

BOUVIER DES FLANDRES CLUB

GOLDEN REEF

FEBRUARY 2021



Photo - Jessie(Rod Eterman)

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LETTER FROM THE CLUB COMMITTEE

Dear Members,

Let's begin positively by wishing you all a Happy New Year but with addition of the now current "stay safe!" caution which most of us hoped would be a thing of the past by this year.

This is also the time of year when we review our fees for Club membership so, if you haven't done so already, please renew your subscriptions for 2021/2022. We are mindful of the effect COVID-19 has had on everyone's finances and have decided to leave our subscription fees at last year's level. We have been lucky recently with voluntary help on website hosting and our electronic magazine, but this might not always be the case. We are facing a dwindling membership and are not attracting younger members. Any ideas on the latter would be well received by the committee, none of us having young children who could give some guidance in this regard. Please also remember that you can encourage any Bouvier owners you meet to join the Club - they are welcome and we recognise the need to make a special effort to encourage owners of all Bouviers to join us, irrespective of whether their dogs are registered or not. We cannot influence and inform and thereby look out for this breed's future in South Africa if people are unaware of us.

It is becoming very clear that clubs such as ours will survive only through a clever use of social media. So, although we have noticed that our own Facebook Page is visited by increasing numbers, we think we need to provide much more interaction. We are planning a public Facebook Group, aimed not only at Club members but also other local Bouvier owners. We will try to provide sound breed information and encourage owners to be active with their dogs, whether in formal training or simple ways to have fun. If any of you can contribute skills or even ideas in this regard, please let us know.

Liz Hodgson has received several enquiries from people who, commendably, want to do research into the breed before buying one. However, it is difficult to gauge whether such discussions are productive though visiting a breeder is at least a way in which potential owners can see a Bouvier - it is surprising how many people would contemplate buying a breed of dog from an internet search only. One of the concerns about desktop research only is that, without a discussion with a knowledgeable person (as opposed to simply enthusiastic Facebook names), it is easy to only hear the attractive things about Bouvier ownership and not consider the challenges of giving a Bouvier a good home.

The situation of unregistered puppies available via Facebook continues to be distressing but is unfortunately outside of the Club's control and, while the buying public exercises little discernment or understanding when buying dogs

of any breed and Facebook group administrators demonstrate their ignorance of sound breeding practice in what they celebrate, the status quo is likely to continue. It is also difficult to encourage people to wait for the right dog when registered Bouviers are so difficult to obtain locally. We are therefore delighted to report that one of Frik Bezuidenhoudt's bitches gave birth to seven Bouvier puppies in November, that these are in the process of being registered and have now left for their new homes.

COVID-19 has affected us all but our hearts go out to Annel Hertog whose husband Clive passed away just three days after being diagnosed with the virus. Clive and Annel were bravely living with the devastating earlier news that Clive had advanced cancer and the recovery prognosis was poor but the virus hastened the end for him. Clive was an active member of this Club and this magazine contains an obituary for him. We are also deeply saddened to report the deaths in December of past Club members Fritz Frauendorf, also from COVID, and Kurt Snashall who was fighting bravely against cancer diagnosed in March. Both leave devastated families and children to whom we also extend our sympathies.

The continuing lockdown has meant that there are very few formal dog activities on which to report and none that look likely to happen before we next issue a Club magazine either! This means that we will be especially grateful to receive any news from our members that Denise can use to give subsequent magazines that local touch. Don't forget our special email address photos@bouvierclub.co.za for receipt of photos for consideration for inclusion in the magazine. Remember to send them in as large a file size as you can and to let us know who (human and canine) features in the photos.

In the meantime, enjoy reading, stay safe and please write to us about your Bouvs for the next magazine.

The Committee



Jessie & Shupa | Rod Eterman

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Had I not been a believer in puppy training before, these past few weeks would have made me a convert. I have been helping out with the day care dogs and kennel dogs at our dog school where dogs are taken out one at a time for exercise and stimulation.

As would be expected there are loads of different personalities among them but sadly the overriding thing most have in common is a lack of self-control. When you approach their enclosures they start jumping at the fence. Happy to see you, yes, but it takes patience waiting for their exuberance to subside. Then when all four feet are on the ground, throwing food over the fence to get them away from the gate as “back” is a foreign concept, slipping in and brace for impact. Then often doing battle to get them to settle while their harness or leash is attached. Why not just leave their harnesses on? You can with some, but a few examples are around testifying to very expensive improvised Rogz “chew toys” mangled by Jock and Lucky!

Once the gate is opened, you almost become an appendage on the end of the leash in the short mad dash across the parking area to the exercise field. There the leash is removed and the dog free to explore or take a dip in the pool. It is a large area with plenty of doggy smells, trees, horses in the next door field, the occasional feral bunny or hadedah. We set up interactive games or walk them over the brick or tyre bridges, A little “training” is done such as the target stick or teaching them to get onto and sit on various objects or if in the agility field, taking them through tunnels or over small jumps.

In contrast, one little dog, while doted on by her owner who brings her to day care every day so she is not alone at home, is mistrustful and scared of everyone except one of the trainers. I just go in and sit in her enclosure, not making eye contact or talking, facing away, throwing the occasional treat her way. Even this has to be done in slow motion as any sudden move has her scurrying away, tail tucked between her legs.

Reactivity is also a problem with some, a course having to be plotted from enclosure to exercise area avoiding line of sight with the other dogs.

While most of them have reasonable, and sometimes good, recalls, the concept of “wait” or “down” seems to escape most of them and “heel” when on lead falls on very deaf ears.

It is clear that a little bit of structured training while they were pups would have mitigated a lot of these problems. Sadly owners seem to think that good behaviour should come naturally to dogs who after all, just want to do what dogs want to do. One wonders if this rambunctious behaviour is reserved for while they are out or if they are quite as unruly at home.

Commands like “watch me” to get them to focus on the handler and “wait” to stop them in their tracks can be life saving exercises and even older dogs can be taught these skills because the old adage of “you can't teach an old dog new tricks” really only applies to humans!

And so, as we head into 2021, hopefully leaving most of the turmoil behind, I can't help but think that last year should be written “2020 won”.

Stay safe



Harvey | Clive Hertog

THE BUZZ ABOUT BOUVIER DES FLANDRES

What The Standard Doesn't Tell You

Compiled by many owners, over many years
American Bouvier des Flandres Club

Living with a Bouvier is often amusing, routinely challenging and occasionally confusing. The Standard describes the Bouvier as agile, spirited and bold, yet serene and well behaved. That doesn't come close to telling the whole story.

The Standard calls for a double coat. This coat protects the Bouvier in inclement weather and in rough terrain but, the Standard leaves this out, ensures that the dog will bring the great outdoors indoors. The owner has the joy of burrs, mud, snowballs stuck in leg furnishings, leaves, black jacks, oil and so much more carried into their living room. A suggestion...replace your white carpet with tile.

For those seeking a dog that does not shed, the Bouvier fits the bill; however, deep underneath the furniture, where it is back wrenching to reach, you will discover a mound of dust bunnies he has deposited instead.

The Standard describes the heavy and rough beard. No mention there that their nickname is 'vuilbaard', translated as 'dirty beard'. Immediately following dunking their big heads into dirt, snow or the water bucket, a Bouvier will search you out (and this includes the bathroom) to plop that filthy head in your lap. Invariably this will occur when you are dressed to go out to dinner!

If you thought that only the Hounds had great noses, you would be wrong. Our Standard does indeed call for olfactory abilities but doesn't share that the Bouvier's big black nose is specially adapted to periscope its way along kitchen counter edges until a tasty morsel such as a leg of lamb is detected. The Bouvier then uses his called-for agility to pop up onto the counter to retrieve said item. However, please note that the ability to leap effortlessly upward does not extend to the bathtub or the grooming table.

With a strong desire to please their owners, Bouviers can be quite helpful around the house. They make an excellent 'pre-wash' cycle for the dishes stacked in the dishwasher. They are quite good at sorting socks. One Bouvier was discovered with 11 socks stuffed in his powerful jaws (to quote from the Standard). Underwear is routinely eaten to save the owner from having to wash it. This activity is generally followed by surgery.

His large brown eyes can be used to inspire forgiveness, instil guilt or attempt to levitate food off of the table. None of this is noted in our Standard.

The Standard also forgets to mention that Bouviers are stubborn. They were bred to be independent thinkers. This does not always work in your favour...especially if you are looking for reliable obedience in your dog. The challenge is to convince a Bouvier that whatever you ask of them is their idea because if they think you are wrong, they won't do what you want. They may lie down and roll over with all four feet in the air if they don't wish to go where you wish them to go...such as their kennel. A simple technique to ensure compliance is to grab the front legs and drag them across the floor to the destination. This method of dealing with their insubordination is effective but may require a chiropractic appointment. A Bouvier is quite smart and will learn in a single session that when you hit the ice dispenser on the refrigerator, you are then headed to the bar where the dog cookies are stashed as well as the vodka. Pavlov would be proud! However, after three years of intensive obedience training, the word 'come' may still remain a mystery no matter how many rewards they have received. To complicate matters, they have a wicked sense of humour. Should a Bouvier agree to comply with your wishes, he will do what you want but put his own spin on it. The story goes that a Bouvier performed the "Annie crawl" to find shade under the Obedience Judge's table during a long down-stay in the warm California sun. He did the part that made sense to him!

To quote, "His origin is that of a cattle herder". In reality this extends far beyond livestock. The Bouvier's motto is "If it runs, I will chase it!" to include bicyclists, squirrels, cats and automobiles. Running children are often viewed as bowling pins.

Once puppyhood is past, the Bouvier can be counted on to take up space on the sofa. Or lie quietly in a doorway, facing out, to protect his family. But, every now and then he will get it into his head to exercise on his own by doing butt tucks at full throttle around the yard. Also, Bouviers play hard employing body slams and open mouth play fights. Should you happen to be in the yard while this is occurring, pay special attention. At some point this speeding locomotive of a canine will spot you. There is a moment of eye contact between the two of you. At this point, you know you're the target. The Bouvier will hurtle your way and either slam into your knees or, as you turn sideways to avoid the collision,



he will leave the ground and fly by you at eye level nipping the soft flapping flesh of your underarm as he goes.

Have we mentioned the 'butt bite'? This little nip is used when you turn your back. If you're loved, it says "Gotcha! TeeHee!" or, in the case of a stranger, "Don't do anything stupid, I'm watching you!" Their guard ability is particularly evident when a man in uniform appears. Don't be surprised when you find the UPS man pressed up against your front door with your dog sitting serenely directly in front of the guy's crotch! There won't be a mark on the UPS man but he won't be back! Ever!

The large rounded, compact front feet of the Bouvier are used as hands. A sharp whap of a paw on the arm is a reminder to continue petting them or, when raised in slow motion to rest on your knee, that the food on your fork really should be forked over to them. Their big rough pads are also employed to stand on your foot and put the entire weight of the dog onto your big toe.

Bouviars have long memories and never forget a face...human or canine. They will recognize a dog that 'done 'em wrong' or a person they adore even after many years apart. They make great pillows for the grandkids in front of the TV. They will give you a hero's welcome every time you come home even if you have been gone only ten minutes. This welcome may involve vaulting over the couch to get to you but it's a small price to pay for the devotion written all over their hairy mugs! Once the welcome is over, they will retire quietly to the same room that you are in. They'll snuggle when you're blue and levitate in the Bouvier Bounce when you're ready to go out and they are lobbying to go with you. To sum up, they are the perfect dog to live with...except when they're not.

While this is a humorous look at the Bouvier, the breed can be a challenge to own. They require training and grooming. Please have a conversation with a knowledgeable breeder before adding a Bouvier to your family



SCHOOL BOUVIER WILL HELP CHILDREN TO READ

WaldNet

Miss Froukje's Bouvier from OBS It Twaspan in Twijzelerheide, Holland, started a job in class at the end of August. The school dog will help children with, for example, reading. Miss Froukje will accompany her dog Yarah during work.

Meike Elzinga of It Twaspan explains the effect of the presence of the dog: "Yarah can support the personal development of the student." Simply being present promotes the student's self-confidence and improves social skills. "When a student has to do an activity, it is made easier when a therapy dog is present. A dog doesn't judge, condemn, comment, and lets the student set the pace."

According to the school, it has already been shown in the past that the school dog can promote the skills of the students. The lessons consist of cognitive tasks with an individual student or a group of students. "This could be, for example: reading to the dog or doing the work in the presence of the dog."



Yarah | Miss Froukje

MEMBERS' MEMOIRS

Ruff

Denise Scarrott

My introduction to the Bouvier des Flandres came in the form of a filthy, matted, starving bag of bones of questionable age picked up at the Springs Flying Club one wet Saturday. Despite his desperate circumstances, the character of this dog shone through. We reluctantly left him there that night but went back the next day with food for him. It was again a cold, rainy day and we went into one of the hangars to feed him. Those who can remember might recall the Epol Dog Meal which had to be mixed with water. As my folks only had Fox Terriers at home, the bowl I had brought was, to say the least, inadequate for such a large muzzle and such was his hunger that while I was mixing the food he was also trying to eat. Fingers and a hairy face did not all fit (it speaks volumes that he did not try to bite) and he stopped eating, looked at me, picked up the bowl and carried it outside, away from me and continued eating. Then it started raining more heavily. Again he stopped eating, picked up the bowl and came back inside out of the rain. Despite having no idea what breed he was, Elroy and I had no choice but to adopt this singular animal who we immediately christened Ruff.

We were soon enlightened to his breed by the horrified doggy parlour owner who came to collect him for his first grooming. She was none other than Michele Brews whose parents bred and showed Bouviers under the kennel name of Atherton.

Later that afternoon, Elroy called me. The conversation went something like this:

“Can you fetch the dog to take him to the vet as he has a sore above his eye.” (turned out he had eczema).

“Is he back from the groomer already?”

“Yes, she had to shave all his hair off except for his head and tail.”

“What does he look like?”

“Like a wet pipe-cleaner with a pompom on the end!”

This fully grown Bouvier male weighed in at a frightening 15kg!



We walked in to the vet's office, which was packed and the place just fell silent as this stick figure entered. Fortunately I knew the receptionist who peered over her desk and asked incredulously, "Is that a Bouvier?" I then proceeded to tell her, in a voice loud enough for all to hear, why he looked like he did.

Although this was in the era of tail-docking, for some reason his had never been cut and for some time the tailless Bouviers I saw subsequently looked incomplete. Then I got used to that and now the wheel has gone full circle.

Ruff turned out to be the most incredible animal. He went to work with either Elroy or me every day. He was included in every invitation we had to parties, dinners, picnics. It was just taken as a given that wherever we were, he would be there too. Our friends used to fight over whose turn it was to look after him if we ever went away.

I remember one occasion when he was going to stay with a colleague of mine whose kids adored him. The courtesy car at Elroy's garage was an old black London Taxi. The driver duly arrived outside with Ruff sitting bolt upright on the back seat. Gideon, the driver, got out and opened the taxi door. Ruff emerged, waited while his little suitcase with his leash, food and bowl and selected toys was retrieved from the car then led the way inside, followed by his personal porter. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

Elroy and I both had out private pilot's licences and every opportunity we had we would get away from it all in our Cessna 182, whether it was for a trip to the then Rhodesia or just an outing for breakfast to somewhere with a landing strip like the Ranch Motel in Pietersburg or afternoon tea at Jim Fouche on the Vaal Dam.

Whenever our destination allowed it, Ruff would come along. He couldn't wait to get into the plane and never needed a second invitation. He would jump in and get onto the back seat behind the pilot, waiting patiently for all the pre-flight inspections to be completed and the run-up checks to be done. As we barrelled along the runway, he would look out of the window and stay sitting up until we had finished our climb-out and reached cruising altitude and the engine's pitch had stabilised. Then he would climb onto the floor behind the front seats and fall asleep.

There he would stay for the duration of the flight, sometimes lifting his head if we hit turbulence or an air-pocket but then only to look at whoever was flying as if to say, "It's OK. I know you're in control and I trust you implicitly."

When he heard the change of pitch of the engine at the top of descent, he would again resume his watching position on the back seat, checking everything out through the circuit



until we had touched down and rolled to a stop,
It was often amusing to see people's faces when we opened the door and got out to be followed by a large hairy dog.

Ruff was well known at all the places we used to fly to and welcome at all as he was a well behaved and sociable creature. Many was the time we would take off from Lanseria and inform the tower we had '1 pilot, 1 pax and 1 dog' on board. They became quite used to it.

Such were Ruff's flying manners that even after Elroy was killed in a flying

accident, I would still fly alone with him, knowing he would be perfectly behaved and never cause problems which might be a safety hazard in the air. Even when he was old and could not jump into the plane without assistance his enthusiasm never waned.

When Elroy died, Ruff was the pillar I leaned on. He was always there when needed, his soft brown eyes saying, "I feel your pain. I'm hurting too. But together we will get through this."

In 1989 at an estimated age of well over 13 years, I sent Ruff to be with Elroy where I know they are both waiting, having been joined by others over the years until we can all cross Rainbow Bridge together.



BOUFFONNE

Elizabeth Hodgson

I have an array of Bouvier photos on the wall in front of me and they are all of special dogs. One of the photos is of our first pedigree Bouvier who was obtained from Addy Smits. She was officially called Helyvon Verité and came to stay with us in August 1997 after a few months of me regularly harassing Addy. Looking back, I was probably a bit of a pain with my impatience – we were given Addy's number by a friend of a friend who had one and went to see her but it was my husband Felix who wanted the Bouvier more than I did – I had always liked the handsome appearance of German Shepherds and I wasn't 100% sure about Bouviers who looked relatively scruffy in comparison. However, my idea of "handsome" now includes a good, well-presented Bouvier. No matter, whatever breed we ended up with, I now realise how much we needed to learn but we were just so lucky to have been pointed in the direction of someone reputable who was also willing and able to impart knowledge. The reason I was badgering Addy was that I didn't even

understand that a bitch can only conceive when in season so when she explained this to me I could at least change the question to enquiring about Agnes, Bouffonne's mother, being in season! I try to remember my own starting point when chatting to people who want to buy puppies from me now and am much happier with potential buyers who want to learn and are prepared to listen rather than those who tell me how brilliant they are with training their dogs (or, worse, how their dogs are so brilliant they don't even need training)!

I specifically remember the date of Bouffonne's arrival as the next day I was mopping the kitchen floor to clear up after her while listening to the news and heard with disbelief about the death of Princess Diana. Since those days I have learnt about crate training to assist with house training (mess limitation) and prevention of kitchen cupboard gnawing and general house damage but living with Bouffonne was a steep learning curve as this was our first 'really expensive' puppy (as in purchase price, they are all costly somewhere) and I was desperately trying to do everything right!

One of the advantages of having bought from Addy was our introduction to the Bouvier Club and it was meeting Joanne Spencely at a Bouvier Club gathering at Addy and Stef's place that proved such a turning point. In her gentle way, Joanne pointed out the having Bouffonne on our laps was not a good way to progress her grooming and she suggested puppy school would help us with a few basics. We duly enrolled with Beth Babbin at Wetnose and Beth often had the effect on me that I remember my infant school headmistress having when I was seven years old. I once got a very public lecture when Bouffonne leapt out of our vehicle at school one morning and ran around creating havoc in all the classes at school before we could catch her. My embarrassment was compounded by being in class with Andrew Snider and Satchmo – Bouffonne and I were often used to demonstrate what happens if you leave puppy training too late (she started at four months old) compared with that paragon of virtue, Satchmo!

Well, we improved enough to take her to her first show, the Bouvier Club championship show in 1998. The judge was Edith Gallant. I hadn't a clue what to do but there was a basic demonstration at the start of the show and at least Bouffonne could walk on a lead under reasonable control. I was absolutely astonished when she won her bitch puppy class against her sister, Valine, who was the bitch Addy kept from that litter and Wobke, owned by Ingrid Linnekugel. We progressed through the show and ended up with a two point CC – I had no idea of the difficulty in doing this under a specialist judge with a puppy so, though I was delighted (I mean, which novice doesn't fantasise about beating the pros?), the achievement was lost on me. It was years before I ever got a 2 point CC again and I suspect it will not be achievable again in this country as too few dogs are now shown for the award to be available (it requires ten eligible dogs of that gender to be competing at a championship show and these days we would be delighted to see more than two Bouviers at an All Breed Championship Show).

That was the start of our dog showing interest as we were convinced we had an exceptional bitch! There was a lot of Bouvier competition in those years and we had to learn to lose after such an auspicious start but we did get Bouffonne “made up” to Champion status and enjoyed the showing journey, during which Felix and I travelled a lot throughout South Africa and met many other dog show people, making friends with others in different breeds. As I read the all too frequent obituaries sent round by KUSA nowadays, it is with sadness that I realise how much fun we had but that that era in our lives is now past – running is becoming more difficult and somehow Bouviers seem much stronger than they did a couple of decades ago.

Bouffonne was also the start of my “breeding career” and I was fortunate to have Addy’s guidance in selection of a stud and advice. Bouffonne had two litters and I kept Badine from the second one in 2002 and, through this litter, became friends with Magda Labuschagne who had her sister Emma. Sadly, Bouffonne died at five years old. One day I found a tiny rise on her nose bone and it was cancer (one of my mantras is ‘groom your own dogs if you want to know what is happening with their bodies’, even just the brushing down to the skin if not the clipping will help). It eventually disfigured her face and we euthanased her a few months later because of evident lack of life enjoyment. During her last months, I enjoyed watching her teach Badine and when Bouffonne’s last day came, Badine was there to ease the pain as I didn’t feel that absolutely all of Bouffonne was gone. I have to stop now as, though it is almost twenty years ago, I am suddenly sad again even though I have other Bouviers to love today.



Barbu | Bouffonne

1 November 2020 was All Saints Day at our Church, Hillcrest Methodist Church. Covid rules made this day different from previous years; spaced chairs, no hymns or sermons. Marilyn and Estelle flanked me on either side. BooBear and I had walked down Nqutu Road before the service. It was raining - obviously. It has always rained on my saddest days. Rev Peter Crundwell and Rev Peter Butterworth stood for three hours (allowing a steady stream of congregants with the current legal restrictions) at the front of the Church with baskets of packaged communion elements. On the overhead screens, the photos rolled of those who had died this year, with their physical photo displayed individually on screens to the left. Close by was another basket with cut-out, beautifully and tastefully made, coloured flowers, each with their own pin. Estelle and I humbly received the sacraments and stood aside to share together God's love. The Reverend Peter Butterworth was in front of us and he asked if I would like to place a flower next to Don and I immediately said, without any forethought at all: "With your permission, please could I bring BooBear in to do this," to which he unhesitatingly replied yes. I fetched BooBear from the bakkie and he walked obligingly through the back of the Church, Estelle alongside us, to the front. I picked up two flowers, one for BooBear and one for me. BooBear truly seemed to be well aware of what was going on. Far more than me. He never hesitated. Never resisted, and even pre-empted by sitting in front of Don's picture (the one taken on Don's birthday, with 4 month old BooBear on his knee). I knelt beside BooBear and put my arm around him. This would normally cause BooBear to pull away, but he sat quietly and alert. Focussed. Together we got up and placed the flowers on Don's picture, walked out of the Church blindly and drove away.

Out of the blue during the week leading up to this event someone mentioned how difficult it must be for BooBear when I leave him alone as Don had never returned. Whim or fact I don't know. Undisputed though, is that it is as though someone has swapped my dog this week, and the one I have is my joy, my delight, my new love. It is though some chains of bondage on his character / soul / psyche have been broken and have been replaced with greater trust, extended patience, clarity, greatly reduced wilfulness and suspicion. I am eternally grateful.



BooBear
Don Johnson

I don't know if I ever mentioned that I had a real battle with BooBear refusing to get into the vehicle after Don died? I was in tears one day out of frustration with BooBear's refusal to get in when my Bestie, an incredibly intuitive lady, asked me if perhaps Don's ashes were in the car. How she knew I will ever know. Immediately I asked someone to baby sit BooBear and took Don's ashes to the beautiful spot, my detox spot since Jean Drew and I used to walk there all those years ago, where we had "laid to rest" our Darling Illusive Dream/Joie du la Mer/Bob, and "sent Don's earthly remains on their way". Since that day the "spell" between BooBear and our bakkie was broken.

I want to urge all Bouvier and pet owners to be very sensitive to your pets when death parts them from their beloved.

DOGS ARE LOVE

Kathy Jefford

Dogs are love

Unconditional love

Boundlessly energetic love

Can make the worst day ever better love

Always by your side love

Enthusiastic tail wagging so happy you re here love

Barking fetching running catching love

1000% loyal love

Wait by the door til you come home love

I don't care what you look like love

Will do anything for you love

It's my job to protect you love

Even when you don't share the people food love

Pure adoration unrestrained affection love

Sorry I ate your shoe think you re the best person in the whole world playful trusting I will always come when you call me love

I'll be your furry friend for life love

OBITUARY - CLIVE HERTOOG

By Liz Hodgson with contributions by
Denise Scarrott and Magda Labuschagne

It is always upsetting when I have to notify Club members of the death of a previous long standing or a current member but it was with particular personal sadness that I sent out the message about Clive Hertog's death on 27 December 2020. In the scale of some friendships, I hadn't actually known Clive that long as I first met him by phone when he wanted a puppy in early 2016. His elder brother had been friends with Debbie and Peter Snashall in Kimberley and as a potential puppy owner he came highly recommended by Debbie, and especially so when I was told how devoted he had been to his previous Bouvier, Ruben, who had been unable to walk from the age of about eleven weeks. Jacob, Clive's assistant, immediately had his duties (and wages) adapted to include caring for Ruben when Clive was not available so Ruben had the best possible life in his circumstances.

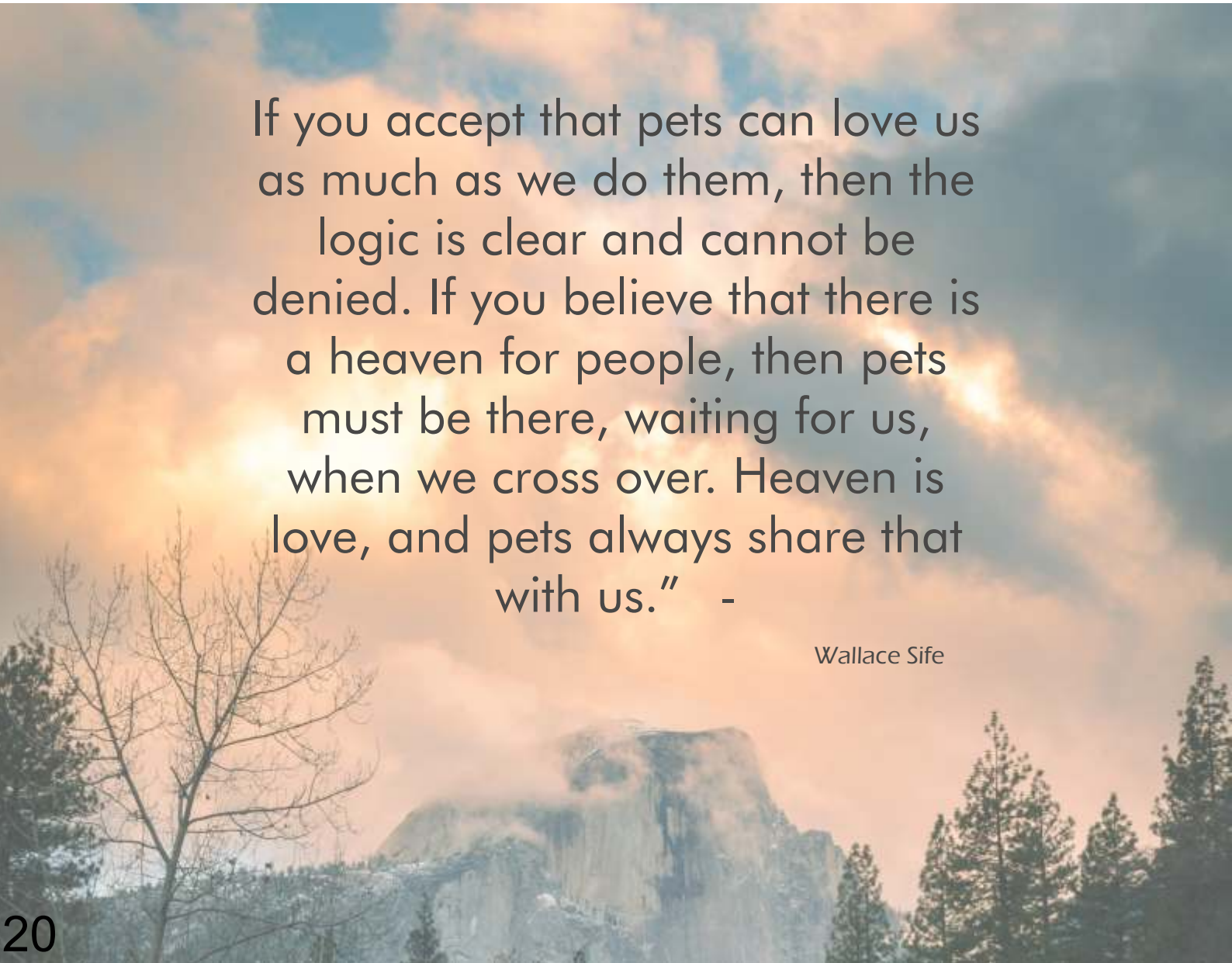
My litter at the time Clive called was a big one with nine puppies and as someone else had backed out of a sale, I told Clive he was in luck and I had a puppy for him. With hindsight, it was me that was "in luck" as Harvey went to a wonderful home and through Harvey, I met Clive and his wife Annel. When I went to check on the puppies in their new homes a couple of months after their delivery to Gauteng, Debbie Snashall came with me and we had a lovely meal and fun time laughing with them. I met Clive on a number of occasions after that - sometimes a visit to his home and sometimes on Club business. He was a loyal Club member, always willing to participate where he could make a contribution, quick to encourage and to express gratitude for the committee's efforts for the Club. As a lawyer, he made a valuable contribution to the drafting of our new constitution and ensured he and Annel participated in the AGM so that our numbers would be sufficient to get this accepted at the AGM.



Clive and Annel also gave a home to Emma, bred by Magda Labuschagne about a year after Harvey, and I know Magda was as shocked as I was to receive a message in August 2020 to the "breeders of my beautiful babies" advising us that he had been diagnosed with cancer and the prognosis was not good. We both kept in touch with him and he always managed to chat cheerfully even though he must have felt anything but cheerful. When Magda decided to engage in anti-government protests last year, she approached Clive for advice on which criminal lawyer to have on standby in case of her arrest. Typically he advised "Go for it but if you must get arrested, try to get arrested as early as possible in the morning, otherwise you might have to spend a night in jail before a lawyer gets to you".

Clive was diagnosed with COVID-19 on 24 December but still maintained his publicly positive demeanour when talking - even celebrating Harvey's birthday the day before he passed away. In fact a number of our members will have interacted with his Facebook posts and noted that he was always generous in congratulating others on their achievements and quick witted with funny and positive comments on others' posts.

I know I speak for all club members who met Clive that he was appreciated as a kind, intelligent man whom we were privileged to have known, even though it was for too short a time. We extend our deepest and heartfelt condolences to his wife Annel.



If you accept that pets can love us as much as we do them, then the logic is clear and cannot be denied. If you believe that there is a heaven for people, then pets must be there, waiting for us, when we cross over. Heaven is love, and pets always share that with us." -

Wallace Sife

I AM YOUR DOG ...

by John Railey

If your dog could speak English, maybe he or she would say ...

I am your dog. You got me from a shelter or a breeder or a long line of my family in your family. I am tiny, small, compact, medium, large or huge. I am a pure breed or a “sooner” (just as soon be one breed as another).

If we're both lucky, you got me when I was a puppy.

You think you chose me. But maybe I really chose you.

Treat me right, because I trust my fate to you. I will be with you through boyfriends, girlfriends, breakups, marriages, divorces, layoffs, deaths and births and the loss of old friends and the gain of new ones. I will be with you through sickness and health. I will walk with you, run with you, laugh and cry with you and sleep on your bed with you.

I will make your heart and break your heart. More on the break-your-heart part in a bit.

Whole libraries have been written about the ancient bond between us, but nobody can really explain it any more than they can explain the magic of butterfly wings.

I will, depending on my breed, rear my ears back when I am nervous or scared and wag my tail, of course, when I am happy. My female master might make a similar movement. But let's be clear: My purpose is not to be a magnet to your opposite sex – unless they want to pet me.

On our walks, I will drag you along when I am young. You will push me along when I am old. We're in this together, bud.

When we walk down the street together, we're invincible. Anybody messes with you, I will put war on them, or at least barks and growls. Ditto for birds, squirrels, unfriendly dogs and cats. Especially cats. Like a Texas Ranger, I am always on guard.

As we walk through this world, I will listen to your gripes about everything, even the parts I don't understand. I will always meet your gaze with my loving eyes, even on the long days and nights when no one else will. I will mourn the loss of loved ones, whether canine or human, with you. While you cry, I will howl at the moon.

On our best days, the two of us will savour sunrises, sunsets, full moons, rural rivers and oceans. On our worst days, I will dig up your garden or chew up your slippers or not stop barking at your friends.

I am smarter than you think or maybe not as smart as you think. But you love me so much you don't care either way. You'd think I was beautiful if I had the body of a dachshund and the head of a German shepherd. I will follow your every move like you're a movie star. We're biased toward each other like that. You love me and I love you back.

I will sleep out in the rain for you, drink water from mud puddles and go hungry for you. But let's hope it doesn't come to that.

I will wait forever at the window or the gate for you to get home. I will match your moods. So cheer up, would ya?

I will know and savour your smell, even when it's not so good. I will delight you by following my nose on endless trails. You know that my nose tells me stories. You read books. I read scents.

I will revel in your rubs and pats. Scratch my stomach and ears and I'm even happier. You get sick, and I will try to lick you back to health and happiness.

I'll get lost sometimes and worry you to death, but I will always try to make my way home to you.

I will romp and roll and play with toys, happy to give you a glimpse at real innocence and fun.

To my dying days, when I can barely walk and you gladly carry me around, I will keep my loving eyes fixed on you.

I am your dog.



Ounooi | Shupa | Jessie

Rod Eterman

MIYA'S MESSAGE



E-mail, instant messages, voicemail, telegraph. Not sure why our humans get all excited about this “new” stuff. After all, we dogs have been using it forever.

When we go to the park I get mail from lots of dogs I’ve never even met. Sort of like humans have Facebook friends.. I suppose you could call it pee-mail. It’s really nice following their stories every day. The guys leave their messages on the trees and the logs and the rocks. I think some of them cheat, also like on Facebook, trying to make themselves bigger than they really are by marking really high. The girls leave theirs on the grass and the paths.

The Guineafowl also leave messages, voicemail messages. The grass is long again because we have had lots of rain so I can’t easily see them. Also, the guineas are not in big groups, they have now chosen their special mate and are going about in pairs because they are getting ready to lay eggs. They send me voicemail messages to come and visit them at their nests, which I do.

But we dogs have got one way of getting messages that our humans don’t have and often don’t really understand. That’s our Sniffogram!

It’s really our best way of getting messages and lately my postbox has been full of them.

You see Denise has been helping out at our school where they have Doggy Day Care and kennels and private lessons as well as our usual classes. One of the girls has left and poor Kim has been trying to do everything herself. You see they don’t just leave the dogs in enclosures all day, they get taken out for runs on the grounds, get to play with fun puzzles, maybe have a swim if it’s hot and they want to go in the water, get to play on the equipment and get lots and lots of treats. Dogs are very communicative and send me lots of messages. I can tell that there are big dogs who leave their messages high on the legs of her jeans. There are little dogs that leave their messages down by her ankles. And there are dogs that jump and leave paw prints on her legs. It takes me quite a lot of sniffing before I have read everything because it’s not the same dogs every day.

Two rescue dogs from the SPCA have just come to live next door They have only been there a week and I have not met them in poochson yet. But we have sent messages to one another. I can tell Bear is a boy. He’s a big dog and he has sent me lots of hair so I can tell that he’s the same colour as Calum who is

my Goldie school chum. He is wearing the “cone of shame” but hopes it will be off soon. Mini is a girl and she is little and sends sniffograms but no hair so her hair must be short.

This morning in the park I got a sniffogram that I didn’t recognise so I ran over to have a look and found that a bunch of fairies had built a whole new town! It was all white and so pretty. They invited me to play and it smelled so good that I rolled in the playground but then Denise saw that I was damaging it and she said I should stop. So we took some photos and then said goodbye and left them. Now I smelled great too. Just like a packet of mushrooms!

Yes, and we even have Trolls. Nasty, sneaky things that creep in while we’re not looking. They can be all sorts of shapes and sizes. Some are thin and black and stick in your coat. Always followed by a good brushing. Some are green and bristly and work their way into your fur, gumming it all together and this means a long session on the table as they are unstuck, prised loose and combed away because they can’t just be brushed out. But the worst are sometimes grey sometimes red and have eight legs and look like something from a horror film. They stick their jaws right into your skin and suck your blood and if you’re very unlucky can make you really sick! Even if they don’t make you ill, they can leave nasty sores when they are pulled off. They then need to be squished so they can’t climb back up. Trolls are the worst!

We don’t really have bad viruses. We leave that to the humans.



DO DOGS HAVE AN INTERNAL MAGNETIC COMPASS FOR NAVIGATION?

Dr Stanley Coren PhD., DSc, FRSC
Blog "Canine Corner" on the Psychology Today
website at <http://www.psychologytoday.com/blog/canine-corner>
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Data shows that dogs can detect the north-south flow of Earth's magnetic field. It seems that every year the popular press reports dozens (maybe even hundreds), of cases where a dog was lost, or accidentally transported away from home, yet still managed to find its way back despite extraordinarily long distances. Whenever one of these reports appears there is always speculation as to how the dog knew which direction to go. Scientists have suggested the possibility that the dog might have some novel sensory abilities, perhaps allowing it to read the directional orientation relative to the sun, or to sense the polarization of light in the sky, or even the possibility that dogs can detect the magnetic flow between the poles of the Earth which could then serve as a guide to navigation.

Among these possible explanations the ability to detect the Earth's magnetic field may not be as far-fetched as it seems, since research has shown that honeybees have such a capacity with the aid of iron granules in their abdomen. Moving up from insects it has been found that snails and frogs have some ability to perceive magnetic flow as well. Researchers have even found hints that some mammals, including mice and foxes might also have this ability. But do dogs really have some usable capability to perceive magnetism?

The first hint that dogs might have a magnetic sense came from the laboratory of Hynek Burda, a sensory ecologist at the Czech University of Life Sciences in Prague. These studies showed that dogs tend to align themselves on the north-south magnetic axis when they are marking their territory by urinating or defaecating. Confirmation of this canine sensitivity to magnetism came from the laboratory of Sabine Martini of at the University of Duisburg-Essen in Essen, Germany. His group of researchers were able to show that dogs could detect which sealed glass jar contained a magnetized metal bar. Taken together these two sets of studies seem to establish that dogs can detect magnetic fields, but is it really possible that this ability is being used by canines for purposes of finding their way around their environment?

For the answer to this we must return to the laboratory of Hynek Burda in Prague. In this newest study, Katerina Benediktová, one of Burda's graduate students, initially put video cameras and GPS trackers on four dogs and took them on trips into the forest. The dogs would dash off to chase the scent of some animal for several hundred metres, as dogs will tend to do, and then come back. The GPS recordings showed two types of behaviour during the dogs' return trips to their

owners. One, which researchers called "tracking", is when a dog retraces its original route exactly, presumably using the scent track that it had left on the outward run. The second type of behaviour, which investigators called "scouting", involved the dog returning along a completely new route without any backtracking. When Benediktová showed the data to her PhD supervisor he noticed an intriguing feature about the scouting runs. In the middle of most of these, the dog would stop, turn, and then run for about 18 metres on a fairly exact north-south axis. After that dash it would reset its direction and start to head back to its owner. The short runs looked like they involved an alignment with the Earth's magnetic field, so these researchers tentatively called them "compass runs". But of course they needed more data to confirm this.

Benediktová and Burda eventually increased the sample size to 27 dogs and gathered data from several hundred trips over the next three years. They were fortunate that many colleagues in their department had hunting dogs which they volunteered to serve as participants in this study. Ultimately the researchers gathered data on 223 scouting runs and found that in 76 percent of these there was a consistent pattern. Specifically, before a dog would start its return run it would stop, turn itself so that its body was oriented the north-south axis and then it would run for a bit less than 20 metres before once again turning — this time in a direction which would bring them back to their owner. For those dogs that made such a "compass run" the investigators report that they tended to return to their owner using a more direct route than when they didn't.

As I read this aspect of the data I couldn't help think of what happens to me when I am trying to find my way through a wooded area. I am not much of a frontiersman so I always have a compass with me, and when I am trying to return to my starting point, I usually have to pull it out, stop and turn my body so that I am oriented toward the north, and then choose the direction which I think will take me back most directly. It made me wonder if the dogs that were running along a north-south line were doing the same thing as I did. In other words, while I needed a compass to mark the Earth's magnetic field, they were trying to figure out which way they should go using their internal magnetic sense.

Of course the researchers tried to rule out any possible confounding cues, such as polarized light from the sun, wind factors and so forth. They even hid themselves behind trees or bushes so that the dog would not be cued in by a line of sight back to them. Doubtless future research will involve seeing if this navigational behaviour can be disrupted when you hang a magnet on the dog's collar to interfere with their ability to perceive the Earth's magnetic field.

We can speculate that if this built-in magnetic compass truly exists then it probably is a holdover from ancient times when dogs were still a wild species. The main hunting grounds of wild canines, such as wolves, were often plains, savannas and open grassland, where herds of its prey animals tended to graze. When the hunt was done there are not a lot of landmarks to be seen in such open flat country. This means that the ancestors of dogs could certainly have benefited from an additional directional sense which they might use to return to their dens and their pups once more. In that case it seems that some sort of built-in magnetic compass would have certainly been a valuable addition to their sensory abilities.

REWARD THE NOTHING

The Collared Scholar

I always thought, when it came to my dog, I needed to do more.

When my first dog had behavioural issues...

I thought he needed

- More exercise...

- More training...

- More mental stimulation...

- More interactive toys.

What I never realized was...

He was really good at doing THINGS.

But the skill he lacked...

The one that got us in trouble ALL...THE...TIME...

Was the skill of doing...NOTHING

He didn't know how relax.

And all I did was keep him busy.

Listen...

I don't care if your dog is reactive, or if you have a dog that you are competing with in dog sports...

Teach them how to do nothing.

Teach them how to chill out...

How to relax...

And for the really busy dogs...

Make them practice it often.

Your sanity and theirs will thank you.



Coco | Tanya Gomes

MY ZEN MASTER HAS CURLY HAIR & A WET NOSE

Sean O'Connor

Every dog, in its come-what-may doggedness, has a lot to teach us mere humans about the art of living in the here and now

When I agreed to pool resources with my ex-wife of 10 years, and move into a new house with her and my teenage children, little did I expect to come face to face with a Zen master in canine form.

Looking into his placid eyes, beneath a flourish of curls, I ask him, “Why, Tom-Tom? Why are we here?”

He says nothing. But he knows. It is for me to learn, and so I embark on the journey.

His provenance, via the Sedgefield Tennis Club, where he announced his availability after the passing of his former ‘owner’ (people think they own dogs, but Tom-Tom has taught me this is an illusion) is uncertain.

He was invited into the home of my now deceased ex-mother-in-law, and inherited by my ex-wife/housemate, an avowed “non-dog person”, shortly before we moved in together.

She has decamped to Austria for a few months, giving Tom-Tom and I the space we need to deepen our practice.

I draw on the tools I have used as a theatrical improvising performer to navigate the challenges Tom-Tom presents me daily.

Chiefly, these are to abandon any set ideas of an outcome, and not to try and guide the day’s narrative in a particular direction.

Anything can happen. A virus might suddenly appear, forcing me indoors, instantly removing my livelihood, and threatening my future and that of my fellow citizens. Of the world!

To Tom-Tom, this is of little consequence. A trifling affair. He looks up as a squirrel leaps along the garden wall, and he smiles inside, then barks. This brings him joy.

Like the changing seasons, impervious to the frolics of humankind, Tom-Tom seems to have accepted his dog-state, and does not fight it.

Improvisors, too, work with what they have and find it sufficient to their purpose, which is to build a meaningful, even beautiful, narrative.

They are therefore very good at noticing everything in their surroundings. They listen deeply, accepting “offers” – the stimuli and cues they are provided – and building on them.

This state of presence and acceptance is necessary for the story onstage to proceed. Improvisors are chivalrous. They give way and let go.

Did I mention teenagers? Like the gun in a Chekhov play, we know that they will go off, and are central to the plot.

And here Tom-Tom's guidance, coupled with my improv tools, has also come into play, as the unpredictable offers made by the teens must be accepted and worked with, every day.

Their development is characterised by constant change. Things that didn't happen a few weeks ago, now take place continually.

It can be bewildering and destabilising for a crusty parent like me. I need a way to help me understand and respond. This house itself is a new and temporary configuration, which will be left when schooling ends and we make our separate ways into the world.

As hard as it is to accept that my role as a parent is to become obsolete, I have to learn to let go. This is my journey. Accept and use what's there, and build on it.

Tom-Tom too will go, as will I. For now, we have the daily practice, inexorably developing my understanding.

I have to let go of clean floors and clean furniture. I have to let go of the bulbs I planted when we moved here in the autumn.

Tom-Tom presents them to me, withered and uprooted on the driveway, or astride a hole he's dug.

Enlightenment seems impossible when I gasp at the severed sweet-pea vines, or the uprooted clivias that sit against the garden wall.

Put them back in, say Tom-Tom's eyes, go on then. "You can go back," he seems to say, somehow channelling Bob Dylan, "but you can't go back all the way. Let go, move on. It's a new day. When am I taking you for my walk?"



LETTER PAGE

We got our favourite reading matter in the post yesterday. A million thanks Miya and Denise. Our school times have changed too on Saturday... 10:30. Hope I manage the heat.

Reading about your Park escapades we experienced something different. We were walking on my Auntie's farm with their 2 labs and 2 cross breeds when we came across some Guinea fowl who were extremely vocal. What was unusual is that two of the birds literally herded us by flight and by running at us, all the while keeping up a constant tongue lashing all the way across another field and only stopped when we had crawled under the fence and began walking towards the homestead!

Hazel Johnson

Thanks Liz,

This (magazine) is always so Special.....

Wishing you guys (dogs en all) a very Blessed Christmas and a Prosperous 2021!

Stay safe with lotsa Luv from

All the Van Greunings

Dear Elizabeth / Denise

This is such a beautiful but also very tear jerking December 2020 magazine. I so miss my Cortez. He passed away 4 years ago now & there is not a day I don't think of him. He was just so special. He is with me in everything I do. I have a huge picture in our garage of him with me when he passed his Canine Good Citizen. It hangs above the washing machine & I look at it every day - it gives me huge inspiration.

Would it be Ok for me to make a Christmas donation to the Club & make a donation of R500?

I have 2 family members that recently lost dogs (not Bouvs) that I would like to share the link with for this beautiful magazine.

Please let me know if OK to share the link with them. Obviously I will share with Richard anyway. He is in Paternoster avoiding COVID & I am working in CPT at Groote Schuur. Hoping to leave for Paternoster on Friday until after New Year.

Maybe you could use this as a bit of a Fundraiser with members in these days of COVID - just a thought.? A set fee/donation if you want to share the link.

A Blessed & Safe Festive Season to all of you.

Take Care & Stay Safe

Charlotte Ingram

WHY DO DOGS WAG THEIR TAILS?

Proud Dog Mom



Even though your canine kids don't speak your language, they're excellent communicators. We humans just have to tune in and learn how to listen. Whether it's through your dog's expressive eyes or the subtle way he moves his ears, it all comes down to communication and body language. So, why do dogs wag their tails? To communicate! However, it wasn't always that way.

The Canine Tail

A dog's tail is an extension of his backbone. It's made up of muscles and bones which join forces to form a variety of movements. Primitively, it was mainly for balance, providing more control to movements like sharp turns when running, or acting like a rudder when swimming.

The canine tail has evolved into a key part of the way a dog communicates. Unfortunately, we as humans don't always understand that meaning. The movement that probably confuses us most is the "wag." When we see a dog wagging his tail we as humans tend to get all excited because we think, "Oh wow! He's so happy!" But beware, because the wagging tail can have many meanings and they aren't always happy.

Let's Talk Tail

The tail position offers big clues into what a pooch is thinking or feeling. There are three main tail positions:

Low Position – When a dog holds his tail down low or between his hind legs, he's scared or submissive. He's showing you or another pooch that he's not a threat.

Mid Position – A tail in the mid position indicates that Fido is calm, he's interested but relaxed. He may not have figured out where this is going yet so he's checking things out.

High Position – When the tail is held in the high position it indicates dominance and confidence. It can be a threatening position or a warning sign. While a dog is in a raised tail position, his presence is even more pronounced due to the release of anal gland scents that penetrate the air.

Tail Movement

This is where the wag comes in. Movement can be evaluated in terms of direction and speed. The direction is an indicator of positive or negative emotions, whereas the speed indicates excitement.

A study was done by neuroscientist Giorgio Vallortigara, along with two veterinarians, in Italy. They recruited 30 mixed-breed family dogs for the study – 15 males and 15 females between the ages of 1 and 6. During the experiment, the dogs were shown positive and negative stimuli, and the dog's tail movements were monitored. The end result concluded that when a positive/happy stimulus was shown, such as a dog seeing his owner, the dogs gave a speedy wag with a bias to the right. In contrast, when a negative stimulus was shown, like an aggressive unfamiliar dog, their tails wagged slower with a bias to the left.

Familiar Wagging Patterns

A vigorous, speedy, side-to-side wag that gets the hips and butt wiggling is a happy wag.

A slow wag with the tail at mid position can be letting you know that the pooch is feeling insecure.

A tail that's making very small, speedy movements that appear to be vibrating could indicate that the dog is getting ready to fight or flee.

If the tail is in the high position as it's vibrating – consider it a threat.

The tail is only one part of a canine's communication toolkit. Keep in mind everything from his ears, eyes, and general mood when trying to decipher what a dog is feeling. For dogs with short stubby tails or docked tails, it will be much harder to read the signs and interpret what a dog is thinking.

Did You Know?

That most puppies don't wag until they're around a month old and need to communicate with mom or their siblings.

Studies show that when no one is around a dog doesn't wag his tail.

A World Without Dogs
Would Be A Very Empty Place

FIVE TIPS FOR EXERCISING YOUR PUPPY

By Jessica Evans
Animal Health and Hydro

Tip 1: Puppies should be puppies

We would all love a dog that listens to every word we speak, no shouting "stop that" or tripping over happy wriggly bodies when we walk through the door. However do we really want to live with a robot? Puppies need to be able to be puppies. They learn through exploring and through play. We also want our puppies to learn that it is fun to train with us and to be around us.

Make training a game and light hearted.

Tip 2: Short, frequent sessions

Puppies have very short attention spans and for this reason training sessions should be short and often. We also don't want our puppies to feel that training with us is long and boring because they will learn to avoid the situation. This will mean having a puppy who would rather do their own thing than come to us for snacks.

Short 5-10mins session

Or 10-20 snacks session

Tip 3: No endurance

A puppy's skeleton is not strong enough to handle endurance exercise. Puppies have soft bones and high impact training such as running and jogging can damage the skeleton and how the puppy grows, thus possibly cause conditions such as Hip Dysplasia when our puppies are older. Running around the garden on their own is fine, however we need to ensure that they don't overdo this and learn to rest. It is also a good time to introduce our puppies to water and teach them how to swim but again to not use this as an exercise at this stage.

FREE PLAY is key to building the puppies own endurance at this stage.

Tip 4: Fear Periods

All puppies go through four fear periods and these are very important developmental stages. During this time our puppies might suddenly become scared of an object or situation that never used to bother them. It is very important to be aware of these fear periods, we don't want to force our puppies into a situation that we think they should be ok with and end up causing a lifelong phobia. Take it slow and allow them to slowly and positively learn that the situation is not scary. Lots of treats to make a positive association with the "scary" object. It is also very important to socialise our puppies during these periods.

Fear periods

5 weeks

8-10 weeks

6-14 months

Tip 5: Environmental Factors

Environmental factors I feel are one of the most overlooked factors. We often don't look at our home as a source of danger. Are our puppies running on tiled floors and slipping when they fly around the corner. Can you imagine the impact on those soft bones? Other big dogs in house that play rough and push puppy to the floor? And stairs! Asking small puppy to climb up and down stairs all day can hugely impact those growing bodies.

- i. Supervised play with older big dogs
- ii. Restrict number of times your pup goes up and down flights of stairs a day
- iii. Place non slip mats over large areas of tiles

In a tribute to mark his love for his favourite breed of dog, the “strongman” president of Turkmenistan has had a 19-foot gold statue of a Central Asian Shepherd dog erected on a traffic roundabout in Ashgabat, the capital. Gurbanguly Berdymukhamedov’s affection for the breed, a symbol of Turkmen national pride, is well-known.

Last year he released a book about the dogs, including a poem he’d reportedly written during a cabinet meeting. The president also reveres the Akhal-Teke horse; in 2015 he unveiled a 69-foot-high gold statue of himself riding one.

The Week Magazine



13 THINGS HUMANS DO THAT DOGS DISLIKE

by Karen Tietjen

We love our pups so much that it hurts to think we could be doing something that our dogs dislike. Or that makes them uncomfortable, sad, or scared. They love us so much in return that sometimes they don't make it obvious when we're doing something they hate.

Since they can't tell us, we've compiled a list of 13 things that humans do that dogs don't actually like. But lucky for us, our favourite fuzzleballs always find a way to forgive us—because that's just who they are.

1. No Hugging (If They Feel Restrained)

This is not to say that all dogs dislike hugs. Some affectionate dogs will happily bask in any love that comes their way. For others, wrapping them in your arms may be interpreted as a sign of dominance, or make them feel trapped. Some will tolerate hugs from those they love and trust, but it doesn't mean they like it. In the end, it really depends on their personality.

Observe his body language: pinned ears, stiff posture, and a tense expression mean the dog is not enjoying the embrace. It is also VERY important to teach children not to run up and hug dogs that they don't know. This lesson could prevent serious injuries!

Bottom line: you know your dog best. If he gets nervous when he feels trapped or is wary about getting hugs from strangers, make sure visitors know!

2. Dogs Dislike Commands With Too Many Words

We all chat with our dogs – and that's okay! But we form such close bonds with our dogs, sometimes it's easy to forget that they don't understand most of what we're saying! They're smart creatures, but it's easy to see why dogs dislike complex commands. For instance, trying to reason with them (“I'll give you a treat if you're good!”) is a futile effort. They may pick up on the words “treat” and “good,” then wonder why you haven't tossed a snack their way!

To eliminate confusion, keep it simple and in the present when giving commands or directives. Use key words he knows (good, treat, walk, play etc.), tone, and body language, and you'll have a better chance at getting the message across.

3. Please, No Yelling

Yes, dogs need limits—but you'll be more successful by encouraging good behaviours rather than scolding them when they're bad. We all know dogs dislike loud noises of any kind – vacuum cleaners, thunder, motorcycles. Yelling will make them anxious or scared, or maybe even completely desensitised to it. Most of the time, they won't even know what you're saying.

An example of positive reinforcement: when your dog steals your socks, rather than scolding her, instruct her to drop it, then reward her once she does. (Your patience will earn you a better behaved pup in the long run!)

4. When Their Lives Are Lacking Structure

As mentioned above, your dog needs limits. This structure is comforting to them, as animals thrive in a routine, like eating meals, going to the bathroom, and going on walks around the same time each day. You might crave a little spontaneity in your day, and your dog may enjoy the occasional surprise trip to the park, but most dogs dislike not knowing when to expect meals, or when he'll get to go outside again.

To that, regular exercise is imperative to prevent dogs from acting out. How would you feel if you were housebound all day?

5. Dogs Dislike Us Touching Their Faces

Again, you know best how to tell what your dogs dislike! Some dogs love their faces being gently stroked by their loved ones. On the other hand, some dogs will tolerate fingers near their faces but don't enjoy it, especially if the petting is too rough or unpredictable. If you're about to pet a dog you just met, zones that tend to be safest are the neck, shoulders, or chest – at least until you get to know them a little better!

6. Unwelcome Eye Contact

We dog owners know we can gaze into the eyes of our pooches—in fact it can be a sign of love. When a dog doesn't know you it can be interpreted as a challenge or threat. Avoid eye contact with dogs you don't know!

7. Not Letting Them Sniff Their Surroundings

Scents are a dog's main source for gathering information about the world. For them, a nice walk with lots of sniffing (and marking) is their version of hopping onto social media and checking out what's going on with the neighbourhood pups. When you drag them away, consider it like someone shutting off your computer as you were browsing your newsfeed. Try to be a little more sensitive to your dog's sniffing obsession next time you're on a walk.

8. Dressing Them Up In Costumes

This is another one that many dogs tolerate more than enjoy. (But again, there are always exceptions.) When the weather gets chilly, try getting them used to light sweaters and jackets to keep them warm.

Observing humans tend to ogle and laugh at canines in costumes. A few may love the attention, but many dogs dislike it, and may feel confused (and ultimately, anxious) at these reactions. At the end of the day, silly costumes make (most) dogs uncomfortable in one way or another.

9. Forcing Them Into Scary Situations

Whether they're afraid of the vacuum, a particular person, or a place (like the vet!), forcing your dog to "face her fear" is not effective, and can even be counterproductive.

The best approach is to gradually expose the pup to the stimulus at a distance where she's comfortable, rewarding her for remaining calm, and getting closer as she gets more used to the "trigger."

10. Dogs Dislike Strong Smells

The dog nose knows! As they're between 10,000 – 100,000 times more sensitive to scents than human noses, you can imagine that the strong smells of cleaners, products, and perfumes can really bother your pooch. Dogs dislike overwhelming smells even more than people do. When using anything that has a strong odour, make sure your dog is at a distance from the source of the smell, so as not to assault his nostrils.

11. Seeing You In A Bad Mood

You hate when your dog is down, and likewise, your dog dislikes when you're down. Your dog knows how you're feeling, whether you're angry, sad, or stressed! She can adopt your feelings, and even get physically ill if there's no sunshine to break through a gloomy spell. Everybody has bad days, but luckily, it's hard to be upset for too long when our dogs are around since they bring so much joy into our lives.

12. When We Leave Them Alone Too Much

Dogs live for you! If you spend many hours a day away from your dog—then ignore him once you're home—he will be one sad (and perhaps, vindictive) pup! Almost everyone has to work long hours at some point, but make sure you spend time with your pooch once you're home. And if your schedule is always hectic? Dog sitters or doggy daycare may help stave the loneliness. However, for a pooch, there's nothing like one-on-one time with her favourite human.

13. Dogs Dislike Being Surrendered To A Shelter

Dogs become completely heartbroken when surrendered by families that they know and love. Imagine: being kicked out of your home and having no idea why you're no longer wanted.

For us dog lovers (if you're reading this, you must be one!), we cannot imagine subjecting our pups to such a fate. But because we empathise with these amazing animals, we cherish our own dogs, and even help the ones that need homes!

By following these tips, you can make sure your dog is living the happiest life possible.



*“I love dogs...not because they are particularly loyal. I love them because they are honest. They will steal the extra biscuit right in front of you, they will demand attention whenever **THEY** want it, "hump" whoever, poop whenever....with dogs, there are no lies, there is no shame - and I appreciate that!”*

- Ineke

5 TIPS TO PREVENT EAR INFECTIONS IN DOGS

Proud Dog Mom

Has your dog ever suffered from an ear infection? Coming from a family of poodle-lovers, I'm definitely raising my hand on this one. They're pretty common, especially for dogs with floppy ears. No matter how many you may have dealt with though, it's always a horrible feeling to watch your pooch whimper as she feverishly scratches away at her ear. Plus, doggy ear infections are usually stinky, messy, cause redness/swelling, and very frustrating for everyone involved.

The key is prevention!

3 Types Of Ear Infections

There are three types of ear infections in dogs—otitis externa, media, and interna. Each affects a different part of the canine ear. Just as the names imply, otitis externa refers to an infection of the outer or external portion of the ear. Otitis media and interna, refer to infections of the middle and inner ear canal. When not treated early enough, otitis externa can spread into the middle and inner ear canal, leading to a more serious infection.

What Causes An Ear Infection?

There are a few common causes.

- Bacteria
- Yeast
- Wax buildup
- Moisture in the ear
- Excess hair
- Allergies – both environmental and food
- Ear mites and fleas

Know Your Dog's Risk

While any dog can develop an ear infection, some breeds are more susceptible than others. Floppy ear dogs top the list. Having that enclosed ear canal creates a perfect moist environment for bacterial and yeast growth. Plus, floppy ears help to trap dirt, debris, and wax buildup.

Tips To Prevent An Ear Infection

1. Keep Your Dog's Ears Dry

Moisture is the perfect breeding ground for bacteria. While you certainly don't need to stop your water-loving pooch from taking a dip in the pool on a hot summer day, it's important to dry her ears afterward. The same thing goes for bath time! Use either a cotton wipe or piece of gauze to gently dry the ear flap and around the opening of your dog's ear canal after exposure to water.

2. Pluck Excess Hair

Have a breed where hair grows inside the ear? Then make sure to pluck it! If not, that excess hair in the outer ear canal will act as a trap for debris and moisture. And you know what that can lead to ... infection!

This fine hair is usually easy to pull out with your fingers. But, you can also use a little ear powder and forceps. Important Note: Don't stick the forceps down into the ear canal because you can cause more harm than good. Just grab the hairs that you can easily see. Think of it like tweezing your eyebrows – grab onto a hair with your forceps and pluck. Talk to your pooch to keep him calm while you are plucking. I always like to end the session with a treat.

3. Gently Clean Your Dogs Ears Regularly

About a year ago, I interviewed a professional groomer about the proper way to clean doggy ears. Use these steps as your guide:

- Use a soft cotton wipe, cotton ball, or cloth.
- Dampen the wipe with an ear cleaning solution (do not spray directly in the ear).
- Using your index finger and the wipe, gently wipe away ear wax build-ups.
- Get into every little crevice, cleaning out all the wax.
- Do not push your finger too deep into the ear, as you may cause damage to the eardrum. Just focus on the surface level of wax.
- Finish with a dry cotton wipe to gently dab away any leftover moisture.

4. Feed A Healthy Diet

According to the American Kennel Club: “About half of dogs with allergic skin disease and 80 percent of dogs with food sensitivities will develop ear inflammation.”

5. Monitor Your Pup's Ears Regularly

Ideally, your furry friend's ears should look smooth without any sign of irritation or swelling. They should feel dry and also be free of debris. While a slight yeasty smell can be normal (routine ear checks will help you know what's normal for your dog), it should never be overpowering. If you notice anything otherwise, it's best to take your pup to the vet for an ear check.



A Simple Ear cleaner recipe

The Base:

- 1/3 cup witch hazel
- 3 tablespoons hydrogen peroxide
- 1 tablespoon apple cider vinegar

Add-Ins:

- 1 tablespoon colloidal silver for ear infections
- 3 drops oil of oregano for yeasty ears
- 3 drops lavender oil for irritated ears
- 10 drops neem oil for ear mites

Signs Of An Ear Infection

Some of the most common signs of an ear infection include:

- Persistent shaking of the head
- Rubbing itching ear with paw
- Rubbing ear on the floor or furniture
- Redness/swelling
- Brown or yellow discharge
- Bleeding
- Crusts or scabs in the ear
- Odour in the ear
- Dizziness
- Strange back and forth eye movements

When To See Your Vet

Some ear infections can be cleared up by cleaning the ear. However, if your pup isn't feeling any relief within a few days then it's important to make an appointment with your veterinarian. Your vet may prescribe oral antibiotics along with strong ear drops and a medicated ear wash.

Tanzo & Tom | Linda McDermott



Luc | Chantal Bothma

THE FIRST RULE OF DOG TRAINING

Beacon Dog Training

All behaviour that gets rewarded gets repeated

The first rule of dog training is that "all behaviour that gets reinforced, gets repeated." This means that when a dog gets something that they want out of a behaviour, they are more likely to try it again in the future.

A common example of this is dogs that jump up onto people. If the jumping behaviour is repeating over and over again, then that must mean that the dog is getting some kind of pay off. Most commonly, dogs that jump are looking for ATTENTION.

The chain of events goes like this:

- 1) A dog wants attention
- 2) The dog jumps on a human
- 3) The human looks down at the dog, talks to them, even gives them a pat
- 4) Success! The dog got exactly what they wanted

Even if you then ask your dog to sit or tell them off for jumping, that is attention and the next time they want attention – they'll jump!

If your dog is repeating a behaviour consistently, they must be getting some kind of pay off from it. Analyse the situation to see if you can determine what it is.

Happy training!

Common "behaviour problems" are caused by unrealistic expectations and lifestyle.

Dogs were not made to eat twice a day from a bowl and sit in an empty house.

They are meant to chew, dig, run, sniff and sniff some more. Dogs are do-ers.

Are you meeting your dog's needs?

- Canine Insights

LAST WAG OF THE TAIL

If your spouse brings you a glass of wine and makes you dinner after a hard day at work, is that rewarding you for being weak, or is it helping you to feel better? So, if you give your dog treats while he is anxious, stressed or scared, is that rewarding him for being scared, or is it helping him to feel better? You cannot "reward" negative emotions with treats - but you can help your dog get into a better state of mind that will enable him to learn - Spiritdog Training

Waiting to cross a busy street, I overheard a woman say to a man walking his dog, "Oh he's so cute! What kind of dog is he?" The man, a bit ruffled, answered, "SHE is a cocker spaniel." Recovering quickly, the woman answered, " She's great. What's her name?" "Fred," replied the man.

When a blind woman boarded a crowded Sydney train, commuters stuck grimly to their seats - until her guide dog started gently licking the knee of one passenger. He got the message, and offered the woman his seat. The dog looked pleased.

My mother half-jokingly complained that she has never had her own identity. She has always been referred to as her husband's wife or her children's mother. She hoped this would change, now that her children are grown and she is a successful career woman. But she admitted defeat, citing the following event: Mother called the vet's office recently to enquire about Blueberry, her Miniature Pinscher. The assistant relayed the question to the doctor and mom heard him ask, "Who's calling? The assistant answered. "It's Blueberry's mother."

Olfactory adventures are about enjoying gathering information, they are also an amazing way of providing for our Dogs needs. Intently gathering olfactory information, increases blood flow through a huge network of veins, and arteries, with tons of nerves endings and olfactory receptors transferring chemical signals to their brain. Their nostrils can work independently as well as together, engaging a network of muscles. Gathering scent for dogs is an emotional, mental, and physical workout. Sniffaris are about choice when safe and duration, not distance. - Pawesomedogs.com

That is the job of being a dog:
To bark, to get dirty feet to give sloppy kisses.
To always be there at your feet, in your bed by your side. In the car, in the park in your heart.
That is the job of being a dog. a companion a friend one that thinks you and you alone are the centre of their universe