures by a fireplace was a highlight. Thanks to Bob Reese for filling in as Santa.

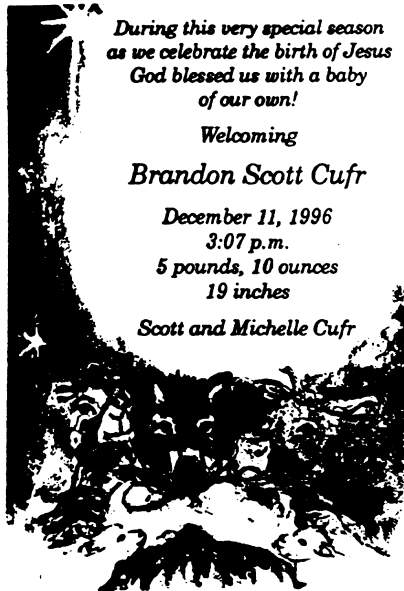
Along with a silent auction, the usual games were played - musical chairs, dumbbell tosses and relay races. This is the second year for Wally's "bobbing for treats game". This year Wally found some treats that float, so more dogs were willing to participate! (My Gofer was more than happy to stand by as the "cleanup crew" and snorkel for any treats that didn't float - she was hoping for lots of sinkers!)

Many dogs got to play with new and old friends and it was good night to relax and socialize. Linda Armstrong's pugs acted as the referees -running over to try and break up (or join in) any wrestling that they thought looked like too much fun!

Cindy promises that many new and exciting games that we didn't get to play at the party will be played at the annual picnic in July. Watch for picnic details here!

WHO'S NEWS? LEGS AND BRAGS

Michelle and Scott Cufr send the following announcement:



*During this very special season
as we celebrate the birth of Jesus
God blessed us with a baby
of our own!*

Welcoming

Brandon Scott Cufr

December 11, 1996

3:07 p.m.

5 pounds, 10 ounces

19 inches

Scott and Michelle Cufr

Brandon was welcomed home by big "brothers" Heath and Harper who are making sure Michelle takes good care of Brandon.

Michelle and Scott also got another Christmas present (just in time!) a new van - so you won't see Michelle trying to fit 2 dogs and a crate plus her and now a baby into that compact car!

Michelle says she'll be back at training soon - with plenty of pictures I'm sure!

From Suzan Scott:

Labrador -Jett

Smack-Dab Obedience

Training Center 12/21/96

U-CDX

Finally! No more sits and downs for Jett. He couldn't be happier!

From Barb Erskine:

Sheltie - Starr's Rhapsody n Blue (Nissan)

N.W. Obedience Club 12/14/96
First Novice leg -181 This was Nissan's first show!

From Marietta Huber:

Riding High in Oklahoma! Latest news from the agility scene has Rainbow - Marietta's chocolate lab winning a placement at the first AKC National Championship, held at the Lazy E arena in Guthrie, OK. on Nov. 23 & 24. Out of a possible 400 perfect score, Rainbow drove herself to earn 395 in 4 rounds over the two day competition. Of the 150 dogs competing from all over the country, Rainbow earned a 4th placement!

Suffering a bad first round, Squiggles, Marietta's beagle, picked herself up in the remaining rounds to earn perfect scores of 100 with 1st placements in each of the remaining 3 rounds. Her cumulative score brought her in 15th place.

Keeping their endurance up, both dogs maintained perfect scores in the International round, which was designed by a European judge. The tightness of the course, along with harsh angles, made the course extremely difficult.

New Year's eve brought another celebration into the Huber's life! Word came in that evening from the St. Louis area that 9 black lab puppies were whelped! Mom is a beautiful black lab named Dixie Belle, owned by Support Dogs, Inc.

For Marietta, this was joyous news! This is a litter that was sired by her yellow lab, Popcorn. Being his first attempt at fatherhood, this was a test breeding for him, as well as a donated service. The outcome will serve a greater purpose. These pups will be raised in foster homes for a year or so, then tested by the staff at Support Dogs, to see if they will be suited

for their job as a service dog. If chosen they will be specifically trained to assist handicapped people. In a few weeks, Marietta will anxiously drive to St. Louis to personally see & evaluate the litter.

Finally, my news

I have not sent in any of my dog's accomplishments for 1996, but most of our activity occurred during the last half of the year.

'Snapper passed the TDI test in April (Therapy Dog). He also attended the Labrador Specialty in June and placed third in Veteran's class. He was one of the youngest dogs in the class at 10 yrs.

India's biggest accomplishment last year was her second litter. On June 27th she had 9 MALES! There were 4 blacks, 4 yellows and 1 chocolate. One black, Echo, and the chocolate, Baker, have joined our pack. They can be seen at training. India also passed the TDI in April. In October India got her first Novice Agility leg with a perfect score and a first place. In December she got her second Novice Agility leg with another perfect score, first place and High Novice. India got her CDX in November and her UKC Novice title in December, finishing with a 194 1/2 and a third place! She also got her UKC Agility I title in November.

Holli and Gofer went to Canada this past fall - just to see how they would do. They were the youngest dogs entered in the trial and Holli got 2 legs and Gofer got one. Holli has also started her Novice title in the States with one leg earned in Nov. (her first show).

AN OUTSTANDING LABRADOR BREEDING !

RAINBOW

U-ATCH, RAMAPO'S INDIAN LOVE CALL,
MX, MAD, EAC, OJC, OGC, CDX, U-CD, JH, WC
(OFA Good)

RAINBOW excelled in agility in '96 to achieve the following . . .

- +++ Maser Agility (MX / AKC) - 1st labrador & 4th dog in the country to earn it!
- +++ Master Agility Dog (MAD / USSDA)
- +++ Excellent Agility Council (EAC / NADAC)
- +++ Finalist winner at the USDAA Grand Prix of Dog Agility in Ventura, CA
- +++ Fourth place winner at the AKC National Agility Championship in Guthrie, OK

With these outstanding achievements, added to her existing obedience & hunting titles, she'll pass on drive, enthusiasm & high working ability to her puppies!

DENNIS

CH WILLCARE'S MASTERPIECE, CD, JH, WC
(OFA Excellent)

DENNIS finished his breed championship at 2 in style, being awarded Best of Winners at the Piedmont Specialty, under an English judge. He has consistently produced his wonderful temperament, excellent bone & superb conformation, along with a rich, thick coat, onto his offspring, which are now earning their CH's. A "blocky-style" lab with substance & strength, but light on his feet, he'll complement this line-breeding (on two outstanding English sires), to produce puppies that will be noticed in the breed ring, be extremely agile & quick in agility, work with enthusiasm in obedience, and be driven to retrieve in the field, while still maintaining the desired qualities to be the best companion & family dog!

Puppies due: **Valentine's Day!** For further information & pedigrees, please contact:
RAMAPO RETRIEVERS / Marietta Huber
P.O. Box 1103 / Wayne, IL 60184 / 630-497-9766

Elmer Fudd Chow

I can communicate with my dog. A little skepticism? No, I really mean communicate. A twitch of the tail, a furrowed eye brow, a turned head, all combine into a recognizable form that we would call a sentence. Sure, I have to fill in the occasional adverb or adjective, and at a minimum, I upgrade verbs and nouns with better synonyms but nothing more. Well, maybe I go a little overboard when I apply tone and inflection into the words I feel coming from my dog, but I do have to admit things got a little out of hand recently. It all started after the house next door was sold.

Can you believe how dumb some people can be? My new next door neighbors are a household of diminished mental capacity individuals. I'm trying to be polite. What is my proof you ask? After settling in, cutting down every tree in sight, and installing a pool, they went out and bought a rabbit to keep in their yard. Not a dog, not even an ungrateful, arrogant cat, but a dumb rabbit. You can tell a lot about a person's intelligence from the pets they keep. Dog owners, in general, seem to be nice people, but what can you say about a rabbit owner. Personally I think they have deep emotional problems as manifested by their remote attachment to a feral creature. So when a whole houseful of people owns a single rabbit, we have the potential of dysfunctional neighborhood blight.

The rabbit also suffers from diminished mental capacity, probably by association. I am not an expert in animal or people IQ, but anybody who installs a rabbit hutch right up against a wood fence, with no wire or mesh, on the other side of which reside five rabbit-drooling Chow Chows,

cannot be proof of diminished capacity? The dumb bunny tries to burrow its way under the fence. Into our yard. Into the jaws of death.

I found out about the rabbit when my five year old male Chow Chow, Pan Tu, attempted to spend the remainder of his waking life in the far corner of the yard, an area by the way he never visits. On one particular day, I observed him standing perfectly still, his eyes focused on a spot on the ground, right at the bottom of the six foot cedar privacy fence. The fence has small gaps between the boards that vary between one eighth to one quarter inch. Occasionally, Pan Tu would lift his head and look back at the house where I stood at the patio door. It is at times like this that I can communicate with my dog.

"Hey, Dave, come out here and help me get to the other side of the fence. There's a rabbit over there!" Pan Tu was yelling. At least that was my interpretation. My written job description as pack alpha does not require me to take down fences for lazy Chows. I have other dogs, with whom I also can communicate, though at a lesser level, and they too were fascinated with the rabbit. Fascinated, but not obsessed. They'd spend a few minutes at the fence, patrolling and inspecting, sniffing and pawing, but after a while, they'd give up in frustration and head off for more exciting adventures like chasing squirrels. By the way, Pavlov was wrong. Pavlov, an eminent scientist in the 1800's, conducted a series of experiments with dogs and bells, and allegedly proved that if you ring a bell every time you feed a dog, the dog will begin to salivate whenever it hears the bell, whether it was time to eat or not. Pavlov called this a conditioned response. Repeat a behavior

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pattern endlessly and reward the correct response with a positive treat or praise, while punishing an incorrect response, and eventually the desired behavior becomes ingrained. By the way, this happens to be the basis for all dog training and child rearing.

Though some Pavlovian trainers (and parents) used terms like positive reinforcement instead of leash corrections, it's all based on the same principle.

I've developed an opposing theory of learned behavior called Dave's First Law of Dog Ownership. Here it is in proper scientific theory form. If a dog chases a squirrel every day and never catches one, the dog learns nothing! I've conducted thousands of scientific observations from my patio deck, and I have never seen a dog come close to catching a squirrel. If Pavlov was right, eventually the dogs would look at the squirrel, do some type of canine sigh, and turn away. I have never witnessed such behavior. Every squirrel sighting is exactly the same. One dog sees the squirrel, communicates the location, bearing, size and other target acquisition information to the other dogs in the yard and the race is on. Nature clearly favors the squirrel and until a dog learns how to climb a tree by running around the tree trunk, as it climbs, then all the squirrels in our part of the world are perfectly safe. Whether it is squirrels or rabbits, I think Pavlov was wrong and I set out to prove otherwise. I decided to modify Pan Tu's rabbit-obsessive behavior with rational, logical arguments. It was time for a heart to heart, human to dog talk. I put on my coat and strolled to the back of the yard where Pan Tu was still staring at the bottom of the fence.

"Dave," there was excitement in Pan Tu's voice, "there's a rabbit on the other side of the fence and I'm going to get him as soon as he finishes digging a hole under the fence. Stand here and wait with me."

I couldn't believe the rabbit was so stupid that it was trying to dig into our yard which meant sure death. I stood on my toes and peeked over the fence. There it was, digging a hole under the fence! I knelt down and looked through the cracks, my eye right up to the board. The rabbit came up to the fence and put its nose near my eye. I pulled back not sure whether this rabbit was fearless, or dumber than even I thought possible. Little did I know, at that time that I was wrong on both counts.

"Did you see that rabbit? I'm going to get it."

"No, you're not Pan Tu, it's not politically correct to be a hunter these days. I don't want PETA throwing blood and rabbit skins on our front porch. You'll have to leave that rabbit alone."

I could see Pan Tu was obsessed with this rabbit and that logical, rational arguments would be ineffective. He needed therapy and fast. Still, I didn't want to resort to Pavlov's method of repetitious reward and punishment. Instead I opted for my home grown progressive therapy program for Pan Tu.

On Saturday morning, I led Pan Tu into the family room and placed him in a sit-stay in front of the television.

"Your therapy will consist of a series of video training exercises," I said. "Pay particular attention to the obsession of the lead actor, named Elmer Fudd, with a certain rabbit, and the futility of his endeavor. You'll see that the rabbit, called Bugs Bunny, always wins."

I turned on the TV, set the channel and watched as the Warner Brothers logo appeared on screen, then I left the room. Sometimes it's best if the animal under therapeutic treatment, on his own, comes slowly to the realization that his behavior is destructive. At least that's what I thought. In retrospect, perhaps I should have provided more direct counseling during this period.

At the end of the one hour session, I went back into the room to find a thoughtful Chow still sitting in front of the TV.

"Did you learn any valuable lessons today?" I asked.

Pan Tu looked up at me, and in a perfect imitation of Elmer Fudd's voice he said, "I learned today you have to be berry, berry quiet to catch a wabbitt."

"What did you say?" I asked, only half believing what I had heard.

"There's a wabbitt out there and I'm going to get that wabbitt."

My heart sank. This is not what I wanted him to learn. I wanted him to learn how futile, hopeless, and destructive Fudd's obsession with the rabbit was. I wanted him to learn that Bugs Bunny always won. I wanted him to think of that stupid rabbit on the other side of the fence as Bugs Bunny. Instead my dog was acting and talking like Elmer Fudd.

On Monday, I took a sick day from work. We have a large university in the nearby city, with a world renowned veterinary program. Within that program there is a division dealing with animal behavior. My wife Patti and I met with Dr. Underhill, the top behaviorist at the school.

"Mr. Donahue, we get problems like this all the time from owners like you. Because you had one or two psychology courses in college, you think you're

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qualified to change or modify your pet's behavior. You've subjected your dog to unsupervised therapy sessions, where the dog identified with the wrong role model and now it suffers from low self esteem and the inability to identify with the winner. You'll have to leave Pan Tu with us for a while, and you will have to break off all contact during that period. Your wife, Patti can visit, but not you."

Pan Tu was gone for quite some time, and every day Patti visited him after work. On direction from Dr. Underhill, she never mentioned how Pan Tu was doing or when he was expected to come home. Each evening I strolled to the back of the yard where Pan Tu once stood staring through the fence. I tried to get a glimpse of that rabbit that had ripped our small family apart. Sometimes I could see the rabbit moving along the fence line, without a care in the world, while my best friend was locked up in a canine funny farm. I wanted to kill that rabbit.

Near the end of the second week, Patti came home with great news. Pan Tu was ready to come home.

"Dr. Underhill wants you to understand that Pan Tu has suffered some permanent personality changes. They had to teach him to adopt a new role model, to develop a positive image, to imagine that he was always in control and that he would always win. He doesn't think he's Elmer Fudd anymore; he acts like Bugs Bunny."

I didn't care, I just wanted my best buddy back.

Less than 20 minutes after Patti left to pick up Pan Tu, the door bell rang. Michelle, the 13-year-old girl from next door, the owner of the hated rabbit, was standing on my front porch. "My rabbit dug a hole under the fence

and is in your yard. Can I look for him?" Emotions of anger, hate, and excitement welled up in me. The rabbit was in my yard! Finally I would get a chance to capture the hated creature. We entered through the gate and immediately saw the rabbit in the center of the yard, but each time Michelle approached he would hop off to safety. This went on for almost an hour. I was getting frustrated and angry, and I was worried about what might happen if Patti came home with Pan Tu and the rabbit was still in the yard. I decide to take matters in my own hands.

"Michelle, let's chase it back toward the hole under the fence." The rabbit clearly anticipated this strategy and was having no part of it, successfully evading us at every step. We needed better rabbit chasing equipment. I took two leaf rakes out of my shed and we started to use them to herd the rabbit toward the hole. We forced the bunny to scurry under the fence back into Michelle's yard. I quickly filled the hole with dirt. "There, that solves that problem." But Michelle laughed and pointed to the fence not 10 feet from where we were standing. The rabbit's head popped out of a freshly dug hole. I knew immediately the rabbit couldn't

have made an entire new hole that fast and must have had it prepared in advance. I also knew I was not dealing with any ordinary rabbit. The rabbit popped fully into the yard and took off running along the fence line. We chased him and cornered him under my shed. Fortunately, I had placed the shed on two eight-by-eight sleepers so I could keep other critters from nesting under there. We surrounded the shed and got down on our hands and knees in the damp fall leaves. Using the rakes, we tried to force the rabbit into a corner. For an hour, the rabbit toyed with us, always staying just a tad out of our reach or deftly digging holes under the sleepers so it could escape from one side of the shed to the other. My frustration level was increasing with each passing minute as I knew Pan Tu, fresh from his rabbit obsession therapy, was getting closer and closer to home. It was in this position, on my hands and knees, wildly sweeping a garden rake back and forth under the shed, that I had my reunion with Pan Tu.

I hadn't heard the car pull up or the door open, I guess because I was so engrossed in catching this rabbit. I had my head half buried under the shed trying to see

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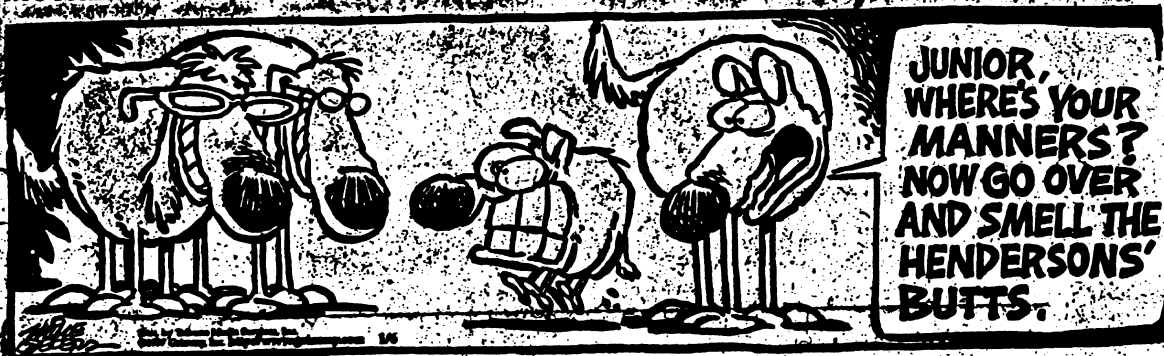
where the rabbit was when I felt a damp, cold nose on my neck. Patti was walking behind him, smiling in anticipation of seeing a heartwarming homecoming. She was to be disappointed, and in fact she realized immediately there was another big problem for she had heard our first conversation. She quickly pulled out the cellular phone I had given her for Christmas and dialed Dr. Underhill.

"Dr. Underhill, Pat Donahue here. I need an immediate referral for additional therapy. No, Bugs, I mean Pan Tu, is doing just fine. I think I have a bigger problem. Listen to this!" She held the phone down as Pan Tu touched my neck again with his cold nose.

"E . . . Eh, What's up doc?" asked Pan Tu. I turned to look at my best friend, and in that moment, lying on the ground, frustrated and angry at my own impotence in catching one silly rabbit, the demon overtook me.

"Shhh! Be berry, berry quiet. There's a wabbit here and I'm going to catch him." - By Dave Donahue-Canis Major Publications. Permission to reprint free of charge.

MOTHER GOOSE & GRIMM



MATCH PRE-ENTRIES

How To submit your entries

⇒ The week prior to the match, I will usually be at training from about 6:30 to 8:30 to take your entries. The entry forms will be on a chair near the ring used for open run throughs at 7:00. Just fill out the form, add your money, put it into an envelope and drop it into the green bag. I may have change but no guarantees.

⇒ If you miss me at training, you can send your entries to me at:

Suzan Scott
1040 Northfield Drive
Aurora, IL 60505

⇒ If you are judging or stewarding at the match, you **don't** have to send me your entries. You will find cards in the envelopes on the table at each ring on match night (courtesy of Linda Benson). Fill out the cards and put them on the appropriate tables for whatever classes you want to enter. The stewards in those rings will fit you into the schedule.

⇒ If you are an instructor or for some other reason don't have to pay for your entry, you can either:

Phone your entry to : (630) 898-5998

E-mail your entry to: retrievers@worldnet.att.net

⇒ However you get your entry to me, **please** include the following information:

1. Your Name
2. Your Dogs' Name
3. Breed
4. Classes That You Are Entering
5. Jump Heights
6. Match Date (if the entry is for anything other than the current month.

SEE YOU AT THE MATCH

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BAIT BAG

(bat bag) n. A collection of tidbits.

E-MAIL

Do you have an E-mail address? Are you interested in talking to other Fox Valley members via E-mail? There seems to be a lot of us out there who have E-mail (I thought everyone did!) If you would like your E-mail address listed in *Waggin' Tales* give me your address and I will publish it here. If there is a large number of E-mail addresses, we will look into publishing the E-mail addresses in the next membership roster! See you on the Net!

Biscuits, Anyone?

Are you interested in making homemade treats for your dogs? Do you have a great treat recipe you are willing to share? Send me your recipes and I will print them here. Could this be the start of the Biscuit Bake-Off?

January Fun Match

If you entered the January match, which was canceled, your entry will automatically be entered in the February match. If you have questions, please contact Suzan Scott.

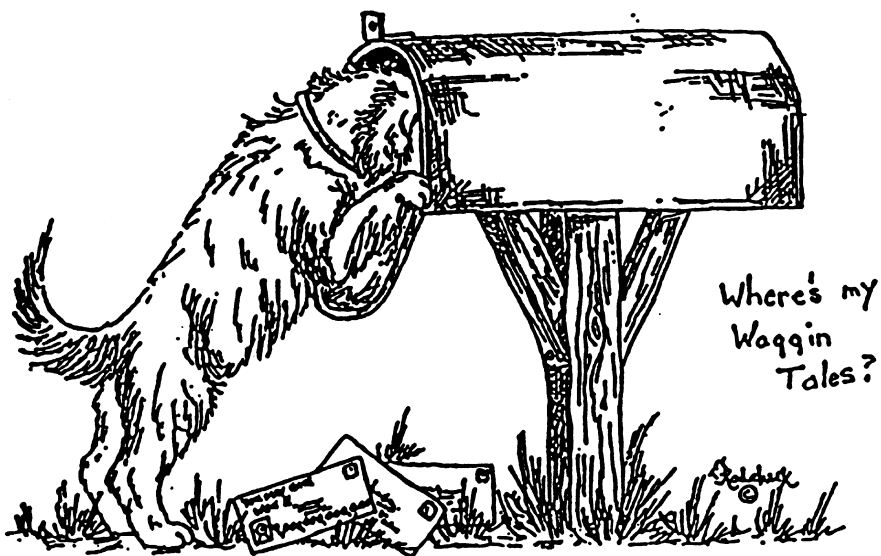
FOX VALLEY DOG TRAINING CLUB
 NEW MEMBER REPORT, ADDRESS CHANGES
 REINSTATEMENTS AND TRAINING STATUS CHANGES

| | | |
|---|---|---------------------|
| HOWARD 1 SOUTH 572 RT 53 GLEN ELLYN IL 60137 | BERNIER 630-469-3657 REGULAR TRAINING | ROTTWEILER |
| WILLIAM MALNAR & CINDEE P.O. BOX 179 WASCO IL 60183 | EHRHART-MALNAR 630-584-3735 REGULAR TRAINING | BELGIAN SHEEPDOG |
| HELEN & MARTIN 1235 IPOQUOIS DR BATAVIA IL 60510 | FRANK 630-879-8994 REGULAR TRAINING | STANDARD POODLE |
| SUE & GERRY 8ND45 SECRETARIAT CT ST. CHARLES IL 60175 | GRESKO 630-513-7329 REGULAR TRAINING | LABRADOR RETRIEVER |
| PATTIE & STEPHEN 4NB04 N. ROBERT FROST CIRCLE ST. CHARLES IL 60175 | MCGRALL 630-443-9808 REGULAR TRAINING | SHETLAND SHEEPDOGS |
| JOE 918 N VANBUREN BATAVIA IL 60510 | RADA 630-761-1308 REGULAR TRAINING | AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD |



To Fox Valley members.
 A big thank you for the
 flowers and to all who sent
 cards after our loss of my
 father.
 Your thoughts were greatly
 appreciated -
 Cindy Rodeback
 and family

Waggin' Tales
Kay Weber
34W922 Chillem
Batavia, IL. 60510



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