

MOTORHOME MAGGY SPEAKS OUT!

PSSST, Barry, I am confused over your alpha male —or is that Alphi giver— command to, “Speak.” Do you want to do our cute little vaudevillian routine where you ask me, “Who was the greatest baseball player that ever lived?” and I answer, “Ru-u-uth”; and, “What is on the top of a house?” with a laugh getting, “roof”?
Or, you want me to tell the truth of this dog’s life—being a motorhome traveler?



OK, first off I have to admit to being a Princess. This is why I have a throne in the power position in my motorhome. As a royal bitch, I even have been called —a term usually used for mongrel males— as dashing. This is why I hold court from the dashboard, while protecting my people traveling down a potentially dangerous road.

I am — *sniff*— after all, a pedigreed aristocratic Scottish Border Collie. Perhaps members of my public that smile as my carriage passes by, and my many, many regal French Poodle neutered courtiers, do not understand, the origin of the term, “Border.” This is, my dear, in my lineage of *Canis familiaris*, we are known to be the ones, “Bordering on Genius.” Thus, my genealogy, and the fact that ‘My People’ have promised me that since their plan is to come ashore one day, to reward me for duty done with a retirement to a puppy plantation on a sheep farm, is why I have not been spade. I am not insulted that there is a waiting list to buy my babies.

The price I have paid, though, thanks to my reputation of being known as the “Ice Maiden” of RV parks, is we have had to suffer through intense periods of disruption to my way of life of keeping up with the antics of Paris Hilton. My most horribly embarrassing moment dealing with ‘in heat’ sexuality was when a hunk of a German Shepherd, trained to sniff out illegal immigrants to Arizona in motorhome bins (?) thoroughly confused his checkpoint handler, who didn’t know the difference from, “Growl-l-l-l-l,” and, “Wo-wo-wo-WOW?”

But, I digress. Thank you for acknowledging my position of being a darling when I take my alpha leader for a walk around a RV park that actually accommodates the 60 percent of motor home, and fifth-wheel travelers who house some of the most interesting four-footed friends I have yet to meet, as members of our nomadic family. Do you not, after asking permission, kneel down in homage to pet my crown, paying homage to Moi, a Princess of the last of the Royal Scots, with the honer of, “Good Boy?”

TAKE A GOOD LOOK

Ouch!
There it is,

again! I have always been dogged by the gendered challenged who some how mistake me as one of, “the guys.” Come on, why do you think I vainly wag my proud, feathered, tail when anyone calls me, “pretty”? Get down and take a look.



Why do you think I wear a fashionable, pink, neck scarf? Understand also that when I visited Basin Street in New Orleans on the Celtic holiday of St. Patrick's Day —complete with my green fashion accessories— I won the collecting bead contest for females showing the most teats!

As one of my titles is, "Motorhome Maggy," earned by spending eight years of my life doing my royal duties of leading my pack of motorhome travelers, let it also be known that I humorously answer to "Maggy the Moo," based upon my black and white Holstein color of my fur coat. The slur that I am a cur who will answer to my litter name of , "Pig Pen," is really spin-doctoring by BxW Felines who don't realize our anger directed at them is that they do not suffer the indignity of being drug about on a tight leash in the "Heel," position, as shamefully exhibited on TV in those so-called best of breed dog shows.

So here, to protect my friends on the job, cousins, and my nomadic people, from the threat of Border Collie's historic enemy —the Big City Bureaucrats otherwise known as dog catchers— I feel the need to issue a royal proclamation, or two, that will put the burden of keeping motorhome K-9s out of jail — or worse— just because we don't have a local dog license.

Part of my working dog description is to be a "freedom canary," growling when I sense injustice. Let me report this as a FYI fact: your owner can get a ticket for having a leash longer than six feet in Arizona, and Nevada. Let me also whisper into your ear that recently a veteran hero dog from Afghanistan, brought to America by the man he saved from death fighting on the front lines of Freedom, was recently euthanized in Arizona before his owner could make it to the dog pound in time to save his friend's life, in return.

Go ahead and wail, and plead there is a "working dog in training" clause in the Arizona ordinance. It doesn't work with dumb people. Or blond headed people with blue eyes who don't

realize they are the illegal immigrants to a country of black haired people with brown eyes.

Racists, and black and white Dog haters everywhere are ugly — see Barry's online children's book, www.TaffynNeighborhood.com, for a little background understanding my reverse prejudice. The Ugliers have never heard of cruel and unusual punishment. Or maybe they have, and hide behind positions of authority to punish us, "unwanted snowbirds" from Alaska.

This "unwanted" comment came from an Arizona State Park "host" at Kartchner Caverns who viciously attacked Barry from behind for listening to my immediate need to tinkle on green grass, and opening the door without my being on a leash! You may have heard the Arizona State Parks, known for employing twice the number of people needed, have closed because local RV park owners have been complaining motorhome travelers don't pay enough to offset the taxes they pay out of their own pockets to control the unwanted.

My bad experience with such places is that after a RV park is permitted by the county in Yuma, or Apache Junction, then the musical chair parking spots we need so much to stay and shop in said cities, are sold off to the ten-year perma-



nent “park model” people that even forbid my walking down “their street,” on the way to a “dog run” not big enough to even throw a ball.

Before the ‘park model trash’ in Yuma took over management of a Native owned Cocopah RV Resort, there was a famous “Piddle Patch,” without any fences, where dogs of all sizes and color would chase after a “chuck-it” ball as a pack. Even though we were off-leash, there never was a dog fight as a lot of Goofy looking K9s were having the vacation of their life. Even more amazing was a low to the ground Scottish Terrier who somehow, just about every time, ended up winning the privilege of returning a frisbee to lay it at the feet of any human who would pay attention.

As for Nevada, I cannot understand how a “defender of Public Safety” in just about anything goes downtown Loss Vegas, could threaten Barry with jail for walking me — New Orleans style— down the tourist attraction of Fremont Street. The debate over “trespassing” on a public thoroughfare was lost when it was pointed out I was on an illegal retractable, 30-foot, leash, and it was suggested the closest high security terrorist dog pound was Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Sorry to complain about all this as my working dog heritage is nothing but—responding to voice commands. As you can see from this picture of Barry and a great grandmother (taken in Nevada), true Westerners find it difficult to difficult to ride a horse while controlling a “wild beast” with a leash. To be fair, if big city people in New Mexico really want to vote in mandatory seat-belt use for dogs in vehicles, maybe we can also talk them into attaching leashes to sheep.

Sorry, I did the digress thing, again. Yet, in ways, this all is lead-

ing up to a peaceful compromise regarding our employment contract as a ‘Motorhome Traveling Dog’. After all, we are more than hood ornaments! One of the cute stories I tell friends is I had my intruder “watch eye” on a woman, once, who tilted her head this way, then that, as she slowly approached my dashboard window. Guess she thought I was some sort of stuffed toy. Guess I just about gave her a heart attack by doing my job, barking when anyone not invited to visit crosses the invisible line surrounding our home. After all, lady, the sticker on the window does advise “Area Patrolled” by Border Collie. And, by the way, I also respond better than battery operated smoke and gas leak alarms.

So listen up, Pups, as you can see from by baby picture on the page following that I was a recruit myself, once. An “awe” or two would be appreciated here. I know from eight years experience what it takes to make the grade doing a good job as a working motorhome dog. And the “dangers” that lead to conflict with people that have no connectivity with this earth — by sticking in Astroturf in place of grass in supposedly “dog friendly” RV parks. So here are my simple to obey Royal Edicts:



RULE 1 — WEIGHT, AND SIZE, MATTER

Sorry to all the King Shepherds I have known and loved, but anybody that can be labeled “junkyard,” or has been used for “police brutality,” really don’t have a chance checking in at many parks, no matter how many pit bull lawyers people think they can afford. I sometimes get asked myself if I am over 30 pounds. I pretend my longtime weight standard of 41 pounds of well exercised muscle is really just fluffed out fur. Smiling helps when asked the insulting question, especially from overweight front desk clerks who would have a heart attack jumping to catch a ball on a first bounce or fly.

Being too big is a problem in some RVs, and retractable doorway steps can be a continuing problem for some toy breeds, or lap dogs, used to being carried about in Mama’s purse. Please note, also, though I am an Alaskan —the dog lover’s capital of the World— that I have refrained in joining in with the husky howling at what we define as “yappy trash dogs,” that seem to get stuck in a loop shouting out, “Warning,” over, and over again, as their master apparently isn’t paying any attention. That really is the owners problem, as Yappy’s will drive away all sorts of friends.

I did enjoy a visit with a niece named Angel, in Sunriver, Oregon, who just happens to be a ver-r-r-ry expensive (did you notice my Scottish burr?) Yorky. Her pet cat had no trouble jumping up the stairs to visit. It took Angel only two days to learn how, because she was smart, and had determination. I also taught her how to put some authority in her voice admonishing deer eating her Aunt Tess’s flowers during the night. In short, Angle was one yappy shortie I could have trained to travel.

RULE 2 — TRAINING IS FREEDOM!

The key to living harmoniously with two-legged beings, is training. I mean right from

the beginning some of them have trouble understanding dog body language —or outright whining— when it becomes necessary, to do the necessary. I mean to say we consider our home, our kennel! Just because man considers animals as confined pigs, and lately feedlot bovines to be unclean, or mad as a cow, we too have no desire to sleep in our own filth!

Fortunately I picked Barry and Bobby out when they visited my litter. We did the “motorhouse training” right away with out any “mis-



haps.” They also seem to understand that it is an embarrassing for a dog to be forced to “do his thing” right out in public. They have it down pat that the procedure is to sort of look sideways, down a long leash, out of a circumstance and situation, to save me shame of having to walk away from a poo pile, pretending it wasn’t picked up by my people with a real “doggy bag,” for proper disposal, I would be the transgressor.

Humans really aren't very cute when they ignore poo things. Their lack of concern is a major public relations problem that drives "bad dog" victims to extremes. On a RV park walk one evening I watched a neighbor pick up a pile on his "lawn" with one of those long handled plastic throwing tools for "chuck-it" balls. He trailed after the criminals to identify their motorhome, and marked it for all to see by slinging the s---t at the windshield. I also witnessed a brutal beating by a Neanderthal of a puppy-mill product raised in a cage where waste was taken care of by falling through a grate— not that different looking than a floor furnace opening.

Another reason I picked Barry for a trainer was that I new he had made a name for himself as a horse whisper who used a lounge line and hackamore reins as a communication device, instead of a restraint. You realize of course, that while horses are the other "wild" animals to have a history of partnering with man, we seem to be on a higher level of appreciation in the nature of the food chain, as some canned dog food is horse-meat.

So, perhaps now you will understand now why I prefer being "reined" in to be a good citizen by an illegal 30-foot, button controlled, retractable leash. Some of these even have a poo-pottie bag dispenser used when taking a "klaw," a reverse spelling of "walk" which when spoken out loud sends me into a frenzy of bouncing of the walls of our confining motorhome.

What the bad actors of my taxonomy respond to is that some *Homo sapiens* cannot be defined in Latin, as a 'wise man.' What impresses those we meet on our evening klawns in RV parks is that Barry and I have worked out — in lieu of shouting in a harsh voice ever changing commands— a set of agreed upon words, whistles, and even a "PHSSST" which

translates to, "Danger., authorities." Come back to "STAY CLOSE" enough to pretend that we are complying with a 6-foot leash law.

My partnership with dog whisperer Barry is that he detests dragging animals about — sometimes with their front paws in the air— using a "Heel," command. When on a freedom klaw, where I get to run around sniffing out my p-mail messages, Barry prudentially carries the retractable leash, as a symbol that our "ON LEASH" voice command compromise sometimes will work with campground hosts that understand that leash laws are really meant to control "Bad People," whose only dog word they know is a proudly spoken, "Sick-um."

Know the following are my families agreed upon RV park klaw commands, here without the unnecessary yelling of, "Dumb Dog, when I get a hold of you I am going to tan your hide":

—**BACK**, or as Bobby sometimes uses the traditional Border Collie, **COME BY**.

— **SAY HELLO** , sometimes quickly followed by a **BE NICE**, or a **ENOUGH**, when tails stop wagging, or the body language of people shows fear.

—**COME AROUND** is an important direction when one is on a long leash and I go sniffing on the other-side of a telephone pole.

—**DANGER** is sometimes followed by and



explanation that I should respect Barry's judgment on what I am sniffing is unwise.

— **THANK YOU** and **THATS ENOUGH** is the reverse of the above, an acknowledgment of our partnership first used when in my wisdom I pointed out that the hiking trail we were using went just a tad too close to a rattlesnake hidden in a bush. Sometimes Barry uses this to tell me he too has seen free roaming cats strutting about with dragonfly and bird wings sticking out of their mouth. I also admit to being just a bit envious that un-belled cats have an advantage in chasing bunnies over hunting breeds handicapped by the jingle of dog tags.

RULE 3 — THE CONTRACT IS WE WILL WORK FOR FOOD!

And, speaking of dinner, as a self-appointed Dog Union of America representative, I need to



remind both parties on an interaction that was successfully voted upon years, and years ago. This was — we approached the light of man's fire, offering protection services against the evil forces of darkness, in return for a bone or two thrown our way. My ancestors evolved into the best sheep herders ever invented, by offering even more value added benefits for the reward

of a very Scottish frugal low cost, "Good Boy!"

Now just because man has invented a way to start a fire in an internal combustion engine that allows us to keep watch on what is happening going down the road at 60-miles per hour, doesn't mean we can relax our vigil, protecting our flock... whoops, I meant, folks. Note that my Great Grandmother Taffy really didn't sleep, laying down on in the job in a Plexiglas nose of a helicopter in Alaska, as she had the local black bear and mountain sheep population under control. Wish I could have asked her advice on where this Alaska Highway buffalo fit into my contract of being a motorhome early warning system.

I like to think I actually could have taught my "old dog" Grandmother a few new tricks about defending RV occupants. Admittedly I don't know a thing about the out-of-control mobs of cities where one cannot sleep in gated communities for the noise of sirens with police chasing muggers, home invaders, and motorhome hijackers. But camping in a more secure countryside environment I have learned to prioritize the importance of what we dedicated few — we noble few — do for our motorhome companions,

— A TOUR GUIDE TO THE IMPORTANCE OF UNDERSTANDING NATURE

In Alaska my ancestor wolves who run in packs get a huge chuckle out of the fact that publish or perish academicians out of big city universities, only show up to tip the biological balance of the way things are, in the shirt sleeve days of summertime. I personally have had a chat with an old and dry Dall Sheep ewe up the mountain from our snowbird log cabin on Bowser Creek, who chastised me for allowing human sportsmen out for meaningless trophy mounts of the full curl (worth up to \$10,000) which has left her flock unprotected

from predators. I am reporting this as a true professional journalist, because I actually have experienced, as wolves know, that 'dry' mountain sheep ewe meat, as fed to me by Barry — a wild form of mutton— is perhaps the tastiest filet mignon in the whole world.

So, who also knew there was a connection of what Wall Street bears, and bulls, and lately feral pigs have been flocking old human sheep, and the young "entitled" generation of overfed state park chipmunks? I spend a lot of time studying my friends who have grown so used to the fluff of white bread in the happy days of a summertime camp scene that they are overlooking the importance of a 401-K grains and nuts safely stored away to survive a harsh winter. I hope to publish this masterful thesis within two years, as the research is collected.

As an animal my most important job is reminding humans who travel to "sight-see" is that we all are part of one world, dependent on fairly sharing an abundance, where no matter what the Jones's say, people who live in homes that are transportable, are really never homeless. I humbly submit, that with a little tutoring that my snow birders are at least as smart as Arctic Terns.

— WE SECURITY PEOPLE WORK FOR KIBBLES AND BITS

Here is what I know. My day job is to be cute, and smile a lot. Comes nighttime we take over, while our driver and navigator sleep. Show me an electronic home invasion warning system that has the senses we have, of smell, hearing, and thousands of years of reading vibes, and I say push the test switch to see if your energizer bunny batteries really know how to beat the drum.

Barry, Bobby, and I do a lot of what is called boon-docking, which means we camp outside gated communities, away

from the claustrophobia of cities crowded by the chain-link marketing of yet another "name" restaurant, or theme RV parks with a "name" style resort front desk.

I am secure in my self contained dashboard defense position knowing that coyotes, and toy dog killer packs of javelina, alligators who come out of nowhere at night, wild range cows, and even people who hide behind masks, could not make it past a locked door without my sidekick Barry, blasting them away with an Alaskan grizzly bear pepper spray. Let me tell you. That stuff is far more effective than packing a Super Blackhawk 44 caliber pistol.

A cute story. My tail comes up when people call me an, "Alaskan bear dog." But the truth is the only wild critter I ever took a run at was a bitch coyote in the Mohave Desert. She and her mate used to sit on the skyline (without a leash!) and watch me catch an expensive bouncy ball Barry would fling with his chuck-it. One day the big guy was off hunting, so the little woman decided she wanted to play. I am not a cheechako, so I knew where this would end, and I ran her off. Knocked her right of her feet, and then strutted away as the victor. That was until next morning when Barry found our favorite toy chewed into tiny bits.



—THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST, OR DICK, OR JANE, OR SALLY’S SPOT

The reason so many of us motorhome dogs get cuddled, is that we seem to be surrogate grandchildren. When asking part-time RV people why they spend so much fuel boomeranging back and forth over familiar territory, the answer always seems to be an un-arguably, “Grandchildren.”

About this point in a discussion, Barry usually points out that the best family moments of his life happened when traveling. As in his [www. SearchForAShadowOfThePast.com](http://www.SearchForAShadowOfThePast.com) adventure pioneering of the Pacific Crest Trail by riding horseback 2,500 miles from Mexico to Canada. And the fact that being an unpaid baby-sitter isn’t half as much fun for a grandfather as his fishing for salmon with Ty in Alaska; helping “Captain” Ryan pull my inflatable boat off a sandbar he had driven “hard ashore” on the Colorado; and introducing mall rat babes Sara, and Barrisa, to the educational experience of street shopping just across the border in San Felipe, Baja, Mexico.

What he really trying to say is that instead of driving “home,” to visit those all important grandchildren, use the same amount of dollars, and fuel, to fly them over the hills and through the woods to grandma’s motorhome for a visit.

Barry knows that when a hug from Miz Bobby doesn’t beat the melancholy blues of absent grandchild, all he has to do slap his chest over his heart with a command to, “Love Me Up,” and I will put my head so I can listen to, and respond, to the beating of his heart. That is magic!

—THOUGH THIS IS IN WAYS UNKIND, WE ALSO ARE TRAINERS AND SOCIAL SECRETARIES for our humans, especially the cocktail Party Challenged!

Need I say that Barry is a bit fat? Need I add that Miz Bobby is just a little bit on the shy side? Therefore it is my duty to take them walking —walking, walking— for their good health, as this is when we socialize.

I can’t tell you how many motorhome travelers, and their pets, we have invited over for an

impromptu wine and appetizer “patio” party of Alaska smoked salmon, Washington razor clam dip, Oregon Tillamook cheese, and Western miner’s sour-dough bread. I would have to remember the names of their dogs, and divide legs into twos. The problem is remembering such movable feasts is that new found friends (the we pups introduced with a suggestion they bring their own outdoor foldable chairs) from other states usually show up



with potluck things as South Dakota buffalo jerky, Vermont maple sugar candy, Pennsylvania scrapple, Texas pecan pralines, and Wisconsin blood sausage.

RULE 4 — ATTITUDE

Here at Motorhome Dog U, we like to say that a, “Proud Puppy is a Pleasing Pal!” As our whole mission statement as hitchhikers to adventure—escaping a chain-link backyard prison exercise yard—is to please the RV driver, and navigator, let me tell you the way to rack up miles is to fill a need, a love, a memory out of a humans childhood, before they get all stressed out over the supposedly important things in life.

Know that you perhaps may have had other career choices in being a “seeing” eye dog, or a service dog for handicapped, or even one of those “cancer sniffer” dogs visiting nursing homes.

Know also that the reflecting your owners personality, just to survive, is a huge mistake. I get it that some humans are so out of touch with the reality of nature that they just don’t connect with the importance of a motorhome dog.

I have heard at the piddle patch that some human beings who point a finger at “dumb dogs,” don’t realized they have three pointing right back at them. I have also listened to the wails of those dragging around anchor chains heavier than they.

RULE 5 — SELECT WELL

So, bottom line, is that the idea of ‘beast’ and man, doing a road trip to escape predatory reverse mortgage bankers, political action committee controlled Congressmen, and the mau-soleums otherwise known as retirement homes—especially the ones that do not allow dogs to accompany their master into oblivion—requires some career planing.

Look at me for an example. It is not conceited for me to say as a beautiful Border Collie bitch, named Maggy, that “dumbing down,” wagging that magnificent natural tail of yours, darling, is smart. I also think Standard Poodle boyfriends I have known who understand that—as they have already been neutered—there is nothing shameful in mincing about in a Liberace style pompadour cut, died pink, or blue. The point is to have fun escaping the almost guaranteed death sentence of a dog pound retirement home.

As mentioned I was aggressive enough to shout “choose me,” to Barry and Bobby, out of a litter of seven. The only harshness I have experienced from them—as they from previous knowledge of a Border Collies mentality—was to ask if I understood that coming along on a long nomadic journey required some intelligence. They made that point, when I was a wee pup running free over the hill, down to a wild meadow, in a state park that enforced an 6-foot leash law. By happenstance they were asked to move down three spaces to accommodate a prior reservation by a “real taxpayer” citizen.

This was a real “rubber hits the road” experience for me in that when “running away” was becoming boring, I climbed the hill to find that my motorhome was GONE! Oh did I cry, and cry,



and cry. So did my Mom and Dad, watching me on the sly. I was so-o-o-o happy to sleep, once again, in my own bed. Believe me I now understand what, “Stay Close,” means. They showed me that perhaps nomadic travelers understand what rescuing connectivity with “man’s best friend,” is all about.

If you made a mistake of thinking you could go wild in this so-called civilized world, or were not lucky enough to be the pick of the litter, head for a rest stop visited by motorhome travelers. I know from news reports that family’s that have lost their home through foreclosure, that are not allowed to bring their pets into two bedroom apartments, have been accidentally left at rest areas in hopes they will find one of

those RV people who will drive halfway across our country to deliver a rescue dog.

So, dear reader, Editor Barry is allowing me to appeal directly to you. If you are among the 40 percent of “pet challenged” RV’s out there — without a guide dog for whatever reason— we need your help. If you happen to see a wondering dog without a collar and license alongside the road, hitch-hiking his way out of Dodge, give him a lift. Save a life, to enrich yours. Most likely you will meet one of the most loyal, appreciative friend and traveling companion, you will ever know.

Motorhome Maggy Murray
(AKA the Moo, and Pig Pen)

