



# The Pursuit

## Focus on the pups of war

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### ***The pups of war, by the British soldier who saved them from horrors of the Afghan front***

'Sergeant, I thought you might want to do something about this.' Mase, the Royal Marine who had called me to join him in his sand-bagged sentry post, or 'sangan', was pointing towards the barbed-wire road block 100 yards north of our isolated compound in the Afghan outpost of Now Zad.

The road block was designed to prevent a suicide bomber driving into our walls. A small, white, terrified-looking dog was trapped in it. The dog had a wire noose around its neck.

Having broken free from whatever it had been tied to, it tried to run through our barrier, but the noose had caught on the barbed wire. The more it struggled, the tighter the noose became. The dog was slowly killing itself.



*Puppy love: A trio of pups rescued by Royal Marine Sergeant Pen Farthing*

*Continued Page 6*

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*'Dedicated to the Preservation of the Functional Hound'*

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**NOTICE OF ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**  
**OF THE QUEENSLAND LURE COURSING ASSOCIATION INC. IA05669**

Dear Members,

The Queensland Lure Coursing Association Incorporated IA05669 will hold it's Annual General Meeting at Wally Tate Park, Kuraby on Sunday, 19 April 2008, starting after the completion of the morning runs. Financial members only will be eligible to vote.

The Agenda for the Annual General Meeting will be as follows:-

- Meeting opened.
- Attendance Book to be signed.
- Apologies.
- Minutes of Previous Annual General Meeting to be ratified, and Business arising from these Minutes.
- Correspondence pertaining to AGM, and Business arising out of the Correspondence.
- President's Report.
- Financial Report for 2008-2009.
- Auditor's Report.
- Business arising out of Financial and Auditor's Reports.
- Committee Reports.
- Election of Office Bearers.
- Appointment of an Auditor.
- Meeting closed.

Following the Annual General Meeting, a monthly General Meeting will be held.

We look forward to your attendance at both of these meetings to hear of the good news for our club and to ensure the continuation of our Association.

Regards,

Fay Clarke  
SECRETARY  
QLCA

**POSITIONS TO BE FILLED AT A.G.M.**

Management Committee And other Office Bearers For 2009

PRESIDENT  
VICE PRESIDENT  
SECRETARY  
TREASURER

**OTHER OFFICE BEARERS**

COMMITTEE MEMBER	EDITOR
COMMITTEE MEMBER	RACING SECRETARY
COMMITTEE MEMBER	PUBLIC RELATIONS OFFICER
ASSISTANT SECRETARY	POINTS SCORE & TROPHY OFFICER
MEMBERSHIP OFFICER	FIRST AID OFFICER
FUND RAISING OFFICER	CLUB HISTORIAN
WEB EDITOR	

*The positions within the Committee structure take on an obligation to those they represent to attend and contribute to the running of the organisation and attendance at committee meetings.*

Committee meetings are held regularly during or following general race meets at Kuraby. If you are unable to attend regularly, we thank you for your interest but request that you turn down any nomination.

Members are advised that the Queensland Lure Coursing Association IA05669 will hold its Annual General Meeting on 19 April 2009.

All positions will be declared vacant at this meeting, and an election will then be held to vote in the new Committee members.

Nominations are therefore called for to fill these positions, in particular the Management Committee positions of President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer and position nominations will be taken on the day.

A list of nominees will be displayed at the QLCA race meeting to be held on 22 March 2009 where all members will be informed of the nominees prior to the AGM.

Extra Nomination Forms will be available from the out going Secretary, Fay Clark

## ***NOMINATION FORM FOR COMMITTEE POSITIONS***

NOMINEE: \_\_\_\_\_  
(BLOCK LETTERS)

FOR THE POSITION OF: \_\_\_\_\_  
(BLOCK LETTERS)

PROPOSER: \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Name)

SECONDER: \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Name)

NOMINEE'S SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_

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(Please Print Name)

SECONDER: \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please Print Name)

NOMINEE'S SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_

# *The pups of war, by the British soldier who saved them from horrors of the Afghan front*

By [Pen Farthing](#)

(continued from Page 1)

The 100 yards that separated me from the dog was in no-man's-land. The obstacle was situated across the only 'real' road in this area of Helmand province, a single strip of tarmac that ran north to south for 400 yards.

At one time shops had lined the road. Now, there was no one to be seen, and the fronts of the empty stores were a mess of twisted metal and broken wood; their walls peppered with bullet holes.

The network of alleyways leading off the road was notorious as a hiding place for Taliban fighters.

I wondered why this was happening to me, but I knew I couldn't walk away. I squeezed through the narrow slit at the front of the sangar and on to the edge of the roof on which it was perched, then climbed down to the road.

Everything was eerily quiet.

My heart racing, I ran at a crouch up the centre of the road. As I got closer the dog started to fight to free itself again.

'Chill, dog, I'm on your side,' I called out. I was conscious of talking too loudly, but the dog was making enough noise as it was.

'Help me out here, fella, I don't want the Taliban to know I am here.'

I sliced through the strands of wire with my cutter. The dog was still pulling madly away from me and - as the last strand broke - it shot away. The wire loop was still around its neck, but I hoped that it would eventually work loose.

'No problem, buddy,' I said, watching it go.

Standing in the middle of a deserted street in the Taliban heartland was not a good idea. As swiftly as I could, I walked backwards towards the sentry post.

'Chill, dog, I'm on your side,' I called out. I was conscious of talking too loudly, but the dog was making enough noise as it was.

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'Nice one, Sarge,' Mase said as I rolled head first in to the sangar.

'Let's keep this one quiet, eh?' I said as I dusted myself down. At 37 I was getting too old for this.

Things were getting out of hand. How on earth had I managed to become responsible for the welfare of every stray dog in Helmand?

I was a sergeant with Kilo Company 42 Commando Royal Marines, responsible for the 20 young lads who made up 5 Troop.

It was autumn 2006 and we were stationed in a mud-walled compound in a small market town which, at first sight, looked like something out of Monty Python's Life Of Brian. Nothing had changed in hundreds of years.

To the south, the flat expanse of the Afghan plain stretched into the distance. To the west, north and east, the mountains rose from the desert floor.

The town of Now Zad had been plagued by some of the worst fighting seen since the coalition forces removed the Taliban from power. It was a transit stop for Taliban fighters to resupply as they headed West towards other targets.



Pen with two of his charges, RPG and Jena

'Taliban Central' was an expanse of woods on the other side of a dry riverbed. The Taliban managed to keep us occupied nearly every day. They tended to hit us with mortars first thing in the morning or about half an hour before it got dark.

The howl of an incoming mortar as it arches across the sky sounds good only in the movies. In reality, it is as scary as hell.

There were no people living within 200 yards of our compound; it was too dangerous.

The compound was designated a 'safe' house. Precisely what was safe about a mud compound surrounded by armed religious fundamentalists who wanted to kill everybody inside was unclear.

It was a couple of weeks after arriving that I chanced upon a dogfight while on patrol outside the compound.

About 15 Afghans stood in a circle in an alleyway. Most were Afghan National Army soldiers, the rest were the Afghan National Police (ANP) members who shared our compound for their own protection.

The ANP were supposed to bring stability back to Afghanistan, but they were poorly paid and poorly trained. They weren't very popular, either.

I recognised some of this lot from two days before when I had caught them tying up with wire a dog they said they planned to enter into the 'Regional Dog-Fighting Championships'.

I secretly freed the dog later and it ran off to join the pack of at least 50 strays that prowled the perimeter of the camp at night searching for food.

This time the Afghans had long sticks that they were using to push and beat the two angry dogs inside the circle.

One hit the alley floor with a sickening thud. Its larger opponent landed next to it. Both dogs went for each other's throat. Both had bloodied stumps where their ears had been.

I had come to Afghanistan to help people get back on their feet, not to promote this kind of barbarism. I try to respect other cultures but after the earlier episode I was not about to take the diplomatic approach again.

My wife Lisa and I had two dogs back at home - Fizz Dog and Beamer Boy.

Fizz Dog, a rottweiler, came to us as a puppy from a breeder. We got Beamer, a black and white springer spaniel, from a rescue centre. He loved nothing more than floating around in the smelliest cattle trough he could find. Taking the dogs for walks on Dartmoor was how we relaxed.

So, as a dog lover, there was no way I was going to tolerate animal cruelty. Especially not while I had a big gun. I burst through the circle of men with such force that two of the soldiers were almost knocked over.

'What the hell's going on?' I screamed. The dogs bolted through the gap I had created and the Afghans surged towards me.



*Kilo Company on dawn patrol in Now Zad, Afghanistan*

The most senior policeman pushed

Kilo Company on dawn patrol in Now Zad, Afghanistan me in the chest as he spat incomprehensible words.

'Back off buddy,' I said, using the palm of my left hand to shove him. He landed in a heap on the floor. 'Don't touch me again.' Pointing at him, I raised my rifle.

As the Afghans screamed obscenities at me, Dave, one of our more experienced corporals, pushed into the throng to stand alongside me.

'Nice one, Pen,' he said. 'Time to leave.'

He led me back towards the patrol, which had closed ranks into the alley and stood facing the Afghans silently. The Afghans got the message.

Two days later I wandered over to a derelict building on the western side of our compound to see if I could find a use for it. I was surprised to hear a menacing growl.

My torch picked out an alsatian-type dog curled up in the corner. I recognised it as one of the dogs from the alley fight.

'The ANP let you in here, didn't they?' I whispered. I threw him one of the biscuits I carried with me. The dog sniffed it suspiciously then picked it up.

I pushed another one towards him but as my hand neared he gave a bark and lunged his head forward. I shot backwards, landing on my backside.

'OK, I get it. Your space,' I said. I gave him a bowl of water and the rest of the packet of biscuits. I didn't want to think about what the ANP had planned for him, but I had duties to carry out and had to leave him.

That night I was walking across the compound when I noticed the dog sitting outside the building.

He pushed off his rear legs with an unsteady jerk and wandered towards me. For a second I thought about running. The dog sniffed my trousers. I realised I was holding my breath.

I reached my hand down towards his head. It suddenly struck me that he had probably never been stroked before, but it was too late and my hand was next to his muzzle.

I let him sniff my hand a few times and then, unexpectedly, he sat down next to me. I stroked his head, standing in the glow of the Afghan moonlight.

I visited the dog in his derelict building every day. He would always bound up to see me. We were becoming mates and he allowed me to rub antiseptic cream into his ear stumps.

On the phone, I told my wife Lisa, a Royal Navy Wren, about the dog. I heard the sigh. 'You are not bringing home a dog from Afghanistan.'

'I know, but I have to do something for him. He's got no ears, Lisa.'

She promised to try to find an animal welfare organisation in Afghanistan that would rehome him.

In the meantime, I told the Officer Commanding of my plan to build a small, enclosed dog run. He didn't say 'Yes' but he didn't say 'No' either. I took that as permission.



Creature comforts: Pen and RPG take a break inside the Marines' compound

One of the lads suggested we called the dog Nowzad. 'The town is battle-scarred, right?' he said. 'Well, so is the dog.'

I found a building in the compound that had lost its roof and a wall and fenced it off to make a run. I left Nowzad there while I went off for radio watch.

When I came back, some of the lads had built Nowzad his very own mortar shelter from sandbags and plywood. I hoped he wouldn't need it, but that night the Taliban bombarded us for an hour and a half.

We returned fire and the noise was deafening, painfully so when an F18 dropped two 500lb bombs on the Taliban positions.

A wave of air radiated outwards from ground zero and hit our position with an audible oomph that caused the wooden roof to shake. The boom vibrated around the mountains as it faded to nothing.

After about half an hour of silence, we realised the Taliban had fled.

I jogged round to Nowzad's run, but he was nowhere to be found - somehow he had scrambled over the 5ft fence.

Nowzad still didn't get on too well with strangers and the last thing I needed was him to bite somebody as he roamed around the compound.

I bumped into Dan, the lad who had named Nowzad, just as he ran out of the entrance to the living area. 'Come and see this, Sergeant,' he said.

I followed him over to one of the cell doorways. Dan pointed under a bed. There was Nowzad curled into a ball, eyes wide.

'Halfway through the contact he barged in here,' Dan explained. 'He just looked at us and then squeezed under the bed.'

Nowzad had never been over this side of the compound yet he had found his way to safety, just one room away from where I slept. 'It's OK now,' I said, comforting him. 'I'll get you somewhere safe, just give me time.'

A few of the lads started visiting Nowzad during their downtime. They enjoyed feeding him biscuits, even though they took care to remain on the safe side of the run. I struck a deal with the ANP to 'buy' him in exchange for some torch batteries.

When I was up in the early hours, I let him have the run of the compound. He would spend the first few minutes chasing me around.

For those rare moments he would be like any other socialised dog and, for me, all thoughts of being in the most dangerous place on Earth vanished.

One night, on the way to see Nowzad, a dog ran out of the shadows at me. It darted from side to side as it crossed the 30 yards between us in a series of zigzags. He threw himself down on the ground in front of me, eagerly watching me.

He wasn't a fighting dog - he wasn't big enough and he was still in possession of a pair of floppy ears.



*Meet the pack: Pen ended up caring for five dogs and 14 puppies. They included AK, who was rescued after being bitten by a snake*

reached out my hand. The dog spun twice on the spot, kicking up a dust cloud. When I took a pace towards him, he charged full pace towards me, before veering off at the last moment.

'Mad as a box of rabbits,' I said. I guessed he had dug his way under one of the compound gates. As I walked over to Nowzad's run, the small dog followed. Without thinking, I let Nowzad out.

He charged straight for the newcomer, but then simply stopped and started sniffing the smaller dog. Amazingly, they began playing together.

As usual, Nowzad didn't want playtime to end and it was a struggle to coax him back into the run.

When I'd succeeded, I turned to the young dog. 'You get a reprieve,' I said. 'I haven't got time to get you out the gate now.'

I headed off for my radio watch and the dog followed me to the ops room door. 'Sorry, buddy, you can't come in here,' I said, closing the door behind me. Hours later, I opened the door to find the playful dog curled up in front of it.

As soon as I bent down to stroke him, he jumped up, instantly awake.

'Sorry, but you'll have to leave,' I told him. 'I can't have the boss seeing you running around.' It took me the best part of an hour to coax him out of the compound.

The next day, the dog was back. Again he darted out at me when I was on my way to see Nowzad.

The way he ran in random line reminded me of a rocket-propelled grenade. 'RPG, that's a good name,' I thought to myself.

I opened the gate for Nowzad and he charged out to see his friend. As I watched them playing, I made my mind up. RPG was going to be given the same chance as Nowzad. He joined my improvised dog pound.

The next time I spoke to Lisa, I waited until there was a pause in the conversation and then went for broke. 'If we are trying to rescue one dog, why not two?' I asked.

She didn't sound that chuffed and she wasn't making much progress finding a rescue centre, but she said she would keep trying.

A few nights later, barking roused me from my sleep. I went to investigate, only to find the rear compound gate open and dogs of all shapes and sizes surrounding a small, terrified dog.

She was tied to a post by a wire around her neck and the large male dogs were snapping at each other for an opportunity to mate with her. The Afghans had decided to have a go at breeding their own supply of fighting dogs.

Dave and I chased away the males and released the captive. I held on to the wire tied around her neck, not wanting her to run away, but I needn't have worried. She walked beside me as I went over to where Nowzad and RPG were both desperate to get out.



When I let them out of the run, she happily trotted in. 'Guess that's another one, then,' said Dave.

I called Lisa but before I could tell her anything she announced: 'I've found a rescue centre in northern Afghanistan.'

'How many dogs did they say they would take?' I asked.

I told them you had two dogs that needed rescuing ... Oh no, you haven't'

Our new arrival settled in well. Both Nowzad and RPG appeared to defer to her. The lads had already named her, but I wasn't too happy with their choice: Jena, after their favourite American porn star.

I The problem was going to be getting the trio to the rescue shelter before the end of my posting in a few months.

The shelter was 700 miles from our base and I didn't have the contacts to broker a deal with a local driver to deliver them. I doubted anyone else would want to take the responsibility of looking after them when I left.

In fact, problems were mounting up. Rumours about the dogs filtered out of our camp and an officer pulled me over one day to remind me of the strict policy on animals.

*the pack, continued: Jena, pictured with one of her pups*

'There will be no dogs adopted by anybody in this unit. And I shouldn't have to tell you that there will not be any use of military assets to transport the animals back to the UK or anywhere else for that matter.'

Before long, Jena started putting weight on - she was pregnant. Then another small funny-looking dog turned up in the compound. Her neck was nearly double the thickness it should have been for an animal this size. She had been bitten by a snake.

The doctor sorted her out and we christened her AK, after the Russian AK-47 automatic weapon. So now we were four.

Meanwhile, Nowzad was becoming unpredictable around everyone apart from me. One night, when he almost bit one of the lads, a switch inside me flipped.

The frustration of being target practice for the Taliban, the months of sleep deprivation, burst to the surface.

'Nowzad! That's it! No more,' I shouted as I dragged him towards the gate. 'Nobody will want you at the rescue, you're a total pain in the a\*\*\*.'

I pushed him out. Later that night I heard his whimpering. I climbed up the ladder and looked over the 15ft wall.

There was Nowzad propped against the gate, looking rejected. He was waiting to come back to what he regarded as his home. I forced myself to ignore him.

An hour later I climbed the ladder again. I couldn't see him at first but then I caught sight of him, curled up. His coat was camouflaged with the glistening, white frost. I opened the gate.



Meet the pack, continued: Tali, pictured with the puppies she sneaked into the base

'It's me, come on, dog,' I whispered. He pushed clumsily to his feet. His stumpy tail wagged uncontrollably as I brushed the ice crystals from his coat. I rubbed his head.

'Sorry, let's not do that again, eh?' I danced around with him by the gate feeling just as happy to see him as I believe he was to see me.

Then, to crown it all, one day returning from patrol, Grant, my mortar man appeared and motioned for me to follow him.

He led me to the rear gate where a small crowd of lads had gathered and were watching a grubby, grey-brownish blob of fur being forced through a tiny depression in the mud under the bottom of the metal gate.

'I'll be damned!' I said. It was a tiny puppy, probably no more than a few days old, being forced through the gap.

The force pushing the puppy came into view. A dirty snout with a bright pink nose appeared first, followed by a thin, mud-streaked head. It was a scatty white dog I had seen running through the compound a few days ago.

Somehow she squeezed through the gap, then gave the puppy a quick sniff and a prod before picking it up between her teeth. We all watched as she padded over to a small mud cave.

'That's the third,' Grant said. The mother carefully placed the newborn puppy down alongside two other small, curled-up bodies before heading back to the gate.

'Looks like the word is out on the street, Sergeant,' Grant smiled. 'All strays welcome.'

Within minutes we saw another puppy emerging through the hole. Then there were two more.

'This is getting ridiculous,' I sighed. 'If I didn't know better, I'd say the dogs are talking to each other out there.'

The new dog, who we called Tali, short for Taliban, was barely settled in with her litter when Jena delivered eight puppies on New Year's Eve.

We now had five adult dogs, and 14 puppies. Our boss had turned a blind eye to our small dog welfare operation, but I couldn't count on the incoming officer to be as accommodating.

We needed to get the dogs to Kandahar, where the people from the rescue centre said they could collect them.

I had a brainwave. The ANP detachment we had bought Nowzad from had been replaced by a new bunch with whom we got on really well.

Through our interpreter, Harry, I asked the commander if he could find us a vehicle and driver to make the trip. After much discussion, Harry announced: 'The commander will make it happen.'

The plan was simple. For \$400 the commander would hire a vehicle that would drive from Now Zad to Lashkar Gar; once there another vehicle would transport the dogs to Kandahar.

But the days ticked by and there was no news of the commander's vehicle. I received regular updates from one of the policemen, Rosi. I didn't have a clue what he was saying but the shame in his eyes was plain to see.

Finally, it was the day of our departure. Time had run out. The dogs would have to leave the compound when we did. We'd decided to leave the dogs with as many ration packs as we could spare in a deserted compound nearby.

Rosi would feed them for the remainder of his stay. When the time came for him to leave, he would leave the compound gate open. I knew it wouldn't be long before they starved.

I wondered whether I'd done the right thing for the dogs. I'd given them an unfounded trust in humans. That might not be the best thing for them once I'd left.

We were just about to move the dogs when one of the Afghan policemen started shouting excitedly. He was balanced on top of the wall, beaming and repeating just one word over and over: 'Taxi! Taxi!'

Our transport had finally arrived.

*• One Dog At A Time, by Pen Farthing, will be published by Ebury Press on February 5. To order your copy at £12.99 with free p&p call the Review Bookshop on 0845 155 0713.*



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There is a vet on call 24hrs a day, 7 days per week. All diets are catered for & medications administered. All dogs are hydrobathed on the day of departure. Please ensure dogs are clean & Frontlined before entry. If necessary dogs will be bathed on entry at extra cost.

We require proof of minimum C4, preferably C5, vaccination administered at least 10 days prior to entry.

You will find us at **1 Hodgsons Road, Walloon**. 10 mins from Ipswich and 45 minutes from Brisbane CBD. Refidex reference p210 ref Q10.



## **Exercise for the over 50s**

Try this....

Just came across this exercise suggested for the over 50's to build muscle strength in the arms and shoulders. It seems so easy so I thought that I'd pass it on to some of my friends and family. The article suggested doing it three days a week.

1. Begin by standing on a comfortable surface, where you have plenty of room at each side. With a 2kg potato bag in each hand, extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there as long as you can. Try to reach a full minute, then relax.

2. Each day, you'll find that you can hold this position for just a bit longer. After a couple of weeks, move up to 5kg potato bag. Then 25kg potato bag and then eventually try to get to where you can lift a 50kg potato bag in each hand and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute. (I'm at this level).

3 After you feel confident at that level, put a potato in each of the bags.

## ***To Maintain A Healthy Level Of Insanity***

1. At Lunch Time, Sit In Your Parked Car With Sunglasses on and point a Hair Dryer At Passing Cars. See If They Slow Down.
2. Page Yourself Over The Intercom. Don't Disguise Your Voice!
3. Every Time Someone Asks You To Do Something, ask If they want fries with that.
4. Put Decaf In The Coffee Maker For 3 Weeks. Once Everyone has gotten Over Their Caffeine Addictions, Switch to Espresso.
5. In the Memo Field Of All Your Checks, Write 'For Marijuana'
6. Skip down the hall Rather Than Walk and see how many looks you get.
7. Order a Diet Water whenever you go out to eat, with a serious face.
8. Specify That Your Drive-through Order Is 'To Go'.
9. Sing Along At The Opera.
10. Five Days In Advance, Tell Your Friends You Can' t Attend Their Party Because You have a headache
11. When The Money Comes Out of The ATM, Scream 'I Won! I Won!'
12. When Leaving the Zoo, Start Running towards the Parking lot, Yelling 'Run For Your Lives! They're Loose!'
13. Tell Your Children Over Dinner, 'Due To The Economy, We Are Going To Have To Let One Of You Go.'

## ***And The Final Way To Keep A Healthy Level Of Insanity***

14. PICK UP A BOX OF CONDOMS AT THE PHARMACY, GO TO THE COUNTER AND ASK WERE THE FITTING ROOM IS.

## **General Safety Reminders**

***Be aware of the rope on the course***

***Be aware of electrical cords across the ground***

***Closed in shoes only***

***NO THONGS***

***NO PLASTIC CLOGS (CROCS)***

***Don't stand around the gate unless you are the next entry***

***Watch for ants***

***Short leads on your dogs—no extension leads***



## **Canine Cubby**

NOW OPEN

An activity centre inspired by fun, natural therapies and socialisation.  
We welcome baby puppies through to seniors.

### **Hydrotherapy**

Salt & Chlorine free, specially designed to prevent skin conditions and aid in healing.

### **Hydro Bath**

Heated, hypoallergenic & natural products used.

### **Doggie Day Care**

Half day, full day and long term bookings.

### **Natural Therapies**

Nutrition, Naturopathy Homeopathy, Massage, Reiki, Magna therapy

### **Puppy 'Kinda'**

Essential socialisation & training for happy and adaptable dogs.

Ph: (07) 3386 1358  
Unit 11, 30-34 Octal Street Yatala

## Club Merchandise

<b>Club Shirts</b>	<b>\$30.00</b>
<b>Cloth Badges</b>	<b>\$5.00</b>
<b>Slip Leads</b>	<b>\$15.00</b>
<b>Title Badges</b>	<b>\$3.00</b>
(Field Champion, Companion of the Course, Lure Courser of Merit)	

Items are available at the Secretary's desk. Please note that there is no Calendar for 2008

## Advertising Rates:

	6-12 Issues	Web	Combined	Single Issue
Full Page	\$8 per Issue	\$40 per Annum	\$100	\$10
Half Page	\$4 per Issue		\$60	\$6
Business Card	\$2 per issue		\$40	\$4

Race Sponsors will receive free advertising in the Pursuit for 3 editions and annual on the website.



## Park Ridge Animal Hospital

3626 Beaudesert Road Park Ridge 4125

Phone: 07 3800 1378



Park Ridge Animal Hospital provides quality veterinary care to the pets of our local community in a friendly, efficient and caring environment.

We achieve this by combining excellence in veterinary medicine with caring and compassionate staff. We recognise that our pets play a very large part in our lives and care for them accordingly.

Nigel Thomas

## ART CREATIONS PICTURE FRAMING

**Phone 5573 7716**

### QUALITY CUSTOM FRAMING OF:

À ORIGINAL ARTWORK

À PHOTOS & PRINTS

À 3D OBJECTS

À NEEDLEWORK

À MIRRORS

GREAT RANGE OF ART PRINTS & POSTERS AVAILABLE

*Have your special pet photos framed so you can see them all the time!*

You will find us just north of Movieworld at Shop 1B Emmanuel Shopping Centre, Old Pacific Highway, Oxenford (next to Post Office)

## QCLA RACE DATES For 2008/9

*Race meetings are held at Wally Tate Park, Beenleigh Road, Kuraby.*

### **Summer Cup**

7 December 2008

18 January 2009

8 February 2009

### **Race Schedule 2009**

1 March 2009

22 March 2009

19 April 2009

3 May 2009

10 May 2009

14 June 2009

19 July 2009

23 August 2009 Hope Island Cup Invitation Race

6 September 2009

4 October 2009

1 November 2009

## **RACE SPONSORS for 2009**

**1 March**

**22 March**

**19 April**

**3 May**

**10 May**

**14 June**

**19 July**

**6 September**

**4 October**

**1 November**

**Warwick Lure Coursing  
RACE DATES For 2009**

22 February—Field Trial	26 July—Practice
29 March—Practice	30 August—Field Trial
26 April—Field Trial	27 September—Practice
31 May—Practice	25 October—Field Trial
28 June—Field Trial	29 November—Fun Day

**Warwick Lure Coursing Club Inc**  
Presents at Field Trial, Henry Joppich Park, Warwick

Cost: per dog, payable on the day.

Practice Days — \$3.00 for members, \$4.00 for non-members

Field Trials—\$6.00 for members, \$8.00 non members & late entries

Breed: \_\_\_\_\_ Call Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Registered Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

Name of owner/s: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

I hereby apply to enter this dog under the terms and conditions set out by the Warwick Lure Coursing Club Inc and agree to abide by its rules and regulations.

I understand that all dogs are entered at the owner's risk.

Signature of owner/agent:

Entries must be made by calling Janine Baldwin (race secretary) on 4661 8530 or posting your entry to J Baldwin, 27 School Rd, Warwick, 4370.

ENTRIES DUE BY THE FRIDAY PRIOR TO THE FIELD TRIAL

***The Greyhound Adoption Program Qld***

The Greyhound Adoption Program is currently looking for homes to foster care.

For further details about fostering or the adoption program, contact the Greyhound Adoption Program on phone: 0417 725 684

Email: [kirsty@greyhoundpets.org.au](mailto:kirsty@greyhoundpets.org.au)

Website: [www.greyhoundpets.org.au](http://www.greyhoundpets.org.au)

**Websites:**

Don't forget to check out our Anatolian Shepherd sponsorship program website and support the Cheetahs at [www.cheetah.org](http://www.cheetah.org)

## NOTICES

### QUEENSLAND LURE COURSING WEBSITE HITS TO DATE —

**NEXT COMMITTEE MEETING:**

19 April 2009 after the AGM

**PUPPY RUNS:**

A recommendation will be made by the Committee to the next General Meeting, that puppies must be aged between 6 and 9 months to be eligible to run in the puppy runs.

**PEDIGREE CERTIFICATION:**

Please be aware that all dogs, where the owner has not provided a copy of ANKC/CCC or related papers of an official body, cannot take part in our yearly competition and will not be graded.

Where owners have not produced copies of papers, the dog/s must run in the Unregistered/Mixed breeds section.

New members are granted one meet, where their dog can run with the regular breeds. If the papers are not provided for the next meet, the dog will be placed in the Unregistered Section. The exception is the Greyhound, where the Race Secretary or other appointed official will view the ear brands in both ears and note them down, instead of a pedigree. *(Thanks to Sabine Mueller for making us aware of this little known rule.)*

**APPEAL:**

With the resignation of our Web master, we are looking for a replacement to keep our website up to date. Do you have this skill—or know someone who does? We would love to hear from you.

A letter from our Secretary

Dear Members,

Once again, the Annual General Meeting is upon us. It is important for the club that we have as many members as possible attend. The AGM will be held during the lunch break on the 19 April meet. It would be good to have some of our new members involved at committee level, so please put forward your nomination.

The club is going strong, and at present we have 45 members and 10 life members. We look forward to more new members during the year.

We are again looking for sponsors for our meets. Dog food is always welcome, or if you own your own business and would like to donate something else, it would be gratefully received. Also, share any ideas you have for fundraising.

Keep spreading the word about Lure Coursing—the best fun a dog can have.

Thank you all

Fay Clarke

Secretary

# New Club Shirts Two Colour Full QLCA Logo New Breathable Material



After much searching we have found new club shirts and a way to print our distinctive logo onto them. You will find samples of the new shirts at the Race Secretary's desk for you to have a look at and try on.

To ensure that the club does not incur any unwanted costs the new shirts will only be bought to order therefore:

- Each shirt costs **\$30**
- The orders will be placed twice a year to be available for the October and May meetings, in batches of 20 or more, batches of less than 20 will attract additional charges from the printer.
- All shirts must be paid for prior to the order being submitted.

Orders are being taken by Rachel Bulloch

## Night safety

When walking your dog at night, it's important that both you and your pet are visible. You can wear reflective clothing and carry a torch but what about your dog? Reflective dog vests are available, as are reflective or illuminated collars and leads—or you can purchase a red flashing beacon that slips on the dog/s collar. For extra safety, avoid walking on the road, and always keep your dog on a lead.

Better Pets with Dr Harry—Better Homes and Gardens August 2008

Stockists—Topdogs—[www.topdogs.com.au](http://www.topdogs.com.au)  
Visiglo—[www.visiglo.com.au](http://www.visiglo.com.au)

Membership Number ----- / -----
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## 2009 MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION/RENEWAL

(Delete as required)

**Send to:**

Membership Officer  
QLCA  
PO Box 249 Acacia Ridge LPO  
Qld 4110

**Method of Payment:**

Cheques—Made payable to QLCA  
Money Order—Made payable to QLCA  
Cash—No cash through post

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**PLEASE PRINT IN CAPITAL LETTERS**

Mr / Mrs / Ms / Miss: (Please circle whichever is applicable)

First Name: ..... Last Name: .....

Occupation: .....

Telephone: Home ( ) ..... Work ( ) .....

Mobile: .....

Email: .....

Mr / Mrs / Ms / Miss: (Please circle whichever is applicable)

First Name: ..... Last Name: .....

Occupation: .....

Telephone: Home ( ) ..... Work ( ) .....

Mobile: .....

Email: .....

**PLEASE NOTE FAMILY MEMBERSHIPS ARE ONLY APPLICABLE FOR THE SAME RESIDENTIAL ADDRESS**

Address: .....

Suburb/Town: ..... State: ..... Postcode: .....

### Competitor Information

Breed	Call Name	DOB	CCCQ Reg No

I / We hereby apply for membership of the Queensland Lure Coursing Association Incorporated IA05669, and agree to abide by the rules in accordance with the Constitution, as set out by the Association.

*Please note: Any member found guilty of baiting a dog with live game shall immediately be banned for life from membership of the Association, subject to Clause 8b (vi) of the Constitution.*

Signature: ..... Date: .....

Signature: ..... Date: .....

**MEMBERSHIP FEES ARE DUE 31 JANUARY OF EACH YEAR  
 (EXCEPT IN THE CASE OF SUMMER JOINING)**

**Please note, that to obtain an electronic version of the Pursuit, you must join the Yahoo group <http://pets.groups.yahoo.com/group/qldlurecoursing/> or download the magazine from the website [www.qldlurecoursing.com](http://www.qldlurecoursing.com).**

(Please circle selected fees)

**ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP FEES:**

Email Pursuit Single: \$15.00    **OR**    Family \$20.00  
 Paper Pursuit Single: \$25.00    **OR**    Family \$30.00

**HALF YEARLY MEMBERSHIP FEES** (Applicable after 31 July each year)

Email Pursuit Single: \$7.50    **OR**    Family \$10.00  
 Paper Pursuit Single: \$12.50    **OR**    Family \$15.00

**SUMMER MEMBERSHIP FEES:** (Applicable after 31 October each year)

Email Pursuit Single: \$18.00    **OR**    Family \$23.00  
 Paper Pursuit Single: \$28.00    **OR**    Family \$33.00

Renewal Date: 31/01/20 .....
Membership Number: LM/..... FM/..... SM/ .....
Office Use Only

**FOR NEW MEMBERS ONLY**

PROPOSED BY: NAME: ..... SIGNATURE: .....

SECONDED BY: NAME: ..... SIGNATURE: .....

**OFFICE USE ONLY:** DATE RECEIVED: ..... RECEIPT NO: .....

Breed	Call Name	DOB	CCCQ Reg No

Yahoo Group ID





*'The Pursuit'*

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PO Box 249 Acacia Ridge LPO QLD 4110  
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PRINTED MATTER ONLY

To:

*Magazine of the*  
**QUEENSLAND LURE COURSING INC**  
*February 2009*

*'Dedicated to the Preservation of the Functional Hound'*