

The Butler Howler

Butler County Kennel
Club

Volume I, Issue 6
June 2012

Monthly Meetings		10/2/12 7 PM	General Meeting
		November	TBA - Xmas
6/5/12 7 PM	General Meeting	12/4/12 7 PM	General Meeting
7/3/12 7 PM	General Meeting		
8/7/12 7 PM	General Meeting		
9/4/12 6 PM	Picnic, McCormick's		



2012 Refreshments for Meetings

June Todd Fox
July Reba & John Namachar
August Patty Pavetti & Micki Sobota
October Susan Chapin
December Phyl Schraf

Special points of interest:

- June Monthly Meeting is Tuesday, June 5th at 7 p.m.
- Todd Fox will provide refreshments
- Please check the website for updated conformation classes
- Please send your brags. I will put them in the Newsletter



Ch GrousePt SemperFi Prince Imre aka "Imre" won the 10-12 Veteran Class at the Nationals in May. Imre is loved by Lois Metelsky, Lindsay Metelsky Wolff and Corinne Miklos. Imre was shown at the Nationals by Corinne Miklos and Diane Fazio. They did a beautiful job with him.



Ch GrousePt SemperFi Itza Secret aka "Victoria" in the Parade of Title Holders in May. Victoria is loved by Lois Metelsky, Corinne Miklos and Terry Lusas. Victoria is a special girl and has been fighting Lymphoma since February 13th. I cherish every day I have with her.

ON THE PASSING OF A REGULAR JOE

Saturday, February 11, 2012, in the darkest hours before dawn, Taiga's Mighty Joe Young began his final journey, without drama or fan fair, his once mighty stride mighty again as it propels him across new dimensions toward a distant light. And his passing scatters memories like paw prints over new fallen snow.

November 7, 1998, Joe arrived kicking and screaming. Well actually it wasn't exactly kicking and screaming. It was more like muttering and waving his paws. In fact Joe was born cool and almost never lost it in the thirteen years we had the privilege of his company. Joe's puppyhood was, up to a point, care free and unremarkable. That point was February 3, 1999.

Zodiac, the leader of our freighting team and the leader of the pack had developed a fast spreading form of lymphoma and



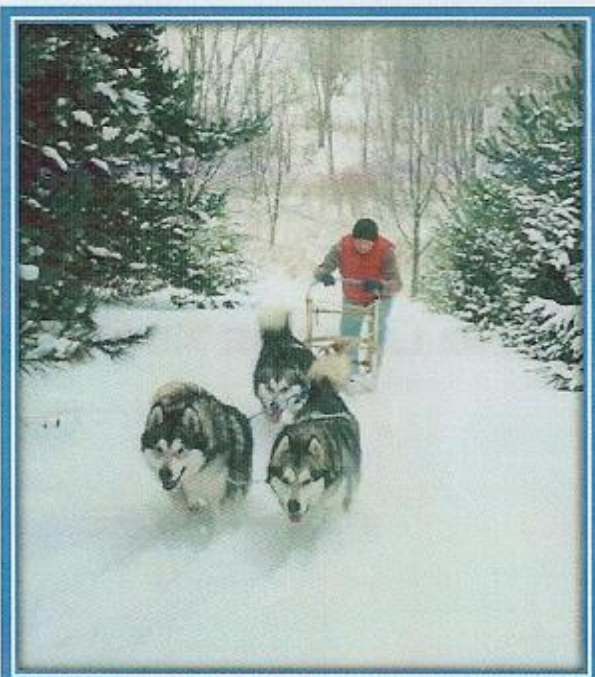
had to be euthanized.

Any of you who have managed a kennel of Malamutes will remember the chaos that reigned for months after the death of a strong leader. The pack is awash in tension, jealousy and paranoia, endless threats and enthusiastic fence fighting with no end in sight.

Joe was a four month old puppy at the time, and No, I'm not going to tell you that a four month old can take over a pack. And yet there was almost a serenity about this puppy, a presence that said, "I am the future lord of all I survey and I'll be along directly."

By midsummer, without bullying, without fence fighting, almost without a cross word Joe had assumed the leadership of our pack. Peace and good will were the hallmarks of his reign. He was Plato's Philosopher King.

To the left is probably the last photo of the

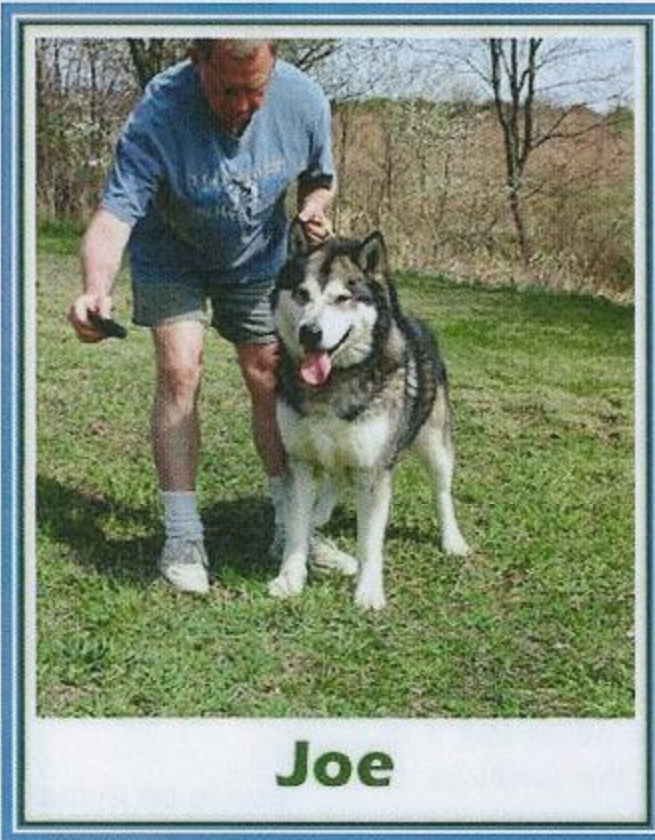




doing, as he always did, just a bit more than was expected. And doing it effectively and efficiently.

Joe's temperament was as steady as a rock. One day at a match Joe and I were taking a little R&R beneath a shady tree when a young mother with an exhuberant boy child in tow asked if her son could pet Joe. I began to rise to officiate at the introduction at the same time signaling the woman that she could bring the boy closer. In the twinkling of an eye Joe still reclining was engulfed in a seething mass of five small boys. There were no scratches, no bites, no shredded clothes only a satisfied and happy Joe and me gasping for breath.

Kathie and I have been breeding, showing and working Alaskan Malamutes for over 40 years and last Autumn I witnessed something I had never seen before, the passing of the mantle of leadership. Joe had just come off the hill ahead of Kathie and his sister Mariah. Joe, now thirteen years old and a little deaf and a little blind and a little unsteady trotted around the front of the kennels and into the wrong pen. As I tried to extricate him we drew



Joe

the attention of Quinn, a three year old male just entering his prime. A low, malevolent snarl escaped the nether regions of Quinn's soul. With no hesitation Joe dipped his head to the ground, turned his head about thirty-five degrees and closed his eyes.

Astounded, I coaxed Joe back to his own run. He came quietly, dignified and as though relieved of a great burden.

Joe continued to take his daily walks with Kathie. They took longer now and sometimes he needed a rest.

On the eve of the Saturday in question Joe had his dinner, walked up to his shed and went to sleep. Sometime during the night he departed as always with style and grace, for a spot somewhere just a little bit north of Ursa Major.

**THE KING IS DEAD.
LONG LIVE THE KING.**