



Dear friends,

Welcome to our November Newsletter from www.bestdoggietips.com. Our recipe this month is for chicken doughnut biscuits - a healthy homemade treat for your best friend. We've also got a very moving story for you written by Sally Hull – An Interview at the Dog Pound. There's an update on our report last month on Dog Breeding and an alarming report of a dangerous dog toy. Plus in our weird & wonderful section this month, meet the dog who was rescued a mile out to sea, and the one still looking for his owner in Japan.

Contents

Recipe – Chicken Doughnut Biscuits	Page 2
Interview at the Dog Pound	Page 3
Dog Breeding – An Update	Page 8
Men & Dogs & How to Woo Women	Page 9
It's Mine	Page 10
Dangerous Toys	Page 11
The Weird & The Wonderful	Page 13

We hope you enjoy the newsletter.

If there are no dogs in Heaven, then when I die I want to go where they went. – *Will Rogers*

Recipe - Chicken Doughnut Biscuits

Ingredients

2 cups wholemeal flour
3 tbsp rolled oats (oatmeal)
½ tsp chicken stock powder
2/3 cup hot water
1 egg lightly beaten

To Make

Preheat oven to hot (200°C or 390°F for a gas oven, 230°C or 450°F for an electric oven).

Mix the chicken stock powder and water to make a weak chicken stock.

Place the flour in a bowl and add egg and stock. Mix well and then add the rolled oats. Stir through.

Roll dough into a ball and place on a lightly floured surface. Roll out to ½" thick. Cut out the doughnuts with small doughnut cutters. Reroll scraps and repeat. Shape last bits by hand. *(Note: if you don't have a doughnut cutter, use a small glass to cut the outer edge, and an apple corer to remove the inner ring).*

Arrange rings on a baking tray covered with baking paper or a baking sheet. Cook for 10 minutes or until firm. Let cool until hardened. Store in an airtight container when doggie's not looking.

[Back to Contents List](#)

Interview at the Dog Pound

written by Sally Hull
www.hullshaven.org

As a journalist, I decided to go to the dog pound, and interview some of the “inmates”. I wanted to know what it was like in there from their perspective. What follows is not for the faint of heart.

I entered the building, and one of the workers accompanied me to the holding area. This is where dogs are kept before they are allowed up for adoption...IF they are allowed up for adoption. If the dogs are found to be aggressive in any way, euthanasia is employed. Fortunately, if “fortunately” is the word to be used here...this is a Canadian establishment, and they use lethal injection, not a gas chamber.

The pound worker led me past a big steel door that says “Employees Only”.

“What is in there?” I asked. From the look he gave me, I knew that this is where some dogs go, and never return.

We moved on to a row of kennels. The dogs were barking loudly, there was the acrid smell of urine and feces, and a feeling of despair seemed to permeate the room.

“Go ahead,” the worker said. “They’re all yours.”

PETEY

I looked into the first kennel, and saw only the back of a medium sized dog who was curled up in the corner of his kennel, shivering. He was mostly white, with some black spots. “Hello?” I said. “May I come in?” He lifted his head, as though it weighed more than he could bear. When he looked at me, I could see he was a Pit Bull. His eyes were gentle, but filled with grief. “Enter,” was all he said.

I stepped in, closing the gate behind me. He put his head back down, facing away from me. I crouched down a few feet away.

“My name is Pete. Petey my Master called me,” he said, still not looking at me.

“Why are you here Pete?” I asked.

“I am here because Master cannot afford to move to another province. I am here because someone with power said I am vicious, and a killer. Someone who never met me. Master took me for a walk one day, and some lady started to scream when she saw me. I got frightened, and barked at her. The dog police came, and they took me away. I have been with Master for 10 years. The last time I saw him, he just held me and cried. He kept telling me he was sorry. I worry for him. Whatever will he do

without me?" Pete shivered even more. A tear slid down my face. I am supposed to remain objective, but this was wrong...so wrong.

"Thank you Pete." I said. He said nothing as I got up and left his kennel.

Popper

The kennel next to Pete's held a very young looking dog. Pure Border Collie by my guess. He stood on his hind legs, looking at me through the gate.

"Hello. My name's Popper. He tilted his head. "Are you here to take me home?"

"No, I'm sorry," I replied. "But I would like to talk with you."

"Sure. What would you like to talk about?"

"Popper, how did you come to be in this place?" I asked.

Popper dropped down from the gate, with a perplexed look on his face. He walked to the back of the kennel, then back to the front. I noticed he had one blue eye, and one brown. He was quite beautiful. His black and white coat was shiny and thick.

"I am not certain WHY I am here. I think maybe my family will come back for me. They bought me when I was only 6 weeks old. I remember they said how intelligent Border Collies are, and how it would be so easy to train me. They were very excited at first. The little ones played with me all the time. But the trouble is with little Masters, they refuse to stay in a group. I constantly had to nip their heels to keep them together." He looked confused. "Why won't they stay in a group?" he sighed. "So I did what I thought I should do. I am not quite sure why the little ones screamed when I did my job, but they did, and the Masters got very angry at me. They also got angry when I had to relieve myself, and did so in the house. I am not sure where they expected me to go. All they said was that I was the smartest breed in the world, and I should just KNOW better. Then they left me in the yard for a month or so. I got bored a lot, and I dug holes in the grass. The next thing I knew, the Masters brought me here."

Popper jumped back up on the gate, his white paws protruding through the links. He looked at me with his lovely eyes, and asked "Will you please let them know I want to come home? Please tell them I promise I will be good?"

"I will Popper," I said.

Spartan

My heart was breaking. I was beginning to regret coming here, but their stories had to be told. I moved along. The next dog I saw looked to be easily 100 lbs., a Rottweiler. He was handsome indeed, except for the scars on his face and back. He tilted his head, and looked me right in the eyes.

“Hello. Who are you?” he asked.

“I am a reporter,” I replied. “May I speak with you for a little while?”

“Most certainly. My name is Spartan. You can come in, I won’t bite,” he said.

“Thank you Spartan. I will.”

I entered his kennel, reached out and stroked his giant head. He made a loud grumbling noise, and closed his eyes.

“Spartan, why are you here?”

Before he could answer my question, he was suddenly in the grip of a nasty coughing spasm. It sounded painful.

“Please excuse me,” he said when it passed. “Kennel cough. It seems all of us who come in here get it.

“Why am I here? Well, about two years ago, I was born in the backyard of some person I can’t even recall. I had 11 brothers and sisters. I recall a day when a big man came and gave that person some money, and took me away from my mother. They had to chain her up, as she was very angry that he took me. They chained her and beat her. I came to know the man by the name of Jim. I overheard him telling his friends that I would grow up to be big and mean like my mother. But as I grew older, all I wanted to do was play and be friends with everyone. Jim said I needed to be taught how to be mean, so he chained me up in the yard. No more house for me, he said, I was too spoiled. When people came by to visit, I was so happy to see them. I wanted them to come and play. But that made Jim angry, so he beat me with sticks and chains. When he came near, I would roll onto my back so he would know I wasn’t a bad dog. That made him beat me more.” Spartan’s eyes clouded with grief. “Then he brought me here.”

I reached out and stroked Spartan’s massive gentle head once more. “I am so sorry Spartan. Some people are just plain evil.” I gave him a kiss and left his kennel. As I walked away, Spartan called out, “What will happen to me, nice lady?”

I shook my head. “I can’t say Spartan. Maybe someone kind will come and get you. We can only hope.”

Patsy

I walked a little further down. I could see a shape moving at the back of the next kennel. “Hello?” I called out. Suddenly the shape lunged at the gate in a fury, barking and gnashing its teeth. I stumbled backwards, and crashed into an adjacent kennel. The other dogs began barking loudly and jumping at their gates.

“Don’t go near her,” a small female voice came from behind me. “She’s mad.”

I gathered myself back together, and saw a little brown and white Jack Russell Terrier behind me.

“Thanks for the warning,” I was still trembling. Across the way, the other dog, apparently a Husky and German Shepherd cross, was glaring at me, lips curled back revealing brown stained teeth. Her ribs and hips showed through her dull, matted grey coat.

The little dog invited me into her kennel, and I gladly went in.

“Who are you?”

“My name is Patsy.” The little brown and white dog held a paw up in greeting.

“My owner surrendered me. She said she wanted a cute little dog like the one on the TV show, Frasier. She didn’t bother to look into the type of dog I am.” Patsy heaved a sigh.

“I suppose she expected me to just lie about and only need a short walk each day, just like Eddie, but my energy was so high that I needed to run and play.” She glanced at her surroundings. “Now I am here. I suppose it could be worse. I could be like...her.” Patsy looked towards the still growling dog across the way.

“What happened to make her so vicious?” I asked.

“From what we could gather,” she replied. “she was found tied in a back yard. She only had a three foot chain. Some days there was no water. Rarely was there any food. One day a nice neighbour came by and brought her some meat. By then it was too late. She was already mad. She broke off her chain, and bit the poor man badly. We know she will be going behind the steel door. I am sad to say, I think it will be best. Perhaps then she will know some peace.”

Just then, the door at the end of the building opened, and a woman stepped inside. All the dogs began to bark wildly, then one by one, they went quiet. I whispered to Patsy, “Who is that? Why have all the dogs gone quiet?”

Patsy breathed deeply through her little nose, and closed her eyes. “SHE is a Rescuer. Can’t you smell it?” she asked.

“Smell what?” I was confused.

“Compassion. Love. Sorrow. It emanates from her pores. She is here for one of us, but nobody knows who just yet.” Patsy looked hopeful.

The Rescuer moved from kennel to kennel, looking at each dog. I sat quietly watching. I could see tears in her eyes as she made eye contact with each one. She stopped at Spartan’s cage and spoke quietly to him.

“No more beatings my man. No more. You are coming with me. From here on in, it’s all going to get better.” The Rescuer produced a leash, opened the kennel door, and took Spartan away. As he walked beside her, his little stubby tail wagged with delight.

Patsy sighed again. I could see the disappointment in her eyes, and it grieved me. They all had the same look, as they watched The Rescuer depart.

"I am so sorry Patsy," I said in a whisper. "But you are a little dog, and everyone loves little dogs. I am convinced you will be rescued soon." Patsy's brown eyes twinkled at me, a little bit of hope returning.

I had heard and seen enough. I needed to tell people how it was for these unfortunate creatures. They were all here through no fault of their own. I stood to leave. I passed by many other dogs I did not interview, looking at each one, wishing I could take them all home with me and give them the love they deserved.

I stood by the door taking one last glance back, when it opened, and one of the pound workers came in. His face was drawn and sad. He walked by without a word, and stopped at Pete's kennel. I heard him take a deep breath, then he paused, and opened the kennel door. The words were muffled, but I am sure I heard him say "I'm sorry old boy."

He came out, with Petey in tow. The old dog's head hung down in resignation, and they both disappeared behind the big steel door.

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<http://chattypet.com/pets/show/74>

And next month, we'll bring you Part 2 of Interview at the Dog Pound stay tuned.

[Back to Contents List](#)

Dog Breeding - An Update

As an update to our story last month on the over breeding of pedigree dogs, the organiser of Crufts is to review every pedigree dog breed in Britain amid widespread concerns that they are suffering from life-threatening health problems.

In an attempt to placate its critics, the Kennel Club is also calling on the Government to give it the powers to clamp down on breeders who do not make a dog's health their top priority.

The move follows a BBC documentary that showed how some of Britain's most popular dogs are plagued with health problems, ranging from cancer, epilepsy and heart disease, after decades of inbreeding.

Shown in August, it said that physical traits required by the Kennel Club's breed standards, such as short faces, wrinkling and screw-tails, had inherent health problems.

The BBC announced in the wake of the documentary that it was reviewing its 42-year association with Crufts, while leading charities, including the RSPCA, announced they were pulling out of the premier dog show.

The Kennel Club said that the Pekingese, which suffers breathing problems as a result of being bred to possess a perfectly flat face, would be the first of more than 200 pedigree breeds to benefit from a new set of breeding standards.

Under the new health plan, the breed would be required to have a more defined mouth and nose.

A breed health plan will be coordinated for some 200 pedigree breeds, and dog show judges will be briefed on the new breed standards so healthy dogs are rewarded in the ring, the Kennel Club said.

The breed health plans are to be completed by early next year.

Caroline Kisko, the Kennel Club's secretary, admitted it had been forced to act in response to the allegations made by the BBC.

She said: "We have listened to the general public about their concerns and the changes which we have planned for some time are going through more quickly because of this."

A spokesman for the RSPCA, said: "We welcome the Kennel Club review of breed standards and hope it will make a difference for pedigree dog health and welfare in the future."

[Back to Contents List](#)

Dogs & men 'play' the same game to woo women

Just like men, dogs too know how to win ladies' hearts – and that too from a young age. Dogs and men 'play' the same game to woo their women!

According to a new study, while playing, young dogs let the female pups win, even if the males have a physical advantage.

They might lose the game in the short run, but they could win at love in the future.

The experts found that male dogs place themselves in potentially disadvantageous positions, which could make them more vulnerable to attack, and researchers suspect the opportunity to play may be more important to them than winning.

In fact, the gentlemanly dog behaviour is even accompanied with a bow. "We found that self-handicapping tends to occur in conjunction with play bows," lead researcher Camille Ward said.

"A play bow is a signal that dogs use when they want to communicate playful intentions to a potential play partner," added Ward, a lecturer in the Department of Psychology at the University of Michigan and director of About Dogs LLC. She is also author of the forthcoming book, Relationship-Based Dog Training.

"We know that in feral dog populations, female mate choice plays a role in male mating success. Perhaps males use self-handicapping with females in order to learn more about them and to form close relationships with them -- relationships that might later help males to secure future mating opportunities," the expert said.

To reach the conclusion, the experts studied puppy litters from four dog breeds: a shepherd mix, Labrador retriever, Doberman pincher and malamute. Play data was collected when the pups were between three and 40 weeks old.

The scientists examined how the puppies played with members of their own sex as well as with the opposite sex.

Females were more likely than males to initiate play with their own sex, but that may be to stave off more vicious behaviour later.

"Because adult female-female aggression, when it occurs, can generally be more intense than female-male aggression, we suggest that females may use play with other females as one way to practice threat and appeasement signals that may serve to ritualize aggression and limit overt aggression later on," said Ward.

While males were less likely to initiate play with other males, they seemed eager to play with females, and would go to all sorts of lengths to keep the play going.

[Back to Contents List](#)

It's Mine

- ☺ If I like it, it's mine.
- ☺ If it's in my mouth, it's mine.
- ☺ If I can take it from you, it's mine.
- ☺ If I had it a little while ago, it's mine.
- ☺ If it's mine, it must never appear to be yours in any way.
- ☺ If I'm chewing something up, all the pieces are mine.
- ☺ If it just looks like mine, it's mine.
- ☺ If I saw it first, it's mine.
- ☺ If you are playing with something and you put it down, it automatically becomes mine.
- ☹ If it's broken, it's yours.

Dangerous Toys

The Chai Story



(Reprinted from:

<http://thechaistory.blogspot.com/2008/08/chai-story.html>)

On Sunday, June 22, 2008 my 10-year old lab mix, Chai, sustained a severe injury from a product that the company Four Paws Inc, produces. The toy I'm referencing is the pimple ball with bell. (Item #20227-001, UPC Code 0 4566320227 9.)

While chewing on the toy, a vacuum was created and it effectively sucked his tongue into the hole in the ball. From speaking with my vet, this likely occurred because there is not a second hole in the ball preventing the vacuum effect from happening. I became aware of this when Chai approached a friend at my home whimpering with the ball in his mouth. She tried unsuccessfully to remove the ball but the tongue had swollen and could not be released.

Chai was taken to the Animal Medical Center (an emergency care facility in New York City) and was treated by Dr. Nicole Spurlock to have the ball removed. Because the size of the opening on the ball was so small, all circulation to his tongue was cut off. The doctors had to sedate him in order to remove it. Once the ball was removed, his tongue swelled to the point that he could no longer put it in his mouth. Chai was sent home with care instructions and to be observed overnight for any changes.

By the following morning Chai's tongue had swollen even more.

He was taken to his regular vet, Dr. Timnah Lee, for treatment. He was admitted and kept sedated for a period of three days during which time they were treating his wounds and waiting to determine how much of his tongue could be saved. On June 26, 2008 Chai had his tongue amputated.

He was kept in after-care for an additional three days. On Sunday June 29th I brought Chai home from the vet with a barrage of home care instructions, to last for an additional 7 days. His next visit was to have his mouth re-examined and have the feeding tube in his neck removed.

On the way home from the vet we stopped at Petland Discount where I purchased their product to speak to the manager on duty. Upon meeting Chai and seeing his condition, he removed all of the balls in question from the shelves. He also gave me the customer service number to their corporate headquarters to request that they refuse to continue purchasing all Four Paws products, but I have not called them as of yet.

Additionally, I shared my story with friends who have a French Bulldog named Petunia. Upon hearing my story their eyes widened. They explained that the same thing happened twice in one night with a smaller version of the same ball to their dog. Fortunately, they were able to pull it off before the tongue swelled, but not without tremendous effort and pain to the dog. They recalled how horrific it was to hear their dog screaming while they had to pry the ball from her tongue.

To date, my veterinary bills total over \$5000.00 and I will have regular follow up appointments for some time. Additionally, Chai now requires a much more expensive form of food because of this injury, averaging approximately \$200 per month.

Also - I am Chai's sole caretaker and the regime required to care for him following his surgery has forced me to lose a great deal of business. I am a hair stylist and my salon is in my home. Given that Chai needs constant attention, and given that he has been wailing in pain, I have not been able to see clients.

Additionally, I now have to re-teach my dog to eat, drink and adjust to life without his tongue. Just walking him requires about 30min twice a day and we only make it three blocks. Feeding him takes me about 90 minutes twice a day and for at least this first week he is not to be unattended for more than 20 minutes at time.

The following is a link to an animal treatment clinic that has also documented the same injury to a Shepherd mix (*link missing*).

I sent this information along with the reference to Petunia the french bulldog to Four Paws Inc, and it is their position that there just aren't enough instances to do anything about this. I told their Insurance company's case manager that was not a good enough excuse, It was inferred that my dogs value wasn't much and that his pain and suffering don't count as he is just a piece of property.

This should never happen to another animal again!

I'M CALLING FOR AN INTERNATIONAL BOYCOTT OF ALL FOUR PAWS PRODUCTS UNTIL THIS PRODUCT IS RECALLED. We need your help, please take the time to make your voice heard.

Please copy/paste the following into the body of your email in support of this boycott and send it to customerservice@fourpaws.com to let Allen Simon the CEO of four paws know your stand;

Mr. Allen Simon,

I am in support of a boycott of your company until you recall the product pimple ball with bell, as it is designed in such a way that irreparable damage can be caused by its use.

[Back to Contents List](#)

The Weird & the Wonderful

Fishermen find old sea dog offshore



Two British fishermen were stunned when they caught a dog a mile out to sea.

Freddie, a 14-year-old cairn terrier, became disorientated in the fog while on a walk with his owner Jean Brigstock.

It slipped into the water as Mrs Brigstock, 73, searched for it but had no success and assumed he was hiding in a nearby holiday park.

However, Freddie was swimming against the tide, almost a mile out to sea.

He was only saved when the two fishermen spotted what they thought was an otter, went to investigate and saw the dog.

They pulled him out and contacted the coastguard, as they were not due to return to shore for days. The coastguard sent a boat to retrieve him.

Then, by chance, her daughter Wendy came across the wife of one of the fishermen, who told her they had found Freddie.

Mrs Brigstock said: "It was a beautiful day, and I was taking him on his usual walk, but all of a sudden, a heavy sea fret set in quickly, and I couldn't see Freddie anymore.

"I looked for him for hours, and others helped. There was no sign of him, but I was convinced he would eventually turn up.

"I was desperate. He's my companion and he's so important to me. We walk twice a day down on the beach.

"I knew he hated water so I thought he'd head for the dunes rather than the sea. It really didn't enter my head that he would swim.

"He rarely goes through a puddle and has an aversion to baths."

She said: "When I found out he had been found all that way out, I felt frightened. I worried about what state he would be in. He looked like a drowned rat when they found him."

Freddie was taken to the vet but was unscathed.

Mrs Brigstock added: "The night he was rescued, he was a little bit under the weather. He was quite quiet and feeling sorry for himself.

"But the next morning he was ready for his breakfast."

Dog to Owner - I Need You



A dog sporting a sign reading "I need my owner!" has been attracting a great deal of interest when it is taken for walks along a riverbed in Fukuyama.

The male dog, Gonta, was taken in by a member of a nonprofit organization in mid-September after being found sitting on the side of Green Line highway in the south of the city.

Takashi Maruyama, director of the nonprofit organization Gurin Rain o Aisuru Kai (Group of People who Love Green Line), spotted the dog and spoke to it. Gonta approached Maruyama with his tail wagging and jumped into his car.

Gonta, a dog who was abandoned in the mountains near Green Line highway in Fukuyama, Hiroshima Prefecture, wears a sign that reads "I need my owner!"

In an attempt to find the dog's owner and call for animal protection, the NPO tied the sign carrying the message around its neck. "Abandoning a dog is a betrayal of trust. I hope people [who have abandoned dogs] think about that when they see Gonta," Maruyama said.

Green Line highway is officially called Ushiroyama Koen Araidani-sen. It opened in 1974 and is popular among locals because it offers beautiful views of the Fukuyama coastline. However, because the road also runs through seldom-traveled mountains, trash is dumped illegally, and dogs are abandoned there, according to the NPO.

When the NPO was established in 2000 there were about 100 stray dogs living near the road. Since then, the NPO has engaged in beautification activities along the road and has been picking up about five or six stray dogs annually. It also helps the dogs find owners.

According to the NPO, the amount of garbage on the highway has been reduced to nearly one-tenth the level it was at in 2000, and the number of stray dogs living near the highway has decreased significantly. Despite the group's efforts, however, dogs are still being abandoned near the road. Many of them die after being hit by cars or attacked by crows, the NPO said.

Even though some of the strays are taken in, they often are scared of people and are virtually wild. Because of this, it sometimes takes a considerable amount of time before strays can find a new owner.

"Gonta now behaves well around people, and we're looking for someone who will love him for the rest of his life," Maruyama said.

[Back to Contents List](#)

Murder Trial Calls Dog As Witness

A courtroom observing a French murder trial could be excused for thinking the presiding judge has gone barking mad.



Not so silent witness: Bark once for innocent, twice for guilty...

In what is believed to be a world first, the investigating magistrate has invited a dog to take the stand as a witness. Scooby will give evidence as he is believed to have been with his 59-year-old owner when she was found hanging from the ceiling of her Paris flat.

Police believe the death was suicide, but her family cry murder - and the only witness to see the alleged crime is on four legs.

It is hoped Scooby can collar the potential perpetrator, having already played a leading role during a preliminary court hearing in Nanteree, a Paris suburb. He is said to have hounded a suspect, "barking furiously" after being taken out of the kennel and into the witness box by a vet.

French judge Thomas Cassuto praised the mongrel for his "exemplary behaviour and invaluable assistance".

But lawyers barked back - insisting the bizarre spectacle "proved nothing". One said: "Human evidence is unreliable enough, let alone canine evidence.

"Besides, the victim died two and half years ago, which is seventeen dog years! How is the animal supposed to remember that far back?"

A spokesman for the Palais de Justice in Paris confirmed that the appearance was the first time a dog had appeared as a witness in criminal proceedings in France. He said: "It was a preliminary hearing. The judge will now decide if there is enough evidence to go to trial."

[Back to Contents List](#)