

BOYKIN SPANIELS FOREVER

QUARTERLY JOURNAL

VOLUME II

2008



NOT ALL HEROES ARE PEOPLE
Not a Boykin, but an awesome dog!

James Crane worked on the 101st floor of Tower 1 of the World Trade Center . He was blind so he had a golden retriever named Daisy. After the plane hit 20 stories below, James knew that he was doomed, so he let Daisy go, out of an act of love.

She darted away into the darkened hallway. Choking on the fumes of the jet fuel and the smoke James was just waiting to die. About 30 minutes later, Daisy comes back along with James' boss, who Daisy just happened to pick up on floor 112. On her first run of the building, she leads James, James' boss, and about 300 more people out of the doomed building. But she wasn't through yet, she knew there were others who were trapped. So, highly against James' wishes she ran back in the building. On her second run, she saved 392 lives. Again she went back in. During this run, the building collapses. James hears about this and falls on his knees into tears.

Against all known odds, Daisy makes it out alive, but this time she is carried by a firefighter. "She led us right to the people, before she got injured" the fireman explained. Her final run saved another 273 lives. She suffered acute smoke inhalation, severe burns on all four paws, and a broken leg, but she saved 967 lives.

Daisy is the first civilian Canine to win the Medal of Honor of New York City.

Posted by: "Bobby Boykin Jr"

Tuckered Out

by Danny O'Driscoll



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



COVER PHOTO: "BELLA"
 OWNER: MITCHELL HUNTER
 OF ATLANTA, GA

Features...

Puppy Proofing Your Home Part I	4
The Legacy of Miss Dixie	6
Healthwise...Swimming in Toxic Water	7
A Letter from a Dog...How Could You?	8
Waggin' & Braggin'	9-11

**For Upcoming
 Boykin Spaniel Events go to**

American Kennel Club • www.akc.org
 United Kennel Club • www.ukcdogs.com

Editorial

Hollow Creek's Roxy and Pups

Congratulations Roxy! Hollow Creek's Roxy was winner of the very first **BEST OF BREED** for a Boykin Spaniel in an American Kennel Club (AKC) conformation show on January 4, 2008 – what a historic day for the Boykin Spaniel breed! Unfortunately, the elation did not last long for it was at that event that I first became aware that Roxy had whelped a litter of six male puppies while in the care of the Heinz's of Sunseeker Kennel in Dallas, NC.

Subsequently formal complaints were filed and an investigation has begun to locate and identify the pups. The complaint is specifically against **Ashley Heinz, Augustina (Tina) Heinz, James (Jim) Heinz, and Sunseeker Kennels**, Dallas, NC, and **Emily Foster and Stormcrest Kennels**, Monroe, NC. All are known breeders, judges or handlers with the AKC and/or UKC registries. Additionally, Jim Heinz and Emily Foster served/serve on the Board of Directors of **the Boykin Spaniel Club and Breeders Association of America**. On February 10, 2008 Jim Heinz resigned his position as President of that club. Tina Heinz resigned from the club as AKC liaison and Emily Foster remains on the club board as Secretary.

The complaint filed is based on the fact that the parties mentioned above did willfully, deliberately and illegally breed a dog which was in their care and which did not belong to them. They concealed the breeding from the dam's owner. They fraudulently sold and placed pup-



pies from said breeding to unaware puppy buyers. Absurd as it seems, at the time of the illegal whelping, there was litigation in process for Roxy to be returned to her rightful owner, Patricia Watts. In fact, Jim and Ashley Heinz gave sworn testimony on November 28, 2005, that Roxy had not been bred or altered. At the very moment of that perjury, Roxy's illegal pups were ten weeks old! The Heinz's were accompanied to court by Paul and Anita Pennell, of Carolina Kennels, Gastonia, NC. Jim and Ashley Heinz lied under oath in a NC Court of law again on January 9, 2006 at the Court of Appeals hearing which again affirmed that Roxy was to be returned immediately to her owner, Patricia Watts. I was also awarded court costs and legal fees.

It is important now that we determine the location of all the illegally whelped puppies which are now two and one-half year old dogs. These boys are part of my Hollow Creek Bloodline. It is my responsibility to obtain a history of their health and make sure that if they are bred, it is done in an

appropriate manner with an eye to their pedigree and potential incestuous breeding. Two of the boys have been identified as **Sunseeker Red Ryder** (Salt Lake City, Utah) and **Sunseeker Topsail Wave Rider** (Fairfax, Virginia). They had been individually registered a year after their birth. The whereabouts of the other four dogs is currently unknown. Any information or help **you** can provide in determining the location of the four remaining pups would be appreciated. They may have been sold /registered using a "SC"s" prefix.

Apparently, not everyone values these beautiful dogs the same as we do. Roxy is happily at Hollow Creek where she continues to serve the breed by helping to set and maintain the standard of the Boykin Spaniel breed both in the hunting field and in the conformation ring.

Please contact me if you have any information concerning her missing offspring.

Warm Regards,

Patricia L. Watts
803-532-0990
BoykinsForever@aol.com



Puppy Proofing Your Home / Crate Training part one

A Lesson Re-Learned By a Breeder

Whenever we send new puppies to their new homes, we also send an article on puppy



proofing your home and crate training. We strongly recommend anyone bringing a new puppy into their home to take the time to puppy proof their home and to crate train their puppy. By the time someone picks up a puppy from our kennel, we have already started the process of crate training -- completing the process in the pup's new home should be quickly and easily accomplished. You can see how easy it is to get started crate training from the photo of all nine of the pups of a recent litter piled into the much smaller of the two crates we provide in their space. This is not staged (how could it be) - they do this fairly often, we just happen to have a camera handy this time. Their crate should always be a safe, secure and happy place.

We always encourage folks to take their puppy home when they are going to have the time at home to spend with it to get it acclimated to its new home, do crate training, create a routine and generally have time to orient both the new owner and the new pup. Fortunately most do plan to take time off or will have someone around to do all this.

Now to brand spanking new testi-

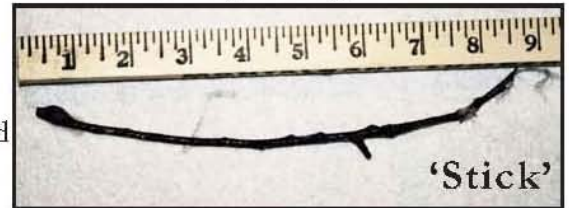
mony as to why we believe all the above to be so important.

The photo titled 'Stick' exhibits why we so strongly believe in puppy proofing your home, crate training and spending as much time as possible in the first week or

two acclimating your pup to its new home. We had all the pups (6 weeks old) on a litter outside one morning and took advantage of the moment to multitask -- we cleaned their area (for the third time by 7:30 am) and also fed all the adult dogs. We went to investigate when we heard pups gagging. Three of them had eaten bits of twigs, leaves and such which were tickling their little throats. We cleared out their throats with a gentle swab of the index finger and they were all OK. No problems. It happens all too often that this breed will get something foreign in their mouths -- this is a retriever breed after all and they will put anything and everything in their mouths. And being mouthy retrievers they will also chew -- but that is another story. This is a story and a lesson as to why young puppies need to be closely supervised at this very young tender age.

As we were bringing in the rest of the puppies, one started gagging and would not stop. The pup was in obvious distress with labored breathing and excessively rapid heart beats. We yanked him off the floor and his breathing was almost stopped as I put my finger

down his throat and found what I thought to be a small twig. I started pulling the twig which became a



stick 9 inches long (see photo)...

Keep in mind that at this age the puppy is only about 10 inches long from his throat to his butt, but somehow he had managed to completely swallow the stick length wise.

All is well and the puppy is great and back to being a puppy, but it could have been much worse if we had not been paying attention. Of course it could have been no problem at all had we followed our own advice and not left such young puppies unattended but had put them in their confined space or CRATES before going off to do other things. Sometimes you just want to beat yourself...and my wife would say deservedly so and did offer to do just that.

Now that you are reminded of why you should puppy proof your home, crate train your puppy and not leave it unattended, we are reprinting articles to remind you how and why to do both.

Check next issue for part two of this informative articles on how to Puppy-Proof your home.

- Greg Copeland
Texas Trace Kennels

BOYKINS IN THE AKC

The FIRST ever Best of Breed in an AKC show ring. Below: Roxy with her handler, Correy Krickeburg and Breeder/Owner, Patricia Watts



Fab Five in the AKC

Pictured from left to right: "Peaches", "Roxy", "Belle", "Cocoa" & "Gus"



"Belle" with her handler, Rindi Gaudet



"Allie", winner of the most Best of Breed in the AKC with her handler, Vivian Grice, Aiken, SC

Legacy of Miss Dixie

Hollow Creek's Legacy

January 1991-January 19-2008



My Beloved Miss Dixie, the monarch of my kennel, passed early this morning (1-19-2008). **Erva's Miss Dixie** was "my" first Boykin Spaniel. She and Sir Casey were the foundation of what was to eventually become the Hollow Creek Kennel's breeding program.

We celebrated her 17th birthday on January 15 ...and she passed on the 19th...just 14 years ago today, she had given birth to Hollow Creek's Rosey. I remember it so well. She insisted on having her pups in my bed. She always wanted to be as close to me as she could possibly get...and that is the way she passed. Her name suited her. She always held her head high and walked with tremendous pride.... even in her old age. She never stooped to beg for anything...she patiently waited until you came to her and offered.

Letting her go was heart wrenching. She "failed" fast within a period of 24 hours...and I could see in her eyes that she was tired and ready. I could not make her linger and suffer just because I wasn't ready....I would never have been ready. She was with me almost as long as my son was prior to his leaving the nest for college. Dixie consoled me through many difficult times in life. She as there through so very many Lupus flares and she loved me unconditionally. For all of her life, she would lie quietly beside me in my bed during my Lupus flares. She helped to heal me in so many ways. She watched over me when

she knew I could not do it for myself. She had a way of getting into the bed and out of the bed so gently that I would not feel her movement...as movement during a flare causes me great discomfort and she seemed to know that.

While Dixie loved the water, she did not love to hunt...she loved to retrieve....yet only retrieved game because of her love for me. Exceptionally bright, she helped me to train Rosey and others. One day, she patiently lounged on the deck and watched me teach Rosey the "baseball" diamond directional lesson. At first Rosey was having difficulty realizing exactly what I wanted her to do and just sat at the pitchers mound as I was frantically hand signaling for her to pick up the dummy at 1st base. After a short while, I watched as an exasperated Miss Dixie leisurely came down the deck

stairs...walked over to 1st based....picked up a dummy...walked to Rosey...gave her a "mothers' look"...then turned and delivered the dummy to me ...sitting and releasing perfectly. Her message was clear...and Rosey understood. Rosey became the finest Boykin with whom I have ever had the pleasure to hunt. She is 14 years old today and she still hunts with me in Kansas....and now she teaches the others. Like mother...like daughter.

Another time, Dixie lay in my lap as we watched a training video on TV...the trainer threw a dummy...to Miss Dixie it appeared to have landed in the dining room. She became concerned that no one was sent to retrieve it. She kept looking around the corner ... and finally jumped from my lap to go and find it herself! I laughed... she came back and resumed her position after she had assured herself that the dummy was not in the dining room. So much for dogs not watching TV.

Erva's Miss Dixie's progeny includes many "greats": Hollow Creek's Chocolate Mouse, CH Hollow Creek's Rosey, GRCH Hollow Creek's Gus CGC, GRCH Hollow Creek's Cocoa CGC, Hollow

Creek's Decoy's Boy (Buddy), GRCH Hollow Creek's Cocoa Cody, GRCH Hollow Creek's Decoy II MH, CH Hollow Creek's Penny, GRCH Hollow Creek's Gypsy MH, GRCH Hollow Creek's Allie-gator, CGC, GRCH Hollow Creek's Haley, GRCH Hollow Creek's Sassy Sadie, GRCH Hollow Creek's Amos, Hollow Creek's Great Santeenee (Santee), CH Hollow Creek's Roxy, Hollow Creek's Ruby, Hollow Creek's Santee Cooper, Hollow Creek's Roux, Hollow Creek's Bear, Hollow Creek's Cooper, Hollow Creek's Izzie-belle, Hollow Creek's Belle, Hollow Creek's Brown Sugar, Hollow Creek's Peaches And so forth.....her blood flows in every Hollow Creek dog ever whelped...and thus their offspring...and thus her legacy will continue and she will never leave my heart. I will see her again. I know without a doubt, that Casey, Sassy, Mouse, Buddy, Cody and now my Miss Dixie are playing at the Bridge ...listening and waiting for my call ... so that we can walk together once again.

Erva's Miss Dixie's offspring took the first hunting and conformation ribbons ever awarded by the American Kennel Club. Her progeny are the most decorated Boykin Spaniels to date, in the United Kennel Club and the American Kennel Club. Were there a Boykin Spaniel Hall of Fame, she certainly would qualify for entry. One can not deny that Miss Dixie **IS** Hollow Creek's Legacy. She leaves a magnificent legacy for the Boykin Spaniel breed.



Healthwise

Swimming in Toxic Water

On Monday, June 25, 2007 I took my healthy 9 month old Border Collie Vita swimming at approximately 6:30 p.m. Vita and two other BC's spent about an hour and a half diving off the dock, chasing the Water Kong, and running around. The temperature that day was just over 90 degrees, but none of the dogs looked particularly winded or hot. Vita emerged from the water and looked as if she was going to vomit. She threw up lake water three times. I wasn't particularly concerned as she took in a lot of water from retrieving and swimming so much and had seen other dogs do that in the past without complications. After the third time throwing up, she lay down and closed her eyes. Her tongue was hanging out of her mouth and I began to suspect she may have heat stroke. I immediately placed ice on her stomach and checked her gums. They were pink. I took her temperature which was 101.9, still normal. I then called my Vet who said these conditions did not indicate heat stroke and said I needed to get emergency medical attention right away. Vita was not responsive and when I picked her up to put her in the car she was limp and her eyes were still closed. Her breathing was slow and her heart was racing. I arrived at the emergency clinic only a half hour from the time she showed signs of distress. The ER Vet asked me what sorts of things Vita had been doing all day. I explained that she was crated as I was gone for the latter part of the afternoon and that upon coming home, the only other place she went was to the lake. Vita's eyes were fixed and dilated and the Vet suggested there was already brain damage. After administering an IV and oxygen, the Vet called me in and said Vita was not responding and that it appeared that she was suffering from some kind of toxic poisoning. Her heart rate was 200. He mentioned that he had recently seen a couple of dogs who died from Blue Green Algae Toxicity. I told him that the lake had what appeared to be algae blooms on the surface of the water. Neither of the other two dogs showed any of the signs that Vita had and that nei-

ther dog took in as much water as Vita apparently did. We decided to put her on a ventilator overnight and give her a "chance" to pull through.

When I got home I did a Dogpile.com search of "Blue Green Algae Toxicity in Dogs" and found some very disturbing information.

-Blooms can occur at any time, but most often occur in late summer or early fall. They can occur in marine, estuarine, and fresh waters, but the blooms of greatest concern are the ones that occur in fresh water, such as drinking water reservoirs or recreational waters.

-Some cyanobacterial blooms can look like foam, scum, or mats on the surface of fresh water lakes and ponds. The blooms can be blue, bright green, brown, or red and may look like paint floating on the water. Some blooms may not affect the appearance of the water. As algae in a cyanobacterial bloom die, the water may smell bad.

-Some cyanobacteria that can form CyanoHABs (Harmful Algal Blooms) produce toxins that are among the most powerful natural poisons known. These toxins have no known antidotes.

-Swallowing water that has cyanobacterial toxins in it can cause acute, severe gastroenteritis (including diarrhea and vomiting).

-Liver toxicity (i.e., increased serum levels of liver enzymes). Symptoms of liver poisoning may take hours or days to show up in people or animals. Symptoms include abdominal pain, diarrhea, and vomiting.

-Kidney toxicity.

-Neurotoxicity. These symptoms can appear within 15 to 20 minutes after exposure. In dogs, the neurotoxins can cause salivation and other neurologic symptoms, including weakness, staggering, difficulty breathing, convulsions, and death. People may have numb lips, tingling fingers and toes, or they may feel dizzy.

Vita had indeed exhibited salivation and signs of weakness, staggering, difficulty breathing and vomiting. At 7:00 a.m. on Tuesday, June 26, 2007 I called the Vet and was told that they

took Vita off the ventilator a couple of times during the night and that she was not breathing on her own. I told him to discontinue the procedure and to let her go. I called the DNR here in Michigan and was told that Blue Green Algae didn't usually appear this time of year and I told the agent that the conditions were that of late summer in Michigan, very hot for the last two days and reminded him that Blue Green Algae can appear at any time. He told me not to panic or to alarm other people. I told him that had someone else panicked, we wouldn't be having this conversation right now. Later that morning I found out from a neighbor that her two young boys had vomiting, diarrhea and stomach cramps last week and her Doctor suggested she bring in a water sample. I do not know if she did or not. I also talked to a woman from a neighboring county whose neighbor's dog ingested a lot of water from a pond and died suddenly a couple weeks ago. As of this writing, Wednesday, June 27th, I have not heard anything from Michigan State where I took Vita for a necropsy and toxicological panel. For the time being, I would strongly suggest you watch your dogs when swimming in small lakes and ponds as the potential threat of toxic poisoning from Blue Green Algae is prevalent. Had I known that algae of any kind was toxic, you can be sure my dogs wouldn't be swimming anywhere and that Vita, whose name quite ironically meant "life" in Latin, would be alive today.

Missing you more than you can imagine.

May you rest in peace, Red Top Vita

09/05/06 - 06/26/07

Bob Tatus
Fenton, MI



A Letter from a Dog - "How Could You?"

By: PetPlace.com Dog Lover



**"How
could
you?"**

When I was a puppy, I entertained you with my antics and made you laugh. You called me your child, and despite a number of chewed shoes and a couple of murdered throw pillows, I became your best friend. Whenever I was "bad," you'd shake your finger at me and ask "How could you?"...but then you'd relent and roll me over for a belly rub.

My housebreaking took a little longer than expected, because you were terribly busy, but we worked on that together. I remember those nights of nuzzling you in bed and listening to your confidences and secret dreams, and I believed that life could not be any more perfect.

We went for long walks and runs in the park, car rides, stops for ice cream (I only got the cone because "ice cream is bad for dogs" you said), and I took long naps in the sun waiting for you to come home at the end of the day.

Gradually, you began spending more time at work and on your career, and more time searching for a human mate. I waited for you patiently, comforted you through heartbreaks and disappointments, never chided you about bad decisions, and romped with glee at your homecomings, and when you fell in love. She, now your wife, is not a "dog person", still I welcomed her into our home, tried to show her affection, and obeyed her. I was happy because you were happy.

Then the human babies came along and I shared your excitement. I was fascinated by their pinkness, how they

smelled, and I wanted to mother them, too. Only she and you worried that I might hurt them, and I spent most of my time banished to another room, or to a dog crate. Oh, how I wanted to love them, but I became a "prisoner of love." As they began to grow, I became their friend. They clung to my fur and pulled themselves up on wobbly legs, poked fingers in my eyes, investigated my ears, and gave me kisses on my nose. I loved everything about them and their touch-because your touch was now so infrequent-and I would've defended them with my life if need be. I would sneak into their beds and listen to their worries and secret dreams, and together we waited for the sound of your car in the driveway.

There had been a time, when others asked you if you had a dog, that you produced a photo of me from your wallet and told them stories about me. These past few years, you just answered "yes" and changed the subject. I had gone from being "your dog" to "just a dog," and you resented every expenditure on my behalf.

Now, you have a new career opportunity in another city, and you and they will be moving to an apartment that does not allow pets. You've made the right decision for your "family," but there was a time when I was your only family. I was excited about the car ride until we arrived at the animal shelter. It smelled of dogs and cats, of fear, of hopelessness. You filled out the paperwork and said "I know you will find a good home for her." They shrugged and gave you a pained look. They understand the realities facing a middle-aged dog, even one with "papers." You had to pry your son's fingers loose from my collar as he screamed "No, Daddy! Please don't let them take my dog!" And I worried for him, and what lessons you had just taught him about friendship and loyalty, about love and responsibility, and about respect for all life.

You gave me a good-bye pat on the

head, avoided my eyes, and politely refused to take my collar and leash with you. You had a deadline to meet and now I have one, too. After you left, the two nice ladies said you probably knew about your upcoming move months ago and made no attempt to find me another good home. They shook their heads and asked "How could you?" They are as attentive to us here in the shelter as their busy schedules allow. They feed us, of course, but I lost my appetite days ago. At first, whenever anyone passed my pen, I rushed to the front, hoping it was you that you had changed your mind-that this was all a bad dream...or I hoped it would at least be someone who cared, anyone who might save me.

When I realized I could not compete with the frolicking for attention of happy puppies, oblivious to their own fate, I retreated to a far corner and waited. I heard her footsteps as she came for me at the end of the day, and I padded along the aisle after her to a separate room. A blissfully quiet room. She placed me on the table and rubbed my ears, and told me not to worry. My heart pounded in anticipation of what was to come, but there was also a sense of relief. As is my nature, I was more concerned about her. The burden which she bears weighs heavily on her, and I know that, the same way I knew your every mood. She gently placed a tourniquet around my foreleg as a tear ran down her cheek. I licked her hand in the same way I used to comfort you so many years ago. She expertly slid the hypodermic needle into my vein. As I felt the sting and the cool liquid coursing through my body, I lay down sleepily, looked into her kind eyes and murmured "How could you?" Perhaps because she understood my dogspeak, she said "I'm so sorry." She hugged me, and hurriedly explained it was her job to make sure I went to a better place, where I wouldn't be ignored or abused or abandoned, or have to fend for myself-a place of love and light so very different from this earthly place.

Waggin' Tails ...



"Bella" loves to ride with my grandson Alex on his four-wheeler. He goes slow and is very careful. When we go to the hunting camp they are inseparable . They love each other so much, you can see it in their eyes. - Bob Sanders



"Where did that quail go!?"



"You want me to move?!?
I'm the Captain!!!"

"Abby" - Brenda T. Hogge
Chesapeake, Virginia



"Jumper"
Maureen
Griffin of
VA



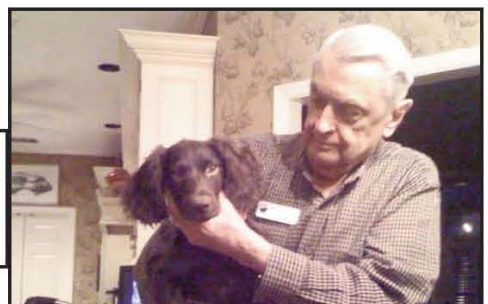
"Sam" - Mary Lee & John Marcom
of Arkansas



"Cara" - Harold Stanlick



Top
photo:
"Cooper",
Bottom
photo:
"Izzie" -
Donnie
Judy of
Columbia,
SC



...& More Waggin' Tails...



"Shako" marked all of these birds coming in, was steady, and retrieved each one to hand. Then I woke up from my nap and realized I was dreaming. All jokes aside, I practiced with him after the hunt and he consistently retrieved fresh-killed mallards and the lone merganser from the pond we had hunted earlier. He is very enthusiastic about the hunt and he doesn't mind cold water a bit. He was in the crate during the hunt, but next year I think he'll be ready to sit in the blind. And I'm pretty sure he could earn a started retriever title with a little more practice. - Joshua Robinson



"Tacky" has made 2 trips to South Dakota with us and is just fantastic. She rides in the cab behind the front seat while the other dogs ride in the dog box in the bed of the truck. She does a great job and almost perfect in the CRP grass. I'm working her on released birds (quail) on the farm. - Don Belew



We love "Hampton"! He is a great addition to our family.
Linda, Johnny, Carolyn, and Peter
Zervos of Charleston, SC



...& More Waggin' Tails!



"Tucker" is now a year old. He loves the water and birds. He will fetch all day long. On the left he is actually standing on a six foot high snow bank.

- Mary Whitney of New Hampshire



"Jackson" started doing some short retrieves in the water, and I thought I would never get him out. All he wanted to do was swim. I have been working with him in the yard both with dummies and frozen birds. He is coming along nicely as a hunting dog.

- Josh Goff of Atlanta, GA



"Scout At Work"



BoykinSpanielsForever.com
Hollow Creek Kennel
Patricia L. Watts
803-532-0990



Got Anything Boykin Spaniels?
Want to them to be published in the Journal?
Email them with a caption or description and
your name and state of residence to
BoykinsForever@aol.com



Web Links:

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



BOYKIN SPANIELS FOREVER
c/o HOLLOW CREEK KENNEL
1018 ASBILL COURT
LEESVILLE, SC 29070
HTTP://BOYKINSPANIELSFOREVER.COM
BOYKINSFOREVER@AOL.COM