



NEWSLETTER

Volume 10, Number 3

August, 2013

From our President Stephanie Fischer (ilovtrav@aol.com)

Welcome to the "Dog Days of Summer" everyone. I hope the summer is going well for all of you. Please don't forget that we have our annual Fun Day scheduled for Saturday, August 3 at Old Bethpage Restoration. We will be choosing the final pictures for our calendar, as well as picking the two raffle winners for the Jet Blue tickets. The deadline to purchase raffle tickets and help support rescue is Friday, August 2. If the weather is at all like it has been, in the 90's with high humidity, the day will be rescheduled. Safety first! This is the best way to meet your fellow club members, share stories and watch all the dogs play together.

I think they really do recognize their own breed.

You will be getting an email shortly from Mary K Chelton regarding Meet the Breeds, which again will be held at the Javits Center at the end of September. We are looking for volunteers to come with well-behaved dogs to help out at the booth. We represent our parent club in helping to educate the public on our breed.

October 12-13 is when our club is holding our AKC Hunt Test. This will again be a two-day event and the hunt test committee will need people power on both those days. You can help in

the kitchen, or the field. The committee will be there to guide you.

In the next few weeks, our new club web master, Nick Owczarek, will be rolling out our new web page. There will be many exciting changes, and this, along with emails, will be the main go to for all club activities and info. The site is www.vcli.net. We also have a very popular Facebook page filled with lots of cute pictures, anecdotes and info from fellow V owners. This can be found by clicking www.facebook.com/groups/vizslaclub/.

As always, I end with a request for more volunteers. Please reach out to one of us on the board and ask how and what we can use help with. It does not take that much time.

Warm regards,
Stephanie



Treasurer's Report: Treasurers report: Club Funds- \$5636.21; Rescue Funds-\$11,660.72

Chris Cheeseman, Treasurer

Membership Report: There are 124 memberships, 74 regular and 50 rescues. Only 32 of the regulars have paid their membership for 2013. **PLEASE RENEW ASAP!**

Ellen Padilla, Membership Chair

RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE RAFFLE

We are raffling off 4 round-trip tickets on Jet Blue airlines anywhere they travel, including the Caribbean and South America. The winning party will only be responsible for paying the taxes on the tickets. The winner will be chosen at Fun Day. You need not be present to win. This is something that you can share with your friends, family and co-workers. You do not need to be a VCLI member to win. The cost is \$20 for a pair of tickets. Let's make this a very successful fundraiser!

Please make your check out to VCLI Rescue and mail it to: Ray Fischer 28 Devonshire Ct., Plainview, NY 11803. MUST GET TO HIM BY AUGUST 2!

"TAYLOR"
GCH CH Britannia's Taylor made For Two JH TDI CGC
AWARD OF MERIT
2012 Vizsla Nationals



and his son



"TEAK"
Russet Leather Ride To The Top
Best Futurity Puppy Dog
2013 Vizsla Nationals

avatarvizslas.com
Ed & Jackie McAuliffe, Bellport, NY

Rescue Committee Report

Rescue has been pretty uneventful over the past month or so. Brandy, who came to us found tied to a pole suffering from severe pneumonia, is now living with her forever family in Buffalo. The word thank you is not even big enough to express my gratitude to the Pyles, who nurtured her through this experience and to the Vizsla community for their monetary and emotional support during her recovery. You will find a story from the Pyles describing what it is to be a foster family, as well as a story from Allison LaRavia about her adoption. We all wish her a long and happy life! She is one special Vizsla. I also wanted to do a piece on the Southside dogs, their life one year after their legal adoption. Many of the families have kept in touch, and all the dogs are slowly coming out of their shells. Unfortunately, the court case involving Frank Popolizio, the owner of the Southside Kennels still goes on. You can read about it here. <http://www.timesunion.com/local/article/Former-restaurant-owner-avoids-jail-in-sales-tax-4583007>. In my opinion, much stronger legislation needs to be put in place regarding animal abuse. Please enjoy the rescue stories this month and as always, I thank everyone for their support.

Stephanie Fischer ilovtrav@aol.com



Brandy's Story

Being a Foster Parent Means Saying Goodbye

Brandy came to us in January a thin, delicate female Vizsla with seriously advanced pneumonia. As foster parents we took her to the vet, nursed her, gave her pills and nebulizer treatments, loved and comforted her and saw her recover and go from desperately ill to a healthy, playful loving girl.

Now it is June and a forever family has been found. Our work is done and we will be turning Brandy over to her new family today. This is always a hard time for me. I am pulled in two directions. I am happy to see the excitement as the family and their dog meet Brandy. The family seems to be a good fit for playful, busy Brandy. The other side of me says "We love her! I don't want her to leave."

Fostering Vs is about caring for Vs in need. We work with Vizsla rescue groups and offer temporary homes for the Vs. We take them to vets and assess the dog's temperament so that the rescue group can place the dog in a forever home that matches the dog's personality. We provide a safe loving place for a dog to heal before meeting a forever family.

I am sad to see Brandy leave, but I know there is another V sitting in a shelter, another phone call with someone saying "Can you help another V needing love, attention and healing?" We are waiting here, happy and sad, but content in our satisfying duty of saving one precious Vizsla at a time.

Chris and Jim Pyle

Brandy/Roux Adoption Story

Well, for my family, this was our first time to participate in the adoption of a Vizsla rescue. Our love for Vizslas started 9 years

ago when we brought our first “child” home—our four legged, furry Jake. His mother was a Vizsla and his father was a Weimaraner. Jake’s personality is IDENTICAL to Vizslas. I would read so many blogs, websites, books, searching out any information possible to help raise him to the best of our ability and still fitting with the way God designed him. We were instantly HOOKED! As all of you know, the V has a very unique personality.

My husband and I were married for one year when we brought Jake home and hadn’t had children yet. Nine years after bringing Jake home, three children later (Kennedy—6, Jackson—4, and Jude—20 months), and a cross-country move from Baton Rouge, LA to Buffalo, NY, we were finally ready to adopt another furry family member into our home. My family will forever have Vizslas as our family pets, but I knew realistically that bringing a puppy home would be too much for our family now with such young children, and with 9 year old Jake – that would be too much of an adjustment for him.

My family back in LA works in rescue and I have always had a heart to restore back the life that these sweet animals so deserve, but unfortunately through their lives’ journeys were left abandoned and distressed. I did a random Google search on the internet and came across VCLI Rescue and emailed Stephanie Fischer our story. I quickly got a response from Stephanie to give her a call. We INSTANTLY hit it off! You know when “you get it, you just get it. ”

We spoke “Vizsla.” I hadn’t really known another Vizsla owner and it was so much fun to get to banter back and forth about our beloved doggies. I so appreciated her “to the point attitude, no fluff, no bones about it” kind of dialogue. It is refreshing to just get to the point, and that “point” was that it might not even be a possibility for

our family to be placed with a V because our children were so young. I fully understood; I had this innate trust in her judgment after only a couple conversations. I didn’t inquire anywhere else for Vizsla rescue and knew that if our future family member was out there, then when the timing was right, we would be together.

Along came Brandy and her story. When Stephanie first called me to tell me about Brandy, my heart was instantly broken for her and the way her life had turned for the absolute worst. “Tied to a pole? Starving? Life-Threatening Pneumonia? ” What type of human does that to an animal? And then to find out what a sweet little angel dog she is – how could they have done that to her?



Jackson and Roux

Well, her story had already begun to redeem itself when Jim and Chris brought her into their home and restored her body and spirit back to her original self—the way God designed it to be. I will be forever grateful to them for very literally bringing her back to life again. When they realized that she was great with children and with other dogs, Stephanie thought of our family. I am so grateful she did! When she was “officially” offered to us for adoption – there was no hesitation. YES! A thousand times over—YES! I was anxious to give her a home that loved her unconditionally, a family where she knows she is WANTED and

is a MEMBER of the family, and another dog playmate that she could romp around and be the silly V she was meant to be.

My daughter, Kennedy, my friend Morgan, and our dog Jake and I took the long road trip to Princeton, New Jersey from Buffalo, (7 hours!) to meet and hopefully adopt our Brandy. We decided to spend the night with her foster family, Jim and Chris Pyle; we had instantly hit it off on the phone and thought it would be a lot of fun to get some time with them and to give Brandy time to adjust to our family and to Jake.

When we first arrived, Brandy came and greeted us with her happy, smiling face, and wiggling body and tail! A few hours later, we were all in the back bedroom unpacking and she came back by herself and just sat down to watch and listen—she stayed there for a long while as if knowing “OK, these are my people now—time to get to know them now.”



Roux's Family

We had a wonderful visit with Jim and Chris, their two other Vizslas (Bailey and Tia) and Brandy. We all felt very comfortable with the transition. My heart was burdened for Jim and Chris because I saw the unconditional love and care they poured into Brandy. It was evident she had touched their lives for a lifetime. She is that kind of dog—she touches people, she makes people

smile, she loves recklessly. It's quite amazing to watch. So, with tears, we left early that morning. Jim assured me that there were more smiles than tears because he knew how right this was for all involved.

We had a wonderful drive back. When I would walk them together, Jake and Brandy walked stride in stride; they did their doggie “business” at the same time! They were like a little old married couple; like I said, it was meant to be. She has adjusted absolutely perfectly. There has not been ONE issue – it's nothing short of miraculous and fully “meant to be.” Jake smiles when he plays with her. They have such a lighthearted friendship and I can tell Jake isn't as lonely when I leave to run an errand.

All three of the children are beyond thrilled to have her in our home. She has a special and unique relationship with each of us. It's so interesting to observe. For instance, with me, she comes for lots of loving, hugs, and is my kitchen and bike companion. At night, she doesn't leave Josh's side (my husband) and is curled up next to him until bedtime. With my daughter, she is often found in her bedroom having “tea” with Kennedy. Kennedy makes her a “bed” with her blankets, gives her a pillow, and covers her body with a blanket and lets her pretend “sip tea” from her tea cup, and Brandy is just lying down or rolled over on her side with her tail wagging and tapping the floor with a huge smile on her face! She gets up early (and then after an hour usually goes back to sleep!) with my early bird, Jackson (4 year old). The two of them go downstairs, eat cereal together (he sneaks her some!) and they watch cartoons together side by side. (Meanwhile, Jake is still under the covers fast asleep!)

Jackson is most protective of her and can often be heard saying to guests coming in the house, “You need to be ‘bery bery’ gentle with her and nice to her because she

is a 'wescue' dog and she has been through a lot." And he has whispered in my ear, "Mommy, she is my favorite because I can tell that she really loves me a lot." She just has that way about her; that's what I mean—she has a "reckless abandonment" kind of love about her – something I think we all could learn from her. And then my youngest, Jude (20 months) has always been in love with Jake from a very young age. One of his first words was "Jaaaaa" "Baaaall" knowing Jake loves his ball. I knew he would be in love with Brandy. And the feeling is mutual – Jude is very gentle around her and will frequently be giving her open mouth kisses on her back and face and Brandy will just lie down and roll over, tail wagging, smile on her face! And at night, Brandy will walk into his nursery, Jude is fast asleep, she just walks in to check on him (each of the kids rooms she does this at night!) and will watch him sleep for a few seconds until I call her to bed and say "He is ok, he is fast asleep and safe." She has taken her job very seriously – to love our family well. I only hope we can repay the favor every, single day and redeem back the life that she deserves as her "forever family."

As a side note – just a few days ago, the family has decided to change Brandy's name. We had no intention of doing so originally, but the kids really wanted her to have something Louisiana in her name – something that was a piece of our family. Roux is a very popular pet name in LA, and it's a Creole and French base for cooking many dishes. Roux comes in different brown tones, from the light caramel color to a dark brown coloring. And Brandy/Roux is a "roo-er." She talks and roos all the time. We have already been calling her our "Roo-Roo girl." So, remarkably, she already knew her name! It was an easy, smooth transition for all. Roux is officially a Jersey/New Yorker/Creole Girl!

Allison and Josh LaRavia

Molly's Story (a Southside dog)

As most of you know, we have adopted Molly, who used to be named Mercedes. She originally was adopted by one of my prior rescue families, their only requirement being that she must get along with people and travel well in a car. Well... as all of them are, she is very shy until she knows you and throws up in the car on every ride. Bonine and ginger help a bit, but not always.



Molly and Jake

Her claim to fame is we taught her how to puke into a plastic bag. Certainly makes cleaning the car much easier! It has been 10 months since she arrived, and most of the quirks have disappeared. She is no longer terrified of running water. My gut is that they sprayed out the kennels with the dogs in them. She can just about handle the noise from the icemaker, and no longer slinks around when she is walked outside. She is very friendly to all the neighborhood

dogs and kids. She lines up with the boys for her morning fish oil pill, and has been taught well the fine art of begging. She and Jake chase each other around the house and really have bonded. She looks to Cliffy for safety. Her favorite friends at the dog park are two rescue greyhounds. The people have slowly watched her come out of her shell and marvel at how truly sweet she is. She will go around and greet the humans and then hang with the dogs.



Molly

She is a kind, gentle soul who loves to be hugged. From day one she has slept on my pillow on my shoulder. She has learned that she likes to be under the covers. She also has learned to hit you for attention. All the things I took for granted with the boys. I marvel at the way these characteristics are coming out in Molly. She makes all of us smile every day!

Stephanie Fischer



Rose's Story
(a Southside dog)

As you can see in the photo, I am being supervised as I write. Rose makes friends wherever we go. A special friend is the postman, who puts a milk bone through the mail slot. Sometimes we meet him on our walks and he always has a pat and another bone for her.

Humans are not her only friend. I looked out in the yard one day to see a rabbit eating grass with Rose 10 feet behind eating rabbit poop. This went on for several minutes until the rabbit finished and hopped off into the bushes. My neighbor says Rose is a pacifist, but much more than that she is a perfect companion for me. As I adapt to a slower lifestyle at 87, she is adapting from Southside to a fuller life with the freedom of a house and a yard to play in, and daily walks that we both need! Life is good, we need each other.



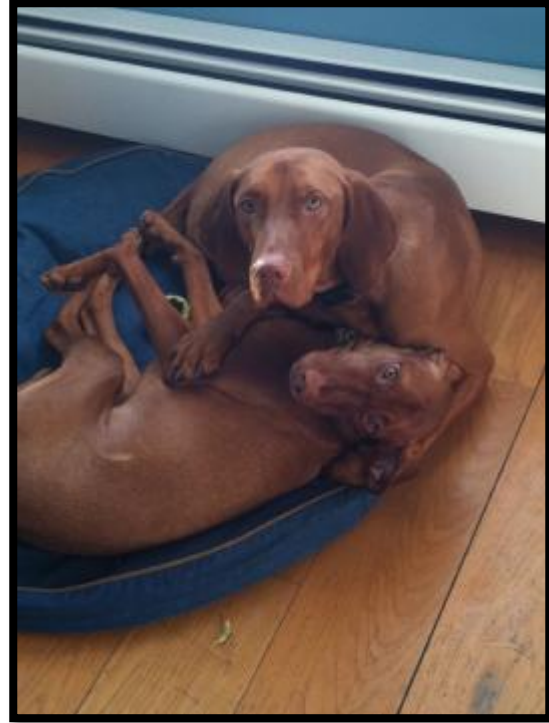
Rose

Rose is now 9 ½ and spayed. Her weight remains at 42 pounds as it was when I first got her in April 2012. She has overcome her separation anxiety, but still doesn't like thunderstorms. She loves to lie on the floor where the sun hits it, and follows the sun around when it moves on the floor. She is perfect for me.

Trudy Lanman

Nate's Story (a Southside dog)

Nate truly is a special dog and has grown so much in the past almost year! That first week when we brought him home, Zack and I both discussed that we may have taken on a bigger project than we had originally thought. For example, as soon as we let Nate out of the car after driving, he took off sprinting down the road in a total panic at...nothing! The first time I took him for a run he was afraid of rocks, sticks, my foot scraping on the tar; despite this from the very beginning he loved Navio (Navi) our then two-year-old female Vizsla. Nate (often called "Big Nate" or "Nate Dog") would bark at anyone entering whatever room he was currently in, wouldn't let men near, including Zack who felt terrible when Nate would cower away from him. Navio was his security blanket. Whatever Navi did, Nate did. Still, to this day it is like having one Vizsla with two heads. Luckily for us Navio is very patient and loves having her snuggle buddy nearby at all times. While she is definitely in charge, Navi is a good role model for Nate because she is comfortable in every situation. Recently Zack's mother, who is not a dog person and was very nervous around Nate at first, visited our home and was greeted by two Vizslas wagging their tails and happy to have a visitor, to which she responded, "Nate is a totally different dog than when I first met him!" This was so good to hear because we have really been working hard to help Nate feel comfortable in different situations, but even to have him be confident in his comfort zone, i.e. his house is HUGE!



Nate and Navio

As he becomes more and more adjusted and comfortable his personality is coming out. Nate's biggest loves are his bed, chewing, being petted and of course, Navi. If he wants you to pet him watch out because he will lean up against you and is very strong ; he can push you over if you're not careful. Since he is most comfortable around women he typically does this to me, my sister and my mother. His happy face smiling up at you is hard to resist! He has accepted Zack as someone who he can trust but most men are still pretty scary! Nate is a wonderful dog and we are truly happy to have him in our lives. He is Navio's companion and guaranteed to put a smile on your face. Nate's heart is full of goofy love!

Anna Perry



Bostone's Story (a Southside dog)

My name is Bostone. I am a Southside Kennel survivor. I don't remember much about that. I was cold and hungry, and so tired. One day some humans came and took me to a place where I had food and it was warm. I thought that I would live here with these humans, that this would be my forever home. I was there for a long time, the humans were nice, they told me that I was very sick but now I was better, and soon I would go to another place. That made me sad.



Bostone and toy

One day I was brought to another place where there were lots of animals, and I had some other friends from Southside Kennels there to play with. The humans were nice; I was loved and hugged by the humans. I had food, and a big grass yard where I could run and play games with other dogs. I was shy at the beginning, but soon I was happy there too. Maybe this place would be my forever home? I was there for a long time, and one day I was brought out to meet some new humans. They talked to me and hugged me, but I was afraid and tried to make myself very small. They played with

me for a while and went away. The next day they came back and had treats and toys and a new collar for me. I went with them in a big truck, but I was sad that I was leaving.

I was in the truck for a long time. The humans gave me water and treats, but I did not want to eat the treats. I was afraid. I was going to another home, again. Maybe I would never have a forever home.

After a real long time, I came to another place. It had a pretty yard, and the man took me for a long walk and talked to me about this place called Delaware. He told me I would live here, and I would have a sister Vizsla named Hazel and lots of love. I was afraid, and made myself very small and went with the man into a building that smelled real good. A female Vizsla came running out and smelled me and licked me and whined "Welcome Bostone." Some small humans petted me, and hugged me, and talked to me. I was still afraid, but everything seemed okay.



Bostone and Hazel

That was so long ago, one whole year. My forever home is lots of fun, I have a yard to play in, Hazel has taught me so much. We have two baskets of toys; Hazel doesn't like to share, but we play tug of war and chase each other up and down the stairs, all over the house. She barks at things outside, I don't bark much; it scares me when that loud noise comes out of my mouth!

I chase squirrels, and point birds in the woods. Hazel shows me the best places to visit, and where everyone lives. Mr. Gene lives next door, and my friend Pearl lives there. She is a big white poodle, and she has a sister, Tansy, a tiny Yorkie, who gives me little wet kisses. Mr. Gene has a big parrot named Joe. I visit Miss Annie when we take walks by the water. She gives me big hugs and tells me I am her dog friend.

Hazel's boyfriend Max, who is a miniature schnauzer, comes to visit with Mr. Matt. Max, Hazel and I have lots of fun running through the yard, and chasing things. When they leave, Hazel and I are tired. My dad human takes Hazel and me for rides to visit lots of places. I like to ride with my head out the window, and my ears flapping in the breeze.

One of my favorite rides is to a place called "the Beach". It is a big flat sandy place with no trees or squirrels, but there Hazel and I can chase seagulls. The water chases us back and forth, and I try to play in the water. It is cold, and it runs away and comes back again. I love the beach.

Life is good in Delaware with my family. I know what a forever home is, a forever home is all about love. If I could, I would give big wet kisses to all my other humans who took care of me before I came to my forever home. Bark Bark (Thank you!)

Leona Dorsch



***Kody's Story
(a Southside dog)***

Kody, wow, has it really been a year since this beautiful, wonderful, precious soul entered my life? It's hard to believe. The time seems to have just floated by. When Kody first came home, he was a little shy

about meeting new people and dogs, but once he had a "proper" greeting, he opened right up and became "best friends." Now, everyone is his "best friend" immediately. When we go to the park, he greets every new dog with enthusiasm and immediately invites them to play. He loves to run. Maggie (his 12 year old "big sister") and I usually just end up sitting back and watching him go. I think he'd run for hours if I let him. Unfortunately, his hip dysplasia is a limiting factor for him.



Kody and toy

He had his first FHO surgery in September and then underwent extensive physical therapy. He was not the most cooperative of patients, however. He found it easier just not to use his surgery leg, so he didn't. That makes it a little difficult to build the muscles and minimize the formation of scar tissue. Dr. Drum (his physical therapist) has been wonderful, though she does say that he (and sister Chance) have been the two hardest post FHO patients she has had. Once we got past all of those hurdles, we reduced his therapy to just once a month rechecks to monitor his buildup of the muscle mass he lost in the surgery leg, and to help ensure his freedom of movement. He is currently back to going once a week to help build those muscles up more and he is doing great. He thinks it's social hour and has to stop and say hello to everyone.

Kody has completed his Beginner, Intermediate and Advanced education classes. He is currently re-taking the Advance class with the goal of completing the CGC exam. At this time he's got 50-75% of the test nailed. He still needs lots of work with how he greets others...he just doesn't quite understand why he can't just walk right up to whoever he wants and say hello. He gets better every day and I couldn't be more proud of him.

When Kody first came home and accompanied Maggie and me to the barn, he was convinced that the horses were giant "puppy eating monsters." He wouldn't step foot into the barn if the horses were in there, even if it was raining (and he doesn't like to be in the rain). After his surgery and subsequent physical therapy he has resumed going to the barn and is no longer afraid of the horses, though he is cautious around them. He has doggy friends at the barn who will run with him and lots of room to do so. He thinks it's fantastic. After a couple of hours out there, he is down for the rest of the day.



Kody and Maggie

We have all had adjustments to make in the last year, but I they have all worked out on the positive side. Maggie still gives me the "When is he leaving?" look, but I know she secretly loves him (I catch them snuggling all the time). He gets along great with the

cats, loves to go with mom (anywhere) and really loves to go visit "grandma" in Atlanta. I am grateful to everyone at the Susquehanna SPCA, VCLI and everyone else involved in rescuing all of these dogs and allowing Kody to come into my life. He is a great boy and well loved.

Kim Clawson

Pepsi's Story (a Southside Dog)

Pepsi-Pepalicious-Pep Pep.

One year and counting the addition of Sweet Pepsi in our lives. He has adjusted very well to being the only guy in a household with four intact females. He loves his best buddy Flash who is always by his side. They are never very far apart. They also get into trouble together outside in the yard. Pep loves to dig in my gardens, which actually no longer really exist! They had been making a fuss at the fence for about two weeks and it was driving me crazy. I was always at the door making sure they were not trying to escape the yard. One day while preparing the patio for summertime meals, I saw him sitting quietly with his back to me. He was just sitting there still as could be. When I walked over to him he turned around and there hung a two-foot garden snake dead in his mouth.....YEEKS! So, that was what he and Flash had been digging for for two weeks and had successfully dragged into the yard under the fence! No thanks buddy! I am scared to death of snakes! NOW, how to get him to leave it and not try to present me with a gift! I went in the house and got a chew bone, but nope, did not work. I went back in and got a cookie; did not work. I went in and got a piece of cheese...thank god...worked; he dropped it and ran into the family room without the snake!



Pepsi

He comes from nowhere to kiss me when I am watching TV. Sometimes he's sound asleep and all of a sudden he must feel the need to have some contact and across the room he comes, holds his big beautiful head sideways for a kiss and then after we have our moment together he is back in his dog bed. I am never alone, he is with me in

every room, in everything I do. He loves real kisses on his lips. He adores my grandsons, pointing birds and butterflies and playing with the retrieving dummy, except he plays with the cord not the dummy itself, and his newest fun thing is a laser lighted pen that he is obsessed with following the light up and down the walls and across the room. Oh, and he hates bugs!

He has a beautiful personality and sweet disposition. He enjoys people, and is a very happy dog. Brian said he doesn't think we have ever had a happier dog in all our 43 years in Vizslas. That my peers, is the best thing we can ask for, for this very special guy.

Linda Promaulayko



BRAGS BRAGS BRAGS

Mondai's Soar'N Precious Tawny Heart MH CGC (Tawny), owned, handled, and trained by Debbie Field, finished her AKC Master Hunter title at the TarTan Gordon Setter Club and the Irish Setter Club of New England double-header hunt test the weekend of April 27 and 28 in Danielson, CT, with 3 qualifying runs in a row. Tawny received her first two qualifying runs at the TarTan Gordon Setter Club's hunt tests in New Hampshire this past November.

A Master hunting dog is a finished and experienced hunting companion. It must show a keen desire to hunt at a range suitable for a handler on foot. A Master dog must locate game, point staunchly, and must be steady to flush, wing, shot and fall on all birds. Upon command the dog must retrieve promptly, tenderly and absolutely to hand. When a Master dog encounters its brace mate on point it must honor on its own without command.



Tawny and Deb in the field.



Tawny with all her MH ribbons

In Memoriam: Panne



May 1999 -April 2013

Panne came to me via Bowie Maryland by default. The original person who was to get her decided it would be too much trouble and I was the next on the waiting list. What a lucky break!

We locked eyes on that July 4th day and it was love forever. Of course, always on her terms. Forget about crates and dog beds! After a year of consuming kitchen chairs and cabinets and an occasional shoe, she settled in to a normal routine. Luckily my employer loved her and she became the official Mascot of Danark Associates, a Kitchen remodeler. She sat at the desk with me, and greeted everybody and loved it. She became famous with all the delivery guys and of course got lots of treats. We did this together for 11 1/2 years and then came the recession. Oh well, we still had each other, and unemployment.

The last few years were tough, with toenails falling off (SLO) and stomach issues and then came the sonogram with the diagnosis of a mast cell malignant tumor in the heart. We were given 3 months. Eighteen months later we had to cross the Rainbow Bridge.

So many tears from so many people who loved her. Even her Vet gave a donation in her memory to Cornell Vet School.

Fortunately I had professional photos taken the year before, so her sweet face follows me all over the house. I still feel her presence, and at times seem to hear her footsteps.

She was my second Vizsla; both were different, but at the same time very much the same. She will be missed for a very long time, until I feel the burden lift from my heart to welcome another red headed darling into my life.

With much sorrow, Zelda Randell



Focus on the Field

Andrew Campbell

What's in a name?

When we call a dog “a Vizsla” what are we trying to capture in that name? I don't pose the question to be either iconoclastic or heretical, but, for example, the genetic origins of the Vizsla are at worst murky and at best mythic. I, for one, think there is little to be gained from claiming that the yellow hunting dogs depicted in the 14th century *Vienna Illuminated Chronicle* are the progenitors of an unbroken 800-year-old pure genetic chain that has given us the dog called “Vizsla”—a word or name whose etymology is also equally murky. I think there is little to be gained, because while there was something documentable as the Magyar Vizsla by the 1880s, two catastrophic events since that time further complicate our perception of the Vizsla as a pure-bred strain since time immemorial, namely the two World Wars and the descent of the Iron Curtain. Those two waves of massive continental upheaval and destruction, immediately followed by a deliberate policy of isolationism, decimated the breed each time leaving precious few breeding individuals and required the reconstitution of previously-closed stud books to rebuild the gene pool of the Hungarian pointing dog. In 1947 as part of a state-sponsored reconstruction program, breeding stock relied upon both dogs with known pedigrees and those who met the criteria for *both appearance and hunting ability*.

Arguably, in this regard, the devastation of the two World Wars was a benefit to the breed—especially if some of those dogs weren't in fact “Vizslas,” but likely out-crosses to German shorthair pointers or even Weimaraners. Because as much as I appreciate the integrity that comes with owning a pure-bred dog, meaning that, especially with an AKC-registered dog, I should be assured of certain kinds of long-term data about health issues like dysplasia, seizures, and myositis as well as certain physical, psychological, and sporting characteristics, there is certainly plenty of scientific evidence to support the fact that as a restricted gene pool gets more restricted, it begins to manifest itself in assorted health problems. What I am much less sure of is exactly how big a gene pool needs to be in order to ensure genetic diversity (although one figure suggests that you need at least 10-20 generations without any inbreeding), it is also clear that more unique and healthy

individuals are better to avoid producing inbreeding depression and its resulting health issues.

Breeding for a single purpose within a breed creates further tension within a genetic pool, especially using deliberate strategies of line-breeding (where one creates a deliberate genetic bottleneck by inbreeding within a very limited number of generations to try and anchor and reinforce a particular set of characteristics). In one instance, the AKC has come under a significant fire in recent years for its promotion of conformation shows whose sole criteria for judgment are physical characteristics and the rather limited demonstration of gait. (I suppose temperament is loosely evaluated insofar as a dog that shows aggression towards another dog or judge would be disqualified.) Most of us know the example of bulldogs bred so tightly for physical type that they can barely breathe, let alone sustain any kind of physical challenge that actually involves using its mouth. At the other end of the spectrum lies the American Field, an older registry than the AKC and one dedicated entirely to sporting dogs and sporting dog competition. As former editor of the *American Field* magazine, Bill Brown, wrote in his *The Field Trial Primer* back in 1934, "It [the sport of field trialing] aims to provide competition of the highest kind among bird dogs, to stimulate enthusiasm among owners, and to act as a practical guide for breeders by setting a high standard of performance." (p. 8) Nevertheless, in an interesting example of one element of appearance and performance being closely tied and bred for, many breeders and owners prize an overwhelmingly white dog for the simple reason that the dog can be seen more easily at great distance. However, the gene responsible for a predominantly white coat (whether in horses, cats, or dogs) has meant that the incidence of deafness within a given litter is far from uncommon. Nevertheless, for some pointer breeders with an especially cold, objective, and long-term view toward their breeding programs, the quality of the pups without any hearing issues justifies the means.

What is interesting about groups as diverse as the American Kennel Club, the American Field, and the Jack Russell Terrier Club of America (who are adamantly not affiliated with the AKC) is that all three would maintain that they are protecting the integrity of their breeds and ensuring their betterment. But to what end? What kind of "dog" does each of these groups have in mind? The Vizsla Club of America proclaims in its Code of Ethics: "respect for this heritage demands that this breed should never be allowed to become less than the dog that still represents the National Dog of Hungary—a true 'walking gentleman's shooting dog.'" While I take a certain issue with the final phrase (because if one believes the long-term origin myth of the Vizsla, then the first noblemen's dogs were not being handled from foot, in which case this is a late 19th century gentleman that we're describing), the VCA's Code actually aspires to maintaining a minimum bar: "no less than." But does that mean that in improving our breed we should be striving for a "Vizsla" that can run and compete with the highest caliber pointers and setters? This isn't a question I have fully resolved for myself because, frankly, when I wanted to own a competition dog with pointer-like performance, I went out and got an American Field-bred pointer. But I don't think that other-breed-envy should be the motivating factor for anyone's breeding program.

To give a final example, one of the things I admire about the Verein Deutsch-Drahthaar, the global organization dedicated to the preservation and promotion of the Drahthaar, is that it only permits breeding “through performance to standard.” What is a Drahthaar? Genetically, a Drahthaar and a German Wirehaired Pointer are the same—the product of very deliberate breeding between German Shorthair Pointers, Griffons, Stichelhaars, and Pudelpointers—however, a Drahthaar can only be registered and bred as such after successfully completing several series of field tests. Interestingly, their registry permits the open breeding to other breeds, but it appears that no one has availed themselves of this in at least a half-century. And so, while the sound genetic principle of outcrossing remains a possibility, in practice the Drahthaar now relies on a closed genetic loop. To play devil’s advocate with the Vizsla: arguably the folks that undoubtedly did experiment illicitly with introducing pointers into their breeding programs in the 1980s and 1990s did our breed a favor by expanding the gene pool from which the breed now draws; on the other hand, I doubt their goals and motivations had anything to do with a long-term genetic view and much more to do with winning ribbons in the then and now.

When we think about maintaining and improving the breed, as owners, trainers, and especially breeders, I think we need to keep a longterm view in both directions—what was the Vizsla? And as stewards of the breed, where should we be trying to take it? Personally, when I think about what I’m looking for in my next Vizsla, I’m looking for a sire and dam with proven field ability, a pedigree without any known health defects, and while I would personally take a long, smooth gait over a specific look, the dog should still be attractive. I’d like to see Senior or Master Hunter titles, a Field Championship or an Amateur Field Championship, a Dual Championship or what is arguably the “poor man’s Dual Championship”, the VCA’s Versatility Certificate (with its components of obedience, field, and conformation). But the short version is that the breed we have chosen is special for many reasons, and is versatile for many reasons, but when we start breeding for a single purpose, we take a variety of risks with the long-term health of our breed.



Andrew Campbell is an AKC approved hunt test and field trial judge and is owned and operated by two Vizslas and a pointer. He loves his white dog, but will always have red dogs. He is about to take his annual summer training trip, this time to South Dakota; he apologizes for missing the VCLI's fall hunt test but invites anyone going out to Eureka for the VCA National Field Championship in October to look him up.

The dog in the picture is Widdershins Rye Whiskey JH, out of NAFC FC AFC Pointe Blanc's Rusty Miracle and Widdershins Thrill Seeker JH VC



PHOTOS OF THE MONTH

Chester in Uggs and on the iPad from Kim Johnson



Selected Upcoming Events

CONFORMATION

- 9/1-2 Sussex Hills KC, Morristown, NJ
- 9/6 Tuxedo Park KC, Bridgewater, NJ
- 9/7 Somerset Hills KC, Bridgewater, NJ
- 9/8 Speciality VCGNY, Bridgewater, NJ
- 9/27-28 Suffolk Co. KC, St. James
- 9/29 Westbury KC, Planting Fields
- 10/11-12 Palisades KC,, Augusta, NJ
- 10/13 Ramapo KC, Augusta, NJ

HUNT TESTS

- 9/14-15 Sleepy Hollow GSP, Dover Plains, NY
- 9/21 LI GSP Club, Calverton
- 10/5-6 CVVC, East Windsor, CT
- 10/12-13 VCLI, Riverhead**
- 10/26-27 LIPDFTC, Riverhead
- 11/30; 12-1 Nutmeg GSP, East Windsor, CT

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MEET THE BREEDS

9/28-9 JAVITS CENTER, NYC

For more information on upcoming events, go to:

<http://www.akc.org/events/search/>
<http://vcaweb.org>
<http://www.vcli.net>
<http://www.vcnj.com/>
<http://www.ctvalleyVizslaclub.org/CalendarofEvents.htm>

<http://www.thevcgny.com/Events.html>
<http://www.vccne.net/events.html>
<http://www.lipdc.com/>
<http://www.infodog.com/showinfo/state.htm>



Member Profile: Jim and Chris Pyle Your First Love is Always Special

Long ago in another place and time my husband and I were young and just beginning our married journey together. Our house had an apartment we rented to a young couple who had a Vizsla. At the time we had three dogs, two rescues, a basset hound and a yellow Lab, and my son's black Lab who was a temporary resident. We fell in love with our neighbor's V named Dixie.

One day, serendipitously, I passed through a farming community on my way home from work. A detour changed my route that day and I passed a farmhouse with a small handmade sign in front reading "Vizsla Puppies for Sale". Well, I got home, told my husband and we immediately retraced my trip and arrived at the farmhouse in no time. The couple with the puppies was very nice. We met the mother and father Vizslas and their two remaining puppies.

The breeder took us all to a large field and put the babies down. The boy puppy immediately started rambling through the green pastures uninterested in his visitors. The little girl started toward my husband with uncertain baby steps, crawled into his lap, and made herself at home, and at that moment, we knew we had a new dog.

Mya (pronounced "my-ah") fit in the palms of my husband's hands and snuggled there all the way home. We brought our dog menagerie out to meet her. She showed no fear as our resident dogs sniffed and nudged her. As she grew, so did her attachment to Henry our basset. They often played and slept together. When I let them out to roam our wooded property little Mya would run like the wind followed a good distance back by Henry the Basset barking in soulful Basset barks. Henry didn't realize that his short little legs wouldn't allow an even competition with young, active Mya.



Mya as a puppy.

Mya quickly learned good doggie routines. Our resident doggies taught her doggie behavior and she was soon going out on our deck through a doggie door. In the bedroom, she quickly carved out a spot for herself at the foot of the bed. She always would sleep with her head resting on one of our feet.

She made friends with Dixie too. One morning I awoke abruptly. Something felt different. There was a dog resting her head on my arm. But I could feel Mya at my feet. So who was this? Was it a dream? I opened my eyes to see Dixie and Mya curled together. She had come in through our doggie door for a surprise visit.

We got up and called our renters and asked "Do you know where Dixie is"? They were a bit confused and waiting anxiously for an answer. "She's in bed with us". We all had a good laugh.

Over the seven years that she lived with us Mya had us wrapped around her paws and we became dedicated Vizsla people. No dog would ever again be brought into our home but a Vizsla.

Unfortunately, Mya developed a malignant tumor in her mouth just above her teeth when she was about two years old. We took her to the University of Pennsylvania Veterinary hospital and they said if we did radical surgery to remove the tumor and some teeth, we could possibly get five additional years of life.

We made the difficult decision to have the procedure. Mya survived and although she had scars, she was still the same loving dog we had always known. I took Mya to Red Bank Animal Hospital every day for three months for radiation treatments as prescribed. This would kill all remaining cancer cells to give her the best chance for a longer life.

As predicted, after five years, Mya developed an invasive brain tumor. This was a possibility because of the radiation. It kills good and bad cells and sometimes leaves room for new tumors to develop.

We took her back to our doctor at the University of Pennsylvania who had done the original surgery. He said sadly after viewing x-rays "it is time". I couldn't follow through. Thank God for my husband. As lovingly as he had welcomed her into our lives, he held her and eased her way over the Rainbow Bridge.

We weren't alone in our sadness in losing a beloved pet. Henry our little basset lost the bounce in his step and we ended up at the vet. The vet found nothing physically wrong and said this dog is depressed. Henry was prescribed human antidepressant (in doggie doses) and eventually healed. Believe me there is nothing as sad as a depressed Basset hound!



**Henry Basset, Dixie V., Mya V., Haley
Black Lab, Cosmo Yellow Lab
Waiting for Thanksgiving Dinner**

Mya, this story is for you. You were a wonderful V companion and lit the way for our interest in the breed and our desire to help Vs in need. Since you left us, we have fostered, adopted, and placed many Vizslas. We thank you for providing

such a fine regal example of the Vizsla breed that continues to bring joy to our lives as we bring good homes to theirs. Rest in peace Mya.

Chris Pyle



Club Library

Anne Denehy has donated books on the Vizsla to start a club library for interested members. Copies will be displayed at Fun Day and various events for perusing or borrowing. Our thanks to Anne for this generous donation.

Visiting a Responsible Vizsla Breeder

In May, I took Nugget out to Deepwater, MO to drop him off at Everedi Vizslas for three months of advanced hunting training. I stayed a week, and in the process, learned a whole lot about what it takes to be a responsible breeder. To say it is exhausting is a vast understatement!

Everedi is owned by Lin Kozlowski and Jean Thomas. Lin is one of the founders of the Show-Me Vizsla Club in Kansas and Missouri, and paired up with Jean after they met in a Missouri Outdoors Women's program. Their place consists of two mobile homes, a boarding kennel and attached apartment, and pigeon and quail houses on 44 acres with 100 more to draw on for bird training. Fenced runs back up to the kennel and houses for safe elimination and training areas, as well as open prairie for more controlled running and bird work. There is a large mowed lawn, and lilac bushes all over, which are Lin's (and were her mother's) favorites. Underground streams run through the fields, which are slightly hilly, which makes walking interesting—sort of like Flaherty Field in Connecticut if you are

familiar with it. (I almost ruined a great pair of hiking boots there once.)

Lin and Jean had 4-week old puppies on the ground when I got there, out of Bang (Everedi's Locked and Loaded), and I was told immediately that I had to take my shoes off before entering the house and even then, spray the soles with a diluted bleach disinfectant to protect the puppies. The situation was complicated because Bang had developed mastitis, and although it was caught and treated in time, nobody was taking any chances with her health, either.



Lin with puppies

In fact, while I was there, she had another trip to the vet for one of her milk ducts, and while preferring a natural weaning process, where the bitch stops letting puppies nurse when their teeth come in, she was separated from the puppies at night until her milk started to dry up. The puppies were eating moistened puppy kibble by this time, three to four times a day, so, while inconvenient, this was not the emergency it might have been, had they not yet transitioned to kibble. Getting her dried up, though, was difficult, because she insisted on jumping into the puppy pen at regular intervals to check on them, and with the "living milk bar" back in the pen, the puppies were after nipples every second.

Despite transitioning, the puppies still had to poop after every meal, and they were starting to go outside. Trying to watch for eight puppies, either to poop or to not get lost under the porch steps, or worse, climb up them and fall off, was interesting. While they were getting used to grass and exploring the little fenced yard, Jean was fixing up a special pen full of equipment for them like a little tunnel, a wobble board, something to climb on safely, etc. They moved to that right after I left. Also, with her milk dried up, Bang started playing with them, but I missed that, too, unfortunately.

I queried Lin about health tests, and besides hip x-rays for both parents, Bang also had a thyroid test, and each puppy had two temperament tests before being placed,

after Lin spent a lot of time with them individually to assess conformation, temperament, etc.

All of her puppies are placed on AKC limited registration unless she knows the families really well and they are going to be shown. In this litter, five were going on full registration, and the two who will probably be bred, besides the puppy she kept, as co-owned for mentorship. The rest went to pet/hunting homes. (Nugget was one of two in his litter sold with full registration.)

I know from personal experience as one of her puppy owners and a guest in her house that she spends a lot of time mentoring and is always available to answer questions, give advice if needed.

I have known Lin for years ever since I lived in Kansas and have wanted one of her dogs forever, so it was nice to see my respect for her validated up close and personal.

Anyone thinking of breeding or becoming a breeder might take a look at <http://www.dogplay.com/Breeding/ethics.html>, and remember, given the mastitis reported here, which can be life-threatening, that one of the things to consider is whether you are ready to sacrifice your bitch's life for puppies.

Mary K. Chelton

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Articles written or submitted by individual correspondents may not necessarily be in accordance with present VCLI policies.

Newsletter Ad Rates

Cover—\$22.00

1 page w/1 photo \$17.00

1 page w/ 2 photos \$22.00

1 page w/out photo \$12.00

1/2 page w/ 1 photo \$15.00

1/2 page w/out photo \$10.00

1/4 page w/out photo \$5.00

When placing ads, the OFA# is required for the subject Vizsla. If under 2 years of age, the OFA#s of the parents are required. Spayed/neutered and deceased Vizslas need no OFA number.

NEXT NEWSLETTER COPY DEADLINE: October 15, 2013

