

BEST Vet – Our Hunting Dog’s Best Friend

As told by Jeanne Spreier

Buck is a 13-year-old Vizsla-Pyrenees mix and has had two leg surgeries (one result of dog v. car – dog lost; the other was a blown ACL replacement) – and he’s obviously old but remains a FABULOUS bird hunter (pheasant and quail). Much better than “trained” dogs half his age.

The Vizsla originally is from Hungary. It’s a scent hound that’s known for its high energy and loyalty. Pyrenees are guard dogs, frequently used to protect livestock. Between the two, Buck evolved as a field-loving, family-friendly dog.

As we do every year, we spent the week after Christmas hunting in Kansas and Buck, age and enthusiasm getting the best of him, was limping quite badly on his front right leg at the end of the second day of hunting. In fact, we put him in the truck while hunters went out again. He pawed at the windows – of course – because he wanted to get out in the fields. We used the BEST-Vet on his right ankle for 10 minutes that night and dosed him with what the vet calls his “happy pills” (used for arthritis).

(We’ve given him arthritis pills all along. They take out the obvious pain – but they don’t get him back in the field.)



Buck gets a BEST-Vet treatment after a day in the field.

He was good to go the next morning. That evening my husband (forever a skeptic) said “you better put that machine on his leg again.” Buck was out in the milo fields the next day, swelling down on his ankle. It was another great day with Buck – who once again found lots of pheasant. Unfortunately for our hunters they were all hens!

If you’re a pet or livestock owner, join our BEST-Vet conversation on how to keep your animals healthy without drugs or surgery on our Facebook page at [THIS LINK](#).

Longhorn Calf Healthy After a Rocky Start

As told by Richard Fix, of Grandview, TX

Early morning calls tend to not be good and the one I got from Lanette last year proved the rule. She let me pasture some Longhorns at her place. One of the cows was to drop a calf any day and that was the day.

Lanette noticed the cow eating the afterbirth and went out to see how things were going. Not good. As she approached the newborn, it appeared lifeless. She could see it was alive, but just barely. Its head was twisted back and flat on the ground. (My livestock veterinarian would later tell me that is a "death sign," meaning death is imminent.) Its mother had licked it clean, which should have stimulated the calf, but not this time. Lanette petted the calf, hoping to get it moving. A calf has less than four hours to get to momma's udder to nurse or it will not make it.

Lanette called to tell me about the bull calf's dire outlook. By the time I arrived, the calf had been alive at least 90 minutes, maybe two hours. Knowing that Lanette's petting hadn't worked, I brought my Avazzia device with the brush attachment.

When I arrived, I couldn't detect chest movement to indicate breathing. I hooked up the brush to the Avazzia device and turned on a low setting. I stroked the calf with the brush from the top of the head to the base of the tail, covering both sides of the spine. After some minutes, the calf showed awareness and movement, getting its head off the ground. It was too weak to get up by itself, however, so I lifted the calf onto all fours and, wobbly as it was, the calf headed straight to its mother. The calf got a little to drink, but the momma was not sure what was going on, so I moved away.

Shortly after that, the baby collapsed again and could not get up. This time I turned the power setting to maximum and repeated the process, including the outsides of both hind legs.

The calf showed more energy, even kicking a bit when I brushed over parts of its legs. I helped it stand again and this time the calf ran about 15 feet to its momma and started nursing.

I left to attend to other things and returned to check on the two that afternoon. Rain was falling when I got back to the pasture. I saw the momma cow but couldn't find the calf in the rain. I was ecstatic to see, as I got closer, four little legs behind the momma cow and the calf nursing away.

I'll let others explain what happened and why, but were it not for Avazzia, I'm quite certain I would have lost that calf.



A Longhorn in the field with her calf.