

the *HELP* League **HOWLER**

The official journal of the **Alaskan Malamute HELP**

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February 2000



Of Life, Mals and Rescue

by *Debbi Beiko*

As soon as we bought our house we had to get a dog. My husband knew a musher whose breeder had just had a litter. We went out, and fell in love. Since the pups had turned out too large to be in a racing team, they were being placed as pets with active winter enthusiasts. So, Harley (who we think is half mal and half australian cattle dog) joined our family.

Then, to be fair to Harley, we had to learn how to mush. Off to the trails we went! It got into our blood, and we went to one of the big races as support staff for Harley's breeder's team. In the starting area, we met Dave Hardie and his gorgeous team of malamutes. I couldn't help myself, and had to touch those beautiful dogs. Dave answered lots of questions, and we kept in touch over the next months.

We visited often, and felt really comfortable with these dog-centric people who were so accepting of our mixed breed dog and beginner mistakes. Our first Pac'N'Pull was a big event. We were impressed with the sheer number of people, dogs and fun things to do. We were now bound for life to these dogs.

Time went on, and our Harley boy settled into accepting us as alpha, and we took him to a superb obedience school. There was just too much time between winters not to have fun with our dog! But something was always missing. Harley had been our only dog for four and a half years, and we had always wanted a companion for him;

maybe our own little team of two.

Over the winter, this idea grew, at the same time as the HELP League was growing. The idea was born to build a Malamute Saloon — a gathering place for fundraising and other events. It was to be built using donated material and time — no money was to be taken from the funds needed to care for the rescue dogs.



Over the winter the necessary supplies were scrounged. The membership was wonderful, cleaning out garages and basements, finding sources of wood and nails, and even salvaging steel roofing from an old marina. Over the 1996 Canada Day weekend, the faithful gathered to cut down some trees, take off the bark and begin to build the frame for the Saloon. It was beginning to take shape, this idea... this plan.

Right about this time, the life of Scout, a young female malamute, was in jeopardy. Her family was expecting a second baby and that, along with some other conflicts, led them to decide to have her euthanized. Luckily, their vet called a mal breeder in the area, who just happened to be a HELP League member. He took Scout in to his kennel, and then arranged for her to be taken in by the HELP League. We are eternally grateful to him.

On Labour Day weekend, HELP League supporters gathered again,

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Editorial

Christmas and New Year's have come and gone, leaving very little snow behind. This is the first winter that we've had to continually postpone events. Hopefully by the time you actually read this, we will have sufficient snow on the ground to run some races and maybe even the Kindling Klassic.

Speaking of Christmas, many thanks to Daphne Barnes and Emma Spanswick, Maura Frezell and Trish Tomaszewski, Krista Little and Lorraine Neal for their Christmas gifts to the mals in our rescue kennel. They made it possible for each of the 14 rescues to receive a giant Kong stuffed with peanut butter on Christmas Day... the dogs all spent many happy hours extracting the peanut butter...

This issue of the *Howler* debuts a new feature — On page 7 you'll find *The Many Faces of Rescue*, first in a series of stories about the people who rescue and/or foster for the AMHL and the dogs they have rescued, loved and placed. On page 13 you'll find *From Rosie To Mishka*, written by Diana MacTavish, who engineered her rescue. In future issues we will continue with more of the same... You'll meet the Harris' and Artic, the Galbraiths and Katanna... Tumeka... Alaska... grab your hankies — it's often an emotional ride!

Since its inaugural issue, August 1995, the *Howler* has been published as a quarterly — February, May, August and November. Starting with our next issue, we are backing our publication date up by one month. Our publication schedule will be March, June, September and December, which will, in future years, enable us to include more information on a timely basis. Your next *Howler* will be the June 1, 2000 issue.

A big "Thank You!" to this issue's sponsors — Print Three in Peterborough, who have consistently given us the best service possible in publishing both the *Howler* and the calendar, and the Appel family of Toronto, who appreciate the many diverse pleasures added to their lives by the presence of a beloved dog.

There are still some 2000 calendars available — see page 21 for ordering information.

The Prez Sez

In this first *Howler* of the year 2000, it is nice to be able to report good news.

We have a new record for membership: 511 paid-up members at the end of December 1999. Our numbers are up in all levels of membership and the support is really appreciated. We now have fifteen Life Members, something we never dreamed would happen when we set up annual memberships five years ago!

Our members are all over North America, and we hear more and more reports of activities in other areas. Our members in Victoria are sledding, carting and weight pulling regularly, and in Ottawa, plans are being made for some fun racing this winter. We hope that in this, our tenth year of operating as a rescue, we will see even more grassroots activities in all parts of the continent.

As we move into the depth of winter we have thirteen dogs in rescue, including the remaining two puppies. That we have fewer senior dogs in rescue for the winter is great; that we have **any** in rescue is not so great. We receive glowing reports on the two "old guys", Bigby and Simba (formerly Sheehan), who had been in rescue too long and who are both enjoying their new homes. They are both being spoiled and are thriving on it. Taking in an oldster and letting him enjoy his "retirement" is the most wonderful blessing one could offer a mal.

The website is continuing to get tons of praise, and is generating an almost overwhelming flow of requests for information and/or help. We are mailing well over 300 lots of information annually — to new owners with problems, to potential owners seeking both information and a source for a dog, to possible future members wanting to know more about us and to people who think they want a malamute, warning them of just what they might be getting themselves into.

January 31st is our financial year end, and while the final numbers are not in as I write this, it is safe to report that we have had a good year and are going into our tenth year in good financial shape.

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this time for an old fashioned barn raising. After a long day of hammering and sawing in 90 degree heat, the Saloon was beginning to take shape, and the weary builders settled down near the campfire for dinner. Twilight was just approaching. The dogs furthest from us had begun their nightly chorus of nordic song. It spread through the woods, drawing closer, engulfing the rescue kennels nearest us. What a perfect end to a perfect day: being up north, surrounded by dogs, tired from a good day's work, eating hungrily by the campfire. Suddenly, a clamor arose from the rescue kennels. One dog had tried to take up the nordic song, but instead of woo-woeing, it sounded like two cats fighting rather than woo-woeing. The moment was shattered; those around the campfire (including us) giggled at the attempt of this one dog.

The next day I helped to feed and water the rescue dogs. (Any attempt to see and handle more dogs...) I spotted Scout, and another new resident named Storm. After five seconds, I couldn't tell them apart. And there were lots of other dogs who I already knew, and was still sweet on. One was an older, blind dog, aptly named Stevie, who we had sponsored under the foster dog program. Until we could manage a second dog in our lives, we had done it long distance by spoiling Stevie.

We were back at rescue for the Pac'N'Pull, in October. Again, I was helping to feed and water and generally visit the poor souls in rescue. The gal supervising at the time said, "I think Scout would be a good match for Harley; why don't you bring him back up when it's a quieter time, and we'll see if they pick each other?" I couldn't believe it; they thought we were ready for another dog! I rushed home that night and called my husband, who was in California on business. I told him we were getting Scout if it all worked out, and that he better hurry up and come home so we could take her and Harley on a doggy date.

Well, Harley brought his date a Rollover sausage instead of candy. And Scout walked all over him on that first date. I was stunned because we thought we had a big tough alpha male who no one dared fuss with. But I was more worried than I needed to be. The next weekend, we took them on another doggy date. Again, I was nervous, because they were jumping, barking, snapping and growling whenever we walked them by each other. I kept thinking, "If this is how these two are getting along outdoors on neutral territory, how are they going to settle this in our family room, on Harley's home turf?" I had visions of fur flying and stitches and vet bills. Could I do this to Harley, and inflict this havoc on his peaceful life?

Dave was with us during the doggy dates and helped me through my worry about these two dogs. He was an experienced dog person with lots of dogs of his own. He trusted his instincts and read the dogs well, and told me that the pack would grow stronger every day. It seemed so hard to believe. Little did I know he was right. Now, our pack of two is so strong that they hate to be separated.

On November 9, 1996, Scout was due to come home. It turns out that was her fifth birthday. What better present than a brand new home and a new chance at happiness? It was a grey, yucky rainy day, with not much to shine about, but it was like Christmas day at our house! After completing all the necessary details and microchipping, Scout slipped on her new collar and stepped into a new adventure. We all hugged, Scout said goodbye to her gracious hosts at the HELP League and hopped into a vari-kennel in the back of my van. I was worried she would be lonely or frightened during the two hour ride home, so I sang to her all the way. Talk about a captive audience...

Since Scout had had so many other changes in her life recently, we decided to at least keep her name the same. In fact, her name fit perfectly with the motorcycle theme my husband is so fond of.



Above, Scout saying "Thank you for my happy new home!"

I guess it is safe to say that Scout was a little shell shocked, defensive, nervous, maybe even traumatized by the time she joined our family. In a few short months, this gentle soul had been sent from the only family and home she had never known to a death sentence at the vet's, then to a nice guy who cared for her and then took her to the airport for a flight to Toronto. Then she had to endure a three hour drive to the HELP League, where she got used to the routine of living with many other dogs, was spayed, was finally matched up with another dog and his family and brought to a totally new house where the other dog already ruled. I kept wondering when she would realize that there will be no more changes in her life, and that she will be with us till the end.

During the first six weeks, we concentrated on integrating Scout into our pack. We have the dogs live in the house with us as a main part of our family. We expect them to be well mannered canines. So, at first there was a little choreography required to space out the two dogs' comings and goings.

Some people believe in throwing two dogs together and immediately letting them sort it all out. I was too cautious to allow that to occur indoors, with about 200 pounds of angry malamute to separate if a fight ensued. Whenever I sensed tension, or a fight brewing, especially when they were hanging around the kitchen when I was cooking, I would clip a leash on each of them in case I needed to reinforce a command or separate them. They would sense my expectations and be on their best behaviour. They were each taught their own "place" to lie down in the kitchen, equidistant from the food centre. This also prevented me from tripping over ever-mooching dogs.

At night, Scout slept in her new vari-kennel beside my night table, and Harley slept on the end of our bed. So, the whole pack was together every night to bond, but with no fights happening on our pillows at three in the morning. After a couple of weeks, we started leaving Scout's crate door open at night. I think she still preferred the security of her den, as she remained inside, just stretching her paws out. Within a week she was sleeping in front of the door of her kennel on the blanket from inside the kennel.. Sometimes when Scout was in her kennel, Harley would creep down on the floor and sleep in front of her, to kind of say,

(Continued on page 6)

Will You Be My *Mal*-entine?

by Diana Robinson, and Simba

"Will you be my *mal*-entine?"
the dogs in HELP League wonder.
We need to help them get a home,
(these hearts and paws that thunder).

Each malamute is so unique;
their stories really vary...
Yet each is simply waiting there,
for love, a home... some way.

For some, it seems, their homes
they've lost,
through death, or family problem.
And now they wait, each one so sad,
for someone to adopt them.

There's Chimo right beside the shed;
so what he's not pure mal.
He wants to run; he wants to play.
He'd make a great new mal pal.

And Gunnie, what a gorgeous dog!
He's got such energy!
He needs to work, expand his mind...



Simba, Diana's Lion King, enjoying the luxury of the royal bed...

he aims to please, you'll see.

Teeka's up there on the hill.
She's such a sweet young girl;
responsive, fast and vivacious too;
she'd give sled teams a thrill!

Bigby's come, and Bigby's moved,
with Holly sure to spoil him.
Big shoes he'll fill in Keeno's home,
his woes and fears behind him.

Sheehan's home is a brand new
pride,
"Simba" suits his nature.
The Lion King who's earned his
name,

by colour, attitude and stature.

"So won't you be my *mal*-entine?"
those big brown eyes look through you...
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Introducing The New Baby...

Babes in Mal-Land

by Catherine Harrison

Our resident pack of three mals and two humans changed drastically this spring with a new arrival: a tiny preemie baby, not yet five pounds when he came home. Our challenge was to successfully introduce this tiny human baby to three adult mals, who would be expected to make some pretty major adaptations to accommodate their newest pack member. So, how does one introduce a newborn to fully grown mals? Having reasonably well-trained mals helps, as does a lot of patience on the part of the new parents, along with a good dose of humour! Read on for practical how-to's.

Mals are usually very friendly dogs, but their large size makes even well-socialized ones a potential danger to small babies. It will really help if your mal knows a few basic commands before your baby comes home. When you're introducing a baby, the most useful commands are the self-control ones: "stay", "leave it", "off" and that old stand-by, "no". "Stay" and "no" are self-explanatory. In our household, "leave it" means do not put X in your mouth, where X can be anything from a roadkill squirrel to the baby's head. "Off" means get off (the couch, the counter, the human). Your mal must be reliable with all four commands. If she's not, go back to basic training, ideally before the baby is born. If you didn't do any basic training before the baby arrived, do it after. Self-control will be very important with a baby around. In this case, it's definitely better to learn late than never.

Aside from basic training, prepare your mal by getting her used to being neglected before the baby comes home. Reduce the amount and frequency of activities that you do with your mal. Obviously, your mal will still need an outlet for all that energy. That's where fenced-in yards or dog parks for the city folk come in handy. Start using them before the baby arrives. If your mal gets a daily walk, try walking every other day instead. This may sound crazy now, but once baby is home, there will be days when no one will have time to walk the dog. It's better for your mal to get used to it now, rather than associate reduced attention with the baby. If mom was the primary doggy caregiver, have dad start exercising and feeding your mal. New mothers spend a great deal of time with their babies and good intentions aside, mom will spend far more time with the new baby than with the family dog. What else can you do before baby comes home? Get your mal

used to the baby's bedroom, if you intend to allow her in it. Diapers, baby clothes, blankies — all of these things are sights and smells that are different and that the dog can get used to before baby comes home.

Finally, the big day arrives and you're proud new parents. So now what? The initial introduction can be tricky. The dog(s) will be ecstatic about seeing mom after her hospital stay, and therefore excited. Know your dog(s) and plan ahead of time how you will do the introduction. If you have more than one dog, I recommend introducing them one at a time. It will be less overwhelming for baby, and there's no chance of a brawl between your dogs. Plan ahead: who will hold the baby, who will restrain the dog if necessary, and where will the introduction happen?

When we brought our son, Tristan, home, he was tiny — less than five pounds. So putting him on the floor for the dogs to smell was out of the question. I decided that I would hold the baby, while dad brought the dogs in, one at a time. I also know that my dogs are prone to jumping up on people, especially us. I didn't want them jumping on me while I held the baby so I sat at the dining room table, the one place in the house where the dogs know it's an absolute no-no to try jumping. It was the safest place I could think of.

Dent, my husband, brought the first dog in — Gaia, our alpha bitch, who is very outgoing, dominant and dog aggressive. She was ecstatic about meeting the baby and tried jumping, but Dent was there to restrain her. I told her "no", "off", and then "stay", all of which she did reasonably well. Next Dent got our male, Kiyuk, who is not aggressive at all, but is by nature nervous and high strung, silly beyond words and

always in motion. Kiyuk was extremely excited and repeatedly tried jumping on me and Tristan. Dent was there again to restrain him since "stay" doesn't work with Kiyuk for more than a split second and "off" is simply not in his vocabulary.

Finally, Dent brought in Selena, our second female and the last dog on the pack totem pole. Selena is aloof and independent, content with little interaction with humans. Although Selena is gentle around older children, she dislikes toddlers and their jerky, unsteady movements. She is the huntress of the pack, killing more small mammals than the other two combined, which of course is a concern with a baby. Selena ran into the house, saw me sitting at the dining room table and totally ignored me and the baby!

The introduction was over, but the adaptation had just begun.

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Dent Harrison with tiny Tristan, watched over by Kiyuk (front) and Gaia.

"Welcome, I've come to keep you company, but remember that I'm still the boss around here."

Scout's new steel crate was installed beside Harley's so that during the day, when I went to work, the two dogs were bonding even more by remaining next to each other for two four-hour periods. Eventually we realized that the dogs had grown close and would actually search out the other and always try to remain in the same room.

We had decided to adopt a rescue dog after reading an article in *Good Dog* magazine when Harley was only a few months old. It suggested that by rehoming a dog you were saving a life, getting a dog whose size and temperament were already established, perhaps getting a dog who was already housebroken (avoiding getting up at three in the morning for a puppy's little bladder). The article even called rescue "recycling", and that was a bit too much. But the benefits I never expected are the love and gratitude we feel every day from Scout. We refer to our first dog, Harley, as our juvenile delinquent, because he was really spoiled. But Scout, our rescue dog, is our good will ambassador for the breed and our rescue poster dog because she is so gentle, well mannered, thankful and downright adorable and lovable. She has really rewarded us with a lot of joy. It seems like she is so much younger than Harley, when she is actually 15 months older. We figure it's because she's going through a second puppyhood, or really being truly happy. When we call her name she trots and prances over and wiggles with delight. Her big bushy tail is always wagging with gale force winds, which has given us the name "Tailwinds" for our future home in the country. She smiles an awful lot and sometimes can hardly sit still when you coo and smile at her. She's so happy to be alive and is constantly telling us that.

Scout is even learning to bark more like a dog; Harley has been giving her lessons with the paper boy. When she first came here, we were concerned because we had never heard her bark. It was maybe four months before we heard what sounded like a duck quacking at the window. It was then we realized that it had been Scout who we were laughing at at the campfire that night, at the Saloon-building weekend. We had brought home the dog who made all the racket! But she still can't howl or sing — I've tried teaching her like Harley was taught, but no song yet. Sometimes when she gets excited, the sound of fighting cats does return, but she lives up to her nickname of "Shout It Out Scout!" She's an original.

In February 1997, the HELP League held a skijoring weekend — one of the many events they host through the year. I had only gone cross country skiing once, ten years previously, and Scout



Above, Scout with one of the tennis balls that Santa Claws brought her, and at right, Harley and Scout on the night of Scout's graduation from Novice 2 obedience.



had never been in harness. But with the great instruction, support and help, we both had a super time. I only wish that I could ski as well as Scout can bear down and pull. I had a lot of problems with my skis, eventually breaking my bindings and resorting to using hubby's skis. Scout was most patient with all my equipment failures and changes. The funniest thing was when I gave her the signal to come and sit for a snack on the trail. She was so excited that she did her trademark "I'm a happy dog" dance and wiggled and turned in circles, running around me with the rope still attached to her harness, and me. "Oops, down goes Mummy into the snow again. Now I move in for the face lick."

Scout's obedience training was a breeze. I took her more for the socialization, and the fun of the hobby for me, than for any need. She was an angel from week one, and decided not to embarrass me in public. Of course, her heeling was something we had to work on — I find it so unnatural for a nordic dog, bred to pull, to want to stay beside you when it's more natural for them to get out front and pull. I wanted Scout to meet as many friendly strangers in as many places as possible, so I put a different bandana on her every week. (Malamutes lend themselves so readily to the goofy moods of their owners by flashing one of their famous smiles.) The instructors would always stop specifically to see what she was wearing. Some of the other owners also began to dress up their dogs.

Because Scout was so grateful, she never took her eyes off me when I put her on a six foot sit/stay, even off leash. She would focus and never drop her sight or look at other dogs. The instructors asked how I had taught her to do that, and I told them she came that way. The next question was usually, "where did you get her?" "Well, malamute rescue, of course."

Scout excelled at Novice 1, 2, and 3. The hardest part was the recall and finish. She was required to do a straight sit in front of me before finishing in the heel position, but she would get so happy wagging her tail that she would swing her body around in a circle in front of me. Sometimes she would even give a high five or patty cake with her paw. She's a silly clown.

In April 1977 we took both dogs to the Volhard Conference in White Plains, New York. It was a week long training seminar where you could work with your dogs in different areas, such as the basic levels of obedience, tracking and agility. The trip was an eleven hour drive with our two seasoned travellers. We had four times more stuff packed for them than for us humans. I worked Scout through all the Novice obedience levels and again received tons of compliments on her beauty, temperament and talent.

(Continued on page 10)

The Many Faces of Rescue

by Molly Moldovan

Rescue has many shapes... When most people think of the work that we do, they immediately think of the dogs in our rescue kennel — tangible proof of the collective dedication and hard work on the part of our directors, members and volunteers.

Then there are the many less visible facets of rescue: the mals rescued and rehomed by referral; the dogs fostered by our members and rehomed directly from their homes and kennels; the dogs who are placed by shelters, with adopters referred to them from our web site... all rescued, all with the help and involvement of the AMHL and our members.

In 1999 we placed more than a dozen mals who never set foot into our kennels... some were in B.C., some in Alberta. One was transported by air as luggage from B.C. to her new home in the Ottawa area by a friend of an AMHL member, who just happened to be traveling between those two points at the right time...



Above, Mo-Jo and right, Kato.

It's the successes that make it possible for us to continue rescuing; we hear too many tales of dogs who have been abused, beaten, starved, abandoned or just plain neglected. Without the leavening of success stories, this work would be unbearable.

Without the caring help of our foster homes, we would all suffer irreversible burnout as we scrambled endlessly to move dogs from B.C., Alberta and the Maritimes to a rescue kennel that would be overly full of dogs with too few people to look after them.

Beginning with this issue, we'll introduce these wonderful people and share these success stories with all of you. On page 13 you'll read about Diana and Ken and Rosie. Here I'll tell you about Trish Tomaszewski, Mo-Jo and Kato.

My first contact with Trish was on May 20, 1999; an e-mail saying "Help! I found a malamute!" She'd had him for two weeks, during which time she searched for his owners and any clue as to his origins. He was intact and badly infested with worms. Trish had taken him to the vet for this and for vaccination. He was neutered as soon as the vet was able to do the procedure. According to the vet, he was two years old and in fairly good shape, although it appeared that he had been travelling for some time. His coat was matted and filthy, so off he went to the groomer.

Trish named him "Mo-Jo". This dog was wonderful with Trish's six-year old daughter and with every dog that he met. Had Trish not been strongly allergic to him, this would have been Mo-Jo's "forever home", and I would never have heard from her. Frankly, that would have been unfortunate — correspondence with Trish

was the highlight of my days — her love and concern for this stray mal who had abruptly entered her life shone through every word. Here's an example:

"I think you will find this rather amusing. On Saturday we thought we would take Mo-Jo for a nice long walk in the drenching downpour. We all bundled up in our rain gear, and off we went to an off-leash area filled with many extra creatures, unbeknownst to us.

"Well, five minutes into the walk, Caitlin, our five year old, and I slipped down a hill in the mud. After that we had an enjoyable walk for two hours. Although wet, everyone was happy, until Mo-Jo went into some bushes. Porcupine — 1; Mo-Jo — 0; owners — \$240.27; vet — happy.

"The vet put him under and managed to get the quills all out without any complications. They were not very busy, so while Mo-Jo was under they had four people brush him for an hour, and clipped his nails. That part was free of charge. Upon his arrival home my husband and I carried him into the house... talk about 90 pounds of dead weight! Mo-Jo stayed inside and recovered nicely. The next morning I felt sorry for him, so I made him a nice breakfast of soft food... eggs, ham, one strip of bacon, toast with butter. It made him feel better. Good thing he's not staying with us — he would weigh 200 pounds! Later in the day we had plans to go to the baseball game and we didn't want him to be left alone, so we hired a babysitter to come watch him. He was very happy with the company.

"The local pet stores laugh at us, as we are in every other day buying him toys, dog treats, new kinds of food. They say he is too spoiled! I don't think so."

We posted about Mo-Jo to various dog-related internet lists, as well as e-mailing all of our members who are on-line. AMHL members Linda Brooks and David Rutledge fell in love with Mo-Jo and on June 20th, he moved to Prince George B.C. to join them, their son Liam and their female mal, Tua. A very happy ending for Mo-Jo and his new family.



Trish, her husband Valdec and daughter Caitlin, however, were all suffering mal withdrawal. Valdec had got used to exercising Mo-Jo, and Caitlin missed that large furry presence.

Have I mentioned that in rescue, the one constant is that there is **always** another dog in need of help...?

On July 30 Kato turned up. Kato had been in the Canmore, Alberta pound for five weeks. A consummate escape artist, his owners had given up bailing him out of the pound and paying the fines. He was going to be euthanised at 8:00 PM that night. We phoned and sent out e-mails to four people in the Calgary area; within 90 minutes of hearing about Kato, we had three people on standby to bail him out — Trish, Daphne Barnes and Jude Fine. Trish was the only one who actually had space for Kato, and so it was arranged.

Kato was another wonderful mal. When allowed to live in the

(Continued on page 10)

Strange Tastes...

Braid Sucking (Really!)

by Kathryn Sheats Hanhy

This is weird...

Ladies (guys too, really) — if you use hairspray, may I **strongly** suggest that you not, repeat not, use Paul Mitchell's Soft Spray.

I don't, as a rule. But earlier, my hair was a wreck, so I quickly threw it in a French braid, and borrowed some of my mother's spray to hold it in place.

And now, the dogs are going absolutely berserk. I am going to take a break in a minute and wash my hair for the second time today (gee, and I was wondering why my ends were so brittle!). They are **sucking** the braid. **Licking** my head. Rubbing their faces on me. This is disgusting. They do this over the scent of the Aveda hair and bath products I use, but once my hair's dry, the smell dissipates and they leave me alone.

NOT TODAY!

I sat down on the couch this afternoon, after seven hours of running around, tired, harried and harassed, and wanting only to pet my dogs and put my feet up for a minute. But they had other ideas. First, Tundra sprang up on the couch, to sit beside and slightly behind me. I, the fool, turned to kiss her. Ha! She sat up on her haunches, wrapped her front legs around my neck, grabbed the braid and started **sucking my hair**. Meanwhile, wily old Timber used his 87 pounds to maneuver me into a corner of the sofa, whereupon he arranged himself comfortably *in my lap*, and leisurely commenced licking the top of my head. This maneuvering sent my brand-new and very expensive glasses flying across the room.

I fended the dogs off, but since my vision is extremely poor, I could not see the glasses, walk over, stoop quickly, pick them up and go on. Nooooo, I had to *crawl* on the floor in the general direction of the clatter they'd made hitting the ground, feeling for them.

Picture, if you will, a harried, harassed, tired and now slobbery woman on her hands and knees, cursing proficiently and crawling like a Marine headed for a foxhole, feeling around in front of her for her glasses. An old, heavy-set dog is half-propped across her back, and has a long, thick braid of blonde hair in his mouth. He scoots on his back legs to keep up with her crawling progress, and is blissfully sucking on the woman's hair, occasionally giving the

woman's head a little yank. In the meantime, the younger, rambunctious dog bounces **backwards** in front of the crawling pair, and joyfully licks the top of the woman's hair, pausing once in a while to vocalize at the top of her considerable lungs, right in the woman's ear. Drool from various beasts occasionally plops onto the woman's head. The strange trio's progress is slowed by the woman's attempts to feel for a \$400+ pair of highly necessary glasses while at the same time elbowing dogs away, and cursing them roundly.

By the time I had retrieved the glasses, fended off the dogs, screamed at them, and hoisted my dog-hair-and-drool-covered self to my feet, the braid was... soaked through. No joke. Wet. With dog spit. My bangs stood straight up, a la Cameron Diaz in *Something About Mary*, and the glasses had been blessed with dog drool, though I can't say from which animal.

They have been taking turns right now, while I read through three days' mail, and they rear up on the back of my chair and make a grab for it, even though now it's under a cap. Timber has succeeded in getting the hat off and grabbing the hair. He's sneakier than Tundra, so I don't catch him as quickly — Tundra signals her attempts a mile off. (If she were a quarterback, she'd throw a lot of interceptions!)

Quit laughing. I'm going to shower now.

Kathryn Sheats Hanhy is a graduate of Northwestern University, a professional opera singer, and is currently doing postgraduate work for certification as a paralegal. She lives in Denver CO, and waits hand and foot on Timber and Tundra. She swears that all her goofy stories about the dogs are true. She hopes someday to get her doctorate in animal behavior, in the (probably futile) hopes of understanding her malamutes a little better.

(Continued from page 2)

That being said, many of you with e-mail will have heard about the "Coe Hill Huskies". Had these been the "Coe Hill Malamutes", we would have found it impossible to respond adequately. This was a case of an owner who had totally neglected a kennel of 80+ "huskies", mostly siberians and some Alaskans. Eventually the humane society stepped in and the dogs were confiscated. Getting that many dogs rehomed is a huge job; it's not over yet, but with a lot of effort including some wonderful help from some of our members the outlook is good.

We know that it is just a matter of time before we are faced with a similar situation, involving mals. Judging from the tremendous response from our membership in the past, we are sure they will do everything possible to help us respond to such a crisis, but we are deliberately working to develop both a contingency fund and a network of human resources: members who can take in and foster one or more dogs in a pinch.

This has a great spin-off — as we find more members all over the continent who can and will foster a dog at their home or kennel, we reduce the number of dogs who have to come to our rescue kennels. Dogs are being rescued all over and rehomed directly from their foster homes.

We hope to see many more of you at events in our Tenth Anniversary Year. We want to hear from you — keep those cards, letters and e-mails coming!

Jim Thomson
President

Rolling For Rescue

Debbi Beiko is in the mood to roll — change, that is!

Remember that penny jar, now full, that you kept looking at and saying, "I don't have time for this!"...? Well, Debbi does! So here's a chance to put those pennies to good use without any further effort on your part! Pennies, nickles, dimes — whatever you can spare — Debbi has volunteered to roll all change donated to the HELP League so that we can bank it... to date, we've received over \$400 in small change.

Help us use up all of Debbi's spare time — bring/send your pennies to Rescue, or contact Debbi directly at 905-434-7079 or Debbi@home.ca.

Even a Malamute (Or Is It A Salamute?)

by Fallwood's Happy Wanderer (Henry)

Here comes Sal again, tearing across the field, flying over the jumps and galloping across the dog walk. Everyone tells me that her mother was a malamute, and they even call her a Salamute, but I am sure they are just pulling my tail and that she really is a cross between a border collie and a greyhound. She certainly leaves me far behind and I have to move quickly just to get out of her way so she doesn't use me to practice her jumping. Can you imagine a magnificent mal like me being taken advantage of like that? It is very degrading.

All the other dogs at the club are wondering why I can't keep her under control, but for some reason Sal thinks that she is the boss and that I have to do what she wants. It's about time that Liz got around to teaching her to come and, most importantly, to stay in one place. It will take the pressure off me and restore my image with those other dogs.

A "stay" can be very useful at the start of an agility course. With you staying, your handler can then get way out in front on the course and call you to him/her to save time. A stay can also be useful at the beginning of a weight pull, or when someone new enters your house and you are expected not to jump up on them and knock them over as you lick their face. Some of your owners' friends sure find that difficult to deal with.

There are new ways to train "sits" and "stays" now and Liz is using them to train Sal. Much more interesting and fun than when she trained me — more treats, more praise and no stress. Basically, Sal is learning that if she keeps her butt in one place on the ground, Liz will bring her all sorts of good things. If she moves, she just gets told "too bad" and gets to start again. It makes me wonder who, in fact, is training who.

Let me describe what Liz is trying to do in more detail. First of all, she started off by using a treat to lure Sal into a sit position. When Sal was sitting, she would mark the correct position with a click from a clicker, or a word, followed, of course, by a luscious, luscious treat. To teach stay, she began by standing in front of Sal, counting to five, and then marking the behaviour and rewarding. Then she started counting to ten and, if Sal stayed, Liz would mark the behaviour and treat. Once Sal could stay for ten seconds with Liz standing in front of her, Liz would take three steps back and start all over again.

When Sal was solid staying in one place, next Liz tried the "spring stays". Liz told Sal to stay, took a step backwards, and then immediately came back to her, marked the behaviour and rewarded. Once Sal had three successes in a row, Liz made it harder by adding one or two more steps as she backed up and sprung back. If Sal had three mistakes, Liz would make it easier. Sal learned that contrary to dog opinion, moving will not result in a treat but staying in place will.

The next step in the process was the most challenging. Liz placed Sal in a sit and told her to stay. Nothing unusual about that, but then she did something that just made me drool and want to jump into the exercise. Liz went and put four pieces of hot dog on the floor about three feet in front of Sal. Immediately, Liz marked Sal's stay and treated her with a fifth piece of hot dog that she had in her hand. All I could do was look at the other four pieces on the floor and wonder why Sal didn't just lunge and grab them. But as I watched, Liz moved a step, picked up a piece of hot dog

and gave it to Sal. Before I knew it, Sal had all four pieces of hot dog and she didn't have to do a thing. I guess she is smarter than I thought. Gradually, Liz moved the pieces of hot dog further and further away until they were on the other side of the room. Each time, Liz would tell Sal to stay. Then she would walk over, pick up a piece of hot dog and walk back with it and give it to Sal. Needless to say, now Sal knows how worthwhile it is to stay when Liz gives her the command.

As Sal gets really solid on the command, Liz will start giving her a reward only

occasionally. Rewarding occasionally has a similar effect to someone playing a slot machine and winning once in a while. It is a very powerful motivator.

If you have any questions about agility or the information in my articles, don't hesitate to write and I will answer your questions in the next issue. My address is: Henry, c/o Elizabeth Nielsen, P.O. Box 44, Richmond, Ontario K0A 2Z0.



Sal and Henry, relaxing at the cottage in a non-agility moment.

Wanted — Spinners

We're in search of anyone who spins and who would donate their time/effort to spinning fur for an AMHL fundraising project. The object is to create a line of hats, scarves, mittens and socks which can be sold, raffled or auctioned off to benefit rescue.

If you have the time and expertise to donate to this project, please contact Molly Moldovan at 705-656-3860 or e-mail malamute@sympatico.ca.

Most couldn't believe we had only been together for seven months. Harley was worked in Open obedience and heeling.

The biggest surprise I got from our happy little workers was in agility. I was cutting through the agility area to bring Scout to a lecture (where she could sleep at my feet), when we walked by the A-frame. She walked right over it without missing a beat! I wasn't sure about what she had done, so we went back. She did it again and again. She seemed to be playing with the stuff! This was great; I had found something she liked. So after every boring class of heeling, automatic sit, sit/stays, etc., we would run over to the agility area for some play time. By the end of the week, she learned every piece of equipment and danced on up to everything with no hesitation. She even let out some happy "Shout It Out Scout" type of noises. Maybe she was laughing. Amazing... less than a year after being sent to the vet to be put to sleep, this half blind dog was in New York at dog camp, vacationing with her new family and laughing it up on the agility equipment. Miracles do happen, and I've been lucky enough to see one happen for Scout.

About four weeks later, the HELP League ran an agility clinic and we had to be part of it. Again, Scout had so much fun, and wouldn't stay off the A-frame. What a gutsy gal. So I'm slowly building some equipment in the back yard for the dogs. A working and thinking dog is a happy dog.

Now, Scout and Harley are inseparable. She'll literally scream if I leave her in the van while I take Harley into the vet first, or to the mailbox without her. They sleep snuggled up next to each other like Siamese twins. They have even learned each other's bad habits! Well, Harley has taught Scout how to use the remote control from the next room all by herself. But she doesn't change the channel as often as a man does, and will return the remote when she's done with it.

What advice do I have for other people considering adopting a malamute (or other nordic) rescue dog? First and foremost, know — really know — the breed you are considering. Mals and other nordics are not for everyone and definitely do not make good pets for first-time dog owners. Harley and Scout are my third and fourth dogs, and I didn't even begin to scratch the surface of understanding canine behaviour and pack dynamics until we needed to learn more about managing our alpha male. For the first six or twelve months, Harley ran the household, until we learned to be leaders of our pack. By virtue of their natural heritage, mals and other nordics need to either lead their pack, or have a strong pack leader (alpha) who they can look up to. If you can't assume the role of alpha properly, then the highest ranking dog in your family will strive to eliminate the stress of being without a leader by leading the pack for you. It is never necessary to resort to violence or beating, to be alpha. Being alpha simply means that "down" means "down", "sit" means "sit" and that alpha **always** means what they say. Consistently!

You can also establish more rapport and understanding between you and your dogs by going to a reputable training school that emphasizes positive reinforcement and motivation. Mals are too big and strong to be physically forced into any training, and too noble for their spirit to be broken. Things work best when they want to work for you, and when you enjoy working with your dogs.

Finally, I would advise new owners to join an organization like the

HELP League, for support and guidance. It is so refreshing to get together with like-minded people who enjoy their big, hardy dogs to the fullest. I had had no idea there was such a thing as breed rescue, only to find such giving people at the HELP League, who have helped me discover skijoring, hiking, camping calmly with your dogs and even barn raising à la malamute. The list of fun things to do never ends: agility, summer picnics, Pac'N'Pull, weight pulling, learn-to-mush weekends for beginners and dogsled races. Besides providing the initial support to guide you through the selection of your rescue dog and the integration of your new pet into his new pack, the HELP League provides you with a multitude of reasons to get together to maximize your relationship with your dogs and other dog devotees.

Debbi Beiko is an active HELP League member who lives with her husband, Bob Nemec, their sons Paul and John, and, of course, Harley and Scout, in Whitby, Ontario.

(Continued from page 7)

house, as he was at Trish's, he showed no desire to escape or travel. Weighing in at 140 lbs., he was obedient and sweet with everyone. When he arrived at Trish's home, he was in dire need of a bath... Here's what Trish had to say on that subject:

"We gave Kato a bath yesterday, at a "do-it-yourself" grooming salon. I think these dogs should come with a warning label: "MASSIVE HAIR CONTENT — hazardous when wet!" He wasn't too happy with the whole idea, but the dirt that came off of him was incredible. He was not muzzled and didn't attempt to bite, but desperately tried to get out of the tub. He was very matted on his back end, and the hair loss was considerable. Needless to say, my husband and I were both a little stiff from hauling him in and out of the tub; trying to hold him while we dried him was a feat. They have a clear glass storefront; many people came by and had a good look, as the shop owner had told them that Kato was available... but the massive amount of hair all over the floor scared them all away. I am also sure we gave some people their entertainment for a Sunday afternoon. I came home very wet and smelly; the dog was in better shape."

Kato was very stubborn about food, though, and often refused to eat kibble — did I mention Maura Frizell, Trish's mom? Well, Maura was concerned that this boy would starve, so she cooked for him... Caitlin played with him, Trish and Valdec walked him... a family effort.

As soon as we were certain that Kato's temperament was as rock solid as it appeared to be, we once again used the power of the internet to find a home for a rescue. We posted about him to several dog-related lists, as well as to all of our wired members. Within days we had not one but **two** excellent homes to choose from, both with sterling references. How to choose?

In the end, it was Kato who made the decision for us. He needed a family who would be with him all the time. If left alone during the day while his people went to work, separation anxiety would cause him to revert to being an escape artist.

On August 18, Kato went to live with Jessica and Harold Tichenor, who have a home in Montana, another home in North Vancouver with a large fenced yard, and a cabin in Tofino where Kato is allowed to run on the beach. Kato bonded strongly with Harold and goes to the office with him on a regular basis.

Trish reports that Valdec has had to resort to using a treadmill for lack of rescue mal exercise companion... Things are very quiet around their house, and they actually miss all that dog fur...

What is love?

Rainbow Bridge Return

by Joy LaCaille

The little dog arrived at the Rainbow Bridge and a pack of dogs rushed up to greet him. He braced himself, expecting a fight, but this was the first pack that wagged their tails and kissed him instead of attacking him.

It was beautiful here, and everyone was nice to him. None of them had been born in a puppy mill, like he had, and used for dog-bait fighting and left to die in a shelter because he was a mix-breed battle-scarred cur and wasn't cute. They explained why they were waiting... for their humans who loved them.

"What is love?" he asked, and God let him go back to earth, to find out.

Warm and dark, he squeezed in with the others and waited for the day to be born. Scared, he held back as long as he could, but finally got dragged out, by his hind feet. Hands without fur held him gently and rubbed him dry and opened his mouth and guided him to a warm nipple with milk. He didn't get a good hold on it, because one of his big fat brothers pushed him aside. The human hand moved the other puppy to another nipple and held his body, so he could drink.

"Ahhh, that's better," he thought, and drank until his jaws got tired and he curled up to sleep next to his warm furry mother. "I remember this," he mused... "Too bad I'll have to grow up to be hit, left out in the cold and rain, and used for dog-bait fighting, and die as an unclaimed rescue dog. I remember what it's like, being a dog", he thought sadly.

That night, he crawled up to his mother and tried to nurse, but he kept getting pushed off to the side. When they were full, the big brothers and sisters got their bottoms cleaned and he finally latched on to a nipple, but the human hands weren't there to hold him up, and there wasn't any milk in any of the nipples, anyway. He was weak and so tiny. It was even hard to stay upright, and he fell over on his back and couldn't right himself.

So he began to cry, and suddenly the human hands were there, holding him up and putting a rubber thing in his mouth. It didn't taste or feel like mother, but it was warm and made the ache in his tummy go away.

He was having trouble breathing... His lungs weren't fully developed, because he had waited too long to join the others in the womb, as he took one last romp at the Rainbow Bridge. He could feel the heartbeat of the human, who had laid him on her chest and covered him with a soft cloth, keeping him warm, and soothing his bony body with gentle circling touches.

He kept thinking of his new friends who had been so nice to him at the bridge and asked God if he could go back. God said, "Yes, but not just yet. You wanted to experience Love."

So for several hours (seemed like days but it was dark and he couldn't tell what time it was), the human supplemented his feeding and let him experience the warmth of his mother's body and tongue, and the pile of warm soft littermates. He got weaker, and the human held him more often, leaving the littermates to sleep in a pile while he got caressed and kissed, and got to listen to the heartbeat which was strong and loving.

Finally God came back and asked, "Are you ready to come back to the Rainbow Bridge?" "Yes, he responded," with a little sorrow, because the human didn't want to let him go, and was crying.

He pushed the air out of his lungs and floated back to the Rainbow Bridge and looked back at the human, who was still crying and holding the limp body that he had borrowed for his trip.

"Thank you, God," he said. "Love is beautiful, and I will wait near the Bridge and let the human know, when she arrives, that I loved her, too."

This article appears by permission of the author. Joy LaCaille can be contacted via e-mail at: lakai@iag.net



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63

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From Rosie to Mishka

by Diana MacTavish

When HELP League people get involved with a malamute, wonderful things happen! The fact that the mal may be in Vancouver, 3,500 miles away from the centre of operations in Ontario, makes no difference. Hours of effort, knowledge and the many resources at the AMHL's disposal are all put to work.

One of our first "hands-on" rescues was Rosie. It started one Friday when we got a call from a very distressed owner of a purebred mal — Rosie. He had taken her to a local humane society because a change in the family situation made keeping her impossible. He called the shelter every day for a month, but was finally told that she seemed unadoptable — she was too large, and they were running out of room. Rosie was slated to be put down on Monday. We visited the shelter on Saturday, took her picture (she is drop-dead gorgeous!) and got their guarantee that she would be safe for another week. We e-mailed the picture to the AMHL on Saturday night. Also by Saturday night, we had a foster home for her. Sunday was spent on the phone. One of the people we called was the former owner of one of our mals. They couldn't take her permanently, but their son, Wade, and his wife, Gail, were looking for a mal as a playmate for their Siberian, Kaela. The major problem was that they were in Phoenix for two weeks, and would likely want to see a picture of her before making a decision. No problem! We gave Wade's dad the address for the HELP League's web site and asked him to get Wade to log on and keep checking for her picture.

Now, in an ideal world, where everyone has endless amounts of free time, the e-mail that we sent late Saturday night would have been received on Sunday morning, and Rosie's photo and information would have been posted on the web site immediately. And then Wade and Gail would have logged on Sunday afternoon, loved Rosie, and called us immediately to say they wanted her. Guess what? That is exactly what happened! By 6:00 PM on Sunday, we got that call from Wade saying they had seen Rosie's picture on the site, very definitely wanted her, and could we foster her for two weeks until they came home. Yes, yes and yes!!

So, on Monday morning we collected Rosie from the shelter and took her to her foster home, where she was bathed and groomed and treated for fleas. Two weeks later we had the pleasure of introducing Wade, Gail and Kaela to Rosie. It was love at first sight for everyone! There were also hugs all around for the humans because everything had turned out so well. Wade called us the next morning to say that they dogs had played 'till they wore themselves out. The next morning together was different, though.

Kaela was used to playmates, because Wade exercises a neighbour's dog. But on that first morning, Kaela was sitting guarding the bag of food, with a look that seemed to say, "What? A sleep-over?" A week later Wade called again to say Rosie fit into the family as if she was destined to be there. And for her new life, Rosie has a new name — Mishka.

Although Rosie never set paw in the HELP League kennels at Havelock, she owes her excellent home to the caring and speedy action of people halfway across the country. We thank you, Mishka (formerly Rosie) thanks you, and Wade and Gail thank you! We couldn't have done it without you!

Every time we discover a mal in need of a home, we e-mail the details to Molly and Jim. Then the action starts — the dog's photo and information are posted on the AMHL web site, and e-mails are sent to several mailing lists of malamute and northern dog devotees. For one of the dogs who was living in the interior of British

Columbia, we got a phone call from a local prospective owner, and an e-mail from someone in Oregon. This dog found a home near her old owner, which worked out well. But if it hadn't, we did have the other prospects because of the HELP League's assistance.

I am sure that everyone who has access to the internet has made more than one visit to the great HELP League site. If you are like us, you spend most of the time admiring the pictures and wishing you had room for at least a couple more mals. But having also read all of the articles, we have recognized two things. First, after owning mals for 10+ years we still have a lot to learn. Second, the articles are very well written and informative.

So, the second point leads us to tell you the other way in which the HELP League has helped mals find good homes. We have freely borrowed (plagiarize is such a nasty word...) some of the articles for distribution. (*Eds' Note: Borrow away! That's what they're there for!*) We have e-mailed, faxed and hand delivered them to shelters. The one we use most is the brochure, "So... You Think You Want A Malamute?" Having explained that, here's one of the success stories that resulted. We discovered a mal in one of the municipal shelters. He had not been there very long, and they have a "no kill" policy so he was safe, but he did need a good mal-loving home. We delivered the info to the shelter, and discussed the pros and cons of mals with the shelter manager. He promised to provide the info to any prospective owner. A couple of weeks went by and we received an e-mail from the shelter. One prospective owner read the info, forgot about the mal and adopted a lab cross. A few days later another couple came in, liked the mal, read the info and said that he was just what they were looking for. The not only adopted him, they called the shelter four days later to say that adopting the mal was the best thing they could have done. They love him and all his antics and woo-

(Continued on page 28)



Rosie, as she appeared while still looking for her "forever" home...

Where to stay...

Motel Review

by Holly Levinter

For those not particularly interested in camping out, especially on nasty days, here is a "review" of motels in the vicinity of the AMHL that will accept dogs as guests.

There are basically four places to stay when attending AMHL events. They are the Twin Lakes Resort, Sandman Inn, Moonlight Motel and Campbellford River Inn. I will review them in ascending order of their luxury. We always bring lots of towels or blankets for Bigby to lie on — motel owners think we are doing this to keep their room clean but really, we're doing it to keep Bigby from picking up anything from their floor! I like a refrigerator in the room to keep our snacks and Bigby's vegetables cold.

Twin Lakes Resort: Resort? Heck, maybe 50 years ago. This motel has the basics — a bed, bathroom (small soap — bring your own if you want a decent lather) and full sized freezer (!) in your room; **no TV** - at least not in working order; **no Kleenex!** On our first trip to Pac'N'Pull, I put out a distress call to Molly and she delivered some soap and Kleenex to me the next day. The rooms are decorated 1950's and haven't been painted since. The plaster may be peeling but it's relatively clean.

They have food — coronary highway to heaven, but the dining room and games room are really neat. They are rustic, friendly and all the locals come in to pass the time of day or night. That part is fun and there is room to walk your dog around the place, across the highway and by the lakes.

Location is closest to the AMHL — about 5 minutes away, but the price is about \$15-\$20 higher than the others. 705-877-1293.

Sandman Inn - On Hwy 28 just outside of Apsley, about 30 minutes from the AMHL. Cleaner, newer and the owners are friendly and trusting. If you arrive late, they just leave your room open with the key in it and a note on the door of the house telling you your room number. Rooms are a little bigger but still small, with one double bed. Air conditioned, shampoo provided. **No Kleenex!** Small soap (again, bring your own), no hand towels, no bath mat, bath towels are slightly larger than your average hand towel. You get three, so one can be used as a bath mat. The shower handle was too tight for weaker hands. No shelf to put things on in the bathroom. Did not try the TV. Our room was not

warmed up for us when we arrived.

A coffee shop is attached and meals are better than at the Twin Lakes Resort. There is room to walk your dog (lots of good smells) and the setting is quite nice. There is a creek and a large area in back with picnic tables and a mowed lawn. Everybody thinks our dog is gorgeous.

Price: \$65 tax included. 705-656-2338 or 1-888-371-0715.

Moonlight Motel: On Hwy 7, just outside of Havelock. About 20 minutes from the AMHL. Friendly owners — they live on the premises so if you are late, just ring their bell.

Two sizes of room, cleaner and larger still. Kleenex provided. (I am beginning to categorize motels according to Kleenex.) Air-conditioned, two double beds, toilet and shower in one room, sink with large counter adjoining it. There is a small dressing area with a bench to one side under the hangers for sitting or storing your suitcase. Good water pressure, no shampoo, small soap, cable TV, re-cycle box and refrigerator in the room. The room was warmed up for us when we arrived. There's a large area to walk dogs, chairs outside to sit and read or enjoy the scenery. Large area of lawn behind and in front of motel. No picnic tables. No restaurant, but George goes in to Havelock, has breakfast and brings me back coffee and toast which I have sitting outside after walking Bigby. Again, they think we have a gorgeous dog.

Price: \$55 or \$60 for smaller room, \$65 for larger, tax included. 705-778-3332.

Campbellford River Inn: 252 Front Street North, Campbellford, on the Trent River just east of Havelock — about 10 minutes further from the AMHL. Linda and Brian Merlino from Pittsburgh, PA, who attend Pac'N'Pull regularly, have stayed here four times. The last two times they came with dogs, and they rave about this place. There is supposed to be a charge for the dogs but they have never been charged. This is what you get: two double beds, Kleenex, a refrigerator in your nicely furnished room, cable TV, picnic tables, swimming pool, children's playground, gardens leading to the river, a nice, friendly town AND a continental breakfast of cereal, bagels, muffins, coffee, tea, etc. Wow! I think we'll try it next time.

Price: \$60 after Labour Day + \$7.50 for the dogs (if they charge it). If you stay for more than one night, they probably won't charge for the dogs. In winter, unless they have a lot of guests, there is no breakfast. **Summer Rates:** \$69-89. 705-653- 1771.

Saloonware

Highest quality jean shirts embroidered with the HELP League logo. Shirt-tail hem. Looks great as a lightweight jacket or as a shirt! Sizes S, M, L, XL, 2XL, 3XL in light blue denim.

— \$50. + \$4. postage in Canada, \$6. to the USA.

Baseball caps embroidered with the HELP League logo, in navy with tan bill, green with tan bill, or black with tan bill.

— \$17. + \$1.60 postage in Canada, \$2.60 to the USA.

T-shirts, 100% cotton, by Gildan, with the HELP League logo. Navy, red, light grey and dark green in S, M, L, XL, XXL. Not quite as roomy a fit as our sweatshirts.

— \$22. + \$3 postage in Canada, \$5. to the USA.

Sweatshirts, 100% pre-shrunk cotton by Non-Fiction, embroidered with the HELP League logo. Black, Sanded forest green and sanded burgundy in sizes, S, M, L, XL.

— \$45. + \$4. postage in Canada, \$6. to the USA.

Lapel Pins, featuring the malamute head used in our logo; in black and grey outlined in gold colour on a white background, ringed in black with gold lettering.

— \$6. + \$1. postage in Canada, \$2. to the USA.

Make cheques out to: **The HELP League Howler**, mail to:

Tallanwood, 790 Clydesdale Rd., RR 1,
Apsley, Ontario, Canada K0L 1A0

Coming Events...

February 12, 2000: Kindling Klassic 101-B, AMHL, Havelock, Ontario. Skijoring and sledding workshops for all levels of experience. Includes lunch and a Yukon budget dinner. Cost: \$15/person. Contact Roger 905-571-0788 or e-mail: 4sibe.wig@sympatico.ca

February 13, 2000: Mal Quad Crown, Chelsea Cup, AMHL, Havelock, Ontario. Third in a series of four races, honoring the 10th anniversary of the AMHL. Cost: \$5./team. Contact Roger 905-571-0788 or e-mail: 4sibe.wig@sympatico.ca

February 19, 2000: Ottawa Area Fun Sled Races, at Ottawa, Ontario. A day of fun sledding/skijoring races and socializing. Skijoring, 1, 2 and 3-dog class races will be held on a 3-km wooded trail. Entry: \$5.00 per race. For more information, or to preregister, call Kelly Johnson at 613-596-4795 or Brian Paynter at 613-838-5943.

March 3, 2000: Pre-Winterfest Pot Luck Dinner at Tallanwood, Apsley, Ontario. Contact Roger 905-571-0788 or e-mail: 4sibe.wig@sympatico.ca

March 4, 2000: Apsley Winterfest and Kindling Klassic Challenge, at Apsley, Ontario. 4 and 8-dog sprint races, weight pull, kid'n'mutt races, freight race, banquet and dance. Auction and raffles. Contact Jim at 705-656-3860 or e-mail malamute@sympatico.ca for more information.

March 5, 2000: Mal Quad Crown at Apsley Winterfest, at Apsley, Ontario. Final race in series of four races. Also 4 and 8-dog sprint races, 16-mile mid-distance, unlimited class race and more. Contact Jim at 705-656-3860 or e-mail malamute@sympatico.ca for more information.

March 25, 2000: Dog Walking Day, AMHL, Havelock, Ontario. Join us for a day of walking, grooming, playing and just hanging out with the dogs at Rescue. Please contact Dave Hardie if you're interested in attending. Call 705-877-3201, or e-mail: malamute@accel.net.

April 14 and 15, 2000: The Great Animal Adventure, Nepean Sportsplex, Nepean, Ontario. Plan to drop in and visit with Ottawa area members and their dogs at our booth.

April 22, 2000: Founder's Day, AMHL, Havelock, Ontario. This is the ideal time to work at rescue — no bugs and the grass and weeds have not yet grown up to hide everything. Free lunch and pot-luck supper; register early! Jobs will include: traditional spring clean-up, repairs to kennel gates and fences, leveling the new trail and gathering firewood for the Saloon and bonfires. For 10 years, Dave Hardie has worked for the AMHL for free and has resisted all offers by members to help him, so on this day we are going to fill his woodshed with wood and remind him that it's "Founder's Day"!! Contact Roger 905-571-0788 or e-mail: 4sibe.wig@sympatico.ca

May 6 and 7, 2000: Spring Hike, departing from AMHL, Havelock, Ontario. Our annual spring dogpacking and camping trip. This ten-mile overnight hike qualifies as a leg on your dog's working pack dog title. There is no charge for the hike, but please contact Roger at 905-571-0788 or e-mail: 4sibe.wig@sympatico.ca to reserve (or if you want more information). If we don't know that you're coming, we won't wait!

May 27, 2000: Dog Walking Day, AMHL, Havelock, Ontario. Another opportunity to spend some time with our rescue dogs. Again, please contact Dave Hardie if you're interested in attending. Call 705-877-3201, or e-mail malamute@accel.net.

Lovett's Life...



Now we had to get used to the baby's presence twenty-four hours a day — sleeping, crying, burbling, having his diaper changed. The first night, no one got **any** sleep, and not because of the baby. In fact, the dogs were the problem. They were constantly trying to jump into the crib, whining and pacing. I solved the problem by sleeping in Tristan's bedroom with him and closing the door. The dogs whined and scratched at the door all night but we made it through, albeit with no more than a few hours' sleep.

The next day we bought a baby gate. I highly recommend that expectant parents make this purchase before the baby is born. This allows your mal to get used to the new baby progressively, by getting used to new sounds and smells but watching from a distance. You can gradually reduce the distance between your mal and the baby until everyone is comfortable and normal interactions can resume.

Here is what we did to gradually integrate dogs and baby, using the baby gate. In the beginning, at night, we put the baby gate across our bedroom door, keeping the dogs in the bedroom. Our mals have always slept with us, so this was their normal sleeping place and it prevented them from "visiting" the baby at night. It also allowed them to get used to me coming and going for night time feeds, while forcing them to stay in their beds and go back to sleep. During the day our dogs are outside in their kennel, and we continued this practice. It gave everyone a much needed break — baby away from dogs, dogs away from baby and a bit of peace and quiet for mom and dad.

After two nights, the baby gate was moved to Tristan's bedroom door. Now the dogs could once again get up every time I got up, but they couldn't go beyond the door to the baby's room. However, unlike a solid door, they could see everything that was going on inside. So they could watch me change and nurse the baby from a few feet away, but couldn't come any closer. At first they all got up, watched and whined outside the gate. But gradually calm returned until after a week or so, only Kiyuk got up at night with me, to lie down by the baby gate and wait until I returned to bed.

During the day, at times when the dogs were not outside in their kennel, the baby gate stayed across the door to Tristan's room. We also held Tristan in our arms around the house, but we always corrected the dogs for jumping up. And when Tristan slept, we put his basket safely out of the dogs' reach, on the kitchen counter or the table. Kiyuk repeatedly tried to jump up to peer into the basket and lick the baby's head, but with consistent corrections for this (I did say this takes a great deal of patience!!), he eventually stopped. Also with consistent corrections, we taught our mals never to jump on us if we are holding Tristan. But all bets are off if we're not holding the baby!

At first, expect that any new thing which is introduced will be like starting over. For example, the baby in his car seat is completely different from the baby in his basket, and once again, your mal may want to investigate the "new" apparition. You will have to be very consistent and patient about correcting any jumping up. Practicing obedience commands with the dogs will also help, especially control exercises like long downs, where you put a leash on your mal and make her hold a down-stay for half an hour or more while you watch TV.

Once all of the dogs had adapted well to the "in sight but out of reach" phase, we slowly started removing the baby gate from Tristan's room. Initially, we only removed it once a day, for a diaper

change, when Tristan was safely up high on his change table. After the mals could handle this without trying to climb up on the change table, we tried leaving the gate open while I was nursing, for a few minutes only — until I got fed up or all three dogs mobbed us at once, whichever came first! Nursing is, of course, fascinating to dogs, with the smell of milk, the sounds of the baby suckling and the obvious presence of food. Try nursing somewhere where the dogs cannot climb on you — if you do it on the couch, use an armchair, not a loveseat. Armrests at least prevent 80 pounds of dog from trying to get on your lap with the baby!

Only remove the baby-gate for short time periods at first, and make sure you're in a good mood when you do and that you are feeling patient enough to put up with the inevitable interest from your mal. With one mal, you may be able to control him easily, but with three things are a little trickier. And since you cannot always rely on your spouse being home to help you, it's important to get comfortable with controlling your dog(s) using voice commands only while you're holding the baby.

Once your mal has been around your baby for several diaper changes and has been well behaved during nursing for a few minutes once a day, increase the length of time you remove the baby gate. Have the dog(s) present for an entire nursing session, including baby regurgitating and crying. Eventually, you will stop needing the baby gate altogether. Try holding the baby on you while watching TV and letting a mal climb up beside you on the couch, making sure that the dog does not disturb the baby, but allowing her to sniff the baby.

After we stopped using the gate completely, the dogs never got up during the night if I got up to nurse. I could go to the bathroom, change the baby and nurse him and not a creature stirred, not even a mal. Then I started varying the place where I would nurse and also moved the baby basket around. We introduced items like the car seat with the baby in it, and a play pen too. The play pen is a wonderful tool for introducing baby at dog height. Just make sure you watch carefully the first few times you use it, because that thin mesh-like fabric is no match for an excited mal paw and toe nails.

Ah yes, and when your baby is colicky, you may find that your mal starts howling in time with the baby! That's when we were glad we have no close neighbours, since colicky babies can cry for extended periods.

The important things to remember are: make the introduction as gradual as possible, using a baby gate and placing car seats/baskets/beds high and out of reach. **Never leave any mal (or, for that matter, any dog at all) unattended with a baby or a young child, no matter how good that dog is with children.** Never force any dog to greet a baby or vice-versa until both are ready. And although changes will be inevitable, try to leave as much of your mal's normal routine as possible unchanged after baby comes home.

Believe it or not, today (Tristan was about eight months old at time of writing) the dogs pretty much ignore the baby. Tristan sits in a high chair, plays in a play pen and sometimes screams just to hear the sound of his own voice. The mals never bother him. I'm now working on sitting the baby on the floor once a day near a dog, in preparation for when he starts crawling. But that's for another article!

Catherine Harrison is a HELP League member who lives with her husband, Dent, their son, Tristan, and mals Gaia, Selena and Kiyuk in Chelsea, Quebec. Gaia and Catherine have already taken Tristan for his first toboggan ride — mom and dog had a ball; baby snoozed!

In and Out of Rescue

by Dave Hardie

First, the *really good news!* Two of our old “lifers” have gone on to better things. As reported last time, Sheehan (now known as Simba) has gone off to live with Diana Robinson, who reports that a better couch potato has never lived. His buddy, Bigby, is now living as a one and only with Holly Levinter and George Davis. He too has become a spoiled house mouse. We should all be very grateful to these people for providing a very comfortable environment for these two old dogs for their final days. At time of writing, we may have a similar situation for Shasta, as well.

I asked and I received... I asked for volunteers to walk dogs on a regular basis and that has started to happen. There have been two major dog walks, one in November and one over the New Year's weekend. The dogs had great days, and really enjoyed the special, individual attention they received. Two more walks are scheduled, on March 25th, and May 27th.

Sam and Tuppy Rogers were here, along with Tuppy's brother, Peter. While they were here they walked a number of rescues, but they were here primarily because they privately rescued four Alaskan huskies who were part of an 80-dog confiscation from a “musher” in the Coe Hill (Ontario) area. They are boarding them privately with Jill and me at Wintertrail until homes can be found for them. They may not be malamutes, but they still need good homes. Although quite shy, they are quickly learning the ropes. If you know of anyone who might be interested in them, please have them call me. These dogs are quite small (compared to malamutes), about 40 pounds. All are female; three are about ten months old and we think the other is two or three years old.

This next item is neither HELP League nor mal related. Last October, a neighbour found an ancient hound under their cottage, more dead than alive. As usually happens with dog problems in this area, this dog ended up on our doorstep. The old geezer, or “Geez”, as we called him, was a bone rack with advanced cataracts, virtually deaf, covered in sores and suffering from a huge lung infection, pus flowing from his nose. Jill and I knew that at his age and condition he would not stand a chance at any shelter, so we proceeded to try to make him better. We succeeded for a while, and he did recover, but after three months he started to fail; his health went downhill rapidly and Jill and I had him quietly put to sleep. So, why am I writing this?

While we were searching for the Geez' owner, we met up with another neighbour about two miles away. A week or two before we found the dog, this neighbour had discovered a man trying to ditch an old hound in the woods on his farm. He made him go back and get the dog. It seems that the owner just went a bit further down the road and let the dog out again, destined to die of starvation. There are some pretty callous people out there. The moral of this story is: When your dogs get old and sick and their quality of life is totally compromised, do the right thing. It is far better to quietly go to sleep in the presence of someone who cares than to meet an unknown fate. Euthanasia is a tough call, and most of us face that decision at some point. It can be an act of kindness. At least this old guy's last three months were spent curled up beside the wood stove with a warm meal in his belly.

It worked once... now I am asking again. The HELP League kennels

need work. Our “guests” are hard on the furniture. Cheemo and Teeka in particular have been very busy doing reno work. There are several gates that need repair, as well as some of the kennel bracing. Two gates need hanging and the gates on the isolation pens need modification to make them usable. Rodents have invaded the food trailer and we are struggling to keep ahead of them. It will be a major chore to move everything and make the entire trailer inaccessible to little critters. And finally, in spite of the deluxe condo which Jim Thomson and James Horne built for the old curmudgeon, Cheemo, he still doesn't have enough sense to get out of the rain. We need to either roof his pen or build a larger, three-sided house for him. Lately, during wet, cold weather we let him sleep in the Saloon to keep him comfortable, but that is not the best of solutions.

The water problem has been alleviated. Jill and I had a well drilled in October. Just imagine, real water, hot and cold, coming from a tap (as long as the generator is running!!!). What will they think of next?

Dog of the month... we tried highlighting Teeka in an effort to get her adopted, but so far that hasn't worked. She is still here. Another dog who needs a break is Chimo (the dark-faced one). Because both of these mal crosses lack the typical malamute look, most prospective adopters walk right past them. Both of them, however, are good dogs and deserve better.

Adoptions:

Aurora has gone to her new home with Kevin Donoghue and Janice Whiteman, and is enjoying the companionship of her new “brother”, Caliban. Thank you, Janice and Kevin.



Aurora

Five of Aurora's puppies have been placed as of now. One of the females, Kloe, is now living with the Mallory family in Hamilton, Ontario. Kevin and Shirley made several trips to rescue to make sure she was the “right” one.

Another female, Sage, is now with the Taubel family from Waukesha, Wisconsin. They made the fourteen hour drive (one way!!) to get her. Scott and Jo have a unique theme to naming their dogs... they are all “herbs”.

Mike and Marilyn Heslip of Meaford, Ontario, also have a new addition to the family. They adopted a male they call Copper. I am sure he will keep them busy.

Kodiak is now sleeping in the kitchen of Janne and Vickie Heimo of Norwood, Ontario. His personal playmates are Anna and Alexandra. I wonder who will run out of energy first?

Another female is now happily settled in Maryland with Hillary Thomas and Todd Lawrence, leaving one male and one female still available.

Check out the recent photos of Aurora's pups on page 19.

In and Right Back Out:

Neeko... This young male was found as a

(Continued on page 18)



Neeko

stray in the Coe Hill area, not far from here (but not, I think, related to the Coe Hill Husky rescue effort). Neeko was taken in by good Samaritan Linda Bromley, who kept him for a week while trying to locate his owners.

Neeko is definitely among the better ones we get — really easy to get along with and loved riding in the truck. After trying unsuccessfully for about a month to find his owners, he was neutered and became available for adoption. Neeko was adopted by Cole Benjamin of London, Ontario, a perfect companion for an active outdoor life.

Ongoing Cases:

Chimo... is a young, exceptionally strong and energetic dog. He is friendly and always invites you to play. Like any normal young dog, he is in need of ongoing affection and love and actively seeks out positive interaction with people. He in fact is so hungry for affection that he gets down and gives you the “puppy bum up” during a 50-dog feeding frenzy rather than showing any kind of food possessiveness. There is nothing not to love about him. Chimo is reportedly good with cats but he may not be suitable around young children due to his exuberant behaviour.



Chimo

Rocky... has settled in. While he has been as good as gold most of the time, he has shown some signs that he needs experienced owners. I do not think that he would do well in a home with children. Rocky is about two years old and has been neutered. He was surrendered to us by a couple who were involved in a car accident and could no longer care for him.



Rocky

Tex... is another dog whom I feel needs experienced owners. He is about two years old and if you look up obstinate in the dictionary you will probably see his photo there. Tex has always been great with me and I truly like this dog, but he does have a “past” and came to us from the London Humane Society with a less than perfect record. Tex accompanied me on the Sunday hike at Pac’N’Pull and was super — no aggression with other dogs or people and we even rode back to the Saloon in the back of Jim’s truck which was loaded with other dogs and people. Tex will make someone a great dog if they take the time to get to know him. He has responded well in the year that he has



Tex

been in rescue, and I feel that he is quite a different dog from when he first arrived.

Teeka... Why is this dog still here??? She deserves much better! Teeka came to us from the Toronto Humane Society in 1997. She is a grey and white female, approximately six years old. Teeka accompanied one of our members on the spring hike and was affectionate and friendly to all whom she met. She proved that she is a typical Mal-a-mooch where food is concerned, and wants nothing more than to lean against you for affection. Teeka very much deserves a home of her own.



Teeka

Shasta... is an 11-year old Canadian show champion. She and Gunnie were turned in to rescue early in 1997. Shasta is a beautiful girl, and well-behaved. She seems much younger than her age and is in very good health. Shasta walks beautifully on leash and enjoys attention.



Shasta

Although she is good with children, Shasta is *not* good with other dogs, especially small ones.

Gunnie... is six years old, the registered son of a Canadian Champion. This handsome dog is outgoing and people-oriented, but has few manners. Gunnie requires a home that will provide him with structure and routine, as well as a secure enclosure. He is *not* good with other dogs, especially small ones.



Gunnie

There are some dogs in rescue who are not easily adoptable, due to their age or early socialisation or, more accurately, lack of it... we have been working with these dogs and although we have seen some improvement, placement is not an option for these dogs at this point in time. These dogs are the mainstay of our “foster dog” program. (Details on page 39.)

Superman... is a long-term rescue. He came to us with severe behavioural problems, which have been somewhat modified. Although he has been tested in a number of difficult interactive situations and passed with flying colours, his mood and behaviour are not always pre-



Superman

(Continued on page 19)

Aurora's Puppies...

Photos by James Horne



only 2 pups still available!!!



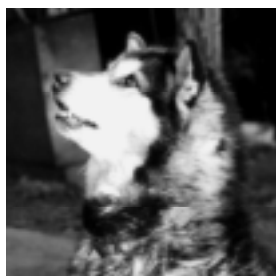
cute, aren't they? ?



(Continued from page 18)

dictable. If placed, Superman could only go to a home with a confident, experienced Mal owner who knew how to always remain 'Alpha' and who would not reward inappropriate behaviour.

Keena, too, is a special case. This pretty five year old black and white bitch is also making some progress. A former abuse case, she is in need of very experienced handling. Keena is not presently a viable adoption prospect.



Keena

Cheemo... This twelve year old red and white Mal doesn't have an outgoing personality, so it is quite probable that he will be with us for the rest of his life. It is obvious that he still misses his previous owner and lifestyle.

He has responded well to the staff, and has moments of being quite playful.



Cheemo

As always, thanks to our Foster Parents — we couldn't do it without you: Daphne Barnes and Emma Spanswick; Linda Brooks and David Rutledge with Abby and Claire Lapointe; Bruce and Lynn Coulter; Tricia and David Galbraith; Marg and Mike Jones; Holly Levinter and George Davis; Faith Matievich; Doug and Judy Pachal; Jan, Len, Bronwen, Nathaniel and Kendra Roach, and Sam and Tuppy Rogers.



Shelaskan's Keeno Nanook, CGC
"Keeno"

December 29, 1990 — October 23, 1999

Keeno died just short of her ninth year, five of them with us. In that short time, she became comfortable and happy with us. We learned from her how to be malamute owners. She trained us well in malamute behaviour; how to understand her various howls and demands; her requirements and pleasures. Even though we almost killed her with love (remember the home cooking fiasco), she was the dearest member of our family.

May she be happy now, young in heart, body and soul, running with a glorious pack of malamutes who howl their joy to the world. Someday, we will be re-united with her and Blizzard to run and play.

We miss you! You gave us much more than we could ever give to you.

WARNING!!! X-rated Escapades...

From One Acorn...

by Betty Brooks-Shades

We have a row of beautiful live oak trees; however in the winter the green nuts fall onto the ground. Kai likes to graze on these. Well, yesterday afternoon my husband called me at work and said, "Kai is not feeling well — he's whining, in pain." I rush home. No temperature, ate dinner and drank water fine, but he's not moving very well. He and Stormy had been outside all day. Hmmm — $2 + 2 =$ he ate nuts and now he's bound up. I give him some Pepto-Bismol; he's belching but still in pain.

Later on in the evening scope the dog yard for Kai's poop, but don't see any. So, being resourceful, I carefully grab a huge black garbage sack, cut out holes for my head and arms, and put this over my lovely tattered nightgown. Get husband, gather up supplies and outside we go. Husband is sitting on a chair holding Kai's head. I'm on my hands and knees inserting a glycerin suppository in Kai's rear end. Kai is whining, yelping, woo-wooing, screaming, etc. We walk him around — nothing. Husband keeps holding Kai in position while I retrieve Fleet enema from the house. Kai is still whining — a sorrowful cry — and I know he's in pain, he's stopped up. I get my latex gloves on, towel handy, and start to check anal glands to see if they need to be expressed. Kai's still whining... yelling, now.

All of a sudden we hear, "Hey there, what's the problem?" Oh, oh, another county Mountie at the side gate. Now, all he can see is husband holding Kai's head, and me on my knees at Kai's rear end with a finger up his... butt. I explain that the dog appears to be constipated and I am merely trying to relieve pressure. His conversation goes like this:

B65 to Station 5: Cancel animal control.

B13 (supervisor) to B65: What's the situation there? (At this point I am inserting enema.)

B65 to B13: It's ah... ah... um... a medical procedure.

B13 to B65: Go to channel 2 (their private channel — yeah, right).

B13 to B65: What is the nature of the procedure?

B65 to B13: Y'all would never believe it. Dog is getting an enema.

B13 to B65: Say **what**? (Enema is inserted, husband instructed to walk Kai around.)

I ask: I suppose our psychotic neighbor called again?

B65: Yes, ma'am — said you were torturing an animal.

B13 to B65: Repeat last transmission. Dog is getting an enema?

All this time, Kai is running around (Bob dropped hold of his collar), woo-wooing, whining. Finally, **paydirt** — we have touchdown, cleanout! Kai is so relieved he runs up to the officer, jumps on him, gives him kisses and runs around the yard. I am still covered in black garbage sack, latex glove on right hand — a real sight — checking the results of the enema and happy Kai is feeling better.

Officer starts brushing off his uniform, then says to me, "How am I going to get this hair off me?" Without hesitation I said, "Oh, come on the patio and I'll blow you." If I'd only had a camera to get the expression on his face — he just stood there like a statue.

B13 to B65: Ask them if these are the same dogs that emergency dispatch was called about a month or two ago. I reply yes. Then I explained to him that I had a grooming blower that would blow the fur off his uniform.

I don't think he will ever be the same — he's a rookie. What an indoctrination!

Betty Brooks-Shades is a semi-retired legal assistant/police and fire dispatcher/EMT/RMA who lives in Alabama with her very generous husband, Bob, a retired operating engineer/heavy equipment mechanic who introduced her to malamutes in 1984. Her four-legged kids, Bunkers, Kai and Stormy, are never at a loss to embarrass or humiliate their owners, providing endless hours of howling, digging, hiding their humans' belongings or loving their owners unconditionally. Some people call them spoiled; Betty calls them loved!

AMHL 2000 Calendars

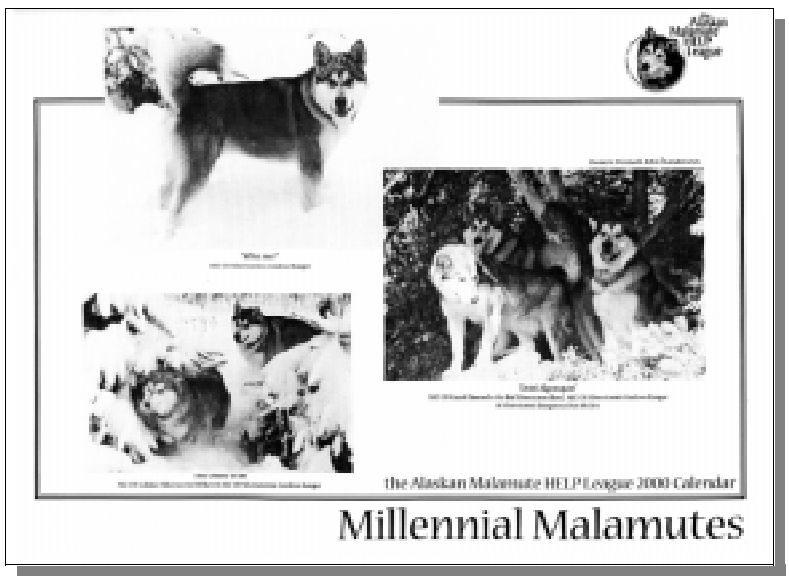
Beautiful and practical, these black-and-white calendars feature our photogenic Mals at their best. Only \$7. each or 3 for \$18. In Canada, please add \$1.65 for postage for 1 calendar or \$2.15 for 3. Americans, please add \$2.55 for 1 or \$4.35 for 3 calendars.

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Woo-ooWo

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We salute the AMHL for the excellent and necessary work that you do.



Attitude... ours and theirs...

This is the second in our series about preventing and dealing with aggression in dogs. We are seeking out a variety of sources and approaches; this month's article is the first of what we hope will be several presented by Diana Robinson, who is known to many of you through her *Dear Diana* column. We would like to point out that this series is meant as a starting point, to help educate owners and spark discussion. Not every idea which is presented will be suitable for every dog, owner or situation. We advise owners to learn as much as possible, from a variety of sources. And most importantly — if you are currently trying to deal with a serious aggression problem (e.g. a dog who has bitten, under any circumstances) we very strongly recommend that you work with a professional trainer to try to resolve your dog's problem. In fact, every owner who is trying to prevent or correct aggression is well advised to work with a skilled professional trainer, ideally one who has prior experience with northern dogs.

Aggression: The Nasty but Necessary

by Diana Robinson

"Aggression" is a huge topic. Perhaps we'll start by discussing some of the most common occurrences, or "problems" encountered by all of us who deal with dogs.

Let's first establish that dog/dog aggressive dogs may or may not be fine with people, and dog/human aggressive dogs may or may not be friendly with other dogs. Just because a dog is "aggressive" with one, doesn't necessarily mean it will show aggressive tendencies towards the other. Just because a dog likes people, doesn't necessarily mean it will be nice to other dogs. The reverse is true too. Just because a dog is good with other dogs, doesn't mean it's great with people...

Simple, but often wrongly assumed, or overlooked.

With that in mind, let's take a look at a very common problem, something that if ineffectively handled can actually begin to create dog/human aggression. Then we'll go back to the beginning to try to repair it. Back to the most important thing any dog learns — bite inhibition.

How do you teach a dog to not bite? And how do you show a dog that "you're the boss"?

Do you use brain or brawn? Do you use your superior human mentality wisely, calmly and simply, with patience, to provide situations to show your dog that you indeed have more brain cells than he does? Or do you stoop to the old physical "alpha rollover", which is basically difficult at best to do, and quite unnecessary?

Does this trainer have a biased opinion or what?? Absolutely!! I won't ever pretend to support the idea of brawn over brain. This is not to say that I haven't slipped myself, and given my dog a yank to safety (away from another dog, or out of reach of some obnoxious child). However, in a **training** situation, when I'm initially attempt-

ing to build a good temperament, or repairing a not-so-good one, I agree with the dog-training gurus who say that **physical dominance is unnecessary**. A perfect example would be one of the HELP League's long-term rescue dogs, Superman. Ask Dave if he alpha-rolled Superman.

If you're a seasoned mal owner, perhaps you've done some stooping in your time. I have too. I made the mistake (about twelve years ago) of believing what I was told, and attempting physical assertion on my first (and still living) malamute. What a mistake... I sympathize with those who've tried it. It's probably not even your fault. You've probably been told by some "respectable" breeder, "it's the only way to gain respect from your dog".

Dog manure.

For those who know better, or are just learning to handle this potentially boisterous breed of dog, perhaps we can save some dogs (and owners) the embarrassment of "having to do" an alpha rollover. An alpha rollover is "simply" somehow grabbing, holding, restraining or the like (your dog), "until he/she submits to you". Often it's used in a situation as a band-aid approach to something that's already gone too far along the lines of misbehaviour already! The key is to prevent the "necessity" of this archaic circus trick.

A dog (like a child), can learn manners without having its nose squished in its feces (or dirty diaper). Many, many great books have been written about socializing your dog, so it'll be friendly with other dogs, people and strangers. Read them. I didn't, and since 1991, when I met Dr. Ian Dunbar, I've been on the road to correcting the dog/dog problems I had previously, and inadvertently, created! After I've screwed up my own dog (dog/dog wise), it becomes clearer and clearer what to do that's correct.

I think there are two problems to be defined here. One is how to *prevent* the problem of "aggression" (referring to a dog growling at you, or being "possessive" of his food bowl, or even lunging at you, other dogs, and/or strangers, or anything of that nature where the dog decides he's boss and you're the "worm"). The other problem is how to deal with an *already existing* problem with an "aggressive" dog.

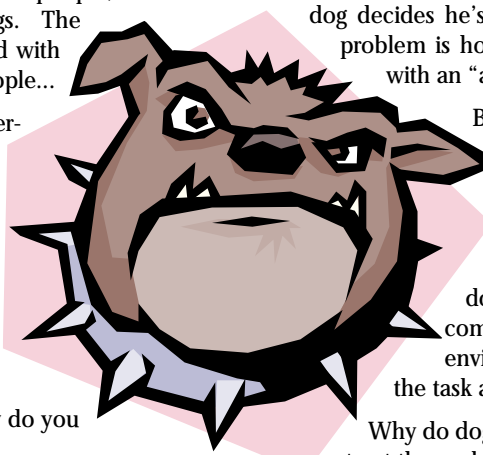
Both situations are quite extensively dealt with in a lengthy video by Dr. Ian Dunbar, called *Preventing and Treating Canine Aggression* (available from me). Both situations ultimately use the same techniques of appropriately dealing with "aggressive" dogs. Yet every dog is unique, and every combination of owner, dog and home (training environment) presents its own complications to the task at hand.

Why do dogs bite? How can we prevent, control and/or treat the problem?

Why can't they all be friendly? Because they live with us. It's amazing but true that dogfights (dog/dog interactions) are much more common amongst trainers' and breeders' dogs than in pet dog homes. Multiple dogs create less time to socialize. Dogs don't get walked as often and certainly don't get the chance to meet other dogs. To have friendly dogs in our domestic environment, they need to be meeting new dogs every day!

Bite inhibition is established in puppyhood (for both dog/dog and dog/human encounters). It's easier to establish it when puppies are

(Continued on page 26)



Carpenter's Corner

by J.M.R. Thomson

SLED BUILDING

To pick up from where we left off; we have talked about the principles of sled building, now here are the specifics for our sled. The drawing S-1 shows the basic side view geometry for the sled. The cross-section S-2 shows the spacing and details for the rear vertical frame of the sled. The mid frame and the front of the sled are the same width (unless of course you want to build a unique pigeon-toed sled that is narrowed in front — it might turn well but it would be hard to keep straight and would generate a lot of drag!).

The parts list for our sled is as follows:

Brush Bow 1 Req.

1/2" x 1-7/8" x 93-3/4" with corners rounded 1/8", ends cut with 1/4" rake-back.

Runners 2 Req.

1-1/4" high x 1-3/4" wide x 87-1/8" long, 60-3/4" straight; 26-3/8" kerfed plus 3 fillets +/- 1/8" thick x 1-3/4" x 32" long, all bent. See Sketch S-3.

Driving Bow 1 Req.

Made from 2 pieces; each piece is 3/8" x 1-1/2" x 97" including tenons (94" plus tenons), round 2 corners on each piece 1/8" so when assembled all four outside corners are rounded. (29-5/8" from top of runner to inside edge of rear vertical stanchion.)

Horizontals 4 Req. 15/16" x 1-1/2" x 19-1/2" over all 18" inside tenons. Drilled with 3/8" holes at 1-7/8" in from tenon shoulders, 3/4" at each end reduced to form 1/2" x 1-1/8" tenons.

Mid stanchions 2 Req.

7/8" x 1-1/2" x overall length tapers from 10-15/16" to 10-3/4" including 5/8" tenon (size 1/2" x 1-1/8") on bottom, drilled with 2, 3/8" holes, one 1-7/8" from the top and one 1-7/8" from the tenon shoulder.

Rear stanchions 2 Req.

7/8" x 1-1/2" x overall length tapers from 29-5/8" to 27" including 5/8" tenon (size 1/2" x 1-1/8") on bottom, drilled with 2, 3/8" holes, one 2" from the top and one 1-7/8" from the tenon shoulder.

Front Cross 1 Req.

Irregular Profile (see sketch S-4) x 20-5/16" long, drilled with holes — 9, 5/16" holes, spaced at 2" on centers to tie down front ends of the basket slats; plus 2 end holes, 3/8", at 5/8" in from the end to tie to runners and brushbow. Note: 1-3/4" at each end is notched to receive end of runners.

Basket Slats 9 Req.

1/2" x 1" x 50"; 2 top corners 1/8" rounded, drilled 5/16" at 1/2" back from end to tie to front cross.

Top Side Rails 2 Req.

1/2" x 1" x 55-1/2", two top corners 1/8" rounded, 3" length at top end tapered both ways to a 1/4" x 1/2" point, bottom end square and 3/8" holes drilled at 5/8" from end.

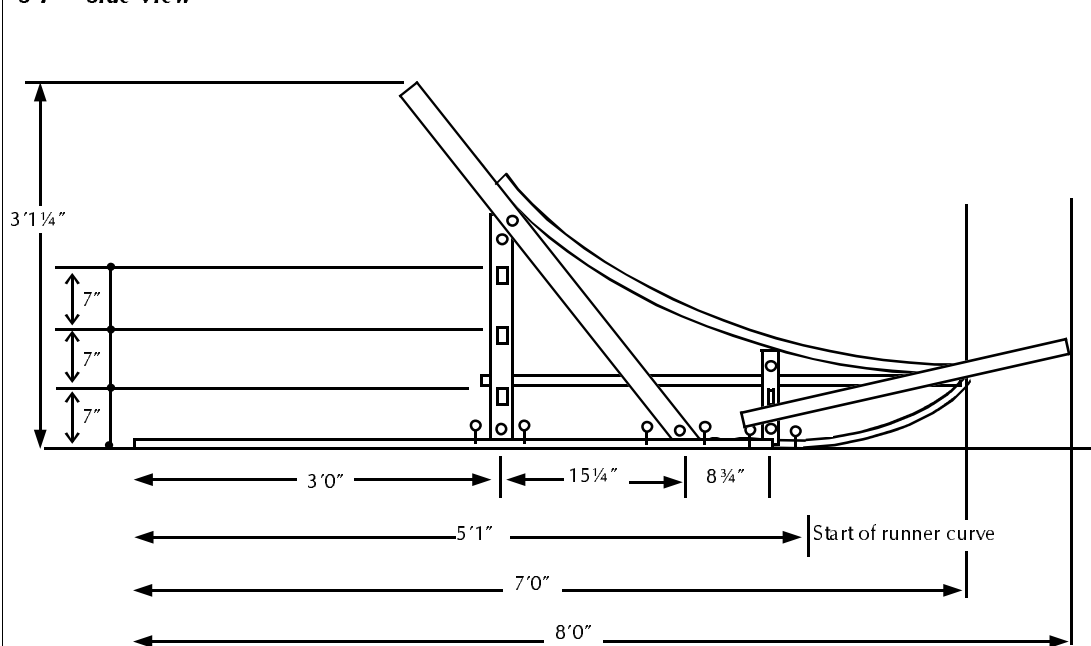
Eye Screws 12 Req.

Solid brass H.D. with 1/2" opening in eye.

Masons' Twine 1 roll

H.D. Nylon (try not to get pink!)

S-1 — Side View



Screws 18 req.

#6 Brass F.H. Robertson 1" long, for basket slats.

Runner Soles 2 Req.

1/4" x 1-3/4" x 87-1/8" U.H.M.W. Plastic.

Screws 36 Req.

#8 Brass F.H. Robertson 1" long for Plastic on runners.

Spar Varnish 1 Qt

Put two good coats on everything, three on all masons' twine.

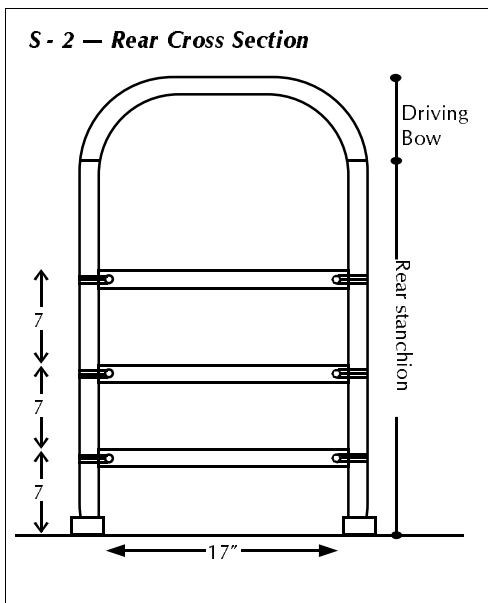
The building procedure is as follows -

A. Obtain suitable air dried lumber, preferably white ash; do not

(Continued on page 25)

use kiln dried lumber — the kiln drying “sets” the lignin in the wood and it will not bend after kiln drying, at least not well.

B. Prepare all parts to be bent. (You can prepare all the parts at this stage if you like, but you may want to do only the curved bits



now and make the rest while the steam-bent stuff is drying.)

As the brush bow is the piece most likely to split when being bent you may want to make a spare to have handy. Also this is the time to finally decide if you are going to make your runners from one piece, with kerfs and fillers, or if you are going to use multi piece runners.

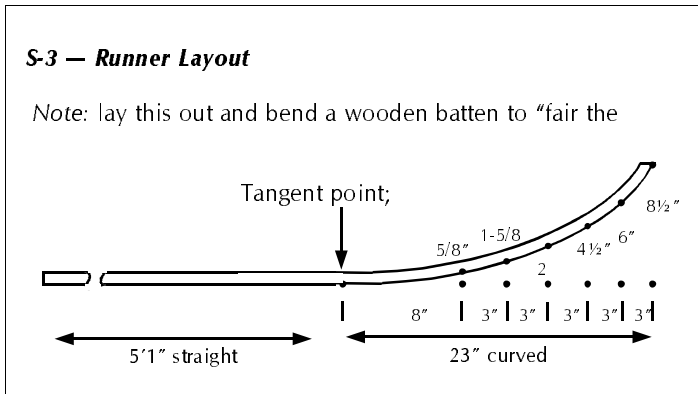
C. Set up your Jigs; remember — strong is the word on these and your soaking and steaming equipment.

D. Soak, steam, bend, and clamp your curved pieces. Cover with damp towelling and let them dry out slowly. Pray for no cracks.

E. Let dry for at least a week.

F. While the curved bits are drying make all the other pieces. Countersink all drill holes where required for lashings/tying, and for all screws.

G. Once dry, take pieces off the jigs. Glue the pieces for the driving bow and for the runners together and reclamp on the jigs.



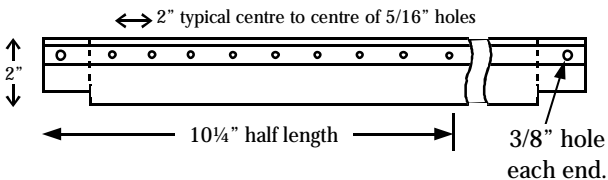
Do not forget the slipsheet to prevent the pieces from becoming permanently glued to the jigs. Let glue set well.

H. Cut all mortises in the Verticals and the Runners. All mortises in the runners are blind mortises, 1" deep.

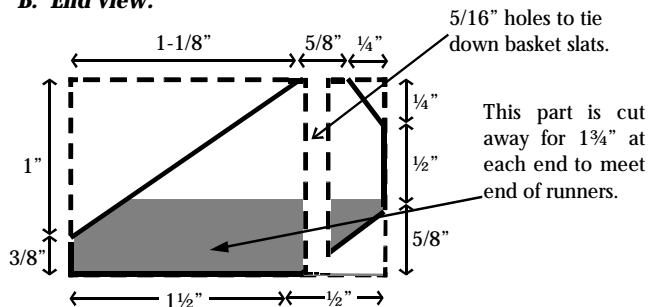
I. Carry out a test assembly of the sled; masking tape is a great help with this. Adjust as required. At this time, locate and drill

S - 4

A. Plan view from top:



B. End view:



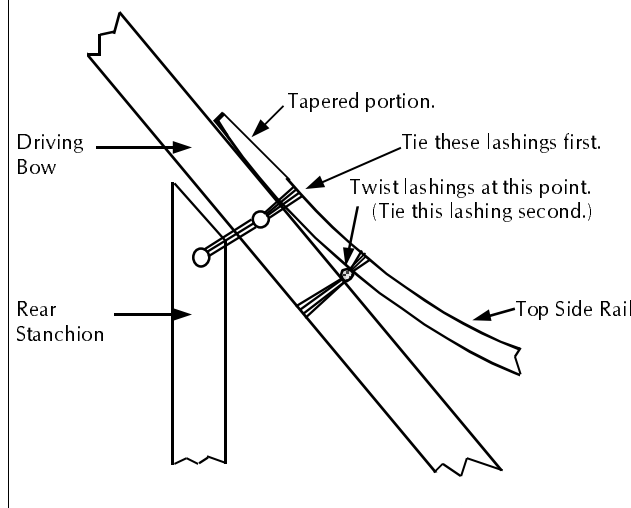
holes in driving bow to tie it to the rear vertical stanchions.

J. Once everything fits, take it all apart and get ready for the final assembly. See sketch S - 5.

K. Do final assembly as follows -

1. Set up runners on a bench with temporary spacers, clamped or blocked so they don't move.

S - 5 — Top Side Rail, Driving Bow and Rear Stanchion



2. Assemble the rear vertical frame (see sketch S - 2), assemble the two verticals and the three horizontals dry, **DO NOT GLUE THEM**, and lash them securely with masons' twine. Use at least five turns of twine in each lashing and pull the lashings up tight. This will hold the frame firmly but will allow some necessary flexibility (so you can steer the finished sled — totally rigid is not good).

3. Connect the rear frame and the driving bow to the runners, again dry connections, this time lashed to the brass eyes screwed

(Continued on page 36)

quite young, as their needle-sharp teeth give a marked reaction to whoever's being bitten. Later, as the puppy gets its adult teeth, it's harder to get as precise feedback when his powerful jaws, and older, blunter teeth, become less sensitive to inflicting a bite. People realize this when a dog bite happens.

Believe it or not, the more the puppy bites when it's young, the better it is for its future, because this provides an opportunity to teach it to **not** bite. To establish good bite inhibition, there are four basic steps. The first is to phase out force of bite. Go for no pain. "Ouch" is a great word to use when the puppy bites hard. Use your voice; there's no need to grab, squish or hold his snout. Volume can be used if you need to, depending on the nature of the dog. To raise your voice to one puppy might be disastrously frightening for him, while another may take the reprimand in stride. For some dogs (really obnoxious mal puppies, bull terriers, etc.), try calming them down instead. Use an "instructive reprimand" rather than just "No!" Use the tone of your voice to let him know that he's done something wrong, but pick a word (not "no") which tells him what he *should* be doing instead. "Off!" can be used to mean, "Don't touch me with your paws or your jaws!"

Did it work? Did the behaviour stop, or did it continue? Always check for adverse reactions to each reprimand. You don't want to destroy what little confidence the pup has acquired, yet you want to get results. For a nasty example, heaven forbid, you smack the dog with a newspaper to stop it from biting. Sure, it might stop the behaviour, but it also ruins the temperament. The dog is now scared of you.

Punishment and correction can result in submissive gestures from the pup. To a certain extent, this is good, but very extreme measures, like the alpha rollover, can result in extreme submission, which is not good. The dog will beg to let you know he's the worm, and you're the boss. Tongue licking means appeasement, which, incidentally, is the exact opposite to biting. The tongue would be pulled back out of the way if he was going to bite, not sticking out to lick. If the pup approaches you in a snakelike fashion, that shows submissiveness... good. If his paws are bent at the elbow, it's a good sign. It's much different from the straight arm ranking gesture. If the submissive gestures progress more, for example, to submissive urination (which is a topic for another article), this is excessive and means you have gone too far. After your voice reprimand, when the dog takes his mouth off of you, check his reaction to the reprimand (to maintain positive temperament).

If your reprimand doesn't work, has no effect, or the dog returns to bite harder (more out of control), the dog has just trained the owner. "Your reprimand doesn't mean anything. Nothing you say means anything." Watch for dogs who steamroll the owners. As a very accomplished marine mammal trainer once said to me, "they'll get away with whatever they can, whenever they can, however they can."

If the dog ignores you, leave abruptly, use whatever volume you need and utter a word that means you're fed up with the situation. "Jerk", said loudly, could work. Stay away for a time-out, then return and go from what I like to call "the bad witch" to "the good witch", which means that you totally ignore the preceding bad behaviour, and start fresh, happy and ungrudgingly. That's very hard for some people. We, as humans, want to prolong the nagging. Don't. Asking your pup to "come here" and "sit" will help you check that he's not frightened, sulking or otherwise adversely

affected. If the puppy is compliant, the owner is back in control.

Another very effective reprimand is a "group reprimand", which is very powerful and can give support to a "weak" trainer. When the dog screws up, and the trainer issues a reprimand, a group of people echoes the same reprimand. The dog thinks, "Wow, *everyone* is training me". The power of a group training one pup at a time can usually work for the "problem pups".

The second thing to teach to establish bite inhibition is that "mouthing's okay, until I say stop". For the pup who comes up and gives you a "tester munch" just to see your reaction, it's the equivalent of a little kid coming up and punching someone. For the pup who munches progressively harder, use "**Ouch**" at whatever volume and tone you decide is necessary to get results. Make the pup think he really hurt you. He'll think, "Boy, you can play rough with other dogs, but these people — they're wimps. You've got to be really gentle when you play with them; they're so sensitive." The logical endpoint is a puppy who puts very little pressure into any bite on a human. He develops a soft mouth, at least with people, and his "bites" now become puppy "mouthing".

A great way to prevent or control mouthing is to use it as a reward for *not mouthing*. In other words, when the pup stops mouthing, immediately say, "Good pup. Okay, now **mouth me**." Start it, stop it, start it, stop it. Control brings peace of mind.

In the third phase, we begin to phase out the incidence of the mouthing, by using the word "**off**". Hold a piece of food in your closed hand in front of the pup. Say "off", and simply wait for the pup to pull his head back away from your hand. Wait him out. It's OK if he licks, paws or whatever (as long as he doesn't hurt you). The instant he pulls his head away from your hand, tell him "take it" and give him the food. He'll learn the only way to get the food is to withdraw from trying to get it. This will earn him the hidden treat. Repeat it a couple of times, and the time it takes for the pup to realize that he needs to pull his head away will shorten. Just wait him out. The length of time can gradually be lengthened for the "off", and as a bonus, you're also training in a "free" sit-stay or down-stay — whatever the pup's doing while you're teaching "off". It really is too simple for words, and works like a charm. Try it with any age dog.

With this exercise, you not only get a sit or down-stay, but also attention — the basis for all obedience. You get the pup to think he's training you. He thinks, "I know how to get my owner to give me that treat. I just have to sit and not touch it and I'll get it as a reward." Voluntary compliance is wonderful.

The fourth and last step is "no jaws on body or clothing any time". Clothing is definitely included in this description, as clothing can't feel a progressively harder bite the way human skin can. There are no neurons in a pair of pants, and a puppy will soon learn to bite harder and harder. Two reasons for stringent controls on mouthing are: one, because it's plain obnoxious; and two, it's volatile for certain breeds of dog to exhibit mouthing anywhere in public. For a malamute to simply (even if gently) mouth a child, would have some authorities knocking at your door, not to mention some irate parents wanting to sue you.

A simple way to prevent unwanted biting is to use the word "off" not only as a way of dealing with biting as it happens, but also as a way to prevent the bite in the first place. This involves learning to read your dog's body language, being able to anticipate a bite (playful or otherwise) before it happens, and nipping (no pun

(Continued on page 33)

Best Friends...

A Passion for Mals

by Karen Reissmann

Here it is: a short story about our passion for our malamutes (I know it sounds weird, but it's our story and I'm sticking to it...).

"Man's best friend." Now, there's a phrase. But it is oh so true. Being a dog enthusiast, I dreamt of being a "dog" human all my life. Took me thirty-one years to finally make my dream come true.

My husband and I immigrated to Canada from Germany in 1993. After quite an odyssey through apartments and houses, we finally ended up on a farm north of Toronto. It felt so good to be out of the city, the pollution and the constant noise. Renting an old farmhouse, right across from the cow barn, turned us into total "country eggs". It also appeared that our landlords, who lived in the newly built farmhouse on the same property, had boarding kennels — cause for my heartrate to increase. Finally, dogs all around me... And since the old house we lived in was so close to the kennels, people who came for the first time to drop their dogs off for boarding usually rang our doorbell. I personally enjoyed that very much!

One fine day, the doorbell rang again, and there it was! The most beautiful dog I had ever seen. Big, bold and beautiful, with those nice gentle brown eyes. What a dog! What kind of dog was this? I had never seen the breed in Germany. The dog's human (not bad himself...) had to answer about two hundred questions about his dog before I finally told him that I was not the keeper of the boarding kennels.

This was my first encounter with a malamute.

A few months later, my husband and I visited a dog show in Toronto. I dragged him all over the place to see if there were any malamutes around. And were lucky. Again, we saw a beautiful

malamute, and this time my husband, who had not seen the mal who came to our door that day, was also totally blown away by this incredible breed. We had to know more...

So, we borrowed our landlord's *Dog's Annual* magazine and looked for malamute breeders. I don't really know why, but we picked Dave Hardie's Wintertrail Kennels. Boy, was that ever a good choice! We called Dave, made an appointment for a visit... and another visit... and another visit... and finally the time was right for us to apply for two malamute puppies from the next litter. Can you believe it? **Two** dogs! Yes, we had made the decision to have two dogs because we think that dogs need dog companions, as well as their humans.

Now the waiting began. In the meantime, we read dog book after dog book. We tried to get as much information as possible about dog behaviour, training and health and just about everything that had anything even remotely to do with dogs, and especially with alaskan malamutes.

Finally, in January 1996, Chinook and Conan were born — two pups out of a litter of ten from Daisy and Buck. Poor Daisy — so many puppies at once. What a task!

At the end of March we took them home and with a lot of patience (and I mean a **lot** of **patience**!), love (still endless) and fun (they can really crack you up...), we believe we have the best friends humans can possibly have. We all now enjoy hiking and camping all

through the summer, and dog sledding in the wintertime. And frankly, I don't know who enjoys it more — the dogs or us. I just know that ever since these two four-legged friends found us, life has changed for the better. I guess there is something, after all, to the phrase, "man's best friend".

Karen says, "Chinook and Conan found and adopted us at the age of 11 weeks, when we visited Dave Hardie in Havelock. They made us a family and we have been enjoying every day of the past four years with them, seeing them playing and running on **their** 3-1/2 acre property in the Hockley Valley area of Ontario. Gee — were we ever lucky that they chose us!



Conan and Chinook... "Hmmm... did someone say 'treats'???"

Back Issues Now Available!

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Where Do You Shop??

Zehr's Market and Zehr's Food Plus have a program through which you can save up your cash register tapes, and for every \$450. in tapes, \$1.00 is donated to the non-profit organisation or charity of your choice.

Aimee Rusaw has volunteered to collect tapes on behalf of the HELP League. If you shop at Zehr's, please send your cash register tapes to Aimee at: 72 Boniface Avenue, Kitchener, Ontario N2C 1L9.

Thanks, Aimee! That's a **wonderful** idea — we've already received \$50 from Zehr's!!

Doggerel from the Saloon...

The Snow Dune Dogs

From the Nordic Dog Series

by Mush LeDurt

Just as you hit the sack
they'll start tellin' of the griz sized tracks
that rest on top of snow.
You'll hear the eeriest of howls
while outside the frosty window
a cartwheel moon
rolls down the mountain's back.
The legend has hung on in this valley
like the persistent fogs
and everyone knows these critters
that sing in the moonlit thickets
ain't neither coyote, wolf, nor dog.
But Sidemeat and me
we know
without the slightest doubt
just what they are and how they came to be.

(Continued from page 13)

woeing!

Without the info from the HELP League, that mal would have ended up with the first owner, who was looking for a lab temperament and personality (not that labs aren't nice dogs, but they are only dogs, not mals!). And most likely, he would have ended up being returned to the shelter.

Sometimes it doesn't take much to help a rescue mal. If you have never talked to your local shelter about mal rescue, or provided them with any information, consider trying. They do pay more attention when they know that you belong to a national rescue organization. Not all shelters provide the feedback we got from this one, but if a solid adoption happened once because of information provided by the AMHL, it has happened before and will happen again. You won't believe the high you can get from knowing your efforts have resulted in a mal going to a mal-loving home. Even if you only cover one shelter, you might just save a mal!!

Diana MacTavish lives in Port Coquitlam, B.C. with her husband Ken and mals Chimo and Tuffy. The MacTavishes have been instrumental in the rescue and placement of a number of mals. We rely heavily on their calm good sense and willingness to help a mal in need.

GOOD PUP PIE

Take one puppy, roll and play with until slightly pampered, then add following ingredients: 1 cup patience; 1 cup understanding; 1 pinch correction; 1 cup hard work; 2 cups praise and 1-1/2 cups fun. Blend well. Heat with the warmth of your heart until raised or until puppy has doubled in size. Mix with owner until consistency is such that owner and dog are one. Enjoy!!!!

When I moved here I brought with me
a Northern-bred old dog
with paws the size of dinner plates;
kept him for the novelty.
Sidemeat had that part wolf, part mal
he loved so tenderly;
one was dog and one was bitch
so you've already guessed what happened.
Every pup had those platter-like feet
and spirits like the wolf.
They all ran off and went truly wild
just as wild as wild can be...
I guess they joined with wolves
and altered the pool of genes.
Likely forever from mountaintop to bog
there'll be these huge, snow-top tracks
and the call, the cry, the voice
of the mysterious
SNOW DUNE DOGS.

Mush LeDurt, an old Malamute musher, was found wandering the streets of Anchorage just prior to the Iditarod, in search of work. As Mush had no home and no longer had any dogs, a HELP League member took pity on him and Mush now resides within walking distance of the Malamute Saloon, where he frequently turns up to quench his somewhat remarkable thirst. Mush is now a regular contributor to the Howler.

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The things we do for our mals...

Red Hot Adventure

by Diana MacTavish

For you to appreciate the whole story, first I have to tell the events of the preceding day. My husband, Ken, enjoys woodworking, and has made numerous wooden pens (*Ed's note: the kind you write with, not the kind that hold dogs...*) on the lathe. He has this ratty looking old chair that he sits on while working. So, a couple of weeks ago he started a new pen. There is a special glue to glue the brass fitting into the wood. It is a little like crazy glue, in that it can bond skin, but it takes about 10 minutes to set. The gluing part is done on the bench beside the lathe — which explains how, when Ken spilled the glue, it spilled on his chair. Okay. No problem. Wipe up the glue. Glue the pen pieces. Now, go do something else while the glue dries. Come back about ten minutes later, sit down and spend at least an hour working on the pen. Try to get up!!!!

Doesn't sound too bad so far, does it? Except Ken usually only wears his shorts in the workshop. The yard is totally private, the workshop is heated and he is comfortable. So, when he tried to get up it wasn't pants that were glued to the chair. It was him — legs, bum, and I'll let you guess the rest. We have an intercom between the house and the shop, so I got called. Loudly! When I stopped laughing, I realized this could actually be serious. We had some solvent, but not enough for a large area. The saving factor is that Ken is almost as hairy, all over, as the dogs. So I cut the chair top off, and then hair by hair cut the chair top from him. I think that may go above and beyond what even a wife is expected to do!

Fast forward to the next day when all was normal until about 2:00 am. Now, our mals are angels at night. They go to bed and get up when we do. They **never** disturb us. But that night they both took off from the bedroom and in seconds we heard growling and barking in the back yard. Our back yard is fully enclosed by a cedar fence with gates padlocked on the inside. The only way in is through the house or over the six foot fence, so if anything is in the yard, it does **not** belong there! We ran outside, in the buff, because we didn't know what the dogs had. It's pouring rain. Do the security lights come on? No! Ran inside for a flashlight. What the dogs have is a family of raccoons. Stupid raccoons! The yard must smell of dog, and there is always dog hair wafting around. Some smarter raccoons have come to steal grapes, but they reached the grapes from the roof. Not this family — they're right on the ground!



The MacTavishes — Ken with Tuffy and Diana with Chimo, in a quieter, less painful moment...

All we can see is a mass of fur writhing under the trees. We can recognize some as dog and some as raccoon, but in the dark, neither of us wanted to tangle with the mass. OK — call the dogs. OK — call the dogs louder. OK — call the dogs in the most commanding voice you can muster at 2:00 am when you are cold, drenched and scared one of the dogs is going to get bitten or clawed. OK — run back to the house and get the can of pepper spray we had for camping. Run back to the whirling mass under the trees. Call the dogs again. OK — wait until you have a clear view of raccoon and hit it with the pepper spray. Get a clear view. Fire the spray. Get Tuffy square on the side, as she flips the raccoon! Spray anything that doesn't have eyes and looks like raccoon. Call dogs again. Finally they acknowledge that they've been called, and break off the fight. Grab one dog each and take them to the house and lock them in.

Go back to the yard to see if any raccoons are left injured or dead. Hate to have to deal with injured raccoon, but it wouldn't be fair to leave them all night. Security light still not working. By now,

no point in getting dressed. Already frozen, so search entire yard for raccoons. Half an hour later, come to the conclusion that neither side won because there are no raccoons in the yard. They have all made their escape, and although the sounds they made suggest they may be injured, we are **not** prepared to scour the neighbourhood and bush across the street at that time of the morning.

Go back in the house, to howling dogs (we spoiled their fun).




Chimo has a very small amount of orange pepper spray on him. Carefully brush it out over a towel, and put towel in wash. Tuffy is bright orange all down one side and on her back. Check her eyes and mouth. All clear. Get a blanket and tell Tuffy to stand and stay. Too excited still, obviously affecting her hearing, because she pays no attention to us. She continues to bounce around the dining room, expressing her disgust at us for taking her fun away. Only way to get her attention is to force her down on the blanket. Ken straddles her while I start the brushing and brushing, and more brushing. It is now about 3:30 am. Get her up. Change blankets. Ken straddles her again to hold her. By 4:00 am she is clean.

Now we can go back to sleep? Ha! My hands are starting to burn from the pepper spray. Now, get a mental picture of how Ken was in contact with her while I brushed. He is starting to burn too, in a much more sensitive spot than his hands. No problem, right? Into the shower and scrub off the spray. Not working. As a matter of fact, it's making it worse. Getting out of control! Call the Poison Control Centre. Their line is continuously busy for

(Continued on page 32)

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Help!!

by Carol Ridewood

Sooner or later, every pet owner needs to know a bit about doggy first aid. Goodness knows why (she said with a straight face...), but mals seem quite adept at finding ways to test our first aid skills. Some are pretty minor, but we can also be faced with serious injuries and illnesses which demand that our skills allow us to quickly assess and stabilize our pet's condition, and then transport them to the vet for complete care.

How you prepare depends on a few factors: the number of dogs you have, their general state of health, the number of high risk activities or sports you and your mals enjoy, the risk of being stranded (either in the backcountry or at your rural home) with a sick dog, hours from veterinary care. You may decide that all you need is a basic first aid manual, along with some simple supplies, because you live in a city, with access to a 24-hour vet clinic. Or, if you live in the country or are a frequent backcountry adventurer, you may decide to take a course in first aid or buy an instructional video, invest in a more detailed manual, and have a well stocked first aid kit (along with instructions from your vet on the use of every single item in that kit). One thing is certain, though — you owe it to your dog, and yourself, to be prepared... ahead of time. The time to learn how to take a pulse, control bleeding, perform CPR or immobilize an injured leg is when your dog is snoozing at your feet, not when he's in shock, or screaming in pain.

There are many excellent first aid manuals available. Except for a couple of favourites, rather than make specific recommendations, I'm just going to discuss what you should look for in a manual. The information should be well organized and very, very easy to find. It should be presented in clear, concise points — in an emergency you want to be able to find and read the relevant sections as quickly as possible. Procedures should be clearly illustrated, ideally with photographs.

Many minor problems can be successfully and safely treated at home. A good manual will help you identify these conditions, provide instructions about home treatment, and tell you when to consult your vet. It will list normal values for pulse, temperature and respiration, and dosages for simple, over-the-counter medications. There will be instructions about how to quickly assess your pet's condition, and how to stabilize a seriously ill or injured animal before moving them to the vet. You will learn how to splint or immobilize a leg, control bleeding, begin treatment for shock, poisoning, heat stroke or hypothermia and perform CPR. Finally, it will describe how to safely restrain and transport a sick or injured animal.

One of my favourite manuals is a little 36-page booklet called **First Aid for Dogs and Cats**, by Dr. Jean Allbright, DVM and published by Pets Magazine. It can be ordered by calling 1-877-738-7624; cost is \$5.00 plus shipping, handling and taxes. It covers all the basics, quickly, clearly and concisely. And it slips inside your first aid kit very easily. Howell Book House also publishes a very good manual, called **First Aid for Dogs**, by S. Schwartz, DVM, available through bookstores. It's similar to the booklet, but longer and more detailed.

There are also more comprehensive books, which are essentially dictionaries of symptoms. They will suggest what each symptom might indicate, make recommendations for home treatment (if appropriate) and tell you when to consult your vet. Any of the ones I have seen are fine — the best thing to do before selecting one is to read a few sections to see if they're clear and easy to understand, consistent with the type of approach you and your vet take, and to make sure that the type of problems you tend to encounter are covered.

The most important thing to remember when choosing a manual is that it is **not**, repeat **not**, intended as a substitute for veterinary care. The longer you live with dogs, and the more dogs you have, the more you will learn about when you can safely treat ailments and injuries at home, and when you need to consult the vet. Generally speaking, though, you should have your vet guide you through treatment the first time you encounter any problem. And any time that you're even a bit uncertain about something, call your vet's office for advice.

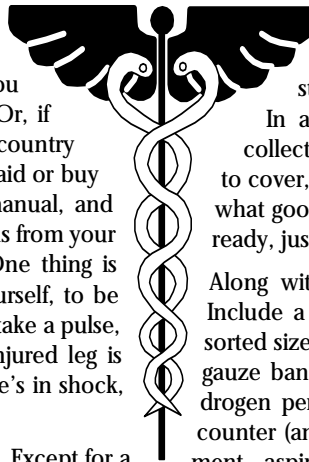
The second most important thing to remember is to study your manual carefully **before** you need to use it.

In a perfect world it will just sit with your first aid kit collecting dust, so dust it off once in a while and read it cover to cover, to refresh your memory. Practice taking a pulse, learn what good color looks like, practice gently tying a muzzle — be ready, just in case.

Along with your manual, you will need a basic first aid kit. Include a thermometer (rectal), some sterile gauze pads in assorted sizes (no-stick are good), at least a couple of rolls of stretch gauze bandage, adhesive tape, tweezers and blunt scissors, hydrogen peroxide, antibacterial soap and some simple over-the-counter (and your-vet approved!) medications — antibiotic ointment, aspirin, boric acid, Gold Bond Powder, Pepto Bismol, mineral oil and Benadryl are frequently used to ease minor ailments. An inexpensive Elizabethan collar is also a good investment — it can prevent your pooch from chewing and scratching at a minor, treat-at-home injury or hot spot, turning it into a three-figure trip to the vet. You may also want to include activated charcoal, which can be given under your vet's supervision if your pet ingests certain kinds of poison, immediately prior to transporting your pet to the vet.

If you live in an area where you might be stranded without access to veterinary care, or are a frequent backcountry adventurer, you may want to include more in your kit — longer-lasting bandaging material (and more of it), suture material, a gastric tube (for bloat), a broad-spectrum antibiotic and an effective analgesic. If you are going to have any of these items, you should (and in the case of prescription medication, must) obtain them from your vet, along with a lesson and detailed written instructions on their use. There is absolutely no point in having any item in your first aid kit if you are not able to use it safely — the idea of first aid, especially in serious cases, is to prevent your pet's condition from worsening during the time it takes you to obtain veterinary attention, not to compound the problem by administering incompetent care.

Finally, there's just one more thing you'll need to complete your dog's first aid kit — a generous supply of chocolate, bubble bath, fine cognac or whatever else **you** use to relax when the crisis is over. Because, rest assured, your dogs will find ways to test your first aid skills — ways which often send your blood pressure soaring! Just ask Callie about the recent "look at all the blood I horked up" incident. After panicking, realized it wasn't her blood,



Carol's Bookshelf

by Carol Ridewood

O'Donoghue, Brian Patrick, **Honest Dogs**, Epicenter Press, Box 82368, Kenmore, WA 98028. 1999. ISBN: 0-945397-78-x

I have such helpful dogs... Callie saw that I was pretty busy this month, and offered to review this book for me. She's grown up quite a bit since her first book review (she's three now), so I decided to let her try. She really, really liked the book — I could hear her reading it to her brothers at night, and they all got really caught up in the race. Lots of cheering for their favourite teams, and more than one scuffle broke out over whose team was best... But then, a couple of problems arose. First, she read about all the tasty snacks the racing teams got on the trail, and started thinking that she (AKA Armchair Athletes'R'Us) should get the same. And then she saw the photos of dogs wearing spiffy little jackets while they were running, and decided she should have several, in assorted colors. I think not! So much for my hope that she might be inspired to... gasp... pull a sled. Okay, okay, I admit we've been having this slight snow problem this year — measuring it in flakes and millimetres instead of inches and feet — but still... Anyway, I think I'll just tell you that Callie and her brothers had a lot of fun with the book, and review it myself.

O'Donoghue is an Alaskan journalist who has completed both the Iditarod and the Yukon Quest. **Honest Dogs** tells the story of his experiences in the 1998 Quest. This book is an entertaining, witty, uplifting and often harrowing account of two weeks (give or take a couple of days) spent on what many believe to be the most challenging trail in the world of distance racing.

(Continued from page 29)

fifteen minutes. Call emergency department at the local hospital. Ken explains what has happened. Nurse struggles to not laugh. She explains that she has never encountered this problem, but can understand the pain in such a sensitive area. Asks him to hold while she checks a book of antidotes. Comes back on the phone and tells him **not** to wash. That only scrubs the pepper into the skin. Only remedy is ice packs, but she cautions him to not leave them on for too long — sensitive areas can also be frostbitten very easily. Ken can't decide which would be worse. Goes for the ice packs.

By 6:00 am the burning has stopped, the dogs are still miffed that they have been locked in, but we finally get to bed. Half an hour later the dogs resign themselves to the fact that they are not getting out again tonight. In the morning, all we can find are bits of raccoon fur. Dogs are miffed all over again when we finally let them out and there is nothing in the yard that shouldn't be there. Their attitude seemed to be that sometimes their humans are just no fun at all. Ken says that in his next life he is going to be bald all over, and use a saddle whenever necessary.

There are four members of the MacTavish family: Ken is a barber, as well as a part time woodworker. Diana is currently unemployed, and so is occupied with homey (ugh) things and woodworking. Tuffy is a 12 year old, very alpha female, whose favorite thing is testing how much she can get her own way. Chimo is an 11 year old male, whose favourite thing is being petted. Favorite treat — hot dogs. They will do anything for a piece of hotdog. (The dogs will, anyway!)

O'Donoghue and his team ended up running with the trailing teams and, while he keeps us informed about the frontrunners too, the story focuses on the race to avoid the red lantern (presented to the final competitor to cross the finish line). The strategies employed by each driver are fascinating — that this is a physically grueling athletic event is indisputable, but the mental games which go on are also central to the outcome.

Of course, the dogs are the heroes. O'Donoghue's team is an interesting group of characters. A few of the fourteen are his own; others were acquired for the race from other kennels. We get to know each of them well. The love, respect and caring which O'Donoghue shows his dogs is impressive — these critters are far more than just kennel or working dogs to him. He is brutally honest, though, about the hardships they face during the race. Many dogs suffer injuries or illnesses — some relatively minor ones, others less so. In each case, O'Donoghue talks freely about the problem and its solution, whether massaging sore muscles, or dropping the dog from the race and seeking specialised veterinary care.

O'Donoghue takes us along on an exciting ride down the Yukon Quest trail. Although I admit that more than once I felt just the tiniest flicker of a wish to see and experience some of the places he went with his dogs, most of the time I read in absolute amazement that anyone would willingly put themselves through such madness. And with deep gratitude that there are people like O'Donoghue, whose sense of adventure takes them to meet incredible challenges, and who so generously let us accompany them through the pages of their books.

Carol Ridewood is the associate editor of the Howler and a former HELP League director who lives with her husband, Ed Falkowski and eight malamutes in a home owned by two very imperious cats in the wilds of Renfrew County, Ontario.

Reminder...

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An Amazing Opportunity

The Saloon is now receiving its interior finish, 25% of which has been installed! The walls will be 8" wide vertical pine planks, varnished. Each plank will have a small brass plaque, about 1-1/2" by 4", with the donor's name and a suitable inscription. The following sample is what we would expect the plaques to look like:

This plank donated by

Solly Murphy

"In memory of my good dog King (& my wife, Millicent!)"

Each plank and plaque is \$14.00, or 3 for \$40.00. Contact Jim at 705-656-3860 or malamute@sympatico.ca for more details, or simply send your cheque (made out to the Alaskan Malamute HELP League) and the inscription that you would like to: Tallanwood, 790 Clydesdale Road, RR 1, Apsley, Ontario K0L 1A0.

Mamma J

by Sidney Helen Sachs

Mamma J is Justice. Billie Stewart's Justice, now my Justice, and mom to my Summer and Cody, and grandma to my Spirit and Egret. Boss of all she surveys (I digress...). The vet said to put Justice on an exercise program to help keep her weight down. So, last spring we bought a backpack and a harness. She **adores** packing and sledding. Today we completed (puff-puff-puff) our first 10-mile leg towards her Working Pack Dog (WPD) title. We also took Spirit, her granddaughter, who packed right along side her, stride for stride. Mamma J ran our legs off. Poor Spirit's spirit was flagging by the time we stumbled home and Mamma J was **still** in that perfect show trot. But they both did it!

Words of advice to fellow backpackers (or, why didn't I ask about this stuff before?):

1. Tie up the excess straps on the packs with rubber bands so the dogs don't trip over them.
2. If you're going to put the dogs' sledding harnesses on under the packs, understand ahead of time that this means the dogs will pull — even downhill!
3. Warning! Hiking with show dogs, even retired show dogs, means they move a heck of a lot faster than **any** human does at a hiking walk.
4. The packs are gonna slip until the dogs get used to the weight. And if the dogs run around with their noses on the ground, the packs are gonna slip forward. Correct it the first ten times and keep up a good pace and the dogs will keep their heads up and the packs will be fine.
5. Water sloshes.
6. Zip locks sound good for carrying drinking water because the water can mold to the side of the dog. Zip locks leak.
7. Take an extra roll or two of film for when you are fumbling for the camera in your own backpack and accidentally hit the rewind button and can't take any more pictures until you unpack the entire pack and thankfully find another roll in the first aid kit.
8. Don't ask why I carry film in the first aid kit.
9. Make time to nap at the turn-around point. Bring a solar blanket, remove the dog packs, cuddle with the pooches.
10. Drink water from **both** sides of the dog packs, so they stay balanced.
11. Wrap your lunch in at least four layers if it smells good. Two is inadequate.
12. Remember to keep a journal with pictures and copies of the WPD application.



Sidney and Mamma J.

13. Remember to thank everyone who gave you tons of advice and last-minute sanity checks. (Thanks, Charlene L., Duffy, Tami, everyone!)
14. Work up to the weight. We started in the spring and didn't worry about any weight until we could do the ten miles with empty packs.
15. Packing is great for muscle tone. It's heck on your hands if you forget gloves and have the dogs in sledding harnesses and a gangline back to a skijor belt.
16. When the dogs get away from you during a detangle, don't panic, because they will just get tangled a little further up the trail.
17. Deer are **not** lures and mals are not coursing hounds.

18. Early in the morning when the sun is streaming through the trees and the leaves have turned and your breath frosts and the dogs are bouncing — that's wonderful. Later when the sun is out and the jacket is tied around your waist and the dogs are panting and the hill is looking steeper and steeper as you climb — that's when you decide to take the longer, flatter way around next time.

19. When one encounters poachers, shut up and keep going.

20. Carry ID on your person. Make sure the dogs have ID tags on their persons. Make sure they have ID on something that will stay with them when they back out of the harness, peeling the pack off with it and tear off down the trail with only their collars on.

21. Carry extra dry socks — not stored with the leaking zip locks full of water.

22. Speaking of water — when you get dragged through it, stop and change your socks.

23. Did I mention, have extra socks?

24. Have a great time. Remember to grin a lot. Hug your dogs. Thank God you have this time with your dogs out in the wilds.

Sidney Helen Sachs operates Sleddog Rescue, a shelter for Alaskan malamutes and Siberian huskies, in East Tennessee, where she drives a mixed team of mals and Sibes. Sidney is a frequent contributor to the Howler, and we know that as long as she continues to rescue and run dogs, we will continue to enjoy her adventures.

(Continued from page 26)

intended...) the idea in the bud.

Bite inhibition. It's what dog training is all about. It's what temperament training is all about. It's what we all need to teach our dogs. The sooner the better, and it's never too late!

HELP League member Diana Robinson is a regular contributor to the Howler. She has a diverse animal training background and currently does private behaviour consults with problem dogs in the greater Toronto area, and leads puppy and adult training classes in Brampton. She has owned, trained and loved malamutes since 1985.

Frittata a la Malamute

by Kathryn Sheats Hanhy

Ingredients:

3 eggs
5 - 6 medium button mushrooms
2 - 3 green onions, with green stems
3 - 4 oz ground beef (or sausage or turkey)
1 cup fresh spinach, loosely packed
1/2 tsp chopped garlic (jar-packed garlic recommended)
1 tbsp butter (if using turkey, increase to 1 1/2 tbsp butter)
2 oz semi-hard or hard well flavoured cheese (e.g. Cheddar or Provolone)
salt and pepper to taste
2 large Alaskan malamutes, skilled in the art of mooching food

Preparation time: 5 minutes

Cooking time: 7+ minutes, depending on amount of meat

Coarsely chop scallions. Remind malamutes that onions are not good for dogs. Set aside. Wash mushrooms under cool water; contemplate pleading faces of malamutes. Add another mushroom, slice in half, toss to malamutes. Remove stems from all 'shrooms; divide evenly between malamutes. Thinly slice remaining mushrooms. Set aside. Remind malamutes they've already had theirs. Grate cheese. Swoop in to pick up small fallen piece before malamutes can reach it. Measure spinach. Break up ensuing dog fight when a single leaf of spinach falls to the floor. Remind malamutes that they are in kitchen on sufferance, and issue "sit stay" commands.

Using 8" heavy non-stick skillet, melt butter over medium heat and add scallions. Answer phone, politely tell one's parent this is a bad time since lunch is burning. Hang up. Realize it's true; rush to kitchen. Trip over malamutes. Bang side against kitchen cabinet; remark to dogs that **that** will make a lovely bruise! Stir onions, add ground meat and brown thoroughly. Clean up malamute drool while meat cooks. Remind malamutes that raw meat isn't good for them. Ignore the "oh, yeah!" look in their eyes.

Add mushrooms and garlic; cook until mushrooms give up their water. Raise spoon over level of one's head to prevent malamutes from attempting to lick residual garlic, and carry spoon to dishwasher. Scold malamutes; re-issue "sit stay" command. When mushrooms are nearly cooked, turn heat to medium-high and add spinach, stirring constantly until all leaves have been exposed to heat and begin to wilt. NOTE: The spinach must be stirred while one bends down to pick up a second fallen spinach leaf. Tell malamutes, "don't even think about it". Evenly spread spinach leaves around skillet.

Crack two eggs. Listen to small whimper from elder malamute. Sigh disgustedly. Add third egg. Beat lightly. When spinach is nearly wilted, reduce heat to medium-low. Pour eggs into pan. As edges set, use spatula to lift them so uncooked egg runs onto heated pan. Realize malamutes have broken "sit stay". Glare viciously. Silently thank God when dogs resume their seats.

Remove frittata from skillet to large dinner plate; top with grated

cheese. Snarl "Stay!" at dogs before they break "sit", while carrying cheese grater to dishwasher.

Head to dining room, with malamutes in tow. Remind everyone that dining rooms carry the "sit stay" command, too. Taste lunch. Realize salt and pepper are in kitchen. Look at malamutes, look at kitchen. Decide to risk it. Dash for kitchen; slip in dog drool. Bang other side on cabinet. Curse. Return to dining room. Season food. Dodge a malamute snout against the elbow and narrowly avert a full teaspoon of salt landing on frittata.

Eat lunch. Ignore faint whimpering sounds, except to remind malamutes that they'll get some later. When 2/3 of meal is consumed, spread remainder evenly over plate. Hunt and pick out any traces of scallion. Scrape onto fork and eat scallions oneself. Fetch dog bowls; release malamutes from their "sit stays". Dodge dancing dogs. Divide remaining frittata into dog bowls; place on floor. Get out of the way.

Place dishes in dishwasher; fetch paper towels. Clean remaining dog drool off floor. (Realize that all this exertion has made you hungry; prepare to fix a snack.)

Remind oneself that this is a wonderful "distraction" for proofing the "sit stay" exercise.

Think I'm kidding? This was my lunch today. Actually, it's my lunch almost every day. (Recipes vary, but the rest stays the same.)

Kathryn Sheats Hanhy is a graduate of Northwestern University, a professional opera singer, and is currently doing postgraduate work for certification as a paralegal. She lives in Denver CO, and waits hand and foot on Timber and Tundra. She swears that all her goofy stories about the dogs are true. She hopes someday to get her doctorate in animal behavior, in the (probably futile) hopes of understanding her malamutes a little better.

Friends...

Adam's Cats

by Deborah Ann Taylor

Adam went to the kennel where he boards today, so that he could get a bath (no facility at home). He hadn't been there for a number of months, and he generally seems to love the place. Marty and Chris, who run the facility and live at the kennel, are like his auntie and uncle. So, as you can imagine, His Majesty was quite beside himself at seeing his old friends again.

Marty and Chris have a soft spot for homeless felines (they also have a few rescued canines as well). It was funny to see Adam greet his old friends. He ran from cat to cat (about eight of them) and wooed and kissed their face or head or whatever was closest. He kept going from kitty to kitty to kitty, snatching a bite of cat food from the big feeder on the floor as he passed it each time. He would raise up on two legs and plant his front paws on the desk to reach his friends "in high places", then back on all fours again, then down on his belly to crawl under a table and kiss a cat on the floor. All the while wooing and wagging his heart out.

It's good to have friends.

Deborah Ann (Duffy) Taylor lives in Minneapolis, MN where she serves as a pastor in the Evangelical Lutheran Church. Three year old malamute Adam is the light of her life.

Pet Expo

by Holly Levinter

The Pet Expo, held at Toronto from October 22 to 24, 1999, was my introduction to manning (or staffing, as is more politically correct these days) an AMHL booth. It was a wonderful, fun experience.

Roger Wigley, our events coordinator, organized the weekend and set up the booth with help from his better half, Laura, Stan Harris and Jim Thomson. Laura made some wonderful posters for the booth, showing scenes from summer and winter AMHL events. The table was well stocked with educational brochures, pins, copies of the *Howler* and Saloonware available for sale. The organizers made it sooooo easy for the rest of the volunteers to participate — all we had to do was be there.

Jim brought his malamute Rowdy, who is absolutely gorgeous and Roger brought huskies Suluk and Nayak. (Ed's note: Roger's huskies are also gorgeous!) Mark Clements also spent some time with us, with Dakota, who he had adopted from the AMHL just a few weeks earlier. At a year and a half of age, Dakota is the most laid back dog I have ever met. He just sat around looking beautiful, occasionally hugging Mark in the most adorable manner. Of course, having the dogs at the booth entices people to stop and admire them, giving us an opportunity to educate the public about malamutes and rescue.

George, Keeno and I got there on Friday. At first we left Keeno in the car, because we thought that the crowds and noise might upset her. We did bring her in for a while later on. It was then that she performed her last official duty for the AMHL, by graphically showing the public what malamute vocalization is all about. Talk she did — non-stop — so we took her back to the car after a while.



Above, the CKC got their money's worth out of our crew... Mals and Sibes! Cindy Bubar up on stage with the Wigley's Nayak.

Left, Roger and Laura in the booth they put together. The photos are all of AMHL events/participants.



Above, Cathy Bubar and former rescue Csar receive the adoration of many children.

Your dog must be "bomb-proof" to work a booth — huge crowds, children of all ages, many sudden movements and loud noises...

Left, Mark Clement and former rescue Dakota.

Right, Barry Hooper and Avalanche attract a crowd of admirers.



Right, Andy Jordan and Mik Maq strut their stuff up on stage.

Left, Barry and Avalanche show off her backpacks and discuss the need for exercise.

Our booth staff and dogs provided a full education about northern breeds at this show!



A lot of other rescue groups had booths near ours, and we saw some beautiful animals. Rottweiler rescue was next to us, and they had the sweetest old dog on display. There wasn't much action at first, so I buzzed around looking at some of the other booths. I think ours was the best overall!

During the day we talked with all and sundry about malamutes and the AMHL. We handed out many of our brochures and sold some calendars and memberships.

As part of the show, the Canadian Kennel Club had a stage where they described and exhibited different dog breeds. They

asked Mark to show Dakota and he asked me to do the honours, so I took Dakota up on stage where he showed everyone how great a mal can be.

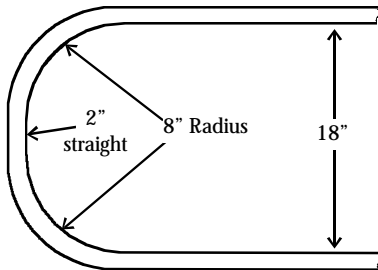
Over the weekend, the booth was staffed by Brian and

(Continued on page 36)

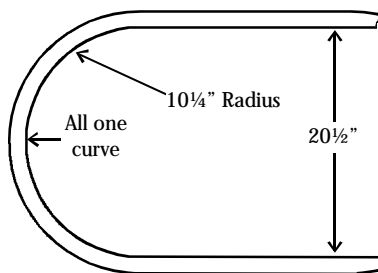
into the top of the runners. (While doing this temporarily connect

S - 6

A: Driving Bow Layout — inside dimensions



B: Brush Bow Layout — inside dimensions



Note: When installing, draw ends in 1/2" each side to meet middle stanchion.

the rear vertical to the driving bow with tape or cord.)

4. Assemble the mid frame — two verticals and one horizontal — and connect it to the runners. (While doing this

frame, and finally screwed to the top of the lowest horizontal on the rear vertical frame.

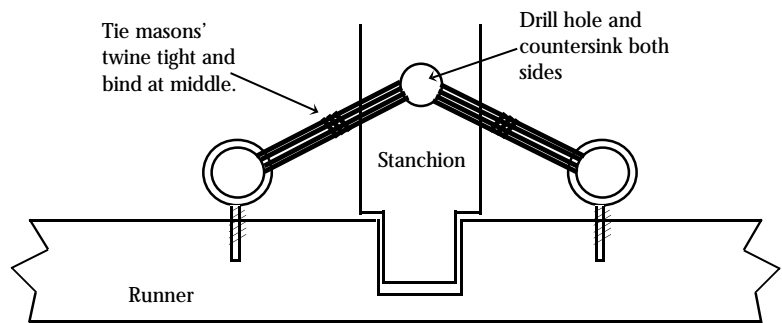
8. Install the brush bow, which is lashed to the front end of the runners through the same holes as the front cross piece, and is lashed to the mid vertical just below the horizontal in the mid frame.

9. Now is the time to give the entire sled two good coats of marine spar varnish with an extra coat on all lashings. Use a small brush to flow coat the varnish into all lashings where they go through the drilled holes in the wood parts.

10. Install the UHMW plastic on the runners; stagger the screws and countersink them 1/16" below the surface of the runners.

11. Obtain and install a brake; the aluminium brakes with two carbide tips are great — the wooden brake with a steel claw will do to start, but why bother — you will only end up upgrading to the aluminium and carbide brake anyway.

S- 7: Connection detail at bottom of vertical stanchions



make sure you brace the frame to keep it vertical.)

5. Assemble the front cross and the side top rails to the runners by lashing with masons' line. Soak the side top rails for 3 or 4 days first and install them wet, as you will have to bend them a bit to fit in the next step.

6. Connect the top side rails to the mid vertical and to the driving bow and rear vertical in two places (see sketch S - 5).

7. Install the seat slats; these are first lashed to the front cross piece, then screwed to the top of the horizontal in the mid vertical

12. Add a gangline, a snow hook and a few ballistic northern dogs and **OFF YOU GO!**

Jim Thomson is the President of the HELP League, as well as being a mostly-retired, barely Civil Engineer. He lives in the woods north of Apsley with his wife, Molly Moldovan, and 14 northern dogs.

(Continued from page 35)

Cathy Bubar with Csar, Andy and Diane Jordan with Mik Maq, Dale and Cindy Bubar, Barry and Debbie Hooper with Avalanche, and Penny Carlson and Gail Dingman (friends of Barry's and Debbie's). They all deserve a huge vote of thanks for their time and effort, especially the dogs, who were the stars of the show.

The HELP League can't operate booths like this without volunteers who come to talk with people about malamutes and rescue. George and I were thrilled to be able to help at Pet Expo, and hope to attend as many other exhibitions as possible.

Holly Levinter lives with her husband, George, in Hawkestone, Ontario, where they share their home with rescued senior mal Bigby, who is doing his very best to make the space left in their hearts after Keeno's death just a little bit smaller.

Tenth Anniversary Peek At The Past

Hard to believe, but this year the HELP League will be celebrating it's first ten years, with special events at the Pac'N'Pull in October. Diana Robinson has volunteered to put together a slide show, taking us for one of those good old trips down memory lane; revisiting events from our first ten years and, above all, as many as possible of the dogs who have been helped by AMHL. So, dig out your old photo albums, or all those boxes of slides and envelopes of photos stuck in a drawer somewhere, and send your favourites to Diana. Photos of people and events are important, but she's really hoping to get lots and lots of photos of our canine alumni. Put a label on the back of each photo, with your name, address, phone number and a brief description. All photos will be returned to the owners. Mail them to: Diana Robinson, R.R. #1, 14912 Heartlake Road, Inglewood, Ontario L0N 1K0. Deadline for receipt of photos is June 1, 2000. For more information, you can call Diana at 905-838-2929, or e-mail dogvideos@yahoo.com.

New Year's Eve At The Malamute Saloon!

Photos by Laura Wigley and Diana Robinson



Left, Roger Wigley soaks up heat from the woodstove... Poor Roger had the same dreadful cold that kept so many of us home...



Right, Sheridan Price and Kelly Johnson mug for the camera.



Left, Diana Robinson and Kelly Johnson do some catching up, while at right, Sue Davis chats with Gary Lengyl.



Below, Diana Robinson's Foxy: "Happy New Year, everyone... It was warm and cushy in here last night... Heyyy... Where is everyone???"



Below, Sheridan rescues Kelly's Phoenix from the attentions of a rambunctious puppy.

Below right, Jim Davis nails Mark Sturtz with "streamer-in-a-can" while Peg Ash-Sturtz takes aim.



Letters...

Dear Molly:

I have been a member of the HELP League for a few years now, but have been a malamute owner since age eight. I love reading the *Howler* with all the lovely articles, stories and events. I had the pleasure of meeting Dave Hardie last summer when we rented his cottage. Our two mals, Kiche (mother) and Runty (son), just loved the place.

On July 14, 1999, we had a son — Deker. We were somewhat concerned about the jealousy he might cause in our house. You know how demanding mals are for attention... Well, thankfully, with proper introduction, the two of them love Deker and seem to have become quite attached to him. Kiche, our six year old female, is only mildly interested in Deker, until he needs my attention. Then she becomes very demanding for my full attention, laying at (or on) my feet for long periods of time. Runty, Kiche's two year old son, is nicknamed "the Monkey Man" — I'm sure I don't have to explain that. He is very interested in **everything**. He **must** poke, lick (kiss) and know where Deker is at all times. He checks on him every fifteen



minutes or so when he is sleeping just to make sure all is well. He has become more mischievous than usual — often stealing Deker's clothes/slippers/blanket if something is left on the floor. Since Deker was born, we have kept the mals pretty much involved in what is going on to eliminate jealousy and potential problems. Runty continues to kiss Deker as soon as he comes in from the yard, just so he can make sure he is part of what is going on. I managed to get a good photo of this humorous daily occurrence, and hope everyone enjoys it. Runty and Deker are nose to nose and Deker (who is six weeks old in the photo) is very alert, looking right at Runty expecting that tongue to lick-kiss his complete face (as he knows it will!).

Stephanie Kennedy

It's always a challenge to introduce a new baby to your dogs, and we're absolutely delighted to hear that things are going so well with Deker, Kiche and Runty. For some detailed, practical advice about introducing the baby to dog(s), readers can turn to Catherine Harrison's article on Page 5.

Dear Molly:

As many of you know, George, Keeno and I adopted Blizzard from the HELP League when he was twelve years old. Although he only lived for a month after coming to live with us, he was a wonderful companion and a very happy dog for that time.

We met Bigby, another senior mal in rescue, when we attended the agility clinic and Pac'N'Pull. We would have taken him on the spot had it not been for our concern that Keeno might not only make his life miserable, but also try to harm him when he came onto her turf. Although she had been fine with Blizzard when we introduced her to him at rescue, she certainly was discomfited when she realized he was staying at her home for good. Her reaction was "over my or his dead body" and "not in my house". So, we decided that there would only be one alpha dog in our house at a time.

Keeno's death was a dreadful experience for us, but it became a blessing for Bigby. We also suspected that adopting another dog who needed a lot of care might be good therapy for us. Originally, we also planned to adopt Bigby's pal, Sheehan, but we learned that Diana Robinson was planning to adopt him, and knew that he couldn't go to a better home.

It took us a while to decide when to bring Bigby home because we couldn't bear the thought of any other dog using Keeno's dishes, blanket, carpets and leashes. But we also realized that Bigby needed a home before it became too cold. So, despite our misgivings and sorrow, we made plans to pick him up fairly soon.

We replaced Keeno's carpets with new ones and tried to make the house as clean and fresh for Bigby as we could.

On November 7th, we set out to pick him up. We had a lovely visit with Jill and Dave, and then went to get Bigby. He seemed happy to see us again and after a short walk to let him say goodbye to his surroundings, he hopped happily into the van. Jill had formed a special bond with Bigby and though she was happy to see him to go a good home, there were tears in her eyes as we started the van and she said to him, "Don't look back. You're going to be very happy."

Over the past weeks, Bigby has settled into his new routine very happily. He is our fourth rescue dog, and I certainly recommend a rescue dog to anyone thinking about adopting a new pet. Dogs of every age and temperament are at the HELP League, waiting for new homes. The older dogs can be wonderful, loving companions, while the younger ones are full of energy and affection. Dave has a file on every dog, and gives you every piece of information (positive and negative) that he has about them, along with a thorough temperament evaluation. We are living proof that adopting rescued dogs works, even with elderly dogs. We have been thrilled with **all** of our dogs!

We loved Bigby from the start, and hope he will grow to love us too.

Stay tuned for more about our experiences with our new senior.

Holly Levinter

ADOPT A FOSTER-DOG!

"Special-needs" dogs can be "foster-owned" by rescue supporters...

Cheemo is a twelve-year old male who was brought into rescue due to his owner's terminal illness. This dog does not have an easygoing personality, and although he is in good health, his age is definitely working against him. It is obvious that he still misses his previous owner and lifestyle.

It is most probable that he will remain with us for the rest of his life.

Cheemo is one of several rescue dogs who are difficult to place due to age or circumstance. Their lives are greatly enhanced by the help that we receive from their foster-owners.



A COMMITMENT OF ANY SIZE AND LENGTH WILL MAKE A DIFFERENCE!

I would like to join the "foster-dog" program. I am prepared to contribute \$_____ per month for a period of _____ months.

I have enclosed _____ cheques in the amount of \$_____ each.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postal code: _____

Phone: _____

Please make cheques payable to :

The Alaskan Malamute HELP League

Tallanwood, 790 Clydesdale Rd., RR 1

Apsley, Ontario K0L 1A0

705/656-3860

malamute@sympatico.ca

<http://www.accel.net/accel/malamuterescue>

BECOME A MEMBER!

Support rescue with an annual membership.

INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP: \$20.00 per year.

Includes: Membership card and newsletter.

FAMILY MEMBERSHIP: \$30.00 per year.

Includes: Membership cards and newsletter.

INTERNATIONAL MEMBERSHIP: \$30.00 U.S./year.

Includes: Membership card and newsletter.

SUPPORTER-MEMBER: \$50.00 per year.

Includes: Membership card, newsletter, and Certificate of Membership.

PATRON: \$100.00 per year.

Includes: Membership card, quarterly newsletter, framed Certificate of Membership in colour & lapel pin.

CORPORATE PATRON: \$250.00 per year.

Includes: All of the above, plus Corporate name and logo displayed at all rescue events.

LIFE MEMBER: \$1,000.00 total.

All of the above plus a pewter lapel pin.

LIFE BENEFACTOR: \$5,000.00 total.

All of the above plus a pewter lapel pin and an annual gourmet banquet.

I wish to support The Alaskan Malamute HELP League by becoming a member.

☐ Individual ☐ Family ☐ Supporter

☐ Patron ☐ Corporate Patron ☐ International

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postal Code: _____

Phone: _____

E-mail: _____

No. of dogs in my household/kennel: _____

Enclosed is my cheque in the amount of \$_____

Please make cheques payable to:

The Alaskan Malamute HELP League

Tallanwood, 790 Clydesdale Rd., RR 1