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END OF YEAR PUPDATES

BY JODI MARCUS

ROMEO

Romeo and I made the trip down to NCSU to see the doctors in the neurology/neurosurgery dept. We stayed together in a hotel and he enjoyed the one on one time with me. He is such a great little dog in so many ways !!! He rides very well in the car and loves to go places with us. At the clinic he was given an initial exam in the room with me and I was asked to describe what we were calling his "pain incidents". It did not matter what he was doing: walking on the leash, running in the yard, sleeping in his crate. He would start crying loudly, his head would go back and forth as if he were trying to get to his rear end and he would fall down, sometimes straight down on his tummy, other times on his side or his back. He would lay there for a minute or so, then usually would jump up and act as if nothing happened. Other times after falling he would assiduously lick his front and rear legs, or just lay there. He was aware of me being near and was never unconscious. Then he would get up and run around in a perfectly normal fashion. The doctor thought these incidents may be some kind of seizure that just did not follow the usual path. And thinking back to my EMT days, yes, he exhibited the phases of a seizure. DOH !!! But he did not exhibit the normal symptoms, so maybe I can be forgiven for missing it. She continued to examine him and then he was taken to another area where the head of Neurosurgery and other residents and students examined him. After the exam, it was determined that he had actually improved in some areas since his initial exam by Dr. Griffin a year ago. Then he used to "knuckle under" on his hind feet dragging his toes and now he no longer does that. Because of the location of his problem, surgery was to be the final choice. They decided to put him on a medication called gabapentin, which is used to block nerve pain and as an anti-seizure medication, thereby taking care of both problems. He was a bit lethargic and subdued when initially put on the meds, but has returned to normal now. The best part? No more odd pain incidents and seizures. So as long as he does well on this medication and does not deteriorate, he will not need surgery. Yay! Thanks for all the prayers and healing wishes for him...it worked!



URGENT:

FOSTER HOMES

NEEDED!!!

Ever thought of
fostering?

Maybe in the future?

If you can find it in
your heart, we urge
you to complete the

paperwork now.

Please visit our
website for more
information:

AkitaRescue.org

OSAMU

Hi, my name is Osamu and you probably already read a little bit about me, but I have learned some new and interesting things since I have been removed from the kennel and placed in what they keep saying is a "foster home?" I'm not sure what that really means, but I can tell you this, I love, love, love air conditioning! It rocks! It's way better than outside I can tell you that much. I guess I'll get right to the point of what I have learned so far, and I am working on with my family.

First and foremost, I have confinement issues. I don't do crates and I tend to pee and poop in them and tear them up. Then Dad built me this huge run/kennel and I flipped out and dug a hole to China and got my head stuck. This too was very bad. So my Mom and Dad moved me to the laundry room with a baby gate. I like it here, I don't cry, I don't dig I just chill. I have a tile floor with a/c vent that I can lay on...me likes the a/c! (cont'd on page 2)

PUPDATES

(CONTINUED FROM COVER)

Apparently, eating, opening and removing the front load washer & dryer doors are a HUGE NO-NO, so I have stopped doing that. (*It wasn't pretty to see mom so angry*). I don't pee or poop in here either. I tend to hang out in here on some days for about 8 hours with no problems at all (*Mom and Dad really seem to love that*). I live with a beautiful Pit Bull named Bridgett she is really sweet and pretty too! I like playing with her in the yard, but tend to be too much for her sometimes because I'm so big and goofy so she takes off for Mom or Dad. I don't mind the big fenced in back yard. I do all my business outside then I get to run around like a huge goof ball. This seems to make my Mom and Dad very happy. I get lots of love and attention that way.

Bridgett and I play ball and run around together sniffing where all the rabbits have been. I don't dig, or try to get out because it is such a big open space. Sometimes the little person who lives here comes out to play ball with me, and I love her! She is a blast! She can run all day with me outside sometimes. She gives me belly rubs and lots of kisses too (which I love.) I don't really like it when her



friends come over to play with her. I sometimes get upset when they get near her and Mom tells me it's okay she is in charge (not me) and I have to go up, but I'm just looking out for my little person, I really love her. Cats... cats... cats... let's see I love cats I think they taste like Chicken! Yum! I love eating me some chicken! (*Mom says there is NO way I can go to a house with cats. They have some here, and I've tried several times to eat a few but... Mom won't allow it. She is pretty adamant about this.*) Bridgett seems to be the Princess of the house. She can go anywhere and everywhere so I'm trying to do what she does so I can get out more. I guess opening the refrigerator and cabinets is not acceptable either. I was just trying to help Mom get dinner ready, but she said she didn't need my help. Note to self: don't open things, but that is really, really, really hard for me. I'm also working on not picking up all the other cool stuff around the house, pillows, chairs, toys, etc. I guess I need more work there or so I'm told. Mom and Dad say I'm super sweet and loving but still have some issues to work on. They are pretty patient so I'll keep trying and check back with you all later.

DO YOU HEAR WHAT I HEAR?

You know that your dog's hearing is very sensitive, but did you know that you can create an environment of sound to improve the health and well-being of your canine companion?

If you've ever wondered what's really happening when your furry friend perks up his ears and tilts his head, or when he hides under the bed, *Through A Dog's Ear* is the first book to examine the powerful effect of the human soundscape on canines.

Here are some tips from *Through A Dog's Ear*; Sound Ideas for a Nervous Dog:

1. Keep the volume of the radio and television at a level that can't be heard from another room.
2. Avoid playing the radio and television at the same time.
3. Instead of yelling to people in other rooms, walk over and talk to them in a normal tone of voice.
4. Don't slam doors and drawers; avoid clanging pots, pans, and dishes.

For more information visit care2.com/greenliving

TIME TO GIVE THANKS

BY JODI MARCUS

I want to say a very heartfelt "Thank You" to those who stepped forward to foster dogs, and to everyone who responded to our plea for monetary assistance.

We are definitely in the black now, but here is the problem. We still have dogs boarding. Our board bills eat up \$600-\$900 monthly. So if you have ever thought about fostering, please do so now if you are able. Sanno is a wonderful middle aged gentleman who got along with the female in his previous foster home. He had to be returned to the kennel because of family difficulties and it broke his heart. He was very happy living in a home. I had him for a week before he returned to the kennel, and he behaved wonderfully. He did not grump at any of my dogs and patiently waited for his turn to be fed, walked and house time. Cora is our "old lady". She adores people of all ages, but is not fond of any other animals. She is getting on in years and would love to be in a nice warm house this winter.



FIRST FOSTER

BY AARON HOSKINS

The path that I have taken to become a foster home for Colby is probably not the normal path that most people take, but, then again, it very well might be the same path that almost everyone goes down. However, I felt that it could potentially be beneficial for me to share with everyone else my experiences as a first time foster as well as the path that has me where I am today. The strange thing about my experience is that it seems to be a very circular path.

The journey actually began with me having every intention to foster. I wanted a companion for my puppy, E.V., but I knew that I would always show favoritism towards her and it just did not seem fair to get a second dog that would probably always be second. Therefore, fostering seemed like the obvious way to go; I could justify to myself that yes, E.V. was getting preferential treatment, but the other dog was still getting the love and attention he needed and it would only be a transitory situation. As well, I would be helping to save the lives of some very unfortunate dogs. While I was at the Reston Pet Fiesta, I talked with some of the volunteers and found out a little bit about the procedures and it seemed like fostering would work out perfectly, so I contacted Jodi to ask a few final questions and start the process.

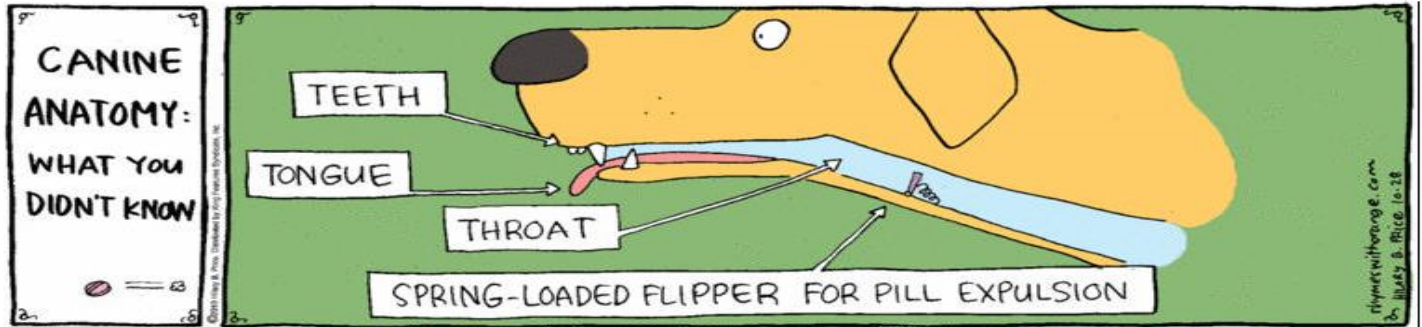
Up until this point, I had been envisioning this dream world where the dog comes, stays a few months while he and E.V. play all day and then he moves on to his forever home and there is very little impact on my life other than the fact that I now have to fill two food bowls each day and pick up after two dogs. Then, Jodi sent me the foster contract to read over before committing to anything and everything was exactly what I thought that it would be other than one little clause: the resident dog and the foster dog can only interact if they are being supervised and 100% of your attention is focused directly on the dogs. First of all, this completely dispelled my notion of the dogs playing for hours on end, but second of all, it almost seemed cruel to me. Between work, sleep, cooking, cleaning, etc. there is not a vast amount of time that I could spend supervising the two dogs, so the foster dog would end up in his crate almost the entire time he was with me. Although, Jodi did point out that that is best in the long-term since the foster will be so much happier at his forever home and he will want to stay there.

Although I did understand and appreciate the logic, I just did not know if I had it in me to confine a dog for so long. On top of that, by the time that I went through the introduction process mentioned on the website, it would probably be time for the dog to go to his forever home any way. The main reason I had thought about fostering in the first place was so that E.V. could have a companion, but it seemed as though with fostering, she would hardly ever get to play with a foster and by the time they were able to play together, it would be time for him to leave. With all of this in mind, I came to the conclusion that it would just be better to adopt a companion for E.V. Of course, Jodi was not thrilled about this choice, but, at the time, I felt that it was what was right for E.V. and myself. I dropped off the adoption paperwork and waited for weeks for it to get processed. Then, a few more weeks past before we were introduced to some of the available dogs. Osamu was big and loveable, but E.V. seemed a little scared of him and I was concerned that in three or four years when he was going on ten and she was three or four that it just would not work out. E.V. was more interested in Sanno, but he was just interested in dominating her, so that was not going to work. The dog E.V. really wanted to

meet was Cora, but there was absolutely no way that that was going to happen. There was another puppy, but he was having medical issues and it was just never possible to arrange for a meeting to see how things would work with the two of them.

The adoption paperwork was dropped off on June 18th and even though it was the end of August, E.V. still did not have the companion I was hoping she would have. Of course, all kinds of various options were being considered. I checked Petfinder on a regular basis and there were a number of times when I seriously thought about adopting an Akita from a different organization. However, I was concerned that I would drive all the way out to meet the dog only to find out that he did not get along with E.V. There were even one or two moments when I thought about going to a breeder. About the time that I was almost ready to give up, Jodi let me know that she had received a phone call from someone with six Akitas that were all in the right age range for E.V. and wanted to know if I would be willing to foster one, with the potential of adopting if all went well.

This situation seemed ideal to me; there would be a short trial period to make sure that the two dogs got along well and then I could adopt him. Unfortunately, Jodi and the guy played phone-tag for the next few weeks and nothing ever came of it. Shortly after that, Lisa sent out an email about two Akitas, Bear and Colby, at the Baltimore shelter. Bear was in the age range that I was looking for and Colby was barely in the age range, but there was just something about Colby's picture, so I sent an email to Jodi to let her know that I would be interested in fostering either of them with the potential to adopt if it worked out. However, a week or two went by and I had not heard anything. Normally on Sundays my time is spent watching football rather than checking emails. However, for some reason, I decided to check my email right before the first game kicked off; Jodi had sent me an email about an hour earlier saying that Colby was going to be put down that night if someone did not take him and wanted to know if I was still interested in fostering. Just to make sure that there was no delay, I called Jodi to make all of the arrangements. He was picked up that day and held at a kennel until he could be transported down the following weekend. The next week was spent trying to get everything set up for Colby's arrival. I knew that I would need food for him; E.V. was still on puppy food for about another month, so he could not have any of hers. As well, I wanted to put Colby on food that maximized the quality-to-cost ratio; my logic was that if I had him on a high quality food that was not too much more than the cheap, low quality brands, then it might be more likely that his forever home would just keep his diet the same and he would benefit in the long-term. I had already done a side-by-side comparison of a very large number of dog food brands in preparation for transitioning E.V. from puppy food to adult food, so fortunately that research was already completed. As well, I had recently found a company in Northern Virginia that sells dog food at wholesale prices and delivers to my door the same day for free, so food was taken care of. I had extra food bowls, collars, and leashes, so all of those things were ready to go. Basically, all of the logistics were taken care of. Of course, there were all of the thoughts that were swirling through my head; was I doing the right thing for E.V.? What if they did not get along and it took years to find his forever home? Could I ever forgive myself if he got out somehow and hurt E.V.? Jodi said that he was good with other dogs, but it was all third-hand information and how could I not worry at least a little bit. Oh, there was also the concern of what he would think of me and what would I think of him. The anticipation that day was almost more than I could handle; I kept looking at the clock and wondering where they were and what was taking so long. Jodi and Charlie finally pulled up that evening. Jodi and I took Colby for a walk while my brother and Charlie got the crate and everything else settled inside the house. Colby was a little taller than I had thought, so that was a little concerning because E.V. had been intimidated by Osamu, but he seemed friendly and he really seemed to enjoy the walk, so at least some of my initial fears were put to rest. We went back to the house and he was put in his crate and E.V. was allowed to come over and sniff; they both seemed interested and seemed to like each other. The rest of the evening was spent in the family room watching TV and letting Colby get accustomed to everything that was around him. (*cont'd page 4*)



(Rhymes with Orange)

FIRST FOSTER (CONT'D FROM PAGE 3)

When we left the room to go have dinner, he cried, but he calmed down after a little bit. However, that was just a small sneak peak of that first night. Colby is a very people-oriented dog and he really seems to enjoy the company of people. He does not mind being in his crate as long as people are in view, but he is not all that thrilled when he is in his crate and there are no people in the room with him. When it was time to go off to bed, he was left in the room all by himself and, in his mind, he was obviously supposed to be with people and not by himself. Therefore, he decided to cry for hours on end. I thought that maybe he had to go outside again even though he had been taken out right before bed, but that was not what was bothering him. I tried leaving the lights on, but that did not work either. By about 4 am, he finally quieted down. I was really starting to wonder if I was cut out to be a foster parent. I knew that he needed to get used to his crate and that I could not just let him out to sleep in the bed with E.V. and me, but it was a challenge to not give in and let him out. The next morning was the start of walks for him and that was also more work than I had really envisioned. E.V. and I usually walk for about an hour and a half each day, but now with Colby that was up to three hours per day for me. It was also a challenge just to go for a walk since I always had to make sure that E.V. was some place where she could not get to Colby since it was still too soon for the two of them to meet without anything between them. It felt as though all of my time that week was either spent eating, sleeping, working, walking a dog, or prepping to walk a dog. Although Colby was never as bad with crying as that first night, there was still a little lost sleep here and there due to him crying. The first few walks were definitely the hardest. People with dogs that saw him wanted to know if he was friendly and wanted to know if there dog could say hi; how could I honestly answer that question since I barely knew him? There were deer, cats, and squirrels that were all encountered within the first walk or two and each time I spotted one, I did not know how he would react or what to expect from him and that unknown is always more challenging than anything else. In that first week, I think that I averaged more than an email a day asking Jodi for advice or just checking in with her to make sure that everything was progressing the way that it should be progressing. Colby is my first foster and I just want to make sure that I do not make a mistake. However, it did not take me too long to figure at least the basics out for myself and I also learned that there is no such thing as a perfect foster parent and that I would make mistakes, but everything would still be ok. Now, things are down to more of a routine and the chaos of that first week has subsided. Colby still is never thrilled about going into his crate, but he now has been walking in rather than needing his head ducked, front paws lifted up, and rear pushed in. There are still the hours of walking each day, but the transition time is significantly less, so I am able to have some time each day to myself. E.V. and Colby are even allowed to play now while being supervised. I am the first to admit that I was very fortunate to have Colby as my first foster and that he is not the "normal" foster. I do not know why he family decided to surrender him to the animal shelter, but he is such a sweet and loving guy that I cannot think of any reason other than potentially a financial one. He gets along with other dogs wonderfully and he even did not flinch when a strange kid came running up and hugged him at an adoption event. He has done wonderfully with all of the children he has met and he even seems to ignore cats. He is incredibly intelligent and learned "sit" within five minutes. (By the way, he absolutely loves food and walks and will do anything for either of those rewards.) He comes to me when I call him, even if he knows it means he is going to his crate because pleasing people is just that important to him. A number of people have that one dog that is perfect for them and all subsequent adoptions tend to be to try to find the dog that is most like that perfect dog they once had. I truly believe that Colby is one of those dogs that whoever ends up adopting him will always be looking for a dog just like him after he has passed away at an old age.

One of the receptionists at the vet's office told me that she would make a terrible foster parent because she just could not let any of them go. I have not yet had to deal with letting Colby go, but I already know that it will be the most difficult part of the entire process. In the end, I think that there are only two things that will allow me to get through Colby leaving. The first is that I know how diligent ARMAC is and that they will make sure that Colby goes to a home where he will get all of the love and attention that he not only craves, but so much deserves. The other thing is actually the most important lesson Colby has taught me. Colby is such a wonderful dog, but he was hours from being put down simply because there was not enough space. If things had worked out differently in the months leading up to Colby coming into my life, then I would have adopted another dog and there would not have been a place for Colby. As hard as it is going to be to let him go, it is so much more rewarding to be able to help to save a poor, innocent dog from a fate that he does not deserve. If I had adopted someone else or if I had not randomly decided to check my email that Sunday afternoon, then Colby would have been put down due to a lack of space and I want to do what I can to help others avoid that fate. The journey to foster Colby has been an adventure; maybe it is fairly common, or maybe it is as unique and special as Colby. However, it has been such a rewarding experience and I am grateful that everything has worked out the way that it has. *Colby is pictured on page 6.*

Please consider fostering today. Visit AkitaRescue.org to learn how you can help!

CHEF HILLARY'S KITCHEN BY HILLARY LAMAY

Breadmaker Wild Turkey Dog Treats

Ingredients:

- 1 cup chicken broth
- 1/4 cup canola oil
- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 3/4 cup white flour
- 1 1/2 teaspoons dry yeast
- 1/2 cup cornmeal
- 2 tablespoons wheat bran
- 2 tablespoons soy flour
- 2 teaspoons chicken bouillon
- 2 teaspoons dried sage
- 1 teaspoon dried rosemary
- 1 teaspoon dried parsley

Directions:

Place all the ingredients in your bread maker according to the manufacturer's instruction.

Set the bread maker to the dough cycle.

When the dough is finished, remove it and divide it into 3 pieces.

Roll each dough ball into a sheet that is 1/4" thick. Using turkey shaped cookie cutters, cut out your turkey cookies and place them on a lightly greased cookie sheet.

Let the cookies rise for about an hour in a warm place. Cover them with a clean dish towel. Bake the turkey cookies for 1 hour at 300 degrees F. Turn off the oven and let the cookies continue to dry overnight in the oven.



Bow Wow Wow Yipee Yo, Yipee HEY YOU!
Do you have a yummy recipe your pup loves? Is it healthy and easy? We'd love to put it in the next newsletter! E-mail Chef Hillary with your submission: HJLaMay@yahoo.com

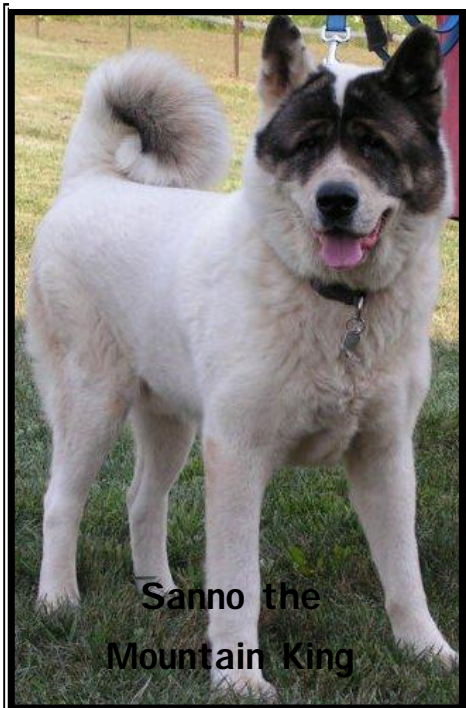


Follow ARMAC on Facebook!

Join our groups by searching for:

'Akita Rescue Mid Atlantic Coast' or 'ARMAC Volunteers'

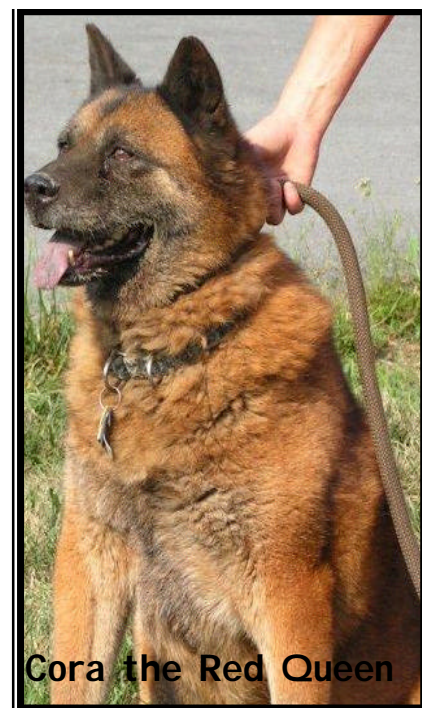
PUPS IN URGENT NEED OF FOSTER/FOREVER HOMES



Sanno the Mountain King



Turn the page for full description of these amazing pups who would love to snuggle up with you this winter!



Cora the Red Queen

AVAILABLE ORPHANS

CURRENT LIST OF AVAILABLE AKITA RESCUE (ARMAC, INC.)
 WWW.AKITARESCUE.ORG TO VIEW MORE PHOTOS

The majority of these dogs came from animal shelters, therefore "owner surrender" does not necessarily mean they were received directly from a home.

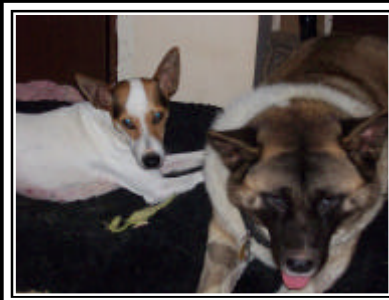
Cora – s/f, dob 2002, Red w/white markings, black mask. LOVES people and wants desperately to be in her own home with NO OTHER PETS. She is currently being kennelled and loves to go out on a lunge line for hiking in the fields. She was picked up by a shelter as a stray and whelped 9 puppies in the shelter. Her puppies found homes, don't you think she deserves one? (Pictured on page 5)

Mira s/f, dob 2006, white. Mira is short for Miracle. Another girl dropped off at the shelter and left behind. A student who volunteered at the shelter fell in love with her and refused to let her be put down. You may have seen pix of Mira now being fostered by the Pino family in her nautical duds!!! This is an active girl who likes to GO! She needs to be an only pet, but does great with people (prefer children over the age of 12).



Sanno: a/m, dob 2003, white with dark fawn cap. What a great guy! Friendly, sweet, housebroken, loves to ride in the car and sings to you! Affectionate and waiting to be the King in your castle. Good with adults and children, although due to his age would prefer teens or older. NO CATS. Probably best as only pet. (Pictured on page 5)

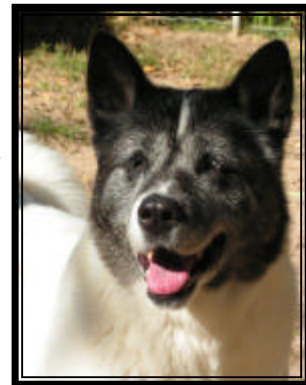
Princess – s/f, dob 2005, fawn with black mask, white markings. Our classic beauty is still waiting for Prince Charming. She is housebroken, good with most dogs (and wouldn't mind finding a home with her bf, a mellow JRT fellow named, Cracker Jack!), obedient, affectionate. She is responding well to her meds for Pemphigus and just needs a forever home.



Osamu A/M, BD: 12/2005 (est.), silver with light blk. Overlay, white markings. NO CATS! Loves everyone, very smart, can open runs, seems to be very dog friendly, has only been tested on puppies and females, but great with them. Loves all people. He walks well on leash, even heels nicely. Seems to be housebroken, just wants to be with people. Unsure about riding in a car, but once he is lifted (yes, lifted) into the car, he is fine. Had a horse who was his 'buddy', so good around horses. Unknown with cats. While we don't feel he is an anxiety dog, he does not like to be confined in a room but he does now respect baby gates. A good thing he is so dog riendly! Osamu was dropped at a shelter with 4 of his puppies. He is another diamond in the rough. The kennel put new puppies or anxious dogs in "uncle Sam's " kennel with him to calm them down.



Zoey, s/f. Zoey is a very sweet middle aged lady who is looking for her forever home. Given up at a shelter, the staff was so in love with her wonderful disposition they pulled out all the stops to get her into rescue. She has fulfilled their promises. She is currently being fostered at a kennel and going to obedience class. She has no issues with other dogs, her reaction to the resident cat was to playbow. If you are looking for a dog with moderate liveliness, no young dog hoohaw, and who just wants to hang out and be your beloved companion, check out Ms. Zoey .



Colby (from story on pages 3-4):Four years young! Colby is another that the shelter went beyond the norm to get him into a rescue. He does get wound up running in the yard and can get a little crazy, but does respond to reprimands. He walks well on a leash, and rides well in a car while crated. He always has a very happy smile on his face and loves attention. Newly in a foster home, he is behaving with the resident female while he is crated and her not crated. He is a big, goofy guy who is just looking for the right home. Because of his size and energy, Colby should be in a home with teens or adults. 10-18-2010 update: He had a vet visit today. He was wonderfully behaved at the vet. They were able to examine him and take blood for his heartworm test which is negative. He got his rabies shot, and meds for his skin condition. The resident hospital cat came by and Colby was interested, but did not drag his foster dad to go after him. He won the hearts of all the vet techs and the doctor. He cries a bit at night when he is left in his crate in the family room and everyone else goes to bed.



RAINBOW BRIDGE

BEAR SMITH

"I brought Bear home when he was 9 weeks old. His transformation from puppy to adult was amazing for me to witness. As he grew we called him different names, when he was young we called him baby Bear, when he danced with us we called him dancing Bear. As an adult we called him Big Bear, As he grew old we called him Mr. Bear but, one name that stuck throughout the years was gentle Bear He made friends quickly with all those he met, He became a legend in our neighborhood and among his many fans. Bear loved and trusted me and he taught me love, patience and how to laugh. It was an honor and a pleasure to have as my friend, companion and his guardian these many years. Goodbye to my sweet, gentle Bear."



Oct 9, 1999 - Sept 14, 2010 loved by Bob Smith

In loving memory of:

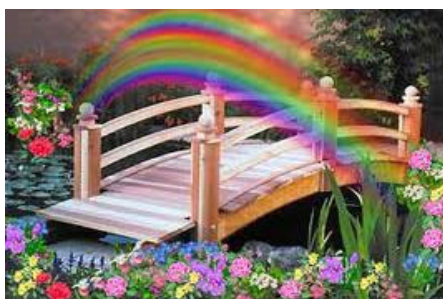
Callie McDade

Cammie McDade

Cinnamon McDade

Sam Wilson

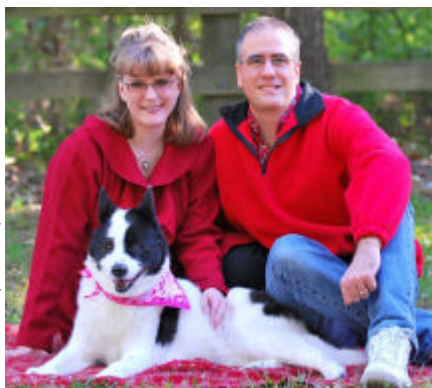
Mavvy Pugh



BEAR COOK

ARMAC's warmest condolences to Liz and Steve Cook over the loss of their beloved Bear dog. She died Wednesday, November 24th. *"I know that time will help ease the pain, but the void left in Bear's absence is unimaginable. My whole self aches to hold her again. She was our whole world."*

~ Loved by the Cook Family



ABOUT ARMAC

Akita Rescue, Mid-Atlantic Coast, Inc. (ARMAC), is one of the oldest Akita rescue groups in the United States, and is a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization. ARMAC was founded by a small group of concerned Akita owners and has been serving the Mid-Atlantic seaboard since 1984.

Our highest priority is to save and re-home Akitas in area shelters, however, we also address a wide variety of Akita needs such as educating potential owners, referrals, support for Akita owners, and evaluations of dogs in private homes and shelters.

If you can find it in your heart to foster, adopt, donate or volunteer, please visit our website for more information on how you can get involved:

<http://akitarescue.rescuegroups.org/>



CONGRATS ON YOUR ADOPTION!

~ *ZUMO* ~
 ~ *TAZ* ~
 ~ *ZOE* ~
 ~ *POOKA* ~

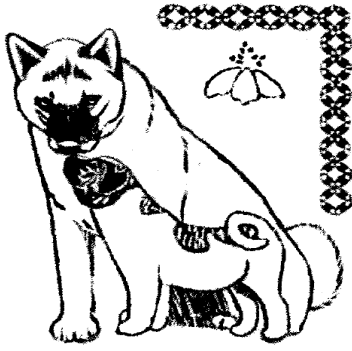
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ARMAC Contacts

Puller Lanigan
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Silver Spring, MD 20904
(301) 680-0788
puller@akitarescue.org
Jodi Marcus (703) 730-0844
jodi@akitarescue.org
Betty Mcdade (703) 524-9163
Lisa Gray (703) 257-9298
lisa@akitarescue.org