

The Alternative Dog

Incorporating the Alternative Cat and the Honey's Newsletter

Winter 2022/23

A few words from Jonathan, Honey's founder

I believe that a handful of academics are wilfully misleading dog lovers on purpose. How? By attacking the raw food diet – a perfectly safe diet that has been proven to dramatically improve canine health and wellbeing – on the grounds that it is dangerous.

A good example is the way in which researchers at Bristol University recently twisted the results of their work. Last July the *Daily Mail* quoted one of their researchers, Professor Avison, who said that: 'The fashionable [raw food] diet is not the safest choice for a domesticated dog.' He went on to claim that his research: 'Adds to the increasing body of peer-reviewed evidence that raw meat feeding is associated with various bacterial infectious diseases risks in dogs.'

Essentially, Professor Avison is suggesting that there is a risk that dogs fed raw meat will transmit harmful bacteria – in this case *E.coli* – to their human companions. What absolute rubbish. Professor Avison knows full well that *E. coli*, of which there are hundreds of varieties, is a bacteria commonly found in the intestines of both healthy people and animals. In most cases, this bacteria is not only harmless, but actually aids digestion. People and dogs need *E. coli* to be healthy!

True, certain strains of *E. coli* can cause symptoms including diarrhoea, stomach pain, cramps and low-grade fever. However, the vast majority of cases of *E. coli* infections are mild and do not cause a serious health risk. Only a tiny, tiny percentage pose any real danger to humans or dogs. He is correct, too, that some strains of *E. coli* have become resistant to antibiotics. This has nothing to do with our four-legged friends, but is due to the overuse of antibiotics in factory farming and over prescription by human doctors.

If Professor Avison and his colleagues were being honest they would point out that the *E. coli* risk to humans really comes from contaminated meat, fruit, vegetables, soft cheeses and water. It can also be transmitted as a result of touching an infected surface such as a shopping trolley handle or a baby's nappy. For dogs, the risk comes from swimming in contaminated water, drinking from contaminated puddles and licking contaminated grass, as well as eating contaminated food. Could a dog transmit *E. coli* (harmful or otherwise) to a human? In theory, yes. That's why we should wash our hands after stroking a dog and also why we shouldn't let them lick our face. But it is vital to keep it in perspective. *E. coli* poses very, very little risk to either humans or dogs.

There is a bigger issue here: the twisting of scientific research results to support a false argument. One of Professor Avison's studies, for example, involved 600 dogs of which only 43 were fed a raw meat diet. These dogs did not live in laboratory conditions but swam in lakes, walked in the countryside, played in parks and so forth. There was no control group. The study protocol had no inherent logic. In fact, the research was actually designed to discover what the risk factor was for dogs from certain *E. Coli* strains, according to whether the dog lived in an urban or rural setting. In other words, it had nothing to do with their diet.

So, how did it become an anti-raw dog food story? The big, processed pet food manufacturers – who pocket £3.1 billion a year from turning waste ingredients into kibble and canned food – are worried about the trend towards feeding a more natural, traditional diet to dogs. No matter how much they spend on advertising, sponsorship and 'education' they can't stop the raw food movement. Dog lovers who have switched their dogs to a raw food diet tell other dog lovers of the benefits, and so the word spreads. In Professor Avison's study some 8% of the dogs were raw fed. In cash terms that means the processed food manufacturers are losing out on £248m of sales a year – and the amount is growing all the time. You can see why they could be concerned.

This issue of *The Alternative Dog* is the usual mishmash of subjects from gardening to literature and from training to health. It opens with an article explaining some of our own new projects. In early 2023 we plan to be launching Honey's Bespoke (where we make food to order including, we hope, cooked food for poorly dogs), The Darling Butcher (which will offer probably the most ethically reared meat in the UK) and a new Beautiful Joe's treat (lamb!). We also have various plans designed to support anyone who is worried about the cost of raw feeding in the current climate.

One more but vital thing: thank you for your wonderful support and custom. We never, ever take it for granted. Also, please don't hesitate to contact me directly if I can ever be of assistance with anything.

Thank you, again.

Jonathan

Jonathan (Self)
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Playtime!
Enter our new photo competition and win a month of free food.

AND MUCH,
MUCH MORE BESIDES...



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Dear Valued Honey's Customer,

'A great many things keep happening,' wrote the sixth-century bishop, Gregory of Tours, in the introduction to his History of the Franks, 'some good, some bad.' A perfect description of the last few months here at Honey's HQ. Indeed, so much has been happening – some good, some bad – that I thought you might be interested in an update.



Since I was born (1959, if you are curious) I have experienced no fewer than seven recessions. I can remember when the interest rate on my mortgage shot up to 17%, inflation hit 24% and more than one in ten adults was unemployed. Happy days! How I wish that the only problem we all had to deal with at the moment was an

economic downturn. Sadly, we also have – in no particular order – war in Europe, a pandemic, an energy shortage, an environmental crisis and avian flu – amongst other things – to worry about.

Thank heavens for our dogs! At a time when we could be excused for feeling that the world has become a rather depressing place, they are a great source of comfort, joy and entertainment. Being optimistic creatures, they give us hope. Being sociable creatures, they provide us with company and frequently help us to make new friends. They teach us patience and they keep us fit. Above all else, however, dogs offer us unlimited, unconditional love.

Doing the best by each and every Honey's fed dog

At Honey's our priority has always been to do the best by each and every dog that comes to us. Which is why the loss of a growing number of longstanding customers due to cost is of such concern. Of course, we are extremely sorry not to have the business. But of much greater importance is ensuring the health and wellbeing of any dog thus affected. Because the fact is, once a dog and their human companions enter the Honey's fold – even if they stop buying from us – we consider them family.

This is why we have launched a new advisory service to assist customers wishing to cut the cost of feeding their dogs. I won't go into much detail here. What I will say is that we are practical. If a customer's budget means a move away from a 100% raw food diet using the highest quality ingredients, we will assist them to find the next best choice or, to put it another way, the least bad option. We will also look at any potential health issues (it is pointless saving money on food if you end up spending it on vet bills) and advise on the comparative advantages and disadvantages of different feeding strategies.

An easy way to save 25%

The current financial climate is also, by the way, why we have extended our special recommend a friend offer (see box) so that when you introduce a new customer you and they both receive a week of free food. There is no limit to the number of friends you can introduce, so in theory you could save 25% on your orders for months to come.

Anyway, if you or any Honey's customer you know of, is looking to reduce their expenditure please ask them to get in touch and we will do everything we can to assist.

We won't compromise

The idea of cutting back is very much in the air at the moment but not an easy thing for us to achieve at Honey's. We have always adopted a 'waste not want not' philosophy and there can be no question of reducing our standards when it comes to ingredients, packaging or any of the other things we believe in. Still, there is no getting around the fact that our own costs have increased by around 30% in the last twelve months or that we have fewer customers this year than last. Our most recent price increase, of around 7%, which was in September 2022 helped, but let's just say that for the foreseeable future we don't expect it to make any difference to us whether corporation tax goes up or down!

How then is Honey's going to weather the current fiscal storm? We are introducing a number of new products and services which will, we hope, make all the difference.

A return to our roots

The launch of Honey's Bespoke in early 2023 is, essentially, a return to our roots. In 2007, I began to supply a handful of friends and neighbours with the same raw food I was making for my own dogs. Everything was prepared to order. So, if Gus didn't like greens, Riley wanted rabbit or Coco needed her food slightly cooked, it was easy to arrange. Some of the ingredients came from my own organic smallholding, others from local organic farms and gamekeepers. I visited potential customers in their homes in order to explain the principles of raw feeding and to meet and weigh their dogs. Where necessary, and with the assistance of a vet,

special diets were created. The food itself was divided into daily portions, so that all customers had to do was defrost the night before and then serve. I was always at the end of a phone with advice.

Honey's Bespoke will have all these features and more. It will be like having your own canine chef. For dogs with health issues, we have prevailed upon Dr. Charlotte Gray (in our opinion the most knowledgeable canine nutritionist in the country) to provide specific advice and diet plans. If required, we also have arranged with a number of experienced vet nurses to make house calls. One advantage of the service is that we will be able to offer formulas using ingredients – such as rabbit and pigeon – that can only be obtained in small quantities.

Meat from an amazing farm

We are launching another new venture in early 2023: The Darling Butcher. This is effectively a partnership between Horton House Farm, which happens to be only a few miles from Honey's HQ, and Nick Green, a very experienced, ethical butcher.

If only all farms were run on the same lines as Jonny and Rachael Rider's Horton House Farm. The pasture-fed (and what pastures – an extraordinary mix of grasses, legumes and wildflowers) dairy herd is raised outdoors. Rotational grazing, lack of stress and only one milking a day ensure incredibly healthy, productive cows. All the young – and the Riders keep sheep, pigs and goats as well as cattle – are left to suckle naturally. The first time I visited, I was met on the drive by a herd of very friendly piglets, who are allowed to roam wherever they want. The farm itself, by the way, is a thing of great beauty with modest sized fields, plenty of hedgerows, plenty of trees and pretty little chalk streams as well as a stretch of downland.

What can I say about the man who will be preparing The Darling Butcher's meat for us? Nick is an argument in favour of nominative determinism being Green by both name and nature. We feel very fortunate that he is willing to help us out.

You may be surprised, incidentally, that I am endorsing a move into meat for human consumption even though I am virtually vegan. Honey's will be grateful for any extra income, of course, but there is another more pressing reason to make this move. In several countries around the world – most notably the USA – the big dog food manufacturers have persuaded regulators to make life a misery for certain raw dog food producers. If this happens in the UK, and there are signs that it may, by operating as butchers we anticipate being able to avoid similar problems. Another reason, incidentally, to only ever allow fresh, free range, organic and wild meat suitable for human consumption across our threshold.

Beautiful Joe's has a new treat in store

We have other plans to help us through the dark financial days ahead including the launch of a new Beautiful Joe's treat, which we are calling Tasty Lamb because (no surprises here) it is exceptionally tasty and is made with lamb! The first supplies should also be available at the end of January 2023.

In other news...

I am pleased to report that we are making progress with the Honey's Memorial Wood. We have just commissioned an Environmental Impact Assessment and we are considering the relative merits of applying for an England Woodland Creation Offer (EWCO) grant. I am sorry to report, however, that our farm visits have, once again, had to be placed on hold. Our various poultry farmers cancelled all visits due to avian flu. Our beef and lamb producers keep postponing us because they are so shorthanded. There are only so many times we can inflict ourselves on our pork supplier (Helen Browning) and on our vegetable growers. Hopefully, come the spring things will return to normal. I would like to reassure you that we have been using pretty much the same producers for well over a decade at this juncture so although we haven't met all of them face to face recently, we are confident of their farm animal welfare standards.

Hey ho. As usual, what I intended to be a short note has turned into something altogether longer. If there is any subject on which you would like further elucidation please don't hesitate to get in touch with me directly. My personal email address is below. Finally, I would like to take this opportunity not only to thank you for your own custom but also for any referrals you may make. Neither are taken for granted.

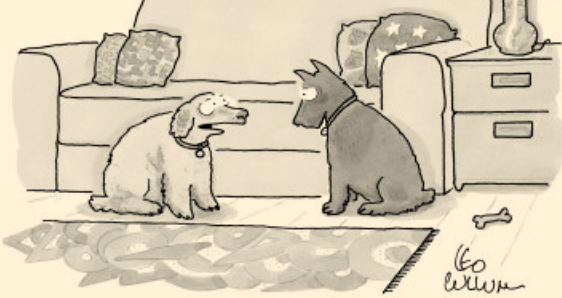
With very warmest regards,

Jonathan (Self)
Founder
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PS One final point! Please don't forget our Healthcare Team is at your service and the service of anyone else who contacts us.

HONEY'S NEWS

New advisory service: How to feed your dog the healthiest possible diet at the lowest possible cost



"Something is definitely going on. We're back to eating dog food."

To support any customer needing to reduce the cost of feeding their dogs we have launched a new advisory service. In a nutshell, tell us how much you need to save, and we will show you how to achieve it. Our advice has been formulated with the assistance of Dr. Charlotte Gray, perhaps the best and most experienced canine nutritionist in the UK. Please call or email for a free factsheet and further information.

— SPECIAL OFFER —

Introduce a new customer and we'll give you both free food for a week!



We have extended our special recommend a friend offer. Introduce a new customer to Honey's between now and the end of the March (31.3.23) and whoever you introduce will receive a week of free food i.e. 25% off their first month's order. You will also receive a week of free food (i.e. 25% off your usual month's order) when whoever you have introduced places their second order.

There is no limit on the number of customers you can introduce, but you can only receive one week of free food every month. So, if, for example, you introduce 12 new customers between now and the end of March you would receive a free week every month for a year. We'll base the amount of free food you receive on your average monthly order. Incidentally, you don't have to opt for the free food... you can still ask for any of our other 'recommend a friend' gifts instead. Please remember to ask anyone you introduce to Honey's to let us know that they are ordering entirely thanks to you! If you believe in belt and braces you could also let us know. If the offer is a success we may extend it further.

New venture: The Darling Butcher

In early 2023 we will offer what we believe is the highest welfare (and most delicious) meat available anywhere in the UK. It is being supplied to us by Horton House Farm – located just a few miles from Honey's HQ. There is a great deal online about the farm, which has set new standards in ethical and sustainable farming. The meat will be prepared for us by Nick Green aka The Green Butcher. If you would like to receive more information please call or email.



BEAUTIFUL JOE'S — ETHICAL DOG TREATS —

100% NATURAL ♥ SUPER TASTY

NEW FLAVOUR: Beautiful Joe's launches lamb treat

We are pleased to announce the introduction Beautiful Joe's Tasty Lamb Treats. Priced at £5 a packet for the launch period, they will be available from the end of January 2023. The treat is softer and lighter than our liver treats but every bit as flavoursome!



Honey's Bespoke It is like having your own canine chef

From late January 2023 we will be offering a truly bespoke service. The options include:

- Arranging for a veterinary nurse to visit you at home, health check your dog(s) and answer your questions.
- Individual diets created with the help of one of our vets and/or nutritionists.
- A wider range of ingredients – organic, pasture fed and wild meat; organic vegetables.
- All food made to order.
- Food can be cooked for older or infirm dogs.
- All food divided into the correct daily portion.
- A dedicated customer care manager.
- Emergency telephone number for out-of-hours advice.

Essentially, it will be like having your own canine chef. We anticipate that in most cases Honey's Bespoke will cost an average of three times more than our standard range, depending on the choice of ingredients and the time it takes to prepare. Initially, we are only taking on a maximum of one hundred clients. If you would like more information, please email or telephone Honey's HQ.

Honey's Customer Stories

Smart as our four-legged customers are, we have found them poor correspondents. So, if anything interesting happens to them and you think the Honey's community (as it were) would like to hear about it please let us know. An email to info@jonathan@honeysrealdogfood.com will do the trick.

Bronze for Dill Serrano



We are pleased to report that Dill Serrano has passed the Kennel Club Bronze Award. Figgy Serrano is gearing up for her exam in the new year...

Maxim Lowe is doing well



Maxim before



Maxim now

When the Lowe Family fostered Maxim in early 2022 he was seriously underweight and not, sadly, in the best of condition. Look at him now! Maxim is kind enough to say that a large part of it is due to Honey's! Thank you! Fantastic to see him in such good shape.

What happened to Wilson



We have been feeding Wilson since 2014 and from time to time supporting him (in 2022, for example, he undertook a 10k a day challenge and raised £2000 for different canine charities) so we were very sorry to hear about his woes over the summer. First he was incredibly ill and had to have an operation to remove – of all things – a corn cob from his intestine. He was (according to his human companion, Sarette) 'very stoic about this as dogs generally are'. However, on a follow up visit he decided he didn't want to see the vet again, managed to wriggle out of

his collar, bolted and was hit by a passing car. Thank heavens no serious injuries, if you don't count giving everyone watching heart attacks! As an aside, if a dog has had surgery on some part of his or her digestive system we often recommend switching from raw to cooked food for a period – which is what we suggested in Wilson's case. Our Healthcare Team is only too happy to provide detailed and ongoing advice.

Waste not, want not



Planning a little building work? Longstanding Honey's customers, Jocelyn and Phil, lined the walls and roof of their daughter Elinor's new treehouse with our old insulation. It

is, apparently, proving highly effective. We are always very interested to hear of ways in which to re-use our packaging.

A really lovely story...



When Digby Cumisky, our seven-month-old cocker spaniel left his mom and came to London with us at the end of last summer he cried. Lots. I slept with him in the kitchen first night yet still he cried. Lots. It felt wrong and made my heart ache. It really didn't feel as if this was the right way to start being a dog owner. I'd had an

exact copy of Digby as a five-year-old boy and sadly my parents had to give him away. It felt like breaking his heart was breaking mine all over again. It took well over a week for him to start accepting that he'd never see his mom or siblings ever again. This was his new life and I silently promised Digby and myself that we would do everything possible to be a good new family and become his new pack. Just before Christmas we met another cocker spaniel called Rufus in Crystal Palace park. Digby played. Rufus played. We talked with Rufus's owner as dog lovers do and gathered that Rufus was of similar age. Somewhat glibly we asked where they got Rufus from. They said a breeder in North Devon, South West England. Fancy that, us too. We quickly asked if it was Hallslake Cocker and with rapidly mounting disbelief asked Rufus's date of birth. In a beautiful chance encounter Digby had randomly walked into his twin brother. Same litter, same parents, same birthday. His twin that otherwise he'd never see again. If dogs could smile Digby and Rufus grinned ear to ear. They clambered all over each other like puppies hugging. This was something beyond play. Why? Dog sibs share identical scents and immediately recognise their family pack. You've never seen such happily reunited brothers. Today, three weeks later and after Christmas travels we're back in London and had our first long walk together with Rufus and his owners. Incredibly Rufus lives less than a mile away. Watching the brothers yelp with canine joy to meet again made my heart skip with joy. Digby's tail wagged at warp speed, both boys inseparable for the entire walk. Playing, barking, rolling around and collapsing onto each other once exhausted. After feeling like a proper git for making Digby so sad as a puppy and taking him away from his peeps we've full circled and made him complete again.

Congratulations to the Casey Family



Heartiest congratulations to longstanding Honey's customers, Martin and Amanda Casey on their marriage. As you can see from the photographs their big day was shared with four-legged family members. Martin and Amanda have Guinness and Topsy and Amanda's mother, Patricia, has Tatty and Enzo.

Welcome to Kash



A source of joy over the last few months has been hearing from Hiromi and her two-year-old Golden Retriever, Kash, as they settle in to the UK after relocating here from Japan. It is not a short flight – 16 hours – and Kash had never been on a plane before. Mysteriously, he arrived in a different crate, but although he was a little sensitive to noise immediately after the journey he took the whole thing in his stride. How does London compare to Tokyo? Hiromi reports: 'In Japan, we are not allowed to leave dogs off the lead anywhere except in dog parks. Therefore, I was very nervous and

confused to take a walk with Kash for the first two weeks. At the park where we usually go, most male dogs are not neutered. We rarely see non-neutered dogs in Japan. We are still working on adapting to the new environment, but we have met some lovely, well-behaved dogs and some friendly owners. I was told that when dog owners see another dog that is on the lead, they recognize as he/she needs some space so they keep a distance. Very polite! Kash was raw fed in Japan, so the first thing I did in the UK was to order from Honey's. Honey's was introduced to me by our gundog trainer in Japan, Ms Maiko Isono, who had worked for seven years with the nationwide legend Ms. Phillipa Williams. It will be one of my dreams to meet Ms. Williams one day while I am in the UK. In Japan, demand for raw dog food is still very low. The cost of Honey's is much less than I am used to paying in Japan.' Anyway, a warm welcome to Hiromi and Kash.

Guess the breed



Thank you to Sarah Franks for sending us her husband David's amusing drawing of their Soft Coated Wheaten Terrier, Dudley. Other Soft Coated Wheaten Terriers will know the feeling...

The Real World Consequences of a Honey's Substitution!



Dear Honeys,

Our boxer dog Bentley is a devoted fan of the Honeys diet! For the first time in over 8 years and due to our own poor planning we had to use an alternative Raw Food brand for just a few days. The short ditty below tries to summarise the circumstances and consequences....

The Honeys Supremacy

Our ageing boxer Bentley
Loves his Honeys-a-plenty
Twice a day, and with gusto, the bowl is scoured
And every last morsel rapaciously devoured

So, imagine Bentley's indignation
At being subjected to a non-Honeys situation
Poor planning and a long-drive holiday option
Necessitated an alternate raw food adoption

Oh, the limp tail. Oh, the demeanour most beaten
For the first time EVER, a bowl of food not fully eaten!
Sad, mournful eyes akin to an alcoholic in sobriety
And defecation of a most messy variety!

But now the family has returned home
Knowing exactly what is needed to atone
Oh yes, the Honeys elixir is back in the bowl
And we have our Bentley back, right down to the soul

The Morrison Family

Cool as a tomato



Remember last summer's heatwave? Clare McKnight's hot house was just too hot, but she found the perfect solution: Honey's icepacks. Worth remembering next time the temperature is rising...

Introducing the Honey's bowl maker



Honey's elegant, personalised bowls are made for us by a ceramic artist called Natalie (Naty, for short) Hart, who is based in a pretty village on the West Sussex coast. Naty started her career in insurance, hated it

and opened a 'paint your own pottery' shop in London. Then, in 2008, when she couldn't find a cat bowl she liked, she decided to make her own and Crazyfuryou was born. In 2011 she and her partner decided to sell the shop and make the move to the seaside, where she could work from home in the company of their dog and cats – for her, a dream come true! She undertakes around 1000 bowl or treat jar commissions a year and also creates personalised pet bowl mats, Christmas decorations and other items. She has been in charge of making the Honey's bowls for almost ten years and we have found the quality, design and service second to none. Visit Naty's website to learn more: www.crazyfuryou.com

No Fuss Fill Draw WINNER



Thank you to everyone who took the time to enter our Free Draw for £100 to spend on No Fuss Fill products. We are pleased to announce that the winner is: Jools Heeks.

Our new photography competition is on the theme of 'playtime' – see page 38 for details. Win a month of free food.



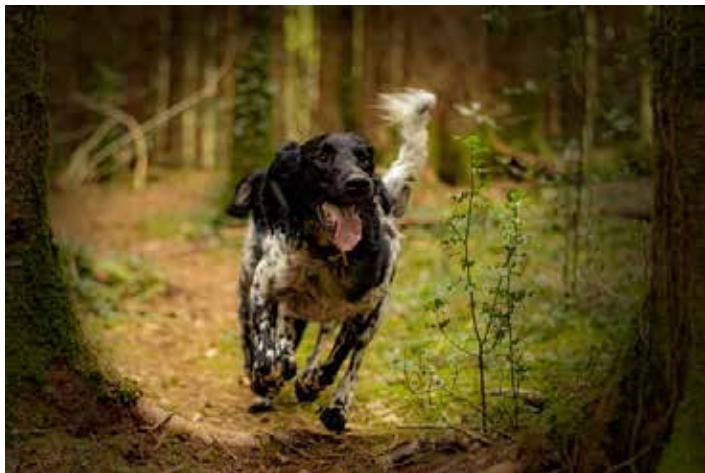
If you have a moment...

If you have a moment to review us on Trustpilot, we would be very grateful. Tangibly grateful, actually, since if you identify yourself we will happily send you a little thank you gift. This also seems a good moment to say a huge thank you to all our past reviewers.

Quinn's world: living with genetic chronic anxiety

An update by Colette Lewis

We have had such a lovely response to our article about our Large Munsterlander Quinn, who was diagnosed last October with genetic chronic anxiety, that I thought readers might like an update. Quinn celebrated his fifth birthday in July. I'd like to say his symptoms are completely under control, but we are still juggling medications, behavioural changes and emotional ups and downs. We always knew it wasn't going to be straightforward.



Quinn experiences extreme levels of frustration based on the fact that his brain isn't wired as it should be. Neurologically he doesn't possess the ability to make decisions or to self soothe. He's controlled by raised levels of adrenaline and cortisol which he doesn't have the capacity to regulate and it's incredibly frustrating for him as he tries to make sense of things in a world he doesn't quite fit into.

He possesses many Munstie qualities. He is highly intelligent, an incredibly methodical mantrailer, hilariously funny, very chatty and heart-breakingly loving. Many things that can cause anxiety in other dogs don't affect him; noise sensitivity, general fear, compulsive behaviours, aggression, and separation anxiety aren't a problem. He adores all dogs and humans and will play with anything or anyone – albeit roughly, having been 'taught' by the late Freya, our eldest LM. In retrospect we now realise how much of a constant in Quinn's life Freya was. Unconsciously to us, there was a means of communication Quinn responded to, and her absence will forever leave a void, not just in our lives but certainly in Quinn's. She was his guide and mentor; he needed her quiet reassurance and gentle dominance and he grieves the loss of the structure and boundaries she unwittingly gave him.

Quinn becomes agitated and can't cope when expected to make simple choices, like which bed to settle on or which room to enter. We often find him standing and staring at the floor, a look of complete bewilderment on his face. He needs structure and cues and is such a happy boy when he achieves something by himself. Mantrailing gives him confidence and off lead running and nose work calm him.... that's when he finds his happy place!

When I first wrote about Quinn, we were under the guidance of a vet behaviourist trialling Clomepromine, which had helped with the chemical imbalance in the brain. We needed to introduce another drug to help with emotional responses, further regulating them so behaviour modification could take place. Gabapentin caused a paradoxical effect, where symptoms are exacerbated instead of reduced, so trazodone was introduced. Having tried various combinations and doses we eventually concluded Quinn metabolised the drug too quickly, meaning there were periods of the day when the positive effects of calmer behaviour, natural sleep and positive responses wore off too quickly to administer another dose, creating a see-saw effect that wasn't helpful for him. After much consideration it was decided to trial clonazepam on a small dose, to increase if a rare paradoxical response was encountered, as contrarily a small dose can sometimes agitate the brain instead of calming it,

hence the increase. Which theoretically makes perfect sense, until you witness your dog panting, drinking copious amounts of water, wild eyed and (most worryingly) launching himself at furniture with no spatial awareness. Words cannot describe what a low point this was for us. The guilt of causing our beautiful boy to experience such distress has been immeasurable and for obvious reasons we chose not to continue and for the time being return to trazodone.

Thankfully Quinn has bounced back to his happy yet dysfunctional self... unlike us. I appreciate sharing our experience may create assumption and judgement over the course we have taken for Quinn, and everyone is entitled to their opinion – it's what creates healthy discussion. I also appreciate breeders may feel uncomfortable about the word 'genetic'. Mental health issues in our dogs such as Quinn's aren't just within the LM breed, they cross all breeds, and genetic issues do too, just as in humans. My work with mental health in humans has allowed me to have a better understanding, as I've learnt there are many similarities between the neurological responses in humans and canines. I'd like to think we have a common aim; to promote the wellbeing and quality of our dog's life in both physiological and psychological states, and to do that involves the sharing of information and education. Genetics are tricky to understand from a canine mental health perspective as research takes so long, and I'd really like to create an environment where breeders and dog owners alike can work together to help prevent conditions like Quinn's, or at the very least be aware of them, so they can be identified as a potential issue through health screening. We know genetic chronic anxiety can be passed through breed lines – we know of two cases related to Quinn that show similar if less severe symptoms.



I'd welcome hearing from anyone who would like to share their experience or is interested in hearing from others. My new Facebook group 'Quinn's world' is a starting point, for anyone to respectfully share information and views about canine genetic conditions. After all, who else can be a voice for the Quinns of the world but us? PS: Quinn made a decision tonight all by himself; to sleep in another room without distress. Bless him... that's progress, and to us, that's priceless!



"Sweetheart, could you maybe include the dog?"

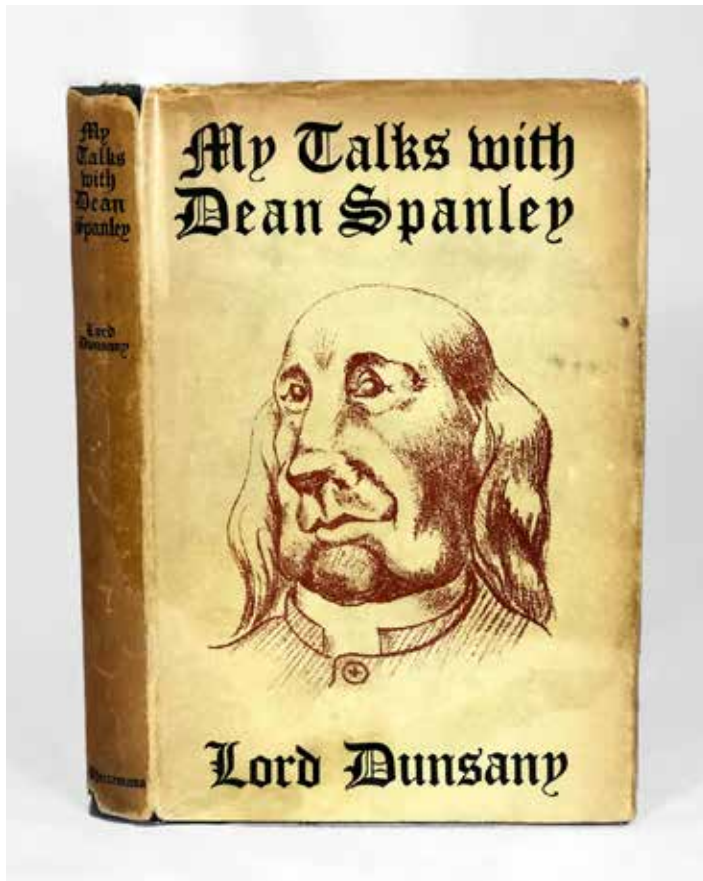


What's it like to be a dog?

By Louise Guinness

In a paper published in *The Philosophical Review* in 1974 the philosopher Thomas Nagel posed the question 'What's it like to be a bat?' And he kicked off a debate about the nature of consciousness and the limits of human imagination. His conclusion was that it was impossible to know what it's like to be a bat without **being** a bat. Nagel

argued that it isn't enough to describe what the world may be like from a bat's point of view, we can never know what's it's like *for a bat to be a bat*. More recently the writer, vet and philosopher Charles Foster had a go at living as a badger, an otter, an urban fox, a red deer and a swift in an attempt to fully get under the fur and feathers of these creatures. Professor Foster's dedication is not in question: he went off to Wales with his 8 year old son, Tom, and they lived in a specially constructed sett, first in summer and then in winter when 'the worms liked the heat that leached and was leached out of us. They came like hairy tongues from the jaws, and slimed over us'. His book, *Being a Beast* is gloriously bonkers and his effort is valiant but ultimately rather than drawing us closer to animals it highlights the chasm between us.



Bats and badgers - what is it with these philosophers? No matter how atavistically we approach the question it's just too much of a stretch to inhabit the very innermost being of such strange, wild and nocturnal animals. But dogs now, how about dogs? Can we go further with our companions who have so thoroughly domesticated us? To my mind there is one writer who has gone some way to answering the question of what it's like to actually BE a dog. Lord Dunsany was an Anglo Irish peer and prolific writer of now mostly forgotten prose and poetry. In his charming novella of 1936 *My Talks with Dean Spanley* the narrator suspects that a member of his club, Dean Spanley, a perfectly formal and conventional clergyman to all outward appearances had actually once been a dog, in a previous incarnation. What's more the Dean can be coaxed to describe his life as a dog, but only when he is in a state of slight inebriation but, as the dean is a careful drinker, only the finest wine will tempt him to excess.

Over a series of months the narrator has dinner with the dean and deploys irresistible bottles of Imperial Tokay and under its influence the dean's self-conscious human commonplaces are gradually replaced by euphoric recall about his former life. The first time the Tokay successfully does its work Dean Spanley says 'Always go out of a room first: get to the door the moment it's opened. You may not get another chance for a long time.' This confirms the narrator's suspicion - only a real dog would think in such a way. Soon enough the dean is admitting 'I was a hell of a dog' and over 100 or so pages we learn about his feelings on all the important features of a dog's life: on rabbits 'their guts are very good and their fur is good for one'; on his fatalistic attitude to ticks 'one's best policy towards ticks is summed up in the words "live and let live"', on the importance of burying bones 'by a careful choice of earth, there is hardly any limit to the flavouring that may improve a buried bone or a bit of meat'; on making your own bed by walking round several times, 'the oftener the better' and of the importance of chasing pigs, cows, horses and hares who run in 'that indolent and affected manner.' On the subject of CATS the dean is solemn 'on the whole they are so unreliable that chasing cats can hardly be called a sport, and must be regarded merely as a duty. Their habit of going up trees is entirely contemptible.'



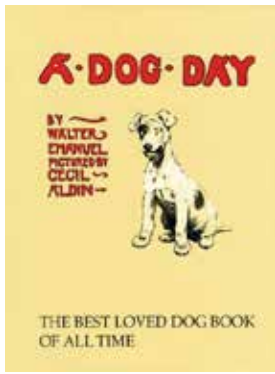
"I used to equate love with liver snacks."

He is best of all on the subject of the moon. When Yeats said 'The pure cold light in the sky/Troubled his animal blood' he was writing about a cat but Dean Spanley, in perfect recollection of his former incarnation as a dog, explains the whole problem: 'Personally I never trusted it. It's the look of it I didn't like, and the sly way it moves. If anything comes at night I like it to come on footsteps, and I like it to have a smell. Then you know where you are.' The dean recalls a tremendous escapade when he and an accomplice barked at and hunted the moon all night long 'when we had hunted the moon enough we came back through the wood; and we both of us growled as we came through the trees, so as to warn whatever there was in the darkness...there were lots of things in the wood that were hand-in-glove with the moon, queer things that did not bark or smell..' and when he got home he howled at the door and said 'I would never hunt again and I had stayed out much too late, and that the shame of my sin was so great that I could not enter the house, and would only just crawl into it.'

What's it like to be a dog? Well we're only humans and Nagel was quite right to point out our limitations - we can't ever know what it's like to be a dog as a dog but after reading *My Talks with Dean Spanley* you have some insight and you feel as if you've lived a bit of a dog's life, in the company of one hell of a dog.



"What the hell did you do with your day before I retired?"



A Dog Day or The Angel in the House

By Walter Emanuel

*With an introduction by Charlotte
Armstrong, a Honey's fan!*

Originally published in 1902, *A Dog Day* is the diary of a day in the life of a less-than-well-behaved dog who, nonetheless, charms an entire household. This roguish hero tells the story of a rather eventful day in his life in his own voice – captivating old and young alike with his wit and ability to get away with virtually every canine crime imaginable without punishment. Stealing food, muddying the house, and attacking the household cat are all in a day's work for this mischievous yet lovable dog, who always manages to get off scot-free. One of my favourite books of all time!



7 a.m.

Woke up feeling rather below par, owing to disturbed rest. Hardly enough energy to stretch myself. In the middle of the night a strange man came in by the kitchen window, very quietly, with a bag. I chummed up to him at once. He was nice to me, and I was nice to him. He got me down a piece of meat that I could not reach myself. While I was engaged on this, he took a whole lot of silver things and put them

into the bag. Then, as he was leaving, the brute—I believe, now, it was an accident—trod on my toe, making me yelp with pain. I bit him heartily, and he dropped his bag, a scurried off through the window again. My yelping soon woke up the whole house, and, in a very short time, old Mr. Brown and young Mr. Brown appear. They at once spot the bag of silver. They then declare I have saved the house and make no end of fuss with me. I am a hero. Later on, Miss Brown came down and fondled me lots, and kissed me, and tied a piece of pink ribbon round my neck, and made me look a fool. What's the good of ribbon, I should like to know? It's the most beastly tasting stuff there ever was.

8:30 a.m.

Ate breakfast with difficulty. Have no appetite.

8:35 a.m.

Ate kittens' breakfast.

8:36 a.m.

An affair with the cat (the kittens' mother). But I soon leave her, as the coward does not fight fair, using claws.

9:00 a.m.

Washed by Mary. A hateful business. Put into a tub, and rubbed all over—mouth, tail, and everywhere—with filthy soapy water, that loathsome cat looking on all the while, and sneering in her dashed superior way. I don't know, I am sure, why the hussy should be so conceited. She has to clean herself. I keep a servant to clean me. At the same time I often wish I was a black dog. They keep clean so much longer. Every finger-mark shows up so frightfully on the white part of me. I am a sight after Cook has been stroking me.

9:30 a.m.

Showed myself in my washed state to the family. All very nice to me. Quite a triumphal entry, in fact. It is simply wonderful the amount of kudos I've got from that incident with the man. Miss Brown (whom I rather like) particularly enthusiastic. Kissed me again and again, and called me "a dear, clean, brave, sweet-smelling little doggie."

9:40 a.m.

While a visitor was being let in at the front-door I rushed out and had the most glorious roll in the mud. Felt more like my old self then.

9:45 a.m.

Visited the family again. Shrieks of horror on seeing me caked in mud. But all agreed that I was not to be scolded to-day as I was a hero (over the man!). All, that is, except Aunt Brown, whose hand, for some reason or other, is always against me—though nothing is too good for the cat. She stigmatised me, quite gratuitously, as "a horrid fellow."

9:50 a.m.

Glorious thought! Rushed upstairs and rolled over and over on the old maid's bed. Thank Heaven, the mud was still wet!

10 to 10:15 a.m.

Wagged tail.

10:16 a.m.

Down into kitchen. While Cook is watching regiment pass, I play with chops, and bite big bits out of them. Cook, who is quite upset for the day by seeing so many soldiers, continues to cook the chops without noticing.

10:20 to ...

Dozed.

1:15 p.m.

Ate kittens' dinner.

1:20 p.m.

Attacked by beast of cat again. She scratched my hind-leg, and at that I refused to go on. Mem.: to take it out of her kittens later.

1:25 p.m.

Upstairs into dining-room. Family not finished lunch yet. Young Mr. Brown throws a bread pellet at me, hitting me on the nozzle. An insult. I swallow the insult. Then I go up to Miss Brown and look at her with my great pleading eyes. I guessed it: they are irresistible. She gives me a piece of pudding. Aunt Brown tells her she shouldn't. At which, with great pluck, Miss Brown tells her to mind her own business. I admire that girl more and more.

1:30 p.m.

A windfall. A whole dish of mayonnaise fish on the slab in the hall. Before you can say Jack Robinson, I have bolted it.

1:32 p.m.

Curious pains in my underneath.

1:33 p.m.

Pains in my underneath get worse.

1:34 p.m.

Horrid feeling of sickness.

1:35 p.m.

Rush up into Aunt Brown's room and am sick there.

1:37 p.m.

Better. Think I shall pull through if I am careful.

1:40 p.m.

Almost well again.

1:41 p.m.

Quite well again. Thank Heavens! It was a narrow shave that time. People ought not to leave such stuff about.

1:42 p.m.

Up into dining-room. And, to show how well I am, I gallumph round and round the room, at full pelt, about twenty times, steering myself by my tail. Then, as a grand finale, I jump twice on to the waistcoat-part of old Mr. Brown, who is sleeping peacefully in the armchair. He wakes up very angry indeed and uses words I have never heard before. Even Miss Brown, to my no little surprise, says it is very naughty of me. Old Mr. Brown insists on my being punished, and orders Miss Brown to beat me. Miss Brown runs the burglar for all he is worth. But no good. Old Mr. Brown is dead to all decent feeling!

So, Miss Brown beats me. Very nice. Thoroughly enjoyable. Just like being patted. But, of course, I yelp, and pretend it hurts frightfully, and do the sad-eye business, and she soon leaves off and takes me into the next room and gives me six pieces of sugar! Good business. Must remember always to do this. Before leaving she kisses me and explains that I should not have jumped on poor Pa, as he is the man who goes to the City to earn bones for me. Something in that, perhaps. Nice girl.

2:0 to 3:15 p.m.

Attempt to kill fur rug in back room. No good.

3:15 to 3:45 p.m.

Sulked.

3:46 p.m.

Small boy comes in and strokes me. I snap at him. I will not be everyone's plaything.

3:47 to 4:0 p.m.

Another attempt to kill rug. Would have done it this time, had not that odious Aunt Brown come in and interfered. I did not say anything, but gave her such a look, as much as to say, "I'll do for you one day." I think she understood.

4:0 to 5:15 p.m.

Slept.

5:15 p.m.

Awakened by bad attack of eczema.

5:20 to 5:30 p.m.

Slept again.



5:30 p.m.

Awakened again by eczema. Caught one.

5:30 to 6:00 p.m.

Frightened canary by staring greedily at it.

6:00 p.m.

Visited kitchen-folk. Boned some bones.

6:15 p.m.

Stalked a kitten in kitchen-en-passage. The other little cowards ran away.

6:20 p.m.

Things are looking brighter: helped mouse escape from cat.

6:30 p.m.

Upstairs, past the drawing-room. Door of old Mrs. Brown's bedroom open invitingly. I entered. Never been in before. Nothing much worth having. Ate a few flowers out of a bonnet. Beastly. Then into Miss Brown's room. Very tidy when I entered. Discovered there packet labelled "High-class Pure Confectionery." Not bad. Pretty room.



7:00 p.m.

Down to supper. Ate it, but without much relish. I am off my feed to-day.

7:15 p.m.

Ate kittens' supper. But I do wish they would not give them that eternal fish. I am getting sick of it.

7:16 p.m.

Sick of it in the garden.

7:25 p.m.

Nasty feeling of lassitude comes over me, with loss of all initiative, so I decide to take things quietly, and lie down by the kitchen fire. Sometimes I think that I am not the dog that I was.

8:00 p.m.

Hooray! Appetite returning.

8:10 p.m.

Ravenous.

8:20 p.m.

Have one of the nicest pieces of coal I have ever come across.



8:05 p.m.

Nose around the kitchen floor, and glean a bit of onion, an imitation tortoise-shell comb, a shrimp (almost entire), an abominably stale chunk of bread, and about half a yard of capital string. After coal, I think I like string best. The family have noticed what a lot of this I stow away, and it was not a bad idea of young Mr. Brown's, the other day, that, if I had the end of a piece of string always

hanging from my mouth, they could use me as a string-box. Though it is scarcely a matter for joking about. Still, it made me laugh.

8:30 p.m.

If one had to rely on other people one might starve. Fortunately, in the hall I happen on the treacle-pudding, and I get first look in. Lap up the treacle, and leave the suet for the family. A1.



8:40 p.m.

Down into the kitchen again. Sit by the fire and pretend I don't know what treacle is like. But that vile cat is there, and I believe she guesses—keeps looking round at me with her hateful superior look. Dash her, what right has she got to give herself such airs? She's not half my size and pays no taxes. Dash her smugness. Dash her altogether. The sight of her maddens me—and, when her back is turned, I rush at her, and bite her. The crafty coward wags her tail, pretending she likes it, so I do it again, and then she rounds on me, and scratches my paw

viciously, drawing blood, and making me howl with pain. This brings Miss Brown down in a hurry. She kisses me, tells the cat she is a naughty cat (I'd have killed her for it), gives me some sugar, and wraps the paw up in a bread-poultice. Lord, how that girl loves me!

9:00 p.m.

Ate the bread-poultice.

9:15 p.m.

Begin to get sleepy.

9:15 to 10:00 p.m.

Dozed.

10:00 p.m.

Led to kennel.

10:15 p.m.

Lights out. Thus ends another dernd dull day.



Creating Optimum Health and Vitality for Your Dog

Chris Aukland BVSc VetMFFHom MRCVS

"Here is Edward Bear, coming downstairs now, bump, bump, bump, on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin. It is, as far as he knows, the only way of coming downstairs, but sometimes he feels that there really is another way, if only he could stop bumping for a moment and think of it."



A.A.Milne

Luckily, there is a different way.

Instead of continually looking at all the various things that might (and do) go wrong, how about looking at the things that go right? There are owners out there who have pets that hardly ever get problems. What are they doing differently?

When I set up my website for Holistic Lifepath, that was exactly what I wanted to look at. How can we best get things right, so less things go wrong?

A few years ago, while teaching farmers, I found myself saying "it can be work at the beginning or it can be work at the end". What I meant by that is we can coast along, not putting much effort in, not paying attention, not developing our knowledge and skills of how to keep animals in optimum health and vitality. We can often coast along for some time, then suddenly one day, "out of the blue", we start getting problems. One after the next. Then life starts to get hard. Trying to work out what is going on and how best to sort it out. Meanwhile time is marching on, animals age, problems deepen. This is how it goes if we make the "work at the end" choice.

Of course, we could choose the other route, the "work at the beginning" route. With this choice, we usually start with relatively healthy animals. The aim then is to do the work to develop ways of looking after them that minimise un-necessary challenge, create a lifestyle that works for them and find out how to pro-actively develop optimum health and vitality. Do this well and you will have far fewer problems through the animal's life.

So where to start? My goal is to support animal owners learning how to manage their animal's lifepath as holistically as possible – hence Holistic Lifepath. For this article, I will focus on dogs, and the principles apply to all animals (and humans). The principles are really simple, so simple you will wonder why you had never thought of them before. And yet so powerful, you won't want to be without them.

First, see your dog on its pathway through life – its Lifepath. It starts when its born, then goes through its growing period. Then into adult life. Next to the senior stage. And finally to the end of its days and death.

The pathway, of course, is never straight. It is full of challenges. Twists and turns. Ups and downs. For each of these challenges it is:

The Challenge, relative to, the Ability to Respond.

Depending on the challenge and depending on the response, the dog will be at one of three levels:

- Green – Where everything is ticking over well.
- Amber – Where things are going out of balance.
- Red – Where serious problems are starting to develop.

The support you continue to give to help your dog respond well will vary depending on level the dog is at.

- Green – Good husbandry and lifestyle will be what is needed.
- Amber – Keep on with good husbandry. And add in good quality natural medicines.
- Red – Keep going with good husbandry, good quality natural medicines and appropriate veterinary input.

If you find yourself with a problem, the art of Holistic Triage is to work through this methodology:

- Red Level – Always check this first. If the animal is in need of veterinary care, then call the vet.
- Red Flags – If it is not quite that bad yet, then leave some Red Flags in place, so you are prepared with your next steps should things get worse.
- Green Level – Now come back to the Green and review your husbandry and see if there are any changes you need to make.
- Amber Level – With all the above checked out, you have topped and tailed, you can now come back to the Amber and consider if any natural medicines may be useful.

This is a tried and tested methodology that you can repeat as often as you need to as your animal makes its way along its Lifepath.

Of course, what you really want to do is avoid getting into the Treatment Zone. How is this achieved? The goal is to focus on Prevention and Early Intervention. This means creating strategies for widening the Lifepath by improving what is done at the Green Level. Then combining this with developing skills for the Amber Level so that you can strengthen the boundaries of the Lifepath.

You can also predict what challenges may be coming along and be prepared ahead of the game. The different stages of your dog's life will each have its unique flavour. You can adapt your husbandry and be prepared with your Amber inputs accordingly.

In summary, the better you do the Green and the Amber, the less time you spend in the Red.

Simple!

For the Red Level, make sure you work well with your local vet practice. There are lots of possibilities in the Amber Level and beyond the scope of this article. Similarly there is a lot to explore in the Green Level to create excellent husbandry. Here are some broad categories to start to consider:

- Diet – Dogs go better on a good quality, well balanced, raw food diet!!
- Exercise – Dogs love exercise! Even the lazy ones. Work to optimise the exercise they get.
- Social Connection – Dogs are naturally sociable animals. Work to get their social experience working really well, right from the start.
- Lifestyle – Pay attention to the details of the "contract of domestication" they have entered into. Be pro-active in creating a lifestyle that optimises how their needs are provided for.
- Loving Environment – This should be at the top.

You can, of course, deepen and broaden these. Also feel welcome to add other categories.

Make it your goal to become a Master Craftsperson as you lovingly Craft the Path through your dog's life. They will love you for it and you will end up creating optimum health and vitality for your beloved companion.

Chris Aukland is one of the vets at the Forest Row Practice in Sussex (01342 824452). He is qualified as a homeopathic vet and very active in Whole Earth Agriculture a community of farmers, health professionals and citizens www.learning.wholehealthag.org

Green Paws

Gardening tips from Teilo our canine horticulturist

I realise that my owner Jim's olfactory capability is feeble compared to mine and that of my species in general. Nevertheless, I have always felt that he rather takes his sense of smell for granted. Covid-19 changed that earlier this year. Jim was not particularly ill but he lost his sense of smell completely for 3 weeks. And didn't we know about it. He would plunge his nose into the pale-yellow petals of 'Bring me Sunshine', one of the latest English roses to be bred by David Austin, hoping for the promised scent of myrrh. Or stroke the flower spikes of 'Hidcote Blue' lavender he grows in rows to evoke Provence in Oxford and sniff his fingers. In desperation he would pluck a leaf from the pineapple sage and crush it beneath his nostrils. All triggered the same response of a curled lower lip and an exclamation of "Nothing!" Denied the wonders of a scented garden he wanted one all the more.

Thankfully Jim's sense of smell has returned and triggered an evangelical appreciation of aromas all around. After that dry summer the first rains brought the scent known as petrichor. The main component of this pleasant musky smell is a molecule called geosmin a by-product of the processes by which soil bacteria break down organic matter into simple compounds which can be taken up by plants. I have always loved the autumn for the rich bouquet of decay. Jim removes autumn leaves from his lawn and paths and adds them to the layer gathered on the flower beds for the worms to pull down into the soil. He delays cutting down herbaceous plants until the spring to provide overwintering quarters for insects. All in all, this creates a wonderful olfactory symphony. We have taken to starting our morning walk at the back gate to allow some snuffling and deep inhalations in the dewy garden.



Jim is preaching to the converted of course. He has taken to quoting from a book that was released in paperback in September. *'Thirteen Ways to Smell a Tree – A celebration of our connection with trees'*, is a beautiful collection of essays by David George Haskell. It would make a good Christmas present for armchair gardeners. Each chapter is inspired by the scent of a particular tree or tree product and delves into people's relationship through history with each tree. The author does not stay safe and confine himself to traditionally applauded fragrances such as pine and juniper. Ginkgo trees are often planted as street trees in urban areas where they thrive. Their leaves have

relatively few pores and when exposed to pollution can grow thicker to protect the inner cells. Ginkgos are dioecious, that is to say there are separate male and female trees. Woe betide the contractor who inadvertently plants the female of the species. Haskell describes silvery-orange fruit littering the ground under a female ginkgo and their odour. "Rancid butter. Oily beards of billy goats turned rank by their braggart streams of piss. Vomit. These emanations combine to make a wall of icky smell, the aromas of over-ripeness and decay." Strong stuff.

Teilo's Garden Jobs for late autumn/early winter

This is the perfect time to take hardwood cuttings from shrubs such as spiraea, cotoneaster, cornus and philadelphus. Remove suitable branches and cut into sections of pencil thickness 15 to 20 cms long. Trim the base of each cutting at an angle. Use a dibber to make holes in a cleared area of soil in a sheltered corner of the garden or even better within a cold frame placed directly on soil. Fill the holes with sharp sand and then insert the pointed ends of the cuttings. They will begin to root in the spring but leave them until next summer to transplant.

If you have a greenhouse and want to overwinter tender subjects in it you will be facing a dilemma over heating it. I recommend lining the inside of the glazing with bubble wrap. That will provide considerable protection against frost. Keep watering to the bare minimum. On fine bright days remember to ventilate greenhouses and cold frames to reduce the humidity and thereby the chances of botrytis (grey mould) attacking plants.

Autumn raspberries are an easy and rewarding fruit to grow. If you have a patch, now is the time to cut back all the canes to just a few centimetres above ground level. If you would like to start growing them, nurseries offer bare-root plants at this time of year which are cheaper and more environmentally friendly than buying them in containers. I recommend the varieties 'Autumn Bliss' and 'Polka'.



Teilo in the lavender bed



Bulb planting season is here again. Remember many bulbs such as these tulips are poisonous to dogs.



A *Ginkgo biloba* makes a good street tree providing it is a male

My dog's last days

Yesenda Maxtone Graham learnt ten valuable lessons when her terrier hit old age



No one mentioned, when I acquired my first-ever puppy 14½ years ago – a black-and-tan Norfolk Terrier called Samphire, who's still alive, though fast asleep - that a good four or five years of dog-ownership would be spent having an old dog.

She did come with an instruction manual, but it didn't mention anything about the later years. Old dogs are under-represented in promotional literature. Advertisers dare to portray grey-haired humans enjoying themselves on cruises, but they hide old, tired, arthritic, toothless, thickset dogs from view.

Here are the points I wish the instruction manual had included, to prepare me for the Old Dog years.

1. Dog as 'excuse for exercise' will become a thing of the distant past. The dog walk will be the very opposite of exercise: it will be a test of patience, as you tug it round the park at a snail's pace. But you are permitted to miss out the dog walk for two days at a time. Like a garden in winter rather than summer, the old dog is low-maintenance.

2. But you can't go on holiday, because no one else will want to look after this frail, aged, half-blind animal deeply set in its ways, who might die at any moment. Much as you adore the dog, you will start to fantasise about the time – how long? two months? – after its death before you acquire the next one.

3. You will think about the dog afterlife a great deal. Round the table you'll discuss whether dogs go to heaven, and someone will pipe up, 'Well, if heaven doesn't have dogs in it, I don't even want to go there.' If you're a Catholic, you might genuinely be worried that dogs don't have souls – but do not fear. Pope Francis decreed in 2014 that dogs might just have to go through purgatory first, to be cleansed of their sins.

4. You will change the tense in which you talk to the dog. Instead of saying, 'You're a good dog' you'll start saying, 'You've been a very good dog all your life.' This present-perfect tense will soothe the animal, who likes to be reminded of the long arc of its goodness, and the key achievements of its epic life.

5. You will discuss, within earshot of the dog, matters it will not want to hear, such as the fact that it has depreciated in value a great deal since you acquired it 14 years ago for £1,000, and that its successor might be a dog of a different breed.

6. You will wonder, with justification, whether the dog doesn't sometimes put on a bit of drama about being old. It will start limping self-pityingly round the park, making strangers look at you as if you're cruel, and then it will come home, race downstairs and be absurdly puppyish when it's supertime.

7. Daily death-dread becomes a thing you live with. Each morning, you'll brace yourself for finding the dog not breathing. When it crawls out from behind or under its favoured piece of furniture, and stretches, your relief will be huge. Living with this canine frailty prepares you for your own frailty.

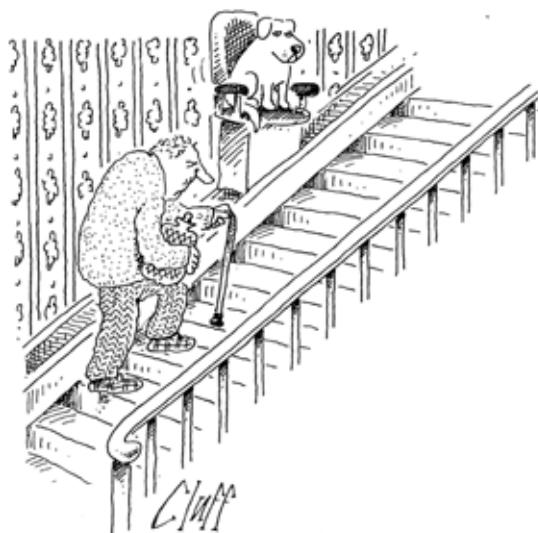


8. An old dog is actually very boring indeed. It's ages since it took any sustained interest either in another dog, or in a squeaky toy. You need to accept this.

9. It will wake up in the morning, have breakfast, drink an absurdly large amount of water, vomit some of it up, and then go straight back to sleep for another five hours.

10. The terrible day will come on which you – you, who have loved and nurtured it since it was eight weeks old – will be the one who decides to end its life. Such a day is unimaginable until it comes.

This article first appeared in The Oldie.



Dogs of the Pops

By Paul Wade

"Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit, and you ain't no friend of mine!"
Hound Dog – Elvis Presley

Elvis may have been the King of Rock 'n' Roll, but he wasn't perfect. He got a few things wrong: trusting Colonel Tom Parker, going to Hollywood, wearing those Vegas jumpsuits.

But his biggest mistake, surely, was saying that his 'Hound Dog' wasn't his friend. Inconceivable, isn't it, that one could look at a dog and not immediately want to be his or her friend? Even if they ain't never caught a rabbit, even if they're not high-classed, even if they cry all the time...dogs are always friends of ours.



Because dogs are our (best) friends, it's no wonder we celebrate them in songs as often as we do. And – apart from *Hound Dog* – those songs celebrate the special, unique bonds we make with our pets.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, Dolly Parton absolutely nails it - those connections we share with our faithful friends. In *'Cracker Jack'*, Dolly sings of "a little dog" with legs that were "way too long" who was "awkward as could be." But, of course, this is exactly why she loved old Cracker Jack: "He wasn't much to look at, but he looked alright to me." We've all been there, haven't we? Falling in love with a scruff not *in spite of* but *because of* their 'flaws'? Because dogs, as Dolly says of Cracker Jack, personify "love and understanding".



**"I am astounded that your dog is channeling Eubie Blake!
 Has he never heard of Elton John?"**

Dolly was singing from the heart with that one – Cracker Jack was her dog when she was a little girl – and Paul McCartney did the same on "*Martha My Dear*". In the midst of The Beatles' sprawling, psychedelic *White Album*, you'll find Paul's lovely song about his Old English sheepdog. Fellow Beatle John Lennon was surprised to hear Macca

sounding so smitten with an animal. In response, McCartney explained that "it's only when you're cuddling around with a dog that you're in that mode." Anyone reading *The Alternative Dog* while cuddling their own Martha will know exactly what being in "that mode" feels like.



And there's no sign of the bond between musicians and dogs disappearing anytime soon. Miley Cyrus says she's "head over heels in love" with her rescue dog Angel. You can spot Ariana Grande's dachshund Coco in several of her music videos. The next big dog-inspired hit could be just around the corner.

But it may be best to leave the music-making to the professionals. As much as we love dogs, they should probably remain the inspiration for our songwriters, rather than taking the microphone themselves. Don't believe me? Head to YouTube and type in "The Singing Dogs". They won't be Number One anytime soon...



Top 20 Dog Songs of All Time

1. Dolly Parton – Cracker Jack
2. The Beatles – Martha My Dear
3. Cat Stevens – I Love My Dog
4. The Monkees – Gonna Buy Me a Dog
5. George Clinton – Atomic Dog
6. The Royal Guardsmen – Snoopy vs The Red Baron
7. Rufus Thomas – Walking the Dog
8. Hank Williams – Move It On Over
9. The Beatles – Hey Bulldog
10. Harry Nilsson – The Puppy Song
11. Paw – Jessie
12. Led Zeppelin – Bron-Y-Aur Stomp
13. Carrie Underwood – The More Boys I Meet
14. Pink Floyd – Seamus
15. Dolly Parton – Gypsy, Joe and Me
16. Norah Jones – Man of the Hour
17. Billy Currington – Like My Dog
18. Sublime – I Love My Dog
19. Peter Tosh – Maga Dog
20. Jethro Tull – Rover



Feeding to Support Canine Cognitive Dysfunction Syndrome

**Dr Charlotte Gray MA (hons)
Vet MB MRCVS**

When dogs get older, we often notice that they go a little grey around the muzzle. We might notice they sleep more, too, and slow down on walks. We might even notice some stiffness or arthritis. How many of us notice, however, brain ageing?

When surveyed, over a quarter (28%) of eleven to twelve-year-old-dogs were reported to be showing at least one sign of Canine Cognitive Dysfunction Syndrome (CDS) by their owners. In general practice, though, we frequently aren't aware of these signs until a dog becomes confused and anxious.

There are lots of simple actions we can take to slow the progression of this common condition and this article will discuss some of the things you can do if your pet is affected.

What is Canine Cognitive Dysfunction Syndrome (CDS)?

CDS is sometimes described as 'doggy dementia'. Indeed, the brain changes seen in CDS share many similarities with Alzheimer's disease in humans, including a loss of nerve tissue (neurons) and an increase in abnormal deposits (called amyloid) in the blood vessels of the brain. Symptoms of CDS can include confusion, increased anxiety and loss of normal night-day cycles. Some dogs will forget previously learned behaviours like toilet training and may pace and bark more than they used to.

How do we diagnose CDS?

CDS generally affects dogs in their later years (10+) with two-thirds of dogs over 15 showing symptoms. It is a diagnosis that is based on behavioural signs, but since other (medical) conditions can look very similar, it's important to rule out other diseases first. For example, pain from arthritis is also a common cause of anxiety, pacing, and inability to settle down at night. Conditions affecting the liver can also make a diagnosis more difficult.

Once your vet has ruled out these other conditions (including pain and liver or kidney dysfunction), CDS may be diagnosed based on having one or more of these signs.

1. Confusion and loss of spatial orientation. Dogs may get lost in familiar locations, go to the wrong (hinge) side of a door, may get stuck and find it difficult to navigate around obstacles or fail to recognise familiar people, pets or places.
2. Relationships and social behaviour. Dogs may become over-dependent and clingy. They may have decreased greeting behaviours.
3. Activity. Dogs may display increased, decreased or repetitive behaviours. Some dogs may stare, wander, or lick household objects or owners.
4. Agitation or anxiety. Dogs may bark or whine more or may be more irritable or aggressive, and some may develop new phobias.
5. Food. Some dogs will develop increased or decreased appetite. It's important that medical causes of these two symptoms are ruled out before these are assumed to be due to CDS, but pets with CDS can also display unusual behaviour around eating – even if they are well.
6. Decreased responsiveness to stimuli. Some dogs with CDS will have a decline in vision, hearing or sense of smell due to brain changes (of course - changes to eyes and ears may also contribute to these changes)
7. Decreased self-care. Dogs and cats may clean themselves less - again - it's important to rule out pain here.
8. Restless sleep or awake at night.
9. Learning and memory. Previously house-trained dogs may toilet in the house even if they have been out recently. Dogs may even forget previously learned commands or display 'naughty' behaviours similar to when they were puppies.



"I'm concerned about his memory. He keeps asking, 'Who's a good boy? Who's a good boy?'"

What can we do about Cognitive Dysfunction?

There are a few things we can do to improve brain function in dogs.

Medications

There are medications designed to improve cognitive function in elderly dogs. Some act on chemicals in the brain to improve the signals transmission, whilst others will improve blood flow in the brain. Your vet will help you to decide whether these medications are likely to be needed for your dog.

Food!

Modification of food can be vastly helpful in slowing progression and supporting brain function in dogs with cognitive dysfunction. Much of the ageing process all over the body is caused by little damaging particles called 'free radicals'. Free radicals are produced by normal internal chemical reactions in the body as well as inflammatory processes. It is the job of 'antioxidants' to mop up these free radicals and prevent them from damaging neighbouring cells.

In a study of a hundred and twenty-five ageing beagles showing signs of cognitive dysfunction, supplying a diet enriched with antioxidants resulted in significant improvement in disorientation, sleep patterns and house soiling after 30 days. After 60 days, activity levels had also improved. The dogs had also improved awareness of their surroundings and families, and showed increased enthusiasm greeting owners.

Where can we get antioxidants from?

Don't be fooled into thinking you always need to buy capsules and powders to supply antioxidants. Antioxidants are in all sorts of normal foods. The human five-a-day recommendation is not just an attempt to provide essential nutrients, but also to provide plenty of varied antioxidants for general health.

Some common nutrients that most of us have heard of (like Vitamin C, E and Selenium) are antioxidants. They play important roles in mopping up these free radicals and can be obtained from food. Vitamin C is common in fruit and vegetables, and selenium is present in high levels in both brazil nuts and kidney (not too much please!).

Vitamin E is found in wheatgerm oil, although when looking to provide Vitamin E at high levels (especially if your dog is unable to tolerate a higher fat diet) sometimes supplementation is handy. Vitamin E liquid is available as part of some veterinary formulated supplements for cognitive dysfunction and is also widely available as a human supplement. Vitamin E supplements are generally very safe so long as you make sure any human Vitamin E supplement contains no additional ingredients that might harm your dog (like sweeteners or added vitamins – especially Vitamin D).

There are lots of other antioxidants too. Resveratrol from fruits like blueberries can protect the brain in Alzheimers patients, and Flavonoids like Quercetin from kale and apples can protect the lining of blood vessels in the brain.

Whilst there are rafts of evidence for individual antioxidants, you actually don't have to use measured doses of specific ingredients to make a difference.

Existing guidance for fruit and vegetables in CDS suggests that we use a good variety of fruit and vegetables of various types and colours, and that you should aim for at least 5% of the diet to be made up of them.

As dogs are not great chewers, it is also likely to be helpful to blend vegetables and fruit (unless they are just for fun) to improve digestion and absorption of the vitamins, minerals and antioxidants.

Other nutrients

Some aspects of cognitive ageing are to do with poor energy production in the brain. Just like muscles, the brain needs to convert food (in particular glucose) into energy. Mitochondria are the little engines responsible for doing this.

With age, mitochondria (like old engines) become less effective/less functional, making it more challenging to produce enough energy for the brain cells. This in turn can start to affect brain function and behaviour contributing to the 'senile' signs that we recognise.

There are some nutrients we can use to specifically help to support these little mitochondrial engines to help keep them in good working order right into old age.

Alpha lipoic acid and L-carnitine both support mitochondria, and both are found in red meat/organs. Alpha lipoic acid is also found in potato, broccoli, L-carnitine is also found in dairy products.

By supporting the mitochondria they may be able to produce more energy for the brain improving cognition.

These two nutrients are often found in supplements formulated for dogs with cognitive dysfunction. For pets that eat lower meat diets, or just those who need a boost, using a supplemental form of these two might be useful.

Omega 3 Fatty Acids

Omega 3 fatty acids (in particular EPA and DHA) have broad beneficial effects in older dogs including supporting conditions like arthritis. DHA is involved in the brain in particular and supplying good levels improves learning and memory in humans and animals of different ages.

Omega 3 can be obtained from fish or fish oil, but for pets with diseases requiring higher levels it can be useful to use distilled (concentrated) versions. Fish oil is a great source of EPA and DHA but it also contains a lot of vitamins A and D alongside a lot of calories. Whilst these aren't harmful in normal amounts, eating too much of these vitamins can be dangerous. Using a distilled oil means that you can use much less of it and without the risk of excessive vitamin A, D or adding tremendous amounts of calories to older dogs who often already have reduced calorie needs. There are a few veterinary products and a few human ones that can provide this - but take extra care with human versions of this particular one - many contain dangerous levels of vitamin D so read the labels carefully and consult with a vet or nutritionist if you aren't sure.

Medium Chain Triglycerides (MCT) – Coconut oil

The brain is heavily reliant on glucose supply to function. It is not as good at using other fuels (like fat) as the rest of the body. As we just learned, the ability of the brain to process glucose into brain-energy declines with age. MCT oils may provide a solution to this.

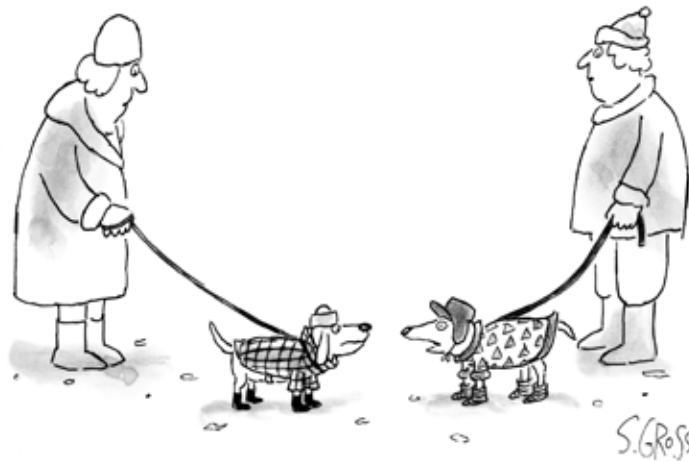
MCTs are special types of fatty acids that are found in high levels in coconut oil. They are unique compared to other fats. Whilst the brain cannot usually use other fats and protein efficiently as fuel, it CAN use the chemicals produced by breakdown of MCTs. Ketones.

Ketones provide an alternative energy source for the brain cells helping to make up for the reduced ability to make energy from glucose that occurs with age. In a study of 100 dogs, those eating a diet with 6.5% MCT oil showed significant improvement in 6 measured markers of CDS within 30 days.

Supplementing with coconut oil is safe for most pets - but introduce it slowly - a sudden change of fat level can upset tummies. For a small dog,

a teaspoon per day is a reasonable aim. For a big dog (labrador) 1-2 tablespoons. Start with a little and work up.

Don't forget – oils and fats are calories! It's important older dogs do not become overweight so you might need to adjust their food a little to compensate for these.



"I can't wait until I'm old enough to dress myself."

Summary

Canine cognitive dysfunction (CDS) is more common than we realise and is often overlooked for many years before treatment is sought.

Since some of the signs of CDS may also look a bit like other medical conditions it is important to get a check-up with the vet to rule these out first. Once a diagnosis of CDS has been made there are lots of simple things you can do to help improve your elderly dogs brain function.

Fruit, vegetables, omega 3 and coconut oil are all simple additions. Providing a diet with plenty of red meat (or for those eating dry foods - adding a little red meat as a topper) might help to provide additional L-carnitine and alpha-lipoic acid to help support the mitochondrial 'engines' that are responsible for powering ageing brain cells.

In severe cases, your vet may also be able to provide medication to help too.

In any case, research shows that signs of CDS can be significantly improved with these simple dietary changes so as always - never underestimate the power of nutrition!

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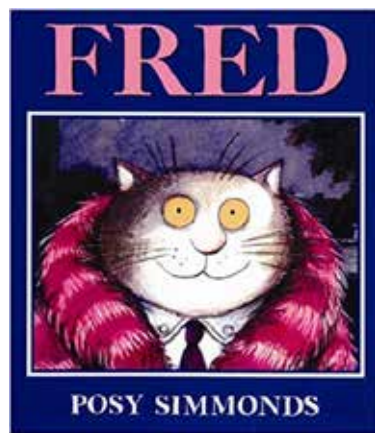
Dr Charlotte Gray is a vet who specialises in canine and feline nutrition. She qualified from Cambridge University, where she also did a Masters Degree in Zoology (honours). Dr Gray has helped us with our formulations and you can learn more about her here: www.companion-nutrition.co.uk

Guiding Spirits?

The stories of literary cats

By Amy Feldman

Given how beloved cats are – there are over eleven million living in the UK alone – one might expect there to be more literary felines. Not that there aren't plenty of examples. One thinks of Wanda Gag's *Millions of Cats* (the oldest American Picture book still in print), T.S. Elliot's *The Naming of Cats* (and many other poems and stories), Edgar Allen Poe's dark short story *The Black Cat*, Charles Baudelaire's *Les Chats* and dozens of others. Cats appear in thousands of legends and in fairy tales, in plays and in novels, and yet for all this (and despite their obvious superiority) they are nowhere near as popular as literary dogs. When they do appear, however, they generally have a pivotal role – not only as important characters, but also as a way of revealing something about human character and behaviour. Dogs (but I am a cat person so I would say this) tend to have less to tell us about ourselves. Anyway, below I have selected just six of my favourite fictional feline heroes. If you aren't familiar with them, I think you'll enjoy meeting them, and if you know them already, I am sure you will find they are well worth becoming re-acquainted with.



Famous Fred

From: *Fred* by Posy Simmonds

Nick and Sophie think their cat, Fred, doesn't do anything except sleep: on top of the fridge, the ironing board, on their laps, on their beds. But when he dies, a neighbour's cat, Ginger, leads them to his funeral to celebrate 'the most famous cat in the world'. It turns out that Fred was leading a double life as a feline Elvis. More graphic novel in style than traditional picture book, this is a fun and touching

story for all ages about the loss of a beloved pet and friend and about shared memories. It also, as Gareth B. Matthews points out, encourages people to think about how you can be two different people at once. While we may not all be moonlighting as rock stars, many of us lead double lives to some degree – we are not necessarily the same person with our family, our friends, our colleagues (or, for younger readers, school-friends) – and those multiple personalities, as Fred shows, are absolutely okay to explore.



Gattino

From: *Lost Cat* by Mary Gaitskill

'Last year I lost my cat Gattino. He was very young, at seven months barely an adolescent. He is probably dead, but I don't know for certain.' So begins the long essay (or short memoir, depending on how you look at it) by Mary Gaitskill. Gaitskill and Gattino meet while she is on a writer's retreat in Italy. Blind in one eye and in poor shape, the tabby seems unlikely to survive at first, let alone make it back to Gaitskill's home in America. She gets him home and they bond – but then Gattino disappears. This is more than a book about a cat, or the relationship between owners and

their pets. The story of Gattino and the unexpectedly strong feelings his disappearance conjures in Gaitskill is woven together with that of two inner-city siblings she and her husband 'host' during summers, and of her relationship with her biological family. And so Gattino becomes so much more than just the 'lost cat' of the book's title, but a way for Gaitskill and the reader to reflect on trauma and loss, and love and family.

Buttercup

From: *The Hunger Games* trilogy by Suzanne Collins

Buttercup is not central to the story of *The Hunger Games*. 'The world's ugliest cat' is also not beloved by the trilogy's narrator, Katniss Everdeen. Buttercup, who is described unkindly as being a muddy yellow colour, doesn't seem that keen on Katniss, either. Of course, the cat may resent the fact that Katniss's younger sister, Prim, tried to drown him (she didn't want another burden for their already struggling family). However, despite Prim's behaviour Buttercup becomes her faithful and protective guardian. Katniss begrudgingly admits that Buttercup has his use in keeping rodents out of the house. In truth, Katniss and Buttercup have certain similarities. Like Buttercup, Katniss at first considers herself loyal only to Prim – so much so that the initial book sees her volunteer to take her sister's place in the titular Hunger Games, which see randomly chosen contestants fight to the death with just one victor. Both she and Buttercup are natural fighters and hunters. When the Everdeen family relocate to a grand house in Victors' Village in the second book, both Katniss and Buttercup appear to pine for their former, simpler home. And when they find themselves in an underground bunker in book three ('District 13'), Buttercup – like Katniss, at this point – finds himself an unwitting celebrity. By the end of the series, the relationship between Katniss and Buttercup has seemingly healed – just as she, too, comes to terms with herself and her place in the world.



Tabby

From: *The Worst Witch* series by Jill Murphy

Mildred Hubble struggles to find her place at Miss Cackle's Academy for Witches. She makes clumsy mistakes and is often the focus of ridicule and pranks by high-performing classmate Ethel Hallow. And then when all the young witches are 'assigned' a cat, Mildred receives the only non-black cat in the whole Academy (no prizes for guessing what breed 'Tabby' is). Tabby, like Mildred, does not take naturally to the witch lifestyle and struggles with things other cats might not, particularly accompanying Mildred on a broomstick – a key part of being a witch's familiar. Nonetheless,

Mildred is fiercely loyal to Tabby, steadfastly refusing a traditional black cat alternative. Equally, Mildred soon develops a core group of faithful friends at the Academy. And perhaps it's this loyalty and compassion that makes her such a beloved figure, both in the stories and with young readers over the decades.



The Cheshire Cat
From: Alice's Adventures in Wonderland by Lewis Carroll

The Cheshire Cat is probably the most well-known cat on this list, and his importance has been heavily debated. Some describe the mischievous, self-confessed 'mad' creature, with his ability to disappear at will, as Alice's 'guiding spirit' through Wonderland. He is the one that leads her

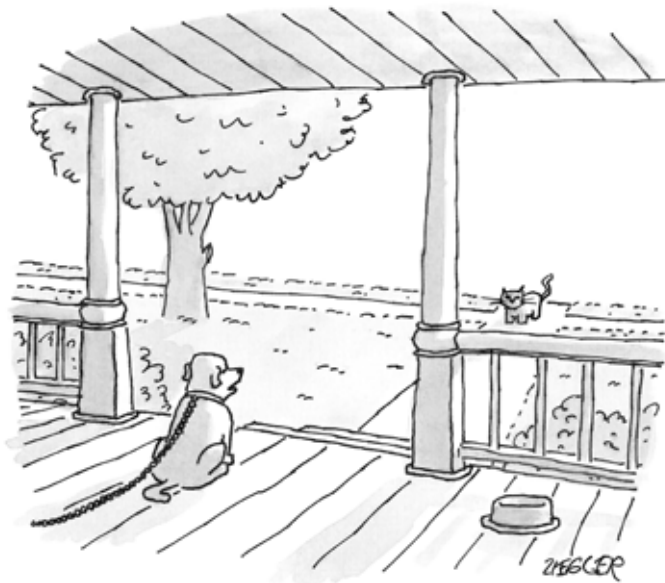
to the March Hare for example, and his philosophical and meandering 'insights', while seemingly quite abstract at first, can often provide some quite useful guidance. For example, (to paraphrase) 'If you don't have a destination in mind then it doesn't matter what road you take, you'll get to somewhere eventually.' During their somewhat surreal conversations, the Cheshire Cat pushes Alice into making decisions for herself – arguably encouraging her to start bridging the gap between childhood and adulthood. This grinning feline is not as mad as he professes to be! (Incidentally, Lewis Carroll was not the originator of the phrase 'to grin like a Cheshire Cat' – its first recorded use was in 1788, in Francis Grose's *A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue, Second, Corrected and Enlarged Edition.*)



Bob
From: A Street Cat Named Bob / The World According to Bob / A Gift From Bob by James Bowen

If you like books and you like cats, then you will almost certainly know the heart warming, true story of former homeless heroin addict Bowen and his cat Bob. But just in case... Bob is the ginger stray that wandered into the hallway of the sheltered accommodation James was living in while on a methadone programme. Unable to find the stray's owner, James took

him in. This, he says, is what turned his life around. Bob gave him a purpose and a reason to take responsibility. 'Thanks to Bob I developed the determination to knuckle down and get over it. Using drugs is a selfish thing; Bob gave me something else to focus on.' The pair ultimately became local celebrities when Bob began to accompany James (who later became a *Big Issue* seller) on the Number 73 bus to his central London busking spot. YouTube videos of the pair soon saw them become tourist attractions. After the book came out, they found themselves attracting huge crowds at book signings. Their story was even adapted into a feature film – starring Bob as himself of course. So, what was it about Bob and James's relationship that struck such a chord with readers? Perhaps because, while our stories and circumstances are generally not quite as extreme or sad as James's were, many of us have been 'saved' by a feline companion. They bring us comfort on sad days and often a sense of purpose too. And while they may be reliant on us for food and shelter, we are often reliant upon them for so much more.

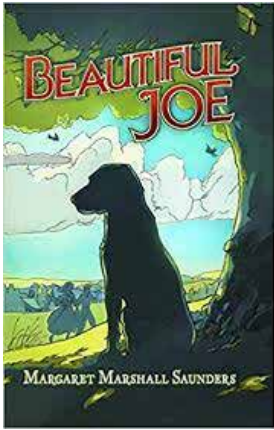


"Let me preface my remarks by saying that the chain is a lot longer than it looks."



"I think we're named after computer passwords."

Amy Feldman is the author of *Cats of the National Trust* and *Dogs of the National Trust* (both National Trust Books) and a contributor to *What She's Having* (Dear Damsels). She is also the Publisher for Calon books and human of a tuxedo cat named Puffin.



Beautiful Joe. The dog. The treats. The park.

It is ten years since we hit on the idea of selling our air-dried liver treats – Beautiful Joe’s – in aid of rescue dogs. This important birthday seems an excellent excuse to provide you with an update and also to publish a lovely description of the Beautiful Joe Heritage Park in Meaford, Canada.

Our big news: a second flavour!

The big Beautiful Joe’s news is that early in 2023 we will be offering a second flavour: lamb. We have actually been making it in small batches for some time, so we can vouch for its popularity. It is softer and easier to break but every bit as tasty! Like our ox liver treats, it will be sold in aid of dogs in need. We hope to have stock by the end of January.



Donations to date

As you may recall, we give rescue centres the same quantity of treats that we sell. To date we have given away the equivalent of over 120,000 packets of treats, with a retail value of almost £500,000! It is a one-for-one donation for our liver treats, and will be a one-for-ten donation for our lamb treats (which we are selling at a lower price).



Who was Beautiful Joe, anyway?

Beautiful Joe was born in Meaford, Canada, in the late 1880s. His owner abused him (beating him and cutting off his ears and tail) and a

neighbour, Walter Moore, unable to watch the cruelty any longer, rescued Joe and nursed him back to health. When Mr. Moore’s daughter-in-law, Margaret Saunders, heard the story she turned it into a novel. Her book, *Beautiful Joe*, was published in 1893 and by 1900 over a million copies had been sold. In 1930 sales hit seven million!

Saunders wrote *Beautiful Joe* as a memoir telling the story in the dog’s own words. While it was not the first book to tell a story from an animal’s viewpoint – *Black Beauty* by Anna Sewell was already on its way to becoming classic literature by then – it was still an uncommon narrative device. It allowed the reader into Beautiful Joe’s mind and led the reader to feel more sympathy toward the narrator than if the material had been presented in a straightforward and documentative manner. Saunders believed that as a woman she would not be taken seriously as a writer, so she called herself Marshall. Her book had a huge influence on the way in which animals were treated and did much to improve their plight.



The Beautiful Joe Heritage Society

In 1994, the Beautiful Joe Heritage Society was founded with a view to telling Beautiful Joe’s timeless story and that of his author, Margaret Marshall Saunders, a woman ahead of her time. The Society does much to promote animal welfare and manages a wonderful park (see below) on land adjacent to where Beautiful Joe actually lived.

If you would like to make a donation to the Beautiful Joe Heritage Society, please visit: www.beautifuljoe.org





Beautiful Joe and his park

Dinah Shields, the Society's Secretary, has very kindly provided us with a wonderful description of the park together with some lovely photographs. The Society urges anyone who happens to be going to Ontario to visit, where they are assured a warm welcome.

Beautiful Joe Park is a verdant nine acres or so of shady hardwood forest, located in Meaford (two hours north-west of Toronto), and bordered on two sides by the Bighead River. The park was established in the 1960s and has been managed by Beautiful Joe Heritage Society since 1994. It is known for its lush trees and unusual plants, as well as for its statues and monuments.



The first thing you see on entering is a life-size bronze statue of Beautiful Joe who was a fox terrier/bull terrier cross. It was created in 2006 by Canadian artist Gunter Neumann (1937-2018). Mr. Neumann was a founding member of the Beautiful Joe Heritage Society and a tireless volunteer on its behalf. The statue is often decorated by passers-by, who in winter leave him hats and scarves and in summer sticks and balls. Behind Joe's statue is a ninety-foot tall sycamore tree, said to be the oldest and most northerly in North America. A few steps to the east of Joe's bronze is the Margaret Marshall Saunders monument, also designed by Gunter Neumann. It consists of a single large stone on a concrete base, with a portrait memorial plaque, the whole taking the form of a book on a podium.



Continuing along the main path is the park's 9/11 Monument, honouring the more than 300 rescue dogs who diligently searched for survivors of the New York, Pentagon and Pennsylvania attacks of September 11th, 2001. A little further along the Service Dogs Monument celebrates all service animals. The park is also home to two 'Paradise Islands' where those wishing to commemorate their own dogs can do so.

Another popular spot is the Police Canine Unit Memorial, which commemorates K9 police units the world over. It is often

visited by canine officers starting out on their careers, or upon retirement. Another thing not to be missed is Beautiful Joe's grave. It was discovered in 1963 by a group of volunteers working on a park clean-up. The locals knew that Beautiful Joe was buried near the river but were uncertain exactly where. A marker was discovered, the site authenticated, and an official plaque was placed by the Archeological and Historic Board of Ontario on a stone cairn.

The park is lovingly championed by the Beautiful Joe Heritage Society, with the goal of spreading awareness of the great value of the human-animal bond, as evidenced in Beautiful Joe's autobiography and by the work of the Society to promote kindness towards animals. Joe's book played a significant role in establishing the modern humane movement supporting the compassionate treatment of animals.



You can read *Beautiful Joe* for free at the Gutenberg website www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/2818

You can see more photos of the park here beautifuljoe.org/beautiful-joe-park/



in almost every picture #18 Edited by Erik Kessels and Valentin Fogoros

We have featured the work of Erik Kessels, a Dutch designer and visual artist, in a previous issue of *The Alternative Dog* and we are pleased to do so again. One of Kessels' ongoing projects is a series of books called *in almost every picture*. Each book contains 'found', often (but not always) amateur photographs on a particular theme. In the case of the eighteenth volume, shown here, the theme is an unnamed German Shepherd dog. During the 1960s and 70s, the town of Baile Tusnad in Romania was a famous holiday destination. People from across the country would travel there to enjoy its hot springs and spas. Indeed, the baths of Baile Tusnad were renowned for their healing properties. Visitors keen to capture their stay and to take home a souvenir would commission a portrait by the local photographer – George Nitescu. George had a dog – the German Shepherd in these photographs – and almost all of his subjects seemed to have opted to have him included. Men in the pictures stand next to him as if he has just brought back a hunting trophy. Children are photographed tugging at his ears. Women pose as if they have known him for years. For these snapshots George's dog was an honorary member of untold numbers of families. George developed the pictures himself and his clients would go to his villa a few hours after the shoot to collect them. George's dog must be in thousands and thousands of photography albums all over Romania even today. It has to be said he looks as if he was a really, really lovely dog.

Colour, 160 Pages, Softcover.

Published By Kesselskramer, Amsterdam, 2022.

Available from www.erikkessels.com/shop for €25





BAILE TUSNAD · 1975



AMINTIRE Baile Tusnad 6



Baile TUSNAD 1974



AMINTIRE BAILE TUSNAD 1968



AMINTIRE BAILE TUSNAD 1968



Nina

Erik van der Weijde

Erik van der Weijde is a Dutch artist and photographer who runs his own publishing house, 4478zine.com, which has produced several dog-themed books including *Home Is Where The Dog Is* and *Nina*, which is where the photos below have been taken from. We asked Erik to tell us about *Nina* and this is what he said:

She will not be allowed inside the house. She will sleep outside. I am serious! But then she arrived.

Nina. Our guard dog who'd protect our family and property in Natal, a tropical beach town in the northeast of Brazil. A couple of weeks old, she looked and sounded more like a guinea pig than the protection I had envisioned. *Well, she could stay in the house, but just for a few days!* At night I put her in the bathroom, with some cardboard to prevent her from escaping. Because of the crying, I would put my mattress next to her, but hey, *from next week on she'll go outside!* When the rain started that next week, I made her a little bed in our master bedroom. *Just for a few more days.* Pretty soon I couldn't catch sleep anymore without her snoring on the carpet right next to my side of the bed. In the end she never slept one night outside.

The book is available from his website for £15. www.4478zine.com





Healthy Mind, Healthy Body

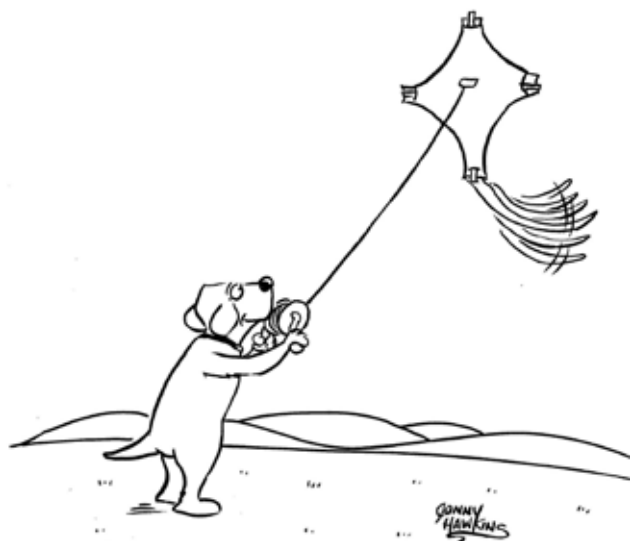
By Steven James



Photo by Mark Beltran

I have been working professionally with dogs as a behaviourist and trainer for twenty-five years. Or, to be more accurate, I have been working professionally with humans who love dogs as a behaviourist and trainer for twenty-five years. In general, it is easy to understand how a dog thinks and why they behave a certain way. Once a dog feels, as it were, heard they feel a sensation of relief and with it desire to please. The main part of my job is, therefore, explaining to humans what is going on in the minds of their canine companions. Sometimes, my clients say 'you must do so much walking' – and it is true but, actually, I do much more talking! Talking that can often lead to quite emotional outcomes. When a human being and dog who have been at loggerheads suddenly understand each other it frequently results in tears.

You'll notice I used the term human being. One of the most important things to remember is that despite the complicated nature of our lives – our specially created environments – we are still animals. Something that is easy to forget when one is engrossed in one's daily life. We may belong to one race or another, come from one place or another, but our species remains the same: human. A dog is also an animal. It may belong to one species or another, but again it is a member of a particular species: dog. When humans and dogs interact it is the interaction of two very, very different species. It is not as unusual as, say, a monkey and a fish interacting. We know that there are many similarities between us and dogs. Still, it is the interaction of two quite separate species.



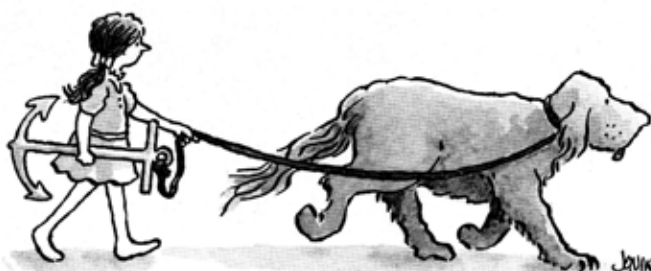
A dog's mind must be a healthy one. Just like ours, if stress and anxiety set in over a period of time, it will manifest in the body in the form of illness. The body, to paraphrase a bestselling book by Bessel van der Kolk, keeps the score. Dogs communicate through body language and energy. They don't speak English or any other human language. Body language expresses the emotional state of the dog, like a raised tail and raised ears. They can also read your energy. Within it, is information, about your emotional state. I aim to keep my own energy calm and authoritative. Dogs like this type of energetic state.

Did you know that 60% of a dog's brain is dedicated to scent? To a dog everything smells. When you are stressed, in any capacity, you cause a chemical change that shows up in your breath and your sweat. Dogs can smell the chemical change. Then there are the whiskers, don't discount them, they're like antennae and help a dog form a picture and navigate whatever they encounter. So, with all this information being received and the way that it's processed, there can be some very confusing conclusions, when the human element is thrown in.



I went to see a dog just recently who was neurotic to the highest degree. He wouldn't do anything without some sort of ritual. This obviously made him feel secure. Walking him was a complete nightmare. Everything that moved was an issue and his daily rituals at home had become an exhausting process for his parents. Eating was an issue and a drama. He was in fight, flight, and avoidance mode constantly and often quite aggressive to other dogs. Why? Mostly because he was separated from his mother at too early a stage. I cannot emphasise enough how important a pup's first three months with its mother are. I've seen so many dogs over the years both rescued, abandoned, and bred that are completely confused because they had little or no time with their mother or siblings. When they enter the human world, they try to make sense of it. Further confusion arises if their new human family treat them as children. Dogs – even puppies – are not babies and the difference is important to remember.

So, what can we do to keep a dog in a healthy mindset? My first recommendation is plenty of exercise. Many problems can be solved by exercise. When a dog is physically tired, they don't have the energy to pour into unwanted behaviours. Dogs have two high energy points in the day and if this isn't addressed by exercise, you will suffer with unwanted behavior such as aggression or destruction of property. The first energy point is early morning. It's usually quite obvious: they're over-excited and they clearly want to get out. Grab a lead and off you go. The second point is during the afternoon or evening – roughly, from three to seven o'clock, depending on the dog. This can be an inconvenience to some, and I have even known some dogs, although rare, that the high energy state can appear at nine or ten o'clock at night. Whatever time it is, grab a lead and go out. Some breeds can be an exception to the rule and have a high-energy state for most of the day, like working dog types for instance. For those breeds, you need to be a very active person. Buying a dog because of what it looks like can be a big mistake. What it looks like, its breed, will determine its skill set. You have to ask yourself prior to purchasing if you have the time and the desire to fulfil that skill set.



A word on lead walking, don't put running around in a field above lead walking. Yes, having that freedom is important, but so is lead walking. A forty-minute walk on a lead can be just as tiring as running around in a field for an hour. Why? Because lead walking is a discipline. The dog has to think about what he or she is doing and how they are behaving. This is taxing on the brain and they will tire very quickly.



"Is that all you can think about?"

What else? I advise more brain work. Play games with your dog that work the brain. Puzzle games. There are so many out there, online or in-store, to choose from, and it's up to you which one you think will work for your dog. Treat dispensing are normally the best. The stuffed Kong toy, for example, will keep your dog amused for hours as it tries to lick out whatever you have hidden inside. Bones also mean a high level of concentration with obvious health benefits for their teeth at the same time. Many dogs were bred for specific jobs, like retrieving, tracking, herding, and guarding. But today many dogs don't satisfy these instincts in their daily lives and become bored. And bored dogs can exhibit naughty behaviours. Fetching and retrieving, hide and seek are excellent games to play.

As much as dogs like to mimic or copy us, it is very important not to humanise their behaviours. I love my dogs and I roll around on the floor with them like a five-year-old all the time, but I also remember they are dogs and if I want something, I have to communicate with them in a dog-like way. That doesn't mean I whine or bark. Dogs look for the emotion in what you say, it's not what you're saying, that's just a sound. When they bark it's conveying an emotion. Their name for instance. A name is a label that we use to identify each other, and for us, that works. As humans, we can say a person's name and know whether we are in favour or not by the emotion that produces the tone and how it's said. You cannot do this with a dog and expect a favourable response. How many people do you see in your local park yelling their dog's name in an angry manner and the dog ignores them? At most they'll intimidate them and attach a negative to the name. The name must be used in a positive way, then your dog will always associate that sound with something positive and have good reason to pay attention. Otherwise, it becomes confusing or something to ignore, and confusion creates stress.

You must think about your own behaviours and lines of communication and how they can be improved before you go blaming the dog for not understanding. Are you someone whose moods yoyo, throughout the day, or from day to day? Are you timid and nervous, lacking in confidence? Dogs need consistency in your emotions, even in your tone of voice. They love routine either in action or emotion. If you are up and down and all over the place, which many people are, a dog will see this as being out of control and start making its own decisions. A stressful place for a dog to be.

If you feel you need help, don't suffer in silence but get a trainer. If you decided to live with a giraffe, after all, you would want to speak to a giraffe expert, to guide you through its needs and wants. A dog is no different and reaching out could avoid a lot more problems later.

Steven James is a behaviourist who has worked all over the world, but is now based in Devon. He specialises in aggressive, sensitive, fearful, anxious, and nervous dogs or just basic obedience and recall training. For more information visit: www.Steven-James.org

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Photographing Canids

Painted wolf pups

You just know that you are being watched. Scared to take a breath...

By Steve Darling

Slowly you scan the forest undergrowth for any movement. You check your camera settings for the hundredth time, never moving from your eyepiece. You slow down your breathing and wait. A movement catches your eye, and slowly, very slowly, a beautiful Grey wolf, moves out from the treeline. He stands there, so purposefully viewing his surroundings, taking in every aspect and then he stealthily walks towards you before diving back into the thick undergrowth disappearing without trace.

Did I get the photo, no? However, more about this very special grey wolf later.

I have always loved wildlife, particularly Canids, especially Wolves of all types. It is amazing to see African Wild dogs (aka Painted Wolves), Coyotes, Jackals you name them, I love them. They could teach humankind a lesson in the way they rear their young, their playfulness and caring within their family group and their amazing tenacity and cunning in their hunting and lifeskills.



Bosch Howl

to be called. These wonderful creatures are on the endangered list with less than 7,000 left in Africa, due to many reasons including human encroachment of their areas.

Every day from a tented camp in Laikipia, Northern Kenya, we set out with our guide and tracker, Joseph. Just like the Wolves of North America, we knew that they were out there, we knew that they were watching us but no sightings. Then, it all changed. The Wild Dogs seemed to sense that we were not a threat and a pack of over twenty dogs came from nowhere and wandered past our truck. As they went by, they marked the sides of the truck in typical doggy style and gazed up into our lenses as if they were our pets at home. They made high pitched squeaking noises and milled around us with their 13 pups playing tag and ruff pulling, it was really amazing. Then, as quickly as it started the alpha signalled that a prey had been sighted and like ghosts they disappeared into the undergrowth. We followed the birds of prey and vultures that accompany these hunts and caught up with the dogs who were taking it in turns to eat from the kill and to feed the youngsters by regurgitating the chewed meat for them. We stayed with the Wild Dogs over the next few days and they seemed very relaxed with us. They even left their cubs next to our vehicle while the adults went off to hunt, safe in the knowledge that no predators would approach the vehicle, with us in it, so the pups would be safe.



Painted Wolf alpha

My love of photography came later. Judith, my wife, and I have always enjoyed hiking in remote parts of North America and Canada in the hope, often forlorn, of seeing wolves. I always carried the camera gear for my wife – ‘she’s the real photographer’ – in my backpack. This meant that she could quickly grab a camera if we saw anything and take the shots. North American wolves, unfortunately, are by far the most elusive and difficult animal to find and photograph. They are still slaughtered annually in both Canada and the USA for the most pathetic reasons, but the hunting lobby in both countries is very powerful. We have been lucky enough to see Wolves in the wild in both countries, but the sightings have been fleeting, and the photos hardly earth shattering.

One fateful day in 2007, Judith said: ‘Here take my spare camera and see how you like taking photos.’ I found myself hooked. That day, and for 72 hours afterwards, we were photographing Polar bears and their cubs as we drifted alongside them in the Arctic ice flow, but that’s for another time.

The very first, purely photographic trip that we took, was in 2014. We were looking for African Wild dogs, or Painted Wolves as they now seem



Painted Wolf play



Ethiopian Wolf alpha pair

We returned to Laikipia the following year, in the hope of some more time with the Wild Dogs, only this time we were disappointed with only a brief episode with them after seven days of dawn to dusk searching – wildlife photography is like that.

We now divide our trips between, Africa mainly Kenya, Zambia and Zimbabwe and Canada, in British Columbia and the Yukon.



Wolf pup sideways glance

In 2019 however, we decided to go in search of the world's rarest canid, the Ethiopian Wolf. Less than 500 of these magnificent animals exist in the world, mainly in the Ethiopian Highlands with the majority found in the Bale Mountains of southern Ethiopia. These wonderful animals are like a cross between a grey wolf and a jackal. They live mainly on rodents, grass rats and giant mole rats and share the same meet and greet characteristics as the African Wild Dogs.

Like all canids they patrol their borders as a pack. We flew to the Bale Mountains and camped at altitude – temperatures varied between -16 at night and +24 during the day – not good for camera gear! This time we



Meet and greet

found two packs with youngsters neither of which was the slightest bit concerned that we were parked in their front garden. In fact, we became the object of much inquisitive behaviour from the pups, who again were left behind while the adults hunted. The pups watched with interest as we peeled off our layers of winter clothing as the sun climbed from behind the mountains and then got back into our fleeces and down jackets as it fell in the evening. The Ethiopian wolves loved to pose on the top of the banks where they had their dens, this made our lives as photographers much easier than usual.



Grey Wolf Bosch



Anya and Bosch

In the UK, we are lucky enough to have several Wolf Sanctuaries. I regularly visit and photograph at Wolf Watch UK, in Shropshire and have recently finished a book about 'Bosch', their young, very special grey wolf. He is now happily living with his friend Anja in a beautiful, large, naturally wooded enclosure. Bosch and Anja, unlike their wild counterparts, are always pleased to see us, they do expect that we will have some sardine treats for them. So, after years of searching, I have my ideal subjects, just down the road.

We are very proud to have been feeding Steve and Judith Darling's dogs for many years and we are very grateful to him for this wonderful article. You can see more of Steve's work here: www.stevedarling.photography. We would also urge you to visit www.wolfwatch.uk



An American Veterinarian's Adventures in Homeopathy (Part 1)

By Stephen Dubin, V.M.D., Ph.D.

Over my almost sixty years as a practicing veterinarian, I have seen numerous changes in the way we care for non-human

animals. Some of these have been very helpful and others have been discouraging. However, almost all of them have reflected a tendency toward mechanization, commercialization and increase in cost. I present this article (the first, I hope, of several) in an attempt to illustrate this trend and, perhaps, some attempt at mitigation. Living in the United States (the western colonies!) I must, of course, present the limited viewpoint of my own experience here. Because I want to acquaint you with the effects I have felt and my response to them. I apologize for my logorrhea, what may be a tedious recitation of my own mistakes and struggles. For a similar reason, and because of my understanding of its somewhat different place in UK veterinary care, I will begin with my personal experience with homeopathic medicine.

Let me emphasize, from the onset, that I do not consider myself a qualified veterinary homeopath. My knowledge and experience are very limited, particularly compared to my teachers and specialist colleagues. This article is not intended as instruction in veterinary homeopathy or as a guide to treatment of your pets.



My contact with homeopathy began, of all places, at a yoga retreat. My wife and I were attending a stress reduction weekend at the Himalayan institute of Honesdale Pennsylvania. At the conference we were introduced to several holistic modalities. Among

these were homeopathy and also Ayurveda. One of the features of the weekend was a homeopathic case taking. This was done by Doctor Rudolph Ballentine, the medical director of the Himalayan institute. He told us that he had been introduced to homeopathy by his guru Swami Rama.

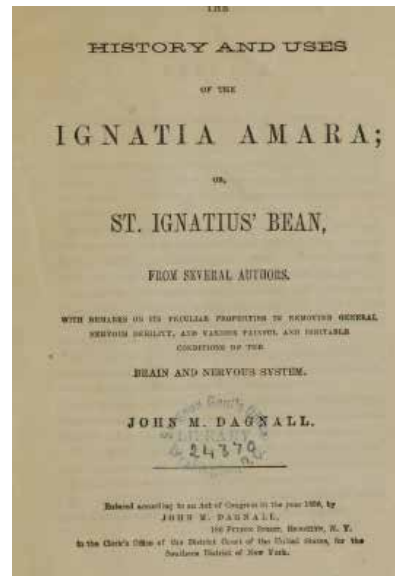
To say the least, I was a bit skeptical at the beginning of the case taking. I had been given the impression during my study of pharmacy that the main feature of homeopathy was the use of very small doses. As time went by, I learned that the minimal dose was indeed a feature of homeopathy, but the thing that impressed me most about my first contact was how very careful and intensive the case taking procedure was. After a conventional physical examination, Doctor Ballentine asked deep searching questions about my response to various stimuli such as my response to heat and cold; my response to wet and dry weather. Did I feel better in the mountains or at the seashore and many other things that made me feel better or worse. He asked me about my sleep habits. He asked me about my food preferences and particularly about thirst and whether I liked big drinks of water little sips or in between. He asked me how about dreams how about whether I felt hot or cold and what made me happy and what made me sad. Honestly at the time, I couldn't understand why he was asking how many questions about my feelings and particularly how I responded to the weather and other environmental conditions. Later I learned that he was using the most sensitive instrument available to us: namely, the person oneself. After all, to eye is able to respond to single photons of light. A mother can't discern the cries of her offspring in the midst of other distracting noises.

Dr. Ballentine told me to come back the next day fasting, if I wished, to receive a homeopathic remedy. Upon my return, he gave me the remedy, Thuja, prepared from the Arbor vitae tree. He told me that I would receive the 30X potency, which means that the original material

was diluted in stages of one in ten through 30 such iterations. Most importantly, he showed me how he came to choose Thuja. Dr. Ballentine pointed out the books he had consulted: material medicas which listed the properties of each remedy and repertories which inverted this process by presenting the remedies listed according to symptom. He then explained that his choice of Thuja for me was guided by my grouchy disposition, my excessive wordiness, my troublesome headaches and the small warty growths on my neck and inner legs. The remedy itself was a small mound of sugary granules he placed on my tongue. I must say that my first impression was that I had taken a sacrament.



I left my first brief encounter with homeopathy with a paperback book, a little kit of remedies and two burning questions. (1) Does homeopathy really work or is it simply a source of placebos? (2) Is there a place for homeopathy in my practice of veterinary medicine? In particular, is it possible to discern the kind of environmental and emotional symptoms on which homeopathy seems to depend? To save time and tedium, I must tell you that I have not, in my own mind, yet fully answered these questions.



My first attempt at homeopathic treatment was at a boarding kennel where I would call occasionally to give vaccines or to look at sick patients. The owner asked me to look at a pair of Siamese cats that were boarding for the first time. Although he had tried every tempting food and treat in his cupboard, the cats would not eat. As far as he could tell, they had taken no nourishment for four days. To make matters worse, these cats belonged to the pastor of the kennel owner's church. My first notion was to offer an injection of vitamin B12 spiked with a little steroid. Shamefacedly, the kennel owner admitted that

he had already given some of this from a "secret stash" left with him by my, by then, deceased predecessor. Out of a desire for something to try, I remembered the description of Ignatia Amara in my little paperback book as having a prominent symptom of "grief of separation." Fortunately, this was also one of the remedies in my little kit. With much trepidation I tried to plead my ignorance and inexperience with homeopathy. However, I felt that the remedy could do no harm, given the extreme dilution of the actual medicine. Indeed, at the 30X dilution, conventional physical chemistry would cast doubt on even a single molecule of the original herb being present in the dose I would give.

I don't know whether the term, "Hail Mary pitch" is used in the UK, it seemed quite appropriate to say that my blind desperate first try at homeopathy had amazingly pleasing results. Within an hour, the cats had begun to lick some diluted A/D and by the time I returned with supplies for a subcutaneous saline injection, they looked bright and happy. "Waving me off" with my fluids, the kennel owner said it had been a miracle and I did not know what to think.



The next remedy, from my little kit, that I tried in my practice was Arnica. I had been taught that Samuel Hahnemann, the founder of homeopathy decided to test this remedy after hearing that goats in the Swiss mountains would chew this herb after falls or injuries. What a delightful and fanciful idea for a medicine! Not surprisingly, Hahnemann was not satisfied with the shepherds' stories. He applied his method of "proving" to Arnica. As with several other medicines, he dosed people with

homeopathic dilutions of Arnica, and asked that they keep careful diaries of their feelings and symptoms. A prominent symptom that many reported was soreness.



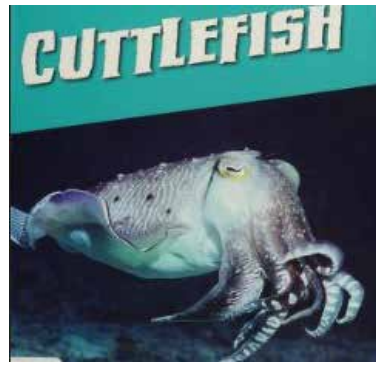
Back in the 1970's routine pain relief after elective veterinary surgery was rarely offered. What was available was primarily short acting first generation opioids like morphine and these were deemed to be impractical for use at home after discharge. Because I am 84 years old, I no longer do surgery. However, I shudder to think of the oxmorphone that is the postoperative take-home care which is the "standard of care" in many practices now. In part, the perception of need for such postoperative narcosis is the result of the much more rapid

recovery from anesthesia now desirable. (I plan to write more in the future about the evolution of, complexity and cost in surgery of anesthesia.) In any case, I began to offer packets of 6X Arnica after belly (such as spaying) surgery, castration and treatment of wounds. I was pleased – and somewhat surprised – to hear from clients that the little sugar pills seemed to diminish post-surgical restlessness and the tendency to bother their stitches. My first thought was that, while dogs and cats might not be susceptible to placebos, their owners might well be. On the other hand Arnica did not have the respiratory depression, constipation and legal complications of the opioids. Furthermore, back then, the cost of the packet of homeopathic Arnica cost me about four cents, so I could dispense it free. Please note that with the commercialization of homeopathy, the same remedy now costs about eight to ten dollars. Arnica is no longer a "freebie."



"I think we need to raise awareness, explain the benefits ... and if that doesn't work, just bite 'em."

In these days of cohort controlled double blind studies, my use of Arnica was totally unscientific. (As an aside, did you hear the one about the vicar whose wife had twins; he baptized one of them and kept the other as a control?). I tried to comfort myself that Hahnemann's provings were very scientific for his time (1755 to 1843). He compiled the reports of his numerous provers and sorted out the symptoms that were most prominent for each remedy. I wish I could have been a "fly on the wall" to see exactly how he did the math. Some more modern attempts at statistical analyses in homeopathy were to come, but a full realization of such proof remains, at least to me, remote. On the other hand, one may observe that rather few **conventional** veterinary treatments really have passed such rigid statistical study. If we set aside what we know only from anecdotal information passed on by trusted colleagues, the advice of learned teachers and our own experience, I believe we would be depriving our patients of much benefit.



I had one more early "miracle cure" back in the 1980's from my little kit of remedies. A breeder of poodles asked for my help with a bitch that was aggressive towards her seven puppies and refused their attempts to suckle. I remembered hearing, in the class at Himalayan Institute, that Sepia, a remedy made from cuttlefish ink, was often used for problems with female patients who had genealogical

problems. It also is recommended for the symptom, "rejects those whom she should love the most." Anyone who has hand raised orphan puppies will know how tedious and often disappointing this can be. Yet I knew of no other choice. Seeing the desperation and fatigue of this valued client, I tried another vial from my little kit. A drowning man will clutch at a straw. To the delight and amazement of us all, after a dose of 30X Sepia, the mother started to lick her puppies and let them nurse. The operative word in that sentence is "after." Did I commit the logical error embodied



in the old saying, *post hoc ergo propter hoc*? Can we really infer that the bitch's resumption of mothering after Ignatia was because of Ignatia? Perhaps she was finally ready to accept her puppies and we gave the remedy just at that time. I felt skeptical and thankful simultaneously. Yet I began to wonder

whether, at least in some cases, it might be possible to use the perceived *mens rea* – the mental state of my patients – as part of helping them.



One thing I knew for sure was that I needed a lot more study before I could proceed with this fascinating, charming if eccentric approach to veterinary medicine. My studies would bring me into contact with many sometimes idiosyncratic (sometimes mystical) but very often brilliant homeopathic practitioners. These included a musician/herbalist/toy designer/pistol champion, a teacher of Bible at a Quaker boarding school, and even the personal veterinarian of Queen Elizabeth, of blessed memory.

To be continued.

Dr. Dubin is a retired veterinarian in Delaware County Pennsylvania and Clinical Professor Emeritus of Biomedical Engineering and Science at Drexel University in Philadelphia. You can read more about him here: www.drexel.edu/biomed/faculty/emeritus/DubinStephen/



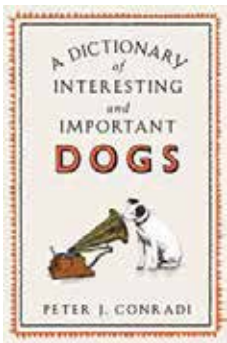
Photo by Jim O'Neill

A Dictionary of Interesting and Important Dogs

By Peter Conradi

Peter Conradi published his *Dictionary of Interesting and Important Dogs* in 2019 to great acclaim. It is, to quote the publisher, 'a rich compendium of the world's most significant and beloved dogs'. The dictionary embraces the

intriguing and the provocative, the essential and the trivial. Indeed, Mr. Conradi forays into history, literature and personal anecdotes to unearth a treasure trove of canine characters. Very kindly, he has allowed us to re-print his introduction to the book, together with a sample of the entries.



On not wading through treacle

'Without music life would be a mistake,' said the philosopher Nietzsche. But life, so it seems to me, might be hard without dogs too; and if I had the impossible task of choosing between letting go of music or letting go of dogs, I might conceivably choose to relinquish music, albeit with some anguish. It is wonderful to inhabit a world containing both.

How our love for dogs and theirs for us makes life bearable is the inspiration for this book, an

anthology of interesting dogs in life and literature, and of dog-related prose and poetry that I enjoy.

The mutual love between man and dog frequently leads to myth-making, and not everything written about dogs deserves to be believed. We can, for example, read on the internet of an impressive dog named Delta, discovered during the excavations of Pompeii (or possibly Herculaneum) and preserved by the hardened volcanic ash. Delta was found hunched over a small boy, his master, apparently trying to save him from the disaster. 'A collar around his neck revealed not only the dog's name, Delta, and his master's (Servinus), but also that the faithful hound had saved the boy three times before, once from drowning, again from four robbers, and finally from a wolf set on attacking him at the sacred grove of Diana. Moreover, Delta's heroism lasted until the end: his corpse, frozen in time, will forever be protectively draped over the body of his beloved Servinus, a sort of living monument to devotion and fidelity.'

The difficulty is that this story is not authenticated anywhere and appears to be an early 'urban myth'. Nor is it by any means alone; there are many others like it. The tales of Gelert, Foezie and Greyfriars Bobby, all of which gain entries here, are each at least in part legends of canine loyalty that flatter and console us, sentimental fictions that endorse our pious belief in our central importance to the universe. Many such entries in this book stem from the nineteenth century, when the Victorians tended to beatify their dogs.

Perhaps for this reason Max Hastings, who clearly loves his own Labradors, has compared the experience of reading anthologies of writings about dogs to wading through treacle. His comment appears in his review of Carmela Ciuraru's wonderful *Dog Poems* (2003), an excellent anthology to which I owe the discovery of a dozen or so poems that are happily plundered here. Hastings observes that dogs, like Swift's horses in *Gulliver's Travels*, are often idealised as if they had 'all the virtues of Man without his Vices'.

My book attempts to be a little different. While the saccharine and sentimental can't wholly be avoided, the ironic, the unexpected and the provocative have their place too. So does the attempt to see the world from a dog's perspective rather than our own. And two recent books, one French, one American, give us hints as to how this might be done.

The Gallimard editor and writer Roger Grenier (1919-2017) published his unexpected bestseller *Les larmes d'Ulysse*, in 1998. Its English title is *The Difficulty of Being a Dog* and Grenier's English translator Alice Kaplan

calls it 'a charming survey of writing about dogs through the ages'. Although only 130 pages long, Grenier's anthology seems much bigger. Its charm resides in its easy sweep, and the depth of reading, thinking and feeling that underlie its magisterial, lapidary shorthand.

'My book about dogs is an assembly of people I like,' Grenier boasts, accurately. He knew the great and the good and often shares first-hand anecdotes. After participating in the 1944 liberation of Paris, he joined Albert Camus at the newspaper *Combat* and indeed edited Camus's works after he died in 1960. The French existentialist author was a dog-lover himself; he wrote in his novel *The Fall*: 'I have a very old and very faithful attachment for dogs. I like them because they always forgive.'

At Gallimard, Grenier's office was next door to that of the writer Raymond Queneau, who brought his Tibetan terrier to work just as Grenier brought his St Germain pointer. Queneau's surname, Grenier tells us, derives from the Norman French dialect word for dog, related to the English 'kennel'.

Even when not writing about his own friends or acquaintances, Grenier manages to convey a sense of intimacy. He is clubby and knowing – whether he is writing about Aristotle (who recorded the different ways dogs and bitches piss), Kafka (addicted to self-accusation), Virginia Woolf (connoisseur of solitude) or Jack London. In just a few pages we can find apt and interesting anecdotes about dogs in relation to Paul Valéry, Sartre, Maeterlinck, Rilke, Balthus, Katherine Mansfield, Elizabeth von Arnim, Chesterton and Baudelaire.

Though we are tragically alone on this random planet, he shows us, our love of dogs and our uncanny (relative) ease of communication with them offer us a rare 'protection against life's insults, a defence against the world'. We can love dogs while despairing of humans. Grenier mentions Mme de Sévigné but does not repeat her trenchant observation 'Plus que je vois les hommes, plus que j'aime les chiens...'

This strange love-affair between species is not, he observes, without misunderstanding. Owners can be baffled when their pets roll around in excrement for camouflage and get themselves ready for hunting; while dogs spend much energy observing and decrypting the body-language and commands of their owners, commands that can carry a threat of punishment or even death. The mixed-breed terrier Nipper – who merits his own entry in this dictionary – cocks his head while staring into the HMV gramophone horn, trying to figure out where the noise is coming from: and as such is a potent symbol of the need for translation between dogs and men and of the ways in which dogs are obliged to live 'at the very limits of their nature... every minute carries its ration of anguish'.

The French sometimes refer to dogs as *bêtes de chagrin*, since they are short-lived animals and so provide us with a memento mori... They open our hearts and remind us of the hurt of living. They even open the hearts of tyrants. Napoleon – who declared that the deaths of millions left him cold – recorded the sight of a dog howling and licking his dead master's face on an Italian battlefield, his single most affecting memory. He was also forced to share Josephine's bed with her pug-dog Fortuné. Hitler loved dogs but – to test out the efficacy of his cyanide pill and make sure it would actually work – he had his physician administer one to his Alsatian bitch Blondi who died as a result.

Grenier is a source of esoteric knowledge: calling somebody a dog was an insult in both ancient Greek and Latin and the Romans called the letter 'L' the dog-letter as it sounded like a growl. Ulysses, after weeping at the death of his beloved hunting dog Argos, nonetheless goes on to use the word 'dogs' insultingly of Penelope's suitors. But Grenier is always willing to see the world from the dog's point of view, and this is unusual.

In her groundbreaking book *The Hidden Life of Dogs* (1994), which came out during the same decade as Grenier's and also quickly became a bestseller, Elizabeth M. Thomas poses some interesting questions about dog consciousness too. Do dogs have thoughts or feelings? Can a dog invent a custom or a game, weigh up two alternatives, or adopt a human mannerism? What do dogs want? A novelist as well as a scientist, Thomas writes that 'despite a vast array of publications on dogs, virtually nobody... had ever bothered to ask what dogs do when left to themselves'. Human vanity causes us to anthropomorphise and sentimentalise dogs: Thomas gives them back their own reality.

One day she started wondering about her two-year-old husky Misha, who had a habit of disappearing every evening on a secret errand of his own. What errand? Her book starts to resemble a detective story; and the mystery she is determined to solve concerns Misha's absences.

They are living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a city of some 100,000 on the other side of the Charles river from Boston, and home to Harvard University. The perils of the city include dog-nappers then supplying the university's laboratories with animals for experimentation. Misha evades these, just as he evades traffic, poisonous bait and fights with other dogs. How? It is while mulling this question over that Thomas stumbles on her mission, one so simple-minded as to appear positively visionary. She sets out to discover how dogs behave when left to their own devices, without human intervention.

Her researches entail her trailing Misha and other dogs on her bicycle for two to three nights a week over a period of two years, during which she makes startling discoveries. Her dogs sometimes leave home for days, travelling more than 20 miles, returning with deer hair in their stools. She logs more than 100,000 hours of observation and finds that Misha's home range approximates to an astonishing 130 square miles, resembling that of wolves roaming in the wild. Misha's aim, she decides, is to circle other dogs.

As well as a passionate love of dogs, Thomas has a shocking and eccentric patience. She seems incapable of boredom and passes on this gift to us. Her fieldwork with wolves helps her. On Baffin island in high summer there is no darkness, and she was thus able on one occasion to watch a wolf – tired from hunting – sleeping for eighteen hours straight. 'After his first nine hours of motionless sleep, he raised his head, sighed, opened and shut his mouth to settle his tongue, and went back to sleep for a further nine hours'.

She displays the same patience at home, where she spent weeks lying on her elbows with her dogs in the enclosure they made for themselves when left alone. 'I've been to many places on the earth, to the Arctic, to the African savannah, yet wherever I went, I always travelled in my own bubble of primate energy, primate experience, and so never before or since have I felt as far removed from what seemed familiar as I felt with these dogs, by their den. Primates feel pure, flat immobility as boredom, but dogs feel it as peace.'

She records the lives of eleven large dogs – mainly German shepherds and huskies – five males and six females (including a dingo); and the birth of 22 pups, some on her bed. Her dogs are not pets. She makes no effort even to house-train them: the young dogs copy and learn from the older ones, and she is a shrewd and fascinating observer of doggy hierarchy. Their moral sense is made clear through an incident in which a tiny pug stops a much larger dog from terrorising some pet parakeets and mice. Just as impressively, Thomas shows us how each canine is a complex individual. Particularly absorbing is her account of the 'romantic love' between Misha and his mate Maria, who remains monogamous even while on heat.

She also tells an astonishing story of how her dogs, left wholly to their own devices, secretly dig a wolf-like den behind a woodpile. Its entrance is a tunnel, penetrating horizontally fifteen feet into the side of a hill and leading to a chamber three feet wide, two feet high and three feet deep. It provides a perfect climate of around 55 degrees Fahrenheit all year round. They never use it when a human being is present. What, then, do dogs want? 'They want to belong, and they want each other.' This is popular science of a high order: Thomas tracks dogs into their own world, and in doing so has created a classic on a level with J.R. Ackerley's *My Dog Tulip*, which is beautifully observed, and a revelation to read. 'Like most people who hunger to know more about the lives of the animals,' she writes, 'I have always wanted to enter into the consciousness of a non-human creature. I would like to know what the world looks like to a dog, or sounds like or smells like: I would like to visit a dog's mind.'



A as in ASHOKA

This Indian Buddhist emperor (c. 268 to 232 BCE) restricted the slaying of animals for food and created hospitals for animals, including dogs. The Mauryan Empire under Ashoka has been described as 'one of the very few instances in world history of a government treating its animals as citizens who are as deserving of its protection as the human residents'.



B as in BLUEY, THE WORLD'S OLDEST DOG

Bluey – aka Bluey Les Hall – an Australian cattle dog owned by Les and Esma Hall, who managed a farm in Rochester in the state of Victoria, two hours north of Melbourne, lived from 7 June 1910 to 14 November 1939. Claims for dogs with even greater longevity exist, but are uncorroborated by

paperwork. Bluey, at just under 30 years, is, according to The Guinness World Records, officially the world's oldest dog.



E as in ENGLAND'S HAPPY DOGS

Dogs appear in a number of Stevie Smith's poems. In 'Archie and Tina' they are fond childhood playmates; while 'O Pug!' laments a dog suffering from insecurity. The first stanza of the poem that follows speaks for itself:

O happy dogs of England
Bark well as well you may
If you lived anywhere else
You would not be so gay.



I as in IRIS MURDOCH'S PYRRHUS

The qualities of character displayed by a dog called Pyrrhus in Iris Murdoch's novel *An Accidental Man* add up to an indictment of the human race. A marvellous passage depicts Pyrrhus's

equal dependence on and fear of us. We are painted as bottomlessly treacherous, shallow and given to pointless, uncontrollable rages. Dogs by contrast, are noble, innocent, generous and loyal.

Pyrrhus, a large black Labrador, rescued, not for the first time, from the Battersea Dogs' Home, looked up anxiously from his place by the stove and wagged his tail. Pyrrhus's lot had always been cast with couples who fought and parted, abandoning him on motorways, on lonely moors, on city street corners. He had been called Sammy and then Raffles and then Bobo. He had only just learned his new name. He had been happy for a while in the snug cottage and the rabbitry wood with his new humans. Now perhaps it was all starting up all over again. He heard the familiar sounds of dispute, the cries, the tears, and he wagged his tail with entreaty. A virtuous affectionate nature and the generous nobility of his race had preserved him from neurosis despite his sufferings. He had not a scrap of spite in his temperament. He thought of anger as a disease of the human race and as a dread sign for himself.



N as in NIPPER

The most famous animal in the history of advertising is surely Nipper, the mixed-breed terrier on the record label who sits, head cocked, trying intently and for ever to figure out how noise is emitting from the horn of a recording device: an iconic picture of a dog

trying to comprehend the human world. Nipper, part Jack Russell, was born in Bristol in 1884. His habit of biting visitors' calves afforded his name; he was also baffled by noise from the phonograph. His first owner Mark Barraud, a Bristol painter of stage sets, who came from a family of painters of Huguenot origins, died when Nipper was only three. He was then adopted by Mark's brother Francis James Barraud, also a painter. Francis studied at the Royal Academy Schools, at Heatherley's Art School in London, and at the Beaux Arts in Antwerp: like his father Henry, he excelled at animal portraiture. Barraud later wrote: 'It is difficult to say how the idea came to me beyond the fact that it suddenly occurred to me that to have my dog listening to the phonograph, with an intelligent and rather puzzled expression, and call it "His Master's Voice" would make an excellent subject. We had a phonograph and I often noticed how puzzled he was to make out where the voice came from. It certainly was the happiest thought I ever had.'



P as in POLLY AND CHARLES DARWIN

In *The Descent of Man*, Charles Darwin makes use of our love of dogs as a way of convincing us that we and animals share a common ancestor. In 1871, some still found this idea shocking. In the opening chapters, he discusses whether animals possess self-consciousness or not:

'When I say to my terrier, in an eager voice..., "Hi, hi, where is it?" she at once takes it as a sign that something is to be hunted, and generally first

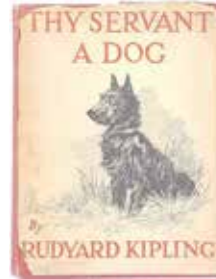
looks quickly all around, and then rushes into the nearest thicket, to scent for any game, but, finding nothing, she looks up into any neighbouring tree for a squirrel.'

He goes on to ask: 'How can we feel sure that an old dog with an excellent memory and some power of imagination, as shown by his dreams, never reflects on his past pleasures or pains in the chase?' His argument is that animals differ from humans mostly in degree, not kind, and – still using dogs as examples – he maintains that animals feel 'pleasure and pain, happiness and memory'. 'It would indeed be wonderful,' Darwin wrote, 'if, [the] mind of [an] animal was not closely allied to that of men, when the five senses were the same.'

During the course of his lifetime, Charles owned a dozen different dogs: a Pomeranian, a pointer, a retriever, several terriers and a Scottish deerhound. His last – and his favourite – was Polly, a sharp-witted white fox terrier 'whom' he wrote, 'I love with all my heart'. Darwin taught her to catch biscuits off her nose and encouraged her as she barked through the window at what Darwin called 'the naughty people'. She had originally been given to his daughter Henrietta, but when Henrietta married, Darwin adopted her. Polly became his constant companion. During the hours spent in his study doing scientific research or recovering from an indisposition, Polly would often be found nearby, resting on her dog-bed. She went, too, on his daily walks around the grounds of Down House, and Darwin's son Francis recalled that his father 'was delightfully tender to Polly, and never showed any impatience at the attention she required'.

Polly was both a talking point and a model for illustrations in Darwin's last book, *Expression of Emotions in Man and Animals*, in which his aim was to explore similarities not only between the anatomies of humans and animals but also between their bodily behaviour, social sympathies and facial expressions – similarities that would be additional evidence of

common ancestry. In a 1872 letter to a leading animal rights campaigner who had written an article claiming that a dog, as much as a human, was capable of love, sympathy and friendship, he wrote, 'Since publishing *The Descent of Man* I have got to believe, rather more than I did, in dogs having what may be called a conscience. When an honourable dog has committed an undiscovered offense, he certainly seems ashamed, rather than afraid to meet his master. My dog, the beloved and beautiful Polly, is, at such times, extremely affectionate to me.' The idea of a dog being honourable or dishonourable has considerable charm, especially when used as evidence of her reasoning power and moral sense. Polly died less than a month after Darwin and was buried under an apple tree near the family home.



R is for Rudyard Kipling and the 'Power of the Dog'

Kipling (1865-1936) loved dogs and enjoyed a close bond with them throughout his life. As his biographer Andrew Lycett observes, Kipling's dogs often took on the role of close companion or consort. In his 1899 story *Garm a Hostage*, Kipling describes how the narrator's dog, Vixen, slept in his bed with him at night. A dog also features in another early tale, *The Dog Hervey* (1914). Kipling later came up with the

innovative idea – before Virginia Woolf's *Flush* – of writing a story from a dog's perspective. *Thy Servant, a Dog* (1930) is narrated with a simplified vocabulary in a strange patois by an Aberdeen terrier named Boots. An example:

There is walk-in-park-on-lead. There is off-lead-when-we-come-to-the-grass. There is 'nother dog, like me, off-lead. I say: 'Name?' He says: 'Slippers.' He says: 'Name?' I say: 'Boots.' He says: 'I am fine dog. I have Own God called Miss.' I say: 'I am very-fine dog. I have Own God called Master.' There is walk-round-on-toes.



S is for Shakespeare's Dislike of Dogs

Shakespeare is often hailed as the most invisible of writers; nothing about his private life can be gleaned from his work, except – perhaps – for one very un-English peccadillo: he disliked dogs. The eminent Shakespeare scholar Professor Stephen Greenblatt was involved in a lively correspondence on the matter in the *New York Review of Books* in 2009. For horses, rabbits, even snails, Greenblatt argues, Shakespeare felt a deep, inward understanding, but with dogs his imagination curdled. This much had already been noticed in 1935 in Caroline Spurgeon's landmark study of Shakespeare's imagery: dogs function in his work almost entirely negatively. He routinely associated man's best friend with fawning flatterers, greedily licking up whatever treats anyone offers them, or with snarling 'venom-mouthed' ingrates.

W is for the Woodman's Dog



Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcerned
The cheerful haunts of men – to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy and lean and shrewd with pointed ears,
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.

From *'The Task'* Book V, William Cowper (1731-1800)



Lynne and Tippy (the dog who loved motorbikes)

A Measure of Dogs

By Lynne Allbutt

We always had a dog in the family. The very first one I remember was a sheepdog cross lab called Sam who was a real 'dandy'. Every morning he would take himself off for a walk. Our neighbours told us where he went and which (female!) dogs he visited. Sam taught my brother and I to walk.

He let us cling to his fur as he took a few steps – waiting patiently until we got the hang of it and took a few steps ourselves. Sadly, my mum was a manic depressive and as a result home and school life were somewhat unpredictable. What saved me from despair was the farm dogs living next door. Whenever I found things too much, I would retreat to a hay barn with those dogs and tell them my troubles. Even today, I can recall the smell of their coats and their reassuring warmth as we snuggled in together.

I left home at seventeen and lived in a caravan. Independence meant having my own dog! Fudge was a rough haired terrier with a will of iron and a love for riding shotgun in my landlord's tractor. It wasn't long before he decided that a farmhouse was more comfortable than my caravan and he abandoned me for the good life! Somewhat daunted by this rejection it was eight years before I could bring myself to live with another dog. I had started gardening professionally by then and one of my customers had a lovely Westie – independent and curious. I decided to get my own Westie puppy.



Yogi in more energetic days

Tippy was everything you could wish for in a dog – loving and affectionate but with the heart of a lion and on for any adventure. She adored my motorbike, so much so that she accompanied me one year on a long trip through France. I was doing a lot of public speaking by then, and she would often sit in the

audience with a friend or sometimes come on stage with me. I presented several series of garden makeovers for BBC Wales and Sky TV and Tippy was scheduled to be 'on camera' until a very wise cameraman warned me that it could make her a target for thieves. After that she came filming but stayed behind the camera.

When I started to run in marathons, Tippy would often train with me. We also went camping together – spending many nights camped out under the stars together. We were completely inseparable. When she was given a short time to live I cancelled all my work and devoted myself to spending time with her. I was devastated when she passed. I have always been able to communicate easily with animals (as in 'talk to and hear them') and found that I could also communicate with her after she had died. It saved me. I kept a journal of our conversations. She told me I would hear a bell ring when she was given her wings. Ten days later, on top of a mountain, the howling wind dropped, and I heard the soft tinkling of a bell. There was no one else in sight.

My best friend for the last twelve years has been Yogi, another Westie. I often wonder how much of her personality has been shaped by my own – she is more fearful than Tippy ever was. She is also less patient and more detached. Yet for all that she is fantastic company. Until she ruptured a cruciate ligament she accompanied me to all the gardens I look after, but that injury meant a long period convalescing. After she recovered, she damaged the other cruciate ligament! 'Speaking' with her, she confessed to being depressed and also in pain. Both legs hurt, as did her back. Thankfully, hydrotherapy has more or less cured her. It has kept her fit and mobile and I cannot recommend it enough. Incidentally, as she can no longer walk as far as she could we use a Sporty Pet Stroller from Pets Own Us. A brilliant bit of kit.

The menopause is still a taboo subject and as a result many women, myself included, have no knowledge or understanding of it. In my case, I thought I was going mad and I think I would have (quite literally) driven myself over the edge of the mountain if it had not been for the thought of Yogi waiting for me at home.

Yogi is on the brink of her thirteenth birthday and whilst she is in great shape – fit, enthusiastic and very much 'in charge' – I am still conscious that we have entered the Old Dog Arena. It was a slow entry, but the cloudy eyes, tooth found on the carpet, damp patches of urine, and the preference for a short 'sniffari' than a long walk are all unavoidable indicators. The Old Dog Arena is a very different place – and pace – involving regularly checking that her chest is moving whilst she sleeps, carrying her in the Mayan sling when she tires and the purchase of a small portable carpet cleaner. But of course, access to the Old Dog Arena is actually a privilege. It's a privilege to be able to cater for her increasing needs. An honour to repay her for the incredible love and devotion she has given to me. An honour to carry her when she is tired. A blessing to be able to provide her favourite food. A privilege to watch her sleep deeply and safely. She has gifted me her whole life. And saved mine.

Would you like to contribute a story and/or photos about your life with dogs? We would love to hear from you. Please email Jonathan.



Tippy looking very beautiful



Lynne and Sam (the dog who taught her to walk)



Yogi out for a run



Sam on his walk

Honey's Dogs

One of the best parts of being, as it were, in dog food, is that one has an excuse to look at dog photos and count it as work. We can't see enough dog photos! We oooh! and ahhh! and pass them around amongst ourselves. Here is just a sample of dogs we have been admiring since the last issue of *The Alternative Dog*. If you send your photos to Jonathan, he makes a note to include some free treats in with your next order. If he forgets then please remind him! jonathan@honeysrealdogfood.com. Finally, many of the pictures that follow are of new Honey's customers. A very warm welcome to you and your human companions and thank you for choosing Honey's.



Bella Clark



Bramble Gossage



Dan McLarty



Dennis Gratton



Belle and Medlar Harvey



Charlie Burr



Bleddyn Sigrist



Charlie Smereka



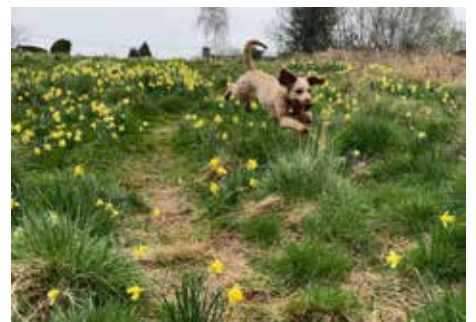
Digby and Quinn Lewis



Bowie Moriarty



Eddie Fulcher



Dottie McLarty



Crumb Jones



Frank Jessop



Gus McKnight



Ernest Cunningham



Fuge Kulcsar



Heidi Drew



George Avenell



Hettie Long



Finley Mercer



George Collins



Honey Franks



Flo Murray



Groot Flint



Jess Hill



Jack Youngman



Matilda Culverwell



Millie Mitson



Jinx & Penny Young



Wilson Martin



Nyak and Xion Hardev



Kalli Vet



Millie Cecil



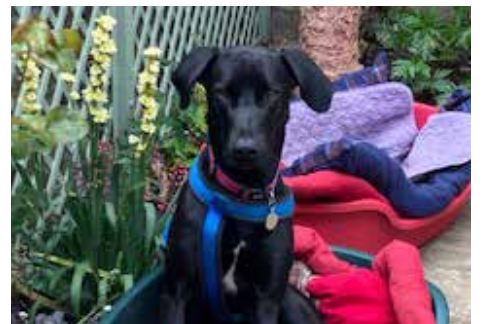
Ottis Williams



Wilbur and Rudi Maconald-Brown/McCormack



Nerys Sigrist



Pip Clark



Lady Naidu



Nina Sullivan



Pixie and Bowie Moriarty



River Gallmann



Sammy Davison



Stan Dryden



Rixi Morris-Jones



Sasha Ratodiarivony



Tashi Jakics



Romeo (RIP) and Devon Lonsdale



Semla Iseborn



Tashi Sigrist



Rosa Palmer



Ted Hawkins and Grandson



Winston Henderson



ZouZou Hink

Competition winners

In the last issue we held a photograph competition in which you had to submit a picture on the theme of 'dinner time'. The response was, as usual, overwhelming! We received hundreds of brilliant entries of which just a sample are featured here. Thank you, thank you to everyone who entered. We have made a note to include some free treats in with every dog's next order. If we have missed you it is a mistake on our part (well, on Jonathan's part because he was in charge and he can get a little confused at times) so please let us know in order that we can put it right. The winner, chosen with great difficulty, will receive a month of free food. Thank you again!



Chloe Silk/Auckland



Fatoush and Pixie De Rouk



Arthur Bell



Cleo Burns



Frank Jessop



Cola & Rubix Fleming



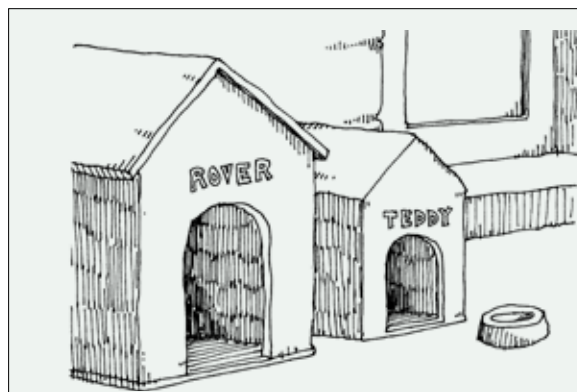
Charlie Burt Jones



Winston Mertens



George Collins



NEW 'PLAY TIME' PHOTO COMPETITION

Win a month of free food

The new Honey's Competition is simplicity itself: submit a picture of your dog on the theme of 'Play Time!'. First prize is one month of free Honey's (to the value of your most recent order) and there are 3 runner-up prizes of either 6 packets of Beautiful Joe's or bones or biscuits to the same value. Rules? Barely any. You can submit up to three photographs and the judges' (appointed by Honey's) decision, no matter how unfair, will be final. Please email your entry to competition@honeysrealdogfood.com before 28 February 2023 or post it to Honey's Photo Competition, Darling's House, Salisbury Road, Pewsey SN9 5PZ.

RUNNER UP



George Penfold



Millie Cecil



Pickle Bury



Groot Flint & Friend Haggis



Miss Stinky and Mr Darcy Clark



River Gallman



Honey Sankareh



Ruby and Gunner Clinkard



Slinky Silva



Nelly Penfold



Inky Silk/Aukland



Wilfrid Haigh



Dandy Silk/Aukland



Tipsy Casey



Willow Hall

IN MEMORIAM

The following few pages are devoted to some extremely moving and deeply personal remembrances for much-missed, much-loved canine family members. They vary in length (some short, some long) and content (some factual, some full of stories and reminiscences), but they all contain a common element: they have been written from the heart.

We will be dedicating a tree for all the dogs mentioned here, and for any other Honey's fed dog who has died, in the new Honey's Wood.

If you have lost a dog (even if it is some time ago) and would like him or her mentioned in the next newsletter, please email me direct. I will also arrange a tree dedication. Finally, if you are bereaved at the moment please accept my own heartfelt condolences.

With very warmest regards,



Jonathan
jonathan@honeysrealdogfood.com



Alfie Long
2009 – 2022

There's nothing quite like the love of a StaffieXMastiff. There you were playing in the water, swimming, chasing sticks just generally having a great time then whoosh minutes later your heart gave up and you were gone. You came to us as at 3 months old from Waggy Tails Rescue. You certainly tested us with your ways – ragging on me whether I turned my back on you or not but then I took you to my Tellington Ttouch course and oh how we both changed and the bonding really started.

When we had to say goodbye to Arney you were only 3 and you went into a depression, so we had a meet and greet with Hettie who was at Waggy Tails Rescue, this was successful and she turned you into a puppy again.

We bought you a nose ball which you absolutely loved but we had to rent a field for you to play with this until last year when we hung it up using a bungee cord - you were never happier than when you were playing with this and with your safe sticks.

We were heading back to the car after having fun and laughter, I gave you and Hettie treats. I threw a treat accidentally into the brambles so I told you I would get it for you so you wouldn't scratch your eye. Little did I know what was going to happen next.

You were nearly back at the car when I thought you had tripped so I went to help you up, only you had collapsed again like you did in January, only this time I couldn't talk you round. I know you didn't want to go but your heart gave up but thankfully we were all there with you.

For you it was a lovely way to go but for us it is so hard to come to terms with. A part of us died with you. Even as I write this three months on I have tears in my eyes. You might have been nearly 13 but you will always be our big puppy.

We were so lucky to have you in our lives, you loved your cuddles, snuggling up on the sofa and on the bed in the mornings when we would have our cup of tea.

The walks are much quieter now without you and Hettie misses you too and says how she can no longer just disappear into the bracken as we can keep a closer eye on her. It was only a few days earlier on our early morning walk I was saying to you how you would just make me laugh.

We all miss you so much, you were such an amazing, funny, intelligent, loyal friend.

People described you as a "character", "one in a million", "larger than life" - you were certainly all of those.

I will always love you to the moon and back and more.

Hettie says thank you for her toy rabbit and thank you for being a great older brother - she misses you too.

Miss you Alfie and always will - there will always be a special place in our hearts for you, our truly special boy.



Monty Alexander
2011 – 2022

We are still devastated that Monty is no longer with us – finding it hard to talk or even think about it without breaking down in tears. He was such a happy boy and although he was slowing down a bit, we thought we'd have a good couple of years, if

not more left with him. He was a puppy rescue from Battersea – we were actually his third home at around seven months of age. His first owners brought him there because of allergies and the second owner said he was too much of a handful. We brought him home and wow, he did have some energy and needed very careful and consistent management but it was soon clear that he was such a clever boy with so much love to give. Monty was a dream to train, such a great companion especially for my oldest daughter who is now five, and was an adored member of our family and I'm not sure we will ever get over him not being here. I just really wished we had a bit longer with him.



Bobbie Hopkins

Our Bobbie...6 kilos of intelligent, feisty, fun Cairn Terrier! We learned so much: About the intelligence of dogs; she was playful, inquisitive, always noticed anything new and different. About listening to her needs - "Really! You think that is good enough" About negotiation to come to a mutually agreeable meeting of needs! About learning how to look for and reward the many wonderful things she

did - rather than getting frustrated when behaviour and 'negotiation' didn't meet our perceived needs About dog noses - we learned how to do a slow dog walk so she could walk at her pace and enjoy her sniffs. (As humans walking at a small dog pace, we learned to enjoy the 'moment' more - it naturally worked on strengthening our core muscles - walking that slow is difficult) About the power of the desire to live even after a life threatening injury. She was a BIG presence in our lives and we miss her so much!



Charlie Beckley
2008 – 2022

Charlie, she was the best thing that happened to me and grateful for the fourteen and a half years we had together.



Alfie Sweeney
2007 – 2021

On the morning of 28th August we woke to find our little wingman Alfie had died peacefully in his sleep during the night, on our bed. He was the most loyal little dog, following us everywhere and snuggling up at night. Alfie loved his custard hence his kennel club name for agility was Alfresco Ambrosia. He reached grade 5 stopping when I forgot which way the course was going. He was our reason for starting flyball, barking all the way down the lanes and was British Champion of his division twice. His greatest achievement though was 'The most handsome dog in Stockton Heath 2012'! Alfie could always find the sunniest spots in the house to snooze in and you had to be quick

to beat him for a spot in front of the fire. He loved paddling in water whether it was a pool or the beach and loved the snow, having to coax him back inside when he had big snow balls stuck to his legs. He was a well-travelled little dog, including climbing Snowdon with us and always enjoyed a pub lunch. For the last five years, he has enjoyed the good life, pottering around his fields and wanting to come and sit with me on the mower. Thank you for so many happy memories –we are missing you so much. Sleep tight our handsome little man.



**Bailey Duncan
2011 – 2022**

She really was the best girl and I miss her every day.



**Otley Meikleham
2009 – 2022**

Otley, dearly loved and sadly missed, until we meet again.



Tilly Dryden

Plummer terriers are not an easy breed and Tilly was top of her game for outrageous behaviour! She was loving, fast, fun, determined and loyal and we could not have loved her more. She was extra special.



Granny Hill

On 1st November 2021, I went to meet an elderly four-footed person who was coming back with me to Sussex to share the rest of her days in comfort and love in the Sussex countryside. I knew very little of her history except that she had been in

foster care with a devoted family for nine months, but they were moving and reluctantly had to offer her up for re-homing. They said that she was a terrified little thing when she arrived, and they did all the massive heavy lifting in helping her feel safe and secure; heaven only knows what her previous life had been.

I had said goodbye to Suzie, a black Labrador who came to me when she was 6 ½ through Labrador Retriever Rescue Southern England of whom I am one of the patrons. She was the most wonderful dog and lived to nearly 16 mostly, I am sure, because she was fed on Honey's. After a new hip and once again able to walk, I approached the charity to see if they had a girl on their books who might be suitable, and Granny was the answer.

I am more than happy to take on an older dog, as they are perhaps harder to re-home many people wanting a puppy or certainly a younger one. Granny was allegedly 9 ½ but her age wasn't a problem for me.

However, not only did the fireworks on Bonfire Night send her into a paroxysm of terror but she also suffered from acute separation anxiety. I had fallen into in unknown territory but with help and guidance over the ensuing weeks with patience we managed to cope and in the last month of her life I was able to leave her alone in the house for brief periods enabling me to go shopping.

It didn't take long for me to fall under her spell. Shy, timid and gentle gradually Granny gained in confidence. Her recall had been nil but, with instruction she soon responded to her name when called although I found that if I shouted 'treats!' to bring her in from the garden the response was instant. I began putting little entries on Facebook telling of her progress calling them The Granny Diaries and soon she gathered a large following. Here are a couple of entries:

2 November 2021 Darling Granny, welcome to my world. She arrived home with me yesterday and was perfectly relaxed in the car. She ate her supper, wandered around the house and garden on the extended lead and even attempted a tickle tummy. It took over an hour before she eventually settled in her new bed where she fell asleep and there wasn't a peep out of her till morning. She is perhaps less Labrador and more an exotic concoction of possibly border collie, something brindle et al – rather like my recipes: a bit of this, a bit of that. It will take time and patience to gain her trust, but she is an intelligent little thing (currently having a noisy roll on the carpet) and I am sure we shall get there.

5 October 2021. Supper time! I brought out Suzie's raised feeding/water bowls which are so good for senior dogs as the elevated position helps for a happy digestion. Granny really enjoyed the addition of one of the chicken's eggs, shell included. We are getting there gently, gently. The combination of a stress busting comfort bed, natural pet remedy spray, diffuser, Kong and me seem to be having positive results. Dear little girl. She deserves it.

With the ups there were inevitably the downs and Granny developed serious health issues. In the brief ten months of her living with me we had covered massive ground and my love for her was boundless. These are the last entries in the Granny Diaries just short of a year since we first met:

30 September 2022. Over the last few weeks, I have noticed a subtle sea change in Granny's demeanour. She has been quieter, sleeping more, less energetic. I wonder how old she actually is? In no apparent pain she no longer rolls on the grass, sleeping in the sun on her back or inveigling me for a tickle tummy. I feel she is slowly winding down. On 2 October the turning point was reached and it was time to say goodbye. Farewell, my dear little friend and companion. Love, love, love. Xxx



**Scrappy Gossage
2014 – 2022**

Taken far too soon, loved and missed every day, but chasing rabbits (and the occasional pheasant) wherever he is now. He was a good boy. Angela, Joe, Nathan, Josh and Sammy xx



**Titan Ballan
2015 - 2022**

All dogs are special but he truly was a doggie from heaven.



**Zimba Ballan
2008 – 2017**

Still sorely missed.



Harvey Orr
2008 – 2022

Harvey was a Parsons Tri-colour Jack Russell. Scruffy at the front and smooth at the back. Full of attitude and enjoyed his trips in the caravan (not many dogs get a caravan bought for them). He was a brilliant companion to his human family and we still are missing him greatly.



Huggy Lawrence
2008 – 2022

We are heartbroken. Our little Huggy was an earth dog always in the pots in the garden so hence no flowers ever did much growing. She was fearless! Fireworks didn't even bother her and she has rounded geese up in the past. How we miss her.



Dexter Jakics
2008 – 2021

Loved and missed by his family.



Jess Rosser
2009 – 2022

We miss Jess very much.



Queenie Fry
2013 – 2022

Queenie was a fighter, saved from a horrific puppy farm where she was incarnated for 5 years, with grade 5 heart murmur. We enjoyed just over 3 precious years with us, which every day we made special. She passed suddenly just before her 9th birthday. Sadly missed.



Ben Mills
2007 – 2021

Marron Mills
2008 – 2022

We were very privileged to share our lives with these wonderful happy and healthy dogs.



Basil FitzGerald
2009-2022

My dear Bazzie has died.

Someday I'll join him up there, but now he's gone with his wiry coat, his perfect manners and sweet brown eyes, and I, the materialist, who never believed in any promised heaven in the sky for any human being, I believe in a heaven I'll never enter.

Yes, I believe in a heaven for all dogdom where my Bazzie waits for my arrival waving his fan-like tail in friendship.

Apologies to PABLO NERUDA



Archie Prentice
2010 – 2022

Our hearts are heavy.



Henry Collins
2008 – 2022

We knew it was coming but nothing prepared us for the actual ending. We've had to let our dear Henry (aka Mr Benry) go and now face the wretched task of accepting that he's really gone after fourteen years of his love and devotion. What a character, how lucky we were.



Molly Wood

Molly, was a very special little cock a poo. She was a very greedy little dog and could always be found under your feet as you prepared dinner. always curious she would never allow me to be in any room without her and would always follow me wherever I was in the house. ever the little princess she disliked any form of water, avoiding puddles on walks, which she always took at a very leisurely pace, unless a bird happened across her path and she would suddenly rise into a high-speed sprint to catch it. She was a valiant little pooch until the very end when she died very peacefully at home.



Iolo Walker
2008 – 2022

Iolo the Super Dog: we used to say, when he lay like this, that he was going to the Crusades. Now he has gone and is so very much missed.



**Remy Durnford
2003 – 2017**

"One of a kind, and will always be missed...."



**Bungle Jay
2012 – 2022**

Bungle made everyone he met smile. Stubborn at times but easily convinced with the offer of a treat, it was impossible not to love him. He will be sorely missed.



**Ziggy Millwater
2012 – 2022**

Ziggy was an absolute gentleman of a dog - he was a plodder, not a fighter and loved his life down on the Kent coast with his buddy Como. Ziggy did many special things in his 10 years, including being a doggy blood donor (for which he received his own special certificate). He loved going for long walks and running after tennis balls, and he definitely loved his Honey's.



Elmo Leach

There's a shadow in my garden
Only I can see
A big white dog playing happily
He once belonged to me
He runs round in the sunshine
Then lays panting in the shade
Chasing through the bushes
Sniffing holes the rabbits made
He comes to me at nightfall
He sits beside my chair
But to other people
There is no white dog there



**DaisyMae Griffin
2009 – 2022**

We have been totally devastated that dear little DaisyMae passed suddenly. She competed in agility, until a repetitive strain injury ended her career. Daisy loved it,

and she went from strength to strength, and represented Wales in the regionals at Crufts, where she came 5th over all in her class. People who watched her performance came and congratulated us, with one lady giving her the greatest accolade of being 'the happiest dog at Crufts'. Her tail never stopped wagging and her face constantly in awe and smiling. Outside dog sports, DaisyMae was much loved in the locality for her happy smiley face, and even her grin when she greeted her favourite people. She loved everyone and everything. Her favourite time of day was dinner time, right to her very last dinner. Her sense of humour knew no bounds, and she always knew what she wanted and how to get it. Your passing has broken many hearts. We will always be together, together in electric dreams. Run free in your field Daisy Mae



**Jensen Mercer
2010 – 2022**

Jensen was a rescued German Shepherd who joined me and my animal family (cats and chickens, all rescued) in 2012, at the age of two. I have had rescued German Shepherds for over thirty years and he was my fourth (RIP my other beautiful boys, Toddy, Aslan and Merlin xxx). Jensen was a very inquisitive dog and always wanted to get

involved in everything I was doing. If I opened the fridge, that big old German Shepherd head went straight in with a 'So, what are we having to eat, Mum?' He wanted to check out all deliveries to the house and his favourite was the Honey's delivery! He would sink his teeth into the box and pull it through, backwards, into the kitchen. I miss him terribly and feel so lost without him. He was a true companion, friend and protector. Rest in peace beautiful boy.



**Lewis Claessens
2009 – 2022**

My darling boy Lewis died on 3rd September 2022. I was hoping for more time with him and yet I know that, no matter how long, it would never have felt enough. Something gave

in my heart when I first laid eyes on that fluffy puppy 13 years ago: I was instantly besotted and remained so for the duration of his short life. He was not a demonstrative dog: sometimes he showed some modicum of enthusiasm when I returned home after a brief absence, but not always. He never licked me or anyone and seemed to simply expect all the good stuff that came to him. I found his regal imperiousness and aloofness utterly delightful. Because of a problem with his shoulder he required endless attention and had a small army of practitioners attending to him. As a result, in the last couple of years especially, when at home, his only movement was to shuffle from one of his numerous beds to another. Yet, his quiet presence pervaded the house. Despite some improvement to his physical condition, his daily walks were drawn out affairs: not only did he move at a glacial pace, he was also a very keen sniffer and there were many smells that captivated his attention and required lengthy investigation. When he gave signs of tiredness, he was lifted onto his pushchair on which he sat with a sense of satisfied entitlement as an old Edwardian gent taking the seaside air. He could not climb stairs easily, so when inclined to change level, he demanded to be taken up with a very curt short bark emitted while standing with his front paws on the first step. He communicated his other wishes with similar clarity, whether to be let out in the middle of the night for a snack of grass or to have small obstacles removed from his path, no matter how easily circumvented they might be or to be helped onto the sofa, despite being perfectly able to negotiate the ramp placed there for exactly that purpose. He was confident his every whim would be humoured. More importantly, he knew I would be there for him and his trust was a treasure to me, particularly as he was naturally, and in my opinion, quite reasonably, suspicious of others. When I carried him and felt his relaxed weight in my arms, when he asked for help by fixing his beautiful black eyes in mine till I got it right, I felt so privileged! Lewis was extremely fond of his food

and inhaled any amounts of Honey's that was presented to him. He had an internal clock for mealtimes and any delay was met with an outraged rumble of barking. Towards the end, his appetite diminished: he would approach his bowl enthusiastically but would then only nibble at the food before turning away despondently. I experimented with home cooking and an array of different foods with mixed success. I knew then he did not have long and my heart started breaking. Although I tried to brace myself for the inevitable parting, I was totally unprepared for the utter desolation of his absence, for the resounding void he has left. His special needs made him extra special and he will always have a special place in my heart. Goodbye my little angel, I will love you forever.



Romeo Lonsdale
2010 – 2022

Ready for a night out

Romeo a soft coated Wheaten Terrier. Sadly he went to Heaven earlier this year to join his Mum. He is very dearly missed by me and his sister Devon. If they can send a man to the Moon, why can't they find a cure for Cancer?



Spud Harrison
2009 – 2022

He always liked to make sure he was going to be comfortable! Greatly missed by family and friends.



Chase Donoghue
2018 – 2022

Chase was the most loving and best first doggo we could have asked for! He had a special way of making an impression and everyone loved him. It was an absolute joy to watch his personality and confidence grow as he adjusted from his past racing days to his new life of being a pampered pooch in our home. We will forever remember the good

times and all the little quirks! He will always have a special place in our hearts and we just wish we could have had more time together. We loved you so much sweet Chase. Run free my best boy. xxx



Bunny Pryde-Power
2012 – 2022

Our darling sweetie Welsh Terrier has died – he was in his 11th year. Bunny was a Noble Creature, a Prince of Dogs, a real gent, loving and loyal, possessing more wisdom than most of his breed; a tolerant uncle to Dotty, a terroriser

of flies and imaginary small mammals, and brave in the face of all (apart from thunder, lightning and noisy bird scarers). He was a mellow chap who was generally well behaved, particularly in his early years. One or two bad habits sneaked in later - he started running through puddles, rather than around them when he was five, and a year later decided he had to roll around in them as well, particularly the muddy ones. At seven he discovered a taste for chasing deer, which led to an anxious three hours with him missing in Tunstall Forest. Fortunately his favourite thing was chasing tennis balls. This was a blessing because in the absence of much recall training, most of the time he would come back if you threw him the ball. He will be missed by us all.



Scott Fereday
2009 - 2022



Lucy Fereday
2015 – 2022

Died within two weeks of each other. You think the day will never come. We took in Scott from Syessr when he was around two. After what can only be described as an appalling start to his early life, we like to think that we definitely made amends with giving him 13 years of springer bliss. Recall was patchy – he came back when he felt like it, much of the time calls went

straight to his voicemail! Lucy came to us when she was around eight from a friend with cocker spaniels who picked on her. She and Scott were total opposites. Lucy loved balls and would play all day, whereas if you threw a ball for Scott he would just look at you and tell you to fetch it yourself! They did however rub along quite happily and it was lovely seeing them get older together and become more dependent on each other – with Lucy being a year younger.

Frodo Gajadharsingh
2007 – 2022

Bilbo Gajadharsingh
2007 – 2020

Oreo Hall
2013 – 2022

Chai Hall
2009 – 2022

Bernie Armstrong
2012 – 2022
We miss him very much.

Blue Orchard
2016 – 2022

Quince Charles
2015 – 2022

A Measure of Dogs

By Diane Youngman

Dogs featured in a great number of television programmes when I was growing up in the 1950s, including: *The Adventures of Rin Tin Tin*, *Champion the Wonder Horse and Rebel*, and, of course, *Lassie*. I loved these programmes and knew from a young age that I wanted dogs to be part of my life. Although my parents couldn't be persuaded to get me my own dog, I had plenty of other four-legged friends as a child. There was Danny Dog, a black, slightly greying old boy who lived with Auntie Glad and Uncle George; and Suzie, a lovely little black dog, who lived with my friend Sally Louisa; and Butch, a pale coloured dog of unknown parentage, who belonged to Auntie May and Uncle Robin and lived with them at my grandmother's house. There were the neighbourhood dogs and stray dogs and, when I was old enough, a weekly visit to see the puppies for sale in our nearest pet shop, which was in Norwich. But no dog of my own.

Indeed, it wasn't until 1996 that I got a dog of my own. My friend's Golden Retriever, Sophie, had had a litter of puppies. After much deliberation, I chose one and named her Maddy. What can I tell you about Maddy? She was very loving, rather distinguished (almost regal), incredibly smart and had an uncanny sense of direction. More than once when we were out for a walk in a town or city, she would pull me down one street after another until we were outside a pet shop! Pulling me in she would, I am afraid, help herself to any treat that was at nose level! More than once I had to pay for pilfered chews! Once her habit of pulling saved my life. We were just heading home after a long walk when Maddy suddenly began to pull strongly and insistently on the lead – desperate to cross the road. I suspected her motive (was that a discarded chip wrapper I could see in the gutter?) but she was so determined, we crossed. As we reached the other side of the road a car came careering around a corner and mounted the pavement exactly where we had been walking!

In 2007, I was offered a flat-coated retriever x labrador puppy. I named her Tilly. She and Maddy became inseparable. Tilly loved the water and I planned our walks so she could splash in a stream or swim in a lake. Tilly was mischievous (her tail was always wagging), sassy, sometimes feisty and extremely fast. For a time, I did agility with Tilly. She took to it straight away, but I had real difficulty remembering which piece of equipment came next in sequence and our teacher said I was holding Tilly back and needed to run faster! I couldn't run faster so sadly we had to give it up.

I am a musician and when I had to leave the girls home alone, I would leave classical music playing on the radio for them. They both had a keen ear and when I was practising my violin, they would pass judgement on my performance. If I got a note wrong, Maddy would raise an eyebrow, or if I made a real mistake, open one eye. Tilly on the other hand would howl. It was a great incentive to play better!

Maddy died just before her sixteenth birthday. Calling the vet was the hardest thing I have ever had to do, but she could no longer get up by herself. It was time. Afterwards I took Tilly in to see that Maddy had gone. We were both heartbroken and I hope I was as wonderful a support for Tilly as she was for me.

In 2018 I decided to rescue a dog. I had noticed a photo of a forlorn looking puppy on Facebook. The heading read: 'Nobody has shown any interest in this one.' Well, Tilly and I did. We applied to adopt him and were accepted and two weeks later Jack came to live with us. He was a blue merle collie x Labrador – very big and very lively. Jack had, in the words of one of my early teachers: 'A tendency to confuse liveliness with uncontrolled behaviour.' He nearly escaped when I went to collect him and it was many months before I dared take him anywhere he was so nervous and active. Still, he got on wonderfully well with Tilly and having two dogs again was a delight.

In 2019, I retired, and we left the city and moved to rural Berkshire. It was a fantastic decision. Tilly and Jack loved their new lives – the greater freedom – the longer walks. I am so glad I made the move when I did because six months later Tilly had a fit and suddenly died. Losing her so unexpectedly was a dreadful shock. Just a few days earlier she had squeezed herself between the bars of a 5-bar gate to have a roll in the compost heap. The following year, Jack and I moved to a village at the foot of the Malvern Hills where we have access to endless footpaths across the fields and up to the Malvern Hills.

Jack is a mucky dog – a prodigious digger. Like the girls, he also loves water and mud, and is never happier than when he resembles a stinking bog-monster. There is a deep joy in allowing a dog to be a dog, even if the penalty is a lot of clearing up! He will be five soon. He is a sensitive, communicative, and kind dog – a joy to live with. I have scattered the ashes of Maddy and Tilly on top of Perseverance hill. They are always in my heart.

Would you like to contribute a story and/or photos about your life with dogs? We would love to hear from you. Please email Jonathan.



My sister and I with Butch



Maddy Poses for the camera



Tilly and Jack enjoying country life



Jack playing all the right notes

The Honey's Directory of Everything



Free books. Free advice. Free goodies.

If you know a dog lover who is interested in switching to a raw diet or who has a dog with health issues, do, please, put them in touch. We don't mind if they never, ever plan to become a customer. Indeed, we are happy to provide advice, support and even recipes. The most important thing is to do the best for their dogs. Also, if you would like free copies of our books to pass on or sell as a fundraiser for a good cause, all you have to do is ask. If someone you refer to us does decide to order (and they will be under no pressure to do so) we will, of course, say thank you in a tangible way – just let us know. Finally, a huge thank you for any referrals or introductions, which are greatly appreciated.



A personalised Honey's Dog Bowl

A personalised Honey's Dog Bowl with your dog's name on the outside and Honey's on the inside. Price: £20 for small, £22 for the medium and £24 for the large BUT free, of course, if you recommend a new customer who orders from us!



Our original Superdog Cape/ Towel Thingie

Is it as cape? Is it a towel? Either way, it is the perfect way to dry off a wet dog. It comes in four sizes but only one colour: black. Small £15. Medium £18. Large £21. X Large £25.50. XX Large £30. Matching towel £6.

We are very grateful for any new customers you introduce and have a small selection of gifts (As G B Stern said: 'Silent gratitude isn't very much use to anyone.') to offer you by way of thanks. Please ask for details.



Good things come in small sizes – 250g to be precise

A quick reminder that almost every single formula we offer is available in 250g as well as 500g chubs (the rather silly name used for our sausage like packaging). Please do ask for smaller sizes if it would be more convenient for you.



Please send us your photos!

We love to see pictures of our four-legged customers. Please email them to: info@honeysrealdogfood.com Thank you, thank you!



Gift Hampers

Don't say it with flowers, say it with Honey's! Prices for Gift Hampers start at £45 including delivery. We'll be happy to include a personalised card, too, and lots of little extras (such as book and treats).

%'s!

Each Honey's recipe has a different % of bone, offal and vegetable. To find the % that suits you best, please call!



Beautiful Joe's Ethical Treats

We also make a pure liver treat called Beautiful Joe's. Every time we sell a packet we donate the same quantity to a dog rescue home nominated by our customers. The treats are hand made from 100% British, free-range, ox liver. Nothing is added – all we do is slowly dry the liver to lock in the flavour. If these treats were a liquid, we would call them Nectar of the Dogs. They lead to suspiciously perfect behaviour.

Beautiful Joe's Ethical Treats	Cost
50g packet of Perfectly Behaved Liver Treats	£6.00
Snazzy (but empty) Tins	£4.00
Small gift packs	£10.00
Large gift packs	£30.00



"I see a couch."



The Honey's Working Dog Food Range

You want choice? We have choice! We make six free range recipes and five wild recipes. Most can be ordered with and without vegetable, and come in two sizes – 250g and 500g.

Free range Working Dog Food	With Veg 250g	Without Veg 250g	With Veg 500g	Without Veg 500g
Free range Chicken	£1.15	£1.89	£2.30	£3.77
Free range Duck	£1.29	£1.89	£2.57	£3.77
Free range Pork	£1.41	£1.89	£2.82	£3.77
Free range Turkey	£1.29	£1.89	£2.57	£3.77
Pasture fed Beef	£1.36	£1.64	£2.72	£3.28
Pasture fed Lamb	£1.44	£1.64	£2.88	£3.28

Wild Working Dog Food	With Veg 250g	Without Veg 250g	With Veg 500g	Without Veg 500g
Rabbit	£2.15	£2.56	£4.29	£5.12
Game	£2.14	£2.43	£4.29	£4.79
Venison	£2.15	£2.56	£4.29	£5.12
Pheasant	£2.00	N/A	£3.99	N/A

Please note that all our food - especially our 'wild' range - is seasonal. Although we keep as much stock as we can in our freezers we can't always guarantee availability.

Active Working Dog Food	500g
Free range Chicken	£2.30
Free range Duck	£2.57
Pasture fed Beef	£2.72

Certified Organic Dog Food

Certified Organic Dog Food	With Veg 250g	Without Veg 250g	With Veg 500g	Without Veg 500g
Pork	N/A	N/A	£5.05	N/A
Chicken	N/A	£2.95	£4.51	N/A
Turkey	N/A	N/A	£4.51	N/A
Beef	N/A	N/A	£5.06	N/A

Please note we also offer organic pork tails, pork belly ribs and pork heart.



The Honey's Lean Recipe Range

Looking for something low in fat and/or low in protein? Our Lean range comes in five recipes.

Lean Dog Food	250g	500g
Lean, pasture fed Lamb	£1.72	£3.43
Lean, free range Pork	£1.67	£3.35
Lean, free range Duck	£1.52	£3.05
Lean, free range Turkey	£1.52	£3.05
Lean, pasture fed Beef & Washed Tripe	N/A	£3.95



Free range bones and wings

Looking for something that Fifi or Fido can get her or his teeth into? We offer a wide range of free range bones and wings. Bones are important for two reasons. Firstly, they provide vital nutrients including calcium, complex (good) fats and vitamins. Secondly, the actual chewing of the bones is what keeps a dog's teeth and gums healthy. Chewing and gnawing is also, believe it or not, excellent exercise and helps a dog to stay fit. We recommend giving your dog a fresh bone approximately once per week. Wings, on the other paw, are the perfect complete meal.

Free range bones and wings	
2 knuckle end pasture fed beef bones	£4.00
5 large pasture fed beef lollipop bones	£7.60
5 medium pasture fed beef lollipop bones	£7.60
2 medium pasture fed beef lollipop bones	£3.50
8 small pasture fed beef lollipop bones	£7.60
5kg of free range chicken wings	£15.50
1kg of 3 joint free range chicken wings	£3.60
1kg of free range duck wings	£4.25
1kg pasture fed lamb ribs	£5.00

DIY ingredients Save up to 33%

Why not make your own dog food using our ethically sourced ingredients? Not only can we supply you with wild, free range and organic 'makings', but we can also provide you with advice, recipes and support. We reckon that going the DIY route saves most of our customers between 25% and 33%.

Beef heart pasture fed per 1kg	£3.50
Beef liver pasture fed per 200g	£1.50
Beef tripe pasture fed washed in water per 1kg	£4.75
Chicken carcass free range per kg	£3.50
Chicken necks free range x 10	£5.00
Duck carcass free range per kg	£4.00
Duck necks free range x 10	£7.50
Lamb heart pasture fed per kilo	£4.90
Lamb trachea pasture fed x 4	£3.50
Pork certified organic pig tails x 6	£3.00
Pork certified organic belly ribs (750g approx.)	£6.00
Pork certified organic heart per kg	£5.00
Pork free range tongue x 2	£2.75
Pork free range trotters x 2	£4.00

Special DIY boxes Save even more

If you have the freezer space, why not take advantage of our special DIY boxes and save even more £££?

Special Offer Boxes – big savings!	
DIY taster box free range	£30.00
Duck carcass free range 14kg	£52.00
Chicken carcass free range 14kg	£45.00
Lamb ribs pasture fed 9kg	£40.00

Certified organic beef bone broth

Made using certified organic, grass-fed beef bones and filtered water with carrot, unrefined, unpasteurized and unfiltered apple cider vinegar aka 'with mother', thyme, turmeric and black pepper – all of which are also certified organic. 200ml £4.95. 500ml £9.95

Handmade Biscuits

We used to make our handmade biscuits at home but we got fed up with having to stay up all night baking, so now a local baker produces them for us. We use only the finest ingredients (including wholewheat flour) and, as you would expect, we have no truck with preservatives, sugar, salt, colouring or other chemicals. 100g of natural bone shaped biscuits or cheesy hearts will cost you £2.99.



"If you ask me, all three of us are in different states of awareness."



RAW PROOF

The results of our 24-month research investigation into a species-appropriate diet for dogs is now available. You can download a PDF from our website or ask us to send you a hard copy (free of charge).



The Real Honey's Dog Food story

Do you know someone who is interested in switching to raw feeding? Would a copy of Jonathan's book help? Please ask for a FREE copy in your next order.

Our packaging is 100% recyclable. We use packaging that takes up 20% less space in a freezer than a tub and weighs 90% less.

Our books are also available as FREE downloads on our website

Honey's
REAL DOG FOOD

Phone: 01672 620 260
(Mon-Fri 9am-5pm)

Email: info@honeysrealdogfood.com
www.honeysrealdogfood.com



All Honey's literature is printed using vegetable based inks on FSC® approved paper. FSC stands for the Forest Stewardship Council.

10 good reasons to recommend Honey's



1. Free, expert advice

We are happy to help with free, unlimited, expert advice, tips and diet plans even if you never, ever plan to become a customer. If you want to make the food yourself (which is surprisingly easy) we can explain which ingredients to buy and how to keep the cost down.



2. A diet designed specifically for your dog

We will ask you all about your dog – his or her age, weight, gender, breed (if relevant), allergies, health issues, likes and dislikes, level of exercise and more. We like a photo if it is easy. Then we will recommend a specific diet designed to ensure that he or she receives the optimum level of nutrition.



3. The Honey's Health Team is at your service

Diet can make a huge difference to health. Certain canine health conditions require certain diets. We employ a Health Team (which includes vets and vet nurses) to look after the poorly dogs we feed, and they are at your service. It is one of the reasons why so many vets in private practice recommend Honey's.

Free book! Available as a download or we will happily post it to you.



4. Honey's is made from organic, free range and wild ingredients

We only use the highest possible quality and freshest ingredients that would, if they weren't becoming dog food, be 100% suitable for human consumption. This is really important not just for ethical reasons but because high quality ingredients contain much higher nutritional values. Our meat is all certified organic, wild or free range.



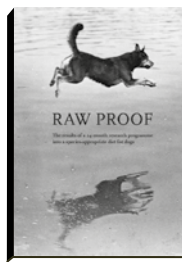
5. Our food is British and seasonal

All our ingredients come from British farms and are, therefore, seasonal. The artisanal nature of our production means that each recipe changes from batch to batch – much better for your dog.



6. Honey's food is complete

Our food meets all the most vigorous nutritional guidelines as set out by the European Pet Food Industry Federation (FEDIAF), the Pet Food Manufacturers Association (PFMA) and the Association of American Feed Control Officials (AAFCO). We achieve this without adding any supplements.



7. Honey's invests in scientific research

We've contributed to the growing scientific evidence that species appropriate (aka raw) feeding is the optimum diet for dogs by investing in major research. Please ask for copies of our research paper: *Raw Proof: The results of a 24-month research programme into a species-appropriate diet for dogs*, which was first presented by Dr Nick Thomson to Fellows of the Raw Feeding Veterinary Society.



8. We campaign for better farm animal welfare

We visit all our producers regularly to make sure that they meet our exacting farm animal welfare standards (which we publish). We donate 1% of sales to Compassion in World Farming. By the way, we never turn any charity that approaches us away empty pawed.



9. Honey's works to minimise its environmental pawprint

We work hard to minimise our impact on the environment. We have achieved ISO 14001 (which is awarded to companies with high environmental standards). Our packing is 100% recyclable.



10. Honey's is a small, family business

We are a small, family business (so small that the founder and his son are happy to give you their personal emails in case they can help with anything) and we believe in traditional service. Honey's has no sales function and no sales staff. We never try to persuade anyone to buy our food. When you talk to our team they are speaking from the heart.

Honey's is Carbon Neutral and we believe we have the most environmentally friendly packaging for raw dog food in the UK. We are members of 1% for the Planet and our founder is a trustee of the Rainforest Trust.



Why not all raw dog food is equal

It is definitely not our style to be critical of other raw dog food producers. On the other hand, we are concerned about much of the commercially available raw dog food. And, we are not alone. A growing number of vets agree. Indeed, Dr Nick Thompson, founder of the Raw Feeding Veterinary Society, recently said:

The ideal raw food diet is varied, uses high quality ingredients and is properly formulated to make sure it includes all the necessary nutrition. One concern is intensively farmed meat, which may contain higher levels of antibiotics and other harmful chemicals. Another worry is formulations that contain too much or too little of certain ingredients e.g. rice or bone. A surprisingly high percentage of raw food diets (as differentiated from raw food meals, most of which are not 'balanced and complete' on their own) may not be nutritionally adequate. Variety, again, is key to providing all required nutrients appropriately.

You can be confident that Honey's is made from the finest quality ingredients and is 100% complete.