

Lost dog

Posted Nov. 30, 2009—I can't drive past a lost dog, a dog on the road that just plain looks like it's in the wrong place. It drives my husband crazy, but I just can't help it.

What I hate is what happened on a recent Saturday afternoon as I was driving down to Columbia Falls. There on the left, immediately north of the turn off to the Camas bridge was a brown and white cocker spaniel. The day was cold and blustery and there wasn't another vehicle anywhere to be seen.

This dog did not belong there. He was resting his head on his red-stained feet, maybe blood. I got out and tried to coax him but he wanted no part of it, or me. I went back to the car and got a handful of treats, which I still carry in my car even though my pups are no longer with us. I tried again, hand outstretched and got closer but he scampered down the embankment to the river. Where's an elk bone when you need one?? I followed for a ways, sat down only about 15 feet away, and decided to wait him out. He looked frightened and utterly miserable. But my attempts to draw nearer frightened him more and finally I had to leave him.

This beautiful little cocker spaniel was doomed and I was miserable. I wasn't done though, and that's the point of this story. I called the Sheriff's office and told them where the dog was, explained that he had a collar and that I was sure he was someone's special friend. The dispatcher said they'd send someone up to get the dog. Right.

The next day, Sunday, late afternoon, I got a call from the dispatcher; she was sure I'd want to know. They had found the dog and the young man who owned him. He had had a wreck up on the road two days earlier and his dog had somehow gotten lost in the confusion. The Sheriff Department reunited them. A happy ending! Many, many thanks to the Sheriff's Department!

Moral of the story? Please call if you see/find a lost dog. They really will try to help and you can help turn a sad story into a happy one.

- *Betsy Holycross* -