



CAMP GONE TO THE DOGS

NEWSWIRE

Volume 3, Issue 2



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The Editor Barks Out



Four-Legged Victims of Hurricanes Katrina and Rita Need Your Help

We've seen the heart-wrenching videos of dogs and cats stranded on porches and roofs. For many of us, it's extremely difficult, nay impossible, to watch animals in distress. Fortunately, local and national animal organizations such as the ASPCA and HSUS arrived on the scene as soon as Hurricane Katrina allowed. I watched these brave volunteers (shown on the Animal Planet) wade through chest-high water to check each and every house to make certain they rescued every living animal. These heroes did this despite the danger of snakes – something which they tried to block from their minds. They entered each neighborhood whistling and making noise attempting to solicit barking from survivors. I watched as they pulled frightened dogs from their flooded homes and calmed them every way they could. These volunteers, unlike the people rescuers, also rescued humans who had refused to abandon their beloved pets. These volunteers left no one behind.

A Louisiana man, who with his two dogs and a cat, waded and swam to a house on higher ground. When rescuers came, they forced him to leave his pets behind. As soon as he was able, he contacted a local TV station that had been shooting video from a boat. They took the man to the house where he hoped his animals still were (CNN aired the clip). As they motored closer, he saw his female and started yelling, "There's the mother; there's the mother!" The chow-looking dog started to go crazy. Then another dog appeared, and the man began yelling, "That's her son; that's her son!" The dogs jumped up and down. The owner and TV crew had to keep telling the dogs to stay because the pups wanted to dive into the water and swim to the boat. Finally the boat closed in and they helped the dogs into it. Just as they got the dogs settled, they heard a meow, and the cat appeared on the porch. The man was beside himself. It was the most incredible reunion story I ever watched.

These people and their animal organizations need our support. The animals need care until they're either reunited with family or adopted into new homes. Please contact one of the local or national animal

organizations and donate whatever you can.

— Valerie Steinman
Newswire Editor
CGTTD Camper



HONEY'S CORNER

Honey Loring, CGTTD Pack Leader



CHANGE IN PROTOCOL

From Marge Stiller, CGTTD Camper: All of the 27 veterinary universities in the US have followed the immunization protocol as suggested by Dr. Dodd for years. All of these hospitals will be changing their vaccination programs apparently. This is welcome news, and you should print this out and take it with you to your Vet should you need reinforcement against over-vaccination.

VACCINATION NEWSFLASH [CIMDA SUPPORT]

RE: J DODDS VACCINE PROTOCOL

I would like to make you aware that all 27 veterinary schools in North America are in the process of changing their protocols for

vaccinating dogs and cats. Some of this information will present an ethical and economic challenge to Vets, and there will be skeptics. Some organizations have come up with a political compromise suggesting vaccinations every three years to appease those who fear loss of income versus those concerned about potential side effects. Politics, traditions, or the doctor's economic well-being should not be a factor in a medical decision.

NEW PRINCIPLES OF IMMUNOLOGY

Dogs' and cats' immune systems mature fully at six months. If a modified live virus vaccine is given after six months of age, it

produces immunity, which is good for the life of the pet (e.g., canine distemper, parvo, feline distemper). If another MLV vaccine is given a year later, the antibodies from the first vaccine neutralize the antigens of the second vaccine so there is little or no effect. The titer is not "boosted" and no more memory cells are induced. Not only are annual boosters for parvo and distemper unnecessary, they subject the pet to potential risks of allergic reactions and immune-mediated hemolytic anemia. There is no scientific documentation to back up label claims for annual administration of MLV vaccines. Puppies receive antibodies through their mother's milk. This natural protection can last eight to 14 weeks.

Puppies and kittens should NOT be vaccinated at LESS than eight weeks. Maternal immunity will neutralize the vaccine and little protection (0-38%) will be produced. Vaccination at six weeks will, however, DELAY the timing of the first highly effective vaccine.

Vaccinations given two weeks apart SUPPRESS rather than stimulate the immune system. A series of vaccinations is given starting at eight weeks and given three to four weeks apart up to 16 weeks of age. Another vaccination given sometime after six months of age (usually at one year, four months) will provide LIFETIME IMMUNITY.



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 Have Deer and Deer Tick Problems?

If you can keep the deer at bay, just maybe you can lessen the likelihood of deer ticks living close by and hitchhiking on your dog. I saw the following article written by Joyce Miller, Appalachian Audubon Member, and thought it may benefit some of you woodland dog lovers.

Your Editor (Mary will return next issue)

The best deer repellent we've found is Irish Spring Soap. We put bars in knee-high stockings and hang the stockings at deer nose height from branches at the drip line of trees and shrubs. We sometimes just stick a sturdy pointed branch through a bar of soap to hold it in place. If the tree or plant is small, we use shavings of the soap in the stocking. This is also the cheapest method we've tried after spending a lot of money on repellents that did not do the job or washed away when it rained. I

sometimes punch holes in the cardboard soap containers and tie them with pipe cleaners to my tiniest shrubs. I put bars in the notches at the trunk and branches. The soap coats the trunk, and we've never had insect problems in our three acres of pesticide-free yard. Get the soap and knee-highs at a discount department store for further savings and big lots.

We'd had many shrubs and trees killed off by buck-rub or deer munching but have not lost ONE plant since using the soap over the past four years. In the winter, you can see the deer prints in the snow going toward the plants, stopping about three to four feet away and leaving. The deer don't raid my bird feeders anymore and won't even come into the yard. We have at least 200 trees and shrubs in the yard. It has been efficient and

affordable. The bars will last the entire winter when hung in the knee-highs. Now our winter

berries are enjoyed by the birds not ransacked by herds of deer.



TRUE TAILS



Heroic Dog Rescued From New Orleans

Sep 9, 2005 7:01 am US/Pacific

NEW ORLEANS (CBS) A black Labrador Retriever, who pulled a man from floodwaters in New Orleans, is safe after being rescued by KCAL 9's David Jackson.

Kevin Williams, unable to swim, found himself stuck over his head in rising floodwaters on Tuesday outside his home near the French Quarter. Then a black Labrador Retriever came to Williams' rescue, pulling him to shallower water.

Williams, in tears, reluctantly had to leave the dog, now named "Katrina," behind while fleeing the city. Katrina would not be

allowed to make the helicopter trip.

The following day, KCAL 9's David Jackson went to the area where Katrina rescued Williams' and found her standing watch on a front porch.

Jackson and crew brought her out of harm's way.

"We ran across the nicest dog in the whole world, what are the odds of that," Jackson said. "The whole thing is a miracle."

Katrina's owners are trying to be located.

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Sandy Modell, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



Dog Dancing

My beagle and I try America's weirdest pet hobby.

By Emily A. Yoffe



My beagle Sasha and I were going to try the sport of “canine freestyle” (You could call it “dog dancing” but just not in front of anyone who does it.). The materials from the Canine Freestyle Federation suggested that when our performance came together, Sasha and I would flow to the music in a pairing of such joy that we would experience the kind of transcendent unity that used to be described in the final chapter of marriage manuals.

Things looked unpromising from the start. The thorough instructor, Mary Sullivan, called me the night before the first class to assess Sasha’s level of preparedness. I suggested it might be best if Sasha just audited, since it’s not clear she knows what her name is. I was also worried about us as a dancing team. You could say I have two left feet, but Sasha actually does. Mary assured me there would be dogs and owners at all levels of ability, and she was excited by the challenge of a

beagle doing canine freestyle, since beagles are a notoriously difficult breed. She asked if Sasha had had any training.

“She can sit,” I replied.

“Does she focus on your face?” asked Mary.

“No,” I said, although I wanted to add that she would if I had a frankfurter sticking out of my nose. But Mary seemed confident, and she told me to bring a bag of treats to class.

I discovered the world of canine freestyle one night while watching an episode of the cartoon, *King of the Hill*, in which Hank Hill and his beloved bloodhound, Ladybird, entered the vicious world of competitive dog dancing. I was admiring the show’s brilliance at inventing the dog-dancing concept when it suddenly dawned on me they were not making this up. I went to my computer and searched for “dog dancing” and discovered there are international competitions and even warring leagues.



Not only that, one of the earliest, and still continuing, venues for freestyle instruction was the Capital Dog Training Club in Silver Spring, MD, about 20 minutes from my home.

Freestyle, which began in the early 1990's, has not caught on with dog owners like agility and flyball. Watching a video of freestyle highlights, I understood why. I had imagined I could just pick up Sasha's front paws, and we would box-step to victory. In freestyle, the dogs aren't doing four-legged versions of human dances but a complicated choreography of twists and side steps and pirouettes—think of it as Balanchine for bichons. I was strangely moved by the menacing sexuality of a Doberman dancing to “Goldfinger.”

The Canine Freestyle Federation, which was founded in 1995, has an almost ascetic aesthetic. The emphasis is on showing the dog's skill with a variety of required and optional moves. The handler, who is dressed conservatively, is not supposed to dance along to the music or even touch the dog during competition (thus ending my fantasies of dancing cheek to snout with Sasha).

This is in contrast to the World Canine Freestyle Organization, which has a more Las Vegas approach to the sport and even uses the term “dog dancing.” Under WCFO rules, both canine and human can be covered in

sequins and engage in flamboyant displays of jumping and rolling. The Canine Freestyle Federation regards the WCFO much as the National Collegiate Wrestling Association views the World Wrestling Entertainment.



About eight of us—seven women—and our dogs had signed up for Mary Sullivan's beginner class, but within minutes it was clear that only Sasha and I were true novices. I was immediately intimidated by the showmanship of Edgar Allan Poo, an eight-year-old miniature poodle, and Joell Silverman, his 75-year-old owner. I watched, while Sasha whined and pulled at her leash, as Edgar and Joell, to a polka tune, worked on a routine full of twirls and passes and changes of direction. Edgar concentrated on Joell's face with the same intensity that North Koreans are supposed to have when they gaze upon their Dear Leader.

When I talked to Joell, I found out I wasn't the only reporter to have been taken with Edgar's charms. The poodle had already been profiled on the front page of

the *Wall Street Journal* for his prowess in his previous sport, flyball.

Then another woman got up with her black-and-white whippet to run through a program that showed off the dog's lithe and elegant form. I was more mesmerized by what went on when owner and dog weren't performing. The whippet sat in her owner's lap as the owner dispensed treats directly from her mouth into the dog's.

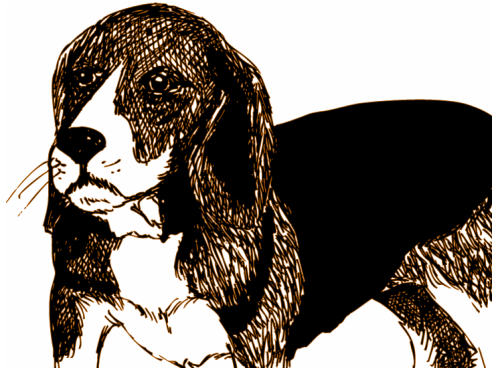
Mary wanted an idea of what Sasha and I could do, so she called us up in front of class. I felt like a mother who had bullied her child into a gifted and talented program, only to have to confront the truth that what her kid really needed was special ed. I suggested we just continue watching, but Mary and the other humans insisted we get up. I hadn't exactly lied when I said Sasha knew "sit"; it's just that she doesn't sit in response to my saying it.

Mary asked me just to walk along with Sasha beside me. At first Sasha resisted; then she decided to pull me. Mary had me reposition Sasha on my side and get her to obey by feeding her a stream of treats.



Sasha responded erratically, and Mary asked to see my treats—a bag of her regular dry food. Mary explained that for training purposes I needed something better. Sasha wasn't going to participate in a canine version of *A Chorus Line* by being bribed with kibble. Mary suggested I bake a pan of "tuna fish brownies." Then Mary stood in front of Sasha, held a chunk of hot dog near her face, and started peeling off bits of it, giving her the command "watch" as she moved backward. Sasha followed brilliantly—obviously I was on to something with the idea of a frankfurter up the nose. Mary was impressed with Sasha's level of food motivation and said that would really help with training.

"Soon you can put food in your mouth and feed her from your mouth like the rest of us," Mary explained. "Then she'll maintain eye contact on your face."



I felt like I was in some dystopian fantasy. I came to do a little cha-cha with my pooch, and the next thing I know I'm regurgitating tuna fish brownies into her mouth. I vowed to resist—both out of prudery and self-preservation. I imagined as soon as Sasha realized my mouth was a source of fish brownies, she would go into a frenzy and chew my lips off.

For my homework, Mary told me to work on getting Sasha's attention: I should always have treats with me, and every time Sasha looked at my face, I should feed her one. I took to carrying a bag of cheese in my pocket—thankfully I'm alone most of the day—and tossing chunks to Sasha when she walked next to me or made eye contact.

Over a month, as the lessons progressed despite her improved attention, Sasha and I fell ever further behind. One problem was that we never made it through an entire two-and-a-half-hour class. After 45 minutes, Sasha would be glassy-eyed and near collapse—like the first competitor eliminated in a

dance marathon. There was also so much to learn. While we were in a corner of the studio practicing walking back and forth, the other dogs were doing amazing moves called serpentines, scallops, spirals, and thunders. I tried to draw diagrams, but they involved the owner and the dog moving around each other in some pattern I found impossible to follow. Mary taught everyone a “tugger”—a type of pivot named after the dog that first did it. I thought having a move named after your dog would be a great honor. What would a “sasha” be? Perhaps eating the judges' shoes.

Once you got the moves down, there was the whole matter of choreographing them into a seamless routine and selecting music. We were strongly discouraged from choosing marches or waltzes. Marches had such strong beats that the human was helpless to resist marching along—distracting from the dog. As for waltzes, Mary explained, “When you have four feet, it's hard to move to a melody with three beats.”

During one class, we were supposed to work on staying within the cones that delineated the competition floor. A substitute instructor had us each get up, stand in the upper left corner, cross to the middle of the floor on the diagonal, and cross back to the lower left corner. To Herb Alpert and the Tijuana

Brass, everyone did their triangular moves. Then it was my turn. I explained that Sasha and I didn't really participate, but the class erupted with encouragement. I had to do it; everyone insisted—what was I there for? As Sasha and I got to the corner, I felt as if I was in that recurring dream where you show up for your final exam and realize you've neglected ever to attend class.



Herb's trumpet sounded, and I tried to get Sasha to follow my cheese cubes and get to the middle of the room. A stream of advice poured forth: "Loosen the

leash," "No!" "Turn the other way!" "Use your voice!" "Loosen the leash!" I realized my classmates were right—what *was* I there for?

Sasha is an adorable, sweet pet who is wonderful with children. All she wants out of life is to eat until she explodes, to sniff repulsive things, and to poop on newly cleaned rugs. She is no Edgar Allan Poo because I am no Joell. Sure, I could make fun of Sasha for her inability to simply walk in two diagonal lines, but whose fault was that? It turned out dog dancing had brought us closer as I realized how well-matched we were. I was as lazy and uninterested in turning her into a champion as she was in becoming one.

Emily Yoffe is the author of [What the Dog Did: Tales From a Formerly Reluctant Dog Owner](#). You can reach her at emilyyoffe@hotmail.com or www.whatthedogdid.com.

Beth Karp, Contributor
CGTTD Camper

CREATIVE TAILS

When I Am Old...

Author Unknown



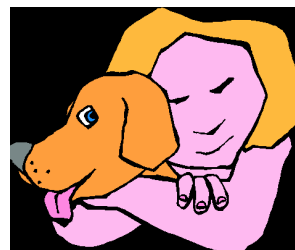
I shall wear Turquoise and soft gray sweatshirts and a bandana over my silver hair.... And I shall spend my Social Security Checks on Sweet Wine and My Dogs.... And sit in my house on my well-worn chair and listen to my dogs' breathing.

I will sneak out in the middle of a warm summer night and take my dogs for a run, if my old bones will allow.... And when people come to call, I will smile and nod as I show them my dogs.... And talk of them and about them.... The Ones so Beloved of the Past and the Ones so Beloved of Today....

I still will work hard cleaning after them and mopping and feeding them and whispering their names in a soft, loving way. I will wear the gleaming sweat on my throat, like a jewel, and I will be an embarrassment to all – and my family, who have not yet found the peace in being free to

have dogs as your Best Friends....

These friends who always wait, at any hour, for your footfall.... And eagerly jump to their feet out of a sound sleep to greet you as if you are a god, with warm eyes full of adoring love and hope that you will stay and stroke their big, strong necks.... And kiss their dear sweet heads.... And whisper to their very special company....



I look in the Mirror.... And see I am getting old.... This is the kind of woman I am.... And have always been. Loving dogs is easy.... They are part of me, accept me for who I am.... My dogs appreciate my presence in their lives.... When I am old, this

will be important to me.... You will understand when you are

old.... And if you have dogs to love, too.

Pamela Levy, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



“DIVINE” TAILS



COOKING WITH DOG HAIR (The Proper Way) By Mary E. Wolley

Do you remember how embarrassed you were the last time you had company for dinner when they dug several dog hairs from your best gourmet effort? This is because there is a right and a wrong way to cook with dog hair.

First, we must remember each dish calls for a different variety. If you are unfortunate enough to own only one variety, I'm sure you can come up with a friend who will be willing to lend you the proper variety of hair or you could even order a rare variety, as they are light and easy to mail. There are many dishes that are basic to most menus, and these can always be spiced up with the buff variety, which is especially useful when baking

biscuits, pastries, and yellow cakes. The black and tan hairs go well with fall dishes, Thanksgiving turkey, mince or pumpkin pies, or even yams. Black, of course, is for your roasts, steaks, ribs, and hearty dishes, including stews, which carry black hairs well.



Naturally chocolate color hairs will go well with most desserts unless you serve a very light Jell-O type dessert, in which case go back to the silver buff. If you are especially interested in foreign foods, most varieties can be used

in Mexican, Japanese, and Chinese cooking. In fact any nationality food will accept most dog hairs without hurting the flavor.



A good rule of thumb to remember which dog hairs go with which dish: use them as

you would a good wine – white wine and light hair with the delicate dishes; dark wine and dark hair with the more robust, heartier dishes. For a special touch to finish your meal with a flourish, add the long-forgotten finger bowls with a few hairs of assorted colors floating in them. Your guests will be astounded and so appreciative of your unexpected elegance!

Brenda Walker, Contributor
(Also Lynn Baker)
CGTTD Campers



TALL TAILS

He Ain't Heavy; He's My Rottie



A man takes his Rottweiler to the vet and says, “My dog’s cross-eyed; is there anything you can do for him?”

“Well,” says the vet. “Let’s have a look at him.”

So he picks the dog up and examines his eyes, then checks

his teeth. Finally he says, “I’m going to have to put him down.”

“What? Just because he’s cross-eyed?”

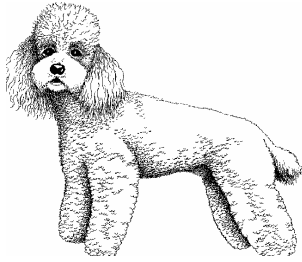
“No, because he’s really heavy.”

Pat Larkin, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



Cuddles

A wealthy old person decides to go on a photo safari in Africa, taking a faithful, aged poodle named Cuddles, along for company. One day the poodle starts chasing butterflies, and before long, Cuddles discovers that she's lost. Wandering about, she notices a leopard heading rapidly in her direction with the intention of having lunch.



The old poodle thinks, "Oh, oh! I'm in deep doo-doo now!" Noticing some bones on the ground close by, she immediately settles down to chew on the bones with her back to the approaching cat.

Just as the leopard is about to leap, the old poodle exclaims loudly, "Boy, that was one delicious leopard! I wonder if there are any more around here?"

Hearing this, the young leopard halts his attack in mid-strike, a look of terror comes over him, and he slinks away into the trees. "Whew!" says the leopard. "That was close! That old poodle nearly had me!"

Meanwhile, a monkey who had been watching the whole scene from a nearby tree figures he can put this knowledge to good use and trade it for protection from the leopard. So off he goes, but the old poodle sees him heading after the leopard with great speed and figures that something must be up. The monkey soon catches up with the leopard, spills the beans, and strikes a deal for himself with the leopard.

The young leopard is furious at being made a fool of and says, "Here monkey, hop on my back and see what's going to happen to that conniving canine!"

Now, the old poodle sees the leopard coming with the monkey on his back and thinks, "What am I going to do now?" Instead of running, the dog sits down with her back to her attackers, pretending she hasn't seen them yet, and just when they get close enough to hear, the old poodle says: "Where's that darn monkey? I sent him off an hour ago to bring me another leopard!"

Moral of this story: Don't mess with old farts.... Age and treachery will always overcome youth and skill! Bull and brilliance come only with age and experience!

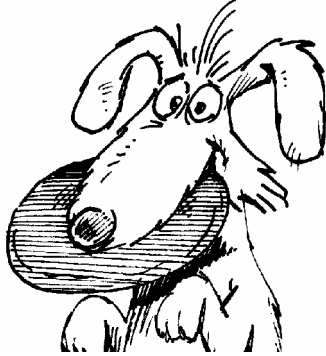
Your Editor, Contributor

BOW WOW



Pet Diaries: Dog and Cat

EXCERPTS FROM A DOG'S DIARY



- 8:00 a.m. Oh boy! Dog food! My favorite!
9:30 a.m. Oh boy! A car ride! My favorite!
9:40 a.m. Oh boy! A walk! My favorite!
10:30 a.m. Oh boy! Getting rubbed and petted! My favorite!
11:30 a.m. Oh boy! Dog food! My favorite!
Noon Oh boy! The kids! My favorite!
1:00 p.m. Oh boy! The yard! My favorite!
4:00 p.m. Oh boy! To the park! My favorite!
5:00 p.m. Oh boy! Dog food! My favorite!
5:30 p.m. Oh boy! Pretty flowers! My favorite!
6:00 p.m. Oh boy! Playing ball! My favorite!
6:30 p.m. Oh boy! Watching TV with my master! My favorite!
8:30 p.m. Oh boy! Sleeping in my master's bed! My favorite!

EXCERPTS FROM A CAT'S DIARY



Day 183 of my captivity:

My captors continue to taunt me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while I am forced to eat dry cereal. The only thing that keeps me going is the hope of escape and the mild satisfaction I get from ruining the occasional piece of furniture.

Tomorrow I may eat another house plant. Today my attempt to kill my captors by weaving around their feet while they were walking almost succeeded; must try this at the top of the stairs.

In an attempt to disgust and repulse these vile oppressors, I once again induced myself to vomit on their favorite chair; must try this on their bed.

Decapitated a mouse and brought them the headless body in an attempt to make them aware of what I am capable and to try to strike fear into their hearts. They only cooed and condescended about what a good

little cat I was. Hmmmm, not working according to plan.

There was some sort of gathering of their accomplices. I was placed in solitary confinement throughout the event. However, I could hear the noise and smell the food. More importantly, I overheard that my confinement was due to my power of "allergies." Must learn what this is and how to use it to my advantage.

I am convinced the other captives are flunkies and may be snitches. The dog is routinely released and seems more than happy to return. He is obviously a half-wit.

The bird, on the other hand, has got to be an informant. He speaks with them regularly. I am certain he reports my every move. Due to his current placement in the high metal room, his safety is assured. But I can wait; it is only a matter of time....

Your Editor, Contributor

UNTIL TAILS UP

(As of September 30, 2005)

CAMP

TIME TO WAIT

Summer

June 4-10, 2006

8 Months

Fall

September 3-9, 2006

11 Months

September 10-16, 2006



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