

ANIMAL HOSPITAL NEWS

Animal Hospital of Cornelius, PA

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THE DOG DAYS OF SUMMER!

We just moved to Lake Norman this summer. We had never lived on a lake before. We don't have the best lake access maybe, but for our family it could not be nicer. It has a little bit of lily-pad growth you see, probably the lion share of mosquitoes, and it isn't that great for boating, but that is part of the charm. No weekenders flying past churning things up and we do have some great swimming just at the end of our dock. We also have some pretty great neighbors.

My son asked me a question this week, "Why do we call it the dog days of summer?" To be honest, I had never really thought about it much, it was always just a saying that I heard each year during

the early part of August when temperatures would reach the highest of the summer. Sticky, muggy days where the misery of them could only be relieved by being on a lake or around a pool.

I explained to my son that I had heard when I was a puppy that it had to do with it being *our* time, us dogs - that is. It is the time of summer that we start shedding a whole lot, and sitting around a whole lot panting, and generally going crazy from all the heat. Then I got that look from my son that he thought I was crazy from all that heat I just talked about.

"Huh? Really Dad? That's the best you could come up with?" he replied.

"Well Mister Einstein, why do *you* think we have that saying? Maybe we should look it up." I quickly realized that I had just pulled kryptonite out of my pocket, by the mere sug-

gestion that we research something not sports statistic related during his summer vacation from obedience school. I could see the effect immediately as my son convulsed, shrunk and with a hissing sound white smoke emitting from his body, his skeleton emerging from under his flesh as he cried out, "U U U N N G G G H H H , NOOOOOooooooo! Not homework Dad, anything but that!!!" "Hey, it was your question,



buddy. Did you think summer was all ice cream cones and air conditioning?" I reminded him that a little brain exercise was good for him. "It builds character." I told him. We only needed to spend a little time on the internet and quickly

found our answer.

The actual reason goes back to ancient Greece and Rome, and the name has little to do with real dogs. It has to do with constellations and one in particular, the constellation Canis Major. Sirius, the major star in the constellation (also known as the Dog Star), cannot be seen during a period of about 70 days, from May to sometime after midsummer. At this time, Sirius and the sun are in conjunction so that the sun's greater light blocks the visibility of Sirius. The heliacal rising of Sirius is when the star and sun are sufficiently separated so that—for the first time in 70 days—Sirius can be seen on the horizon just before dawn. In the northern hemisphere, this occurs in mid-to-late summer, the hottest part of the year. From Classical times, this period has been known as the "Dog Days" since the Dog Star of Sirius is once again visible.

Ancient people thought that



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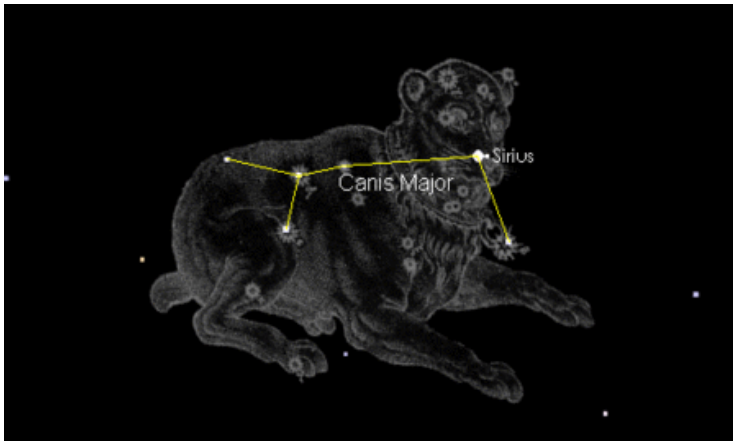
ARE YOU SIRIUS??!!

the fact that this normally brightest star in the night-time sky was now combining with the sun to create an effect of hotter days, and then heaped on the crazy dog theories and so on. Dog Days were popularly believed to be an evil time when the Sea boiled, wine turned sour, dogs grew mad, and all other creatures became languid; causing to man, among other diseases, burning fevers and hysterics. "Wow," my son said. "I can't

believe it doesn't have anything to do with us." "Well," I replied, "maybe it has a little to do with dogs, because the ancient Egyptians used hieroglyphics - the brightest star in the sky was depicted as a dog, and as a result of that we got our own set of days named just for us." "Yeah, but they're bad scorching hot days that were used to describe misery, Dad," my son responded. "Right son, named for dogs like you who are such pests

that we all get fevers from the misery you bring us." I barked with a big grin on my face. He looked at me with a scowl, and I laughed at the face he was making. "OOOoo you are so in for it old man!" he yipped as he sprang toward me. I leapt sideways away from the boy and sprinted a little away with him in tow. We circled the living room and through the kitchen a couple of times before our human told us to "TAKE IT OUTSIDE!" and held the door open for us. "Sheez! Must be the dreaded dog days fever making her so grouchy," my son exclaimed. I laughed and replied "I believe you're right son.....for once." then I nipped the side of his face, and our tussle was back on. We chased each other around the back yard. I was much bigger, stronger and faster, but he's my boy so I let him take me down and chew on me a little. Pretty

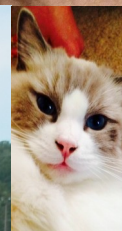
quickly though, the muggy heat of the day took its toll and we were both laying in the grass with our tongues hanging out. "I need to cool off," I panted. "Me too," my son added. I looked at him, stood up, looked at the pier in front of us and said, "Last one in is a rotten dog!" He bolted past me taking off toward the lake as if he knew I was going to say that. Was I becoming that predictable in my old age? No time to think about that now, I had to catch up and fast. Of course I retained my honor as I raced past him on the pier and dove in first just in front of my son.



Employees of the Month

Congratulations go to two employees this month as **Lauren Berry and Takeisha Hoggard** are recognized as our Employees of the Month for July 2014. Both of these young women are relatively new with the practice, Lauren having been hired in May of 2013 into our Client Services/Reception Department and Keisha is our newest employee working as a Veterinary Technician with us since last October. Lauren and Keisha, though in different departments, exhibit similar characteristics that set them apart. They both have great attitudes, either they are smiling

or bringing a smile to someone else's face. They both are motivated to service above themselves, and are very caring of the patients here, our clients and of their co-workers as well. Both Keisha and Lauren worked extra shifts this past month without the slightest hesitation showing their dedication to the practice. We are proud to have these two talented young women as part of our team at the Animal Hospital of Cornelius. Congratulations and thank you to Keisha and Lauren for outstanding performance! And Keisha, don't let your co-workers box you in!



Client Spotlight - That's the Way it Was, and We Liked It!

A special story was brought to my attention by our own Dr. Alice Bucy. It is regarding a special patient named "Molly" Scaggs. Molly is a neutered male short-haired cat. He turns **22** years old this month. No one can believe it when his owners tell them he is 22! Converting that to equivalent human years means that Molly is like 105 years old!

I guess there's something to be said about getting 20 hours of sleep a day. Only kidding there, he has only recently been getting that much sleep. And when you've reached that age, you're allowed some special privileges.



We were allowed to question Molly about his nine lives and his ability to hold off Father Time.

Reporter: Mr. Scaggs, may I call you Molly?

Molly: No.

Reporter: Right, sorry Mr. Scaggs. Thank you for taking the time to allow us to interview you about your twenty-second birthday.

Molly: Yeah sure, it's not like I was out chasing birds or mice or something, but let's get on with it, I am not getting any younger here, and besides that you're interrupting my nap.

Reporter: Of course Mr. Scaggs. Twenty-two years of age is quite a milestone, to what do you attribute your incredible longevity?

Molly: Why don't you talk like a human? (adding sarcastically "To what do you attribute your longevity?") I'll tell

you it is because of the family that I have treats me like a King. That's why I am as old as I am. They cater to my every need. They feed me. They give me a warm bed to sleep in, I have no responsibilities at all. They even clean up after me, if you know what I mean. Every cat should be so lucky. They treat me way better than your shabby newspaper. I mean a story about dog days? *On Page One, while I am relegated to page three with only two pictures?! Who's your editor anyways? Huckleberry Hound?*

Reporter: Right Mr. Scaggs, I'll pass along your critique, but back to your owners, Jeff and Amanda take great care of you and the other pets you live with.

Molly: Did I answer your last question in Portuguese and not know it? Of course they do. Did you not hear how they take care of all my needs and wants? But I wouldn't say they own me though, I would say if you were an outsider looking in, you would conclude that I own them.

Reporter: Yes, I am sure that is how it looks Mr. Scaggs. Now then, can you tell me what you enjoy the most right now at age 22?

Molly: I am old, what kind of question is that? I enjoy it when I don't barf up the food I just ate. I enjoy towels fresh out of the dryer. I enjoy less trips to *your office*. I probably like sleeping in a sunny spot and stretching my legs and yawning better than anything else though.

Reporter: Excellent Mr. Scaggs. You've been "around the block" a couple of times. In all of your years, what do think have been the things that have changed for the better?

Molly: I don't like things now compared to the way they

used to be. All this progress -- phooey! Why back in my day, life was much simpler, and cats were smarter. *Life was a carnival!* We entertained ourselves! We didn't need all these new fangled climbing towers, the front room curtains were our climbing trees. And we didn't have these little cat-nip stuffed mice to bat around. Why in my day, we had an old wad of tin-foil and an old cardboard box. That's right! You'd sit in the middle of an empty box and stare up toward the top just waiting for some passerby to put a finger within clawing reach! Talk about fun. Cats today have it so much easier. Why when I was a young cat, we didn't have laser pens to chase the red spot with, we were expected to keep in shape by chasing live mice and birds. Once we'd catch them, we'd play with them until they stopped moving. And that's the way it was and we *liked* it.

Reporter: Yes, I see Mr. Scaggs, thank you for that. One last question my readers want to know, if you had to pick one, who is your favorite Doctor and favorite veterinary technician?

Molly: Why of all the ridiculous questions to ask, this one has to take the cake! I am insulted to think, I mean why don't you just ask a prisoner who his favorite jailer or torturer is? You expect me, a cat to say that I enjoy needles being poked in my veins and muscles??!! You think that we all like you pajama wearing vampires and white coats??!! What do you do with all that blood you take from me??!! What's with that spinning machine you put it in??? What do you put under the microscope and then never let me see, instead you just talk all soft and sweet like you're my *best friends*. All hush - hush like to my family. The nerve of such a question, why I

should bite you, and not in a love-mauling type of way. I think I smell dog fur on you anyways. This interview is over! GET OUT! LEAVE ME ALONE!

Reporter: Okay, okay, calm down Mr. Scaggs. I appreciate your talking to us and Happy Birthday. Twenty-two years old and feisty as ever.

Molly: I'll show you feisty, hey where you running to pal, come here, I have something for you.

Reporter: And a special thanks to Jeff Scaggs and Amanda Foshag for allowing us to honor Molly for his huge milestone, and for being so dedicated to his care and well being.

You have all probably heard the old adage that pets age seven years for every one calendar year, and wondered if that is accurate. Pets do age much quicker than humans, but the 7:1 ratio isn't really a good method of estimating their relative age. In general, pets' rate of aging varies according to size. Other factors, such as breed, gender, weight, and living conditions also play a role. Pets' life spans vary greatly as well, small pets can easily live fifteen or more years, while giant breeds of canines only live eight to ten years. A chart on the back page of this newsletter illustrates this for you. According to the Guinness Book of World Records, the oldest cat ever recorded was Crème Puff, who lived to the ripe old age of 38 years. Happy Birthday and Good Luck Molly!





Calendar Years	Cats	Under 20 lbs	20-50 lbs	50-90 lbs	Over 90 lbs
6 months	10	10	10	10	10
1	16	15	15	14	12
2	21	23	24	24	20
3	25	28	29	29	28
4	28	32	32	34	37
5	32	35	37	40	43
6	36	40	42	45	50
7	40	44	47	51	57
8	44	48	51	57	65
9	48	52	56	61	73
10	52	56	60	68	80
11	56	60	65	72	86
12	60	65	69	77	93
13	64	70	74	82	101
14	68	74	78	88	108
15	72	78	83	93	110