An American Gentleman, the “Boston Terrier”

Cover story on pg. 8

Winning the War....
Symbiotic Relationships
Humane Societies, Good or Bad?
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On the cover our feature breed, The Boston Terrier. Check out the article on pg. 8
To Mr. Hughes,
WE ARE NOT ALL THE SAME! I am an animal welfare advocate and the director of Forgotten K9s Inc. in Georgia. I enjoy reading your magazine and find the articles informative and interesting. I have worked with many breeders in Missouri and find that most of them are down to earth, hard-working individuals. I have helped many of them to place hundreds of dogs that are no longer suitable for their breeding programs. We treat each other with respect and many have become my friends. The breeders are the ones that I call when I have a health concern and the vet is not open. They are knowledgeable, friendly and willing to help. Many of them have even invited me into their homes. They laugh at me for not eating their hamburger, but are happy to offer me a biscuit and some beans. I go to great lengths to protect them, including putting health certificates in my name so that they cannot be traced back to the breeders when the dogs are transferred to ‘other groups’. Many of these groups try to ruin the breeder’s lives by slandering them over the internet and even harassing their families. Heck, they even accuse me of running a ‘puppy mill’ rescue and of being ‘in bed with the breeders’, simply because I will not release the names of the breeders that the dogs come from.

In my opinion, many have control issues and lose sight of what the ‘rehoming’ process is all about, the dogs! Most of the breeders treat me better than the rescues. Breeders should not feel alone. Many “rescuers” attack their own kind. Just look at what they said about me on a Craigslist post after an adoption event. They are just mean! I will email them too. My only hope is that someday we can just agree to disagree on certain issues, but still get along enough so that the breeders can run their business and have someone to turn to when a dog needs help, or is not suitable for their breeding program. Breeders should be able to do this without being in fear of slander. We, as rescue groups, slam them for putting their dogs to sleep, yet look at all of the letters that you people send to Mr. Hughes about this magazine. You rant like a bunch of bipolar crazies! Let’s just get back to the welfare of the dogs, rescuers! This is what we got into this for! You slam these breeders, yet you want their purebred dogs. Then you turn around and plaster their names and sometimes locations on the internet, just to make a buck. You, Mr. Hughes sir, need to please STOP putting all of us into the same category. I am an animal welfare advocate, NOT an Animal Rights advocate! I still believe in a free America where we all have a choice.

Thank you, Cynthia Johnson *Forgotten K9s*

To the Kennel Spotlight,
Thank you so much for the Kennel Spotlight. We read and re-read this many times. We raise about 150 dogs and it teaches our children a responsibility at a young age. Our main goal is to stay ahead of the animal activists and the humane society. We do not have internet or TV, so we don’t find out about all the bills being passed but would like to at least know what is going on in New York state so we can help keep these regulations from becoming law and making it impossible to raise dogs in our country.

Thanks, Lyndell

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‘ANNIVERSARY’

A letter from our Editor in Chief, Jim Hughes, to all of our readers,

The Kennel Spotlight is starting into our fifth year of publication with this issue. We have been extremely successful in our acceptance by our readers. Our egos and our hat size have increased every year since we started this publication. The magazine you now hold in your hand is of the finest quality as can be found anywhere in the world. The editorial content has been very well accepted and the articles from contributing authors are always right on the point. In short, for a ‘wanna-be’ magazine editor with absolutely no journalism education or experience, I am very pleased with what you are now receiving. I hope you are too!

We love our advertisers very much, as they are the ones that make us able to furnish you this valuable information publication FREE of charge. These companies want to give you something in return for the business that you’ve given them. They are interested in your future and are willing to invest their advertising dollars to bring you this magazine. Please use these companies when you do any kennel business.

We had originally promised you 12 issues and 80 pages per issue after the first year. In order to keep this promise, we must have a commitment from at least 6 national companies to support us for these 12 issues. The biggest companies are the national dog food companies, the pharmaceutical and the grooming supply companies. You, the readers of this magazine, feed 2 million dollars in dog food every day of the year! I have not calculated the amount of veterinarian products or grooming supplies you use but you know what percentage you use compared to your dog food bill and know that it is a substantial amount.

Sure, we have supply companies that advertise their company and the products they sell because they are interested in your future, and in doing so, they are insuring their own future. However, I must wonder why the major companies just take you for granted and I wonder why you would support companies that do not care about your future?

Some of our advertisers feel that they want you to receive this magazine as a special gift from them. Call it a love offering. Southwest Auction makes some money by doing your auctions, but the magazine is their gift to you in appreciation for your business. I made my money at DO-BO-TRI Kennels before I retired. I am doing this magazine as my way of giving back to the industry that has been so good to me. The magazine stays in the black, but barely. If we lose an advertiser, we feel disaster has struck, but miraculously, a new one appears and we keep going. Believe me, after 4 years and all of Kathy’s hard work trying to sell ads, Bob and I do not make a dime. That is not the way we planned it, but that is the way it has worked out.

Can you help? The most direct way would be to buy a subscription, but we want you to have this magazine even if you don’t. We will not cancel you out. Another way is to promote this magazine to the people you buy your supplies from. If you buy a national brand of dog food from your local feed store, we do not expect that small feed store to advertise in a national magazine. But you can tell them that you will not buy that brand of dog food or vaccine or clipper head again until you see their advertisement in The Kennel Spotlight. Then switch to a brand or company that does advertise with us. Be vocal and militant about it. Make sure they get the message!

Another way is to use our Classified Ads when you need to buy or sell something. Take a look at Dog World magazine. They have ten to twenty times the amount of classified advertising that we do. Why? I have been told that you do not use the classified for fear of attracting attention from the AR’s. Folk’s, they know exactly where you are!

We also need more letters to the Editor and multi-page articles to publish. If you have something to say, get it off your chest. When we meet you at a breeder seminar, you always tell us of some problem you want us to look into. I am just an amateur journalist, I am sure you could write the article just as good or even better than I. So do it. We will most likely publish it. You can then brag to your friends at church that your name is in a national magazine.

Love you all, Jim Hughes

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THE BOSTON TERRIER....

The Boston Terrier did not arrive on the shores of the United States by boat. It didn’t arrive by air or any other means of transportation. In short, it was bred here in the U.S. and soon became one of the most popular breeds of all times. The question is often asked, “How did the Boston Terrier originate?” This breed, often referred to as the ‘American gentleman’ among dogs, is a true American creation. The Boston is a result of a cross between an English Bulldog and a white English Terrier.

Around the year 1870, a gentleman by the name of William O’Brien of Boston, Massachusetts, sold an imported dog named “Judge” to Robert C. Hooper, also of Boston. This particular dog became commonly known as “Hooper’s Judge” and became the ancestor of almost all true modern Boston Terriers. He was mated to a white female owned by Edward Burnett named “Gyp” or “Kate”. From that mating, descended a dog named “Wells’ Eph” who was then bred to a female “Tobin’s Kate”. The Boston Terrier as a breed, evolved from these dogs.

By 1889, the breed had become sufficiently popular in Boston and the fanciers formed the American Bull Terrier Club, but this proposed name for the breed was not well received by the Bull Terrier Fanciers; the breed’s nickname, “roundheads”, was similarly inappropriate. Soon after, James Watson, (a noted writer and authority), suggested to the club to change the name to the Boston Terrier Club and by 1893, it was admitted to membership in the American Kennel Club, thus making it the first US breed to be recognized. It is one of a small number of breeds to have originated in the United States. Over the years, there has been much progress in the development and refining of the Boston Terrier. This compact, well proportioned dog is considered to be very lively and highly intelligent. Their kind and gentle disposition have made them a favorite companion or house pet, and they often prefer the company of humans rather than other dogs. The Boston is not usually a fighter, like his Bull Terrier ancestors, but he is definitely able to take care of himself.

The Boston Terrier can have some health issues as with most breeds. Being a Brachycephalic breed; (‘brachy’ from the Greek roots meaning ‘short’ and ‘cephalic’ meaning ‘head’), the Boston is prone to snoring and a ‘reverse sneeze’; which is a rapid and forced inhalation through the nose, accompanied by snorting or gagging sounds used to clear the palate of mucus. It does not the harm the dog but makes a terrible sound which can often frighten some owners. A sensitive digestive system is also typical of the Boston Terrier. (I can attest to this, my Boston, ‘Punky’, has a long history of throwing up in the house at the drop of a hat; thus we sometimes call her, ‘Punky-Pukis’!) From my personal experience of having ‘Punky’, I can tell you she is very loyal and extremely intelligent. She loves everybody but has her personal favorites and she has an over-whelming sense of time and schedule for things. I do not know if all Bostons are this way, but Punky knows when someone in the household should be home and when bedtime is—it is really amazing! She is also a dog biscuit addict and has an ice cube fetish—she will eat ice until she is shaking with the cold. Punky has taught me a lot about the characteristics of a Boston Terrier, and even though I have always had a particular fondness for large breeds, I would recommend a Boston to anyone looking for a friendly, fun-loving companion to compliment their family! By Kathy Bettes & featuring my Boston, “Punky”!

A person who has never owned a dog has missed a wonderful part of life. Bob Barker
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**HUMANE SOCIETIES....
GOOD OR BAD?**

By Jim Hughes

If you had it in your power to destroy the entire Humane Movement in the United States, would you do it? If you received a Presidential appointment as the Humane Movement Czar of the country, what would you do to help the animals that you’ve been appointed to oversee? Would you allow the existing non-compliant, below standard, unscrupulous breeders to continue to exist and produce puppies, or pigs, or chickens? Can we live in our own little world, oblivious to animal suffering? How should we differentiate between essential suffering and non-essential suffering? As Czar, would you put a stop to cosmetic companies using animals to test their products on? Would you put a stop to medical research? How about horse racing, or rodeos, or factory farming? What would you do to bring some sense into this picture?

Well, be careful when you read this. Sit down, put down that hot coffee, open your mind and let out the evil thoughts that you have formulated over years of abuse from the current crop of self-appointed, rightfully opinionated, know-nothing, money grubbing idiots that are now leading these misguided do-gooders. These misguided do-gooders have been subjected to many years of brainwashing from those who have come to realize that being at the forefront of these humane organizations is a very profitable position to be in. Well, I am going to say it!! In fact, I am going to put it in print!!!

**THE LOCAL HUMANE SOCIETIES AIN’T ALL BAD!!!!**

These people who operate and work in these local shelters have a big heart. They cry real tears when they feel they have rescued an abused animal. The problem is their take on abuse. What defines abuse? When does common sense tell us that some abuse, even our definition of abuse, is necessary for the good of all mankind? We need medical experiments to help cure the diseases that ravage mankind. But do we need to blind 100 rabbits to make sure our wives’ mascara is safe? We need factory farming to keep our food prices affordable, but do we need to subject our chickens and pigs to living spaces that allow just inches of room to move about in for all of their lives? The Animal Rights people need to realize that the Timber Wolf came from the same ancestors as little Fluffy, your Toy Poodle. We have domesticated the canine until we have overridden his natural, bred in, abilities and desires. Today, your poodle wants to lick you to death while the wolf will be delighted to chew you to death. CANINES ARE NATURAL PREDATORS!! They eat other animals.

Every time your pet gets the opportunity to run in a pack with the neighborhood dogs, he will go to enjoy the company of his own kind. And many times these playful romps end up with the death of an unlucky cat, chicken, other dog or maybe a child. The natural primeval instinct of the canine is not to sit on your lap, he is not at all unhappy to not be petted and played with all day. If he is still a Timber Wolf, you will probably lose that petting hand.

We need local shelters to take in abused animals of all kinds. Go to any shelter in the country and you will see that 99 percent of the animals they care for are dogs and cats. Could any employer in the country get away with this kind of prejudice? I will acknowledge that we have people who are either too stupid or too mean to be allowed to care for any living thing that can feel pain and suffering. We need Animal Control to pick up unwanted animals from our city streets. We need local shelters to care for injured, sick or abused animals, but we need these people educated properly to rightly define what actually constitutes abuse. In reality, what we have is a bunch of bleeding hearts, being brain-washed from highly paid professional mind twisters at PETA and HSUS, who are in turn, spreading these vicious attitudes to their shelter volunteers.

We are our own worst enemies. We have allowed this miscarriage of false information to be spread into our newsrooms and our legislative bodies for over forty years. We have never been willing to spend the money on public relations to combat these false impressions. We look for loopholes to avoid being licensed. We are angry with the thought of being inspected. Our registries need to inspect our kennels, not the government. If we had self-policing ourselves back in the late 60’s, the federal government would not have felt the need to license us later. Now the states feel the need to license us because there are many breeders selling through the internet that want to avoid being inspected. Almost every call I get from a breeder informing me that they have been raided has come from an unlicensed breeder. If I get the opportunity to see some of these kennels when I am asked, “What should I do to get ready to get a license?”, I reply, “Do you know a good bulldozer operator?” Before internet, most puppies were sold through brokers, which necessitated the need for a license and therefore inspections, and we did not have all this pressure from the HSUS. We will not collectively clean up our industry, so it is going to be forced upon us. We are winning some of our battles, but this war is being waged by a group of fanatics who aren’t going to go away. We must learn to compromise with them, re-educate their false assumptions, and willingly accept government oversight in order to survive. We must accept our responsibilities to properly care for our animal wards.

Do our animals care if we paint the kennels? No, but your legislators do. Do our animals really care if
they get 24 hour attention from us as long as their basic needs of food, water, shelter, and veterinary care are met? No, unless we brainwash them into thinking that they need our ‘round the clock’ attention. Does a 15-20 pound Raccoon that has been injured, lying alongside the road need our help? You bet! Are you going to give it to him? Not me, you think I’m crazy? That’s when I call the Humane Society! I let professional people with professional equipment care for that Raccoon. And if we are a breeder, that because of illness or other personal tragedy, we need help for our animals, we should be able to call the H.S. for help without the fear of losing our animals.

There are good people that work on a volunteer basis in our local animal shelters and all they want to do is help the unfortunate. If their minds had not been so poisoned by the professional impression twisters against anyone who even thinks about breeding a dog, we could all work together to make a better world for all animals. The 150 million dollars that goes to the HSUS and the 27 million dollars that goes to PETA could be given to the local shelters. The money we have to spend to defend ourselves against these Humaniac minds and their kooky ideas could go to help local shelters. We could work together......
SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIPS
By Glenn Knox – USABreeders.com

This is an open letter to rescue operations out there, and the customers they cater to. Shhhh... I am about to “out” a very closeted and tightly kept secret...

Rescues make money by buying animals at breeder auctions, then transporting them (most times ILLEGALLY – and they then have the audacity to claim that in their cases, it’s just not fair that they need “licenses” for what they do) back to their home state(s) where they clean them up (or elaborately tell their customers this), then market them as “Puppy Mill Dogs” (playing on those heart strings as much as possible of course). Once they get back, their message boards and e-mail lists (yeah, I’m on most of them) get flooded with stories like “Oh my Lord, I could not even begin to describe” type of junk. Of course, they are doing their jobs. They are enticing their target customers with tales so horrid, that they will open their pocketbooks and hand them cash. I have attended a LOT of auctions. I have seen some of the best, and worst out there. Never, not once, have I EVER seen or witnessed any of the junk that these people are shoveling out on a daily basis. Of course, they are describing what they think their target audience wants to hear.

Tales of sorrow. Tales of death, horrible conditions, dogs and cats living together, MASS HYSTERIA!!!! This sells rescues. This is what sells gullible people into “fostering” animals on these “rescue” lists. If they were to hear the truth, do you think that cash would be heading their way? HECK NO!! I have had many “off line” discussions with the owner of one rescue in particular who was quite frank in her reasons for doing what she does. “It’s all for the money, honey” is an EXACT quote. She loved the fact that she could get dozens of people to “foster” a dog, then they send her cash for this, and they have a person that actually is taking “care” of the “foster”. Then she sends them “some” money to help pay for the care. Of course, she will bleed this dry until people stop sending cash for a dog, at which time, she sells it to someone for full price. That’s one heck of a business model if you ask me! But, rescues need breeders to survive. It’s how they live, it’s what they live for. This is a symbiotic relationship. Rescues tend to drive prices at auctions higher, hence why auction companies cater to them. However, if the rescue goes home, and then completely trashes the auction company and the breeder where they got the dogs, then suddenly a dangerous line is drawn in the sand.

Rescues, you need to find another way to handle how you “sell” your merchandise to your target customers. Because the breeders, are getting tired of getting trashed by you, and this is going to escalate into something very bad if it continues. In most cases, when an animal sells at auction to rescue, a breeder really didn’t want it anyway, so they let it go. The rescue then, plays an important part in the cycle. They get animals out of the system that don’t need to be there any longer (in most cases). When they get the animals out, they need to respect (a NEW WORD for rescues) the source where they got it. Pull on those heart strings all you want, just keep the facts at least CLOSE to the truth, and trashing the industry should not be an option.

Remember, symbiotic. Without us, you won’t exist either.
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You can’t really ban a word. In fact, an attempt to ban something often backfires, particularly in the United States, where we don’t like people censoring our speech. So I’m not going to tell you not to say “puppy mill”. I’m going to give you some very good reasons for not using that phrase.

I speak to a lot of dog clubs and frequently hear dog breeders supporting so-called “anti-puppy-mill” laws. When I ask these people to define “puppy mill,” invariably the definitions given include:

* People who “over-breed” their dogs;
* People who don’t take care of their dogs;
* People who have too many dogs;
* People who breed dogs “just for money”; and
* People who don’t take health issues into account when breeding their dogs.

Let’s look at these definitions in turn. What is “over-breeding”? In the wild, most canids can only reproduce once a year. Most domestic dogs can have 2 litters a year. When I first became a dog breeder, it was almost a religious belief that no female dog should be bred more than once a year. We were told that it was important to “rest” the uterus between litters. Today, however, thanks to advances in veterinary medicine, we know that a uterus is actually damaged by the elevated progesterone levels that occur in each heat cycle, whether the dog is pregnant or not. Veterinary reproduction specialists recommend that dogs be bred on their second or third heat cycle, that we do more back-to-back breedings, and that we spay the dogs at around age 6. The “over-breeding” argument also treats reproduction as something that female dogs wouldn’t do if they had a choice. Dogs aren’t people - female dogs actually want to be bred when they’re in heat and, with a few exceptions, enjoy raising their puppies. It’s not an unwelcome event for dogs.

People who don’t take care of their dogs are already guilty of a crime in all 50 states. There is nowhere in the United States where it is legal to neglect or abuse dogs. Sadly, a small minority of all dog breeders - commercial, home and hobby - commit neglect and abuse. Some of these do so out of ignorance, some out of laziness, and some out of meanness. All are already breaking the law. It just needs to be enforced.

One of our biggest problems now is that animal radicals insist that every dog be raised like a hothouse flower. One bill proposed this year would have required every kennel to be air conditioned. Many owners of working dogs prefer that their dogs be acclimated to hot weather so that they can work when the temperature goes up. Likewise, sled dogs in the north often sleep outdoors in the snow. Dogs can live and thrive in a wide range of environments. The Arctic Circle, the jungles of Africa, and the deserts of Arabia have all produced breeds of dogs that can live happily in conditions that might not suit all dogs. It is important that we not let activists redefine the needs of dogs to the extent that we are forced to provide a brass bed and a down pillow for every animal in the kennel!

What is “too many” dogs? Most of our breeds were developed by wealthy people who kept large numbers of dogs. Hound breeders traditionally kept good-sized packs, and early show breeders did as well. Now that our sport includes more mainstream people - people with jobs or people who need jobs - it’s hard for many of us to keep large numbers of dogs. There is no inherent link between numbers of dogs and neglect. People who have the resources to keep big kennels provide a service for all of us, particularly if they maintain a good number of useful stud dogs.

Breeding dogs is expensive, and getting more so daily. It’s just plain silly to pretend that none of us needs the money generated by puppy sales and stud services. Without that income, the vast majority of middle class breeders could not afford this sport. When our sport was solely in the hands of rich people, it was the norm to sneer at people in “trade”, and part of that attitude was handed down to us with the culture of our sport. Today, however, the majority of us in the sport are “in trade”, in the sense that we have to work to support ourselves. Our dogs must, at least in part, support themselves or most of us would have to get out of the game.

We have among us a small but vociferous group of people who think that breeders only care about producing great hunting or show dogs, and nothing about health. In fact, I’ve never met a breeder who wasn’t concerned about the health of his dogs and the health of his breed. Most health problems in dogs don’t have simple solutions, so it is only natural that breeders are often going to disagree about how to address health problems. When there’s no right answer to a question, then breeders who follow a different path than you might choose are not necessarily wrong or unconcerned. I know that many believe that commercial breeders don’t care about health, but the
The fact is that their professional organizations provide some of the most sophisticated health seminars in the country for their breeders.

Twenty years ago, animal activists created the phrase “puppy mill”. Back then, it was only applied to commercial breeders, and then only to those who were breaking the law by neglecting their dogs. In a futile attempt to placate activists, many hobby breeders adopted the term “puppy mill” and used it to separate “them” from “us”. It was a mistake then, and it’s rapidly becoming fatal today. Every one of these so-called “anti-puppy-mill bills” has a definition that could easily include breeders of hunting and show dogs. Every time you use that phrase, you’re contributing to the idea that dog breeders need to be regulated out of existence.

The message we need to send to America is that purebred dogs are good, not just because they have pedigrees, but because of their predictability, and that people should shop at least as carefully for a puppy as they do for a car. We don’t need to help the animal radicals spread their message by using their favorite term: puppy mill.

This article originally appeared in the United Kennel Club Publications as well as on the UKC Website.
Vicki Rand, Editor
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The Hidden Dangers of Flies and Ticks In Kennels

Ticks and flies, common hot weather pests found in kennels, are more than just a nuisance to your dogs. They carry many potentially serious diseases that as kennel owners, you work hard to keep out of your kennel. Many kennel owners are unaware that flies or ticks may be the cause of death in puppies; one that is easily overlooked when trying to determine a causal factor.

Superficially, a kennel infested with flies or ticks appears unprofessional and unsanitary to the general public, harming your reputation as a quality breeder. These parasites are more than simply irritating to dogs, they can cause skin disease, eye disease and ear disease. Ultimately, it is worthwhile to devote some time rid- ing your kennel of these parasites.

There are many different species of flies. Some flies bite dogs, some just are downright nuisances. Regardless of what species, flies are a carrier of parvo disease in your kennel. Kennel owners are aware of the potential human transfer of kennel diseases from dog to dog, yet often overlook the real danger presented by flies in disease transfer. Flies transmit disease, transferring microscopic organisms from one dog’s feces to another susceptible dog in very little time. They are also a common cause of a skin condition called fly strike that can be a serious dermatological disease.

Ticks are parasitic blood suckers that are most active in the warmer months. A heavy load can cause puppies to become dangerously anemic lending them susceptible to other diseases. Ticks can consume significant amounts of blood, ultimately leading to death in puppies. They are also common causes of ear disease and skin disease. Ticks can also transmit disease as they feed on the dog. While it’s generally said that it takes a minimum of 24 hours for disease to be transmitted to the dog it can happen sooner.

They carry Ehrlichia, Anaplasmosis, Lyme disease, Babesiosis and Rocky Mountain Spotted fever. These are all serious diseases and becoming more prevalent and better diagnosed. Canine tick-borne disease is documented in all parts of the United States, meaning every kennel owner must become vigilant in protecting your dogs and your kennel from a tick infestation.

As you’ve heard me stress many times, sanitation in your kennel is critical to preventing disease. Sanitation is also key to controlling and preventing a fly or tick infestation. In addition to thoroughly cleaning the kennel with an inexpensive foamer, I recommend aggressive residual insecticide control in the kennel. As with fleas, it is imperative to break the tick’s life cycle for effective control.

Eggs may be laid in kennel floor cracks and crevices, larval and nymphal ticks may conceal themselves in those locations as well as behind light switches or door latches. For proper chemical control of ticks in kennels, pay close attention to these areas. Also treat outdoor kennels and runs and don’t allow weeds or grass to grow along outdoor areas.

Rick Kesler, DVM has been addressing professional dog breeders throughout the Midwest on a variety of kennel health management topics. This article features information about the dangers of flies and ticks in kennels.

Dr. Kesler is a 1985 graduate of Iowa State University School of Veterinary Medicine. He is member of the American Veterinary Medical Association and is licensed to practice in thirteen states. Dr. Kesler’s career has included small animal, equine medicine and surgery both in private practice and as an emergency room veterinarian. Dr. Kesler, staff veterinarian for Lambert Vet Supply, is available to speak at professional breeder seminars. Contact Dr. Kesler at drkesler@lambertvetsupply.com.
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U.S Humane Society on the prowl in Wisconsin.....
By Jim Massey

It’s easy to understand why Wisconsin agricultural leaders don’t trust the Humane Society of the United States. The organization has slowly but surely moved into Wisconsin by holding legislative lobbying days, opening a Madison office and most recently, by being deceptively visible after a Richland County woman was charged with multiple counts of animal neglect.

A report on porkmag.com noted that when a Richland County animal shelter was raided for neglect and abuse, volunteers helping at the scene included folks wearing HSUS logos, implying the organization was financially supporting the volunteer effort. The HSUS likes it when the public ties the group to local animal shelters. The implication is that if you give money to HSUS, some of that money goes to local shelters. Donors feel good about helping homeless and abused animals. But the porkmag.com report says the HSUS is not that kindhearted. The money the organization raises is primarily used for anti-animal lobbying and salaries and benefits for its employees. Very little of the money ends up at animal shelters.

Back in May of this year, Channel 2 Action news in Atlanta aired an investigative story about the HSUS and porkmag.com said the animal rights group “didn’t fare so well when they didn’t control the message or the camera’s direction.” The TV station’s reporter outlined for viewers where the organization’s donations go, explaining that a large percentage of its $120 million in 2007 went to lobbying. The TV station’s Website version of the story, including response from HSUS and readers, was quickly removed without an explanation, prompting some people to speculate that the HSUS somehow convinced the TV station it would be better if the topic was dropped.

One report said HSUS attorneys have kept the story off YouTube and the TV station’s Web site. For those interested in viewing it, the story is available at www.vidoosh.tv/play.php?vid=4360. Wisconsin agricultural leaders sent a letter in March to state legislators, warning them of the anti-livestock farming pressure they might get from the HSUS and other animal rights groups. The HSUS held a lobbying day MarcIh 31 at the state Capitol. “Recently, we have watched as the livestock industry in other states has come under legal and legislative assault by the misinformed and radical agendas of the People for the Ethical Treatment (PETA) and the Humane Society of the United States (HSUS),” the letter from ag leaders said. “Unfortunately, it appears that the battle is now knocking on our door. The Wisconsin livestock industry is about to be attacked, and it needs your support.”

Doug Wolf, a pork producer near Lancaster and VP of the National Pork Producers Council, said it’s fortunate that Wisconsin doesn’t allow ballot initiatives, because that’s how the HSUS and other animal rights groups got their anti-agriculture proposals approved in California, Arizona and other states. But the limitation undoubtedly won’t stop the HSUS from trying to find legislators sympathetic to their causes. Agriculture doesn’t have the legislative clout it once had in Wisconsin, so it’s possible that urban legislators—with their palms greased by HSUS lobbying dollars—even eventually could propose legislation detrimental to Wisconsin agriculture.

The U.S. pork and dairy industries have been among the leading groups at offering positive programs that tell consumers how farmers care for their animals. Farmers often have the best success in their fights against anti-agriculture forces by bringing up science. The animal rights groups know they can’t win science arguments, so they go after consumers’ emotions instead. They try to not let the ‘facts’ get in the way. Events such as dairy breakfasts are a good way for consumers to see how their food is produced. “You will see that our farms only operate successfully when our animals are healthy and cared for in an appropriate manner,” the letter said. Unfortunately, animal rights activists will never be convinced of that fact when their ultimate goal is to persuade consumers not to eat meat. This article was reprinted with permission from The Country Today newspaper of Wisconsin. Jim Massey, Editor
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“Respiratory problems in puppies and dogs are nonexistent at our kennel now…”
Staphylococcus Pyoderma –
Canine Staph Infection

By Trisha Hefley, DVM
The Hunte Corporation

Staphylococcus (staph)

Pyoderma is a bacterial infection of the skin. It is very common in dogs. It is classified by the depth of the infection, etiology (cause), and whether it is a primary or secondary condition. Depth of infection is evaluated as being superficial or deep.

Superficial involves the epidermis and the hair follicles. Deep involves the dermis, deep dermis, or may cause furunculosis (boils). Etiology is the cause, which in this case is the group of bacteria known as *staphylococcus*. Primary pyoderma occurs in otherwise healthy animals without being able to determine the underlying cause and resolves with appropriate antibiotic treatment. Secondary pyoderma occurs due to some other, including allergies (fleas), internal disease, seborrheic conditions, parasitic disease (Demodex), and anatomic positions (skin folds).

*Staphylococcus* pyoderma is usually triggered by an overgrowth or over colonization by either normal flora or transient flora. Normal flora (bacteria found on the skin) includes *staphylococcus*, *streptococcus*, *Micrococcus*, and *Acinetobacter*. Transient flora includes *Bacillus*, *Corynebacterium*, *Escherichia coli*, *Proteus mirabilis*, and *Pseudomonas*. *Staphylococcus intermedius* is the most common. Warm, moist areas tend to have more bacteria and are therefore at a higher risk of infection. On the canine body warm moist areas include lip folds, facial folds, neck fold, axillary areas, between toes, vulvar folds, and tail folds. Pyoderma may become more noticeable on pressure points as the elbows and hocks are prone to infection.

The most common clinical finding is excessive scaling. In cases of superficial pyoderma multifocal areas are involved. These areas often have alopecia, follicular papules and pustules, epidermal collarettes, and serous crusts. These findings are most often seen on the trunk, head, and proximal extremities. In some cases the papules (small pus filled pockets) cause the hair to more easily fall out; resulting in larger areas of alopecia (hair loss). The hallmarks of deep pyoderma are pain, crusting, odor, and exudation of blood and pus. Other signs that may be seen include erythema, swelling, ulcerations, hemorrhagic crusts and bullae, hair loss, and draining tracts. The bridge of the muzzle, chin, elbows, hocks, between toes, and along the lateral stifle are the most common areas involved in deep pyoderma.

Diagnosis of superficial pyoderma is done based on clinical signs. Impression smears can show bacteria, inflammatory cells, and large numbers of exfoliated skin cells. It may also reveal Malassezia, yeast, which will not resolve without antifungal treatment. Other tests that can be done to rule in/out underlying causes are a skin scrape (demodex) and a dermatophyte culture. Recurrent superficial pyoderma requires bacterial culture and sensitivity to determine appropriate antibiotics. Deep pyoderma requires culture and sensitivity to diagnose. An intact pustule is the most reliable location to obtain a sample. Exudates from draining tracts or under crusts may be contaminants.

Pyoderma is treated using appropriate antibiotics. Benzoyl peroxide or chlorhexidine shampoos should be used to remove surface debris. Canines with superficial pyoderma should be bathed 2-3 times per week for the first 2 weeks and then 1-2 times per week until resolved. Deep pyoderma requires daily hydrotherapy. Medicated shampoos should be prediluted 1:2 or 1:4 prior to use to aid lathering, distribution, and rinsing. Topical antibiotics may be useful in cases of focal superficial pyoderma.

Breeders can help prevent staphylococcus pyoderma by routinely (every couple weeks) bathing their dogs, and by providing padded bedding to avoid pressure point pyoderma.

Dr. Hefley is a staff veterinarian at The Hunte Corporation. She can be reached at (800) 829-4155.
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Scott’s Dad
By Rob Hurd

I have been Scott’s dad since 1975. I have also held several other titles in my lifetime. Scott is responsible for my being “involved” in the dog breeding industry. A four year old boy and a poodle puppy by the name of ‘Peaches’ changed my life and my family’s life forever. I submit this story as a tribute to my son, Scott Donald Hurd.

Scott was born on July 9, 1975 in Redwood Falls, Minnesota. At the same time as his Mother was giving birth, this community in southwest Minnesota experienced a ground trembling earthquake. I should have realized then that this child of mine was destined to be special…. He was a special tow headed joy. I was used to being the Dad of two little girls. Boys, especially this little one, are different. He was all boy; and he was like a little man in a boy’s body. Sweet, kind, silly, curious, mischievous, NAUGHTY and loving, all in one little package. I really loved him, don’t misunderstand, I loved his sisters just as much, but he was ………. special…

When Scott was almost 4 years old, I ventured forth into a new adventure and purchased a bankrupt steakhouse and lounge in Howard, SD and moved Scott, his two older sisters and his mother, into a rented house in that community in eastern South Dakota. The business was renovated and I proudly opened our new business, the Stockade Steakhouse and Lounge, on June 4, 1979. A few days before opening, we noticed Scott had a lot of small bruises on his torso and arms and his color was pale. Busy and involved with our “Grand Opening” we finally got him into the local clinic on June 6. A frantic 75 mile trip to the Sioux Valley Hospital in Sioux Falls and a consult with a pediatrician confirmed the local clinic’s concerns. Scott had Leukemia. Some people can go a lifetime without a “defining moment” ever occurring. Let me tell you, upon hearing those dreaded words, ‘Leukemia’, I achieved my “defining moment”. Scott was hospitalized in the pediatric Intensive Care Unit and fought for his life over the next several days. As I think back, those first few days are a blur in my memory, but the emotion and raw pain I felt are still vivid and I still feel it in my soul today. Scott’s condition finally stabilized and a regiment of Chemotherapy treatments began.

Scott was in an isolation unit and his body did not respond to the cancer treatment. As adults, we experience depression, and deal with it, overcome it or learn to “live” with it. Watching your child slowly slip into depression is not an experience that I would wish on my enemies. The kid was in an isolation unit with every nurse, doctor and his own parents in gowns and masks. His body still would not respond in any great degree to the chemotherapy treatments and his depression was literally killing him. His pediatric Oncologist told us to take him home. It was amazing to watch him respond to being at home, in his comfort zone with his sisters and his toys and his “big wheel bike”. He was waking his grandmother up at 3:00 in the morning, demanding Mac and cheese and mashed potatoes with gravy and of course, Grandma was his “love slave”. He certainly was not out of the woods, medically speaking, but he did start to respond to daily out-patient treatments and a regiment of radiation treatments.

Scott decided he wanted a puppy for his birthday. We had a family poodle, Krissy, but he wanted his own “dawg”. As his dad, I would have tried to move mountains for this kid. During this time, we had been “adopted” by Mary Lou and Loren Scott, and bless these wonderful people and their family of nine kids. They were there at every turn to help us, they pitched in and helped with our girls and in the restaurant, mowed the lawn and made meals for home ……True friends, God’s angels as far as I am concerned. I mentioned to Mary Lou that I wanted to find a poodle puppy for Scotty. I did not have much money to spend but I would have gladly robbed a bank if it meant fulfilling this little boy’s wish for a puppy. Mary Lou knew of a local teacher who raised dogs and mentioned my wish to him. He called and said he did not raise poodles but he knew of someone who did. A couple of days later, arrangements were made for him to pick up this little puppy and he delivered it to us. ‘Happy Birthday, Scott’, you are 4 years old today and this is your puppy! Scott was in love, and he named his apricot Toy Poodle “Peaches” cause that was what color he was. A boy and his dog, an American Icon, like Mom, Apple Pie and Chevrolet!

Eight days after Scott’s birthday, Peaches broke with Parvo and died two days later. I watched, helpless, as my little boy’s heart…..broke. Too upset and without funds to replace the puppy, not knowing that we should not bring another puppy into a “parvo” environment anyway, I helped my little boy’s heart mend as best I could. No puppy took his place.

In early December, after months of treatments, radiation therapy, chemotherapy, spinal taps and even a couple of risky experimental drugs, we made the decision to STOP. Our new goal was to make it through Christmas. Goal accomplished! We made the decision to keep Scott at home, comfortable and surrounded by his family. We talked to him about dying, about God, and
about Heaven. One early morning in late January, unable to sleep, I found myself at the kitchen table, and I think at that moment I finally came to accept that my son was going to die. I had not allowed myself to embrace that reality until that moment. Scott too, could not sleep and as if by divine planning, he came out of his bedroom, and discovered me with tears pouring down my face. This little man, this special little boy of mine, crawled up on my lap. “Daddy, you don’t need to cry, I know I am going to die, and I know I am going to heaven just like you told me. You know what Daddy? I’m going to have a job when I get to heaven. I am going to take care of all of the baby puppies that die, just like Peaches.” At that moment, as I realized that this special little boy of mine was comforting me and trying to make me understand that is was ok for him to die, a sort of peaceful feeling came over me.

Scott passed away on February 5, 1980 at 4:00 pm in his home in his mother’s arms, his grandma Hurd at the foot of the bed. I was answering the front door, a bouquet of pink tea roses were being delivered, sent by friends at the very moment that he died, how symbolic is that? It was hard to hold “things” together for a while after Scott died. I was angry, confused, and struggled financially. I thought often of that little puppy and the joy he brought to Scott. I went searching for some answers about where he came from. I discovered a horrible “puppy mill”, a place that defines that nasty term. I made a grieving parent’s promise to my son. Someday I would raise puppies and bring that same joy that Scott had with Peaches to other little boys in this world…and I would try to do the right way!

My wife and I tried to heal our grief by filling the huge void left by Scott’s death, so we had another daughter, but it did not heal my wife’s heart or her soul. I became a survivor, but even I could not help her. Our marriage did not survive our grief. My ex-wife’s life became a living hell and she has never recovered to this day. Eventually got full custody of my three wonderful daughters. I moved back to my home state of Iowa to be near my family to help me raise my daughters. Life as a single parent is difficult. Life as a single Dad of three daughters is interesting to say the least. I knew life would be alright the year that my girls presented me with a wonderful card on Mothers Day. In their eyes, I was Dad and Mom, all in one package.

I moved to the Des Moines, Iowa area and settled into a typical urban lifestyle. A few years passed and I met my wife, my friend and soul mate, LouAnn. She had two beautiful daughters and so we melded into a family of 7. I have always thought of myself as “a dumb Iowa farm boy” so when we searched for a new home and it needed to be in the country. I now shared with LouAnn my dream of raising a “few” puppies and fulfilling my promise to Scott. Thus, we began in 1992, our entrance into the ‘dog world’. A few turned into many and for several years, we operated a commercial kennel in Carlisle, Iowa. We marketed all of the puppies that we raised from our 250 dog kennel through our retail operation, Precious Pets.

I became active in the Iowa Pet Breeders Association and have continued to serve on their board of directors in one capacity or another for the last 12 years. About the time I started raising dogs, the Animal Rights Movement got into full swing in this country. I found myself targeted by local and regional activists on a regular basis. Over the years, they have tried just about everything in their operation’s manual to put us out of business. Perhaps some would say they succeeded. They have cost me tens of thousands of dollars, contributed to the stress in my life resulting in a heart attack and open heart surgery and I now no longer raise dogs or operate a pet store. Along the way, close friends of mine, Joe and Connie Gerst and my wife LouAnn and I started the Iowa Federation of Animal Owners (IaFED). Through IaFED, along with the help of our Lobbyist and Iowa Pet Breeders Association and the financial support of breeders here in Iowa and America’s Pet Registry, we have managed to defeat every piece of negative breeding legislation in Iowa. I have become passionate in fighting organizations like HSUS and the Animal Rescue League that attempt to destroy our right to raise animals in a professional manner.

Early this year, 2009, Marcus and Susan Richmond asked me to come to work for America’s Pet Registry Inc. as a Breeder Field Representative. I have been friends with Marcus and Susan and with Gary and Sheila Garner for several years. I have the highest respect for this family and what they’ve accomplished with the breed registry and what they have done to support the Professional Pet Industry. As if God had answered my prayers, I am able to continue to work with and for people in this industry that I love.

“I am Scott’s dad, and I am so blessed to have known you Scott, and I thank you for pointing me in the direction that I took. I admit I have made many mistakes and I’m sure at times you looked down with disappointment at your dad. I sometimes sent way too many puppies up to heaven for you to take care of, but I never quit trying to be better at taking care of them. I thank you for giving me the opportunity to bring “joy” into the lives of many little boys and their families. I think daily of you and Peaches. You changed my life and in turn the lives of many others.

I miss you Scott, and I love you!” Rob Hurd (LouAnn and I have 5 wonderful nd 5 son-in-laws and 11 grandkids!)
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*Thank you from the Staff of the Kennel Spotlight*

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AN OPEN LETTER TO
RUSH LIMBAUGH
By Jim Hughes

Dear Rush,

I want a divorce. I have been married to the Rush Limbaugh radio show for at least 20 years. You have been one of my hero’s. But you have chosen to sleep with one of my worst enemies, The Humane Society of the United States.

I have many ‘heroes’ and I have a reputation of staying their friend through many trying times. I am considered loyal to my friends. My number one hero is the Savior, Jesus Christ. He has never let me down. George Washington would be another, the Father of our country. In my lifetime, my number one hero is Ronald Reagan, but there are others, such as Margaret Thatcher, who stood by her friend in his attempt to end the cold war. Also Mikhail Gorbachev, for his insight in backing away from the confrontation we were surely heading for in this cold war, or maybe Anwar Sadat of Egypt for diffusing the Israeli situation that could have led to an armed conflict.

Of course, General Douglas MacArthur and General Dwight Eisenhower in their war efforts to keep this country free will always be high on my list. But I also have symbolic heroes such as John Wayne for creating a character that symbolizes what America stands for. John never took any crap from anybody. Mess with John and you land on your butt.

Well, I always thought that I could depend on Rush Limbaugh to also protect what was right and decent for the common man in America. Mess with the little guy and here comes Rush, riding his big horse right between John Wayne and Hopalong Cassidy to protect the rights of that little guy. Well Rush, you fell off my pedestal. Now I want a D-I-V-O-R-C-E, you know, like Tammy Wynette sings about. But then, I don’t need to ask, all I need to do is change the radio dial. I need to sweep up the mess your busted pedestal and statue made and then I will replace you with Sean Hannity, Neal Boortz, Glenn Beck, Micheal Savage and Bill O’Rielly.

I do not feel that I can trust your judgment and advice any longer. If you are that easily hoodwinked by the spin doctors at HSUS that you would cut a video promoting them, then you either failed to investigate the whole story or you were blinded by the enormous amount of money they probably offered you. Of course nobody in my profession would ever want to harm your cat or mistreat it in any way, but we do want to be free to produce you another kitten whenever the laws of nature take your beloved cat away from you.

I am especially disappointed in you, because you are a child of the Mississippi Delta. You should know what good people the farm population of America is. These people work from sun up to sun down six days per week plus taking care of their livestock on Sunday. Somehow Congress has decided that a farmer is only worth 70 percent of parity, so he must try to raise something to offset his low income. The butter and egg money has pretty much disappeared from the farm family income, thanks to government interference and the USDA inspection process.

Now comes the Humane Society of the United States, hell bent on taking our right to make a living as we see fit away from us by claiming that we all abuse our dogs. They are using public figures, such as you, to deliver a false message to America’s general public. Almost all of us have a farm background and an animal interest and adequate animal production knowledge. We know what we are doing and we love doing it. Most of us are licensed by the federal government and many of us by our state governments. In addition, some of our registries also do inspections and offer advice on improving ‘out of compliance’ facilities. We are inspected more than orphanages and nursing homes. So, my question to you is what makes an Animal Rights fanatic, raised in the city with no experience in large scale animal operations an expert in what constitutes “ANIMAL ABUSE”.

So now I would like to know just how much of that $152 million dollar HSUS budget did you get for agreeing to sell my industry down the road? And did you really need that extra income that you are willing to trade thousands of people’s chosen way to make a living or to add income to the family budget? Do you realize that the Animal Rights movement intends to put a stop to all live animal production in the United States? Do you realize that HSUS condones the stealing of breeder’s personal property by convincing Animal Control agencies to raid and remove thousands of dollars worth of breeding stock from their rightful owners? This is done in the guise of protecting the dogs from animal abuse, as interpreted by the AR’s, but in reality, the dogs are sold to the public for hundreds of dollars each, thereby swelling the HS treasury at 100% profit. A pretty good deal if you can get it, and they DO get it!

Please do not regard this letter as a disgruntled breeder barking up a tree. I have been in this business for 50 years, as a high volume breeder, a broker, a retail pet shop owner and now a magazine editor publishing The Kennel Spotlight. Our magazine circulates nationwide to every high volume breeder in the country. We are part of the pet industry, a 41 billion dollar industry that the Humane Society is trying to shut down at a time when the economy of the world is heading into the worst of all times. And you, Rush, are now helping to drive this campaign!! Why would you do this???

This month, The Kennel Spotlight is calling for a boycott of the Rush Limbaugh show.

Very disappointed in you, Jim Hughes, Editor
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Animal Activists are attacking everywhere!
More breeders going out of business! Reduced attendance at breeders’ conferences! Reduced membership in breeders’ organizations! Animal activists’ propaganda all over the news! More “puppy mill” dogs, cats and horses than ever before are being stolen by animal activists! Pet sale revenues down across the nation! And add to these “headlines” all the lies that are being told by animal activists and the future of the pet industry definitely looks bleak. These problems in the pet industry do not explain why there has been a growing desire for pets by the American public. To meet this growing need the sale of pet foods has skyrocketed along with the profits of those of the grain and feed companies producing them. Companies supplying all sorts of pet products have come into the market providing everything from designer bedding and collars to specialized nutritional supplements, shampoos & toys. The pet grooming business is booming with puppy spas and day cares popping up in all of the metropolitan areas of our nation. These facts prove that Americans love their pets and will do “almost” anything to make them happy.

So why the bleak look for the industry when American’s love pets? This fact has not been lost on animal activist groups and individuals in the USA. It was only the next step for animal activists, under the guise of “animal welfare” to want to cash in on pet industry revenues. In an effort to expand their own ideology of “animal freedom at the expense of humans”, animal activists hit upon the idea of blaming the pet breeder for all the problems of the industry. Animal activists have used the unethical and often criminal behavior of a comparatively few people to gain “sympathy” from the American public. This propaganda has helped to further their own self-righteous goals for money and control.

Up until now law abiding and ethical pet breeders have gone about their business caring for their animals and making sales through a variety of outlets. But over the last few years, after succeeding initially in getting the USDA to regulate the industry, but failing to get a definitive national law passed that they liked, animal activists have joined forces to make their assaults at the state, county and local levels in every state in the USA. And assault they have! They have flooded the media with their propaganda. They have forced a disgusting picture of animal cruelty onto every pet breeder in the nation, where only a very few were guilty. They have been painting this picture for many years, and the pet industry just ignored it because it was so preposterous, and because no one wants to see an animal abused, including those in the industry. Perhaps their motives were really good. So the false picture grew and expanded at will, and with it the public’s outrage grew and expanded, and the animal activists only grew more brazen because of the success of their propaganda. So what are some of the lies that are being believed by the public as a result of the animal activist propaganda?

1. All dog breeders are “puppy mills” which keep dogs in deplorable conditions.
2. All pets should be spayed or neutered.
3. No pet should ever be collared or leashed.
4. No one knows better than an animal activist how to care for unwanted animals.
5. There is a pet overpopulation in the USA.
6. There aren’t enough laws to keep “puppy mills” from occurring. We need more laws.
7. It’s alright to steal dogs from a breeder where unacceptable conditions may have occurred.
8. Pets have equal rights with humans and should be treated as children.
9. The American public loves pets and will never believe our true motives.

And the list goes on and on………..

The last lie (#9) is perhaps the most blatant. Although not officially expressed, it is fairly obvious that animal activists believe that their propaganda will always be taken at face value, and that a gullible public will never see through it. And at times, I often wonder if that might not be the case. But I believe that animal lovers come in all sizes, shapes and intensity in their animal love. I guess that’s why there are more “rescue” groups than ever before that have pulled away from HSUS, PETA, SPCA, DDAL, FOA, ALDF, etc. because of their “non-animal welfare agendas”. And there are more “no-kill” shelters that are discovering that there is an American public who doesn’t want any animal killed, just because it’s the wrong size, wrong sex, wrong breed, wrong age, or wrong anything.

I believe that the American public not only loves pets, but they will see through the ulterior motives of animal activists. But first they have to learn about those outrageous motives. They have to see evidence of the actual agenda and lies that they have believed for far too long. The American public needs to learn the truth about the supposedly “humane societies and rescue groups”. And the American public needs to learn that the real reason there are still animals in shelters is because of irresponsible pet owners.

Where will our American public find out the truth about the animal activists’ efforts and propaganda? The media certainly won’t tell them. And animal activist groups like HSUS and PETA certainly won’t confess to the fact that they euthanize more animals every year than any other “animal welfare” group in the USA, and do not operate one shelter themselves. And evidently most Hollywood types, like Ophra Winfrey, certainly won’t tell the whole truth about a bogus “pet over-population problem”. It’s going to be up to us, who know the truth, to start telling it where it counts.

It’s good to attend breeders’ seminars, to talk & complain to each other about these issues. But “talking to the choir” will never solve the real problem. We must be about the business of informing, “reeducating” and “deprogramming” the American public who has fallen prey to the animal activists propaganda and we must employ new approaches and develop effective strategies if we are to get our message out.

Just like our American public, pet industry professionals come in all sizes, professions, etc. Some
are breeders, some work with feed companies, some represent canine registries, some produce nutritional supplements, some build pet carriers and other equipment. We have lots of agree on, and lots that we disagree on as well. But the one thing we must all agree on, is that unless we take immediate action, we will lose our rights to operate kennels and lose those businesses associated with the pet industry. If we are to survive we must actively begin to work together with our time and resources, using new and inventive strategies to inform our American public of the truth and regain their trust. It’s time to begin a new era in the pet industry, and it must begin with US!

Some say that it’s already too late but I say it’s never too late to work toward an honorable goal. And I say that exposing the lies and treachery of the animal activists is an honorable goal. I say that defending an honorable profession is an honorable goal. And I say that in fighting to defend that profession and regain our American public, we are actually defending those innocent animals that will fall prey to the anti-animal welfare assailants, if we fail. And I say we won’t fail!

I challenge all canine, feline and other animal registries. I challenge all rice, corn and grain companies that supply materials used in pet foods. I challenge all animal brokerages. I challenge all animal and pet magazine publishers. I challenge all animal breeders and breeders’ organizations and all those who provide or produce pet supplies of any kind. I challenge all of the pet industry to rethink our strategies.

I challenge you to refocus your attention on a misinformed public who has been duped for years into believing animal activist propaganda. I challenge you to use your advertising dollars to take our message to the public in new ways. County fairs, state fairs, agricultural fairs, national livestock fairs, agricultural exhibits, auto and other recreational events. These are just a few examples of gatherings that have a public presence at which we should be getting our message out. I challenge you to use every public event as a chance to expose the public to the lies of the activists, but also to the truths about the industry and the breeders who supply these pets.

Remember, if the pet breeders go down at the hands of the activists, so will all the associated businesses. By working together to REEDUCATE THE AMERICAN PUBLIC, we will win this war. And it’s really a war.

Editors note: ABCDA is group of dog breeders in Arkansas. Fred has taken the message to the Arkansas Farm Bureau and they have made him President of his county. He has taken his message to the state fair and has signed for booth space at 4 county fairs to tell our story to the general public. Fred has brought the four breeder organizations in Arkansas to the Conference table and they are now working on delivering the same message to the State Legislators.
The Disterhaupts of Nebraska....

Clem and Betty Disterhaupt of Stuart, Nebraska, have a lot to share with us these days. They recently celebrated their **40th year** in the dog business!

Their story began on August 7, 1969 when the Disterhaupts went to an antique auction in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to buy stock for their store near Albion, Nebraska. While at the auction, they came across a Yorkie female puppy. After looking at her, they started thinking about finances and decided they couldn’t afford it at that time. During the auction, another antique dealer they knew well convinced Clem he should go ahead and buy the puppy for Betty. The Disterhaupts had already left the auction that day, so Clem had to send Betty back to Cedar Rapids to buy the puppy. They named her Buttercup and decided to breed her when she was old enough. They found an exceptional male in Des Moines, Iowa, and purchased him. They kept back two female puppies to breed and all were housedogs. Within the next couple of years, Clem and Betty became interested in UKC night hunts and dog shows and purchased a few Plotthounds. They were very successful with them and had two Grand Champion Plotthounds and Clem became a UKC licensed dog show judge.

By the early 1980’s, the Disterhaupts built their first kennel building and expanded to 18 adult dogs. They continued to expand to include another kennel building and became licensed brokers. The Disterhaupts were then called upon to help the club known at that time as the ‘North Central Nebraska Kennel Association’. Clem was elected President and served 4 consecutive terms. He and Betty were instrumental in building a very successful club which later became known as the ‘Nebraska Dog Breeders Assn’. Betty later served as Treasurer of the club. The Disterhaupts were interested in breeding quality dogs and raised several rare breeds including Dandie Dinmont Terriers, Welsh Terriers, and Soft Coated Wheaten Terriers which they have become well known for and still raise them today. Clem and Betty have also been instrumental in helping over 25 breeders start in the dog business, including 8 family relatives located in Missouri, Nebraska, and Minnesota.

Clem was selected to be a speaker for some of the educational pet seminars in 1985 and since that time, Clem and Betty have attended over 200 of these seminars. Clem has been a speaker in about 100 of them and his topics include his specialities in Kennel Management and Artificial Breeding. Clem has spoken to many breeders throughout the Midwest and has even been invited to speak as far away as Colorado and Ohio.

Clem and Betty have stayed very active in the state and national legislation for about 20 years. Recently, they wrote and passed the ‘Nebraska Puppy Lemon Law’ this year. Clem was successful in defeating the original bill several years ago when he was singled out during the hearing by Senator Chambers to negotiate the bill. Clem was able to convince them to remove all of the content that Professional breeders were opposed to, such as the **4 veterinarian inspections each year**, in addition to the usual USDA and STATE inspections, as well as the **excessive socialization and exercise language**. Clem and Betty have also been successful in working with the Nebraska Humane Society on legislation and convincing them that commercial pet breeders are not ‘puppy mills’.

By 1997, the Disterhaupts had sold their brokerage business, ‘Nebraskaland Pets’, to one of their employees and became semi-retired. Clem went on to receive his American Pet Registry Inc. (APRI) judging license and has judged many of their shows. He has also had many APRI Champion dogs of his own. The Disterhaupts were in charge of the Atkinson, NE. APRI dog shows for 5 years with some of them being the largest ever sponsored by the APRI. To top off his success, Clem was also elected President of the Nebraska Professional Pet Breeders Assn. and his term was unanimously extended last year.

Today, the Disterhaupts live on a ranch just north of Stuart, Neb, and they devote all of their time to their dogs. They still remain active in the club and are involved in legislation, seminars, and dog shows.

*Article by Clem Disterhaupt*
Pets...A perfect example of God’s unconditional love.

1) **Competitive discount rates** for flying puppies to their new homes.

2) **Superior Customer Service.** We are open five (5) days a week plus we have online booking for 24/7 convenience.

3) **Knowledgeable and Friendly.** We **KNOW** the importance of timely service.

4) **Signing up** is fast and easy. No sign-up fees **OR** booking fees.
Doggie First Aid:

When your pet has an emergency, being prepared is very important. Before you are able to get your pet to a veterinarian, knowing some basic first aid can help. These are some helpful tips from the American Animal Hospital Association:

Bite Wounds: Approach your pet carefully to avoid getting bitten. If necessary, use a muzzle. Check the wound for contamination or debris. If significant debris is present, then clean the wound with large amounts of saline or balanced electrolyte solution. If these are not available, then regular water may be used. Wrap large open wounds to keep them clean. Apply pressure to profusely bleeding wounds. Do not use a tourniquet. Wear gloves when possible. Bite wounds often become infected and need professional care. Be sure to call your veterinarian.

Bleeding: Apply firm, direct pressure over the bleeding area until the bleeding stops. Hold the pressure for at least 10 straight minutes (continually releasing the pressure to check the wound will hamper the clotting). Avoid bandages that cut off the circulation. Seek veterinarian help immediately.

Breathing Stops: Check to see if the animal is choking on a foreign object (see Choking). If your pet is not breathing, place him on a firm surface with his left side up. Check for a heartbeat by listening at the area where the elbow touches the chest. If you hear a heartbeat but not breathing, close the animal’s mouth and breathe directly into his nose—not on the mouth—until the chest expands. Repeat 12 to 15 times per minute. If there is no pulse, apply heart massage at the same time. The heart is located in the lower half of the chest, behind the elbow of the front left leg. Place one hand below the heart to support the chest. Place your other hand over the heart and compress gently. To massage the hearts of cats and other tiny pets, compress the heart with the thumb and forefingers of one hand. Apply heart massage 80-120 times per minute for larger animals and 100-150 per minute for smaller ones. Alternate heart massage with breathing. Please note that sometimes resuscitation success is somewhat low even with trained health professionals. Be sure to call your veterinarian immediately.

Burns: (chemical, electrical, or heat—from a heat pad) Flush the burn immediately with large amounts of cool, running water. Apply an ice pack wrapped in a towel or light cover for 15-20 minutes. Do not place an unwrapped ice pack directly on the skin. If your pet has large quantities of dry chemicals on their skin, brush them off. Water may activate some dry chemicals. Contact your veterinarian as soon as possible.

Choking: Symptoms may include difficulty breathing, excessive pawing at the mouth, blue lips and tongue. Be sure to protect yourself as well as your pet, as they will most likely be frantic and more apt to bite. If they can still partially breathe, it’s best to keep them calm and get to your vet as soon as possible. Look into the mouth to see if a foreign object in the throat is visible. If you can, clear the airway by removing the object with pliers or tweezers, being careful not to push it farther down the throat. If it is lodged too deep or if the pet collapses, then place your hands on both sides of your pet’s rib cage and apply firm, quick pressure. Or you can place your pet on their side and strike the side of the rib cage firmly with the palm of your hand 3 or 4 times. Repeat this procedure until the object is dislodged or you arrive at the vet’s office.

Fractures: If necessary, you may need to muzzle your pet and look for bleeding. If you can control the bleeding without causing more injury, then do so. Watch for signs of shock. DO NOT TRY TO SET THE FRACTURE by pulling or tugging on the limb. Transport your pet to the vet immediately, supporting the injured part as best you can.

Heatstroke: Symptoms may include rapid or labored breathing, vomiting, high body temperature, or collapse. Place your pet in a tub of cool water or gently soak him with a garden hose or cool, wet towel. Some people will apply rubbing alcohol to the pads of their feet as this will help bring the temperature down. Do not overcool your pet. Stop cooling when rectal temp reaches 103 degrees Fahrenheit. Call your vet right away!

Poisoning: Symptoms; vomiting, convulsions, excessive diarrhea, salivation, weakness, depression, or pain. Record what your pet ingested and how much. Immediately call your vet or poison control center. Do not induce vomiting. In case of toxins or chemicals on the skin from oils, paints, insecticides and other contact irritants, request directions on if and how to wash the toxin off.

Seizures: Symptoms can be salvation, loss of control of urine or stool, violent muscle twitching or loss of consciousness. Move your pet away from any objects that could be harmful during the seizure. Use a blanket for padding and protection. Do not put yourself at risk by restraining the pet during the seizure. Time the seizure, they usually last only 2 to 3 minutes. Afterwards, keep your pet calm and quiet. Call your veterinarian immediately.
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AKC Companion Animal Recovery –

Identification and protection for
your puppies and much more.

Four million and counting. That’s the number of animals enrolled with the AKC Companion Animal Recovery (AKC CAR) pet identification and recovery service. Since it was founded in 1995, AKC CAR has reunited more than 360,000 lost pets with their owners.

“Many lost pets are identified and successfully returned to their families because they were microchipped and enrolled in our database by the breeder or owner,” said Tom Sharp, CEO of AKC CAR.

Microchipping and lost and found registries are wonderful services for pet owners. And microchips can provide an extra level of protection for professional breeders, particularly those who sell directly to the public.

Why microchip? Good breeding practices and federal, state and AKC regulations require breeders to identify their breeding stock. Microchipping is a convenient, permanent and reliable ID system. Unlike a tag, microchips don’t require a collar that could come off or create a choking hazard for the dogs in your kennel.

In an increasingly competitive marketplace, microchipping is a way to add value to your puppies and your breeding program. It shows customers you are concerned for the puppy’s safety if it should ever go missing.

Should I microchip my puppies? Breeders who sell puppies directly to new owners want marketable and reliable dog identification solutions. AKC CAR provides brand name recognition and several different options to meet each breeder’s individual requirements.

AKC CAR offers microchips packaged with or without prepaid enrollments. With both options, breeders usually include the cost of the chip in the price of the puppy. For those who select prepaid enrollment microchips, the new owner does not need to send an additional payment to enroll the puppy in AKC CAR’s 24/7 recovery service.

Enrollment in AKC CAR’s database helps ensure that if the dog is ever lost, the new owner, not the breeder, receives the call from AKC CAR’s recovery staff when the dog is reported found. And your customers will appreciate that AKC CAR enrollment covers their new puppy for life.

There are no annual fees, and the enrolled owner can update the dog’s record for free. As a second line of defense, AKC CAR provides each newly-enrolled pet with a durable collar tag with the pet’s microchip number and AKC CAR’s toll-free phone number.

The problem of false claims. Microchipping your direct-sale puppies helps protect you, the breeder, against questionable complaints and warranty or puppy lemon law claims down the road. Microchipping your puppies before they leave your kennel is the best way to ensure that if a complaint does come up at a later time, the puppy can be identified as one you produced, rather than a substitute.

What is unique about AKC CAR’s microchips? AKC CAR distributes the TROVAN microchip*, which has been used around the world for twenty years in many different industries. TROVAN microchips are laser programmed, not electronically programmed, to ensure permanence of the ID code. Once a code is programmed, it cannot be altered or tampered with. The microchips come pre-loaded in sterile lancets with an ImplantGauge that allows you to visually verify insertion.

Most importantly, the AKC CAR microchip is the only one on the market fully supported by AKC CAR’s 24/7, dedicated recovery service. Additionally, AKC CAR distributes multi-system scanners that can read or detect all of the microchips used in the U.S., and has a scanner donation program for shelters and animal control officers who do not have multi-system scanners.

AKC CAR products are distributed by Hunte Kennel Systems, Revival Animal Health, Southwest Kennel Supply, Lambert Vet Supply, Countryside Supply, and direct from AKC CAR in Raleigh, NC.

Identifying and recovering pets and more. Founded in 1995, AKC CAR is the largest not-for-profit pet ID and recovery service in the U.S. In May of 2009, “Peaches,” a 5-month-old German Shepherd Dog from West Hartford, Connecticut, was officially recognized as the four millionth AKC CAR enrollee when his microchip number was added to the database.

In honor of the occasion, AKC CAR donated microchips and free lifetime recovery service to the 80 Connecticut State Police K-9 officers. The K-9 unit also received a $5,000 grant from the AKC CAR Canine Support and Relief Fund to pay for training and equipment.

*Should be administered by or under the direct supervision of a veterinarian and in accordance with any state and local statutes and regulations applicable to microchips and their implantation.
Supporting service dogs is an AKC CAR tradition. “We provide free enrollments for hundreds of military, service and certified search and rescue dogs,” Sharp said.

Since 2002, the AKC CAR Canine Support and Relief Fund has provided:

- $1.5 million in disaster relief in response to hurricanes, floods and wildfires
- Nearly $300,000 in Search and Rescue Grants in response to 9/11
- Half a million dollars in grants for Canine Support and Relief
- Volunteer coordination and direction of corporate sponsorships to provide food and supplies to animals in need

To help educate the next generation of veterinarians, AKC CAR has awarded more than $800,000 in scholarships to veterinary students.

Need more info? For information about using microchips in your kennel and about AKC CAR products and services, contact your distributor, visit the AKC CAR web site at www.akccar.org, call 800-252-7894 or email microchip@akccar.org.
A six year old boy [me]
Needed a pet, you see
A six week old Boston
Filled the bill, [awesome]

This six year old boy [me]
Was house bound by Dr. G
Diagnosed with a failing heart
This gave my parents quite a start.

Dr. Galagher, you must be wrong
This boy used to seem so strong
But now this energy level is gone
Why is our boy the one

He might outgrow it some day
Or he may be dead by May
Keep him inside, don’t let him play
We will check his condition along the way

Even a sick boy like me
Needed a diversion to be
Some what contented to stay
Inside the house all day

So here comes a Boston Terrier
A two pound worm and flea carrier
Mom nursed her and got her healthy
And she became part of the family

We named her Tootie, by golly
Dad said she was quite a folly
Did her business on the dining room floor
Got her tail swatted out the door

But she became my buddy, new
She stuck to me like glue
Most important, she really knew
She had to give me something to do

Then one night we went to church
The lord saw me in a lurch
He decided to let me heal
And overnight Tootie could see my zeal

The next day we romped and played
It worried mom, she was afraid
The dr. said I don’t know why
But that heart problem is in the sky

God took pity on this boy
And healed him like you fix a toy
The little Boston was a delight
It enabled me to see the light

Now the little boy is an old man
But he remembers how he ran
That little dog and he
Lived to be all they could be

And now, in my golden years
Memory will sometimes bring back tears
The little dog I loved so much
She’s gone on ahead to find our lunch

Mom and dad and grandma too
Are waiting there in the blue
With God and Jesus and all the rest
The dog knows someday I will pass the test

And when I enter those pearly gates
And ask the costs, “What are your rates?”
God will say, “Don’t worry son,
Jesus paid your bill, you and your dog just play and run.”

By Jim Hughes
Plasti-Crate
Designer line of pet carriers

Pet Carrier features:
- Flow-through ventilation
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- Fast and dependable service
- Made in the U.S.A.
- Airline approved
- USDA shipping labels available
- Low prices

Combination food/water dish Included
I forgot to mention that Judge Sosbee had started her career as a kindergarten teacher and I think just about every one of us over the age of 40 had started our school career in her class. Her eyes flicked over to Manlin, who was slow to stand. “We had reason to believe that the animals in Mr. Jacobs’ care were suffering from various forms of neglect. There were eighty-two animals, your Honor.” His eyes flicked to me, and then back to her. Had she noticed? “Eighty-two dogs are far more than any person can properly take care of. Even with his wife, that’s a lot of dogs, and the care and condition of the animals was of a great concern.” He ended his diatribe with that smug look again but Sosbee was back to scanning the documents in her hand. I started to wonder if I should take the plea bargain. Three counts of animal neglect were starting to look really good in the face of a dozen or more felony cruelty charges. That’s what I was facing if I was forced to go to trial with this. A dozen charges, up to 7 years with each charge and a $100,000 in fines. Sweat broke out across my upper lip and my knuckles popped as I curled my hands into fists. “Is this your full time job, Mr. Jacobs?” She didn’t even look at me. I had no idea if that was a good thing or bad. I glanced at Ben and he gave me a nod. “Yes, ma’am.”

“And can you explain why there are 23 dogs listed here without Rabies vaccines?” Her eyes came up to me then. Hard and sharp, like two points of obsidian. My mind did flip flops, as I tried to remember what Ben and I had gone over. It was right there at the tip of my brain, almost within reach. But so much had happened in the past few weeks, way more than any one person should ever have to endure. “Mr. Jacobs?”

“Puppies.” I blurted and several of the ASPCA people had to stifle laughs. “I mean, sorry…they are puppies. You can’t give Rabies vaccines to dogs that age.”

“The law says twelve weeks,” chimed the ADA. Ben cut him off. “Twelve weeks at the earliest, but you can see by the affidavit from the Longstreet Vet Clinic that because of the size of these puppies, being a toy breed, they suggested in waiting until they were at least 16 weeks before administering the vaccine to reduce the chance of an adverse reaction.”

“But the law states…” Judge Sosbee raised one finger and the ADA lost his words. “Eighty-two dogs is a lot of dogs, Mr. Jacobs.” Her eyes were on me again and I could feel the heat rising in my cheeks. She stared at me, hard, right down that long chiseled nose of hers and those half-moon bifocals. I felt like I was 6 years old and I had just been caught putting glue in Sally Reynolds’ hair. “This is my full time job, your Honor. From sun up to sun down, I am in my kennel, whelping, grooming, and raising puppies.” She stared at me for a minute longer, but she must have been satisfied because she went back
to flipping papers, the looking at the stack of photos on her right. “Officer Manlin, you have pictures here of dead puppies.” I swear, that cocky son a gun swelled twice his size and that grin was back on his face. “Yes, your Honor. We found 3 dead puppies in various stages of decomposition.”

Sosbee stared at the photo pinched between her fingers. I couldn’t read the expression on her face. “And where were these puppies found?” Her eyes came up and Bob glanced at his lawyer. “I’m right here, Officer Manlin, look at me, not your lawyer!” “We found them inside the kennel, your Honor.” Sosbee flipped through the photos with her two first fingers like a card dealer deciding whether to play or hold. She looked at the photos again. “Specifically, where in the kennel?” Manlin almost looked at his lawyer again but caught himself. “I’m..I’m not sure I understand the question.” Liar: He understood the question. He knew exactly what she was saying. I’d already exploded on Bob last week when he started waving those darn pictures in my face. Yeah, he found dead puppies in various stages of decomposition, because they were in the trash! One of my dams had whelped the night before and out of a litter of 6, I’d lost 3. Two had been dead, one mummified, the other not much more than bones and hair. It happens. Puppies are born dead and it isn’t pretty. The third one had died that morning, so I wrapped it in a paper towel and put it in the trash with the disposed placetas and bloody paper towels and newspapers I’d used to clean up the mess.

“Officer Manlin…” She put the photo down in front of her and leaned forward. “My eyes are sometimes not as good as they used to be, but unless I am mistaken, these carcasses appear to be in the bottom of a trash bag.” She tapped the photo with one long wrinkled finger. “Can I safely assume that’s what I am seeing here? Three dead puppies in the bottom of a trash can?” “Um…yes, your Honor.” Her eyes turned on me. That long finger was tapping the glossy side of the photo. “Mr. Jacobs?” “Puppies die, your Honor. What else am I supposed to do with them when they are born dead or expire?” There was a hum of voices from the group behind the ADA but it withered quickly when the Judge tossed them a dagger stare. “And what are these photos?” She held up a few and flipped them so we could see. It took me a minute to recognize them from that angle. Manlin made a face like it hurt to remember, then answered, “Those are…those are photos of the dog hair that wasn’t being cleaned out from the kennels. And those are shots of the raised pens used by Mr. Jacobs in his operation.”

continued on page 40
“And why am I looking at photos of raised pens?”

“Because the floors are wire and it causes damage to the feet of the dogs.” Bob said it like it should have been common knowledge. When the Judge didn’t reply, he continued his explanation. “Operations like those run by Mr. Jacobs often use these ‘rabbit hutch’ type living quarters to make clean up easier, so they can produce more puppies, pack more dogs in a smaller living space.” I didn’t look at him. I knew he’d be staring at me like poop on his shoe again. I blinked slow, appreciating the few seconds of darkness that closing my eyes gave me, the few seconds of escape from this horrible nightmare.

“So he does it for efficiency?” asked Judge Sosbee. I heard Bob move, he probably nodded. “Do you think this type of set up is efficient enough to allow 1 or 2 people to care for 82 dogs by themselves?” My eyes flipped open. I was pretty sure I’d heard her right. But I wanted to make sure. I stole a quick glance to the other side and by the look on Bob’s face, I’d heard right indeed. Officer Manlin opened his mouth to say something but the Judge cut him off again. “Officer Manlin…” She laid down the photos again and sat back in her seat. “I’m not sure what you want to accomplish here.”

“We’d like the court to grant the ASPCA ownership of the animals so that they can be re-homed and saved from going back into that ‘hell-hole’. A small tight smile curled at Judge Sosbee’s lips. It wasn’t a happy expression. “ADA Phillips, Roger, I can still call you ‘Roger’, can’t I.” She didn’t wait for him to answer.

“How’s your dad doing these days?” Roger adjusted his tie and stood up. “He’s fine ma’am, thank you.”

“Still running that chicken farm of his off of Greenhill road, right?” The ADA gave pause, and then nodded. “Does he still raise cattle too?” ADA Phillips gave pause again before he said ‘yes’. “And I bet he still pushes those dead birds and the occasional cow off in that burning hole of his, doesn’t he? And I bet he still pays his bills with meat sales.” The ADA didn’t answer. Judge Sosbee cleared her throat. “Officer Manlin, I appreciate your concern for the welfare of Mr. Jacobs’ dogs, but what you have brought me is a stack of photos with pictures of dog hair stuck in gutters and on chain link, photos of a few dead puppies in the trash, and raised cages designed for dogs to make caring and cleaning up after them efficient. And while that might be disturbing to ‘city folk’ who think that bacon and eggs come only from a reefer truck, it is not anywhere near as disturbing as your blatant disregard for this man’s property rights.” The group of ASPCA members roared to life and several of them hurled insults in my direction, but I didn’t care. I was soaking up every word that had just rolled off of Judge Sosbee’s tongue. My heart thudded against my ribs and I felt hot points of wetness prick the corner of my eyes. The Judge cracked her gavel and the thunder it made, silenced the room. “Officer Manlin, if I were to grant your petition of ownership for these animals, then what would stop you from standing outside any vet clinic in this town and confiscating 90% of the dogs that walked through the doors?” Manlin tried to laugh. “I’m sorry, your Honor, I don’t understand why you would think…” The Judge tapped the photos again. “You photographed this ear infection on a 12 year old dog, did you not?” She didn’t wait for his reply. “Then you show me photos of a medicine cabinet packed with ear cleaners, antibiotics, all of it legal because of how it was obtained…so we can assume that Mr. Jacobs here didn’t spend the money on the medicine to just put it in the cabinet to observe, rather, he was most likely administering it to the animal in need.”

“But he didn’t take the dog to a vet…”

“And when was the last time you went to the doctors, Officer Manlin? Or better yet, how many times in a year do you give your son baby aspirin or ‘over the counter’ cough syrup? Should I contact DFCS and tell them that you are neglecting your child by not taking him to the doctor for every sneeze and sniffle?”

“That’s not the same…This man is abusing these animals for monetary gain.”

“Abuse?”

“Yes, abuse. He’s breeding them 4 and 5 times a year and selling those puppies to pet shops by the time they are 5 weeks of age.” I felt my mouth fall open and thank God, Ben put his hand on my shoulder. His thumb dug into my muscle and I snapped my jaw shut before saying something I would regret. “Officer Manlin…” My eyes slid over to the Judge again. Her tone had changed, gone all sing-song in that way it got right before she’d whack you across the knuckles with her yard stick; usually for picking your nose or eating gum out from under the desk. I wasn’t a nose picker but I’d eaten my share of pre-chewed pink stuff. Manlin snapped his jaw shut like he’d been slapped. When Sosbee was a teacher, she had the same effect on 6 year olds no matter how rambunctious. “Do you think I look like an idiot to you?” Manlin didn’t make a sound; he didn’t even shake his head. Seems like he was smarter than he looked after all. “Seriously. Five or six times a year? Your dramatics may work on the press but they don’t impress me, unlike you.” she flicked her hands toward the group of volunteers. “And most of your team there, I was born and raised on a farm and have some understanding of the reproductive process of different animals.” Her gaze came back to me and it took all my strength not to look away. I knew better than to get my hopes up. I’d gotten my hopes up with the ADA last week and he led me down a bread crumb path of disappointment. Luckily Ben had been there or I might
had to be able to go some
the dog more than a few hours’, and even then, the dogs
ones that wrote in, ‘no dog feces are to be in the area of
raised the runs and put in wire floors because they are the
of fleece beds, because they wanted ‘sterile surfaces’. I
to fresh water’ at all times. I use rubber mats instead
in automatic water dispensers because they wrote, ‘access
to the ASPCA passed as town ordinances, 7 years ago. I put
that I could meet the very restrictions that the members of
room or my kennel, doesn’t matter.” I swallowed back
the urge to cry. I shouldn’t have to defend myself like
this. I shouldn’t have to explain these logical points but at
the same time, I knew by the way the Judge was staring
at me, she wanted me to do just that. “My kennel is built
to the requirements of the USDA. I built it that way so
might or not it died in my living room or my kennel, doesn’t matter.” I swallowed back
the urge to cry. I shouldn’t have to defend myself like
this. I shouldn’t have to explain these logical points but at
the same time, I knew by the way the Judge was staring
at me, she wanted me to do just that. “My kennel is built
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in automatic water dispensers because they wrote, ‘access
to fresh water’ at all times. I use rubber mats instead
of fleece beds, because they wanted ‘sterile surfaces’. I
raised the runs and put in wire floors because they are the
ones that wrote in, ‘no dog feces are to be in the area of
the dog more than a few hours’, and even then, the dogs
had to be able to go some insane amount of space away
from the droppings.” I took a breath. “I know that they
don’t believe that I love my dogs, but I do love them, and
Maggie loves them. We work very hard everyday to give
them the best that we can.”
A sudden eruption of name calling sent Judge Sosbee
into a frenzy. Someone threw something at me, a book,
a shoe, heck; it went too fast for me to see. Ben spread
his tiny frame as wide as it would go, as if he stood any
chance to shield my height. Judge Sosbee sent the Bailiff
across the room and in a blur; two of the women were
shoved out the door. “Anymore of that chaos and I’ll put
every single one of you in lock-up whether you actually
throw something—say something, or not.” Her eyes shot
daggers around the room and a bright red flush had set up
on her high cheeks. The Judge worked her long fingers
across the desk re-arranging papers and making small
stacks on one side, then the other. It was busy work. She
was tapping her temper, getting her words organized. I’d
seen her do it a hundred times or more when dealing with
kids or their parents. When she was ready, she looked up
at us again and it was not a happy expression. “Officer
Manlin, where are the dogs now?” She made an impatient
sound when Manlin turned to the dark haired woman
sitting closest to him. “Did you hear the question Bob, or
do you need me to ask it again?”
“No..no, ma’am. The dogs…” He leaned his head back
around to the woman clutching his shoulder.
“What is your name, young lady?” She had to be in her
late forties but I suppose everyone was young in Judge
Sosbee’s eyes. The woman stood up, glanced around at
her friends, and then looked at the judge. “Emily Ducet,
your Honor.”
“Mrs. or Ms?”
“Mrs.”
“Fine. Mrs. Ducet, since you seem to have Officer Bob
Manlin’s ‘ear’, suppose you can tell me where the dogs
are currently at.”
“Foster homes, your Honor.”
“Locally?”
“Y-yes.”
“Good, then it shouldn’t take you all that long to return
Mr. Jacobs’ property. Will 24 hours be long enough?”
“You can’t be serious…” Emily’s face paled and she
grabbed hold of the ADA’s arm. I could see her knuckles
turn bone white with the grip she had on his suit. “She
isn’t serious…”
“Mrs. Ducet, I haven’t left the room. If you have
something to say to me, address it to me..please.”
“He’s a puppy mill!” she blurted, her brown eyes so
wide she reminded me of a deer caught in the headlights.
“He’s abusing these animals and committing them to a
life of misery…”
“By breeding them?” the Judge asked.
“Yes, of course! Forcing them to have litter after litter
until they’re dead from exhaustion.” That lump was back
in my gut again. That helpless feeling you get when
you are forced to stand by and let someone destroy your
life. At least I knew where the paper gotten its ‘facts’
from now. “Do you, by any chance, own any dogs, Mrs.
Ducet?” The ASPCA member opened her mouth a couple
of times like she was trying to find her voice. After a
moment, she gave a quiet ‘yes’. “And are your dogs
spayed and neutered?”
Her reply was a bit louder, “of course.”
“And why, Mrs. Ducet, did you spay and neuter your
dogs?”
“To be responsible and keep them from having unwanted
litters.”
“I thought you just said that dogs had to be forced
to breed.” You could have boiled eggs with the heat
coming off of Emily Ducet’s cheeks. “Return the dogs,”
said Judge Sosbee.
“And what if I refuse?” It was the wrong thing to say
to the Judge but I don’t think Emily or her friends were
bright enough to realize that.  continued on page 43
LEADING A DOG’S LIFE!
*a series of short stories on the ‘heroes’ of canine world*
By Freeman Raber

There is a self-immolating hero streak in ‘dogdom’ which is found in no other mammal except, man. Man has the perception and the shining examples of the ages to urge him toward heroism. He also has the hope of glory or reward. The dog, however, has none of these to impel him to stake his life for others’. Yet, more than once, his instinctive heroism has made him sacrifice his life for the sake of his human ‘gods’.

*A Fox Terrier* awakened her master and his family one night by shaking them and shrieking in their ears when a fire assailed their home. Not until the firemen had carried the last of the 3 children safely to the street did she turn back into the blaze to rescue her own newborn puppies. Many a dog, coincidently, has been acclaimed a ‘hero’ for merely giving the alarm when fire threatened. There is no more heroism in such an exploit than in the sneeze of a hay-fever patient. A dog’s sensitive nostrils are tormented by smoke. It gives tongue, awakens the family, and then it gives much acclaim—merely for voicing it’s fright. But it is ‘true heroism’ when a dog conquers its instinctive dread of fire to save human lives. Such a dog was ‘Tige’, who aroused his farmer-master when the house was burning. Man, wife and baby got out into the yard. There, a neighbor wrapped the baby in a blanket and carried him next door. A fool relative missed the child and feared he might still be in his crib. She pointed to the flaming farmhouse and shrilled, “In there, Tige! Find baby!!” Unflinchingly, Tige plunged back into the fiery ruin, where he was burned to death. He knew the peril. But he understood the command, the ‘supposed’ need, and he obeyed.

*In Oregon*, a marble shaft keeps bright, the memory of another fire dog hero—*Shep*—a big Collie that belonged to a Mr. Mansfield. One day, Mansfield and his wife were working in the fields some distance from the cabin where their baby daughter, Shirley, was asleep. Shep sniffed the air; then broke into wild barking. The Mansfield’s looked up to see their cabin ablaze! By the time their stumbling rush could carry them to the open doorway, a sheet of flame hurled them backwards.

Mr. Mansfield called to the trembling dog, “Shep, get her, Shep! Get Shirley!!” Through the burning flames, the collie dove his way into the cabin. Part of the roof caved in behind him, cutting off the doorway. Using his uncanny collie brain as well as his courage, Shep reached the crib. Thence, he dragged the baby to the farthest window. Leaning in, Mansfield took the child from him. Shep’s work was done. At last, there was time to think of his own safety. Out through the window he leaped—his coat a mass of fatal fire. Shep did not survive the ordeal.

Henry Daniel, President of the Oregon Humane Society, said at Shep’s grave: “His heroism is one of the outstanding cases in history.”

*‘Malokoff’* was a giant Newfoundland watchdog for a Paris jeweler. The jeweler’s apprentice, Jacques, hated the dog. One evening, Jacques led the dog out to the end of a pier. There, he tied a rope around the dog’s neck, and with a heavy stone at the other end, he shoved Malokoff into the seine. As the dog fell, Jacques’ ankle was caught by the rope and into the river he went. He did not know how to swim. Malokoff came to the surface and struck out for shore, dragging the stone which had not been quite heavy enough to keep him under. He then caught sight of the man who had tried to kill him. Jacques was drowning. Makoloff hurled his own weighted body forward and caught Jacques by the collar. He could have reached shore easily enough, despite the stone, but he could not make progress through the whipsaw cross currents while he held up the added weight of Jacques. It didn’t seem to occur to the mighty dog to save himself by letting go of the man who had tried to kill him. Malokoff managed to keep the man’s head above water until a passing scow rescued them both. Weepingly, Jacques told the whole story. Hencforth, Malakoff was the hero of Paris! When he died, almost every apprentice in the city followed him to his grave.

*‘Sport’* was a big cross-breed. His master was Andre’ Minette, a woodsman who lived in a clearing near Sequin Falls, Canada. Minette and his wife had a baby son, Jean, whom Sport adored. Jean was in his crib in a patch of meadow close to the forest. Minette was on his way home from the woods, with Sport. Suddenly, the dog bounded toward Jean at express-train speed. Minette saw in the distance, that there were 3 giant timber Wolves stealing toward the sleeping child. The man was still too far away to help the child, but Sport was not. A lesser dog would have flung himself on the wolves in an effort to guard the baby. But Sport knew that he would be killed, leaving Jean at the mercy of the merciless. He stopped in his onrush as the wolves wheeled about to face him. Then he danced away, in such a direction as to keep their backs toward the baby. There was something infinitely insulting in his tactics. When the wolves were angry enough, Sport turned about, and as if in craven terror, he ran into the forest, the wolves hot on his trail. By that time, Minette, axe in hand, reached the clearing. Sport never came back. He had laid down his splendid life for the child he loved. But he did not do it foolishly. He had made certain first of Jean’s safety. Then he paid the price, knowing he had won....
Judge Sosbee tapped her long fingers on the small stack of papers sitting in front of her. Her face was completely calm except for the tiny tick that had started in the corner of her eye. *Silence.*

It hung so long that the ASPCA members started to shift in their seats and the reporter put down her pad and pen. When Judge Sosbee finally spoke, her voice was so soft we all had to strain to hear it. “Not returning the dogs is not an option. It was never an option. And it will never be an option. Unless you want to sit in jail for contempt of this court, I would suggest you pull out that ‘new fangled’ cell phone hanging on your hip and organize your people into returning these animals to their legal owner.” The words weren’t inspiring but the tone was. Like a razorblade shaving ice off of a polar bear’s backside. Emily was as pale as she was mad.

“The search warrant is out, the charges are out…Bob Manlin, don’t you look at me that way unless you want me showing up at your house and moving your furniture to measure the depth of dust bunnies underneath. You made a mistake, own up to it, and don’t do it again or you might find yourself and that plastic badge of yours, up on charges for wasting the resources and time of this court. Oh and Roger….” The ADA jumped like he’d been slapped. “I’m very disappointed in you. You’re way smarter than this. I seem to recall a lawsuit your own father faced about ten years ago when that subdivision went up at the back of his property…” She pursed her lips and shook her head. The ADA dropped his eyes and went to stuffing paperwork into his briefcase. “You have 24 hours, Mrs. Ducet, not one minute more! This court is adjourned.” Her gavel hit with the force of a lightening bolt and she headed back to her chambers without another word, not even a look.

It took me a moment to realize Ben was squeezing my arm smiling. I felt numb from head to toe. I’d have to call Maggie. I’d have to tell her the good news. I could only hope those pregnant girls hadn’t whelped yet and if they had, I could only hope that the foster home holding them had some experience in caring for puppies. I looked at Ben and smiled.

“Thanks.” I wanted to say more but the words got stuck somewhere in the back of my throat. The good feelings didn’t last long. Ben’s eyes got dark and I realized he was looking at someone behind me. I turned and Emily was inches from my face, hate and vengeance oozing out of every pore. “I don’t care what that old bat says, you won’t see any of those dogs, EVER!”

“You don’t have a choice, Mrs. Ducet,” said Ben. Emily grinned wide, in a way that reminded me of rotten jack-o-lanterns or maddened circus clowns. “Don’t I? Dogs die, Mr. Tinly. Dogs get out of fences and run away. Dogs get lost. People move away. Phone numbers get changed too.” She looked back at me and it took every ounce of restraint I had not to reach out and punch my thumbs into her eye sockets. I had no doubt in my mind; she meant every word she said. Every single syllable of them. She took one more second to soak up the helplessness that radiated from me, the turned on her heel and stormed out.

I’d won the first battle, but now began the war…..  
(to be continued in future issues of the Kennel Spotlight)
MAKING TRACKS DOG SHOW

A Top Dog is always special news. This honor was captured on June 6th by three impressive wins at the Making Tracks for APRI Annual APRI Dog Show in Moberly, Missouri. The 3 show event proudly presented some newly crowned Champions and prominent Champions as well as the Top Dog winning honorees. These were the Top Dog and group winners:

SHOW 1

Outstanding Top Dog of Show 1:
Havanese, “MAXANITA’S MARSHALL”

SHOW 2

Top Dog Winner of Show 2:
Boxer, “DANDIE’S ONE EYED JACK”

SHOW 3
Toy: Havanese, “KMA Acres Royalty is Petra”, owner Frances Schmidt; Non-Sporting: Tibetan Spaniel, “Tyra in the Spotlight”, owner Mary Preston;

The Top Dog Winner for Show 3:
American Bulldog, “CH JJ’S SUGAR BUBBLES”

Making Tracks for APRI always honors the Top Dog Winners with a free entry into the Parade of Champions and it will be an honor to have you join us cheer on our winners; MAXANITA’S MARSHALL, CH. JJ’S SUGAR BUBBLES and DANDIE’S ONE EYED JACK compete for the coveted crystal trophy, ribbons and of course, those generous cash prizes.
See you at the PARADE!!!! submitted by Mary Preston

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August 15th, 2009
STEPP-Society for the Training and Education of Pet Professionals & ABCDA-Arkansas Breeders of Companion Dogs Association-Annual EXPO, Fort Smith, AR. There will be a banquet at the Convention Center on Friday, Aug. 14 at 6:30pm followed by an auction. Contact Will Parker (479) 209-0431

August 22nd, 2009
Lambriar Educational Seminar-West Plains, MO. For more info contact Sarah Talkington at Lambriar Inc. (800) 735-5364

September 19th, 2009
AKC Canine Health Foundation Breeder Symposium-Sponsored by AKC & AKC Canine Health Foundation, Chisholm Trail Pavilion, Garfield County Fairgrounds in Enid, OK. For more info, contact Stacy Mason (405) 747-6053 or visit the AKCCHF online at: www.akcchf.org

September 20th, 2009
OK AKC Canine Experience & Responsible Dog Ownership Day-Chisholm Trail Pavilion, Garfield Cty Fairgrounds in Enid, OK. Hosted by the OK AKC Kennel Clubs & OKPP (Oklahoma Pet Professionals). For more info, contact Stacy Mason (405) 747-6053 or email: srm@akc.org

September 25th & 26th, 2009
Hunte’s 10th Annual Breeder Educational Conference-John Q Hammons Convention Center, Joplin, MO. For more information, contact the Hunte Corporation in Goodman, MO (888) 444-4788 or Buffalo, MO (800) 333-3647 or email: becregistrations@huntecorp.com

October 23rd & 24th, 2009
PCBA-Professional Canine Breeders Association Seminar-Mount Pleasant Civic Center, 1800 North Jefferson, Mount Pleasant, Texas. 12x12 Booths are $150.00. Contact Rhonda Falls (903) 945-3030. *Special note: Friday has been reserved primarily for the vendors to have adequate opportunity to display, demonstrate & discuss products or services visitors & attendees. Saturday we will have speakers and education seminars including *Jim Hughes* from the Kennel Spotlight!
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