

Siberian Tales

Volume 22.6

June 2002

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Random Comments

By Marie Stevens

Well, I guess I have to quit bragging about our Minnesota trip, after attending the Pam Flowers talk. Tough as we thought we had it, I have to say that I never once thought I was going to die. (Well, maybe I wondered just a little bit the first night sleeping out, when it was below zero. I thought I might be found frozen stiff in the morning, sitting up trying to get my mukluks on so I could go to the bathroom.) At least I wasn't all by myself out there. I just can't imagine going off on such a trek alone. Even going for just a short time by myself doesn't really appeal. I like the sharing and the comraderie. And besides that, I'm a big fat chicken. If I'm going to face death, I want someone else there doing the same thing. I really have to respect and admire Pam for her courage. What a feat to conceive of the idea, plan and organize everything you would need, raise the money, do the training, arrange all the travel to the take off point, and then just to go! Boggles my mind. I read her book in one sitting too. Again, it is hard for me to conceive of doing such a thing. I guess I am not destined to be a great female adventurer. But it was great to meet someone who is, and to get to listen to her describe her trip. Thanks, Janet, for organizing such a great event.

Now, on to less exotic events. The Specialty was held the 18th at a park in Milpitas. It was a gorgeous day, sunny but chilly in the morning, and warming up in the afternoon. We had a small turn out but all of us there enjoyed it. It was a nice, relaxing day. Jane did the obedience trials, Kris did spay/neuter and junior handling, and Dottie Dennis did sled dog. Since we had time, they did a lot of educating along with the judging. Chinook, my female mal, came in second in sled dog bitches. And Khookhaa, my big guy, was Best in Match in Sled Dog!!! Yes, this is the very guy who is scared of water, linoleum, the vacuum cleaner, and a myriad of other household items. (But not of other dogs!!) We are very proud. Chinook has won some ribbons before, but not the Khook. **Cont. Page 6**

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BASH - vaccination and chip clinic.

We saw 22 dogs and one cat.

We netted over \$300 which is divided between BASHRR and the Boy Scouts. Thanks to Dr. Rusher for volunteering her services.

Thank you to all members and their friends for participating.

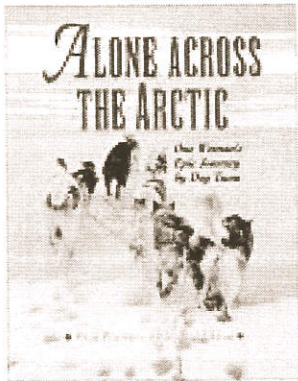
BASH Club Rosters.

Are available now.

If you would like one, please send a self addressed, stamped envelope and we will be happy to mail you one. We will also try to bring them to club events.

PAM FLOWERS EXPEDITION

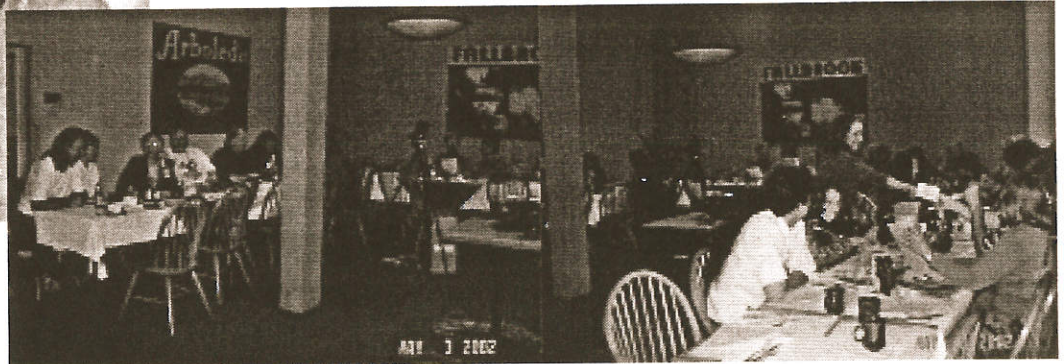
an evening with



Her book. She sold over a case of them to our group. 39 people attended the talk



Signing autographs and telling more great stories about how she handled many situations with the dogs.



A thanks to Janet Yeager Elliott for contacting Pam, making the arrangements for her talk and for the dinner.

DAVE BECK - Author of "Ski Touring In California"

A great talk and great information about the "high country" of California, snow camping and more.

Thanks to Nic Matulich for setting up the talk and making arrangements for the Cabana.



BASH 20th Specialty

For those that attended it was a day of fun, relaxation and learning. We had few entries than in previous years which allowed us to do the obedience and then the confirmation. We didn't have to run between rings. It was great.

Jane Devlin did a fantastic job as obedience Judge. We had 14 dogs that did either sub novice (don't have to let go of the leash) or novice (there are a few) She gave all of us great pointers and ideas.

Dottie Dennis came over from Nevada and did a wonderful job of judging Sled dog and spay and neuter. She did an excellent job. After it was over she gave members pointers on what she looks for in a sled dog.

Kris Sihler judged the regular confirmation and junior and adult handling. She gave everyone pointers and ideas on how to show their dogs to their potential. She explained what to look for in the Siberian.

Greg and Jackie did their usual great job with lunch.

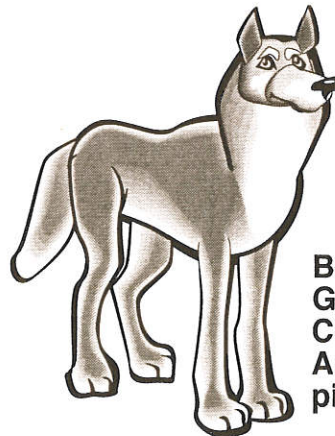
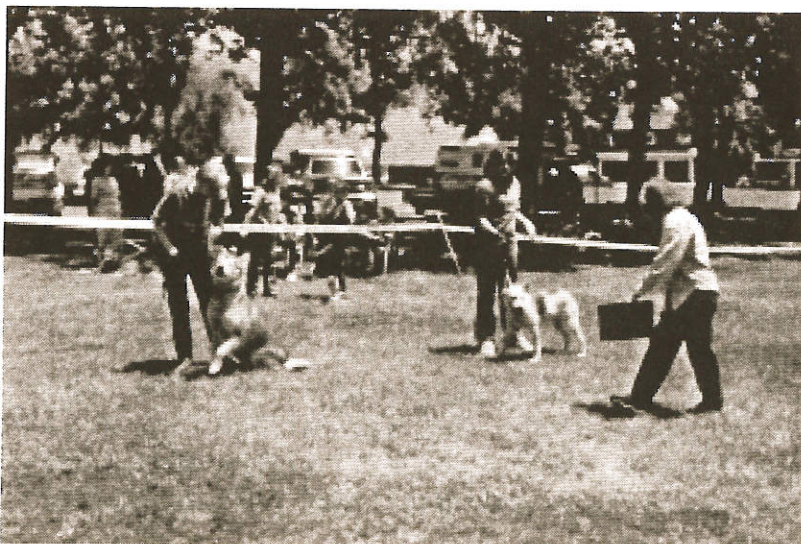
Camilla brought great items for the raffle. We had bowls, toys, placques and more. We took in almost \$200 at the raffle alone.

Thanks to all that participated and helped at the specialty.



Spay/Neuter Winner- Steel (owned by the Avis Family)

Best Opposite Spay/Neuter- Cheyenne (owned by Cesar and Nicole Acosta)



Best in Match Gram (owned by Cesar and Nicole Acosta) sorry no picture.

Sled Dog- Kukatuk (owned by Marie and Greg Stevens)
Best opposite Sled Dog - Zima (just adopted and owned by Dona Miller)

Cheechacko *Camping and Communication* by Rob Loveman

The gate was closed and locked. A few cars went through, but as it ended up, the drivers worked at businesses behind the gates and knew the combination. Me, I'm staring at 3.5 miles of dragging the pulk on the road. It doesn't look real good. Time to punt.

I drive to Bishop to check out Wilson's. Wilson's is THE place for climbing equipment. I get there, wander around the store and look at all the toys. Nothing really catches my eye, but while wandering, an idea strikes me....what if I buy a kid's wagon and mount the pulk on it. It might make the road go a lot faster and easier....not to mention quieter.

It ends up that the Bishop K-mart doesn't have one of those red steel wagons I was looking for. However, they do have a crawler...you know...like the ones people use to slide under a car. Fifteen dollars later, I have invented the Road-Pulk. The girls and I celebrate by walking the seven miles round trip (about 1,000' vertical) along the road behind the gate. I then head into Mammoth for a very nice dinner (I had lamb, the girls had dogfood).

We start Monday morning. I'd like to say we start early, but it's 9:30 by the time we are moving. Still, the girls are pulling very well, uphill and on the road. A little over an hour after we've started, we take our first break. We're 600' higher and almost two miles down the road. As we're resting, a Ranger passes. I flag him down to ask him about the gate. He says maybe it will open the first day of fishing season, next Saturday. I thank him, and he moves on...but only for a moment. He backs up and asks me if I would like him to take my gear up the road. I ask him if he could take it all the way to the upper corral, where they stopped plowing the road. He says sure, that he's in no hurry, he's just up here to clean a john. It just takes a second to load the gear into the back of his truck, road pulk and all. He passes me on his way back down, and I again thank him. It isn't long before I'm at the gate. I cache the crawler there with a note saying that I'm coming back for it on Wednesday.

The next mile is still on the road and takes us to Mosquito Flat. Here, the road is mostly covered with snow. I have my skis on and am more or less skijoring. The girls continue to pull very well.

The half mile after Mosquito Flat is pretty miserable...lots of bare spots. I actually keep my skis on most of the time. Only occasionally do I take them off and carry them ahead, then come back and lead the girls and the pulk over the bare trail. Finally, we get to a point where it looks like the snow will be pretty steady. We rest there for almost an hour.

From there on, the snow in fact is pretty steady. There are one or two spots where we cross dirt rather than snow, but they're small. We make our way to the meadow just above Long Lake. The original plan was to camp at Treasure Lakes. However, the alternatives were either Long Lake or the meadow just above it. The meadow looks great. It's still early in the day (hurray for long spring days!) and we could pretty easily make it to Treasure Lakes, but this spot is better for skijoring as the meadow is in the long and relatively flat Little Lakes Valley. The basin that Treasure Lakes lie in is much smaller. On top of that, the tour up to Treasure Lakes, about 500' higher, and the turns on the way back should be great. I start making camp for the next two nights....well, actually I start with a beer....and then I make camp.

The view from camp is spectacular...not quite as open and stark as at Treasure Lakes, but with a bit more form and color. Camp is at 10,700' on a broad treed island just above the meadow.



The blue and gold tent doesn't seem out of place here. I set one of the doors so I can see the crest of the Sierras as I cook.

The evening was uneventful. The girls have mastered eating snow for their water. There were no issues of poorly timed full bladders on this trip. However, without the direct sign of them needing to urinate, I was a little concerned that they were getting all the water they needed, so I did monitor their hydration by the skin pull test and by the gum circulation test....as well as checking the color of their urine. The girls were fine.

As for me, I did have to leave my warm sleeping bag during the night. Even this had its rewards though..... somehow mountains always seem grander in the moonlight, and the Sierra Crest was no exception.

The next morning was bright and clear and cold. Fortunately, the spot where I placed the tent got relatively early sunshine....about seven. Good coffee is a must in the high mountains, and it went well with breakfast.

For the past two years, I've had this dream, to mush into a high base camp and then spend half the day skijoring, half the day skiing, and half the day reading while sipping good wine and/or beer. A proper spring in the High Sierras. Last year, I made it to the Eastern High Sierras, but there wasn't enough snow. This year, there was more late snow and I was three weeks earlier in the season It was only going to be one day in the high camp, but it was just as I had dreamed. Not long after breakfast, we skijored down the meadow and across the next two frozen lakes. The girls gave me quite a ride, weaving through the trees I'd swear they speeded up when they got to the icy-bumpy section (they must know I like roller coasters). I was pretty glad I had my heavy duty skis on. On the way back up, Tenaya decided not to pull, but that was okay....I'd complement Dawn...and rant at Tenaya and she'd look at me like "What?" Of course there was a point when I gave Dawn a treat but none to Tenaya....She did pull more consistently after that <smile>. It wasn't long after arriving back at camp that I started on my own tour. The Treasure Lakes were about 500 feet higher, just at timberline. Not a lot, but enough to cut some turns on the way back. Normally, I'd go further, but this was the first time I left the girls dropped by themselves in the backcountry, and I didn't want to leave them for long.

The climb up went quite quickly....about 45 minutes total. The view at the lakes was just as I had remembered it from a spring ski-trip I took before I got the girls... a stark alpine landscape of granite, snow, and sky.

I didn't linger....I did want to get back to the girls. Hey, but those turns were nice. The snow wasn't perfect....a little bit of crust, but there's just something special about cutting turns in the backcountry. It took about fifteen minutes to make it back to camp, where the girls were just fine. Finally came the hard part of the day....sitting, reading, and drinking beer or wine (I had both). I guess I snoozed a bit as well. Did you know John Muir wrote an essay on the virtues of having alcohol along in the high mountains...good for anything from poisonous snakes to open wounds....really, he did. I won't speak to the amount of alcohol I had, but I will say that I finished a book over the three days in the high country....Spirit of the Wind. It's the biography of George Attila by Lew Friedman. It was a wonderful afternoon in camp, looking at the mountains around me, and reading.

The day out was a pretty typical boring day out except for one event, the pack of coyotes howling. I actually don't know how many there were, but they sounded like thirty. It could have been just two....though I did join in, and I guess that made at least three. The girls didn't join in, and were chastised for their lack of spirit.

We made it back to the car at about 1:30. The road pulk survived the trip, but barely....one of the wheels broke just at the end. And it was just as I was packing the car that another ranger drove by and opened the gate...for good. Timing truly is everything.

BASHR/R story of the month

Rocky

After years of faithful and loving service he found himself in the "Dog Pound" thrown away by owners who were tired of him or selfish enough to think that their lives were more important than his. His allotted number of days were up and he, unwanted by a public that values youth over all else was scheduled to die. On this particular day two rescue people Randee and her niece Megan happened to be going through the shelter evaluating Siberians, who would be in turn be moved to a rescue foster home in their search for a new home. Randee marked several dogs for rescue and with a real sadness passed on the old gentleman who showed so much dignity and such good manners, but she knew that there as no call for a 12-year-old dog. Megan however with all the optimism of her youth would not or could not leave it alone.

Shortly after her trip through the shelter Randee called on the cell phone to tell me of the dogs scheduled to be pulled from the shelter and with Megans urging mentioned the old man and how sweet he was. Without thinking I said those words that every rescuer has at one time or another uttered, "I'll take him".

Her voice changed immediantly and she said after reassuring herself that I did not feel pressured, how great this was. Arrangements were made for transportation and members of the rescuers family were pressed in to servitude for this old man who had won the hearts of many. He arrived at my house on the Friday of Snobash II and quickly made himself at home. He patiently watched where each dog lay and on which bed they each slept. After which he proceeded to claim the bathmat in the downstairs bath as his own and the bathroom itself as his own domain.

In all of the time I had Rocky here in my home he was never the instigator of a fight, nor did he cause any rift in the pack structure, he is a joy. Rocky liked attention and would take as much as there was to get, but never pushed or made a nuisance of himself. The antics of the other dogs always called him like a magnet and he always responded to BG's postures of play. To him 12 was just a number and his age here was gauged by his love of life and wherever his old people are they are missing out on some very good times.

I had already decided that if the right home came I would let him go but that if not Rock would always be at home here. Several calls came in but they either wanted an outside dog or they did not have a fence.... So Rocky settled in more everyday and there were times when I would just sit and look at him and wish I had know him in his youth.

The weekend of the Pam Flowers talk, I came down from the hills to hear her and take Timber my other foster to the AF. Upon returning home there we two messages about Rocky from Carol Ouellette. Carol and Al are long time members of BASH. The following day the two of them came to visit and meet **Cont on page 7**

Bay Area Siberian Husky Rescue/Referral

PetSmart

June 9
Santa Maria
11 a.m. - 2 p.m.
2306 S. Bradley, Santa Maria, Ca.
101 to Beteravia East then take first left on
Bradley.



PetSmart

June 1
Campbell
11 am to 2 pm
850 W. Hamilton
Campbell
(408)374-9321
Take 880 to Hamilton Ave. Exit,
go west about 2 miles.
PetSmart will be on your left

Petco

June 8
11 am to 2 pm
1919 W. El Camino
Mt View
(650)966-1233
From Hwy 85 it is North on
El Camino Real

Petco

June 16
8767 San Ysidro
Avenue- Gilroy, CA
95020- 408-846-2844-
101
south to Leavesnly go
west

About 10 a.m. this morning (May 1) Keely passed away suddenly. It appears to have been a heart attack or some other sudden incident. She was stretched out in the morning sun chewing on a bone, one of her favorite pastimes, when she laid over on her side and died quietly. She was going on twelve years of age.

We rescued her through CARE when she was about 9 months of age from the Tri-City Shelter in Fremont. Nancy Lyon called me about a wolf-hybrid that was there. Her owner, a doctor in the area, had bailed her and her sister out several times before but failed to claim her this time. Kirk Saunders and I went and looked at her and decided to try rescuing her. She showed me how much I didn't know about hybrids in particular and dogs in general. We put her in a wire crate I had in the back of my S-10 and brought her home. During the drive she ruined the crate, pinching in the bars with her teeth. At the house we unloaded the crate into the garage and Diane and Dena crowded around with us to stare at the "wolf-dog." As if to punctuate how much she disliked the crate she grabbed a couple of bars and bent them like licorice whips. We were awed by the strength of her jaws. At that point I thought I had made a terrible mistake bringing her home. She wanted out of the crate so badly, throwing herself against the door, whining and barking. I told my family to stay away from her until I figured out what to do.

Eventually I let her out and she was animated beyond description. She kept pawing at the door to come in, barking and howling. About 7 in the evening I gave her a dose of acepromazine trying to quiet her down. It seemed to have no effect. then I gave her another, then another. Three doses and she was just beginning to stagger a bit but would not go down. She would pace around the garage, sit down and hang her head, shake it a couple of times then walk some more, but she would not lay down. I was up all night with her.

Things quickly improved the next day. Looking back I realize it was just youthful energy that was all pent up in her looking for a release. She did then and to her dying day she played hard. She was maybe 9 months of age and I was keeping her boxed up and drugged after getting her out of the shelter. Part of my reasoning was all the terrible things I heard that hybrids do and I over-reacted a bit.

We placed her once while fostering her but she came back due to no fault of her own. It seems the little dog the woman had decided it was going to spend every waking moment harassing Keely. So Keely came back where she wiggled and wagged her way into our hearts.

I started training her in harness with the Malamutes, Keena and Kamchatka, that I had. They were all within a few months of age of each other. Keely did fairly well, was fast and enjoyed it. Additionally, we had a large wagon that she delighted in pulling around the neighborhood with the kids in it. At about 18 months of age Keely was struck with a very debilitating nerve disorder and was given 3 months to live. At her lowest point in the illness I was carrying her upstairs to sleep because the stairs were impassable to her. To the surprise of the doctors and delight of myself she slowly began to recover, eventually regaining about 80 to 90 percent of her nerve function again. Yes, it made her gait a little goofy and she could not run like she did, but it never dampened her spirit. It seemed to put more wiggle in her wag.

Keely became our house dog, our guard dog, the one that almost always stayed behind to watch the house for us. Unlike the Sibes and Mals she would bark a bit when something disturbed her. Her favorite place to sleep when the kids were small was under the crib. When the kids were old enough to stand they would make noises at her and throw stuffed animals to her.

Keely was also the pack tattletale . If one of the dogs had a bag of biscuits it had snatched or a toy that did not belong to it, she would greet me in the garage as I came out and tell me about it.

Keely had several names; Keeler-Dee, Keel and K-dog to name a few. In those private moments I used my special name for her. It is from the Jack London story "White Fang." I would grab her great head and rub and shake it to her never ending delight, whereupon I would whisper in her ear "my Blessed Wolf."

It goes without saying that she will be missed greatly. She was a good dog and a dear friend.

Nic

Keely

Teacher, friend, companion, and confidant. Guardian of children, destroyer of myths and misconceptions. Your time is done your life is spent, your story has just begun to be told. You live in the hearts of many that never knew you, in the hearts of those who can only hope to someday understand your kind.

Rest well; sleep gently back in the company of Keena and Sioux.

Umunhum Run II

BASH meeting

We will be making gang lines for carting and sledding. If you are interested, please call Carol and we will make sure there is enough equipment.

When: June 22-

Time: meet at 5 pm.

What to bring: dogs, sweaters, headlamps and chairs, **BIKE HELMETS REQUIRED for CARTING.**

Food to bring-salad or snack food for the group and drinks for yourself
BASH will supply main entree'

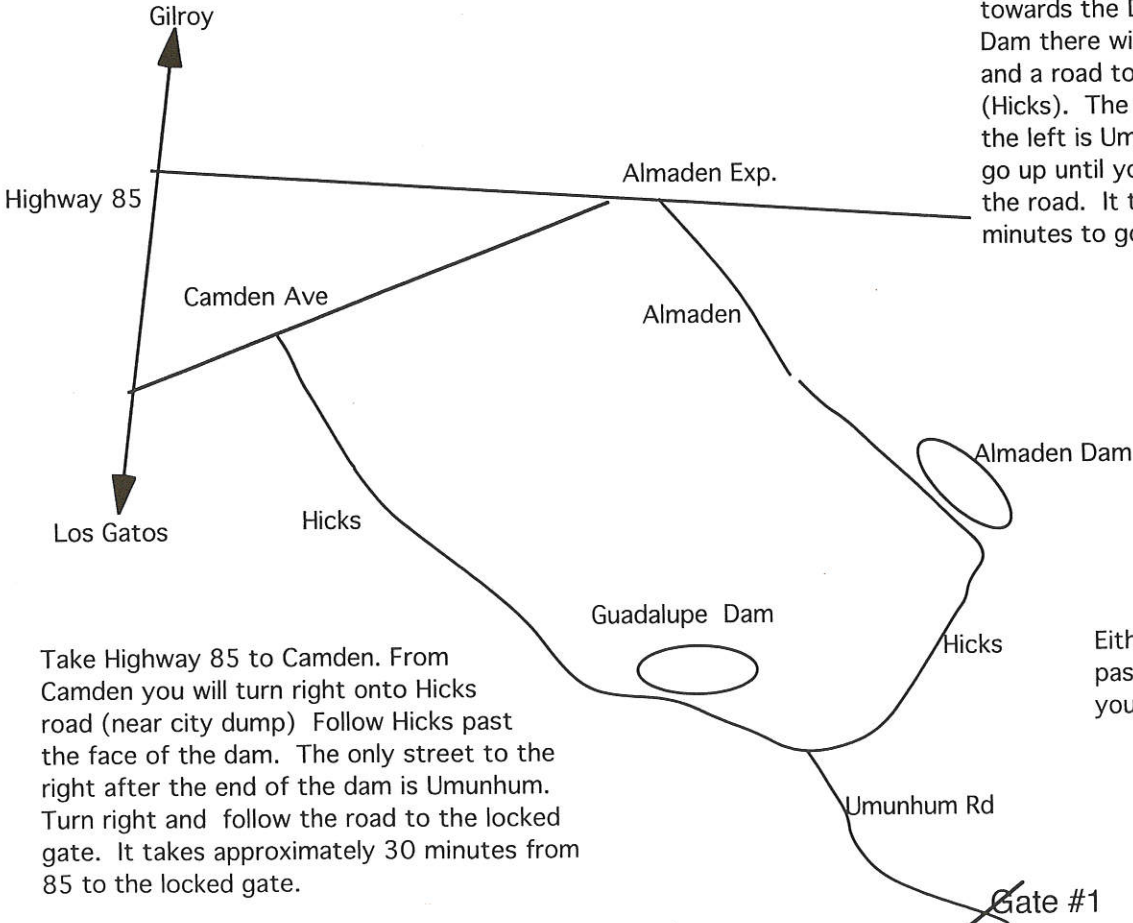
Please note that we must pass through 3 locked gates. You can not be late. We will have a combination lock on the gate for leaving in groups.

Groups must stay together until reaching Camden or the Expressway.

RSVP
 Carol Payne (408)353-4509

to sign up for salad or dessert and helping with the trash and if you want to participate in the line making so you can be told what to bring

Take Highway 85 Almaden Exp. Take the exit to old Almaden. Go through the old town and head up towards the Dam. At the end of the Dam there will be a dead end road and a road to the right. Turn right (Hicks). The next and only road to the left is Umunhum. Turn Left and go up until you reach a gate across the road. It takes approximately 30 minutes to go from 85 to the gate.



Either direction, if you pass more than one Dam you have gone to far!

Take Highway 85 to Camden. From Camden you will turn right onto Hicks road (near city dump) Follow Hicks past the face of the dam. The only street to the right after the end of the dam is Umunhum. Turn right and follow the road to the locked gate. It takes approximately 30 minutes from 85 to the locked gate.

BAY AREA SIBERIAN HUSKY RESCUE REFERRAL

"UPDATE"

Serving The Bay Area & Northern California

Descriptions of the dogs, including evaluation of their temperament, listed in this newsletter are furnished by the people placing them. We are providing an exchange of information only and we do not attempt to verify the information given.

Janet Elliott (805)461-5203 or beachsibs@thegrid.net

Shala- a young female siberan. She is 1 & 1/2 year old Black/White Siberian with brown eyes. She is friendly, good with other dogs, children (3 & 6 years old) and has had obedience training. Shala will make an excellent addition to any family.



Camilla at (408) 265-1912 or CamillaS@aol.com

Koti is a 7 year old AKC Siberian. She is very friendly, obedience trained, crate trained and gets along well with other dogs - small and large. She is also good with children and would make an excellent addition to any family.



Patti La Cava (415) 727-5727 bashrr@aol.com

Silver is a 2.5 year old spayed female Alaskan husky. She was surrendered to the shelter by her owner with two other dogs (due to moving where she couldn't have them). She is a sweet dog that is a little shy until she finds she can trust you. Silver was raised with other dogs, a turtle, cat and children ages 4-15 (from the owner's survey). She is very gentle when being fed, is learning basic obedience and learning about going in a crate



Jennifer Cadwell (530) 472-3340 jen@sleddogsystems.com

Jake is a three year old, black/tan/white, neutered male Alaskan Husky. Jake has enormous amounts of energy and will need to go to an active home. He is very lovable and gets along well with most dogs



Nic Matulich (408)379-7253 or sneauxdogs@earthlink.net

Asayuk 2 year old male alaskan husky. New to rescue. Needs a lot of TLC as he is extremely thin.



Littlefoot- 2.5 year old male alaskan husky (brother of Silver) He is a little shy but warms up quickly. He was raised with other dogs, a turtle, cat and children ages 4-15 (from the owner's survey).



Jake 1.2 year old male alaskan Husky. He is very shy. He was with Littlefoot and Silver. He was raised with other dogs, a turtle, cat and children ages 4-15 (from the owner's survey).



Jindu - a jindu was also just picked up. Please check the website for his picture and a bio...

Rebecca Houliston (510) 412-3337 or Rora@mindspring.com

Hupo is a 5 year old, male elkhound (maybe Husky but I doubt it). He is good with children and cats and is housetrained. He is a very loving dog. He'd make a good "only" dog to someone who was at home during the day. Hupo's really rather mellow and would do well with a place with no steps as he is still recovering from being hit by a car. He likes to be indoors or wherever the people are.



Bill Otto at (408) 258-9806 or BillOtto1412@aol.com

SHYLA "This beautiful red and white female is approx 5-6 years old. She is house broken and knows some basic obedience. She is very friendly and loving.



Nicole Acosta (408) 934-1236 (408) 832-0731 cell nicole@agimaging.com

AVALANCHE Hi my name is Avalanche. I am 1 1/2 years old and full of energy. I love to play catch and if you don't want to play catch I can play with the ball on my own. I do know sit but could really use an obedience class.



Some dogs come into our lives and leave. Others come and leave their footprints on our hearts. And we are never, ever quite the same again.

Bay Area Siberian Husky Club

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL and Associate Application 2002-2003

[] Single \$30.00 [] Family \$35.00 [] Associate \$25.00

Date _____

Name _____

Address _____

Phone _____ (____) _____ (____) _____
home work

Kennel Name _____

E-Mail Address _____

Make checks payable to BASH. All memberships and Subscriptions are valid through March 31, 2003. Send Membership Renewal form and check to:

Randee McQueen, Treasurer, Bay Area Siberian Husky Club
2633 S. Bascom Ave.
Campbell CA 95008

If you are interested in becoming a voting member contact Jackie Moss at the above address to obtain a membership application.

Bay Area Siberian Husky Club

2633 S Bascom Ave.

Campbell CA 95008

Randee McQueen, Editor

Newsletter -Vol 22.6 June 2002

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GEAR FOR THE WORKING DOG
(408) 257-1754

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Mushing Pad Protectors: \$18/10

Hvy Duty Pad Protectors: \$16/4

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