



The Trucker's Story by BEV ATCHISON

(Reprinted from the BTCA Kid in a Dog Suit)

Some years ago, while traveling to Portland with my Bully and my Bearded Collie, I stopped in a highway weigh scale to attend to some business for the transportation company that I work for. When leaving the building, I felt I was being followed. The rather burly person walking closely behind me must have felt my anxiety, as he piped up with "Hey, lady...is that your car with the dogs in it?" Feeling uncomfortable to start with, I was fairly abrupt in answering "What dogs are you talking about?" "The great big beautiful Bull Terrier in the station wagon over there," he replied, and I started to relax. Obviously, he had good taste in dogs.

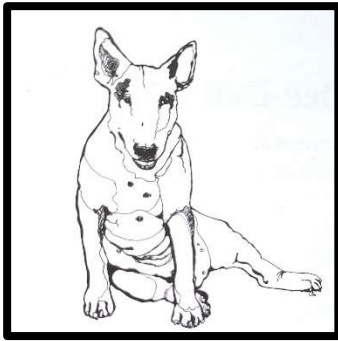
As I introduced Canuk and Penny to him, he told me a nearly unbelievable tale about his life with Bull Terriers.

As a trucker, he had always had a dog, but never a real dog until he got his first Bully, he said. He had owned and traveled with this old brindle bitch since she was a pup and they were well known on the highway as a team. On one run he made, he ended up being laid over in a county that was breed specific against Bullies and other bull breeds. The local constabulary instructed him to move on or his dog would be impounded, which totally floored him. He explained his load would not be ready to pick up until morning. He was again told to get the Bully out of town or else. He went for supper in the truck stop to return to his truck to find out that "or else" had happened. His Bully was removed from his truck but not quick enough for the captors to escape unseen by him. He went somewhat crazy as he watched his long-time friend and partner being taken away in a police car.

The ensuing scene he caused at the pound ended him up in jail overnight and when released he went directly to the pound to collect his bitch and get quickly out of town. He ran into a four-legged snag at that time. In the pound, after getting his arms around his best friend, he spotted a rather dejected, dirty, skinny white dog in a corner pen. Upon inquiring, he realized the pound did not know this was a Bull Terrier, or it would have met a very untimely end. My driver friend adopted the white male on the spot, not informing the officials that the dog was other than a terrier cross, left the building with him, and then started worrying about how the new member would fit into his family. He knew he had done the right thing.

After a cleanup bath for his old girl and the young dog, he was very pleased to see how well the two Bullies got along. His old girl set the rules and generally the young dog conformed. I met this driver's family, he proudly showed them off to me when I insisted on returning to

his truck with him to see them. I cannot to this day remember the dogs' names, but they were a splendid sight to see. The brindle matriarch sitting in the driver's seat of the big burgundy Kenworth and the white, healthy looking boy playing navigator from the middle of the bunk. They had been traveling as a threesome for over three years when I met them and probably are still running up and down the roads through the US. I will always smile when I think about his telling me, "Yunno, we all get along great except the day after we all have a cravin' for chili and beer!"



Spudder and the Last Word, by Dale Hardy Roberts, from Kids in a Dog Suit.

If it's true laughter makes you live longer, Spudder's antics should make me good for over one hundred years. The two things he does at the moment to make me laugh every time are the way he struts and his having the last word. Whenever we are out walking and he sees or hears another dog he turns into a real show off. He puffs his chest out, head and tail go up, and he almost bounces down the pavement as he struts along. When he's in the house and hears somebody or something outside he usually barks at it. This includes noises on the television that he thinks are outside. After he woofs several times, I tell him to quiet down but he always has to have one last bark. I deliberately try to have the last word by saying "shush" or whatever, but every time he'll always get in the last woof.