HDC General Membership Meeting

Date: June 8, 2013
Time: 5:30 pm
Location: Ken & Nan's house, 1130 E. 1200 Rd, Lawrence, KS, in conjunction with Fun Day

Fun Day this year will be more a social/eating gathering. Bring dogs, a lawn chair and a side dish to share.

Contact Person: Nan Dittrick, adlerboytoo@msn.com

The Nominating Committee will present a slate of nominees for the following vacancies for elections at this meeting:

President – John Cramer
Vice President – David Welther will fill the remainder of this term
Secretary – Janette Sheldon
Member-at-Large 1 – Colleen Ratcliff

Membership Dues: It’s that time of year to renew your membership in the Heartland Dalmatian Club. Please see the enclosed Dues Payment form for more information. As a reminder, your dues need to be current before you can vote.
HEARTLAND DALMATIAN 
CLUB OF 
GREATER KANSAS CITY 
MINUTES 
March 16, 2013

Meeting was held at Bartel Hall, 
Kansas City, Missouri.

Members present –

Dave and Marti Welther 
Lisa Kreipe 
Nan Dittrick 
John and Jennifer Cramer 
Janette Sheldon 
Mona and Roy James (and girls) 
Amber Miller

Meeting was called to order by 
President Dave Welther. 
Quorum was present.

The minutes from the December 
15, 2012 meeting were 
approved with a modification to 
the listing of proposed judges 
for the upcoming specialty 
show.

President’s report –

Dave thanked everyone for 
coming.

Secretary’s report –

Janette indicated AKC 
continues to ask for our new 
officers in March, even though 
they have been notified our 
elections take place in June. 
John indicated they send those 
notices out to all clubs at the 
same time.

Treasurer’s report –

Amber handed out a listing of 
all deposits and withdrawals 
from September through this 
date. She indicated our 
beginning balance as of the first 
of January was $2,403.07, and 
the current balance is $2,368.07. 
Treasurer’s report was 
approved.

Standing Committee report –

John reported on the Show 
Committee’s progress. He 
indicated that he is taking over 
the committee.

1. Judges - Judy Murray has 
accepted our invitation to 
judge. Her fees will include 
$200 for the judging as well 
as her expenses. Her 
mileage will be paid at the 
rate of $.50 per mile. John 
expected to hear back from 
Frank Labila this coming 
week.

2. Trophies - There really 
aren’t any specifics for 
today. Conversation was 
had about Jennifer Webster 
doing some art work. 
There’s a possibility a print 
could be left over from 
Nationals which we could 
use. Also there’s a 
possibility she could do 
some note cards for us.

3. Other - Rosie Brannan is in 
place to be our sweepstakes 
judge, and last year’s 
photographer has been lined 
up.

4. Insurance - John indicated 
he will need a pink sheet 
from our insurance carrier 
showing the existence of 
insurance to be given to the 
Lawrence club. Janette will 
contact our carrier to obtain 
this.

Special Committee report –

Marti made a report from the 
nominating committee. The 
slate of officers for election in 
June include the following:

President – John Cramer 
Vice-president – Dave Welther 
Secretary – Janette Sheldon 
Member at Large – Colleen 
Ratcliff

Old Business – none.

New Business – 

1. Dave indicated we have an 
application for new 
membership from Jessica 
Barries of Allen, Texas. He 
indicated he will do some 
checking when he and Marti 
are at the Ft. Worth show 
next weekend.

2. Dave indicated we had a 
request to publish an ad for a 
pet loss grief counselor.

3. Conversation was again had 
regarding making a basket to 
be contributed to Nationals. 
We decided not to do it.

The next meeting will be June 
8th at Nan Dittrick’s house in 
conjunction with her Fun Days 
event, with the time to be 
announced.

Meeting was adjourned.

Respectfully submitted,

____________________________________

Janette Sheldon, Secretary

Approved

____________________________________
1. Marti said two of Pearl’s puppies now have points. - $1

2. Janette said McNeilly had won 1st place with Pick this morning at the KC show. This was Pick’s first time in the ring. - $1

3. John said he has a litter of puppies – 4 boys, 2 girls. 1 patch boy, 1 patch girl. - $1

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**I fyou get to thinkin’ you’re a person of some influence, try orderin’ somebody else’s dog around.**

---Cowboy Wisdom---

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Dogs are dangerous. And they are more dangerous to children than to adults. Not as dangerous of course, as kitchen stoves, kerosene cans, pool wells, skateboards, or bikes. And not nearly as dangerous as matches, friends, guns, or cars. Here’s the reality. Dogs almost never kill people. A child is more likely to die choking on a marble or a balloon, and an adult is more likely to die in a bathroom slip-and-fall accident. Your chances of being killed by a dog are roughly one in 18 million. You are twice as likely to win a super lotto jackpot on a single ticket than be killed by a dog. You are five times as likely to be killed by a bell of lightning than be killed by a dog. Because it is so extraordinary, lightning is often regarded as a universal cliche for an Act of God. Dog-attack stories are even more extraordinary-five times more extraordinary.

The supposed epidemic numbers of dog bite fatalities across the media are absurdly inflated by dubious research and by counting blows that don’t actually hurt anyone. Even when dogs do injure people, the vast majority of injuries are at the Band-Aid level.

Dogs enhance the lives of millions more people than ever the most inflated estimates of dog-bite victims. Search-and-rescue and cancer-detecting dogs save significant numbers of human lives, and assistance dogs enormously improve the quality of many more. Trained who live with dogs have fewer allergies. People with dogs have less cardiovascular disease, better heart attack survival, and lesser backaches, headaches, and flu symptoms. Putting your dog lowers stress and people who live with dogs just plain feel better than people who don’t.

Yet lawmakers, litigators, and insurers push for more restrictions on dog ownership. This must stop. We must maintain perspective. DOGS BITE is our best defense against the anti-dog and breed specific legislation that is insistently, yet rapidly, institutionalizing across the nation.

“No one problems with this book is that not enough people will read it. That’s where we come into the picture. As dog professionals, we need to educate people about typical dog behavior; in this dangerous society where a video of a resource-guarding dog can win thousands of dollars on "Funniest Home Videos"-type television shows, we have an obligation to dogs and their humans.

Yes, dogs bite. Yes, every once in a while, someone is seriously injured or dies in a dog-related incident. But with this book, Jane Bradley has given us a great tool to put the into perspective. Use this tool as a starting point to open a conversation with your local and state legislative bodies. For every copy of this book you buy, purchase an extra one to take to your local retailer and send it to Oprah Winfrey, and send it to your mayor or governor with your offer to discuss legislation that may actually help. Many dog instructors complain about breed bans—take this book and do something about it.”


DOGS BITE But Bullfrogs & Snipers Are More Dangerous by Jane Bradley

$14.95, 177 pages

Available from Amazon, Borders, and www.janebradley.net

Kelly Garman
President, Open Paw, Inc.
Director, Nexus Puppy Training
www.openpaw.org

1/4/2006
Dalmatians

HOW THE "FIREDOG" GOT ITS NAME

With the winter winds howling about us, it was suggested that I retell a tale I first told about a decade ago.

Several years ago, spiraling fuel costs caught all of us in a bind. Although my husband works for an oil company, he unfortunately does not bring any samples home with him. Hence, my spouse began extensive research into alternative fuel sources for our home. He did this not only to expand his own knowledge, but also because he knows that I can be easily overwhelmed by statistics. If he really wants something, and he knows that I, as keeper of the budget, may object, then he brings forth reams and reams of paperwork and figures to aid his cause. His goal this time? A woodburning stove.

Aaagh, I thought, an ugly black box protruding from my lovely fireplace! Not so, he assured me, armed with dozens of colorful brochures featuring charmingly tasteful versions of fireplace inserts. I didn’t even review the sheets of facts and figures because I knew he had all bases covered regarding initial cost, installation, types and cost of wood, rate of fuel consumption, etc.

If I ignore the fact that no one had the exact unit in stock that we wanted, which necessitated placing a special order, then buying the stove was the simplest part of this venture. After it was purchased and installed, the fun began.

Wood. Unless one lives in the midst of a forest of usable timber, one must purchase the needed fuel. Rick-cord, truckload-hard or soft-seasoned or green? Extra delivery charges? The first cords of wood arrived, via pickup trucks, and were literally dumped in the driveway. The Dals were elated. A day was spent constructing wooden racks to hold the newly arrived wood and hauling said wood from the drive, through the fence gates, to the rear of the house. Stacking the wood itself didn’t present any great problem—keeping it there was. The Dals thought their prayers had been answered.

These are Dals that covet fallen twigs. These are also the same Dals that if shown a wooden dumbbell develop lockjaw. They had their own idea of where a woodpile should be, and it wasn’t near the house. Never mind the weather, whenever they were outside, the wood was snatched and carried away, never to be seen until spring when the snow melted to reveal minature beaver dams. Come March, and our yard resembled a logger’s paradise.

Now everyone knows you cannot burn cold, wet wood, so some of this wood had to be hauled into the house, several times a day, to the delight of the Dals. Look, chew toys! Didn’t matter what I threatened, the moment I left the room, gnawing could be heard.

If not gnawing, the thudding of wood against furniture as the Dals tried to hide valued pieces.

It didn’t take long before the Dals discovered the true joy of the woodburning stove. No, they never did fetch logs for the fire, but they did learn that I could reach over their prone bodies to keep the fire going. They would push and shove their way amongst one another for the warmest spot, moving only at nature’s call.

They became “firedogs” in the truest sense of the word. They guarded the stove. The winters were blissful for them. What more could they want but a warm fire, wood for chewing and someone to maintain that source of
NON-SPORTING GROUP

Dalmations
Continued

heat? I never was a great "scout." Building fires just was not my forte. But with my husband's travel schedule, added to a desire to lower our fuel bills, I was determined to keep those home fires burning.

I've learned a great deal about creating a truly good fire since that first winter. If one does not "bank" up a good fire when one retires for the night, one awakens to an extremely cold house in the morning. Usually the Dals would serve as the pre-dawn "the-fire-has-gone-out" alarm.

Then the ritual began. They would watch me load my arms with wood, open the stove door, build my version of a campfire, set the kindling in place and then proceed to strike two dozen matches in the hope of getting it started. This rarely worked in less than 45 minutes. It also seemed that just when the fire had caught, it would go out. There I would sit, hunched on my knees, urging little twigs to catch fire with no coffee in my system yet and lungs tiring. The Dals watched over my shoulder, waiting for that special spark that would spell relief from the cold.

Having a stove and wood does not necessarily mean instant heat. Additional paraphernalia was necessary. Waxed wood chips for starting fires were my salvation (and another expense). Add a fireproof rug in front of the hearth, another expensive item, which the Dals treated like any old throw rug—they chewed the corners. While it prevented sparks from scorching the carpeting, it also wore out the knees of my Levi's. The mat was green and so were my knees. The Dals were patient, more so than me. They just wanted heat, their breakfast and then a romp in the snow. I just wanted my coffee.

Enter a sympathetic, but snickering, relative, bearing a set of bellows—a great invention, and it saves your lungs and builds up arm muscles, too! It also terrified the Dals. They didn't know what to make of this mechanical wind machine, so they did what comes naturally—they chewed it up. When buying the second set, I found out that bellows weren't inexpensive either. This second set lasted slightly longer. I stored it in the closet, away from Dalmation teeth. Those bellows would still be with us today if they hadn't developed a rather large and wasteful hole as a result of being rested upon a hot grate.

We haven't used the wood stove for a number of years now. We sort of keep it around as a conversation piece. But we did learn a lot through this experience: vacuum cleaners clog quickly on wood chips; pine boughs are not only messy, but they also make for terrific splinters in your fingers; Dalmations think chipmunks that come in with a load of wood are for their personal entertainment and shouldn't be swept back outside with a broom; and Dals that lie in front of a hot wood stove shed in great quantity in that spot.

Although I think maybe in the long run we might have saved a few dollars, the only ones who truly enjoyed the "wood stove experience" were the Dalmations. They exhibited a great ancestral trait. It didn't take their forefathers long to figure out that it was cold in the stable and far better to be a true companion to man and lie in front of a fireplace. Here we are many generations later, and the Dalmation is still the number one and only "iredog."

Please send your comments and ideas for future columns.—Sandra Ling, 7411 Chapel Road, Madison, OH 44037

116 GAZETTE
HEARTLAND DALMATIAN CLUB OF GREATER KANSAS CITY

DUES PAYMENT

Dues for 2013/2014 are due by April 1, 2013. Please mail this completed form along with your check (made out to HDC) to:

Amber Miller
HDC Treasurer
1622 W. 3rd St.
Lawrence, KS 66044

Member Name(s): ________________________________

Address: ______________________________________

City: __________________ State: __________ Zip: ______

Phone: (____) ___________ E-mail: ___________________
(Note: Newsletter will be emailed to email address noted above.)

_____________________________________________________________________

Type of Membership:

☐ Junior ($10)
☐ Individual ($15)
☐ Couple ($20)
☐ Family ($25)