



Spring 2013

Director Farewell

Kelly Carnochan has stepped down both as Chair of the Training Committee and as Director for the Central Region, due to work commitments and to concentrate on doing a lot of extra training with her dog this year. We appreciate the time and work Kelly has put into coordinating and instructing BCTA courses over the past year. Kelly assisted with the BCTA video production in late 2011. She organized the BCTA Instructor Course at Camp Tillicum last spring, the In House course in Terrace and a course for the Rocky Mountain Rangers in Kitimat. She also hosted the In House and Annual General Meeting at Silver Star in the fall.



Thanks Kelly... and we'll look forward to seeing you on future SAR tasks!

Volunteers Wanted: Training Committee

The Association is looking for a volunteer (Instructor, TK2 or SC) for the position of Chair of the Training Committee. Contact: Secretary@bctracking.org with resume.

Volunteers Wanted: Regional Directors

The BC Tracking Association Society is still looking for volunteers to fill the positions of Regional Directors in three areas of the Province of BC – North, Central and SW. The duties include: liaising with GSAR training officers and trackers within the region, providing tracking training materials and advice, facilitating tracking training, assisting other Regional Directors and providing reports, as required. Directors are voting members of the Board of Directors and play a major role in furthering Tracker Training in BC. Please contact us, with a resume, if you are willing and able to represent your area of the province! Secretary@bctracking.org

Training

Juan de Fuca TKA & Advanced 23-24 Feb 2013

This was the last course with NSS SAR NIF subsidies. There were 43 students (28 novice and 15 advanced) with seven instructors; Darlene Berry (Lead Instructor), Tania Walter-Gardiner, Mike Neeland, Tina Phillips, Janice Frueh, Judy Birch and Peter Wilson. Twenty-four new members joined the Association.

Andrew McPherson from Tofino was certified TKA – Congratulations Andrew!

The students were awesome. All the teams worked together really well. The instructors were keen and enthusiastic about tracking. The students were soooo impressed by their instructors, the organization of the course, the tracking ground, etc. It was a very positive weekend! Thanks to Kathryn Farr for coordinating the course!

Check out the BCTA Calendar for details of upcoming courses! <http://www.bctracking.org/calendar.html>

- **May 3-5:** Track Aware and Advanced, Silver Lake, BC.
- **May 17-19** Track Aware and Advanced, Fruitvale, BC.
- **May 24-26:** UTS TK 1 and TK 2, Mission, BC.
- **Dates TBA:** Track Aware and Advanced, Terrace, BC
- **Dates TBA:** Track Aware, Tofino, BC.

OTTAWA Course

BCTA Instructors Win Koch and Peter Wilson have been invited to provide a weekend Introduction to Basic and Advanced GSAR Tracking to the SAR Global 1 Group in Ottawa, Ontario, 24-26 May.

This will be an opportunity to showcase BCTA GSAR Tracker Training not only to the Ottawa SAR Group, but also for staff from the National SAR Secretariat (NSS) to audit the course.

The NSS provided the SAR NIF which allowed the Association to provide subsidized GSAR Tracker training in BC for the past two years, as well as develop draft Tracker Training Standards and instructional materials,

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which may be considered for national standards. Also attending the course will be a member from Emergency Management Policy for Public Safety Canada. The course is being coordinated by Laura Smith, from the Office of the Minister of Aboriginal Affairs And Northern Development, Policy and Regional Affairs Advisor.

Memberships

A reminder that the annual BCTA membership renewal date is 1 May. Those whose memberships are expiring will be notified by e-mail. Membership forms will be included with the e-mail and are also available from the website: www.bctracking.org > Join

Membership fees remain the same at \$15.00 for one year and \$40.00 for a three year membership.

Memberships may also be purchased upon course registration in order to obtain the reduced tuition fee.

Questions? Contact Peggy Shelley at membership@bctracking.org

Communications

If your SAR Group is planning to host a course, it is important that the course announcements get out as soon as possible, in order to allow distribution and to give folks plenty of time to make plans and to register. How to Host a Course instructions are available on the website:

<http://www.bctracking.org/docs/Calendar/How%20to%20Host%202013.pdf>

Sample announcement templates and registration forms are available from your Regional Director or from communications@bctracking.org

Ideally, we would like to get the word out about 60 days before the course date, and normally close registrations two weeks before the course date in order to assign instructors and for the Coordinator to plan numbers for meals and accommodations.

Finances

All reimbursement claims should have been mailed to the BCTA Treasurer by the time you received this newsletter. There can be no reimbursements under the SAR NIF CA after 31 March 2013, so any claims received after that date cannot be reimbursed.

The new tuition rates, effective 1 April 2013, were published in the last newsletter. They are \$100 for BCTA members and \$200 for non-members (or \$115 if a 1-year membership is taken out upon initial registration). Students will no longer be reimbursed for travel expenses or for attending UTS courses.

Correspondence

On 13 March, Mike Neeland and Win Koch were on a teleconference with Ian Cunnings, SAR Specialist, EMBC and Don Bindon, President, BC SARA. Discussion included a review of BCTA progress to date and several details in our relationships were worked out.

- EMBC and BC SARA will continue to receive BCTA Newsletters and Course Announcements, and further distribute them to Regional Managers/Directors for to be sent onwards to SAR Groups.
- BC SARA is unable to include the BCTA in the SARVAC Liability and Directors & Officers insurance before our policy expires in April, so we will renew our own existing insurance policy.
- Tracker Call Out will be done by ECC through SAR Group request for mutual aid. Knowing where the nearest skilled trackers are located is good information. However, BCTA members who are not members of a SAR Group will not be called.

Mike and Win were invited to EMBC offices in Victoria in May or June to formally brief EMBC and BC SARA/SSTC in more detail on our training program and standards, and for more discussions on the way ahead for GSAR Tracker Training in BC.

BCTA Executive and Directors 2013

President: Mike Neeland
Vice President: Dwaine Brooke
Secretary: Win Koch
Treasurer: Alison Rose

Regional Directors:

SE: Jerome Liboiron
Central: Vacant
North NE & NW: Vacant
VI & SW: Kathryn Farr

Committee Chairs:

Membership: Peggy Shelley
Training: Vacant
Communications: Win Koch
Policy: Dwaine Brooke

Contact information at:

<http://www.bctracking.org>

Tracker Tales



As always, Tracker Tales and pictures from your SAR or tracking experiences are welcome. Please send them to secretary@bctracking.org

TOP STORY: Shadow Wolves provide unique approach to law enforcement

News Releases July 2, 2012 Sells, AZ



How did the Shadow Wolves get its name?

Stanly Liston, one of the seven original members of the Shadow Wolves, was extremely adept at tracking and quietly sneaking up on backpackers – sometimes even handcuffing them as they slept. He was nicknamed the "Shadow Man." As the unit matured, the group's tactics also evolved. When a member located a good sign to follow, the remaining members converged on the scene like a pack of wolves. Hence, the Shadow Wolves were born.

U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) is the largest investigative arm of the Department of Homeland Security.

"There is no hunting like the hunting of man. and those who have hunted armed men long enough and liked it, never care for anything else thereafter. "

Ernest Hemmingway Esquire April 1936

Notre Dame Magazine

Border Patrol Published: Winter 2007–08 Author: David Devine '94



Sloan Satepauhoodle

Photo/David Devine

Two hours into the search for a missing 15-year-old boy on the sprawling Tohono O'odham Indian reservation southwest of Tucson, Arizona, a garbled voice on the pickup truck radio utters two letters that immediately transform the mission from a rescue to a recovery.

"At those last coordinates," the voice crackles, "we've, ah, got ourselves a D.B."

In the sweltering cab of the Immigration and Customs Enforcement truck, where the wheezing dashboard vents barely touch the 117-degree temperature outside, all eyes shift to the driver, Sloan S Satepauhoodle '89. Satepauhoodle, one of three female agents in an elite Native American customs unit known as the Shadow Wolves, disregards the probing glances and narrows her focus to the hitching radio transmission.

A journalist wedged in the backseat angles forward. "D.B.—is that . . . ?"

"Dead body," Satepauhoodle confirms, scribbling the revised coordinates onto a water-buckled notepad before punching them into her GPS device.

Sobered by the news, the three passengers—all members of a media ride-along—fall silent as Satepauhoodle (pronounced SAY-paw-who-dle) accelerates the pickup across a desert

wash and powers up the far bank. The search for the missing boy is a departure from her normal routine, which typically finds her trawling the back country of this massive reservation for drug runners sliding across the porous border.

Since 1972, the Shadow Wolves have patrolled the Tohono O'odham Nation with the acquiescence of the tribe, which allowed the government to station officers on their land with the stipulation that all members have at least one-quarter Native American ancestry from a federally recognized tribe. The first recruits were drawn directly from the Tohono O'odham Nation, seven specially trained agents charged with using modern technology and traditional tracking techniques to combat drug trafficking on tribal lands. In the years since, the number of officers has varied and the unit has shifted between several governmental agencies, but the mission has remained the same.

Currently the Shadow Wolves reside under Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE), a close-knit contingent of 15 officers representing eight tribes. Their name refers to the way the unit operates—when one “Wolf” finds its quarry, he or she summons in the rest of the pack. Despite ready access to such high-tech law enforcement assets as night-vision surveillance equipment, all-terrain vehicles and helicopter air support, the Shadow Wolves are still best known for their ability to follow a trail on foot for miles across the desert. That training, combined with the hard-earned trust they've garnered through years of interaction with the local community, is why they're routinely asked by reservation police to assist with efforts like this one: finding a tribal teen who disappeared the previous night while walking home in the dark.

Angry over some perceived slight, the boy had apparently left a recreation center in a neighboring village late in the evening, attempting a shortcut home through the hills rather than waiting for his ride. He never made it to his destination. The hope was that the Shadow Wolves could apply the same tracking skills they utilize when hunting drug smugglers to pick up the boy's cold trail, but the latest radio broadcast suggests the search may be drawing to an unfortunate close.

Intuiting her way along unmapped, double-rutted trails, Satepauhoodle attempts to zero in on the reported location of the grim discovery. At the crest of the next rise she idles her truck to scan the horizon, then cautions her passengers that things are about to get bumpy.

“There's only two roads out here,” she says, “and one's barely better than the other.”

A CNN cameraman, braced against the cracked vinyl of the passenger door, asks her to notify him when she reaches the better road, so he can adjust his equipment.

“This is the better road,” Satepauhoodle says, throttling the pickup across another desiccated creek bed.

Cutting for Sign

It begins with a single thread. A weave of burlap caught on a greasewood branch. A denim fiber snagged on a cholla bush. A fluttering scrap of next to nothing that almost anyone would fail to notice—if they even had reason to venture into this desolate stretch of U.S.-Mexico borderland.

Unbelievably, there are many who do. On any given day, dozens of people may pass through this sun-baked landscape, one of the busiest drug-smuggling corridors along the embattled *frontera*. They are either slipping the border in hopes of a new life somewhere in the glowing lights of *El Norte* or hauling illegal narcotics bound for the same vague geographic location. They leave behind footprints, crumpled water bottles, soiled blankets, Enfamil tins, Fix-A-Flat canisters, sundry items of clothing—too hurried or weary to care about the loss.

Even the more assiduous smugglers, wary about covering their tracks, fail to detect the minute evidence they cast off in their nocturnal crossing. But Satepauhoodle, scouring the tangled brush a hundred yards from the road, can't help but notice each incongruous strand. It's exactly the sort of thing she's trained to detect.

“Everything out here is so natural,” she says. “But humans don't really belong. If you start slowing down and looking at the details, you can see what belongs out here and what doesn't.”

Skilled in the Native American technique of “cutting for sign,” she'll squat for long minutes next to a branch, thoughtfully fingering a castoff thread. She'll comb the thicket for additional signs of disturbance. Snapped twigs. Broken cactus. Collapsed ridges in the sand. Hints at direction, movement, numbers, presence. Like many Shadow Wolves, it's not something she grew up knowing how to do. While “cutting for sign” is a time-honored tradition in many tribes, Satepauhoodle learned the technique the same way she learned to fire a weapon and carry out arrests—during intense training prior to starting with the unit. She further honed her abilities under the tutelage of veterans on the squad who'd grown up tracking for the practical purpose of hunting game.

It took a while, she says, but now the attentiveness and the scrutiny and the patience are second nature to her. She'll cup her hands alongside the lowered brim of her blue ICE ballcap, squinting through the narrow tunnel of shade for scuffs on the desert floor indicating smugglers with carpet squares tied around their shoes to obscure their tracks. Or the wide indentations beneath palo verde trees that betray exhausted backpackers who've set down their marijuana bales to rest.

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She'll scowl into the distance and press her hands into her knees and straighten again into the brickoven wind, trying to decide.

Like all threads, this one ravel off in two directions. Following it forward is an act of faith. It could lead to crisp footprints or promising tire treads or a huddled crowd of immigrants, abandoned by their coyote. It could lead to a burlap sack with 50 pounds of marijuana bandaged in packing tape, or a stripped-out SUV draped in camouflage and guarded by gunmen hopped up on meth. Maybe there will be assault rifles. Maybe machetes. Maybe a day when everything goes to hell. Maybe there will be nothing. A dead end. It's a reservation of 2.8 million acres straddling New Mexico and Arizona. Anything can happen out here.

Satepauhoodle left Notre Dame University in 1989 with a bachelor's degree in American studies, searching for the next challenge - an eight-year career as an intelligence researcher with the Secret Service in Washington, D.C.

In 1998 Satepauhoodle took a position as a customs inspector at Dulles International Airport, where she came across an internal job posting for an elite customs unit known as the Shadow Wolves. The requirement that applicants have at least one-quarter heritage from a federally recognized Native American tribe caught her attention.

"I was always kind of unique at Notre Dame and in the Secret Service," Satepauhoodle says, "but with the Shadow Wolves there was the 25 percent blood quantity requirement. Being Native American was part of the job. I knew I had to apply."

Once again, she plunged into a world of unknowns. She'd never been to southern Arizona, where the Shadow Wolves were based. She had no experience in Native American tracking techniques. She'd never cut for sign or run down a drug smuggler or hunted a "carpet walker." But she was familiar with the male-dominated world of law enforcement. She was comfortable with the vastness of rolling landscapes. And she loved the research, the solving, the unraveling of mysteries. Loved tracing found threads, investing faith in eventual outcomes.

So in February 2001, when she was offered a position as the second female member of the Shadow Wolves, she packed up all of her earthly belongings and accepted it.

In a gravel pullout along a two-lane reservation road, four pickup trucks convene for a mid-search summit. Officers from several agencies mill around, squinting at the unforgiving hills, nicking the ground with their boot toes. They've just received word from the scene of the discovered body that it's not the missing boy. The heat-withered corpse is someone shorter and older, another victim of this indifferent land.

Perhaps an undocumented alien trying to slip the border or a drug runner who never made the drop point. It's hard to say; the elements haven't been kind to the remains.

Soon it will be dusk in the desert. Somewhere in the gathering night is a missing boy who may never make it back to his village. On a distant ridge lies an unidentified body that will have to be retrieved by helicopter in the morning. Within hours, a cavalcade of carpet walkers will scuff their wares across the border, obscuring their footsteps as they go. More will come tomorrow. And more the next evening.

This is hard, dispassionate country, the sort of place where you can go searching for one body and find another. Where camouflaged SUVs rumble through the night and Kevlar vests weigh 50 pounds at the end of the day. Where there used to be a reliable ebb and flow to the drug trade, but now there is only flow. No ebb.

"The old guys tell me there used to be seasons," Satepauhoodles says. "But now it's all the time. Even with this heat, you just know it's coming."

She is matter-of-fact about this gathering threat but also undaunted. In order to do the job every day, she has to believe she's making an impact.

"I like what I do, so I have to see it that way. I really want to believe that we're making a difference here. This is a never-ending job, but we're going to do it until something happens where we don't have to do it anymore."

She takes one last look at the surrounding hills, climbs back into her truck and flicks on the headlights. In a land like this, sometimes all you can do is be the one who makes it home at night.



CUSTOMS AND BORDER PROTECTION TODAY

January / February 2004

Last of original seven Shadow Wolves retires By Kathleen Millar, Public Affairs Specialist, Office of Public Affairs

Lambert Cross has walked thousands of miles in the last 30 years, scanning the desert floor for signs that something or someone who doesn't belong here is moving across the Nation-the Tohono O'odham Reservation in Sells, Ariz. Cross, a Customs Patrol Officer and one of the original Shadow Wolves, retire in March. He has already earned a legendary reputation as a tracker - his talents have been showcased on numerous occasions by television and newspaper reporters. Getting to know the private man, however, the Native American born and raised on a Pima reservation south of Sells, Ariz., isn't easy. I am learning, in fact, that unraveling the details of his life may be as difficult as reading the tracks Cross has spent so many years deciphering. The CBP tracker who talks with such enthusiasm about his work is too modest to speak easily about his own achievements.



CPO Lambert Cross, at home on the Sonoran desert.

Making tracks

We're in the desert, south of Highway 87, not far from the Border Patrol station outside the reservation. "See this?" says Cross, pointing to a slight depression, half-filled already with afternoon shadows. "This print belongs to a horse - these, next to them, to a cow. How do you tell? Look at the frog in the center of both prints. See how they're different?"

I nod.

"Everything makes a difference when you're reading tracks," he says. "The time of day. Where the sun is in the sky. It's BCTA Newsletter Spring 2013

easiest to read them at noon, when the sky's directly overhead. In the morning, or late in the afternoon, when the light slides off the rocks and bushes in different directions, you have to compensate, to understand how the light and shadow affects what you see."

Before I can ask the next question-about the man, not the process - Cross points to a thread, a nano-fiber no longer than a cat's whisker, caught on a leaf and blowing gently in the wind. "See that fiber?" I see it. "When it shines like that, you know it's not natural. You know it's man-made, and somebody's passed this way."

How Lambert Cross came to pass his life in the service of federal law enforcement is another kind of information, intelligence plucked from a conversation that I know the tracker has had with countless other interviewers - the job, the danger, the intricacies of the work, and the kind of frontier adventures other people only see in the movies.

For Cross, the Border Patrol agents he works with, and the small band of Native American trackers patrolling the Tohono O'odham Nation, sudden shoot-outs, violent confrontations, and the prospect of death in the desert are standard fare. Even the youngest members of the team, new trackers recruited from the Tohono O'odham and a dozen other Native American tribes, quickly acquire the traits that set this outfit apart - a sensory alert system that works even when they're asleep, separating "normal" sounds from auditory signals that spell danger, and a seriousness that has to come from walking side-by-side with human tragedy.

"What do you find out there in the desert?" I ask Officer Cross, still pushing for particulars.

"Everything," he answers, his eyes focused on something far beyond my line of vision. "You see it all."

Early years

Lambert Cross says he's been tracking as long as he can remember. He was raised by his paternal grandparents, farmers on the Pima reservation, and he worked hard. But when he wasn't learning to use a hand plow to lay out 20 acres of straight rows for planting, he was playing with his friends in the desert that skirted the family's fields. "We didn't have toys," Cross says. "Or playgrounds with the kind of equipment kids have now. We had nature-wild pigs, rabbits, deer, and we made our own sling-shots to kill quail and doves."

Cross holds up a fist-"And we had this." He bends down quickly, and taps his fist into the dirt, changing the position of his fingers as he moves from one impression to another. "We played a game where we made our own tracks, imitations of

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the real thing, and we competed to see who could make the best 'deer tracks' or 'rabbit tracks' and who could recognize them the fastest."

I stare down at the hoof marks he's just sculpted into the sand with his fist. Cross points to an indentation on the far left and asks, "What kind of track is that?"

"A cow?"

Wrong answer. Cross begins to laugh, an unfamiliar sound, I think, out here in a place littered with broken liquor bottles, abandoned tires, and bits of torn clothing. Debris is strewn as far as I can see across the reservation, a dry rectangle of earth the size of Connecticut. A black boot sprouts out of a small dune of desert earth. Its angle makes you believe the owner lost it on the run, stepping out of the boot in mid-flight, running, maybe, from Lambert Cross or from Supervisory Border Patrol Agent Mark McKay, Cross' colleague. McKay is with us today, helping Cross re-enact, for my benefit, a few hours in the life of a CBP tracker.

Cross looks at me, pulling me back to his original question. "What did I tell you about the 'frog'? How its size tells you this is a horse track and not a cow track?" Agent McKay calls us over to a gully a few yards away. "See those?" McKay says, pointing to what even I can see are human footprints. "These guys were wearing Adidas," he says. He points to another set of tracks: "These belong to the Border Patrol."

These trackers can differentiate even between the brands of shoes their owners wore as they passed through this gully. "It used to be easier to tell which prints belonged to law enforcement," says McKay. "Tracker and agents would cut V's in the soles of our boots. Sometimes you could even tell exactly which tracker - by name - had left the print. But we can still tell a lot - if the print belongs to a man, a woman, or a child. If they're moving fast or slow. If they're hurt. And all of this information, when you put it together, can tell us where they might be heading, and if they're dangerous."

I just see smudges in the dirt. Cross and McKay read people's lives.

Born to the job

McKay is younger than Cross, but he knows the game the tracker describes, and he vies with the older man at making the various "tracks" in the dirt. They stoop down over the sand, grinning, and their fists fly into different configurations as the "footprints" of deer, cows, and horses materialize in the dirt at their feet. McKay grew up on the desert as well, not far from Sells, in Ayo, Ariz.

When McKay was a kid, Ayo was even smaller than it is now, a place where Border Patrol agents represented order and professionalism. Like Cross, McKay didn't have a lot of toys or games to play with, but the desert, its occupants and his own powers of invention also transformed him into a novice tracker. Like Cross, he too grew up hunting wild pig, squirrels, rabbits, deer, quail and doves. On the reservation, there are no hunting licenses required and no prescribed hunting "seasons." Native Americans hunt for food, and it doesn't take long for them to discover secrets many sportsmen never learn - not to hunt rabbit after rain, when the meat is swollen with water, and to go after meat when it's "fat," after the animals have been feeding in a "green" season.

Did Cross ever envision a future working in law enforcement? "I've lived my life one day at a time," he says. "But what I was taught, at an early age, was the importance of self-sufficiency."

in 1968, he became a full-time highway patrolman on the Tohono O'odham Reservation. In 1972, after four years in local law enforcement, a Customs agent approached Cross and asked him if he'd like to take on some Customs work on the reservation. For Customs, the problem was a significant one: merchandise from the U.S. was moving over the reservation into Mexico for resale, and the "entrepreneurs" who were moving it weren't paying duty.

When Lambert Cross said "yes" to this latest opportunity, he didn't know it would change his life. He hadn't yet met Sgt. Stanley Liston, the original "Shadow Man," and he couldn't see down the road to when he would be the last of the original seven members of the Shadow Wolves to. But if you ask him, he will tell you it wouldn't have mattered. It was, as any of the Tohono O'odham will confirm, his destiny.

Shadow Wolves

The group of seven Customs patrol officers who came to be called "the Shadow Wolves" took that name in honor of the group's supervisor, their main man, Stanley Liston. Liston, who'd worked for the local police department before joining Customs, earned a reputation as a quiet, relentless tracker, a man who could sneak up on criminals without their even knowing "the Shadow Man" was there. But Liston wasn't just quiet - he was also determined. Lambert Cross can vouch for that, because when fellow CPO Glen Miles was murdered by smugglers in 1986, it was Cross and Liston who tracked them all the way to the Mexican border. Cross recounts the story almost in a whisper, emotion, even now, 18 years later, breaking through his recollections.

Lambert Cross also remembers another time, when a child was lost in a place called Covered Wells. "There was nothing there but rock," he says. "They brought in the hounds, but

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nothing happened. They brought in outside trackers, but that didn't work. Finally, our group got a chance to look for the boy. We focused only on tracking, only on the tracks themselves. We worked through the night, and we found him. Alive. That was one of the times I like to remember. We saved someone's life."

If Cross likes to recall an operation that ended cleanly and successfully, it might be because so much of the work the Shadow Wolves undertake involves violent criminals, overlapping jurisdictions, and uncertain ends. The group, now 22 members strong, faces extraordinary challenges, sudden emergencies that may keep them in the field for hours or days.

They get the call that traffickers are running across the desert, and they go out immediately, in shifts, in teams, to re-enact a choreographed search: two trackers, Team A, discover a line of footprints at one point, 5 miles south of the highway, while a second pair of trackers, Team B, tries to pick up the same line of tracks a mile or two ahead of them. If Team B succeeds, the group can 'leapfrog' down the line of tracks, saving time and energy. They go out armed. They also carry water, survival gear, and flashlights. They use the North Star as a compass. And even when it's not their "team" that finally homes in on a target, the news of an apprehension, crackling over the radio, makes all the hours spent in the cold night desert or under the hot noon sun worth it. The victory belongs to them all.

Shadow Wolves in Eastern Europe

The reputation Lambert Cross has earned as a tracker has traveled around the world. So it was only a matter of time before Cross and his group followed the stories. Since 1972, Cross has traveled to the Baltics, to Central Asia and to the former republics of the Soviet Union to teach ancient tracking skills to enforcement officers in pursuit of new gangs of smugglers trafficking in merchandise even more dangerous than drugs-weapons of mass destruction (WMD).

Lambert Cross has traveled to Kazakhstan and Uzbekistan to train customs officials, border guards, and national police. He and his colleagues, CPO Officers like Guy Ortega and Kevin Carols, have also trained officials in Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia. Cross likes to recount the story about how these foreign "trackers" always bring dogs with them: "They're always surprised," he says, "when we tell them you can work without them. You just need to know what you're looking for. How to track over dirt, through water, over rock, across the snow and ice."

The man and the job

Today, Lambert Cross carries some of the lessons he's learned on his face, a place that trouble seems to have left as somber

as the desert hills and washes he loves. It's a landscape marked also by resolution, by a hard-won knowledge that, in the end, we do not have to understand the nature of evil – its what-for's and why's - to fight it.

Cross is scheduled to retire, but that doesn't mean he intends to stop tracking or teaching the craft to other law enforcement personnel around the world. The veteran tracker is slated to visit Eastern Europe and Asia again, this time as a government contractor. Watch for him, maybe on television, maybe in the press. He could be walking on rock, or through water, but one thing is certain: his eyes, as always, will be looking down.

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Recognize these animal tracks? Answers in the summer issue.

Animal Tracks Quiz #1



Animal Tracks Quiz #2

