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October/November 2023
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FLAGSTAFF-SEDONA DOG MAGAZINE

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Flagstaff-Sedona Dog magazine



COVER DOG CONTEST

It's easy to enter your furry best friend!

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

Winner will receive:

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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



Tulip Rose, Our Cover Dog

Name: Tulip Rose McComack is my legal name, but I am a pup of many names; aka Toodies, Tutu and Godzilla, just to name a few. I'm a little puppy with a BIG personality!

Hometown: I was born and raised Chino Valley, but now I live in Prescott Valley.

Age: Fourteen. This year is my golden year, as I was born on February 14, 2009!

Favorite brand of kibble: Seniors Blue Buffalo is my favorite. I like to dig among all the kibble and pull each one out until I find the best ones.

Favorite people food: I'll do a million spins for jerky!

Favorite toy: I'm actually very scared of toy balls and squeaky toys, Eeek! Who needs those when I have my purse?!

Favorite outdoor activity: I grew up going outdoors with my family, like camping, ATV riding, hiking and boating, which are some of my favorites! As I've gotten older, I love just running amongst the grass.

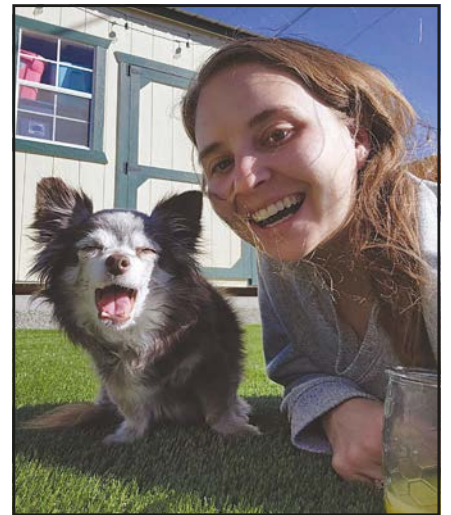
Favorite indoor activity: Sniffing around the house looking for any leftover crumbs. (Don't let Mamas know when I find any.)

Favorite nap spot: Next to Mamas! Preferably anywhere that has a blanket.

Fitness regimen: How I stay fit is chasing after neighborhood cats and barking at anyone that comes close to my Mamas!

Describe your perfect canine pal: Protecting my Mamas, she's my everything! I am there for her anytime she needs me: cuddles, dinner, and protecting her from any nearby sounds, too!

Describe your perfect day: Going anywhere Mamas goes. Maybe a walk in the park, a visit to grandma's or great-grandma's house, chasing the neighborhood cats around, jerky for a snack, chicken for dinner and to top it all off: cuddles with MY Mamas.



Tucker's Take

Henry II and the Gypsy Wagon

"Don't... Henry don't go in. Wait... we're gonna get in trouble...."

Henry turned to look back at the house, then turned his attention to me.

"*Firstly...* (Henry liked to use lists to justify his behavior)... Rancher is out in the field with Carli. *Secondish*, Mom is in the kitchen with his wife. *Thirth*, our two sisters are asleep on the porch and can't see us from there. And *forthest*, I will save the day, and be a hero. You with me or not?"

Henry didn't give me time to answer as he crept closer to the tool shed's half open door. "There's a new scent over here, and we are going in to investigate."

I could see no reason to repeat my warnings.

Here I was again, following Henry, even though the chances that I would be blamed (collectively with big brother), for anything that "bucked sideways."

The mornings were cool and dry now, and the smell of fall had greeted us first thing and left us energized. Henry and I were up for adventure after breakfast.

Our two sisters, Kimber and Stella, went off to sun themselves on the porch and wait for Mom to be finished in the kitchen with the rancher's wife. Since our weaning, Mom had resumed her close companionship duties and left us to ourselves in the cool of the day.

Afternoons were busy around here lately, and Mom had been dutiful in rounding up her four remaining puppies to the back yard. Big trucks would come and go, delivering livestock, or feed, or hay. Mom would herd us to the back yard to our shaded spot below a large apple tree.

Not long ago there were seven puppies, plus Carli—if she was in from the field. Mom had gotten really good at keeping us in a group under the tree as equipment, vehicles, hoomans, and large livestock found their places and finished their tasks.

Henry was always the one that shot off like a missile when Mom gave us the all clear. He'd check every foot path of man, beast, truck or tractor, circling and checking again.

My brother—my only and very large brother—always had to be first, would eat the most, and charge into any situation with no caution whatsoever. My Mom, Sophie, had named Henry after her own brother. She called him Hank when he was close and calm, and she tried her best to talk some sense into him after each crisis he caused.

The only time I saw him lose his bravado and composure was the day I stood behind him at the open tool shed door.

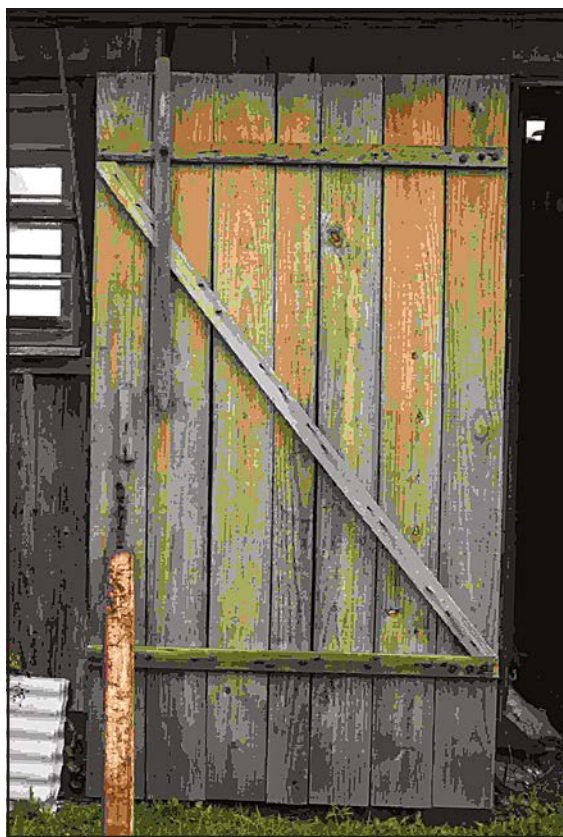
Tail straight out, right paw lifted slowly and placing its footfall just past the threshold to the dirt floor inside, Henry took a nearly silent test of scent. His left front paw was just about to follow the right when the fir along his back stood straight up, tail instantly curled underneath body and his whole upper body leaned back forcefully while paws stayed in place.

Trying to peak around him through the half-open door put me square in the path of Henry's large behind when he jerked backwards.

"What now, Henry. What is it?"

He didn't answer, he was stock still, trying to breathe ever-so-quietly.

"Don't move Tuck... Don't talk."



Having never seen Henry like this before made my hair stand up too, and I instinctively started to step backwards. I'm glad I did.

"WHAT ON GOD'S GREEN EARTH ARE YOU TWO UP TO NOW!!??"

The way Henry and I were wound up at that very moment made the rancher's wife's unexpected shout a very high-voltage affair.

Henry shot straight up in the air, swung left to escape, and smacked his muzzle into the open door. When paws met ground, he ran straight into the doorframe. But he recovered and still managed race past me.

Whatever Henry saw, it (and the surprising jolt) made him run to porch and force his way under it, rear legs sticking out, scrambling and throwing dirt.

I found myself standing alongside the rancher's wife, shaking.

"Sophie, get over here and get your charges in order. For Pete's sake, you critters get on my last nerve sometimes."

My Mom came around from behind and herded three of us to the back yard, then headed back to the porch to get Henry.

The tool shed door shut and latched now, Mom got her shortbread cookie as she crossed paths with the Rancher's wife, with dirt-covered Henry now in tow.

Henry placed himself on the far side of the tree's shadow, putting the greatest distance between himself and the tool shed. He would not take his eyes from the dark opening beyond the door.

Mom went over to wash his face, but he would have none of it.

I found a pretty decent apple on the ground to noodle with and fell asleep.

I woke to alertness surrounding me. The distant crunch of gravel from tires, and the growling of an unknown engine approaching. Five pairs of ears and eyes (Carli, now back from the field) focused only on driveway.

We watched as a loudly complaining old, curved-nose pickup made its way to a squeaky stop in front of the barn. The truck's paint must have succumbed to the sun and wind long, long ago.

The bed of the truck had some sort of short cabin built over it, making the rust-covered truck look like some kind of gypsy wagon. Two big bales of hay were precariously strapped to the roof of the cab, the strap running through the open windows of the truck doors. This made the driver exit the truck through the door's open window.

The woman effortlessly came out torso first, holding the strap above her, then swung her legs out and down to the ground. Henry gave me his "Did you see that, Tuck?" look.

The woman that greeted the Rancher and his wife was very interesting from a dogs point of view. Red hair (with hay highlights), overalls (dog-hair highlights), heavy work gloves in hand, and boots to match.

"Is she in the barn John?"

Shaking his head, the Rancher explained that, while checking the west pasture fence-line, he'd found something big had run clean through the fence without stopping.

"She wasn't so lucky and got tangled in the broken post and barb wire." He pointed to the tool shed.

I turned to Henry to ask him what they were talking about, but his eyes were locked on the woman going into the shed.

We heard her inside the shed repeating, "Easy girl... easy."

The Rancher followed her, and when they both reappeared, I saw what had startled Henry enough to knock himself senseless and make his escape to hide under the porch.

Spread out across a blanket carried by four arms was a large timber wolf. She stared directly at us as the hoomans carefully lifted her into the bed of the truck.

"I'll keep you posted John. I think she'll heal up fine, barring infection. You did good for her, considering how tangled she was. And considering your occupation."

The Rancher shifted his weight a bit. "Miss Shelly, I would appreciate you releasing her far away from here... when she's ready. She nodded in response.

"No guarantee she won't make her way back. Well... should get going. Goodbye, Mrs. Riordan."

When the woman's goodbye floated across the breeze to our ears, Henry said below his breath, "That's the bravest hooman I have ever seen."

With that, he made a beeline to the truck, barked, and made a perfect "Sii" in front of her as she was reaching up for the strap.

"Well, who is this bundle of trouble?"

She looked down at the dirty face with a bit of dried blood on the nose, then bent down to do a full inspection. Ears, teeth, coat, tail, eyes.

"Yours if you want him, Shelly." The Rancher was smiling, probably at the thought of Henry leaving.

"What shall we name you... ? I had a very busy and very troublesome dog when I was young. And looking at you right now, you sure are the spittin' image of that rascal. I think I have just the name you might live up to. So... you wanna go for a ride... Hank?"

~ Tucker Oso... Brother

Canine Lymphoma Awareness Day

By AnnMarie Massimo



Duke and Hondo together.

Canine Lymphoma Awareness Day is November 7, 2023. Canine lymphoma is one of the most common cancers in canines.

Canine lymphoma is a cancer of the lymphatic system. This is a network of lymph nodes and lymphatic vessels throughout the body. It is similar to non-Hodgkins Lymphoma in humans.

All dog breeds are affected. Some breeds are at higher risk, like Boxers and Golden Retrievers. The cause of lymphoma in dogs is unknown, but research is ongoing. Some feel it is genetic, some environmental, maybe a virus. Nothing specific has been identified.

What are the symptoms? Your dog may become less energetic, depressed, with loss of appetite, lumps on the body, diarrhea, or vomiting. Some dogs are anemic.

How is it diagnosed? A needle biopsy is done of an enlarged lymph node. The tissue may be tested for T or b-cells. Dogs with T-cells have shorter life spans. Blood work, chest x-ray, and ultrasound of the abdomen may be done to determine the overall health of the dog.

What is the treatment? Sadly, there is no cure. Some dogs may go into remission with chemotherapy. Palliative treatment is an option. Have a heart-to-heart conversation with your veterinarian. Quality of life is the priority. Only you and your veterinarian can make these decisions.

Please allow me to share Duke's story with you.

In January of 2021, Prescott had one of its epic snowstorms. Duke and his brother Hondo were in hog heaven, running and jumping in the snow and catching snowballs. Two weeks later Duke was down. He collapsed, vomited severely, and was lethargic. I called the veterinarian and was seen that day. While driving to the office, Duke fell sound asleep. My heart sank, as Duke usually is all over the back seat while I'm driv-

ing.

We arrived at the office. We are in the middle of the COVID pandemic, so we called the office when we were in the parking lot to check in. Five minutes later, the vet tech called me and asked some basic health questions. A few minutes later she came out to bring Duke in to see the doctor. She immediately said "Oh, what a beautiful dog!"

Duke woke up. He was able to get out of the car on his own. I could not go in with him. He glanced back at me; we had eye contact, and in my mind, I said to be a good boy. I waited in the car.

After 20 minutes, the vet tech came out and said the doctor was working with Duke and wanted permission to do some testing. I said "Do whatever you feel is necessary."

Waiting again. The doctor came out. She said "Duke is very sick. He is jaundiced, has swollen lymph nodes and has bleeding under his skin. He needs more testing." Duke was only 5 years old, a yellow Labrador. She said it could be an infection, but she thought it was canine lymphoma.

Duke stayed at the clinic for all the testing needed. I went home and then returned to the clinic to pick him up at 7pm. Duke was given a steroid shot to stop the bleeding and reduce the lymph nodes along with two prescriptions for Prednisone and Pepcid. He was more alert now. Went home and

need to wait for all the test results.

Twenty-four hours later, Duke was doing well. No more vomiting, and he had more energy. His lymph nodes were smaller, his tail was wagging. His brother was at his side.

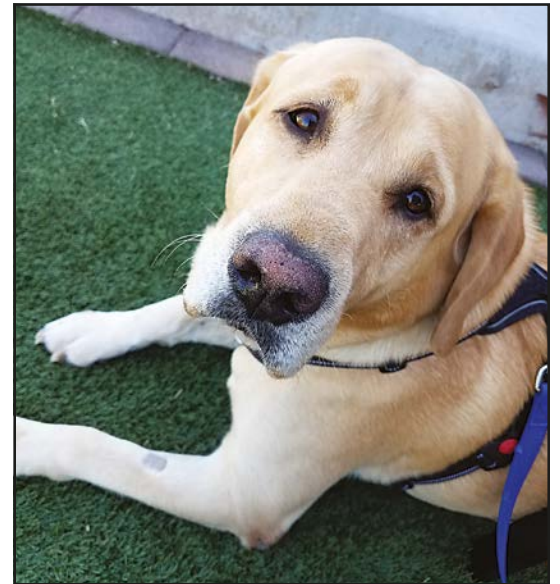
Later that day, the doctor called. The ultrasound showed enlarged lymph nodes in the abdomen and enlarged liver and spleen. No infection. We continued palliative care until all results were in.

Duke settled down for the night with his brother and his blanket. I checked on him throughout the night. He rested well. No more vomiting. The next two days went well. He was acting like his old self.

Saturday morning the doctor called with the pathology results. Duke had high grade Lymphoma Stage 5. My heart sank. How could a dog so full of life have this terrible cancer?

There is no cure for it, but it can go into remission with treatment. He was only 5 years old. Palliative care vs chemotherapy. So much to think about. Since Duke responded so well to Prednisone, and with his young age, chemotherapy was chosen.

The CHOP protocols were started on February 22, 2021. Duke initially did very well. It was a treatment with Intravenous and oral medications over a 25-week period. Duke's body rejected treatment on week 19. He went back



Duke during his treatment.

on palliative care. My Dad, his brother, and I provided him with lots of love and support to make each day good for him.

Duke's last day was August 18, 2021. He woke up that morning and went out into the back yard with his brother Hondo. They walked the whole yard together. He came back into the house and laid down on his blanket and fell asleep forever. One year later, Hondo joined his brother in heaven. Both are forever in our hearts.

A special thank you to Dana Frank, DVM and all her staff for their compassionate care.

Disclaimer: The information in this article is not for medical advice. Its sole purpose is to heighten awareness of this terrible disease.

AnnMarie Massimo is a retired nurse practitioner and beginner freelance writer. She has a great love for animals. Currently she has one cat, two dogs, two geese and four alpacas in her family.

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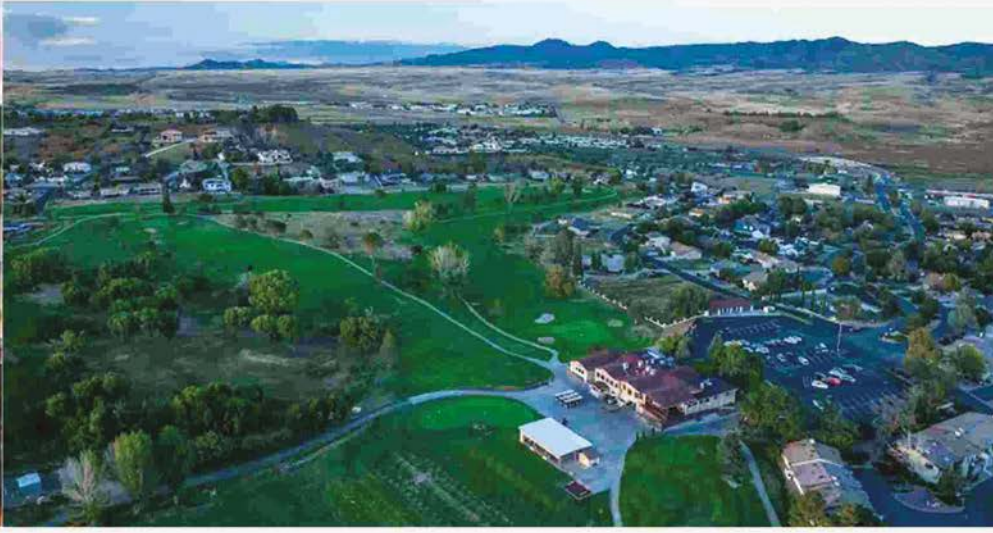
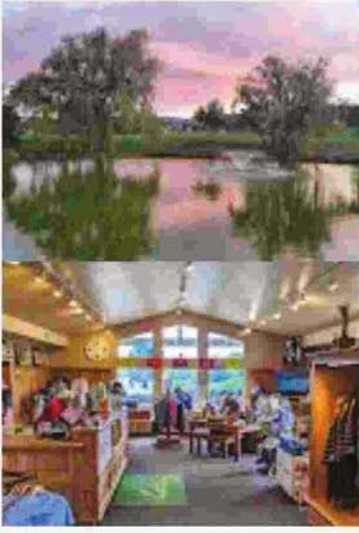
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Happy Tails, Happy Trails: Ribbons of Single-Track and Tall Green Grasses

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

Southwest Colorado. Finally out of any possible deserts for a couple of weeks and into the high country, into John Denver lyrics.

The tall mama Ponderosas shade out the late June sunbeams. A steady southern breeze whirls through the pine-tops. Betty (aka Dr. Sausage) and Mickey (aka Dr. Wiggles) dream lazily of squirrelin', ice cream, and hamburgers. The occasional woof or tail wag puffs up mini Hiroshimas of dusty high-desert dirt.

I lay back in the sidecar, enjoying a cheesy romance novel, with moto boots drying in new sweat rings in the sun. Socks and pants can about stand up on their own by now.

We rest after 1.5 months and 2,800 miles on the road (or to be more precise, off-road), camping and hammering miles in our moto-sidecar. Today me and these two gems of doggies rest.

We left Prescott at the start of May and have been lucky to have no mechanicals, but the weld busted on the sidecar yesterday. This means we have the entire weekend to relax here in the trees, waiting for the gas-station welder to come back to work on Monday morning.

Lucky for us, we're camped at USFS trails. Almost every night on this trip have been camped at USFS or BLM trails out in the backcountry. Starting each day with a new single-track trail, a good leggie stretch, and a load up into the sidecar!

Trails become these little veins into adventure and wonder and beauty and awe. They are the lifeblood of our dog pack, and we seek them out every place we go.

Trail time together bonds us like no other, teaching the pups and me to be a true wild pack. To keep an eye out for each other, to warn of danger. To joyfully roll in the grossest of rotting deer carcasses (I opt out of this one). To watch crocodile in clear, sun-sparkling, high Alpine waters on the toastiest of days.

To fly effortlessly forth down the single-track trail. To be free to roam and explore. To sniff new butts around every bend in the trail. To learn to be independent and healthy in wonder. To set boundaries, test limits, and to ALWAYS go full beasto into the beautiful unknown of mama nature.

Trail time as a pack is healing for all of us. Betty and Mickey, both ex-street dogs, had to learn how to be a pack in nature together. How to work together. How to leave old traumas behind and remember (or try for the first time) how to play!

They light up on a new trail, sensing the new explores to come. Knowing the drudgery of same-walk-every-day is not happening, they go turbo into the burmed switchbacks and scrub. They know new trails; it feeds their souls, as it does mine. They always dream bigger the nights after we venture new trails, imaginations and hearts full and happy.



Taking a cold stream break in the Colorado highlands.

A few quick welds Monday morning have us back on the backroads. The winding goodness of Colorado mountain roads is the honeypot of moto touring. We are unquestionably exhausted but still not ready to head back home, not with all the mountains on the horizon!



Our summer home.

We moto forward into fields of late-June spring greens, fresh cool grasses, and budding neon-green fingertips of the pines. How many shades of green? They say the Inuit have hundreds of words for snow. I reckon we'd need a whole 48-count box or more of crayons for these greens.

We see beavers and bear tracks and fish. We smell Spring in the sweet vanilla of Ponderosa skin. In the Dorito goodness of napping puppy paws flopping in my face.

We venture into unknown wildness and wilderness, getting our showers from icy mountain streams and our grass rolling just about everywhere we stop here in the highlands. The doggies don't miss a patch, whether groomed green grasses nestled in amongst the old mining towns, or the wild spring stems waving at us in the valley winds.

As soon as we park the Ural, the pups find the fresh cool greens and plot their somersaults: nose down first, shoulder drop, and into full flop and back wriggle goodness, wiggle butts a go-go, smiles on! I lay down and roll with them, soaking in the new perspective, wondering where the puffy white clouds go next....

We revel in the 10,000-foot camping and trails, cool breezes and snowy patches mashed full of adventuring puppy pawprints. We ride and hike and nap and dream.

We camp alongside overflowing Spring melt-off rivers and brave the blasting current to reach the trails across. Micks is seemingly impervious to the frigid temps and slick stones beneath our feets. Betts looks up wide-eyed for a suitcase carry across, which of course I happily oblige.

Our high-elevation trail adventures with 70-degree days and 30-degree nights make it harder and harder to think

of rolling south through the broiling Ute and Navajo lands to make it back home to Prescott. Couldn't we just stay here forever amongst these ribbons of single-track and tall green grasses?

But the quickly fading moto tire tread and the July black flies had different plans for us. Alas, it was time to head home. And so we suit up for the last time in our cooling vests. I douse the pups and their cooling bed in fresh mountain-stream water. We thank the mountains and promise to return soon.

We roll our longest day of the trip to make it back across the Navajo Rez's burning desert. Radiant heat mirages across the impossibly straight single lanes with 110-degree blacktop temps lulling me into submission.

We pray for a cloud and a gas station before we reach empty.

Sunscreen on the pup nosers and a constant water spray down on their evaporative vests keep Betts and Micks nice and cool in spite of the convection bake we were riding across.

Gratitude doesn't begin to describe seeing the monsoons looming above Prescott. Deep-dark purples and low, thick clouds are dropping our salvation just miles ahead. We roll into the walls of rain, embracing the chill and reveling in the awkward splashing inside my "waterproof" boots.

We skirt the lightening and take in the last moments of our trip, pulling over for one last sniff-and-pee stop along a newly formed monsoon river just outside of Prescott. Soon we'd all be sprinting to our bed, relieved to be home safe, grateful for the memory foam and freezer full of Ben n' Jerry's.

But for right now, we sit next to these temporarily raging waters, sunset amber beaming on the doggies monsoon-muggy panting mugs. Nostalgia for our adventure already brims over inside me. I cry, from a combination of exhaustion, relief, awe, disbelief.

I've ridden countless backcountry motorcycle trips solo, and after getting to do this Epic with the pups instead of without them, I can't imagine it any other way. Our pack will never be the same. We will forever be comfortable eating ice cream off the same spoon. Using each other as pillows. Unquestioningly listening to each other's intuition. Holding a mutual understanding of exactly when to go full beasto down a new trail after giving each other that particularly wiley look.

Endless ribbons of single-track and tall green grasses, a true Wild West adventure to fill our hearts and dreams with possibilities. Endless ribbons of single-track and tall green grasses....

Until next time, happy tails and happy trails!

~Solana, Dr. Sausage, and Dr. Wiggles



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Molly the Traveling Pup

Molly's life was not looking promising as she roamed the streets of Fort Deviance. She was enduring a bad transmissible venereal tumor (TVT) with little hope for a future.

Then a kind Diné discovered the plight of this little dachshund mix. Her kindness went beyond expectations as she paid for the TVT treatments and spay to turn her life around. As a new foster for Blackhat Humane Society, she knew what to do next and reached out to get the word around about this kind and gentle pup.

With the universe tipping the scales, the former Blackhat president's sister, living in Butler, Pennsylvania, took one look at this beautiful girl and knew it was meant to be. With other Blackhat pups in their home, they wanted to open their doors to one more.

By Blackhat spreading the word via TikTok, a generous couple in Page saw the plea and offered to let Molly catch a ride to Nashville where they were headed to visit their son. Guess



what, the mother of the former President and her sis live in Nashville, and this was the perfect reason to finish Molly's trek and see her daughter!

Molly is going to be the adopter's daughter's first dedicated companion, and we could not be more pleased. After a nine-state journey for a little pup whose whole life had been spent in Fort Defiance, and a young girl who had never had a dog that was all hers, this is a match made in heaven. All the daughter can say is what a beautiful fit this is for both of them.

Blackhat volunteers will go to amazing lengths to see that a dog or cat has a better life - join our rewarding efforts and help make a difference.

Visit our website at: BlackHatHumaneSociety.org



Ken is a DOLL

We're heading into the last few months of 2023, and we have helped almost 500 animals find their families this year alone. Sometimes, however, a dog or a cat spends a little extra time with us through no fault of their own. Ken is one of those dogs, and we would love to introduce you to him!

Ken was brought to the Humane Society of Sedona (HSS) when he was found as a stray in Camp Verde. He has been with us since late July, and it's time he found a family! Ken is a laid back, loving guy. He's very affectionate with people but is not fond of other dogs. He needs to be your one and only!

Ken is a big dog (around 75 lbs!) which we believe has been a hurdle



in his adoption. While he is strong, he's a little on the lazy-bones side. He enjoys short walks only, would do great with a big yard, and will definitely need time to snuggle with you daily. He is well mannered and non-destructive. It's possible he would do well with kids, but of course would need to meet the whole family first!

Ken is a cattle dog mix, about 3 years old. He is neutered, microchipped, and is up to date on all his vaccines. As with all their adopted animals, HSS would provide post-adoption support to his new family.

He would also do well in a foster home until he finds his forever family. HSS provides all supplies as well as 24-hour support to fosters. If you are interested in Ken - either to foster or to adopt him, please call the Humane Society of Sedona at

928-282-4679.

If you are not able to foster or adopt Ken, you can still help him by sharing his story with your friends and family. The more people that know about Ken, the better chance he has of finding his forever family! Please help us find this big handsome dog a family!

Happy





Pismo Finds His Forever Home with One of YHS's Own!

Pismo was surrendered to Yavapai Humane Society on April 8, 2023, with a wound on his face and minor malnourishment.

Since he came to the shelter, he quickly became a favorite of all the staff here. From his howls to his sweet demeanor, he's always been a good boy. He not only was a favorite of the staff, but anybody who came in to adopt.

Many people were interested in Pismo, but due to his medical condition, he was not made available. He had to take medication and gain some weight.

I started to work at Yavapai Humane Society a little after he was surrendered, and as I learned to love my job, I also learned to love more deeply.



Pismo, Quinton, and Winston

It's not hard to fall in love with all of the dogs we interact with at this job. However, since I met Pismo, something in my heart knew instinctively that I had to take him home.

My husband and I already have two dogs at home, but that same feeling in my heart is the one I felt for them when I first met them.

I set up a couple of meet-and-greets to have my dogs meet Pismo, anxiously waiting for their

reactions. Pismo seemed a little hesitant but showed no signs of aggression.

I had to spend some time making the decision to bring him home, since bringing him home would mean a slow introduction to our family.

Pismo has been through a lot, and I knew that working with him would help bring him out of his shell.

On July 30—my husband's birthday—we decided to take him home!

When we first took him home, he seemed almost confused. It took him some time to sniff everything and find his place with the others. We remembered to be patient with him and keep up with helping him gain weight and heal.

He began to find his place and his comfort with my two other dogs, Quinton, and Winston. His personality began to blossom.

Over time, he gained weight, a healthy coat, and teeth, and joined the other two in howling. He loves cuddling with the dogs, but also stealing pillows. He absolutely loves blankets and paws at us for attention.

Whenever we take him to the dog parks, he receives affection from everyone he interacts with. He truly has come out of his shell and is a healthy young boy!

Stories like ours are the reason why I love my job, and why I'll continue to help others find their Pismo.

~Kaylee Green

Thanksgiving



Prescott Dog magazine

Flagstaff-Sedona Dog magazine

Just Say 'Eau Yeah' to Eau Claire, Wisconsin

By Stacey Wittig

Late summer is the paw-fect time to travel with your pets. The stifling dog days of summer are in the rearview mirror, and now we're pointing our noses towards some relaxation and water frolic. So then, who wouldn't want to run off to the green countryside and clear waters of Eau Claire, Wisconsin?

Two rivers run through the town, becoming known for its independent spirit, music, and outdoor art. With so much riverfront on the Chippewa and Eau Claire Rivers, there are plenty of parks and natural areas where you and Rover can roam.

Explore Phoenix Park right downtown at the confluence for end-of-the-summer concerts, farmers markets, and a labyrinth. You and your sweet pup won't want to miss River Prairie Park for more outdoor shows, a kayak launch, and plenty of hiking trails.

Or better yet, go off-leash downriver at Southwest Dog Park. You can also ditch the leash at Otter Creek Off-Leash Dog Park, away from the water but perfect for a romp just before leaving town on I-94.

Eau Claire, about the size of Flagstaff, offers a whopping three off-leash dog parks. Just so you know, dogs must be licensed and brought to the park on a leash, and daily passes may be purchased at the park.

With almost two dozen pet-friendly hotels in Eau Claire, deciding where to stay is challenging. RV and campgrounds that also accept Bowzer also make it difficult to choose. An easy solution is the 'pet friendly' filter on Booking.com.

Unleash Your Taste Buds, But Not Your Pup

You and your four-legged traveling companion may be surprised that so many restaurants in the area welcome and encourage dogs. One of those places is Acoustic Café, offering sidewalk seating for you and your furry friend. Check out the legendary waffles served with housemade syrups in the outdoor seating areas in front and behind SHIFT Cyclery & Coffee Bar.



Bernese Mountain Dog enjoys the mid-century vibe at Oxford Hotel. Photo courtesy Visit Eau Claire.

Head to Cowboy Jack's outdoor seating after a River Prairie Park frolic for lunch or dinner. Locals know Dancing Yarrow + Farm to Fork Pizza in Chipewa Valley as 'the hippie farm,' because it's an 18-acre farm turned into a fun retreat with local live music and farm-to-fork eats and drinks. Well-behaved dogs are welcome! Or hit the outdoor patio at Valley Burger Company, which uses local suppliers.

Many of the 19 restaurants participating in the Eau Claire Curd Crawl have dog-friendly spaces, so be sure to download the free app to earn prizes. Cheese curds—bite-sized chunks of unaged cheese—are top of the Wisconsin cuisine list (tinyurl.com/2p85bzh8).

Agritourism is big in these parts, so expect not only restaurants touting farm-fresh ingredients, but you'll also discover wineries, pick-your-own orchards, and farmer's markets.

Lap Up Some Refreshment

The Joynt, a classic Wisconsin tavern and downtown Eau Claire icon, allows dogs inside. For a Wisconsin brewski, The Brewing Projekt has a woof-worthy taproom and food trucks. K-Point Brewing and Lazy Monk Brewing also have great space for dogs on their patios in Eau Claire. Just north of town, in Chippewa Falls, the terrace outside the Leinie Lodge, part of the well-known Jacob Leinenkugel Brewing Company, hosts dog-accompanied patrons.

No matter how you look at it, Eau Claire, WI, could be nicknamed 'Dog City' for its abundance of pet-friendly hotels, restaurants, breweries, outdoor summer concerts and off-leash parks. It's time to start planning an end-of-summer road trip to fun-filled Eau Claire. Eau yeah!

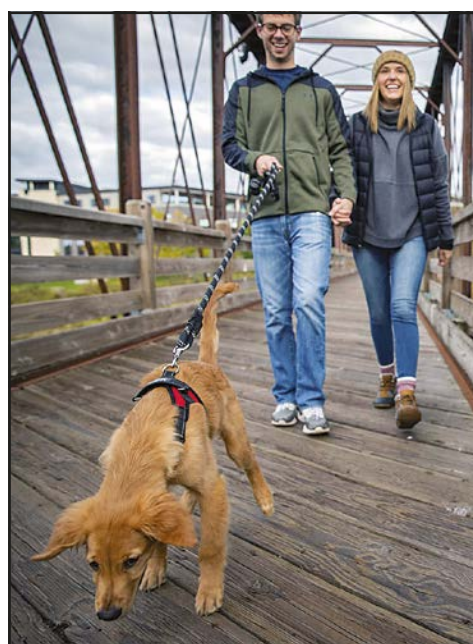
Stacey Wittig writes from her home near Flagstaff when she is not exploring other parts of the world. Follow her adventures at unstoppablestaceytravel.com.



The Brewing Projekt. Photo courtesy Travel Wisconsin and Visit Eau Claire.



The Joynt. Photo courtesy Visit Eau Claire.



Summer concerts at Phoenix Park. Photo courtesy Visit Eau Claire.



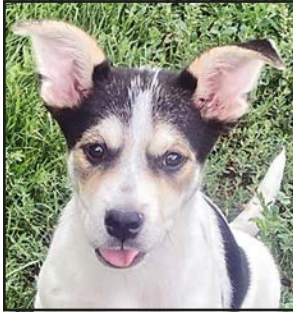
Photo courtesy Visit Eau Claire.



PHOEBE: A 4mo blue heeler/ cattle dog. She weighs about 24 pounds & and is a sweetheart. Very well-behaved, doesn't bark or chew, & loves to be near her people. Black Hat Humane Society at blackhathumanesociety.org



PONCHO: A 1-year-old mixed breed male with a brown and black coat that is soft to the touch. He is an affectionate and loyal dog who loves to spend quality time with people. High Country Humane 928-526-0742



MONICA: A 4mo cattle dog/ blue heeler puppy with a frisky, playful attitude. She is friendly and loves to follow her people around. Plays nicely with other dogs and cats. Black Hat Humane Society at blackhathumanesociety.org



BRITTIE: This 1-year-old female dog is ready for an active forever home. She is energetic and loves to play, and she is looking for a family to match. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



ROGER: A 3-year-old terrier mix. He is a sweet boy looking for a quiet home, with a family who will have patience as he is a bit shy right now. Sedona Humane Society 928-282-4679



FONZI: An adult male who weighs about 50 pounds. He is a friendly guy who loves attention and likes playing with other dogs. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



WINNIE: A sweet 6-month-old Australian Cattle dog mix. She weighs about 27 pounds. She is an affectionate, playful girl awaiting her new home. Sedona Humane Society 928-282-4679



EUGENE: A handsome sweet-heart! This boy is good on leash and weighs about 70 chubby pounds. Eugene loves splashing around in the kiddie pool and hanging in the play yard. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



WESLEY: A sable Shepherd mix about 1 year old, looking for an active home. He is very smart and loves to learn new things. He also loves long walks. Good with other dogs. Sedona Humane Society 928-282-4679



PANCAKE: A 6-month-old female hound/shepherd mix. For further information, please contact the Coconino Humane Association. 928-526-1076



BUFORD: A 1-year-old male Miniature Pincer mix. He loves people and other dogs, but children are scary. He loves to snuggle with his people. He is potty trained. High Country Humane/foster 928-606-8170



MIA: A 7-year-old female Boxer mix. For further information please contact the Coconino Humane Association. 928-526-1076



MILO: A handsome golden/cattle dog mix. He is gentle and affectionate, but somewhat visually impaired. Hoping he finds kind people who will love him and give him a soft place to land. High Country Humane/foster 602-312-1428



TOMMY: A 6-month-old retriever mix. For further information please contact the Coconino Humane Association. 928-526-1076



ASHWAY: A charming 2-year-old cream male. A family cat until they moved away and left him behind. He is starting to ask for attention and is a real sweetie. Black Hat Humane Society / Shannon at shannonbares1023@gmail.com



BEAN: A beautiful 1-year-old female, sweet and kind. For further information please contact the Verde Valley Humane Society. 928-634-7387



LEVI: A grey tuxedo male about 5 months old. He is a bit shy, but all he needs is a little love and a comfy home. He enjoys playing and pets. Sedona Humane Society 928-282-4679



SHASTA: A big, handsome cream male with lovely green eyes. He is a lovebug – a friendly guy who will make you smile and be a great companion cat. Verde Valley Humane Society 928-634-7387



MELLOW: A most handsome gentleman, orange with white trim and lovely green eyes. He is a friendly, affectionate boy who loves to play. Sedona Humane Society 928-282-4679



PHOENIX: A charming black 6-month-old male who is playful and friendly guy. For more information, please contact the Verde Valley Humane Society. 928-634-7387



FLIP FLOP: A gorgeous 2-year-old Abyssinian mix female. She is looking for a quiet place to settle down, where people will give her time to learn to trust again. She is very sweet. Sedona Humane Society 928-282-4679



OPAL: A beautiful 2-year-old dilute tortoiseshell lady with big golden eyes. For further information, please contact the Verde Valley Humane Association. 928-634-7387



COCOA PEBBLES: A lovely senior longhaired tortoiseshell lady. She is charming, affectionate, and chatty. She loves cuddles and pets. A perfect companion kitty. High Country Humane/foster 480-868-1076



SYLVESTER: A 5-year-old tuxedo cat with the most charming face and big golden eyes. For further information please contact the Verde Valley Humane Association. 928-634-7387



PEARL: A stunning 1-year-old white female with striking blue eyes. And a beauty spot on her nose. She is sweet, affectionate, loves cuddling in blankets and climbing cat trees. High Country Humane 928-282-4679



TONY: A handsome classic brown tabby female with green eyes. She is gentle, loving, and a great companion. Verde Valley Humane Association 928-634-7387

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When Drama Meets Trauma: A Study on Gravity, Centrifugal Force, and Animal Behavior

By Rita Thompson-Tinsley

Horseback riding ranks top among several sports when it comes to serious injuries. According to horse riding accident statistics in 2023, horseback riding is more dangerous than skiing and motorcycling and is the leading cause of sports-related traumatic brain injuries. Although head and neck injuries are the most common result of horse riding accidents, equestrians can suffer other inflictions, physically and emotionally.

Diane Judge has been a part of rodeos in Tucson, Prescott, and Flagstaff administratively, as well as riding in the World's Oldest Rodeo Grand Entry.

During the summer of 2021, as horses lined up preparing to enter the rodeo arena, Judge took her place mounted on her paint horse, Blue Eyes.

Moments before the start, a rider struggling with his horse joined the lineup. As he continued to grapple with his horse, it swiftly turned, clipped Diane's leg, and went flying into Blue Eyes. Diane's horse bolted out of the lineup as she continued to ride, maneuvering him in ways to calm his spirit.

When a beverage cart appeared, blocking the alley way, her panicked horse made a 90-degree turn propelling Diane into the back of the flatbed cart. Judge dusted herself off and remarkably completed the Grand Entry with a properly composed Blue Eyes.

Weeks later, after suffering relentless pain, Diane was diagnosed with a dislocated shoulder, multiple bone bruising, and soft-tissue damage.

It would be two years before Judge would recover enough to ride again. But though her body had been healing, her fears began mounting.

After so much pain, the thought of falling again was unbearable. But Diane got back in the saddle and continues to enjoy smaller rides with a tighter circle of friends.

Horse trainer Josh Reynolds has been working with horses for years. He has started young horses and works with all sorts of breeds and situations. He uses proven methods from trainers such as Clinton Anderson.

Last May, Josh was working with a mare who showed a lack of confidence. He started slowly with lots of ground work, as safety is paramount in his training business. Eventually, Josh advanced to working her in the saddle.



Photo by Tanner Photography

He was riding the mare from a busy road when something startled the horse. She began bucking, and Josh counted three bucks before he executed an unavoidable aerial flip and landed on his back. The horse marched home solo as Josh struggled to get off the ground.

Josh suffered a fractured L1 and L2 and could only rest in a recliner for weeks. He isn't hesitant about returning to working horses. However, Josh expresses apprehension about working with that particular mare.

Summer 2011, Susan Shuford joined friends on a horse camping expedition in New Mexico's Gila National Forest. On day one, not more than twenty yards from camp, the riding group approached a narrow stream surrounded by overgrown willows. Su-



Horse trainer and local theatre actor Josh Reynolds riding Hannah as Fabio. Photo by Lucy Salvador.



Diane Judge and Blue Eyes, Grand Entry 2021. Photo by Karen Moseley.



Susan Shuford crossing water on horse Bo. Photo by Silver Buckle Photography.

san's three-year-old palomino, Bo, had not yet experienced creek crossings.

When the horse in front refused to go, Susan forged around that horse knowing that her super-chilled gelding would be willing to adhere to her cues. When Bo refused to cross and whirled away in the opposite direction, Susan spent time working Bo, having him do exercises that would bring his focus back to her.

Susan rode Bo back to the crossing. When Bo again refused, she spurred him to go forward. Bo exploded into rodeo-sized bucks, eight of which she rode out until being propelled over Bo's head where, she declares, "I went down like a lawn dart," and plummeted to earth headfirst.

Due to the remote location, her companions couldn't phone for help. When a nearby resident drove by, they offered to drive Susan's friend Stan to their home where they had a satellite phone. A helicopter life-flighted Susan to a trauma center in Tucson.

Still in a coma, she was diagnosed with a traumatic level three brain injury, three brain bleeds, and multiple broken

ribs. The neurosurgeon told Susan's husband Mike that she would never ride again and might never walk. Thirteen hours later she awakened. After years of therapy, she became functional.

Her trusty farrier, Rex, took horse Bo to his place. Every Sunday, Mike took Susan to visit Bo.

Close to a year and a half later, Susan had Rex lift her onto Bo's back. Rex then guided Bo and her around like a child's pony ride.

In 2013, Shuford was slowly able to saddle and ride. In 2015, she attended her first horse event after the accident.

"I'm not the same rider physically as I was, but I am the same rider intensely," said Susan, determined and driven.

Susan still contends with hearing loss, double vision, and balance issues, but doesn't want to miss a moment, an experience, a sunset, or a sunrise.

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