



## Spotlight on ... Kasey

Here's a photo of Kasey with a fawn. We were given the rare opportunity by nature to share time with this fawn. Kasey & the fawn loved each other very much and were inseparable during the time we had it. It was truly the sweetest thing to watch those two together. Sadly, as the fawn was brought to us by nature, it was also taken back by nature. This picture really represents that love has no boundaries.

- Jennifer Bennett



too quiet, you need to check on them. So far, Jenny has chewed the strap off my wife's camera case, chewed the strap off my duffle bag, chewed the corners off pillows (including a pillow in a hotel), chewed our blankets, chewed the cord to the WaterPic in half, and demolished a box of Kleenex. I'm the driver, so none of this destruction has been under my watch.

Before you get the impression that this has been a miserable experience, think again. Aside from losing a knife that I may never be able to replace (no fault of Jenny's), we've had a great time. Jenny meets no strangers, two or four-legged. She especially loves kids. Everyone comments on how beautiful she is and wants to know what breed she is. Few have ever heard of Boykin Spaniels, so we are educating folks as we go.

Most importantly, she is finally learning to swim and to retrieve. At first, she was not enthusiastic about water, but once the dummy came out, she became obsessed. We started with shallow water and progressed to deeper pools where she actually had to swim to get the dummy. A few times, I had to get it when she hesitated, but soon she totally took over the job.

We are now in Colorado and Jenny has been making friends with dogs and folks. She's been retrieving her dummy in the shallow, rocky rivers close by, and soon we will travel out to Lake San Cristobal for more swimming training.

In her short lifetime, Jenny has traveled over 6800 miles with about 2400 more to go before our summer is over. She has come from sea level to over 12,000 feet above sea level and never missed a beat. Stay tuned for Travels with Jenny Jo.



## Travels with Jenny Jo

By Arlo Rissman



Pictures are not enough. Pat wants an article, so here we go.

In the last 15 days, we have traveled 4,600 miles with our new little Boykin, Jenny Jo. She is not yet 6 months old. Of those fifteen days, only four were spent in a motel. The rest of the time we were tent-camping in state and national parks from Louisiana, to Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico, to Joshua Tree National Park, the Pacific Coast

Highway, Yosemite National Park, and Sequoia National Park in California, cruising through the mountains of Utah, and now we are just below the Continental Divide in Colorado. It has been interesting.

Day one: Jenny kept fussing and I kept stopping (thinking she had to use the facilities). Most times she didn't; she was just curious and wanted to use her excellent nose to smell new smells. The first evening, she finally settled down in the tent and went to sleep, only to wake me up all night long to go out. Day two: More of the same.

In New Mexico, we survived two nights of extreme weather: high gusting winds (40mph), lightning, and thunder. I had not previously introduced Jenny to gunfire, so the first couple of "crashes" made her jump, but she soon settled down, curled up under the covers and went to sleep-not even waking when lightning hit so close it was 'flash-bang'. We were worried that our tent might come loose from its moorings and fly away, but Jenny was comfortable between us and slept the night away.

Just like a child, if a Boykin puppy is

# Smoke Signals from Renegade & Chief



I guess I should start from the beginning:

I was sitting on the couch one afternoon watching TV with my wife Susan and she was doing the usual thing half watching TV and half playing on the computer and we are alone as all of the kids, four total are grown and gone and we had lost our beloved pet Harley the Beagle to a 2 year battle with bladder cancer a couple years before and yes it still hurts today to talk about it. Now to make this story more interesting I am an avid bird hunter; love to hunt ducks, dove, pheasants and most of all quail! At some point that night and out of the blue my wife says come over here and look at these pretty dogs (I have found our next dog) on the Internet. Well I was not happy because I get really attached to my dogs and did not want to go through out-living anymore of them. The first thing that entered my mind was some kind of foo-foo dog I could put in my shirt pocket. I came up behind her in the recliner and peered over her shoulder and was completely blown away; she was looking at Boykin Spaniels. Now me being a quail hunter I had a friend who had a Boykin named Sparky and we had been on many quail hunting adventures together. I ask her what made her choose this breed and did she know I had hunted with them for years? Her response was, I don't keep up with what you do and no I had no idea you had ever seen

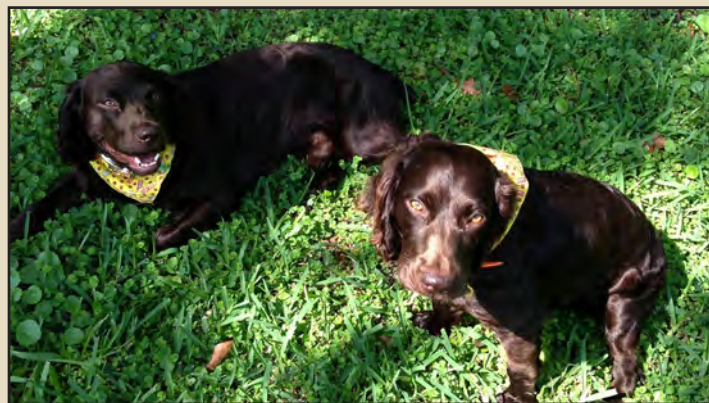
these dogs. Well I knew a few breeders and was sceptical of what she was looking at on the Internet so I started reading about Hollow Creek and was very impressed at what I read; it was almost like everything I read was too good too be true. I am a sceptic when it comes to things like that. I knew the breed was unique to South Carolina so I decided to look at a map and see exactly where Hollow Creek was in South Carolina. I typed in the address and low and behold the first thing I spotted was Lake Murray! My last name is Murray and I do believe in signs from above-so that was it. If I could talk Pat into letting me have one of her pup's it was a done deal.

After a few long interviews/conversations with Pat we were placed on the list for a new puppy and the parents would be Mojo and Jesse. To make a long story short Jesse had nine puppy's four female and five male. We were among the first to get there so we would get a good look at what she had and hopefully one of them would pick us to go home with. As you know Pat is insistent that the dog pick you. When we arrived and met Pat all of the males were taken out to play. I had to go back to the truck to get some bird items to see who would be a good prospect for hunting and two puppies followed me to the truck one with an orange collar and one with a green collar. After spending a couple hours with them the orange collar puppy seemed to like us very much followed by still the green collar. Pat took us down to the lake so all the puppies could have a swim and at that time another man with his two daughters was there and it

was obvious which puppy liked them so Pat decided to do their paperwork; so we were left alone outside with the remaining puppies. The orange collar puppy was not following us back up very well so I decided to go get him and bring him up to the house. I got close to him and started calling him by his new name "Renegade". He did not respond at all and to my surprise the green collar puppy jumped off the porch and ran across the yard straight to me. How about that!! The one I thought was Renegade was not, but my Renegade knew who he was and ready to go home with Susan and myself.

Now when I explained what happened to Pat she said they both liked us enough we could have both. It was hard not to bring them both home; but I knew I would never be closer to them than they were to each other and I knew I would not have good luck training both of them at the same time and I could not leave without my Renegade, ("green collar") and by the way he still wears a green collar he just doesn't look right in any other color! Next I will tell you the story of my Chief who was the runt of the litter and one of only three who made it out of Pat's infamous sick thirteen.

Scottie/Susan/Renegade/Chief



*Renegade on left; Chief on right*