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This touching article was submitted to us by one of our dear clients. We have included it unedited for your reading enjoyment.

He was much bigger and heavier than she, but she definitely was the alpha between them. He was always quick to obey her. When their breakfast and dinner dishes were put on their feeding stand, he stood back until she had chosen hers - always the one on the right, but just in case she changed her mind, he would wait before stepping up to his dish. No way would he risk her wrath.

Going out into the play yard, or coming into the house, he stood back to let her go through the door first. She had firmly reinforced the lessons we had taught him, Keeper was number one. He had come to live in her house and we made certain that he realized it. When we gave them cookies, Keeper was given her treat first; Qui Li had to wait for his. When we went for a walk, he had to wait to have his leash and collar put on and to go out or in through the doors. Treats? He waited until she had the special tidbit, then he would move closer for his. In every way possible, we strengthened the concept of Alpha Keeper and follower Qui Li.

This did not prevent the two of them, the light red bitch and the blue dog, from being close companions. They slept together, curled up

In Memory of Qui Li

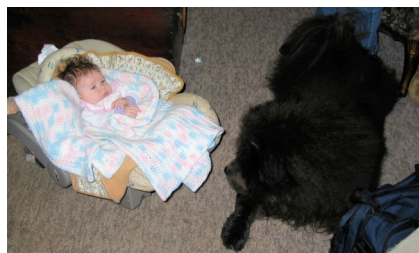
in an unending circle of Chow - except at night, when Keeper slept at the side of the bed, where I could just touch her and from where she could reach up to nuzzle me and let me know she was on duty, while Qui Li, from the first night he arrived, slept across the top of the stairs. They would leave their stations at intervals to prowl the house, making sure all was still and quiet, then return to their guard posts until they next felt the urge to check for intruders or dangers.

Qui Li took his guard duties seriously; indeed, he was never off duty. When the little girls played outside, he was there, not to play, but placing himself between them and the fence facing the street. If Stepheni or Fiona ventured too close to the fence, he would herd them back to what he considered a safe distance, returning to his self-appointed piquet duty, guarding them as they played. Should a person unknown to the girls or him venture too close to the fence, or enter into conversation, a deep roar from an angry Chow, his ruff standing up to frame his face, every hair on his back standing, a throaty growl rumbling as he

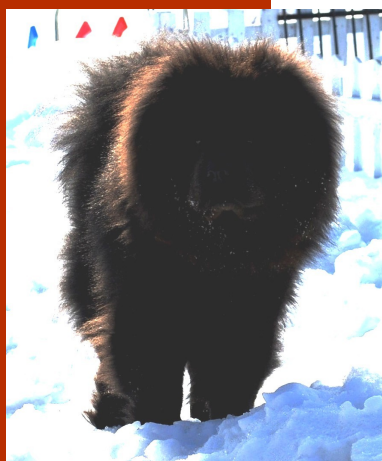
When Ceilidh brought Kennedy home from the hospital, Qui Li was fascinated. It smelled human, but so tiny, and that wee little face and hand? Even the sounds it made were tiny. He would just get a good look at this thing as it lay on the sofa. Up on his hind feet he stood, carefully placing his front paws on either side of the sleeping bundle, the better to stare and sniff at it. His people smiled and laughed as he nuzzled it, then whuffed gently as he sat down in front of it, as if to announce to the world that this was his. He would look after it. World beware! Qui Li was on duty here; he would guard this little bit of a thing against all threats and all comers. From that day forward, whenever Kennedy was here, wherever she was, there you would find her big blue-black guardian.

But who is Qui Li? I hear you ask. Qui Li was the delightful blue puppy I chose as part of my life, from D&M Farm Kennel. Having already chosen a puppy bred by Maleah and Darrell, when another of my Chows had died, it seemed logical to turn to D & M Farm Kennel once again to replace the loss of my Chows. Replace? One never replaces a beloved Chow, but it is possible to fill the void in one's life.

Keeper, who had appeared to be a cream when she was born, is a lovely light red. Not fond of loud noises (she has incredibly sensitive hearing), she is that bravest of the brave Chow, devoted, loving, strong, indomitable, beautiful, and so precious. When I chose her, I was actually looking for a black. When I chose Qui Li, a beautiful gun metal blue puppy, I was still



stared at the offender, was usually enough to discourage any further socializing.



"You can never replace a beloved pet but a puppy will fill the void and give you a new life to love."

In Memory of Qui Li con't

looking for that black, but no matter what intellect seeks, heart rules and, as I had fallen in love with Keeper a year before, I fell madly in love with Qui Li - a blue, and a color I was certain I did not like.

His sire was Caesar and his dam Midnight, a breeding I had suggested a couple of times to Maleah -- and there was Qui Li, such magnificence: strong head, powerful chest, great bone, cobby body, fantastic ear set. In short almost everything I had anticipated from such a breeding, other than the color. I had expected black or vivid red, but blue? Oh well, one sees strength and beauty and falls in love. Qui Li had to come and live with me.

The day he arrived in Montreal was an agonizing one. It was so hot in Detroit, that he was held over until a later flight. Instead of bursting out of his crate in the early afternoon, it was late in the evening and almost dark when his plane set down. Customs was closed, and I had to go to the airport to clear him through Customs. This little guy had been in that little crate since before eight in the morning. It was hot and he was thirsty and hungry and I was frantic. As I arrived at the Customs desk, two airliners full of people were being disembarked, people who were tired and hungry and thirsty and anxious to clear Customs and be on their way.

Perhaps they had me confused with someone who gave a whoop-ti-do? My puppy was waiting and I had been waiting since one in the afternoon. Three guesses who cleared Customs first!

Back to the Freight Terminal, where the attendant had everything ready. I had the puppy in my arms, paid the necessary charges, grabbed the papers and the crate, and we were on our way back to Ontario and the Upper Ottawa Valley, after my little guy had a chance to relieve

himself and be cuddled. A drink of water, a bite to eat, and off we went into the dark night.

Qui Li arrived in his new home about midnight. First a call to Darrell and Maleah, because had I shipped a puppy at eight in the morning, I would be climbing the walls by midnight. A short walk around the garden, then we were off to bed - Keeper, the puppy, and I.

Like Keeper, he was too quick by half. The leash and collar were no problem. He was sitting and downing within two days. We even tried some basic agility for fun, although with his build, I knew that this was not going to be his game for very long. Stay? Well, if you insist, but he'd rather be with you. But he learned it and did it... our only problem was with the recall. His name wasn't working at all.

I had chosen a name for him from the moment I decided he would be the third part of the trio, without consulting him apparently. Offer treats, coax him, get down on my knees and beg. It mattered not. He was not interested.

Then a friend arrived with a beautifully bound book, published in 1875, written in 1865. A book of natural history, written by a Medical Officer in the Royal Navy, it told of his travels with the Navy, the countries he had visited, their flora and fauna. One of his voyages took him to Mongolia where he saw the most amazing dog, by the description, a red Chow, by name Qui Li. The Captain, it seems, was captivated by this dog and its courage. He offered to buy the Chow from the fisherman who owned it. The fisherman refused all offers of money.

In desperation, the Captain offered to trade the coat of his dress uniform for Qui Li (such offer being thoroughly against the rules and regulations of the day).

The fisherman delighted at the prospect of wearing the fancy coat with its gold braid and shoulder boards, not to overlook the shiny brass buttons, handed over the Chow and strutted off in the Captain's dress coat.

This allegedly was the first recorded sighting of a Chow by a European. While we are not told when it happened, it was a monumental occurrence, not only did the crew of an English Naval vessel see a Chow for the first time, the Captain took Qui Li with him.

It occurred to us that the only fitting name for the blue puppy was Qui Li and Qui Li agreed. There was never a time he refused to answer to his name. Almost as if he had been waiting for us to figure it out...

Qui Li and I shared three wonderful years - in winter's snow and scuffing through the leaves of autumn. In early January we had just begun to work at tracking, something he took to rather well, when I began to notice there was something not quite right. He was not losing weight, and his coat was full and healthy looking, but he did not want me to brush him. Sometimes when he ate, he would vomit his meal at once. Other times after taking a drink, he would vomit the water immediately. A few minutes later, he would go to his water bowl or food dish and demand a refill, eating or drinking with no problem. It did not happen every meal, but it happened often enough that it was time to see the vet.

Following tests, we learned that he had cancer, an inoperable mass between the stomach and the intestine. We were told he did not have very long to live, based on the size of the mass and the effect it was having on him and would have. Perhaps six weeks. The vet and I agreed that as long as he was comfortable, we would

In Memory of Qui Li ... con't

not interfere. When the time came that he was uncomfortable or in pain, then I would call, and regardless of the hour of day or night, or patients in the waiting room, the vet would come to Qui Li and ease him on his last journey.

Of course we did not take into account the stoic nature of the Chow. I changed their diet from the food he had been eating, to a holistic dog food, leading up to a meat/fruit/vegetable diet, having been told that many of these cancers are attributed to commercial dog foods, the additives, preservatives, and various other chemicals. (It is called locking the barn door after the horse is stolen, I know!)

In late May, Qui Li looked so strong and healthy that I began to wonder if the tests and x-rays had been misinterpreted. He was playing and demanding to go for walks in the evening, still accompanying Kennedy on her travels, guarding her while she slept. When my son and his wife dropped in he still leapt into the air to greet them, weaving between their legs, like the puppy he had never stopped being. I knew when our friend Al was a block from the house, just time to put on a pot of coffee, by the way Qui Li was acting: throwing himself at the door, tail beating eight to the bar, while Keeper sat on the fourth step, the better to charge down to greet him.

As he walked through the door, the two of them would be all over him, leaping upon him, twining around him and each other. This was a sick dog? And what of the six weeks to live? He would stand happily while I groomed him, slathering kisses on my face, no longer trying to get away from brush and comb as if they hurt him. Life was so positive. We went for long walks. No squirrel was safe. As for those pigeons and sea gulls, their res-



pitate was ended.

Reality check! I woke up early the morning of June eighth. It was time to let the dogs out, but no one had come to demand that I get moving. Odd. As I went down stairs to open the kitchen door for them, there was no premonition, no sense of disaster. After all, they have slept in before.

There they were, my unending circle of Chow, but when I spoke, only Keeper

stood to greet me. When I called to the Q-Man, she went over and nuzzled him, whimpering, then looking at me to let me know there was something not right in her world. Hey, I am the human and supposed to fix it.

There was nothing I could do to change reality for her or for myself. I know I lost status in her eyes that morning, and in my own too. We shared a great loss she and I. There are those who claim that allowing a pet to see and smell the dead pet helps the one left to adjust. Well, not this time.

My son took the morning off work and we buried Qui Li under the maple tree—not the Manitoba maple, but the sugar maple, with pansies and lilies and delphinium, the flowers he used to love to lie on in the front garden where the little girls play. We have a new grandchild about to be born. This child will never have the protection that Qui Li gave to the little girls and their baby sister Kennedy. Indeed, Kennedy had her first birthday a few weeks ago. She is still searching for Qui Li, still wondering where he is, and why he doesn't come to take the bits of food she saves for him at meal times.

Kennedy, Stepheni, Fiona, and their elder sister - all born with a Chow under the bed, but only Kennedy knew what it was like to have Qui Li as part of her babyhood.

"Medications

are improved

and are made

safer. Review

them on a

regular basis

to understand

their affects on

your pet."

Heartworm Meds Update !

Historically, we have advised everyone to use their own judgment about using heartworm medication, since it is introducing a chemical into your dog's body.

I had a discussion with my veterinarian the other day about the meds. The medication has improved and it does not stay in the body of the dog. In fact, it only lasts approximately 24 hours and

kills any heartworm larvae in the bloodstream. The medication is administered once a month. It takes longer than a month for mosquito larvae to migrate through the bloodstream and mature enough to actually attack the heart.

In light of this new information, we can now heartily (no pun intended) recommend heartworm medication.

Heartworm is carried by mosquitoes. An infected mosquito deposits the larvae into the bloodstream at the time of the bite. It takes several weeks for the larvae to mature and be carried to the heart. Therefore, once a month medication will kill off the larvae before they can do any damage. Better to be safe than sorry!

Sierra in Pennsylvania

Sierra is the only blue puppy from Teddy & Angel. Is it any wonder that we wish we had kept her? She is absolutely gorgeous. Look at that mane. Judging by the picture alone ... I would have guessed ... she ... is a male! Stunning beauty!



Before Winter

That was great Grandpa!

We are trying to get some fun in before winter. It won't be long before old man winter begins blowing cold and snow. So, we decided to hitch up and give the grandkids a ride. It is always great fun and they love it.

We continue to do things around the farm in preparation for the cold, winter weather. I think we are almost there, but there seems to always be one more thing!



Samson in Montana

We can't thank you guys enough for this little guy. He is now a little over 4 months old and has mastered most of the simple commands, sit come and lay down. He is smart as a whip and willing to learn everything the old red chow is willing to teach. He is well adjusted socially to other animals and people he meets. Again thank you for sharing your family with us. Sam-

son is a puppy from Onyx & Hagrid.



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**Quality Chows with Exceptional
Temperament**

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is to
breed the highest quality Chow
Chows
with exceptional temperament.
We want all of our puppies to be
good
ambassadors of the breed”**

We're on the web:
dnmfarm.com

Farm Happenings

While getting things ready for winter, Darrell was splitting and stacking wood. He was using a small chain saw with his right hand to remove twigs from a limb he held with his other hand. He said he simply lost total concentration for one millisecond, when simultaneously the saw bucked., grabbing his hand into the moving chain. Accidents can happen to the best of us and he was no exception. The chainsaw cut into his left hand between his thumb and forefinger. It cut through the web & down into the hand. He dropped the saw, came up to the house and called for me to bring a towel ... stating that we needed to go to the emergency room.

We made it to the emergency in record time. ER personnel seem to move interminably slow when you are the emergency. Finally, they got

Darrell in and began working on his hand. With the help of lots of morphine intravenously, a nerve block, & administering local anesthesia throughout the procedure, they were able to clean up the wound and begin



**Darrell working on the remaining
woodpile.**

to access the damage. Miraculously

he did not damage any tendons or nerves. It had only cut through muscle. Because we live on a farm & the bacteria that exists in that environmental setting, they were concerned about infection. They flushed the wound several times & then began the tedious task of stitching the chewed up mass together. It took the doctor over two hours to stitch up the wound. He had to piece it together millimeter by millimeter. We spent six hours in the emergency room!

The human body is such an amazing gift. Within three weeks, the wound had closed and the healing process was well on its way. An ugly pink scar was in its place. Darrell feels very fortunate. Shaking hands with a running chain saw is never a good idea! It truly only takes a second for an accident to happen.