

MAY/JUNE 1973

60¢

ANIMAL CAVALCADE



SPAY CLINIC CONTROVERSY

Guest Editorial
by Marvin L. Samuelson, D.V.M.
January, 1973

Increasing demands for spay clinics across the United States has resulted from a growing awareness of surplus dog and cat populations. Not one community in the country can point to a decrease in unwanted animal population from spay clinic operation.

Surgical sterilization has proven ineffective and costly as a means of birth control. Still spay clinics remain popular. Why . . . to appease the mass of well intended though incompletely informed humane workers and as a convenience for owners, not population control. Many so-called humane workers, sometimes referred to as "humaniacs", are purely seeking tax subsidized municipal clinics or support cheap animal health services without regard for proper patient care. The two primary benefits from an ovariohysterectomy in dogs and cats are owner convenience and better health for the patient. Birth control is a fringe benefit. Each individual pet is rendered sterile; however, the limited number of animals operated on cannot stop the population increase resulting from the hoards of promiscuous breeding animals in the hands of irresponsible owners.

The fee charged for an ovariohysterectomy in private animal hospitals has been offered as a deterrent to many pet owners who might seek such service. This is a major abdominal surgery requiring general anesthesia, sterile technique and a skilled surgeon. Reduced fees are possible by lowering operating standards or by subsidy. High volume semi-sterile rapid surgical programs with minimal anesthesia may be offered at lower costs. Tax dollar subsidy or donations from humane organizations can be used to provide lower fees.

Cost accounting for an ovariohysterectomy usually includes the following:

1. *Administration* - Making the initial appointment, admit and discharge the patient, maintain records, clinic management, supervision of personnel, clean instruments and re-sterilize packs. Actual Cost \$3.00 to \$10.00.
2. *Fixed Overhead* - Depreciation on clinical facilities, instruments, sterilizer, anesthetic machines, surgery tables, lamps, patient preparation equipment, holding rooms, compartments or kennels, office furniture, utilities, property taxes and accounting services. Actual Cost continued on page 10

ANIMAL CAVALCADE

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

MAY/JUNE

Volume 4 Number 3

ARTICLES

- So You Don't Like Cats?, *Raymond Schyessler* 6
- Pet Lovers Dog Travel Firms, *Frank Riley* 8
- Test Yourself on Animal Health, *C. P. Ryan, D.V.M.* 11
- Confessions of an Ailurophile (Cat Lover), *Ruth Schenley* 12
- Pets Star in Kodak Snapshot Awards 14
- A Twelve Hundred Pound Lap Pet, *Jane Swope* 18
- Diary of a Lhasa Apso Trainer, *Susan Daniels, D.V.M.* 20
- Children's Page
- Rocky Duck, *Evelyn Witter* 22
- Look I'm Typing 23
- Not Usually, But Maybe Sometimes, *Beverly S. Brown* 23
- What Animals Are These?, *Louise Price Bell* 23
- Field Trials, *Art Beaman* 24
- Houseboating with Fido, *Jean P. Smith* 26

DEPARTMENTS

- Animal News 4
- Editor's Notebook, Spay Clinic Controversy, *Marvin L. Samuelson, D.V.M.* 3

- William K. Riddell, D.V.M. Editorial Director
- Norene Harris Associate Editor
- Pamela Bradley Associate Editor
- Millwood A. Custer, D.V.M. Small Animals Editor
- Charles H. Reid, D.V.M. Equine Editor
- Robert J. Schroeder, D.V.M. Ecology & Public Health Editor
- Oscar W. Schalm, D.V.M. Research Editor
- Wesley A. Young, D.V.M. Exotic Animals Editor

- Bill Williams Art Director
- Laura Tracy Advertising Director

Address all advertising and editorial communications to ANIMAL CAVALCADE, 11926 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, California 90025. Area Code 213, 826-3647. All editorial correspondence and manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Send subscriptions and change of address to ANIMAL HEALTH FOUNDATION, 8338 Rosemead Boulevard, Pico Rivera, Calif. 90660. Be sure to notify us of your change of address at least six weeks before the change is made, including an address label clipped from your latest copy. Give both your old and new address and include your ZIP CODE.

COVER: Tuffy, a two year old honey-colored Lhasa Apso, owned by Dr. and Mrs. Lionell Greenberg of Bel-Air, California, displays all the proper tipping of a true champion.

ANIMAL CAVALCADE is published bi-monthly by Continental Publishing Corp. for the Animal Health Foundation, 8338 Rosemead Blvd., Pico Rivera, Calif. 90660. Single copies .60¢. 12-issue subscription, \$6.00; additional gift subscriptions (if ordered at same time), \$4.00 each. Copyright, 1972, Continental Publishing Corp.

ANIMAL NEWS

MICRO-TESTING TECHNIQUE

Base for Vet Service

United Medical Laboratories of Portland, Oregon, has developed and refined micro-testing techniques which allow the veterinarian to get thorough clinical data on a single, small blood sample.

Profile testing for the small animal has been thought impractical up to now because of the volume of blood necessary to complete a battery of diagnostic tests using standard techniques.

UML, which has 20 years of clinical laboratory experience in testing human specimens, developed the animal specimen service so that both the veterinarian and his clients can benefit by automated service in lower testing fees, thorough and accurate service, and rapid return of test results.

"TIRING" DAY FOR PACHYDERM

by H. L. Miller
Sarasota, Florida

Ordinarily, Susie, the pride of Riverside Zoo at Independence, Kansas, derives no end of delight with her favorite toy, a tractor tire. But not when it's around her neck.

Somehow she stuck her head through the mammoth tire and couldn't get it off. Neither could the kindly park attendants when they discovered her predicament.

Until, that is, they resorted to the slow and laborious job of using a hacksaw and knife.

Susie never got flustered during the entire ordeal. Once the tire was cut loose, she just had to have a replacement to keep her happy. She got it.

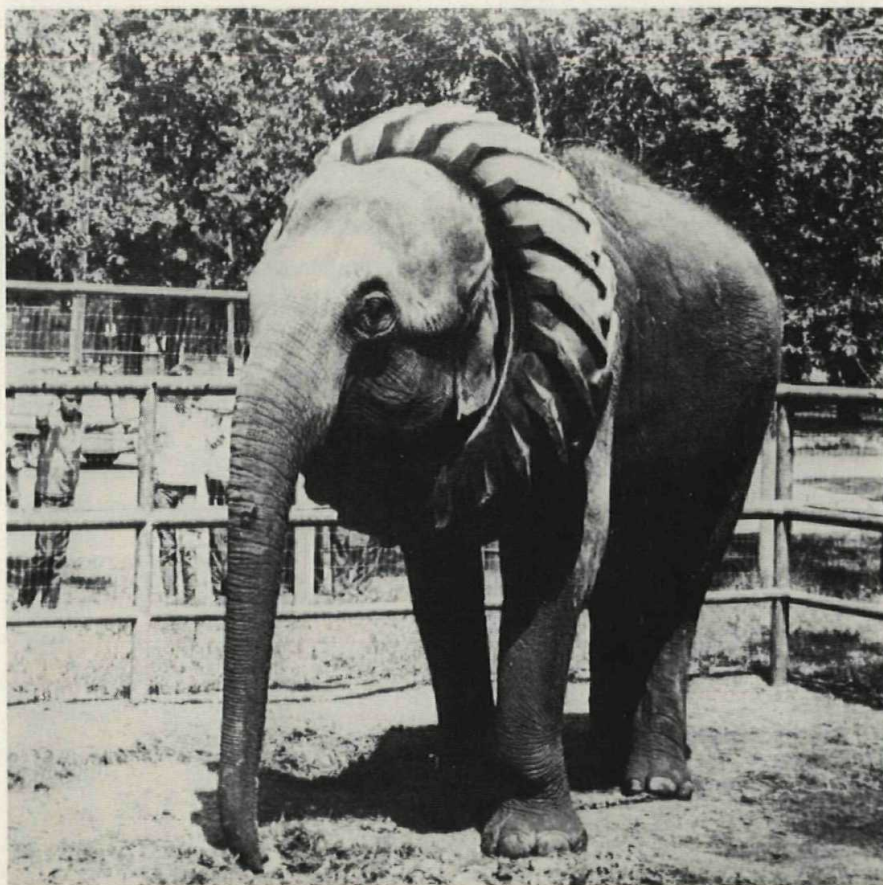
DR. T. H. BRASMER WINS VETERINARIAN "OSCAR"

Dr. Timothy H. Brasmer, Professor and Head of the Department of Veterinary Surgery and Radiology at the University of Minnesota, has been selected "Veterinarian of the Year 1972" by the Awards Committee of the American Animal Hospital Association.

Dr. Brasmer received the Gaines Dog Research Center's 26th annual "Fido" statuette and a cash award at the AAHA's annual convention on April 10 in San Antonio, Texas. The presentation was made by Walter N. Chimel, Director of the Center.

Dr. Brasmer was honored for his outstanding contributions to small animal medicine and surgery. In addition to his many appearances on annual and regional programs sponsored by the AAHA, Dr. Brasmer has pioneered in the development of techniques in canine thoracic surgery, the development and application of a total vertebral body prosthesis, the development of a new method of spinal plating and the use of total body and local hypothermia in spinal surgery.

Dr. Brasmer also has contributed extensively to the clinical management of hypovolemic shock and the use of new surgical methods in canine disc disease, canine spondylolisthesis and spinal trauma. He is presently working on a technique for simplified cardiopulmonary by-pass in the dog. He has presented more than 100 papers on these subjects at international, national, state and university professional meetings. A native of Evanston, Illinois, Dr. Brasmer earned his D.V.M. degree at Colorado State University in 1947. After interning at Cornell University's Small Animal Clinic, he operated his own practice for two years, was an instructor at the University of Illinois for two years and was Director of the Hillcrest Hospital for Animals in Danville, Illinois, for 14 years before returning to Colorado State University in 1966 to study for his Ph. D. in surgery. In 1969, he became Associate Professor and Chief of Surgery at Cornell's Department of Small Animal Medicine and Surgery. He advanced to his present position last year.



SO YOU DON'T LIKE CATS!

by

Raymond Schyessler

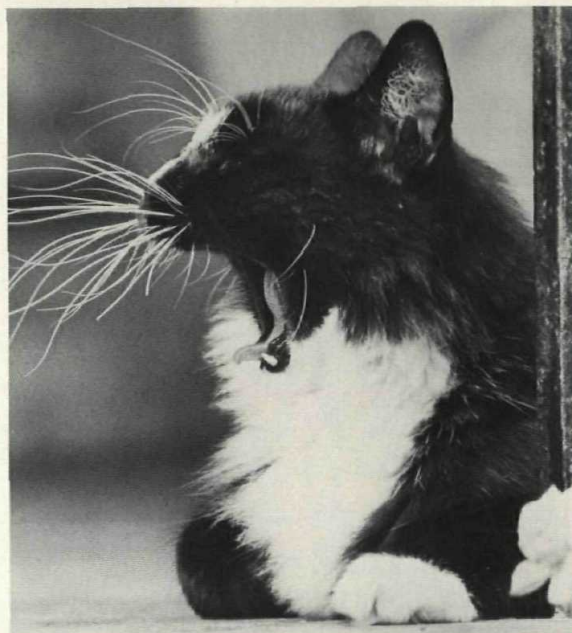


Photo by John Bright

How many times have you heard people say they don't like cats? Ask them why and they will invariably claim that cats are aloof, independent, and unaffectionate — not at all like dogs.

Fact is, cats *are* different, but not in the way popular misconception goes. "Each breed of cat has its own characteristics, personality, and temperament," says H. Jack Middleton, cat expert. "The trick is to be familiar with the various breeds and know what to expect (just as you know that the personality of a German Shepherd is not the same as a Poodle.)"

The most popular breed is the Domestic Short Hair. He may also vulgarly be called an alley cat, but as cat lovers point out, this is a misnomer for it applies only to those cats abandoned by thoughtless people. The Domestic Short Hair is a recognized breed with approximately 25 various combinations of hair coat and eye color, all of which are registered. They come in a wide range of colors, including the striped tabby, and their coat markings remain unchanged throughout life.

The forerunners of our Domestic Short Hair were felines brought over from Europe by the Puritans. Probably this breed has become our most popular because of its pleasing and well-adjusted personality, and its distinctively easy-going manner.

Most popular of the pure-bred cats is the Siamese, which originally came from Siam and where it enjoyed royal status. Those Siamese cats were trained to guard temples and shrines throughout the country. No cat is more alert or more active than the Siamese. Generally the males are extremely demonstrative for attention, while the females are more aloof and reserved. Both males and females are

"talkers," their voices being unique in that they can plead, scold, howl and cry.

The Siamese can be trained to retrieve and walk on a leash, as dogs can. Like dogs, they change color as they age — and also like dogs, they often become one-person pets, giving their full attention to one human. "This also means they sometimes get jealous and are easily upset by rebukes," says Middleton.

Siamese are agile, gay and friendly. They are distinctive in appearance with slanted, vivid blue eyes and a velvety mask across the face. The legs and tail are the same color as the face, and this coloration is called "points." Siamese with fawn-colored bodies and chocolate-brown masks, legs and tail are called "seal points." Those with grayish-white bodies, blue masks, legs and tail are called "blue points."

Another popular pure-bred is the Persian, whose origin (despite its name) is not certain. It was once called the Angora. The long-hair Persian is generally the best behaved and most content of any cat. It is also regal in appearance, affectionate in disposition, and adventuresome.

"Persians are unexcelled as drawing room pets," says Middleton. "They are also, unknown to many owners, excellent mousers." They have been bred in many colors: orange, cream, blue, smoke, silver, white, black, tortoise shell — even tabby.

The Burmese, another short-hair cat, is one of two recognized natural breeds of brown cats. It is closely related to the Siamese; however, its eyes are golden, its coat is almost sable brown, and it is quieter and gentler. The Burmese is a rare breed that has gained in popularity since it was first imported into the United States in

1930 by a California doctor named Thompson.

A rare cat, unlike any other in both appearance and personality, is the Abyssinian, whose ancestors were the sacred cats of Egypt. Short haired, with a long body and slender bones, the Abyssinian has a triangular face with green, yellow, or hazel eyes, and a soft russet coat "ticked" with gray, black, or brown bands.

The Abyssinian is strong and courageous, and in repose looks very much like a little lion. He seldom uses his voice, although it is soft and pleasant when he does. Very alert and highly intelligent, he is slow to make friends, but can be very affectionate once the ice is broken. The Abyssinian is one cat that suffers in close confinement even though it is capable of amusing itself. It's best to rear him where there is ample room to roam.

The most unusual breed is the Manx cat, which has no tail at all. It comes from the Isle of Man. With hind legs longer than front legs, the Manx bobs when it walks and leaps when it runs — so much so it resembles a rabbit in motion.

The Manx has an inherent love of water and, according to one theory, got to the Isle of Man by swimming ashore in the 16th century from a ship wrecked in the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

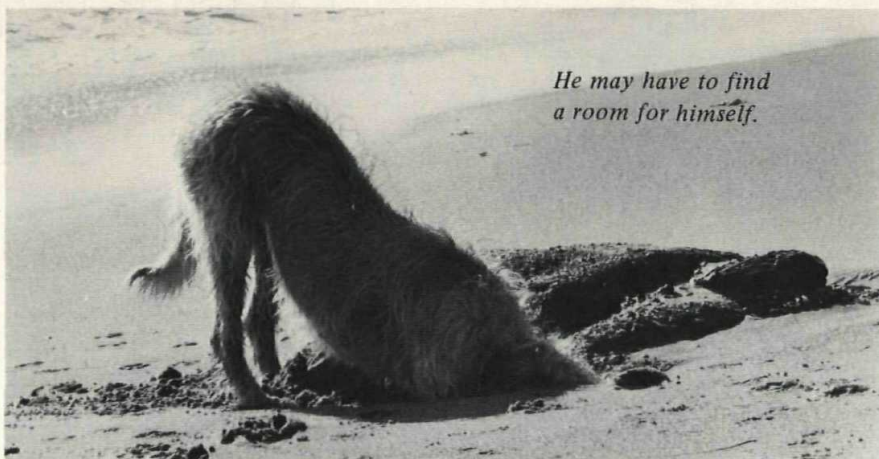
The Manx has a delightful disposition and is one of the most affectionate and faithful of cats. His short, thick fur comes in a variety of colors.

The newest cat breeds, which are still rare, are the Korat and the Rex. The Korat is, believe it or not, the most popular cat in Siam today — not the Siamese. He is delicate and slender, with a pear-shaped face and large ears. The Korat male is muscular, while the female is dainty and graceful. Their personality is warm, affectionate and quietly reserved, possessed of an "unusual dignity."

The Rex is distinguished by very soft curly fur, and a body that looks delicate, but feels like spring steel. An excellent house pet because of its affectionate nature, the Rex cat has one other important advantage: because its coat has no guard hair, it doesn't leave hairs on clothing or furniture.

So, it isn't enough when talking about cats to evaluate them on the basis of preconceived notions, or whether they have long tails or round heads. You really have to consider their breed, and with that, their personalities.

"Once you do this," concludes H. Jack Middleton, "you will not only like cats, but you may probably become one of the millions of Americans who are enthusiastic cat owners."



*He may have to find
a room for himself.*

"LEAVE FIFI AT HOME"

by Frank Riley
Reprinted courtesy L.A. Times,
4/18/73

"Fifi stay home!"

This is the most candidly refreshing reply I've yet come across to a question troubling tourism throughout much of the world.

With the human fears and loneliness that have helped to proliferate the dog population in the United States at three times the people rate of growth (to an incredible 26,000,000, or one dog for almost every other home), all segments of the travel industry are under increasing pressure from pet owners who ask:

"How do I travel with my dog?"

Greater Los Angeles has close to 750,000 dogs. This means there are more travelers here than in most cities of the world trying to make reservations for Fifi with hotels, motels, campgrounds, national parks, airlines, cruise ships and even Amtrak.

Queasy Search

After receiving an unprecedented number of inquiries this spring about traveling with dogs, I decided somewhat queasily to look for answers—queasily because I've learned that hell hath no fury like a dog lover who thinks his pet has been in any way put down.

I know it won't even help to qualify myself as being more than a little fond of two dogs, one a Hungarian Puli and the other an Airedale.

At any rate, Princess Cruises will be in dogdom's dungeon with me. In its 1973 edition of "Answers to Most Often Asked Questions About Cruising," the company answers "Can you bring Fifi?" with a candid:

"Not if Fifi is a pet. Cruise ships usually don't take pets. Space aboard a cruise ship is designed for passenger comfort. Sorry, Fifi."

A Firmer Stand

Airlines are being eased toward a similarly firm stand, so far as passenger compartments are concerned. Up to now, they've often had to present themselves as being "pet oriented" in competing for business.

"Pet passengers?" asked the Air Transport Assn. last November. "Airlines fly them by the thousands!"

ATA proclaimed "a high regard for canine comfort and feline felicity," noting that one U.S. overseas carrier blocked off a plane's entire first-class section for an Oriental lady traveling with her seven dogs.

Now the March issue of Consumer Reports has shaken up pet owners and airlines alike with a study, based on testimony before the Civil Aeronautics Board, of the dangers inflicted on pets larger than under-the-seat size that must be transported in cargo holds at jet altitudes, even though all airlines don't always have the capability to assure their safety and comfort.

Regarding dogs in the passenger cabin, the study that alleges that American and Frontier airlines are the most permissive, permitting one pet per passenger. My own checking doesn't confirm this.

Rules Changing

American reservations personnel say that up to March 10 only one pet per passenger cabin was allowed. Since that date, not even one is permitted.

Frontier reservations reports that up to a year ago no pets were allowed in passenger cabins. There is currently a limit of one small pet per cabin.

Continental will accept one pet per cabin, as do virtually all other airlines, but will no longer permit the pet to be removed from its container after takeoff.

Air France allows a pet to be held on the lap after takeoff. As to any

natural functions that might have to take place during a long flight, "a crew member or hostess would assist in whatever cleanup is necessary."

A pet must be brought into airline passenger cabins in a container no more than 18 inches long (20 inches on a 747), capable of being collapsed to a height of 9 inches so that it can fit under the seat.

The in-cabin rate for flying with a pet comes to approximately \$3 per pound. Fifi may have to be moved around because of fellow passengers allergic to animals.

As to cargo hold rates, Lufthansa's Los Angeles-Frankfurt flight is a representative example. The price is \$1.85 per pound on a volume weight calculation that takes into account the size of the sturdy portable kennel. One measuring 22 by 17 by 19 inches would have a volume weight, with the dog, of 42 pounds.

All airlines have detailed instructions for preflight preparation that could in some cases include sedation.

The real problems may come at your destination. Pet entry regulations vary from country to country. France and Germany require only a health certificate and rabies vaccination. England is tough, starting with six months of quarantine in approved British kennels.

Dogdom's population boom is just as supersonic in Europe as in the United States. Sidewalks must be strolled with downcast eyes. Fifi's contributions will not be accepted with inordinate joy.

You will have to compete for curb space with German dog owners bold enough to ask for a doggie chair in a restaurant, and with Britains who will walk a bulldog right into a food market.

Travels with your dog here in the United States will increasingly confront you with "No Pets" signs at motels, hotels and campgrounds. The remote Pinnacles National Monument in central California has tightened regulations to "dogs on leash only," and will not permit them on wilderness trails.

Except for Amtrak trains on Southern Pacific tracks, you have to pay for a private compartment to travel with a dog.

Herb Caen may have said it all with a recent item in his column about a San Francisco Boy Scout troop that had found a new way to do its good deed. The scouts will place little green flags on sidewalk dog poop so as to catch the eye of Bay Area visitors unaccustomed to such an intensity of pedestrian hazards.

Conclusion: Leave Fifi at home with family or friends. You'll miss Fifi more than Fifi will miss you.

Photo by John Bright

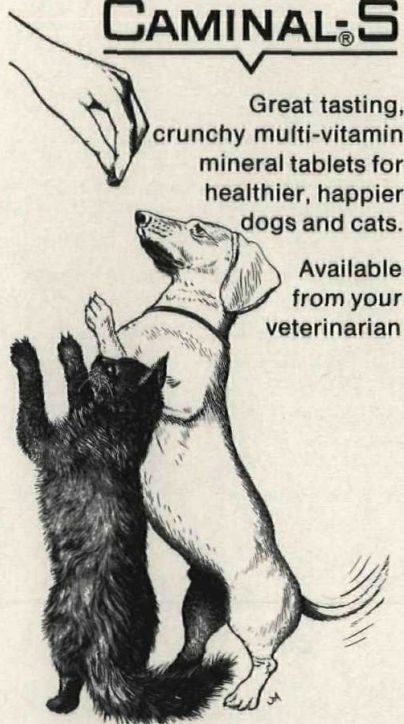


The
Johnson
Pet-Dor
is a
Softie

Now a new model designed just for cats and toy dogs means three sizes accommodate all pets from small cats to German Shepherds. All pets get the swing of it in as little as five minutes. Save their masters trips to the door—eliminate barking, meowing and scratching at the door. ☐ Swinging parts of the pet door are flexible for pet safety. Permanent magnets keep them shut when not in use. No drafts or dust. Frame is aerospace tested extruded aluminum—lasts a lifetime. Locking panel for security. Can be installed in door panels or walls ☐ For brochure and price schedule write to Dept. AC, Johnson Pet-Dor, Inc., P.O. Box 643, Northridge, Calif. 91324.

JOHNSON  **PET-DOR**

Pets jump for 'em CAMINAL-S



Great tasting, crunchy multi-vitamin mineral tablets for healthier, happier dogs and cats.

Available from your veterinarian

ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

ARMOUR-BALDWIN
LABORATORIES
OMAHA, NEBRASKA 68103

DIVISION OF
ARMOUR
PHARMACEUTICAL
COMPANY

continued from page 3

\$4.00 to \$10.00.

3. *Drugs and disposable items* — Anesthetic (gas and/or injectable), oxygen, gauze, bandage, tape, suture material, drapes, caps, masks, gloves, needles, blades and endotracheal tubes. Actual Cost \$7.00 to \$15.00.

4. *Surgery Cost* — a. Assistants for patient preparation, surgical assistance, anesthetic monitoring and patient post surgical care.

b. Surgeon's fee — (Operating table time) 10 to 60 minutes. The time required will generally be determined by the size and condition of the patient. (Average 30 minutes). A reasonable fee for a skilled surgeon is one dollar per minute operating time. Actual Cost \$15.00 to \$75.00.

The veterinary surgeon often donates his surgical skill and time in the interest of maintaining the lowest possible fee. The cost of an ovariohysterectomy varies with the standard of practice, time required (usually determined by the size and condition of the patient) and the surgeon's willingness to bargain for his professional service fee. Fees from \$25.00 to \$100.00 for an ovariohysterectomy are not unreasonable.

Loyalty to the Veterinarian's Oath and a desire to protect and serve the animal prohibits the quality oriented doctor's participation in any programs where standards of veterinary medical practice are compromised. High volume, lower quality operations certainly serve more owners and provide at least some medical care to animals that may receive virtually no health care otherwise.

Animals cannot speak for themselves allowing many health problems, discomforts and post surgical complications to go unnoticed or unmentioned. Many others are presented to a second veterinarian for treatment of post surgical complications. This allows for the apparent success of high volume, low quality spay programs. High death rates attributed to anesthesia and surgery, together with many post surgical complications, characterize the high volume, low quality approach to spay programs. The average American's eagerness to seek out a bargain, together with weak and archaic laws on enforcement of veterinary practice standards, encourages compromise in the delivery of animal health care with little regard for the animals' welfare. Animal owners attracted by such bargain approaches are often disappointed. This contributes to the general reluctance of owners to submit their animals for proper and necessary surgery. In effect, shoddy spay programs may contribute to the over population problem rather than to bring about reduction.

Low fee spay programs subsidized by government or private sources create a competitive situation with a portion of the private veterinary practices. Lowering standards to allow a competitive fee schedule is a tragedy for animals.

There are four ways to maintain practice profits in the face of rising operation costs:

1. Increase volume (Be more efficient and work longer hours.)
2. Reduce overhead (Reduce services.)
3. Increase fees.
4. Lower standards.



"HE DIDN'T LIKE HIS DOGGIE BATH AND THREATENS TO GET EVEN WITH ME. BUT I'M NOT WORRIED. WHAT COULD A DOG POSSIBLY DO?"



Photo by John Bright

confessions of an ailurophile (cat lover)

by Ruth Schenley
A True Story

This is how I transferred the center of the cat population from Greene County, Pennsylvania, to Lake County, Ohio, in four Sundays and a station wagon.

The first thing I noticed about Eastlake, where I was teaching at the time, was that nobody seemed to have any cats. Everybody talked about cats - my third-graders were partial to cat stories, but they all spoke of cats and kittens in the past or future tense. Perhaps there were cats in other parts of town, but the section that supplied Longfellow School with budding idealists seemed - on taking a quick survey - to be catless.

The survey was taken by a show of hands. Teacher said, "By the way, how many of you have cats at your house?" The kids looked helpless and bewildered when no hands went up. Then I asked, "How many would like to have a cat?" Every little paw shot into the air.

It started as simply as that, but it soon got complicated. Children without cats have my deepest sympathy. *It is a state almost worse than not having a dog.* I also found out that our principal favored cats, so I was all set.

First thing I asked was for my students to write a short paragraph on "Why I Do Not Have a Cat at My House." Their reasons ranged from,

"My cat got sick and died," to, "My daddy hates cats."

It soon became evident that Eastlake had suffered an epidemic of some sort that had wiped out all cats for a couple of years. Gastro-enteritis? I asked the local veterinarian. He said, yes, probably. This is the usual wholesale cat-killer.

Sadly bewailing the bitter lot of Eastlake's kitten-hungry kids, I returned to Waynesburg late Friday night and caught my mother in a plot to dispose of Old Cat's four beautiful kittens whose eyes were just beginning to turn gray. I interceded for them eloquently. "I'll take them back to school and give them to the kids," I cried.

"Better ask their parents first," Mom sniffed.

But already the seed of a wild scheme had sprouted in my mind. Already I pictured myself as the Pussy-cat Princess, or the Joan of Arc of catdom.

Mom passed the news over the phone to Grandma. Bright and early Saturday morning Grandma called me. "Ruth," she said wheedlingly. "I have two kittens too many down here. Would you like to have them?"

I said, "Of course." That made six - two tigers, one black, two black and white, and a lavender-grey. This last color-type is a very light pearl grey with bluish markings that give the fur

a lavender overcast in the sun.

By Sunday Grandma's next-door neighbor had contributed a calico, and there were dark hints of more to come. These were all August kittens, at their best age for adapting to new homes.

Sunday night I arrived in Eastlake with a carload of seven mewing kittens. Fortunately my landlady liked cats.

Monday morning I announced to the third grade that we were going to have a writing contest. The first prize would be winner's choice of a kitten, and so on - on down the line. I stipulated, however, that I must have notes from parents to O.K. the possession of a kitten. In some schools I would have brought the authorities down on my neck, but not at Longfellow. In those days we had a sort of heaven-on-earth, the most charming rapport among teachers, parents and pupils that I have ever seen in all my years of teaching. The parents were delighted, even the ones whose children had written, "My dad hates cats." I still have a note from one of those fathers:

Dear Mrs. S.,

I hate cats, but I think your contest is O.K. for the community. So if Johnny wins a kitten, I guess I will just have to learn to like it.

See what I mean? The parents at Eastlake were as wonderful as their

children. All they needed was cats.

Parents' notes came in Tuesday. Tuesday afternoon we worked on the contest, "Why I Want a Kitten." Tuesday evening I corrected and ranked the themes, and Wednesday morning I took a box full of kittens to school. First prize went to Susan. Susan's theme read in part: "*I want a kitten because I hope it will be a girl kitten and grow up to lay cat eggs to hatch out more kittens.*" I thought this was just beautiful, my sentiments exactly. Susan picked the lavender-grey, a female.

The themes were so neat and charmingly written that it was difficult to rank them. I was sorry that I could give only seven prizes including "honorable mentions."

The school was all agog as the prize winners walked around to all the other classes to show their cats.

By Thursday I began to get calls for "more cats," and by Friday even the neighbors were stopping me in the streets to plead, "Please, could you bring me just one cat from Pennsylvania? I'll even pay for one."

I said, "I'll do what I can. But you don't have to pay. Kittens and sunshine are free."

I don't know how many kittens I brought to Eastlake during that magnificent feline Exodus. I'm afraid I lost count by the second Sunday. Maybe, for my conscience's sake, it's just as well I don't remember. You normal, cat-crowded communities presumably have difficulty picturing the emotions of residents starved for cat-love when kittens suddenly become available. Especially when these emotions are spearheaded by a vociferating grade-school majority. If you don't believe me, let me suggest that you re-read the story of Dick Whittington and *his* cat.

However, by Thanksgiving, appropriately enough, Greene County had run out of adoptable kittens. Fittingly, that took care of that. For the next four years I was known as "the teacher who brought the kittens," and beamed upon as a great-hearted philanthropist.

Then I rented a rambling suburban home with three acres of grounds. There I established six cats of my own, twelve bantams, a tame pheasant, two German shepherds, plus sundry uncountable rabbits and other small creatures. This menage was located on what was still almost a country road with neighbors at quite a distance on either side, but still within the limits of Eastlake.

The fifth "Year of the Cat" the tide turned. I had been transferred to the local high school and my English classes began bringing me cat problems such as: what to do with excess kittens, how to get rid of stray cats, etc.

I did what I could to help find homes for these excess felines, but it was a losing job. I could find few takers. Everybody had enough cats, thank you. I thought of transferring some of them back to Greene County, Pennsylvania, but no dice. Greene County cats had remained healthy and reproductive, and I was informed at home, "We have *enough* cats!"

Then suddenly, mysteriously, cats began to arrive at my house. I would open my kitchen door of a morning, and one to three new, grown cats would be standing there with the rest, screaming for breakfast. Late at night there would come a dull thud on the back porch and the roar of a gunned motor. I soon knew what to expect — a box of hungry kittens. My high school students came to me with strange and dramatic stories. I remem-

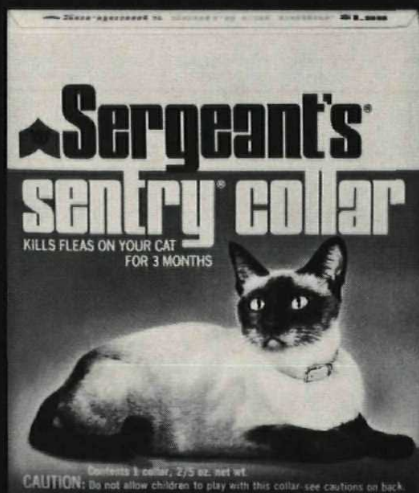
ber one lad in particular. He kept bringing me braces of kittens which he claimed to have rescued from being run over right in the middle of the street, and knowing my good heart, he naturally depended on me to take care of them. Subsequent investigation revealed that this tender-hearted little monster was collecting expendable kittens from his neighbors and bringing them to me.

Regardless of what I could do, the inflow of cats exceeded the outgo, until I had around seventeen of them at a time. One week it went up to twenty-three. Now that I had been cast in the role of cat goddess there was nothing I could do about it but take care of the kittens. Eastlake was returning my favor with a vengeance. I had been elected to sainthood and the cats of Lake County were being given into my charge and protection.

Finally, the fate that controls the distribution of kittens and school-teachers came to the rescue, *unfortunately* for the lives of some cats. We had another epidemic of gastroenteritis, milder than the former one, and we simply lost most of, but not all of our felines. Normalty returned to Eastlake and sanity to me.

The following year I retired from the teaching profession to write. Fittingly enough, the first book I sold was entitled — yes — you'd better believe it, "Too Many Kittens," which made the Junior Literary Guild selection.

Now, in retrospect, yet still loving cats, I know what I should have done but was too dumb to realize until too late. I should have come home to Greene County on weekends and asked our grain-raising farmers for *mice*. That would have taken care of everything.



The Flea Clobber™

Just buckle Sergeant's® Sentry® Flea Collar on your pet, and any flea that dares pester him during the next three months will get clobbered, but good. That's why we call it The Flea Clobber.

©1973 MILLER-MORTON COMPANY, Richmond, Va. 23230, a subsidiary of A.H. Robins Company

PETS STAR



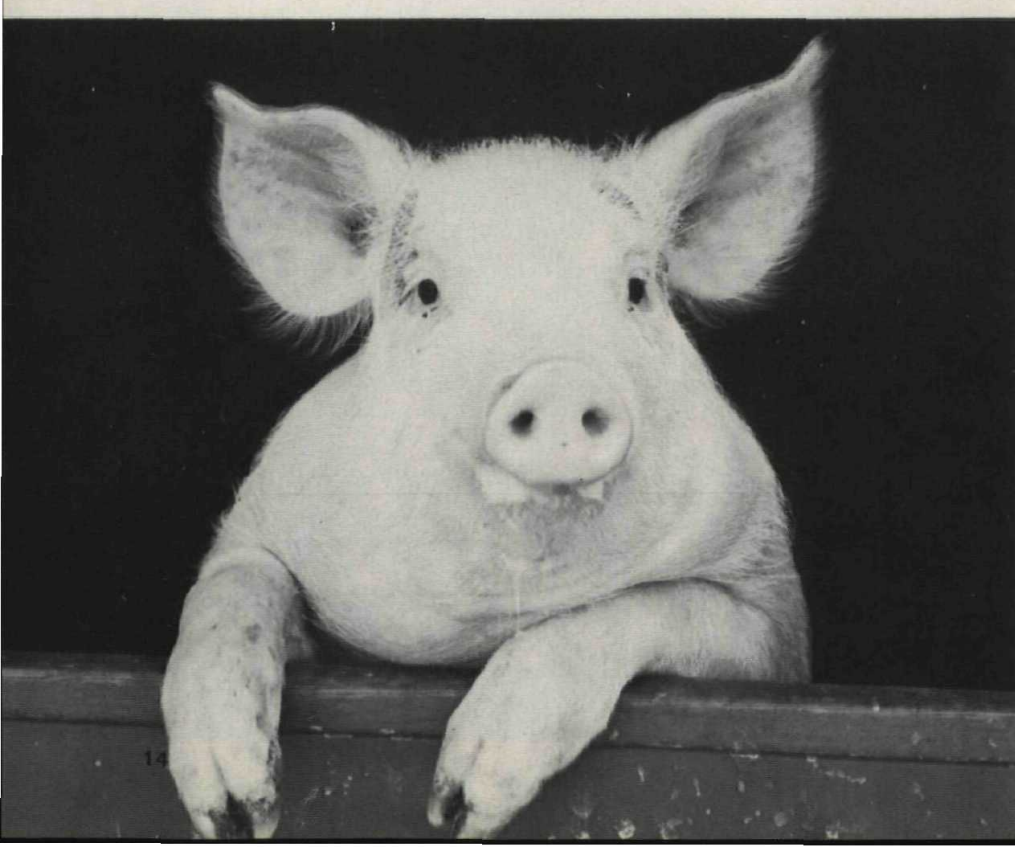
Pets are a popular photographic subject. Those shown on these pages helped their owners to become winners in the \$55,000 Kodak International Newspaper Snapshot Awards (KINSA). More than 260,000 snapshots were submitted for this contest to 90 participating KINSA newspapers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

While the competition has no subject categories or restrictions, a number of snapshots of pets were among the top 700 on display recently at the Kodak Gallery in New York City. Included were two kissing fish in an aquarium, a drooling piglet waiting for his bottle in the Kiddie Farm at the Cleveland Zoo, an adoring puppy kissing the cheek of a little girl and even a picture of a cat with a mouse posed on his head.

The winning photographers employed a series of techniques to snap their favorite pets. They included using props to keep the animals in camera range... asking someone to help get the pet's attention... holding the camera steady... being ready to press the shutter before bringing the subject into picture taking range... keeping backgrounds simple... keeping a loaded camera ready for the unexpected... and following the pets to catch them in a good pose. Some of the better photographs showed animals in relationship to each other or to people.

KINSA is an amateur photography event conducted by participating newspapers which hold summer photography contests starting in mid-May. From these, winning photographs are forwarded to the final-round competition in Rochester, N. Y., where a blue-ribbon panel of judges selects 200 to receive special merit awards of \$100 each; 10 honor awards of \$500 each, plus 10 top winners who win cash prizes and photo safaries for two to such destinations as Europe, Mexico, Hawaii and the West Indies.

Anyone wishing to enter KINSA in 1973 and not knowing a participating newspaper can obtain this information by writing to Contest Activities Section, Corporate Information Department, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York 14650.

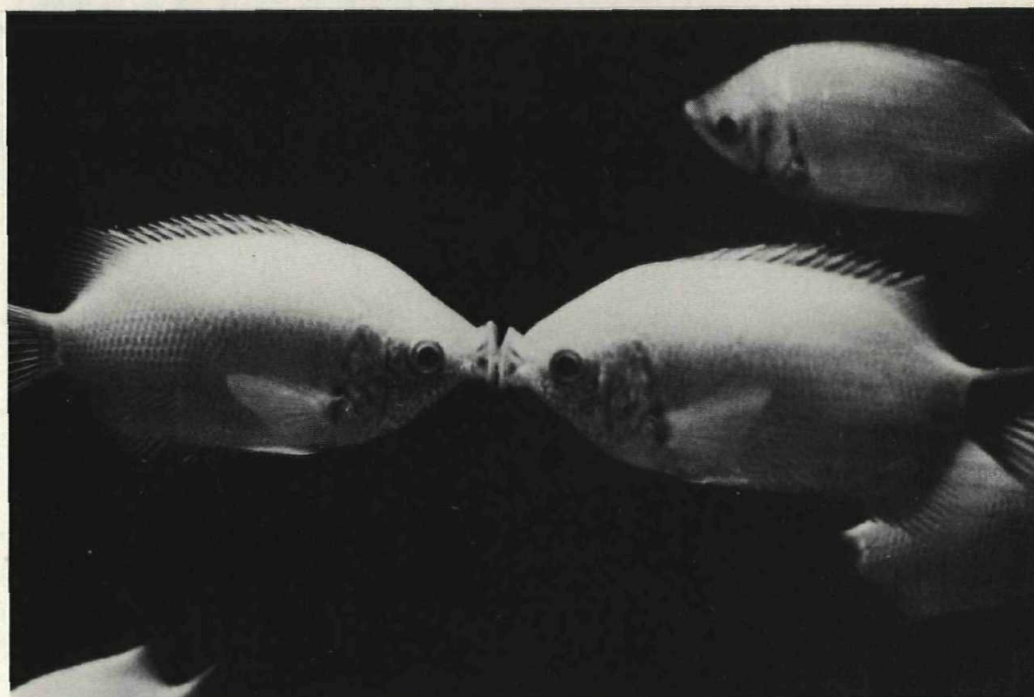


IN KODAK SNAPSHOT AWARDS

Courtesy Eastman Kodak

(above left)

Having someone help keep the stars of a photograph behaving properly is important when the stars are animals, especially when one is a kitten and the other a mouse. William Collins of Warren, Pa., won an award in the summer photography contest of the Erie Times-News with this photograph. His 14-year old daughter (owner of the mouse) and her friend (owner of the kitten) were his assistants.



(below left)

Winfried Berner of Brunswick, Ohio, had his camera ready when this little pig's bottle was temporarily taken away from him. "It was about 10 a.m. and the little pig was still hungry," says Berner. The result was a petulant expression for the pig, a resident of the Kiddie Farm at the Cleveland Zoo, and fifth prize in KINSA for Berner, who won a seven-day West Indies photo safari for two plus \$100. He originally entered the photograph in the summer photography contest of the Cleveland Press.

(right)

One of the secrets to photographing fish is waiting until they swim to the front of the tank. Carolen Brinker, a teacher in Union City, N. J., also waited to catch these kissing fish doing what comes naturally--kissing. Miss Brinker entered her photograph in the summer photography contest of the Jersey Journal where it won an award before advancing to the KINSA finals.

(below right)

Mrs. Sarah K. Carlson got her camera focused and ready before her daughter, Cindy, 12, ordered Adrian to show off his new trick--jumping as high as Cindy held her hand. Being ready to shoot before the action starts is one of the secrets to many successful animal photographs. Mrs. Carlson won an award in the summer photography contest of the Wichita Eagle and Beacon and an award in KINSA.

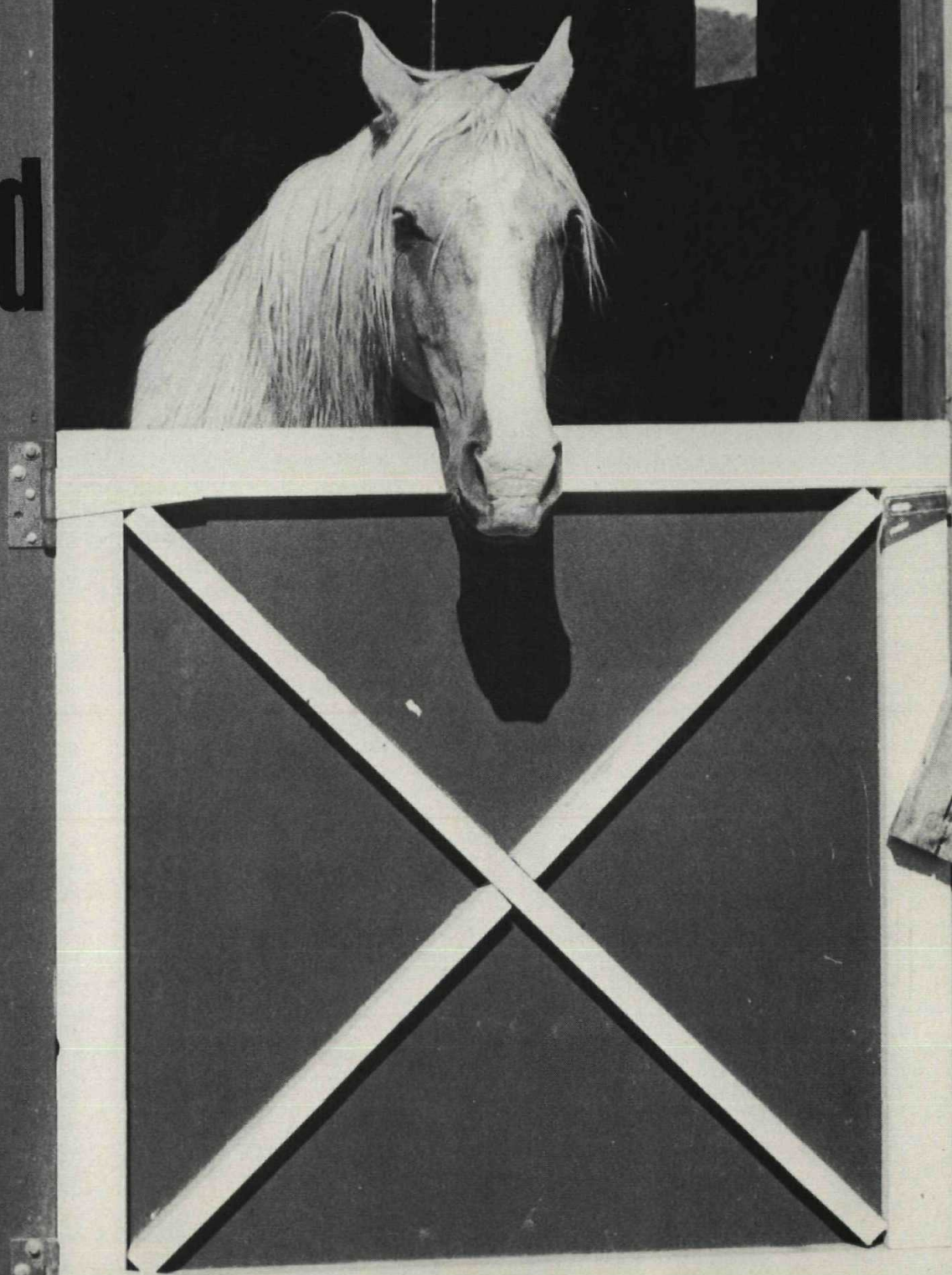




a 1200 pound lap pet

by Jane Swope
Little Rock, Arkansas

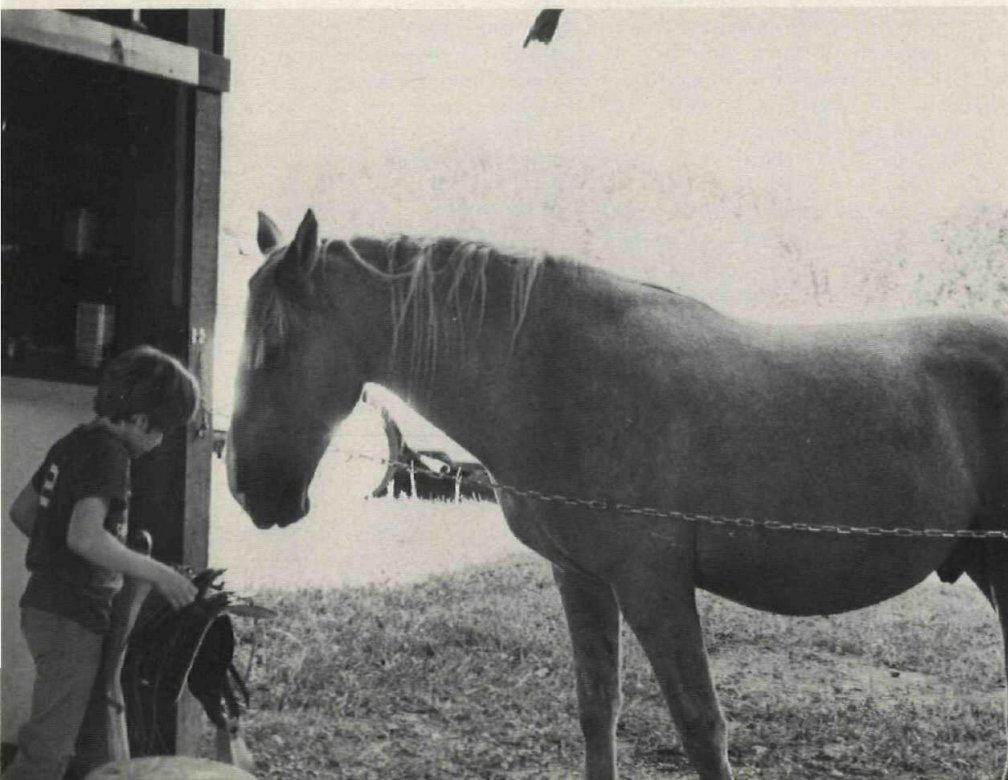
*Banished to his
stall, he stands
looking pathetic.*





Ed would like to join the group in the hayloft.

In his favorite disheveled state he eyes the saddle with distaste.



We have a bumper sticker on our car that advises, *Fight Smog Buy Horses*. With all the talk about air pollution it might well be an answer to the problem; but before the old car can be set up on blocks and stored away, it is necessary to have a horse to provide transportation.

This brings us to Ed. *This hunk of disheveled palomino is nothing but a twelve hundred pound lap pet*. Maybe he doesn't know he's a horse, for he would much rather stand around with a bunch of people than a herd of horses. He was in seventh heaven recently when a tribe of Indian Guides camped out in his pasture. He stood among the sleeping bags and gently nibbled a sleeping child's hair at dawn to awaken him.

He is in the middle of any project on the farm. He sniffs tools, tosses boxes of nails into the air, licks the hood of our truck and knocks over the water jug. He is so obnoxious with his curiosity and mischievous tricks that the only solution is to shut him in his stall. He stands there looking as pathetic as possible until someone takes pity on him and lets him out. Then, he may go off to eat grass with his equine cronies and sulk for awhile, but, soon, he's back and up to his old tricks.

If anything gives him more pleasure than mingling with people, it's looking dirty and rumped. A few minutes with a brush and a wiping rag yield beautiful results. If you look quickly, you will see him transformed into a majestic, proud palomino with flowing mane and tail and shining coat. You'd better look fast, because in about two minutes he'll give a little shake and "poof," the straggly, unkept urchin is back, forelock hanging over his ears and mane hanging down both sides of his neck.

Ed is a marvelous, lovable pet, but the idea of owning a horse is to ride him. Mr. Ed turns thumbs down on this idea. Even the sight of a saddle brings a look of disgust to his usually amiable expression. It takes real talent to trick him into taking the bit, but once this is accomplished and the girth is tightened around his fat belly, he assumes his pathetic posture, and for emphasis he shakes all over as if he expected to be chastised severely. So far, attempts to ride this creature have been generally unsuccessful. He is uncooperative and frightened. Only a glimpse into his past might reveal the answer to why he behaves this way, but since he hasn't learned to talk like his namesake, we persevere with gentleness and patience. *Ed's antics and personality are almost as much reward for his feed bills as riding him would be. So we pet him, laugh at him and love him and let the automobile industry solve its own pollution problems.*

DIARY of a



Cover star "Tuffy" and friend

LHASA APSO TRAINER

by Susan Daniels, DVM
Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

July 30th

My four-legged roommate and I have reached that stage in our relationship where the titles *possessor* and *possessee* are in a state of flux. He is having a paw in selecting my friends, sharing my filet mignon, hogging the couch (he likes to stretch out), and is using the geographical center of my shag carpet as his doggy-litter box. (But that has got to stop!) Kri Kri is my Lhasa Apso, member of a breed known as lion-barking sentinel dogs, if you will. When danger threatens these little dogs supposedly turn themselves into ferocious lions and save the buddha in the temple of the Dalai Lama. So, I bought Kri Kri as a guard dog for our apartment. So far he's been tested once — when Don (my husband) forgot his key and we had to come thru the kitchen window. We found Kri in the bathroom hiding behind the sink. Well, I guess I can't expect him to go into his act for every minor situation that arises. (Maybe this breed *only* defends buddhas!)

August 1st

In just sixteen weeks I am going to make a schooled gentleman of my dog by following a strict schedule of exercises which I have formulated through careful study of well-known obedience training books and application of my thorough knowledge of dog psychology. To show myself how failproof these lessons are I am going to put Kri thru the first course today, and I expect instant improvement. Lesson one: point one, will be *Gaining His Attention*.

... One must gain their attention as the proverbial mule adage goes, and,

in the case of the Lhasa Apso, this means getting down to their level. I, therefore, get down on my hands and knees. "Training time," I say, in a serious yet light tone of voice. I have now conveyed to him that I mean business and expect something of him, but it *will* be fun. He decides to cheer me up and bites my nose. I become more gruff. "Training time!" His feelings are now hurt, and he runs into the bedroom and under the bed. I now have two choices: I can either demand he come out (I do and he doesn't) or we are now both under the bed.

"Training time," I say gaily. He is obviously trying to ignore me. He turns around, and I now find myself face to face with a somewhat fuzzy butt. New tactics are in order. I go to the kitchen and turn on the can opener. Kri comes flying out to see what's up. I collar him, literally, and we head for the park.

... Now, we aren't going to the park simply for the scenery (Point two of lesson one: we want to keep the distractions to a minimum.) The park is several miles away. As we drive over, Kri brightens up. He knows where we are going as he takes his daily constitutional there. I park the car, and we disembark. Kri finally seems to have ascertained that something important is in the offing. He stands on his toes surveying the area and obtaining his bearings. "Good dog." At last we are communicating. In the distance I see a large amiable German Shepherd out for a walk with his elderly gentleman. Kri sees him also and decides, since I am along, to establish territorial rights. "Fap Fap." He hurls a few testy insults. No answer. Gaining confi-

dence, he darts behind my legs. "Coward," he burfs, "Refugee from the police force." The Shepherd has decided to come over and investigate this dust mop of activity. Discretion being the better part of valor, as they say, I beat a retreat to the car. Kri hangs back to hurl a few departing depletives. Once inside the car, he regards me with contempt, "Coward", he lifts his nose as though smelling something unpleasant and stares out his window. Home at last. He runs for the apartment. "Our" husband is home. Kri seems a bit overjoyed to see him. He climbs into his lap and surveys me from under an arm. His little face screws up into his "Guess who's loved best" expression. I then gather up my training notes and retreat to the bedroom for some reviewing. I must have overlooked an important footnote. At any rate, I must not tire him by overtraining. Remember to convince him that this is *fun, fun, fun*.

August 2nd

... Perfect for dog training exercises. It's my day off from work, sixty degrees out, not too warm for my Tibetan dog's spirits or too cold for mine. I will now commence with lesson two: point one, *to heel*. Today we will avoid the park, and its pack of German Shepherds, and work out here in our own neighborhood. We live in the only apartment on the block. Around us are private homes owned by elderly couples, for the most part, so it is relatively quiet. Kri has to have his morning constitutional and snack of dog food and egg and toast (the latter at my husband's insistence), so he is prepared for school. I put on his

training collar and leash, and we step out to the back yard.

"Now, Kri, we are going to walk down to the alley, take a right, walk to the street and then back." I don't want any misunderstanding on his part. He is standing correctly and quietly at my left side. I step off with my left foot, simultaneously command, "Kri, heel," and give a quick firm jerk on the leash. Kri takes affront at this latter act and lets out a dismal howl of pain for the benefit of Mrs. Fowler, our next door neighbor, who is hanging out suet for the birds. She is a local official of the ASPCA, a fact which Kri is quite aware of. She gives me the once over. I get the feeling I may be the subject of her next expose: cruelty to animals in our town. I hastily put an endearing arm around my precious Kri, "Poor baby. Does it hurt?" I rub his shoulders and neck. He utters little moans of pain pitched just high enough for Mrs. Fowler's ears. She is finally convinced of the sincerity of my sympathy and goes back to her house with her bags of birdseed. I feel an overwhelming urge to bring the toe of my foot forward until it makes contact with someone's rear end, but like all good dog trainers, I am able to stifle these desires.

"Kri, heel." I step forward and give a quick, firm jerk on the leash. His audience now gone, he decides to play along with this little game. We are off. It seems to be going too well. Kri takes to heeling like our cat to cashmere sweaters.

August 4th

... I proceed to step two of part two, change of pace: *fast, slow, run, walk*. Such a clever little fellow. He stays right with me. I even throw in a few about turns. He's handling it all with ease. I am beginning to feel a little smug, I can tell you, when I run into Mrs. Sullivan on her way from the hairdresser. She is married to an MD, has her hair fixed twice a week, wears impeccable Italian knit pant suits, and makes me feel like I just stepped out of Woolworth's bargain basement. Besides which, she has an aversion to dogs and cats—all that hair, you know. Today she is genuinely impressed with how well mannered Kri Kri is behaving.

"Yes," I gloat, "It is all done with the voice. I don't even need this collar and leash." I toss off a flippant remark about having respect for city leash laws and notice out of the corner of my eye that Kri seems to find her Gucci shoes extremely fascinating. I am just about to speak to him about this when to my horror he does the unspeakable faux pas.

"Mrs. Sullivan," I fumble, "Can you try to see his point of view. He..."



J. B. Tasha, five month old grizzle and white female Lhasa Apso, owned by Joan Borinstein.
Photo by Salle Ayres



Galaxy Kennels' CH. Chen Omar Khayyam

Mrs. Sullivan says something best left unrepeatable about filth and dogs and stalks off. Have you ever had the need to hide from society, at least for a few hours?

August 5th

... Lesson three: part one, the *recall*. This can be practiced in the safety of my own living room.

Kri is in his training gear. I have told him to stay, and we are now facing each other from opposite sides of the living room, each attached to one end of the leash. I will not go into the teaching of the *stay* command.

now dispense with the leash. "What a smart fellow," I coo. He yawns. Again I give the command *stay* and step smartly to the other side of the room confidently keeping my eyes straight ahead. I turn and face him. Not a flicker of response.

"Kri, *come*," He looks up at the ceiling fascinated by something. I follow his gaze. There is a speck up there. I pull in a kitchen chair, so I can stand on it and have a closer look. In the meantime, Kri jumps on the couch. His favorite TV program is on, and he doesn't like to view it from the floor. *continued on page 27*



Rocky Duck!

by Evelyn Witter



Rocky Duck was a little white duck who lived in the City Park. Like all the other ducks in City Park he waddled and bobbed with every step he took on his webbed feet. He rocked back and forth when he walked. That is why he was named Rocky.

Rocky Duck did not want to waddle and bobble with every step he took. He wanted to walk like the other City Park animals so that people who came to the Park would not laugh at his walk.

"You are a good-looking little duck," his mother told him.

"You are a duck so you must walk like a duck," his father told him.

"But people laugh at me!" quacked Rocky Duck. I want people to think I am nice to look at. I do not want people to laugh at me."

One day Rocky sat sadly on the soft green grass by the big maple tree. He was sad.

Then Vain Tail, the red squirrel, came skittering down the tree trunk.

"Hello," said the squirrel as he bushed out his tail. "Why are you sad?"

"I waddle and bobble," said Rocky Duck.

"Why don't you learn to skitter along as I do? It's simple. Just puff out your chest and bush out your tail and skitter like this," he said, showing Rocky Duck his best skitter.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" Rocky Duck said, seeing how easy skittering was for Vain Tail. He hopped up, puffed out his chest

wiggled his tail, and tried to skitter up the tree trunk. Ker-plop! Down he went, right on the tip of his stubby tail!

He picked himself up, shook his tail three times to make the ache go away and sat down on the green grass under the maple tree. "I guess skittering is just for squirrels," he told himself.

While he sat under the maple tree getting sadder and sadder because he waddled and bobbed along came King Peacock. With his head held high he strutted up to Rocky Duck. "Why are you so sad?" asked King Peacock.

"I waddle and bobble," cried Rocky Duck.

"Why don't you learn to strut as I do?" he said softly, turning so that Rocky Duck could get a full view of his bright blue neck and the greens and blacks of his back and wings and the beautiful "eyed" feathers of his long train.

"Oh, Oh, Oh," cried Rocky Duck. "Do you think I could strut like you, King Peacock?" he asked.

"It's easy," replied King Peacock. "Carry your head proudly, lay out your train, and carefully put your toes one in front of the other."

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" said Rocky Duck hopefully. He stood tall. He wiggled his tail until he imagined it was a train. He put one toe in front of the other, and klunk! He toppled over right on the end of his beak!

"I guess strutting is just for peacocks," he told himself. He

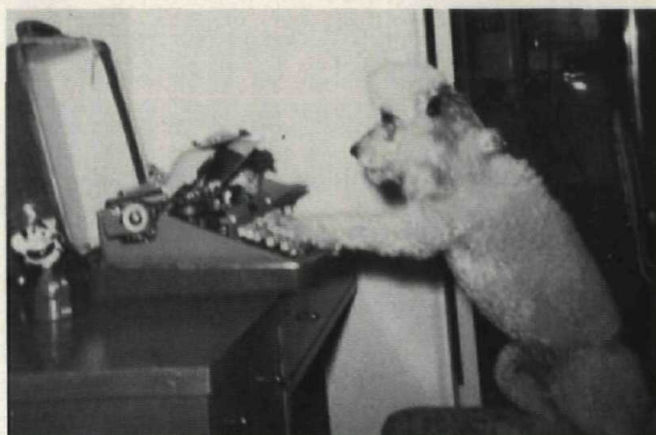
continued on page 27

What animals are these ?

By Louise Price Bell

Each verse below describes an animal. You know them all. So read the verses, write down your answers and see if you got them all right. I am sure you will! Answers on page 27.

1. I have sharp claws that really scratch,
And use them when I'm teased,
But usually I just sit and purr
To show that I am pleased.
2. When Yankee Doodle went to town
He rode astride my back,
And many children do the same,
Sometimes around a track.
3. My motto is "one egg a day"
And I never let you down,
'Cause lots of corn and running space
Mean good eggs, both white and brown.
4. Instead of walking, I always hop,
My tail is very short,
My ears are very, very long
And when I hop, they flop!
5. When I get lots of yummy grain,
Good care in every way,
I'm sure to be real plump and firm
By next Thanksgiving Day!
6. I chew my food in pastures green
My fodder's nice and sweet,
That's why the milk and cream I give
Is always quite a treat.
7. Wherever you go, I want to go, too,
To make sure that you're alright,
I like to chew on juicy bones
And sleep by your bed at night.
8. I eat good grain and strut about
(which is all I seem to do)
Except to wake you up each morn
With a cockle-doodle-doo!
9. I once followed a little girl to school
But I never did again,
Because she scolded me real hard
And shut me in my pen.
10. Better not leave any cheese around
'Cause if you do, I'll eat it;
'cause cheese is my very favorite food
And nothing else can beat it!



LOOK -
I'm Typing

My name is Bobo, my owners are Jack and Billie Hoffman who are continually showing me off to their friends.

My first trick is to somersault, then I yawn, I rub my face, fetch the ball out of a wicker basket, I shut the doors that are open, I play dead, I count, pray, walk on my hind legs, sit or stand on a chair and type on the typewriter. I play the piano and after all these tricks I get the flag that is in the clothes closet and wave it; that goes on and on all for one small cookie, and a lot of love.

Not Usually
But maybe Sometimes

by Beverly S. Brown

A sprightly eight year old girl and her mother came into a veterinarian's office with the girl's pet beagle.

While the beagle was being examined, the little girl asked the doctor some questions.

"Do you examine birds?" she asked, quizzically. The doctor replied that he did.

"Do you examine hamsters?" she asked, curiously.

The doctor again replied that he did.

"Do you examine snakes?" she asked, anxiously.

The doctor smiled. "Yes," he answered, "I examine snakes. I take care of most animals."

The little girl looked wide-eyed. "Oh," she said, "then you examine flies, too!"

FIELD TRIALS

by Art Beaman
A Personal Account



The author and his wife educating young potential field trial fans at an elementary school exhibit.



The author sending his hunting and field trial dog off a five foot abutment on a "blind" retrieve at exhibition.

Hunting is as old as man himself. Since the beginning of time, man has been literally forced to hunt so he could live. First with rough hewn spears, and axes, then later with bow and arrow and finally with fire-arms. Before the advent of gunpowder and bullets, hunters had used many breeds of mans' best friend to help him in finding and bringing in his dinner. The regal and ancient Scottish Deerhound was used extensively in the hills and glens of Scotland to overtake deer and keep them at bay until their masters could arrive to administer the coup de grace.

Various types of hounds were used in this country for practically the same purpose. Then with the advent of gunpowder and bullets, things began to change. As populations grew, restrictions were placed upon hunting seasons in all sections of the United States. Bird hunting, a very popular sport, besides putting meat on the table, became increasingly difficult without the use of a dog to retrieve the game. The three retriever breeds became prominent, the Golden, Labrador, and our own Chesapeake Bay.

Before long, informal competitions were set up, first starting on the East Coast. Permission was obtained from game authorities to use certain pen raised game birds for testing dogs and in December of 1931, the newly formed Labrador Retriever Club held the first Retriever Field Trial in the United States.

To explain what a Retriever Field Trial is all about, one must go back once again to hunting. We have all heard of the avid duck hunter who sits for hours on end in a freezing cold marsh with his faithful dog beside him, waiting, sometimes in vain, for the ducks or geese to arrive. This is only part of the story. His dog must be trained to be perfectly still when the birds start to set in. He must also be trained to stay by his master's side until he is sent after the birds. This is important so he doesn't plunge out after one bird while the gunner is still firing in that vicinity. He must also be taught (although most have a natural instinct), to retrieve the birds carefully and tenderly to hand. *Remember, a good retriever NEVER injures a bird. He must use his nose to track down cripples and deliver them. This is particularly important to eliminate any cruelty in bird hunting.* As the dog progresses, he is taught to take hand signals in locating birds that he has not seen shot, but that the hunter has. All in all, a most difficult job.

Before telling you of the intricate workings of licensed field trials, I am going to take you step by step through the formation of a field trial club, and the training of both dogs and handlers.

The first step in training a retriever is the same as training any other breed. He must be given the rudiments of obedience, such as heeling off lead, sitting and staying on command, and coming when called. As retrievers, in my opinion, are quite intelligent, these basic commands can be taught adequately in about two weeks to a pup of about six months of age.

Now the fun starts. We usually use 12 inch canvas boat bumpers to start our dogs retrieving. Almost all well-bred retrievers are eager beavers when a bumper is first thrown to them. They will charge out, grab the bumper and take off for parts unknown. IF you have given him enough instruction on "coming when called", he just might bring it back to you. If he shows an inclination to play with the bumper, you might overcome this by turning and walking away from him, calling him by name at the same time. The main thing is patience, and I mean patience.

Now, let us suppose that you have him returning to you with him bumper quite regularly. The next step is having someone else throw it and either yell or shoot a starter pistol to attract the dog's attention. I favor the starter pistol as it sounds like a gun, though not as loud. You want your dog to associate the bumper with the gun as soon as possible. Have your partner go further and further back each time on different lines to make your pup retrieve from longer and longer distances. Now we have our pup doing single retrieves regularly from good distances. Our next step is more restraint, and trying to have two bumpers thrown BEFORE your pup is sent to retrieve. He, classically, should remember the first bumper, retrieve the last one first, bring it to hand, then on command, go out and pick up the second. Sound complicated? It is, somewhat, but think of the feeling of satisfaction you will get when your pup has done a good "double."

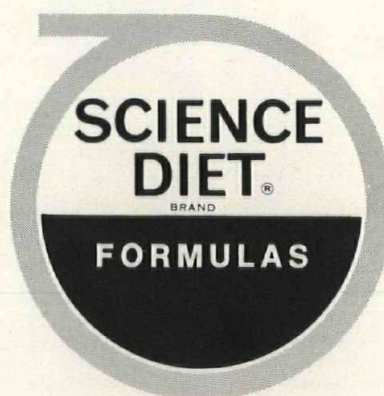
When our club had been in existence for a year, we decided to hold a "fun" trial. What sticks in my mind about this stake is a black Labrador known as Shady Lady and handled by Andy Newberger. Both were novices. It was Lady's first trial and Andy stated that it had been the first time he had been out in such weather. It was the final test, which should have been a simple double on land. The first pigeon was dropped about thirty yards from the running line and the second should have been shot off to the left. However, instead, the second bird dropped about sixty yards out on a

dead line with the first, making for a very confusing and almost impossible double. Well, Andy looked at Lady and Lady looked back with a confident smirk. Andy waved his arm and said "back", the time honored signal for sending your dog. Lady went straight back, bent down gracefully, picked up the first bird and continued on. She arrived at the second fall, picked that one up together with the first, and brought both back to her astonished handler in "one fell swoop."

The judge was confused, I was confused. Everyone was confused except Lady. Finally, after perusing the Field Trial manual which stated

that the dog should bring back the birds in the shortest possible time while covering the least amount of ground, Lady was awarded first place, and Andy and Lady went home to their comfortable Fifth Avenue, New York apartment, Lady very self-satisfied, and Andy very wet, still confused, but quite happy.

It is interesting to note that even at this neophyte stage, a few of these dogs went on to run and make a name in licensed field trials. An important point to make at this juncture is that this type of trial and training is very enjoyable to both dog and owner. If it is not, forget it. Your dog is still a nice continued on page 28



...a new concept in canine nutrition

- NO SUPPLEMENTATION OR MIXING
- HIGH CALORIC DENSITY
- MINIMUM FOOD INTAKE
- EXCELLENT DIGESTIBILITY
- GREATLY REDUCED FECAL VOLUME

SCIENCE DIET® formulas are special diets developed originally for use in research animals where absolute optimum nutrition is required. Four of these diets are for dogs. Each is formulated to meet specific nutritional needs during a certain phase of the life cycle . . . or during periods of stress. Because of their primary usage, these diets are unlike any dog foods sold on the commercial market.

Now available to the public on a limited basis, these SCIENCE DIET® foods offer the professional breeder a unique opportunity to feed the most efficient, scientifically developed products available.

For further information write:

HILL'S DIVISION RIVIANA FOODS INC.
P. O. Box 148 Topeka, Kansas 66601

HOUSEBOATING WITH FIDO

by Jean P. Smith



"Steering this floating motel is a breeze!"

Can a landlocked canine find happiness afloat with the family he loves? Or would Fido be happier on firm ground in a dry but lonely kennel?

If the thought of leaving a grieving pet behind is standing between you and the most delightful and relaxing vacation imaginable, you can banish all those doubts. By all means, reserve that houseboat today and plan to take your dog along.

Admittedly, he may shudder and wear a baleful expression when he realizes you actually want him to board that rocking monstrosity, but take it from one who has tried it, these feelings are only temporary.

Our part-poodle, part-cocker was introduced to shipboard living two years ago when we enjoyed a family houseboating vacation on the Sacramento Delta in Northern California. The venture was so successful that this summer we returned to Northern California, this time to live on a rented thirty-four-foot pontoon houseboat on beautiful Shasta Lake. As with anything, experience proved to be the best teacher. For cockapoo Babette and her family, virtually all of the pitfalls of our first adventure were avoided the second time around merely by exercising a few simple precautions.

... The most important of these precautions will take place before you leave home. A trip to your veterinarian for a checkup and to bring your pet's

inoculations up to date can forestall serious problems later. After all, your dog will probably come in contact with other animals, whether domestic or wild, and you will want him to be protected from even the slight possibility of contracting rabies or other infections. If your dog is a very nervous type, you might ask your veterinarian about giving tranquilizers for the first day or two, until he becomes accustomed to his temporary quarters. ... In his opinion, your dog's first priority will always be regular shore tie ups to commune with nature. When you anchor offshore for long periods, a small runabout or rowing dinghy is an excellent means of transporting Fido to dry land and back.

... While docking, beaching, or disembarking, your dog should be restrained or confined inside the cabin. At first, we found that as soon as a crew member jumped to a dock or shore with the lines, Babette followed suit and landed in the water, which meant a mad scramble on our part to keep her from being crushed between boat and dock.

... With a little experience, your dog will probably develop good sea legs. In the meantime, keep a close watch to prevent falling or jumping overboard. If possible, choose a boat with decks and walkways enclosed by a solid railing.

... Many dogs like to swim. Ours loved the clear and glassy-smooth water at Shasta. The Delta, however, presented a problem at times. As with other small breeds, she is not a strong swimmer and might easily have been swept downriver in some of the currents we encountered, had we not been alert to this danger. *If your dog will be swimming in rough water, strong currents or other potential hazards, you might consider outfitting him with a swim vest.*

... Provide fresh drinking water and be sure to take along your dog's favorite food. We like paper plates for feeding convenience.

... Provide a dry sleeping area, covered preferably with something familiar from his own bed, or a small clean rug.

... On shore excursions, try to choose areas for Fido to explore to his heart's content. Fellow boaters may not appreciate a strange dog invading their camp, and marina owners will take a dim view of having to clean up after your pet.

Remember: if you make your dog feel secure by providing for his safety and comfort, he will soon feel at home on his floating motel. So, if you are one of those skeptics who thought it impossible to make a good sailor out of a strictly landlubber dog, go ahead! Try it! He'll like it!

LHASA APSO TRAINER

continued from page 21

This is because Kri is a natural stayer. He stays anywhere: he plops on the bed, on the sofa, on the chair by the window. He believes that a movement of his body without reason is a gross misuse of the Kri's cycle. He, therefore, is staying where I put him without protest.

"Kri, come." I give a quick jerk on the leash. He obeys promptly. We can

"So, we are going to play the who can be sneakier game, eh?" Back to our beginning positions. "Now, Kri, come." My voice starts to become a trifle shrill about this time. I must not let him know he is upsetting me. He is quick to use this to his advantage. Ah, he is taking a few steps forward. He suddenly smells something extremely interesting in the rug. This requires a good five minutes of smelling. He advances a few more steps and eyes the ceiling. Realizing this ruse isn't going to work, he continues forward.

"He's coming, he's coming!" He continues forward, forward. Right on by me and into the bathroom where there are some newspapers spread for his disposal, if he so feels inclined. He does.

I am forced into retreating to the bedroom. I close the door, so I may bang my head on the wall in privacy. I must not let him see me doing this. I must remember, his training sessions are *fun, fun, fun!*

ROCKY DUCK

continued from page 22

opened and shut his beak three times to make the ache go away, and waddled and bobbled back to his favorite place under the maple tree again.

Just as he let himself down on the green grass Dainty Doe came leaping by, "Why are you so sad?" asked Dainty Doe.

"I waddle and bobble," cried Rocky Duck.

"Why don't you learn to leap as I do?" she asked, "It's easy. See! Watch me and do as I do." She kicked up her feet high into the air and she moved so fast it looked as if she were flying. She circled the maple tree two times and then stood in front of Rocky Duck.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" Rocky Duck said, seeing how easy leaping was. He leaped into the air. He spread his legs ready for great leaps. Bang! Down he came on his back.

He flipped himself over saying to himself, "I guess leaping is for does."

Rocky Duck's back felt sore. "I need a swim," he decided. "My back feels good when I swim. I think I will go to the pond and swim."

Rocking back and forth with a

waddle and a bobble, Rocky Duck walked to the City Park pond. The water felt good. He began to swim in easy, smooth circles. Around and around he went.

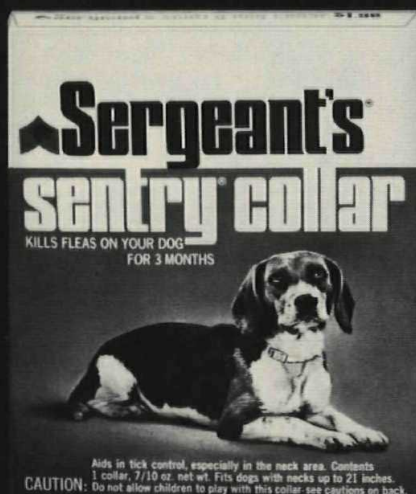
People began to gather at the edge of the pond. They were watching him. One boy said, "How easily he moves in the water!" a girl said: "How graceful he is!"

As Rocky Duck swam and swam and swam he thought, "Skittering is for squirrels, strutting is for peacocks, leaping is for does, but swimming is for ducks!"

ANSWERS

continued from page 23

1. cat
2. pony
3. chicken
4. bunny
5. turkey
6. cow
7. dog
8. rooster
9. lamb
10. mouse



The Flea Clobber™

Just buckle Sergeant's® Sentry® Flea Collar on your pet, and any flea that dares pester him during the next three months will get clobbered, but good. That's why we call it The Flea Clobber.

©1973 MILLER-MORTON COMPANY, Richmond, Va. 23230, a subsidiary of A.H. Robins Company

Subscription Order Form



ANIMAL CAVALCADE

☐ 12 Issues \$6.00

☐ 24 Issues \$10.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain \$2.00;
Other Foreign \$4.00 per year

Your Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ NEW SUBSCRIBER ☐ I AM A SUBSCRIBER

AS A SUBSCRIBER YOU MAY ORDER ADDITIONAL
SUBSCRIPTIONS – 12 issues for \$4

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read: "From _____"

☐ 12 Issues

☐ 24 Issues

To _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read: "From _____"

☐ 12 Issues

☐ 24 Issues

To _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Gift card to read: "From _____"

☐ 12 Issues

☐ 24 Issues

I enclose \$ _____ to cover _____ subscriptions.

8338 ROSEMEAD BLVD., PICO RIVERA, CA. 90660

continued from page 25

housepet, but we continue with the eighty or ninety percent that do enjoy what they are bred for, retrieving.

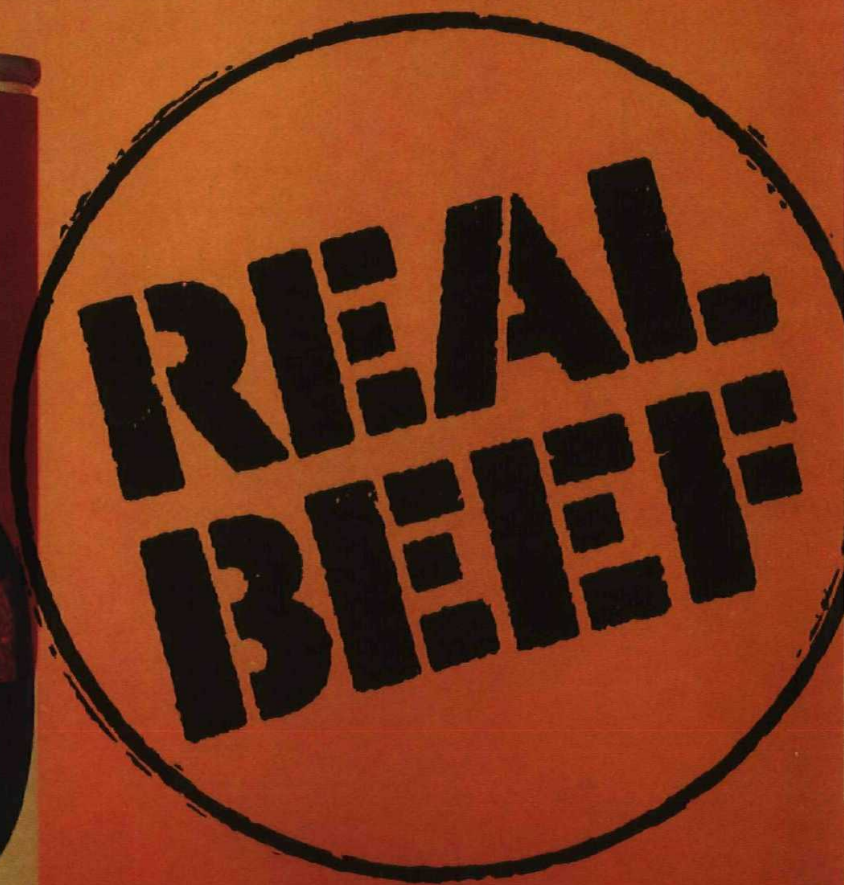
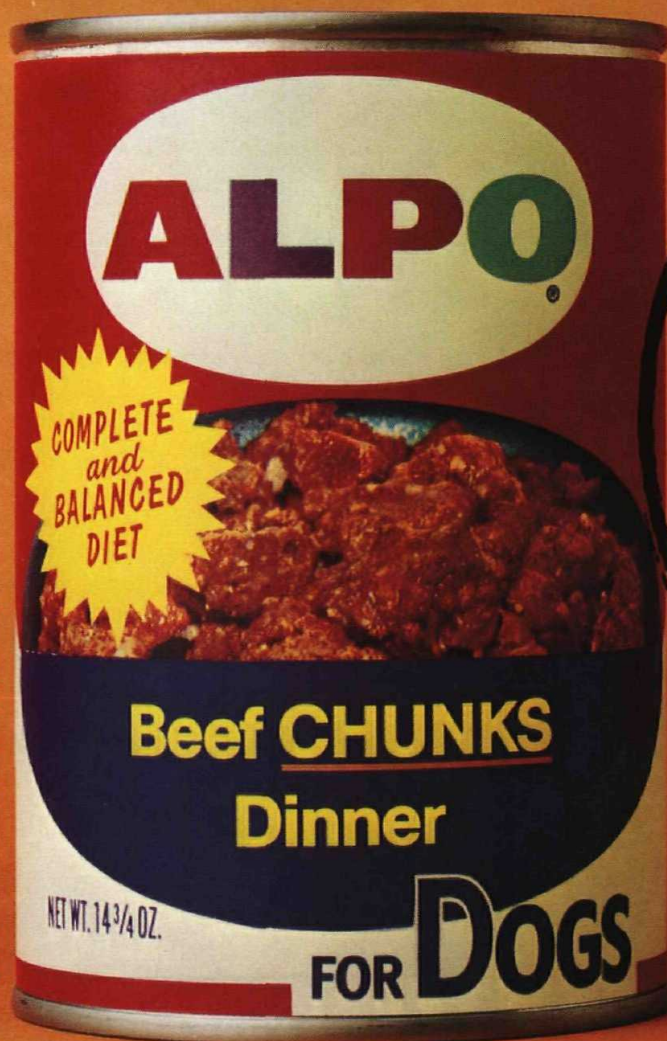
Now, let's digress for a moment and explain the difference between so-called fun trials, sanctioned trials, and the ultimate, licensed trials. We have given you a run-down on a fun trial. A sanctioned trial is one that is sanctioned by the American Kennel Club in New York, the organization that governs both retriever trials and dog shows. The stakes must conform with the AKC rules. They usually include the aforementioned Derby stake, a qualifying stake for dogs over two years (usually) of age, but that have not done any winning and the Open All Age Stake. We may also have an Amateur All-Age stake, which requires the handlers to be non-professionals in dogs. This stake, to my mind, is a travesty, as almost all of the dogs entered are professionally trained all week long and then handed to the owners to run in the trial. The same holds true for both sanctioned and licensed, but much more so in licensed.

Now let us go to the ultimate, the licensed trials whereby a dog can obtain the coveted title of Field Trial Champion and in very few cases, that of National Field Trial Champion or Amateur National Field Trial Champion. These are highly coveted titles and well they should be.

Today, there are about 125 licensed field trial clubs in the United States. These clubs run either one or two field trials each year which offer points to the contestants. To become a field trial champion a dog must win ten points in open all age competition. In open all age, 5 points is awarded for a first, three for second, one for third and ½ for fourth. To be awarded the coveted Field Champion, a retriever must win ten points including a first in an open all age stake. Think it's easy? Think again. In the first place, almost all of the dogs vying for this title are owned by very wealthy people. They are professionally trained, professionally run, and travel constantly, all year round to different sections of the country. First, your dog, almost always, must be bred "to the cloth." In other words, have a heritage that would make him worthy of you spending much time and money on bringing him along even to run in the lowly derby stake.

However, for the interested hunter who wants something to do with his dog in the off-season, the sanctioned and fun trials still have plenty of allure. The thought of getting out into the fresh, pure air after a week in the smog, and bringing your dog along for the coming hunting season, still holds much excitement.

The best reason to feed your dog ALPO: lots of real beef.



© 1973 Allen Products Co., Inc., Allentown, Pa.

Just because a dog food comes in a can doesn't mean it contains any real beef. ALPO Beef Chunks Dinner does!

You'll find lots of real beef and meat by-products in an ALPO can. That's what makes ALPO different from other leading canned dog foods. Most other leading brands don't even come close to the amount of beef that ALPO has. In fact, some of them have no beef at all! But ALPO is famous for its beef. Big, thick, juicy chunks of it.

The kind of beef dogs love gives ALPO Beef Chunks Dinner a difference a dog can taste. So, if you want real beef for your dog—you'll find it in a can of ALPO. Oh, ALPO may cost a little more (you're getting more real beef), but—after all—

doesn't your dog deserve ALPO?