

**Subject:** Fw: "NIGHTMARE IN MYRTLE BEACH"  
**From:** jackjanner@yahoo.com (jackjanner@yahoo.com)  
**To:** cc0597@staplescopycenter.com;  
**Date:** Tuesday, December 1, 2015 2:53 PM

On Tuesday, December 1, 2015 2:31 PM, "jackjanner@yahoo.com" <jackjanner@yahoo.com> wrote:



Dear Sirs, Or To Whom it May Concern,

My husband and I are getting older & so are our dogs.

We have had Sasse since she was a very young pup (6weeks old).

Arthur came to us later & had been adopted from the "Indianapolis Humane Society", we did not know his exact age, we guesstimated he was about 9 or 10 now (2015).

Keith & I got our first dog together the year we were married in 1979, 36 years ago,

Rusty lived to be 20yrs & 4mo. old, until we could no longer keep him comfortable.

I took him to our "Avon Animal Hospital" to consult with the veterinarian's, and inquire on how they justify putting animals to sleep.

Confident with their opinion's, and still a very difficult thing to do, we had to let him go.

We still have his remains at our home in a small box, with a brass bone that shows his name & dates.

My sweet and intelligent Sasse was well trained and would eat normally with no issues.

Arthur came to us with food and eating problems. You could feed him several times a day, and he would still behave as if he had never had a meal. Our home had to be dogged proofed for him, Arthur, A.K.A. "The Snatcher" would grab things from grocery bags, purses, overnight bags, and more. He could "boing up" to see what he could grab from the counter tops. He once grabbed a real expensive leopard glove from my sister as she came in from N.Y. to visit. She was unaware, I found it later under the bed reduced to a ball of string.

We would have to feed Sasse & Arthur separately so he would not go after her food.

Doesn't sound like a nightmare yet... well wait.

Traveling with our dogs can be stressful, & making sure everyone is taken care of.

Our first time ever in Myrtle Beach was July 2015, with both of our dogs. We came upon "The Mermaid Inn" and it seemed to be exactly what we were hoping for, clean, well kept and nice employee's. Also easy access to the beach for the dogs.

We felt it was a safe place to stay with our dogs. After check in I walked my dogs to the front desk to meet everyone, the lady that checked us in was in school to become a veterinarian.

I explained Sasse was old, but still loved coming to the beach. I also explained although thinning due to age, we were taking good care of her. She had been declining in mass mainly this year (2015). She was still walking, eating, breathing normal, eyes clear. She was happy and quite coherent. She loved reacting to people, squirrels, bikers, joggers. We began discussing returning in October, and would Sasse be up for possibly one more trip to the beach? She turned 16 in September.

Sasse was such a bright and intelligent animal, she mothered Arthur and they slept back to back. She even helped me take care of Rusty before he died, using her body to help lay him down gently, it was an amazing thing to see. A bright star like her, you just don't turn the light out before it's time.

We were caring for her diligently and responsibly, and had her on a constant program to keep her comfortable. Low dose, Back & Body, Advil, touch therapy & massage, walking and more.

Both dogs slept with us on top of our covers, they had their own down comforters. I could have my hand on Sasse's ribs all night to monitor her breathing, I knew her every breath, expression and eyelash, these were our babies and they slept in the bend of our legs. We were still kissing her and she us.

We knew in our hearts time was nearing to say good-bye, because we had no intention of letting her suffer in any way.

We fed both dogs several times a day, including veggies, fruit, trail mix, Cheerios & dry dog food, and many other foods. Sasse was allergic to strawberries and I know not to give dogs nuts or grapes.

We used mini marshmallows to give meds. We had just fed both dogs breakfast of cantaloupe, cheerios & dry food the morning of our nightmare. We headed to the beach for a short walk with Sasse. We decided it was time for a low dose and a nap, and Keith headed to the room with her, and was to return for Arthur.

As he was returning to the room with Arthur our nightmare began. My understanding from Keith was as he approached the room there was a shelter vehicle and several police, they were feeding Sasse on the sidewalk outside our room. Arthur saw food, ran over and started scraping for Sasse's food, It looked as if we had two dogs that were hungry.

In the meantime, the Mgr. of the hotel came on the beach to tell me "I better get to the room, something is happening" My heart was pounding and I immediately ran to the room, thinking Sasse had taken a turn, we had local phone #'s of animal hospital and area Vet's in our room for easy access.

It appeared as if they were capturing bank robbers or something, I was immediately commanded to put my hands behind my back and was cuffed. I was in a state of shock, what is going on?? Keith yelled from the police car "they are charging us with animal cruelty"!! We were both begging and yelling "she is not under fed or sick" she is old, please take care with her"!!!

There were many belligerent things being said to us " you people deserve to go to jail, you don't even have food in the room for dogs, what if those were your kids"?!!! We both screamed at the same time " those are our kids"!!

We were in a complete state of shock and disbelief, it was hard to speak!!

We were not allowed to enter the room to show ANY proof of food, medication, snacks, phone #'s or anything concerning our dogs!, We were arrested without our I.D., credit cards, money, cell phones, we were guilty to them, and being treated as so, we were dressed from the beach, my husband was arrested barefoot for heaven sake! We could have, and would have, shown them everything we had in the room for our dogs, food, medication, snacks, phone #'s and much more information concerning both of our dogs. I was shoved in the back by Ewing as she said "get these people out of here"! We were booked at the police station @11:00a.m. and told we would be going in front of a judge @ 4:00p.m. Didn't happen. We were next told by an officer leaving his shift, what we were being charged with, and would see a judge the next morning 9:00a.m. Two female officers were making fun of him for showing any compassion to me.

In the meantime the "bully with a badge" Ewing came in to the jail area, I begged repeatedly for information about my dogs, Sasse needs special care! Ewing said if I wanted to talk to her she could read me my rights.

Read me my rights?? Wasn't I already in jail?? So, do you have anything to say to me? I replied no, I'm not like that, knowing if possible, she would make things worst for me. Keith and I have never been disrespectful to any police officer ever. Everything we were trying to explain fell on deaf ears - we were guilty to them. Ewing was not a police officer, she was a bully, playing with people's lives.

I personally feel she made an inexperienced, prejudice mental assumption in making our arrest, rather than hearing any truth of the matter. We could have given much information concerning our dogs. They were more interested in arresting us.

After 24hrs. in jail and \$1600 dollars later, they open the door and said bye. We stood on the front sidewalk turning in a circle trying to get our bearings. Where were we, where was our hotel, did I mention my husband was barefoot? How were we going to get to our hotel, and was our belongings still in our room?

We approached a couple of different people for help, and quickly realized we might look like a couple of bums that just got out of jail. Our nightmare continued as people told us to "get away" before they call the police.

We then saw a taxi approaching and flagged him down. Not knowing if we had money to pay, he invited us into his cab to calm down and get our bearings. Thank God, he took us to our hotel. Our money and belongings were still in the room, but our truck, parked perfectly legal, with paid up parking pass hanging from our mirror, in front of our room -

had been towed. The cab driver offered to take us to get our vehicle, we thanked and paid him, and explained we had a family member coming to help us. When my family arrived we were asking the Mgr. why did he tow our truck, we were paid up to leave the next morning? He said the police towed our truck. He told my family to leave or he would have him arrested also, and called the police, I begged my family to leave so no trouble would come to him, we had only been out of jail maybe an hour. We were then evicted from our room with only what we could carry in our hands, leaving things behind, we went across the street to a public park.

The Mgr. threatened to charge us anyway, the police told him he could not do that if he was evicting us, he refused to give us a receipt, and overcharged us anyway.

We then had to call the cab company to rescue us a second time, he returned immediately and took us to get our vehicle. Billy explained, he ask God every morning to put someone in need in his path, and that day it turned out to be us. We were still crying from the night before, and where were our dogs??

The tow business explained they were in question of why they were towing this vehicle to begin with, the Mgr. at the hotel insisted, they said, police did not have us towed. After getting our vehicle,

we went straight to the shelter in hopes of at least seeing our dogs. We were stoned walled, they had no information about them, and we did not know if they were still alive.

We decided to leave that town as soon as possible and started toward Charlotte.

Our hearts were broken and the thought of leaving our dogs behind... well, was unspeakable. we still could not believe this was happening to our family and lives, our Sasse and Arthur would be five states away! These dogs have never been away from our side, we could only imagine what they were going through.

As we neared Charlotte, a family member called with information about speaking to an attorney in Myrtle Beach on the following Monday. One of us would have to return home to secure our jobs, and one would stay behind to fight for our dogs. We had already lost our dogs, what if something happened to my husband, I did not want to split up, but we had no choice at that point.

I met with the attorney on the following Mon. and first things first, they wanted to know if we could afford this process. We agreed and our attorney immediately sent a letter to the shelter on our behalf.

The shelter would not let anyone see my dogs, or give us any information about them.

Our attorney suggested we hire an independent veterinarian outside the area, we readily agreed.

Well... they euthanized my Sasse the day before our Vet was to come in, Arthur did not get an outside assessment at that time either. When I heard Arthur was not eating I knew he was in trouble too. I feel sure he was grieving for Sasse, and us. Being taken from us the way they were, snatched away from everything they had ever known, I was sure they were scared, confused, disoriented, I know we were, we could not eat or breath yet.

Arthur is not a young dog either, what condition will we get him back in, if ever?

As I returned home to wait for a custody hearing for Arthur, we realized we were quickly being drained of retirement and assets, we didn't care, we are still fighting for Arthur. I returned to S.C. meeting with our attorney again before the hearing. I was advised not to speak in court and I agreed to that. Well... putting it mildly, we were steamrolled. We were not allowed any defense that I could see.

Keith and I had immediately called our "Hendricks Co. Animal Shelter" to request an assessment of our home and office, they responded quickly and professionally. This 20 page report with pictures included was dismissed by saying "Their shelter was just as competent as Indiana's", well sir I highly disagree, being at that shelter three times, all I heard was frantic barking and chaos. The barking and crying was heartbreaking, employees were out back smoking, why weren't they trying to calm those dogs?

Ewing reported an exaggerated assessment of Arthur's condition, did he become emaciated after they got him, the police report said he was not emaciated at the time of our arrest, so which is it? They gave both of our dogs can dog food, plus the shock and grief might account for their declining condition. Sasse could not eat regular meals, she had to be fed lots of small meals, so she could digest properly. On one report they gave her two cans of dog food. Our dogs have always eaten dry dog food along with fruits, veggies, steak, chicken and many other healthy foods. Getting a pat on the back from her attorney, Ewing seemed very nervous and I felt they were trying very hard to cover their tracks.

One good thing came from this hearing, even though they would not release Arthur to us, the judge did order them to give me Sasse's body. And not to euthanize Arthur. After court, Ewing stated she would give Sasse back, but she would be very smelly by the time I got back to Indiana, along with other snide remarks. I ask my paralegal if I had to continue listening to her insults, she showed me an exit and I left.

The next morning I went two cities over to find someone to help with Sasse's cremation, Garden City, I found a funeral home that helped tremendously, not only with cost, but their kindness was extremely refreshing after what we had gone through. Afterward I called my attorney to enquire about collecting Sasse, was it a good idea for me to go to the shelter alone? So he had someone go with me. The shelter people wanted to know if John was from Indiana too?? I left with Sasse and went straight to the funeral home. The next morning I picked her up and headed home again, without Arthur.

I know in my heart what you might see in their pictures and video, they are showing horrific last days of my Sasse's life, Arthur scared and not eating, and more awful things I'm sure. I know without a doubt they declined quickly after being taken in the unprofessional way they were.

I have not had the courage to view this myself, probably will have to in court. I prefer to see them as they were the last time we were on the beach together, Arthur playing in the water and meeting people, and Sasse loving the warm sun on her body.

We did many things to keep her comfortable, that no one has ever ask us. It's a little too late for questions now.

She loved sunning on our patio, and smelling my coffee in the mornings.

Our whole world was about taking care of our dogs. Sasse was very thin, it's true, but we saw her through the eyes of love, and it was not time to turn out her bright light yet. That would be decided among our family, our church, our veterinarian's, and our many loving friends and neighbors.

Did we make a mistake taking her to the beach one final time?... I would have to say yes.

Did we ever starve, or be cruel to our animals?... No... never in a million years.

Our lives will never be the same, and all our pets belongings and food bowls are still in the same place they always were. Everything we do, everywhere we go, and everything we eat, will continue to remind us of Sasse & Arthur.

I write this letter in complete truth and without exaggeration. I hope someone will look beyond the awful pictures they are showing, and realize how much we loved our pets, and still do. You just don't take care of a pet for sixteen years plus, to take them to the beach to starve. It looks as if the cards are stacked against us, and they are, but until my last breath, I will continue to fight for Arthur, and what has happened to my Sasse. They did not deserve this horrible turn of events. They can label us what they will, but we and God know the truth.

We made a strong plea to request Arthur be moved to a neutral place of care, with many options that did not include being released to us, at our cost. Which again fell on deaf ears. We are pretty sure they are racking up quite a hotel bill for him. Our lawyer says they can say he needs a kidney transplant and we would have to pay for that also, if they wanted to. Our attorney's are not giving us much hope, we have had mention of some type of settlement... ?? that might happen in a few weeks or months. Not sure what that really means, I think it means they will whack us with a large vet bill and we would have to pay for that also, all we want is Arthur back.

So... we are waiting for a jury trial, and they keep Arthur until...??

We feel like we are trying to rescue our dog from the rescue. We have never been faced with anything this horrible before, and we are not one's to ask for help, but we would greatly appreciate any words of advice. If it hasn't already, we cannot let this happen to anyone else.

Please beware, if your traveling with young and fluffy dogs, you'll probably be fine, but if your a senior traveling with ageing animals "This could happen to you"!

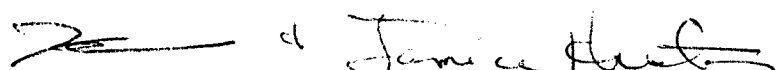
We discovered one of the best shelters in the nation, right here in our own backyard, where we don't treat vacationers with that type of abuse.

We continue to pray for respectable police, firefighters, teachers and all whom have dangerous jobs, all over the world.

They could have looked at our license plate to see we support our own "Indiana State Police", if they wanted to.

They saw what they wanted to see, and some did their jobs very badly.

Sadly and Sincerely, Awaiting your reply,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Janice Huth". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long horizontal line extending to the left.

Keith and Janice Huston

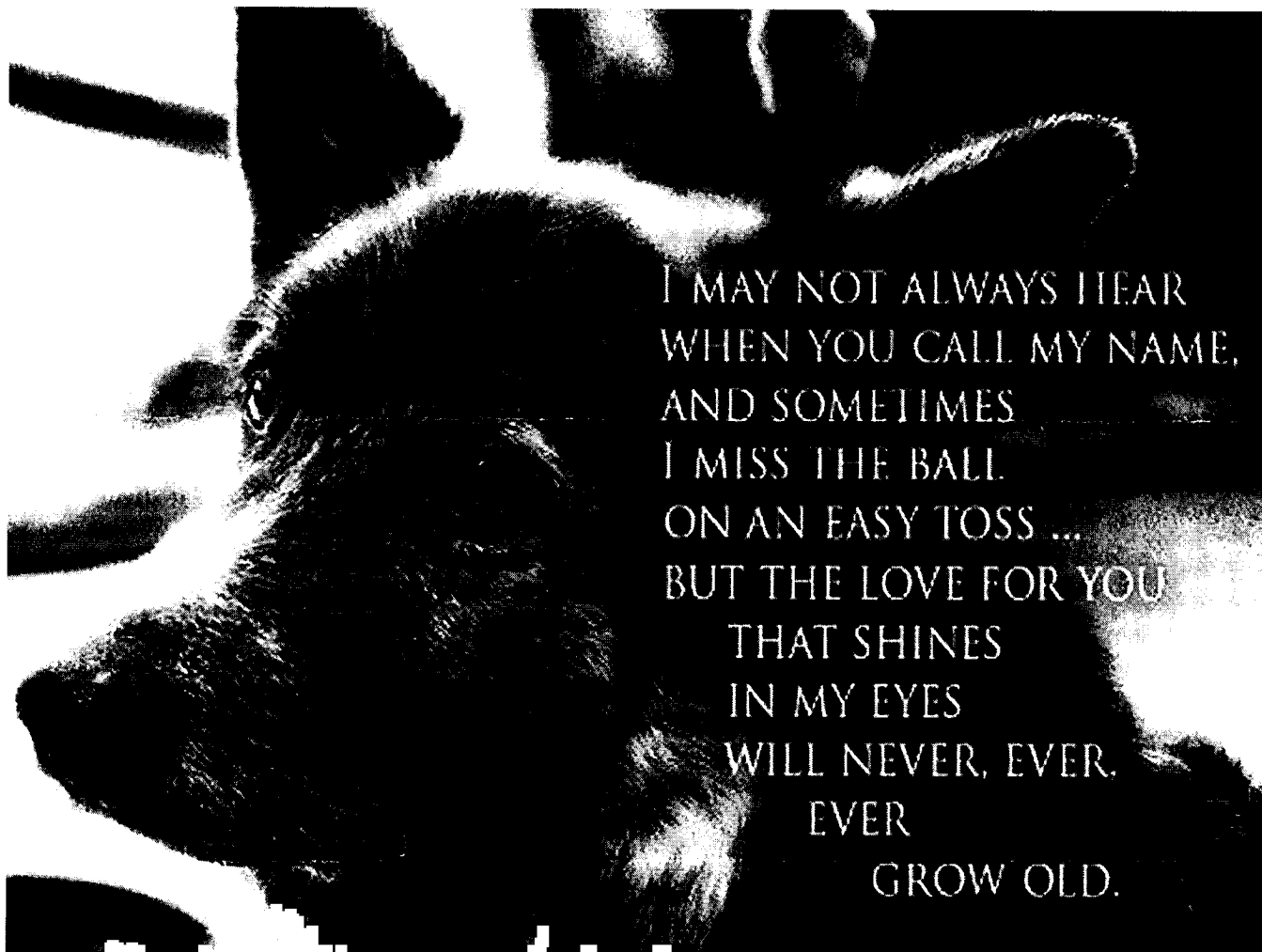


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I Am Not Old  
I am not old... she said  
I am rare,  
I am the standing ovation  
At the end of the play.  
I am the retrospective  
Of my life as art  
I am the hours  
Connected like dots  
Into good sense  
I am the fullness  
Of existing.  
You think I am waiting to die...  
But I am waiting to be found  
I am a treasure.  
I am a map.  
And these wrinkles are  
Imprints of my journey  
Ask me anything.  
- Samantha Reynolds  
Photo: Riitta Ikonen and Norwegian photographer  
Karoline Hjorth



I MAY NOT ALWAYS HEAR  
WHEN YOU CALL MY NAME,  
AND SOMETIMES  
I MISS THE BALL  
ON AN EASY TOSS ...  
BUT THE LOVE FOR YOU  
THAT SHINES  
IN MY EYES  
WILL NEVER, EVER,  
EVER  
GROW OLD.











