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Introducing the Lovely Rita

Happy Tails, Happy Trails

A Tribute to Chase



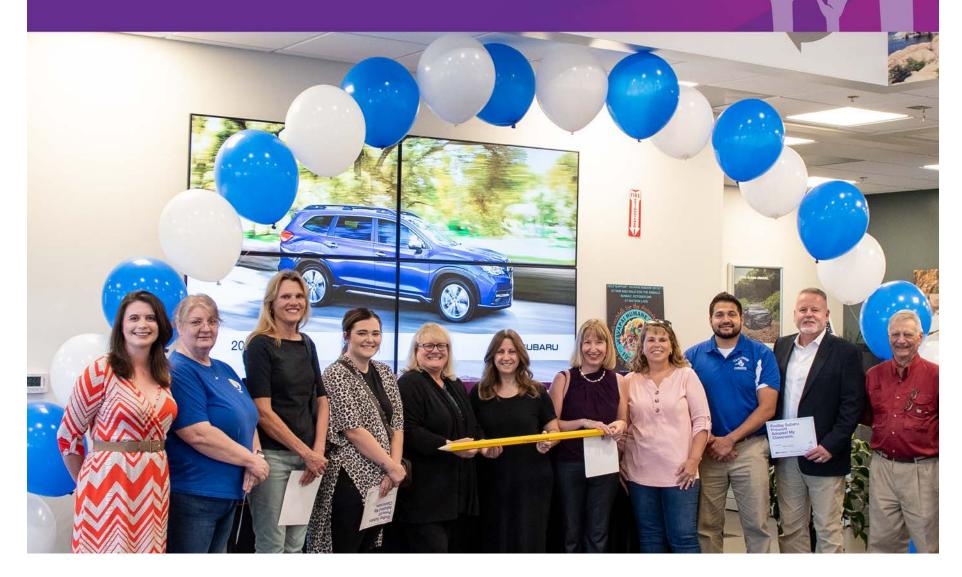
Sunday, October 1, 2023 Watson Lake Park, Prescott

Introducing Our Cover Dog ~ Kutana





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FLAGSTAFF-SEDONA DOG MAGAZINE

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Flagstaff-Sedona Dog



COVER DOG CONTEST

It's easy to enter your furry best friend!

- 1) Take a picture of your canine pal
- 2) Send your picture to info@reddogpublishing.net

Please include your name, dog's name, address and phone with your entry. Entries without owners info will not be accepted.

Winner will receive:

- 1) A photo shoot with A Portrait Park by J in Prescott
- 2) 50 copies of Flagstaff-Sedona Dog
- 3) A personalized social media post congratulating your dog as the winner and an electronic copy of the printed cover

All entries are judged for the edition submitted... You can enter for EVERY edition! One entry per dog, per edition.

Deadline Dates - 3/31, 5/31, 7/31, 9/30, 11/30 and 1/31



Kutana, Our Cover Dog

Name: Kutana

Hometown: Woofminster

Age: One year old

Favorite brand of kibble: The one that magically refills itself, Bixbi.

Favorite people food: Anything that falls on the floor, especially pizza crusts.

Favorite toy: The one I can destroy in 2.5 seconds flat.

Favorite outdoor activity: Chasing my tail in circles and confusing everyone.

Favorite indoor activity: Harassing the cat, and napping.

Favorite nap spot: On the comfiest and most expensive piece of furni-

Fitness regimen: Daily zoomies, and barking at imaginary intruders.

Describe your perfect canine pal: A dog who can match my level of sassiness, with a great sense of humor and a love for all things mischievous. Bonus points if they can do some cool tricks.

Describe your perfect day: My perfect day would start with a delicious breakfast, followed by a long walk with my favorite human. We'd play fetch and chase each other around.

Afterward, we'd come home and relax on the couch while watching some TV together. Then, it's playtime with my squeaky ball before a tasty dinner. Finally, I would curl in bed and drift off to sleep, dreaming of another fun-filled day ahead. Woof!











Titers for Pets: Legislation

By Patty Coyne, Titers for Pets Coordinator

Recently, the CDC extended a ban on dog imports from 100 high-risk rabies countries. The exception is individual owner/importers that meet four requirements. The dog must be six months old; be microchipped; have a rabies vaccination; and have validation of immunization using a serum antibody titer. (This approach is not allowed in Arizona.)

Rabies regulations are managed by each state and follow the Animal Rabies Prevention and Control Compendium and Resources released by the National Association of State Public Health Veterinarians. The operative sentence is, "The recommendations in this compendium serve as a basis for animal rabies prevention and control programs throughout the United States and facilitate standardization of procedures among jurisdictions, thereby contributing to an effective national rabies control program."

For pet guardians who are immersed in dog events, over-vaccination is a known problem. It's also well known that the rabies vaccine has the worst safety record of all and is the only mandated veterinary vaccine.

Unfortunately, most pet owners equate vaccines with health, and while they can definitely help control disease, they are not a perfect product. Adverse reactions are often not recognized unless they are

immediate, and there is no surveillance to qualify claims. The veterinary community that understands this the best are Integrative (holistic) veterinarians, or veterinarians who witness the problem and change their approach. If an animal is immunized, there is simply no benefit to repeat vaccinations.

Currently, industry pressures are creating policies that dictate pets must have up-to-date (UTD) vaccinations, or a veterinarian will not see your pet. That narrative has made its way to other dog-related services and agreements.

This is not a scientific approach to medical management or public health. In addition, if a titer is not used to verify immunity, puppies can go unprotected for parvo after their puppy shots. Additionally, there is NO guarantee that a rabies vaccination results in immunization. A rabies antibody titer would, therefore, improve public health.

The science supports allowing a titer in lieu of re-vaccination.

If you'd like more information or wish to support our effort, please sign up for email updates at titersforpets.org. Time-sensitive calls and emails to legislators do make a difference and that is the primary reason for setting up the alert email system for a coordinated effort.



Traveler on a cushion, unable to walk. Encephalitis (MUO by necropsy) was detected in this one-year-old greyhound. He was one of three dogs in an Arizona training group to experience a fatal reaction, with symptoms starting within 24-36 hours.













Sunday October 1st, 2023 Watson Lake Park, Prescott





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Funnies by Jonny Hawkins





























Introducing the Lovely Rita (a.k.a. Pluto)

By Katherine Mattingly

My story about Pluto started before I even met her.

I'm fairly new to the Sedona area, having lived here for almost two years. I brought my elderly puggles with me from California and sadly, to my devastation, both dogs died here within three months of each other. Completely shattered, and incapable of living in a house without my loyal companions, I started looking online at petfinder.com.

Still unsure if I should acquire another dog at my age, for some reason, I kept procrastinating, yet scouring social media for an adult female; a dog larger than a puggle; and an independent dog who could take care of herself, if necessary. I was also fiercely committed to adopting/rescuing a dog rather than going through a breeder who could

possibly (and tragically) own a puppy mill.

One evening in mid-December 2022, I came across a post on Nextdoor.com. It was about Pluto, a beautiful yellow lab mix who, on a larger scale, resembled both of my fawn-colored puggles. The post said this dog was in need of a forever home, that she was sweet but shy, and would thrive in a quiet home as a single pet.

I read the post with a good deal of interest, my emotions playing on the loss of my previous dogs, and on the eloquence with which the article described Pluto. Pluto?

Who names a dog like this Pluto? All I could think of was a planet in the solar system. A male dog, maybe. But the Pluto I was reading about far surpassed the name. I kept reading.

Apparently, Pluto was the dog who had made headlines due to her daring escape into the red rocks of Sedona. My concern for the animal grew as I read about her being "lost" for 6 days. Six days in the Sedona heat, with no food or drink other than what she could scavenge for herself. Impossible! I thought.

The article ended with the relief that the hungry dog had, indeed, been found (or should I say trapped) using the aroma of Vienna Sausage and a rotisserie chicken. Thankfully, Pluto was successfully returned to the Sedona Humane Society after a long, adventurous journey.

With this compelling information, it was difficult for me to sleep that night, reading and rereading the write-up on my laptop screen, thinking about Pluto, knowing how much I wanted a dog... and realizing that, in addition to love, I had supplies such as dog beds, food and water bowls, toys, and an enclosed backyard. I had everything but the dog.

I decided to call the Humane Society in the morning in order to schedule a meeting with Pluto.

The greatly anticipated day of our meeting came, and I was a ball of excitement, somehow loving this dog even before knowing her. At the Sedona Humane Society, I was first introduced to Megan, an



awesome dog trainer and behaviorist. She said everyone she worked with absolutely loved Pluto.

At first, I considered this delay in meeting Pluto to be an annoyance, but soon, As Megan gave me a detailed background description about Pluto and what this dog had been through, I was grateful for the information. I found out that Pluto was a Rez dog, and that she'd been feral for a good deal of time, perhaps a year or two. As a newcomer to Arizona, I had no idea what a Rez dog was, nor did I understand the implications of a feral dog.

As a shy dog, she wasn't accustomed to being confined to a crate or a kennel. She stayed in the back of her enclosure, not coming forward when prospective adopters

came by. Nor did she display much personality. Other dogs barked and jumped with enthusiasm and anticipation when they saw families considering an adoption, but not Pluto. Undeniably, she did not "show" well, and did nothing to encourage a new family to take her home.

Now was the time for me to officially meet Pluto! I sat outside the shelter in an enclosed area on a bright, sunny December morning with great anticipation. I knew, without question, that I would love this dog—that she was to become MY dog.

True to form, a sheepish Pluto was brought into the area where I was sitting on a bench. Head down, walking slowly, with her tail between her legs, she looked petrified.

I decided to sit still and to say nothing, leaving it all up to Pluto. Again, I thought to myself, "How beautiful, brave, and awesome this dog is." For me, it was love at first sight. Noticing how uncomfortable Pluto was in an unfamiliar location, Megan and I walked her to the dog play area.

As Megan began interacting with her, I was fascinated by Pluto's happy dance and prancing movements. She was all wags and wiggles, and so happy! Clearly, this dog had a personality!

As I sat watching this exuberant display between Megan and Pluto, I loved that this dog had miraculously avoided harm on so many occasions. I loved what I was able to do for her in order to give her a better life, and I loved what she was able to do for me, giving me a true companion and her a second chance.

I brought her home right before Christmas, 2022.

The name Pluto was not one I could consider keeping. She was so much more than a cartoon character. Remembering Shakespeare's famous quote from Romeo and Juliet—"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet"—and because I'm a huge Beatles fan, I immediately renamed her Rita, as in "Lovely Rita, Metermaid," a song featured on the Beatle's 1967 album, Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.

In the six months we've been together, she's lived up to her new name and has been my Lovely Rita ever since.

Rita is a quirky dog. By that, I mean she's not your typical domesticated dog. The call of the wild is still strong in her. She likes the confinement of my bedroom best and ventures out only for food, a walk, or the backyard—which she'll enter only via the bedroom door).

Walking down a long hallway, she stays as close to the wall as possible. She won't eat with an audience; if she notices I'm watching, or am even in the vicinity, she will retreat back into the bedroom.

After a rain, she prefers to drink from puddles on my patio rather than from the full water bowls situated around the house. Her nose is constantly to the ground, tracking whatever was previously there, or she has her nose in the air, presumably sniffing for danger.

Fortunately for me, she doesn't bark, as the noise would tip off a predator as to her location. Today on our walk, she stopped suddenly and gave a sharp growl-like sound. Just one sound. I knew she was alerting me to something, but of course, as a mere human, I had no idea what it could be. We continued on with our walk.

When we arrived back on our street, I discovered a mangy, under-fed coyote was following us home. I then understood the sharp growl-like noise Rita had made earlier. Uncharacteristically, Rita lunged at the coyote, coming between me and it—never making a sound, but straining on the leash. She did this more than once to scare off the coyote.

I got Rita back under control, and we continued walking—constantly looking behind us for the stalker. I believe Rita was my protector today and, considering her background, it became abundantly clear to me that Rita was not to be messed with.

All of her actions serve to remind me of the life she once lived: independent, indomitable, and intelligent.

To tell you that Rita has brought joy to my life would be an understatement. She respects my belongings and I don't worry about her chewing my electronic cords, shoes, or anything else. She is sweet beyond measure with her soulful eyes. She loves the outdoors and can often be found sunbathing in the backyard.

Although she's a Nervous Nellie in the car, one of her favorite places to explore is the off-leash Sedona Dog Park. On-leash, she is a consummate walker, staying close to me and not pulling. True to what Kim wrote in the previous article on Rita, while walking, she still looks over her shoulder at me. Is it to thank me for taking her on a walk, or is it for the treat she expects every time I say "good girl"? Probably both.

I am beyond thankful that I'm the person who took Rita home. She gets loads of love, a roof over her head, and plenty of treats and belly rubs. She no longer needs to scavenge for food as it is readily available. I believe she knows how much she's loved, and that she loves me too. Our lives are better together. Each day, I love learning more about Rita and I especially love that she is my teacher.

Rita would like to thank everyone from the Sedona Humane Society for showing her so much kindness, especially Kim and Megan. She is also appreciative of all those who did not give up on her and continued searching for her, against all odds in the red rocks of Sedona. Rita realizes that all these events led her to Katherine and to her forever home.







Happy Tails, Happy Trails: Burgers and Worms!

By Solana Kline—A lifelong dog-rescue advocate and avid back-country motorcycle adventure rider.

By Solana Kline, lifelong dog-rescue advocate and avid backcountry motorcycle adventure rider

"One for you..." Betty's sleek silver terrier ears at full attention, pink tongue lolling out before she wolfs down the crispy fry. "And one for you..." Mickey's gentle-giant, sloppy boxer/pit lips swallow my hand along with the fry. "And one for me!"

I sit on the sidecar step and sink my teeth into the pack's favorite local beef burger from Wil's Grill in Flagstaff—our final stop before heading north on our two-month backcountry motorcycle side-car trip across the West, visiting no-kill animal shelters along the way! Our trip began at 5pm last night-doggies harnessed and goggled, quadruple checks on Darlin (the 2018 Ural from Prescott's own Kalaber Creations!). Throttle on and glimpses of Prescott are blotted out by the fiery Spring sunset in the side mirror as we roll ahead into the delicious sniffers, curves, and vistas of Mingus Mountain.

I'd never considered hamburgers to be a safe space before, but they became our saving grace

along this journey, showing up just when we needed them hot, cheesy, greasy goodness filling our bellies, rekindling our adventure sparks and warming our hearts and souls. And this one in Flagstaff was our trip's bottle-of-champagne-christening. Tomorrow morning, we'd head into the great wide open, into the unknown, into adventure and courage and exhaustion, new trails and happy tails, the biggest heart smiles ever known, and some very interestingly configured tent snuggles in the wilderness!

Early season 100 degrees and driving winds challenged our route from Flag to Kanab, Utah and the Best Friends Animal Sanctuary there (bestfriends.org/sanctuary). The heatwave bore down, swallowed us up in the Southern Utah desert, miles, and piles of foot-deep, blowing sand on the serpentine dirt crossing from Kanab to Escalante—sheer drop-offs and off-camber descents had my full attention. Pups, meanwhile, sniffing carefree, heads up, evaporative cooling vests wet and working!

We push through and finally Utah highlands peak onto our horizon—where the snow is still melting and





the grasses are sprouting. I point and cheer, jubilant and relieved. "Into the mountains, Beast Brigade!"

We lose the sun behind Loa, Utah—gateway to the mountains—into the tails of Utah Winter, exchanging sweat for shivers. As we make the final turn into Loa, a double-decker fish bus painted psychedelic comes into view, and a weathered wooden sign telling us how far Kona, Hawaii is, that-ta-way, and how far Dublin, Ireland is thatta-other-way. We had arrived

at the Double-Decker Drive-In, or it had found us. Either way, Betts pokes her face out through the tonneau breather hole, wiffs the broiling meat, and the hounds lazily meander around the lawn, keeping a side-eye on the drive-in window.

Orders up! Fresh-cut fries and a double-decker burger—sizzling dripping cheese and tomato innards, the perfect ratio of mustard to pickle to bun to local beef! We round-robin chomp it down and git the heck outta Dodge before our potential tent spots are swallowed by darkness.

On moto trips, it's always the little things that make the trip—the quirky bits of the backcountry, like an old phone booth up a deserted two-rut road, or the lonely, full-sized, white kitchen refrigerator on the side of the road North of Loa, its hand-markered sign reading: "Worms." No houses in sight, nowhere to park to acquire advertised worms. One helluva long extension cord I'd reckon.



We pass the worms, and glory awaits us as we set up camp at a trailhead to the Great Western Trail North of Loa—a thing of offroad atlas lore until now!

The sage, crisp air follows us up through the mountain spines of central Utah, cold biting deep, but I smile knowing the pups are in a toasty snug sidecar nest full of down and hot water bottle, and the chugging Ural engine. I, on the other hand, have every single bit of gear on and am still a human icicle. Only thirty degrees for the last three hours this morning; snow drifts and icy lakes and sweeping single lanes. Micks is intrigued and braves his head out the tonneau—hand-crocheted gator and puffy coat, lips flapping.

Last turn into Coalville, Utah, and like an oasis mirage there she is: KJ's Catch n' Snack, Scofield, Utah, where Mud Creek births the Scofield Reservoir. Seems like there'd be some worm fridges round here. Instead, the greatest backcountry score of all backcountry scores.

I unfurl the tonneau at the gas pump for the pups to sunbathe. Frozen, I hobble into KJ's, hands held out, tractor beaming into an unknown radiating heat source on the back counter.

Two fishermen at the table laugh in understanding and shout, "Hey Nancy, get her a burger!"

Nancy hands me a dish with two raw patties and all the buns n' fixins. My defrosting brain doesn't comprehend. The fishermen point at my newfound blasting hand heater. "It's a do-it-yourself burger broiler! Throw those patties and bun in there."

I look closer. There's one slower broiler conveyer for the burgers, and one faster conveyer for the buns, timed to absolute perfection so they all drop at the exact same time! I smash the steaming double cheese together and am filled with pure joy, an unshakable grin wrapped across my face as I run out to show the pups our spoils!

Sitting on the sidecar step, Betts and Micks drooling over each shoulder, I hand out bites and have this overwhelming feeling that this is what life is supposed to be—sharing sizzling meat with our comrades, smiling in the sunshine, accepting the kindness of strangers, feeling the cold on our wet nosers, taking in every new sniffer as if it were our last, and deeply being present with those we love in this world.

Ahead, another five hours in the 35 daytime degrees (with a promise of below-zero overnight temps) and an executive decision carries us happily to our first of two hotel stays of the two-month trip. Dreaming doggie woofs and tail thumps on our luxurious kingsize white linen; they'll sleep good tonight.

Reviewing our route before bed, tracing the cartoon lines of the atlas, but what lies ahead could never fit in those pages. Wyoming tomorrow, and on to Idaho to the most incredible no-kill shelter: Animals Need Help of Bear Lake (anhbearlake.org). I fall asleep with pitty Micks wedged in behind my legs, and a Bettis ball in my face on the pillow, knowing this right here is the true burger and worm fridges of life!

Until next time, happy tails and happy trails! ~Solana, Dr. Sausage, and Dr. Wiggles







There are so many lucky dogs and cats who have been given a second chance thanks to Blackhat Humane Society and other rescues dedicated to helping animals on the Reservation.

One recent heartwarming story is that of Paisley, a young black and white pup living on the edge near Toadlena. She was first sighted on May 13, when she was in fair shape, but she could not be caught.

Blackhat knew that she would not last long as she was just a 3-4-month-old youngster and not equipped to fend for herself and live without support.

Maureen, a Blackhat volunteer, finally sighted her again on June 9, and at that time she had really gone downhill. Every bone on her body was protruding, and she had a deep bite wound on her neck. Sadly, but fortunately for her, she was now too weak to run far. She could only sit, trembling, as she was retrieved from under a bush and carried back to a waiting car.

The next few days were busy for her and Maureen, as she was slowly offered water and solid food, baths, and a gently loving hand. There were many ticks to remove, and the bite wound to clean up. As soon as they could go, a trip to the vet was next on the list.

RESGUE TALES

Gratefully, she was parvo negative, but unfortunately tick fever positive. Her wounds were bandaged, and she was put on antibiotics.

She is now busy learning how fun it is to play and all the new sights and sounds of her new world. Most importantly, she is learning to trust and



understand that humans are great company. She is quick to give you a silly smile with that quirky black masked face and happily learning that there is a better and kinder world out there. She will be ready for adoption in a few months after she is medically healed and vetted.

There is no greater feeling than knowing how a small effort can be so life-changing! Please consider being part of this rewarding effort as a volunteer or a partner rescue group—we need you! We are in need of fosters and transporters, and we make it easy by covering the costs.

If you would like more information or if you are looking for a great new pet, you can find it on our website blackhathumanesociety.org. Lend a hand-making one positive change can change everything!





Arizona Assistance Dogs, located in Prescott Valley, Arizona, is a 501 c 3 nonprofit. Our mission is to enhance the lives of children and adults with disabilities for greater independence through the use of skilled assistance dogs, and to educate and support working assistance dog teams to ensure quality partnerships.

Robyn Abels is our Founder and Executive Director. She co-founded an assistance dog nonprofit in Scottsdale, Arizona, and served as the associate director (2001-2009), and then as the executive director (2009 -2016) until her retirement.

Six years after retirement Mrs. Abels felt the need to return to the assistance dog world and founded Arizona Assistance Dogs.

We raise, train and place dogs to work with children and adults with physical disabilities, type 1 diabetics, and to work with first responders.

Our mobility assistance dogs are trained in 90 behaviors which include turning light switches on and off, opening and closing doors, retrieving dropped items and—above all—providing love and companionship.

Diabetic alert dogs alert and signal to the change in blood glucose levels up to 30 minutes before the changes occur. This gives their person the opportunity to take action to prevent life-threatening problems.

Our electronic device detection dogs are able to find digital media by scent (flash drives, hard drives, cell phones, etc.) that might contain



information regarding crimes against children. These dogs also provide stress relief for first responders.

Police officers, FBI agents, fire fighters, and medics face some of the most heinous crime scenes imaginable. Having the sweet face of a golden retriever or Labrador retriever in the office helps diffuse the stress first responders face every day.

Our volunteers and supporters are the lifeblood of our organization. The puppies are placed with our volunteer Puppy Raisers at eight weeks of age.

These wonderful people raise and train our puppies under our guidance for two years. At that time, we place the dogs with our clients.

Our dogs choose the careers for which they are best suited. They must love the work they do. If a dog wants to be a pet and not work for a living, that's fine. They are placed as a family pet.

Please contact us if you are interested in being considered for an assistance dog.

As a nonprofit, we depend on our community for support and our success. Please consider joining us, because together we do great things. Contact us at AzAssistanceDogs. dog or arizonaassistancedogs@ gmail.com.



BARBARA MUMAUGH

Our founder, Barbara Mumaugh, passed away last night after a complicated illness. She was surrounded by family and friends who loved her.

Barb leaves a remarkable legacy. She started our shelter with nothing.



For years, she gave everything she had to the dogs she rescued. They became her purpose, her passion, her life.

She built Barb's Dog Rescue into a flourishing shelter that is refuge to over 400 dogs at times. From the humblest beginnings, the rescue

she started now places over 2,400 dogs in new homes

Barb never rested. She worked seventeen-hour days in the desert sun at a relentless pace. There were no easy days, and no days off. As the shelter grew, her pace increased. More and more dogs needed her.

Thousands of dogs were saved, millions of unwanted litters prevented. And her legacy will live on.

A team of skilled staff, hand-picked by Barb, have been preparing for this day. Supported by our board of directors, they are ready to lead. The greatest way we can honor Barb is to continue her legacy. With the heaviest of hearts, but determined spirits, we will carry on.

We ask you to join us, and the thousands of dogs Barb saved, in remembering the Incredible impact she had.

Website: barbsdogrescue.org



Journey of a Shelter Dog-**Love Finds Its Way Home**

The squirming little terrier was one of seven puppies that made their way to the Verde Valley Humane Society in Cottonwood, Arizona on February 17, 2023. She and her siblings traveled 500 miles from Many Farms, Arizona, to the Verde Valley.

Because of the size of the litter and limited accommodation in an already-full shelter, the pups were separated. The puppy soon found herself staying in an X-pen with three of her siblings in this strange, new, and different place. Different smells and different sights.

Someone at the Shelter thought it might be fun to name the pups after cars. She became Porsche.

Every day, workers came to feed and care for Porsche and her brothers and sister. They cleaned the pen and then left. Porsche didn't mind much... she liked playing and scrapping with her siblings.



Some animals become scared or angry because of the strangeness of an animal shelter, but not Porsche. She looked for something new to see, smell, touch, taste, or learn.

During the day, Porsche heard things outside of her door-other animals, and people walking and talking. At night, the lights went out and the shelter became silent.

One day, a volunteer came in to play with the puppies. Porsche jumped up and nipped the volunteer on the be-

"Oh, no!" the volunteer exclaimed. "She bit me!"

Another day, a nice lady came and picked Porsche up. Porsche squirmed and wiggled. The lady wore jewelry. Porsche grabbed the lady's necklace, and then she wiggled all over right down to her tail.

Most days, a quiet person came in and sat at a desk. Sometimes she played with the puppies.

One day, shelter staff loaded Porsche and her siblings into crates and took them to a funny-smelling place. Porsche sensed that there had been, and were, many animals there.

When Porsche woke up, her tummy hurt. Porsche didn't worry much about small things like this. She was playing with her siblings again in no time.

Soon, more strangers came into the room each day. They oohed and aahed over Porsche and her siblings. One by one, her siblings disappeared.

One day, the nice wristwatch lady put Porsche in a crate and drove her to a house with another dog, two cats, and two other people. Porsche thought this was grand fun!

The cats jumped up high and stared at her. The dog, Little Leggs, wanted to play. Porsche liked this.

Every day, they played tug-of-war with Round Raccoon or Blue Monkey. They ran and ran around the house.

The wristwatch lady tried to teach Porsche how to be house-trained. Porsche wasn't sure what that meant, but she loved playing with Little Leggs.

Sometimes, when she got tired of playing, she snuggled on the lap of Grandma, the wristwatch lady, or the lady's husband. At night, Porsche passed out from exhaustion. The wristwatch lady carried Porsche to bed, and Porsche slept with her on warm, soft quilts.

One day, excitement filled the air. Wristwatch lady and her husband were packing up suitcases and bags.

The next day, it was still dark and incredibly early when they said goodbye to Grandma, Little Leggs, and the cats. The wristwatch lady scooped up Porsche and carried her to a pickup truck. Soon, there was constant

Porsche didn't like this. She felt scared and tucked her head under the wristwatch lady's arm and whimpered.

The movement went on and on as they traveled east. Sometimes they stopped and walked around.

Porsche looked and sniffed but didn't

know what it all meant. She didn't feel like eating or drinking anything.

They climbed into the truck again. It became dark after they had traveled a long way, and Porsche heard pattering noises. Rain hit the windshield and roof of the vehicle. Porsche didn't like it. She kept her head down. Finally, she heard scrunching noises as the truck came to a stop.

Wristwatch lady and her husband got out and carried Porsche with them. It was still dark.

More new smells, more new sounds. The wristwatch lady loudly exclaimed, "Look, Porsche, here's your new mama... Mama Karen!"

Porsche jumped into the arms of Mama Karen and felt like she had always belonged there.

Porsche has a new dog brother, a really big new dog sister, three new cat siblings, and guess what, a new name - ZuZu!

ZuZu is doing all sorts of new things with her new family. She's growing up, knows how to sit on command, and is learning how to walk on a leash. Most of all, ZuZu found out how fun it is to go on a drive to go shopping with Mama Karen.

There's no whining now. She loves to ride shotgun when they go to pick up curbside groceries. She especially keeps a look out for the friendly delivery people—who always have a treat for her

She doesn't know it, but ZuZu traveled almost 1,000 miles to be in her new home with her new Pet Parents— Mama Karen and Daddy Gene. They were looking for that very special puppy to make their family complete for a long time.

Because they are friends of the Verde Valley Humane Society, they saw her picture and fell in love with her many weeks earlier. They patiently waited until their new little charge made her way into their arms.

But ZuZu doesn't care about any of that, only that she is, at last, in her forever home.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO THE FLAGSTAFF-SEDONA DOG SPOKESDOG TUCKER 11 YEARS YOUNG! FROM HOMELESS TO SPOKES DOG

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Take a Day Hike in Grand Canyon National Park

Story and photos by Cheryl Hartz

A surprising fact about Arizonans is that many—especially those born and raised here—never have visited the Grand Canyon. Astounding, right, when one considers it places on the planet as one of the Seven Natural Wonders?

It also features one of the most endangered species in the world, with the steady reintroduction of California Condors. Without a doubt, the Grand Canyon is a premier choice for day hikers and backpackers alike.

Backpacking is for another article. This one focuses on day trips in Grand Canyon National Park. I've lost track of the number of times we've driven

the two hours to treat out-of-state visitors to the Grand Canyon. Ironically, we haven't taken people there in July and August, partly because of the crowds but mostly because people visit us when their own harsh weather causes cabin fever.

Usually, we will take them a short way down and back up the South Kaibab Trail. They will experience the trail's steepness and the canyon's depth along with its spectacular vistas. Then we drive back to the Grand Canyon Village where they're ready to mosey along the rim's flat sidewalk past (or into) restrooms, shops, and restaurants.



Hikers start down the South Kaibab Trail on a day hike.



Stellar jays scoop up peanuts at the 10X campground near the Grand Canyon.







The Hartzes take a break on the South Kaibab Trail.



A California Condor, one of the world's most endangered species, soars above the Grand Canyon.

From there, if anyone still feels like tackling the climb down and back, we can access the Bright Angel Trail and hike down to a short tunnel, which is a good turnaround point.

One time at the tunnel, I saw tears streaming down my silent hiking companion's face. This brave woman was deathly afraid of heights, but stoically went along so as not to spoil it for her family. We immediately turned around and took her where she could enjoy the canyon.

As another friend put it, "I never considered that hiking into a big hole in the ground would expose me to such great heights."

The park offers free shuttle service to other breathtaking sites. Check these out on the National Park Service website.

Be forewarned. None of the trails are easy, but rather, steep, narrow, and rocky with tremendous drops off the edges. The Grand Canyon can be a dangerous place if you do not pay attention. But it's worth it!

Safe summer hiking!

Summer Safety Tips

No matter the length of your summer day hike, always include:

- 1. Up to a gallon of water to drink. In addition, to restore electrolytes a bottle of a "sports" drink is a good idea.
- 2. I like to drape a wet bandana around my neck and mop my face with that occasionally. Some folks prefer a spray bottle to spritz themselves.
- 3. A hat.
- 4. Sunglasses.
- 5. Bottle of sunblock.
- 6. Snacks, both salty and sweet. Protein, like nuts and jerky, too. Take enough so you can help someone else in trouble along the way.
- 7. First-aid kit.
- 8. Rain jacket and sweatshirt. Arizona's monsoons pop up without warning June through September, often with 20-degree temperature drops.
- 9. Sturdy shoes. Not sandals or flipflops.
- 10. Cell Phone. You won't have reception, but it functions as a locator to rescuers, and also as a flashlight if you misjudge your time and are out after dark.



SUGAR: A 2-year-old female Cattle Dog mix. She weighs about 45 pounds. She is a bit shy at first, but loves being with people once she warms up. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



POTATO: A small black and tan male pug/terrier mix, about 1 year old. He is a high energy boy who loves to play and is looking for a fun family.

Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



KIKI: A black female Greyhound mix who weighs about 35 pounds. She is a little bit shy yet, but she loves to go outside and loves treats. She is housebroken. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



CHEERIO: A 4-year-old male yellow lab mix. He's had a rough start in life, but he is sweet and gets along well with other dogs. His adoption fee has been 100% sponsored. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



FLUFFY: A big blue 3-year-old Pit Bull lady. She is the sweetest girl who is loyal, devoted, and affectionate. She loves people, and the shelter atmosphere has her struggling, being in a kennel. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



MARGARET: A 2-year-old female German Shepherd mix. She loves everything! People, toys, walks, other dogs, people, cuddles, people. She will be a great companion. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



CREAM: A 6-month-old Labrador-looking guy. He is sweet, affectionate, and loves to play. He is energetic and should weigh about 60 pounds when grown. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



FONZI: A charming, red-coated guy who weighs about 50 pounds. He is gentle, affectionate, loves people and dogs, and loves attention. He will be a great companion. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



GEORGIE: This is a big (BIG!) sweet guy. A 2-year-old mastiff-type male who is gentle, affectionate, and knows basic obedience commands. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



ASPEN: A 2-year-old female white Labrador/German Shepherd mix. She is a smart, affectionate girl looking for love. Half of her adoption fee has already been paid. Coconino Humane Association 928-526-1076



ATHENA: A 1-year-old female Beagle mix, brown and white. For more information please contact the Verde Valley Humane Association 928-526-1076



DABS: A 1-year-old female Australian Shepherd mix. For more information please contact the Verde Valley Humane Association 928-526-1076



SYDNEY: A 3-month old cattledog mix that lives with many other dogs, cats and people. She has lots of zip and will make you laugh at her antics. Blackhat Humane Society blackhathumamesociety. org or 4lvdch@gmail.com



BEARSUN: A beautiful shepherd love-bug. About a year old and 55-60 pounds. He is housebroken and great with dogs and cats and, of course, people. Blackhat Humane Society blackhathumamesociety. org or 4lvdch@gmail.com



GINNY: A lovely 2-year-old tuxedo female with magnificent white whiskers! She is a bit shy at first, but she is super sweet, loves head scratches and playing with string toys. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



SAMMY: A lovely Tuxedo lady, about 2 years old. She is not fond of other pets, but she does love attention from people.

Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



MAVERICK: A 3-year-old male lynx point Siamese mix with the most amazing blue eyes. He is a super special, super sweet guy. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



JEWEL: A lovely, tiny 5-pound tortoiseshell lady. She is affectionate with people, but would prefer being the only pet.
Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



QUEEN: A beautiful 1-year-old dilute tortoiseshell lady. She is dainty and very sweet, but a bit shy at first. She gets along well with children. Humane Society of Sedona 928-282-4679



MOUSE: A beautiful female brown tabby. She is very sweet, but prefers to get to know people slowly.

Verde Valley Humane Society

928-634-7387



XANDRA: The most elegant black House Panther! She is a 1-year-old lady with huge copper eyes. She is affectionate and will make you laugh with her playfulness. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



SOPHIA: A beautiful 10-year-old orange and white female. She is quite petite and affectionate. For more information please contact the Coconino Humane Association. 928-526-1076



FOREST: A 6-year-old laid-back cuddle bug!! A cream and white longhaired lady who has had an awful accident, costing her a foreleg and her tail. She loves to be picked up, cuddled, and loved on. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



MAY: A lovely and gentle blue long-haired lady with vivid green eyes. For more information please contact the Coconino Humane Association.
928-526-1076



KENDAL: A 1-year-old brown tabby lady with big green eyes. She is funny, affectionate, and gets on well with other cats.
High Country Humane
928-526-0742



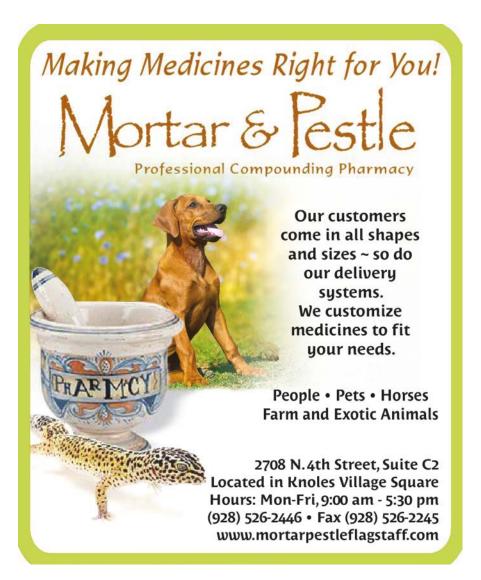
BO: A 1-year-old Tuxedo male with magnificent white whiskers. For more information please contact the Coconino Humane Association. 928-526-1076



MONET: A long-haired red and white lady with big green eyes. She is petite, gentle, and quiet. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



CHLOE: A beautiful, affectionate brown tabby lady with green eyes. For more information please contact the Coconino Humane Association.
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A Tribute to Chase: The Last Chapter In Memory of Sir Chase, CD, RI, NJP, NAP, THDA

By Jan Tomlinson









Chase was supposed to be a show dog, but he decided that wasn't his mission in life. So, he chose me to help him accomplish that mission.

He decided, as a team, we would help lots of people and dogs, and bring joy and happiness to the world. We ran agility, did obedience, scent work, and most importantly, therapy dog visits to many places.

He helped kids read, made sick people feel better, and brought smiles to the faces of many. He helped me teach my students and their dogs by showing them how to do it.

We created the Chase Project that donated over 200 stuffed Chase Jr.s to the hospital, assisted living facilities, health care providers, and Meals on Wheels. These little dogs brought comfort to many people. And now, there is a Chase Fund to help even more people.

Chase was my constant companion, my soulmate. A small boy with a huge heart.

That big heart developed problems way too soon and finally gave out. It had done its job, so now it is time for someone else to take the reins.

CHASE DROPS THE MIC!

Rest well, my friend, and thanks to all of you readers out there who enjoyed reading Chase's Corner. I hope it brought some laughs and smiles to you.

In Chase's memory,













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