

BOYKIN SPANIELS FOREVER

QUARTERLY JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL

We had an eventful first quarter in 2011 with out very first Westminster presentation of the Boykin Spaniel.

I traveled to New York City with friends via Amtrak. The train is an efficient mode of traveling in every way. I was excited as this was my first train ride. Amtrak was an adventure I would do all over again.

We arrived at Penn Station around noon on Saturday so we had a couple of days to venture through New York. Our first site to see was Ground Zero. We checked into Hotel Pennsylvania and headed straight to Ground Zero which was a short taxi drive away. The instant I entered the memorial building, I was overwhelmed by the spiritual presence I felt. Tears began to fall and did not cease while I was in the building. It was the most powerful thing I have ever experienced. There was a reverence I cannot explain sufficiently. Individually people wondered from area to area...never speaking....only looking at photographs, artifacts, and reading the stories of the event and of the lives taken. I became so emotionally drained from the experience, I had to leave the site.

The Hotel Pennsylvania is rather shabby with age, but you can't beat the convenience of staying there for the Westminster Show. It sits directly across the street from Madison Square Gardens. AND Penn Station is directly beneath Madison Square Gardens! We could walk from the train station, to the hotel, and then back to Madison Square Garden. We had it made!

On Sunday, after checking out the Garden.....which is an awesome site when relatively empty! We decided to explore NYC. After an excruciating attempt to understand the subway....we all opted to take Taxi's everywhere! The subway was far too complicated to waste precious time

getting lost! We took the evening ferry tour of the harbor.....what a sight at night!

We became pizza crazy! There is none better than in NYC and just about every meal was Italian..... except for one late night visit to an Irish pub which was very interesting! No one in our group was even interested in any of the fancy restaurantswe were there for the adventure the streets of New York offered. The people were amazing.....not like they were the last time I was there about 18 years ago. During this visit everyone was friendly and very helpful to us 'tourists'.

Monday brought us Valentine's Day! A client of mine, Steven Colbert (yes, THE Stephen Colbert) is a client of mine. His Boykin's name is Kookie. Stephen's sister-in-law, who has been a friend of mine (a client too) for several years.... And she made special arrangements for seven of us to attend the taping of his show that day. We had a great time and Steven kept us rolling in laughter.

Tuesday was our big day! We were at the Garden bright and early and planned to spend the entire day there watching the show and the grand finale of Best In Show.

To see a Westminster Show had been on my personal "bucket list" for many years.... So check it off..... Done.....not only was I there but I was the first and only ... Breeder of Merit for the Boykin Spaniel and many of the contestants had Hollow Creek blood running through their veins! So I was proud to just BE there.

Please be sure to look at those accomplished champions which competed at Westminster 2011 on page 3 of this issue. Those featured were submitted by their owners/breeders....all had

been invited to do so.

To most of us.....It did not matter who 'won' for we were all winners! Always believe that it does not matter where you place in such competitionas long as your journey there was honest and honorable in every way.



Happy Hunting!

Patricia L. Watts,
Owner/Editor

Patricia,

Congratulations on the historical debut of the Boykin Spaniel at 2011 Westminster show! What an achievement by you and Hollow Creek Kennel and the Boykin breed.

As a result, Gus is the celebrity of our neighborhood.

SC State Legislature should have a day honoring this achievement.

That being said, the future is very bright for the Boykins at Westminster, thanks to your diligent efforts and contribution.

Happiness is a Boykin Spaniel,
Jim & Jacie Norine

**COVER PHOTO
STRAUSS**

**OWNERS
DAN, SHARON AND
KATIE KAUZLARICH**



Hollow Creek's "Allie"



Hollow Creek's "Belle" & Pat Watts



Hollow Creek's "Fisher"



Texas Trace's "Jaeger"



Hollow Creek's "Cocoa" is wonderfully active, funny, smart and I can take her anywhere. While we were waiting for AKC acceptance Cocoa learned to hunt (a natural) and received her Junior Hunting title. In between showing she received her Rally title and then went on to finish her Senior hunting title. She now has one master leg and after the garden will finish this title in the spring. She has the most gorgeous eyes that go right through you even when your not looking at her. She lives at home with my 5 labrador retrievers and two jack russells. Ch. Carolina's Cocoa Chanel, RN, SH owned by Jacquelin DeAngelo



Texas Trace's "Kelley"



Hollow Creek's "Woody"



"Strauss", who is also featured on our cover this month, is owned by Dan, Sharon and Katie Kauzlarich. CH Sunseeker Kiss My Britches Beekauz SH RN. Strauss had an outstanding ride to Westminster. In the first ten months of 2010 he earned both his AKC Junior and Senior Hunt titles while finding time to complete his AKC Championship. He was awarded Best of Opposite Sex at Eukanuba. Strauss has accomplished many wonderful things for a 2-year-old boy.



Photo taken by Susan Jonis of Sobaka Kennels

Otis THE Boykin Spaniel

by Magda Fernandez

Since my last column, so many wonderful things have happened to young Otis. Otis experienced his first nor'easter, the first of several we had this winter, and boy did he love all that fresh snow! Before the first storm hit, I didn't know what to expect. Would Otis find our New England winters too cold? To my delight, Otis took to the snow like a Boykin to water. Otis quickly figured out that he could spray me with the white stuff after a hard skid, and that it was there to quench his thirst after some good rough play. I have young Otis to thank for injecting lots of fun into this brutal winter.



During the past few months, Otis has grown into a magnificently handsome Boykin. I'm hardly objective here. But, really, look at those pictures of him and dare to tell me otherwise. At 10 months, Otis has 2 more months to go before shedding his puppyhood and officially becoming an adult. Young Otis has gone through most of his growth spurts, and most likely will grow in muscles rather than bones from this point forward. I could be wrong, but we'll see.

During the past few months, I've also learned that Otis has food allergies, but to what remains a mystery. After ruling out parasites and placing him on prescription hypo allergenic food, Otis stopped scratching significantly in one week and completely by the third week. I consulted a leading veterinary nutritionist who happens to practice in town, and learned a great deal from her about the pitfalls of over-the-counter dog food. I had been feeding Otis high-quality foods like Taste of the Wild and Primal Frozen Raw Foods, trying to find a protein that wouldn't make him scratch. According to the nutritionist, tests have shown that even these so-called quality foods contain unlisted ingredients such as soy and/or corn. Some other brands, she said, even contain traces of harsh cleansers that are used in the processing plants. Unfortunately, they all get

away with it because they're unregulated. This is why the nutritionist recommended certain prescription foods (such as Royal Canin's Hypo allergenic Venison/Potato, in Otis' case) because, when tested, they don't contain unlisted ingredients. If it were so easy! Of course, Otis decided that he didn't like his food anymore after 6 weeks. So now we're on Hills d/d Venison/Potato prescription food. Anticipating that Otis eventually will reject this one, too, I've already made an appointment with the nutritionist to request a meal plan for Otis. So many dog owners I've talked to advocate cooking for your dogs, especially if allergies are involved. So I'll report more about how this goes in a future column.

Additionally, the nutritionist taught me how to calculate the ideal amount of food to feed your dog. She explained that each dog is wired at birth to know its unique caloric ceiling and will not gorge beyond it. This means that some dogs are destined to be slimmer or heavier than others, regardless of their breed standards. Furthermore, even though the suggested doses on food packages are broken down according to goal weights, those calculations are reached by averaging a 2 lb. dog with a 250 lb. dog. This means that a particular dog's ideal food quantity might be 50% more or less than those printed recommendations. Although I had been feeding Otis the printed maximum for his goal weight, he looked too thin to me at 33.4 lbs. So I increased his food quantity by 50% and he gained about 3 more pounds in 3 weeks. Frankly, he looked to me a little too rotund at 36.8 lbs. He suddenly was panting after his runs in the woods, too. Interestingly enough, Otis gradually started eating less of the food on his own and has plateaued now at 35 lbs. This weight looks just right to my eyes, and the panting has gone as well. The nutritionist warned me that a dog that is fed more than is required to maintain his unique ideal weight might eat the extra food in the first 2 weeks. She referred to this as "the palpability factor." However, their innate checklist kicks in shortly thereafter. At that point forward the dog gradually starts refusing the extra food on his own until he settles at his right amount. Additionally, the nutritionist said that dogs grow overweight if owners don't reduce their food intake by 30% after they're spayed or neutered. This is because a dog's innate caloric limit doesn't adjust on its own.

This also explains why we see overweight dogs out there.

In addition to understanding Otis' nutritional needs, I now have a better sense of his personality. I find that Otis is many things. In the outdoors, Otis is spirited, athletic, fearless but discriminating, and totally social with most dogs and people he meets. Otis is in heaven whenever he plays a good game of chase with another dog. As an intact teenager, he's a bit of a clueless Merry Mounter right now. But most dogs are good about telling him to cool it, and he does listen to them, thankfully. And, yes, I do make sure that the adult females he plays with are spayed and that the intact males are not aggressive. If people are interested in greeting Otis, he rewards them with a gentle hip-bump to their knees. When it's just me and him in the woods, I see the keen hunter in Otis track all sorts of scents in the trails, some of which lead him to small dead game, such as rabbits, birds, and frogs that are left behind by the resident hawks. I let him eat those occasional finds because the arboretum that is our daily haunt practices a no-kill animal policy. This means that none of the dead animals there have been poisoned. The downside (or rather, my challenge) is preventing Otis the Hunter from devouring discarded tissues, coffee cups, and whatnot that sadly also dot the landscape here and there. Fortunately, his obedience training is paying off in those situations. Since we still don't have a sure-fire Drop It, I usually can rely on switching his focus with a game of Fetch the Stick. And now that I've added Wait and Release to Fetch, Otis finds the suspense of that game irresistible. This is because, at heart, I think that Otis prefers play and sport to food. That's just the way he is.

Based on Otis' confident athleticism in the outdoors, you'd think that he'd be a natural for a sport such as Agility. Well, not quite. You see, Otis is not so self-assured indoors. Large, vacuous interiors pose a particular challenge for him, and many classes are offered in such spaces. When Otis was a young puppy, I had to shop for the right Puppy Socialization classes because he also was shy with other dogs. They had to be sited in small rooms with few students. It was providential that one of the best dog trainers in town teaches classes in such a space. Her name is Vera Wilkinson, and she is the longtime

(...continued on page 6)

Otis the Boykin Spaniel

(...continued from page 5)

owner of The Cooperative Dog. With Vera's help, Otis has progressed enough to enroll in Obility (Obedience + Intro Agility) classes in a larger room at the MSPCA with another teacher, Kate Bigger, who excels as a trainer/competitor in the sport. Once Otis overcomes his fear of each new obstacle, he not only delights in hurdling them but also grows excited while he waits his turn with the other students. Kate has been incredibly patient and skilled in handling Otis' initial fears of Agility obstacles so that we don't imprint those fears. Watching Otis triumph over them, seeing how proud and excited he is when he finally conquers them, and how much fun he has when he does, convinces me that this training is important for Otis, even if his learning pace is slower than the others, and regardless whether he eventually competes in the sport or not. Kate has a lot of faith in Otis, and I certainly do as well. So we're about to start Otis' third-level Obility class now. Our new challenge in Obility is harnessing Otis' excitement into a controlled focus during his run in the course. Agility asks a dog to be excited AND focused all at once, which is not easy to do. Otis might learn more slowly than the other students because of his initial fears, but he does catch up to them eventually. I like to think of him as the underdog, and he just might surprise all of us yet. When it comes to long Stays and Go's, Otis leads the pack. Otis and I have been practicing those commands since he was a babe, so it's rewarding to see all that effort making a difference now.

What I'm treasuring the most about Otis right now is the sweet and affectionate companion that is emerging and our mutual bond that just grows deeper by the day. Otis was a real fiery puppy in the early months—all teeth and snap with a steely mind of his own. Like most young pups, Otis was all over the place and would barely listen to my commands. He fought the leash like a colt to a bridle. But as Otis leaves the puppy in him behind, he's communicating more directly to me in his own way. He's more focused, directly expressive, more soulful, if you will. And I'm getting better at understanding him. It's an incredible rite of passage to experience--this emerging language of love that we develop with our dogs. Otis is settling down just enough to earn some supervised couch time with me at night. It's a fantastic ritual, hanging out in front

of the television with our dog on our lap. Since Otis still is a hard core chewer, he's allowed on the couch for so long because he eventually tries to sneak his teeth into the upholstery while I'm not looking. I'm winning the war on that battlefield, and no doubt this behavior will disappear before I know it. It warms my heart to see that, in my Curly Boy, a wonderful couch-potato companion is just around the corner.



The Best Walk

A tired old hunter and his dog were walking down a remote dirt road with strong fences on both sides. They came to an over-view in the fence and looked in-it was nice, grassy with wooded areas. Just what a huntin' dog would like, but it had a sign saying 'No Trespassing', so they walked on.

Shortly they came to a beautiful gate with a person in white robes standing in the opening. Inside was a beautiful home with manicured lawns and tables laid out with food and drink. "Welcome to Heaven", he said. The old man was relieved and started in with his dog following him. The gatekeeper stopped him. "Dogs aren't allowed; I'm sorry but he can't come with you." The old man questioned, "What kind of heaven won't allow dogs? If he can't come in then I won't either. The man in the robes pleaded, "You don't want to give up your place in heaven do you? At least, not for a dog do you?" The hunter replied, "He's been my faithful companion all his life, and I can't desert him now."

"Suit yourself", said the gatekeeper, "but I have to warn you that the Devils' on this road and he'll try to sweet talk you into his place. He'll promise you anything, but the dog can't go there either. If you won't leave the dog, you'll spend eternity on this road." The old hunter paused, and then gently calling, he and his old friend continued their journey.

Much later and exhausted, they came to a rundown section of fence covered with hedges, and overrun with partridges and rabbits. There was no gate but a gap in the fence. Another man in simple overalls stood inside near a quaint old cabin and

homestead. Calling out, the old hunter said, "Scuse me Sir. My dog and I are getting mighty tired as we've been walking quite a ways. Would you mind if we came in an' set in the shade of that tree awhile?" "Of course," was the warm reply. "There's a rocker for you and a well with cool water. Make yourself comfortable." The old man puzzled, "You certain it's ok for my dog to come in with me? The other man down the road said dogs weren't allowed anywhere off the road." The kind gentleman asked, "Would you come in if you had to leave your dog?" "No sir," was the reply. "That's why I didn't go into Heaven...he said my dog wasn't welcome. I spec we'll be spending eternity on this road. As much as I'd love that cool water and some shade, I won't be coming unless my old friend can come with me, and that's final."

The man smiled a warm welcoming smile and said, "Welcome to Heaven." The old hunter seemed stunned. "You mean this is Heaven? And dogs are allowed? How come that fellow down the road said they weren't?" The kind man's face turned more serious, and he said, "That was the devil, and he gets all the people who are willing to give up a life long companion for a comfortable place to stay. They soon find out their mistake, but then it's too late. The dogs come here, the fickle people stay there. God wouldn't allow dogs to be banned from Heaven. After all, He created them to be man's companions in life; why would He separate them in death?"

- Earl Hamner, author of *The Waltons* & *The Twilight Zone*



In Loving Memory

Argus (or Gus as we called him) was acquired from Hollow Creek Kennels in 1996 by my parents, Ken and Marge Avram,

Gus was a loyal, happy, energetic companion for his 13 years of life with our family. His flushing abilities and determination to find birds in the field humbled most of the other dogs in the club we hunted.

- Andy Avram of OH

THE GABRIEL CHRONICLES

by Doyle Bickers



CHAPTER 4

Growing Together

I owe you an apology. If you have followed along this far, I have given you the wrong impression. My previous entries would lead you to believe that Gabe has lived up to his name – Gabriel, an angel. Well, that's only partially true. By approximately week ten, I was fairly sure that an evil alien had entered our home one night, exchanging our dear sweet puppy for a monster – an alien creation hell bent on the destruction of humanity by making us insane. Chewing, peeing, aggressive growling, biting, and attacking my beard with cobra-like speed – all while he was asleep. Just kidding. His sleeping is a blessing.

Shoes – My wife has a shoe fetish. There is a sign above her closet that says, "A Woman Is Known By The Shoes She Wears." It is signed "Dorothy." Gabe shares this obsession. Frankly, I don't completely see the problem. As far as I can tell, there are nine pairs of black shoes with pointy toes and heels that are exactly the same. WRONG!!! Apparently, a 1/16" difference in the width of the strap that goes around the heel makes the difference in whether a woman is socially acceptable or condemned to feminine perdition. Stupid me. Would you like to guess which shoe he chose? Now, it appears that we will never make the ranks of the social elite. All because of that shoe.

It is 3:30 a.m. I am a light sleeper and I hear him stirring. He stirs for a reason. He needs to pee. He is a good dog. He is trying to tell me. I struggle from the warm covers, grab him up (he doesn't pee while

I'm carrying him), wrestle myself into my robe and slippers and head for the back yard. I make it to the den door. I have forgotten about the doggy gate that we installed to contain him. The bruises from the fall will go away. I did manage to keep him from hitting the floor. Lucky him.

OK, things are getting better. He appears to be moving beyond this stage. He still grabs a toy, charges at me, and shakes it growling. But he is growing, maturing, and bringing that sense of peace and pleasure that can only come from a dog.

Today we went to a local lake. It was drizzling and chilly. The water was low as it is in the winter. We walked along the extended shoreline. He grabbed clam shells and sticks, charging off with his treasures. In the winter, the deer wander along this beach. We encountered some very fresh tracks, so new that the rain had not softened their edges. He stuck his nose into a track and clawed at it. He moved to the next track. He followed them until they entered the woods along the edge of the lake. His nose is good.



I towed him dry and we returned home. I am enjoying a good book, and I settled into my recliner for some reading. Gabe came to the chair and sat up – his sign that he wants to join me. I lifted him up, extended the foot rest, and he settled down. After a short while, he was snoring. His warm body feels good against my calves.

CHAPTER 5

Interlude 1

My name is Gabriel, but everyone calls me Gabe. Don't know why. I know my



full name, but they think Gabe is cute or somehow fits me better. For a while, I thought I had a last name – Dammit. I have since learned that this is a vitriolic curse applied to such poor innocent items as shoes and dog pee. Not sure why they call me before they say it unless they want me to contribute my voice to the outburst. Occasionally, I bark or growl to make them feel better.

I have been living here for a short while. I understand that this is a place called Alabama. I came here from another place. I can't remember much, but there was this really nice lady who let me snuggle up next to her neck and lick her. She tasted good. I had a family – a mother and some brothers and sisters. Again, I can't remember much about them. My brothers and sisters bit and clawed me a lot. It was just play, but I can't say that I miss that part. Sometimes I miss the warmth at night.

The "people" came to the place where I was living. One morning when I came out to play they were sitting in the yard. I can't give them too many points for smarts since they were sitting around the yard that was covered with a lot of little piles of puppy poop. My brothers and I ran around for a while, and then I got bored. They seemed nice, the people that is. They made happy noises and seemed to be fun. When I walked over to them, the sweet one rubbed me gently. It felt good. The other one, he's older and grumpy. He wrestled me and mussed up my head. I can handle him. There was something about them. For some reason, I understood that they needed me. I knew that I had to go with them, to take care of them.

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The Gabriel Chronicles

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CHAPTER 6

A Very Nice Afternoon – Thank You

One of the things that I have missed while we didn't have a dog is the obligatory walk. Particularly with high energy puppies, a good walk seems to dissipate some of the demonic powers. I am fortunate to have access to a beautiful rolling farm about eight miles from the house. There are about 250 acres which are divided between woods and pasture. Two small ponds provide for special adventures.

Gabe is now thirteen weeks old. We began visiting the farm about a month ago. The first walks were short and somewhat tentative on his part as he explored all of the new experiences. But he is "growing like a weed" and each week his size, speed and stamina all seem to increase. Our last walk was a couple of days ago. We take it easy, allowing him to explore and play. But we must have covered at least a mile and a half as we wandered through pasture grass, down woodland trails and across the swampy area at the head of the pond.

It was a beautiful day. The sky was blue and cloudless with a temperature in the low fifties. Only the slightest breeze

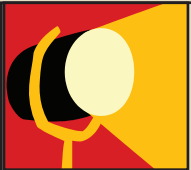
rippled the water on the pond. There is a spot along the pond bank where the pasture comes almost to the water. The brown, dry grass was soft as I sat down and lay back. The sun shone warmly on me as I listened to Gabe rustle in the grass and splash in the water. As you may have guessed, I dozed off. One of the nice parts about getting old – you don't really need a reason. My eyes opened and I felt a short panic. Where was Gabe? No problem. He was curled up in a tight ball against my leg, taking his own short nap. As I stirred, an eye opened to see what was happening. It was a warm and comfortable feeling. We both stretched and, with what seemed to be a little regret, continued our pilgrimage.

We eventually got back to the truck via a circuitous route that was required because Gabe was seriously intent on tracking some critter. I couldn't find tracks, so there is no telling what beast he was chasing. When we got to the truck, he wasn't at all winded. He had taken a long drink at the pond and seemed disappointed that the walk was over. He continues to amaze me. I have missed these walks since my old dog Murphy died. He and I covered hundreds and hundreds of miles over his sixteen year life. After he passed away, I found myself taking fewer and fewer opportunities to hit the woods. Because of that, I wasn't seeing the wildflowers. I was missing those special places in the fall where the maples seem to be on fire.

Those fortuitous sightings of flora and fauna that create our best memories were coming and going without me. But now they are coming back. Thank you Gabe.



An older, tired-looking dog wandered into my yard. I could tell from his collar and well-fed belly that he had a home and was well taken care of. He calmly came over to me, I gave him a few pats on his head. He then followed me into my house, slowly walked down the hall, curled up in the corner and fell asleep. An hour later, he went to the door, and I let him out. The next day he was back, greeted me in my yard, walked inside and resumed his spot in the hall and again slept for about an hour. This continued off and on for several weeks. Curious I pinned a note to his collar: 'I would like to find out who the owner of this wonderful sweet dog is and ask if you are aware that almost every afternoon your dog comes to my house for a nap.' The next day he arrived for his nap, with a different note pinned to his collar: 'He lives in a home with 6 children, 2 under the age of 3 - he's trying to catch up on his sleep. Can I come with him tomorrow?'



Spotlight on ... Zeke

Zeke registered name is Pocotaligo's Zeke Reg No BSR 023826LP. Zeke will be three in May. He has hunted two seasons now and has really gotten pretty good. We live in Fredericksburg VA and he was born at Pocotaligo Kennel in Sumter SC. - Scott Horan, VA



Thefinalword



Lil' Buck's first river hunt

BY HANK BURDINE



Hank Burdine with duck hunting buddies, Skipper Jernigan and the late Colonel "Creep" Jernigan.

One cold winter night I received a call from one of my dearest friends from Cleveland, Colonel Thomas N. "Creep" Sledge, Ret. USAF. "The ducks are covering up the cocklebur flat on Choctaw Bar in the middle of the Mississippi River," he said. "Meet me at Mounds Landing at 5:30 in the morning, and if that little brown puppy dog you have can pick up a duck, bring him with you. I'll bring my boat and something to eat." What could I say but, "Yes, sir!"

Lil' Buck was my Boykin Spaniel that previously had only picked up wood ducks on my Yankee friend Charlie Potter's place on Black Bayou. I awoke mighty early the next morning, kissed my Sallie and told her I was going out on the river, not to worry as I would be with Creeper. I roused Lil' Buck and grabbing my boots, duck call, coat and gun, we headed to Double Quick for a thermos of coffee and six sausage biscuits. It was going to be a long morning.

I arrived at Mounds Landing at five a.m. sharp, not wanting to feel the wrath of the Colonel for being late and proceeded to stretch back with the heater on low in my truck and took a nap. I was awakened by a gruff voice saying, "Wake up, the sun's coming up and the ducks are flying!"

We hurriedly loaded our gear, jumped in the boat and headed across the river as the sun broke day. In no time, we found our spot on the flat and Creeper threw out five or six decoys as Lil' Buck and I found a big tree that had fallen in the water and set up our ambush point. Sure enough, as legal shooting time rolled quickly around, Lil' Buck was as anxious as ever, whining and shivering and excited to pick up his first Mississippi River mallard.

Here they came and because of my

expert calling, (yeah, right!) the ducks cupped their wings. "Boom, boom!" and a fat drake hit the water. Not waiting on my command to "back," Lil' Buck hit that freezing river water like a tempered pro and swam straight for the duck. Once he grabbed it, he headed straight for the bank on the other side of the slash. Not wanting him to start off wrong on his first ever big water retrieve, I rushed out and grabbed him and drug him back, reprimanding him and setting him on the log. I made him drop the duck and commanded him to stay on the log. Lil' Buck started whining again.

Soon, Creeper asked for a bite to eat. "The biscuits are in the bag," I said.

He replied, "Ain't nothing in the bag but shredded paper." Uh, oh. Where, oh, where, did six sausage and biscuits go?

About that time a flock of 25 mallards started circling overhead, and as we huntered down and began to call, Lil' Buck began to prance up and down that log, whining and running from one end to the other, doing a little pirouette on each end of the log. "Control that dog and shut him up!" my pal commanded. "These ducks are wanting to work!"

Then, two ducks committed and BOOM, one fell to the water. Without waiting for my command, Lil' Buck lept off the log, swam rapidly to the duck and once again, lit out for the far bank. Upon reaching the sand, he scrambled up and down until he found a suitable spot, and with duck in mouth, took care of his bid-ness!

Creeper and I sat in awe as this young little retriever swam back across the water, dropped the duck next to me and crawled back up on the log and looked at us as if saying, "Okay, boys, you want to go duck hunting, NOW, let's hunt!" **DU**



Lil Boogie in training off the American Bar in the Mississippi River

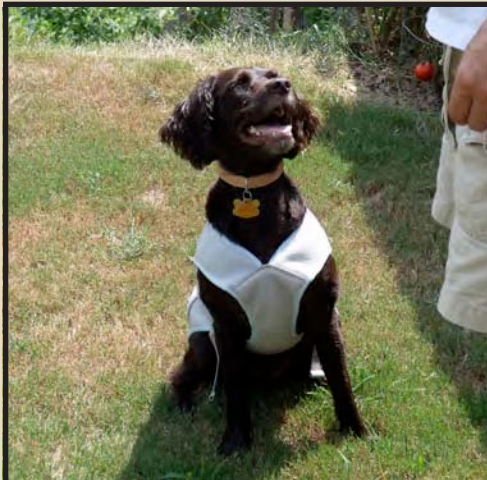
Waggin Tails



"Cocoa" - 3 months
- Tina Hamrick, MD



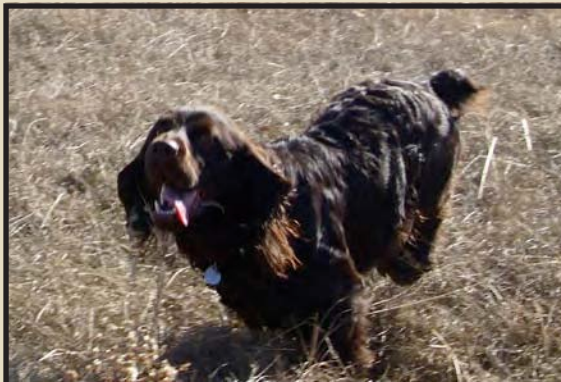
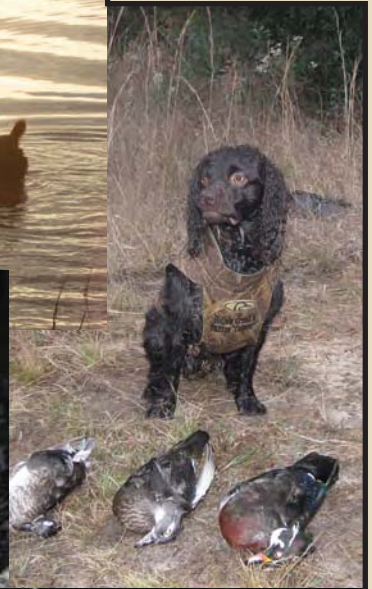
Maggie Crosswhite- TX



"Sophie"
- Christian & Valerie Battle, GA



"Cooper"
- Donnie Judy, SC



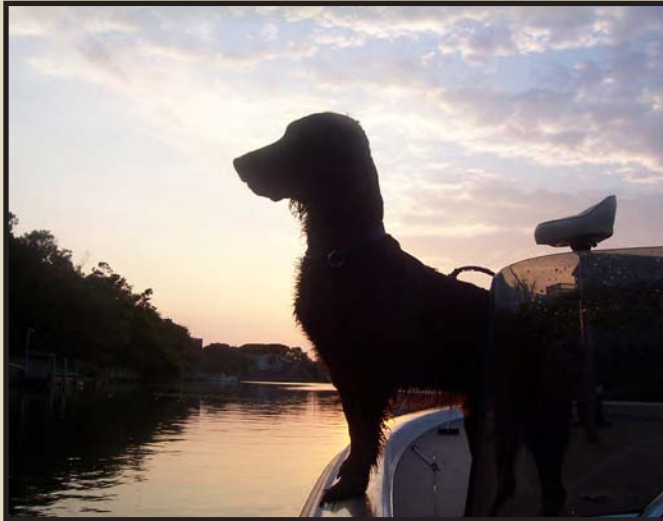
Hollow Creek's "Gus" (Augustus) is GREAT! We love him so much. David takes him walking in the woods several times a week and he's been hunting a dozen or so times. He's learning fast, working hard, and loving life.
- David & Michelle Simmons, GA



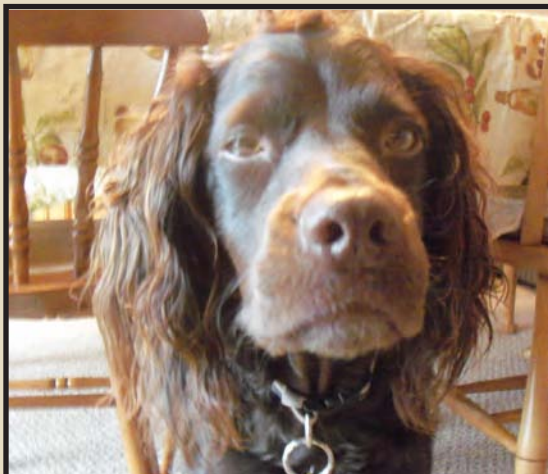
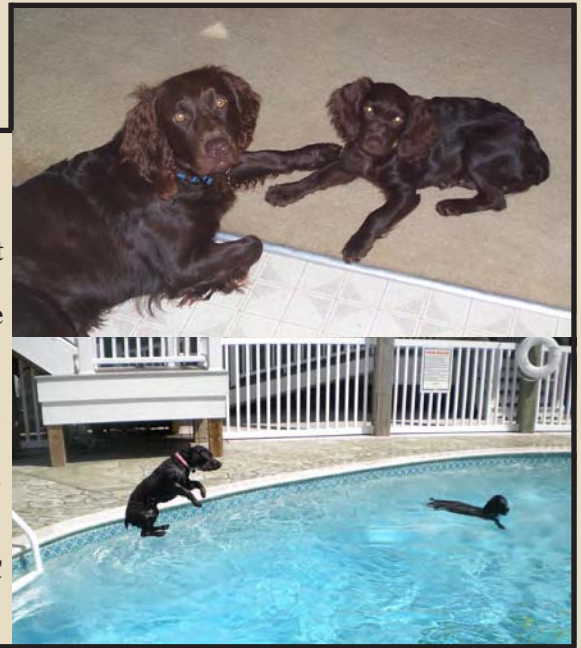
"Riley" in 12 inches of snow!
- James McGovern



... Waggin Tails

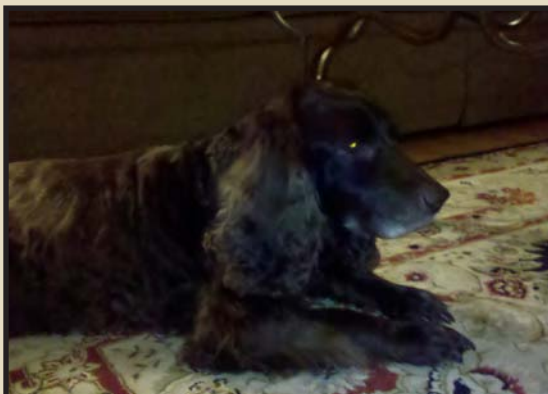


"Frisco" on the boat in Frisco NC. On the right is an oldie of "Hattie" and "Frisco" being cute and the photo to the bottom right is "Hattie" doing a cannonball in the pool! Bodie and Buxton don't stand still long enough to have their pictures taken!
- Sherry McCarthy, NC



"Munson" will be two in May!
The Giansante's, NY

"Nittany", age 2, meets a "tortoise". She was unsure what it was and what she should do.
- James Massie, PA



Hollow Creek's "Cash"
- John Beach, GA



"Max" - Chuck Burling



...Waggin Tails



"Peat" is also featured in the Hollow Creek Kennel ad for this month. Owners - Ed and Christian Christoffers



His AKC name is Hollow Creek's Jake-Watts RN. He has his Rally Novice title. Rally is a fun sport that is best described as a combination between Obedience and Agility. Dog and handler must execute approximately 15 different signs in an course, and they are judged on their precision in carrying out these exercises as a team.

"Jake" has also earned his Canine Good Citizen (CGC) certificate. This is a program sponsored by AKC that shows that your dog has basic obedience and social skills. Dogs must successfully complete 10 different exercises in order to be awarded this certificate. In the spring, Jake will be trying out a new sport called Flyball. In this speed sport dogs race each other across 3 jumps to retrieve a tennis ball on a spring-loaded box, and then come back over the 3 jumps with the ball. There are 4 dogs on a team. The minimum

qualifying time for a team to receive points is 25 seconds, so you can see that Flyball is indeed a "speed sport!"

- Beth Crocker



The Scott Wilson Family



"Gabbi" is both my first Boykin and the first dog I've trained. She is a great family dog and an excellent hunting companion, accompanying me on dozens of dove, duck, and quail hunts this year and did great.

- Justin Steinbach



**"Sullivan" -
Chris &
Courtney
Challoner**



"Riley" - Rich, Roberta & Kevin Steiner

Hollow Creek Kennel



"Peat"

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803.532.0990



Texas Trace



Ginger Hurley 713.501.1661
www.texas-trace.com

To feature your Boykin Spaniel in the Journal,
Email photo with a caption or description and
your name and state of residence to
BoykinsForever@aol.com

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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