



NEWSLETTER

Volume 10, Number 3

May, 2013

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

Welcome to spring everyone! It is so wonderful to see the flowers blooming and the days getting longer. I know the dogs feel it too, as they seem to be more playful and energetic. Winter this year seemed to go on forever.

We will have had our annual membership dinner by the time this goes to print. It is the time when the new board members are introduced and the people leaving the board are thanked. We discuss the goings on for the next year, and it will be my hope that we can get more people involved. I also want to thank Dr. Ellen Leonhardt for enlightening us on what's new in Veterinary Medicine.

I would like to welcome Barbara Parker to our board. She owns Dallas, a young female imported from Prague. This is Barbara's first Vizsla, but she has been in dogs for many years as a breeder and a judge. I think her

insight will add a unique perspective to our club.

I would also like to extend my thanks and gratitude to Kevin Modica, who is stepping down after many years on our board. Kevin started as a newbie on the board and gave his unique business perspective to many a situation. He was always there to set up conference calls, raise the flag at our fun days and was our Hunt test secretary. His oldest son even learned how to plant birds for our hunt seminars and tests. With his 3 kids getting older, family responsibilities are taking up more of his time. Thank you Melissa and kids for sharing him with us all these years.

We will also be doing a very special raffle for rescue this year. We will be 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 to pay the taxes on the tickets. Additional info will be sent along with this newsletter.

Last year, my husband Ray, who works for Jet Blue, was approached to volunteer some of his time for an organization. Jet Blue is very big into volunteerism. He told them he volunteers for our rescue group. After further discussion, we were asked to document our hours. On New Year's Eve, I was busy typing away documenting the past 2 years with the Southside Kennel case and all the other rescues that have come through our group. 1900+ hours later we were given pairs of tickets to raffle off as we see fit. We donated 2 tickets for our specialty show and raised \$1000 for the club. We are hoping to raise more for rescue. We have also donated 2 tickets to the Cooperstown SPCA in the hopes that they can recoup some of the money they used for the Southside Kennel dogs. The tickets will be raffled off and 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.

As always, I end my message with a request for new volunteers. Our club has grown tremendously, but the volunteers have not. Don't be shy, come out and offer your services. I promise we don't bite! Our next big outing will be Fun Day, typically the first week in August. Once the new board establishes the date and place, we will send out an email. We will also be doing a Vizsla Calendar again this year. Start saving your best shots. Would anyone like to step up to help organize this committee?

*Warm regards,
Stephanie*



Treasurer's Report: Treasurers report: Club Funds- \$4,050.72; Rescue Funds-\$11,024.65

Ray Fischer, Treasurer

Membership Report: There are 124 memberships, 74 regular and 50 rescues. Only 30 of the regulars have paid their membership for 2013.

Ellen Padilla, Membership Chair

Selected Upcoming Events

CONFORMATION

5/17-18 Ladies Kennel Assn. Oyster Bay

5/19 Long Island KC, Bethpage

5/27 Union Co KC, Freehold, NJ

6/6 Saw Mill KC, Yorktown Heights
6/7, 6/9 Taconic Hills KC, Yorktown Heights
7/13 Riverhead KC, Yaphank
7/14 Twin Brooks KC, Morristown, NJ
9/1-2 Sussex Hills KC, Morristown, NJ
9/7 Somerset Hills KC, Bridgewater, NJ
9/27-28 Suffolk Co. KC, St. James

HUNT TESTS

5/18-19 Yankee Weimaraner Club,
Plainfield, CT
6/15-16 Nutmeg GSP Club, East Windsor, CT
9/14-15 Sleepy Hollow GSP, Dover Plains,
NY

For more information, go to:

<http://www.akc.org/events/search/>
<http://vcaweb.org>
<http://www.vcli.net>
<http://www.vcnnj.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/statue.htm>



Rescue Committee Report

Fortunately, rescue has been on the quiet side, which is unusual for April. That's not to say that the phone calls asking about dogs and our program slowed down, or the wonderful emails from families that have our rescues stopped, it just means that few dogs came into our program. It enabled me to spend an inordinate amount of time on the one rescue that we did have.

I received an email on Sunday, February 18, from a Facebook friend who lives in New Jersey. "Stephanie, there is a senior Vizsla in the Jersey City shelter and you have to get her out. This is a horrible shelter." Monday morning, which is the legal holiday for Presidents Day, I emailed the contact at the shelter. Fortunately, she was there doing paperwork. She explained the police found an emaciated senior Vizsla tied to a pole in Hoboken. They brought her in to the shelter. She was malnourished, incredibly underweight and sick.

With the help of my counterpart in Pennsylvania, Debra Evalds, she had a foster family immediately pick her up.

She wasn't just sick; she had pneumonia. This was more than our club could financially support. This entailed days in ICU in a 24-hour hospital. Do I fight to keep her alive? Do we let her go and hug her along the way? I had to live with myself, so a plea went out on Facebook for donations. Within 4 days we had close to \$4000. Princeton Animal Hospital had enough money to keep going.

Day by day we would get updates and videos. I would wait for my morning call from the Vets. Some days were great; others we were asking are we being fair to her by keeping her alive. All I can say it was a rollercoaster week. I cried a lot.

I had tremendous support from the Vizsla community, who like me, waited for the videos of Brandy to come from the foster family. Jim and Kris Pyle are extraordinary foster parents. Brandy had daily visits at the hospital, and I was kept abreast of every little change. When she finally came home, nebulizer treatments were required, as if she was a child. 4 times a day she sat in Jim's arms with a facemask full of steam and medicine going into her lungs.

I am happy to say our very expensive little Vizsla is fully recovered. She is not a senior at

all; we guesstimate that she is about 6 years old.

I have to thank from the bottom of my heart The Princeton Animal Hospital for their expert care. Not only did they treat her like one of their own, but also they worked with the money we had available, and donated many free days of hospitalization, care, x-rays and

meds. It was a perfect union between rescue and the hospital.

This foster was unusual, but when you read her story, you will see how much joy you can get from helping out. Please think about contacting me to foster. I promise it will change your life.

Stephanie Fischer ilovtrav@aol.com



Brandy's Story: Fostering Little No Name

Fostering Vizslas in need of emergency quarters is a passion for us. We are a retired couple who live with two older rescued female Vizslas. We provide love and attention and our girls teach correct Vizsla behavior to new arrivals.

Foster families take in unwanted Vizslas or those that land in shelters. Some dogs come to us with histories. Others find themselves in shelters with no record of age, illnesses or shots. Thus, a foster family observes each dog and the dog depends on the foster family to give care and comfort until a "Forever Family" is found to adopt.

Our girl Tia came to us with no history. We were told she was found on a very busy road and turned in to the Trenton shelter. We picked her up on Thanksgiving as her time was up at the shelter. We soon learned she was terrified of buses.

Our girl Bailey came with some history. She had been bred continuously. When she got too old to breed, she was sold to a family wanting a playful pet. What they got was a terrified older dog that shrank from male dogs and hid when people came around. They turned Bailey over to us. The word "play" was not in her vocabulary and it took

her over a year with us before she would seek us out for attention or let us pet her.

Here is the story of little "no name", our newest Vizsla emergency foster. My husband picked her up from a shelter in Jersey City, NJ. The report was that the Hoboken police had found her tied to a pole, apparently abandoned in the cold. When my husband brought her home, it was not a joyful experience at first. Our two girls and I looked over the new arrival. She was a tiny, delicate little girl, with a gray muzzle. Her undocked tail was hidden between her legs. Her head was lowered. Her eyes looked mournful. Her body was so thin that every rib was visible and her spine stood up in a row of little bumps on her back. She coughed so hard her whole body shook with the effort. She immediately spied one of the dog beds in our living room and headed over to it. She didn't move from the bed for the entire day except when one of us took her out where she would promptly do her business and immediately return to "her" bed.

That first night she ate very little. Coughing continued to rack her frail body and she couldn't seem to get comfortable. My husband and I took turns lying with her and petting her. The following day she wouldn't eat at all. We called Stephanie from the Long Island Vizsla Club who was overseeing this rescue. She advised us on delectable



Brandy before the hospital

dog dinners. We tried just about everything. Liverwurst, eggs, hamburgers etc. but nothing tempted her. She spent the day shivering in her bed. That evening, my husband said she really needs to see a vet. I think she is really sick.

We both breathed a sigh of relief when we reached our vet hospital and she was still with us. Turns out she had pneumonia and it had been neglected for so long that the vets weren't sure they could save her. Another call to Stephanie and with her support, we decided to try. So we left her at the hospital in the isolation room and the vets began treatment with IV antibiotics.

Each day we visited "Brandy" as we now call her, we took her for short walks around the clinic. She was not recovering as quickly as the vets thought she should. Getting her to eat was an ordeal and there was talk of



Brandy in the hospital

possibly tube feeding her. After two days of hospitalization, Brandy had the entire staff rooting for her. Vets stopped by just to give her a pat and words of comfort. The vet tech staff oversaw her care and if I called to see how she was doing everyone knew of her and her battle to survive. Each day we looked for some improvement, but saw none. Then one day, a vet told us that they had been discussing her case with other vets in the community and had decided to try a new IV medication. A day or two would give us an answer. Did she have a chance? I talked to Stephanie. I was worried we might lose her and felt this could be it. We were running out of options.

The following day, my husband and I went for our daily visit. For the first time since we met her, Brandy's long tail thumped on the floor of her cage when she saw us. I cried. Who would believe a two-beat tail thump could move anyone to tears. From that day on Brandy continued to improve. Her appetite slowly returned and she came home with us again. The vets gave us an extensive set of instructions for her care including medicine to be used with a nebulizer.

When we arrived home and brought Brandy in she and our girl Tia immediately began to play bow and run around together. My mouth dropped open and I thought maybe keeping her quiet and inactive might prove harder than I thought.

My husband and I split the recovery program. I became the pill giver and he took over the four times daily nebulizer treatments. These treatments involved breathing through a facemask for ten minutes at a time attached to a motorized push of air that disbursed the medicine she needed to breathe easy. Surprisingly she



Brandy getting nebulizer treatment

didn't fight this almost as if she knew it would help her. The healthier she got the less eager she was to receive the treatments. This was a good sign.

Brandy quickly became the little girl with a big personality. She loves stuffed toys and is seldom seen without one in her mouth. She is a keen observer and watches with total concentration any chores being done. She wakes us up every morning at 7:30 with a soft 'roo roo' that gets louder and louder until we obey and get out of bed to take her out. Our resident Vizslas have patiently taught her good Vizsla behavior and how to use a doggie door to go out on the deck to sunbathe during the day.

So, now comes the hardest part of fostering. Do we sit back and say we have done our job and begin the search for the perfect family match, or, do we refuse to go through the pain of separation and hope that our home is the perfect forever home. We are nearing this decision. Whatever happens, we have gotten great satisfaction from being part of this vast safety net of Vizsla-loving people who save these wonderful animals.

Special thanks to all those animal lovers who helped Brandy get a second chance:

- The police officers who picked her up off the street and took her to the shelter.
- The Jersey City shelter who held her for the required time to see if an owner would come forward.
- Debra from New Hope Vizsla Rescue who connected us with Stephanie.



Brandy after the hospital

- Stephanie from Long Island Vizsla club who coordinated, coached, and reached out to others with Brandy's story and helped us tremendously with this difficult case.
- The Princeton Animal Hospital vets, techs, and staff who treated Brandy with tender loving professional care round the clock.
- Kerry, Brandy's special friend who provided lovely toys and vitamins and a comfy dog bed.
- And all the Vizsla Facebook friends and clubs who were with us every step of the way with their requests

for updates and offers of encouragement and donations that made the whole rescue possible.

Stay tuned for the rest of the story as it unfolds.



Tia, Bailey and Brandy enjoying the sun

Chris and Ernie Pyle



Parker's Story

As we all know, many people on Long Island and in New Jersey really suffered a tremendous loss due to Hurricane Sandy. A family in Howard Beach had bought two Vizslas, a brother and sister named Coco and Louie in June 2012 and sadly their home was damaged because of Sandy. They found it too difficult to keep the puppies so they gave them to a person that did Beagle rescue. Needless to say, Vizslas are very different from Beagles and he found them too hard to handle and fortunately he contacted Stephanie Fischer for some help. She worked her magic and it was the beginning of a new time in Coco and Louie's lives.

My husband Ron and I have had Vizslas for almost 20 yrs. We had Rylee and her daughter Baylee until last April when Rylee passed away suddenly. It was quite a shock for us and we knew we were not ready to have another Vizsla right away. Meanwhile,

my daughter got married and was in between jobs so she, her husband and their 18 lb. rescue cat moved in with us. Our house was very full so we didn't really think at all about adding a new dog to the group. A job finally came through for her and the three of them moved out the beginning January to start their new life. The house was very quiet now and when Stephanie sent out a request for foster homes for Coco and Louie we were happy to lend a hand. Another Vizsla club member was kind enough to foster the female so we ended up with Louie. We had fostered rescues before and knew that a new forever home was being considered for him. This is where the most unexpected thing happened.



Parker enjoying a snooze.

Louie came with typical rescue issues--fearful of new surroundings, socializing with two humans, another Vizsla and an elderly cat. Quite a lot for a sad nine-month old boy to handle. He came to us rather underweight and kind of timid but with a personality that ignited a new spark for Ron and me. All he wanted was love and lots of affection. He is very smart, and best of all got along really well with 7-year-old Baylee and 16 1/2-year-old Casey (the cat).

We did our best to socialize him and get him used to not being in a crate all the time. It took about 3 days for us to finally realize that Louie had really touched our hearts. By

day 4 we were hooked. That is how we joined the “failed foster family”. This sweet young boy with his big paws and adorable face and personality had found his “forever home.”

We renamed him Parker and have been enjoying all the hugs and kisses he gives us. He loves the snow and sleeping by the fireplace. Parker seems to have a nose for hunting which makes Ron very happy. We realized that we were ready for another Vizsla after all, and it took Parker to bring



Parker playing in the snow

this new chapter to our lives. We are definitely the fortunate ones.

Cathy and Ron Jones



***Remington’s Story:
Another “failed foster”***

Remington’s story began with a phone call from Stephanie. It went something like this: “Hi guys, it’s Stephanie Fischer. Not sure if you’re not answering because you’re out with your boys or because you saw that it was my number—give me a call!”

Like many members of VCLI, I had responded to Stephanie’s request last

January to help foster some Vizsla pups in need. Although my husband Gary and I didn’t necessarily think we wanted a 4th V at the time, we both knew that we would always open our home and our hearts to foster a dog if there was a need.

When I returned Stephanie’s call I learned that she had already located foster homes for the pups, but my email message reminded her of another home that was looking to place their V in foster care while Stephanie worked on locating him a “forever home.”

Stephanie went on to tell me all about Remington, a 3 ½-year-old male, and how he had recently become a handful for his owner Bill who had been forced to take on additional work hours over the past year. Although he was still able to let Remington and his sister out periodically throughout the day, Remington wasn’t getting the exercise or attention he so desperately needed. As a result, he was becoming more and more destructive. Stephanie went on to say, “it would great if you guys could foster Remy for a bit and let me know what he’s like, then I’ll know what kind of home he needs.”

All of this sounded fine but after driving 17 hours each way to Kansas City to rescue Jasper, our 5 year-old V, I wasn’t sure that I was up to another lengthy “road trip” to pick up a dog. Stephanie asked, “Have you ever heard of Port Jervis, NY?” I nearly laughed out loud. I know Port Jervis well and after talking to Gary, confirmed that it’s only about 45 minutes from our house.

Stephanie had me call Bill directly and I soon learned that Bill had actually spent the first dozen or so years of his life living in West Milford, the town where we reside. He moved when he was in the 5th grade. It would later come to light that Bill and my husband Gary grew up knowing a lot of the

same people and places. It was still a small lake community 50 years ago so it wasn't very difficult to know everyone who lived in the area.

After a few phone conversations with Bill, we arranged to pick up Remington on neutral ground; a ballpark that's only five minutes from our house. "Sancap" is nice because it's totally fenced in and dogs that are just meeting each other for the first time can "escape" if they want but they're still safely within the confines of the park.

So, on a very cold Saturday morning in late January we met Bill, his mom, and Remington at the park. Despite the fact that we were all suffering from numb fingers and toes, we stayed there for several hours while Bill got used to us, Remington got used to our boys (see our profile on page 20), and the boys got used to Remington.

Saying "goodbye" to Bill that day was incredibly difficult and tears were shed by all. There was no question that he loves Remington dearly but he was doing what he felt to be best for him. I admire his courage and have often thought to myself, could I do the same? Could I be that unselfish?

We had some minor snipping during the first 36 hours that Remington was in the house but after that it was as though he had always been here. And although neither my husband nor I were ready to admit it, he was quickly working his way into our hearts.

I took Remington for one of our standard 3-hour hikes that first Sunday and he absolutely loved it. He's a natural hunter and had his nose under every bush, rock, and tree stump. He was pretty tired that night, but would be ready for more the very next day.

In the weeks that followed, we've watched Remington warm up and blossom. He is a totally sweet and gentle boy (much like his owner Bill, who is a gentle giant himself). He loves car rides, dog toys, and playing with Jasper and Wilson (in fact, the 3 young ones are virtually inseparable!). He has also loves to cuddle and on many evenings he can be found in Gary's arms as we sit in front of the fireplace. He also has the funny habit of chasing shadows or lights that are reflecting on the wall or floor. He is endlessly fascinated by those lights, which can be a bit of a challenge since we use flashlights when we take them out for their final potty break each night! But I would have to say that Remington's greatest love is the snow. We had a fair bit of the white stuff this year and Remington could always be found burying his face in a fresh mound, eager to uncover whatever lay beneath it. It's safe to say that he genuinely enjoyed every snowy outing this year unlike Wilson (our youngest V) who would still, despite his Ruffwear overcoat, get cold when the snow hit his belly.



Remington in the snow.

Also during these weeks we provided regular updates to Stephanie and stayed in touch with Bill, mostly by text-messaging him regular updates on how Remington was

doing. We were both touched by how appreciative Bill was of our willingness to foster Remington and he did admit early on that he really hoped that we would consider moving beyond being a foster family to adopting Remington; that knowing he was staying with us would make him feel better about his decision to give him up.



Remington enjoying new home

In early March, about a month after that cold Saturday morning, I reminded Gary that, “we really need to call Stephanie.” After having spent several weeks with Remington we needed to give Stephanie a more thorough understanding of what Remington was like, his quirks, habits, and any peculiarities that we had observed so that she could perform her matchmaking magic, and find him the perfect “forever home.” Gary turned to me and said, “Are you kidding me? He’s not going anywhere.” In fact, my husband would later confess that he knew from Day one that Remington wasn’t going anywhere.

I waited a few more days before calling Stephanie. I wanted to be sure that Gary

was *really* comfortable with the prospect of keeping Remington permanently and with once again being a 4 V household. We had lived with four once before, Wilson had become the fourth in April 2011 but we would we lose our beloved Tanner to a nasal tumor that June.

When I finally called Stephanie, she knew that something was up from the start. I began with a rather elongated, “Wellllll...,” to which she responded, “Do I have another failed foster on my hands?” “Yup, ‘fraid so,” I replied.



Remington, Jasper, Wilson and Carson

We relayed this decision to Bill right away and he was—quite simply—ecstatic. Giving up Remington was undoubtedly one of the most difficult things he’s ever had to do and he seemed to take comfort in knowing that Remington would be staying with us. We’ve already made arrangements to meet for a hike once the weather breaks. We know that Bill is looking forward to seeing his boy and we look forward to showing him that he’s doing “just fine!”

Jennifer Lehr & Gary Sipila



BRAGS BRAGS BRAGS

I'm proud to announce that "Parker" CH Dorratz Bebop at Birdland CD, SH, VC, CGC,TDI, 2x TOP Producer, #1 Top Producer 2001 has been nominated to the VCA Hall of Fame by the VCGNY! It is such an honor to be nominated for such a prestigious award.

Owner: Donna Defilippis

Breeder: Donna DeFilippis & Doris Ratzlaff, Dorratz Vizslas; REG.



Parker Showing Off HOF Style

How to Say Goodbye

By Dr. Andy Roark | April 16, 2013

Thinkstock

Just last week, while I was performing euthanasia for a critically ill patient, the pet's owner looked at me and said, "I bet this is the hardest part of your job." That gave me pause.

For me, putting animals to sleep is *not* one of the hardest parts of being a veterinarian. That's because euthanasia is often a blessing and gift to a suffering animal. In my experience, the hardest part of being a veterinarian is telling owners that their beloved pet has a terminal illness and will soon be leaving this world. The emotions that pass across their faces, even if they have suspected the worst for some time, are heart wrenching.

It's Never Easy

I still remember the first person I had to share this terrible news with. He was a nice, middle-aged man with two small children and an 8-year-old Rottweiler named Stone. Stone was a member of the family, and when he started to limp, his owner brought him straight in to be checked out. Stone was a wonderful dog at home, but he was not a fan of the veterinary clinic. My best dog treats did nothing to warm his heart, and when I manipulated his painful left shoulder, well... that ended our chances of being best friends.

Even though Stone was not an admirer of mine, I liked him, and I really liked his owner. That made it so much harder to discuss his diagnosis: osteosarcoma. Osteosarcoma is a painful bone tumor that responds poorly to treatment. In some cases, treatments involving limb

amputation and/or radiation therapy can be beneficial. In Stone's case, these options were not feasible.

Together, Stone's owner and I decided to provide him with the best palliative care we could, and we promised each other that we would not let Stone suffer. When the time came, we would do the right—if tough—thing and put him to sleep rather than allow him to live in increasing pain.

Stone's owner was the first person I ever had an end-of-life discussion with, and he was also the first person to ask me a question I have heard hundreds of times since: "How will I know when it's time?"

The most recent person to ask me this question was my own mother. Her Miniature Schnauzer has battled long-term health problems and was recently diagnosed with diabetes. Unfortunately, she initially responded poorly to treatment. She lost her love of food, began soiling her bed and was generally acting pitiful.

How to Decide

Over the past few years, I've heard a lot of veterinarians give wonderful advice to people who are wondering when it is time to give their pets the gift of a peaceful passing. Here are four of the best pieces of advice I've heard, and they are the same ones I passed on to my own mother for her consideration.

Every pet, illness and situation is different. There is no single rule that can be followed for when it is time to

help your best friend “cross the rainbow bridge.” Getting input from your veterinarian on the specific medical conditions that your loved one may face is vital for doing what is best for your pet. You may also benefit from having a caring friend who is not as emotionally involved in the situation as you are to help you gain perspective and really “see” what is happening with your pet.

Remember that pets live in the moment. One of the most wonderful things about animals is how they embrace the present. Every time I walk into my house, my faithful Vizsla throws a one-dog ticker tape parade. The fact that I have entered the house thousands of times before, or that I will leave again in a few hours, means nothing. All that matters to him is the joy that he feels right now.

When our pets are suffering, they don't reflect on all the great days they have had before, or ponder what the future will bring. All they know is how they feel today. By considering this perspective, we can see the world more clearly through their eyes. And their eyes are what matter.

Ask yourself important questions. Sometimes, articulating or writing down your thoughts can make the right path more apparent. Some questions that help pet owners struggling with this decision include:

- Why do I think it might be time to euthanize?
- What are my fears and concerns about euthanizing?
- Whose interests, besides those of my pet, am I taking into account?
- What are the concerns of the people around me?
- Am I making this decision because it

is best for my pet, or because it is best for me because I'm not ready to let go?

Measure their quality of life. This is no more than trying to determine how good or bad our pet's life is at this moment. Trying to assess this can be difficult, but there are some ways you can try and evaluate it. Let's take a look at a few of my favorites in the next section.

Is Life a Joy or a Drag?

Our pets may not be able to talk to us and tell us how they are doing, but if we pay close attention, there are many clues that can help us answer that question.

The Rule of “Five Good Things”: Pick the top five things that your pet loves to do. Write them down. When he or she can no longer do three or more of them, quality of life has been impacted to a level where many veterinarians would recommend euthanasia.

Good Days vs. Bad: When pets have “good days and bad days,” it can be difficult to see how their condition is progressing over time. Actually tracking the days when your pet is feeling good as well as the days when he or she is not feeling well can be helpful. A check mark for good days and an X for bad days on your calendar can help you determine when a loved one is having more bad days than good.

HHHHMM: Margaret Saiki is a well-known veterinary oncologist. Her “HHHHMM” Quality of Life Scale” <http://www.vetmobilecare.com/loving-in-home-pet-euthanasia/a-guide-how-to-decide/hhhhmm-qol-scale> is another useful tool. The five H's and two M's are: Hurt, Hunger, Hydration, Happiness, Hygiene (the ability to keep the pet clean from bodily waste), Mobility and More (as in, more good days than bad).

Dr. Villalobos recommends grading each category on a scale of 1-10 (with 1 being poorest quality of life and 10 being best). If the majority of categories are ranked as 5 or above, continuing with supportive care is acceptable.

Pet Hospice Journal: Keeping a journal <http://www.pethospicejournal.com> of your pet's condition, behavior, appetite, etc., can be extremely valuable in evaluating quality of life over time.

A Tale of Two "Endings"

Thankfully, my mother's Schnauzer, Zoe, eventually responded to her therapy. As a perpetual optimist, I like to think that she may be with us for some time to come. Still, the reality of having older pets is that we must be vigilant in their care and aware that every day is a gift.

In the case of my long-ago patient, Stone, with whom I first walked this path, I am glad to say that he did not suffer unnecessarily with osteosarcoma. His owner made a good decision, and Stone crossed the rainbow bridge while in the loving arms of his people. He was remembered by them as a strong, loving protector of the children in his family, and I will always remember his owner for having the strength and wisdom I hope we'll all have when the time comes to say that final goodbye.

One of many great articles; reprinted with permission from VetStreet
<http://www.vetstreet.com>.

New Product to Note from Mary K.

One of my students at Queens College presented me one day with a Soggy Doggy super shammy, which I have used ever since. It hangs next to the dog door for when those wet Vizslas come in out of the weather full of slop. I promised her a mention in our newsletter as a thank you. For more info, go to <http://www.soggydoggydoormat.com/collections/soggy-doggy>



Yankee is Barbara Parker's son's dog (Dallas's litter brother) and is ready for the baseball season!!



Focus on the Field

Andrew Campbell

ALPHABET SOUP FOR THE FIELD VIZSLA:

I just got back from the VCA National Gun Dog Championship in Calhan, CO, where I served as a bird-planter, scribe, and Captain of the Guns. Before the National Gun Dog Championship (NGDC) began, there was the National Puppy stake. It was a great puppy stake with 15 puppies from all over the country entered—and which as a group were a tremendously encouraging representative group for the future of the breed. Four of the five placements came out of the same sire:

3x NGDC 2x NAFC DC AFC Crimson's Twenty Gauge Ruger SH CGC

Ruger's achievements are truly remarkable and, even at 10 years old; his run in this year's NGDC was remarkable. But how do we make sense of the alphabet before and after his name? Working from the back, his Canine Good Certificate (CGC) may be the most familiar 'title' to readers of this column, while the SH represents the completion of the Senior Hunter hunting test title; all the letters before Ruger's registered name represent field trial titles.

What is the difference between a hunt test and a field trial? The short answer is that a hunt test involves evaluating a dog against a fixed standard—and that while dogs may go out in pairs, in braces, and while owners might brag on their dog's scores, the age they completed a test level, or the number of passes it took to earn a test level, there is nothing competitive in the spirit of the hunt test title. While there are performance standards based on age, field trials are competitive—dogs compete to be the best on that given day.

Open to any registered dog older than six months, there are four levels of testing standards in the Hunt Test Program: Junior, Senior, and Master Hunter.

- Junior: a dog must earn four passes at the Junior level, and to be eligible to do so, the dog must point at least 50% of the birds it encounters and hold the point till the handler is within reasonable shotgun range (i.e. 25 yards in my book).

- Senior: if the dog has already earned a JH title, it need only earn four passes at the Senior level (otherwise it needs five passes). The dog must hold point till the bird is flushed and the blank pistol is fired (i.e. steady-to-wing-and-shot), it must honor, and it must retrieve virtually to hand.
- Master: if the dog has earned a SH title, it need only earn five passes at the Master level (otherwise it needs six passes). The dog must be entirely steady-to-wing-and-shot, must honor without command, and must retrieve completely to hand.
- There are three new 'Excellent' titles as well – although these require that the dog simply perform the same skills but with greater proficiency.

The precise performance requirements for each level can be found by searching "Pointing Breeds Hunting Test Regulations" on the AKC website or by going to this URL:

<https://images.akc.org/pdf/rulebooks/RHTPNT.pdf>

Field trials are also open to any dog older than six months, although certain age brackets come with certain performance/judging standards. For example:

- Puppy: for dogs ages 6 to 15 months: dogs are run in braces and judged on their potential as gun dogs. It is one of the hardest stakes to judge because there are so few guidelines—but, for me, I'm looking for a puppy that will seek out likely bird cover, shows both independence and a willingness to go with its handler, and which can sustain its quest for 15-20 minutes (depending on the advertised length of the stake).
- Derby: for dogs ages 6 to 24months: dogs are run in braces and still also judged on their potential as gun dogs. The major difference is that, in order to be eligible for a placement, a dog must point at least one bird. As a judge, I'm looking for all the same qualities in a Derby dog, plus the willingness to hold the point until the handler is at least within normal shotgun range. After the bird is flushed, the dog can chase – but as a handler, I also want to have the ability to call the dog back in a timely fashion so that I am not wasting time on course when I could be showing the judges positive attributes about my dog. Braces for Derby dogs are 20-30 minutes depending on the advertised length of the stake.
- Gun Dog: while a dog can run in Gun Dog stakes before it has turned two years old, it has to run in Gun Dog stakes after it has turned two years old. To be eligible for a placement, a dog also has to point at least one bird; gun dogs are expected to be fully broke, i.e. steady to wing and shot, and should honor their brace mate if the opportunity arises. For the continental breeds, they also have to be able to retrieve to hand.
- All-Age: this is essentially a Gun Dog stake for the boldest, biggest-running dogs. It is possible for a dog to get around the course successfully with bird work, but not run big enough to be eligible for an all-age placement.
- There are two categories for each of these four stakes: Open and Amateur. Dogs in Amateur stakes can only be handled (and scouted) by amateur handlers; dogs in Open stakes can be handled (and scouted) by anyone, whether amateur or professional.

- Generally speaking, dogs in Open stakes are handled from horseback; dogs in Amateur stakes are handled from foot (which are generally referred to as 'walking stakes').

Ruger's Dual Championship (DC) title tells us that he earned enough points distributed in the required ways in both the show ring and in Open field trial competition to earn his CH and Field Champion (FC) title. His Amateur Field Champion (AFC) title tells us that he also earned enough points in Amateur-only stakes.

His next two titles shed some light on the slightly different kinds of field trials at the national level. His National Amateur Field Champion (NAFC) title tells us that he won the Amateur edition of the VCA's National Field Trial—which involves handling from horseback for a half-hour first series, with the top 12 or so dogs being called back for a 45minute second series during which the first bird will be shot on course and has to be retrieved to hand. In contrast, the VCA National Gun Dog Championship has no amateur division and so amateurs compete head-to-head with professionals. The format for this national competition is also different in that all the dogs are handled from foot, the dogs have to sustain their effort in a one-hour single series, and the first bird is also shot on course for a retrieve. While one other dog has won the NGDC twice, Ruger is the only dog to have won it three times (2008, 2009, and 2011) hence the 3x NGDC before his name.

With all the letters surrounding his name, it is perhaps no wonder that four of the five puppies awarded placements are Ruger's sons and daughters. But I hope that it also helps to demystify some of the acronyms that surround successful field Vizslas.



Andrew Campbell is an AKC Hunt Test and Field Trial judge and owned by two Vizslas, his MH Momo, his almost-FC Jozsi, and his budding All-Age pointer, Jake. After judging a trial this past weekend, the new favorite acronym in his judging notebook for a disqualifying behavior in a gun dog stake isn't DQ but QD ("quail dinner"). Pictured is DC Field Fire's High Octane SH, the oldest dog entered at 11yrs 7mos old, making a successful retrieve at this year's National Gun Dog Championship. He encourages VCLI members eager to see a field trial for themselves to visit the Long Island Pointing Dog Filed Trial Club trial out at Sarnoff Preserve in Riverhead on May 11-12. (Octane is Nugget's father-MKC.)

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PHOTO OF THE MONTH



Stephanie and Ray Fischers' Jake and Cliffy with Cliffy's Littermate, Loki, at West Hills Dog Park



Views from our annual dinner on April 19:



Member Profile: Gary Sipila and Jennifer Lehr

By J. Lehr

I met my husband Gary at the gym. Looking back, that was my first clue that he was an active person. I would quickly learn that “active” was an understatement. He was an avid skier, a ski patroller, he raced motorcycles; he hiked, biked, fished, and pretty much never sat still. That remains true until this day. In those early months and years, I also came to learn that any dog that was going to be part of his world would have to be active too.

I met my first Vizsla about 18 years ago. It was at a fitness trade show so there weren't any other dogs around and I was surprised to see her. But there she was, a cute little redhead sitting next to her owner who was busily hawking some sort of fitness product. She was just a pup but she had clearly been socialized since a young age so she was happy to greet and snuggle up to new people. I was hooked.

I told my husband about her, showed him a picture of a Vizsla that I found on the web, and from that point forward, I was on the lookout for Vizslas wherever we went; I was eager for my husband to meet one so that he could become as smitten as I was. We finally met one, this time a little boy, at a state park where we were mountain biking with some friends. This little guy—just as charming as the little girl I met at the trade show—was a little spitfire. He was zipping all over the place and his owner made it pretty clear that this was a high-energy breed.

I can't say that my husband was totally sold at that point, but he was certainly open to the possibility of having our next dog be a Vizsla. This was certainly the kind of dog that could keep up with our active lifestyle.

Fast forward to 2001. I can remember it like it was yesterday. Our neighbor and close friend, Dave, made a point of telling me that his business partner's brother had one of those “diesel dogs that you two are looking for.” To translate, Dave meant “Vizsla.” He went on to explain that the brother had somehow thought it a good idea to get two puppies at once—a Vizsla and a Brittany spaniel. Needless to say, it wasn't a good plan and training two puppies at once had proven to be impossible for this man. The wife put her foot down and one of the puppies—the Vizsla—was relegated to life in a kennel outside of the home. His only human contact each day: twice a day feedings.



Tanner

This man was eager to place “the

puppy” to get his wife off his back so he made a trip to our neighbor’s house so we could meet him. The “puppy,” named Cody, turned out to be 7 months old and was, for lack of a better term, a “disaster.” He wasn’t used to riding in the car so he arrived a drooling and slobbering mess. He wasn’t used to open space, so he was running in endless circles across our two yards. He didn’t know his name or any commands and last but not least, he wasn’t used to human contact, so he didn’t look anyone in the eye, and rather than cozying up to people, he scampered away.

Gary turned to me and said, “Well, what do you think?” I don’t recall my exact response but we brought that little boy home that night and for the next 10 years, Tanner (neither of us liked “Cody,” plus he didn’t know that name anyway!) was “our boy” *and* our first rescue.

We now have 4 “V” boys in our house: Carson (9 ½), Jasper, (nearly 5), Remington (4), and Wilson (2 ½). Three of them are rescues and we like to think that they have a pretty good life. Gary and I don’t have children so “the boys” get all of our attention. The boys have also become fully integrated into our active lifestyle. We’re always out hiking, mountain biking, camping, or cross-country skiing with them. In fact, they go everywhere with us—even mundane trips to the grocery store include “the boys” and they get to go along for the ride.

They’ve got their dog friends as well. Dave (and his wife Sharon), who first helped to bring Tanner into our lives, has three dogs of his own. All 7 of them get along beautifully and we can be found on the trails of Waywayanda

State Park (the state park that backs up to our home) nearly every day, rain or shine!

My husband often jokes that we don’t have a home; we’ve got a kennel. But the truth of the matter is... I wouldn’t have it any other way. If you had asked all those years ago when I first met my husband, did I think I’d eventually live in a house with 4 high energy Vizslas I most certainly would have said “no way!” But now, I can’t picture life without them. It’s chaotic and the floors of our house are littered with dog hair, dog beds, and dog toys. But for friends who visit us, they know what to expect. And as my aunt has told me on more than once occasion: “when I die, I want to come back as one of Gary’s dogs—those boys have it made!” The more I contemplate that silly statement, the more I have to agree.



Remington, Wilson, Carson and Jasper



Our most recent Heckscher Park Walk, April 20:



REVIEW

Pukka's Promise: The Quest for Longer-Lived Dogs by Ted Kerasote

The sequel to Merle's Door, my all time favorite dog book about Merle whom he found wandering a wild river at 10 months, documents Kerasote's trip to find a successor to Merle. He explores all sorts of health issues—food, in-breeding, genetics, environmental issues, early spaying and neutering, vaccinations, how to select the right breeder, etc., weaving science and charming stories into an important and eminently readable book about a man's search for a companion. In the process, he challenges some seemingly fixed notions of how we should live with dogs, and gives the reader remarkable insights into how to raise a new puppy just right. A great read, sure to provoke discussion among dog people. The day after I finished this book, I changed the containers in which I keep kibble and the bowls I use to feed the dogs. Visit Kerasote's site at <http://www.kerasote.com>

Mary K. Chelton

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.

**HAPPY
SPRING!!**





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VCLI Newsletter Policy

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: July 15, 2013

