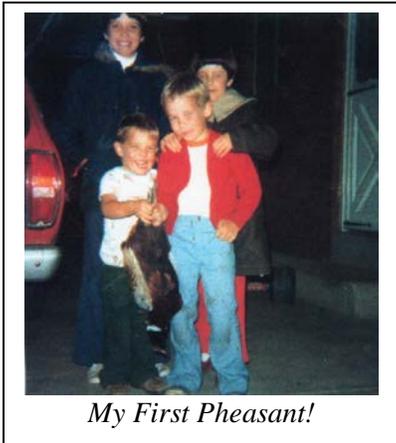


Member Profile

by Scott Jacob



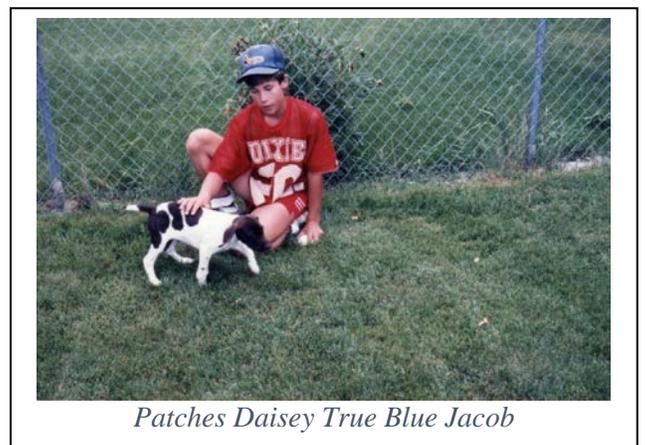
My life started out with my Father putting me out on a sheep camp my first year I was born in 1972, and my mother having to wash my diapers in the nearby creek at the camp. I think growing up early in the outdoors has always made me feel at home with nature. I grew up in a small town of approximately 10,000 people in American Fork, Utah. My grandfather at times took me at 3 years of age up to his sheep camps around Avintaquin. My only recollection of those times were hearing noises at night in the camp while thinking a Bear is outside with all the noise and watching my grandfather go outside to check on his sheep. At 5, my favorite horse (black, AQHA) my grandfather owned was named “Smokey.”

Back then horses were hauled up in the bed of the trucks. My love for animals (horses and dogs) grew more from then.

It wasn't until I was six that I discovered the love of hunting. My father who grew up with sheep dogs never owned an upland bird hunting dog until later and relied on his younger brothers to flush and retrieve birds. Without knowing what kind of dog companion that was ideal for hunting, I first grew up with beagles and cocker spaniels. Without the special difference of greatness and skill, I just enjoyed just being out with my Father and siblings.

One Spring year (1982) my uncle had sought out new hunting dogs and acquired my first experience behind a shorthair. He was named, King. He was solid white with a liver head. I found out later that King's sire was close to 100 pounds out in California. Hunting behind King for the first time was like no other experience as he was a hunting machine in his prime. After producing a dozen pheasants in an early evening my Father and I were convinced we need to get a shorthair. For me as a young teenager having lots of chores, I thought, “Yes!

No more pulling out burrs out of a dog's coat.” The following year we found a new litter out in Lehi, Utah that my Father had negotiated bought my first shorthair female pup. She was supposed to go to New York, but the original buyer fell through. It was love at first sight and we named her Patches Daisey True Blue Jacob. We of course were hoping to have puppies with King only to find out later that she was sister (different litter). At age 14, I finally had my first GSP and wanted to train and learn everything I could. I strived hours on end working to train her to be obedient. I remember it took me 2 hours to teach her the sit command. Luckily, my Father knew the best training for her was to let her learn how to hunt wild pheasants. I remember her first experience pointing and searching. It proved to be the best



secret to her success by hunting wild game as she was great at taking out cats in our backyard and hunting upland birds with ease.



Ungaro vom Trocken Bach

Growing up in Utah county side I was able to hunt on various farmlands and loved being out with Patches. One summer day I was walking in a neighborhood with Patches when we came across a Doberman Pincher loose in a front yard. I felt quite uneasy with the dog ahead of us and feared for my life and was unsure of Patches' fate too. A few steps closer I saw Patches spring forward and attacked the Doberman. I had never seen her do this to any other dog and was confounded in thought. I later realized she knew that the Doberman was a threat to me! I was at great relief once I realized what she was doing. Patches eventually had the Doberman on it back pleading for mercy. I called

Patches off and left the neighborhood. For me, this experience changed me for the rest of my life.

My best hunts with Patches were going out on an opening day at age 17 letting her over 10 different hunters throughout the day, pointing 126 pheasants of which 52 were wild roosters and fillings the bags for everyone. The embarrassing part was we missed a lot of those roosters. Another was taking a friend and watching her methodically point out 13 hens-one-at-a-time in an area of only 1200 square feet. I remember one was just under her belly and she wouldn't move until I finally exhausted all efforts around her. Another time seeing her on point and watching her eyes blow up because she could see the rooster through the marsh. Another time that I thoroughly loved was watching her pull out a hen in a hole under the bank of which I could only see her tail. Finally, as most would testify, seeing her paws at the end of a day of hunting, and never quitting even with her bloody and sore paws.

During Patches lifetime she was never titled in tests or field trials. She was just my first GSP. I used to take her to the GSP club's chukar-shootouts: 150 pts: 25pts per chukar minus 5 pts per shot for up to 6 Chukars in a field for twenty minutes. I think Patches won it 4 different times. Once after she just stopped nursing pups and had full bags of milk under her belly. Her best shootout was pointing 6 Chukars and retrieving them in 12 minutes with me and Richard Gardner returning to the starting spot with a perfect score of 120 pts. She was my Father's favorite dog. My Father still has portrait of her that I painted in high school hanging in his garage.

Over the years I have trained, tested with the AKC field trials, hunt tests, and NAVHDA tests. I have enjoyed many dogs and later raised Dominus Daisey who was a Utility Dog and MH. We loved her too. I eventually came into the DK testing this last year through my nephew, Tyler Smith. I had always loved the DKV's vision for the dogs and never knew how to be a part of it. I remember reading a book called the True German Shorthair in



Catja von der Niederheide

my teenage years-forgot the author, but loved it as it showed what a GSP really is: Tracker, Hunter, Water Dog, a Companion! I could never understand why my AKC pro training friends never saw what a true GSP is. My Patches was a true GSP and she helped me find it. I am grateful for my nephew's efforts and I'm excited for the future and what my dogs will bring us next. We currently own 3 Deutsch Kurzhaars. Ungaro just recently passed his Solms test. Catja is our newest addition.

I love to hunt all over Utah and Colorado. For the past 7 years I have been a Field Engineer for Carl Zeiss. We hope to get an elk this Fall. My daughter, Malia, loves the breed and will test Catja (Millie) next Spring in the Derby.