

## Pet of the Week



COURTESY PHOTO

## It's Abby's time to be pampered

Our pet of the week is Abby. This older boxer has been a mom her entire life, and she is looking for someone to be a great mom for her. She is housebroken, crate-trained and playful, with great recall. She is friendly and loving with people of all ages and dogs in small groups.

There are many dogs and cats available for adoption at the Jackson/Teton County Animal Shelter, which is located on Adams Canyon Road south of Jackson. Adoption fees are \$45 for dogs and \$30 for cats.

Call 733-2139 for information, or stop by the shelter. Hours are 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday through Friday. Visit [JacksonShelter.Petfinder.com](http://JacksonShelter.Petfinder.com) to peruse the pets online.

# Dogs bark for all sorts of reasons

Compared with humans, dogs are a mostly quiet species. They primarily communicate visually, using body language. But dogs do vocalize, some more than others. One of the most common complaints people have is barking.

What do you envision when someone tells you his dog is barking? Probably not what I picture, given the many possible circumstances. There's the dog that barks late at night and the dog that barks when visitors arrive, the dog that barks when playing and the dog that barks for attention.

Perhaps the hardest part of solving a barking problem is determining the cause. How to address the barking largely depends on the underlying reasons.

So why do dogs bark? There are oh so many reasons.

The first and foremost one to consider is a physical problem. Dogs will bark when in pain, when ill and sometimes when they are old and becoming senile.

But there are many other motivations for a dog to bark.

Boredom is one. Some dogs turn to barking when they are understimulated physically and mentally. For example, dogs left alone in the yard for prolonged periods with nothing to engage them will often bark as an outlet.

Some dogs bark for attention and often are unintentionally rewarded for doing so. For some dogs even bad attention — "Hey! Stop that!" — is better than no attention at all. Dogs

that relentlessly bark at the door to be let in or let out can fall into that category, too, as can dogs that bark when their owners stop to talk to someone while out on a walk.

Many dogs bark in frustration: at the sight of another dog when they are on a leash, when they can't reach a squirrel or when they can't figure out what behavior their human is trying to teach them.

Lots of dogs bark when excited. That can include when their people come home, when they are greeting human or canine friends or when they arrive at a favorite trailhead. With some dogs, barking is heard during playtime, along with other vocalizations like growling, accompanied by playful dog postures.

Sometimes dogs that feel threatened by people, other dogs or certain circumstances will bark defensively. That type of barking is unfortunately often mistaken as aggression, when actually it is the sign of a dog that is uncomfortable, anxious or afraid.

While many dogs bark at strange sounds that go bump in the night, some will bark at all sorts of stimuli, large and small, distant and nearby.

Dogs sometimes bark protectively when people or other animals come to or near their home. And dogs sitting in a car sometimes bark when people or animals approach the vehicle. Occasionally dogs exhibit protective barking when out with their people. But this is tricky territory, no pun intended. Frequently, what appears to be protective barking is re-

ally based in fear.

Dogs with separation distress or anxiety often bark. Dogs are social animals, and some become excessively anxious when separated from the humans and dogs to whom they are attached. Typically dogs with separation distress or anxiety exhibit other symptoms, including destructiveness.

And as if that were not enough, barking is contagious. If one dog barks, others tend to join in. Are there breeds that are barkier than others? Although I haven't seen any concrete research, I would definitely vote yes.

Some treatments are simple and others more complicated. Our tendency as humans to look for a quick fix has resulted in the development of devices designed to punish a dog for barking using electronic shocks or a spray of citronella oil released at the dog's neck. Although there are certainly circumstances where use of a citronella collar (not a shock collar!) is merited, such devices rarely address the underlying problem. Punishment should absolutely not be used for vocalizations related to fear or anxiety.

Given the myriad reasons for barking, there are many types of solutions. And that's because with barking, like so many problems in life, you have to address the cause rather than just focus on the symptom.

*Krissi Goetz is a trainer with JH Positive Training and a volunteer with Western Border Collie Rescue. This column is dedicated to her beloved shepherd Stuka, who did not utter a peep until the day she was adopted. The next day she barked, the first of many barks. Stuka died Sept. 15. Contact Goetz via [columnists@jhnewsandguide.com](mailto:columnists@jhnewsandguide.com).*



## Good Dog

Krissi Goetz

# Sausaging takes a backseat to an Indian summer day

Andouille, bratwurst, blood, cervelat, chorizo, kielbasa, linguica and weisswurst.

I have been up to my ears in wild meats: goose, venison and last year's elk, with some wild boar thrown into the mix. I have had time, a grinder, mounds of aromatic spices and a continued hankering to make sausage. For several days, after drinking my morning coffee I pulled out the grinder, the nutmeg, the fennel, the paprika and applewood-smoked salt, engrossed in the act of sausaging.

But today seems different. I looked in my freezer. I looked out the window. I gazed at my grinder, and I opened the front door.

"There are more than 250 varieties of sausage in this world. Surely I should make a few more." I muttered to myself, gazing wistfully at a sky so blue. Cloudless.

Coming to my senses I realized the art of charcuterie could wait. The meats in the freezer could stay put. I decided to lace up my sneakers and get out while the getting was good. In no time I was pedaling down the bike path on my 4-month-old violet-colored bicycle with the nice comfy seat.

"Oh, what a beautiful day," I said to myself.

I laughed when, minutes later, pedaling just a little north of the Rotary Club bench near Lake Creek, I saw written clearly and concisely in large block letters, in pink and blue chalk, the words "Oh, what a beautiful day." The artist had also rendered happy clouds with smiley faces and wisps of flowers surrounding the perfect, impossibly accurate phrase

describing an Indian summer day in Jackson Hole. We live in a magical place.

As my day progressed I picked up some groceries, returned my library books and at Town Hall spied six gray-haired men speaking Chinese while giddily focusing their six individual cameras on the cottonwood stump in front of the building. They laughed and pointed and clicked away. I paused and wondered: "Are they really taking a picture of the stump, or are they focusing in on the picturesque clock tower, the golden leaves of a nearby aspen and the American flag blowing in the autumn breeze?"

I doubted their focus was being drawn to our freshly painted jail backed by Snow King Mountain's great expanse. The one thing I did feel absolutely certain of was the gentlemen's heartfelt delight with everything and all surrounding them. Me too. Autumn had arrived.

Continuing home, embracing the warmth of this Indian summer afternoon, I skirted the perimeter of the manicured lawn of Phil Baux Park, where a group of 3- and 4-year-olds, toe-headed and rosy-cheeked, ran across the park's lawn rolling Hula-Hoops 3 inches higher than they were tall.

One of the summer's last People's Markets was in progress. I purchased some basil with intentions of making pesto, which I do every September, mixed with Parmesan and Asiago, a bit of Romano, a handful of almonds, olive oil and a spoonful or two of butter. I make the pesto and pack it into small containers. Into the freezer they go. "Summer in a jar," I

call it. The perfect thing to have on hand during the bleak cold gray days of winter, which really I could not even possibly begin to imagine on a day like this. A picture-postcard Jackson Hole day on which a young dad on a long board rumbled down the street with a little boy in tow on a not-so-long board, both balancing lacrosse sticks on their shoulders as wind blew through their long blond hair. There were no dads like that in the town where I grew up. Not one. Not ever. I am quite sure that even today their offspring who continue to reside in their picturesque communities filled with elm and locust trees follow in their father's well-heeled tight-laced footsteps.

Leaving the market I slowly walked past six lovely young women in their early 20s sitting in secondhand chairs. They were wearing beautiful sundresses as they drank good wine out of mismatched long-stemmed glasses enjoying the last rays of the sun before it dipped behind the butte far too soon. I wondered what the dedicated East Coast warriors of finance would make of these gorgeous maidens. Would they imagine themselves abandoning their traditional lives, trading in their wingtips for red sneakers, buying a pair of Ray-Bans and outstretching their arms while shirtless on a pink slack line, oblivious to everything except gravity?

It would be impossible to be grave on a day like this. It would be unthinkable to contemplate the creation of much wurst in my autumn kitchen while surrounded by so much glory on a fleeting Indian summer day.

*Doreen Tme is ignoring the dusting of snow on high mountaintops and the down coat calling her name. Contact her via [columnists@jhnewsandguide.com](mailto:columnists@jhnewsandguide.com).*



## JH Senior

Doreen Tome

## Valley Breeze

### New program for Latinos

The Latino Resource Center is proud to announce a new program: LEAD, which stands for Latino Employees Achieving Dreams.

It's designed to give Latino service industry employees the tools to succeed in the workplace, increase their chances of promotion and improve their opportunity for upward economic and social mobility. It's open to anyone in the service industry with an intermediate proficiency in English.

Participants will meet 6 to 7:30 p.m. Tuesdays and Thursdays from Oct. 6

to Oct. 29.

To apply send an email to [programs@latinorc.org](mailto:programs@latinorc.org) by 5 p.m. Friday.

### Land Trust re-accredited

The Jackson Hole Land Trust has renewed its accreditation from the Land Trust Accreditation Commission, an independent program of the Land Trust Alliance.

The recognition "demonstrates our continued commitment to land conservation, accomplished through strategic, effective and trustworthy practices," said Laurie Andrews, ex-

ecutive director of the Jackson Hole Land Trust and a member of the Land Trust Alliance board. "We are a stronger organization today having gone through the rigorous accreditation renewal process."

The Jackson Hole Land Trust was established in 1980. For information visit [JHLandTrust.org](http://JHLandTrust.org).

### Trash lightbulbs the right way

Many people are converting older lighting to more energy-efficient LED lighting. But compact fluorescent lightbulbs can't just be thrown in

the trash. Fluorescent bulbs contain mercury. When they break or are improperly disposed of, mercury can be released into the environment.

Compact fluorescent lightbulbs are banned from the trash. They can be delivered to the Teton County Recycling Center on Adams Canyon Road during business hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Monday through Friday, to be properly disposed of.

Residents are asked to pay what they can toward disposal costs of 60 cents per bulb.

Call 733-7678 with questions.