

The Lundehund Link

Newsletter of the Norwegian Lundehund Association of America, Inc.

January 2007



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Message from the President

By Jason Leach

Happy New Year! I hope 2007 has gotten off to a good start for everyone. The NLAA has seen a few interesting developments recently, and will have an eventful year ahead. I would first like to welcome the recently elected members of the Board of Directors:

Sharon Pederson, 1st Vice President; Marianne Klinkowski, Secretary; Judy Sanderson, Eastern Director; and Kay Winckler, Mountain Director. Congratulations to you all, and I look forward to working with you!

Our 2006 National Specialty was another wonderful event, this time held in conjunction with the Sir Francis Drake Kennel Club of Marin County, CA. We again had a great turnout, a very productive annual meeting, educational speakers and fun-filled banquet. Minutes of the 2006 annual meeting will be posted on our website. Many thanks to the Show Committee, and all who attended. Stay tuned for details of the 2007 National Specialty in Colorado.

I would also like to thank Pete Rousseau for his great work on our website www.nlaainc.com; if you haven't visited the website recently, do check it out. Thanks, too, to Mary Waldmann for her wonderful newsletters. Please give them your thanks as well as any material you think would help them or be of interest to our members. Among our club's greatest services is the dispersal of information. Please share with us!

With AKC's recognition of our club as the Parent Club, we have a number of important challenges ahead. Our Breed Standard Committee is working on drafting a standard that accurately reflects our unique dogs in terminology that is understandable to AKC judges. While we want to keep the essence of the Breed Standards that have preceded us, we must have a document that is 'ours'. I am sure we can all understand the great care and passion that must go into this work. I expect we will all be voting to approve this document sometime this year.

One of our club's other great concerns is to prepare for what we will face after the Lundehund's entry in the Miscellaneous class and eventual recognition by AKC. The education of show judges, building a rescue

network, health research, and a myriad of other challenges and projects will confront us.

As always, we need support from our members. We need new members so talk to your friends. If you wish to contribute in any way, please contact one of us on the Board of Directors.



Arlena of Medina chewing feet.

Dog Haiku

I sound the alarm!
Garbage man—come to kill us all
Look! Look! Look! Look! Look!

Sleeping here, my chin
On your foot—no greater bliss—well,
Maybe catching rats.

The cat is not all
Bad—she fills the litter box
With tootsie rolls.

How do I love thee?
The ways are as numberless as
My hairs on the rug.

I hate my choke chain!
Look, world, they strangle me! Ack!
Ack! Ack! Ack! Ack! Ack!

“Properly trained, a man can be a dog’s best friend.”

Corey Ford



Elizabeth Chien’s Lundies.

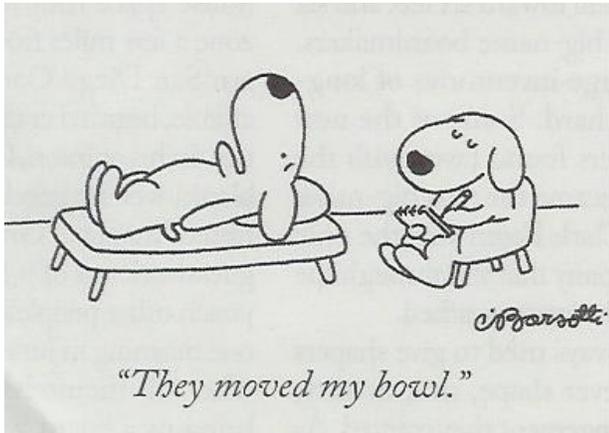
Mind Games Dogs Play

Act like a convicted criminal. When the humans come home, put your ears back, tail between your legs, chin down and act as if you have done something really bad. Then, watch as the humans frantically search the house for the damage they think you have caused. (None: this only works when you have done absolutely nothing wrong.)

Let the humans teach you a brand new trick. Learn it perfectly. When the humans try to demonstrate your ability to guests, stare blankly back and pretend you have no idea what they are talking about.

When out for a walk, alternate between choking and coughing every time another human walks by.

Draw attention to the human. When out for a walk always pick the busiest, most visible spot to go poop. Take your time and make sure everyone watches. This works particularly well if your humans have forgotten to bring a plastic bag.



A Little Blessing

A woman brought a litter of puppies to the veterinarian for inoculations and de-worming. As the look-alike pups squirmed over and under each other, the vet realized it would be difficult to tell the treated ones from the untreated ones. The vet turned on the water faucet, wet her fingers, and moistened each dog's head as she finished worming it.

After the fourth puppy, the vet noticed that the usually talkative woman had grown silent. As the vet sprinkled the last pup's head, the woman leaned forward and whispered, "I didn't know they had to be baptized!"

Griselda the Kitten

By Frank Bays

Here is a little story about survival. As some of you know, Cliffhanger is in rural Marin County, CA and feral cats are part of the landscape. We've seen them survive for any number of years completely by their own wits and talents and grow up to have feral kittens of their own but always only seen from a very safe distance. Griselda, however didn't choose that life but chose one of ease, warmth and comfort.

In early spring of this year we noticed a very wild mommy cat playing with two very small wild kittens. After a bit they were no more to be seen and we assumed that they had wandered off for richer hunting grounds and thought no more about it since there is an abundance of food for feral cats in these parts. For the little bitty ones to survive, however, they really have to rely on their mothers.

As it turned out at that time, we had a litter of five puppies in the puppy area in the house (they have their own doggie door and play yard) and one morning we looked down to see six little heads peering over the cuddle bed. Yep, you guessed it, one of the kittens had moved in (still wild but not dumb). She ate with the puppies, slept with the puppies but wanted nothing to do with people....at first, that is.



We knew she was going to be staying on a permanent basis (had already signed the lease) and we tried any number of ways to catch her and get her to our vet's for spaying and shots, etc. Nothing worked, although by now she would let us touch her a bit while they were eating. Finally Marin County Animal Services loaned us a trap....it eventually worked and our vets did their thing.

She is now very much a part of the household....loves to be petted and snuggled and, as you will see in the more recent photo, has a whole new litter of Lundiepups to love, sleep with, and cavort with. By the way, her mom has returned and is being fed but we can't get within a mile of her. We hope we'll be able

to get her to the vet's for spaying in the near future....wish us luck.

Just a little story of a little wild kitten who was brave enough to risk all for survival. We're very glad she did.

All of us at Cliffhanger are wishing all of you a wonderful and happy New Year.



Griselda with her latest litter.

Real Talent

A talent scout is walking down the street and comes across a man and his Lundehund puppy. The dog is singing. He has a lovely voice and the talent scout says, "Come to my office. I want to sign you and this marvelous dog to a contract. This dog can make us both rich."

The man brings his Lundehund to the talent scout's office and, just as the dog is about to finish singing "La Donna E'Mobile", a bitch runs into the room and grabs him by the scruff of the neck. She runs away with him in her mouth.

The talent scout yells, "Stop her! She's taking away our fortune!"

The man sadly replies, "It's no use. That's his mother. She doesn't want him to be on stage. She wants him to be a doctor."

In the queue....



Jason and Kristina Leach's "Tuffy" (Cliffhanger Corti) on his way to the National Specialty—waiting in the rental car line at San Francisco. Tuffy patiently waited for more than an hour!

Show Catalogue Correction

Apologies to Anneli Haggblom and Kathleen Dahlinger for incorrectly identifying the 2005 BOS on page 25 of the 2006 National Specialty Catalogue. It read Cliffhanger Elsking Prinsess, but should have said Eriksro Valerie Electra.

Please Contribute...

Members have sent some great photos for the past and current issue—please keep it up! We love seeing your dogs! As always, please send news, stories, brags, tips, memorians, jokes, photos to rwaldmann1@mac.com. If you change your e-mail address *please* let me know.

The day God made dogs He just sat down and smiled.

Anonymous