

Blues News

BLUE RIDGE
DOG TRAINING
CLUB, INC.



Established 1967

September 2011

Patriotic Paws 2011

Pictures by Marzenna Gilbert



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"Maybe you've been looking for love in all the wrong places. A dog will treat you better than anyone you'll meet at happy hour. Trust me. I've been to happy hour."







Thank You to the Following Donors:

- Southern States
- Petco
- Blue Ridge Dog Training Club
- Linda Hammond
- Loretta Bailey
- Italian Touch
- Liz's Handcraft Soaps
- The Bagent's
- Chieko McDowell
- Mary Kay
- Mary Demont
- Beach Bun Tanning
- Newtown Vet Clinic
- Kingdom Animal Hospital
- Winchester Animal Hospital



"FUN DAY FOR DOGS"

On October 29th, Almost Heaven Golden Retriever Rescue in partnership with Morven Park in Leesburg, VA will be holding a fun and fundraising day. It is an "open to the public" event and we would like to have obedience, rally, and some agility demonstrations. If anyone has a little time that day and could participate (any breed dog - this event is open to all dogs and their owners), we would be very grateful. We would also like to have a panel of "Ask the Trainer" where people could ask behavior or training questions and get some suggestions to help them. It might also be nice if BRDTC had a "booth" there - - We would also like to have grooming clinics - (Donna Thompson - would you consider doing this?), and toenail clinics (where we snip nails and instruct owners on how to do it) for a minimal fee.

If anyone has a little time to donate - we would be very appreciative. There is also going to be a doggie Halloween costume contest, a Halloween Parade, merchandise for sale, a silent auction, a yard sale - - and if anyone has any other fundraising ideas - we're all ears. Thank you - - for all your past support. *Carol*

Picture Of the Month

"The Last Days of Summer"



Morgan, Breeze, Buddy and Cooper Rich



AWARDS DINNER

Time fly's when you are having fun and this is the fun time of the year with Halloween , Christmas auction and the Awards Dinner in Feb. Get your list ready!!!

"Doggie Horoscope"

Virgo
August 23 to September 22

Virgo dogs are diligent, clean, and reliable.

Libra
September 23 to October 22

Libra dogs are attractive and tender.

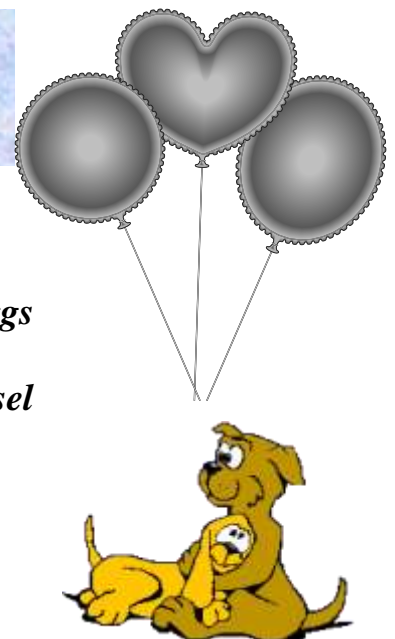
Birthdays & Anniversary's
October

Birthdays

- Fred Lutz 10/5***
- Kathy Whetzel 10/13***
- Carol Nansel 10/15***

Anniversary's

- Sonny & Joyce Riggs 10/15/82***
- Carol & Rory Nansel 10/26/91***





Mark Your Calendar



Frederick Co Esther Boyd Animal Shelter

October 29th

Rabies Clinic

\$10

11AM to 3 PM

Please bring previous shot record

"Tell A Friend!"



Christmas Portraits

By Memory Photos

November 19 & 20

At

The Winchester Pet Aquarium

(across from Costco)

Please call for appointment

Tell them you are

BRDTC

(10% off & no sitting fee)

Phone No.

Call 540-327-3487



***Paws for Reading
2011***

Schedule

Bowman's Library

October 8 and 22, 2011

November 5 and 19, 2011

Contact Theresa Manchey

540-465-5248

tmanchey@shentel.net



**BRDTC
Christmas
Auction &
Dinner
Dec 17th
Jim Barnett
Park**

*Now is the time to
start cleaning out*

*the car, garage, basement, attic,
Shed and box it up. The most fun
ever, great food, friends and
everything for sale starts at \$1.
More details in next newsletter.*



NOT ALL HEROES ARE PEOPLE ~ ~ ~



James Crane worked on the 101st floor of Tower 1 of the World Trade Center . He is blind so he had his golden retriever named Daisy. After the plane hit 20 stories below, James knew that he was doomed, so he let Daisy go, out of an act of love. She darted away into the darkened hallway. Choking on the fumes of the jet fuel and the smoke James was just waiting to die. About 30 minutes later, Daisy comes back along with James' boss, who Daisy just happened to pick up on floor 112.

On her first run of the building, she leads James, James' boss, and about 300 more people out of the doomed building. But she wasn't through yet, she knew there were others who were trapped. So, highly against James' wishes she ran back in the building.

On her second run, she saved 392 lives. Again she went back in. During this run, the building collapses. James hears about this and falls on his knees into tears. Against all known odds, Daisy makes it out alive, but this time she is carried by a firefighter. "She led us right to the people, before she got injured" the fireman explained.

Her final run saved another 273 lives. She suffered acute smoke inhalation, severe burns on all four paws, and a broken leg, but she saved 967 lives. Daisy is the first civilian Canine to win the Medal of Honor of New York City.

“Dogs of 9/11”

During the chaos of the 9/11 attacks, where almost 3,000 people died, nearly 100 loyal search and rescue dogs and their brave owners scoured Ground Zero for survivors. Now, ten years on, just 12 of these heroic canines survive, and they have been commemorated in a touching series of portraits entitled 'Retrieved'. The dogs worked tirelessly to search for anyone trapped alive in the rubble, along with countless emergency service workers and members of the public. Traveling across nine states in the U.S. from Texas to Maryland, Dutch photographer Charlotte Dumas, 34, captured the remaining dogs in their twilight years in their homes where they still live with their handlers, a full decade on from 9/11. Their stories have now been compiled in a book, called Retrieved, which is published on Friday, the tenth anniversary of the attacks. Noted for her touching portraits of animals, especially dogs, Charlotte wanted 'Retrieved' to mark not only the anniversary of the September 2001 attacks, but also as recognition for some of the first responders and their dogs.

'I felt this was a turning point, especially for the dogs, who although are not forgotten, are not as prominent as the human stories involved,' explained Charlotte, who splits her time between New York and Amsterdam. 'They speak to us as a different species and animals are greatly important for our sense of empathy and to put things into perspective.'

Charles Mayfield



Scott & Friend



Abigail



Red 11 yrs old



Bretagne



Tuff



Merlyn

***“9/11
Heroes”***



Tara 16 yrs old



Hoke



Moxie 13 yrs old



Guinness 15yrs



Keiser 12 yrs old



"WAGS & BRAGS"



I didn't think this day could get any better, but Mocha just ran her first novice standard run and ran a perfect course for her first standard novice leg! Mocha even stilled and did 2 on 2 off contacts!!! She does know what the yellow means!!! I am walking on clouds right now. Today in Latrobe Pa, at the Westmoreland County Obedience Training Club our dreams came true.... MACH OREO!!!!!!!!!!!!

Oreo q'd and tied for 4th place. For the first time ever we did a run off. Oreo said the other dog was younger and beat her by 1 second. That is ok because the competition was so fun! Mocha almost q'd in jww. It took her 4 times to get the weaves so no q in jww. But Mocha q'd in standard for her second run ever and got 1st place!

Stacy D

Nemo amazes me, just 2 weeks from his 16th birthday he competed with dogs up to half his age in the veterans division of APDT Rally and got a 200 out of 200 and 4th place. I thought this might be his retirement and Nemo told me "not yet" and looked better than he has for a while.

Issie got her first ever title in the level 1 division with a 2nd place on a beautiful run and forgave her mom for NQing her on another good run.

And Satchmo competed in his first APDT event and took home two 2nd places with stunning runs. Thanks to everyone at Kamp Kitty for another fabulous trial.

Joy, Nemo, Issie and Satchmo

Kenzie had a new personal best jump on Sunday at the Chesapeake Dock Dog event at LilyPons - 23 feet, 4 inches, which put her in the Elite finals - a category I never thought she would jump into. In the finals, she jumped 21 feet, 6 inches, earning 5th place in a group of large, big jumping dogs. She only weighs 42 lbs, so she has to run really fast and almost fly to get those big jumps. She's such a good girl!

Carol Nansel

Travis was entered for the first time in the APDT Rally and took third place.

Hal Daley

Sparks has some brags for the weekend. We traveled down to the shows in Raleigh, NC on Sunday and Monday. Sparks had two lovely runs in Novice B, winning the class both days. Her go on Monday was quite stellar, earning her a score of 199 and High in Trial! That bumps her out of Novice, so I guess we need to work hard on those out of sight stays for Open!

Margaret Bissell

Kenzie got her MX today at the Rector Town trial - along with her first Q in Time to Beat. It was perfect Golden weather and she was really ready to GO!

Carol Nansel

Even though Molly had a fast time she did not Q in T2B because she had one fault. However, She had Clean runs in Novice Standard and Open JWW with 1st Place in both. She now can move up to Open Standard because she had two different judges. AKC took her clean run 1st place open std away because her three Q's in Novice were by the same Judge. Tomorrow is another Day, hope she does as well. 80 % of the dogs down here are Border Collies.

Molly & Bob

Gem had 2 very nice runs (no Q's though) and Kenzie had one nice run with another non-Q. Dudley was fun too even though he was a bit wild on his 2nd run!!

How did you guys do?

Megan





“TANK”



They told me the big black Lab's name was Reggie, as I looked at him lying in his pen.. The shelter was clean, no-kill, and the people really friendly. I'd only been in the area for six months, but everywhere I went in the small college town, people were welcoming and open. Everyone waves when you pass them on the street.

But something was still missing as I attempted to settle in to my new life here, and I thought a dog couldn't hurt. Give me someone to talk to. And I had just seen Reggie's advertisement on the local news. The shelter said they had received numerous calls right after, but they said the people who had come down to see him just didn't look like "Lab people," whatever that meant. They must've thought I did.

But at first, I thought the shelter had misjudged me in giving me Reggie and his things, which consisted of a dog pad, bag of toys almost all of which were brand new tennis balls, his dishes, and a sealed letter from his previous owner. See, Reggie and I didn't really hit it off when we got home. We struggled for two weeks (which is how long the shelter told me to give him to adjust to his new home). Maybe it was the fact that I was trying to adjust, too. Maybe we were too much alike.

For some reason, his stuff (except for the tennis balls --- he wouldn't go anywhere without two stuffed in his mouth) got tossed in with all of my other unpacked boxes. I guess I didn't really think he'd need all his old stuff, that I'd get him new things once he settled in. But it became pretty clear pretty soon that he wasn't going to.

I tried the normal commands the shelter told me he knew, ones like "sit" and "stay" and "come" and "heel," and he'd follow them - when he felt like it. He never really seemed to listen when I called his name --- sure, he'd look in my direction after the fourth or fifth time I said it, but then he'd just go back to doing whatever. When I'd ask again, you could almost see him sigh and then grudgingly obey.

This just wasn't going to work. He chewed a couple shoes and some unpacked boxes. I was a little too stern with him and he resented it, I could tell. The friction got so bad that I couldn't wait for the two weeks to be up, and when it was, I was in full-on search mode for my cell phone amid all of my unpacked stuff. I remembered leaving it on the stack of boxes for the guest room, but I also mumbled, rather cynically, that the "damn dog probably hid it on me."

Finally I found it, but before I could punch up the shelter's number, I also found his pad and other toys from the shelter...I tossed the pad in Reggie's direction and he snuffed it and wagged, some of the most enthusiasm I'd seen since bringing him home. But then I called, "Hey, Reggie, you like that? Come here and I'll give you a treat." Instead, he sort of glanced in my direction --- maybe "glared" is more accurate --- and then gave a discontented sigh and flopped down with his back to me.

Well, that's not going to do it either, I thought. And I punched the shelter phone number.

But I hung up when I saw the sealed envelope. I had completely forgotten about that, too.



"Okay, Reggie," I said out loud,
"let's see if your previous owner has any advice."

To

Whoever Gets My Dog:

Well, I can't say that I'm happy you're reading this, a letter I told the shelter could only be opened by Reggie's new owner.

I'm not even happy writing it. If you're reading this, it means I just got back from my last car ride with my Lab after dropping him off at the shelter.

He knew something was different.

I have packed up his pad and toys before and set them by the back door before a trip, but this time... it's like he knew something was wrong.

And something is wrong...which is why I have to go to try to make it right.

So let me tell you about my Lab in the hopes that it will help you bond with him and he with you.

First, he loves tennis balls.

The more the merrier. Sometimes I think he's part squirrel, the way he hordes them. He usually always has two in his mouth, and he tries to get a third in there. Hasn't done it yet. Doesn't matter where you throw them, he'll bound after it, so be careful - really don't do it by any roads. I made that mistake once, and it almost cost him dearly.

Next, commands. Maybe the shelter staff already told you, but I'll go over them again: Reggie knows the obvious ones ---

"sit," "stay," "come," "heel."

He knows hand signals:

"back" to turn around and go back when you put your hand straight up; and "over" if you put your hand out right or left. "Shake" for shaking water off, and "paw" for a high-five. He does "down" when he feels like lying down --- I bet you could work on that with him some more. He knows "ball" and "food" and "bone" and "treat" like nobody's business.

I trained Reggie with small food treats.

Nothing opens his ears like little pieces of hot dog.

Feeding schedule: twice a day, once about seven in the morning, and again at six in the evening. Regular store-bought stuff; the shelter has the brand.

He's up on his shots.

Call the clinic on 9th Street and update his info with yours; they'll make sure to send you reminders for when he's due. Be forewarned: Reggie hates the vet.

Good luck getting him in the car.

I don't know how he knows when it's time to go to the vet, but he knows.

Finally, give him some time.

I've never been married, so it's only been Reggie and me for his whole life. He's gone everywhere



with me, so please include him on your daily car rides if you can. He sits well in the backseat, and he doesn't bark or complain. He just loves to be around people, and me most especially.

Which means that this transition is going to be hard, with him going to live with someone new.

And that's why I need to share one more bit of info with you....

His name's not Reggie.

I don't know what made me do it, but when I dropped him off at the shelter, I told them his name was Reggie. He's a smart dog, he'll get used to it and will respond to it, of that I have no doubt. But I just couldn't bear to give them his real name. For me to do that, it seemed so final, that handing him over to the shelter was as good as me admitting that I'd never see him again. And if I end up coming back, getting him, and tearing up this letter, it means everything's fine. But if someone else is reading it, well ... well it means that his new owner should know his real name. It'll help you bond with him. Who knows, maybe you'll even notice a change in his demeanor if he's been giving you problems.

His real name is "Tank".

Because that is what I drive.

Again, if you're reading this and you're from the area, maybe my name has been on the news. I told the shelter that they couldn't make "Reggie" available for adoption until they received word from my company commander. See, my parents are gone, I have no siblings, no one I could've left Tank with ... and it was my only real request of the Army upon my deployment to Iraq, that they make one phone.. call the shelter ... in the "event" ... to tell them that Tank could be put up for adoption. Luckily, my colonel is a dog guy, too, and he knew where my platoon was headed. He said he'd do it personally. And if you're reading this, then he made good on his word.

Well, this letter is getting downright depressing, even though, frankly, I'm just writing it for my dog. I couldn't imagine if I was writing it for a wife and kids and family ... but still, Tank has been my family for the last six years, almost as long as the Army has been my family.

And now I hope and pray that you make him part of your family and that he will adjust and come to love you the same way he loved me.

That unconditional love from a dog is what I take with me to Iraq as an inspiration to do something selfless, to protect innocent people from those who would do terrible things ... and to keep those terrible people from coming over here. If I have to give up Tank in order to do it, I am glad to have done so. He is my example of service and of love. I hope I honored him by my service to my country and comrades.

All right, that's enough.

I deploy this evening and have to drop this letter off at the shelter. I don't think I'll say another good-bye to Tank, though. I cried too much the first time. Maybe I'll peek in on him and see if he finally got that third tennis ball in his mouth. Good luck with Tank. Give him a good home, and give him an extra kiss goodnight - every night - from me.

*Thank you,
Paul Mallory*

I folded the letter and slipped it back in the envelope. Sure I had heard of Paul Mallory, everyone in town knew him, even new people like me. Local kid, killed in Iraq a few months ago and posthumously earning the Silver Star when he gave his life to save three buddies. Flags had been at half-mast all summer.

I leaned forward in my chair and rested my elbows on my knees, staring at the dog.

"Hey, Tank," I said quietly.

The dog's head whipped up, his ears cocked and his eyes bright.

"C'mere boy."

He was instantly on his feet, his nails clicking on the hardwood floor. He sat in front of me, his head tilted, searching for the name he hadn't heard in months.

"Tank," I whispered.

His tail swished.

I kept whispering his name, over and over, and each time, his ears lowered, his eyes softened, and his posture relaxed as a wave of contentment just seemed to flood him. I stroked his ears, rubbed his shoulders, buried my face into his scruff and hugged him.

"It's me now, Tank, just you and me.

Your old pal gave you to me." Tank reached up and licked my cheek. "So whatdaya say we play some ball?"

His ears perked again.

"Yeah? Ball? You like that? Ball?"

Tank tore from my hands and disappeared in the next room.

And when he came back, he had three tennis balls in his mouth.



Martha Butler, Editor
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Club Message Phone:
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VISIT US ON THE WEB
WWW.BLUERIDGEDOGTRAININGCLUB.COM



WHAT'S HAPPENING

- Sept 25 - tracking test
- Oct 28 - Halloween party-
Stephen City fire hall
- Nov 15 - Sandy Stokes - nutrition
Safety Building
- Nov 17 - cgc & tdi
- Nov 19-20 Christmas Pictures
- Dec 17 - Christmas Auction
Jim Barnett Park

month a visit to the
nursing homes

Envoy 1st & 3rd Monday 11am
Spring Arbor 2nd & 4th Tuesday
1 pm
Hill Top 2nd & 4th Friday 10:45 am



Tracking test
Sunday
Sept. 25
Cross Junction
Starts at
8 am

