



CAMP GONE TO THE DOGS

NEWSWIRE

Volume 2, Issue 4

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The Editor Barks Out

Coming February 2005

CampGonetotheDogs.com Goes High-Tech



CampGonetotheDogs.com will soon unveil its new and improved web site. Packs of new pictures will descend upon it. Not only will you be able to look at dogs pose, but also you will be able to watch dogs perform. We've added animation, so you can watch Camp Gone to the Dogs' dogs in action. But plenty of poses abound, so long onto our site in mid-February to see if your dog has become an Internet dog star hamming it up on www.campgonetothedogs.com.

Volume 2 Issue 4 addresses recent scientific advances in the world of canine research, i.e., dogs' ability to sniff out cancer, aggression and Lyme disease, and a fountain of youth for older

dogs. News, jokes, and a creative look at the mechanics of skijoring with your dog round out this issue.

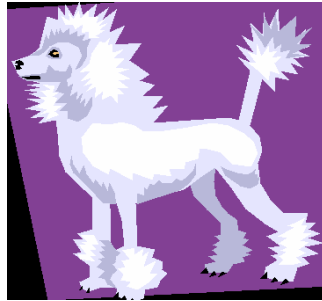
Campers: if you have written or read dog-related stories, jokes, recipes, etc. and feel they would be appropriate for the Camp gone to the Dogs Newswire, please forward same to campnewswire@hotmail.com. In the subject line of your email, please type the word newswire so we can easily identify your material.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

Keep those tails wagging!

—Valerie Steinman
CGTTD Camper

HONEY'S CORNER

Honey Loring, CGTTD Pack Leader



Dogs Detect Scent of Cancer Compounds

British Medical Journal

A study shows dogs can be trained to distinguish patients with bladder cancer by smelling certain compounds released in the patient's urine.

SNIFFING OUT TRACES OF CANCER

Training. Dogs were trained to discriminate between urine from patients with bladder cancer and urine from diseased and healthy people.

Testing. Dogs were assessed for ability to select one urine sample from a bladder cancer patient placed among six control samples.

Results. Number of times dogs selected the bladder cancer urine:

On 54 attempts...22 selections
Success rate – 41 percent
Expected by chance – 14 percent



IT'S ALL IN THE NOSE

By Emma Ross
Associated Press

LONDON – It has long been suspected that man's best friend has a special ability to sense when something is wrong with us. Now the first experiment to verify that scientifically has demonstrated that dogs are able to smell cancer.

Experts say it's unlikely that pooches will become practical partners in cancer detection any time soon, but the results of the study, outlined this week in the British Medical Journal, are promising. They show that when urine from bladder cancer patients was set out among

samples from healthy people or those with other diseases, the dogs – all ordinary pets – were able to identify the cancer patients’ urine almost three times more often than would be expected by chance alone.

“The issue is not whether or not they can detect cancer, because clearly they can. The issue is whether you can set up a system whereby they can communicate with you. That requires further ingenuity,” said Tim Cole, a professor of medical statistics at Imperial College in London, who was unconnected with the study and is the owner of a chocolate Labrador Retriever.

David Neal, a bladder and prostate cancer surgeon at Cambridge University in England, said it’s plausible dogs might be able to pick up the scent of cancer because people with the disease shed abnormal proteins in their urine. “I’m skeptical about whether it will be implementable, but scientifically it should be followed up,” said Neal, a spokesman for Cancer Research UK, Britain’s cancer society, who was not involved in the research. “It might be that the dogs are better than our current machines at picking up abnormal proteins in the urine. What are the dogs picking up? Can we get a machine that does the same?” It is thought that a dog’s sense of smell is generally 10,000 to 100,000 times better than a human’s.

The idea that dogs may be able to smell cancer was first put forward in 1989 by two London dermatologists, who described the case of a woman asking for a mole to be cut out of her leg because her dog would constantly sniff at it, even through her trousers, but ignore all her other moles. One day, the dog, a female Border Collie-Doberman mix, had tried to bite the mole off when the woman was wearing shorts. It turned out she had malignant melanoma – a deadly form of skin cancer. It was caught early enough to save her life.



Then in 2001, two English doctors reported a similar case of a man with a patch of eczema on his leg for 18 years. One day his pet Labrador started to persistently sniff the patch, even through his trousers. It turned out he had developed skin cancer and, once the tumor was removed, the dog showed no further interest in the eczema patch. A handful of similar anecdotes have since been reported, but the latest study is the first rigorous test of the theory to be published.

The experiment, conducted by researchers at Amersham Hospital in Buckinghamshire, England, and the organization Hearing Dogs for Deaf People, set

out to prove whether dogs could be trained to detect cancer. Six dogs – all pets of the trainers – were used in the study. They included three working-strain Cocker Spaniels, one Papillon, a Labrador, and a mongrel. The trainers used urine from bladder cancer patients, from people sick with unrelated diseases, and from healthy people to train the dogs over seven months to select the cancer unique elements by process of elimination. They learned to ignore differences in the urine samples that were due to age, sex, infection, diet, and other factors. Urine from 36 bladder cancer patients and 108 comparison volunteers was used. Each dog had to sniff seven urine samples and lie down next to the one from a bladder cancer patient. The test was repeated eight times for each dog, with new urine samples every time.



Taken as a group, they correctly selected the right urine on 22 out of 54 occasions, giving an average success rate of 41 percent. By chance alone, you’d expect them to be accurate one-

seventh, or 14 percent, of the time. The two best dogs, Tangle and Bidy – both Cocker Spaniels – were right 56 percent of the time, according to trainer Andrew Cook. The Papillon Eliza tied with Bea, the third Cocker Spaniel, followed by the Labrador, Jade. Bringing up the rear was Toddy the mongrel. “Toddy, bless him, was working at a rate no better than chance, really, but we still love him,” Cook said.

One of the cancer patients was identified correctly by all six dogs, whereas two other cancer patients were consistently missed, indicating that perhaps the strength of the urine signal varies from person to person, or according to severity of the disease.

Perhaps the most intriguing finding, though, was in a comparison patient whose urine was used during the training phase. All the dogs unequivocally identified that urine as a cancer case, even though screening tests before the experiment had shown no cancer. Doctors conducted more detailed tests on the patient and found a life-threatening tumor in the right kidney.



Dogs in our lives

By Paul Fersen

We aren’t house-proud. If we were, we wouldn’t abide the scratches on the door frame, the holes in the screen, the darkened shine of worn spots

on the chair. We would wince at the mottled carpet and fret at the hair clinging to our clothes.

We don't. If anything, we lovers of dogs are a tolerant lot, finding greater value in the unabashed affection of our friends than in immaculate sofas. Shoes can be replaced, but heroic retrievers are timeless.

Without dogs, our houses are cold receptacles for things. Dogs make a fire warmer with their curled presence. They wake us, greet us, protect us, and ultimately carve a place in our hearts and our history. On reflection, our lives are often referenced in parts defined by the all-too-short lives of our dogs.



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

*All for now,
Honey*

Mary's TIPS

Mary Thompson
CGTTD Instructor



Do You Live In Lyme Disease Territory?

If so, please continue to read!

Most vets have felt (my husband and I included) that *if* your dog has a mild positive with the IDEXX Snap test and does *not* show symptoms, your dog is in decent shape. Four of my six dogs have had a mild positive over the past three years. I have treated a few who might have had symptoms. One improved; two did not. So each year, I test and each year, I have decided not to treat.

This past December, my seven-year-old Irish Water Spaniel, Danny, who has an attitude and, I will admit, can be aggressive, charged two people in less than a week. For over five years, we have managed him, kept up on his training so he responds quickly, given him lots of rewards, special time for his quickness, etc. I had noticed that his eyes had started to appear more "hard" a week or so before the incidents. I can make

up lots of excuses — he was surprised, it was a stranger — but the bottom line is: *this is unacceptable behavior in my house!* But I did not want to put him to sleep without trying to work out *why*.



There is now a new test that counts the amount of Lyme antibodies in your dog's body, called a "Quantitative C6 Antibody Test." Antech Labs takes 48 hours to get the test results back. Antech recommends that any dog with an antibody over 30 should be treated. Danny was 150! Within two doses of Doxycycline, he was markedly improved! I also remember Barb Hooper telling me about Serene Um – an all natural calmer. I bought that and started Danny on it about a week after he started the Doxy.

He is now much more loving and greeting everyone with a tail wag! Serene Um may be changing its name, but the product may be purchased from Pet Edge Pet Supply – 1-800-738-3343. It helps dogs frightened of fireworks, visits to the vet, thunderstorms, etc. It is much better than a tranquilizer.

So *if* your dog has had a "mild" positive to the IDEXX Snap Test and you have *not* treated him, do not panic! If he is *not* showing any symptoms, you may not need to treat him. We are just now agreeing that aggression may be linked to Lyme disease. If you have any doubt, have the quantitative test done and go from there.



Old Dog Not Moving Like She Has In The Past?

For those of you with older dogs, there is a new medication (actually, it has been out for almost a year). We don't often try "new" products, but we have tried this one. Metacam is a liquid NSAID (Non-Steroidal Anti-Inflammatory Drug) for dogs, much like Motrin, Aleve, Vioxx, and Celebrex for us humans. It has fewer side effects than even Deramaxx, which is 100 times safer than Rimadyl. Deramaxx has some sulfur in it, so for those dogs with that sensitivity, you may want to try Metacam. Since it is a liquid (needs to be shaken before given), you can regulate the dose. If your dog will be more active today, he gets the full amount. If he will be less active, he may receive less.



Last newsletter, I mentioned calcium for older dogs. Coral Calcium has worked wonders for Jeanne Richter's Old English Sheepdog, Molly. With the help of Coral Calcium, 12-year-old Molly (very old for an OESD) gets up and down with much more ease. Now she even wants to play with a toy and her humans – something she has not indulged in for over a year. I will admit that it has not helped as well with my two older dogs, but it is worth mentioning as it may help your dog. I understand that the liquid form works even better.

Look for it in health food stores. Although many companies make this product, look for one that also contains Vitamins A, D, and E – antioxidants plus the Coral Calcium.



TRUE TAILS

Golden News from the Closson Home



Our own agility instructors, Clyde and Mardi Closson, have enjoyed a couple of exciting months.

Their Daphne had a litter of pups some weeks ago: five girls and four boys. All but one go to their new homes in a couple of weeks – wonderful performance homes (agility or obedience). The other pup will accompany Clyde and Mardi to Camp in June.

Clyde and Rosie appeared on NBC's Today Show on a January Saturday for an agility demonstration. The other Golden appearing in the demo was a daughter from her first litter. Hope some of you saw them. Clyde thought it would be a hoot.

CREATIVE TAILS

The Dog Days of Winter

By Mozart
CGTTD Camper

Dogs love snow. Although deep snow challenges every dog at potty break time, it allows us to enjoy things the barren ground does not offer. On the other hand, rabbits and squirrels, and even cats, aren't too crazy about the snow-covered scenery. They find it difficult both to hide and to maneuver. Without their camouflage, these fuzzy creatures cannot escape my gaze. I look forward to hounding them into the trees, then ceremoniously shoving my muzzle deep within the white powder, snowplowing paths to nowhere. I can't wait to roll around and scratch my back in the snow, creating doggie snow angels. I got to do all of this plus more during the winters of 1998 and 1999.

In 1998, "Old Man Winter" deposited flake after flake of the glistening white stuff, burying the Susquehanna Valley under a carpet of snow. Most dogs in the valley howled at the prospect of this winter. I drooled just thinking about the possibilities. The snow also aroused the area's skiers, including my best friend, Val.

Val started cross-country skiing that year. She skied often — at a nearby park, in her parents' backyard, on the unplowed streets. It didn't matter to the intrepid skier where she skied; her passion for her newly adopted sport grew each time she slipped into her gear.

Sometimes she'd invite me along to help blast through the ungroomed

trails. Repetitive tracks of four paw prints circling a pair of skis certainly puzzled other skiers.



To make our skiing more exciting, Val brought my Frisbee, which she would toss every 50 yards or so as she skied on a straightaway. Despite the awkwardness of throwing the Frisbee while standing on skis, she tossed it and tossed it until my tongue dangled in the snow — the signal to end each adventure.

Once back home, I could hardly wait to go out again. I'd bark and pace near the doorway just waiting for her to pull the skis from the rack. As the winter froze on, she refined her ski-disc throwing, and I learned to prance alongside patiently waiting for the next fling of the disc. But too soon, winter blew its last breath.

During the warmer weather, I watched Val gather books and magazines, reading them with great interest. She read about skijoring—a canine skiing hybrid that crosses dog sledding with cross-country skiing. Reading aloud, she told me skijoring requires one pair of cross-country skis, one pair of poles, three pair of boots, two harnesses, one

skijoring line (part plastic rope, part bungee cord), one human, one dog, and a few inches of snow. She said we had to try it. After finding a source for the human harness and the skier, she gathered together our equipment. Anxious to try out the gear, the pioneering skier decided to try it without skis.

Late one hot night — late so our neighbors would not see — Val strapped me in my “car-riding” harness. Jumping up and down, saliva flying, my elation boiled over as I looked forward to riding in the car. But instead of going for a ride, we sneaked into the backyard. Bewildered, my enthusiasm waned. Silently, I watched her slip into a “harness,” a bright red and yellow skier’s belt that resembled a climbing rig. She then hooked one end of the skier’s line to her harness and the other to mine. My energy resurfaced. Bouncing up and down, I knew she had engineered something special. When I stopped jumping, she released her grip on me, and off I bolted.



She cried out as the bungee cord expanded to its maximum, whiplash jolting her body. My head hit the ground as my hindquarters flew over my ears. Dazed, I slowly returned to my feet and, with my tail between my legs, trotted back to my weary owner.

Perplexed, not angry, she petted my head and checked to see if I had injured myself. With words of “good boy,” we tried again. This time she grabbed the line and pulled me to

the left and to the right. I reacted timidly, fearful of the line’s power. She thought by ambling in a large circle I would collar the concept quicker. Herding dogs instinctively prefer circular motions — all part of our heredity as sheepherders. It worked. Thrilled by the looping motion, I wagged my tail high above my back. Later she grabbed her ski poles and used them as arm extenders to guide me into a more conventional pattern. Even though this rectangular pattern felt unnatural to me, repeated laps drilled the motion into my brain. By the end of our clandestine evening, I trotted in front of her. Throughout the remainder of the summer, she provided numerous late evening runs to polish my skills. While I looked forward to summer skiing, she longed for the onset of winter to test our gear properly.



Finally the first snow of the season fell. Fearful of being humiliated, my brave leader scheduled our maiden flight for the backyard. She hooked up my harness and put on my boots. Then she belted up and slipped into her skis. Hooking the skier’s line first to her belt, then to mine, she launched us with the speed of a turtle. With each push of the skis, we gained speed. We had just begun to glide over the snow when my buddies from a neighboring house came barreling to the fence. I ran to greet them, totally forgetting about the lifeline connected to my human.

Halted in my tracks, I could hardly believe I had repeated the summer's fiasco. I looked over my shoulder and saw a pretzeled sculpture, my pal lying on her back with one ski parallel to the ground and the other pointing skyward. Petrified I may have injured my favorite biped, I dashed back to check on her. She appeared unharmed but had yet to move, as if she were analyzing her next maneuver in a game of pick up sticks. Slowly she relocated one limb at a time until she had untwisted herself. I tried to make her lose sight of the event that placed her in this position by licking her face over and over. Chuckling, she grabbed a strap on my harness and hoisted herself back onto her feet—surprised, yet pleased, to be unhurt. Undaunted, she tried again. This time I followed her every cue, paying attention to the tightness of the line.

I never dashed off like that again, but my instinctive herding ability created other problems. I preferred circling to running in a straight line, but by doing so, I orbited her with the line—tying her up and knocking her down every few yards.



I lost the discipline I acquired during our summer training. To make matters worse, adding the skis and snow to our routine accelerated our speed. The sheer thrill of running in the snow, connected to my best friend, sent shivers throughout my body. I bounded chaotically, paying no attention to

my surroundings. This prevented us from reaching full glide—the full glide she loved when she skied alone. If I wished to continue skiing with her, *which I did*, I needed to temper my natural instincts. Switching to a semi-circular motion, I swept from side to side in front of her like a wiper clearing a windshield. Not only did it feel natural, but it also seemed to work, which graduated us from the backyard to the park.

The local people never saw skijorers before, so we became well known in the area. As the most fashionable pooch on the trails in my bright red harness and my green and black boots, skiers and sledders pointed and waved. On really cold days, Val added a black and red striped scarf to my ensemble. Yet the contrast of my long, black hair against the white snow topped my appearance. The locals loved to watch me. Thrusting left to right, and back again, I pulled Val through the blanket of white. As she dug her ski poles into the snow, she barked out commands. “Come by.” I charged to the right, yielding to the adult pines barricading our path. “Away.” I swung back to the left, her skis kicking up snow as we propelled ourselves back to the straightaway. I galloped over the trail. The hissing of the skis proclaimed we had achieved super glide.



She rarely skis without me anymore. After all, I *am* king canine of skijoring, ready to sprint over straight-aways and slide around trees. Zigging and zagging, my boots dig deeply into the snow to pull those fiberglass sticks faster. The smell of the glide wax slowly becoming one with the snow, the air swirling in front and then whistling past my ears, and the swish, swish of the skis flood my senses. She sports a toothy smile while we roller coaster over, around, and through the snow. We skijor until my tongue dangles onto the wet carpet of white. During our breaks, I sit leaning against her, certain to fall if she moves. She stretches her arm over my back and scratches my chest with her hand. With her other hand, she strokes my head while we sit and bask in the wintry setting.



An afternoon of skijoring both rewards and exhausts us. Whether skiing or resting between runs, the two of us hanging out together on the trail eclipses everything else we do. Once home, I collapse my sixty pounds of fur and muscle onto her lap while she strokes my long, black hair. No longer simply dog and owner—skijoring has bonded us into a team. Although summer skiing has its merits, I anxiously await the change of seasons. When I see Val waxing the skis, I know the dog days of winter have arrived.



“DIVINE” TAILS

The Dog Rules



1. Dogs are never permitted in the house. The dog stays outside in a specially built wooden

compartment named, for very good reason, the doghouse.

2. Okay, the dog can enter the house but only for short visits or if his own house is under renovation.



3. Okay, the dog can stay in the house on a permanent basis provided his doghouse can be sold in a yard sale to a rookie dog owner.

4. Inside the house, the dog is not allowed to run free and is confined to a comfortable but secure metal cage.

5. Okay, the cage becomes part of a two-for-one deal along with the doghouse in the yard sale. And the dog can go wherever he pleases.

6. The dog is never allowed on the furniture.

7. Okay, the dog can get on the old furniture but not the new furniture.



8. Okay, the dog can get up on the new furniture until it looks like the old furniture, and then we'll sell the whole works and buy new furniture...upon which

the dog will most definitely not be allowed.

9. The dog never sleeps on the bed. Period.

10. Okay, the dog can sleep at the foot of the bed.

11. Okay, the dog can sleep alongside you, but he's not allowed under the covers.

12. Okay, the dog can sleep under the covers but not with his head on the pillow.

13. Okay, the dog can sleep alongside you under the covers with his head on the pillow, but if he snores, he's got to leave the room.



14. Okay, the dog can sleep and snore and have nightmares in bed, but he's not to come in and sleep on the couch in the TV room where I'm now sleeping. That's just not fair.

15. The dog never gets listed on the census questionnaire as "primary resident," even if it's true.



Toni Tassey, Contributor
CGTTD Camper

TALL TAILS

What Do You Get When You Cross...

A Kerry Blue Terrier and a Skye Terrier? Blue Skye, a dog for visionaries



Hound, a dog for financial advisors

A Terrier and a Bulldog? A Terribull, a dog that makes awful mistakes



A Spitz and a Chow Chow? Spitz-Chow, a dog that throws up a lot

A Great Pyrenees and a Dachshund? Pyradachs, a puzzling breed

A Bloodhound and a Labrador? Blabador, a dog that barks incessantly

A Pekingese and a Lhasa Apso? Peekasso, an abstract dog



An Irish Water Spaniel and an English Springer Spaniel? Irish Springer, a dog fresh and clean as a whistle

A Malamute and a Pointer? Moot Point, owned by.... oh, well, it doesn't matter anyway

A Labrador Retriever and a Curly Coated Retriever? Lab Coat Retriever, the choice of doctors and scientists

A Collie and a Malamute? Commute, a dog that travels to work

A Deerhound and a Terrier? Derriere, a dog that's true to the end

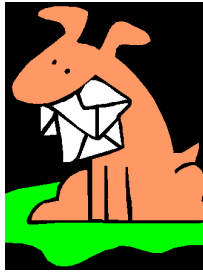
A Newfoundland and a Basset Hound? A Newfound Asset

A Bull Terrier and a Shih Tsu? Oh, never mind....

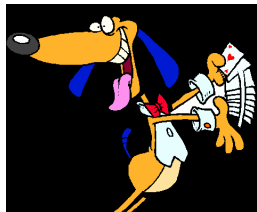
Cheryl Cloud, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



Dogs Register Complaints....



1. Pushing me away in the middle of a perfectly good leg humping.
2. Blaming your farts on me ... not funny.
3. Yelling at me for barking ... *I'm a dog!!*
4. Naively believing the stupid cat isn't all over everything while you're gone ... haven't you noticed your toothbrush tastes a little like cat butt?
5. Taking me for a walk and not letting me check stuff out ... exactly who's walk is this anyway?

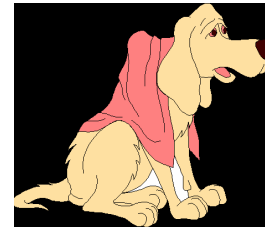


7. Yelling at me for rubbing my butt on your carpet ... why'd you buy carpet?

8. Getting upset when I sniff the crotches of your guests ... sorry, but I haven't quite mastered that handshake thing yet.

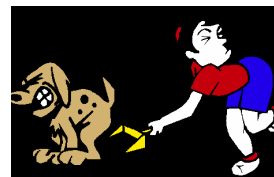
9. Acting disgusted when I lick myself ... look, we both know the truth, you're just jealous.

10. Dog sweaters ... have you noticed the fur? Sheesh!



11. Any haircut that involves bows or ribbons ... now you know why we chew your stuff up when you're not home!

12. Picking up the crap piles in the yard ... do you realize how far behind schedule that puts me?



13. Taking me to the vet for "the big snip"... then acting surprised when I freak out every time we go back.

14. The slight of hand, fake fetch throw ... you fooled a dog! What a proud moment for the top of the food chain.



TASTY TREATS



Dog Ice Cream

Recipe from Frank Weiss
CGTTD Camper

Big can of 100% pumpkin

Big container of yogurt

(organic preferred; flavored is fine)

Liberal amount of blackstrap molasses

(contains lots of iron and ensures hounds will love it)

Fresh mint (in the summer)

Mix together, place the mixture in used Frosty Paw containers or similarly lidded containers, and freeze.



Note from Frank: I think this recipe for dog ice cream has been around the world a few times. My now departed greyhound Catcher loved it as do my greyhounds Big Boy Foster and Climber.

UNTIL TAILS UP

(As of January 31, 2005)

CAMP

TIME TO WAIT

Summer

June 5-11, 2005

4 Months

Fall

September 4-10, 2005

9 Months

September 11-17, 2005



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