

THE WAG

Volume 3
July 2008



Welcome New Members

Our club has really grown this year. We have new members in Washington, the Island, the Lower Mainland, Quesnel, and even Colorado! Hopefully, this list doesn't miss anyone. We look forward to seeing all of you and sharing experiences.

Washington:

Joy Thompson and Molly
Shelley Denton and Shelly 2

Vancouver Island:

Kathy Black and Helen
Lisa Christiansen and Pandora
Marlene Smith and Shalom
Merrion Harrison and Sasha
Arlene Bishop and Zoe
Shirley O'Connor and Taylor
Ava Beausoleil and Winston
Lavonne Jarvis

Lower Mainland

Jan Hodge and Breeze
Lin McDonald and Corabel

Quesnel

Lynda Ivens

Colorado

Jamelae Arrell



spectators. On the lower floor there are two large rooms - one will be a crating area (there will be a "holding area" on the main floor for those about to go in the ring) and the other will be used as a practice or warm up area. The plan is to have a security person in the crating room to ensure the safety of the dogs while their owners are watching the competition.

While the hall is a mere block away from Courtenay's main street there are grassy areas for walking the dogs behind the building as well as a walkway along the river and a large park near by.

We are very excited about the Island Fling and are looking forward to sharing a wonderful day with our freestyle friends from the mainland and south of the border.



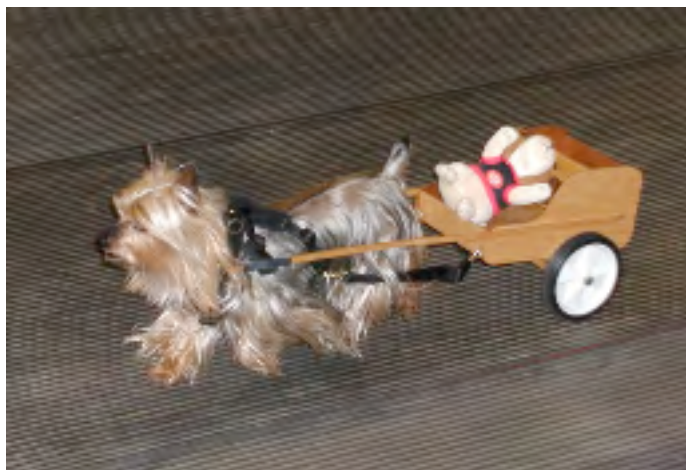
ISLAND FLING - Wendy Wallace

Freestyle has been growing in popularity here on Vancouver Island and with the assistance of Paws to Dance we are now going to host our very own freestyle competition. The first of what we hope will become an annual event will take place on Sunday October 19th. The "Island Fling" promises to be a great event with a super location and beautiful hand-crafted prizes.

The Native Son's Hall, a wonderful log building in downtown Courtenay, will be the site of the competition and the Island group has reserved the entire building for the event. The spacious upper hall on the main floor will be the location for the actual competition and will have lots of seating space for

What's happening on the Island

My group - Wee Paws for Applause - frequently performs at senior's homes and public events and has done so for over eight years. While our dogs have made a few



changes to our freestyle routines and added their own flair to the tricks they perform, for the most part they have never really embarrassed us - until one fateful performance at a senior's residence in Comox.



We had performed at this location many times over the years and regarded it as one of our favorite places. The audience was always very receptive, the space was bigger than some, the flooring was carpet and, best of all, we usually got served tea and cookies afterwards.

At this particular performance our luck changed. Remember that the floor was carpeted. One of the dogs seemed a little quiet as we started and sure enough, part way through her trick routine, began vomiting.



Without thinking - and concerned about the carpeting - the handler immediately tried to catch the vomit in her hand. Because her



back was to the rest of the group they did not immediately notice her predicament. It seemed like ages before the paper towel appeared. Red faced, the handler cleaned up the resulting mess, washed her hands and hurried her dog outside - not necessarily in that order.

As if that faux pas was not bad enough only five minutes another of the dogs had diarrhea in the middle of her freestyle routine! More paper towel and another mess on the very clean carpet.



continued. . .



It was definitely not one of our better performances, though it certainly was a memorable one! Much to our surprise, even after that, we were invited back to the same facility to perform again - this time everything went off without a hitch!

Note: names have been withheld to avoid further embarrassment. <grin>

-- Wendy Wallace

Photos sent by Glenda Gentleman

Trials by Ice and Fire

or . . . we ain't nothin' if not adaptable.

Two recent demos, Whistler and Cloverdale Rodeo, presented unique challenges to the Lower Mainland Paws 2 Dance Club. The club performed 4 times over two days at each venue.

Getting there

The Highway to Whistler, now under construction, was one lane all the way - and considerably slower than usual. Fortunately, a road crew let us use their portable john for a pit stop. The biggest challenge was for Annette to maneuver her truck into the tiny hotel parking slot, four winding levels down.

The road to the Cloverdale Rodeo was quick and easy - till the last block. Police road-blocks allowed some of us through but Jan and Sharon wound up in a line-up for 1 & 1/2 hours while the closest Gail could park was four blocks away. Gail made it to the site - dripping with perspiration -- with only minutes to spare.

The Weather

Knowing Whistler would be cold, we prepared - Gail wore a skin-tone sweatshirt under her Hot Honey Rag Dress, Jan had so many layers under her trench coat, she could barely move, and the rest of us wore variations of long underwear and fleece. (Yes, that's Jean under the hood!) Anticipating static shocks, we used anti-static cloths or sprays on our dogs. Some of us adapted our routines to remove rolls - the move that shocked the dogs the most. With the wind-chill factor, the temperature dropped to 8° below zero. We envied our dogs' coats - especially Spirit's.

When we heard temperatures would reach 30°C (92°F) for the Cloverdale rodeo, Lin decided to bring a pop-up tent, Joan brought along some sun screen blankets, and the rest of us brought fans and spray bottles. The venue was a strip of black tarmac between two buildings that trapped the heat and created an oven. The audience sat on aluminum bleachers facing into the sun. The dogs found pockets of shade under steps.

continued . . .

The Music and other hiccups

We were all set to go in the town square at Whistler. I'd stripped off four layers of fleece and revved Ali up for the first routine when . . . the music didn't work. Seems their high-tech sound system wouldn't read any of our CD's! Annette and I ran back to the hotel (in full costume, but nobody noticed – it was Whistler, after all) to grab Annette's Discman. By the time we returned, Gail had the mic and was educating the crowd about musical freestyle while Jean, Jan, Ann, and Vickie demonstrated moves. We then found out that we needed an adaptor. An organizer hurried off to locate an adaptor while we continued playing with our dogs in the ring - at least it kept us warm. Finally, the music started and all was well.



The other odd thing about Whistler was the venue. As in previous years, thin green indoor-outdoor carpeting covered cobblestones and agility equipment jutted into the space here and there. This year, the ring was T-shaped, which proved challenging, particularly for the team routine.



At Cloverdale, the organizers kindly provided us with a change-room, but space was tight, so many of us just hopped behind a trailer to strip (shameless!). Sharon nipped out to her car to grab a piece of costume for the big finale team routine and wound up changing in the parking lot with some help from strangers. When she tried to get back in through the gate, wearing a poodle skirt, Pink Ladies silk jacket, bobby socks, and a wig, the ticket taker couldn't see her stamp so wasn't going to let her in. She responded with: "Look, Sonny. I'm old enough to be your grandmother. Would I be dressed like this if I wasn't performing?" He let her in.



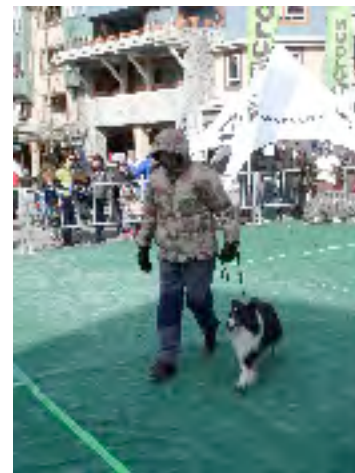
Afterwards

What happens in Whistler stays in Whistler. Meow! (Ask Annette)

Charlie and Ann sure know how to throw a good BBQ.

Whistler Photos by Vickie's friend, Irene.

Cloverdale Photos by Joan.



Club Bios

Sharon Colvin

Sharon wows audiences with her precision heelwork to music. Chilly seems velcroed to her as Sharon pivots and turns, speeds up and slows down in intricate patterns.

I started in 4-H when I was 11 years old with the family pet, a Lab mix, that was 7 years old. I trained and showed her until she was 11 years old. After getting started in training and showing I was hooked!! My parents bought a Chihuahua for me (yes, a Chihuahua!!) and I trained and showed him for several years but he did not enjoy it. I had the opportunity to work with a German Shepherd so worked and showed him for a few years. Seven of the senior members in my 4-H club were offered the chance to work with the Golden Retrievers at a local breeders and show the dogs at the Seattle Kennel Club dog show. In exchange for the time we spent working we were offered wages or a free puppy.

I was lucky enough to be allowed to get a puppy and that started a life long love of the breed. I named her Banrigh (Gaelic for queen) and she was a wonderful dog and she earned her CDX title. I bred her and I kept a puppy that I named Dustin. He was very much a gentleman and I showed him in breed and obedience. Both Banrigh and Dustin died after getting into chemicals used to treat the orchards around where we lived. I was showing horses at the time so thought I would not get another dog at that time, well that lasted 2 weeks and I had to have another dog!!



I purchased a male puppy that I named Jason. Jason was the 1st dog that I was able to get a UD title on. He was also my 1st tracking dog. I have had several very special dogs over the years and have enjoyed competing in a lot of different events. Currently I compete in obedience, rally, freestyle, dressage, agility, field and dock diving. The current dog that I am training is Chilly. He is my soul mate! He has earned 3 perfect scores of 200 in obedience in '07.

I first saw freestyle when I was competing at the Gaines obedience championships and there were freestyle demos for the noon time entertainment. I saw Carolyn and Rookie do a demo to Twilight Zone and they were having so much fun that I wanted to try it. I wrote Carolyn a letter and told her how much I enjoyed her performance and I would like to know how to get started. Carolyn sent me her phone number so I called and she talked to me for about an hour and a half. I started with Catcher and did a few demos and got up the courage to try a competition. Catcher earned his Intermediate title before I retired him. He came back out to try dressage and earned his Novice Level 2 title before I had to retire him due to health issues.



In my other life I earned my Veterinary Technician license in 1977 and became a Small Animal Massage Practitioner in 2006. I have been working at the same veterinary hospital for 28 years. I also teach competitive obedience in a class setting and private instruction.

Sharon's newest puppy - all fired up and ready to dance!

Wendy Wallace

As one of the founders of Wee Paws for Applause, Wendy knows the value of dogs in bringing smiles to the faces of seniors.

As a child my first love was horses but I had to console myself with the family dog, a spaniel cross named Rex. After marrying at 18, I acquired my own first dog, Kelly and taught her many tricks such as climbing up the steps to the playground slide then sliding down, though I never could teach her to walk nicely on a leash. That type of training had to wait until my children were older and we acquired our first registered dog in the 1970s, a sheltie named Tammy. With Tammy I discovered the challenge of obedience competition and she quickly became my first high in trial dog and my first utility dog. Another sheltie, a Doberman, an English cocker and a golden retriever would follow her footsteps into the utility ring. Eventually I became an obedience judge, a role I enjoyed for 20 years.

It was my Doberman, Fara, who brought me into the wonderful world of tracking a sport I still enjoy very much. Fara, my English cocker, Scout, and my Chinese crested, Sprite, all earned advanced tracking titles, while several others earned TDs. Sprite is the only one of her breed with a TDX.

As my three children got older I began to look at fulfilling a life long dream of going to university. In 1978 I signed up for a course in anthropology at the local college. I chose that course because I didn't know what anthropology was so figured it would be interesting. I was also convinced I would not be able to do well on it so worked especially hard, eventually ending up with an A at the end of the course. Over the next few years I earned two years worth of credits at the college as a part time student.

In 1981 I made the big decision to continue with my education at the University of Victoria and enrolled as a part time student, a step that did not receive the blessing of my family, unfortunately. Over the next three years I commuted to Victoria - a 3 _ drive - for a couple days each week and finally fulfilled my dream in 1984, receiving a BA with Honours from the university. Sadly

my marriage did not survive these tough years and I moved to Victoria full time to work on a Masters degree in History. In 1987 I not only finished my degree but also landed a job as an instructor at the very college where my studies began, North Island College in Courtenay. I eventually also landed a new husband as Keith also taught at the college. We were married in 1995.

I taught there until ill health forced my retirement a few years ago.

They say every cloud has a silver lining and certainly retirement has left me with more time to enjoy my dogs - currently there are five Chinese crested running our house. We have a great time with freestyle, obedience, agility, tracking and Rally. At 12, Sprite, along with 8 year old Zeeba, enjoys performing freestyle and tricks with Wee Paws for Applause at nursing homes and community events. Waiting in the wings for her turn is four year old JJ.



Three years ago I fulfilled another dream and acquired two miniature horses and now, when I am not busy with the dogs I am usually out driving one of my horses or teaching them tricks such as playing basketball.



I am also enjoying my role of grandmother to my daughter's three children and traveling with Keith. Life is busy these days but it is certainly never boring!

Jean Dawson

Jean finds time for Freestyle between agility and obedience matches with the amazing Koko and George.

I was born in Vancouver but we lived in Woodfibre across Howe Sound from Britannia. Mothers had to take a Union Steamship to Vancouver before their due date and wait until it was time to go to Vancouver General Hospital. Groceries were ordered by mail and delivered by same steamships.

Woodfibre



My father at the mill.



We lived there until I was four when my father passed away. As a company town we had to leave and find a place to live in Vancouver. Mother chose Vancouver Heights north of the Kootenay bus loop. My brother, sister and I attended Franklin, Templeton and King Edward/Britannia schools.

After high school I attended UBC and attained a teaching certificate followed by 35 years teaching grades 2 to 7. I retired at 55 and have enjoyed retirement greatly.

One day at school we attended a soccer demo by the Whitecaps. The final event, undisclosed to the staff, was a student vs. teacher dribbling relay. I got chosen and in front of 350 kids had to accept. I was wearing clogs and nylons. Oh, dear, can't dribble a ball in clogs so I took them off, bad decision. As I was nearing the finish line my feet clad in nylons slipped on the floor and down I went fracturing my arm near the wrist. Off to emergency ward. One of the first things they do is take your blood pressure - off the chart. They wouldn't let me off the bed to plaster my arm.

Well over the years I had let the weight edge up so set out to exercise and get it off. Being dark when I got home from work in the winter I knew I wouldn't be out walking by myself so I visited the SPCA and picked out a medium sized dog. Shandy was a border collie x shepherd. We walked off the pounds together doing the hills and trails of Burnaby Lake and Burnaby Mountain. I did it. I lost over 30 pounds and brought my blood pressure down.

Shandy (lying down) and friend Chester



I had Shandy for 9 years, a loving and loyal companion. Her passing devastated me and it took several months before I could think of replacing her. But my heart eventually healed and I went looking for my second dog. This time it was not easy. My strata was enforcing the "only small dog" rule. I walked coyote infested woods and wasn't going to sacrifice a dog for their dinner. I love big dogs but they would be noticeably over the limit. I couldn't find anything in the medium range. Made many visits to SPCA's from West Vancouver to Chilliwack, from North Van to Delta. No luck.

One day I popped into Petcetera to pick up a gift for a friend and walked by the adoptables, as I had many times before. There were two medium sized dogs who were sisters. I walked them both and

chose the calmer of the two, famous last words.

This was KoKo – energetic, hard to handle and totally berserk. I had bruises from head to toe. She was difficult to walk and was destroying my carpet and furniture. I persevered for 6 months with her basic training with little progress.

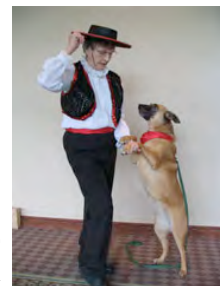
I decided I needed help desperately. A friend had read an article in the Port Moody paper about a lady who had adopted a pure bred Doberman who was six months old, who had not been house broken and had no basic skills. She had received help from a trainer in Langley who was a tremendous help. I looked up her phone number and finally got up the nerve to phone. She said she had gone to a Ray Underwood in Langley and gave me his phone number. Her dobbie eventually campaigned and became No. 1 Obedience Dog in Canada and got his championship in the conformation ring.

I called Ray and left a message. He got back to me in several weeks and suggested I enrol in Pet classes. I did and met Ray as I registered for the class on the first night. As I sat across the desk from him filling out the form, I came to the "breed" question. I said, "SPCA mutt." He said, "mxaxzadc". I said, "spell it." As he did I wrote it down, Malinois, I had never heard of one. Ok., I thought he knows a tremendous amount more than I do. Later he walked with me as we started our first lesson and he explained that she was a valuable pure bred.

I went home and looked up "Malinois" and found that only experienced trainers should tackle the breed. Oh, dear me!!! What was I in for?

Well it has taken this novice, years and years of working with her in order to become the terrific dog she is now.

After completing four levels of pet classes, KoKo had improved but still pretty wild, unpredictable and unsocialized with people and dogs. I needed to find things to keep her mind working so she didn't destroy me and my house. Since she didn't have papers Ray suggested trying freestyle. KoKo loved learning the tricks but had difficulty performing them in the ring. We tried for years without much luck but finally earned our Novice Title- I think the judges felt sorry for us. I have given up on freestyle with her and we are now doing dressage. Being on leash appears to comfort her. She seems to be liking this and her tail wags through her entire routine.



I also got her into agility where she has done very well except in gamblers as she won't leave me to do away work. She has her Masters Standard Title, her Masters Jumpers and her Masters Team. She has also passed her CGN.

Three years ago a friend had to give up her sheltie. I chose to keep him as KoKo already knew him and my friend could still see him. George has done very well too. He has his CD and is trialing for his CDX at this time. He achieved his Masters Standard title this Feb. 29, the same day he earned his first CDX leg. He has also earned his Masters Jumpers and Snooker titles. He is also doing dressage and will be doing freestyle soon.



I will continue with my lovelies as long as my health permits.

Why Tess and Sonic are lucky dogs

Tess and Sonic, two border collies, were adopted by Charlie and Ann, two marathon runners. Here are excerpts from an essay Ann wrote for her running club newsletter about her first 50k trail race a few years ago.

I rode down with friends the Friday before the race. After a stop in Issaquah for some groceries and snacks, we headed straight for Cle Elum. Made it to package pickup just in the nick of time! Once I had the race number in my hand, the reality set in...I was REALLY doing this!! I was CRAZY and I was scared...but my biggest worry....IS THERE GOING TO BE COFFEE IN THE MOTEL ROOM?????



After a not so good night's sleep, we had coffee, something to eat and headed out to the van to drive to the starting area. It was COLD!! There was ice on the windows! As we got closer to the starting area, we could see the flashlights of the early starters bobbing down the road before heading up the trail. I kept thinking I should be with THEM....I was worried about not making the cut off times at the 2 main aid stations and being dragged kicking and screaming from the trail. Too late though...I was committed.

Finally, the start! We started along the road for about a mile before heading up into the trail. That is when the fun started!! The trail began to climb, easily at first... As I was running, I thought to myself, "This is going to be easier than I thought!" I ran another mile, then I was rudely awakened! We got into some serious climbing and more climbing and more yet....At the first 5 miles, I was 1:05, but after that, it went downhill from there, not the trail, but my pace!

The first aid station was at 12 miles. When I finally got there, I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. There were tables set up with chocolate chip cookies, fig bars, pretzels, M&Ms. M&Ms in a race?!?!?!?! I think I'm gonna have to do more of these ultras! It was like a regular buffet...I didn't want to leave, but on I went.

Only 5 more miles to get to Windy Pass and the start down the mountain. Whew...more climbing. Just when I thought I couldn't go up another hill...there it was, Windy Pass, Mt Rainier sticking up in the distance like a huge ice cream sundae, and best of all, no wind on Windy Pass.

Now comes the easy part...the downhill, yeah right. After feasting my eyes on Mt. Rainier for a minute, I started down the mountain. Yikes!! This trail was steep, and narrow and rough....and there was a huge drop off on one side...scary stuff! OK...just have to keep it under control, try to get up as much speed as I can without becoming airborne, but my quads are calling me bad names now. I want to go faster, but it hurts too

much. Finally, after what seemed like forever, I am at the bottom. By this time, I am exhausted, just putting one foot in front of the other, still a long way to go. Trying to hang on till I get to the next aid station....thoughts of M&Ms keeping me going now.

I hear the creek before I get to it..this is the first of several crossings..uh oh, there's no bridge!! OK, just plow through it. The icy water feels wonderful on my trashed feet. Finally! I reach the next aid station....I see angels with cookies and M&Ms. They check off my number and ask me if I am ok....I look down and realize I am bleeding from a fall I'd taken coming down the mountain. I told them I was ok...just needed COOKIES and M&Ms. Filled up my water, ate some chips and M&Ms...time to head out again. Only 10 miles to go. ONLY?!?!?!? What am I thinking? Am I nuts or what?

The trail is rolling now, but the footing is still uncertain, and I am just too tired to pick up my feet. Have had several very close calls. Then, once again, my feet go out from under me. I sit in the middle of the

trail, and I can feel the tears start. I don't want to get up, but I have to. I tell myself, "You can do it...just get up...one foot in front of the other...keep going...." So, up I get and off I go again. After a short distance, I meet up with a lady and we run a few miles together. It's nice to have company and we can still laugh, after all we have been through...so amazing. We are getting close to the finish and have hopes of making it in under 8 hours.



It was not to be though. With 3 miles to go, I twist my ankle badly...ouch, don't know what hurts the most now, but still have to keep going....just slow down. I have found strength I didn't know I had left. Finally, the last hill....I want to pick up the pace and run it in, but I am hurting too much, in survival shuffle mode now....but I can hear them at the finish line now. I can't believe it!!! I am there...finally!! It took me 8:06, but I made it! I want to laugh and cry and have a cold beer!!

Was it hard, yes. Was it worth it, yes! Would I do it again? As I was running down that last hill, I was already thinking of how I would train better to get under 8 hours for the next one! So, a big yes, I would do it again!!

Someone asked me a few days afterwards, what kept me going when I was exhausted and up there all alone. After thinking about it, a quote came to mind....can't remember who said it, but it goes something like, "We are all angels with one wing and cannot soar unless we embrace one another". It was all of my friends, at home and at the finish line, lending me their wing when I fell, when I was tired and when I wanted to quit.

What Families think:

I think its great that Jan is spending this time with Breeze but you do realize that this is taking time away from her weeding in the garden so I was wondering when you would be over as a replacement because I cannot tell the difference between a weed and a plant. --Ken

What more could a husband ask for than a wife that has her own interests and hobbies! With Gail doing musical freestyle it gives me more time to pursue my own creative work with businesses, volunteer work, writing, photography and computerized graphic design. It makes the time we do have together much more enjoyable. Besides... if she needs me in a hurry... I am only an email away! --Nick

Caroline's little grandson knows she likes " So I Want to Dance With You" by George Strait and his mom says whenever he hears it he says that is Grandma Lady Bug's music. Mind you, he wishes Grandma Lady Bug had more time for him!

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

- July 12: Poochapalooza, Marysville, WA
11 a.m. 2 p.m.
- July 12/13: Critter Care, Langley, BC
12:30 both days
- July 19: Richmond Pet Expo
Time TBA
- July 26/27: Hurricane Ridge Kennel Club
Sequim, WA. Times TBA
- July 26: Sunrise Chicken 25th Anniv.
Campbell Valley Park, 2:30
- August 9: TNT Kennels, Aldergrove
Time TBA
- August 12: Children's Group, Federal Way
- August 19: Brookwood Seniors Center
Langley, BC. 6:30
- August 31: Watcom County Humane Soc.
- Sept. 7: Boot Scootin' Boogie
Arlington, WA
- Sept. 13: Canine Carnival, Federal Way
- Sept. 14: SPCA Dog Walk, Crescent
Beach, White Rock. Time TBA
- Oct. 19: Island Fling, Courtney, BC
- Oct. 25/26: TradeX, Abbotsford.

Blue: contact Carolyn for information

Red: contact Vickie

Green: contact Wendy, Heather, or Glenda

Under Marilyn and Annette's tutelage, the Shania Twain line dance is being revived. Would you believe 10 dogs!



Meet Bonnie's new dog, Sweetbay's Ivy, Kyak's great granddaughter. Ivy was born April 12, 2008. Here she is, at 12 weeks, cooling off in the back yard.

Editor's Note:
thanks for all the
photos and articles.
Are we a busy club
or what!

-- Lyd



Emerald City - Busier than Ever

Hi Everyone,

Here's a report from your Emerald City Members, south of the border, down Washington way... We have been busy doing demos down here with the first one of the season being at the Seattle Kennel Club in March, which was a whopping success, with a very appreciative audience.

A few of us attended a seminar with Cassandra Hartman from Eastern Canada in March also and learned a lot about moving your body and a very important point, to smile at the audience and not just look at your dog.

In April there was the chance to compete in a P2D competition and also a WCFO Freestyle competition, two weeks apart.

May was a busy demo month. On the 10th we performed at a Dog Walk in Puyallup and on the 31st we did three in one day, spreading ourselves out. Several did one in Bellingham, others in Auburn and a few of us in Bremerton. June 14th we were in Anacortes at the Bark in the Park and Sharon Lunde came down to join us for the day. Thanks again Sharon!!!

June 26th and 27th was our yearly competition for WCFO called Northwest Barkin Boogie #3. Many great routines, smiles and tears and many legs and new titles awarded. Gail Walsh and Pepsi walked away with the top Technical and Artistic awards for Musical Freestyle. Shelley Denton and Corinne Lawson were both awarded their Musical Freestyle third legs in Advanced and their Championship. We had visitors from WOW (World of Wonder) who are going to be filming a two our show for Animal Planet on WCFO and their upcoming International Whirl, which will be aired in October.

Our two supported charities did well... We collected a lot of dog food and \$248 for Old Dog Haven, n organization that goes to shelters and saves adoptable older dogs and also accepts them from people for one reason or another. They either adopt them out or end up keeping them for as long as they live...go to www.olddoghaven.org for information...

Cool Coats for the Military Working Dogs in Iraq is also one of our projects this year. A Club back east has a member whose son is in a unit that uses K-9 dogs to find mines and explosives. In the summer the dogs have no way of staying comfortable in the 145 degree heat so it was the club's idea to get coats, goggles and booties to protect the dogs and allow them to work longer periods of time. Emerald City had already sent enough to outfit one dog which is \$300 US and at the show we collected another \$277 to which we will add \$23 to make it another complete outfit for a dog. You can go to



www.supportmilitaryworkingdogs.org to find out more information about this worthy project.

Our next big event is at the Hurricane Ridge Kennel Club All Breed Conformation/Obedience trial the 26th and 27th of July in Sequim, WA. We do a demo at the lunch break both days and it is always well attended. One year a guy told me afterwards that he had never had so much fun watching something at a dog show before.

We have two demos in August for a children's group at a Parks and Rec near SeaTac Airport and one on the 31st up near the Canadian border in Watcom County for the Humane Society there.

September will be busy with Boot Scootin Boogie # 8 at the Country Classic Kennels on the 7th and a demo for the K-9 Karnival in Federal Way on the 13th and one that the locals of Sequim do at the

Wags to Tails Dog Walk to benefit WAG (Welfare of Animals Guild)

We also had to turn down at least three groups that wanted us to do demos for them due to the timing and lack of people available. No one can say that Freestyle is not alive and well in the Northwest!

Hope to see you all at **Boot Scootin Boogie** on the 7th of September...

Emerald City K-9 Freestyle Dancers..

-- Carolyn Money

