

## Howdy from Blue Dog Bakery

We are awash in flowers - daffodils, flowering cherry and apple trees, rhododendrons galore!! But of course Washington is also the largest tulip growers in the world. Great time to live in the Northwest, despite our cool weather. So we hope you will find time to play in all this sunshine and these longer days. Enjoy all the puppies we see out there and give them an extra hug from us here at Blue Dog Bakery. WE love spring!

Best always, Margot

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## Protect those Pups!



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## New packaging for Doggie Paws and PB Softies helps fight global warming



Blue Dog is changing these treats into environmentally friendly boxes. Our original bags were petroleum based and came from the Far East across the Pacific to our bakery. We felt we could no longer condone that carbon footprint.

So, we are changing now to recycled cardboard boxes with inner cellophane bags that are biodegradable. This packaging comes from around the corner from us!

Convenient, recyclable and uses less energy!

### ~~~~~ **Stores running promos in MAY - Save \$\$\$**

- ALBERTSON'S - S.CA - 10 oz Doggie Paws and PB Softies
- BEL AIR - CA - PB Softies
- DILLON - KS, NE - 20 oz PB & Molasses and MORE Flavors - second half of month
- DOMINICK'S - IL - 20 oz PB & Molasses and MORE Flavors - second half of month
- FRED MEYER - OR, WA, AK, ID- 20 oz PB & Molasses and MORE Flavors - second half of month
- FRY'S - AZ- 20 oz PB & Molasses and MORE Flavors - second half of month
- GENARDI'S - PA, NJ - 20 oz PB & Molasses and MORE Flavors - second half of month
- HAGGEN'S - WA - 10 oz Doggie Paws and PB Softies
- HARRIS TEETER - VA, NC, SC, GA, TN, FL - 10 oz Doggie Paws and PB Softies
- INGLES - VA, NC, SC, GA, TN, AL, VA - 10 oz Doggie Paws and PB Softies
- JEWEL - IL - 10 oz Doggie Paws and PB Softies
- KING SOOPERS - CO - 20 oz PB & Molasses and MORE Flavors - second half of month
- KROGER - OH, IN, IL, MI, TN, NC, KY, WV, AR, GA, MS, TX - 20 oz PB & Molasses and MORE Flavors - second half of month
- NOB HILL - CA - 10 oz PB Softies
- PAVILLION'S - CA - 20 oz PB & Molasses second half of month
- PETSMART - NATIONWIDE - 10 oz Doggie Paws
- QFC - WA, OR - 10 oz Doggie Paws and PB Softies
- RANDALL'S/TOM THUMB - TX - 20 oz PB & Molasses second half of month
- RALEY'S - CA - 10 oz PB Softies
- RALPH'S - CA - 20 oz PB & Molasses and MORE Flavors - second half of month
- SAFEWAY - AZ, NM, CO, WY, NE, SD, DC, VA, MD, DE, CA - 20 oz PB & Molasses second half of month
- SAFEWAY - WA, AK - 20 oz PB & Molasses, 10 oz PB Doggie Paws second half of month

SMITH'S - UT, NM, NV - 20 oz PB & Molasses and MORE Flavors - second half of month  
SPARTAN STORES - MI, OH - 20 oz MORE Flavors  
SUPER FRESH - DC, DE, MD, NJ, PA ,VA  
VONS - S. CA- 20 oz PB & Molasses second half of month

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## NEW 100 CALORIE PACKS- PB TREATS



This new box of treats contains (8) bags of 100 Calorie treats. **Each treat is just 10 calorie, 0.2g fat!** These bags are great to throw in a bag when heading out for a walk, to keep in the car, to leave for the dog sitter. They are a wonderful way to count calories for doggies who need to loose a few pounds. Convenient, portion controlled, portable.

Available at many Wal-Mart stores.



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**Treats at Wal-Mart nationwide**

Our **PB & Molasses, PB Doggie Paws and NEW 100 Calorie Packs - PB** are at most Wal-Mart stores across the country. Our NEW 100 Calorie Packs - PB will make their national debut there. These new treats are convenient, portable, portion controlled packs containing 10 treats = 100 calories. And they are really cute!



Our **6 lb PB & Molasses treats** will be available for the month of **MAY** at **Sam's Club** in **CA, AZ, CO.**

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## NEW LIVE WELL SUPER PREMIUM PB DOG TREATS HITS THE STORES!!



This new PB treat starts out with our PB & Molasses recipe and adds tons of antioxidants - apples, carrots, sweet potatoes, flax seed, broccoli, spinach, parsley, barley flour etc. It is a great tasting treat that is great for your dog and, as always, is LOW FAT!!

NEW in the following stores:

A&P - NJ, NY, CT

FOOD EMPORIUM - NY

HEINAN'S - OH

SHOP RITE - NY, NJ, PA

STOP & SHOP - CT, MA, NH, NY, RI, NJ

SUPER FRESH - DC, DE, MD, NJ, PA, VA

WALBAUM'S - CT, NJ, NY

WEIS - MD, NJ, NY, PA

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## The Old Man and the Dog

Catherine Moore

"Watch out! You nearly broad sided that car!" My father yelled at me. "Can't you do anything right?"

Those words hurt worse than blows. I turned my head toward the elderly man in the seat beside me, daring me to challenge him. The words were stuck in my throat as I averted my eyes. I wasn't prepared for another battle. "I saw the car, Dad. Please don't yell at me when I'm driving." My voice was measured and steady, sounding far calmer than I really felt. Dad glared at me, then turned away and settled back into his seat.

At home I left Dad in front of the television and went outside to collect my thoughts.

Dark, heavy clouds hung in the air with a promise of rain. The rumble of distant thunder seemed to echo my inner turmoil. What was I thinking about him? Dad had been a lumberjack in Washington and Oregon. He had enjoyed being outdoors and had reveled in pitting his strength against the forces of nature. He had entered grueling lumberjack competitions, and had placed often.

The shelves in his house were filled with trophies that attested to his prowess. The years marched on relentlessly. The first time he had failed to lift a heavy log, he joked about it; but later that same day I saw him outside alone, straining to lift it. He became irritable whenever I teased him about his advancing age, or when he couldn't do something he had done as a younger man. Four days after his sixty-sixth birthday, he had a heart attack.

An ambulance sped him to the hospital while a paramedic administered CPR to keep blood and oxygen flowing. At the hospital, he was rushed into an operating room.

He was lucky; he survived. But something inside Dad died. His zest for life was gone. He obstinately refused to follow doctor's orders. Suggestions and offers of help were turned aside with sarcasm and insults. The number of visitors thinned, then finally stopped altogether. Dad was left alone.

My husband, Dick, and I asked Dad to come live with us on our small farm. We hoped the fresh air and rustic atmosphere would

adjust. Within a week after he moved in, I regretted the invitation. It seemed nothing was satisfactory. He criticized everything I did. I became frustrated and moody. Soon I was taking my pent-up anger out on Dick. We began to bicker and argue.

The next day I sat down with the phone book and methodically called each of the mental health clinics listed in the Yellow Pages. I explained my problem to each of the sympathetic voices that answered in vain. Just when I was giving up hope, one of the voices exclaimed, "I just read something that might help you! Let me go get the article." I listened as she read. The article described a research study done at a nursing home. All of the patients were under treatment for chronic depression. Yet their attitudes had improved dramatically when they were given responsibility for a dog.

I drove to the animal shelter that afternoon. After I filled out a questionnaire, a uniformed officer led me to the kennels. The odor of disinfectant stung my nostrils as I moved down the row of pens. Each contained five to seven dogs. Long-haired dogs, curly-haired dogs, black dogs, spotted dogs all jumped up, trying to reach me. I studied each one but rejected one after the other for various reasons: too big, too small, too much hair.

As I neared the last pen a dog in the shadows of the far corner struggled to his feet, walked to the front of the run and sat down. I recognized a pointer, one of the dog world's aristocrats. But this was a caricature of the breed. Years had etched his face and muzzle with shadows. His hipbones jutted out in lopsided triangles. But it was his eyes that caught and held my attention. Calm and clear, they beheld me unwaveringly.

I pointed to the dog. "Can you tell me about him?" The officer looked, then shook his head in puzzlement. "He's a funny one. Appears out of nowhere and sat in front of the gate. We brought him in, figuring someone would be right down to claim him. That was two weeks ago and we've heard nothing. His time is up tomorrow." He gestured helplessly.

As the words sank in I turned to the man in horror. "You mean you're going to kill him?" "Yes, Ma'am," he said gently, "That's our policy. We don't have room for every unclaimed dog." I looked at the pointer again. The calm brown eyes awaited my decision. "I'll take him," I said.

I drove home with the dog on the front seat beside me. When I reached the house I honked the horn twice. I was helping my prize dog out of the car when Dad shuffled onto the front porch. "Ta-da! Look what I got for you, Dad!" I said excitedly.

Dad looked, then wrinkled his face in disgust. "If I had wanted a dog I would have gotten one. And I would have picked out a better specimen than that bag of bones. Keep it! I don't want it." Dad waved his arm scornfully and turned back toward the house.

Anger rose inside me. It squeezed together my throat muscles and pounded into my temples. "You'd better get used to him, Dad. He's staying!" Dad ignored me. "Did you hear me, Dad?" I screamed.

At those words Dad whirled angrily, his hands clenched at his sides, his eyes narrowed and blazing with hate. We stood glaring at each other like duelists, when suddenly the pointer pulled free from my grasp. He wobbled toward my dad and sat down in front of him. Then, carefully, he raised his paw.

Dad's lower jaw trembled as he stared at the uplifted paw. Confusion replaced the anger in his eyes. The pointer waited patiently until Dad was on his knees hugging the animal.

It was the beginning of a warm and intimate friendship. Dad named the pointer Cheyenne. Together he and Cheyenne explored the neighborhood community. They spent long hours walking down dusty lanes. They spent reflective moments on the banks of streams, angling for trout. They even started to attend Sunday services together, Dad sitting in a pew and Cheyenne lying quietly at his feet.

Dad and Cheyenne were inseparable throughout the next three years. Dad's bitterness faded, and he and Cheyenne made many friends. One late one night I was startled to feel Cheyenne's cold nose burrowing through our bed covers. He had never before come into our bedroom at night. I woke Dick, put on my robe and ran into my father's room. Dad lay in his bed, his face serene. But his spirit had left quietly during the night.

Two days later my shock and grief deepened when I discovered Cheyenne lying dead beside Dad's bed. I wrapped his still form in a blanket and placed it on the rug he had slept on. As Dick and I buried him near a favorite fishing hole, I silently thanked the dog for the help he had given me and for bringing me Dad's peace of mind.

The morning of Dad's funeral dawned overcast and dreary. This day looks like the way I feel, I thought, as I walked down the aisle to the pews reserved for family. I was surprised to see the many friends Dad and Cheyenne had made filling the church. The pastor began his eulogy. It was a tribute to both Dad and the dog who had changed his life. And then the pastor turned to Hebrews 13:2. 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers'. I've often thanked God for sending that angel," he said.

For me, the past dropped into place, completing a puzzle that I had not seen before: the sympathetic voice that had just read the newspaper article...Cheyenne's unexpected appearance at the animal shelter.. his calm acceptance and complete devotion to my father... and the proximity of their deaths.