

In Loving Memory of Sandalwood Collin Brice "Sandy"



Luanne and I got Sandy at 14 weeks old. He was the last of a litter in Greelyville SC. I paid \$200 even for him. Little did I know what deal I had got that day. Sandy was house broken in two weeks time, and we began training in the back yard. As I was not a trainer... I found one to "train" me so that I could train Sandy. At less than a year of age he was even impressing the professional trainer. Every morning we would meet and run dogs. Sandy loved working the field or the pond ... it made no difference to him as long as we were together. Some dogs do it because they love it, some dogs do it out of fear, some do it because they respect their owner, love them and want to please them as well as for the love of the sport, Sandy was one who respected and loved me and loved the open field. I know I have seen the dogs who were forced to do the job, there is no pleasure in that Sandy required no force... just love.

Sandy was never shy of a gun shot. In fact, that gave him even more energy it seemed. He was a faithful friend and companion as well as protector. He slept under our bed or beside it every night until we had children, and then he slept under thier crib. When we would go in to check on them you could see those big yellow eyes following across the room as you entered in. He even backed my wife's brother accross the room at their parents house in Florida because he thought he was hurting Luanne. I had to act quick to keep him from getting a chunk taken out of him. He was very even tempered, but protective when the need would arise. He was eager to please.

His first field trial was in the Puppy Division in Gresham, SC. He took third place his first time out. He didn't place, but did take Jams in the Nationals and many other events. His puppy's, as you know, are all over the country and they all bear his distinctive look. Hallow Creek's Muddy is one of his offspring that I own and he is looking just like his sire with the exception of having a little broader head. He even has a very tiny white tuft of hair on his chest like Sandy. Sandy is in fact, the best dog and most favorite dog I have ever had the priviledge of owning. We had him for nearly 14 years. He will be remembered in the legacy of the outstanding pups which carry his genes. When I see them in the Boykin Journal, I can still tell which ones he sired.

There are numerous stories I could tell you about him, but to sum it up....it was a love relationship. He loved our family and was part of our family. Luanne and I had him for 2 years before we had children so they grew up together ... as did we.

- Rev. Billy McClellan



"Sandy was an exceptional Boykin. He was a vital contributor to our foundation stock. His outstanding health, conformation and hunting instincts made him one of the top contributors of all time. He was a beautiful and loving pet and companion and a friend to those of us who were fortunate enough to have known him." - Pat Watts

A Painful Journey ...by Hal Roemer

Wednesday evening January 12, 2009: not a fun night for our family. Apparently in some kind of freak accident my Boykin, Hollow Creek's Roemer's Bear fractured his left elbow. It has all blurred into one long bad memory, but he came to us screaming like nothing I've ever heard in my life.

Of course this type of thing only happens in the middle of the night! I called the local vet "after hours", who pretty much said there wasn't much that could be done until morning, and that we should just keep him as quiet as possible through the night. Suffice it to say, no one got any sleep.

At first light I was at the local vet, waiting for them to open. The x-ray showed a fractured elbow. This vet said that he was not qualified to perform a repair. He referred me to a vet in Shreveport who was listed as an "Orthopedic Specialist".

If we thought the accident was bad enough, we were about to begin a true nightmare.

I respect my local vet clinic as a good and professional group. I took their referral at face value, as being a good recommendation. In addition, Shreveport is approximately 2 hours from the house and a straight shot up Rt 171, making it quite convenient as well.

I'm going to call the Shreveport vet "Dr. X".

Again, at first light I was at "Dr. X's" office before They opened. The vet looked at the x-ray and declared that if your going to have a fractured elbow, Bear had the best kind. He informed me that he was going to clamp it back together and by using a pin-screw combination to draw the fracture back together. He assured me that Bear should be close to 95% in a few months.

The operation was declared a success by "Dr. X". However, he said that the screw he had intended to use had broken. He used 3 pins assuring us that the pins would be just fine.

As per instructions to keep him as quiet as possible, Bear was confined to a 3' x 5' cage / crate for about 23 hours per day. I'm not sure Bear has ever understood what the deal was, but he accepted the situation as being what I wanted him to do.

About three days before the staples were due to come out, I didn't like the way he was holding his leg. I also noticed that one of the pins appeared to be working it's way out and pushing against the inside of the skin. Long story short, I brought him to the local vet, who again x-rayed the joint. Sure enough the fracture had separated.

I immediately made an appointment with "Dr. X". I should have written this guy off, but I was still working on the assumption that he was a good vet, and probably it was my fault for not keeping Bear quiet enough. Either way, returning to him is on me.

This time (second surgery) the broken screw was removed, and replaced with a proper one, slightly larger, as well as a pin to assist with stability. As soon as Bear was released from the vet's office he was holding his leg normally and placing his pad flat on the ground.



OK, I figured. Whew!.....

I'll give "Dr. X" this much, he didn't charge me for the second surgery. But that's all I give him.

I work in the Gulf of Mexico on an

offshore oil field. My boss had been letting me stay over on my time off to deal with this, but I needed to go back to work. I left Bear in the care of my wonderful wife, who did a great job.

At some point while I was off shore, my wife didn't like the way Bear was holding his leg. She passed on her concern when I called from offshore, but I assured her that since Bear had been kept restricted and quiet, and since there was a screw holding the bone together, he was probably just sore.... What can go wrong with a screw?

I got home Feb 10th. On the 11th I brought Bear in to the local vet to get his second set of staples out. I had to agree with my wife that he was holding his leg a little off, but I wasn't too worried, because the bone was held together with a screw. We re-x-rayed the elbow, and the screw had backed almost the entire way out, allowing the bone to nearly completely separate. I'm not kidding when I say that if "Dr. X" had been in the room, I'm not sure I could have been responsible for my actions. My local vet pretty much stated that now, since he had already gone through two operations. We were looking at an amputation, basically no other option.

My wife was devastated, because she considered this as happening on "her watch". I was upset, but not with her. This is important. I believe my anger at the situation came across as accusing. She was not to blame. She had done every thing any one could do to keep Bear quiet to allow the elbow to heal. If there was any one to blame, I had no further to look in the closest mirror and in the direction of Shreveport. I went home, and began to slowly freak out. My dog, my best dog, the best dog I've ever had, my one true hunting buddy..... was going to have his leg cut off. And it was partially my own fault for going to an incompetent veterinarian.

I called Pat. She was on the road out of town, but she instructed me not to do anything until she got back with me.

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