



CAMP GONE TO THE DOGS

NEWSWIRE

Volume 2, Issue 1

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The Editor Barks Out

NEW LOOK, NEW EDITOR

Welcome to the newest edition of the *Camp Gone to the Dogs* Newswire. Excited at becoming your new editor, I look forward to defying my own creative boundaries in order to fill your bimonthly electronic newsletter with valuable information and fun. As a writer and musician, I see the world a bit differently from most. My own creative writing reflects an offbeat interpretation of living with dogs. I focus on the humorous side of dog-human relationships. My canine friends have provided me with subject after subject of amusing anecdotes. They maintain my sense of humor even in times of anxiety, but that's what friends do.

All of us relate to our dogs like that. After all, they are our best friends—integral parts of our families. In the articles, features, stories, and even the jokes that follow, there will be something to which you can relate. The authors and contributors all currently attend or have attended *Camp Gone to the Dogs*. Some are instructors, and some are campers. And then there is the leader of our pack, Honey. Without her insight and vision, Camp would not have evolved into the institution it is today.

As a 14-year veteran of summer camp, not only have I fortified my

ties with my dogs (which I didn't think possible) but also I have made invaluable friendships that have endured through the years. And I know I am not alone. So friends, enjoy reading this issue of the Newswire; it contains facts, news, and just plain silliness, from people who share the same interests: dogs and camp.



Campers: if you have written or read dog-related stories, jokes, recipes, etc. and feel they would be appropriate for the *Camp Gone to the Dogs* Newswire, please forward your information to campnewswire@hotmail.com. In the subject line of your email, please type the word, **newswire**, so we can easily identify your material. Also, please identify the true author/source when possible to avoid plagiarism. Thank you for your cooperation.

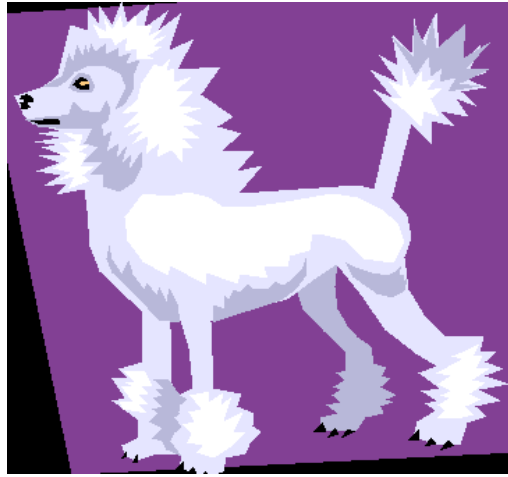
I look forward to remaining your editor for the long haul. I sincerely hope you enjoy this issue.

— Valerie Steinman
CGTTD Camper

(Inspired by my best friends: Belgian Sheepdog Mozart, Shetland Sheepdog Tchaikovsky, and my lunatic Frisbee dog Zeppelin)

HONEY'S CORNER

Honey Loring, CGTTD Pack Leader



First-Time Camper Thanks Honey

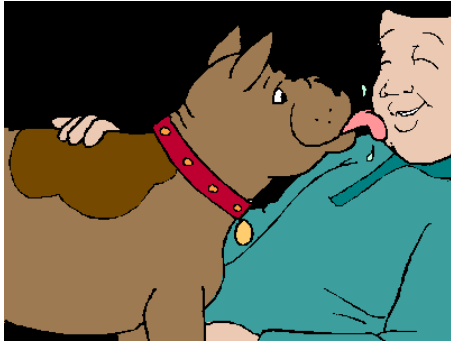
Honey – I can't believe that it has been seven weeks since Vegas and I attended our first camp. Vegas is now 17 weeks old, and I cannot believe the change in him since we attended camp. When we left for camp, I had Vegas for only one week: he was a terror on four paws and the bully of puppy kindergarten.

I continue to massage him twice a day as recommended by Karen Fischer – if I could pick one thing that made the most difference, this would have to be it. Our massage time turns him to mush – he worships me, and it has really helped with grooming and clipping his nails. As recommended by Sue Sternberg, I continue to feed him by hand and make him work for every mouthful. Mealtimes are now training sessions, and he takes

them very seriously. Sue will be happy to know he is now appropriately checking in with other dogs instead of his usual play bow and attack routine. He still prefers to rough it up with the big boys though – some things never change. I use the clicker when teaching him new commands, and Lynne Mayo's class on clicker timing has become a valuable tool.

At 17 weeks Vegas can now sit, down, stand, wait and stay for 60 seconds – he can "high five" and roll over. I can put a treat on his paw while he is lying down, and he won't touch it without my okay. His recall is amazing (thank you Leslie Nelson!) and was put to the test last week when he took off at full speed after a rabbit. I did my recall, and he immediately slid to a

stop, turned around, and ran full speed to me ending in a sliding sit stop in front of me. When I picked my jaw up off the ground, I praised him and gave him a special treat.



The best part was when my brother came to visit. He also has an Epagneul Breton and has trained dogs for the police department and the military. He said I was way ahead of where he was with his EB at that age and could not believe all the commands that Vegas obeyed. Who would believe all this as a result of one week of camp! And to think – we only attended maybe three classes a day! The education I received on dog behavior and training is priceless. Will I face other challenges? Of course I will; he's still a puppy after all. The difference now is that I know how to deal with the challenges instead of just crying about them.

I am forever in debt to you and the wonderful staff at camp. What a wonderful way to start out a relationship with a new puppy! And although I am

already registered for next June, I keep looking at those September dates – what a blast if we could manage both camps! Well, you just never know! Looking forward to seeing you soon (maybe sooner than you think!). Thank you again for such a wonderful vacation! – Randy Parr and Vegas



Halt Those Tears

Myrtle Rist (poodle person with Standards Willow, Victoria and Diana) passed along this tip for tearing eyes that discolor white dogs' muzzle: give one Rolaid per 50 lbs. to stop eye tearing.



The Shadow Knows

Shadow, Joanne O'Connell's white German Shepherd, received a great deal of admiration and respect when he was a featured "presenter" at the AMA's Psychiatric conference recently. Over 300 doctors watched a half hour video of his work in a psychiatric unit. They were wowed. Later he wandered through the crowd off lead and touched everyone ["in more ways than one, I'm sure" – Honey].



Personal Note from Honey
“Good Flooze News”

My young Poodle girl Pearlie, otherwise known as "The Flooze" (her personality is so buoyant and affectionate that I call her a floozy), had her hips x-rayed last week and they look good! It's not official until they are two years old, but at least it looks like we've crossed that hurdle vis a vis breeding. There still are some tests to go: eyes and a few other

tests. At nearly 13 months, she has still not come into heat. I'm thinking about the next heat after that (so maybe in a year or so), I'll be a stay-at-home mom. There's nothing I'd rather be doing right now than raising a litter of puppies. Her intended may be a finished, healthy white Show Champion whose littermate is one of the very top dogs in the country, or maybe it'll be a parti poodle boy. The daydreams go on....

Hope you are enjoying your dogs as much as I've been enjoying mine.

All for now,
Honey



Mary's Medicine Chest

Mary Thompson
CGTTD Instructor

Dangers of ProHeart6

ProHeart 6 is an injectable heartworm preventative that is good for six months. It was announced on Boston's Channel 7 News in May of this year that there are over 4000 complaints and more than 400 deaths attributed to this drug. The vaccine has been on the market for only 18 months (at the time in May). Since less than one percent of the dogs on the vaccine had died or had problems from it, the pharmaceutical company was not going to investigate the problems although they have settled on a few claims against them for this product. The FDA has stepped in to investigate the soundness of this vaccine. Some dogs have permanent hearing loss, cardiac problems, respiratory problems and/or arthritis problems.

Dr. Ross W. Thompson's (Mary T's husband) recommends the following vaccine protocol:

Vaccinate puppies or kittens at ten weeks of age, again every four to six weeks for a total of three vaccines with the last one being after the pup is 20 weeks of age, especially Rotties and Dobes with Parvo in the vaccine. Booster a year from the last puppy vaccine and then only every three years. Rabies as decreed by the state.

Older animals or animals with major health concerns, e.g., cancer, autoimmune related diseases, can have a letter written by their vet to exempt them from Rabies vaccination. The other vaccinations should be on a VERY limited basis. For these dogs, a house sitter would be ideal instead of having to vaccinate them for a boarding kennel.



TRUE TAILS

Raising Puppies for Leader Dogs

By Barb Hooper
CGTTD Instructor

For all of my life, my dogs have played an integral part. I have traveled the country, made untold friends both human and canine, and participated in a variety of activities with them and because of them. How could I give back what has been so graciously given to me?

This question was on my mind for a very long time before I decided to be a puppy raiser for Leader Dogs for the Blind, located in Rochester, Michigan. The choice came about when a local fellow had a story in the newspaper titled "My New Set of Eyes." After reading the particulars, I was very inspired and made arrangements to meet him and his dog a few days later. Mike had gone blind while in his early 40's as a result of a disease known as retinitis pigmentosa. He knew as a teenager that he would eventually lose his sight in adulthood. His Leader Dog was a handsome 18-month-old male German Shepherd named Marshall.

I spent several hours at his apartment that first time. All three of us hit it off right away. Mike is very personable and was very happy to show off

his dog. Marshall was the consummate German shepherd:



a smart, well-mannered, good-looking, and funny guy with a lovely temperament who took his job assignment seriously. Mike and I talked about everything dog-related and made arrangements to meet the following week. I would pick him up and we would start to introduce our dogs for romps at a local ballpark on Saturday mornings.

That meeting and the eventual outings blossomed into a friendship that gave me new insights about assistance dogs in general and Leader Dogs in particular. We met weekly with our canine crew for our recreational get-togethers. One day, I even taught Marshall how

to have his nails trimmed with the Dremel® tool (another adventure to be talked about some day). On occasion I would take Mike out to lunch or drive him to speaking engagements or appointments. It was being there first hand and watching the teamwork relationship between Mike and Marshall that made me decide I was going to volunteer my efforts with Leader Dogs.

During the early stage of our friendship, I was doing research about the Leader Dog organization to see how I could fit in. I felt their puppy-raising program was my niche. For a number of years I have taught puppy classes at two veterinary clinics and have always felt that was my area of expertise. So I applied online through their website. Many months later, I got the call. My puppy was waiting for me!



I made the five-hour drive up to Rochester that weekend and picked up Nicholas, a ten-week-old German Shepherd. I

nurtured him as if he were my own, reminding myself daily he was on loan. Besides the obvious housetraining, puppy play biting, jumping up, hole digging, barking etc., we worked very hard on obedience skills. In one year, he would return to school to start his formal Leader Dog training, so I wanted him to be the best so he would advance through the skill levels quickly. The best part about puppy raising was he didn't have to stay home or in the car. He got to go—everywhere! He went into the restaurant, the grocery store, the library, the school, the home improvement store, the bus, the airport, the laundromat, the post office, the ballpark, and even the zoo. You name it; we went into it. When doing our errands, I had to allow extra time because everyone wanted to talk to me about a service dog in training.

Once a month we met with puppy counselors from Leader Dogs along with other area puppy raisers to go on organized social outings. The purpose was to take the puppies places they might not normally go in order to practice social and obedience skills, to educate the public about service dogs in training, and for the puppy counselors to assess the skills and development of the puppy. Of course, the counselors are there to assist with any problems or concerns at any time.

Days turned into weeks and weeks into months when finally

the letter came with Nicholas' return date. Had it been that long already? Over the next few weeks it was time for me to take those pictures I procrastinated about, visit people and places with him one more time, and start my mental preparation of returning him to "college" for his more advanced work.



The day arrives and I am up early to prepare for the long drive, which, I have to admit I am not looking forward to. I try to be very business-like and matter-of-fact about this. I had said my goodbyes to him the night before and swore to myself that I would not get upset when I handed him over. I felt it wasn't fair to him to be emotional and then just walk away. I wanted him to have a pleasant return to get ready for his new life. Upon arrival I took care of the paperwork while they took him for a short walk around the property to get a feel for his ability. Then it was time for me to go. He handled it well; I did not. The return home was long, but I had my other dogs with me to help pass the time. I thought about him: Who would be his trainer? Would he move along quickly? Ultimately who would he be partnered with?

A few short weeks later, I received a phone call from Leader Dog. Nicholas did not pass his physical and was ready to be returned to me, as per requested in their contract. Asked when I could come and get him, "Right away!" As it turned out, Nicholas has some hip and elbow dysplasia—not awful but enough to keep him from being a Leader Dog. I had room in my household for him if he did not make the cut, but I never really thought about it. It was truly a surprise that he came to be a permanent member of my family.

On the return home the first time from taking Nick to Leader Dog, I had given it much thought on whether I could continue to do this due to the emotional connection you make with the dog over the year you are together. Was it because he was my first or because he was a German Shepherd? No, I really think you can't do a good job and not get emotionally involved in this effort. It is, what I call, the ultimate volunteer effort—giving back a piece of your self for someone else.

Although I was able to give a year to Nick's training, I decided to continue puppy raising but as a "finisher" instead. This came about a few months after Nicholas' return to me. Another puppy in our local group was not able to complete his training with his original raiser. My puppy counselor called me and asked if I would be willing to take her

on. She was six-months-old, another German Shepherd. The advantage was she could stay in our same puppy group so they could keep up on her progress. I agreed and Journey came onboard. The procedure started all over, but it was more like a board and train since it was for six months rather than one whole year. Although it was still difficult to return her when the time came, I had a better emotional outlook; finishing was a better fit for me.

Journey went on to be my first Leader Dog graduate. She now resides in Texas. The most recent dog I finished was Sam, a Golden Retriever, who just graduated in April of this year. He now lives in Daytona, Florida. Will I continue to do this? Yes! I know the impact that dogs have had on my life, and I know how a Leader Dog can improve the life of another. Here are just two examples of dogs making a difference:

1. My name is Lisa and I am Noel's new owner. I would like to thank your family for raising such a wonderful animal. She is hard working, loving, and quite playful and energetic when "off duty." I absolutely cannot imagine being paired with any other dog. I can't imagine putting so much time, effort, and love into an animal only to let them go. You have no idea how much your kindness and generosity will improve my life. Yesterday, Noel prevented me

from being hit by a truck as it was backing up. I am 39 (at least for a few more days) and attend Purdue University where I major in both Psychology and Law and minor in forensics. I have retinitis pigmentosa, so my vision loss has been gradual. I was unaware that I had it until I was diagnosed in March of last year. At that time, I was told that I could no longer work as an electrician or drive. My vision is now constricted to 10% although my central vision can vary from 20/200 to 20/50 (that has my doctors baffled). I would like to learn more about your family and a little about Noel's upbringing and how she came to be named Noel. Many people have asked if she was born around Christmas, but if I am not mistaken, her birthday is October 23. Please correct me if I am wrong. I would be happy to send you a photograph of myself and Noel that was taken by the photographer at Leader Dog. Unfortunately, I can't send pictures through e-mail, so I would need your street address (if you are comfortable disclosing that information). Again, thank you for the gift of Noel. Life with her is like Christmas every day.



2. My name is Elwood Copeland. I am known as "Cope." I'm 77 years old and in fair health. My wife and I reside in Michigan. We have 4 grown children, ten grand children and four great grand children. We [dog and owner] are already known around town as "Hope and Cope." We travel all over town together. Hope likes to go to church and the local park. She loves children and all the many friends I have here in town. Hope has made it possible to have independence and get around by myself. Hope sleeps

in a kennel at night and mostly plays with a Nylabone® and our Maltese dog named Zona. We travel to Arizona every winter. We fly by plane and have a townhouse in Arizona. Hope is a very loving and affectionate companion and has become a close member of our family. We hope someday you can see Hope. You will always be in our prayers for your work for the Leader Dog School. I would not know what to do without my buddy Hope. God Bless the Gunnick Family.
Hope and Cope



Barb's dogs Nicholas and Marley both will be appearing in upcoming 2005 Pet Prints breed calendars. Look for Nick in the German Shepherd calendar and Marley in the Border Collie calendar. By the way, Marley is now CH Marley's Ghost. She finished her breed championship a few weeks ago with her 3rd major. The day after she finished her championship, Marley took Best of Opposite and the day after that, Best of Breed. She now is actively working on her herding skills.



A Trip to the Golden Retriever Nationals – Sydney, Australia

By Ann Bulke, Gold Coast – Australia
CGTTD Camper



Well, how many dogs do you take? Confirmation/obedience/gundog? How much will the cost of entries be? How much will accommodation be? Are the dogs up to standard? All these thoughts go through everyone's mind when making a decision to go to such a big event like a National – especially with multi-talented dogs all the way from the state of Queensland south to the state of New South Wales in Australia – a long way.

A dog for obedience/gundog/showing takes countless hours of devotion in training, along with tears, sweat, heartbreak and laughter. From Queensland this year we had seven dogs with five handlers competing at all levels of obedience from Novice through to Utility, three in Gundog Working Tests, and one in the Show ring.

Friday 30th April – and the pressure was on. All obedience competitors were called to the ring and, to the dismay of the Queensland competitors, were told that the “Sudden Death” ruling would prevail on both days. Coming from Queensland, we had no idea that there was such a ruling. For those who are reading this article who do not know the rules to obedience, each exercise is given points to tally a possible score of 200. The judge takes points off for each discipline specified by the three different classes – novice, open and utility. You qualify with a score of 170 points. In these classes if a dog does not do a specific exercise then you get a 0 score. If the dog non-qualifies in an exercise, the team gets to pick another exercise and then they have to leave the ring without finishing off the full routine. They cannot participate in the

group stays either. This is what they call the “Sudden Death” ruling. We are fortunate here in Queensland that this ruling does not apply. Sydney and some close areas are the only places in Australia to have this rule. The Judges at the National decided to let the Novice class finish all exercises, even if they had non-qualified in one particular exercise. Open and UD had to abide by the Sydney rule and some dogs never got past the first exercise. This happened to one Queensland handler in UD who failed the very first exercise and had to leave the ring – a long way to travel for two minutes in the ring!

The only Queenslander to do well on Friday in the obedience ring was Vyvyan Mannion with Anntanas Gold Giggles CDX who, although did not have a qualifying score, completed the utility class without any zeros. This was only Gabby’s second time in a Utility ring.



Ann Bulke with Anntanas Gold Indiana CD got through to the broad jump with good scores but just missed that and so non-qualified. However, Ann was

pleased with Indiana’s dumbbell work as it had taken 12 months to overcome this exercise. Sister Anntanas Gold Jewel had some ‘blonde moments’ in the off-lead heeling in Novice and also non-qualified.

Then on the same day, it was off to the Gundog Working Tests, boy! What a thrill it was to see all these Golden Retrievers with their beautiful coats running through the prickles and burrs to retrieve a bird. Joseph Casabella with Aust Ch Cornerstone California Tan CD, ET (import from America – now deceased), both first timers, in the novice gundog placed third with a score of 96 out of a possible 100. Lynn Fergusson and Obedience Champion Redaspingold Tesstinella AD, ET scoped the pool in the novice section with a score of 99.

Saturday 1st May, the hearts were beating faster than the day before, but the Queenslanders showed the southerners that they could do it. Rosalynn Fergusson with Merrireve Livn Onth Edge received a score of 183 and placed fourth in the novice ring, (both handler and dog only received nine weeks of training prior to the National). Lynn with Tess received a score of 192 in the open ring and placed third and with Wysiwyg Colorado Avlanch CDX, ET in the same ring got a score of 189 and placed fourth. Over to the Gundogs again and Lynn and Denver placed 3rd with a score of

87 in the novice section and also Lynn with Tess placed 1st with a score of 99. Denver was one of only three dogs at the National who competed in all three disciplines of show, obedience and gundog working test. This was a great buzz for Lynn as it was her first time in the Gundog section and she went into the Winner of Winners with Tess against a very experienced Open dog. Yep! The Queenslanders did it.... Lynn and Tess won the Winner of Winners in the Gundog Working Test.

The National's Winner of Winners in Obedience was Ali O'Brien's Dykinta High Gambler UD (who gained his Obedience Championship that weekend). Actually this handler pulled off an amazing feat in that she won all three rings both days with her two dogs. Novice was won both days by her bitch Dykinta Queen O Hearts (also gaining her CD). Her other dog won Open and UD. They ran off against each other for the Winner of Winners.

On the first day of competition only two dogs passed Novice out of 17. On the second day, four qualified. In Open, eight passed out of 25 and on the second day, 13 qualified. Utility had 17 the first day with one qualification, and on the second day, four qualified. The Judges – Frank Neeson (Victoria) - Dawn Howard (Vic) – John Green (ACT) – Deidre Anderson (NSW) were delightful and all very helpful.

The National is over once again, and all of these Queensland handlers and dogs – plus hopefully a few more – are heading to the Isle State of Tasmania (below Australia) for the next National.



Crufts (England) – 2004 – Obedience

By Ann Bulke, Gold Coast – Australia
CGTTD Camper

As well as the usual Dog and Bitch Obedience Championships at Crufts this year, there was a new addition to the obedience scene – the World Cup. Teams of three (and a reserve) were invited from all over the world to compete in this first ever event.

At reasonably short notice, the first teams to compete were England, Northern Ireland, Wales, Scotland, Holland, Southern Ireland, and the U.S.A. The exercises had to be revamped as some of these countries have completely different trialling than others – the U.S.A. has basically the same exercises as ours here in Australia while the U.K. is completely different. The exercises therefore were a compilation of all the countries and all of the dogs had to be re-trained in some way. The exercises included precision heeling, retrieve over a narrow jump (the U.K. has no jumping at all in any of their obedience),

drop on recall and then straight into the various positions, directed retrieve with three dumbbells, and scent discrimination with cloths and the handlers scent (the U.K. does the Judge's scent), and a group sit stay.



The winners were England 1st, Wales 2nd, and Northern Ireland 3rd. The English team had the dog and bitch winners of the Obedience Championships on their team! The U.S.A. team would have been overawed by the size of the main ring at Crufts (almost like a football field) given that all their obedience work is done in very small rings.

Next year should see a bigger world entry, and it will be interesting to see where the handlers come from. I doubt Australia would send a team as we have 30 days quarantine re-entry. Europe now has a

passport system where none of the dogs have quarantine as long as they have the necessary vaccinations and paperwork.



For The Curious at Summer Camp....

*PEACOCKS: "Its famous call is always a delight to hear" (obviously from Peacock Fan Club, not campers). They can live to be 40 years old, are usually of "hardy" health, and hardly ever become sick. If they have adequate shelter in extreme weather, they are usually fine but cannot condone wet, frozen feet. The term "peacock" actually refers to the male; "peahens" are females; and a group is called a "bevy." They do need "wandering" room because they do get stressed out....

*CATERPILLARS: Live for two to three weeks each, become cocoons for one to four weeks and butterflies for two to four weeks.

Carol Springstun, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



CREATIVE TAILS

Puppy Size

By Pamela Clavette Levy
CGTTD Camper



"Danielle keeps repeating it over and over again. We've been back to this animal shelter at least five times. It has been weeks now since we started all of this," the mother told the volunteer.

"What is it she keeps asking for?" the volunteer asked.

"Puppy size!" replied the mother.

"Well, we have plenty of puppies, if that's what she's looking for."

"I know...we have seen most of them," the mom said in frustration.

Just then Danielle came walking into the office. "Well, did you find one?" asked her mom.

"No, not this time," Danielle said with sadness in her voice. "Can we come back on the weekend?"

The two women looked at each other, shook their heads and laughed.

"You never know when we will get more dogs. Unfortunately, there's always a supply," the volunteer said.

Danielle took her mother by the hand and headed to the door. "Don't worry, I'll find one this weekend," she said.

Over the next few days both mom and dad had long conversations with her. They both felt she was being too particular. "It's this weekend or we're not looking any

more," Dad finally said in frustration.

"We don't want to hear anything more about puppy size either," Mom added.

Sure enough, they were the first ones in the shelter on Saturday morning. By now Danielle knew her way around, so she ran right for the section that housed the smaller dogs. Tired of the routine, mom sat in the small waiting room at the end of the first row of cages. There was an observation window so you could see the animals during times when visitors weren't permitted. Danielle walked slowly from cage to cage, kneeling periodically to take a closer look. One by one, the dogs were brought out and she held each one. One by one she said, "Sorry, you're not the one."

It was the last cage on this last day in search of the perfect pup. The volunteer opened the cage door, and the child carefully picked up the dog and held it closely. This time she took a little longer.

"Mom, that's it! I found the right puppy! He's the one! I know it!" she screamed with joy. "It's the

puppy size!"

"But it's the same size as all the other puppies you held over the last few weeks," Mom said.



"No, not size – sighs. When I held him in my arms, he sighed," she said. "Don't you remember? When I asked you one day what love is, you told me love depends on the sighs of your heart. The more you love, the bigger the sigh!"

The two women looked at each other for a moment. Mom didn't know whether to laugh or cry. As she stooped down to hug the child, she did a little of both.

"Mom, every time you hold me, I sigh. When you and Daddy come home from work and hug each other, you both sigh. I knew I would find the right puppy if it sighed when I held it in my arms," she said. Then holding the puppy up close to her face, she said, "Mom, he loves me. I heard the sighs of his heart!"



“DIVINE” TAILS

If a Dog Were the Teacher, You Would Learn Stuff Like:



When loved ones come home,
always run to greet them.

Never pass up the opportunity to
go for a joyride. Allow the
experience of fresh air and the
wind in your face to be pure
ecstasy.

When it's in your best interest,
practice obedience.

Let others know when they've
invaded your territory.

Take naps. Stretch before rising.

Run, romp, and play daily.

Thrive on attention and let people
touch you.

Avoid biting when a simple growl
will do.

On warm days, stop and lie on
your back on the grass.

On hot days, drink lots of water
and lie under a shady tree.

When you're happy, dance
around and wag your entire
body.

No matter how often you're
scolded, don't buy into the guilt
thing and pout.... run right back
and make friends.

Delight in the simple joy of a long
walk.

Eat with gusto and enthusiasm.
Stop when you have had enough.

Be loyal. Never pretend to be
something you're not.

If what you want lies buried, dig
until you find it.

When someone is having a bad
day, be silent, sit close by, and
nuzzle her/him gently.

Lauren Richmond, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



Dear God,

Why do humans smell the flowers but seldom, if ever, smell one another?

When we get to heaven, can we sit on your couch? Or is it the same old story?

Why are there cars named after the jaguar, the cougar, the mustang, the colt, the stingray, and the rabbit, but not ONE named for a dog? How often do you see a cougar riding around? We dogs love a nice ride! Would it be so hard to rename the Chrysler Eagle the Chrysler Beagle?

If a dog barks his head off in the forest and no human hears him, is he still a bad dog?

We dogs can understand human verbal instructions, hand signals, whistles, horns, clickers, beepers, scent ID's electromagnetic energy fields, and Frisbee flight paths. What do humans understand?

More meatballs, less spaghetti, please.

When we get to the Pearly Gates, do we have to shake hands to get in?

Are there mailmen in heaven? If there are, will I have to apologize?

May I have my testicles back?

Janis Hearrell, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



The Good Dog's Oath

This list represents just some of the things I must remember in order to be a good dog:

I will not eat the cats' food before they eat it or after they throw it up.

I will not roll on dead seagulls, fish, crabs, etc., just because I like the way they smell.

I will not munch on "leftovers" in the kitty litter box. Although they are tasty, they are not food.

I will not mistake the diaper pail for a cookie jar.

I will not use the sofa as a face towel; nor will I use Mom and Dad's laps.

I will be nice to the garbage collector; he is not stealing our stuff.

I will not put my head in the refrigerator.

I will not bite the officer's hand when he reaches in for Mom's driver's license and registration.

I will not play tug-of-war with Dad's underwear when he's on the toilet.

I will not stick my nose into someone's crotch to say "hello."

I do not need to suddenly stand straight up when I'm lying under the coffee table.

I must shake the rainwater out of my fur before entering the house.

I will not throw up in the car.

I will not come in from outside and immediately drag my butt across the carpet.

I will not sit in the middle of the living room and lick my crotch when company is over.

I will play gently with the cat. The cat is not a squeaky toy; so when I play with him and he makes that noise, it's usually not a good thing.

Janis Hearrell, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



TALL TAILS

Johnny saw his neighbor's dog sitting up at the computer typing away.

"Boy he is so awesome," said Johnny.

"Oh not really," said the neighbor. "He forgets to back up his files, he can't spell properly, and worst of all he drools all over the keyboard."

Ann Bulke, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



A man rushed into a vet's surgery with a dead dog.

Crying Man to Vet: "Please help him."

Vet: "But he is dead – I can't do a thing."

Wailing Man: "Oh please try something."

So the vet called in his cat. They watched as the cat walked around the dog, sniffed him, and meowed.

Vet: "See.... Even my cat says your dog is dead."

Man: "Oh please, please try one more thing."

So the vet brought in his big black Labrador who walked up and down beside the dog, sniffed him, and barked.

Vet: "Now are you satisfied? My dog also says he's dead."

Man: "Oh well, thank you. Give me the account."

Vet: "That will be \$650."

Gasping Man: "What? But you didn't do anything, the dog is dead."

Vet: "Well, \$300 is for the cat scan, \$300 for the lab test and \$50 for the consultation."

Ann Bulke, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



Two guys out walking with their dogs wanted to stop and have lunch but could not take their dogs into the hotel with them.

Guy #1: "Just pretend that they are guide dogs."

Guy #1 walked into the hotel.

Barman of hotel: "Sorry, but you can't bring your Labrador into the hotel."

Guy #1: "Oh, he is a guide dog."

Barman: "Oh fine. Please come in."

Guy #2 walked into the hotel.

Barman: "You can't bring your dog in here."

Guy #2: "But he is a guide dog."

Barman: "What? He is a Chihuahua."

Guy #2: "Oh, bloody hell, don't tell me they gave me a Chihuahua!"

Ann Bulke, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



Dog Definitions You Always Wanted To Know

bitch

1. A name for a lady dog

2. Name often heard at a dog show, not always referring to a lady dog

coat

The hair of the dog that falls out all over the carpet

ken-nel

Safe place to go when kids fight and spouse yells

lit-ter

Rubbish left all over the football field after a game

bal-ance

How to arrange your checkbook so your spouse won't know how much money you've spent on the dog

nose print

Cute marks left on your glass doors

points

Small invisible awards for winning (which you cannot convince your spouse are more important than money)

muz-zle

Device on your kid's mouth

pup-pies

Miniature dog-like food processors with the ability to stink up an entire house and collectively deafen a band of magpies (Caution: Not yet perfected as they always come with a leaky plumbing system and will be dangerous to weak hearts and bank accounts)

Ann Bulke, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



It's a Dog's Life

On the first day of creation,
God created the Dog.
On the second day,
God created Man to serve the
Dog.
On the third day,
God created all the animals as
potential food for the dog.
On the fourth day,
God created honest toil so that
man could labour

For the good of the Dog.
On the fifth day,
God created the tennis ball
So that the dog might or might
not retrieve it.
On the sixth day,
God created vets to keep the dog
healthy and the Man broke.
On the seventh day,
God tried to rest, but he had to
walk the dog.

Ann Bulke, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



TASTY TREATS

Zorro's Stump-Wagging Treat (“Frosty Paws” Frozen Treat)



In a blender, mix:

- 1 large Vanilla Yogurt
- 1 Tablespoon Honey
- 1 Tablespoon Peanut Butter
- 1 very ripe Banana

Divide into 3 or 4 ounce paper cups and freeze

Jeanne Richter, Contributor
CGTTD Staff



UNTIL TAILS UP

(As of July 31, 2004)

CAMP

TIME TO WAIT

Fall

September 5-11, 2004
September 12-18, 2004

36 Days

Summer

June 5-11, 2005

10 Months

Fall

September 4-10, 2005
September 11-17, 2005

13 Months

“Good things come to those who wait.”



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