

The Gun Dog Supreme

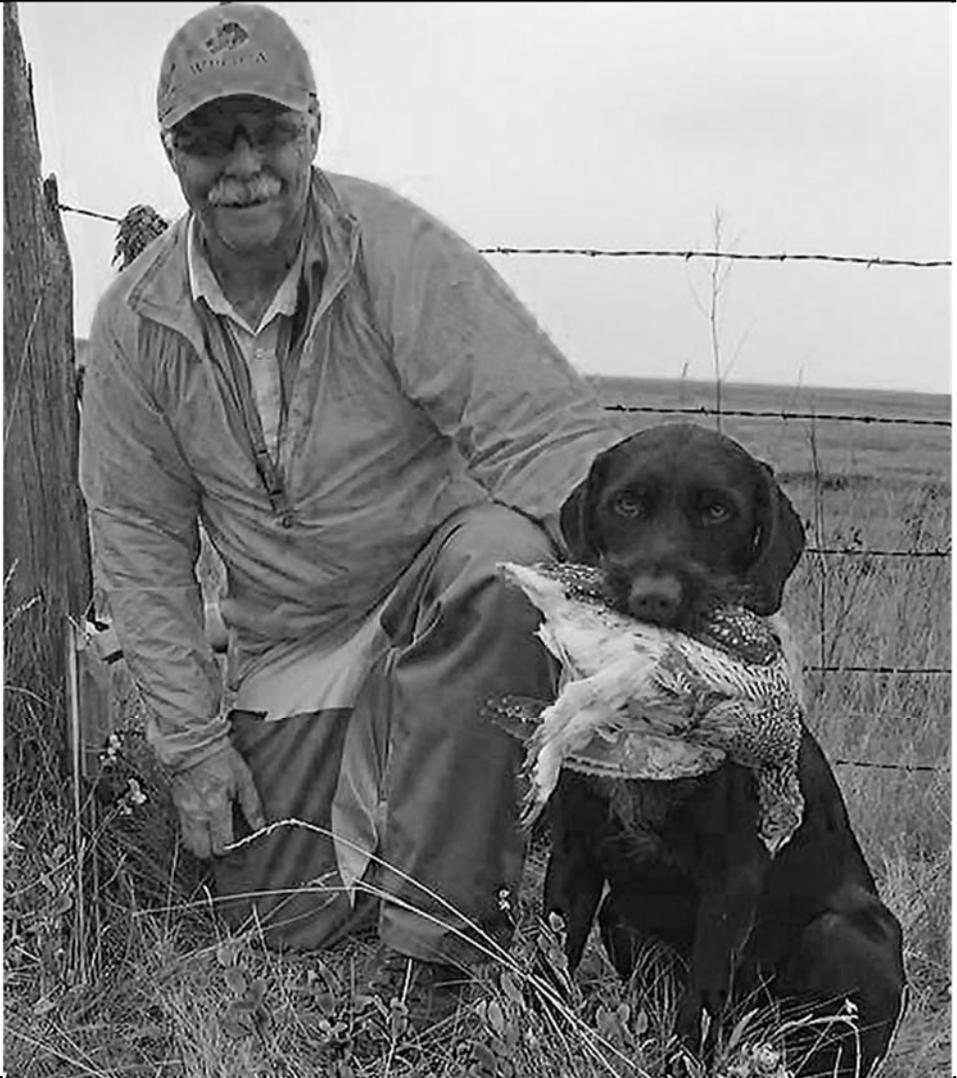
NEWS BULLETIN of the
BOHEMIAN WIREHAISED POINTING GRIFFON CLUB OF AMERICA
EDUCATION & RESEARCH FOUNDATION

<http://www.wpgca.org>

December 2015

Volume 90, Number 6

December 2015



Copyright © 2015 Bohemian Wirehaired Pointing Griffon Club of America Education and Research Foundation. No part may be reproduced in any form without written permission from the Bohemian Wirehaired Pointing Griffon Club of America Education and Research Foundation.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Greetings:

We're putting a wrap on 2015, and what a year it has been for our organization. We are now the Bohemian Wirehaired Pointing Griffon Club of America. The Breeding Committee has our Cesky Fousek import operation in full swing, and we are producing quality pups.

You can help get 2016 off to a good start by voting for officers and promptly paying your 2016 dues. We now have an on-line payment option. You can also make donations to the E&R Foundation on-line. I think one great idea is to provide a \$20.00 gift subscription for a nonmember who may have an interest in our dogs. You might give one to your veterinarian—a GDS in the waiting room might generate interest in our breed. Or give one to a young hunter.

Oh, and don't forget our web sites. A couple photos in this issue are from our Cesky Fousek North America facebook page.

<https://www.facebook.com/ceskyfouseknorthamerica/>

Black and white format doesn't do the photos justice. See them in full color and many more. Please post your own photos and stories too! Both front and back cover photos were submitted by members to our Facebook pages.

Rem DeJong

On the Cover

Vincent Esposito and 2-year old Ellie (**Helena of Dutchman's Hollow**) pose after some nice sharp-tailed grouse hunting. Ellie's been getting lots of exposure this season. Great job Vince.

(Photo by Vince Esposito)

For information requests or to join the WPGCA please email Robin at:

rstrathy@q.com

EDITORS

Rem DeJong
John Pitlo

SUBSCR./BACK ISSUES

Printed bi-monthly, the GDS is included with a membership to the BWP/GCA. Subscriptions are \$60.00/year and due at the start of each year. Subscriptions and requests for back issues should be sent to:

Judy Coil
49625 Waldo Rd NE
Kelliher MN 56650
Ph (218) 647-8451
jcoil@paulibunyan.net

ARTICLE SUBMISSION

Send articles or proposals 1 month prior to publication to:

Rem DeJong
Ph: (906) 236-0746 (EST)
e-mail: dejongrem@gmail.com

PHOTO SUBMISSION

All photos should be sent to:

Rem DeJong
7219 St Charles Place
Kalamazoo MI 49009
Ph: 906-236-0746(EST)

Email: dejongrem@gmail.com for photo submission instructions. Include the name of the dog and owner, and photographer. Digital photos are required; use large file size settings. If scanned use 300dpi (grayscale). You can email them or request instructions for uploading to website.

WEBSITES

E&R Foundation:
<http://huntersgriffon.org/>

Bohemian
Wirehaired Pointing Griffon Club:
www.wpgca.org

BWPGCA Photo Gallery:
<http://wpgca.smugmug.com/>

Find Us on Facebook at:
www.facebook.com/griffon.fan

OFFICERS

Gary Pool-President
John Pitlo-Vice President
Judy Coil- Secretary
Zeb Breuckman- Treasurer

DIRECTORS at LARGE

Ken Hurtig
Ted Silver
Rick Molt
Jim Seibel

Club Business

Bohemian Wirehaired Pointing Griffon Club of America Election of Officers

The BWPGCA constitution requires an election of officers every three years. The following individuals have been nominated for officer positions in the BWPGCA and they have agreed to serve if elected.

Terms are for 3 years, beginning January 1, 2016. Ballots were recently mailed. If you haven't received one yet, it should arrive shortly. Even though there is only one candidate for each office, we ask that you please submit your ballot to conform to our constitution requirements and to show your support for those volunteering to serve our Club.

Thank you.

PRESIDENT Jim Crouse

VICE PRESIDENT Andy Rupp

SECRETARY Robin Strathy

TREASURER Zeb Breuckman

2016 Dues

BWPGCA dues for 2016 should be paid by January 1, 2016. You may now pay your dues by PayPal or credit card from the website. You can also pay both national dues and chapter dues at the same time.

Whether you choose to pay electronically or by paper check, PLEASE COMPLETE THE MEMBERSHIP FORM ON THE WEBSITE! Completing the membership form assures that we have your current address, email address and phone number in our database. The club depends on this database for keeping our health data current and other projects. We do not share the data for commercial purposes.

You can access the membership form on line at:

<http://www.wpgca.org/about-us/join-or-renew-membership/>

Gift Idea

Here's a gift idea for the hunting dog enthusiast on your list or maybe for someone whom you think might be a good addition to the club. Give a gift subscription to the Gun Dog Supreme. It's easy to do and only \$20.00 for a gift subscription. Here's all there is to it:

Giftng Subscriptions to the GDS to Non-members.

The subscription fee for non-members is \$20 per year. You can either mail a check made out to "BWPGCA E&RF" to :

Zeb Breuckman
4433 7 Mile Rd.
South Lyon, MI 48178

Or, you can make a donation online here:

<http://huntersgriffon.org/contributions/>

Be sure to also email Zeb the names and addresses of the people whom you would like to receive subscriptions.

2015 Treasurer Report Zeb Breuckman

Below is the 2015 Treasurer's Report as submitted to and approved by to the Board of Directors. The report covers activities from when Zeb Breuckman opened bank accounts for the club and the E&RF in June 2015 to 11/19/15. Zeb was appointed mid-year to fill the vacancy left when Andy Rupp resigned in order to attend to family matters.

I have received \$19,956 from outgoing Treasurer Andy Rupp.
\$15,281 was deposited in the BWGCA Checking Account
\$4,675 was deposited in the BWGCA Education and Research Foundation Checking Account

BWPGCA Starting Balance:	\$15,281.00
BWPGCA Total Income:	\$1,330.00
BWPGCA Total Expenses:	\$3,034.00
BWPGCA Ending Balance:	\$13,577.00

BWPGCA Income Details:

1) National Club Dues Received:	\$1,140.00
2) Local Chapter Dues Collected:	\$180.00
3) Kennel Registration Fees:	\$10.00

BWPGCA Expense Details:

1) Banking and Paypal Expenses:	\$36.00
2) Secretary Expenses:	\$250.00
3) Breeding Expense Reimburse- ments:	\$2,005.00
4) Registrar Expenses:	\$540.00
5) Club Logo Merchandise	\$203.00

BWPGCA E&RF Starting Balance:	\$4,675.00
BWPGCA E&RF Total Income:	\$790.00
BWPGCA E&RF Total Expenses:	\$3,925.00
BWPGCA E&RF Ending Balance:	\$1,540.00

BWPGCA E&RF Income Details:

1) Entry Fees:	\$700.00
2) Donations:	\$90.00

BWPGCA E&RF Expense Details:

1) Banking Expenses:	\$12.00
2) Test Expenses:	\$1,022.00
3) GDS Printing and Mailing:	\$1,625.00
4) Puppy Contract Refunds:	\$600.00
5) Cornell University DNA Storage	\$665.00

Note: The club's positive cash flow happens in the first half of the year. Expenses exceed income for the months reported, but for the whole year, the club's income exceeded expenses significantly.

Editor's Note:

As we move forward with becoming the breed club for the Bohemian Wirehaired Pointing Griffon (Cesky Fousek) it's great to remember our club's origins. Thanks to Joan Bailey for sharing this historical note on our organization's early years.

The Northeast Griffon Club An Interesting Beginning

Joan Bailey

The history of this chapter of the national club is well documented in the Griffon book, but part of the beginnings was never put in writing, specifically the club's first test. The part everyone knows, the start of this regional club was tied into the beginning of NAVHDA.

The person in Portland, Maine who was keeping interest in Griffons alive was Cliff Morton. He and a few others were breeding some Griffons and by coincidence, luck, karma, a guy named Lou Taxiarchis became interested in Griffons. He got a pup from Carl Wibe, a friend of Cliff's, another old timer.

Here's the part that is not in the book; never written about until now. A Griffon expose of sorts. There was activity going on in Maine, but the first test, sanctioned by NAVHDA, didn't take place until 1972. However, in 1971, one of the first NAVHDA tests in the US was in Connecticut. Carl Wibe had produced a litter in Portland and Lou got a pup and so did Hugh Stark of Ontario, Canada. Both of these littermates were run in the NAVHDA test in Connecticut; both got prize I; Rolf getting a 4H in search.

In the fall of that year we got the newly formed Northeast Griffon Club to put on a Natural Ability Test. As was the custom in those days, NAVHDA often had a training clinic on Saturday and the testing on Sunday. By this time Cliff Morton had pulled Lou into helping to put on this test. In fact, Lou was stuck with doing most of the organizing including finding us a motel.

We were sent a flyer with motel name, address, directions for finding it; I think it was near West Buxton, Maine. Traveling long distances by car were Bodo Winterhelt, President of NAVHDA; the man from Germany who got us all started in proper testing of our dogs. Ed Bailey and I, and Alison Knap were traveling together with our dogs to demonstrate some tasks for folks who had never seen them. For example, a drag track. Common to us today, but then most people had never heard of it, nor knew its importance in training a dog. Alison had her German Wirehair; I had my Griffon. Both dogs had been in tests and were used to this kind of stuff. There was a man from Connecticut, Don Smith, a new member of NAVHDA who arrived shortly after Bodo.

Ed, Alison and I were the first to reach the motel. That's when the trouble started. There was no one there. No one. No one in the office to check us in and get our keys. Not a soul in sight. At this point Bodo arrived with a dog or two. In desperation we went around the back and found an open window in one of the units. One of us crawled in, opened the door. Then we did that with two more units.

We got our dogs out so they could empty out and have a drink of water. It was early September, and a bit warm. A few more people arrived and we did the “crawl in a window” bit with them.”

Finally, an employee showed up and was not too happy to see us settling in. However, at least now we had keys to our rooms.

The motel was laid out in a strange figuration, at least for us traveling with dogs. The units were in a circle and in the middle of the circle was a swimming pool, so we looked out on the pool. Not knowing there would be a pool no one brought a bathing suit. Early the first morning I saw someone walk past and did a double take. It was Bodo in his underwear, and Don Smith too, and in they went for a morning swim.

We had our training day, then our testing day, and our Saturday night dinner. It was a fine test weekend; good dogs, good people, a good test sight. But we were still a little miffed at the motel. On our last morning we (Bodo, Don, Alison, and I) let our dogs have a nice swim in the pool before we pulled out, and also a short run on the golf course next to the motel.

It was a good weekend, training clinic and a test of about eight dogs. This first test weekend for the Northeast Griffon Club would never have happened without Lou’s involvement. He did most of the work to put it together. He is a great guy, a doctor by trade, native of Maine I think.

Now at age 87, his wife ill, his daughter, Betsy, got in touch with me. Lou had a 1917 issue of *Forest and Stream April 1917*. I think this was the beginning of *Field & Stream*, but I’m not sure. Inside the magazine is a hand-written note from Lou (a lot of people called me Pete in those days):

“Dear Pete, Enclosed please find my 1917 copy of Forest and Stream. I hope you enjoy it. I donate it in memory of ROLF VOM PHILO-HELA who received a Prize I in the first American Field Meet in Connecticut (1971).

Please excuse the writing, old age, 87, ain”t any fun in fact it sucks. How’s the new book coming?

Best regards, Lou”

The cover is a beaut; maybe a Springer, not sure, holding a pheasant. The dog has a gorgeous eye.

The first article is: The Pointing Griffon. Sub title: A dog of many accomplishments, rapidly growing in popularity with American Sportsmen, by Percival L.Rosseau.

Maybe I could get permission from F&S to reprint it in the GDS. After I finish my new book. Then I’ll see that this is put in the right hands for safe keeping, and in honor of Lou and his dog, ROLF.

Teach your Dog to “Hunt Dead”

Rem DeJong



Artemus of Blackberry Briar Comes Through

Finding a downed bird in a wide open featureless cornfield can be a challenge, but Artemus kept looking and eventually came up with the rooster for owner Rob Reed.

(Photo by Rem DeJong)

A couple experiences on a recent South Dakota pheasant hunt got me thinking about the Utility Field Test. The UFT may be misunderstood; most club members never complete a Utility Field Test with their dog, and of those who do, many are doing it in order to meet the requirements to be a field judge. Many owners overlook what the Utility Field Test entails because it's not really used in selecting dogs for the breeding program, and therefore not required of every dog. Joan Bailey once described the test as “an ego trip for the owner of the dog.” In context, she

wasn't dismissing the test, just emphasizing that the UFT was not important for breeding selection. But even if you never plan on doing the full test, there is plenty of hunting-world value for elements of the test. Consider "Search Without a Duck". Here's how the UFT rulebook describes the element:

In water with lots of reeds or brush cover, the dog is commanded to search the reeds in the water. The handler may walk along the shore encouraging the dog to search in the heavy water cover. The water depth should be at least to the chest of the dog so that he must work hard to do his searching and be able to show good desire and perseverance. The duration of the searching should be minimally 5 minutes of searching. If part of the time the dog simply stands or keeps coming to shore, the period must be lengthened to ensure the dog spends at least 5 minutes in searching. The judges must time this and use discretion in determining when the time is completed.

Here's what happened on our hunt. I bet you could add similar stories of your own. Our group surrounded a little island of cover around a stock pond about 200 yards out in a freshly picked cornfield. Combines were still droning away on the hillside as the four of us slipped into position. Jim Crouse accompanied by **Buckeye B of the Midnight Sun** and **Jena od Tyrse** were coming in from the northwest as Rob Reed and **Artemus of Blackberry Briar** approached from the southwest. Meanwhile **Burley of Salmon River** inched along at heel as I came in from the northeast while Dave Finley with **Francesca of Dutchman's Hollow** and **Argo of the Hundgaard** approached from the southeast. I was twenty yards from the edge when a huge buck erupted from the weeds and went barreling by me with cornstalks hanging from his antlers. Amazingly, the birds held tight through all the ruckus. Then the first rooster took to the air, angling to my left. The first shot was a clean miss, but I dropped him 40 yards out in the cut-over corn with the second. Burley and Benny raced each other to the bird; they were closing fast when Jim yelled, "Rooster!" and fired at another ringneck. Both dogs spun around at the shot and headed for the falling bird, leaving me yelling for a dog as I searched in vain for the first bird. Meanwhile, more birds bust out of the cover with more gunshots as both Dave and Rob dropped roosters.

Burely eventually came panting back with tongue hanging out and made a half-hearted search to no avail. It was hot, and he found no scent. Benny checked things over a bit but found no scent either. We took all the dogs back to the stock pond and let them wade in, drink and cool off. Several minutes more passed, and then it was back to the nondescript spot where the rooster had hit the ground. "Fetch!" and "Dead bird!" commands elicited mostly puzzled looks and a little snuffling around by the dogs to placate their humans. Finally, it was young Artemus that circled out away from the pack, struck a scent and tracked about 15 yards before latching onto the rooster and dragging it out from under flattened cornstalks.

The previous day, it was Burley who excelled. We dropped a rooster on the opposite side of a cattail covered creek bed. The water was too deep, to cross so I went back to the car, changed into hip boots and took Burley to the far side. "Fetch!" I commanded, and he went sloshing off into the tall rushes. We didn't know anymore exactly where that bird had come down well over 15 minutes before. Burley emerged a couple more times, and I sent him back in. Suddenly, all was quiet; then slow, deliberate movement in the weeds offered hope. Sure enough, Burley emerged with a soggy, very dead ringneck. The bird had hit the water dead, left no track, and it had required several minutes of persistent looking to locate the exact spot.

As we sat around sipping some Bird Dog brandy on the last evening of our hunt, we recounted at least four situations like this one that requiring a dog to "hunt dead"—to search methodically and persistently for a downed bird when the dog did not witness the falling bird and had no immediate track or scent to motivate that search. We decided that come spring and a new season of training days, we would devote time to this critical hunting skill.

The blind retrieve portion of the Intermediate Hunting Dog Test somewhat approximates this hunting situation, but it's the Utility Field Test element, Search without a Duck, that captures what these real hunting situations demand.

Sooner or later, you too will encounter situations where you want your dog to keep up a determined search in spite of a lack of scent or track, because there's a bird down somewhere. Maybe it didn't run. Perhaps a bb hit an artery and the bird sailed off into the distance to drop dead out of the sky somewhere. With only a general idea of the location, the dog must keep going over an area, without giving up to locate such a bird.

So how do you get your dog to "hunt dead"? First of all, training for hunting dead assumes that you have first thoroughly mastered the "Fetch" command, as Joan Bailey describes in her book: *How to Have the Best Trained Gun Dog*. Hunt dead training relies on what psychologists refer to as "successive approximation." Training the dog involves breaking the desired end behavior into small elements and gradually increasing the complexity and duration of the behavior required to get a reward. In an article in *Gun Dog Magazine* on the subject, Jerry Thoms describes how Ed Erickson, at his Autumn Breeze Kennel in central Minnesota begins the process by using hot dogs.

Take an ordinary hot dog, cut it into half-inch slices, then scatter these pieces on the basement floor in the house, on the concrete in the garage, or on the mowed grass in the yard. Then bring out a pup as young as seven weeks or a dog of any age that needs lessons in hunting dead. Just as they drop their noses and scoop up that first hot dog piece say 'hunt dead' or 'dead bird'. With this kind of snack as a reward, most dogs will soon get into the habit of putting their noses to the ground when someone says 'hunt dead' or 'dead bird'.

That's just the first step in getting the dog to associate the "hunt dead" command with determined searching. The trick is to gradually increase the duration of the search and shift from hunting hotdogs to dummies and birds. In the UFT, the dog must continue searching continuously for five minutes or more without a bird being present. As the dog builds a connection between the command and searching behavior, you can switch over from hot dogs to using dummies, tennis balls and actual dead game.

I've increased Burley's search for dead game somewhat by accident with a winter game. He loves to chase a "Chuck-it" ball on our walks along a plowed, gated road. I can fling that ball over 100 yards on the hard, packed snow, and chasing and retrieving it is a blast. However, sometimes my aim isn't so good and the ball goes sailing off over the plowed bank only to be buried in the deep snow. Sometimes, I can see the hole in the snow where the ball disappeared and direct him in the general direction. He hunts and hunts until he finds it. Then I make a big fuss over him and give him a treat. Sometimes, after a long search, we still can't find it. I've learned to bring him back the next day to search all over again. I suspect that the scent from the ball permeates the snow. Eventually, he'll target a small area and dig around until the ball emerges. This goes on all winter, and he's really become determined, to the point that I have to drag him off the search if it's getting late.

The key is to gradually increase the duration of the search. Keep the ball or dummy hidden as the dog searches. Before he gives up, toss it out when he's not looking. You want him to get the idea that when Boss sends me out to search, if I just keep looking, eventually I'll find what boss wants. For more info, see: "Finding Dead Birds In The Thick Stuff" by Jerry Thoms http://www.gundogmag.com/training/training_gd_120107_01/

Another Holiday or Birthday Gift Idea

Got or getting a new versatile gun dog pup ? You'll want to develop that pup right. Hint: developing your own dog handling skills is the best way to give Pup a chance to develop.

For the first year of pup's development, we recommend:

Joan Bailey. *How to Help Gun Dogs Train Themselves: Taking Advantage of Early Conditioned Learning*. Swan Valley Press.

For the next step in training, get:

Joan Bailey. *How to Have the Best Trained Gun Dog*. Swan Valley Press.

Both are available at Amazon.com.



Greater sage grouse, "It's what for dinner" --with the pieces closest to Andrea (Rick & MaryAnn's daughter-in-law), being pistachio encrusted.

(Photo by Rick Sojda)

Editor's Note: Rick penned this recipe a couple years back, when Eider was a pup. I've just recently rediscovered the article on file. The content is timeless, but his dogs have matured since he wrote it. The dogs may be hunting better now, but I'm skeptical about his shooting improving with age. Bon Appétit

RECIPE FOR PISTACHIO ENCRUSTED PARTRIDGE PIECES, PLUS AN ENTICING PILSNER

Rick Sojda

You could correctly argue that I have no place writing about cooking dead birds when I have just gone zero for seven, having missed seven Northeast Montana roosters in the past two days. After a reasonable start earlier this Fall, it has turned into a bad year for me in the shooting department. Despite my abysmal record of late, hunting with my new pup has still been a ton of fun. He is eight months old as I write this, and I think today may have been our 30th day in the field. Usually it is several years between puppies for us, and I often forget the joy of experiencing puppy exuberance and observing how they change with each outing. We call him "Eider", but his given name is "**Edy z Veseckych lulu**", and he is a Cesky Fousek imported from our sister club in the Czech Republic. The breeder, Martin Skrbek, and his family, obviously did a great job raising this litter. "Thank you" to Pavel Dostal, our Club's friend and the Czech club's International Secretary, and to Hiram Adelman and Brook Merrow (**Barclay of the Midnight Sun and Cira od Aliny z Nehvizd**) for making the import happen this past summer. Cira travelled to the USA with Eider, although they are not related. Although my pup is learning about my lack of shooting abilities, thankfully ignoring it most of the time, he shakes his head in disbelief when I show him my special marksmanship awards from old federal wildlife law enforcement days. Regardless, we have been able to harvest a dozen or so birds over points, and, I have been happy that he has eagerly retrieved each bird, as well. It would be inaccurate to say that they were all retrieved "to hand", but I can at least claim "to foot" on those not making it to hand.

Most (all?) of my friends shoot better than I, and a few have taken pity on my lack of ability to fill the freezer this year and have donated harvested birds to my care. With those, and the ones shot over Eider, I have been experimenting a bit in the kitchen. Here is a recipe I adapted from a vaguely familiar one that Mike Reilly (**Amos of Dakota Prairie**) uses on mahi mahi. I call mine "Pistachio Encrusted Partridge" —that's grey partridge, not pa'tridge. It works equally well on sharp-tailed grouse. Others have liked it with pheasant, but I think that those birds are a bit mild for the nuttiness of the pistachios which, in my opinion, over-power the pheasant. This is pretty plain-Jane, and I suspect interesting variants are warranted. I hope you enjoy it as much as we do, and that you appreciate how easy it is to make, once you have the birds deboned. For Mary Ann and me, a cold pilsner is a perfect accompaniment to a supper that began with birds shot over a Czech pup.

RECIPE:

3-4 grey partridge, or 2 sharp-tailed grouse, deboned, including the legs and thighs (keep all the little pieces, hearts, and the gizzards on juvenile birds)

1/2 cup egg beater (or 2 eggs)
1/4 t black pepper
1/4 t red pepper
1 cup finely to medium chopped pistachios (Costco now sells them shelled)
1T flour
Olive oil
1 beer for the cook and each helper

- Mix all the dry ingredients together. It takes a lot of pistachios, but the flour stretches them a bit.
- Heat a pan to medium with olive oil.
- Dip the larger pieces in the dry mixture, then in the egg, then back in the dry mixture.
- Chop the hearts and gizzard meat and combine it with the other little pieces that always seem to exist from being frugal when deboning. Then add whatever dry mixture and egg that remains, making a small patty or two.
- Place coated pieces in the pan and fry for about 5 minutes per side, turning only once. You may have to add a bit more oil as you flip.
- Do not overcook. The sharptails should be cooked to no more than medium rare. Both species should be very juicy when cut after cooking.

NOTE : Remember pistachios are quite salty, so do NOT salt when cooking.



Hey Boss! Get the skillet ready!

Eider (Edy z Veseckych luhu) and Ander of Hundgaard pose with a pair of ruffed grouse harvested by Neal Sojda.

(Photo provided by the author)

Our French Connection

Joan Bailey

For American and Canadian Griffonniers, there has been a strong connection with France from the beginning. The first Griffons to touch our continent originated in France and Germany, and Holland too.

On Friday November 13th 2015 when Paris was attacked my heart was crushed like all Americans, but for me there was a more personal connection; our dogs and their owners.

Immediately I worried about some of my friends in France; were they okay? I didn't know what to do, who to contact. So I emailed Joanne Austin in California. Her husband, Dick, is one of our past presidents and Dick and Joanne connected with the Frileux family in the early seventies, and visited Dominique Frileux and family several times. Finally word came on Saturday from Laurent's sister, that they were all safe.

One of the many pieces of the story is that in 1968 or 69, young Laurent Frileux moved to Quebec to begin his young life. Madame Frileux, Dominique, had sent two puppies with Laurent; one was a gift to the Quebec Griffon Club, the other a gift to our club.

We met Laurent at the Toronto airport. We helped him ship the one pup on to Minnesota. There was no blanket, nothing, to put in the crate so Laurent, who loved to cook, opened his suitcase and took out his apron and put it in the crate for the little pup, which had come all the way, and now one more hour before he would be rescued by his new family in Minnesota, Barb and Bill Jensen.

Laurent and the other pup went on to Quebec.

For all of us we must remember that for many years a lot of our Griffons had French blood, beginning many years ago; some of the early imports were from France. Later we brought over more dogs, such as VICTORIA DU BOIS FOLLETT.

Although today most of our blood is from the Czeck Republic, in earlier days the blood of our dogs was a mix of French and German and Dutch. **Today, the other Griffon Club still uses French blood.**

I'm remembering my first time in Paris. It was 1969. We were to visit Madame **Dominique** Frileux (secretary of the French Club) and her husband, Claude. She came to get us the next morning to take us shopping, along with a 4 month old pup.

That evening was dinner at a small bistro with food to really, absolutely die for, and a puppy lying under the table after the waiter brought it a bowl of milk.

Then, in their white Mercedes convertible; with the top down, they drove us down the Avenue des Champs-Élysées to the Eiffel Tower

Today, Sunday November 15th, 2015, I lighted a candle for Paris at my church and I think about my French friends, our dogs, and all the people of France.

We must remember that we are all connected through out wonderful whiskered dogs, be they French, Dutch, German, or Czech, and whatever we call them here.

This is their 911.

I remember only a day or two after 911, Dr. Dostal emailed me to say that all of the Czech Republic was with us in the U.S, ready to help. I say the same now about our friends in France.



Quick Learner

Stan Benes writes: "Here is a picture of **Arka z Červinske**, or "Ark" as we often call her. She is doing fine and growing fast. She travels well and loves to get in the truck and go. We put some pheasants upwind of her in the field in North Dakota. She was quick to find them. All is fine...except that is....except for that chewing on the corner of my leather Lazy Boy chair."

Arka was raised by Ondrej Giecek in the Czech Republic and is now four months of age.

Stan.

(photo provided by owner)