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**DRACO, OUR COVER DOG**

**Name:** Herro! I bes the Draco.

**Age:** I is 3 years old.

**Favorite Brand of Kibble:** Fromm Gold Adult is what I eats.

**Favorite People Food:** Cheese! I likes cheese!

**Favorite Toy:** My Sheep! My Sheep!

**Favorite Outdoor Activity:** Ball! Did you say ball? BALL!! Yep! Yep! Yep! Yep!

**Favorite Indoor Activity:** Throw sheep! Throw sheep! I fetch! I fetch! Again and again and again and again....

**Favorite Nap Spot:** My mom lets me naps on the couch.

**Fitness Regimen:** I loves to go for walks, and I loves to play ball all day everyday with my dad.

**Describe Your Perfect Canine Pal:** Bruno is my bestest buddy. I has super-fun play time with him! We likes to chase each other all around my big yard. He is lots bigger than me. Mom says he’s a Cane Corso.

**Describe Your Perfect Day:** Oh boy! Oh boy! Best day ever is when I gets to go to the lake! I gets to go for rides in the boat and I sits in the kayak too.

I loves to swim in the water! I fetches anything you throws in the water for me. When I gets tired I likes to float on my big raft. It's my favorites fun day!

---

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4. For your entry to be considered for the August/September 2021 edition of Flagstaff-Sedona Dog Magazine, we need to receive your entry by 11:59 pm on June 30, 2021.

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Tucker’s Take
Sun and Fun (Mostly)

Well, even though the summer equinox hasn’t arrived yet (Dad says that’s the official start), all the signs are around us. We (the four-leggeds) are shedding our winter coats (much to Mom’s consternation), Hazel’s jogging partners (the lizards) are keeping her busy, and Keira is learning (finally) to lay in the sun with Hazel and me and relax (for about ten minutes; at least it’s a start).

Mom has been planting and planning the garden and that means the back door and the second gate stay open, much to our delight as we scurry back and forth, inside and out. Dad does most of the watering of the garden boxes and pots and has to keep an eye on Hazel and Keira as they like to swipe bits of wood chips or mulch for a snack.

There’s a lot of, “Leave it, Keira,” or “Get out of there, Hazel,” and my personal favorite, “Keira, what do you have in your mouth?” as she parades past Dad with her hind end swinging from side to side in opposite rhythm with her tail. Dad has to drop the watering can and engage in the game of “Give me that, Keira,” which she enjoys immensely.

Keira plays coy at first, like she’s going to walk away, but she pretends to relent and brings her half-body wag over to Dad and makes him work to get the stick, pebble, rock, leaf out of her mouth. Then she gazes up at him, self-pleased at her semi-compliant behavior.

I myself, as the stoic Sheriff, don’t engage in such behavior. I think Dad appreciates that at least one third of the pack doesn’t have to be watched so closely.

Sometimes it’s hard for Dad to get me to come inside when I’m lying in the sun and the breeze is just right, or when I’m in the big garden area alone, and I pretend not to hear him call. Hazel and Keira oftentimes think they hear Mom making “food noises” in the kitchen and go charging all the way back to the house.

After they’re gone, I revel in being left in that large space alone. First, I march from side to side, then stop and adopt my most regal pose. Next, I scan the road through the fence slats for bipedal civilian movement (occasionally led by a dog on a leash), and eventually I sit and turn my gaze upward to the hills and watch for those “pesky” rabbits.

I’m the one on the right.

If they venture down the hill too far, I must my great authority and, with full determination, enforce the boundaries with my “stomp dance.” If they dare to come any nearer, I resort to my sharp, staccato barks which usually sends them back up the hill. I know they can’t breach our garden fence, but I still feel it’s my duty to clearly communicate the boundaries of my domain on behalf of the pack.

Last week, Dad led all three of us (the four-leggeds) to the inner gate for our morning patrol into the large garden area. He must have forgot something, as he went back towards the house, leaving us to ourselves. Keira and I wrestled and romped while Hazel quickly perused the ground for a forbidden morsel while watching the gate for Dad’s return.

Keira eventually realized that Dad was gone and padded off to find him. Being the baby of the pack, she is still enthralled and mystified by the two-legged world and feels she might miss something interesting if she can’t see Mom or Dad. Hazel and I are devoted to our pack of course, but not enthralled so much anymore with two-legged behavior.

Hazel found herself a morsel and trotted off to the pine tree back towards the house, and there I was alone in my large place. There wasn’t any movement in the road or on the hill, so I settled down with a small stick I’d found to chew on a bit.

Unknown to me, Hazel and Keira had slipped back inside the house, and Dad assumed all three of us were in. Mom was in her office and Dad went to the back studio. A bit later Mom appeared at the studio door and asked Dad, “Where’s Tucker?”

By that time, I was taking a sun nap at the very front of the garden shed. I had no idea a frantic search had commenced, first in the house from room to room, then to the garage, to the immediate back yard, then to the big garden area.

I heard Dad come up the side of the garden shed, then back to the gate, then up the other side of the garden shed, but not quite far enough to see me stretched out at the front. I heard the frantic pace of his steps, but that wasn’t out of the ordinary since he’s known to set down a hammer or drill or shovel and in short order can’t remember where he put it.

When his footsteps faded, I laid my head back down, but then he was outside the fences in the front yard, calling my name. Well, that’s kind of odd, I thought. Why would he call me from out there when I’m behind a fence?

Hazel later told that when Dad was calling for me, Mom was at the front door ringing her hands like Auntie Em calling for Dorothy in that weird wizard-of-something movie. Hazel likes that movie quite a bit—well, the part where the colorfully dressed short people come out and sing to Dorothy. Hazel thinks that life would be a lot happier if two-leggeds were shorter and sang all the time. She hopes heaven is like that.

After a bit I realized that I was not going to get any kind of rest with Dad hollering, so I got up and headed to the back door to find it open and walked in to see Mom standing at the open front door. Since she looked busy, I just assumed my sit position behind her.

A few moments later, Dad gave up yelling and headed in, and when Mom turned around that’s when a very long, drawn-out display of happy affection came at me from both of them. Honestly, I have no idea what got into them. I just kind of sat there through the pats, and pets, and hugs, and kisses. Sheesh! I was glad when it was over. I think they asked me twenty times, “Where were you, Tucker?”

Hazel walked by and whispered, “For a law-and-order guy, you sure know how to turn the house upside down.”

I still don’t understand what I did. I hope that’s not going to be a theme this summer.

~Tucker Oso
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DOGS FOR ADOPTION & RESCUE RESOURCES

GREMMY: A male 5-year-old Wire Fox Terrier mix, weighing about 10 pounds. A super-sweet cuddle bug who walks well on a leash and gets along with other dogs. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679

CHAPO: A 10-month-old male Pit Bull Mix, black with white trim. He loves people and loves to play. He’s just a big, sweet puppy. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679

BUZZ: A 2-year-old sable Chihuahua mix who tips the scales at a whopping 11 pounds! He loves people and snuggles and wants to go anywhere with you. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679

RIKER: A black-and-tan 2-year-old terrier mix who weighs 12 whole pounds. He just came from a hoarding situation, so he’s a bit shy, but very, very sweet. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679

LUCKY: A 3-year-old mixed breed male with the distinctive look of blue heeler. He is gentle, affectionate, and very smart! He does have a bit of energy. High Country Humane 928-526-0742

CHER: This is a lovely Shih Tzu lady. She is 4 years old and is the perfect companion dog. She loves all people, kids included. Jess3williams@gmail.com or High Country Humane 928-526-0742

BEVERLY: A beautiful sable lady, perhaps some Golden retriever in there. She is 10 years old. She is gentle, affectionate, and would love just one more loving home. High Country Humane 928-526-0742

BRUNO: A 2-year-old Shepherd mix looking for people to love and lots of activities. He’s very affectionate and loves to play. High Country Humane 928-526-0742

Rescue Resources

For an expanded view of Rescue Resources, visit FlagstaffSedonaDog.com

ANIMAL GUARDIAN NETWORK
2564 N Arena Del Loma, Camp Verde
(928) 780-1604, animalguardiannetwork.org

ARK CAT SANCTUARY
(928) 635-5909, Parks arkcatsanctuary.org

BETHANY’S GAIT RANCH
(928) 499-9442, Prescott

BIG LUCK CLUB
Navajo Reservation Dog Rescue bluemoonrescue.org

BLUEDO MOON RESCUE & SANCTUARY
1851 E Perkinsville Rd, Chino Valley
(928) 925-7724, bluemoonrescue.org

CIRCLE L RANCH
ANIMAL RESCUE & SANCTUARY
Daytime (928) 925-1926, Prescott Valley

COCONINO HUMANE ASSOCIATION
3501 E Butler Ave, Flagstaff
(928) 526-1076, coconinohumane.org

CREATIVE RESOURCES
Rescue Resources, visit FlagstaffSedonaDog.com

HIGH COUNTRY HUMANE
11665 N, US-89, Flagstaff
(928) 526-0742, highcountryhumane.org

HUMANE SOCIETY OF CENTRAL ARIZONA
605 W. Wilson Ct, Payson
(928) 474-5590, HumaneSocietyCentralAZ.org

HUMANE SOCIETY OF SEDONA
2115 Shelby Dr
(928) 282-4679, humanesocietyofsedona.org

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PETS RETURN HOME
info@petsreturnhome.org

TUBA CITY HUMANE SOCIETY
(928) 793-2364, tubacityhumane.org

VERDE VALLEY HUMANE SOCIETY
1520 W. Mingus Ave, Cottonwood
(928) 634-7387, VerdeValleyHumaneSociety.org

YAVAPAI HUMANE SOCIETY EQUINE CENTER
(928) 515-4947, Chino Valley yavapaihumane.org

TUBA CITY HUMANE SOCIETY
(928) 793-2364, tubacityhumane.org

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YAVAPAI HUMANE SOCIETY EQUINE CENTER
(928) 515-4947, Chino Valley yavapaihumane.org
CIDER: A Siamese Chocolate Point male. He likes to run around and play with toys. Loves naps on laps and working on the computer with people. Comes running when called “Baby Boy”. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679

POPPY: A 5-year-old Selkirk Rex mix. She is super sweet and a true lap cat. She loves people and likes other cats. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679

HAPPY: A 1-year-old orange male with the sweetest smile! He’s very affectionate, loves to play, and loves sunny naps. He will be a great addition to any family. High Country Humane 928-526-0742

VINNY VAN GOGH: A beautiful 6-year-old white male with golden eyes, and he’s one of the nicest cats you could meet! Yes, he lost his ear, but it only makes him unique. High Country Humane 928-526-0742

PUDDIN: A beautiful 2-year-old golden tabby female with the biggest blue eyes! She is gentle, affectionate, and a lovely addition to any family. Coconino Humane Association 928-526-1076

YVETTE: A lovely dilute tortoiseshell lady with big golden eyes. She is sweet, gentle, and will make a wonderful friend. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387

TRISHA: A most elegant white lady with intense green eyes. She is an indoor cat who is very social. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387

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Book Review – Bluebird: Dog of the Navajo Nation

Book review by Jacqueline Vaughn

*Bluebird*, the first children’s book written by St. Johns, Arizona resident and Blackhat Humane Society founder Tamara Martin, exemplifies the axiom, “Write about what you love.” The title character is an indigenous Native American dog, known colloquially as a Rez Dog.

This is a subject well known to the author and based on experiences that began 1999 when she and her husband moved to work in Ganado on the Navajo Nation. The extreme poverty of the region, the strays and bodies of animals hit by vehicles or killed by other animals, led Martin and her friends to start the rescue group to help find homes for abandoned and injured or sick animals.

What makes this book unique and perhaps especially appealing to both children and adults are the color illustrations by Navajo artist Ernest John, a muralist and potter who is based in Yah-ta-hey, New Mexico, who also trains horses.

Martin and John worked together on this project to feature her storytelling skills to write about a dog that is born to a sheep herding family and then left to fend for herself by her owner, raising her two puppies behind a store in town.

Martin provided the illustrator with a single sentence to guide him in his drawing, and the sometimes childlike colored pencil images that result are no doubt evocative of John’s own life experiences growing up.

The storyline includes a prayer to Bluebird’s ancestor Grandfather Coyote, asking why there are so many hungry dogs that stand starving by busy highways instead of guarding their family’s sheep and houses. “We stayed awake at night, watching, so the humans could sleep in peace. We were valued.” Now, Bluebird is sad and feels useless, waiting for a kind family that will see her and her puppies and take them to safety.

Martin’s book builds on her own menagerie of five dogs, seven cats, a horse, a llama, and a donkey, but she notes that she really wanted to write a book for Navajo children that they would identify with and one where the ending was neither happy nor sad. At every level, it’s a story that realistically portrays the life of thousands of rez dogs who often die within a year or two of being born. Take a drive through the Navajo Nation and you will see small packs of them begging for handouts at gas stations or fast-food restaurants, or boxes of puppies left behind on a rural road, or rounded up and killed by Navajo Nation Animal Control.

Martin is now the founder of a foster-based organization, Good Dog Rez-Q, which has no physical facility but instead recruits volunteers who care for animals in their own homes until a suitable adopter can be found. *Bluebird* is clearly a labor of love. As the author notes on the dedication page, “This book was lovingly drawn and written to show readers that abandoned and stray dogs like Bluebird have feelings, families, a history and pride.”

The illustration on the last page of the book shows Bluebird waiting under a tree for that kind family to adopt her. Martin says she has a dream that one day there will be a Navajo Nation Humane Society with veterinarians and hundreds of caring volunteers to find solutions for animals who are no longer valued. Like Bluebird, she is waiting.

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**Puppies!**

We recently had the privilege of picking up a hodge-podge of puppies looking for a home from the Navajo reservation. They are likely from 3 different litters. At time of pick-up, they ranged in age from 8 – 10 weeks and are likely mixes of shepherds and sheep dogs with husky in some. Now they are approximately 3-4 months old and have gained lots of new skills: using the doggy door to go in and out of the house, sitting nicely and gently taking treats, and doing laundry (ok, not that one).

They all love cuddling and appreciate being cared for. They love their people and their dog companions. They’ve been vaccinated, spayed/neutered, and microchipped. If you are interested in adding one of these babies to your family, please visit our Big Luck Club listings on PetFinder and AdoptAPet, or come meet them at the 10th annual WOOFstock and adopt-a-thon Saturday June 12th in Prescott Valley.

Find more details on WOOFstock at [FlagstaffSedonaDog.com](http://FlagstaffSedonaDog.com) or [PrescottDog.com](http://PrescottDog.com)

**See Our Rescue Directory ONLINE**

[flagstaffsedonadog.com](http://flagstaffsedonadog.com)
Did you know that Desert Labrador Retriever Rescue (DLRR) is both a statewide and local rescue organization? We rescue, rehabilitate, and rehome Labrador Retrievers and Lab mixes throughout the state of Arizona. And we have active groups of volunteers in numerous local Arizona communities such as Flagstaff, Sedona, Prescott, Tucson, and the Phoenix metro area.

DLRR held our first DLRR Meet & Greet event in Sedona on May 15 to introduce to the Sedona community the rescue, its mission, some of our local volunteers, and adoptable Labrador Rhett.

On June 5, a contingent of our Flagstaff volunteers will hold a similar DLRR Meet & Greet event in Flagstaff. Then, in mid-June, DLRR Prescott volunteers will staff a booth at the 10 Annual WOOFstock—an event organized by Prescott Dog Magazine that involves scores of rescue organizations.

Through these events our rescue is able to showcase Labs available for adoption and help them find their forever homes. These events also provide the opportunity to connect with other animal-loving members of our Central and Northern Arizona communities, where our volunteer numbers and impact are growing.

We hope you will stop by to meet us at one of these events! We are there to answer your questions. Learn about:

- The work of our rescue in Central and Northern Arizona and throughout the State
- How to adopt a Lab from us
- The opportunities and rewards of volunteering with DLRR, including fostering Labs in need
- Other ways you can support DLRR’s mission to rescue and rehome Labrador Retrievers

If you make a donation when visiting us, you can take home one of our beautiful Lab calendars or other merchandise. All proceeds go to help Labs in need of medical care or behavioral rehabilitation.

Are you with an animal shelter or another animal rescue? DLRR strives to build strong, collaborative partnerships with shelters and other rescue colleagues to benefit all displaced animals. Let’s talk about ways we can work together!

If you make a donation when visiting us, you can take home one of our beautiful Lab calendars or other merchandise. All proceeds go to help Labs in need of medical care or behavioral rehabilitation.

The first annual Paws Rocking the Runway fashion show and online auction hosted by Tlaquepaque North and BowWow Sedona was a huge success, with all the proceeds going to homeless animals at the Humane Society of Sedona (HSS).

The show, featuring 12 community volunteers and their dogs as well as five Shelter dogs, was a great success, raising over $5,000 to care for homeless animals. Volunteers from HSS, Tlaquepaque, the Pump House, and BowWow Sedona came together to make it happen.

Glen Scarpelli from SedonaNow hosted the event, which provided lots of laughs as the doggies showed off their outfits. One of the adoptable dogs almost went swimming in the Tlaquepaque North fountain!

Fashions from BowWow Sedona worn in the show were donated to the adoptable animals, and Walk-e-Woo Fashions gifted leashes to the Shelter as well. Tlaquepaque North is looking forward to hosting the second annual event next year, so thank you again for your support of this exciting new community event!

Our Kids & Kritters Summer Camp is Back!

Campers will participate virtually online and learn about the animals as well as receive their own private tour of HSS Shelter and get to meet the animals.

Registration is online via the website, and the classes are being held from 10am to 12pm. There’s a maximum of 10 campers per session. The cost is $125 per camper which includes processing fees and a camp t-shirt. Please call (928) 282-4679 or see our ad on page 17 for more information.

- Session 1 June 7-11
- Session 2 June 21-25
- Session 3 July 12-16
- Session 4 July 26-30
The Life and Times of Expert Saddle Maker Skeeter Hughes

By Rita Thompson-Tinsley

Roots run deep in every limb of the unrelenting Hughes family tree. Born November 19, 1939, in Winslow, Arizona as William Lee Hughes, he was soon dubbed ‘Skeeter,’ a name that has stuck with him over the ages.

At the onset of World War II, Skeeter’s dad along with many neighboring cowboys were drafted into the military. Skeeter’s dad was not eligible because of missing fingers, so as others went off to war the senior William Patton ‘Mack’ Hughes was asked to participate in the War Effort of managing cattle on Arizona Navajo and Hopi reservations. As a stockman for the San Carlos Tribe’s cattle herd for 30 years, Mack was well-respected, and Skeeter learned from that integrity and hard work, taught through many long hours moving cattle, breaking colts, doing every job no matter how big or small.

According to Skeeter, his dad, a man of few words, had a couple of important philosophies, one being, “You had better not let the sun catch you in bed.” Thus, they were up at 4 am, and the day was not over until the last task was completed.

Skeeter was exposed to the world of leather at an early age while working on his dad’s cattle ranch. Mack’s saddles and leather were an integral part of ranch life. At 16, Skeeter purchased a leather sewing machine and taught himself how to use it. He started by making hold, and Skee- ter has become a product of such wonderful tradition and utmost integrity, along with his sister Joyce.

After finishing college, Skeeter worked for the U.S. Department of the Interior. It was after retiring in 1982 that Skeeter met international saddle maker Jesse Smith at a leather show. Becoming intrigued with leather working, Hughes inquired about becoming a student of this worldly craftsman so he could further his skills in making fine leather and saddlery.

The class, a one-on-one in Colorado, was a two-month venture in which Skeeter gained the knowledge and direction to get his new business started. Now after close to four decades, through Stitching Post Leather Co., Skeeter has created handcrafted saddles for a vast following of cowboys nationally.

He crafts bridles, chaps, and tapaderos by first creating the patterns that prove effective and ideal. His saddle and leather works are the hallmark of a proud method that honors quality. To visitors in his shop in Dewey, Skeeter always points out the extra steps taken that truly separate his work from merchandise on a store shelf.

He also repairs saddles and leather works impeccably for many local equestrians, including an occasional dressage saddle now and then – something you’d find unusual in a western leather shop.

Skeeter and wife Patti, ever creative in her own right, have traveled over the years to events and festivals to showcase their goods. They find great comradery with a number of other highly noted leather and saddlery makers.

Having the drive to become extraordinary and successful is a great accomplishment, but to have the abilities, knowledge, experience AND to share these techniques with others is truly a gift – a selfless one. That’s exactly what Skeeter Hughes has done over the years.

Bryan Rhone came to Skeeter for horse boarding 25 years ago. From time to time, Bryan would have issues with his leather horse tack that required mending.

Skeeter urged Bryan to learn to fix his own tack. Now after years of mentoring, Bryan has discovered not only a helpful skill, but a craft that he truly enjoys sharing with others.

Bryan creates wonderful custom-made leather holsters, knife sheaths, scabbards, belts, and the like. Many pieces are beautifully personalized.

Fifteen-year-old Wyatt became fascinated with the art of leather working and comes to Skeeter’s shop every Friday to work on a saddle and other tack under Skeeter’s tutelage. According to Skeeter, Wyatt is impressively gifted, as is Bryan, using meticulous methods to imprint the leather.

Another student, Cecelia – a single mom who has her hands full with a job – insists on taking the time to learn this great art of working with leather. She makes beautiful book binders with exquisite designs.

Paying it forward with his education and experience, Skeeter ensures his legacy through the leathercrafting students he selflessly mentors. Yet, at 81, you will still find the master leather craftsman, tool in hand, putting the final touches on another project.

Oh, the sweet smell of leather.
HIKING WITH ANNIE: SUMMER SAFETY

By Melissa Bowersock

Spring is here, summer is coming, and people are heading out of doors in droves. I’ve heard from friends who live in Sedona that traffic is abysmal, and of course it’s only a matter of time before Phoenicians head north every Friday evening for a cool weekend in the high country. You’ll be joining them, hiking with your dog? Maybe it’s time to take a refresher in summer hiking safety.

Our first and foremost consideration in the Southwest is always the weather. Because of the dry air (most of the time), our days generally start out cool but then heat up quickly. We two-leggeds can prepare for that by wearing layers of appropriate clothing: comfortable shoes, breezy shirts, hats, etc. We don’t have as many options for our dogs, so we need to safeguard them in other ways.

The easiest way is to be aware of the expected temperature for the day, and plan accordingly. Is it going to hit 100 degrees the day you hike? Plan to hike early in the day and get your dog back to cooler spaces before the high temps spike.

Some years ago, all Phoenix trails were posted closed to dogs when the temps reached 100 degrees and above. This became necessary when some hikers took their dogs out in the high heat and did not heed the signs of distress in their pets; dogs died.

Because our dogs are so loyal and so willing, they will often do our bidding, even when it’s killing them. Some people think, “Well, I’m hot, but I’m doing okay, so my dog must be okay, too.” Think again. Dogs do not have sweat glands anywhere but on the pads of their feet, so they cannot rid their bodies of heat as easily as we can. Panting helps some, but not enough.

**Be aware of the signs of heat stroke in dogs:** excessive panting, drooling, reddened gums, even vomiting, diarrhea, and uncoordinated movement, and finally… collapse. It’s a horrible way for a dog to die.

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I said we could dress according to the weather; so can our dogs. Numerous cooling vests are available. Most of them act like an evaporative cooler; you soak the vest in cool water, let it absorb as much as possible, then wring it out so it’s not dripping. There are others that have pockets for ice packs.

We had two for Annie, one quilted one when she was smaller, and a thinner nylon one when she reached her full size. She never liked putting them on, but I do believe they kept her comfortable. With the evap vests, you can “recharge” them with a little of the water you take with you.

With the hot ground, rocks, and asphalt that surround us, you might also consider booties. Yes, a dog’s pads are pretty tough, but if the ground is too hot for you to walk on it in bare feet, it’s also too hot for your dog. I’ve seen pictures of a dog’s feet with multiple layers of skin burned off on hot asphalt; don’t be that guy.

I bought Annie some snow booties, which could also work for hot surfaces. These have two Velcro straps on each, so they tighten fully and stay on well. With the hot ground, rocks, and asphalt that surround us, you might also consider booties. Yes, a dog’s pads are pretty tough, but if the ground is too hot for you to walk on it in bare feet, it’s also too hot for your dog. I’ve seen pictures of a dog’s feet with multiple layers of skin burned off on hot asphalt; don’t be that guy.

**Annie in her cooling vest.**

**Annie in her snow booties.**

What else should you take with you on your hike? A fully charged cell phone seems like a no-brainer, but every year people get lost and can’t call for help because they’ve forgotten their phones or the phones’ batteries have died. Don’t be a statistic.

The second no-brainer is water. The general guideline is to take one gallon of water per person per day: I would suggest the same for your dog. My Airedale, Annie, is a big drinker, and I always take more water than I think we’ll need. Yes, it’s heavy and yes, it’s bulky, but it’s necessary.

Be a good trail steward and use reusable bottles, not one-use plastic, and don’t depend on natural water sources for your dog. Streams and rivers can develop toxic algae during the hot months, and many of those algae are poisonous to dogs. Here in Utah, the Virgin River has been flagged as having poisonous levels of algae, and even special water filtering systems are not considered safe enough. Better not to chance it.

We get a ton of tourists here in the Southwest, people from northern or eastern states who aren’t familiar with our unique landscape. I’m always amazed at how many people think they are in a big, outdoor Disneyland. These are the ones who put their toddlers on the backs of bison in Yellowstone or start down the Bright Angel Trail into the Grand Canyon wearing flip-flops and with no water.

I would caution people to research the areas they’re hiking and prepare accordingly. Our outdoors, while stunningly beautiful, can be deadly. Heatstroke is a constant summer hazard, along with falling, getting lost, drowning, and lethal wildlife.

By the same token, know your own limits. Hike trails that are within your skill level and stay mindful. There was a viral video a while back of a woman who was taking pictures at the Grand Canyon; she stepped backward for a better view and came within inches of falling off the cliff. Since I’ve been in Utah, I’ve heard several stories of people falling hundreds of feet in Zion.

Our landscape, while awesome, cares not a fig about your safety or the safety of your dog. That’s your responsibility. Take it seriously and have a wonderful, but safe, hike. Your dog will thank you for it.
Painting with Your Dog

By Holly Hill

Here is a super-fun, easy project that anyone can do with their dog. It makes a great project to do on those rainy or boring days.

There are a few things you will need. Often, you already have the needed items in your home. What do you need?

- Cling plastic wrap
- Kid-safe/pet-safe acrylic paint (pick as many colors as you like. The more colors the better)
- 100% Creamy Peanut Butter (xylitol is toxic to dogs, so make sure that the peanut butter is 100% peanuts, that’s it)
- A canvas board or a nice wood board (almost anything can be used just make sure it will not break)

Tip: Just about everything on this list can be picked up at your local dollar store.

Let’s get started! Get some paper towels or something you don’t mind paint on. Place your canvas on top, and grab your paint and dab, drop, dribble your acrylic paint all over the canvas.

Make sure you add a fair amount, if you don’t it will leave the white canvas showing through. If you would like that effect, then by all means try it. There is no right way with this project.

Next, grab your cling wrap, take two pieces, and cover your board: one the length of your canvas, and one the width. Make sure it covers the whole canvas. You don’t want any part of the canvas left open, it needs to be sealed in the cling wrap.

Open your peanut butter and drain the oil off the top. To much oil can give dogs bathroom issues, so it’s best to remove it.

Smear the peanut butter all over the canvas, making sure to get close to the ends. You don’t need a whole lot of peanut butter. For this small canvas, I used two full tablespoons.

Here comes the fun part! Get your dog and place the canvas on the floor, allowing them to lick all the smeared peanut butter off of the cling wrap. Normally, it only takes a few minutes for the dogs to lick all the peanut butter off.

Once your dog has finished licking off the peanut butter, pick up the canvas and slowly and carefully remove the cling wrap. This can get messy, so remove the cling wrap in an area where you can wipe up the paint.

Throw away the cling wrap and look at the art your dog made. Place the canvas in an area where it can dry for the rest of the day. Normally it takes a few hours on a warm day. It will dry faster in the sun.

You can even do this on wood name boards (also found at the dollar store). Add your dog’s name to the project, or paint some pawprints, or leave it blank. Then admire the art your dog made.

The finished project after it’s dried.
Pet-Friendly Destination: Prescott, Arizona

Story and photos by Stacey Wittig

You’ll find plenty of places in Prescott, Arizona, that get you and your pooch out into the Great Outdoors. For instance, join pet-happy locals who walk their furry friends around the historic square downtown. Or play with your four-legged pal on the shady lawns surrounding the iconic Yavapai County Courthouse in the plaza. Sniff out Arizona’s 1864 territorial capital by taking the Prescott Heritage Trail, a 90-minute self-guided walking tour around this dog-friendly city.

What to Do

Window shopping while walking around downtown just not enough? When Prescott’s charming shops and boutiques call your name, then drop your canine traveling companion at Whisker’s Barkery just down the block. They’ll pet sit for a few hours while you peruse Prescott’s tantalizing shopping possibilities.

Prescott is the perfect destination for travelers looking to reduce the risks of COVID by getting outdoors. Watson Lake Park’s trails at sunset are incredible.

We walked with Willa and her human, Jan Kempster, of Prescott Pet and House Sitting. They showed us their favorite wag-producing trails around the lake and among the park’s unique granite topography. Another beloved city park is Thumb Butte Park, where leashed pups are allowed on the hiking trails and picnic areas.

For off-leash adventures, check out Willow Creek Dog Park if your doggie friend is over four months old, wears license tags and is properly inoculated. The park offers agility equipment for your top dog to practice their natural skills and separate areas for large and small dogs.

Prescott makes the perfect basecamp for exploring Granite Mountain Hotshot Memorial State Park in Yarnell, 37 miles away. The park and its seven-mile hike that memorializes the 19 men who gave their lives fighting the Yarnell Hill Wildfire is a moving tribute. You’ll want your fur baby along with you for this emotional experience.

Where to Stay

There are plenty of pet-friendly hotels and campgrounds in Prescott. Still, we chose Springhill Suites by Marriott Prescott for its location in the heart of historic downtown, complimentary breakfasts, outdoor firepit and the dog-friendly attitude of the friendly staff and owners.

Its new renovation sparkles with an upscale, urban theme that incorporates the colors of the surrounding Prescott National Forest. The king studio with sofa bed and kitchenette provides plenty of space for dog families, big or small. Marriott’s focus on the health and safety of its guests and associates shone throughout our stay.

Dog-Friendly Restaurants

Unleash your taste buds, but not your dog, at one of the dozens of pet-friendly dining patios around Prescott. The small Arizona town is becoming quite a foodie and doggie destination, so the most challenging part of dog-friendly dining is selecting from the amazing possibilities.

We adored the Charred Heirloom Tomato Gazpacho and Goat Cheese Salad with sun-dried strawberries at Farm Provisions, where they welcome dogs with dog water bowls on the covered patio. Reservations were recommended, but we walked in no problem.

Enjoy breakfast, lunch, or dinner at Raven Café, a certified Green Restaurant®. We loved the Thai Chicken Cashew Tacos for dinner on the dog-friendly patio.

Don’t miss Soul Ride Bike Shop & Taproom for their craft beers on draft and fun patio. barley Hound is currently closed for renovation but still worthy of mention for its pet menu and large courtyard dog-friendly patio.

Stacey Wittig is a travel writer based near Flagstaff, Arizona. Get free travel tips and inspiration at: unstoppablestaceytravel.com

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Willa and friends at Watson Lake Park in Prescott

Loki and Eowyn enjoying their stay at Springhill Suites by Marriott Prescott

Scott and Foxy at Granite Mountain Hotshot Memorial State Park near Yarnell.

Doggie amenities at Springhill Suites by Marriott Prescott

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Chase’s Corner
By Chase and Jan Tomlinson
Manners at Home

For this month’s column, I thought I would write about having good manners at home. My day usually starts at 6 a.m. I don’t sleep on my mom’s bed (like some of you do), but sleep either in my crate, which is open for me to come and go, or on the nice cool floor with the fan on.

When my alarm goes off, I quietly make my way to the side of my mom’s bed and start groaning! I never bark because that might startle her. My groaning always does the trick! A hand slowly reaches down, and I get my morning massage until I decide it’s time to get up.

Then it’s off to the food bowl. I wait very politely while she puts my food in my bowl.

After breakfast, it’s outside to my kennel area. Now, there’s a funny little door in the big door, but why would anyone go through that when my doorman can open the big door for me?!

When I come back inside (after the doorman has opened the big door for me again), it is coffee time. I have to be very quiet because my other human is still sleeping. Coffee time means a taste of cranberry biscotti or whatever else will be consumed with coffee that morning. I never beg, but wait patiently for my bite. To my delight, sometimes a crumb happens to fall on the floor. I can’t get it unless my mom tells me to “Search”. If I don’t hear that word, then I have to leave it alone.

Then it’s time for me to lie down and be quiet during the morning news. All of these people are talking, but I don’t see any people who can pay attention to me. They seem to be contained in this little box in the living room.

When it gets warm enough, I get to have my front deck time in the sun. I like that because I can check out the neighborhood and dogs that walk by. I never bark at the dogs, just quietly observe them. Some of them seem really nice, but others are little yappers!

When I don’t go to the training field, then I get to go on special walks to the golf course or to the mailbox. Shelties don’t carry things in their mouths (except dumbbells), so my mom carries the mail back home. I walk by her left side on a loose leash and never pull.

Now it’s the human’s dinner time, and I have to follow the kitchen rule. That means I have to stay out of the kitchen while the food is being cooked. They never seem to stay out of the kitchen when I am making my dinner!

After dinner is soccer time. The soccer field is in the living room. I am the goalie because I have very quick feet. My mom doesn’t score much because I am an expert at it. I need to get a soccer jersey with my name on it.

Now it’s quiet time for reading or watching TV. Then another trip to the kennel. I’m afraid of the dark, so my mom installed a motion light for me. I don’t dare go out the door (opened by my doorman) until the light is on!

Now I’m off to bed to look forward to another great day tomorrow.

I hope you have learned something about good manners at home. If not, you could check out some doggie etiquette books at the library.

Sincerely,
Sir Chase
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