



CAMP GONE TO THE DOGS

NEWSWIRE

Volume 7, Issue 2



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The Editor Barks Out



Fall Cometh

As most of the United States ushers in cooler weather, my dogs welcome the chance to run crazed without overheating, as I'm sure many of your dogs do. With the quality outdoor time, they expect more balls and Frisbees to be thrown and more races to be run. Wagging tails abound!

But fall also signifies the end of another Camp year. In their columns, Jeanne and Mary crow about this year's camps and campers plus give us information to digest. Because of the many requests, *Divine Tails* reruns a very popular article. *Creative*

Tails showcases "Reggie" and *Bow Wow*, "Brutus." Every now and then stories about dogs circulate via e-mail and on the internet. Usually these stories evoke some sort of emotional reaction and you wonder if they are true. In most cases, however, they are not. And that is the case with these two stories; but they're good stories just the same. If you're a softie like I, you'll need tissues for "Reggie."

Please enjoy reading this issue of the *Camp Gone to the Dogs Newswire*. And Happy Birthday to our Director, Jeanne!

♥ Love those wagging tails ♥

— Valerie Steinman
Newswire Editor
CGTID 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 am delighted with all the positive cards, e-mails and phone calls I have received about the two Fall Camps. It is amazing how quickly the two weeks flew by. Zeta, Zuni, and I had a terrific time, and it was great seeing old friends and meeting new ones. Zuni had the time of her life playing with Taffy's new puppy Izzie, and the two of them were inseparable.

The entire staff enjoyed themselves, and they have already come up with new ideas for 2010. There will be a "nose" class, line dancing, additional new games, lectures, and several surprises. I am working on updating the web site with the 2010 info and 2009 photos from all three Camps.



Have Pet, Can Travel

By Joyce Fohl

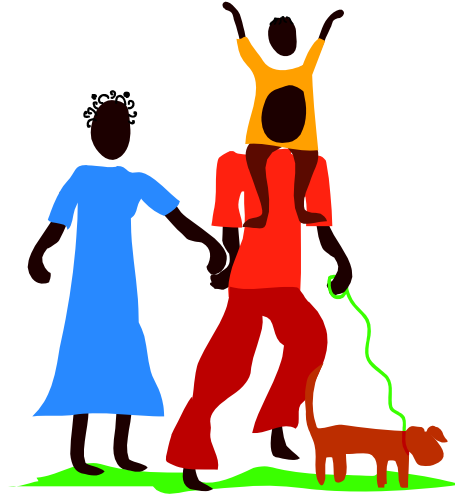
AAA World July/August 2009

I have always been an animal lover and can't imagine not having a dog around, as well as a cat here and there. Several of us here at AAA Central Penn have a pet, and many have them in multiples. Turns out, we're among those who own nearly 75

million dogs and more than 88 million cats in the United States, according to statistics from the American Pet Products Manufacturers Association and The HSUS. In fact, more than one-third of U.S. households have at least one pet, proving

what I have always believed: We are a nation of animal enthusiasts. So it is not surprising that when we plan to travel, we are deeply concerned about our furry companions. Many of us opt to take them with us, while others arrange in-home care or find alternative housing.

The best way to travel with your four-legged buddy is by car (neither Greyhound nor Amtrak allows pets); however, if you are relocating across the country, consider using one of the many companies whose primary business is transporting companion animals.



If Rover or Fluffy accompanies you on a trip, be sure to check out *Traveling With Your Pet: The AAA PetBook...* for a complete listing of pet-friendly hotels and motels and many more helpful tips. Here are some helpful hints to consider when traveling with or boarding your pets:

1. Before making travel arrangements, ensure that your animal's vaccinations, health certificates and identification tags are up-to-date and that you have a full supply of necessary medications your pet may need.

2. Compile a simple first-aid kit that includes minor wound care supplies, antidiarrhea and digestive remedies, and emergency phone numbers.

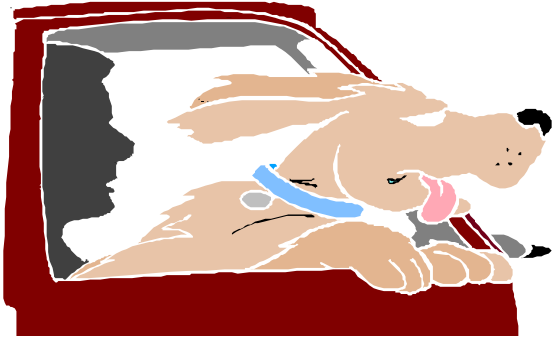
3. Take care of grooming before travel (bathing and trimming nails).

4. Try to ease your pet's anxiety with new surroundings. Be reassuring.

5. To help avoid motion sickness, feed your pet his largest meal in the evening or when you reach the destination. Try to acclimate your dog or cat to eating dry food a few days before departure to help minimize an upset stomach. Putting premeasured servings in plastic bags and taking along water from home can alleviate confusion on the road and possibly avoid a bad reaction to new water.

6. During the trip, monitor and evaluate your pet's appetite, energy and overall disposition.

7. If you are traveling by car, take your pet on a few short rides to acclimate him to the experience. Crates are the safest way to transport your pet. If your pet isn't used to being



crated, take him for short rides in the crate prior to your trip. If motion sickness is an issue, ask your vet for a prescription for pet motion-sickness medication prior to your trip.

8. You might want to take a special toy or two as well as your pet's bedding to make your companion feel at home.



9. If boarding your pet is unavoidable, research the best options available. You may also want to consider in-home care. When possible, leave your pet with a professional pet sitter. Make sure you leave your veterinarian's contact information, a number where you can be reached and/or the name and number of a local family member or friend who can be called in case of emergency.

Before you make travel plans, consider the individual needs of your pets. A little preplanning will create a better experience for all members of your family.

Thank you for my numerous birthday celebrations. I appreciate all of the cards, presents and well wishes. It was truly a memorable two weeks. Please stay in touch and have a fun fall playing with your dogs.

*Warmest regards,
Jeanne*



MARY'S TIPS

Mary Thompson
CGTD Instructor/Staff



Resting Your Supplements

Please be careful with supplements. Both dogs and humans should take a break from them periodically. If your dog stays on a supplement daily, over time it loses its effectiveness, and your dog will need a higher dose to maintain him. If you take him off all supplements for a day or two every month, it will give his body a chance to use up all of the goodness of the supplement. Then it will take much longer before he may need to go on a higher dose.

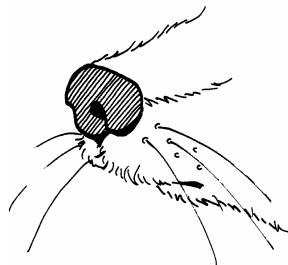
I quit taking all of my supplements that I had been

taking daily for years, and I felt much better than I had in a really long time. I have stayed off the supplements for three months to give my system a rest and am now starting back up slowly with the supplements again.

After doing much research on herbal supplements, I know that almost all herbalists recommend that if you or your animal takes something daily, you should skip one day a week. If taking it for a month, stop taking it for two days each month. After six months, stop taking it for a week.



On The Tracks of Eastern New Yorkers



I have a bunch of eager, new tracking people in the eastern New York area who are looking to meet up with others to continue tracking. If you have any suggestions regarding location, people, etc., please contact me at frshstrt@maine.rr.com.



I would like to thank all the campers for an AWESOME 3 weeks of camp! Thank you!

Mary T.

TRUE TAILS



Falcons and Dogs

By Katherine Tweed
May-June 2009 Autobon

Not all solutions are mechanical. New York's John F. Kennedy International has a resident falconer; his handful of predators keeps smaller birds at bay.

Southwest Florida International in Fort Myers is one airport that uses border collies to chase unwanted guests off the tarmac.



On Guard

By Katherine Tweed
May-June 2009 Autobon

When farmer Alan Marsh heard that foxes were decimating a fairy penguin colony on Australia's Middle Island, he knew what to do: call in the sheepdogs. For years Marsh has protected his chickens with Maremmas, an Italian breed that has historically defended flocks from wolves,

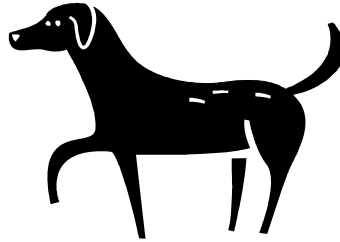
bears, and thieves. Now two of the shaggy dogs wander the penguins' territory for two hours a day while the birds are out foraging. Scientists believe the pooches' lingering scent deters foxes. As a result, the population, which dropped from 600 in 1999 to fewer than 10 in

2005, has rebounded to more than 100 birds. “From the very beginning this project has raised a few eyebrows,” says project manager Ian Fitzgibbon. “But it

has been a really great success.” Local shearwater numbers have also jumped with the foxes kept at bay.



CREATIVE TAILS



Reggie

Author Unknown

They told me the big black Lab’s name was Reggie as I looked at him lying in his pen. The shelter was clean, no-kill, and the people really friendly. I’d only been in the area for six months, but everywhere I went in the small college town, people were welcoming and open. Everyone waves when you pass them on the street. But something was still missing as I attempted to settle into my new life here, and I thought a dog couldn’t hurt. Give me someone to talk to.

I had just seen Reggie’s advertisement on the local news. The shelter said they had received numerous calls right after, but they said the people who had come down to see him just didn’t look like “Lab people,” whatever that meant. They must have thought I did.

At first I thought the shelter had misjudged me in giving me Reggie and his things, which consisted of a dog pad, bag of toys (almost all of which were brand new tennis balls), his dishes, and a sealed letter from his previous owner. Reggie and I didn’t really hit it off when we got home. We struggled for two weeks, which is how long the shelter told me to give him to adjust to his new home. Maybe it was the fact that I was trying to adjust too. Maybe we were too much alike.

For some reason, his stuff (except for the tennis balls – he wouldn’t go anywhere without two stuffed in his mouth) got tossed in with all of my other unpacked boxes. I guess I didn’t really think he’d need all his old stuff, that I’d get him new things once he settled in. But it became pretty clear

pretty soon that he wasn't going to.

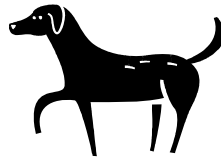
I tried the normal commands the shelter told me he knew: ones like "sit," "stay," "come," and "heel." Reggie would follow them when he felt like it. He never really seemed to listen when I called his name. Sure, he'd look in my direction after the fourth or fifth time I said it, but then he'd just go back doing whatever. When I'd ask again, you could almost see him sigh and then grudgingly obey. This just wasn't going to work. He chewed a couple of shoes and some unpacked boxes. I was a little too stern with him, and he resented it – I could tell.

The friction got so bad that I couldn't wait for the two weeks to be up, and when it was, I was in full-on search mode for my cell phone amid all of my unpacked stuff. I remember leaving it on the stack of boxes for the guest room. I mumbled, rather

cynically, that the "damn dog probably hid it on me."

Finally I found it, but before I could punch up the shelter's number, I also found his pad and other toys from the shelter. I tossed the pad in Reggie's direction, and he snuffed it and wagged, the most enthusiasm I'd seen since bringing him home. But then I called, "Hey, Reggie, you like that? Come here and I'll give you a treat." Instead he sort of glanced in my direction, maybe glared is more accurate, and then gave a discontented sign and flopped down, with his back to me.

Well that's not going to do it either, I thought. And I punched the shelter phone number.... But I hung up when I saw the sealed envelope. I had completely forgotten about that too. "Okay, Reggie," I said out loud, "let's see if your previous owner has any advice."



To Whomever Gets My Dog,

Well I can't say that I'm happy you're reading this, a letter I told the shelter could only be opened by Reggie's new owner. I'm not even happy writing it.

If you're reading this, it means I just got back from my last car ride with my Lab after dropping him off at the shelter. He knew something was different. I have packed up his pad and toys before and set them by the back door before a trip,

but this time...it's like he knew something was wrong. And something is wrong, which is why I have to try to make it right. So let me tell you about my Lab in the hopes that it will help you bond with him and he with you.

First, he loves tennis balls – the more the merrier. Sometimes I think he's part squirrel the way he hordes them. He usually has two in his mouth, and he tries to get a third in there. Hasn't done it yet. Doesn't matter when you throw them, he'll bound after. So be careful; don't do it by any roads. I made that mistake once and almost cost him dearly.

Next, commands. Maybe the shelter staff already told you, but I'll go over them again. Reggie knows the obvious ones: sit, stay, come, heel. He knows hand signals: "back" when you put your hand straight up and "over" if you put your hand out right or left. He knows "shake" for shaking water off and "paw" for a high five. He does "down" when he feels like lying down. I bet you could work on that with him some more. He knows "ball" and "food" and "bone" and "treat" like nobody's business. I trained Reggie with small food treats. Nothing beats little pieces of hot dog.

Feeding schedule. Twice a day. Once about seven in the morning and again at six in the evening. Regular store-bought stuff – the shelter has the brand.

He's up on his shots. Call the clinic on 9th Street and update his info with yours. They'll make sure to send you reminders for when he's due. Be forewarned: Reggie hates the vet. Good luck getting him into the car. I don't know how he knows when it's time to go to the vet, but he knows.

Finally, give him some time. I've never been married, so it's only been Reggie and me for his whole life. He's gone everywhere with me, so please include him on your daily car rides if you can. He sits well in the back seat, and he doesn't bark or complain. He just loves to be around people and me most especially. This means this transition is going to be hard with him going to live with someone new. And that's why I need to share one more bit of info with you.... His name's not Reggie.

I don't know what made me do it, but when I dropped him off at the shelter, I told them his name was Reggie. He's a smart dog; he'll get used to it and will respond to it, of that I have no doubt. But I just couldn't bear to give them his real name. For me to do that, it seemed so final, that handing him over to the shelter was as good as me admitting that I'd never see him again. And if I end up coming back, getting him, and tearing up this letter, it means everything's fine. But if someone else is reading it, well it means that his new owner should know his real name. It'll help you bond with him. Who knows, maybe you'll even notice a change in his demeanor if he's been giving you problems.

His real name is Tank – because that is what I drive. Again, if you're reading this and you're from the area, maybe my name has been on the news. I told the shelter that they couldn't make "Reggie" available for adoption until they received word from my company commander. See, my parents are gone, I have no siblings, no one I could've left Tank with...and it was my only real request of the

Army upon my deployment to Iraq, that they make one phone call to the shelter... in the "event"... to tell them that Tank could be put up for adoption. Luckily, my colonel is a dog guy too, and he knew where my platoon was headed. He said he'd do it personally. And if you're reading this, then he made good on his word.

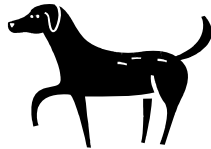
Well this letter is getting downright depressing, even though frankly, I'm just writing it for my dog. I couldn't imagine if I was writing it for a wife and kids and family. But still, Tank has been my family for the last six years, almost as long as the Army has been my family.

And now I hope and pray that you make him part of your family and that he will adjust and come to love you the same way he loved me. That unconditional love from a dog is what I took with me to Iraq as an inspiration to do something selfless, to protect innocent people from those who would do terrible things, and to keep those terrible people from coming over here. If I had to give up Tank in order to do it, I am glad to have done so. He was my example of service and of love. I hope I honored him by my service to my country and comrades.

All right, that's enough. I deploy this evening and have to drop this letter off at the shelter. I don't think I'll say another goodbye to Tank, though. I cried too much the first time. Maybe I'll peek in on him and see if he finally got that third tennis ball in his mouth.

Good luck with Tank. Give him a good home and give him an extra kiss good night – every night – from me.

*Thank you,
Paul Mallory*



I folded the letter and slipped it back in the envelope. Sure I had heard of Paul Mallory, everyone in town knew him, even new people like me. Local kid killed in Iraq a few months ago and posthumously earning the Silver Star when he gave his life to save three buddies. Flags had been at half-mast all summer.

I leaned forward in my chair and rested my elbows on my knees, staring at the dog. "Hey, Tank," I

said quietly. The dog's head whipped up, his ears cocked and his eyes bright. "C'mere boy...." He was instantly on his feet, his nails clicking on the hardwood floor. He sat in front of me, his head tilted, searching for the name he hadn't heard in months.

"Tank," I whispered. His tail swished. I kept whispering his name, over and over, and each time his ears lowered, his eyes softened, and his posture relaxed

as a wave of contentment just seemed to flood him. I stroked his ears, rubbed his shoulders, buried my face into his scruff and hugged him.

“It’s me now, Tank, just you and me. Your old pal gave you to me.” Tank reached up and licked my cheek. “So whatdaya say we

play some ball?” His ears perked again.

“Yeah? Ball? You like that? Ball?” Tank tore from my hands and disappeared into the next room.

And when he came back, he had three tennis balls in his mouth.

Contributor: Toni Bailey
CGTTD Camper

Editor’s note: According to www.snopes.com, this story is fictional.



DIVINE TAILS

Just a Dog

REPRINT (BY POPULAR DEMAND)
FROM VOLUME 4 ISSUE 2



From time to time, people tell me, “lighten up, it’s just a dog” or “that’s a lot of money for just a dog.” They don’t understand the distance traveled, the time spent, or the costs

involved for “just a dog.” Some of my proudest moments have come about with “just a dog.” Many hours have passed and my only company was “just a dog,” but I did

not once feel slighted. Some of my saddest moments have been brought about by “just a dog,” and in those days of darkness, the gentle touch of “just a dog” gave me comfort and reason to overcome the day.

If you too think “it’s just a dog,” then you will probably understand phrases like “just a friend,” “just a sunrise,” or “just a promise.” “Just a dog” brings into my life the very essence of friendship, trust, and pure unbridled joy. “Just a dog” brings out the compassion and patience that make me a better person. Because of “just a dog,” I will rise early, take long walks, and

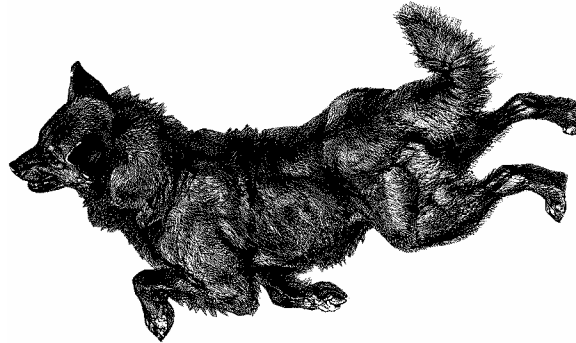
look longingly to the future. So for me and folks like me, it’s not “just a dog” but an embodiment of all the hopes and dreams of the future, the fond memories of the past, and the pure joy of the moment. “Just a dog” brings out what’s good in me and diverts my thoughts away from myself and the worries of the day.

I hope that someday they can understand that it’s not “just a dog” but the thing that gives me humanity and keeps me from being “just a man.” So the next time you hear the phrase “just a dog” just smile because they “just don’t understand.”

Published in *Versatile Hunting Dog Magazine*,
February 2006



BOW WOW



Brutus

Brutus is a military K9 at McChord. He's huge – part Boxer and part British Bull Mastiff – tops the scales at 200 pounds. Brutus won the Congressional Medal of Honor last year from his tour in Iraq.

His handler and four other soldiers were taken hostage by insurgents. Brutus and his handler communicate by sign language; he gave Brutus the signal that meant 'go away but come back and find me.' The Iraqis paid no attention to

Brutus. He came back later and [took care] of one guard at one door and another guard at another door. He then jumped against one of the doors repeatedly until it opened (the five soldiers were being held in an old warehouse). Brutus went

in and untied his handler, and they all escaped. He's the first K9 to receive this honor.

If he knows you're okay, he's a big old lug and wants to sit in your lap. Enjoys the company of cats.

Editor's note: According to www.snopes.com, this story is also fictional: "A representative of the Arizona Law Enforcement Canine Association wrote us to give us the real background on the...dog: 'The dog's name is not Brutus; in fact, his name is Spike and was never a military working dog. Spike is a retired police service dog. Spike is a Belgian Malinois imported from Europe and weighs less than 100 pounds. Furthermore, police and military working dogs are not trained to fatally attack a subject they are deployed upon. Dogs used for handler protection are trained to bite and hold the subject until the subject is taken into custody. There is also no training method used to teach a working dog to understand a hand signal to command the dog to leave the area, come back later and attack.'"



NEW ADDITIONS



We look forward to meeting these dogs.

Owner	Dog	Breed
Mary Sacalis	Chase	Sheltie
Taffy Morgan	Izzie	Golden Retriever

The Rainbow Bridge

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:

Benjamin, Mary Sacalis' beloved Sheltie

Carmen, Sue Sternberg's beloved Mixed Breed

Diesel, Taffy Morgan's beloved Golden Retriever

Capers, Lisa Borst's beloved Labrador Retriever

Conor, Patricia Larkin's beloved Collie

UNTIL TAILS UP

(As of September 30, 2009)



CAMP

TIME TO WAIT

Summer

June 6-12, 2010

8 Months

Fall

September 5-11, 2010

September 12-18, 2010

11 Months



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