

DPCNA NEWS



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Chairman's message - submitted by Brian O'Connor

The DPCNA is not all about hunting, or breeding. It is all about the dogs; having fun and making new friends to be exact. This past November, just days before Thanksgiving, I was hunting Chukar in Eastern Oregon with my friend Dave, who I had met by way of Drent. Dog friends, always seem to be the best ones. We were racking out in a motel behind a greasy spoon in a town whose official population count is zero. I think you have a picture in your head now. Our



Van Drentenpassie's Dagmarita, Darmita, and Felissora

neighbor, an older gentleman, Pat, and his hunting buddy, Dave, who were hunting an older English Setter and a young pup of a GSP observed Dave and I airing out our dogs, Dave with his English Pointer and Setter and me with my Drent. Pat who I had not exchanged words or names with yet, asked what I was doing with a Saint Bernard "out here". Few chuckles and a few adult beverages later I learned I was talking with the author of a book I had brought along for the trip, and have reviewed in this issue for you. Pat later invited me to come along chukar hunting with him at the tag end of the season; I hope to be invited back again. Like my recent chance meeting, I hope your Drent enables you to make a few new friends; they seem to be particularly adept at helping in that department. Enjoy your Drent and all the summer fun soon to come. As always, thank you for your support,

- Brian O'Connor

From the Editor - submitted by Jenna Myers

Well the weather is finally nice here in Washington state and we are seeing glimpses of summer. From what I hear, we have been a little bit behind in seeing the sunshine and temperatures above 60 degrees! But before you jump into all the summertime activities, take a minute to catch up on the goings on of the DPCNA! In this issue you'll find out information about our upcoming elections as well as enjoy some fun articles contributed by our members. I hope this newsletter finds everybody well, and remember - it's summer! Go outside and play with your dogs!

DPCNA Board Elections 2012-2013 - submitted by Brian O'Connor

The DPCNA Electoral Process

Just as things are beginning to warm up on the political front, we have to begin thinking about our very own DPCNA elections. Our own electoral process isn't too complicated, but unless you have taken the time to read the by-laws, and even if you have, I am sure

the process is pretty foreign to you. While you will not hear much more on DPCNA elections throughout this summer, once the fall Board of Directors meeting occurs, several things will be happening, most with reasonable time lines, some of which will require your attention and action. So here is how the process should flow.

This fall will mark the last Board Meeting of your current DPCNA Executive Council. At the 2012 Board of Directors (BoD) Meeting, the current Executive Council will build a Nominating Committee (NC). The NC will be given the unenviable and very serious task of selecting our new BoD. The NC will consider all members in good standing for nomination to the BoD. If a member is considered by the NC, they must accept the nomination, if not then the NC will need to continue their search. Once the NC has achieved a full slate of candidates, the "out-going" Club Secretary will solicit a resume from each

candidate and then e-mail the full list of candidates and resumes to all members in good standing by 1 February 2013. At this time the general membership has the opportunity to submit additional nominations for everyone's consideration. This may be achieved by achieving a signed a petition for any member in good standing with the signatures of at least five members in good standing. These "write-in" candidates must be sent to the Secretary post marked not later than 15 March 2013, along with their written acceptance and resume. If it happens that the 15th of March comes and goes with no additional nominations, the NC's slate shall

be declared elected. Otherwise, before March 25th the Secretary will have ballots sent to all members in good standing to be post marked and returned by 25 June 2013. The results will be tabulated and are required to be released at the 2013 BoD Meeting, we will probably find a way to get that done sooner, so that the baton may be passed in time for the 2013 BoD Meeting.

The process was designed to be simple, efficient and fair. We hope you agree. For the exact details please review Section 5 of the by-laws, located on pages six, seven and eight. If you have interest in serving on the Nomination Committee and or to be considered for next DPCNA BoD, please feel free to volunteer with any current BoD member. Having a pool of volunteers to start with is always very helpful and makes everyone's jobs and lives easier. Thank you all for your continued support and input.



Bear (L) and Jana (R) checking out the flooded creek



Dutchboy's Jager enjoying the sun

Breeder's Day - April 2012 - submitted by Jenna Myers

Last summer as Nikki, my husband Jared, and I sat around the fire pit in our backyard we began joking about taking our dogs to the Vereniging's April 2012 Fokdag, better known here as Breeder's Day. For those of you who are not familiar with what goes on within the Dutch club, breeder's day is something that they host twice a year (usually in October and April). All puppies that were born in the Netherlands who are between 18-24 months old on the day of the gathering are invited to be evaluated. It's a great way to get the litters together and judge what combinations of parents created correct offspring. It's also a lot of fun and a great way to see tons of other Drents, not to mention an excellent venue for reuniting a litter and meeting both parents if you have not already done so. Nikki and I happen to own littermates - Jorja and Fowler - and seriously considered returning with our dogs. Well, low and behold, we actually made that trip happen. Although little Jorja could not make the trip because she was in season, Nikki, Fowler, and I made the long 9 hour flight over to Amsterdam. I was a little nervous because it's a very long



Jenna, Fowler, and Nikki at the North Sea



Nikki and Arko!

flight, but Fowler was a trooper and he was rewarded with an amazing trip where we both made many new friends. During our trip we were lucky enough to be the guests of Rob and Tiny Key (Kennel the Gloucester), where Fowler made quick friends with their Drents Nadezja and Inukshuk. On the actual day of the litter evaluations, we met and saw over 150 Drents and learned a lot about the breed. I felt privileged to meet several of the top Drent breeders in the Netherlands, including Jaap Hoeksema of Kennel fan't Suydevelt and Bart and Marian van der Pol of Kennel van't Wijdseiland. In addition to attending Breeder's Day, we drove to Belgium and visited with Ali Dooren of Kennel v't Jasperspad. Her lovely girl Unique had a 10-day old litter at the time, and it was so amazing to see those little faces. We also broke away from the Drents for a couple of days and did some sightseeing. Fortunately for us, April is the prime time for blooming tulips so we made a trip to Keukenhof Gardens. Fowler enjoyed this very much as he got to run around near the fields and saw lots of ducks. Overall it was such a great experience and it reminded me why I love this breed so much. I hope that I am lucky enough in the future to be able to attend many more Breeder's Days. Who knows? - maybe we'll have to make a special trip over in the next year or so to pick up a new addition to our ever-growing furry family!



Fowler and Jenna on the border between the Netherlands and Germany

Breeder's Day Trip Photos - submitted by Jenna Myers and Nikki O'Connor

Here are a few photos from the trip. Ideally, we would share them all!



Photo descriptions clockwise from top left: Fowler's litter evaluation ; Nikki and Ali Dooren with Unique and Javana; Inukshuk hanging out on the couch; a wild Dutch pheasant; tulip field at Keukenhof Gardens; momma Unique with pups

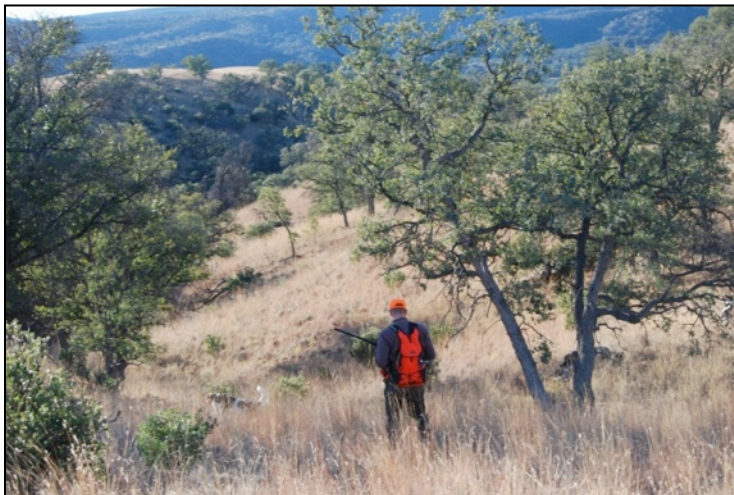
Vindication on the Fence - submitted by Brian O'Connor

Mearns quail hunting always produces memories, which generally make for a few good stories. This year it took eighteen hours of driving to put Nik and I in the heart of Mearns country, one of the most rugged and beautiful desert landscapes imaginable. This unforgiving land is also rife with illegal border crossings; some looking for a better life and some not so nearly as innocent.

Day one took four miles of hiking to produce the first covey of Mearns quail, which came as no surprise to me since bird numbers have steadily declined over the past four years. To make matters worse for us in the summer of 2011 wild fires had decimated many highly productive areas; it was going to be tough even for the dedicated. It is always something special to have birds flush close, and I have had the good fortune to have several species flush within mere inches of my feet, I have even felt the wing beat of a Scaled quail run up my left leg. Mearns quail are famous for their habit to hold tightly, and it's been said by many, without a dog your chances of finding them are virtually impossible, you'd need to step on them. The natural inclination of the Mearns has helped them to earn many names, of which, one is Fool's quail since it is said you can find their bodies where cattle have stepped on them. Back to the hunt, Booker had done a nice job of locating and pointing a small covey, sadly I wasn't in the hot seat for the flush, I watched the little bull quail fly straight for Jorja then veer away sharply – no shot. And see a hen bird fly straight away through deep cover. I did a masterful job of pruning a few evergreen oaks; you'll just have to take my word for it. We spent some time searching for



**Fellow desert quail chaser SMSgt (Ret)
Jim Segler with his first mearns**



Brian hunting typical Mearns quail country

the singles, and high up on the steepest of grades with very poor footing I had a hen bird literally erupt from under my left foot. Loose rocks don't vibrate and launch uphill – quail do! I squealed like a little girl and became concerned maybe I would have a heart attack on the spot, as you can guess, no shot. It was another four miles before we turned up our second covey of the day. Booker again on the job – I was going to have to be proud of that dog today. It was obvious the covey had been hunted several times as they flushed wild at his point from twenty yards, then to make matter worse they simply took flight in a very un-Mearns-like way. Scrambling around the rock face and loose gravel like Spiderman my friend Jim managed to collect a hen bird. Booker's retrieve, isn't the sort of stuff we like to write about...any pride I had

built up about him had quickly been dashed – colorful language may have even been used. I would have been happier if he had just tried to swallow it whole, at least that would have left the bird edible when pulled from his throat. Not so proud moments, and too bad for Jim's first Mearns.

Morning after morning we observed more and more subprime habitat and virtually no quail. Reports back at camp turned up the same less than inspiring field reports; if you had pushed a single covey in a day's work you had made big news. Later in the week my friend Dave, back at camp, told me a tale of making four one hour hunts and moving a covey on each of these hunts. He had my full attention, but he wasn't divulging particulars. Either he was telling me fairy tales, or, well we'll not talk about that. So with all the hunting reports I had heard told on my mind; I went back to studying my map, satellite imagery and with Chuck the retired quail biologist's words ringing in my ears, "if it's burned you will not find quail" and set to work... (cont...)



Brian, Hanna the English Setter, and Dave

Vindication on the Fence cont...

The next day I went hunting with Dave, to an area which had burned, where the grass had re-grown and had been heavily grazed – down right pitiful and discouraging. So we put our heads together and relocated to an area we had thought would be much better, but the situation was all too similar sans the over grazing. All because of the wildfires many places dotted throughout the landscape had become surreal, literally something Salvador Dali might have imagined. Seeing wickedly burned areas and evergreen oaks hundreds of years old which either looked as if they had melted or reduced to prime material for Kingsford charcoal briquettes. Still Dave holds out on the good stuff and we return to camp.

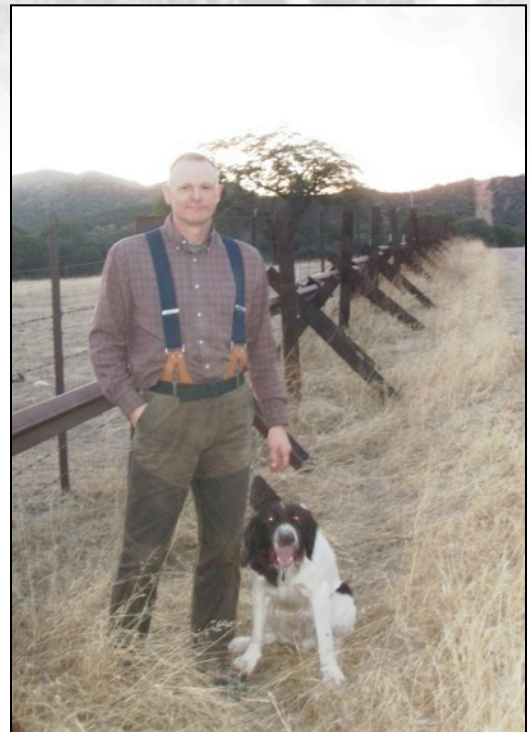
Tomorrow Nik and I have to return to Idaho and all I had managed to do was: pass on shots, prune some trees or to be wholly out of position for a shot – yep, I was going home empty handed. My legs where good, the temperature wasn't so bad and I wanted to go out and put my research, more like educated guess, to work. My wife agreed to pass on a return trip to her favorite vineyards (yes, Arizona wine country produces some nice wines), and so, off we went. After arriving a few hundred yards from the Mexican border we put Booker out alone, he was getting tired after putting in nearly eighty miles of hunting in the previous days, but I wanted my best shot of locating and shooting a Mearns quail over one of my dogs making a point. So it was, less than ten minutes from the truck and we were into the birds, lots of birds. We located three coveys of Mearns in less than an hour of what ended up being more fooling around than hunting. I think most Mearns hunters would agree, our little quail are special birds and most Mearns hunters feel satisfied with taking only one or two birds from a covey, and I am no different. I broke down and took a hen bird just to get on the board. What a great afternoon. We pointed covey's, and pointed singles and had plenty of others just flushing wild and others blowing out as they are nearly stepped on. It was glorious to hear the beat of their wings and magnificent to watch them fly. I was euphoric, living out a day from a "high-year", and I could see how this could become so crazy addictive...(cont...)



Brian with Booker and his quail



Mearns quail in detail



Booker and Brian - dirty, tired, and on the fence!

Vindication on the Fence cont...

Rather suddenly, I was down to one option: begging for a morning hunt the day we left, remember we had an eighteen hour drive ahead of us once we left Patagonia, and where we needed to hunt was a long haul down a rough dirt road all the way down to the Mexican border. It seemed even more a buzz kill than ever before. I had been in the birds, and I had to go, my back was against the wall. Fortunately, for me, my wife quickly agreed to a short hunt on the day we were to head North for Idaho. We decided we'd go ahead and run all three of our Drents together for better or worse. Fact is, they all do much, much, better when they are run independently or we can run little Jorja with one of the boys. All together it's a bit of a free for all. My quail Valhalla was part of a large drainage with hundreds of smaller coulees. I'm sure a guy could hunt a group of these smaller drainages each day and still not hunt them all in a lifetime. We picked the next little grouping of drainages to the Northwest from where we hunted the afternoon prior and gave it hell. We had found a prime feeding area, the ground was churned as if much larger animals had been doing the work, but no, under close investigation it was clearly the work of quail. I wish I could tell you it was my sense of ethics and conservation which kept my bag so light, but I fell victim to rushing my shots and botched enough easy opportunities I'd rather not go into specific details. None the less, it was a glorious day, turning up a covey every five to ten minutes; we found four coveys in less than an hour and a total of seven coveys before packing it in for the long ride North. All of my action was close enough to the border that I'm sure more than a few of my wads made it to Mexico! Yes, I found vindication on the fence.



Booker, Jorja, and Paxson after a long day of hunting

Puppies! 2012

We so pleased to announce the newest members of the North American Drent population. John Lambregts' (Dutchboy Kennel) Clio welcomed her third litter of puppies on April 22, 2012. She had 2 girls and 2 boys, and they are all doing well. As usual, Clio has been an amazing mo and the pups are growing fast! In just a couple of weeks, they will be going to their new homes and already promise to bring lots of smiles to their new owners.



Doggie CPR - submitted by John Lambregts

When things go wrong -- CPR for dogs.

As many of you know, our Clio had a brush with death this winter, courtesy of a conibear trap on my farm. Fortunately, due to instructions in this very newsletter last Fall, I was able to release the trap, and remove Clio.



Clio enjoying the great outdoors

The story doesn't end there -- because by the time I was able to removed the trap, Clio had not been breathing for what I estimate to have been about a minute, and she no longer had a heart beat.

The good news, of course, is that my Dutch stubbornness didn't allow me to give up, and CPR brought her back, quite quickly. She was ready to go after a pheasant that crossed the road on the way to the vet. The next day was as if nothing at all happened.

I have never received any instruction on CPR, let alone doggie CPR. About a week before the incident, I had read an article on the new American Heart Association guidelines for CPR. I am very glad (and so is Clio!) that I paid close attention.

When something happens to your dog and you think you need to start CPR, call for help, FIRST. Get help on the way, to relieve you when you get tired.

The new guidelines for CPR (by untrained rescuers) now advise chest compressions only. No rescue breathing (often called mouth to mouth). The human rate of compression is at least 100 compressions per minute. Start compressions as soon as you can, before checking the airways. Without circulation to the brain, death follows very quickly, so it is more important to get oxygen to the brain than to clear the airway.

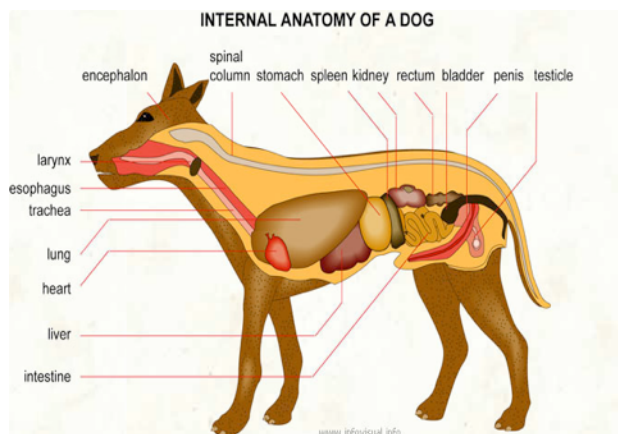
In dogs the size of a Drent, kneel behind the dog's back, and move the top front paw forward and out of the way of the heart. The heart is located in the bottom of the chest, a few inches from the front. If you aren't familiar with animal physiology, study the diagram for a few minutes. Place your hands (stacked palm to back so one hand pushes on the other) on top of the chest approximately where the heart is located, and start compressions. The recommendation for a dog the size of a Drent is at least 120 compressions per minute. You should compress the chest about 1.5 inches or even a little more. When you press down deeply enough, you will hear the air rushing in and out of the dog's mouth and nose. In other words, by compressing the chest and pushing on the heart, you will also force air in and out of the lungs.

If you don't hear the air rushing out from compressions, and you feel you are compressing sufficiently, it is time to check for an obstructed airway. If the airway is obstructed, and you can't clear the obstruction, remember that the Heimlich maneuver works on dogs as well as it does on humans.

If the dog is indicating it is choking (pawing at the face, choking sounds, trying to cough), lay them on their side (if you can!), and give a couple of quick raps between the shoulder blades, just like you've done when a human is having a coughing fit or is choking. This is sometimes enough to dislodge an object.

If that doesn't work, give the dog a "bear hug" with his back to you, and one arm around his chest. Ball the other into a fist, and place it just below the rib cage. Give three to five quick compressions to dislodge the object. You can repeat this once or twice, but don't over do it.

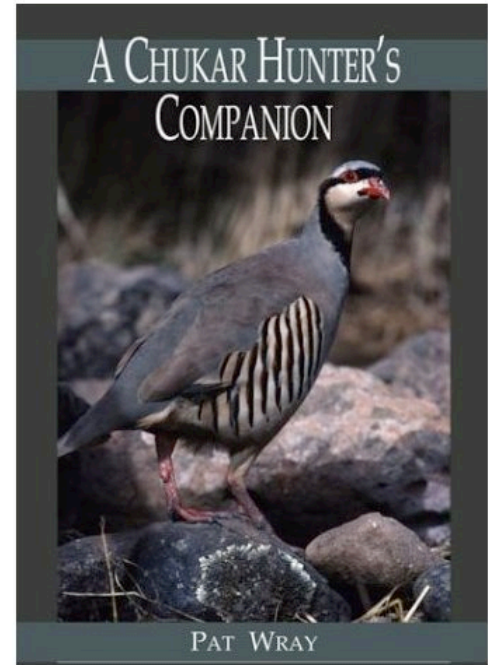
I sincerely hope no one else will ever have to go through what I went through with Clio, but if somethings happens, be ready to act, and act decisively. Clio's living proof that you don't need to be "trained" in CPR to be able to save a dog's life.



Book Review - submitted by Brian O'Connor

Book Review: A Chukar Hunter's Companion

I am proud to have [A Chukar Hunter's Companion](#) among my collection of hunting books. This isn't your average bird hunter's book. Pat Wray is a highly skilled writer, and hunter, who has been more than effective with capturing his decade's long passion of Chukar hunting for both layman, and enthusiast to learn and enjoy. In this book, Pat utilizes a somewhat rambling style, which carries the aspirant Chukar hunter through just about any and everything he or she should need or want to know and just about all imaginable aspects one might not realize he or she should know about Chukar hunting. I would even venture to say "Companion" should be on your shelf even if you have no aspirations to hunt Chukar because Pat looks at Chukar hunting from a very comprehensive point of view, making Companion a great book for hunters but also it is a great book for all dog owners who enjoy taking their dog afield. Just a few topics Pat covers besides the obvious are: his thoughts on dogs and supplies, principles and ethics of hunting, some Chukar humor and how to prepare Chukar for dinner. Pat is a master of his craft with adept use of insight, humor and classic campfire story telling ability. I hope you find Companion to be an easy and enjoyable read as well.



Arlo (L) and Magnolia (R) ready for story-time!



Brooke saying hi after a long run

Fun Summer Ideas - submitted by Jenna Myers



Teddy retrieving a stick from the lake

Strawberry Banana Pup Popsicles

Ingredients

- 1 cup plain Yogurt, divided
- 1 pound Strawberries, divided
- 1 Banana
- 4 Rawhide Sticks & 4 disposable plastic cups

First Layer

- 1/2 pound Strawberries, chopped
 - 1/2 cup plain Yogurt
- Add strawberries and yogurt to a blender or food processor and blend until smooth

Second Layer

- 1 Banana, chopped
 - 1/2 cup plain Yogurt
- Add banana and yogurt to a blender or food processor and blend until smooth

Third Layer

- 1/2 pound Strawberries, chopped
- Add strawberries to a blender or food processor and blend until smooth

Directions

1. Pour an inch or so of your first layer mixture into the bottom of each cup.
 2. Allow to freeze for 30 minutes, and insert your rawhide stick.
 3. Repeat pouring the layers, allowing them to set 30 minutes in between, until they are all used.
 4. Freeze for 8 hours to allow them to fully set.
 5. Run warm water around the mold to remove the popsicle.
- Makes 4 popsicles.

With summer upon us, it's time to get outside and enjoy the sunshine with our furry friends. While my dogs love to get out and run, swim, hike and go camping, that may not be everyone's idea of fun. It also might not be possible depending on where you live. With that in mind, here are some fun summer ideas that your dog can enjoy closer to home! And remember, if your dogs do get out to run around this summer, always keep water on hand and watch for dehydration and over-heating. It can happen faster than you think! It's also a good idea to keep a doggy first aid kit with you whenever you travel - you never know what trouble your Drent will find!



Teddy, Sophie, and Dutches - they look like they could use some pupsicles!



From the Kitchen - submitted by Nikki O'Connor

Peanut Butter Carrot Doggy Cake

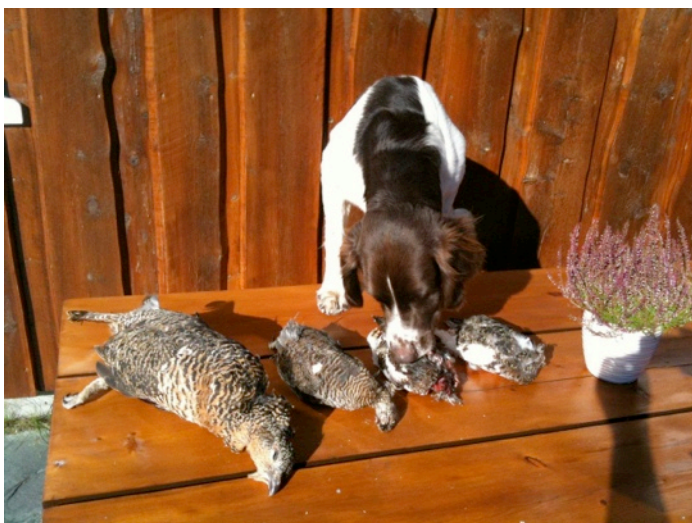
1 cup whole wheat flour
 1 teaspoon baking soda
 ¼ cup natural peanut butter
 ¼ cup vegetable oil
 1/3 cup honey
 1 cup shredded carrots
 1 egg

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Grease an 8" round cake pan or an 8x4-inch loaf pan.

2. Whisk together the flour and baking soda. Add the rest of the ingredients and, using a rubber spatula or wooden spoon, mix until thoroughly combined. Pour batter into pan and bake for about 30 minutes, or until a knife inserted in center comes out clean.



Parting Shots



Above: Wesley Inucos the Gloucester investigates his haul

Right: Patches plays with a mouse :)



DPCNA Special Thanks & Credits

Photography contributions: Roswitha Harmsen (cover), Jim Millington (page 2a), Ann Barrett (page 2b), Nikki O'Connor (pages 3-7, 8, 11t), Jenna Myers (pages 3, 4, 9b), John Lambregts (pages 7 a, c, d, 11b), Nina Gjelsnes Haug (page 11a), Marge Governale (page 9a), Jim Johnstone (page 10)

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