

# The Execution of Rover

My name is Rover, I'm a dog, and in forty-eight hours they are going to lead me into the gas chamber and put me to death.

I am making this last appeal to all dog lovers with the hope that you will intercede for me by contacting the governor of Maryland. And perhaps, in a moment of mercy, he will stay my execution.

What these people at the Pound are about to do is wrong. To put a dog to death without a trial is so damn un-American it makes me sick. I was never read my rights and never given a lawyer to defend me. My Master simply walked into the Pound, and said, "PUT THIS DOG TO DEATH."

There is another dog in my cell named King, and King said I was suffering from temporary insanity when I did what I did. He also said that no jury in the world would give me the death sentence for one small moment of temporary insanity. At the most, the very most, I would get six months at hard labor.

But there isn't going to be a trial. In this land of freedom and liberty and justice... there isn't going to be any trial. And that is why I am making this appeal to

## Country Philosopher

**Amos Arthur Holmes**



the dog lovers of America. Let me tell you what happened and if you feel the slightest sympathy for me I want you to write the governor.

I have lived with my Master for three yerars and a more miserable three years you couldn't imagine. I must tell you about the many slights and humiliations I suffered so that you can understand my moment of temporary insanity.

First, there is the food my Master has given me. Have you ever eaten a can of dog food? Have you ever opened a can of dog food and damn near fainted from the evil odor that comes from that can? I'm not ignorant. I know what goes into a can of dog food, Pig's tongue, sheep hair, and owl eyes. Chripes! Am I really ex-

pected to eat that swill?

Now, let's take the questions of tricks. My Master loves to have me do tricks. I have spent half my life rolling over and sitting up.

Ordinarily I don't mind doing tricks but there are times it gets on my nerves something awful. When I'm sleeping, my Master will shout, "ROLL OVER". Now who in the hell wants to wake up from a deep sleep, smile, and roll over? There have been times I have been deathly sick with a hangover and my Master will bellow, "SIT UP".

Well, I had endured too much. I had gone through this torment a million times... and finally... my mind snapped.

My Master just bought a new

rug. Sixty dollars a square yard. It was the most luxurious, expensive rug in the world and he was passionately proud of it. When my Master went to work, I sat looking at his new rug. I started thinking of all those years of eating dog food. Of all those hideous months of rolling over, AND IS LOST MY MIND. I started going to the bathroom all over my Master's new rug. I went to the bathroom here, there, and everywhere. I was laughing hysterically and barking at the top of my lungs. When my Master got home he looked at his rug, and then he turned (in a perfect rage) and looked at me. I rolled over three times and thumbed my nose at him.

Now I am to die in the gas chamber. I'm extremely sorry for what I did. I really am, but if I suffered from temporary insanity doesn't the punishment exceed the crime? Shouldn't I have a jury of my peers (preferably Beagles) judge my guilt or innocence? Should I die simply because I did a little do do that was a don't don't? So please, my friends, take a few moments to write to the governor.

I sure would appreciate it.