



**NEWSLETTER**  
**Volume 5, Number 1**

**August, 2008**

*From our President, Anne Denehy (Vizsla73@aol.com)...*

Hello to all our members! Hope you and your families are enjoying this lovely summer weather. It's a great time to be outdoors with your Vizslas enjoying each others' company.

I want to make sure you are planning to come to our Annual Summer Fun Day, being held as usual at Cathedral Pines Park on August 9 [http://www.co.suffolk.ny.us/Home/departments/parks/Cathedral Pines County Park.aspx](http://www.co.suffolk.ny.us/Home/departments/parks/Cathedral%20Pines%20County%20Park.aspx) . This year we are hoping for good weather again, and looking forward to the good dog and human fun your Board committees have been working on. I know you all have been sent the details, so I will be brief and just tell you I am looking forward to visiting with you all again.

The next planned activity will be held on September 28<sup>th</sup>, at the Westbury Kennel Association at Planting Fields in Oyster Bay. Plans will be announced in the next few weeks. We are again holding a "Supported Entry" and would be more than happy to tell you all about it. Keep the date open. Come and see what is going on.

Your Board also wants to let you know that we are always looking for ideas from the membership for what you would like to see us plan for the future. Please stay in touch.

See you all there.....

Anne Denehy



Visit the VCLI website at <http://www.vcli.net>

## ***FROM THE PUSZTA TO LONG ISLAND (cont.)***

*by Anne Denehy*

....picking up from the last Newsletter in May, it was pointed out that although the Vizsla breed is relatively new to the western world, it is possibly the oldest of the European short haired pointing breeds. And so, down through the centuries, stories, legends and finally written documentation of the Hungarian people as a distinct nationality emerged. Always along with them, the historians tell us, was the inclusion of their own specific dogs by their sides as their co-workers (the Puli and Komondor as their shepherders) and their companion and hunting dogs, the Vizsla—or the plural, Vizslak.

Although the country was invaded, occupied, divided with borders changed many times over, the Hungarian people survived, along with them, their Vassal. There is some dispute as to the meaning of the word “Vizsla” —some suggests it means “to seek” in Turkish while others claim it is the name of a small area in the Danube valley, but it always refers to a specific beloved dog which had become the National Dog of Hungary.

The breed as we know it today was altered somewhat during the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries as the dog became better known through Europe. Wealthy owners of these special scent hunting dogs developed a trend of bringing in “professional” gamekeepers from other countries, who brought their own favorite hunting dogs with them. We read that a variety of other breeds were discreetly crossed with the native dogs supposedly to improve certain qualities, but always preserved were the superior

scenting ability, and the general appearance of body type, smooth solid golden color coat and approximate size. Interestingly enough, this breed continued to be considered a multi-purpose dog, with versatility and ability to quickly work in a multitude of covers—scenting and finding deer and giant hare, driving them toward the hunters, holding wild boar and wolves at bay, as well as searching for game birds in marshy lands as well as fields of grain.. The geographical area was known as the finest hunting ground in Europe,

with these enviable dogs at work.

Nonetheless, they were always held such high esteem by the Hungarians who owned them that they were distinctly part of the family and it was expected that they share the hearth and home at the end of the day, never left outdoors to sleep.

By the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, Hungarian purists began to fear that their National Dog was being lost, and its traditional characteristics would no longer be available. And so a movement was slowly begun to search for and restore the original type. With difficulty, by 1917, their efforts yielded only 3 dogs and 9 bitches which qualified as comparable to the earliest pictorial and written records available. All registered breeding from then on descended from this small stock, a truly small genetic pool.

That plan was not to last for long, as the tumult and chaotic events of WWI unfolded. During the war itself, the sport of hunting as a “leisure activity” being less important, changed the focus on the breed. Dogs as well as humans were pressed into wartime service. An article in the AKC Gazette of November, 2007 featured amazing stories and pictures of a great variety of types of dogs who were used for guard, messenger, bomb sniffing, pulling supplies in carts and other tasks of these kinds. Vizslas were also useful, as you will see in an accompanying article in this Newsletter. A heroic soldier in the trenches related his experience with a Vizsla on the front lines. An estimated 50,000 war dogs on each side of the conflict were involved! That is a breathtaking statistic!

It is not hard to imagine that after all the destruction experienced by humans and animals alike, after the war it was nearly impossible to locate the dogs of breeding stock, let alone their documentation. The Treaty which ended the war again changed geographic borders, with the redistribution of most of Hungary to Austria, Czechoslovakia, Romania and Yugoslavia. Suddenly most people and their dogs found themselves in other countries. The real devotees of the Vizsla breed remained undaunted in their

resolve to firmly reestablish their precious national dog and perpetuate it for the future. The first Vizsla Club in Hungary was soon founded, with the express purpose of restoring the breed. By 1944, there were 5,000 Vizslas documented by official pedigrees and the breed seemed solidly in place.

But that security was not to remain for long. The accompanying destruction of WWII was followed by the occupation of Hungary by the Russians. As many people as could fled the country, and attempted, not always successfully, to take their dogs with them. Homes and livestock were destroyed. It is thought that due to the disdain the Communist occupiers held for the wealthy class, and their Vizslas as the symbol of the strength of national identity of the Hungarians, there was an attempt to eradicate them. It is estimated that 90% of these dogs were destroyed. So, again, most of the breed was lost. Supposedly the records of the pedigrees, known a "stud book" was buried for safekeeping, but was never recovered. Following the war, as we know, there was again division and occupation. That too, is part of a very complicated history.

The recounting of the tragic experiences of hundreds of thousands of displaced persons all around Europe is not for our story, but out of it we can find the great tale of how Vizslas made their way to be known and loved all over the world. Along with the efforts of repatriation by several governments, we find that among those of Americans in the diplomatic service in Rome was Emmet Scanlon. This man came to hear about Vizslas while working there. Among the many dogs who were smuggled across the borders and saved was one emaciated bitch named Sari. Her story is an exciting and long one, but to be brief, after she had recovered from her ordeal, and was bred to a male that had also made it out, her owner discovered that Sari would have to be in quarantine for a year if she took her to Israel where she planned to relocate. Scanlon had a friend in Kansas City, Missouri, who was interested in these hunting dogs, and so her owner surrendered Sari to him. After the puppies were born and thriving—two of them, Scanlon shipped them to their new

home with Frank Tallman and his family in 1950. This was the beginning.....

Although Sari and her pups may not have been the first Vizslas on US soil, (there was probably one here in the late '30's who did not figure into the development of the breed here) she and the Tallmans were the ones to make the impact on Americans and our love for Vizslas here today. They were known as Magyar Vizslas in those days, and the development and recognition of the breed by the AKC is a story all of its own. In preparation for the Vizsla Club of America's celebration of the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary on the arrival done at the Nationals in 2000, Mary K Chelton and I had the privilege of visiting the Historian and Librarian of the AKC in Manhattan and the original records of the founding of the VCA were made available to us. Much work, correspondence, recording of events and pedigrees went into the efforts of the founders and in 1960 the breed was formally recognized here in this country. Needless to say, these few words do not reflect the dedication and intensity these founders had for the breed, but we are their beneficiaries today. Two of the Tallman daughters are still hard at work in the mid-west on behalf of the beloved Vizslas of their childhood, especially in rescue

There is so much more to learn about, but it is not for these pages. I recommend you to go to the sources that are available listed at the end of this article. A fascinating saga awaits you.

By the way, about the Crown of St. Stephen (*Korona Szent Istvan*) mentioned earlier— From the time of that first Magyar King, it was considered a powerful sign of the Hungarian nation. It has a marvelous story behind it down the centuries, being guarded by VIZSLAS. But in short, it was rescued from Budapest by faithful Hungarians as the Communist occupying forces were approaching and transferred to U.S. Army officers. American authorities designated it "property of special status held in trust and safekeeping" and was secured in the U.S. Gold Depository in Ft. Knox. It was kept there until January 1978, when President Carter determined it was time to return it. Now it can be viewed in Budapest behind secured glass

guarded by uniformed human personnel (no Vizslas!!!)

The Vizsla is still considered the National Dog of Hungary.

Next time you see your Vizsla with that self-important, privileged look on its face, remember WHO HE/SHE IS.

#### Sources Consulted:

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### CALENDAR—HOLD THESE DATES!!

#### Upcoming VCLI Activities

**August 9—Summer Fun Day. Fun for all the family and dogs plus a membership meeting, at Cathedral Park, Middle Island.**

**September 28—Membership meeting at Planting Fields, after Vizsla classes at Westbury Kennel Club show, Oyster Bay. We will have a covered dish lunch, enjoy conversation and dogs, and maybe learn things, too.**

**December 6—Holiday Party With short membership meeting, followed by "Holiday Auction" at the home of Jackie and Eddie McAuliffe, Bellport, NY.**

#### Long Island Dog Events

**August 13<sup>th</sup>, 27<sup>th</sup>; September 17<sup>th</sup>, 24<sup>th</sup>, October 8<sup>th</sup>—Town of Islip residents free dog education classes: Wednesdays, from 6 to 8 p.m. Call (631) 224-5640 to reserve a seat and get location.**

**September 27—Brookhaven Kennel Club Show and Suffolk Obedience Training Club Rally Trial, Oyster Bay**

**September 28—Westbury Kennel Club Show and Nassau Dog Training Club Obedience and Rally Trials, Oyster Bay**

**October 4—Ladies Kennel Club Agility Trial, Old Westbury Gardens**

Good Samaritan Hospital Medical Center recently received a \$10,000 grant from Pet Peeves, Inc., to fund its pet therapy program, which was started in 2006 in memory of Johanna Mirabella, a VCLI member who died of breast cancer and who was also a hospital employee for more than 30 years. The money will be used to continue the existing program in geriatrics and will allow the hospital to expand the program to pediatrics and oncology. The hospital offers the program in cooperation with the Patchogue Rotary Animal Assisted Therapy Program.

## COMMITTEE REPORTS

From Stephanie Fischer [ilovtrav@aol.com](mailto:ilovtrav@aol.com)

### **Treasurers Report**

Our treasury is holding strong, with \$1488.74 in our Club account and \$8490.21 in our Rescue account. I will be looking into putting some of the rescue funds in a higher yielding account.

### **Membership Report**

Our membership is still 15 families shy of total renewal from last year. I will be contacting these families by phone as a gentle reminder.

### **Rescue Report**

I would formally like to announce Christina Araujo has been added to our rescue committee.

This month we have 5 wonderful stories for you to read. As you will find out, **Boo's** family really needed some time and patience to get to know him. Not once did they tell me how tough the first few weeks really were, and when I read their story, I am thankful Boo ended up with Kelley and Tom. He was a tough nut to crack, but kindness and perseverance paid off.

**Grace** came to us from a tip on Vizsla rescue. Her former owner advertised her on Craig's list. I was able to contact him and talk him into letting our rescue place his dog. This was his second V. My gut was he bought her to hunt and maybe she wasn't up for it. She is quite beautiful, yet very shy when I met her. Her new owners are seasoned V people with having had 3 previously. They lost their beloved Daphne over a year ago and contacted rescue. After spending time with them, I knew exactly what Barbara and Ron were looking for. While waiting for a rescue dog to come into the program, Ron fell in love with a little scruffy shelter dog. They took her home and their story is written from "Dora's" perspective. Dora and Grace are very lucky dogs!

**Moe** was taken from a family in Brooklyn who bought him from a pet store here on Long Island and was told he would make

a good apartment dog. Okay, stop laughing. Thank goodness their dog walker was also a rescue person, because after a Saturday visit with me, and finding out placing a dog takes some time to do it properly, the family called the dog walker on Sunday and told her the dog was being put in a shelter. Once again, Christina Araujo came to the rescue, and upon returning to her driveway, her neighbors saw Moe and instantly fell in love. He is now living up in Westchester on 4 acres with a Coonhound as a playmate. Herman, Moe's owner has told me how smart and loveable Moe is. I have to giggle when he discusses Moe because as a first time Vizsla owner he talks about everything the rest of us really know all about. The excitement and love that comes from his voice really warms my heart. I know Moe will lead a charmed life for the rest of his life

**Piros** (aka Puppy) is an interesting case. As a rescue group, we are not supposed to get puppies from pet stores. I was told about a V in a pet store in Queens. I emailed the person back who had sent me the info with now what do I do? Her answer was to try to educate the store owner.

Many weeks pass and the now 14 week old pup is still there and they lowered the price for him. Well here I go again, with the support of my committee, a bunch of club and rescue info and my son. As I am driving, I am calling people to either

foster or to adopt the puppy. One of my old rescue people was looking for another dog, so in the back of my mind I already had a great home for him. I walked into the store to find the owner was a young man who was willing to listen to me. We sat for about 45 minutes talking about dogs, rescue, puppy mills and the fact that sporting dogs, especially V's can not be kept in a little cage.

Once they took the puppy out, I saw his back legs were under muscled. He had a very nice disposition, not a bad head and as usual I fell in love. Matt was crying we cannot leave him here. The owner let me take him and with a handshake promise, he said he would only now stock small dogs, who had room to move in the crates.

To this day, no more Vizslas are advertised. I would like to say that day, Matthew and I made a difference and rescue scored a victory. We had "Puppy" for a week, let him run with Jake and Cliffy and watched his leg muscles develop. We house trained him almost fully, and if I had my way I would have kept him! He was quite lovely for missing out on those important first few weeks of socialization. When Mike and his kids came to visit the following Saturday, I new this was a great match. He got along with the family's other dog Mac, and I saw he was happy. I have to admit this was a tough one. I cried for quite a while after they left.

Last but not least is **Riggs**. Riggs came from a house where the owners had less and less time for him because of young children. They thought he was high strung and an annoyance. At 5 I thought he was a lovely gentle dog. As his new owners have told me, he is the new love of their lives. They are now looking for a second rescue so he will have a playmate.

Again, I want to thank everyone who offered to help or foster these dogs before

placement. It really does take a "village" of people to do this properly!

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### ***Boo's Story***

By Kelly Franco and Tom Throop

Although we thought we were ready to have Boo Radley move in, it turns out we were woefully unprepared. We had already had one Vizsla, the love of our lives, Simon, whose untimely death on February 10, 2008 from an aggressive and untreatable cancer left us with an unacceptable sorrow. So we were experienced at this Vizsla thing... right?

Almost immediately after Simon's passing we networked our way through the Vizsla rescue like a couple of dotcommers through a venture capitalist cocktail party. We boasted of how well we understood the Vizsla sensitivity and affection, how attached they were to their owners, and how we would gently discipline through positive reinforcement. This is how it had worked with Simon after all and we figured that surely the next Vizsla would be just as sensitive and malleable.

I was at work when the phone rang and it was Stephanie Fischer of Long Island Vizsla rescue. The networking had paid off. There was a one year old male, Dudley, on Long Island whose well-intentioned owners simply could no longer handle. It seemed like a classic Vizsla story—the pup was cute, but over time they realized that he was high strung, needed an incredible amount of exercise, and spending too much time in the crate led to a situation of him being destructive when finally let out of it. We drove to Long Island on March 16<sup>th</sup>, met Dudley, and took him home.

We changed his name to Boo Radley the next day, after a favorite literary

character. We were thinking it sounded much the same as Dudley and he would not notice. We were half right; he did not notice. He did not notice because he never knew his name. He also did not know how to sit, stay, down, off, and, frankly, he was not all that housebroken.

That first evening, as soon as he bolted into our house, he jumped up on the sideboard and trashed the makeshift memorial of cards and flowers which had sprung up around the ashes of our dearly departed Simon. Radley knocked over the sympathy cards, and grabbed Simon's collar and ran around the house with it in his mouth. Blasphemy!



### **Boo Always Looking for Trouble**

Exhausted from our first day with Radley, we ordered a pizza for dinner, which Radley leapt to eat off our plates right in front of us. Since then, he has also consumed other fine meals, including grilled wild salmon (medium rare) with sticky rice, my \$12 a pound butter mail-ordered from Missouri, several limes (I mulled over offering him some Rum and Tonic to go with it) and also some

completely unmentionable items from the bathroom garbage (no one said he was a gourmand).

By Day Two we had taught Radley to sit, if "sit" means put your butt down for a nanosecond and then leap at the human's head to get your treat. By Day Three he had peed on my brother's leg, after which I reprimanded my brother for having a leg. My brother thereafter referred to him as "Badley."

We enrolled in obedience class after the first days unfolded and we realized that B-Rad was a tornado. The first few weeks were all about survival. Our house looked like a war zone littered with dog training books. We did six weeks of obedience training and some private sessions with the tutor. We have worked with him around the house to a great extent, and the truth is that he has improved greatly from that first night when we went to sleep wondering when those people were going to come and pick up their dog, oh wait, no, he's ours now.

Rad-man gets lots of exercise now. He runs 3 miles with me a few days a week, runs off leash at the dog park, and we go on lots of walks. It takes a lot to get him tired but it's satisfying when we finally do.

B-Rad is still a handful. Basically, not a day goes by where there's not a "Badley" event to talk about. It's most often the consumption of anything from a sock to pantyhose, but occasionally it's more exciting. He once escaped from the dog park and was found on his way to the next town by the chef at a local restaurant. Two nights ago he got out of our fenced backyard. He ran from our house like he was a prisoner of war and our house was Abu Ghraib. Moving faster than our eyes could follow, we had no idea in which direction he even went. Turns out he bolted to the neighboring Country Club

down the street from our property and ran around the tennis courts (without his whites) and clearly had a blast. While our search party of cocktail-bearing suburbanites and kids on skateboards trolled the streets looking for him, some kind tennis players drove him home. Disappointed at not being able to come up with the \$200,000 membership fee, I told him membership was unlikely anyway because of his Hungarian descent.

But, truth be told, he has wormed his way into our hearts. He let us know right away he was going to be different than Simon, and we love him for his unique traits. I love seeing him when I get home from work; he is never dull company; he always makes his presence known; and he has a very big personality. He makes us laugh. He knows how to make an entrance. He actually lies down while we eat our dinner now. And he is wonderful with children. And I am sure you are wondering if he's housebroken by now. Housebroken? You want your housebroken? Yeah, he can do that.



### ***Saving Grace***

by Dora (with help from  
Barbara Schade)



### **Dora in the Joint**

I gotta say I was pretty nervous when my folks started talking about bringing another pup into the pack. You have to understand

that I came up hard in the hood. It's a long sad story but I ended up in the SPCA joint in Kingston with nine puppies. My new folks, who are SPCA volunteers, spotted me right away, but what with weaning the pups and getting shots and spayed and all, it was a couple of months before they could spring me. Finally they brought me home and what a home it is! It's in the middle of the woods with lots of room to run around, chipmunks and squirrels to chase, and a creek with ducks and geese and you name it. I didn't even know there were places like this. In the house there are mats and beds everywhere, comfy couches, chewies and toys, a bowl of kibble morning and night regular as clockwork, and plenty of loving, which I crave. So you can see why I wasn't sure I wanted another pup around. On the other hand, ever since I was in the joint I really don't like to be alone, so maybe it wasn't such a bad idea after all.

Anyway, one fine day we all got in the car and drove across the river so I could meet Grace. Her folks that wanted to get rid of her (it's complicated, but some nice lady named Stephanie out on Long island, wherever that is, put it all together) and my folks took us to a big field so we could get acquainted. Whoa, I thought when she got out of their car, she is big. Her legs are as long as my whole body. Then she took off across the field at top speed. Well, one thing you learn in the hood is you gotta keep up, so I took off after her as fast as I could. I don't know how but I caught up with her and I chased her and she chased me and we ran around that field flat out until we couldn't run no more. We flopped down on the grass and sort of looked each other over while we panted a bit and our folks talked things over the way they do. And I was thinking, hey, I really like her, she's a lot of fun. Anyway, we put her in the car and took her home.

At the start Grace was a little shy, not with me but with the folks. She'd spent a lot of time alone in a crate, which is tough on a pup with her kind of energy, so she was kind of unsure of herself with new people. She and I though,

we hit it off right from the get go. By the end of the first day we had been playing so hard we just collapsed on the couch with the big guy.



**Grace and Lambie Pie**



**End of Day One**

Within a couple of days we were like sisters and have been ever since. All day long we're either chewing on or chasing each other or curled up together taking a snooze. We sleep together and eat together and in all this time there hasn't been one serious snarl or snap between us. Over time Grace has become a lot more comfortable with the folks or maybe just more comfortable period, and does she ever love to play. If she can't get me to play with her she'll start on the folks and if she wears them out she'll just play by herself. I love the way she'll drop a T ball she's playing with, let it roll across the floor, then act like she's never seen it before, crouch like an alley cat and pounce like a tiger. There's a song I heard one time, you've probably heard it too. It's her song. I changed it around a little bit

but you'll probably recognize it, "Grace just wants to have fun."



**Punks in a Bunk**



***Moe's Story***

By Sharon & Herman Kleinbaum

We are pleased to announce the newest member of our family, Moe Kleinbaum. Moe came to us on Memorial Day weekend. We first met Moe, when our neighbor, Christina rescued him from Brooklyn. It was love at first sight. Moe is a kind, gentle and affectionate puppy. We have a 5 year old Coonhound, named Samantha, and wanted a friend for her. Samantha and Moe hit it off and now they are buddies. When the two see each other, smiles and tail wagging begin. Although Samantha can't catch Moe, she has a lot of fun trying



**Moe**

### ***Piros's Story***

By Michael Hartman

Piros and Mac are getting along great and play constantly. Piros is finally ready for taking long runs and he loves them. Mac and Piros spend as much time as I let them in the pool or playing at the beach.

The adjustment was very quick and they have bonded with me as well as each other. We have had several trips upstate where they play in the woods and hunt for frogs (Sammy's favorite pastime). The kids love Piros and Paulie especially loves training him.



### **Piros and Mac**

Everything is great and I will start repairing the house and yard after a couple more months. Thank you for your help finding Piros. We all appreciate what you did for Piros and us.



### ***Riggs's Story***

By Cindy Collins

Hello! Our names are Cindy and Roger Collins, and we live in New London, PA which is considered a suburb of Philadelphia, but, in fact, we are closer to Lancaster, PA. We have been married for almost thirty years, and have three grown daughters, one of whom lives with us in the summer while she is not in college.

We met our first Vizsla about five years ago while vacationing in California. That little beautiful dog was running on the beach and playing with her owners. Fast forward several years, we experienced MANY happenstance meetings with Vizslas in several states, read about the breed, and decided that owning a Vizsla was right for us. So, on June 21, 2008, we adopted Riggs, a five-year-old from Long Island.

Well, have we been blessed!!! He is such a love! He entered our home and ran around and smelled everything. We are sure that he smells our previous dog, Minnie, as well as all of the other dogs in the family. He enjoys our yard, and seems to prefer to chase birds rather than rabbits. We have deer that appear several times a week from the woods in the back of our house, and he had his first encounter with them from the back deck. He stood on the deck and watched the deer eat, and did not move or make a sound until the deer disappeared back into the woods.

He has an initial fear of men, but fell in love with my husband right away. Other male family members are involved in and help decrease Riggs' fear of men in caps/hats. When we arrive home after being out, he barks, runs to greet us, then runs away to bring us a gift. He is no longer bringing us blankets and socks (his personal favorite for a while), but brings us his bone!

One night he sniffed out a squirrel that had decided a car engine was a great place to sleep. We could not calm him until he went back outside, and popped open the hood of the car. Once the squirrel was off, so was Riggs after the squirrel.

Fortunately, Riggs loves to ride in the car. We truly think that at this point he doesn't feel as though his day is complete

unless he has one car ride a day! Thus far he has traveled to: the beach in Delaware; our daughter's apartment in Maryland; my husband's sister's home in Maryland; my sister's in Connecticut.

He had his first experience swimming in the Long Island Sound while chasing a rubber stick and playing with my sister's retriever. He has met and learned to play with most of his doggy "cousins" (he has yet to meet the "Spice Girls", my brother and sister-in-law's three labs).

He is very attached to both of us, and sleeps on his bed in our room. We have so many other fun and entertaining stories that provide us with so much joy, but this note would become a novella. Overall, he seems very happy and the love affair is mutual!



**Riggs with Roger and Cindy**

***Odie Update***

By Melanie Ratcliffe

I just wanted to touch base with you and let you know that both Hunter and Jaeger

are doing great! I think they both feel secure and happy in their new home, and they certainly don't wonder whether or not they are loved, as we spoil them rotten. We just got back from a trip to Georgia to visit my mother. They did really well with the loooong car ride and had fun bouncing around on the hotel room beds along the way.

As you can see from the pictures, Jaeger is a snuggler supreme whether he's on our bed or Hunter's. Believe me, there are plenty of other soft spots around the house, but he always opts for the one that is occupied by another being.

I discovered yesterday that Jaeger is quite the helper in the garden if there is mulch to spread. There must have been the scent of a chipmunk or some other critter in it, because he was digging through it like he was going for the gold!

Anyway, just wanted to let you know we are all one happy family and thanks again for putting us all together!



**Jaeger—What a Handsome Boy!**

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***News and Miscellany***

*The Suffolk County SPCA has issued a hot weather warning for pets. Look under "Safety Tips" at <http://www.suffolkcountyspca.org>*

AKC's *Taking Command* newsletter is now a blog. "The [Taking Command Blog](#) will cover

many topics, including insights into the inner workings of the Government Relations Department, our grassroots efforts, policy developments, and, of course, the legislative issues we address from across the country. Additionally, as a replacement for our newsletter format, the [Taking Command Blog](#) represents a giant step forward in providing you with continual communications.” (AKC Email press release, July 18, 2008)

Jack Sharkey, the retired military officer who owned and trained Chartay, the Vizsla who to date, has been the only dog to win six competitive, different AKC titles, was featured on a program now on YouTube <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YbhGzi3KLIU> (VizslaTalk post, July 1, 2008)

Amber, Mary K. Chelton and Dorothy Broderick’s puppymill Vizsla rescue, finished her RALLY Novice Obedience title at the Ladies Kennel Club shows in May. She joins her conformation champion buddy, Beamer, in the Chelton/Broderick household, where the humans don’t walk too well, but all the dogs are champions!

### **Stephanie Visits Iceland and Finds—More Vizslas**

*Stephanie Fischer [1lovtrav@aol.com](mailto:1lovtrav@aol.com)*

On June 7, I left my family and went on an adventure with my Mom and 25 other people to Iceland. Why Iceland you ask? As my mother would answer, because it is there. My parents have traveled the world and this was to be her first trip after the passing of my Father. This was a trip they were going to take. She took me along for moral support. We were going for 8 days and this was my first trip without Ray, Matt and the dogs.

I packed pictures and by the end of the first day, I missed my boys (the 4-legged ones). Low and behold in an outdoor café in Rekjavik I spot 2 V’s. I can’t believe my eyes! They did not understand English at all, but their personality was the same. I hugged and kissed them and they jumped all over me. Their owner must have thought I was nuts, until I explained to him I had 2 at home and showed him pictures.

Throughout our travels, we would run into more Vs. We saw more in Iceland than my parents saw in Hungary. By coincidence, we met a couple from Australia on our tour whose daughter bred Vizslas. Her dog Bogart was number 3 in our country in the late 90’s. After speaking with Anne Denehy upon my return, I found out that Susan’s lines came from Anne and Bogart and my Cliffy were related. What a small world!



**Icelandic Vizslas**

The rest of the trip was just glorious. The country is beautiful and the people are wonderful. If you love the outdoors, natural beauty and very fresh air, I highly recommend Iceland. It is just a 5 hour plane ride away.



**Iceland Countryside**



### **More Vizsla History: Recollections**

*By Charles Mosansky*

[Coincidentally, the *AKC Gazette*, July, 2008, published an article called "A Call to Action" about military dogs in which breeders were specifically asked to supply dogs for the armed forces. Among the specific breeds listed is the Vizsla. MKC]

My parents were caretakers for the Austro-Hungarian Baron Valbot Bela who maintained his summer home at his castle outside Zemplen Hogyala.

When I was 12 years old I was sent away to a Trade School and here I lost contact with the Vizsla until I was 19 years old. I was drafted into the Army right after World War I broke out. I was soon to learn what daring and heroics the Vizsla would play in the War.

After a short training period I was shipped out to the Russian Front. Our company was very fortunate inasmuch as we had a trained war dog, a Vizsla. There were rather scarce and the outfits that got them were considered lucky. The dogs were used mainly for relaying messages, standing guard and scouting for patrols. During the winter of 1915 we had a lull in the fighting and we began to dig in for a big spring offensive. We dug trenches and bomb shelters deep down under the surface.

One evening, while we were resting in our shelters, our dog started acting very strangely. He was restless and uneasy; then he stood perfectly motionless and listened intently. He began to dig a hold in the ground. At first we didn't know what to make of it. He would listen, then dig. We got down on the ground but heard nothing. The dog wouldn't give up; he was trying to tell us something. Finally our Commander caught on—the Russians were digging under our lines. We retreated to a position far enough back and dug in again. A few days later it happened—the Russians blew up our vacated positions and began, what they thought, a surprise attack. We counter-attacked and dealt them a very humiliating defeat. Because of that Vizsla's intelligence and keen senses, hundreds of our boys owed their lives to him.

In 1916 we were replaced on the front by fresh troops. We were supposed to get a short furlough but instead the Roumanians [sic] on another front and we were dispatched immediately to fight them. This time we were not so fortunate for we had no dog. The other Vizsla remained with his Master who was separated from our Company.

When we reached the front we had ideas of where the enemy positions were. We sent out patrols and they never came back. Finally we sent an urgent message to the higher command requesting we have a dog. We were rewarded for shortly thereafter we received two Vizslas. They went out with our patrols and for a while, without results but at least our patrols returned. Finally one day while out on patrol we witnessed a battle of battles. Our Vizsla came upon a Roumanian police dog. The dog was out ahead of an enemy patrol. Both these dogs were trained killers and they immediately went for each other's throats. Here the Vizsla showed his superior skill and intelligence. He out-smarted and out-manuevered the police dog and before long the Vizsla stood triumphant over his dead opponent. He also alerted our patrol of the approaching enemy.

We took up our positions and waited and before long they walked right into our hands. We took them prisoners without a shot being fired.

There were countless other deeds performed by this great dog, many of which I witnessed and others that I heard about: however these were among the most memorable heroic displays by the Vizsla.

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permission from the Vizsla Club of America  
and submitted to the newsletter by Anne  
Denehy

**EDITORIAL!!**

**A Rant from Chelton**

**EDITORIAL!!**

July 4<sup>th</sup> is over, thank God, since the idiots across the street from me think that shooting what sounds like rockets at my house at 1 a.m. is fun, especially when they start earlier at 4 p.m. with the noise, booze and general revelry. (The country's historical independence has little to do with it.) For the 8<sup>th</sup> time in 10 years, our two Vs were boarded away for 4 days so as not to be tormented with this doubly illegal stupidity (noise ordinance and fireworks) to the tune of \$350. Given the regrettable inevitability of this scenario every year, coupled with the impotence (and will?) of the politicians and county police to stop it, and prior experience with a severely gunshy rescue and an old beloved dog driven almost mad with the sounds, we prepare for it. The products mentioned also work for thunderstorm anxiety, too.

Now I'm not asking that everyone bankrupt themselves for their dogs, but if I meet another dummy who says to me, "Oh yes, my dog just hates the fireworks and thunderstorms and shakes and hides and drools when they go off," without adding anything about how they help the dog, I'm probably going to be arrested for homicide! Many of the VCA old timers will tell you not to "coddle" your dog when he or she shows fear or you'll reinforce it. Others suggest either desensitizing tapes or cheering and clapping so the dog thinks the sound is fun, which admittedly works with some young dogs, but not all. While I agree with not coddling, which I interpret as trying to look normal and unperturbed so the dog does not get doubly upset because you are, I think it is totally cruel not to help a terrified animal who is shaking and shuddering, or pawing the floor incessantly or hiding in a closet somewhere.

The best stuff I've found is Azmira Fear Remedy, a flower-based liquid that sells for about \$11 that you drop on the tongue. It used to put poor, scared Sweetie (our infamous rescue renamed "Sweetie Goddammit!") to sleep in about 20 minutes. Rescue Remedy also works for some dogs, but takes longer to kick in. There are many other herbal calming pills available, but if the dog is totally berserk, please know that vets can prescribe acepromazine, a sedative, that knocks the dog out to sleep for a longer period than the herbal stuff. My first Vizsla, Spaetzle, spent the last two summers of his life sedated because of illegal fireworks on our street. With age, his hearing and cognition could no longer cope with the sudden noise, and he almost destroyed a bathroom trying to paw himself away from the sounds. The ace prescription helped him a lot, although needing it infuriated me because the illegal fireworks were so unnecessary. You may need to experiment with what works best for your dog, but don't wait until next July to start.

For other herbal calming supplements for dogs, you can just type those words into the basic Google search field and pages upon pages come up.

Another product mentioned by Denise Flaim in Newsday, July 24, is Mutt Muffs, sound-silencing earmuffs for dogs. Go to <http://www.safeandsoundpets.com/index.html> for more information. I have no personal experience with them, but stay tuned...

Azmira Fear Remedy <http://www.azmira.com/>  
Rescue Remedy <http://www.bachflower.com/Pets.htm>  
Acepromazine <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Acepromazine>

Mary K. Chelton [mchelton@optonline.net](mailto:mchelton@optonline.net)

*"He is your friend, your partner, your defender, your dog. You are his life, his love, his leader. He will be yours, faithful and true, to the last beat of his heart. You owe it to him to be worthy of such devotion."—unknown*

## THE PONDER PAGE

### Alone Again

I wish someone would tell me  
what it is I've done wrong,  
why I have to stay chained up  
and left alone so long.

They seemed so glad to have me,  
when I came here as a pup.  
There were so many things we do,  
while I was growing up.

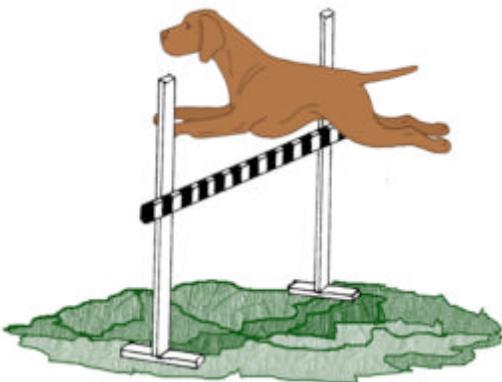
They couldn't wait to train me,  
as companion and as friend.  
They told me they would never fear  
being left alone again.

The children said they'd feed me,  
and brush me everyday,  
They'd play with me and walk me,  
If only I could stay.

But now the family has no time.  
They often say I shed.  
They won't allow me in the house,  
not even to be fed.

The children never walk me,  
they always say " NOT NOW!"  
I wish I could please them,  
won't someone tell me how?  
All I have is love, you see.  
I wish they would explain,  
why they said they wanted me,  
then left me on a chain.

Anonymous



### Before I had dogs I.....

Never had to fix liver for anything.  
Lived in the city, had extra money, and thought I  
was insane.  
Bought clothes for myself instead of dog shows.  
Thought a tie was something a man wore  
around his neck.  
Didn't own a pooper scooper, grooming table, 5  
crates, or 4 exercise pens.  
Thought a professional handler was an agent for  
a fighter.  
Thought a major was an officer in the Army.  
Never told my kids to sit and stay.  
Would come home from a party at 4 am, not  
leave for a dog show then.  
Never worried about parasites or kennel cough.  
Never owed a Vet a dime.  
Had furniture without dog hair on it.  
Didn't worry about dog shows or whelping  
calendars.  
Had long hair and time to groom it.  
Thought "in season" referred to the latest  
fashion.  
Thought 'bitch' was a swear word.  
Didn't worry if my skirts had pockets.  
Thought bait was used for fishing.  
Thought politics took place only in Washington.  
Thought a match was something used to light a  
fire.  
Had a phone bill I could afford.  
Thought if someone was "finished", he was six  
feet under.

Source Unknown



### **VCLI Officers**

**President:** Anne Denehy (631) 424-7863, <mailto:Vizlsa73@aol.com>;  
**Vice-President:** Eddie McAuliffe <mailto:Emackop@optonline.net>;  
**Secretary:** Marisa Pollina ; (631) 689-3611; <mailto:marisap@optonline.net>  
**Corresponding Secretary:** Cathy Jones (631) 654-4368, <mailto:Skyblu47@optonline.net>;  
**Treasurer:** Stephanie Fischer (516) 932-0530, <mailto:ilovtrav@aol.com>

### **Directors:1**

Ron Jones (631) 654-4368, <mailto:Skyblu47@optonline.net>;  
Kathie Amore (631) 360-0262, <mailto:KAMORE3235@aol.com>;  
Richard Mayer (631) 368-3184, <mailto:bytheseaVizslas@optonline.net>;  
Tim Bresko (631) 859-3441; <mailto:tim.bresko@verizon.net>  
Pam Schider (631) 692-9124; no email address.

### **Committee Chairs (some emails above):**

**Membership:** Stephanie Fischer (516) 932-0530, <mailto:ilovtrav@aol.com>;  
**Rescue:** Stephanie Fischer, Mary K. Chelton, Ron Jones, Christina Araujo (914) 400-4434  
[Araujoc@nyp.org](mailto:Araujoc@nyp.org)  
**Field:** Rich Mayer  
**Show:** Kathy Amore  
**Newsletter:** Mary K. Chelton, (631) 286-4255, <mailto:mchelton@optonline.net>

### **VCLI Newsletter Policy**

**Articles written or submitted by individual correspondents may not necessarily be in accordance with present VCLI policies.**

#### **Newsletter Ad Rates**

**Cover—\$22.00**

**1 page w/1 photo \$17.00**

**1 page w/ 2 photos \$22.00**

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**1/2 page w/ 1 photo \$15.00**

**1/2 page w/out photo \$10.00**

**1/4 page w/out photo \$5.00**

**When placing ads, the OFA# is required for the subject Vizsla. If under 2 years of age, the OFA#s of the parents are required. Spayed/neutered and deceased Vizslas need no OFA number**

