

Jake's Training Adventures!

By: Beth Crocker of Columbia, SC

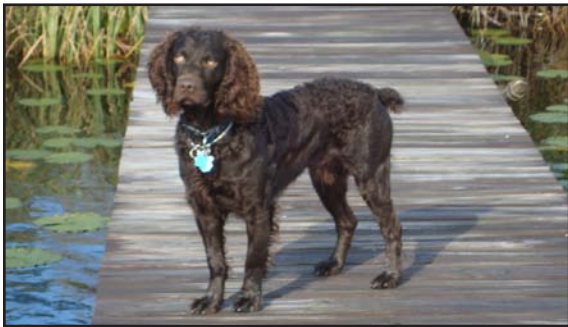
Well, Jake is 15 months old, and super busy!! Currently, Jake is training for the Breed ring, he is taking a Rally Novice class with the Greater Columbia Obedience Club (GCOC) and he is training to take his Canine Good Citizen's test (CGC) on February 15, 2010, which is also being offered by GCOC.

Rally has really been a good fit for Jake! He has fun learning traditional obedience commands in an environment that allows me to talk to him and also teach him hand signals as well. Lying down and staying are the biggest challenges for Jake so far. We take small steps....literally!! He's learning to stay put when I walk a few steps away and then return to his side. I can walk almost ¾ of the way around him before he will stand up. By next week, I expect to be able to walk around him completely with him remaining in a down or sit position, depending upon the command that I give him.

Many of the other class participants and instructors are impressed with Jake's attention on me. We all know how intense Boykins can be, and Jake in the Rally ring is no different!!

If you would be interested in training with us at the Greater Columbia Obedience Club, please visit: www.gcoc.net for a listing of upcoming classes and seminars. To keep up with Jake and his adventures and to share your training adventures, please visit Jake's blog at: www.jaketheboykin.blogspot.com

Stay tuned for more updates and training stories about Jake, and Happy Training to you and your Boykin!!



*Refer back to the Cover,
Jake is also our
featured Boykin this
quarter!*



Spotlight on... Texas Trace Pheasant/Quail Hunt



"Houston"



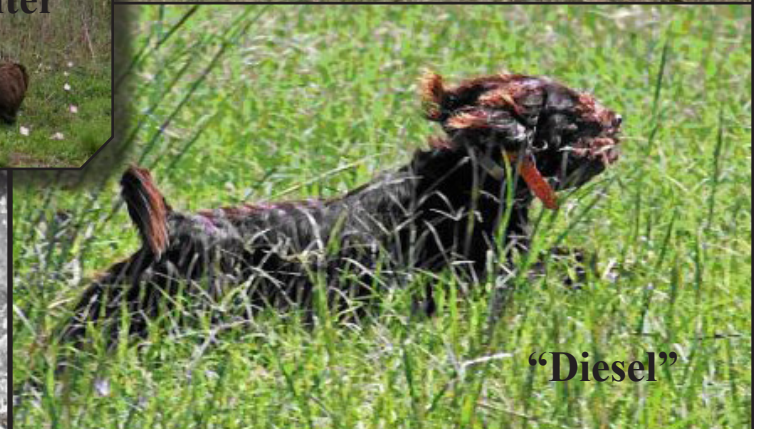
The Weihs Family

"The family that hunts together stays together!"



"Jaeger & Pointer"

A three day pheasant/quail hunt hosted by Texas Trace with Greg Copeland of Hempstead, Texas over Thanksgiving 2009.



"Diesel"

UPDATE ON BOOTSIE



I promised to update you on Bootsie, a small boykin weighing in at less than thirty-two pounds. Regardless of her training or breeding she never really loved to hunt as she was velcroed to me and hunting requires that she leave my side in order to quarter or flush. Her trips to Kansas had not deterred her from her velcroed position thus she became my side kick, allowed to go on my hunts but as my bodyguard.

Bootsie was a fair dog who is obsessed with me (glad someone is). I felt breeding her might change that somewhat. She required a c-section on October 5 and all went well for 2 weeks, beautiful litter of five pups off Santee. At three weeks post delivery, I came in from getting dog food to find Bootsie "shaking". I felt she had something lodged in her throat but could not feel nor dislodge anything. She was in my opinion critical, so I grabbed her up, left pups secured and headed to the vets. Calling around, I found my vets to be out of town so I rerouted to the ER clinic, which I hated due to past issues. I had no choice that night. To cut to the chase they said she had not swallowed anything, but was septic due to mastitis, no fever, just a small spot on one breast. I had never seen mastitis first hand and was clueless and dumbfounded at being completely wrong with my diagnosis. She was admitted and put on IV antibiotics and fluid. I went home with the assurance she would have care and IV meds through the night. The bill was \$1400.00 for the first twelve hours.

I went back at 8am. Bootsie had coughed up a huge toy squeaker during the night (God only knew where she got that as I haven't bought any in years, perhaps found one somewhere under a bed or whatever), so I had been right about that. Then I check her notes to find that no antibiotics had been given during the night! And they were just about to give them. By this time my vet had called me

and I had decided to take her there for obvious reasons at this point. The ER said she was too critical to move and in kidney failure upon seeing her. She got up and went to my leg and velcroed to me, at her death bed for sure! More conversation, checked the spot on her teat and found it was about the size of a dime now, spreading rapidly so I was concerned but I was moving her. She transferred without problem to my vet. Her kidneys were fine per blood tests; no fever, but she was getting mastitis, so hespitalgatin and IV meds were needed for her to survive. The shock induced by swallowing the squeaker may have been the straw to speak. Within hours her teat had swollen and then ruptured (see photo) she was de-bred and drained every four hours. I



assisted. When the damage seemed better the doctor was ready to close her wound and put in drains and assisted. We found all her teats filled with puss and blood; and drains were inspected throughout. I have pictures but they are far too graphic. She lingered in and out for days, losing 10 pounds and looking emaculated. She would only take food from me; and I spent hours on the floor and over in the cage cradling her.

I was worn out and I was also caring for un-weaned pups at home. After 2 weeks she was able to come home. She survived as testimony to the love these dogs have for us and their strength.

In a few days, she was gaining some weight back, then I noticed her appetite decreasing and head drooping. So, back to the doctor as I was afraid we had missed some meiotic

tissue or pyrometra had developed as I could feel ridges in the right side, like a cigar shape. I had no idea what it was.

Long story, short and 6 hours of more surgery, she had developed an intrusion. I did not expect her to survive yet another tragic illness/surgery. But she amazingly did. Even now she had not regained all her weight but she is looking great, and has returned to her velcro position. Her medical care totaled over \$7000.00 and I could care less. She is a young girl with many years ahead of her and she certainly fought hard to remain on this side of the rainbow bridge for a reason.

In closing, I want to thank all of you who wrote and called after I lost my Rosey, you are so kind to reach out and help prop me up when I needed it the most. My heartfelt love and appreciation to you all, and to these chocolate possums that have given so much to me remember that breeding is a "calling". It always has a high risk as anything can happen. You must always do the best thing by your dogs and you must know if you are willing to take it regardless.

- Patricia Watts



Bootsie and her "baby"
Frogmore (Frog)