



The

Old Hemlock Letter

*An Exclusive Publication Dedicated to the Continued Development of the
Old Hemlock English Setter*

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Greetings,

Thank goodness for retirement and the ability to travel for bird hunting. Ohio grouse hunting, once as good as any place I have been, has hit another all-time low. The trip to Michigan was great. I found more woodcock there this year than I ever have, and in all cover types. Anna was even complaining that woodcock were everywhere. Sadly we did not find grouse as plentiful as last year. I had friends that had the opposite experience hunting Michigan at the same time. We returned for Anna's father's knee surgery and I went to South Dakota pheasant hunting. The bird numbers were down, but the crops were all harvested so it made for great hunting. I shot my first pheasant double over Diva and Charm with three witnesses! Then we returned to Ohio and I did have a great deer season. We shot eight so far on my farm and I shot a nice old buck. The freezer is now full.

Breeding plans are shaping up and we plan to breed Mike's Old Hemlock Autumn Dream, AKA Dreamer, to Old Hemlock Casey. I hope to keep a female from this litter. Others are in the certification process and plan to breed as well. Delight has developed nicely and Mark plans to breed her if she passes certification. Cindy Stahle, Mark's friend, who has Honey Run Shorthairs worked with him and was quite impressed at her intelligence and how quickly she took to training, retaining lessons and being steady quickly. Others we hope to breed have come in season and the future looks good for litters that we had hoped for in the line. We have reached the stage where we will be doing some line breeding. My Old Hemlock True will be the sire of both dogs from different dams in the Dreamer/Casey litter.

We will try to get out to some preserves to finish out our season. I hope we will see you at the reunion in March at Hunting Hills. It is a great time to socialize with others in the family, to see a lot of nice dogs, and get training tips too.

Best

Roger



Dear George and Kay,

This letter is a long time coming. There is not a day that goes by without me thinking about you and your gifts to Helen Ann and me. This fall I was hunting woodcock with Bruce Buckley near his cabin in Vermont. We were having great experiences hunting over our English setters, Black Willow and Frost, when Bruce turned to me said, "We have George to thank for this!" He was right! I have so many things to thank you for.

Your Old Hemlock Setters have enriched my life significantly. Living with Old Hemlock Black Willow has given me a greater understanding of your love for living with setters and reading your words. From the thrill of the intense point on a grouse on Dolly Sods, to a low nose to ground 'cock point in Canaan, to near daily walks on Old Hemlock, or to dealing with her eating an half pound of butter which she stole off the counter softening for Christmas cookies, I would not trade my time with her for anything. With the Setters come the friendships with their owners, the Old Hemlock Family. Our connection through you has been rewarding beyond any expectations. This fall I have hunted and socialized with friends from Maine, Massachusetts, New York, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Vermont and West Virginia. What a wonderful group of folks! Your Upland Philosophy has brought together an eclectic group of folks with a common thread of respect for the hunting experience over a setter. I also want to express my appreciation of your forethought of choosing the directors of Jeff Leach, Jeff Kaufman and Roger Brown. What a great group of folks to collaborate and brainstorm with. As much as you have planned for the future of Old Hemlock, there are always unexpected 'curve balls', new government rules and new situations that arise. These gentlemen and their wives have a collective wisdom that hopefully perpetuates your beliefs.

Living at Old Hemlock is a dream. I wonder how I was worthy to receive such an honor. I live each day trying to honor your wishes, your philosophy, your respect of the land and house, and sharing the story of Old Hemlock. When I walk the trails at Old Hemlock, I feel your presence as I remember the many times we walked the same areas, observed the changing seasons, and discussed so many topics of conversation. Watching the forest succession and passing of time, I am reminded that change is the only constant.

As I write today, I am looking out the office window of the cottage at the centuries old log home with a clear blue sky, sun melting the ice and snow from this week's storm front, and the chickadees on the feeder. All worries seem so far way, but some always linger to be solved. Some seem large and some seem small. One of the small ones is, "Where do we hang your art and photographs in the cottage to honor you and your Life's work?" Small, but I know the thought you had given to the placement of the "objets d'art" in Old Hemlock, so I place importance here in the cottage. Of course, first was your print of Tony's Mohawk Speck, followed by some of your sketches and Cosmo illustrations.

Other things I want to tell you about are collaborations which promote your Life's philosophy of living. First, I am working with the WVU Library and WV History Archives to make your journals available on-line to inspire others with your

vision, experiences and philosophy of living a genteel life with "a girl, a gun and a dog." Kay's wildflower garden is being restored by a couple working on a Master Gardening project. Peggy and Jeff Merz visited Old Hemlock during one of the house tours and were taken by your story. They asked if they could do anything to promote the flora at Old Hemlock. I was always sorry that Kay's wildflowers were overtaken by time and the mower, so I suggested restoring it. Plans have been set and by next summer should be complete with flowers which I can remember. Also, I am working to honor your contributions to the art world. Through a relationship with the WVU Center for Civic Engagement, I was connected with three senior art students who are creating an on-line George Bird Evans's Art Exhibit. We have been photographing art around the house to post on the site and share your tremendous range of art works. Also, members of the Bruceton-Brandonville Historical Society have been helping when folks visit and sharing your story.

Without your writing, dog breeding and friendship, I would have missed so many wonderful experiences. I often get lost in the day to day activities, but I am always centered when I am at Old Hemlock. With deep appreciation, I feel lucky to have met you, befriended you, and I will continue work to keep your dreams alive. Thank you for sharing your Paradise with me, my girl, my gun and my dog.

Respectfully yours,

LeJay



Golden Days

by Sue Buckley

Many of us have experienced living with older dogs and the challenges the present as they become needier and more dependent. Our daily routines have changed considerably for OH Flight, who obviously knows that the household is being managed to accommodate her every desire.

It was with very mixed emotions that I headed south from Vermont to North Carolina at the end of the 2010 hunting season with Flight...convinced that we had spent our last days together in our beloved Vermont coverts. She was nearing her 13th birthday and dealing with a health issue that had be continually mis-diagnosed which was making her life and ours quite difficult.

Soon after we arrived in NC, the stars aligned. We were blessed with sage advice from a friend and neighbor who is a retired veterinarian. She diagnosed Flight with a rare condition. That diagnosis, along with the appropriate drug has given us another year with this special "ice storm" lady.

Back in Vermont this past summer we spent memorable hours together. Several long road trips, long lazy walks, daily swims, blue berry picking (she ate, while I picked!) lots of sleeping, but not dealing so well with the few extra warm days we experienced.

As the weather cooled and the leaves began their change on our Vermont mountain top we had a very different dog in the house. She was the first up every morning, blueberries replaced by wild apples and the summer saunters left as she took me to the woods every morning. Limited hearing and eyesight were soon forgotten – no longer an issue! The nose took over along with the happy fanny wag as she found and pointed her much loved woodcock in her old fashion style. With my help over some of the more difficult blow downs we made our way through some pretty rough stuff, but the smile never left either of our faces. I will remember always that happy face as she looked up at me with thanks in her eyes.

Flight and I have shared a truly wonderful relationship over the years until hunting season came around. That was when she left me and became Bruce's dog! A situation that I well understood and that Bruce and I both enjoyed. I have been content to follow along, loving the hours in the woods, watching the dogs as they have grown and learned their trade, I have even pointed and flushed the occasional bird myself. This season Flight could not understand that her boys, Bruce and Frost, were going without her but within days she accepted that I was there for her and that introduce another wonderful aspect to our relationship.

The change was not easy for her, but I would like to think that those delightful hours we spent together were as wonderful for her as they were for me. Our time in the woods was usually only about an hour, and birdless days were rare for which I am grateful. The hard part was persuading her that "enough for today" was part of the deal. That intense desire to continue was so reminiscent of her sire, Sirius.

Tired and happy dogs by the fire at night are treasured gifts to us. Bruce and I would share the news of our days. I was always eager to hear about his hunts with Frost.

Selfishly, I missed the lovely hours afield with Bruce and Frost, as well as the many good times we shared with Bob and Zephyr. Those losses became less frustrating and far more rewarding than I expected once I accepted the changes that Flight's golden days have imposed on us. These cherished memories of a special season with Flight will remain with me always.



Season Update

by Mike Krol

As a few of you know, this year I was fortunate to be hired as an upland guide at one of the finest game preserves in western NY. While I initially had some doubts about how this would work out, it has turned into a wonderful experience for the setters and I, and they actually pay me to do something I love. Early on I would put one dog at a time down, wanting to be able to rotate a fresh dog every hour or so. While this was OK, it took a bit of a mixup for me to stumble on the right equation: One morning in early October I arrived at the lodge and waited for my "sports" to show up. When they were 20 minutes overdue, I contacted them only to learn they had planned to hunt in the afternoon, not the morning. With several hours to kill I went hunting on my own, and just for fun I put all three setters down at once. While it was a bit chaotic with three beepers going off at the same time, to my delight I saw that the dogs keyed off each other, working in some semblance of harmony. Equally important, the pheasants seemed confused by the many beepers, and held when pointed rather than running. Dream and Gunner are both very loyal backers (Dream will slam into a backpoint when she hears Gunner's beeper go into point mode, even if she's 50 yards away and can't see him), whereas Miss Beretta is more inclined to slip in and steal the point... so I now run Dream and Gunner together for about an hour, bring Beretta out for the next hour, and put all three down at once for the final hour. Believe me, there aren't many pheasants that get away! And what experience this has given the dogs: as of mid-December they've seen upwards of 300 pheasants, with more than 100 taken over them. Beretta at 10 1/2 shows no signs of stopping; my clients are amazed at her drive. She's always been a remarkable retriever, and the game farm thing has provided many opportunities to show her off... I honestly don't know how many 100+ yard retrievers she's made on crippled pheasants; my heart beams with pride when she takes

off, the hunters ask what she's up to, and I tell them "just wait, she's got the situation under control"... and moments later she comes trotting back with a big rooster! As noted, Dream and Gunner work as a wonderful brace, and it was interesting to see how Dream developed over the season. Early on, Gunner was out-pointing her by about a 2:1 ratio... in our last four hunts, I would say Dream is outpointing Gunner by at least 3:1, perhaps more. Dream has a wonderful nose and is super quick, a very exciting dog to watch. She too has come into her own as a retriever, and just last week made two Beretta-style recoveries, birds you fear are lost yet the dog saves the day. We are very excited about our plans to breed her to OH Casey in 2012.

Grouse hunting in NY has been very poor, which makes me even more thankful for the game farm. We'll move 3-4 grouse on nearly every outing, but this is over the course of a 4-5 hour day... hardly a quality experience. We did enjoy nice numbers of woodcock, as usual, which makes for a fun time for the pups (although we opt not to shoot many of these delightful little birds). I also traveled to Pittsburg, NH for the OH outing, a fun social time but alas not providing the grouse contacts I had hoped for. It was great to see old friends again, and all those setters in one place... kind of a mini-OH Reunion. Bunking with 6 setters in one cabin (4 of them males) was "interesting"... let's just say that – but no blood was shed and Lee Sykes and John McGranahan were as fine a set of chums as you'd ever want.

Still chasing deer here in NY as I write this, but the season will soon be over and the setters and I can once again hit the uplands... best wishes to all and I look forward to seeing many of you at this year's reunion!

Fall Friends

by Jim and Barb Recktenwald

A distinct change in our four legged companions occur in autumn when leaves display their brilliance in shades of red, yellow and orange. Bécasse seduces me with a soft nudge of her nose and those dark brown sad eyes that say I love you Dad. Using her womanly wiles she tries to solidify her position as the queen of our household and hopefully additional time alone in the field. Patches McNab on the other hand has her father's beautiful eyes that penetrate your façade and touches your heart. She is like the leaves of fall swirling with the aid of a brisk north wind, perpetual motion, energy driving to please and reserve a spot in the SUV for the next hunt or one my hands while I try to read the newspaper. They both shadow me around the house and yard with the hope that they catch a glimpse of me gathering my hunting gear. The old Filson vest appears and then the vigil begins. It is not uncommon to see someone resting their head upon my boots.

This year we missed the smell of ripening apples that comes with dampness of our autumn. After one of the wettest springs in memory we had the driest fall in recorded history. Daily temperatures would surge into the 70's and our nemesis the deer tick clung to every branch and blade of grass our girls touched. Instead of enjoying an extra hour of sleep in the morning we had jump out of bed and take advantage of the

morning dew before sun beat down upon us. This year hours of walking forced both man and dog to drag back to the vehicles to quench our thirst. Although we focused our hunting around creeks and streams, there was never enough water to offset the dryness of the air.

This has been an especially rewarding season. We got to hunt with Kodiak, Mike & Brooke's blue belton female from our litter. She has a superb nose and pointing instinct. Kodiak ranges at a pace and determination that is only matched by her sister, Patches McNab. Patches McNab and Kodiak can move from 10 yards to 100 yards at the blink of an eye and both girls can find birds. Yet each dog checks back periodically for a kind word or gentle pat. Bill Larson, Brooke's father, has made Kodiak a grouse dog at a very early age. Kodiak has the staunchest point and highest tail I have seen at this age and she relocates with ease. Patches in contrast rarely points an old scent but is still finding the range she needs for grouse, however, she is the best retriever. She is steady to wing and marks every bird, but the big question entering the season was could she become a grouse dog. Bécasse is content on watching her daughters and scours the ground for grouse they miss. Her nose is exclusively seeking grouse and would prefer to ignore woodcock.

Special Memories

There is a special satisfaction you have when the person, who taught you everything you know about grouse hunting, lets out a shout of joy after taking a bird over a dog you bred. I love hearing Bill encouraging Kodiak with a "dead bird" command. In every hunt we have had this year Bill and Kodiak have taken the first bird. Bill is training Kodiak, while Brooke and Mike relocate to California: finally a hunting companion who will follow him anywhere.

This is the season I wanted to see if Patches McNab could start using her nose more and her legs a little less. After weeks of frustration I had some encouragement. Bill & were hunting the state land early in the season and once again he had taken an early woodcock over a nice point from Kodiak. My pocket was buzzing from the Sport Dog GPS telling me McNab was on point. I hurry to see if she has pinned a woodcock. Over the next 2 minutes I don't think I have fallen flat on my face so many times in one hunt as I did trying to get to her. Mud covered pants, hands and face. However, once I did see her pointing I managed to position myself in such a way that I could not get a decent shot at 5 grouse that erupted in 15 second intervals. Patches McNab was staunch for every flush. Ughhh. Bécasse would have given me a look that would have wounded my ego but McNab looked at me with an expression that said don't worry Dad I'll find some more & she did. Later that day Bill and I hunted his family homestead which had been the Elsen MN post office. Late in the hunt Bill shouts out that Bécasse was on point near him. As I make my way towards Bill I see him moving through heavy dogwoods towards a grouse pinned by Bécasse. McNab backed instinctively and the grouse explodes towards me. As I start to spin to take the bird going away I see Bill mounting his gun. Suddenly I am falling and I am tracking the bird and touch the trigger. The next thing I remember is I am on my back looking up at the sky as it is snowing grouse feathers while Bill is laughing. McNab is licking my face, as Bécasse guards her prize.

In a recent adventure to the “dreaded creek” Bill & I embarked on another death march. Bill and I only hunt this area once every 4-5 years because we are always convinced our compass is wrong and our legs are telling us we should be in the comfort of our vehicle. After a couple of hours of frustration with several productive points, guns intertwined in branches and an empty game bag the 5 of us tracked one partridge with multiple points for 45 minutes. This area has rolling terrain with some of the nastiest combination of witch hazel, dogwood, aspen and briars in the area. I have seen many flutter soft flushes where a bird will go several yards to avoid being scented but I have never seen a bird use the terrain like this one did. It flushed without sound from a hill over my head into some young aspen. Fortunately I had Bécasse near me and whistled her into the general area of the running bird. She went left and I went right and we finally had a productive point. The grouse thundered out of the brush and the first report of the little 28 gauge hit the limbs between us. But as it climbed I waited to give the second barrels choke time to open and we had a bird. Bécasse found the bird and defended it from Patches McNab. I all I heard was grrrr and Patches coming back to me. Later after Bill connected on another woodcock my pocket was buzzing. The new Sport Dog GPS was telling me I had Patches on point at a ridiculous distance. It was registering well over 100 yards. Crossing swamps, traversing downed trees and pushing brush I looked at it again and I was 75 yards away, 65, 45, 30 and I still don't see her. Then after 10 minutes I see her pointing like her mother and sister, rock solid next to some mature maples and a small creek. Becasse honors her point as I approach. McNab does not flinch and up goes a male timberdoodle. He is at the tail end of this year's flight birds. With the subtle pop of my 28 the bird falls across the water. There is a stream of praise and pats as McNab retrieves her bird to hand. As McNab races off 20 yards from us she twists like a pretzel and locks up in front of both Bécasse and I. I thought it was old scent from the bird we just shot. Noooo, another woodcock and this one decides to go straight out making for an easy shot and another retrieve to hand. It doesn't get any better than this for me.

My final tale is fresh in my mind from today. We are getting our first snow and I always like to hunt the morning before a storm comes into our area. The grouse move towards south facing thickets surrounded by dogwoods with those little white berries, otherwise known as grouse candy. We didn't move a grouse until the snow started to fall. We also had to remove Becasse's bells, since I suspected they contributed to the unproductive points. In the next hour we moved 10 grouse with 7 productive points as snow blew in from the north. The points were reminiscent of George Bird Evans' drawings. McNab had 50 yard casts and would lock up with the bird frozen until we approached. Becasse was finding birds along the marsh in the thick grass. I didn't have one decent opening for a shot but finally at noon McNab had a point on the edge of the marsh 30 yards from me. Then Becasse arrives from the opposite side of the compass and points.. I didn't see the bird as I approached and I released the dogs. I took 2 steps and a nice red phase grouse exploded under some brush and alders. I shot and I saw it plummet near a tree split in half by lightning. The bird was hit lightly and after a few minutes McNab found it burrowing under a

clump of tall grass. I was singing my dogs praises to the trees. By now the snow had blanketed the forest floor. I now knew I had two grouse dogs and I loved them both.

I feel blessed to have friends like Bill to share my autumn days, dogs that I love and an opportunity to work my dogs. I am thankful that our friend Gary Johnson is regaining his health. Next year I look forward to hunting with Gary and Saffron, Bob and Rex, Rick and Casey, Jeff & Berretta, Kevin and McKay, John and Bromley and hopefully Brooke & Mike after they have their new baby. I wish each of you warm fire and a cold nose to nuzzle you as you remember this year's adventure and please have a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from Barb and me.



Field First Aid

by Rick Baylor

Editor note: *Rick Baylor is a new contributor to the Old Hemlock Letter. As a Registered Veterinarian Technician, he shares some insights to potential issues with our dogs in the field.*

Every hunting season, with certainty, I see several animal emergencies and events that require first aid in the field, related to our four legged treasured hunting companions.

Whether you are taking your dog on a hunting trip or a vacation it makes sense to be prepared in case of a medical emergency or minor mishap.

For instance, as we were preparing to depart on a family vacation one summer, our energetic 2 year old Brittany decided to engage in his favorite sport --"footie keep away" as in keeping it away from us! He was notorious for taking footies from my daughter's room and chewing them into tiny pieces. This time however, he decided to run around with it like a prize--then as his capture was eminent-- he just swallowed it whole! Knowing that things like this--"foreign bodies"-- get jammed up in stomachs and intestines, we

needed to act quickly. What would you do? Well- having been through a bit of training- my wife held the dog while I put about a tablespoon (the dog is about 45 lbs) of Hydrogen Peroxide down his throat using a needleless syringe. In about 10 minutes we had the footie back as he threw it up whole! A great outcome, considering how dangerous an intestinal blockage can be to an animal. The dog was off to the Hickox school and we were off on vacation--no vet bill and not a big deal. Your Vet can help you with all this training and may offer an emetic drug called *Apomorphine* that can be used to cause vomiting as well, by placing a small tablet or part of one, in between the lower eyelid and eyeball of the animal. Works just as well.

Here are some other things that have happened to us while hunting with our dogs over the years:

- The dog found a barbed wire fence buried in the tall grass while running full throttle to retrieve a downed bird-- ouch! two inch cut under his chin.
- The dog smelled a rattlesnake while hunting quail in Georgia--got to close and *** yelp*** --snake bite
- The dog hunted up an in-ground hornet's nest! yelp! yelp!
- While hunting a preserve, the dog picked up plant debris in his eye from wild carrot--that stuff is not a good cover to plant!
- This one always makes me mad to think about-- a "hunter" thought he could pick off a low flying pheasant -- but shot the dog too! (that is why there is a 10 o'clock rule !) --you may need some extra bandages for the hunter after this one!

So-- after you "Dick Cheney" that hunter what do you?? in our case-we controlled any bleeding and were lucky--no real damage and just a few BB's in the hide very lucky.

Here are a few thoughts on being prepared:

One -- know where the nearest Vet office is located *BEFORE* you venture out in strange territory like South Dakota. We have the contact information in our cell phones under "VET" --because I am sure I won't recall the man's name when I am in the field in a strange town. Better yet--stop in to meet the local Vet before you go out hunting--knowing where the office is can be life saving for your dog! None-the -less, place a copy of the Google map on the back of your truck's sun visor or somewhere in the vehicle you transport you dogs to the field in--then you know you have it! Make sure everyone in your hunting party knows this information--as you will be busy taking care of your dog and not driving.

Second, we carry **two** First Aid kits--one I carry in the field in my coat or vest. It contains some basic bandages, gauze, suture, scissors and forceps and wound dressing. These smaller ones are available from *Cabela's*, *LLBEAN* and places like *CVS* pharmacy in several sizes. *CVS* had one I looked at the other day for about \$10 and was really quite well equipped. The other one is a big box kit, and it stays in the

truck - sometimes in a cooler to keep things in it cool! A large plastic tool box from your neighborhood hardware store is perfect.

The list of contents is as follows:

- **Saline solution** --great for eye washes, would cleansing and re-hydration.
- **EPI pens** -- two in our case- Vet prescribed and worth the cost in the case of the aforementioned hornets' nest or Snake bite. **Muzzle the dog FIRST!!!** Have your Vet show you how to administer an EPI pen.

Wound Dressings -- **EMT GEL** is a collagen based gel that helps a wound seal up and heals. Great stuff for smaller cuts and wounds; can be applied on a wound easily and then bandaged (but doesn't have to be if you don't have one handy). We also carry a bottle of *Bactine* antiseptic solution to clean the wound. My Mom poured this stuff on us as kids and it works great and does not sting!!! You can use on your sunburn as well, but it really works well on scratches, cuts, scrapes and wounds!

- **Bandages** -- VET Wrap is great stuff and when used with Gauze pads--can be a very effective first line of defense for a gaping wound or large cut to get pressure on it to stop bleeding. We like it because it comes back off easily as well. You can even use your favorite school color! Keep it packaged until you sue it as it becomes fused together if left unwrapped in your box.

- **Pre-Package Bandages** -- such as ones with impregnated providone -iodine are good first defense items in wound dressing.

- **Waterproof tape** -- This is a must for so many times the dog is wet or it's raining or snowing. It can hold things in place like bandages and splints too!

- **Eye Glasses** -- if you wear them like me--carry a pair in the Kit--so you have a good pair on hand just in case you lose your other ones. Economical "Readers" with a neck strap on them can be a life saver and good solution in the field when you always need to see clearly!

- **Bottled water** -- have a few of these for wound washing and hydration.

- **Wound stapler** -- this is and can be a life saver and can be used in some instances versus suture. They are easy to learn how to use and work great in the field to help close up wounds. Then get to your Vet!

- **Stuff for Re-hydration** -- you may want to have a Vet show you about these and the use--but in an emergency of severe dehydration-- like when your dog stops drinking and just lays down--having Lactated Ringers Solution or Physiological Saline on hand to administer orally or by IV can save their life. Items like IV catheters and Fluid drip sets can be great to give fluids by either intravenous or Sub-Cutaneous methods. Once again--have your Vet instruct you on these techniques.

- **Surgical gloves**
- **Small splints**
- **Tourniquet**
- **Suture** with attached needle
- **Needle forceps** -- can be used for

porcupine quills too! With a small pair of sharp wire cutters, cut off the quill's barb first then remove the quill. We also use these to hold on to the suture needle when suturing a wound.

- **Band-Aids** -- for you!
- **Flashlights**
- **Anal electronic thermometer** -- (

Dog's *normal temperature* is generally between 99.5 and 102.5 degrees F, although some folks say 100 to 102 -- know **your** dog's *normal*) The thermometer can also be placed in a dog's armpit (holding the front leg down over the thermometer) and then add 8 degrees to the final reading-- OK to do this in a pinch (my guess is most dogs would prefer this method, but just a guess :)) , but it gives less than the most accurate reading.

- **Sterile Eye wash solution bottles**
- **Muzzle** -- secure it on the First Aid

box's handle as a muzzle is what you want to put on the wounded dog first, barring any oral or muzzle trauma. Your *best friend* is hurting and s/he will bite you in a New York minute to let you know that you shouldn't touch them where you just did! A muzzle can really help to calm an injured animal. Try it the next time you need to trim a dog's nails.

- **Syringes** -- large 15 or 20ml ones for fluid administration are a handy way to wash wounds gently.

- **Stethoscope** -- well, not everyone may want one of these, but we carry one anyway.

- **Bandage scissors** -- just like the nurse would carry! They are blunt-ended and sharp. While I am on it - don't buy instruments from Pakistan. They rust and break easy so you are wasting your money. Get them from Germany. Pakistan isn't a friend of ours anyway!

- **Rags** -- carry of few -- Clean, old golf bag towels work great for this purpose.

- Not least on our list by any means - -but **READ a BOOK** on Animal First Aid. There are some great ones available and some come in the First Aid kits themselves.

After a hard day hunting birds, (not for the injured animal) make sure you have some *enteric* coated aspirin on hand in case your furry friend is getting stiff or sore. Enteric coating allows the tablet to get through the stomach without dissolving (lessening stomach upset) and thus getting to the small intestine where it can be absorbed. It uses a cool process based upon Ph factors in the stomach and intestine environment to control the breakdown of the coating at the right time --whoops, we digress. One tablet can help take the edge off the pain and reduce some inflammation. Ask your Vet about tablet strength for your dog and there are other

drugs that are NSAIDs as well, that may be recommended for your dog.

ELECTROLYTES --like *Pedialyte* are great. Go to Wal-Mart - look for *Pedialyte* and next to it on the shelf is the store brand at half the cost. Same stuff and in a nice half pint bottle that can and should be carried in the field for re-hydration and replacement of important Electrolytes for the dogs, or for the hunters!

So-- **talk to your Vet about all this and get some instruction as well.** You'll feel better and be better prepared to help your beloved Dog if they need it!

Have Fun out there!

Introducing Roz

By Colleen and Hall Carter

My first job following graduation from law school has led us to Roanoke, Virginia, We lucked out in finding a good house to rent on short notice, It has a fenced yard and a basement set up perfectly for storing hunting and dog-related equipment. After several years of not being able to have a pup due to life's constraints, we were finally in a position to welcome a dog into our life, While we anxiously await the day we can welcome an Old Hemlock pup into our home, we simply had to have a dog now. That dog had to be a setter, of course, so we started thinking about the possibility of adopting ml adult setter.

We checked with a setter rescue group and several local shelters to no avail. To complicate matters, any dog that had any propensity to point at all was probably going to find a home quickly because our search was going on during the monthly of October. At about file time we thought we may be out of luck for the time being, I happened upon a picture of an eight year old female field-bred setter on the Upland Journal forum that Scott Berg was trying to give away. As someone who has grown up exclusively with Old Hemlock dogs, except for one crazy pointer along the way, I had no idea what to expect from tins girl, However as mentioned earlier, we needed a dog, and this man from Minnesota was trying to give one away.



By the time I saw the post nline, it had been a couple of weeks since it was originally created, so I had little hope the dog was still available, but I, called anyway. Scott Berg answered the phone and talked with me at length about the dog. She was still available after alt After a couple more phone calls, a plane flight was arranged and Roz showed up at the Roanoke airport a few days later, wagging her tail against file inside of a giant crate that could have t four dogs of her size comfortably.

Her first steps on Virginia soil were directly outside of the airport terminal in a strip of grass where I took her to relieve herself. After exiting her crate and snapping a leash on her, she took about ten steps and locked up on a group of

doves roosting in a cedar tree, I was relieved that she was indeed a bird dog, but even more so relieved that the plane flight did not seem to bother her at all.

She adapted to our home very quickly, and claimed her spot on file couch right away, after she hopped up on the coffee table to survey the living room. Since then, our outings together have revealed that she is an experienced quail dog, she has never seen a woodcock before, and she has not been introduced to enough grouse yet to make any conclusions there. We feel very lucky to have been given the opportunity to welcome Roz into our home for the second half of her life.



This Christmas bird was Roz's (the little girl) first pointed Virginia grouse. The big dogs also had some memorable finds on this day.

**George Bird Evans "Shooting Journal"
Website in Development
by John A. Cuthbert
Curator and Director
West Virginia and Regional History Collection
West Virginia University Libraries**

The West Virginia and Regional History Collection has begun a project to create a website featuring the complete George Bird Evans "Shooting Journals." The raw material from which George drew continually when writing about the world he loved, the journals document Evans's hunting experiences over the course of some six and a half decades.

The journals begin in 1932 with a "fishing report" commenced not by George, but by Kay. Kay related details of the couple's fishing excursions over several months before George assumed reporting responsibilities in July. On October

15, 1932, "the first day of woodcock season," George penned his first "Shooting Sketch." He would pen many thousands more in the coming weeks, years and decades.

When completed, the George Bird Evans Shooting Journals website will offer color scans of each of the nearly 5,000 pages comprising the series. A search engine will be included to enable users to find keywords, subjects, and personal and place names wherever they appear throughout the journals.

The project is being funded by donations to the WVU Libraries' George Bird Evans Fund. The speed at which the project will be completed will be directly related to the availability of funds to develop the site. The WVU Libraries would love to hear from any George Bird Evans fans who are interested in supporting this worthy endeavor. Please contact John Cuthbert at 304-293-3536.

Old Hemlock Directory

Please send any address, phone number or email changes, as well as dog updates to Sue Buckley so she can update file OH Directory. We have a lot of old email addresses that are no longer working. If you have information on other required changes, please let us know. Sue does a terrific job on the Directory but it is only as good and the information we provide, so let's help her all we can. Sue's contact information? . . .It's in the Directory, of course!

"...In the Hearts of Their Masters"

Old Hemlock Jess, masters Paul and Kathy Hermann, Castine ME, (s. OH `Sirius ` Rose, d. OH Bittasweet - Catlett). Died September 14, 2011. An Ice Storm liner puppy, Jess shared her early life with Walter Stocker -" devoted to one another as any dog/master could be. Paul and Kathy graciously accepted Jess into their home when Walter entered assisted living. She landed in setter heaven and shared grouse and woodcock coverts with DeCoverly Sadie, who misses her still. Our admiration goes to the Hermanns for their generosity to Jess and to Walter.

Old Hemlock Dolly Sods, masters Larry and Vicky Catlett, Leeds, ME, (s. OH Sirius - Rose, d. OH Bittasweet - Catlett) Died in early February, 2011 while they were in Florida. Dolly Sods and her litter sister Bell (1998 - 2009) enjoyed the rare opportunity of living their entire lives in the same home, with the same family, Birth to death, inseparable in the Maine woods and in the hearts of their masters, What better tribute can there be?

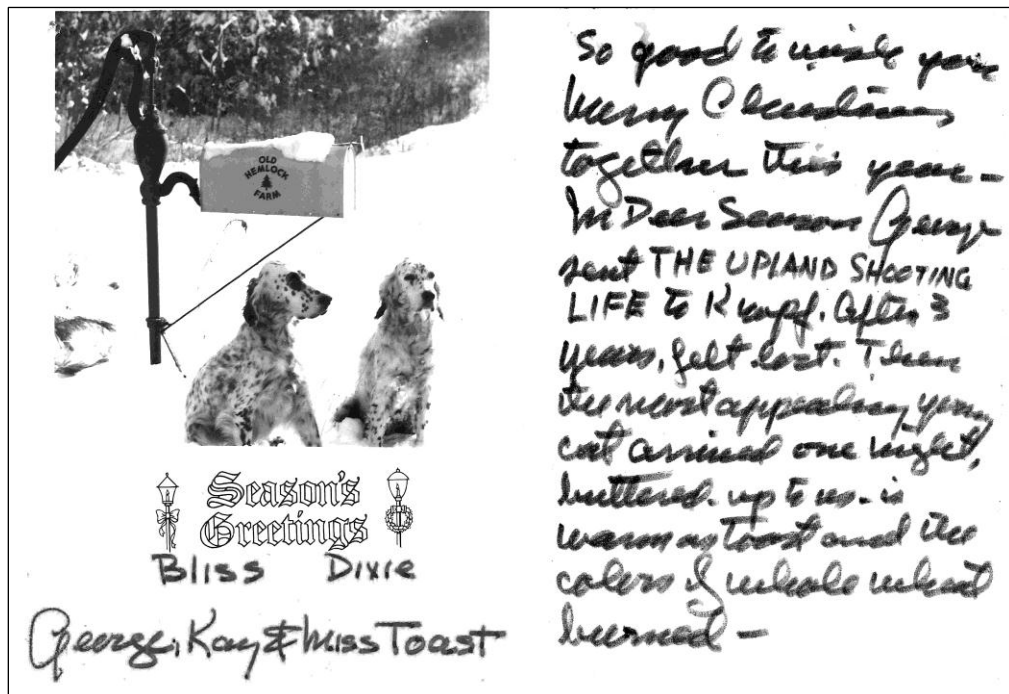
Season Greeting's from Old Hemlock

By LeJay Graffious

Here is a copy of a Christmas card designed and sent by George and Kay Evans circa 1971. The card was sent to a common friend of theirs and mine. Larry Schwab, MD, had just finished a tour of duty which included Vietnam was home in West Virginia for the first time since the war ended. He has recently retired as an ophthalmologist and has been going through his papers. He has returned to the foundation pictures and letters from George. Many of you know Bliss and Dixie, but I have been getting questions about Miss Toast. She was a calico cat who mostly black with flecks of orange and white. Her coloration and warmth reminded GBE and Kay of burnt toast, hence the name.

Card Text of Kay's Personal Handwriting

So good to wish you Merry Christmas together this year. In Deer Season George sent THE UPLAND SHOOTING LIFE to Knoff. After 3 years, felt lost. Then the most appealing young cat arrived one night, buttered up to us, is warm as Toast and colors of whole wheat burned.



Editor's Note:

Fall hunting reports have been a mixed bag of success and... well... not so much. But isn't that what we have come to expect in recent years? Much of it has to do with the effort we put into our fall pursuits, but sometimes Mother Nature has Her say as well. It seemed every opportunity I had this fall was met with foul weather. Work, too, keeps me tied down every-other weekend and the recent job change robbed me of vacation benefits. Lastly, as some have heard, I suffered the childhood malady of tonsillitis and had to go in for surgery on November 8th. At 58, I cannot recommend it since you don't bounce back like a child would.... I complained like a child though....and still am., as you can see. My strength was shot for several weeks and poor Flint had to be satisfied with walks in our woods where, by prior arrangement, timber harvesters have opened up the canopy to grouse-cover producing sun light. I promise him better results next fall.

Our son, Keith, finished his final semester at Paul Smith's College in December and will have received his BS in Ecological Forest Management by the time you read this. We are very proud of the hard work he did and challenges he overcame. His capstone project was the crowning achievement – a semester long research project and paper on Forest Management for Grouse Habitat. We watched the effort with great interest and he was rewarded with a very successful formal presentation to his Professor and a panel of college staff. A nice way to end his college experience and begin what we know will be a successful career in Forestry.

My work on the Old Hemlock Letter has now entered its 13th year and I have enjoyed every moment of it. However, recent changes in my work schedule have absorbed much of my spare time and, the Letter needs an Editor who can bring new life to the project. Changes in technology have also taking a toll. I recently switched to a new computer in order to keep pace with demands of the internet and emails, only to find that I was far behind this latest version of Word. It's so different from my old system that I'm afraid I have been unable to master it sufficiently with the time I have available. It takes me twice as long to negotiate the layout, editing and printing...frequently losing hours of work when I make an error, and then having to do it all over again. It is rapidly becoming more chore than fun and so it's time for a change. While I have previously suggested that someone more qualified assume this role, no one has expressed an interest. We have now reached a critical point since this issue must, and will be, my last as your Editor. I know there are people out there who have the skills to do a much better job than I am now capable of. With the OH web page, requests for internet publication, photographs and now Old Hemlock Facebook, the Letter clearly needs to grow beyond my skills and deserves a greater effort than I can provides. Anyone willing to take on this worthy endeavor will have my full cooperation through the transition. Twice a year is not a difficult schedule until you have done it for 13 years. The next issue would be due on July 1, 2012. I envision new ideas and fresh computer skills to carry the Letter through its necessary improvements and I know whoever this falls to will find it as enjoyable as I did. I have long resisted any compensation for my time, as I always wanted this to be my gift to Old Hemlock for all She has given me. That may need to change for a new Editor, especially if the growth anticipated, comes to fruition. My apologies for having to step down but Time tells me its time. I appreciate your words of encouragement these many years and I will always cherish the friendships the Old Hemlock Letter has brought me.

*Best,
Mike*

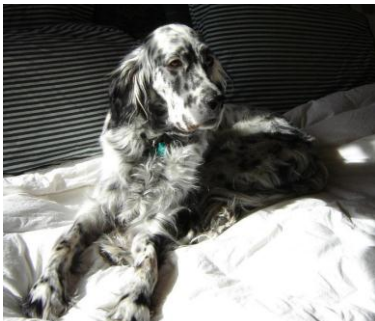
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Old Hemlock Graceful

1/4/98-1/9/12



