



Mitchell Veterinary Services

Pauly Veterinary Clinic

243 Ontario Road
P.O. Box 1224
Mitchell, Ontario N0K 1N0
Phone (519) 348-9711
Fax (519) 348-4432

62 Main St. S.
P.O. Box 359
Milverton, Ontario N0K 1M0
Phone (519) 595-8888
Fax (519) 595-8758

Swine Newsletter
January 1, 2017

Dear clients,

I'm sure that it is not news to any of you that I am retiring. It has not been a secret. We've been telling everyone all last year. I'm still on hand if the business needs me to fill in and work when we are a bit short on veterinary power. I'll be happy to help out. But at the ripe old age of 65 and having worked for over 40 years as a practicing veterinarian it is time to hang up the stethoscope, thermometer, clip board, and calculator.

It has been a pleasure and an honour to have been one of your veterinarians. Thank you for your support & patronage over the years.

I am comfortable knowing I am leaving the swine practice and my pork producing clients in good hands with my partner Glenn Armstrong. We have worked together as a team for the last 20 years to provide you the best solutions possible. Glenn went back to school and received his MBA from the IVEY School of Business in 2015 and is well positioned to move the practice into the future. I will be available for Glenn to consult with and for the near future will be helping Dr. Rachel Poppe work during holidays and conference time.

Please feel free to contact Glenn on his cell phone via text or call at 519-272-5776.

I was very humbled and honoured on December 27th by so many clients who came to our open house and wished me well. The staff did a wonderful job of organizing a great day and a dinner that night. I couldn't imagine anyone having and nicer retirement send off. We have a fabulous staff at all three of our clinics as all of you are well aware. Going forward I know we are well prepared to give the very best veterinary service possible to our clients.

For my retirement dinner I wrote up the following story. I hope you find it amusing.

Recently I was diagnosed with AAADD.....

- Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder –

..... this is how it manifests itself.

One morning, last summer, I arrived at the clinic and parked my vet mobile in the usual place behind the clinic. I decided that I would clean up my medicine grip, but when I went to get it out of the back of the truck, I noticed that there were no calcium or dextrose bottles in the appropriate inventory tub?

So, I headed to the clinic to procure some supplies. Walking into the clinic, I'm greeted by one of our technicians, Ashley, who tells me that she has a request from one of our pork producer clients to write up a couple feed prescriptions for renewal. I decided that better be done right away, so I take the requests and head to the veterinarians office in the basement. At my desk, I find a briefcase containing cheques that our bookkeeper, Nancy, wants signed.

I decide to sign the cheques first, and start on that task at hand, but am not comfortable because I have not yet had a cup of coffee. I go back upstairs to pour myself a cup but find that the coffee pot is already empty. I ask our office manager, Eria, to make another pot. Eria excels in the effective application of administrative skills. She makes a good pot of coffee! Eria tells me that before she makes any more coffee I have to replace the 10 burned out fluorescent light tubes located in various rooms all over the clinic.

I get a step stool and tubes from the basement and am installing the first one when a client arrives looking for a bag of dog food. It is a special therapeutic food that we have on hand just for her pet. Of course, I can't find it on the dog food shelves, so I go to the inventory room to see if it is in storage back there.

I'm met by our inventory manager, Christine, who has a large drug order to be transferred to our satellite clinic Pauly Veterinary Clinic in Milverton. We load up the vet mobile and I start off for Milverton.

On the way, the phone rings, it's hands free so I can talk. It's the receptionist, Lil, from Mitchell, asking if I could visit a sick Holstein cow. Dr. Rick Knill, had seen the cow two days earlier but she wasn't responding to treatment and the dairy client thought that she should be seen again. Rick was at a herd health and since I wasn't doing anything, could I go?

I changed directions and drove towards the farm with the sick cow. However, just before I arrived, Rick called me to tell me that he had finished his herd health and wanted to revisit his patient himself. So I turned back towards Milverton.

Shortly after, the phone rings again. Lil tells me it's a good job Rick was caught up and could see the cow because now there is a calving for me to go to for a beef calf farmer. Again, I changed directions and proceeded for the calving.

Upon arriving at the farm, I'm met by a happy farmer who tells me that the cow delivered the calf on her own and that it had been a false alarm. We took some time talking about the weather, hay, beef prices and how we would solve the problems of the world.

Finally, I start off for Milverton again- of course there was another phone call. This time it is our other receptionist Bev who reminds me that I'm scheduled to have lunch with a pharmaceutical company rep at noon.

I arrive at the Mitchell Golf & country club where I'm supposed to meet the rep for lunch. I'm in the parking lot, I meet my buddy Steffan Larsen who just bought himself a new set of golf clubs for his retirement. He suggests that we go over to the driving range and hit a couple of buckets of balls to try them out.

After hitting the first bucket, I receive a text from my wife Sue, wondering if after lunch I could pick up milk and go home to fill up the water trough in the front field for the horses and cattle. She was away from home that afternoon.

Thinking about the thirsty livestock, I forgot about milk but headed for home. I arrive at home, start the water and immediately receive a call from the drug rep wondering where I am. I arrange to meet him back at the clinic in a few minutes.

On the way there I receive a phone call from a pork producer who has been having problems with productivity of his sow herd. He was asking about Regumate, P.G. 600, and Ovugel. I detailed the products and we had a good discussion but I didn't have the prices of those drugs or the cost per dose in my head so I promised to call him back once I got to the office. I get into the clinic but am further distracted by another client who had come in hoping for some advice, and to pick up a suitable water medication for his nine hundred pigs weighing about 150lbs each that were having scours. I was discussing the situation when my personal secretary, Crystal came along and asked if I had completed the swine newsletter for the month end yet.

I hadn't even had time to come up with a topic when Rhonda, our very efficient lab technician sends me out to see two different weaner barns owned by one of our pork producers. They had arranged the sale of two loads of feeder pigs to the United States in 2 days but the pigs needed to be inspected before she could make up the export papers for C.F.I.A.

I'm getting ready to visit these two barns when I realize I still haven't: cleaned my grip, stocked my truck, wrote the 2 prescriptions, signed the cheques, had a coffee, replaced the light bulbs, delivered the drugs to Milverton, met the drug company rep, picked up the milk, or called the pig farmer back with prices. I hoped that someone had helped the client find the special dog food.

I took the situation and did some reassessing. I went back into the clinic and spoke briefly with the disgruntled drug rep. I apologized and accepted his propaganda fliers. I promised that I would go over them and consider buying some of whatever it was he was selling. Then I got myself organized. And just to prove that I hadn't totally lost all of my abilities I started to do what I do best; delegate.

I asked one of our part time high school staff members (who was now coming into work as it was mid to late afternoon already) to clean my grip. I asked Christine to restock the calcium and dextrose in my truck. I asked Glenn to write the two prescriptions. I asked another partner Angela Gerretsen to sign the cheques. I asked our young associate Dr. Rachel Poppe to take the drugs to Milverton. I scolded Eria for still not having a second pot of coffee on. She scolded me right back for not changing the light bulbs yet. So, I asked Dr. Phil Meadows who had recently finished his round of calls to change them. I asked our afternoon receptionist Jen to call the pig farmer about the drug prices. I suggested to Crystal that she look up the swine newsletters that I wrote four years ago and recycle it. It would be a nice test to see if any of our clients caught on or not. I asked Rhonda to reschedule the two barn visits until the next day. I also double checked with our small animal veterinarian associate Dr. Justine Rudniski to see if the client looking for the dog food actually did get it or not and if that was the right food for the dog. I thought that a follow up phone call by someone who really knew something might be timely.

When I was all through delegating, I walked over to Tim Hortons to finally get a coffee and to have a sandwich. I had forgotten all about lunch up until then.

Sitting there, eating my sandwich and enjoying a coffee I reflected that I had not done anything that day. And I was baffled because I knew that I had been very very busy. Here it was late afternoon and I was just having lunch. How could that be? To make matters even worse I was feeling tired. I decided that I definitely needed to see a doctor to get some help but first it was time to go home for a nap.

The next morning I discovered that I didn't have any milk for my coffee and that the water was still running to the trough in the pasture.....time to retire.

Yours truly,

R.G. Reed
RR/cp