

# The Gun Dog Supreme

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**LETTER FROM THE EDITOR**

Greetings:

HAPPY 70<sup>th</sup> ANNIVERSARY GUN DOG SUPREME!!

This November, GDS will turn 70 years old. As I was searching the GDS archives for some old photos to include in a current article, I came across the first issue published, November 1951. Going through some of those older issues put into perspective the rich history and long journey this club has taken. In this issue, we begin what we hope is a continued series we are calling “*Yesteryear: Tales of Tails Gone By.*” In this first installment, Phil Bennett penned a wonderful article about Bob and Tina Hinckley and their important contributions to our club’s early beginnings that helped set the foundation for the club we are today.

Also, as of this printing, three Chapters have completed their spring tests, and summaries of those events are included. The more detailed reports, along with test scores, pedigrees, and additional pictures will be in the August issue.

In *The Backstory* section, you will find an article by one of our new members, Perry Miller from Bozeman, Montana. He took on my call for articles and wrote a nice piece about his first Fousek, Bella, and their experience running the Natural Ability Test in March.

Other items you will find are the treasurer’s report for 2020, a short piece on dogs and their affinity for socks, *Fousek Field Notes*, and the announcement of a new GDS cover photo contest.

After a very difficult academic year navigating everything COVID-related, I am looking forward to some down time spent with Darwin in my happy place, my garden, with Darwin poking around for rodents and me poking out some weeds. Staying connected with nature keeps me grounded. I hope you get to spend some time with your Fousek in your happy place. Happy Summer!

*Spiro Mavroidis*, Editor

**On the Cover:** Cora z Neřádova stavení (Cora) pointing during her test at the Rocky Mountain spring test. **Owner Larry Knapp**

**Photo by :** Kris Brewer

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## Yesteryear: Tales of Tails Gone By

Reminiscing is to “indulge in enjoyable recollection of past events,” according to the dictionary. In that spirit, we will be contacting people who have had dogs in years past, asking them to reminisce as we begin a semi-sporadic series of articles about dogs and happenings from the club’s early days. Authors will interview time-honored members and could easily focus on stories of a special dog, maybe a memory of a best retrieve, point, or track. There might be memories about their very first dog, or maybe they can provide one bit of advice they might give a new member. We will not try to emphasize club activities, but perhaps there will be a special recollection about the kindest thing one member did for another, or a story of a unique time shared with another member. Of course, even these we expect will be centered on our four-legged buddies. We welcome ideas you may have.

### A Tribute to Bob and Tina Hinckley

by

**Phil Bennett**

I first met Bob Hinckley in October 1971, and I could not have imagined how that occasion would alter my life over the next 50 years.

At the time, I was working for Hood Sailmakers in Marblehead, Massachusetts, and had driven a 22-foot Ryder rental truck to The Hinckley Company in Southwest Harbor, Maine, to pick up sails from a fleet of sailing yachts so they could be brought back to our sail loft, washed, and fully repaired over the winter. We provided this service to many boatyards along the coast of New England.

At that same time, Bob Hinckley, along with his two brothers, was working for his father Henry, who controlled The Hinckley Company with an infamously firm hand. With his strong personality, a talent for engineering and innovation, and an eye for quality and design, Henry built a company that, since its founding in 1928, had a growing reputation for handcrafting some of the world’s finest power and sailing yachts.

But Henry Hinckley was not a people person. While his other two sons handled various aspects of manufacturing and accounting, Bob was the one who could really relate to people, and could he ever sell. When Bob believed in something, like the merits of a Hinckley yacht, he was evangelically passionate about it, and very persuasive. Keep this trait in mind.

I felt Hood Sailmakers should be doing more business with The Hinckley Company. The best way to make that happen was for me to spend more time in Maine and more time, if possible, with Bob.

I had grown up sailing small boats around Mystic, Connecticut, and since I capriciously had decided to make my sailing avocation my vocation, I was spending a lot of time teaching people how to get the most from their Hood sails. Another co-worker and I helped many Hinckley owners make their sailboats go faster. It was only a matter of time before Bob invited me to sail with him in some offshore races. Talk about a slippery slope.

When you spend days and nights racing a sailboat offshore, you get to know your crewmates quite well. Bob



Photo provided by Rick and Tina Molt

**Bob Hinckley (far right) cooking woodcock on the camp grill with dogs Amy and Bailey watching. Waiting patiently are Charley and Dave Dodge (R to L) (Llama Keep , DownEast, ME)**



Photo provided by Rick and Tina Molt

**L to R: Rick Molt with Bailey, John Lundburg with Erik, and Tina Hinckley with Amy**

and I hit it off. I had grown up on a small farm, liked animals and the outdoors, had done some saltwater fishing, and liked to ski, so we shared a lot of common ground and ocean. Although I never had a dog, nor hunted—I did like to target shoot—Bob was willing to overlook these deficiencies in my experience and character. We both liked to laugh, and both of us were salesmen at heart. That’s a dangerous combination, particularly mixed with a little rum.

Sometimes when I made my sales call in Maine, I would be invited to a lobster dinner at the Hinckley home, eventually meeting Bob’s lovely wife Tina, and their three children. Tina had her hands full raising a family, steering Bob, running a nautical boutique business of her own, a crewed charter business, and tending to the household chickens for eggs. Plus, Tina was as passionate about her jumping and dressage horses as Bob was about boats, fly fishing, skiing, and hunting.

On one such evening, while having drinks and waiting for the lobster water to boil, I met my first Wirehaired Pointing Griffon, a dog Bob had gotten from a breeder in Michigan. Although the dog’s name was Kerry, in true Hinckley comedic fashion, the dog was nicknamed Hairy Kerry. Although Bob said she looked like a dog made out of spare parts from other breeds, she was, in his words, “The best versatile hunting dog anyone could own—a nose on four legs.”

To prove the point, we set down our glasses, went to the kitchen door where Bob threw a penny into the pitch-black yard and told the dog to fetch. Back in front of the fireplace we continued our raucous conversation until Hairy Kerry, having opened door by herself, spit the penny onto Bob’s knee. I said I wanted to check the date to see if it was the same coin.

Through the years, while still trying to grow our sail business with The Hinckley Company, I was lucky enough to hunt woodcock and ruffed grouse with Bob and Hairy Kerry. I began to see why he was sold on Griffons. Bob ran cross country at Bowdoin, and as we crashed through the pucker brush at Bob Hinckley pace, my short legs tried to keep up. I struggled to absorb the volumes of wisdom he dispensed nonstop about dogs, habitat, birds, and any great fly-fishing waters we might encounter. I loved my job and my time in Maine. I thoroughly enjoyed spending time with Bob.

Pages came off the calendar, and the Hinckley family was sad to lose Hairy Kerry after nearly 10 wonderful years. Given Bob and Tina’s unbridled enthusiasm for the breed, it is no surprise their next dog was another Griffon, Bracey. She was a talented hunter, but somedays liked to hunt a bit on her own or got distracted while looking for the intended feathered game. Bob said he could never figure out which day he would come home with a full game bag or a sore throat from shouting, “Bracey! Come!”

Anyone who spent any time with Bob and Tina—on sailboats, on chairlifts, at equestrian events, in fishing camps, and, oh yes, working with them—got full exposure to Wirehaired Pointing Griffon fever. Unlike Charlie Brown, Bob and Tina are not wishy-washy people; when they like something, it is full speed ahead. There are no gray areas. They exposed a great number of people to Griffons and their love of them.

When Bracey's days were nearing an end, Bob could not help but remember how remarkable Hairy Kerry was. He wanted another Griffon just like her. He wouldn't settle for just another good dog like Bracey. He had to maximize his chances of getting a great dog.

Bob had been reading about some folks in the Midwest who were experienced hunters. Just as important, some were experts in animal behavior. They, too, were seeing changes in the Wirehaired Pointing Griffons they were breeding. They wanted calm family dogs that were also hard-driving, versatile hunting partners. The dogs had to have outstanding noses for searching; the tracking abilities of a bloodhound; cooperative skills for retrieving feathered game on land or water; and intense game drive that was in total sync with the handler's wishes. The whole package was necessary to achieve their goal. They wanted a gun dog supreme.

These Midwesterners felt the heart of the problem was that the Wirehaired Pointing Griffon gene pool in the USA was getting too small. The only way to get better dogs was to enlarge the pool by reintroducing a bit of the original genetic material from European Wirehaired Pointing Griffons. Certain European clubs were having success in producing great dogs by strictly controlling the



Photo provided by Rick and Tina Molt

**Amy of Dutchman's Hollow**

**Breeder: John and Vivian Pitlo**

whole breeding program. This meant carefully selecting which dogs were bred and, just as carefully, selecting who got puppies from these breedings. In addition, they made certain that every owner exposed their puppies to a wide range of hunting situations. Most importantly, they tested every puppy at two points in their development for their natural abilities and later for their trained hunting skills. They felt that same program needed to be duplicated in the USA.

By 1989, Bob Hinckley had met Joan Bailey and Warren Webster and John Pitlo and Jim Seibel. (Did I mention strong personalities?) Many of these people, who would become club legends, collided, resulting in the Hinckley family getting a Wired-haired Pointing Griffon puppy from John and his wife Vivian in Iowa. She was Amy of Dutchman's Hollow, a name that would later appear in the pedigrees of many outstanding dogs in the Wirehaired Pointing Griffon Club of America.

While there had been Wirehaired Pointing Griffons bred in the Eastern US before, this group formed a new cadre (one that the AKC did not want to recognize because of the importation of European blood), and Bob Hinckley was now the defacto head of this reborn club. In his mind, it wasn't just an idea. It was a movement. Bob was the perfect man for the job, along with Tina, who continued steering and organizing.

I was now living in Maine and working directly for Bob selling Hinckley yachts. He and a partner owned The Hinckley Company. I had the perfect job. In addition to spending time on the water sailing, I was regularly called upon to be Bob's fishing companion and bird-hunting partner. Amy came to our offices every day. From my vantage point, she spent every waking—and sleeping—moment watching Bob's every move, anticipating his wishes. That dog and man were bonded.

One evening we all went out for an occasion. Tina later reported that Amy, left at home alone and not pleased with the situation, took each plant in the house, whether on the floor or on a shelf, ripped it from its pot, and shook it until dead. There was potting soil found from baseboards to ceiling moldings. Joan Bailey once told me that a bored Griffon is a recipe for disaster. Her words are just as true today as they were then.

Everyone who came in contact with the Hinckleys heard about Amy, and the merits of Griffons, even folks who walked into Bob's office with the sole intention of buying a boat. Picture this: Bob's office was at the very end of a long hallway, far from the front door. As Bob, the unsuspecting prospect, and Amy headed out the front

door to view a boat in the yard, Bob would casually turn and say, “Amy, fetch coat.” Like a shot, Amy would dash back to Bob’s office, grab the jacket from his chair, and deliver it to Bob’s hand, tailing wagging with excitement. The hook was set.

Similar scenes of Griffon prowess were reenacted at the Hinckley’s ski house, in the fields and forests of Maine, at fishing camps in New Brunswick, Canada, and just about anywhere Bob and Amy went. It was not surprising that over a relatively short period of time—don’t forget Bob’s selling skills—there was an increase in the number of Griffons on the East Coast and the number of people waiting for Griffon puppies, some who started out just wanting a boat!

Some great puppies arrived in New England from all over the US. Eventually, these dogs needed to be tested, but not at some other distant WPG chapter site. The tests for these dogs needed to happen here in Maine, under Bob’s jurisdiction.

On one particular occasion, Bob and Tina had organized a test at Merrymeeting Bay, down the coast at bit. This meant experienced judges, including Joan

Bailey, and a group of Griffon owners/wannabes assembling at the designated testing area for a couple days. Everyone stayed in a dog-friendly motel and shared a Saturday night meal at an informal restaurant where test scores were read and hunting lies exchanged. I had gotten sucked into the testing program earlier, back Bob when innocently asked me to come observe and, by the way, help out with little things, like planting birds. I knew about planting corn, potatoes, vegetable seeds, yes. But birds? Clueless.

I remember this particular test at Merrymeeting Bay above many others for a number of reasons. I was immediately struck by how diverse in nature and temperament the Griffon owners group really was. Bobby Carlson came from New Jersey, bringing his Jersey accent and unique sense of humor. Tom Whitley traveled from his native Florida, with a southern drawl that was almost unintelligible. There were a few seasoned judges from California, the Rockies, and the Midwest, including the club matriarch, Joan Bailey. It was an impressive assemblage of talent and clearly a fun-loving group.

At one juncture, Tom, a veterinarian, and another Griffon owner, were having a lively debate on fleas. The owner said he could see no natural purpose for the existence of fleas. However, Tom firmly stated that fleas had a very valuable role in nature. The constant treatments for them at his practice had helped finance his children’s education. He rested his case. Someone who had been listening to Tom and then heard Bob Hinckley telling a hunting tale in his normal Downeast Maine accent remarked that it was hard to believe these two gentlemen were both speaking the English language. The important thing, however, was that everyone there spoke Griffon.

A side note about Bob organizing this test: Tina had sent Bob to the Merrymeeting Bay area in her three-quarter-ton truck a day early to shop for our lunch food. He also had to make sure the motel was ready to accept all those coming and to take care of the myriad other details we all know go into putting on a successful test. Can you sense trouble coming?

It was later reported that while maneuvering Tina’s large truck in the crowded grocery store parking lot, Bob had, in his words, “Run into some lady driving her cheap Oldsmobile.” Later, while maneuvering his shopping cart around the grocery store aisles, once again at



Photo provided by John and Vivian Pitlo

**Bob Hinckley with Amy**

Bob Hinckley pace, there had been another collision that knocked down a merchandise display. To add to the developing calamity, when Bob and other test attendees arrived at the designated motel, it seems there had been a small conflagration. It was all under control, even though firetrucks filled the parking area and smoke filled several rooms.

The test itself went off remarkably well, except for one afternoon when we had driven in a caravan of cars and trucks to a farm field next to where the water work would take place. The forecast had been for a stray thundershower. Sure enough, the skies opened up. Everyone crammed in, five and six to a vehicle, to get out of the weather, and Bob, who was then lying in the back of my station wagon, said, “At least there’s no hail.” Almost before the words left his mouth, mothball-sized hailstones pelted the roofs and hoods of our vehicles.

On Saturday night we met for the traditional group dinner and reading of the test scores. All went according to plan. However, in light of all that had transpired during the test, it was decided there should be a special test scorecard made up for Bob. I don’t recall the individual scores under search, affinity for water, and the like, nor the exact comments on each section of Bob’s card. I only remember his score card was hilarious when read aloud. The crowning touch, by far, was the large red stamp across the face of Bob’s card that read, “Unfit for Breeding!” Everyone convulsed in laughter.

I admit, this cursory overview of Griffon history from my personal perspective doesn’t begin to recognize all the hard work the Hinckley family has put in over the past 50 years to build, not just the Northeast Chapter of the club, but to build the whole Griffon program in the US. They brought in a host of new and enthusiastic people, some like Vaughn Anthony, who previously didn’t even own a shotgun but became so excited about hunting over Griffons that they became the focal point in his family’s life. Likewise, Ted Silver, a cardiologist the Hinckleys met during a professional visit, soon had a Griffon that produced other great hunting dogs for the club. Fraser Sherrard, an orthodontist from New Brunswick, Canada, had little school children eager to pat his Griffon Aldo as they walked home from their classes. Fraser, who somehow, during many club fund-raising auctions, often unknowingly bought huge and expensive quantities of club member Jane McKenna’s jams and jellies. Then there are Rick and Tina Molt who got one of Amy’s puppies, Bailey. Bob Hinckley was like a one-man Johnny Appleseed, planting Griffon seeds far and wide, wherever he traveled.



Photo provided by Rick and Tina Molt

**Tina Hinckley with Amy (far right)**

Yes, Bob and Tina brought a host of new faces to the club, but beyond that, the Hinckleys created an atmosphere where having and hunting over a Wirehaired Pointing Griffon became a family affair. Instead of letting it morph into a “guy thing,” they made certain wives, children, and others were involved in making a great hunting dog and a great family dog. This a still an elemental part of the club’s DNA, present in every chapter. We have all watched families bring their dogs to tests where we’ve cheered for the dogs and for the handlers to do well. We have always been willing to coach each other in order to bring out the best in each dog.

As I said initially, my first meeting with Bob Hinckley changed the course of my life, and it certainly reset in later years how I spent my time, where I spent it, and with whom, whether with two legs or four. In truth, he did the same for many others.

Since the very beginning of the club, we have had many dedicated and talented individuals and couples—the Hinckleys, Joan Bailey, Ed Bailey, Dick Austin, Bodo Winterhelt, Warren Webster, Joe Nadeker, Jack Dallimore, Jim Seibel, and John Pitlo. Plus, there are so many others not listed here. Each is a facet. Each has contributed in a unique way to the jewels we all admire and continue to polish with each loving pat we give our four-legged friends. Good people. Great dogs. 🐾

## Northwest Chapter Spring Test

by  
**Nick Long**

The Northwest Chapter held a spring test on the last weekend of February 2021. Over the weekend, eight dogs were tested: one Natural Ability test, six Intermediate, and one Utility. On the Friday before the test, we conducted an exposure day for a handful of dogs in preparation for the test weekend. The weather was the usual mix of rain with some gaps for the sun to poke through. For this event we rented a training ground that was a mix of rolling grassy fields spotted with ponds. The Snoqualmie River ran through the property. It is a typical lowland river basin on the west side of Washington state, wet and heavily vegetated where it is not managed. A great improvement for this test was the inclusion of three warm-up tents, complete with wood stoves.

Saturday, four intermediate dogs were tested, Dogs and the birds generally performed well, although there was some vigorous arm-waving when the birds were set for the track. I suspect the ducks were not at all interested in leaving and a few made loops to head back to the pens, responding to the other ducks. The searches, tracks, and drags all produced great results.

In the afternoon, we ran into some challenges with water. It was clear the water track was a challenge, especially for a few of the dogs living and hunting in the high desert on the eastern side of the state. Good training water is rare there. Overall, the dogs performed well, even if a little inexperienced with water work.

On Sunday, we tested another four dogs comprised of one Natural Ability, two Intermediate, and one Utility. These dogs also performed well with several exceptional performances being noted. Ella, the 11-month-old, performed an exceptional track of approximately 200 yards. She made few deviations, never outrunning her nose, and generally exhibited great focus for such a young dog. The judges were very impressed. The second performance that stood head and shoulders above the rest over the weekend, was Anna Artz's dog, Aiden. He achieved a perfect Utility score with several of the judges left speechless during the test, the track being one of the more memorable. Anna approached the track test with anxiety, knowing Aiden could outrun his nose, so she made particular efforts to keep the dog calm and in a good mental place. As Anna approached the starting point, she heeled the dog and set him down three times before

introducing him to the starting feathers. Interestingly enough, when released and the command to fetch was given, he took off nose down and with determination. Given the terrain, the dog dipped out of view for a few moments and appeared at high velocity about 400 to 500 yards away. There was uncertainty about whether the dog had gone wild or was still in the game. As doubts mounted, Aiden tracked to a lone briar patch and promptly grabbed the determined hen in plain view of the judges, ending all doubts that the dog had lost focus. Then, Aiden executed a perfect retrieve, completed by calmly sitting and presenting the hen to hand. An impressive track and one to remember.

Over the weekend, we held a group dinner outside the motel with social distancing. This is the second time we have done this, and we all knew the routine: take-out and folding chairs, a great compromise during these COVID times. We also catered lunches and brought donuts and coffee for the test, both of which were a hit. There was a spirit of collaboration and teamwork, as requests for support received multiple volunteers. Birds were planted, food was gotten, tents were kept warm, and dogs were measured. From my perspective, I found the weekend a marked improvement from the fall test, in both structure, organization, and execution.

It was encouraging to see the NW Chapter beginning to flourish again. Friendships were rekindled, joint training sessions planned, and a new apprentice judge was trained. Overall, it was a great weekend with exceptional results. One final thank you to the Richie family: They



Photo by Grant Richie

**Angus of Buckeye Valley**  
**(Owner Jake Kennedy)**



managed the camp, provided photography, oversaw the silent auction, and provided endless entertainment in the form of their two sons running around camp doing what young boys should do—play in the mud.

Last, everyone had fun, and the dogs showed us what we love about Ceskies: their immense hunting potential, coupled with their amazing disposition and desire to please. I look forward to the fall test this year and hope to continue improving the chapter and demonstrating how great our dogs are. 🐾

## Rocky Mountain Chapter Spring Test

by

**Tawna Skinner**

**O**ur annual Rocky Mountain Chapter spring test and seminar was held March 24-28, 2021, near Twin Falls, Idaho.

The event started on a Wednesday with a pre-test practice day for NA handlers and their dogs. Five handlers/dogs practiced their skills in tracking and swimming, as well as in the field. Some of the dogs had never before tracked or even seen a live game bird or been shot over, so this was their first introduction. All handlers were pleased with what they and their dogs learned.

Thursday was the Robert Milner Seminar, which was held in the hotel conference room via Zoom. Despite technical difficulties, we all gained valuable training information and insights.

On Friday, we started the testing in cool, breezy conditions with two groups of dogs. Group 1 with three IHDT dogs included two from the Cherry River litter and one of the Bald Eagle litter. All prized. Group 2 included two NA dogs from the Two Rivers Crossing litter and one from the Cody Country litter. Dale Vagts brought Avibrissa of Cody Country all the way from Nebraska to test in the West with her littermates. Avibrissa and Cleo of Two Rivers Crossing both prized; however, Charlie of Two Rivers struggled on the pheasant track so was unable to prize.

Saturday dawned clear, sunny and breezy, moving

into the 60's by afternoon. Group 1 evaluated four more of the Cody Country litter, and all of them prized. Group 2 and Group 3 each evaluated three IHDT dogs. Unfortunately, none of those dogs were able to prize. Both the duck track and the dead drag were the day's biggest challenges for the dogs.

Sunday, three NA and two IHDT dogs were tested. All-brown imports Cora (Cora z Neřádova stavení) and Hera (Hera Brown z Lubiechowa), owned by Larry and Betsy Knapp, prized. These dogs had very little exposure over the past year, but due to their natural ability and the exposure they received during the pre-test training day, both put it all together to prize. The two IHDT dogs were unable to prize. Once again, the challenges were the duck track and the dead drag.

Saturday evening, we held a pizza feed, and the silent auction fundraiser was quite successful. Thanks to all for donating and purchasing the auction items. Your generosity is much appreciated, and all funds go to serving our mission of providing to hunters well-bred Cesky Fouseks that have natural ability, good temperaments, standardized conformation, and a willingness to work for the handler in a variety of environments.

Rocky Mountain Chapter also held their annual meeting. Two new officers were elected to take on the secretary/treasurer and field test chair positions, long held by Tawna Skinner and John McDunn, respectively. Zeb Breuckman was elected to serve as secretary/treasurer, and Grant Richie was voted in as field test chair.



Photo by Kris Brewer

**Amazing Maggie of Payette River**

**(Owner Dale Anderson)**

There was lively conversation and input from club members as to how we can better handle test logistics, such as ordering and reserving test birds early, and provide more training day opportunities.

Overall, it was a wonderful five days with everyone happy to be together again and working with and talking about our dogs. 🐾

## Heartland Chapter Spring Test

by

**Rem DeJong**

The 2021 Heartland Test was almost back to speed this Spring with our traditional routine, and in our old haunts. In 2020, some imaginative, stop-gap testing efforts were required, to say the least. True, we could not hold a banquet this year, and there were some restrictions on use of the Mazomanie pavilion, but it was business as usual for the most part this year. It was a small test by Heartland standards, but that worked well. Dave Read, our test chair, did a great job getting things organized. Getting dog owners to submit all their materials in a timely manner would cause a lesser man to tear-out his hair. Fortunately, Dave is shaved bald, so he could cope. Let me put in a plug for test chairs everywhere. They have a lot of forms to process, and birds to order and pick-up, motel accommodations to be arranged, judges to be assembled, bird handler and photographers to be lined-up, and a host of other details to handle. It is a big job, and when people are slow to register, or they cancel at the last minute, it causes major headaches. Please do your part when you have a pup to test.

Although we could not hold a banquet, several participants got together for a pre-event meal at the Green Acres restaurant on Thursday. Brew pubs have been sprouting like morel mushrooms in the Sauk City area, so we had to test a couple of those on Friday and Saturday nights. It was really great to visit with old-time members and connect with new folks. Jon Coil operated a traveling club merchandise store out of the back of his van, so participants could stock-up on caps and shirts. Jon even

had some fine Cesky Fousek North America mugs, and everyone needs one to toast a fine Fousek performance, whether on test day or after a day hunting.

We held a training day on Friday and tested six dogs on Saturday. The pretest training day has proven to be popular. Most of the dogs being tested also participated in the training, as did several other dogs and their handlers from around the area. Tom Breuckman, Mark Cornick, Ryan Meyers, and Tony Meyers made use of the training opportunity to prepare their dogs for a future test. The dogs got to perform under real test conditions, and the handlers worked with actual judges, so when test day dawned, the whole routine was familiar. Keep this in mind for you and your pup in the future.

On test day, we had two groups. One was a Natural Ability Test group headed up by Senior Judge, John Pitlo, with Jim Crouse and Apprentice Senior Judge Dave Finley. They evaluated three Two River's Crossing littermates: Catherine (owned by Greg Silver), Callie (owned by Tim Vande Giessen) and Ceney Kaliber (owned by Brian Pogue). Meanwhile, Group 2 was headed by Andy Yeast with Judges Dave Read and Greg Hurtig, and Apprentice Judge, Monica Redmond. They evaluated three Intermediate dogs from the Auger Falls H litter: Hadley (owned by Ben Berka), Hunters Destiny (owned by Russell Steele) and Hemingway (owned by Jon Dorn).

The test grounds were very dry, but the tracking fields were in good shape. Despite being hard to come-by, the birds were strong and healthy. With only six dogs to test, the judges were able to provide each dog with ample




Photo by Rem DeJong

**Hunters Destiny of Auger Falls**

**(Owner Russell Steele )**

attention and gave them opportunity to perform. Four of the six dogs prized, so it was a good showing all around. Score details will be published in the August 2021 issue, along with a more detailed analysis. A full-color gallery of all the test dogs is being set-up on the web page. Head to this link to view them:

<https://ceskyfousek.smugmug.com/Field-Testing> 

**Editor's Note:** This article was prompted because of a Facebook post from one of our club members, Nick Long, and his experience with Jagger swallowing a sock. You can find Nick's detailed description of that experience on the Northwest Chapter Facebook page.

## Gastrointestinal Foreign Bodies in Dogs

by

**Suzanne Gates, D.V.M.**


Dogs are notorious for ingesting first and asking, "Is this edible?" later – especially adolescent dogs. Many times, non-food items (such as small pieces of tinfoil or chewed-up crayons) are not an issue, and these so-called gastrointestinal foreign bodies pass through the stomach and intestinal tract without any complication. They just make yard cleanup duty much more colorful. Sometimes they pass easily but lead to rather disgusting thoughts. How about that kiss you received earlier in the day from your pooch as you later discover traces of kitty litter while doing the daily yard cleanup?

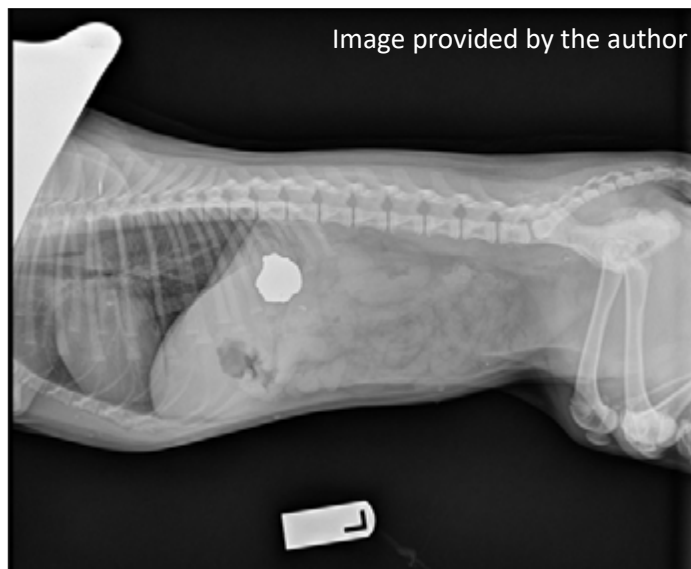
My job as a veterinarian gets interesting when I see your pup for lethargy, vomiting, not wanting to eat, or eating and then vomiting right afterwards. If your dog is a well-vaccinated adolescent, I immediately want to look for the presumed gastrointestinal foreign body that has gotten stuck somewhere in the gut. It is an exciting scavenger hunt for me with x-rays and such, leading often enough to what some of us describe as a "good foreign body surgery."

Gastrointestinal foreign bodies requiring surgical removal are – extremely common. Pet insurance data puts them consistently up near the top of the list of most common claims. Bones, rocks, balls—yes. But even more

common are socks, underwear, towels, kids' toys, and, especially in summer, corn cobs. For some reason, many dogs enjoy nothing better than swiping a nicely worn sock or pair of underwear to munch on. Hopefully you will get lucky and your beast will pass it to liven up the daily yard pickup ritual. Just as often, though, you will end up in an office similar to mine awaiting the results of testing and then, a good part of the time, signing the surgical/anesthetic consent form so that one of us veterinarians will have another "good foreign body surgery" story to tell. Where I practice in Pennsylvania, you will likely spend about \$900 for a simple surgery and be home on the same day. For more complicated surgeries where anastomosis is required (cutting out the dead part of the intestine and reattaching it), it will likely cost in the range of \$1,800 to \$3,000 and require a longer recovery period.

Although I speak lightly of these procedures, I do not take them lightly. These surgeries are always serious and often life-threatening. I highly recommend pet insurance.

Here are some signs that there may be a problem. If your dog is lethargic, does not want to eat as usual, is vomiting, and has no stool production or only small amounts of diarrhea for more than 24 hours, you should call your veterinarian and have your dog seen as soon as possible. There are a few exceptionally food motivated dogs that continue to want to eat, even though they may vomit afterwards. These pets should also be seen as soon as possible if signs/symptoms continue for more than a day. However, an announce of prevention is worth a pound of cure so please, pick up your socks! 



**Pursuant to Article III, Section 4 of the Cesky Fousek North America Constitution, below is the Treasurer's Notes to the Board of Directors and Treasurer's Report (opposite page)**

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**April 11, 2021**

**To: CFNA Board of Directors**

**Subject: Treasurer's Notes**

Attached please find the CFNA Treasurer's Report for Fiscal Year 2020. For those who aren't familiar (which included me), our fiscal year is the same as the calendar year. Last year I made the report March through February. Also, sorry for this being a bit late, in the mist of preparing this report my computer died (don't think there is any lost data), and it was time to convert from a PC to a MAC, and following that, a few software revisions. I believe the worst of the learning curve is over.

I hope the Treasurer's Report has enough detail, the notes on the right side of the spreadsheet help explain some of the entries . If you would like more detail, please let me know.

Oh, one more thing, the report was prepared in MAC Numbers and saved in excel format, I hope that works.

In spite of a few issues, the CFNA ended the year \$9,533 in the black. A bit more explanation about some of the charges.

The POSTAGE account saw income of \$23.55. I realized I should have personally paid \$23.55 shipping charges related to our puppy litter in 2019. The PUPPY & BREEDER account expenses of \$4,662.33 was for vet bills related to Jane McKenna's liter that was lost.

On the bright side, club members generously helped Greg Miyauchi with about \$4,900. What a blessing for Greg! The CHARITY income and expenses aren't equal, due to charges from PayPal.

Regarding the INSURANCE account, in the past our insurance expired in the spring, right when we're having tests. We paid a 1.5 year's premium which moved the insurance renewal date to the fall of the year.

A new account this year is PUPPY DEPOSITS, moving that part of CFNA income from the summer to the winter and spring. It looks like the \$400 deposit didn't hamper the interest in our puppies as I feared it might. Thanks John Pitlo!

The significant expense in the IMPORTED PUPPY account is associated with importing 2 puppies, Cora & Hera when airfare was sky high. These two puppies ran at the Rocky Mountain test and did well.

The DUES FOR CHAPTERS account looks out of balance, but the income and remuneration to the Chapters happens episodically.

The DATA, DOMAIN, SOFTWARE account is larger than normal. We had quite a bit of maintenance performed on our pedigree program which is used by the Breeding Committee to evaluate different breeding pairs.

The PRINT & GDS account is larger than normal. The main charges were ballots for a couple of elections and the redesign of the CFNA logo after the name change. Another new account is the CLOTHING account.

In February 2021 the club opened a savings account with Chase Bank and we moved \$40,000 into savings. It's drawing a tiny amount of interest. The main reason for making the change was to place some of our money in another account in case our checking account was hacked. In 2021 we also helped two of our Chapters open checking accounts that are separate, but attached to the CFNA's account.

Sincerely,

**Roger Fuhrman**

<b>CESKY FOUSEK NORTH AMERICA TREASURER'S REPORT FISCAL YEAR 2020</b>			
<b>Report by Roger Fuhrman for the period</b>			
<b>1-1-2020 to 12-31-2020</b>			
	<b>INCOME</b>	<b>EXPENSE</b>	
<b>CORPORATE REGISTRATION</b>	\$0.00	\$10.00	
<b>OFFICE SUPPLIES, POSTAGE, &amp; REGISTRAR</b>	\$23.55	\$230.35	\$23.55 reimbursement to CFNA for shipping charges
<b>PAYPAL</b>	\$0.00	\$474.36	Dues, Charity & Clothing
<b>CHARITY, FUND RAISERS &amp; DONATIONS</b>	\$4,930.00	\$4,864.97	Income & expense unequal due to PayPal charges
<b>MEALS &amp; ENTERTAINMENT</b>	\$0.00	\$131.50	Pheasant Fest
<b>MEMORIALS &amp; RECOGNITIONS</b>	\$0.00	\$279.58	Gifts for Czech guests
<b>INSURANCE</b>	\$0.00	\$1,136.54	1 1/2 year premium
<b>PUBLICITY &amp; PROMOTIONS</b>	\$0.00	\$514.54	Pheasant Fest
<b>BOOKS / VIDEOS / TRAINING</b>	\$194.75	\$489.36	
<b>PUPPY DEPOSITS</b>	\$7,825.00	\$400.00	
<b>FROZEN SEMEN MAINTENCE</b>	\$0.00	\$79.00	
<b>DNA / EMBARK</b>	\$440.00	\$1,215.00	
<b>PENNHIP</b>	\$0.00	\$1,055.35	
<b>PUPPY INCOME &amp; BREEDER EXPENSE</b>	\$12,430.00	\$4,662.33	Refund to breeder for vet charges
<b>IMPORTED PUPPY</b>	\$4,000.00	\$6,286.27	High cost associated with airfare
<b>DUES CFNA</b>	\$12,130.00	\$67.67	Refund for paying twice
<b>DUES FOR CHAPTERS</b>	\$1,810.00	\$3,380.00	
<b>DATA, DOMAIN, SOFTWARE</b>	\$0.00	\$3,528.14	Maintenance on breeding software
<b>TESTS</b>	\$63.86	\$641.00	Expense for SW Test
<b>PRINT &amp; GDS</b>	\$0.00	\$5,041.38	Ballots, Logo & GDS
<b>CLOTHING</b>	\$750.00	\$576.48	
<b>TOTALS</b>	\$44,597.16	\$35,063.82	
<b>NET</b>	\$9,533.34		
<b>BANK BALANCE ON 12/31/2019 Register</b>	\$44,604.55		
<b>BANK BALANCE ON 12/31/2020 Register</b>	\$54,137.89		
<b>Chase Statement 12/31/2019</b>	42,737.43		
<b>Chase Statement 12/31/2020</b>	57,759.58		

## New Contest for GDS Cover Photos!

Want a good-looking hat? It's easy and free. All you need to do is submit your photo via email to our editor, Spiro, and have it selected for the next cover shot of the Gun Dog Supreme. We will send the winner a CFNA hat. The winning photo will be selected by the editorial staff of Spiro, Brook, and Rick. Be sure to include your mailing address and phone number, just in case you are successful! Also include the dog's full name, the handler's name, the location, and the date. Please only submit two entries per person per issue of GDS. We will post all entries on our web page once the issue is published.

### *Here are some guidelines for a winning photo:*

- The subject matter should fit a vertical format for the cover, although the actual photo does not. The editor might crop it.
- Photos should focus on the dog. Birds, wildlife, humans, etc. in the photos are fine, especially if they tell a story about the dog.
- Older, historic photos are welcome.
- Photos from hunting, testing, and life around the house are most welcome. Creativity is great.
- Use the highest resolution that you can. Photos must be in colour.
- All rights to use the photo are granted to Cesky Fousek North America.
- Editorial staff are not eligible for a hat, but one of their photos might be used if another is not available.



Photo by Rick Sojda

Eider (Edý z Veseckých luhů) "happily" sporting a CFNA hat (owned by Rick Sojda)



## Fousek Field Notes



**Angus of Shaw Brook** with owner Andrew Oclcott: Andrew says “Angus has now had 2 hunting seasons under his collar and time has made a world of difference. He gets what the game is now and it's a joy to watch him point on a wily old Montana rooster.”

### **Cahaba’s Lola od Karlova smrku or “Lola”:**

Donn Fizer with his son Eli on a late season Kansas hunt.

Donn writes “We all had a fantastic time chasing pheasants and quail in cold, snowy conditions in January. A long 16-hour trip from Birmingham, AL but any time we can put our southern belle on wild birds it is well worth it!!”



**Editor’s note: Send in your Fousek adventure photos with a short narrative to the editor.**

## The Backstory

### *A New Member's Perspective* **Bella Learns the Ropes of the Natural Ability Test**

By  
**Perry Miller**

As a newbie to the Cesky Fousek world, I am still not sure what to make of our club and my new breed. All I know for sure is I have had two AKC Griffons that were pretty good bird hunters, and this new CF pup, Ana-Isabella of Cody Country (Bella, or Bell), is going to blow them both away: better nose, higher energy, and smarter. My wife Lesa tells me it is borderline weird how much I love this little girl.

As part of the custody arrangement for this pup, I was interviewed repeatedly about my hunting intentions. Then I signed a contract saying I would put Bell through the Natural Ability Test, which happened this March in Jerome, Idaho, and agreed to tackle the Intermediate Hunting Dog Test, scheduled for next March. I did a NAVDHA natural ability test once, 10 years ago with my oldest Griff, Mocha, and I heard the CFNA test was similar. In fact, it seemed identical. Mocha earned a perfect Prize 1 score in her test, despite being early in heat on test day, requiring us to test after all the other dogs. During her test, I remember thinking that Mocha did not have a great day. Her tracking was not as good as I had seen, and for a dog who loves the water, I had some difficulty encouraging her to swim twice. I chalked it up to the strange environment or her heat cycle. But hey, she earned a Prize 1!

I was anxious about going to the March test in Jerome because Bella was not pointing consistently. That may be an understatement. I had been worrying and working on that during the prior months with help from other CF owners like Rick Sojda and the McDunns of Helena. I also was worried that she did not seem to have a natural affinity for water. I expected she might score goose eggs on those two parts of the test. In fact, I felt guilty that I might be wasting the time of judges who would be overworked because of the backlog of testing due to COVID-19. I hunted Bell very aggressively last fall, harvesting 46 birds from six upland species with her, and I passed up close shots on at least five times that many. My restraint was trying to encourage pointing by *only*



Photo provided by the author

**Bella meeting her new family, Perry and Lesa Miller**

shooting birds over points. But then late in the season, she caught a couple of crippled pheasants on her own—one from some previous hunters and one I had lost earlier that morning. I became extremely concerned that she had switched to a “chase and flush” pup. However, Bella’s nose has always seemed top-notch. She has shown uncommon tracking and retrieving abilities, so I expected she would do well on those parts of the test. I was not positive about pointing. At the test, we would find out about pointing, tracking, and swimming, which were the big “3” from what I vaguely recalled from the last time I did the similar test with NAVHDA.

The more than six-hour drive from Bozeman was uneventful. We arrived mid-afternoon after all the Friday testing was complete and used that opportunity to familiarize Bella with the grounds along the Snake River. The wind was howling from the West. I wondered how that might affect pointing the next day. We walked for two hours that afternoon, keeping Bell on a 30-foot check cord when in open fields, and then off-leash in the thick



river bottom brush. She hunted like an old pro, checking every nook and cranny, occasionally rewarded with a skittering cottontail that, of course, she could not resist chasing. We came across a pond that I suspected might be used for the swim test, so I tossed a stick for Bella. She swam a short way and retrieved it but would not do so a second time. Oh well. Maybe on test day.

That evening we had a reunion at the hotel with four of her littermates from “Cody Country,” and I was pleased with Bell’s calm demeanor. That two-hour hike had taken the edge off her, and much of the evening I did not even have to hold her leash as she mingled and wrestled with the other pups. We then settled in for a restless sleep.

We were back at the testing grounds by sunup and slated to run last in a pack with three of her littermates. I noted the first dog ran like a wild animal that hadn’t been out of its cage in months! So, with time to kill while the other dogs were doing the search and point portions of their tests, we walked in a field away from the test areas, just to take an edge off the puppy-craziness.

Finally, it was our turn. I am not sure if it was the unfamiliar and trailing entourage or the required two random shots behind us, but Bella hunted unusually close. We had been working a LOT with a check cord because Bella is a fast dog who can cover a lot of ground in a hurry, and I prefer a close hunting dog. At the test, she checked on me constantly. When we changed directions, so did she. What great cooperation, I thought. Eventually a bird was planted behind us, but the next conundrum arose. That howling wind we experienced the previous afternoon was now dead calm, with only faint and inconsistent breezes. As we approached the ribbon-marked bird, I dropped dust from my hand trying to assess the breeze direction. First it went one way, then 180 degrees opposite. When I was sure I had it right, I quickly brought Bella downwind. She moved in and pointed! Yippee!! Senior judge Gary Pool indicated for me to kick up the bird, and I was about halfway there when Bella moved in and flushed it, a low-flying, pen-raised pheasant. It was so low, Bella was beside herself with excitement trying to catch it. Gradually, the bird’s winged speed left Bella behind, and it landed near a big brush pile off the edge of the field. Bella saw it, of course, and soon disappeared behind the brush too. I was almost all the way there when there came Bella, meeting me with the bird in her mouth and delivering it to hand. Perfect! I love that girl.

Next up was tracking the live bird portion of the test. With all the others, we were required to hide on the backside of some trees, so the dogs could not watch the dogs before them run and so they could not see the bird track being set for them. That meant I could not watch either, so we killed time going back and forth to the Snake

River and playing in the mud. Finally, it was our turn. I remembered this drill from 10 years ago: The judges pull a few feathers from the bird, and then you bring your dog in for a sniff. The judges even indicate which way the bird goes, so you can walk your pup on the scent trail for several yards. With Bella, I only went two-to-three feet before I released her, and she immediately did what I feared she might. When previously practicing “dead bird” searches, she learned that if she simply searched in widening circles, she could just pick up the scent cone and not have to track the bird. She tried that for maybe 30 seconds, and then she came right back to me, nose down, and started blitzing down the track. The pup only has to demonstrate tracking ability to get a full score, not track a terribly long distance. However, very quickly Bella was out 200 yards, and I was sure she must have lost the scent. I thought, There’s no way they would have run the track that far. Just as that notion ran through my brain, I saw her chasing a pheasant, quickly gaining on it, scooping it up, and then sprinting back to me to deliver it to hand. That made for one proud puppy owner! I later learned that

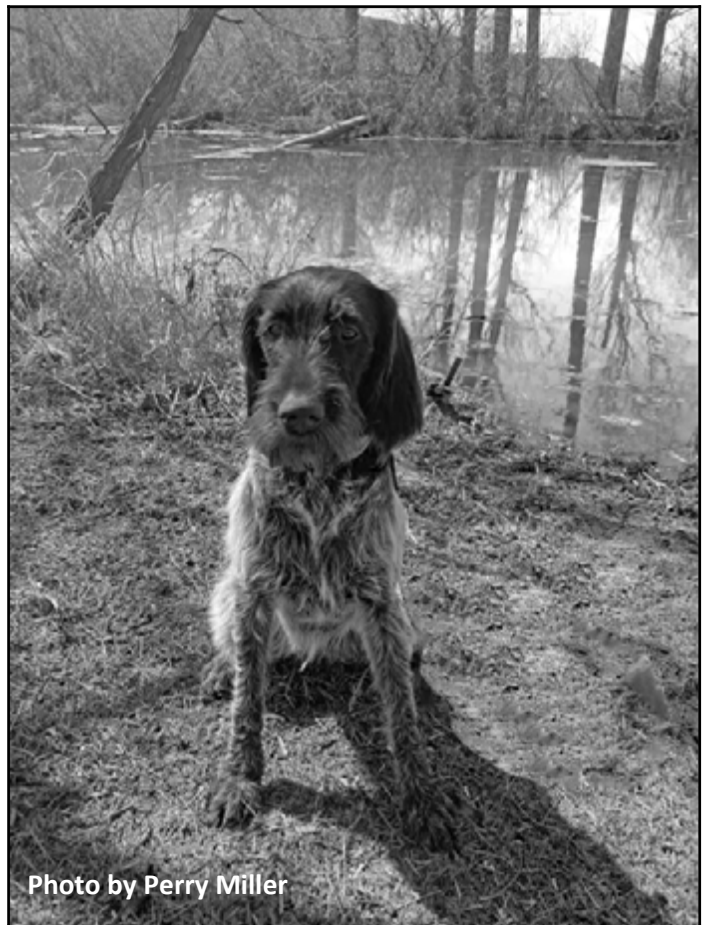


Photo by Perry Miller

**Bella waiting patiently for her swim test.**



Photo by Perry Miller

**It's all fun and games until we go hunting. Then it's awesome!!**

**Bella on one of many hunts in Montana.**

she was the only dog in the group to even find her bird, never mind retrieving it to hand. I was pretty sure she would do well on the track test. Next up, however, would be affinity for water, and I was not overly confident she would swim readily.

First, though, we had possibly the best \$8 lunch I have ever had in my life—home-made elk stew by Angie McDunn and all manner of other fine foods! Lunch was adjacent to the pond and very handy for us. By this point, several in our group were aware of my doubts about

Bella's desire to swim after a stick. Birds had always been a different story. At six-and-a-half months, she swam 200 yards after a wounded duck in a northern Saskatchewan river; that about gave me a heart attack because she had never swum more than 10 yards to that point in her life. In Jerome, I learned by watching the previous dogs, and possibly, so did Bella. The first dog swam like a beaver, but the second seemed a lot like Bella—reluctant to get in the water. The handler was trying to throw the stick just far enough that his dog would have to swim a stride or two in order to comply with the test, but he threw the stick short a couple times. That really helped me see exactly how far to throw for Bella.

I did my best to get her excited about the stick and tossed it just far enough to force a couple swimming strides. With some encouragement and a little delay, she retrieved the stick. Now, could she do it again? I tried to get her even more excited than the first time, and then I tossed the stick in the same spot. But she did not want to go. Finally, after a lengthy delay and crowd encouragement, she waded in, swam a couple strokes and brought it back. YAYYYY! There was celebratory cheering, as many knew how worried I was about Bella being able to complete this test successfully. Then, senior judge Gary Pool leaned in and said quietly to me, "We need her to swim again." I laughed out loud at him and said, "Yeah, right!" I was sure he was joking. But, he wasn't. Shit! Oh well. I had no idea why they wanted her to swim a third time, but I figured maybe she did not swim far enough, so I flung the stick quite a bit further and encouraged her to fetch it. I was just about to give up

when, to my complete and utter shock, Bella took a superwoman dive into the pond, swam beautifully, and retrieved the stick. Back on shore, I swear she looked right at the judges and said, "Take that!" I love that girl!

Seriously, it is funny how you fall in love with your dogs through shared trials and tribulations. I still remember that first time in northern Montana hunting with my old Griff Lou, when I dropped a rooster in a waist-deep, dammed cattail pond. As I was considering just how wet I wanted to get on an early December day, I see the cattails part, and here comes Lou, swimming and bringing the bird to

me! It seems each year he has one or two heroic retrieves that make me fall in love with him all over again. Every time we shared a moment like that, the bond grew stronger.

Such it was with Bella on test day. She exceeded my expectations throughout the entire test. If I could have picked any of the pups to hunt with that day, she was my clear choice. It was with considerable surprise, then, that the reading of her score produced a Prize III—the judges docked her hard for inadequate searching. Honestly?! I wondered if they had mixed up the dogs, as my biggest challenge to date had been keeping her within the range I like her to hunt and getting her to check in with me once in a while. But, dogs are judged based on what the judges think they see on test day. Maybe going for a long hike the previous afternoon and a bit that morning while waiting our turn had taken too much edge off her. On the other hand, maybe without that calm demeanor, she would not have done as well pointing, tracking, and retrieving. Of course, the latter is not technically part of the test.

However, Bella cannot read the judges' sheets (yet!), so I am sure she assumes she had a magnificent day. And, she most certainly did! I love that girl!!! 🐾



Photo by Perry Miller

**Bella is turning out to be pretty good at retrieving also**



**The new dynamic duo: Bella with her new bracemate, Lou, a Wirehaired Griffon**

(photo by Perry Miller)

## Renew Your Membership

Memberships are January through December

<https://ceskyfousekna.org/join-renew/>

When you renew, you will receive this newly designed decal that you can proudly display and continue to receive the GDS that will keep you connected with the club's news and activities.



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**CONTACT YOUR CHAPTER FOR INFORMATION REGARDING SUMMER TRAINING DAYS**

### **Northwest Chapter**

Dennis Carlson (carlson@gorge.net)

### **Rocky Mountain Chapter**

Angie McDunn (mcdunnk9@gmail.com)

### **Heartland Chapter**

Jim Crouse (jcrouse01@yahoo.com)

### **Northeast Chapter**

Laurie Connell (oquassa5@gmail.com)

### **Southeast Chapter**

Donn Fizer (205) 641-0471

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## **Cesky Fousek Lifespan Research**

Please complete an anonymous survey and help us better understand our breed's longevity and health.

[ceskyfousekna.org/breed-data/canine-mortality-survey/](https://ceskyfousekna.org/breed-data/canine-mortality-survey/)

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