

THE Latham Letter

VOLUME XLV, NUMBER 3

Summer 2024

PROMOTING RESPECT FOR ALL LIFE THROUGH EDUCATION

GRANTS FOR INNOVATIVE TEEN PROGRAMS

AND OTHER LIFE-CHANGING,
MEANINGFUL HUMAN-ANIMAL
BOND CONNECTIONS



GRANT NEWS

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KUDOS! *New Section for well-earned recognition*

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HUMAN-ANIMAL INTERACTIONS

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PERSPECTIVES

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MANDATE

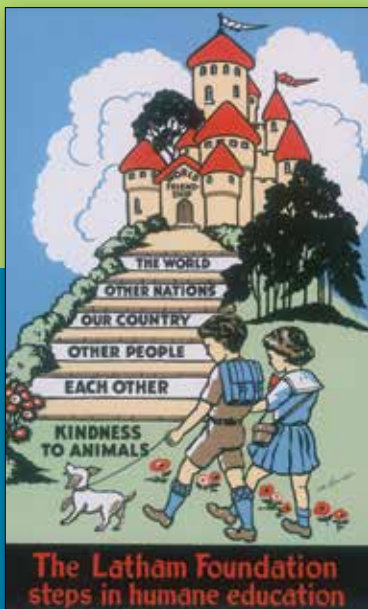
Edith Latham's **MANDATE:**

"To promote, foster,
encourage and
further the
principles of
humaneness,
kindness and
benevolence to
all living creatures."



WELCOME BACK, BROTHER BUZZ!

Brother Buzz, star of Latham's
Brother Buzz films and our former
Spokesbee, marks the end of articles.



The Latham Letter

Balanced perspectives on humane issues and activities

Search the Latham Letter archives by topic and learn
more about all of our resources and grants at
www.Latham.org or call 510-521-0920.



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Promotion of Humane Education

The Latham Letter

Volume XLV, Number 3, Summer 2024

**BALANCED PERSPECTIVES ON
HUMANE ISSUES AND ACTIVITIES**



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ABOUT THE LATHAM FOUNDATION:

The Latham Foundation is a 501(c)(3) private operating foundation founded in 1918 to promote respect for all life through education. Latham welcomes partnerships with other institutions and individuals who share its commitment to furthering humane education.

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Hugh H. Tebault, President

OUR FUTURE LEADERS

When you are managing a business, you can get caught up in the technical paperwork - reports, budgets, and other ways of measuring success. Good managers also keep in touch with their employees. Are they in a position that utilizes their talents? Are they feeling appreciated? Do they need more training? If your employees know that you see them as valuable and necessary for the success of the business, chances are they will be more enthusiastic about their individual jobs that make that success possible.

Many businesses need to develop future supporters and leaders. The animal welfare and animal therapy fields are no different. They are constantly in need of staff or volunteers who will carry on the work.

Here at the Latham Foundation, we have just finished this year's grant program. (You can check out the grant winners on page 5 of this newsletter.) We always seek programs that promote humane education through animal-assisted activities that benefit both animals and people. In addition, this year we asked for a focus on innovative humane education programs for teenagers.

Our teenagers need to develop empathy,

compassion, and respect for all living things in a society where social media has isolated them more and more from personal interactions. They also need to develop skills so that at some point they can enter the work force. Our grant winners are working to help them accomplish those goals.

Several grant applicants have programs that emphasize teamwork in achieving objectives such as training a dog or cat. One grant applicant is providing mini apprenticeships where teens will experience other animal-related career opportunities, such as that of a veterinarian or therapist.

Another organization provides a leadership initiative where teens will learn by directly working with shelter animals to promote their health and safety, or working as volunteers in a veterinary hospital or in the adoption/animal care department.

While working with animals, teens are recognizing the differences in various breeds of dogs or cats and making the connection to their own uniqueness. They are realizing that they need to appreciate one another for who they are despite their diversity. What they are learning, through interacting with one another both in class and in the field, will carry over into their lives as contributing members of society. 🐾



LATHAM GRANTS 2024



Congratulations to this year's recipients! In this sixth year we are both pleased and a bit overwhelmed at the response. We received funding requests for over seven (7) times our available grant funds. The variety of programs we received was inspiring. The Latham grant program is annual. The 2025 grant program will be announced in May 2025.

www.latham.org/2024/08/latham-foundation-2024-grant-awards/

- | | |
|--|--|
| Animal Friends, Inc, Pittsburgh, PA | National Anti-Vivisection Society, Chicago, IL |
| Animal Protection, New Mexico, Albuquerque, NM | Paws Helping People DBA Unchained, Soquel, CA |
| Animal Welfare League of Alexandria, Alexandria, VA | Progressive Animal Welfare Society, Lynnwood, WA |
| Camp Fire Sunshine, Lakeland, FL | Queen of Hearts Therapeutic Riding Center, Jurupa Valley, CA |
| Canine Inspired Change, Saint Paul, MN | Roice-Hurst Humane Society, Grand Junction, CO |
| Charleston Animal Society, North Charleston, SC | Snake River Animal Shelter, Idaho Falls, ID |
| Cloverleaf Equine Center, Clifton, VA | SPCA Los Angeles, Los Angeles, CA |
| Detroit Horse Power, Detroit, MI | SPCA Westchester , Briarcliff Manor, NY |
| East Bay SPCA, Oakland, CA | Square Peg Foundation, Half Moon Bay, CA |
| Forget Me Not Children's Services, Santa Rosa, CA | The Chris Center, Carmel, IN |
| Friends of Pima Animal Care Center, Tucson, AZ | The Human-Animal Connection, Tucson, AZ |
| Hooves of Hope Equestrian Center, Lancaster, KY | Tigers for Tomorrow Wild Animal Preserve, Attala, AL |
| Humane Society of Tampa Bay, Tampa, FL | Toledo's PETBull Project, Toledo, OH |
| Humane Society of Utah, Murray, UT | Wild Hearts Equine Therapy Center, Seneca, SC |
| Lollypop Farm, Humane Society of Rochester, Fairport, NY | |

THE CALAIS SCHOOL RECEIVES MORRIS COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE AWARD FOR TRAILBLAZING THERAPY DOG PROGRAM

“Recently, The Calais School’s Animal Assisted Intervention (AAI) program was recognized by the Morris County Chamber of Commerce for our exceptional AAI program.

“You can read the article by [clicking on this link](#). We would so appreciate you sharing it to build awareness for our program and our school.”
-from Carolyn Sharaway



THE HUMANE SOCIETY OF THE OHIO VALLEY WINS THE PURPLE RIBBON AWARD FOR THEIR NEW BUILDING WITH A UNIQUE PURPOSE

“Congratulations, Humane Society of the Ohio Valley, you have been selected as the winner of a coveted Purple Ribbon Award medallion in the category Building/Construction Project of the Year. You were nominated by Amber Dennison, who has been copied on this email.

“Of all the nominations we received, our panel of judges felt that yours was among the most impressive and deserving of this top honor.”
-from DomesticShelters.org



COFFEE & CONNECT

Summer Camp Debrief Roundtables



SEPT 4,
10 AM PST/1PM EST

ASSOCIATION OF PROFESSIONAL HUMANE EDUCATORS

Join us to capitalize on the experiences of your fellow humane educators using a roundtable discussion format. Discussion topics may include crafts, camper behavior, animal interactions, and more!

When registering, please let us know what other specific topic(s) you're interested in, as we'll use your feedback to guide the structure of this session.

Please note: Session recordings are available to members only. Join today to get free access to sessions, recordings, and many more benefits. Learn more at: www.aphe.org/become-a-member.

Our popular Coffee & Connect sessions are available to members and non-members! Members can attend sessions for FREE and non-members for a \$5.00 fee.



Human Animal Interaction (HAI) Seminars

Polyvagal Theory and Animal Assisted Services; The Neurobiology of Safety
September 5th, 1:00-2:00 PM MT
Presented by Alison Leslie

This webinar will explore how animal-assisted services can serve as a path to increase the felt sense of safety for clients both in and outside the therapeutic space. Using the framework of polyvagal theory, participants will explore ways to move from fight/flight/freeze/collapse states and access the ventral vagal circuit to enhance states of connection, security, and security.

[Sign up HERE](#)



Survival Skills for Those who Help
Sept 11th 9:00-10:30 MT
Presented by Genie Joseph



People working in helping roles are considered to be at increased risk of developing stress-related conditions, such as burnout, depression, anxiety, and compassion fatigue. Compassion fatigue is comprised of both secondary traumatic stress and burnout. Burnout can be defined as emotional, mental, and physical exhaustion, typically caused by exposure to chronic occupational stressors. Psychologists and other mental health providers enter the profession because of their capacity to care. But without balance, their capacity to hold space for others can diminish. If they burn out, they can't help others. Mental health providers can learn simple, quick methods to protect their energy, their heart, and their spirit. This workshop presents several simple methods that can be done to reset one's nervous system, reduce stress, and restore joy.

[Sign up HERE](#)



THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AS A SHELTER VOLUNTEER

by Debra J. White

Feces, cat litter, dirty food bowls and dogs yapping for attention. These are a few of the sights and sounds at animal shelters, large and small, private as well as municipal. I should know. I started volunteering at the MSPCA, a private shelter in Boston, in 1989. Except for a hiatus when I recovered from a serious car accident in 1994, I continue as a shelter volunteer, now in Phoenix.

Making a difference in the lives of unwanted, abused and abandoned animals hooked me long ago and won't let go. Sometimes I wish it would. Seeing so many

caged dogs and cats, often young and healthy, gets to me sometimes. The abuse cases are hard to digest. Now and then, I swear I'm not going back but by the next week I've changed my mind. Volunteering is as helpful for me as it is for the animals since the accident knocked me out of the workplace. A traumatic brain injury caused memory as well as mobility loss. I'm old now, yet I do what I can to help the animals and staff.

Each day I spend as a shelter volunteer is different. Days can often be routine when workers and volunteers feed animals,

clean cages, wash dishes, and scoop poop. At times, the work is beyond tedious; it's also sad. Kennel managers in some shelters agonize over which dogs and cats have to die so there's room for the newcomers, either strays or owner surrenders. There's always a dog or cat needing to be rescued.

In 1989, a mid-life crisis confronted me. A change of venue seemed in order so I moved from New York City, where I was born and raised, to Boston with my two rescued dogs, Scotty and Maxine. I loved them dearly and never thought of giving them up.

Continued on next page



Massachusetts SPCA

I'll never forget my initial introduction at the MSPCA. I preferred working around the animals, but Jean the manager suggested I learn front desk operations, where dogs and cats were surrendered. Intake workers asked pet owners questions such as the pet's health, behavior, food, leash manners, litter box use, and more. OK, sounded reasonable to me until a woman showed up to relinquish her cat. The worker asked the standard questions. Why the surrender? The cat meowed. Stunned, I rose from my chair and asked if she was expecting a Gregorian chant. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Jean the manager frantically waving, a signal to shut up.

Jean said never challenge someone giving up a pet, even for the most absurd reason of which I would hear many over the years. Jean said some pet owners got snippy then marched across the street to the public park where

they abandoned their dogs and cats. For the two years I volunteered for the MSPCA I avoided the front desk.

I devoted myself to caring for the unwanted and sometimes abused animals that came through the shelter. Some were strays while others were no longer wanted for reasons like moving, divorce, no time, got too big, too nice, or birth of a baby. My heart ached knowing that not all of the dogs and cats would find new homes.

Older ones were at particular risk. To shield myself from sorrow, I rarely bonded with any of the pets. I didn't ask if they got adopted, returned to owners or

burned in the crematory. A few times, however, I let down my guard.

There was Buster, a young lab mix, who police had seized from his owners for abuse. The case slowly worked its way through the legal system. Meanwhile, Buster remained at the shelter for at least a year. During that time, he made the rounds to various departments, cheering up staff and visitors. Everyone it seemed to love Buster. Finally, a judge heard his case and permanently removed him from the abusive home. A loving family adopted Buster but sadly he died about a year later. At least his last years were spent in a loving environment.

During my tenure at the MSPCA, I witnessed the connection between child abuse and animal abuse. Not long after I arrived for my Sunday shift, a worker asked if I wanted to accompany him on an abuse investigation. Sure I said, and off we went. As soon as the



pet owner's front door opened, I noticed a small child with a badly bruised face. Since the dog was evidently abused, I

figured the child faced the same fate. I asked about the child's face and the mother said he fell. I rolled my eyes around in disbelief. The worker took the dog and we drove back to the shelter. Licensed social workers like me were mandated reporters, which meant that any

Continued on next page



Arizona Animal Welfare League

professional who suspected child abuse had to file a report with child protective services. Upon our return, I called the abuse hot line to report my experience. I always wondered what kind of life that child had. The dog, by the way, never returned to this family.

In 1991, another adventure called. I drove cross country to Boulder CO with my three rescued dogs. How we managed to drive such a long distance with my stuff packed into a small car was a miracle. In addition to Scotty and Maxine, I had picked up a stray named Harry on a weekend visit to Vermont.

Once I settled in Boulder with an apartment and a job, I called the local shelter where I volunteered every Tuesday. In addition to a

which happened in 1994 while I lived in the Finger Lakes region of upstate New York. The impact caused significant brain trauma so returning to social work wasn't an option. In 1997, I moved Phoenix where I soon connected with the animal rescue community.

After a long stint at the county animal shelter, I moved to the Arizona Animal Welfare League, the state's largest no-kill shelter. I've been there ever since 2008. For the first few years, I volunteered in the cattery at the main Phoenix

shelter full of homeless cats and dogs, the shelter had a small barnyard area with three goats, two horses, a giant pig and assorted chickens.

Wow, what a learning experience since I grew up in the city with no access to farm animals. I soon learned the big difference between straw and hay.

Fast forward to the pedestrian car accident,

I assisted staff with cleaning cages, emptying litter boxes and dishing out cat food.

In 2014, I moved closer to the Chandler mall pet adoption store. In 2012, the Macerich Corporation, owner of dozens of American shopping malls, surprised the animal shelter community with the decision not to renew pet store leases. The Arizona Animal Welfare League took over the store vacated by a puppy store.

Mall pet stores are notorious for patronizing puppy mills which can be a backyard breeder or a large scale operation that breeds pure-bred dogs around the cycle. Dogs including puppies are housed in dirty, cramped cages. Puppies were rarely socialized, underfed and lacking veterinary care. Some are diseased. Not our adoption store. Every animal is a rescue that is health checked, vaccinated, micro-chipped and spayed/neutered.

I volunteer at the store two or three times a week. Volunteer shifts are three hours, sometimes longer if the store is busy or under-staffed.



Phoenix Animal Care Coalition

Continued on next page



PACC adoption event

I never know what to expect when I walk through the front door. I may be greeted only by staff because the cages are empty. Yet other days we're loaded with dogs and cats seeking forever homes. One of them, a scrappy older dog named Whitley, came home with me five years ago.

I've also seen the best and worst of humanity. Kind hearted people - namely volunteers, staff, animal control officers, veterinarians, technicians, donors and more - work hard to save lives. Supporters give us much needed supplies like pet food, blankets, towels, toys, and more. Children help out too by asking guests at their birthday parties to bring gifts for the animals.

I've also seen far too many cases of utter cruelty such as

a large breed dog intentionally starved, a cat set on fire, and puppies abandoned in trash bins.

The list goes on. I surmise everyone in the rescue field shares my experiences, good, bad and indifferent.


Maybe one day due to my age I'll have to stop volunteering. I hope that day is far off. In the meantime, I can't abandon the fight against pet overpopulation.

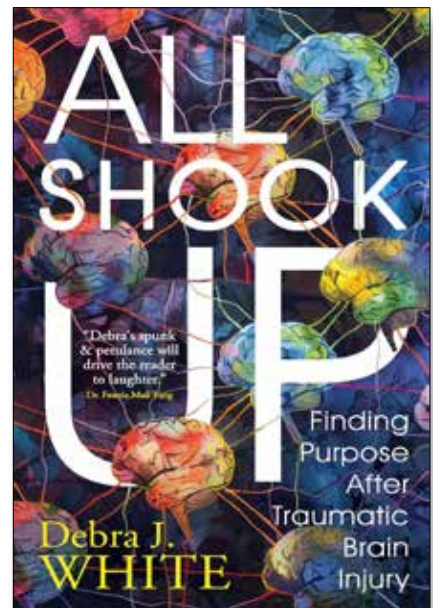
Over the years, I've had the pleasure to work with so many dedicated people from various backgrounds, ages, etc. We may not always agree on political,

Debra White & adopted Whitley



religious or social issues but we are joined together by our love of animals.

To remain in this field, I draw strength from my friends and colleagues in the rescue community. Thank you all for your dedication to the lives of unwanted animals. My life is fuller because of volunteering at animal shelters. It helps me get up, get dressed and out of the house. That's a blessing indeed. 



All Shook Up, Finding Purpose After Traumatic Brain Injury
by Debra J. White

What happens to your pets when you are out walking your dogs and you end up in a terrible accident?

After a dramatic brain injury, Debra's life, and the abused kids she met, all changed dramatically.

The book describes her 1994 car accident, and the very long and painful road to recovery, leading her to a healing path to animal therapy and volunteering.

Books can be ordered from Barnes and Noble or Bookshop.



an average between 10-15 therapy team visits or other volunteer opportunities happening every day.

In 2023, Paws & Think touched over 90,000 lives, making it the most successful year to date. With the number of lives touched up over 27% from 2022, our mission of improving lives through the power of the human-dog connection is showing to become more and more important.

Paws & Think currently collaborates with over 60 Central Indiana venues, where we deliver our services through various programs such as Paws to Heal, Paws to Read, Youth-Canine, Paws Around Town, and Paws to Comfort.

In our Paws to Heal program, our compassionate therapy teams visit a range of healthcare facilities, including hospitals, assisted living centers, nursing homes, memory care facilities, and the Roudebush Veteran's Administration Medical Center, serving both veterans and civilians.

Thanks to your support in 2023, Paws & Think has been able to increase the number of visits to the Roudebush Veteran's Administration Medical Center from once a week, to now 3 times a week, visiting a total of 30 hours per month with veterans and their families. Each visit, our therapy teams see an average of 200 staff members, patients,

PAWS AND THINK

by Ashleigh Coster

SEPTEMBER 2023 - JUNE 2024

Thanks to the generous funding from the Latham Foundation, Paws & Think has made a significant impact in Central Indiana during the first half of the grant period. From mid - September 2023 to mid June 2024, Paws & Think was able to extend our Paws to Heal programming by adding more therapy dog visits to the Roudebush Veterans' Administra-

tion Medical Center, and continuing our visits with Brooke's Place and HVAP's Veterans Villa.

2024 (MID-YEAR) OVERVIEW:

As of June 2024, Paws & Think currently has over 170 registered therapy teams, which is up nearly 10% from this time last year. Our therapy teams are dedicated human handlers and their dogs. In total, Paws & Think has over 350 committed volunteers, with

Continued on next page



and their families. This essential service will continue throughout the remainder of 2024.

Our partnership with HVAF grew in 2024, as we partnered with their VetWorks program to work with a veteran intern for a 10-week internship from April to Mid-June 2024. This veteran loved working with animals and was tasked with escorting one of our therapy teams at Roudebush Veteran's Administration Medical Center and with helping with our therapy skills training class twice a week. This internship was a huge success, and we are looking forward to the next opportunity. (Escorts are volunteers without a dog and go with the Paws to Heal therapy team on visits

with patients, their families, and associates at various healthcare facilities. Duties include sanitizing everyone's hands before and after petting the dog, confirming visits are wanted, introducing the team, setting up the environment, and documenting visits.)

Recently there was a retiring doctor at Roudebush VA Medical Center who wanted to

celebrate his retirement with his favorite therapy dog, Panda. The retirement "paw-ty" was filled with dog-themed decorations and treats, highlighting the bond that has been built between our therapy teams and the medical staff.

We are immensely grateful to the Latham Foundation for enabling us to continue making a positive impact on our community. Together, we are transforming lives and creating lasting connections.

Thank you, Latham Foundation, for your support!

Learn more about Paws & Think at pawsandthink.org.

Ashleigh Coster,
Executive Director,
Paws & Think





MISSY'S TRIBUTE TO PAPPY

PAPPY: DECEMBER 1, 1993 - JUNE 5, 2024

by Missy Corbin

What do you say about an animal who has been with you for 27 years? Over half of my life I have had Pappy with me to love on, to cuddle with, to cry with. I feel like I've been married a long time, but even my relationship with my husband Nick has only been 23 years. Today was a hard day for sure. I knew it would come someday, but I would be lying if I said that a part of me always thought that Pappy was going to break records. I am heartbroken, but at the same time filled with comfort and love from all those around me supporting

me. I decided that Pappy is worth sharing with all those who didn't know him ... this is Pappy's life.

Pappy was born on December 1, 1993 in Northeast Australia. He was an Australian Stock Horse (a breed originally derived from crossing Spanish horses with thoroughbreds) and was owned by Alex and Jodi. His sire was a national champion camp drafter and his dam had won the Gary Owen national breed show. Alex and Jodi owned 600,000 acres in Northern Australia, and that's

where Pappy was able to spend the first several years of his life. At one point when he was two years old, there was a flood. Somehow in the chaos of getting the horses out, Pappy was left tied up to a truck and left for a couple of days. When they found him, his lead rope was tied all around him and he was very dehydrated.

Alex was a cowboy and used to break in and castrate all of his own horses. He skipped over Pappy that year due to the trauma he had endured. Alex knew Colleen

Continued on next page

from her time spent with him on the polocrosse team. He knew that she not only was a biomechanist and dressage judge but had studied intently on breaking in horses the gentler way. She had studied the techniques of Monte Roberts. So Alex decided to send Pappy to Colleen to break in, train and sell.

By the time I moved to Australia in 1997, Colleen was already about six months into ground work training with Pappy. Having said that, she could stand in the middle of the round pen and when her eye was on his back foot he was at a halt. As she moved her eye up his leg, body and eventually to his eyes, he would transition up through all of the gates and eventually to a gallop. As she moved her eye back down his body, he would go through all of the downward transitions back to a halt. He could be taken anywhere without a halter. Technically, I got on him and broke him in riding, but he was already so trained. Daily he would go out in the pasture with other stallions. We made sure to maintain their socialization.

About six months later, we had a cowboy come out to try Pappy, as his breed tends to be used like our quarter horses are used in the United States. He got on and slammed his legs into Pappy's sides. Pappy grunted, turned around, looked at him, and then just stood there. The cowboy couldn't get him to go, stop, turn right or left and yelled that he wasn't even trained. His wife and Colleen had some words.

Colleen brought him over to me to get on. As she did, he shoved his head into my chest. I changed his tack, got on, and quite easily went through walk, trot and canter for the couple. Needless to say, they didn't buy him!

When I was about to move back home a few months later, I had a complete breakdown with my parents on how 'I had to save



Pappy and Missy in Australia

Pappy - he had never been beaten and we needed to make sure that he never was.' Basically, a temper tantrum, but for a very good reason! That's how Pappy made it on a plane to California. The barn I grew up at was full, so at first he went out to a beautiful barn in the foothills out past Livermore. We spent several months there before moving him back to Sunol. At the time I imported him, he was the first Australian Stock horse

to come to the US to the official knowledge of the Australian Stock Horse Society.

In late spring of 2001, I moved to Las Vegas. I was working full time and took a step back from horses. I temporarily had Pappy at a barn close to my house. After a few months, I heard of another barn just down the street. At the beginning of October about 9pm at night, I walked up and knocked at Annette's front door, introduced myself and asked if I could move in my eight-year-old stallion. She pretty much rolled her eyes and almost turned me away (as she had a very different past with stallions than I did). She proceeded to tell me there would be an extra stallion charge and we moved in shortly thereafter. A couple of days after that, she told me not to worry about the stallion charge. Although he was a stallion, we had raised him with other geldings and stallions and he was very social, which also helped keep him from getting excited at seeing other horses. So, a short time later I asked if he could move out of his stall and into a larger area with another horse.

As Annette reminded me just a few days ago, Blue Ribbon would not be the same if I had never thrown that tantrum and brought Pappy home! He is the reason Annette and I met, and several months after moving him there I decided to go back into the horse world and began riding some horses for her.

Continued on next page

I continued for a bit doing some riding and jumping with Pappy: he went to Del Mar, the Oaks, and Tucson. He mostly competed in the .90's, a little bit in the 1.0's and he would either win or just stop! His show name at the time was Fast Lane. At one point in Del Mar, Whitney was showing him on the grass and screamed to me 'his name should be Stop Sign!' Pappy was always a baby and did not have the greatest work ethic, stopping when things got hard and no longer fun.

About this same time, he began his lifelong career of teaching people to ride. With his amazing ground-work, I was able to teach little ones as young as three and four all the way up to adults. Pappy absolutely loved this career change and it soon became his fulltime job.

He didn't just stay at the barn. Before Nick and I had our son, we had been youth leaders at a local church. One of the years, the youth pastor Tim had asked me if Pappy could come for youth the following week for his lesson. So a week later we hauled Pappy over there and he went walking right into the church! This church also held live, drive-through nativities each year and for several years, Pappy and I would dress up as Roman soldiers and walk back and forth through the car line of those waiting to go into the nativity. He was notorious for shoving his whole head into the cars searching for whatever

snacks they would give him!

About 19 years ago, I was at our old barn teaching and had my dog Trinity there with me. We had a facility that was enclosed, but people opened and shut a gate to get in and out. At some point, someone told me they hadn't seen Trinity in a while and that someone had left the gate open! There



were lots of people with cars that went out to help me find her. My truck was hooked up to my horse trailer out front, so I just hopped on Pappy bareback with his halter and trotted right off the property. Although this property wasn't quite as developed back then as it is now, there was a shopping center, as well as stop lights and sidewalks everywhere. Pappy didn't care. He continued trotting and cantering up the sidewalks

and streets while I asked anyone I saw if they had seen my dog! Long story short, Nick decided to go home and check our answering machine (we had one back then). There was a guy on it saying that he had found her. When Nick turned around to call me, there she was laying on her dog bed! We had our address on her collar and he had brought her home and put her in the backyard for us.

I continued to keep him a stallion, as that wasn't a hindrance to his job. Being as social as he was, we would also put all of our weanlings in to live with him for at least a few months so that he could help teach them some manners - though he was pretty mild with them and let them get away with a lot!

After moving up to our current property, Annette had acquired a paint pony named Puzzles. She knew I had always wanted Pappy to have a baby. She told me to go ahead and use Puzzles, but that she didn't want the baby! Spring of 2007, Piper came into our world! After weaning Piper from Puzzles, he too was able to grow up living with Pappy.

Finally, when Pappy was 17, I was teaching a young child on him in the back arena. Puzzles happened to be turned out close to it. Pappy stopped and just gave a little nicker under his breath to her. He didn't turn his head or anything, but that was enough for me, so I decided to have him

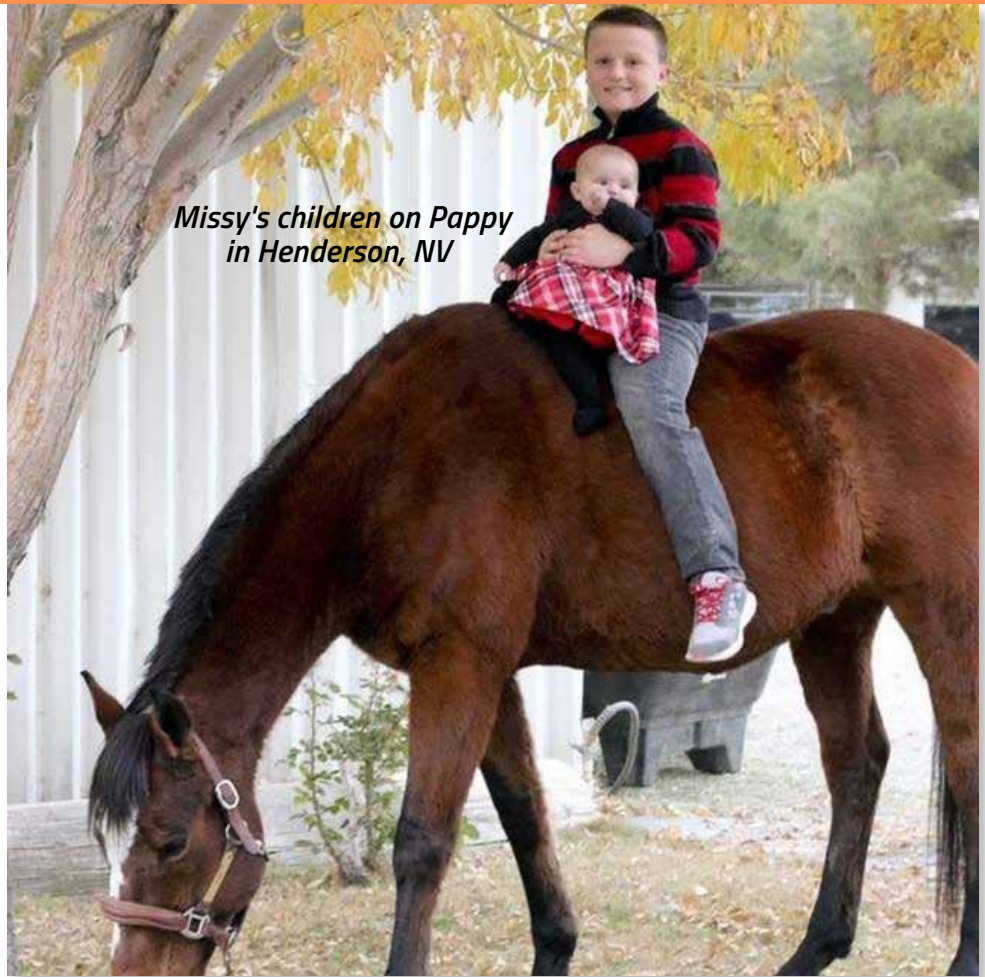
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castrated. It all went fine, but I would say he was slightly depressed for a little over a year.

I can't even begin to give a number for how many people Pappy taught to ride over the years, including my daughter Kylie who started when she was three, but I'm pretty sure it's in the hundreds. He continued to teach people to ride walk and trot - those who learned on him knew, 'we don't canter on Pappy!' His canter was just too big. But, many riders who did camps over the years overcame their Pappy/canter fears in the round pen, cantering with a vaulting surcingle! That was his jam. New kids who were learning also had the opportunity to stand up on him and then slide down his butt to get off!

For many years, Pappy was allowed to wander the property at different times. There was always someone who when they saw him would call out in a panic "there is a horse loose!" And then they would realize and say, "Oh, it's just Pappy."

Although he was a pretty amazing boy, Pappy hasn't been



Missy's children on Pappy in Henderson, NV

without his faults - he is a horse after all! His one big thing was LOVING to have a run. Most of his life if he had one good run every week to 10 days, afterwards he would be a saint. BUT, there was always that day now and again when out of nowhere he would get a little bee in his bonnet and have a little run with a kid on him! Not often, but it happened for sure! Since he turned 30 in December, it seemed that instead of once every 10 days, he wanted to run once every 3-4 days! He was feeling good!

I can't remember a day in his life that Pappy was lame. That has a lot to do with the easy life he led, as well as the fact that from the time he was a baby he never overdid it. Pappy's first time hav-

ing a colic was in California. I remember showing up, heading over to his stall, seeing that he was standing and eating his lunch. He stopped when he saw me, looked at his belly, looked back to me. He did this several times until I called the vet who told me that it was literally as mild as a colic could be but treated him and all was good.

At his first horse show in Del Mar in the early 2000s, he was injured when we ended up crashing through a jump. The gate crew, judge, and everyone around all were convinced we needed a vet as Pappy was nearly three-legged lame and would barely put weight on his left front. I was pretty sure he was just being dramatic. As we got outside of the arena to where Annette was standing, he put his

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leg down until she went to investigate. As she looked at that leg, first he put his nose down on it to show her and then picked it up for her to see. I ended up taking him back to the barn. I hosed him off, treated a couple of small scrapes (all while he was standing perfectly fine and happily eating). I was contemplating whether to wrap him or not and when I got around to that leg he all of a sudden stopped and picked up the leg for me with his nose right on it! I proceeded to wrap the whole leg, above the knee. I walked him back out to the arenas to say goodbye, and as I was leaving not only did he walk just fine ... he had a strut to his step, so pleased because he believed that I fixed him!

After this whole situation, Pappy went at least a decade without anything happening to him. He did cast himself once or twice - a peculiar situation where horses find themselves unable to get back on their hooves - but he would just lay there calmly and wait for someone to come and help him. He never panicked! The past few years he did have several colic episodes. Everyone around me, especially Dr. Hartgrove, knows that I didn't take any of these colics well. I broke down each time. In fact, the last eight years or so I could break down and lose it anytime just by thinking about what today might be

like. I believe that his last colic at the end of last year was the most memorable of them all. I remember Annette calling to tell me she was going to give him Banamine and that literally when she pulled the needle out of his neck she said he was 100 percent back to normal. Anyone who knows anything about veterinary science knows



Missy training a child on Pappy.

that this is literally impossible. It will take at least 30 minutes for the Banamine to help relieve the symptoms at all. But, Pappy knew that Annette had 'fixed' him and that was the placebo he needed!

Yesterday, I got a text from Annette to let me know Pappy was sick. It was the first time in the last few years that I didn't lose control of my emotions at all. She

told me that he had just gotten put back from his ride in camp and he of course rolled since he was wet. She went in to fix his fly mask that he messed up rolling, and right after, he rolled again. That's when she knew something was off. She had Jessie come and they gave him Banamine. Emily and Hailey made sure he kept walking. At some point I did get a text from Hailey that she had brought him back to his stall and he had perked up and was acting better.

A bit later I got a video from Annette of him laying down and out. She said that he was going down and getting up, not rolling or thrashing but definitely uncomfortable. That is when I texted Dr. W. He wasn't able to come, but Dr. I came out and checked him. His temp and heart rate were normal, with slightly reduced gut sounds on both sides. In the rectal exam she

did, she did feel some dry fecal matter as well as a small impaction. She tubed him and gave him oil, pulled blood and called me an hour later saying all of his results came back normal and good.

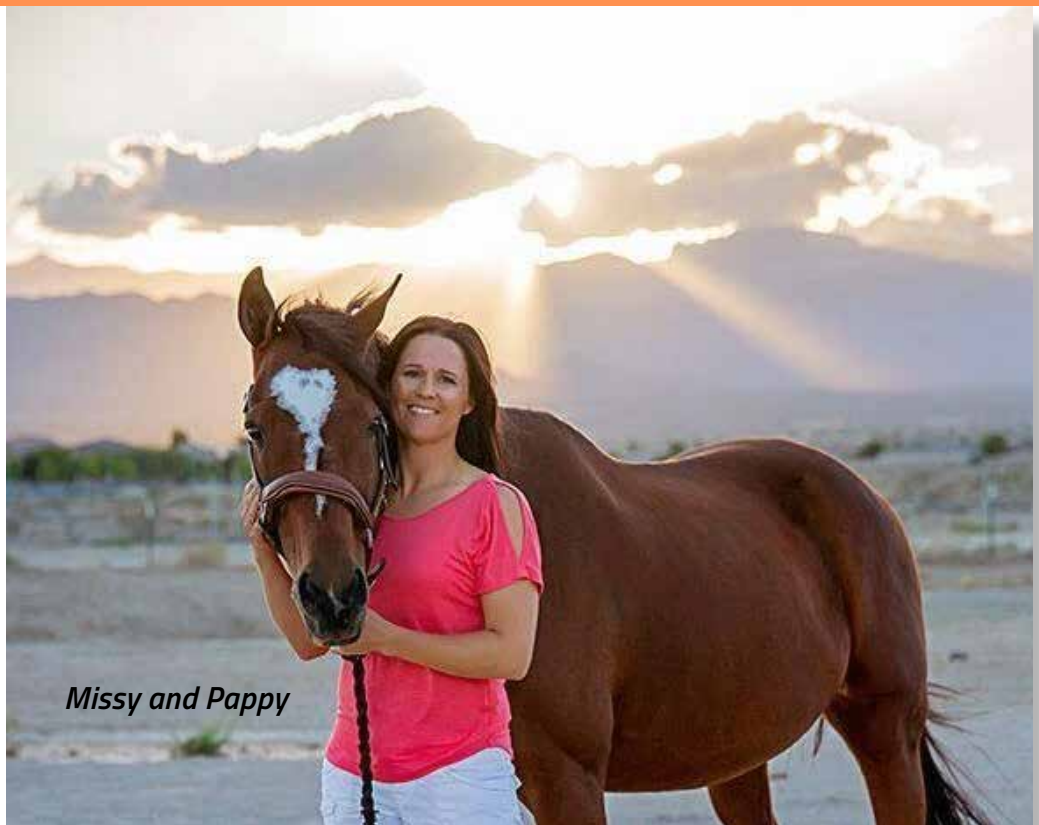
I got another message from Annette saying he was down again, and I asked Jessie to check him in an hour. Shortly after that, I got a facetime call from Gen that he was going down and getting up several times. At this point I asked Jessie

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to take him into the clinic. Upon arrival, Dr. I did a belly tap which was normal, and his heart rate and temp were still normal. The ultrasound seemed to show good motility in his small intestines, but he did present with a slightly distended belly of gas that he did not previously have. Several times I talked with Dr. I on the phone and was able to have normal conversations. I felt at peace although this was the sickest he had ever been his whole life.

I think that the peace I felt made me think that this clearly wasn't THE time. Although she was sharing some concerns, every time Dr. I checked in with me telling me his heart rate was normal, I just kept thinking that this was just him being over dramatic about his pain. I didn't even call Dr. Hartgrove again because I thought the oil was going to come through and solve everything.

This morning in the arena I got the call and Dr. I's first words were, 'his heart rate is elevated to 60.' That's when I knew. I called Dr. Hartgrove over and over until he answered. I'm not even sure he could understand the first words out of my mouth, but I'm sure it didn't take him long to pick up it was Pappy, as the only times I've ever called him hysterically crying have been about Pappy. Dr. Hartgrove has been my vet from when I moved to Las Vegas in 2001 until his recent retirement a



Missy and Pappy

couple of months ago. But, more than that, he's always been like a second father to me. He ended up falling in love with Persia, my first horse, once I finally brought her back from Australia. He took her to Texas and retired her at his home. She lived out the last decade of her life with him and had her last two babies there under his care!

I knew what he was going to tell me, but it still helped me to hear his calm voice and reassuring words reminding me that God has allowed us to be a part of these animals' lives, and one of our biggest responsibilities is always to do right by them - in other words, not always fixing something just because it can be fixed. I had already made the decision not to put Pappy through colic surgery at 30 years old and the beginning of summer -- that would have just been cruel. It definitely helped

to have Dr. Hartgrove talk me through it all.

I was able to go over the clinic and hold Pappy's head on my shoulder (his favorite hug) for about 20 minutes. We went out and he was able to eat some grass before his final breath. At the end, I know it was the right decision. He went quickly and peacefully.

I am so grateful for all those around me who have reached out and supported me through this pain. I'm forever grateful to Pappy and all that he brought into my life as well as how he was able to shape the riding of hundreds of others. There will never be another horse like him.

Thank you all for sharing his life with me!

(Missy Corbin is the daughter of Hugh and Mary Tebault.) 🐾

NO MARRIAGE, NO DOGS

by Debi Key Velez

As a little girl while growing up in Korea, a dog bit me. Dogs did not get vaccinated in 1960's post war Korea, so to be safe I received rabies shots. From that moment on, I feared and hated dogs.

I moved to Los Angeles at the age of seven. When I was fifteen, my mother had a debilitating stroke. Having a Korean mother, I became the parent - the experience of many immigrant children. I became the mother to my three-year-old brother and also the homemaker, since my father was the sole income earner. I decided to never get married or have kids. Been there and done that, way too early in life.

Then I was introduced to a guy named Joe. I had just turned thirty and I still did not want to get married or have kids.

The first time he called me, he started off by saying, "I think I'm supposed to marry you."

Is he crazy I thought. I coolly responded, "Can we start with a drink or lunch?"

Soulmate coincidences happened from our first date and it seemed they were never going to end: the song we'd just talked about played on the radio; double rainbows appeared after a storm. Our life histories paralleled each other on different coasts. We were both on the same spiritual path. Our dance moves were in rhythm with each other. He left the toilet seat down after using it.

And the clincher? A picture of Joe as a teenage actor. When I was a young girl, I had declared that I was going to marry Pedro from the film *Turkey-Treasure*. I had forgotten that declaration until Joe showed me his headshot. JOE played the part of Pedro!

What were the chances? It was destiny. Except ... he owned a dog named Buster Bunny.

Joe adored this dog. He kept a book on his coffee table titled *A Dog Lovers Guide to Vacations*, and he referred to Buster as his "roommate and best friend."

"What kind of dog is he?" I asked to be polite, not that I really cared.

"Staffordshire Bull Terrier. Wonderful dogs," Joe said. "They were bred in England to protect children and livestock. So smart! Watch this!"

I was not impressed with the beast's tricks. This mutt was the only thing standing in the way of the fairytale I was living.

When I made it clear that there was no room for Buster in the queen-sized bed, Joe said, "Awww, you'll come to love Buster one day." He smiled. I grimaced.

As I spent more time at Joe's, every time he left the room eighty-pound Buster would growl at me, whip me with his strong tail, and hump my leg.

Each time Joe returned, Buster would look at him innocently.

When I told Joe about his aggressive behavior, I'd hear, "Nooo, He's the sweetest dog ever!"

But as soon as Joe turned his back, Buster would flash his big ferocious teeth at me.

Smart? Yes.

Sweetest dog ever? Never!

Buster was the poison apple, the evil villain determined to ruin my happily ever after.

One summer day, Joe called from work and asked if I could walk Buster.

Reluctantly, I agreed.

On the drive over, I answered a call from my favorite uncle. "What's going on, Baby Girl! Your Daddy told me you met 'the one.'"

"He's perfect! Except his dog hates me and does everything from growling to humping my leg," I whined, but carefully as Uncle Bubba was a childless dog lover.

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“Dogs are pack animals, like wolves, and have a pecking order in the pack. He’s confused because he was number two and here you come,” my uncle explained. “When they hump each other, they’re trying to establish dominance.”

”Oh, I just thought they were horny all the time,” I said with this revelation.

Just as I was opening Joe’s apartment door, Buster jumped on me. In wolf mode, I growled and bit his snout. Then I flipped him over and humped him, determined to establish dominance as my uncle had described and teach this dog a lesson. Whimpering, Buster ran under the dining room table, his tail tucked in surrender.

Buster and I had no problems from that day forward. I just looked at him and he would obey my commands. Of course, I never told Joe that I’d attacked his best friend and roommate.

“See, I knew Buster would grow on you,” said Joe, glowing with relief that we were getting along.

Weeks later, Joe and I were watching the news when a reporter said a “pit bull” had mauled a child to death.

“Hmm, strange that dog looks just like Buster, but Buster is a different breed.”

Joe nodded. “Staffordshire Bull Terrier is the formal name for pit bulls.”

I turned to Joe in shock. “You mean I attacked a pit bull?”

Joe’s brows pinched in confusion, but Buster sat up and glared. His shameful surrender, secret no more.

Epilogue:

Joe and I got married and Buster participated in our wedding wearing a black bow tie. We were raised well by our three, now grown, children. Over the course of our thirty year relationship, we have adopted three more pit bulls, excuse me, Staffordshire Bull Terriers. I thought I gave Buster a lesson but I realized that Buster gave me the gift of loving dogs and healing my childhood trauma.

Editor’s note: To follow Debi Key Velez: “debikeyvelezofficial” Instagram, “Debi Key Velez” on Facebook, “@debikeyvee” on TikTok, “Debi Key Velez” on Substack



*‘Staffordshire bull terrier belonging to the Rev. John Gower’, 1851
by British artist J.M. Crossland*



STREAMING FOR FREE: PIT BULL PARADOX

<https://vimeo.com/288293744>

THE LATHAM STEPS

We would love to know your thoughts on this issue's articles. If you would like to share your own anecdote, story, photo, or artwork relating to one of the Latham Steps to Humane Education, we would love to see it (and possibly publish it in *The Latham Letter!*) Editor@latham.org



CLICK TO PLAY



GRANT UPDATE

UPDATE FROM SUSQUEHANNA SERVICE DOGS

Susquehanna Service Dogs are transforming lives and we could not be more grateful – and neither could our partners. Here is a video and you can feel the gratitude as Cindy describes the independence that SSD Foxtrot has made possible.

(see Their Article: [Latham Letter Fall 2021](#))



IT'S YOUR TURN!

You are invited to send your comments, information wishes, or submit your own article book or media reviews, for consideration, please contact:

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From Dogs On Deployment

In “Deployment Diaries” Podcasts, we delve into the heartfelt stories of America’s heroes and their furry companions, exploring the challenges and triumphs of military pet ownership and highlighting the extraordinary bond between service members and their pets.



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