



CAMP GONE TO THE DOGS

NEWSWIRE
VOLUME 5, ISSUE 4



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The Editor Barks Out



Another New Year

With one month gone in 2008, we present for your reading pleasure the latest issue of the *Camp Gone to the Dogs Newswire*. The articles are quite diverse ranging from the sharp-tongued Trouble to dog etiquette.

Jeanne is working feverishly to prepare our beloved purple envelopes. In her *Ramblings*, she hints at things to come and also shares with us descriptions of some amusing crossbreeds. Mary *Tips* us off on some new medications. In *True Tails*, you'll see that seizures aren't always indicative of epilepsy. And thanks to Fall camper Mindy Denham for responding to my plea for creative camper works. You can read her clever poem in *Creative Tails*.

As a sequel to the last issue of the Newswire, in *Divine Tails* you can read how Trouble responds to her critics. Sounds like the affluent Maltese cannot escape the effects of having lived with her past owner. Cheers!

NURTURE THOSE WAGGING TAILS

— Valerie Steinman
Newswire Editor
CGTDD Camper

CAMPERS: please send us your dog-related stories, poetry, jokes, etc., so we can share them with all who read the *Camp Gone to the Dogs Newswire*. Forward your material via e-mail to campnewswire@hotmail.com. In the subject line of your e-mail, please type the word, **newswire**. If you are submitting another person's story, please tell us the author's name or where you got the story (e.g., internet/e-mail). We reserve the right to edit your stories for content, grammar, space, etc. You must be a current or past camper to contribute to the Newswire. Thank you for your cooperation.

RICHTER'S RAMBLINGS

JEANNE RICHTER
CGTTD DIRECTOR



Hi Campers!

I hope everyone is having a Happy and Fun Filled New Year with their dogs. It is extremely cold, so Zorro and Zeta are enjoying the family room couches much more than the backyard.

I am working away on the 2008 Camp Programs, searching for new merchandise for the Camp Store, and starting the June Camp Mailing. My plan is to have the PURPLE envelopes in

the mail the last week of February.

I want to thank everyone for the great cards I received over the holidays. The photos were terrific. If you have not emailed me an update of what you and your dogs are doing to be included in the February mailing, please send the info to campnewswire@hotmail.com.



Crossbreeds You Have Yet to See

The following is a list of dog mixes that make me laugh:

Collie + Lhasa Apso: Collapso, a dog that folds up for easy transport

Spitz + Chow Chow: Spitz-Chow, a dog that throws up a lot

Pointer + Setter: Poinsetter, a traditional Christmas pet
Great Pyrenees + Dachshund: Pyredachs, a puzzling breed

Pekingnese + Lhasa Apso: Peekasso, an abstract dog

Irish Water Spaniel + English Springer Spaniel: Irish Springer, a dog fresh and clean as a whistle

Labrador Retriever + Curly
Coated Retriever: Lab Coat
Retriever, the choice of research
scientists

Newfoundland + Basset Hound:
Newfound Asset Hound, a dog for
financial advisors

Terrier + Bulldog: Terribull, a
dog that makes awful mistakes

Bloodhound + Labrador
Retriever: Blabador, a dog that
barks incessantly

Malamute + Pointer: Moot Point,
owned by.... oh, well, it doesn't
matter anyway

Collie + Malamute: Commute, a
dog that travels to work

Deerhound + Terrier: Derriere, a
dog that's true to the end



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WARMEST REGARDS,  
JEANNE

~~~~~



Medicine for the Geriatric

There are several medications available for dogs who are geriatric and acting a little senile. Our old Norwich Terrier got her days and nights mixed up and paced all night. She would sometimes go to the bathroom in the house, be submissive, not want to be around us, etc.

We put her on Anipryl, and she improved quite a bit. So don't get mad at your older dog, there may be a medication to help him. Talk with your veterinarian to find out what medication would work best for the symptoms your dog has.



Capstar Kills Fleas

There is a new flea medication. It is an oral tablet called Capstar. It will kill fleas within 30 minutes, will reduce the amount

of scratching your dog will do, can be given daily, and is safe for pregnant or nursing animals.



Kirby, the High Energy Papillon

THE ACQUISITION. I am now the owner of a five-month-old Papillon. To make a long story short, I did an older person a favor and housetrained the pup, not knowing just how active this breed can be! After six weeks with me, Kirby went to his owner. After a week, she called me and

invited me over. He was too busy for her, and I got to keep him.

THE ADJUSTMENT. I am not in favor of high protein dog food unless your dog is really working many hours a day. Yet when I put Kirby on Evo Small Bites, he actually calmed down a little! I

have also switched all the dogs over to Evo and have made another interesting discovery. The Evo I am feeding is chicken based, so I cooked chicken and added some to each dog's bowl. Within a day, every dog had loose stools. When I added beef of any type (meatballs, hamburger, roast), they had normal stools. So you can have too much of a good thing!



THE AGENDA. A friend and I are working on a new tracking book that hopefully will be available at

June camp. And yes, Kirby will learn to track. I am also working on some new approaches to introducing a dog to tracking and will see how that works out with the dogs at camp.

THE ACTIVITY. Kirby is learning tricks. Not something I have ever spent much time teaching my dogs to do, but with Kirby, he embraces anything that will result in roast beef as the reward. This is something any age dog can learn, and it is a great way to interact with an older dog. Also, it will help relieve winter boredom for both you and your dog. Kirby is learning "sneak," "sit up," "pop a wheelie," "roll over," "shake," and quite a few more. So don't just sit there watching the TV, get up and teach that old dog a new trick!



GOOD LUCK AND KEEP IT FUN!

MARY T.



TRUE TAILS



Big Puppy, Low Blood Sugar

Bark, Jan/Feb 2007

I read your article on seizures (“Seizures: See the Vet Today”) in the September issue and wanted to briefly share out experience with our Corgi, Caleb. We brought Caleb home in early June, when he was 10 weeks old, and in late July, he began to have seizures. The vet thought Caleb was epileptic and wanted to put him on medication, but we were unsure about sedating a puppy, so we delayed.

After one of his seizures, we took him directly to the vet and she ran a blood test, which showed that his blood sugar was quite

low. Around this time, Caleb was growing very fast (he put on something like two pounds every couple of weeks) and we were only feeding him twice a day. The vet suggested that we try adding a meal, feeding him at night before bed to keep his blood sugar within a normal range. We did this and the seizures stopped.

He is now four and a half and has been seizure-free since ever since. Thanks for the interesting article. We love your magazine!
– Debbie Lovell

Honey Loring, Contributor
CGTTD Founder



CREATIVE TAILS



It isn't one of those Japanese kind, but oh well....

January thaw
Muddy paws
Run and play
Chase winter away
Day is done
Oh what fun
It's just a tease
Tomorrow it'll freeze!!!!

Mindy Denham, Contributor
CGTTD Camper



"DINNER" TAILS

A Word from the Millionaire Maltese

By Trouble, as told to Joel Stein
TIME, September 17, 2007

First of all, no, I am not happy about it. Leona Helmsley was my best friend, and I miss her every day. Second, I earned that \$12 million. We were partners. I was the only one who supported her during the hard times. I bit people she felt she could not bite

herself. I appeared in those commercials alongside her – softening what, to be frank, could otherwise have been a very harsh public image. Actually, I earned more than the \$12 mil, but my lawyers say I can't talk about that until our case is settled.

So everyone wants to know what I'm going to do with the cash now that I finally have control over it

instead of Leona. I'm not going to be like her – I won't be getting my face stretched out like I'm in

the movie *Brazil*, or scooping up gaudy chandeliers and collectible figurines at some decrepit store on the Upper East Side at 75% off because I actually believe it's "going out of business." But seriously, I loved the woman.



While \$12 million may not sound like much to you and your hedge-fund bonus, remember that in dog dollars that's \$84 million. People are calling me the Bill Gates of dogs, but that doesn't even begin to capture it. Yes, I'm the richest dog in the world, but the second richest dog in the world has zero dollars.



I'm going to be smart with my money, not going to let what happened to Lassie happen to me. Bitch was so leveraged in oil and real estate in the early '80s that she wound up in a tiny house in some backyard, drooling and eating her own poop. Sad.

Some people don't think I'll do much with the cash, because they're lumping me in with all those cats that inherited money. But you know cats. It's like, "I'll just go to an island for a little while and decompress," and seven years later they are sleeping all day and so fat they can't climb up onto a bed, much less start that foundation for catnip addicts like they promised. But I've got plans.

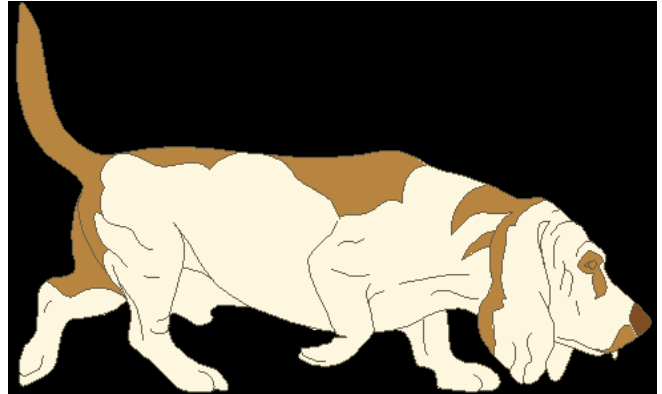


First thing is, you don't have to worry about whether Michael Vick will be playing this season. He'll be playing. For me. Without pads. In a small ring. In a league made of teams of pit bulls. You know who man's new best friend is, Michael? The back

of my damn paw. Also, I'm going to sit at the table and eat food and, when Vick comes by, not offer him any. I'll put out a little bit of water in a tiny, unappetizing flat bowl, and when he goes to drink out of a much

larger, more pleasant-looking vessel filled with perfectly clean water that happens to be in the bathroom, I'm going to act totally grossed out and shame him for no reason.

Second, I'm starting a very small production company so we can finally get some decent dog movies out there instead of this junk with Cuba Gooding Jr. If I see one more mutt that overcomes the odds to become a firehouse dog or a shepherding dog, I'm going to barf up my food and not eat it afterward. I've got some feelers out for some scripts with dog antiheroes, someone cool who loves his pups but has to kill people who harbor the pirated DVDs he sniffs out. Because it's what he's been trained to do. And because it's right.



I do have some questions for my money manager. How much would it cost to get a guy on a leash and walk him around until he pees? I just need a few months with him to find out some stuff. Like: What would he pee on? What would he chase as he ran around in circles? If he saw another guy on a leash, what metric would he use to decide whether to fight him or sniff his rear end? Can he really taste the difference between organic and non-organic dog food? Do squirrels have a filet mignon section? I need to endow some chair to study this stuff.

The trick to getting the most out of my cash is to make it work for

me. Once I set up some kind of foundation – something simple, like Dogs Are People Too, Only Better – I figure lots of sucker humans like Leona who've been burned by human relationships will pour cash in. I'll take out some ads, like "This Dog Will Be Put to Sleep This Weekend Unless You Send Me \$500," and in four months that \$12 mil is \$24 mil, and I've got my nose 12 deep in Pomeranian rump.

Of course, I'm not a young dog, and now that I'm a dog of means, I've got a responsibility to think about what will happen after I leave. So I'm working on my will, and no, none of it is going to my loser kids, wherever they may be

and however many of them there may be. I'm looking for someone who has a certain kind of attitude, a style of life, to carry out my plans. I'm leaving it all to Naomi Campbell.



BOW WOW

27 Things Dogs Must Try to Remember

from Pawperous Pets

The garbage collector is not stealing our stuff even though I haven't gotten the chance to rip the bag to shreds to see what was in it.



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

in the house when I am about to throw up or have an accident.

I will not roll my toys behind the fridge.

I will not throw up in the car.

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

I will not roll on dead seagulls, fish, crabs, etc.

I will not eat the cat's food, before or after they eat it.

I will not lick my human's face after eating animal dung.

I will stop trying to find the few remaining pieces of clean carpet

Kitty box "crunchies" are not food!

I will not eat any more socks and then redeposit them in the backyard or house depending on which end processes it first.

The diaper pail is not a cookie jar.

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

I will not chew my human's toothbrush and not tell him.

I will not chew crayons or pens, especially not the red ones, or my people will think I am hemorrhaging.



I will not take whatever I please and hide it under the bed so my people can have a scavenger hunt looking for it.

When in the car, I will not insist on having the window rolled down when it's raining outside.



My head does not belong in the refrigerator.

I will not beg for food at the supper table and especially not eat someone's food if they leave it for just a moment.

I will not stand around Mom when she is cooking or when she is carrying her coffee, so she won't trip over me.

We do not have a doorbell. I will not bark each time I hear one on TV.

The sofa is not a face towel. Neither are Mom's and Dad's laps.

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

screen so I may jump in and lounge.

I will not steal my Mom's underwear and dance all over the backyard with it.

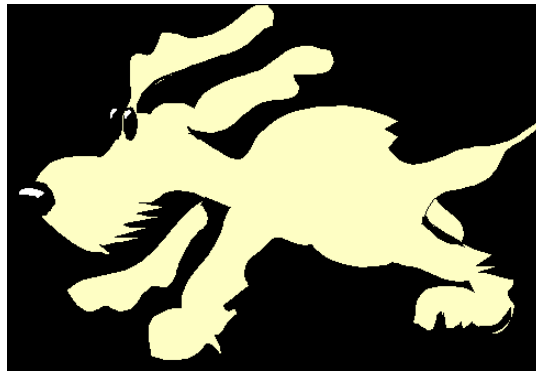
I will allow Mom and Dad some room and covers when we go to bed.

I will not tear up the patio furniture or put holes in the

I will not chase the cat and knock over breakable things in the process.



New Additions



We look forward to meeting these dogs at Camp.

<i>Owner</i>	<i>Dog</i>	<i>Breed</i>
Tammy Beckenthal	Mojito	Lab Mix Rescue
Diane Urfer	Dillan	Welsh Terrier
Toni Bailey	Prosper	Collie
Jack & Maggie Ostroff	Raven	Sheltie
Maribeth Hook	Oscar	Treeing Walker Coonhound

Because of its many colors, the bridge connecting Heaven and Earth has come to be known as the Rainbow Bridge.

Just this side of the Bridge, there is a land of meadows, hills and lush green valleys. When a Beloved pet dies, this wonderful place serves as their home. There is always an abundance of food and water and warm sunshine. Old and frail animals are young again, and those who have been maimed are made whole. They make new friends and play all day.

There is one thing missing from these carefree surroundings though, the

companionship of their loving masters. Time passes and soon another day comes when one of them is distracted by a familiar scent. With nose twitching, ears at attention and eyes staring in delight, this one runs from the group....

You have been seen.

As you embrace, your face is kissed again and again and again, and once more you look into the eyes of your loyal companion. You cross the Rainbow Bridge together, never again to be separated.



The following campers' dogs have crossed the Rainbow Bridge:

Mist, Sue Davis's beloved Italian Greyhound

Ruby, Kathy Norcia's beloved Bernese Mountain Dog

Seamus, Trisha Flanagan's beloved Labrador Retriever

Legend, Victoria Vidal-Ribas's beloved Labrador Retriever



UNTIL TAILS UP
(AS OF JANUARY 31, 2008)



CAMP

TIME TO WAIT

SUMMER

JUNE 1-7, 2008

4 MONTHS

FALL

AUG. 31-SEPT. 6, 2008
SEPTEMBER 7-13, 2008

7 MONTHS



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