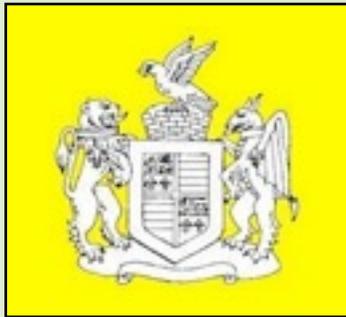


The Guardian

President's Message

A few words from Beth Mendoza

The Fall issue of *The Guardian*. If we were anyplace else in the world that might mean blustery days, falling leaves, and bordering-on-cold nights. But here in So Cal, that just means more summer: triple digit heat, water concerns, and high A/C bills. We have to make sure our dogs are out of the heat, that they are getting their exercise in cooler temperatures, which oftentimes means a walk at 10 o'clock in the evening. We have to make sure their coats are clear of dead hair that might prevent any insulating effects from taking place. And, of course, for Cooper, it means far fewer trips around town in the car. He only gets to go when he can stay in the car with the air on, or to places where he is allowed in. My hairdresser always welcomes Cooper with open arms, so yesterday he got to be fussed over by all the women there in various states of hair management in the cool, cool of someone else's utility bill. A couple of weeks ago, during a severe heat wave, I stopped at Bev Michalik's place in Wildomar to say hey and to pick up some of her fresh eggs (Thanks, Bev!). I parked out in front on her rock



drive, took Cooper out of his crate, leashed him, and put him down. As I turned to close the back of my car, he went into what I thought was I-gotta-go-potty position and I thought, "Whew. I guess he really had to go." I then realized that his feet were burning on the rocks! I picked him up and carried him into Bev's yard where we were greeted by Bev and her four wild Banshee girl Cardis. I put Cooper down in the shade and we made our way up her drive. Cooper went back out into the sunny concrete following some delicious smell and burned his feet again. This time he just stood, feet smoldering, until I came and got him. It was clear that he had no idea that moving to the shade meant cooler feet. I just assumed that he would know that. Lesson learned for me to not assume and always keep an eye on my dog. The PWCCSC Fall Match is October 17 and when I asked for ring stewards, I got several offers to help. Thank you Sarah Fitzell, Margie White, Bev Michalik, Katie Finlay, and Rhea Skolnik for responding! I am off to my very first National Specialty at the end of September in Oconomowoc (say that

Do you have News?

Do you have a brag? Did you get a new puppy? Is your dog celebrating a birthday? A win or leg you are really happy about? First brags are free, extra brags, or brags with photos are only \$5 !

Do you have other dog-related news, photos, articles, humor or upcoming events you'd like to share? Contact Samantha Williams, Guardian editor, mezzowithcorgis@gmail.com

Do you have a special dog, or a service or product you'd like to promote? Ads are only \$10 for a small ad, and \$15 for a large ad. Contact Samantha for more information on paid ads, or send her your news and articles! This is YOUR newsletter, make it great! Deadline to make publication in our next issue will be December 15, 2015.



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THE PEMBROKE WELSH CORGI CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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Send us your brags!
 If your Pembroke
 did well in the ring,
 tell us! First brag is
 free, remember!
 Plus, we want to
 recognize as many
 new titles as we
 can.

CORGI ACADEMY DAY - *SUBMITTED BY STACY HOLTZ*

Corgi Academy Day was held on Saturday, June 20th, at Canyon RV Park in Anaheim Hills. The weather was comfortable (not too hot) and those who came and participated had a great time. Six different classes were offered: K9 Nosework, Tailwagger's Massage, Introduction to Agility, Rally & Obedience, CGC / CGCA Evaluations, and a demonstration on teeth cleaning / nail trimming, as well as how to transport your Corgi safely. Check out all the photos of the event at www.pwccsc.com.

K9 Nosework was new to many of the participants, and the teams of owners and handlers enjoyed searching boxes for wonderful odors. Those dogs that were fortunate enough to receive a massage from their person really enjoyed the hands-on approach to

working out tight muscles. Agility and rally showed the people new games they could play with their Corgis, and offered them time to



actually try out the equipment. In the CGC / CGCA ring, 6 Corgis passed the CGCA test and earned a new title. As for CGC evaluation, one young puppy tried to earn its CGC title, but unfortunately youth got the better of it, and that pup will have to try again one day. In

addition to demonstrating teeth cleaning and nail trimming, the instructor also shared insight on safe ways to secure your Corgi and other items in the car when traveling.

In addition to participating in the general meeting, large raffle (over 90 items) and bountiful pot-luck lunch, everyone was able to take time to visit with other Corgi owners and relax in the peaceful setting. All in all, it was a wonderful day for those who attended.

Photo: A hands-on demonstration of Canine Massage at the 2015 Corgi Academy Day.



Left: Beth Chilton assists a very willing participant over a jump in the Agility Demo ring at Corgi Academy Day. Below: Alan Holtz shows the Corgi Academy Crowd the ins and outs of K9 Nosework.



THE DANGER ZONE:

Keeping dogs safe with a couple of simple commands.

Teaching a puppy to Leave It is actually quite simple. Hold a treat in the palm of your hand, sit on the floor in front of the puppy. As soon as the puppy is interested, close your hand so they cannot get the treat. The instant the puppy gives up on licking, biting, pawing, etc at your hand and actually looks away from it, mark or click and reward. When the puppy is looking away, label with Leave it. Keep the sessions short and the value of the treats high.

For more ideas on teaching Leave It...

Here is a link to a method of teaching Leave It that was featured in the Whole Dog Journal.

http://www.whole-dog-journal.com/issues/11_8/features/How-To-Teach-A-Dog-To-Listen_16053-1.html

This link goes to a printable PDF of the Volhard Method of teaching Leave It.

<http://www.volhard.com/uploads/the-leave-it-command.pdf>

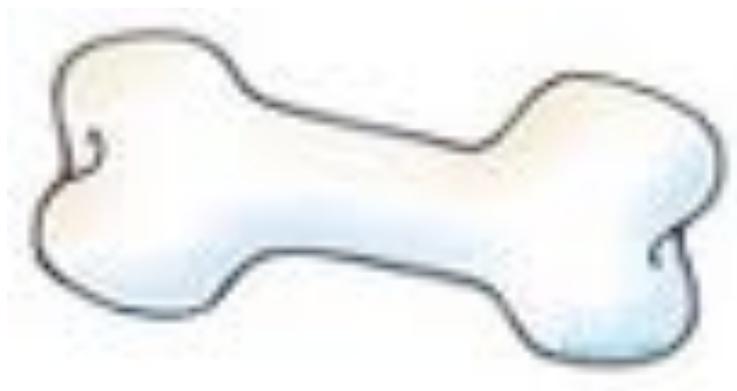


Big Brag for little Olive!

Larry Ferris writes:

Olive AKA "Larry's Little Miss Sunshine, BN, RN, AXP, AJP, THD, TDIA" received a nice certificate from Therapy Dog International for going over fifty therapy dog visits. It also qualified Olive to earn the AKC Therapy Dog title (THD).

Way to go, Larry and Olive!



PANDY: "STREET WHERE WE LIVE..."

Part 2

BY EDWIN R. YORK,

(please note: sharing or reprinting any part of "Pandy" requires permission of the author)

Editor's note: Part 2 of this story ran in the Summer Guardian, but had two pages out of order, which may have affected some readers' enjoyment of the story. This issue we are re-running part 2 with the pages in the correct order, as well as adding Part 3 to finish this episode.

You'll remember from Part 1 of this story that Pandy and Tom Candia – Betty's husband, had found an injured dog as they were out jogging. The dog, given the name "Street," responded to treatment, and now the family realized that they needed to get Street back to his owner.

Betty, had just gotten a call from a person claiming to be the recuperating dog's owner. Street still had some medical work needing to be done, and Betty felt less than impressed by the supposed owner's apparent lack of interest in how well Street was doing. Part 1 ended with Betty's curious questions being interrupted by the caller hanging up the phone abruptly. Tom, Betty's husband, heard Betty stop talking mid-sentence, and then slowly hang up the phone...

"What's the matter?" Tom asked.

"Well, she just hung up while I was talking. I don't know her name and she didn't give me a phone number where I can reach her. She wants us to hold onto Street until after the pin is taken out and then she'll come by to pick him up."

"What?"

"It's strange!" Betty said. "Doesn't she want to see her dog, and surely she knows that the veterinarian charges for his work? I got the feeling that she wanted us to board him and pay for all his vet bills and once he's healed then she would come and get him and tell us 'Thanks a lot' and that's that!"

"How do we know that he's really her dog?"

"Well, because she said so! She described him as mostly black with pointed ears and asked if that was the dog that we had. I told her that it was."

Tom thought for a moment. "It's funny that she didn't give her name or telephone number."

"I don't like it." Betty said, shaking her head. "Anybody could come in and claim that Street was their dog, and what could we say? Street has been here long enough that he might not go running to them, particularly if they've never been really friendly to him."

"Well, I suppose that's not very likely." Tom thought for a minute. "Say, come to think of it, that description is exactly the same way I described Street for the television Bulletin Board. Sounds like she was just repeating what I said he looked like!"

"You see!" Betty exclaimed, "Anybody could come in and claim him!"

"Well," Tom said, after being silent for a moment, "I guess we'll just have to wait and see what she's like when she shows up."

"If she shows up!" Betty said, stressing the "...if..."

Pandy and Street came running into the house from the back yard. Pandy sensed immediately that Betty was worried. She skidded to a stop and said, "What's the matter?"

“Oh, we got a call from Street’s owner, and I guess I’m worried about how she sounded.”

“She...?” Pandy said. “That’s funny. I got the feeling from Street that his person was a man.”

“Well, maybe it was the man’s wife.”

Pandy sat on the floor and scratched her ear briefly. “Why are you worried about how she sounded?”

“I guess maybe I thought she didn’t really sound concerned enough to suit me!” Betty smiled wryly at herself, shaking her head. “I mean, Street’s a good dog, and I’d like for his owner to be a good owner; maybe I’m just being picky.”

“When will she come for Street?” Pandy asked.

“Well, that’s one of the funny things. I don’t think she’s coming to get Street until after the vet takes the pin out of his leg.”

Pandy shivered. “Brrr! Just thinking about that gives me the willies! When will the doctor do that?”

“Well, we’re supposed to go back in three weeks. I think he’ll do it then.”

“Well,” said Pandy, “even though I can’t talk too well to Street yet, I’ll try to find out more about what his owner is like. That might help.”

“Okay. Let me know what you find out.”

Tom nodded as Betty spoke. He was worried, but couldn’t put his finger on just what the problem was. “Pandy, how much can you talk with Street?”

“Well, he can understand my talking a whole lot better than I can understand his barking! He’s been around people enough to hear what I’m saying, but I don’t think he’s got any idea that he can express himself other than by barking. That’s really a hard concept to get across to him.” Pandy lapped some water from the bowl by the refrigerator. “If you’ve lived all your life only being able to bark, growl, wag and scratch at the door, it’s hard to know that there are other things that you can do with your voice.”

“Does that mean that you can’t understand him?” Tom persisted.

“Oh, I’ve got a head-start,” Pandy nodded. “I can read his body-language pretty well. He’s even getting to the point of changing his barking a little so I can know when he’s agreeing or disagreeing with something I’ve said.”

Street had been standing by the back door as they spoke, watching them with his head slightly tilted to one side. Tom saw him open his mouth as if to bark, and then stop. “Street?” Tom said.

Betty and Pandy both turned to watch Street. Street opened his mouth again and gave a soft, short bark that sounded like: “Ow!”

Pandy spoke immediately. “That’s right, Street! ‘Ow!’“ She looked back at Betty and Tom. “I really think he wants to go ‘Out!’”

Tom opened the back door and both Street and Pandy ran outside again.

When Tom turned back into the kitchen Betty asked him, “Do you really think that Pandy can teach him to talk?”

“No, I wouldn’t think so.” Tom shook his head. “He’s probably too old now for that. Maybe it’s like a lot of what we think of as ‘higher skills.’ Maybe they can be learned well only when you’re young.”

Tom paused. “Or when you are a puppy.” he continued.

“Pandy learned after she was older,” Betty said.

“Well, yes. But she had some help.”

“It would fun if she could get him to talk just a bit.”

“That’s true. Maybe he could tell us something about what his owner is like.”

Betty shook her head. “I still think something’s not right about that woman who called.”

“We’ll just have to wait and see, I guess.”

The next several weeks went by rapidly, with Street becoming more and more active. No further word came from Street's owner, and finally the time came for Street to go back to the veterinarian's office to have the pin removed. Both Betty and Tom were aware and mildly amused by Pandy's unwillingness to discuss what the procedure was about, and they quietly agreed not to talk about it when she was around. Tom was aware that it was like his own reluctance to discuss going to the dentist when it came time for him to do so.

The removal of the pin was anticlimactic. Street was given a light anesthetic and came out from under it very quickly. His leg had healed nicely, and Dr. Tabor seemed very pleased with how well Street was doing.

Back home again Pandy sniffed quickly at the incision, but didn't say anything about it. Street was still not putting a lot of weight on the leg, but then, as the next few days went by, his limp became less and less apparent.

Tom returned home after work one day to find Betty in a bad mood. She told him that "that woman" had called again, the one who was Street's owner. Tom could tell from her tone of voice that she wasn't terribly impressed with how the owner came across on the phone. "That woman" was supposed to appear sometime later in the evening to get Street, and Tom realized that even though he had not spoken with the woman, he was as dubious as Betty was about letting Street go.

"We need to find out something about her before we just let her take Street and go off." he said to Betty.

Betty stood at the kitchen window, watching Street and Pandy playing in the back yard. "She's just shown no interest in him, other than just calling to come and pick him up."

Tom grunted noncommittally.

"Well, that's not entirely right," Betty continued, "she did ask how he was doing now that the pin was out."

"What did you tell her?"

"I just told her that he was doing fine and that his limp was almost gone."

"When is she supposed to get here?"

"She said she had some stuff to do, but that she would be over about 6:30."

Tom looked at the clock. "She's got to be from around here someplace. That doesn't give her a lot of time to come any distance at all."

"Should we just let her take Street and go?"

Tom grimaced. "What can we do to stop her? He's her dog."

Betty opened the back door and called out to Pandy. "Pandy, come here a minute!"

The dog door slapped open and shut twice as both Pandy and Street ran into the kitchen.

"Pandy," Betty asked, "how much of what we say can Street understand?"

“Well,” she answered, panting, “Not really a whole lot. He can understand some names and basic things, but generally just a word here and there.”

“Have you been able to learn much about his owner yet?”

Pandy shook her head. “No. The best I can do about that was just to get some general feelings about where he lived and that sort of thing.”

“What did you learn?”

Pandy lapped quickly at the water bowl. “I still think his owner is a man, and they seemed to live in a place where there were no fences and not many other people nearby. He hadn’t seen a dog door before, and only had a little dog house that he lived in. Other than that I really couldn’t find out very much.”

Tom shook his head. “That’s not a lot to go on, but it’s better than nothing.”

“Oh, wait a minute,” Pandy interrupted, “our car was different than what he was used to. He usually rode in something of a box behind the car or something like that.”

“What does that mean?” Betty looked puzzled.

Tom frowned. “Well, it sounds like either a trailer or maybe a pickup truck. I guess the bed of a pickup might seem like a box to him.”

“Pandy,” Betty knelt down by her, “do you think he could tell you if he’s ever seen someone before?”

“What do you mean?”

“There’s a woman coming who says she’s his owner. Can he tell you if that’s true or not?”

“Well, not if I tell him that she’s his owner. He might think that I’m telling him something that he’s supposed to accept as true. Maybe I will just tell him ‘Stranger,’ and see how he reacts.”

The sound of the doorbell chimed through the house, and Street barked.

“Hush, Street!” Betty said. “You and Pandy go outside and play right now. I’ll get the door.” She paused briefly as Pandy and Street ran out through the dog door. “That’s probably the woman coming for Street.” She said, looking at Tom, “What do you think we should do?”

“Let’s talk to her and see what she’s like.”

Both she and Tom went to answer the door, and when they opened it they found a short, middle-aged woman waiting, impatiently tapping her foot.

As Tom opened the door, she spoke quickly. “Is this the Candia’s house?” She didn’t smile.

“Yes,” Betty, standing beside Tom, answered. “Can I help you?”

“I’m just here to get my dog.”

“I never did get your name,” Betty said. There was a strained moment of silence.

(To be continued)



PANDY: "STREET WHERE WE LIVE..."

Part 3

The woman, claiming to be Street's owner now that he was fully healed of his injuries, appeared at the Candia's door to pick Street up. The Candias both had misgivings about her supposed ownership of the dog they had taken in after being struck by a car. The woman appearing at their door would win no prizes for being 'Miss Congeniality.'

"Is this the Candia's house?" She asked, not smiling.

"Yes," Betty answered. "Can I help you?"

"I'm just here to get my dog. I really can't come in."

"I never did get your name," Betty said. "Do you live around here?"

"Well, no," the woman responded. "I hope the dog's doing okay."

"I'm sorry; what's your name?" Tom broke in.

She glanced briefly over at him and then back at Betty. "You can just call me 'Doris'."

"Well, Doris," Tom, uncharacteristically, persisted, "You know our name, our phone number, and where we live. Why don't you come and we can talk for a bit. We'd like to get to know something more about the person who owns this dog." Tom moved back and motioned into the house. "We really don't know anything about you, and we're reluctant to give a dog away to anyone who just shows up and claims that he belongs to them, especially when they haven't given us their own name, address, and phone number."

Doris glanced at Tom again. "Look," she said, a trace of sharpness in her voice, "I don't have a bill of sale for him, and they don't give dogs serial numbers. I say he's my dog, and since he's not your dog, I'm just here to pick him up. If he's been a bother to you, I'm sorry, but you're the one who put the ad on television looking for his owner. Here I am. Are you going to give him to me or not?"

"Can you describe him?" Tom persisted.

Doris, irritated, paused a moment before speaking. "I described him over the phone to your wife, and she said that he was the dog I had lost. Now, I really am in a hurry, so if you don't have any other questions I would like to pick him up."

Betty turned to get go get Street, but Tom put his hand on her arm. "Okay, okay; I'll go get the dog for you," he said. He held her arm a moment longer than usual, and when she glanced curiously at him he winked quickly. Betty didn't know what he was going to do, but she turned back to the door as he went back into the house.

"I'm sorry if this isn't a good time for you," he heard Doris saying as he went down the hall, "but this the best time I could get with my schedule at work."

Tom closed the door to the kitchen and whistled at the back door for Pandy and Street to come in. He spoke quickly to Pandy. Pandy looked at Street and nodded. She said something quickly to Street, and then Tom picked her up and went back into the hallway, leaving Street waiting in the kitchen.

The conversation at the front door broke off as he walked up in back of Betty, carrying Pandy.

"Oh yes," Doris said, reaching for Pandy, "That's him all right! Which leg was it that he broke?"

"You're sure that this is your dog?" Tom asked.

"Oh, yes." Doris said, ruffling Pandy's ears. "My kids sure have missed having him around."

"That's funny," Tom said. "Just a moment ago this was Pandy, our female Corgi! Different sex, different height, and different breed. It seems to me that you can't even recognize your own dog!"

Doris pulled her hand back as if she had been scalded. She tried to say something but her words came out just as an angry sputter. She glared for a moment at Tom, and then spun on her heel and left, leaving the door open behind her. Tom followed her down the sidewalk, and watched her slam the door of her car and drive off.

Back at the front door Betty was doubled over, laughing. "You should have seen the look on her face!" she gasped, shaking her head.

Tom put Pandy down, and hurried back into the kitchen.

"Tom, what's the matter?" Betty asked, hurrying after him.

He scribbled something down on Betty's shopping list. "Nothing," he said. "I just wanted to write down her license plate number before I forget it. We may not have gotten her name or address, but her license plate number ought to be of some use in case the police are interested in any of this."

"Are you going to call the police?"

"I sure am! People have been picking up and selling lost dogs for a long time, and I'll bet that's what she was going to do. It may not be exactly against the law, but if it is I want the police to know about it. Too many people are like us. If they find a dog out running loose they try to help, but often really aren't that careful about who they give the dog to, and the animal has no way to protect itself when that happens."

"You mean that people go around picking up lost dogs and then sell them to laboratories?"

"Well, I guess there may be a few laboratories around that get their animals that way." He put the pencil down and tore off the strip of paper that he had written on. "Now, I can certainly understand the need for some ethical medical experimentation on animals. And, for that matter, I'm not even going to get all bent out of shape about using humans for some kinds of medical research. But there are some pretty strange people out there who like to abuse animals just for the fun of it all, folks who have nothing to do with any kind of laboratory."

Tom dialed the phone while he spoke, shaking his head to himself. He spoke to the person answering the phone, explaining just what had happened, and then after a few more moments of waiting went through the story once again for someone else who came on the line. He finally hung up the phone.

"Well, it seems as though this isn't the first time something like this has happened here. This woman or somebody like her seems to have been pretty busy picking up a number of animals around town. The detective I spoke to said that this was the first time they got a car license number on her, though. Hope it's enough for them to catch her."

Betty spoke somberly. "Will you need to testify or something?"

"If they catch her we both will probably be called. They'll want you to tell them just what it was that she said to you on the phone."

Betty glanced down at Pandy. "Pandy," she spoke seriously, "you need to be careful about people who come up to you, particularly when we're not around."

Pandy, listening to this, shook herself. "I don't think this is one of those things that I really want to learn very much about – at least, not first-hand!"

Betty looked over at Tom. "Do you think we need to explain it more to Pandy?"

Tom nodded. "She needs to know" he said simply.

Betty sat down on one of the dinette chairs. She patted her knee, and Pandy, knowing an invitation when one was given, jumped up onto Betty's lap.

"Pandy, you know that there are a number of dangers out in the world around us. We've told you about some of them, like the fact that there are other dogs who might not be friendly to you or who have learned to go around looking for a fight." Pandy nodded.

Betty continued: "We've warned you about cars on the roads and how they might not be able to keep from hitting you if you run out onto the street. But..." Betty paused, "Well, we haven't really said much about people who like hurting animals or who want to make money by catching animals and selling them to other people willing to pay for them."

Pandy nodded. "But why would other people pay for them?" she asked.

"Well, I suppose there are all sorts of reasons, maybe some that I don't even know about. But one of the reasons is because there are some people who think that they have got to get hold of animals in order to test some of the things that they are making that they want to sell. They figure that if they can make something that is safe around animals, then it would be safe around humans as well."

Pandy was quiet a moment, staring at nothing.

"Some people really aren't very nice to animals." Betty prompted, wanting Pandy's reaction before going further.

Pandy cleared her throat softly and blinked several times. "Well," she said, "I'm having trouble understanding this from your viewpoint. No..." she spoke hurriedly as Betty started to interrupt, "let me try to finish my idea." She paused as Betty fell silent.

Pandy spoke slowly, trying to put her thoughts into words. "I think I have a problem when I start to think that humans think like I do, and I think that humans have the same kind of problem with animals."

She paused again and shook her head. "I really haven't tried to put this into words before, but it's something that I've been thinking about. I'm not an animal psychologist, although I suspect I could do pretty well at it." She glanced up quickly at Betty, smiling, "but I would do a miserable job of trying to be a *human* psychologist! I can tell when you're happy, and I can tell when you're sad. I know that physically we have a lot of similarities. But honestly, I really do have a tough time trying to understand what you are thinking and why you are thinking it!"

Tom, listening, frowned. "But I always thought that you were so understanding of my moods."

Pandy shook her head. "Don't confuse my desire to understand with my ability to understand! What I have learned, though, is that even when I don't understand you, even then my presence and my silence can be helpful to you. And that, right there, is perhaps where we dogs and you humans are the most different!"

Betty rubbed Pandy's ears. "I think I understand some of what you are saying. Why don't you spell it out for us, though?"

"Well, I'll give it a try." Pandy hopped off of Betty's lap and trotted over to the water bowl. She lapped quickly at the water and then came back and looked up at Betty, waiting to be invited to jump back up. Betty patted her knee again and caught Pandy as she hopped up.

Pandy continued speaking. "There are some things just 'built into' how we think and how we act that we usually don't give a second thought to, and that makes it hard to explain our differences."

Betty nodded. "Go ahead..."

Pandy turned and hopped off of Betty's lap back onto the floor. "Maybe I should walk around while I talk. I think better on my feet!"

Tom smiled. "So do I." he said.

There was a moment of silence, with only the sound of Pandy's toenails tapping on the linoleum.

"I don't think that humans have ever really understood the way that we dogs relate to you. We don't understand it, either, even though we're most affected by it." Pandy stopped pacing for a moment and put her front paws back up on Betty's knee. "It's not that we love you so terribly much, although that is certainly a very large part of it. I want to stay away from saying that we worship you. We know that would make us expect far more from you than could ever be fair or even possible.

"Somewhere, though, in among all those words, is the feeling that we have for you. We want to serve you and help you in any way that we can, even at the cost of our own health, our happiness, and even if it's at the cost of our lives."

Tom started to speak, but Betty glanced at him and shook her head.

Pandy continued. "This is not something that happens for us on any kind of rational level. In fact, rationally, I know that sometimes animals are hurt by humans even when it doesn't do any good or serve any purpose at all. But..." Pandy emphasized this, "...even when it's all in vain, from your human point of view, nevertheless for us it is still somehow fulfilling. Don't ask me to explain it further; I don't believe I can!" She continued speaking in a softer voice. "It is just that we want to help you at all costs, and we do not begrudge the cost to ourselves. In fact, we don't think of it in terms of cost at all."

Betty spoke. "You are telling us that animals don't mind sacrificing their lives for humans?"

"Not exactly. Animals want to live, to survive, just like humans do. I guess it's just that we don't consider being experimented on as a sacrifice. It's, well, almost expected. No..." Pandy interrupted herself, "No, that's not what I want to say. It's as if it were somehow *fulfilling* to us."

Tom cleared his throat. "You mean that if there are places that choose to take animals and experiment on them, it's okay with you?"

"When it is even a little bit helpful, we accept it and cannot even imagine rejecting it. Even when an experiment is a failure, if it has any chance at all of pointing in the right direction, we are content."

"I thought you would be opposed to animal experimentation!"

"Tom, I can't think like you do, and you can't think like I do. Putting words in my mouth is one thing, and I don't think you would do that; but trying to put thoughts into my head is not something that you, nor anyone else, can even pretend to do. We may be alike in many ways, but we don't think the same way. I appreciate it when you try to understand me, but trying to understand how I, or other animals think is really not possible."

"Then do you think that what that woman, Doris, was doing is okay?"

"No. Absolutely not. How can you take away someone's dog without hurting that person?"

"But we don't know whose dog Street really is, and I don't think that we're any closer to even finding out! He can't tell us; at least, he hasn't so far! Maybe he really doesn't know."

Pandy smiled. "Now, now..." she chided Tom. "Don't think that just because Street doesn't know how to speak that he can't think! He knows very well whose dog he is!"

Betty glanced back and forth between Pandy and Tom. "Now, wait a minute. What are you talking about?" she asked. "If he knows who his owner is, why hasn't he gone home?"

Tom, understanding more quickly what was happening, grinned. "Well, Pandy, you can tell Street that we've just found his real home."

Betty, still puzzled, glanced quickly at Tom. "What do you mean; what are you two talking about? He can't go with that woman! She doesn't own him!"

"No, Honey, that's not what we're talking about." Tom shook his head. "And, Pandy, you can tell him that he won't need to go any place to get home. He's there right now!"

"Oh." Pandy said. "He knows that already." She stood on her hind legs, front paws on Tom's knee as she smiled up at him. "And, Tom, I must admit that you were right. 'Street' really is a good name for him!"

THE END

Calendar:

Board Meetings:

31 October 2015: San Gabriel KC Show.

General Meetings:

17 October 2015: Annual Meeting and Match, Featherly Park

12 December 2015: Christmas Party at Susie Kral's home.

The Pembroke Welsh Corgi Club of Southern California

Come out and have some fun at our

Fall AKC B/OB Match

Saturday, October 17, 2015

“Day-of” entries start at 8am. Entries close at 9am for obedience, 9:30 for conformation.

Obedience judging starts at 8:30 am, conformation at 11am

Featherly Park (Canyon RV Park)

24001 Santa Ana Canyon Road

Anaheim, CA 92808

\$5 per car to enter the park.

Conformation Judge: Debbie
Blais, “Crysmont”

Obedience/Rally Judges:

Open/Utility: Arun Causba

Novice/Beginner Novice/Rally:

Samantha Williams

Pre Entry: \$6 first class, \$4
additional classes

(received by Weds, Oct. 14, 2015)

Day of Match: \$7 first class,

\$5 additional classes

Judging will finish by 12:30, followed by a potluck lunch, and then the PWCCSC Annual Meeting!

Please, no finished or major-pointed dogs in conformation.

All Obedience and Rally entries are for Exhibition Only. Conformation is Pembrokes only, Obedience and Rally open to ALL dogs - all breeds, and mixed breed.

NOTE: ENTRIES IN OBEDIENCE AND RALLY ARE LIMITED! PRE-ENTRY IS STRONGLY ENCOURAGED!!

- Open and Utility are limited to a total of 18 runs, combined.
- Novice and Beginner Novice are limited to a total of 10 runs, combined.
- Rally (all classes) are limited to a total of 18 runs.

Conformation Classes - toys for all entrants, rosettes for the “big” awards

4-6 mos

6-9 mos

9-12 mos

12-18 mos

Open

Obedience/Rally Classes - no ribbons, but all dogs get a participation prize

Beginner Novice

Novice

Open

Utility

Rally Novice

Rally Advanced

Rally Excellent

Entry Form

Pembroke Welsh Corgi Club of Southern California

AKC B/OB Match --Saturday, October 17, 2015, Featherly Park (Canyon RV Park)
 24001 Santa Ana Canyon Road
 Anaheim, CA 92808

Entries 8-9:30am.

Obedience judging starts at 8:30am, conformation at 11am

Dog's Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____ Sex: M____ F____ AKC Reg # _____

Owner's Name: _____

Email Address: _____

Pre-Entry Fee: \$6 / \$4 (received by Oct 14, 2015) Day-of-Match Entry Fee: \$7/5

Armband # _____

OBEDIENCE AND RALLY ENTRIES ARE LIMITED!

Conformation Class Entered:		
	Dog	Bitch
4 - 6 mos	_____	_____
6-9 mos	_____	_____
9-12 mos	_____	_____
12-18 mos	_____	_____
Open	_____	_____

Are you showing for exhibition only?
 Yes_____

Send entries, with checks payable to PWCCSC, to:

**Beth Mendoza,
 Match Chair
 3963 Compton St
 Chino, Ca 91710**

anythingcorgi@yahoo.com

Circle Obedience/Rally Class Entered

Beg. Novice	Novice	Open	Utility
Novice	Advanced	Excellent	