

BOYKIN SPANIELS FOREVER

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EDITORIAL



Readers,

Thank you for being such faithful friends and stewards of the breed.

Life seems to obstruct my fun!!! Many But storms lead to calm...eventually!!

Spring brought a serious back injury and summer brought worse... so I was 'tending' to the issues at hand.... and consequently, missed two issues this year.

To bring you up to date a little:

Gus began to 'fail' in the early March ...and on Good Friday I blew 4 disc's. My Gus did rally for awhile....only to pass in August.

Three days later, his brother Bozz , passed without warning. Bozz had not been sick at all.... so I firmly believe that they needed to continue to be 'together' on the other side. I miss them both terribly and still just cannot talk about their passing. They were 14 and were wonderful ambassadors of the breed....and very much loved. I had whelped them both.... so it was appropriate that I was with

them when they passed.

At this same time, my Mother became ill and after a week of intensive medical care, she was transferred to a rehab center for terminal care.

Well, He ... had other plans for her. Last week, I moved her back into her beautiful assisted living facility. She was happy to be back 'home'. We get to 'keep her' until He says it is time. Doctors!!! As a nurse, I must again say that doctors don't know everything :-)

It is October and the leaves are changing here on Lake Murray...and it is a beautiful time of the year! Having endured such a torrid summer....in many ways....I welcome the colder weather.

I was quite uplifted when so many of you sent me e-mails expressing your concern for the Journal...you missed receiving it!! Some even called me! Wow....that was great! I still have a couple of back procedures to come...but I will try to stay on track and time!!

Remember that the January issue is the Hunting edition so please send in your hunting photos and those hunting tales you have been saving!!!

I wish each of you a blessed Christmas and a prosperous New Year!!!

God Bless...and Happy Hunting!

Patricia L. Watts,
Owner/Editor

PS. Hug your Mothers if you are fortunate enough to still have one....and a Boykin!



**COVER PHOTO
HOLLOW CREEK'S
"MADDIE"**

**(ALSO FEATURED ON
THIS MONTH'S AD ON
THE BACK COVER)**

**OWNERS
JOHNNY & WRAE
OWENS, SC**

Otis THE Boykin Spaniel

by Magda Fernandez

Folks, there's no denying it. I now have a wily, curly-haired, four-legged teenager on my hands who's discovered the joy of the loophole! Since my last column, Otis and I have been learning a thing or two about this wild and woolly stage. He's figured out that I'm not omnipotent, and I've realized that he's figured this out! Don't get me wrong—I'm having a blast because I like a spunky dog. But the stakes are different this time around. When Otis was a puppy, I at least was able to catch him quickly if I had to. But Otis the 39 lb. teenager is now a heck of a lot faster and muscular. He can dodge away from me on a dime, and boy does he know that! On top of that, I've been slowed down slightly by an arthritic knee. If it weren't for all of that early obedience training, some tried-and-true tricks, and lots of high-value treats, I'd be in deep trouble. My challenge, you see, is giving Otis the freedom to be the dog that he is, while keeping him safe from his own unpredictable impulses. Now that Otis is all raging hormones in a high-rev engine, he can be king of the field in one instance, yet way in over his head in another. This means that, more than ever, I need to anticipate what he'll do to keep him out of harm's way. I can dog-proof the house, but I sure can't dog-proof the outdoors.

For example, over the past several months, Otis has learned that you don't step between a dominant male dog (regardless if he's a pal) and a female that he's keen on in the park. On the other hand, I have learned that there are dog owners who are clueless enough to bring a bitch in heat to a dog park. Otis' pal, who is a large English Springer, did bite Otis in the mouth and drew blood. But we never found the wound so fortunately it was minor. Although Otis definitely knows his place now with this dog, his owner

and I don't take any chances and leash our dogs if a young female, spayed or not, enters the game. The beautiful thing is that Otis and the Springer continue to play well together, in spite of that one incident. Even though the Springer beats him to the ball most of the time, Otis likes to taunt him when he does catch the ball by refusing to release it. When this happens, Otis leads the Springer around the field in a slow dance, turning away at the last second each time. This shows me that Otis is smart enough to have figured out that, even though he's not the top dog on that block, he still can have a good time without getting into a scuffle.

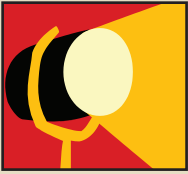
Otis the teenager also decided that stumbling upon fresh scat in the woods is like finding a stick of butter with his name on it. I know, GROSS! I'm not worried that Otis has a dietary deficiency because he has been flourishing on the BARF diet and supplements for months now. What I have learned is that a lot of the scat that healthy dogs like Otis like to eat is mostly fatty, barely digested food. This also explains why no command or treat works in luring Otis away from his find. At the same time, I'm not going to deprive Otis of his off-leash morning walks in the woods as a solution. Since I'm not a hunter, this is the way I make sure that Otis does what he's bred to do every day. Hunting is in Otis' blood. So when we walk in those woods, he strides through them nose to the ground in search of scents that interest him. It's magnificent to see him suddenly lift his nose in the air and then gracefully pop over the fern beds to his target. Thankfully, a friend of mine who grew up in an Australian sheep farm offered me an effective solution. He advised me to carry a small spray of household vinegar with me, and spray either Otis'

mouth or the pile whenever that happens. It doesn't keep Otis from trying to eat the stuff, but it sure does stop him once I spray it.

There have been many more antics, like the time that Otis decided that he wanted to swim across a large lake. Not! Otis now swims on a 30-foot leash if I'm not swimming with him in a large body of water. Or how about the Call of the Mudpit? You all know that Call, I'm sure. Why do Boykins hear that Call when we've got to be somewhere else in 15 minutes? On the home front, Otis suddenly decided that bathroom trash bins are really food bowls; that closets are vertical toy chests; and that cushions look far better with nibbled edges. The once mellow Otis now puffs up his chest and barks whenever anything on four legs crosses our yard—and you all know that usually means in the middle of the night.

Like I wrote, life with Otis the teenager is one continuous series of adventures. Would I want it any other way? Oh heck, no! So what if Otis now needs to body slam my armpit while we're on the couch before he calls it a night? What's there to mind? Thanks to Otis, my abdomen hasn't been this toned in ages!





Spotlight on ... Renegade

Renegade on his first real bird retrieve. 10 weeks and not wanting to give it up! He will sit and hold on command and he loves to play with a red frisbee every day for exercise. - Scottie Murray



The GABRIEL chronicles

by Doyle Bickers



CHAPTER 7

Puppy Kindergarten

It seemed like a good idea at the time. My wife discovered that the Continuing Education program at the University was offering a puppy kindergarten, four weeks of special training, a way for a puppy to "learn basic manners such as leash walking, no jumping, "sit", "stay", "down", to come when called and more... The last class will be a graduation from Puppy Kindergarten ceremony. The instructor is a certified dog trainer with years of experience working with dogs and their parents. Come ready to have fun." Given the fact that Gabriel has a "mild" propensity toward being stubborn, pig-headed, belligerent, argumentative, etc., it seemed like a great idea at the time. Surely a "certified dog trainer" could give us tips on moderating those demonic behaviors that have tempted us to give our angelic Gabriel the middle name of Lucifer.

Gabriel is a clown at heart. He loves to play games that allow him to exhibit his special talents – chasing, charging, jumping, grabbing, wrestling and running wildly in circles while joyfully barking. And nothing seems to give him greater satisfaction than to pull off a prank, whether it's stealing a shoe, sneaking up from behind to startle us with a charge between our legs, or scaring the "dickens" out of a squirrel that he has cautiously stalked in the back yard.

But a little moderation in some of his behaviors might be useful and at least reduce our now chronic need for Valium. A couple of examples may help folks to understand my initial optimism about the

puppy kindergarten.

Gabriel views himself as my chief assistant and sometimes supervisor when I am working in the yard. He feels the need to "help," whether I am raking leaves, cutting the grass, digging in the garden or performing some other chore. On one particular day, I was building an addition to the privacy fence that surrounds the back yard. Gabriel played under foot, occasionally grabbing at my shoe, hauling off a piece of lumber or searching for some unique stunt that would sabotage the project. While working on the fence, my tools stayed in a plastic tub for safe keeping. Hammer, saw, screw driver, drill bits, etc. Since it was spring and my allergies were in full swing, I also kept a handkerchief close by. I had just finished nailing a slat to the fence frame and had turned to get another. Gabriel was leaning into the tool tub and had grabbed the handkerchief. Knowing his love for chewing things into oblivion, I lunged at him yelling, "No Gabriel. Drop that." He is really quick. He easily dodged my charge while gulping down the handkerchief. You would have thought it was a ham biscuit. The last edge disappeared down his throat as I cornered him.

Why? What strange urge motivated him to swallow a handkerchief? I was faced with a dilemma. What now? As I thought about the problem, I realized that the handkerchief would probably block his digestive tract before it disintegrated in his gastric juices. "Probably serve you right," I muttered. "Bet you'd have fun crapping that." I was talking mostly to myself as I heaved him into the truck and headed for the Vet's office. When I called her office, she had asked the obvious question, "He ate what?" "Yes, bring him over. We should induce vomiting."

I actually imagined that I heard snickering from the office staff as I carried him into the back room at the Vet's office. They know Gabriel well. He eventually regurgitated the offending item. As we left the office, one "well meaning" staff member grinned and asked if I wanted my handkerchief back.

Stealing and chewing almost any forbidden item is uniquely satisfying to Gabriel. We have replaced rugs, shoes, a pair of glasses... My billfold has a strange pattern of scars across it. I explain to people that it is a "special leather" that is in style now. He is six months old, weighs over thirty-five pounds and is getting tall. He can stand on his back legs and reach onto most tables and counters. This has led us to adopt a unique style of decorating in our home referred to as "centering." It will probably be featured in Southern Living in the near future. Nothing should be close

to an edge.

So, with all of this (and more) in mind, puppy kindergarten infused us with a new sense of hope. Here was an expert, one who could encourage the type of behavior we saw in the puppy training video (see picture).



At this point, I should inject a reminder. It was my wife who had discovered the puppy kindergarten, registered "us" for the course and conveniently forgot that, on the exact evenings when it was taught, she had conflicts with her Tai Chi class, presentations at work, critical grocery shopping, and wine consumption while peacefully enjoying a quiet moment of television. Gabriel and I were left to relish the experience alone. It was to be an exercise in bonding.

The course instructions indicated that we should bring a leash, a lawn chair and some of his favorite treats. Referring to the last item, I preferred to bring actual doggie treats. Rugs, billfolds, glasses and shoes were just too cumbersome to haul around.

Gabe is large for his age. He is barrel-chested and strong as a mini-ox. His personal life goal seems to be pulling the Iditarod - single handed. He practices by towing me around the neighborhood on our evening walks.

I will set the stage. Approximately fifteen couples and individuals are sitting in lawn chairs arranged in a circle. Each participant is accompanied by a puppy. These vary in size and temperament. There are tiny Yorkies, a Pit Bull, a Springer Spaniel, a variety of Heinz 57's, a Chocolate Lab, and, of course, Gabriel. Most of the dogs are sitting or lying down calmly surveying the situation. Gabe is standing on two legs, his leash stretched tautly. He is making a valiant effort to drag me toward Buddy. Buddy is a good natured mutt sitting next to us. Buddy is big, appearing to be a mix between a Chow and a German shepherd and about a year old. Gabriel is completely convinced that he needs to show Buddy who is boss. Earlier in the session, we had allowed the dogs to have a socialization period in a large pen.

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The Gabriel Chronicles

(...continued from page 5)

I discovered a lot about Gabriel that night. He wants to lead the pack, to get everyone in line, to dominate. He is particularly interested in pushing around the larger dogs. Small dogs don't seem to represent a challenge. He and Buddy along with Trooper (the Pit Bull) engaged in a spirited wrestling match. There were growls, yelps, flashing teeth, but, thank goodness, no serious biting. The other owners seemed a bit apprehensive. Gabe threw what amounted to a tackle on Buddy. It resembled one from an NFL linebacker. Buddy rolled over and Gabe jumped on him. At that point I was able to grab Gabe's harness and haul him up into the air and out of the pen. The scene settled down. It was suggested later that Gabe might be well enough socialized and that I might refrain from allowing him further participation in the pen.

Over the four weeks of the course we practiced coming, sitting, lying down, retrieving, walking on a leash and other skills. When not distracted by other dogs, Gabe did well. He is smart and learns quickly. We had only one small disaster. We were practicing walking when another dog got loose and came running by us. Gabe launched himself after the other dog who made a quick turn. The leash wrapped around my legs and down we went into a pile.

Overall, the program was good for both of us. We now practice the various commands in the back yard and on our walks at the farm. I suspect that Gabriel misses the sessions. He seemed totally happy each evening when we returned to the truck. He was grinning and panting. I almost expected him to look over at me and say, "Showed them, didn't we?"

CHAPTER 8

Meditations While Following a Little Brown Dog

When Gabriel was younger, three to five months old, he tended to be restrained when we would take walks at the farm or into the woods. He would walk beside me or even linger a little behind as we approached an unfamiliar area. In the last month, he has assumed his rightful place. He now leads the walk. He keeps a nice pace, normally staying fifteen to twenty yards ahead while looking more and more the part of the upland bird dog. He courses back and forth, nose to the ground. Periodically, an exciting smell will set his motor revving. His body seems to almost quiver, his tail vibrating back and forth.

Since we are not hunting, these have become times for me to reflect. Our route is

often familiar as we trace the boundaries of pastures. Unless something such as an itinerant herd of cows alters our course, he knows where we are headed and confidently guides the way. It has been pleasant to let my mind wander, ruminating on activities past and present.

Joie de Vivre – As I have grown older, I have slowed down, at times becoming almost sedentary. My moods and passions



have mellowed. During the period when we were not owned by a dog, I found myself less likely to get into the woods and fields, and I was the poorer for it. Enter Gabriel. There is nothing like a puppy who is totally filled with the joy of life to get you moving. To a certain extent, this is self defense. Without adequate exercise, his energy is spent in projects and activities that may not be totally appropriate. OK, he'll drive you nuts. It isn't his fault. He is a puppy. So we now have outings three to four times a week. These consist of walks through woods and fields, trips to the lake for a swim and basic tours of the local neighborhood.

We are headed across one of his favorite pastures. I watch his excitement and cannot help but be infected. He runs round and round, only stopping to leap at a butterfly. His enthusiasm is rubbing off on me. I haven't been bird hunting in a long time, but the idea of seeing him encounter his first covey this fall causes me to begin making mental plans. I inventory our equipment needs in my head. I wonder if the birds are still in their old haunts. Beautiful flushes from the past run across my mind. Suddenly, we are back at the truck. Once more, he has made me feel more alive. Back at home, I relax in my chair. I am anticipating activities that I had pushed from my consciousness. With Gabe's help and a shot of good bourbon, I may just live a little longer and take a few more walks.

On Noticing- Gabriel seems to notice everything that is within the range of his vision, smell, touch and hearing. He misses very little. Recently, I was amazed when a grasshopper whirled out of the weeds near our path. Gabriel turned as if it had

been a covey rise and bounced after the bug only to have it fly again. This went on for a few minutes until he was distracted by some smell. Often, he forces me to notice little things, partly because I have to determine the nature of whatever object he is trying to eat. I find myself watching more closely. Whether it's the ground at our feet or the wood line, I am constantly checking for snakes, coyotes or whatever

else we might encounter. He is reminding me to focus, both on the tiny bluets along the path as well as the stern looking hawk that is sitting on a dead pine limb ahead. I am reminded of what I miss when I am not outdoors and also how the order and beauty of nature have contributed to my belief in a deity during times when events have shaken that faith.

At Peace- It is only mid-May but summer is bearing down on central Alabama. The temperature will be in the low nineties and the humidity feels about the same. We have begun to leave earlier in the morning for our walks. While it isn't cool, it is at least more tolerable. Gabriel is leading the way. We cross the north pasture and, by the time we reach the far fence line, we are both wet from the dew. I am curious to see if we can spot a coyote that has been frequenting the area. We ease quietly along entering the northwest pasture. We slip through the pecan grove and back to the edge of the woods. No coyote. We skirt the edges of the blackberry patch, and re-route slightly to avoid a boggy bottom. By now we have covered a fair distance. Gabe's tongue is hanging out as he tries to get cooler. The sun is up and is probably uncomfortably warm on that tightly woven fur coat of his. I decide that it is time to begin heading for the truck. There is a slight ridge that divides the pastures and we climb to the top. A gigantic oak tree dominates the skyline. As we reach the tree, we enter its shade. It feels so good. I sit down with my back against the tree. We can see the bottom from here and I still want to watch for the coyote. Gabriel sits beside me, surveying his kingdom. I have walked with dogs who

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The Gabriel Chronicles

(...continued from page 6)

could not sit still. Gabe is not like that. He seems to enjoy coming over and sharing a small space together. About that time, a gentle breeze began to stir. The sweat on my shirt began to feel cool. Gabe lifted his nose, testing the breeze for any interesting smells. We never saw the coyote, but it was hard to leave that peaceful spot. The breeze continued to cool us while birds flitted back and forth across nearby brush. I had noticed that some old-fashioned climbing roses were blooming in the distance, a remembrance of the old home place that was once here. If I had thought about it, I suspect that I could have felt my blood pressure drop. We enjoyed our spot for a while and then headed back. Somehow, I felt a little better for it.

CHAPTER 9

Swimming Lessons

It's true. I had been grievously derelict in my parental duties. Gabriel made it to almost seven months and had not been swimming. We had dabbled around the edges of lakes and ponds. He would cautiously wade out until he was about chest deep and then run back to shore.

It was time. He was a duck hunter. He needed to swim. Knowing Gabriel, he would have preferred to have his own doggie sized kayak, but that was more than my pride would allow. I have several hunting buddies who already think that he may be getting "a little" spoiled. So I loaded him into the truck and off we went. Riding in the truck is one of Gabe's favorite activities. For Gabe, every truck ride is the beginning of a new adventure.

We reached the lake and Gabe bounced from the truck running back and forth along the shore. There is a small beach by the boat ramp. It is approximately two hundred feet long and is covered in small gravel. It slopes gently into the lake. At one end of the beach is the boat ramp and dock. At the other end there is a bed of water reeds that forms a natural blockade. Gabe ran up and down the beach splashing happily in the shallows. It became apparent that, while he was having a great time, he wasn't going to venture into the deeper water. I called him over and gave him some petting and a few encouraging words of "good dog." At that point, I grabbed him gently around the body, held him parallel to the water and waded out to where it was approximately three feet deep. As I lowered him into the water, his legs churned madly. He seemed a little startled and frightened as he thrashed wildly and headed for the shore. He was approaching the beach when a transformation occurred. The legs began mov-

ing confidently. His head slipped through the water and he looked around him. He walked out of the water and onto the beach a different dog. I'm not sure when I have seen something "click" the way swimming did for Gabe. He shook himself off. His tail wagged. "This is not just fun, this is great fun." He turned back to the lake and attacked the water. As the depth increased his head plowed ahead with his chest pushing water aside like a tug boat. He swam out approximately thirty feet and I called him back to shore. He reached the shore, turned around and charged out again. This went on for about twenty minutes and I could tell he was getting tired, but he couldn't seem to stop himself. He was ecstatic. I finally waded out and hauled him back to shore. He did not want to leave the water, but regretfully followed me up the trail. When we reached the top of the hill, he had just begun to dry a little. This was nice since I had forgotten to bring a towel. My seat covers might yet be saved a complete soaking. If you have met Gabriel in previous articles, you realize the chances of that happening were nil. He turned to look at the lake and before I could grab him ran madly back to the beach and appeared to be heading for the other side of the lake – two hundred yards away. I hollered, called, cussed, pleaded and was preparing to swim after him when he turned back. It was a long distance and I was concerned about his strength. I waded out about fifty feet to meet him and held his collar until we reached the beach. I heaved him into my arms and carried him dripping back to the truck where he was unceremoniously pitched into the back seat. So much for the seat covers. By that point, I was exhausted while he seemed only disappointed. He sat against the window gazing longingly at the water. A gentle whine was followed by a resigned huff as he lay down.

We will return to the lake, but this time I will be prepared. I will have my "boogie board" in case I have to initiate a rescue mission. In my youth I was trained as a lifeguard, but, given the variety of detritus that Gabriel eats and chews, the idea of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation is.... Well, you get the idea.

CHAPTER 10

The Great Lee County Chipmunk War

By now you may have heard about this. I feel sure that, at some point, its fame will rank with the Hatfield/McCoy feud and the gunfight at the OK Corral. The combatants have assumed those rigid, inflexible positions that always lead to prodigious conflicts.

On one side you will find the army of the righteous – a nine month old Boykin pup appropriately named Gabriel. The op-

posing forces are intimidating. An army of striped villains has created a network of tunnels probably threatening to engulf house, yard, and no telling how much of the neighborhood. They ravage the bird feeders. No matter how often I spray the poles with Pam or WD-40 they continue to climb. They race across the yard and driveway with impunity. They build nests and crap in my boat during the winter. But, since they are also cute, I have tolerated their nuisance. The idea of stalking down this six inch long pest has not stimulated the hunter instinct in me. Not much meat anyway (but I bet they taste like chicken). They have had no fear – until recently.

Enter Gabe. And it is often an impressive entry. He's not selective. Doves, squirrels and, of course, chipmunks get his attention. He learned early on that a brazen charge through the doggie door did not produce results. The critters heard and saw him coming. Thus, he learned to stalk. The body flattens and crawls across the back porch. He gently pushes open the doggie door and eases out, keeping as low to the ground as possible. He slithers forward and, at the last second, charges. Round and round the yard whirl the protagonists. To date, there has been no mortal combat, but it has come really close. Gabe was hot on the trail of a feeder-robbing squirrel. The squirrel should have made an easy escape, but it executed one of those tactical errors that occasionally happen. Rather than jumping on the closest pine tree, it made a dash across the yard. Wrong choice! Gabriel's short legs are deceptive. He is really fast. He was rapidly closing on the squirrel. The squirrel made a desperate leap for the fence, avoiding Gabe's snapping jaws by a hair. A similar chase occurred when a chipmunk, cheeks packed with bird seed, chose to try and run across open ground. It was saved by a quick turn and the wet, slippery grass that sent Gabe rolling.

It has been fun. I can close my eyes and hear the fox hounds baying across the hills. Beagles bellow in joyous choruses. I know that it's only Gabe barking at a squirrel, but it is still sweet, sweet music to me. So, I hope you will stay tuned for the next adventure or misadventure with Gabriel. I do enjoy sharing them. It's kind of like therapy.



My Fearless Protectors

Karen Estes Lowry

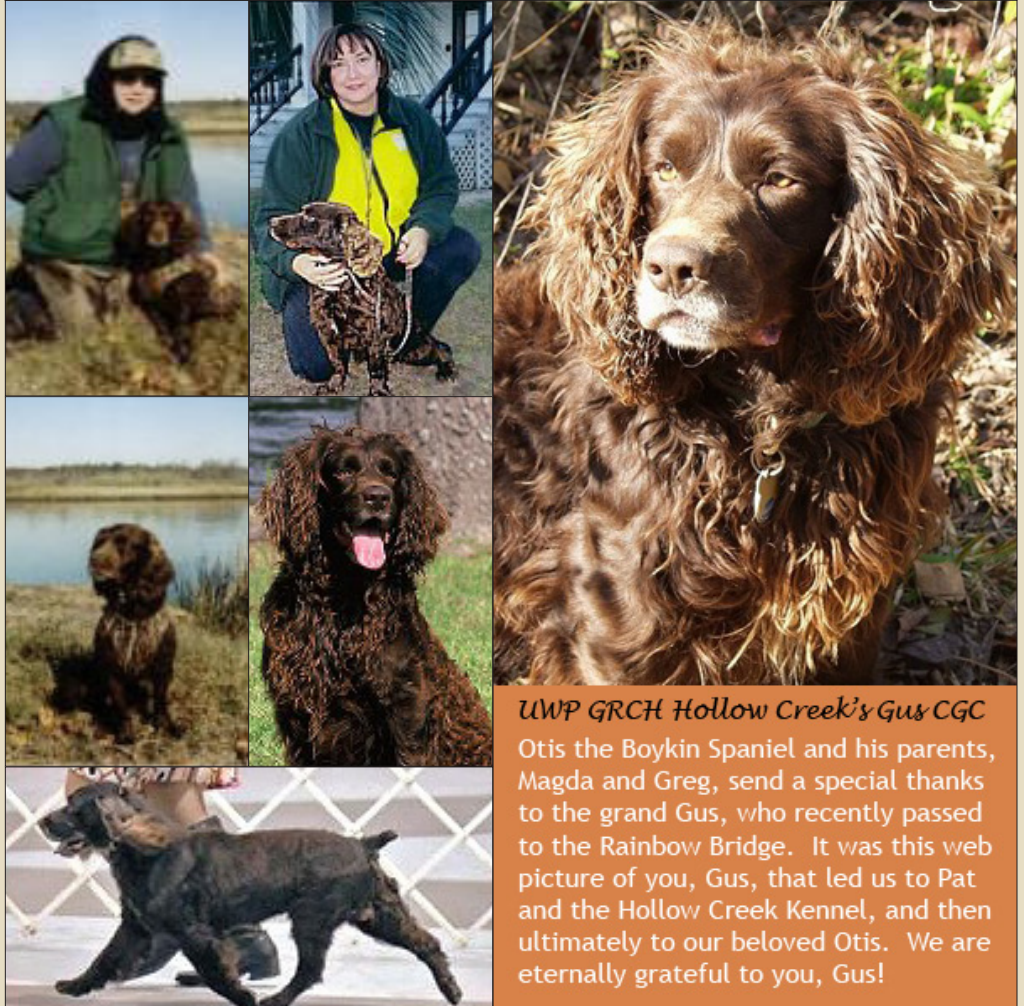
A while back I left the big city and moved with my two Boykin Spaniels to live with my 85-year-old dad at his home in a beautiful National Forest. The quiet life in a Forest is not without adventures. Two very large owls share the yard and they keep surprising me with how well-hidden they are when sitting in the trees and how startling they are when they suddenly take flight. Several neighbors have seen a pair of foxes. He hasn't been by lately, but a while back there was a black bear making the rounds. A few weeks ago Dad killed a small, non-poisonous snake that had somehow gotten inside the house, and a few weeks later he killed a medium-sized very poisonous water moccasin way too close to the house. There's almost always at least one lizard on the outside of the porch screen. And Thursday afternoon when I opened my car door a little green tree frog tried to hop inside.

This morning Bean saw a movement and heard a flutter under a chair in the bedroom. He started barking like crazy and I came close to panic. Both dogs stared at the space under the chair, sniffing, barking, and growling. I located a flashlight, terrified of what I might find. Even with a flashlight, I couldn't see anything, but the dogs were sure something was under there. Bean is by no means aggressive, but I reluctantly gave him the OK to go in and get whatever it was he sensed under the chair. With the same caution he had used the day he found the water moccasin, Bean went in and pounced. Then triumphantly gave me the offending plastic bag. Evidently, the breeze from the ceiling fan had blown it under the chair. I praised both dogs for their bravery and gave them a treat.

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In Loving Memory of Gus

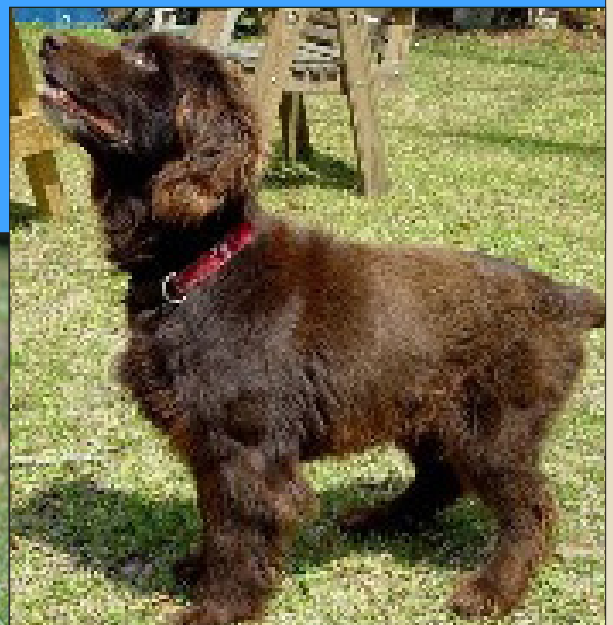


UWP GRCH Hollow Creek's Gus CGC

Otis the Boykin Spaniel and his parents, Magda and Greg, send a special thanks to the grand Gus, who recently passed to the Rainbow Bridge. It was this web picture of you, Gus, that led us to Pat and the Hollow Creek Kennel, and then ultimately to our beloved Otis. We are eternally grateful to you, Gus!

In Loving Memory of . . .

Bozz



Waggin Tails



Angel & MOJO in Rock the Dock
- Ginger Hurley



Roxy at the Epic
- Pat Watts



Bentley in Greenville.
- Carl and Ann Krauth



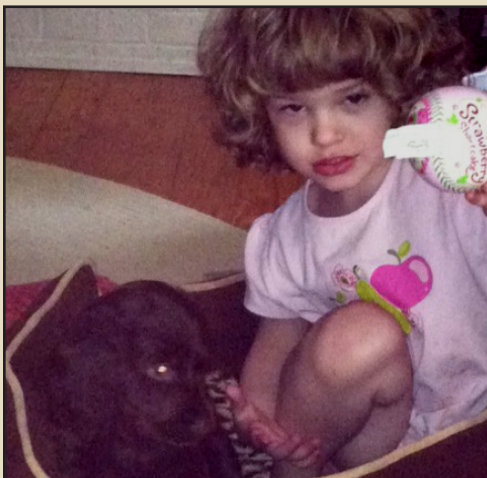
This is our second boykin, Ella, so sleepy on a shopping trip for puppy supplies. Our first boykin, Sadie-not pictured, is 2 1/2. We love these dogs. Thanks so much for all that you do for this awesome breed!
- Karl and Julie Dee
Madison MS



Colt's new favorite sitting place...
- Nancy Ulano



Daisy on her 1st day home this past July in photo left and a recent pic on the right. - Kathie Kirts



Chloe Coste and the new puppy!



Reed at 13 wks.
- Phyllis Byrd



Hollow Creek's "Maddie"
Also featured on front and back cover
- Johnny & Wrae Owens, SC

... Waggin Tails



Proud New Owners



Hollow Creek's Mojo's Magic aka
"Tricky"
- Aaron Kidd, GA

... Waggin Tails



Hollow Creek's "Emma"



Hollow Creek's "Galliant"



Newest Edition of the Texas Trace Kennels, Hollow Creek's Texas "Trace"

September 23-25, four BSCBAA members attended the First Annual Safari Club International Outdoor Gamefair in Douglasville, GA to hold a Boykin Spaniel "Meet the Breed". Co-sponsored by Quail Unlimited, it was a huge outdoor sporting enthusiast event that included representatives from just about every venue imaginable. The term EPIC stood for Education, Participation, Instruction and Competition. Eukanuba sponsored the canine village which included the Super Retriever Series competition and Big Air. The Super Retriever competition involves hunt-simulated retrieves where dogs earn points toward a Super Retriever Championship. Big Air is a water event in which the dogs run 20' down a dock into an above ground water feature that is 4.5 feet deep and 30' long. The dock is 24" above the surface of the water. The handler throws a bumper or other favorite retrieving toy toward the far end of the "pool" as the dog is released to retrieve the object. The dog's entry point into the water is measured at the base of the tail and this is recorded by a slow motion camera which is reviewed by the judges and the dog's distance in feet is measured. And he who jumps the farthest wins. Mojo had competed in this type of event before and he was so excited to see that he had a chance to do it again! He had a personal best over the weekend of 10'9"!!! The bigger dogs, like the labs, jump distances up to 20' and more but as far as Mojo is concerned, I believe he thinks he jumps at least that far. Carole and Mojo actually belong to a group in the Lowcountry of SC called Palmetto Dock Dogs so they get to practice every month so maybe next time he can make 11'. Just another great, fun thing you can do with your Boykin Spaniel. In fact, there are several Boykins who compete in the Dock Dogs circuit in the Southeast.

We also had an opportunity to meet Eric Altom with Eukanuba Nutrition who offered some interesting insight into nutrition for different life stages as well as different activity levels. Dan O'Connor from Orvis headed the Retriever Series judging.

While there were quite a few issues with getting things set up and running-including fire ants everywhere and 5" of rain the night before we were to set up our Meet the Breed display- it was a nice weekend and I think that next year will bring more organization, a better layout and more advance advertising and it could become a great family-oriented outdoor destination.



Above: Butch & Sheila Norckauer, Pat Watts, Carole Thomas, Lana Hardy, Roslin Copeland, Ginger Hurley & Nikki and Below: K9 Village at the Safari Club Game Fair, Douglasville, GA 2011





*Merry Christmas from
Hollow Creek
Kennel*

& Happy New Year

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To feature your Boykin Spaniel in the Journal,
Email photo with a caption or description and
your name and state of residence to
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Tuckered Out by Danny O'Driscoll



For information about
Tuckered Out, which features
Hollow Creek's Chocolate
Mouse & GRCH
Hollow Creek's Alli-gator,
contact Danny O'Driscoll
<http://dannyodriscoll.com>



Web Links:

American Kennel Club - www.akc.org • Boykin Spaniel Rescue - www.boykinrescue.org
OFA - www.offa.org • CERF - <http://www.vmdb.org/cerf.html>
• BSCBAA - <http://theboykinspanielclub.com/>

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