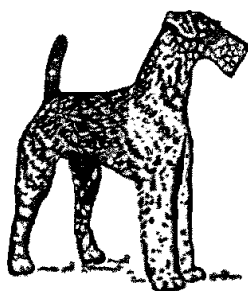


Starting Over

Volume 8 Issue 2

Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley

February 2006



**Airedale Rescue
and
Adoption
of the
Delaware Valley**

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Journey of the A Team

The biggest story of this year was the Hurricane Katrina catastrophe. The damage to the city, and the disruption of peoples lives, is incredible. Often lost in the process is the suffering of the city's pets and animals. Their families were swept away or evacuated, and many of them were left behind.

Organizations started working to rescue the animals as soon as they could get into the city. In October, the A Team from Airedale Rescue went down to Louisiana to help. Two separate groups went to two very different facilities, and had the experience of a lifetime.

One group of three, Marti Touchstone, Ricky Morrison, and Joey Fineran, arrived in New Orleans on October 13 and made their way to a rescue facility in an abandoned Winn Dixie grocery store. This turned out to be a primitive setup, with no water, no electricity, and the workers living in tents in the parking lot. Our valiant volunteers made a 13 hour drive to get there, with a van filled with their own food and supplies, and supplies and spare clothing for the other volunteers already there.

A typical day started at 7 am with walking dogs until about 10. After that came washing and disinfecting crates, cages and bowls, followed at some point by washing hundreds of soiled towels at the Laundromat. They grabbed food whenever they could find the time, and tried to finish all this before starting the evening dog walking.

While all this was going on, other workers were patrolling the city, rescuing starving, frightened animals from houses, basements, and from the street, and bringing them back to the



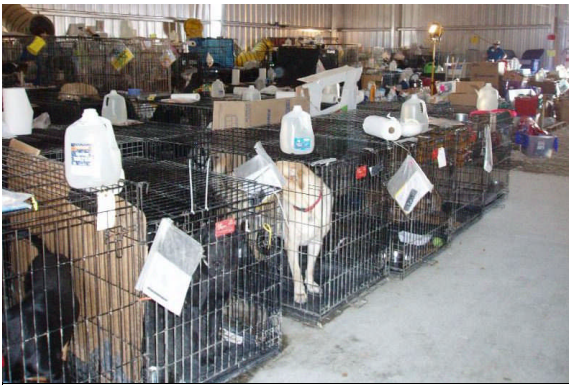
Joey and Rickie, packing to go

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Visit our website at www.Airedale911.org



Inside the pole building at Noah's Wish

(A Team Continued from page 1)

kennels to be cared for until they could be moved to a better location. The owners of many of the animals could be identified, but most of them were now homeless and couldn't reclaim their pets. Many more of them have no hope of being reunited. There were about 60 cats and 70 or more dogs at Winn Dixie at any one time, but most of them stayed for only two to three days.

The other group, Cindi Johnstonbaugh, Lauri Taylor and Rannette Thorpe (from Vancouver), went to a organization called Noah's Wish, operating in Slidell LA. (This was one of

the places animals were evacuated to from Winn Dixie.) Noah's Wish had many more animals to care for, at least 400 dogs in the Big Dog area and over 1000 animals total, but also better conditions for the workers. They had the luxury of electricity and running water, although air-conditioned bedrooms were only a dream.

Days at Noah's Wish were much the same, trying to walk all the dogs, morning and evening, and clean crates, and feed and water all the animals, while trying to take care of yourself at the same time and get it all done in time to get a little sleep and start over again.

The most heartbreaking part was dealing with the animals who were so scared and confused that they didn't know how to cope. Many animals were too frightened to voluntarily leave their crates, some wouldn't even walk once out. Almost none of them got out often enough to avoid eliminating in their crates at night.

This article is a very brief overview of their story. See more details at www.alldogssite.com/

katrinatteamatrip1.html. There, you can see the details and some photo's of some of the dogs that touched the hearts of the A Team; Lion Man, the Chow that wouldn't walk, Teddy, Slider, Dusty, and all the rest. The needs of those dogs, and the others that came before and after, were so great that the A Team and all of the Airedale Rescue board members agreed to send any extra funds, including the budget for Starting Over, to fund their continued care.



The Chow who wouldn't walk

Celebrity Airedale Owners

More famous people who have owned Airedales (continued from last issue:

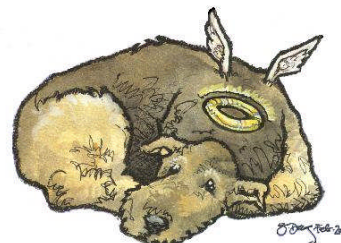
17. David Hugh-Kelly, actor, starred in "Cujo" and "Hardcastle and McCormick", his Airedale's name was "Bantry"
18. E.G. Marshall, actor, owned several in the 1960's
19. Garrett Augustus Morgan, inventor and newspaper publisher, (1877-1963). The son of former slaves, he invented the electric traffic light, the gas mask and the first chemical hair straightener. He experimented on his neighbor's Airedale as well as his own while developing the creme.
20. Paul Muni, actor, "The Last Angry Man", his Airedale was named "Simon"
21. Ferdinand "Ferry" Porsche, son of the founder of Porsche Auto, the late Ferdinand Porsche
22. Tim Reid, actor, played Disc Jockey Venus Flytrap in "WKRP In Cincinnati"
23. Renee Richards, tennis player, owned an Airedale named "Tennis-ee"
24. Theodore Roosevelt, U.S. president, hunted for lions with an Airedale in Africa
25. Ronnie Schell, actor, "Gomer Pyle", owned several Airedales
26. John Steinbeck, author, "East of Eden" and "Of Mice and Men"
27. Jim Thorpe, Olympic Champion
28. James Thurber, author, "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" Growing up he had an Airedale named "Muggs"; Thurber wrote a short story about him called "Muggs, the dog that bit people", a very funny story.
29. John Wayne, actor, as a boy owned an Airedale named Duke. Everyday John would take Duke to the local fire station to visit the firemen. The firemen would always say "here comes Big Duke", referring to the Airedale, "and Little Duke", referring to John Wayne and the nickname Duke stuck with Mr. Wayne for the rest of his life.
30. Woodrow Wilson, 28th U.S. President, owned two Airedales named "Davie and Sandy"

Heartstrings

Today I had Chewie put to sleep. Last Saturday he started to vomit and by Sunday morning I took him to an emergency vet. Monday I picked him up and took him to his own vet. They all felt that he had pancreatitis. He came home each night and I took him back each morning. This morning he did not want to get up and he vomited again. Back to the vets we went and they ran more tests, all proved nothing. He was very weak, did not want to stand, sit, or walk. The vet gave him pain meds to make him comfortable. I had a long talk with the vet and we agreed that the best thing for Chewie was to put him to sleep.

I just wanted to let you know that we loved him so very much and I will always be grateful that you let us have the privilege of having him live with us. Everyone that has met Chewie has loved him. Several of his vets have wanted to take him as theirs but he belonged to us. Chewie was so special that I will always remember him and be thankful to you. I still do not understand how anyone could have let this little treasure get away, but however it sure was a great blessing for us.

Your friend, Susan Watkins



In Loving Memory

Barney Gorman
Bobby Magee Caldwell
Chewie Watkins
Dillon Ryder
Duncan Lorene
Maggie Chismar
Marley Marsh
Tyler Smith

Please accept the enclosed check in memory of my best friend, Dillon, who passed away in his sleep on May 16, 2005. He was in his fifteenth year. He died while wintering in Leesburg, FL. We spent seven very happy years together. Best of luck to all of you -

John H. Ryden

It has been over a year since I lost Emmy and I still miss her wonderful wags and licking greetings. Still have Molly; she is so attached to me that she grieves when I go away. She just had a hair cut yesterday - she hates the hot weather and is spoiled with the air conditioner.

Enclosed is a donation; I know isn't much, but I know it will help some. Your rescue does so much for the animals, I plug it every time I get a chance.

Thanks again for two wonderful girls. God Bless - and love,

Shirley Baskirk - PA

Thank you for working so tirelessly for Airzdales. Your husband had to be a special man to support your work. We are making a contribution in his memory. Our friend, Carol Stull, introduced us to rescue. Having lived with Carol's puppies, Asti and Cash, we were so appreciative she introduced us to your work. We adopted Grizzly and thank God you sent him to us. It is hard to believe he walked into our home Dec. 2001 and stole our hearts!

David and Janet Wenzel - PA

Prince Marley,

We loved you the first time we met you at the home of Joey Fineran. We took you home in our car with your step-sister, Sophie. She wasn't sure this was a good idea so she pouted for awhile. You chewed a big rawhide bone all the way home. It was clear from the start that you chose to live in a very large manner.

In our first home together in Middletown, you made it very clear to all the neighbors' dogs that you were the Top Dog. Sophie kept your secret safe that in the house she was in charge. One of your very favorite games was chasing and biting that huge hard plastic ball in the yard. Your next favorite past time was furry, squeaky toys.

Although a few health issues tried to take you down over the years, you were a fighter and loved life when you bounced back.

You hold a very special place in our hearts forever. When you reach heaven, I have asked God to have Rebbie greet you and tell you how much you have been loved and will continue to be loved.

*You will always be our prince.
Love Forever, Your Mom, Dad, and Sophie*

D
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Hi,

Just a note to let you know we are fine in our new home. My Rescue sister, Gertie, and I almost have our people trained, and we get along most of the time. We still argue about who gets to go out the door first, and who gets to play with the good toys, though. And I wish she would stop knocking me down when people are looking—it just looks bad because she’s half my size.

And that Gertie sure does have a lot of energy. She’ll play with our people until they get tired. Then she’ll play with me until I get tired (I have to bite her sometimes to make her stop—not hard, though.) Then she’ll walk around the house with her squeaky toy, trying to start up another game. It’s hard to get a good nap with her around.

We had a bunch of new people here at the house not too long ago. They called it a “New Year” party, whatever that is. They came and stayed and stayed—I thought they’d never leave. It sure was hard work greeting them all and watching what they did with all that food. We were both really tired when they were gone.

Dashiell Johnson



Dashiell (left) and Gertie (right), recovering from the Holidays

When I am old...

I will wear soft gray sweatshirts...
and a bandana over my silver hair.....
and I will spend my social security checks on wine, and
my dogs.

I will sit in my house on my well-worn chair
and listen to my dogs' breathing.
I will sneak out in the middle of a warm summer night
and take my dogs for a run, if my old bones will allow...

When people come to call, I will smile
and nod as I show them my dogs...
and talk of them and about them...
...the ones so beloved of the past
and the ones so beloved of today....

I will still work hard cleaning after them,
mopping and feeding them and
whispering their names in a soft loving way.

I will wear the gleaming sweat on my throat,
like a jewel and I will be an embarrassment to all...
especially my family...

who have not yet found the peace in being free
to have dogs as your best friends....

These friends who always wait, at any hour, for your
footfall...

and eagerly jump to their feet out of a sound sleep,
to greet you as if you are a God.

With warm eyes full of adoring love and hope
that you will always stay,

I'll hug their big strong necks...

I'll kiss their dear sweet heads...

and whisper in their very special company....

I look in the Mirror...and see I am getting old....
this is the kind of person I am...and have always been.

Loving dogs is easy, they are part of me.

Please accept me for who I am.

My dogs appreciate my presence in their lives...

they love my presence in their lives.....

When I am old this will be important to me...

you will understand when you are old....

if you have dogs to love too.

~Author Unknown

Bridgit
by Robin Perry

I have a dog named Bridgit,
And, believe me, she's no midgit.
She bounds through the air,
As if she has no care.

She eats salad and deer poop,
And all kinds of gloop.
She rolls in dead fish,
Then gives you a kish.

She lies on the bed,
And always whacks her head.
She sits on Dad's lap
Though she's big as a map.

She steals my socks
Then sits back on her hocks.
My wonderful dog
Who rolls in the bog.

Bridgit
Ain't no midgit.

How do I love thee?

The ways are numberless as

My hairs on the rug.

Dog Haiku

Little Pieces

by Grace Saalsaa

(Written for those who foster)

Melissa sat on the floor, unable to sit straight and tall like her mother had always admonished her to do when she was a child. Today, it would be impossible. And tomorrow... it probably wouldn't be possible then either. Her mind was too busy thinking about the dog that lay across her lap.

When he came to be with her, he had no name. She remembered that day very well. The first sight of him was enough to break her heart into little pieces.

The woman, who had taken this dog from the rough streets where he had lived, had tried to save him because she was unable to watch this young dog find his own food in a dumpster outside the crack house where he lived. Nobody cared that he was gone.

His fur was very thick; so thick that she had to wiggle her fingers down to feel his bony body. And as she pulled her fingers away again, they were coated in old dirt. Black and white, he had been, but on that day he was beige and dust. He sat in the back of her car panting continuously, ears laid outward for he had lost his courage and couldn't keep them proud and tall. He sat motionless, waiting and limp. But the thing that was the most disturbing was the look in his eyes. They were quiet eyes, sunken into his head - and they watched her. They were alive with thought. He was waiting for her to do something "to" him.

Little did he know at the time that, instead, she would "give" something to him. She gave him one of the little broken pieces of her heart. She reached out to stroke his head and he instinctively squinched his

eyes shut and dropped his head, waiting for the heavy hand. With that little bit of movement she gave him another one of the broken pieces of her heart.

She took him home and gave him a bath. She toweled him dry and brushed some order back into his coat. For that, he was grateful and even though his own heart was loaded with worms, he accepted yet another piece of her heart, for it would help to heal his own.

"Would you like some water, big boy?" She whispered to him as she set down a large bowl of cold well water. He drank it up happily. He had been dehydrated for a long time and she knew it would take him most of the week to re-hydrate. He wanted more water - but it was gone. Ah... that's how it is, he thought to himself. But he was grateful for what he had been able to get. "Would you like some more?" and she gave him another bowl along with another little piece of her heart. "I know that you are hungry. You don't have to find your own food anymore. Here's a big bowl of good food for you. I've added some warm water and a little piece of my heart."

Over the four months that he stayed with her, his health improved. The heart full of worms was replaced piece by piece with little bits of her loving heart. And each little piece worked a very special kind of magic. When the warmth of love and gentle caresses are added, the little broken pieces knit together again and heal the container it resides in. That container becomes whole again. She watched each little broken piece fill a gap in the gentle dog until his quiet eyes radiated the light from the little pieces. You see,

kind words gently spoken turn the little pieces into illumination for the spirit that resides within.

He rested beside her, happy to be with her always. Never had he known such kindness, such gentle caresses; such love. His health had returned, his spirit was playful as a young dog's should be and he had learned about love. Now his heart was full. The healing was complete. It was time to go. There was another person who had another heart that was meant to be shared with him.

So she sat shapeless on the floor because all the broken pieces of her heart were with the dog. It is difficult to sit tall when your heart is not with you. She wrapped her arms around the dog that sat with tall, proud ears for her. Lean on me, he said. And she gave him one last thing that would keep him strong; that would keep the pieces of her heart together long after he had gone on to live his new life. She gave him her tears and bound them to the pieces with a simple statement made from the ribbons of her heart. "I love you, Joe." And Joe lived happily ever after.

Melissa sat on the floor, straight and tall like her mother had always admonished her to do when she was a child. Today, it would be possible. And tomorrow... it probably would be possible too. Because her mind was busy thinking about this, the next dog that lay across her lap.

Where did she get the heart to help yet another dog, you ask?

Ahhh... it came with the dog. They always bring a little bit of heart with them. And when the rescuer breathes in that little bit of heart, it quickly grows and fills the void left by the last dog.

Waiting for homes:

Buddy - about 8, probably not purebred, very sweet, large... was a stray

Dinah - about 3, tiny, afraid of people who are standing - and quick movements - can climb fences, not good with some female dogs, but okay with males and cats - was a stray.

Scudder - about 3, was a stray from Philly, wonderful dog who is not good with other dogs or cats - is handsome and loyal and loves his routine. Is much better with men now. Was terribly afraid of them when we first got him.

Nessie - about 3 - not good with other dogs or cats or some children (so we will not place her with children/grand children). Very strong and NOT good on a lead.

Maggie Mae - 8 - sweet with humans, not good with most other dogs (no females) and NO cats! Quiet - barks to go out.

Adopted

Andie LaSalle
Brandy Chzers
Charlie-Bear Gorman
Delilah Mangino
Jimmy Chiadetti
Kerry Engard
Monty (Jack) Lee
Odie Farrell
Phoebe ?
Samson Whitmore
Sweetie Rateliff
Winston Lorene



I Stole Your Dog Today

Author Unknown

No, I didn't step foot on your property, but from the condition of your dog, I can imagine what it looks like . . .the word "junk yard" comes to mind.

I found her along a road, with a heavy chain wrapped around her neck, still attached to rotten boards from her doghouse, with rusty six-penny nails protruding. Not only did I know that most of the town had already ignored her, judging by where I found her, but I knew that if she had gotten into the woods the "cross" that she dragged behind her would have wrapped around a tree until starvation or thirst killed her. The local populace is usually deaf to the sound or blind to the sight of an animal in need, unless they decide to shoot one for trespassing.

That her ribs showed, that her ears were filthy, that her overall condition was poor and that her coat and eyes were dull, were good indications that you did not deserve her. But just to make sure, I checked with

local authorities for a report of a missing (unlicensed) dog matching her description and to see if you'd placed a "lost dog" advertisement in the local newspaper. You hadn't, which I can only surmise means that you do not miss her. That's rather convenient, because the fact that she is not spayed, probably unvaccinated, and possibly heartworm positive means that restoring her health could cost me over a thousand dollars.

Perhaps it may be some small comfort to know that she does not miss you. In fact, her very act of escape made it clear that she'd had enough of your brand of pet guardianship. It took her about a day to realize that I'm not you, that I won't hurt her, that despite our brief acquaintanceship, I love her. It took two days for her to realize that the other animals that live here accept her and that one of the joys she has been missing has been the companionship of other dogs. It took three days for her to appreciate the ecstasy of a home

(Continued on page 8)

Diamond Pet Food Recall!

In December 2005, Diamond Pet Foods announced a massive recall of pet foods produced at their Gastonia SC plant. Toxic levels of Aflatoxin, produced by a fungus that occurs naturally in corn, were discovered in recently produced products, which include 18 different varieties and distributed in 23 states east of the Mississippi River.

This toxin quickly damages the liver of any dog or cat eating it. Symptoms in dogs may be difficult to discern, but include: loss of appetite; yellow whites of the eyes, yellow gums, yellow in the belly or areas where hair is very thin; severe, persistent vomiting combined with bloody diarrhea; discolored urine; and fever.

Over 100 dogs are reported dead, with many others seriously ill. If you are feeding any of the affected brands, stop immediately and contact your veterinarian and feed supplier for more information. More information is available from the manufacturer at www.diamondpetrecall.net

I Stole Your Dog (Continued from page 7)

cooked meal and that a couch is meant to be reclined on, and that she no longer has to sleep outside. In fact, when the thunder starts, she'll get a hug and her ears rubbed, and I'll make a fool of myself with baby talk.

She has a beautiful name now. Already in the first week she has come to look more like she should. Her eyes sparkle and she has learned to wag her tail in greeting. She has stopped flinching when I make a sudden movement, because she knows now that I won't beat her. In fact, she hardly leaves my side. She's even become brave enough to bark at a cat, and today I watched from the window as she initiated play with the other dogs.

No, it's clear she does not miss you or her former life of neglect on a chain.

Of all the things that have become apparent from my brief relationship with her—such as the forgiving nature of the dog, their wonderful ability to heal and to trust, and the fact that love can work miracles—one of the most apparent is what a fool you are. She was possibly the most trusting, loyal and loving being in your life and you consigned her to a life of filth and loneliness until she made the best choice she's ever made when

she broke free.

Perhaps her guardian angel helped her escape. Let anyone should mistake me for an angel, I will admit that one day I hope to be as good as she; I believe she forgave you within the first 24 hours of her new life for about four years of her precious "life", while I still wrestle with the part of me that hopes one day you will burn in Hell.

It's not clear yet if she will remain here or whether I'll find her a loving home where she can count on more individual attention than I can give her, but one thing is certain, this is one bit of stolen "property" that is never returning to you. So sue me, prosecute me, plead with the courts that she is rightfully yours. I'm convinced this is the best "crime" I've ever committed. Hardly anything has pleased me more than the day I stole your dog. I need only to look into her beautiful brown eyes to know that she'd defend my decision with her life. If we have one prayer, it is that you will not replace her, and if we have one special day to commemorate together, it is the day I stole your dog and the day she stole my heart.



Patches looks a little embarrassed: her sweater and dog booties clash."
Carol Knerr - PA

75 YEARS AGO - 1930:

“Rags’ the popular little Airedale dog owned by Burgess William J. McClure of Marcus Hook, was buried in a white casket in the yard of the McClure home following his unexpected death. An undertaker's wagon delivered the casket. Then there was a viewing for all the saddened little children who loved the mutt.”

From the “Other Times” column of the “Delaware County Daily Times” - Sunday, May 8, 2005

Enclosed is a photo of our Wilbur. As you can see, he loves his comfort. He is such



a love! Also enclosed is our check for your wonderful work with Airedales. We will keep in touch.

Arlene and Richard Smith, and Wilbur-NJ



We Get Letters



Toby sends his thanks for publishing his photo and the text about how well he is doing. He has grown quite a bit-- longer, taller, and stronger. He and Duffy continue to be the best of friends. The current heat wave has caused them to spend less and less time out back during the day so the naps and house games have increased. Whenever I am out back, working or just putzing around, Toby follows behind me at a distance of about one foot. If I stop suddenly, he bumps into me or even gooses me. We have gotten very close.

He is often the first one on the bed to greet Serafina in the morning. He nestles under her blanket and paws her and "kisses" her until she gives him lots of attention. If we didn't have Toby, the six-month-old Cody that you advertised for adoption would be extremely tempting. Take care and commendations on the newsletter.

Mike and Serafina Lurski—PA

Charlie is doing great! The dermatitis cleared up with a change in diet. He really bonded with my daughter while she was here in between college graduation and gainful employment. He now sleeps on her bed. Keep up the good work!

Kate Hefright - PA

In just a few days it will be thirteen months since Rozanne died and we are ready for anew pal/boss in our home. Hope you are enjoying the summer as much as we are. The sun and hot weather fit us, so life is good, but a little lonely without Roxy.

Peace, Bert and Cal Ratcliff - CT

Once again you have brightened my heart with the wonderful newsletter. It's such a delight to read the many stories about our favorite pals. Peace and love,

Ann Randle - PA

We want you to know that Annie, now Brandy, is doing very well and is much loved. We still have a great deal of adjustments to make, but we are having fun and she will soon have us well trained! The books and the collar information you included with the adoption package was very thoughtful and we have gotten some great understanding and tips from them.

Thank you for rescuing this wonderful dog and for matching her with us... We promise we will try to give her the best home possible.

MaryAnn and Gene Cheers — MD

We have a great new home with a huge fenced yard for the three Airedales. All are well - happy and healthy.

Mindy and Bob Shepherd - PA

We haven't been happy with the treatment of our cock-a-poo Dusty who has COPD so we decided to go to the Veterinary Referral Center in Frazer in hopes of finding someone who would have more experience with respiratory diseases.

As I entered the clinic, the first dog I saw was a thin but sweet looking Airedale. I could hardly contain myself so as soon as we had checked in, I went over and introduced myself and asked if I might pet him. It turned out to be Robert and Elaine with their precious Nigel, who although he was feeling lousy, was a shy and sweet boy whom you know well. During the course of our respective visits and waits we had several nice conversations. There is something about people who love dogs; we always have something to talk about. It was such a pleasure to meet them all; it made my day.

You must be very busy getting ready to go down south, but I thought you you like to hear this little story. If I don't hear from you, I wish you great good luck and one of the most rewarding

Love, Fran Sawyer—PA

Sorry that I did not write you sooner. What a wonderful dog you gave us. We renamed her Andie. We already registered her with our municipality and got her a new name tag. We are keeping your tags on her collar as well. She and Nugget absolutely love each other already, they are like lifelong pals. She is very sweet and playful, extremely smart, just a perfect dog. We adore her. I took some digital photos which I will send to you shortly. She just fit right into our home without hesitation. We are beyond thrilled. Thanks so much.

She is so well adjusted, what a credit to her breed and to the entire rescue process. Right now she is asleep on her doggy bed outside of my daughter's room. She has full access to all the bedrooms but seems to have fallen in love with her fleece bed. She is so relaxed, walks very well on a leash, has met some of the neighborhood dogs without incident. She is quiet, not an excessive barker, and yet I believe that she will gradually become more and more relaxed as time goes on. She is not interested in the pool, eats well, takes her vitamins, she gets a biscuit at bedtime, loves her new yard. I am attaching one of the pictures we took at your home. More to follow soon. We will provide you with periodic status reports. Will take her to the vet this week. Sincerely,

Carol, Bob, Rob & Janine LaSalle



OUTSIDE DOGS

By Dennis Fetko, Ph.D.

Reprinted from August 1995 issue of Whiskers & Wags, Halifax Humane Society Newsletter

I'm familiar with hundreds of dog breeds, but what's an outside dog? Unless you're medically intolerant of the dog (and therefore can't take care of him in a medical emergency, so you shouldn't have the dog anyway), making a dog stay outside is a costly waste. If he's for protection, what do you think I want to steal - your lawn? When you leave, do you put your valuables and your kids out in your yard? Just what is the dog protecting out there? Most dogs kept outside cause far more nuisance complaints from barking and escaping than any deterrent to intrusion. Such complaints cause teasing, antagonism, release and poisoning. With your dog a helpless victim, it's no laughing matter.

If I'm a crook and your dog is out, your fence protects ME, not your possessions or your dog. If I just open the gate, 9 out of 10 dogs will run off! I can safely shoot, stab, spear, poison, snare, strangle them, or dart through the fence and you just lost your dog AND everything I steal!

If he's tied up and I keep out of reach, he's useless. He'll bark, but outside dogs bark so much, they're usually ignored. But let a dog hit the other side of a door or window I'm breaking into, and I'm GONE! I can't hurt the dog until he can hurt me, and nothing you own is worth my arm. Deterrence is effective protection.

Protection and aggression are not the same. Protection is defensive, reactive, often passive, and threatens or injures no one. Aggression is active, harmful and offensive, threatens all and benefits none. Yard dogs often develop far more aggression than protectivity because everyone who passes by or enters has already violated the territory that dog has marked dozens of times a day for years. That's not protection, it's not desirable and it overlooks two facts of life today:

First, property owners have implied social contracts with others in the community. Letter carriers, paper boys, delivery people, law enforcement, emergency medical personnel, meter readers and others are allowed near and at times on your property without your specific permission. And sure that ten-year-old was not supposed to jump your fence after his Frisbee; but neither you nor your dog are allowed to cause him injury if he does. Imagine this: A neighbor looks into your yard or window and sees you, your wife or child laying on the floor in a pool of blood. They call 9-1-1 and your dog prevents paramedics from assisting! Should they shoot your dog or just let you die?

Great choice.

Second, even if the intruder is a criminal, few places allow you or your dog to cause physical injury to prevent property loss. Convicted felons have sued the dog's owner from jail and won more in the suit than they ever could have stolen!

Appalling? True.

And don't be foolish enough to believe your homeowner's insurance will cover the loss. Now you see why many feel that an outside dog is a no-brainer.

The more a dog is outdoors, the less behavioral control you have. It's easier to solve four or five indoor problems than one outdoor problem. The reason is valid and simple: The more you control the stimuli that reaches your dog, the more you control the responses. You've got a lot more control over your living room than you do over your entire county! When your dog is bored, but teased by every dog, cat, bird, squirrel, motorcycle, paperboy, airplane, firecracker and backfiring truck in the county, OF COURSE he'll dig, chew, and bark.

Would you sit still all day everyday? Do you want unnecessary medical and parasite fees, especially as the dog ages?

When a dog is alone indoors, you are still 30% there because your scent and things he associates with you, constantly remind the dog of you and your training. When he's out, your dog is alone whether you're home or not. Do you really expect him to keep YOU in mind while the entire world teases, distracts and stimulates him?

The media is full of stories about the family dog saving everyone's life during a fire. How many people, including children, would be dead today if those dogs were kept outside? SURE - you ALWAYS get up to investigate every time your yard dog barks. And I've got this bridge...

An outdoor dog has an address, not a home. Dogs offer real value as companion animals. Stop behavior problems and start enjoying real protection and companionship. Bring your dogs inside.