

MARCH/APRIL 1973

60¢

ANIMAL CAVALCADE



EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Be Kind to Your Dog

Guest Editorial

By Blanche L. Beisswenger

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Are you really your dog's best friend? A true friend takes the time to find out what will make his dog happy and well cared for. A dog asks for very little in return for a lifetime of love and devotion as a companion, life saver, protector, and friend.

A dog is completely dependent upon his owner for his well being including the basic essentials of food, shelter, and grooming. He can't purchase or prepare his diet, nor does he know what nutritional requirements will keep him in good health and stamina. A neophyte in the care of dogs can read books, ask questions of experts, and attend educational meetings for this information.

The dog cannot talk and express his desires in ways that humans can. There is, however, a decided means of communication between many devoted fanciers and their pets. The rapport is so outstanding in many instances that a dog can almost relate his every desire, such as when he wishes to eat, get a drink of water, go out for exercise, play, etc. It is only a very callous individual who cannot perceive his dog's basic wishes.

Do you provide the time to understand your dog? The answer to this query has a bearing on why you own a dog. Is it for companionship and love, or is it for protection or profit? Today, many are thoughtlessly purchasing dogs to protect themselves and homes without any regard for the dog's well being. Burglar alarms might be more expedient. Any live creature needs individual attention. In the case of the dog it's very similar to adding another member to the family. A puppy will almost require the care extended human babies, and older dogs cannot be neglected either.

Dog owners may scoff at the idea of making a profit on their dog, but there are many individuals who earn their livelihood through dogs, grooming, handling, kenneling, etc. Some may be naive enough to believe raising puppies will bring forth great profits. An individual pet owner with pet stock will seldom break even when all the puppies are sold. Show stock may bring in higher remuneration but there are also higher expenses to offset the income.

Most people purchase a dog because they want the love and affection the animal will give them. They are prepared to undergo the sacrifices required to see that the dog is healthy continued on page 4

ANIMAL CAVALCADE

Official Journal of the Animal Health Foundation on animal care and health.

MARCH/APRIL 1973

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Betty White

TO APPEAR AT
SEMINAR ON
DOG HEALTH

THEY CARE ABOUT DOGS

Betty White, popular actress and hostess of the television program *The Pet Set*, will speak at a seminar to help dog owners learn more about the health needs of their pets. Miss White (Mrs. Allen Ludden) has appeared on stage and screen, television and radio, and is an avid animal lover.

The public is invited to attend the all-day Dog Health Seminar, sponsored by the Morris Animal Foundation. A status report on hip dysplasia, the painful and controversial crippling disease, will be presented by George Cardinet, III, D.V.M., Ph.D., who for several years has been studying canine hip dysplasia at Kansas State University.

Canine eye problems will be discussed by Milton Wyman, D.V.M., Ph.D., Ohio State University, who has been investigating eye diseases in dogs for many years and has perhaps treated more cases than any other veterinarian.

Better birth control methods for dogs through scientific investigations is the subject of Lloyd C. Faulkner,



D.V.M., Ph.D., Colorado State University, who will discuss possibilities of ways to counter the pet population explosion.

Members of the California seminar committee are: Thorai Warner, chairman, Yorba Linda; John J. Breslin, Los Angeles; Thelma Brown, La Mesa; Mrs. Alan Cazier, Sepulveda; Duke Hanna, M.D., Santa Monica; Jay Lawrence, Northridge; Judge David C. Merriam, Nuevo; Mrs. Robert H. Rains, Sherman Oaks, and Harold Schlitz, Fresno.

The Dog Health Seminar will run 9:30 a.m. to 4 p.m. 4/21 at the Proud Bird Restaurant, 11022 Aviation Blvd., Los Angeles. Tickets are available at the door or by mail from: Morris Animal Foundation, 531 Guaranty Bank Building, Denver, Colorado 80202.

continued from page 3

and happy. The sacrifices diminish as the owner becomes cognizant of the animal's needs. Every dog wants to be loved. The first requisite, therefore, is to love your dog. Do not be afraid to demonstrate it. This does not mean over sentimentality — eating from the same dish, sleeping in bed with you, stuffing him with candies, etc.

The second requisite is to provide the time essential for the dog's well being. Locking him up all day either in the house or outside will not develop a faithful companion; it may well result in a neurotic, uncontrollable pet. A working person need not be denied the love of a dog if away from home, but time must be given in the morning, noon, afternoon, and evening. The dog will rest while the owner is working, but you must be prepared to get up earlier in the morning to exercise and feed the dog, have someone care for him at noon if you can't, and you very definitely cannot go to social engagements until the dog has had his iota of attention.

A considerate owner will also be considerate of others with or without dogs. He will keep his dog on a leash where this is required. He will not let his dog soil other people's property. The dog cannot deal with abstract thoughts. He knows his owner's likes and dislikes, but not those of outsiders.

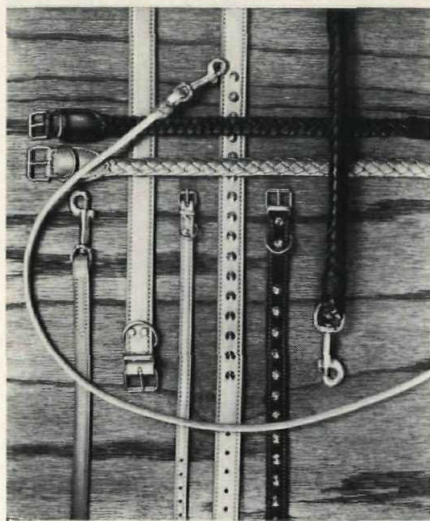
A beautiful park is enjoyed by the dog; he doesn't realize that other humans with children may have their pleasure diminished through his owner's carelessness, letting him soil on children's playgrounds, pulling up plants, chasing other dogs, frightening people, etc.

Providing time for the dog means not only taking the time for the dog's basic needs, such as providing adequate and nutritious food, keeping him warm in winter and cool in summer, grooming, etc., but also concern for the dog's emotional needs. Are you making him happy? Do you have the belief that the dog is a dog and should be subservient to your every whim and desire? If he doesn't obey instantly, you're the boss; he'll find out in the quickest means possible with a quick slap, beating, harsh reprimand, etc. Many owners believe they are good disciplinarians by this method. The dog is not, however, a happy companion.

Deserve to be your dog's best friend by taking the time from your busy schedule to devote to him. Consider his needs both physically and mentally. Be a real friend to man's best friend through words and deeds this week and throughout the year.

Winner, 1972 National
Dog Week Editorial Contest
Gaines Dog Research Center





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BREEDING DOGS FOR PROFIT

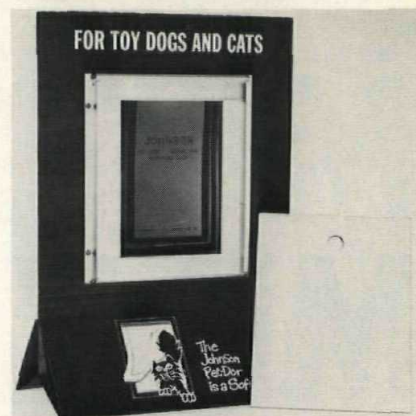
"Dogs, Kennels & Profits" is a handy new book designed as a guide for dog lovers who want to go into the business of breeding dogs and becoming professional kennel operators.

Authored by Bob Bartos, one of the country's foremost dog handlers, the book reflects his 40 years experience in the field. For the past 25 years, he has been Director of Friskies Research Kennels at Carnation, Washington.

The book covers every aspect of breeding and kennel management. Typical chapter headings are "Planning a Kennel," "Mechanics of Breeding," "Nutritional Needs and Planning a Feeding Program," "Common Diseases in Dogs," "Canine First Aid," "Data on Dogs." The business section of the book covers internal auditing, accounting and operating records and a chart of accounts.

The 158 page paperback volume is liberally illustrated with photographs and drawings, together with sample accounting forms.

The book may be obtained by sending \$1.95 for each copy to "Dogs, Kennels & Profits," P. O. Box 350, Pico Rivera, CA 90660.



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For more info contact: Francis H. Johnson, Johnson Pet-Dor, Inc., Dept. AC, P.O. Box 643, Northridge, Ca. 91324.



PET AIR TRAVEL...

The do's and don'ts of pet air travel have been outlined in a new booklet published by United Air Lines. Entitled, "The United Guide to Pet Travel," the booklet relates such information as airline regulations governing the carrying of pets, what type kennels to use for pets and how to build your own kennel. Also included in the brochure is a "check list for happier pet travel." The brochure is available upon request to any United sales or ticket office.

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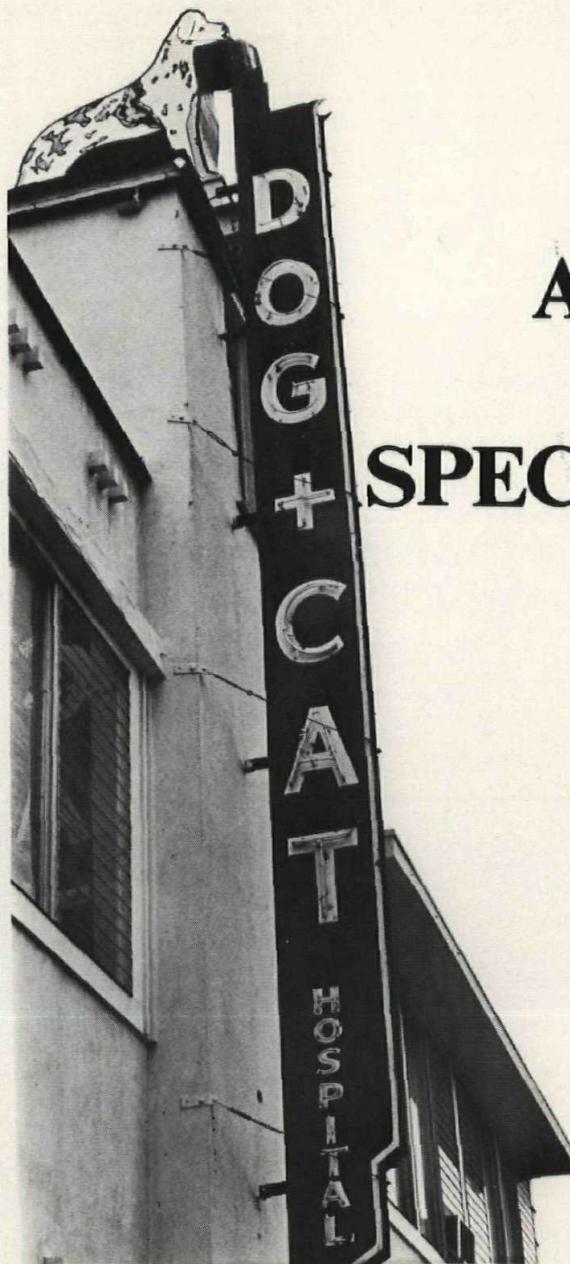
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A VISIT TO A SPECIALIST

by Frieda A. Starcevich

Photo by John Bright

"I would like to have Muffins seen
by a specialist, a dermatologist. This
stubborn problem has me baffled.
Doctor S., who wrote the text book
on skin care, flies in from Cleveland as
a consultant once a month and I
would like his opinion."

Dr. A., our veterinarian, had just
finished examining Muffins' ear. Muf-
fins is our fourteen pound, saucy,
brown-eyed Boston Terrier. She had
been plagued with hair loss and itching
on the outside of the ear and a
recurrent infection on the inside, for
over two years.

"I'll call and try to get you in next
month," said Doctor A. "I've reached
a dead end, so let's find out what
Doctor S. thinks."

We left with heavy hearts, con-
cerned about going to a strange veter-

inarian and yet knowing there was no
alternative.

It pleased us, however, to learn that
various specialists give of their vast
knowledge and talents at this and
other progressive veterinary clinics.
Gone are the days when a pet with
severe heart, kidney, eye, skin or
allergy problems are turned away with,
"Sorry, I can't do any more." Too
often in the past our devoted pets had
to be put to sleep for relief from
endless suffering. It's a brighter day
today and the future looks brighter,
still.

Muffins received her appointment
card and we made the forty-five min-
ute drive to the clinic and Doctor S.
This pleased Muffins, as she was the
only dog passenger and could spring
from one seat to the other, un-

hampered by our other dog who always shared our travels, but now was sulking at home.

As we entered the clinic, however, Muffins' usual fearless manner changed to apprehension. The modernly furnished waiting room was very large and filled with dogs of every size and color. There were even a few cats.

This cream-brick building with smoke-tinted windows and comfortable air conditioning must have been the dream fulfilled of forward-looking veterinarians. The soothing and comfortable interior helped both four-legged and two-legged clients to relax.

The long corridors, housing the examining rooms, however, were bustling with activity. Veterinarian aids scurried about and doctors were being paged on the loud speaker system. What a setting for a new T.V. show!

A young lady in white greeted us from behind a sleek desk and gathered a brief history of our now trembling Boston Terrier. The paper work completed, we were directed to empty seats and began conversing with fellow pet owners. There is a warm feeling of comradeship in the waiting room of an animal hospital: *mutual love and interest in animals draw complete strangers together.*

Muffins lay on my lap, absorbing the happenings in this foreign place and didn't raise a hair when a fluffy gray cat twice her size sat across from us. This was not the time to act as one does at home.

Our conversation ended as we heard our name called and quickly followed a fast-moving aid down a spotless passage way, the numerous examining rooms giving off antiseptic smells and sounds of wailing or barking dogs.

"This is your room," said the lady in white. "Doctor S. will see Muffins in just a few minutes."

Indeed it was, just a few minutes before Doctor S., a small balding man, walked in and greeted us warmly. When he saw Muffins, he almost melted.

"Boston Terriers are my favorite breed," said the doctor as he stroked Muffins' satiny coat.

This was good enough for Muffins. She didn't complain through the entire examination, not even when possible allergens were inserted under the skin of her tummy via a sharp needle. Doctor S. beamed. Muffins hadn't let him down.

"What do you think Doctor?" I asked as he cleaned the otoscope.

"Well, Muffins doesn't have any allergies and that's good. We'll be able to clear up the fungus on the outside of the ear. Once that's done, however, she will need reconstructive surgery of that right ear so the infection can drain. Dog's ears are not constructed

for good ventilation or drainage. When they get an infection in there, it's very difficult to clear up, as you well know."

"But surgery! Doctor, is that the only way?" I asked as I scooped Muffins off the table and held her close.

"Yes," answered the doctor, "I'm afraid it is. She'll do very well. After this type of surgery, the infection usually clears up without further medication. Doctor A. will be able to do this operation very nicely."

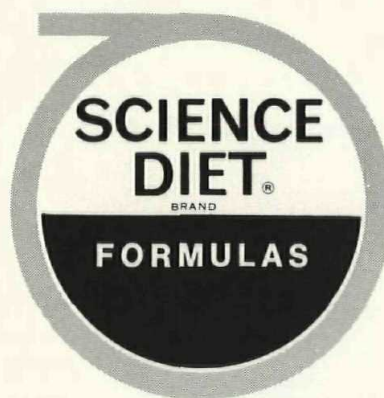
We thanked the doctor for his advice and left. The only happy traveler on the homeward trip was

Muffins. She thought it was all over.

Doctor S. sent his recommendations to our veterinarian. The fungus cleared up in a few weeks and the re-constructive surgery did permit drainage of the infection and opened the ear to good ventilation. This took many weeks, however, and medication was needed to fight the persistent bug.

Muffins is her perky, bossy self again and we are thankful for the strides made in veterinary medicine.

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a dog called PURP

Personal Reminiscences

by Heugi Reed

A dog like Purp should happen *at least once* to every animal lover! Of uncertain ancestry, with a short-haired white coat splashed with brindle — one ear jauntily up, and one ear down — and a long tail that was almost never still! Perhaps he had a dash of bull

terrier, a soupcon of pointer — truly a prince of mongrels! After you got to know him, you suddenly realized he was uncommonly handsome.

He mpoched his way into our lives one slushy Washington's Birthday. We returned from a movie at dusk, and a

strange dog greeted us. He was thin, dirty, wet, and insisted that we belonged to him. I got him some of our dog Binny's biscuits, and left them on the porch. Soon after, we were haunted by a white face pressed at the porch window . . . and a piteous whining. We finally weakened, and he slept in the cellar that night . . . he never did again.

He refused to go home, wherever that was. No one knew where he belonged. We took him several streets away in the car, let him out. There, that was the last of him, we thought, not without a flicker of regret. He bobbed right back to the house, grinning and wagging at this game to test *his I.Q.* And so he had a bath, emerging as a quite respectable looking dog. He was polite to our spaniel, Binny, picked out a comfortable armchair in which to sleep, and began to be a member of our family.

But there proved to be a dash of gypsy in him, too, this Purp of ours. He once disappeared. Frantically I went calling through the neighborhood. No Purp. Then a woman telephoned. "I found your number on a dog's collar," she said. "He's sleeping on my bed right now — you can get him when you want to . . . no hurry." Her tone was indulgent.

Every so often, after this, Purp would visit her, snooze on her bedspread, and wait until she called us. She would reiterate the old saying "The more I see of people, the better I like dogs." Purp knew how to win friends and influence people, and he'd never heard of Dale Carnegie.

At last he seemed to be really lost. His friend hadn't seen him and no amount of searching found him. We had almost given up hope when a call came from a man who said Purp was at the Animal Hospital. He had been staying with the man and his family, playing with the children. The father told how Purp would climb the steps of the children's slide, and zip down with them. He had been hit by a milk truck and was slightly injured. Again we bailed him out. Delighted to see us, he healed readily.

A neighbor who admired Purp's good looks would repeat every time she saw him "He could lick any dog in the neighborhood." Maybe he could have, but we never found out. Purp was no scrapper. He saw no need to be one. He liked people, he liked other dogs, he didn't object to cats. He seemed to feel the world was a good place; no need to fuss; love everybody; everybody loves you! It was that simple to him.

After we moved to another state, and before we had time to get him a new license, Purp would visit Town

Hall, make daily rounds of the offices — including the one that issued dog licenses. He was hugely popular everywhere. He made friends — children, adults, other animals. He found his way around so well that we began to suspect that he never actually got lost — he just *vacationed*.

His habit of “parading” was responsible for the first short story I ever sold. When elated, Purp would grab anything — dog biscuit, bone, even a scrap of paper, and march around the room with the proud, high-stepping gait of a circus horse. My story told of such a dog, and how this trick straightened out a love affair for two young people, when Bum (the dog of the story) paraded to the young man with the heroine’s diary. It was entitled “Cupid — Called Bum”. With misplaced sentimentality, the first thing I bought with the money received was a handsome, brass-studded collar which I had engraved CUPID. It seemed like a bright idea.

Purp’s next disappearance was in deep winter. The police chief of a neighboring town called. His voice was heavy with disapproval. “Did you lose a dog named *Cupid*?” Poor Purp — the shame of it all! Somehow he had become frozen in a pond while cros-

sing the ice — I don’t know how he accomplished this, but it couldn’t have been easy. A boy had rescued him, taken him home, thawed him out, and eventually reported the incident to the police. We brought Purp home again, exhilarated, grinning and rowdily un-Cupid-like.

Purp had idiosyncracies enough for several dogs. Early in life he must have been punished for barking to enter, so instead, he would use the bark reserved for a great crisis. When the door was opened, he’d be looking intently down the street, would glance back with a “How did this happen?” expression, and pop in.

He earned the nickname of House Detective because no event was too minor to escape his investigation. There was the milk truck to be watched for, the postman, the telephone, a pan boiling over on the stove.

He was fastidious to the extreme — he spent hours cleaning himself, even washing his face with a paw, like a cat. His white hair shone like new-fallen snow, and, like Edward Arlington Robinson’s “Richard Corey”, “he glittered when he walked.”

Purp chose his own tricks. His lean haunches and long legs were not intended for Binny’s trick of sitting up.

He could stand up, and dance around, but that was the best he could manage. But he had a silent bark. At the word “Silent”! he would go through the motions of barking, but no sound would come out. He taught us that trick. If anything he did made us laugh at him, he’d tuck it away as part of his repertoire. No TV comic liked better to beg a laugh. His sense of humor was superb.

He loved sprightly music — at the first few bars of it, he’d grab up a toy and prance around the room. He cherished his toys — treated them gently, and was distressed if they got torn.

A barometer, too, was Purp. If he began shuddering and shivering, and sticking so close that we nearly tripped over him, we could know a thunder shower was on the way — long before any dark clouds announced it. When it came, Purp would fold up like a camp chair, shaking until it passed.

Everyone thinks that HIS dog is the most unusual, probably the handsomest, the smartest, the best. But Purp’s hail-fellow-well-met attitude, his romp of pure joy, his love that reached out in never-ending readiness to everyone was such fun to know.

I call him my “Most Unforgettable Character” of dogdom!



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Warren Sturgeon of the Diablo Radio Club was one of three Jeep drivers giving help during the Ride for Research.

Tom Johnston assists three young ladies as they begin the Ride for Research.



GIDDY

Seventy-four horsemen, mostly young people, *had fun and contributed to better health for horses during a Ride for Research* December 2, 1972 in Danville, Calif.

Patterned after walk-a-thons for charity, the 18-mile ride was a way for young people to contribute to the Morris Animal Foundation which sponsors research studies at veterinary schools and other selected institutions into diseases and health problems of horses.

Each rider got pledges from friends and relatives to pay a specified amount for every mile completed. The tax-exempt contributions will go toward a study the foundation is sponsoring at the University of California, Davis, into breeding problems of mares.

Participants, mostly teen-age girls but also young men and older people, rode with English and Western tack and some bareback. *A donkey went along to show that horses are not the only equines needing more scientific research.* The Diablo Radio Club furnished three radio jeeps on the route as riders had their cards initialed at designated check-in points.

The ride, first of its kind, was arranged by the Danville Junior Horsemen's Association under sponsorship of California Horsemen's Association.

George Cardinet, Jr., Concord, a trustee of the foundation, said the ride was a success, pointing out that the damp, chilly weather did not deter the 74 enthusiastic riders.

An auspicious veterinary crew was on hand from Mexico City, Venezuela and the University of California for a survey to determine the residual effects of the VEE vaccination program of 1-1/2 years ago.

This first ride for research netted \$739.64 for the Morris Animal Foundation (as of January 10).

Anyone interested in conducting a similar Ride for Research should write for information and materials to: Morris Animal Foundation, 531 Guaranty Bank Building, Denver, Colorado 80202.

-YAP! ride for research

Ride for Research participants round the bend on their way up Mt. Diablo.



WAGS and his BALL

Wags was a little white dog. He belonged to Tommy Hall. Tommy lived with his mother and sister, Dot, in a small house. They didn't have much money, but Tommy and Dot didn't mind. They had fun playing together and with Wags.

Wags was a very friendly dog, always wagging his tail. *That was how he got his name.*

The game Wags liked best was to have Tommy or Dot throw his ball for him to run and get. He'd catch it in his mouth and bring it back. They would say: "Good Wags!" Then he would wait for them to throw it again.

One day when Dot was picking up things that went into the toy box, she couldn't find Wags' ball.

"Tommy, where's Wags' ball?"

Tommy didn't know.

Tommy and Dot looked and looked in the yard. But they couldn't find it.

Tommy had an idea. "Maybe another dog took it."

They felt sad because playing ball was fun and they knew Wags would be sad, too.

And that night Wags did look sad.

When Tommy put his dinner down on the floor for him, Wags didn't come to get it. He thumped his tail once and stayed where he was.

Tommy called: "Mom, Wags won't eat."

Mom came to look. She felt Wags' nose.

"My," she said. "His nose is so dry and hot. I wonder what's the matter?"

Dot said: "It's because he's sad without his ball."

Mom shook her head. "I don't think that's it."

She patted Wags' head and his tail moved a little. But it didn't really wag.

Mom said: "Don't try to feed him now. Just give him water. Then put him in his basket. Maybe he'll go to sleep. Tomorrow he may be much better."

Tommy gave the dog water. He lapped up a little of it. Then Tommy put him in his basket. Soon he was asleep.

They tiptoed away so as not to wake him.

First thing next morning, Tommy and Dot ran to see Wags. He was still in his basket and his nose was still dry and even hotter than it had been.

Mom looked worried. "The right thing to do is to take him to a veterinarian." The children stared at her. "A veterinarian," she said, "is a doctor for animals. He'll know how to make Wags well."

Tommy looked worried. "Will it cost a lot? Making Wags well, I mean?"

Mom sighed. "We will see. But we've got to do something for poor, sick Wags."

Tommy held Wags carefully. The little dog looked sicker and sicker. His tail hardly moved at all.

Dr. Briggs, the veterinarian, was a young man with a nice smile. He took Wags from Tommy, and looked at the little dog carefully. Then he said: "I'm sorry to say this is a very sick little fellow. Tell me — what has he been eating?"

by Ina S. Stovall

Mom said: "Just what we always give him. It's never made him sick before."

Tommy spoke up. "He wouldn't eat anything last night. Not this morning either."

Suddenly Mom looked scared. "Oh, my goodness! His ball! Oh, do you think he might have swallowed it?"

Dr. Briggs asked: "What's this? A ball?"

Tommy and Dot spoke at once. "The ball we throw for him to catch. We thought it was lost. We couldn't find it."

"But - doctor, do you think he could have swallowed it? That could make him sick, couldn't it?"

Dr. Briggs looked very worried. "It certainly could."

"Now I'll tell you three what to do. Go home and come back tomorrow. By then I will have taken the X-rays and can know better what to do to get Wags well."

He turned to Tommy. "Don't be afraid to leave your dog with me. I'm going to give him something to make him feel better right away and go to sleep. He's a fine little dog and I'll do all I can to help him."

The next day when Mom, Tommy and Dot were back at the doctor's, he came into the room where they were waiting; he didn't have Wags, and he looked very serious.

"The X-rays show that Wags did swallow that ball."

Dot started to cry. Tommy felt sick, but he kept the tears back.

Mom twisted her hands together. "Can you do anything for him, Doctor?"

"Yes," said Dr. Briggs. "The ball has to come out in small pieces. It will take a long time, but it can be done. And it must be done if Wags is to get well." *continued on page 30*

ONE SUNDAY MORNING

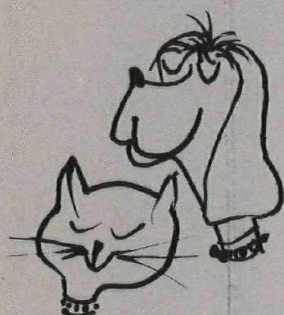
by Winifred Sheard

With a sigh, twelve-year old Midge sat down in the pew with her parents. Her family was visiting a church today in a neighboring city. Another long church service to sit through, she thought.

For once, she could sit by her father. Being a minister, her father was always at the pulpit, so Midge usually sat by her mother. That hour always seemed so long, *when it was an hour*. Sometimes it was longer, and that was even worse. Having a minister for a father sometimes had its drawbacks. Many times Midge couldn't understand what he preached about.

Midge was all set to doodle on the bulletin, but she became interested in observing what went on at this church. It was different from her father's church. The sanctuary was larger. The choir was immense and she enjoyed listening to the singing. There *continued on page 30*

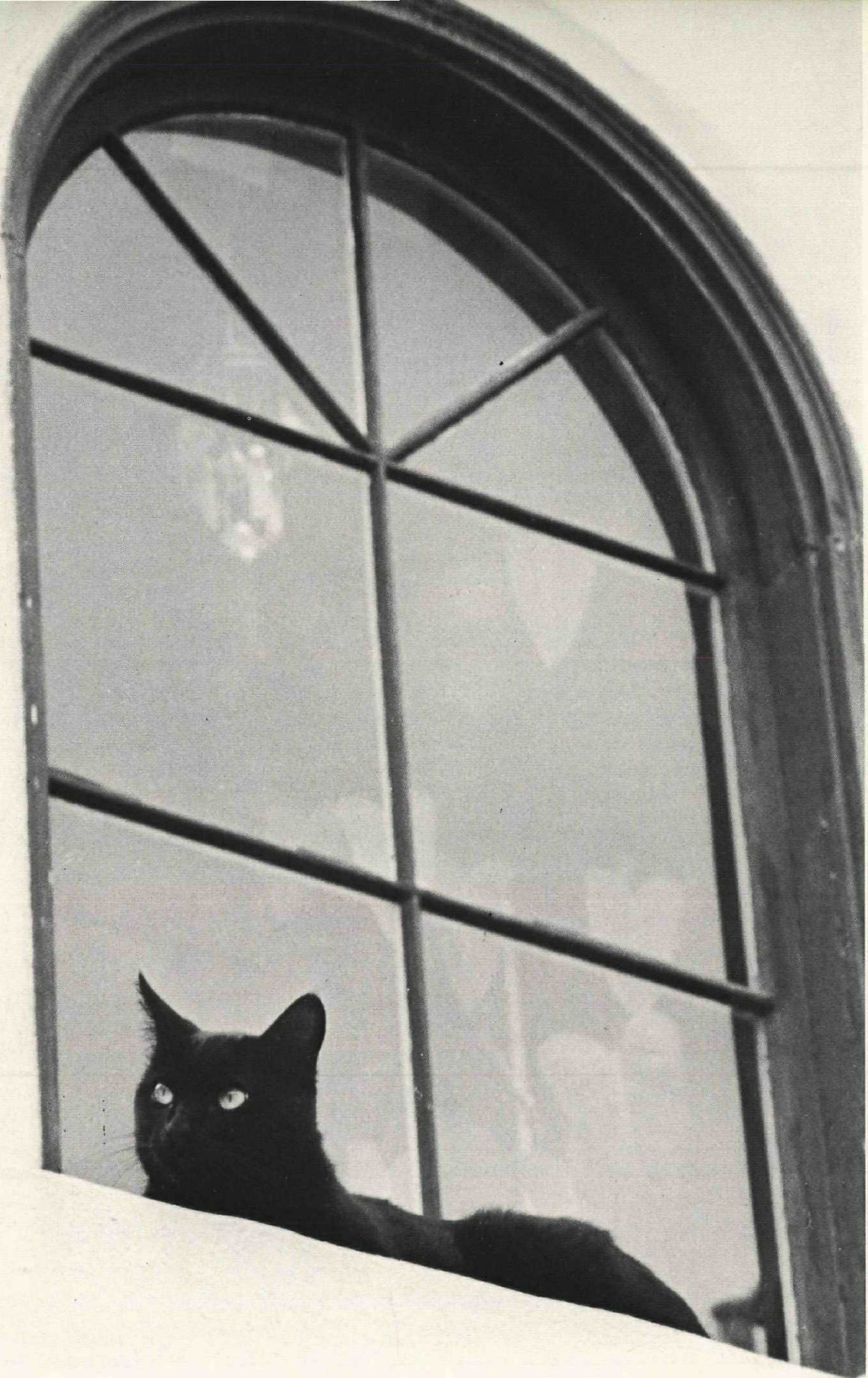
In this puzzle, fill each blank with a letter for a cat or dog. How many can you complete? Answers on page 30.



CATS
and
DOGS

by Margaret A. Gustafson

- | | | |
|---------|---------------|---------|
| 1. cat | _____ A _____ | |
| 2. dog | _____ N _____ | |
| 3. cat | _____ I _____ | |
| 4. dog | _____ M _____ | |
| 5. cat | _____ A _____ | |
| 6. dog | _____ L _____ | 2 words |
| 7. dog | _____ C _____ | |
| 8. cat | _____ A _____ | |
| 9. dog | _____ V _____ | 2 words |
| 10. cat | _____ A _____ | |
| 11. dog | _____ L _____ | |
| 12. dog | _____ C _____ | 2 words |
| 13. dog | _____ A _____ | |
| 14. dog | _____ D _____ | 2 words |
| 15. dog | _____ E _____ | |



Photos by John Bright

hide and seek the cat

by Felicia Ames
Consultant Friskies Cat Council
and author of *The Cat You Care For*

Ever looked around for the cat who isn't there, but was, just a minute before. And then, believing he couldn't possibly have gone very far, started a futile search of the premises? We remember, one time, getting ready for a trip by car. The packing was finally behind us. All that remained was to place the suitcase in the trunk and drive away, having first deposited the cat at our favorite kennel. All the while we were packing, of course, the cat was much in evidence. In fact, right up until we snapped the case shut, we seemed to be stepping on him every time we turned around. But when the time came to collect cat and cut out, no cat! We checked every favorite spot in the house, and there were some strange ones, but still no cat. We were nearly beside ourselves when we happened to glance in a half-open dresser drawer. There, burrowed among some linens, was the cat, fast asleep.

Where *don't* cats go when they want to get away from it all? We've covered the subject with many cat fanciers, and it would appear that there is hardly a crevice, corner or closure, or even surface, that hasn't, at one time or another, felt the purry, furry presence.

Of course, we're all familiar with the cat in the laundry basket, the pile of warm, smelly things fresh from the wash. Cats are just as apt to hide out in the dryer, even the washing

machine, although the dryer does seem to be preferred. As a matter of fact, any open door will cause a cat to have a look inside. The message should be obvious. Check all insides before you close the doors. This is especially true when you go to use your washing machine or your dryer.

Not every haven is as dangerous, except that suffocation can be deadly. Closet shelves and dresser drawers are popular spots, as are cedar chests, storage bins, cupboards, boxes, bags of all kinds, etc.

If your cat goes outside, don't be surprised to find him stretched on the limb of a tree, the way his lion cousins do in the jungle.

There have been some strange tales of cats and hideouts. One involved a cat named Charlie whose favorite spot was a bird house high in a tree. It isn't hard to see how it came about. The cat, a bird watcher by nature, probably reached the conclusion that the job of catching birds might be made easier by moving into the birds' house and waiting for them to come home. Long after he discovered that the birds, being not so stupid as he had imagined, were not coming home, he decided it was quite a retreat, far from the madding crowd.

Then there was the case of the cat in the mailbox. Calico was her name and she liked to go to school with her eleven-year-old mistress, Kim Kem, of Bend, Oregon. Kim Kem would take

her as far as the school-bus stop and deposit her in the family mailbox. Kim's mother would pick her up when she went for the mail. To make the hideout more comfortable, Kim's father carpeted the bottom of the box, and to make it more appealing to the eye, a local artist decorated it.

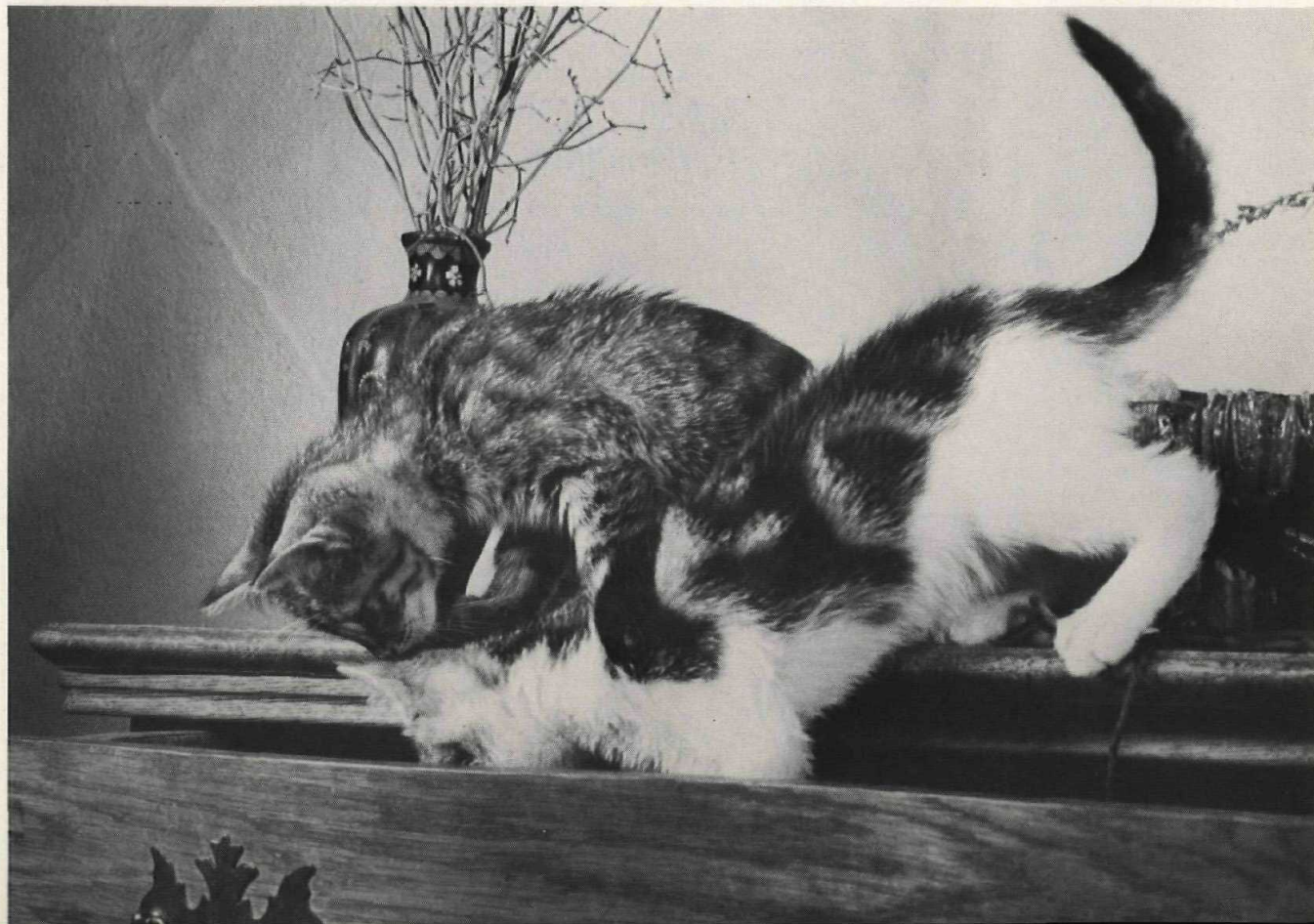
A cat in West Virginia adopted a bird bath, while it was without water and birds, of course, and three kittens in La Plata, Maryland, did the same thing with a fish bowl.

Several cats have usurped dog houses while the tenants were away and held them when the dogs returned. Imagine being a dog and coming home exhausted from a long roam of the neighborhood to find a ferocious Tabby hissing from the confines of your parlor. To the hills!

Tops of tall things are often popular hideouts, and tops of warm things. One cat we know loves the hot water heater and another the refrigerator, and still another the TV set, but only when it's on. There are cats who like to sleep on the tops of doors. Precarious? Not at all. They seem to achieve a sense of security on a high perch, like the lions, maybe.

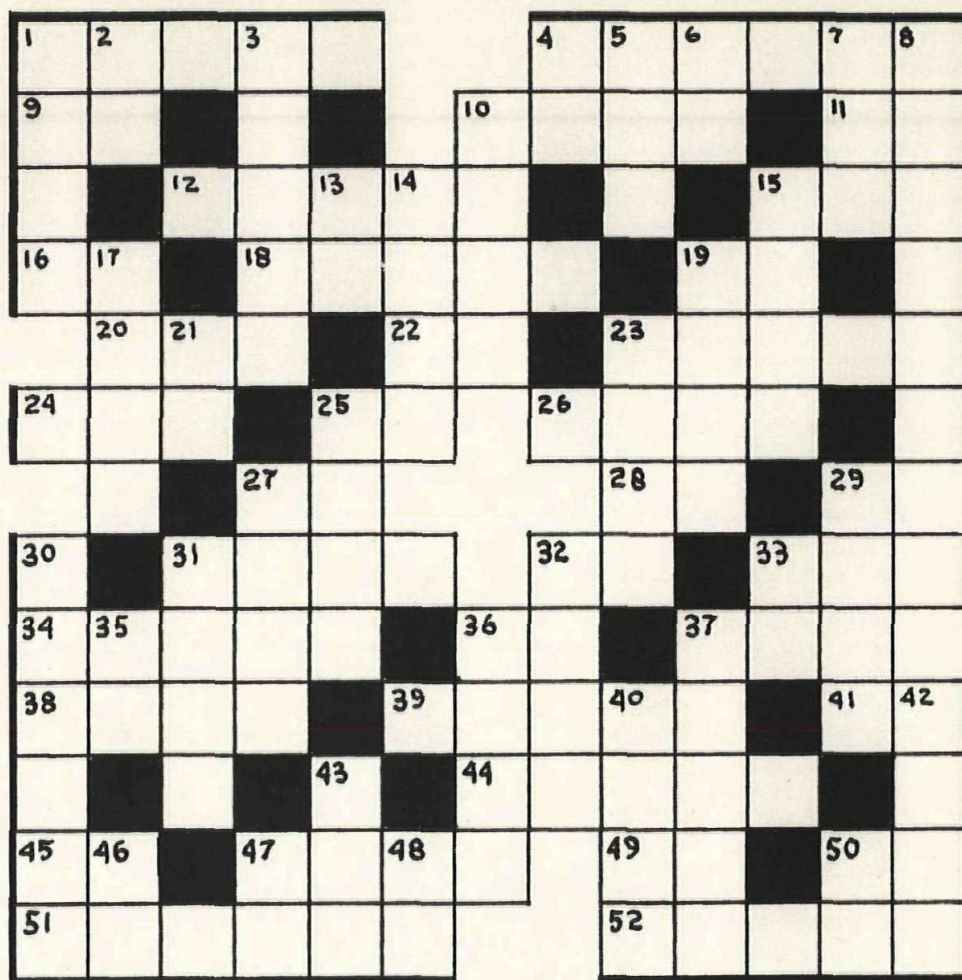
If you're missing a cat, try that remote closet where you hung the coat three hours ago or that drawer into which you dropped your gloves. Don't forget the piano. That hat box, too. Not very good for the chapeau, though.

Lost kitty? Check your bureau drawer, she may be nestled under an angora sweater!



PET puzzler

By John K. Young



ACROSS

- 1 Free to roam
- 4 On a lively fawn, can make shredded wheat of household furniture
- 9 Printer's measure
- 10 Christmas tradition which makes tender morsel for pet deer
- 11 Twelfth Greek letter
- 12 Give a home to a wild animal
- 15 Center of things
- 16 Freezing point (Abb.)
- 18 All the birds of a certain region
- 19 Cheery greeting
- 20 Masticate
- 22 Short for Albert
- 23 For some pets, you just have to put one around your property
- 24 Kind of terrier
- 25 Experimental form of art
- 26 Area out back for play
- 27 Ruthenium (Chem.)
- 28 Sorry, but . . .
- 31 Cold wind blowing down from the Swiss Alps
- 32 Silver (Chem.)
- 33 Horse likes to sniff it to see what's inside
- 34 A deer's favorite among fruit
- 36 Printer's measure

- 37 Although your pet has one, he doesn't mind cuddling up in yours
- 38 Large terrier gets his name from this river in England
- 39 City in north central Florida
- 41 Erbium (Chem.)
- 44 A dog must be trained not to do this to cars
- 45 Kipling Poem
- 47 A dog can spend hours gnawing one
- 49 Region of U.S. (Abb.)
- 50 Suffix meaning an alcohol
- 51 Refers to wolves, jackals, and foxes as well as your pet poodle
- 52 Sound of a good watch dog

DOWN

- 1 Outer part of lettuce, savored by pet deer
- 2 Forward
- 3 A hunter will, if you're not careful
- 4 100 square meters
- 5 For catching butterflies
- 6 Musical note
- 7 Large, nonflying Australian bird, unlikely to be a pet
- 8 Stair mats to keep pets from slipping
- 10 The linden tree

- 13 Ancient city on the Euphrates
- 14 Make a threatening move
- 15 Considered quite an accomplishment for a pet to stand on these legs
- 17 Even this lowly person is a king to his pet
- 19 Role played by more than one animal in stories and movies
- 21 Handy tool
- 23 When an animal bares one, it is wise to keep your distance
- 25 River in northern England
- 27 The old age you like a pet to live to
- 29 Constructed
- 30 Toadstool, mushroom family
- 31 Said to be worse than his bite
- 32 Oriental nurse
- 33 To, or not to: that is the question
- 35 Smallest state (Abb.)
- 36 Behold! (Latin)
- 37 Meaner
- 40 Andrew was a Scottish writer
- 42 Popular pet toy
- 43 Cub
- 46 Musical note
- 47 Every other
- 48 Neon (Chem.)
- 50 What you say when nipped

Answers on page 27.



Carmelita Pope — *pet ambassador*

Carmelita Pope, actress, has always loved animals. As a child she wanted a pet in the worst way (in recurring dreams, animals asked to be taken home with her). But her parents said "no."

"The closest I came to animals," she recalls, "was a hog call — my best line as an ingenue — in the Chicago company of 'Maid in the Ozarks.' Later in 'Kiss and Tell' a Scottie and I became fast friends."

It wasn't until Carmelita went to New York to try to hit the "big time" that she finally acquired the longed-for pet. Her first job as an understudy to Ida Lupino in the 20th Century Fox movie, "Dark Corners," paid fifty dollars. Check in hand, she walked to the pet shop on the Avenue of the Americas. There in the window was a sad-eyed, honey-colored Cocker Spaniel, price: \$50.00. Honey became a roommate, friend and perfect stage dog.

When the talented Chicagoan toured with the Theatre of the Open Road or did stock company shows, Honey accompanied her, quietly sleeping in the dressing room, riding in box cars, airplanes and roomettes without complaint. "My dog didn't become acquainted with grass and trees until I was on location for 'Citizen Saint,' an RKO feature film in which I played the title role," she reports. During the long Broadway run of "A Streetcar Named Desire" (Carmelita played Stella, the second lead), Honey was the official backstage greeter.

When Carmelita married and moved back to the Chicago area, television was just beginning there. Although Carmelita became a panel member on the network quiz show, "Down You Go." Honey, (a New York dog with theatrical experience!) had to content herself with guest appearances on Gail Compton's "Pet Shop" on Chicago's radio station WGN.

Carmelita kept busy having two sons and working in as many as fifteen live television shows a week. Some of these were: "Hawkins Falls," "Peter Pan's Magic Slate" (she played Peter Pan), "Guest Star with Carmelita Pope," "Take Two," "Today on the Farm," and "The Eddie Arnold Show." Commercials in which she appeared included Toni products, Dormeyer, Sunbeam, Thor, Adorn, Northern Illinois Gas Company, Wanzel Milk, Bell Savings, and Pam.

The Pet Food Institute's new PET AMBASSADOR recalls that Honey was busy too. "With the introduction of a white, mostly Poodle male in the household, Honey became a mother. Her fuzzy little pups were a happy addition to our family and to many of our friends' homes."

Dogs continued to play starring roles in the actress' life even after the demise of Honey. There was Boots (one of Honey's puppies), then MacDuff, a long-legged Collie. Presently Pucci, a Border Collie waif brought home by the beautiful MacDuff, is part of Carmelita's household. MacDuff recognizes his mistress' voice on

the network "Pam" commercials but can't figure out why it's coming from that one-eyed monster. He wasn't invited backstage when Carmelita recently played at Pheasant Run Theatre in St. Charles, Illinois. And he won't be with her when she begins her cross-country tour as PET AMBASSADOR. "He'll stay home and protect the roost, 'smiling' at the postman, the cleaner and the garbage man," Carmelita says. "Keeping a safe distance from his 'grin', they'll never notice how his tail is wagging."

In her new "starring role" as Pet Ambassador for the Pet Food Institute, Carmelita Pope has a busy job talking-Pets-to-People:

For people who plan to add a cat or a dog to the family, she has information on how to do it — how to learn about the different breeds, where to shop, what health signs to look for, and how to plan to make the new pup or kitten a happy addition to the family.

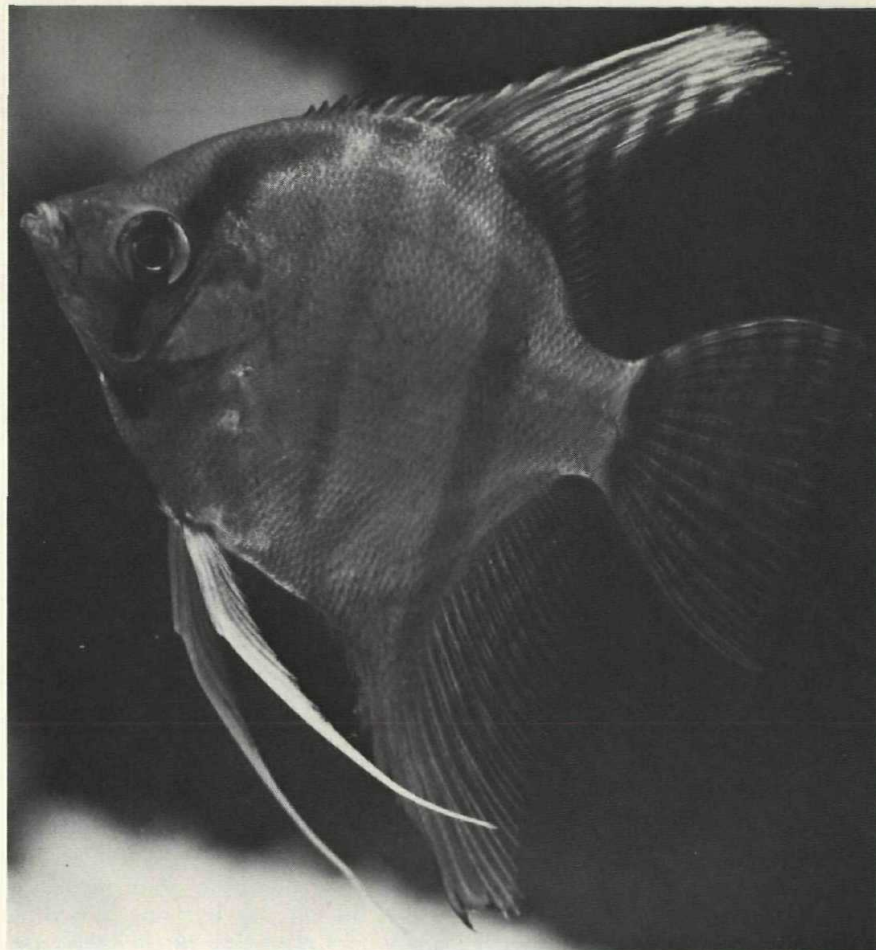
For people who already own pets, Miss Pope can give advice on feeding, training, grooming, and health care.

For everyone, she has words of wisdom about "petiquette" and how to be a more considerate, responsible pet owner.

Watch for Carmelita Pope on television, listen for her on your local radio station, or better yet, she may visit your community and give you a chance to talk—Pets—in—Person!

PET FISH

*need a
quiet,
serene
world*



To insure your pet fish a long and healthy life avoid tapping the sides of your aquarium tank.

by
Virginia Carlson

Stress in daily living is very often reflected in the behavior of pets, *and perhaps nowhere is this more apparent than in the keeping of exotic fishes.*

Some shy fish such as the jet black Lace Angel fish which have the ability to vary their color patterns, will pale, their stripes becoming almost sand-white, when they hear loud approaching footsteps. In noise-filled rooms, the stately Angels, often called the royalty of the fish tank, will dash back and forth senselessly, and when closely approached by large groups of people may flop to the bottom of the aquarium and lay on their sides. For these, and other timid fish such as the Kissing Gourami, try using plant sound barriers—such as tall strands of Vallisneria, or eel grass, which multiplies rapidly with runners, or Giant Anacharis, (Elodea) (weighted with lead bands to form natural appearing 'hiding forests') to aid in promoting health and survival.

Newcomers to tropical fish keeping are often fascinated by the housekeep-

ing activities of certain fishes—such as the King Dojo, (Kuhlii loach,) a rather shy fish which only comes out to do its scavenging or tank cleaning in the night. Many "watchers" will worry these little yellow and black banded creatures by tapping throughout the day on the sides of their aquariums—often failing to fully realize that this lovely fish is by nature nocturnal.

Trying to attract the attention of fish by disturbing their housing is so prevalent among newcomers to the fish world that notices of 'Don't tap on the glass,' are posted at all of the major Tropical Fish shows. This writer has seen signs indicating that patrons will be asked to leave shops stocking fresh water life, if they rap on their containers.

Juan F. Echeveria, author of *The Aquarium Keeper's Twelve Commandments*, which answers questions for the humane fish hobbyist, gives as one of his first rules, "Thou shalt enjoy me with thine eyes—not torment me with thy hands, (or to paraphrase, keep your hands off an aquarium glass!)."

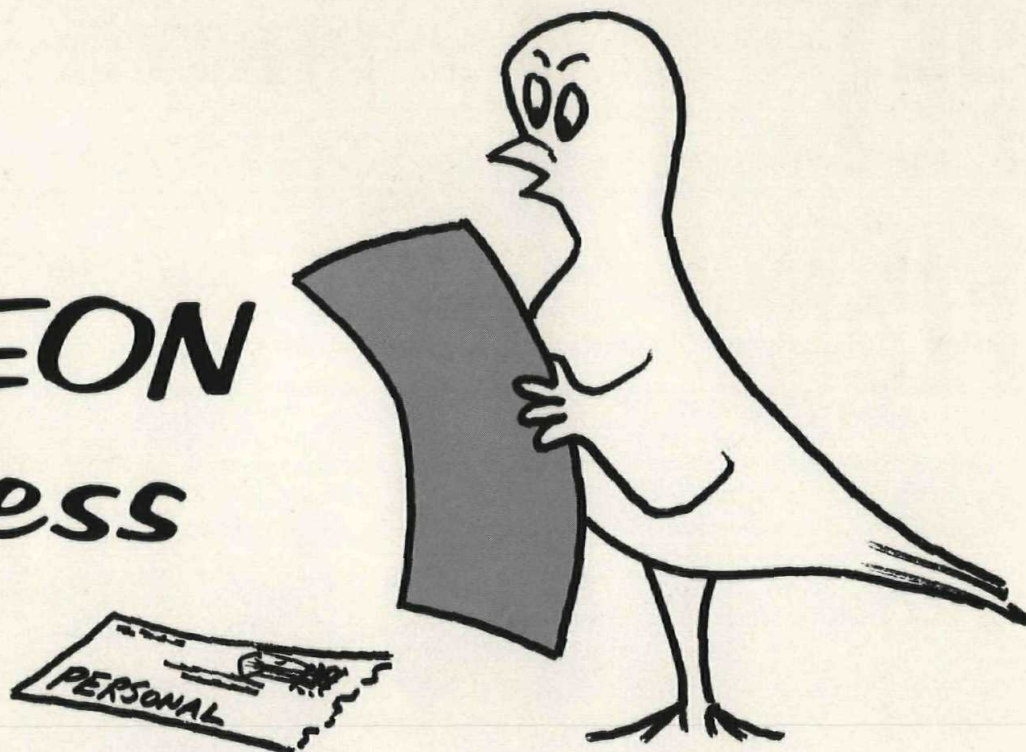
Some novice fish keepers have never come to fully understand that such shocks as suddenly striking or

jolting a fish containing can cause almost *instant death* to its inhabitants. The writer once made the mistake of placing some zebra danios, (a long-living, and less worrisome of the egg laying fishes), in a glass mason jar in which to carry them home. The lid was tapped in place with a hammer. *Within several minutes all of the zebras were dead.*

Constant human gaping, which bothers the majority of tropical fishes little, if at all, under normal circumstances, may cause serious trouble when fish are pregnant, (or gravid.) Fighting fish, Betta Splendens, perhaps the most spectacular looking and most interesting to breed of aquarium fishes, can (as is the case with most other bubble-nest builders) become so distracted by this gaping that they will turn cannibalistic and eat newly hatched fishes. As with all spawning fish, Betta need places to hide. To accomodate the Siamese Fighting fish who tear up plants, this writer: 1) places two small flower pots on their sides, (the mouths facing in opposite directions); 2) in a clean, otherwise empty, fresh water filled 3) fifteen gallon tank 4) located in a little

continued on page 26

The PIGEON Express



by Sharon Reekers

Getting fairly fresh news to a newspaper in time to "scoop" its rivals was not always easy for early-day North American journalists. Not before they had the telegraph to aid them. But the more news conscious the people of the youthful United States became, the more important it became to be first with the facts. Resourceful Eastern editors of the 1830's and 1840's had various methods of getting news from source to press. They used horse and rider, horse and buggy, and their news boats raced other news boats to get foreign news from incoming ships. They also used homing pigeons.

Craig's Pigeon Post Takes "Flight"

Daniel H. Craig was perhaps the first American to recognize the profit in a pigeon post. He was a New Hampshire printer who turned to running a private news service for such clients as the New York *Herald*. Craig transported his feathered employees in large baskets to ships he intercepted off Halifax. Then he gathered the news available, transcribed it on lightweight paper, and sent it air mail. By the time the ships he boarded docked in Boston Harbor, the news they carried had already reached the street — and been forgotten.

No Time Out for Coffee Breaks

How fast was the pigeon express? Well, it was two and a half hours as the

pigeon flew from Albany to New York City. Pigeons flapping away from Washington D. C. in the early hours of the morning could be expected in New York by noon. And it only took pigeons released from New York newspaper offices twenty minutes to reach the Narrows of New York Bay.

Luxury-Pigeon-Styled

The publishers really appreciated their pigeon couriers. When a new building was constructed for the New York *Sun* in 1842, a fancy pigeon loft was part of the blueprints. *A pigeon returning to the Sun with an important missive entered the loft through a small door. A bell attached to the door would ring, announcing his arrival. After a handler came to relieve him of his dispatch, the pigeon would relax in whichever of the many nests available he called home or partake of the pigeon refreshments provided.*

The *Sun* had good cause to take good care of their pigeons. Some of them were foreign dignitaries! Prior to forced migration to America, they'd seen service in Dublin and Paris, France while working for the London *Morning Chronicle*.

The "Sam Patch" Legend

The public liked the pigeon express, too, and made at least one *Sun* bird a celebrity. "Sam Patch" was perhaps the best pigeon the *Sun* had.

He let neither rain nor snow nor slow boats deter him from his appointed rounds. If a person fell down without being clumsy about it and didn't hurt himself, the people of that day said he'd *executed a Sam Patch*." Unfortunately, this bit of colorful slang has passed out of usage today.

Hazards of the Trade

But all was not grain and water for the members of the pigeon express. Sometimes the flying conditions got hazardous. Aza D. Banker of the Nantucket *Inquirer* lost his homing pigeon to the shotgun of a hungry individual who mistook the bird for a crow, then added insult to injury by eating it! The pigeon's obituary appeared in quite a few other newspapers.

No Match for the Machine

Progress soon made obsolete the flutter of wings as far as news gathering was concerned. And nobody can deny that the telegraph and other modern conveniences made life easier for newspapermen and newspapers better for readers. But there was something romantic about relaying news by pigeon that can never be recaptured by the click of a telegraph key, the ring of a telephone, or the clatter of a Teletype. Sad it was when the coo of a carrier pigeon bearing tidings was heard no more in this land.

PHOTO CONTEST

First Prize — Professional Category

Barbara Butterfield, Eugene, Oregon



WINNERS

In a recent issue we invited our readers to submit their best animal pictures for our continuing animal photo contest. Shown on these pages are the winners and a runner-up whom we feel deserves Honorable Mention.

We urge all our readers who are handy with a camera to enter this continuing contest. Photos of dogs, cats, horses, birds — any animal — are eligible. Any number of entries may be submitted and new contests will be held for every issue in 1973. Entries should be black and white or color prints enlarged to either 4 x 5, 5 x 7, or 8 x 10 inches. Color transparencies of any size may also be entered. Contestants must specify whether they are amateur or professional. A panel of photographic and animal experts will select the winners based on photographic quality, composition and appropriateness. Entries cannot be returned and all pictures submitted become the property of Animal Cavalcade.

Winners receive prizes ranging from a \$25.00 Savings Bond to \$10.00 awards.



Runner-up — Amateur Category
Romaine Clouse, Spokane, Washington

First Prize — Amateur Category
R. A. Chandler, Burbank, California



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PET FISH *continued from page 22*

traveled area of the bedroom; this gives the spawning pair privacy and quiet.

Angel fish, (*Pterophyllum lemekie*), share the Cichlid characteristics of protecting both the eggs, and later on, newly hatched babies. If disturbed by humans, however, as in the case of the Betta, these will eat fry. To prevent this, hobbyists provide gravid angels with large plantings of tall hiding grasses, such as cold water *Mirrophylum* or Millfoil. Angel babies hatch from the plant lead where these are placed by the female, remaining attached to the leaf by a mucous-like thread.

By some "fishy reasoning," the Egyptian Mouthbreeder of the family *Cichlidae* when annoyed or frightened by people, will eat her eggs at the slightest premonition of danger. Oddly, even the easiest spawning live-bearer, the guppy, turns notably cannibalistic when bothered by sudden noises, shock or intense lighting.

One of the most unkind things an aquarist can do is to take a picture of his tank with a standard camera using flash bulbs, from the side. The reaction of a fish community will be instant, and many of the fishes will only live a few days after the picture taking. Strangely, when the camera is set so that the flash goes off from above, the fish react mildly, if at all.

To maintain an optimum situation for pet fishes, this writer likes natural aquarium lighting when possible. It's helpful when the owner of a small fish tank can keep his aquarium under a window with good northern lighting, or can use a timer device which automatically turns lights on and off at the same time each day. Suddenly switching the light on in an aquarium which has been kept in pitch darkness is upsetting to tropical fishes as evidenced, when this occurs, by their mad dashing and darting.

Keeping a quiet world for pet fish, especially those of a retiring nature, may mean, as in the case of the shy Razor fish, *Gymnotus carapo*, not only furnishing an aquarium with tall plants such as *Vallisneria* or *Sagittarius*, but decorating the tank bottom with rocks—perhaps even building a rocky escarpment under which they can hide.

Tropical fish are naturally healthy. They will provide little trouble if kept in a balanced aquarium, given a proper diet, and kept comfortably warm at a temperature between 70°–80° F. One of the greatest rewards of fish-keeping is the re-creating of a serene self-contained world. Educated thoughtfulness will make this world delightful both for you and your "finny" friends.

FEEDING YOUR DOG

by
Pamela Bradley



Many people are very careless about their dog's nutrition. Some buy the least expensive brand of dog food, add a few table scraps, and assume the dog will be satisfied. Others heap large amounts of expensive brands on the dog's plate, and feel secure that they've satisfied his nutritional needs.

However, the truth is that when it comes to canine nutrition, the amount of nourishment you give your pet is more important than the amount of food you place in his dish. Read carefully the list of ingredients on the prepared dog food you buy for your pet. Check to see if the brand has a well-balanced combination of meat, cereal, and vitamins.

Surprisingly, small dogs require more food per pound of body weight than do large dogs. The average adult house dog weighing 12-14 pounds needs about 1/3 lb. of dry food, 6 oz. of semi-moist food, or one can of complete dog food each day. One generous meal of a well-balanced, nourishing food is enough for the average adult dog. You may feed your dog twice a day if you prefer (divide his daily ration into two feedings), but be careful that you don't overfeed him.

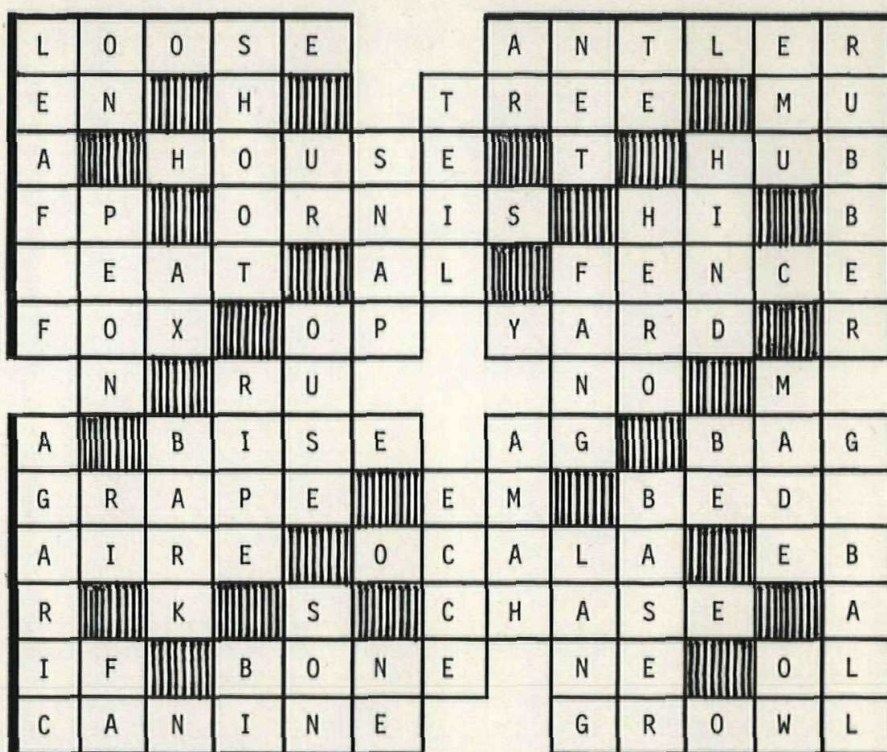
Frequent tidbits between meals may reduce your pet's appetite and cause him to become a finicky eater. If he does not finish the meal you have provided for him, do not feed him until his next regular feeding time.

If your dog becomes overweight, you are overfeeding him and must reduce the volume of food, even if he begs for more. In the case of obesity, it is extremely important that you consult a veterinarian.

It is preferable to feed your pet at the same time each day, since regular feeding often helps him maintain a steady appetite. Also, dogs prefer the security of a regular feeding time.

A self-feeding regimen, permitting your pet to eat only when he is hungry, and allowing him to regulate his own intake, has proven to be successful in keeping him healthy. It is also very convenient for the pet owner.

PUZZLE answers from page 20



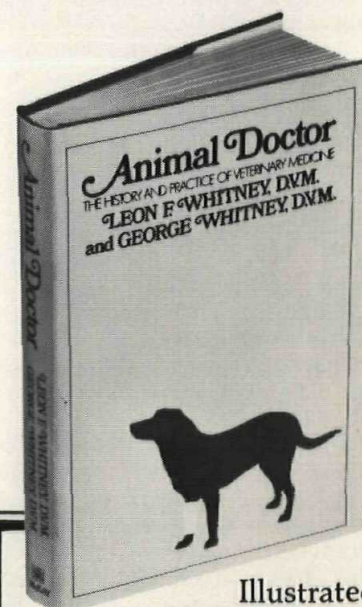
It is very important that your pet is given sufficient amounts of water. This need can be satisfied by giving him free access to water at all times, or by offering him water three times each day. However, do not give a dog large amounts of cold water immediately after he has exercised strenuously.

A sudden change of diet may upset the digestive system of your dog; however, such disturbances are usually not serious. If a new type of food is to be fed, it is advisable to make the change gradually by replacing some of the original diet with the new food over a period of a week or more. (You can also mix the two together.) By making the change in foods a gradual process, digestive upsets causing diarrhea or other temporary conditions can be avoided.

The average dog prefers the food he became accustomed to the earliest and longest. Generally, a dog's diet is less likely to fluctuate if he is kept on a steady diet of good, balanced food, fed at regular intervals, and in required amounts.

Although some dog food commercials insist on the importance of variety in your pet's diet, the truth is that dogs seem to thrive on monotony and don't require much variety in food. Alternating canned and dry dog food offers ample variety for them.

If you are careful about your pet's nutrition, you will find that you have a happier and healthier dog.



Illustrated

In *Animal Doctor* two famous vets, father and son, tell you about the joy, the satisfaction, and the rewards that come from a life spent in treating and caring for all kinds of animals. They also describe a vet's typical day and the training and schooling necessary to become a veterinarian. \$4.95 at bookstores.



McKAY



Photo by Louise Van Der Meid

How To Photograph Your Pet

by Sue Shaw

Your pet—prize winning Great Dane or ally cat—may be the most wonderful, adorable creature you've ever owned, *but proving it in a photograph is a special problem.* It seems that many "pet" photographs turn out poorly because the camera was out of focus, or the pet didn't stand still, or he was in the process of ducking out of camera range.

A professional photographer suggests that by avoiding these common pitfalls in pet photography, you can take first-rate pictures.

- ... Never force a pet to pose.
- ... Always groom your pet before starting.
- ... Use a child in the picture; it's a good way to control your pet.
- ... Make a sharp noise to get your pet to look at the camera, then take two pictures in rapid succession if you're using flash cubes.
- ... Background clutter can ruin a picture. When you look through the view finder, concentrate beyond your subject to see if anything is intruding on the picture.
- ... Sometimes you can eliminate clutter by changing your camera angle.
- ... It's best to photograph *an animal on its eye level. . . remembering not to have a striped or figured background. (A blanket or rug makes a good solid backdrop. Bedspreads and sheets show creases.)*
- ... The background should be the opposite tone of the animal.

Most cameras are set for shooting at five feet or more, so close-up shots are out of focus. An inexpensive attachment (a close-up lens) will fit right on

your camera and allow you to make the shots you want, and at the same time eliminate clutter.

Amateurs have a habit of wanting their subjects to face the sun. Try turning your pet away from the sun

and use a flash. This will give you some interesting back-lighting and shadow.

Now pick up your Polaroid or Instamatic and try your hand at getting a picture of Pooch worth framing!

It's best to photograph your pet as close to his eye level as possible. John Bright Photo



WAGS AND HIS BALL *Continued from CHILDREN'S PAGE (Pg. 17)*

Tommy had to gulp before he could ask: "Will it hurt Wags? What you have to do?"

The doctor's voice was soft. "I have to hurt him to cure him, Tommy. But I'll be as gentle as I can. I promise you."

The veterinarian looked hard at the Halls. Their clothes were clean, but shabby. They all needed new shoes. He could see they didn't have much money.

He spoke to Tommy. "Wags is your dog, isn't he?"

Tommy just nodded. His mother spoke up. "Wags is like one of our family, but he really belongs to Tommy."

"Then," said Dr. Briggs, "will you give Wags to me, Tommy?"

Tommy gasped. Give Wags away? He couldn't speak.

"Give Wags to me," repeated the veterinarian. "Then he'll be my dog, and of course nobody has to pay me to treat my own dog. So I'll do everything I can to get him well and then, Tommy . . ." Dr. Briggs smiled, "why, then, Wags will be your dog again. I'll give him back to you. How about that?"

Tommy still could not speak. He could only laugh.

So it was Mom who told the doctor how kind they thought he was and how much they thanked him.

At last came the day when Dr. Briggs' car stopped in front of the Halls' house. And there was Wags, jumping out, running and leaping up on Tommy, on Dot, on Mom. Just as good as new. Tail *wagging, wagging, wagging*.

"Now you can play ball with him as much as you want to," said the veterinarian. "But from now on you only play with a BIG ball!"

ONE SUNDAY MORNING *cont.*

was such a dignified atmosphere in the congregation.

Before Midge had a chance to get bored, Rev. Ferguson, the minister at this church, got up and very apologetically said that his dog had chewed up his notes just before the church service. He was sorry. There wasn't time to prepare another sermon.

"So friends," Rev. Ferguson continued, "I will just have to rely on the Lord today."

Rev. Ferguson started to talk. It seemed more like a conversation with the people than preaching. Midge found herself listening attentively. In fact, she got so interested in what the minister was saying that she never did get around to doodling.

When the benediction was said, Midge realized that the time had gone fast. Soon she and her parents were walking to the back of the church to greet Rev. Ferguson.

Then Midge heard someone say, "My, that was a powerful sermon. You'll have to let your dog chew up your notes more

often!"

The minister laughed.

Before Midge realized what she was doing, she went up to Rev. Ferguson's side and pulled on his sleeve.

After getting the minister's attention, she asked him, "What kind of a dog do you have?"

Even before she got an answer, she said, "When it has puppies, will you let my Dad have one?"

HOW MANY OF THESE "DOGGIE" FACTS DO YOU KNOW?

... that since World War II there has been an increased interest in pure-bred dogs and in dog shows as a hobby. It is estimated that 25% to 30% of pet dogs are pure-bred.

... that over 2,500 dog shows, including conformation, obedience trials, and field trials are held in the United States each year.

... that the twenty most popular pure-bred dogs are: Poodle, German Shepherd, Beagle, Dachshund, Miniature Schnauzer, St. Bernard, Irish Setter, Labrador Retriever, Collie, Pekingese, Chihuahua, Cocker Spaniel, Doberman Pinscher, Bas-

set Hound, Shetland Sheepdog, Pomeranian, Great Dane, Yorkshire Terrier, Brittany Spaniel, and German Shorthaired Pointer.

... that the dog is the only animal that will work for an intangible reward. A word of praise or a pat on the head are the rewards a dog likes best. No wonder he's called man's best friend.

... that the fastest dog is the Saluki; his maximum speed is about 40 miles per hour.

... that the tallest dog is the Irish Wolfhound. Standing on his hind legs, he towers over a six-foot man.

... that the smallest dog is the Chihuahua; some weigh only a pound when full grown.

... that dogs were domesticated in the early Stone Age -- about 10,000 years ago.

... that every country of the world has one or more native breeds of dogs. The five native American dogs are the Boston Terrier, the Chesapeake Bay Retriever, the American Water Spaniel, the Black-and-Tan Coonhound and the American Foxhound.

... that psychologists suggest that caring for a responsive pet, like a dog, helps children develop responsibility, respect for living creatures, kindness and emotional maturity. A New York psychologist uses dogs as "co-therapists" in treating emotionally disturbed children. He calls them "seeing heart" dogs.

CATS & DOGS Answers

1. siAmeSe
2. poiNter
3. calIco
4. dalMation
5. mAltese
6. airedaLe terrier
7. daChshund
8. mAnx
9. golden retrieVer
10. persiAn
11. bulldog
12. doberman pinsCher
13. beAgle
14. great Dane
15. colliE



**How much cereal
in your
"meaty" dog food?**
(read the label)

**There's not
a speck of cereal
in ALPO Beef.**
(read our label)

A dog food may say "meaty" on the front, but it's the fine print on the back that tells you what's really in the can. There you find things like cereals, grains, grits, flours and gravy. All trying to look like meat. And they may be charging meat prices.

You won't find cereal listed on an ALPO Beef label. Because ALPO doesn't have a speck of cereal in the can. Just chunks of good red beef and meat-by-products. Plus every vitamin and mineral dogs and growing puppies need.

With ALPO, you don't pay meat prices for cereal. You get all the meat you pay for. All the meat your dogs love. If your dog food promises meat but delivers cereal, shouldn't you switch to ALPO?