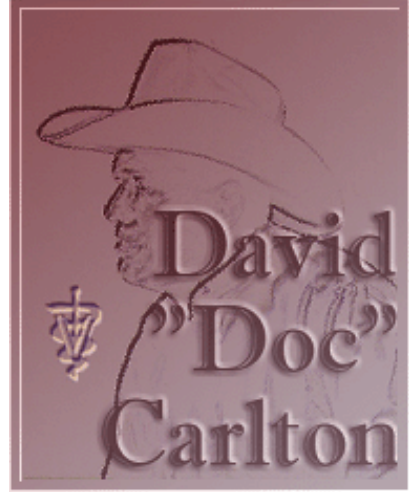


 **Doc**



**Entertainer,
Author
&
National
Keynote Presenter**

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**Promoting
Public Awareness
Veterinary Medicine
Agricultural Business
Pharmaceutical Sales
&
Health-Care Interest**

***Making Animal Health-Care
Better!***

*Dr. David "Doc" Carlton
17226 Stedman Dr. Dallas, Texas 75252
469-222-9177 Dr.c@Dallasdoc.net
www.DallasDoc.net*

 **Doc**



Profile

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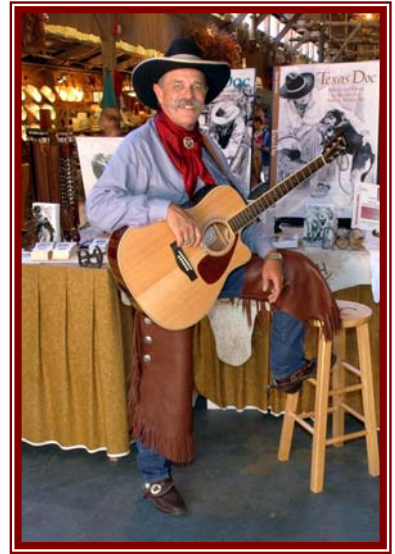
Dr. David Carlton, humorist, author, columnist & entertainer has addressed audiences of all types. Adapting his programs & his flair for storytelling to intrigue all ages – he is a “must see performer.”

David Carlton DVM shares a unique blend of down-home flavored real-life experiences in veterinary medicine to promote animal health-care and agriculture, as well as public awareness.

He has authored: “Dallas Doc” – All the City and Country Critters in the Life of a Texas-style Vet and “Texas Doc” – More Critters Stories in the Life of a Town ‘n Country Vet, “Hey Doc” – The Wonder of Animals from the Life Stories of a Texas Vet, “Country Doc” – More Tales from the life of a Texas Animal Doctor. He also co-authored: “Texas Pride” – Western Novel, 1880’s, a Frontier Woman’s survival, prophecy, & destiny, and “Home Again to Texas Roots” – a contemporary western romance novel.

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Doc



Background

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Dr. Carlton has been a practicing veterinarian for more than 30 years. From lavish penthouses to the barbed wire fences surrounding ranches larger than some states, he has mingled between silk-suits and dusty cowboy boots in droughts and blue-northers, to accumulate a vast array of experiences. Captivating and motivating audiences with a down-home message about animal and human interactions, he is “one entertainer you don’t want to miss”.

As an experienced banquet & convention performer, columnist and nationally acclaimed author, Doc addresses schools, professionals, and general audiences with humorous tales, cowboy poetry & song.

Professional Background

Bachelor of Science – Texas A & M University

Master of Science – Texas A & M University

Bachelor of Veterinary Science – Texas A & M University

Doctorate of Veterinary Medicine – Texas A & M University

Large & Small Animal Practitioner for over 3 decades

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What others are saying:

"One entertainer you don't want to miss. This author's presentation was fascinating for all ages."

*Beefmaster Breeders
United National Convention Banquet San Antonio, Tx*

"So many positive comments about your performance that I lost count, your presentation was entertaining and captivating."

*Arabian Horse Association
National Convention Banquet*

"Please come back next year! Outstanding Family entertainment."

*Marty Schmitt
Silver Dollar City
Branson, MO*

"Splendid Talk. Just about every kind of experience in the animal doctorin' trade. The kids loved it."

*Pat Beavers, Librarian
Cleburne, Tx – 6th Graders*

"Great Message! Heartfelt humor and professional performance."

*Virginia Vet. Med. Assoc State Conference,
Pres. Banquet, Roanoke Va.*

"Hilarious. I don't know any audience that would not benefit from your performance. Enjoyed your practical experiences, poetry & songs."

*Dr. Michael Johnson
Awarding Winning Author*

*Dr. David "Doc" Carlton
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Fees & Terms

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**Conference or Banquet Session – \$1,500
Public Library or Schools - \$500**

Additional Fees:

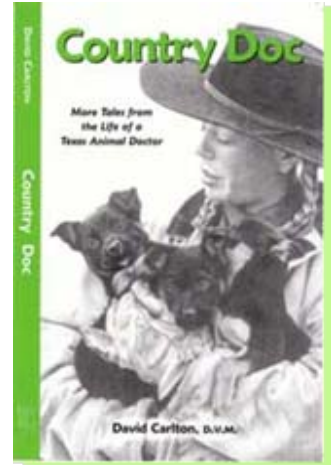
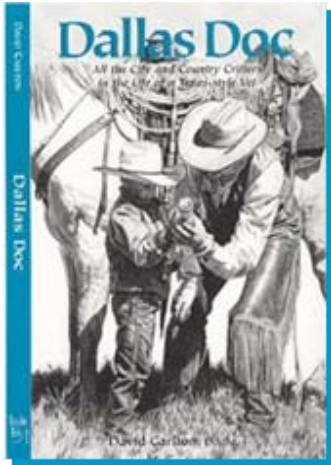
Personal Vehicle - .50 per mile plus \$50 per-diem.

Hotel – One non-smoking room secured by client, guaranteed for late arrival and billed to client.

Retail Sales - Accommodations for Book Signing and Selling Display Table will be provided after each performance.

No pre-payment is required. In the event of cancellation both parties agree to attempt to reschedule in good faith. Payment is due on conclusion of presentation, contingent on client satisfaction.

Doc's Books



Animal Vet Stories

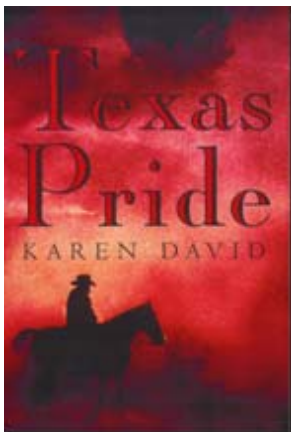
"...one of the more entertaining reads. A humdinger!"
Western Horseman Magazine

"...more like James Herriot's writing than anything I ever read. I couldn't put it down." Ward, D.V.M

Order your signed copies or Audio Books:
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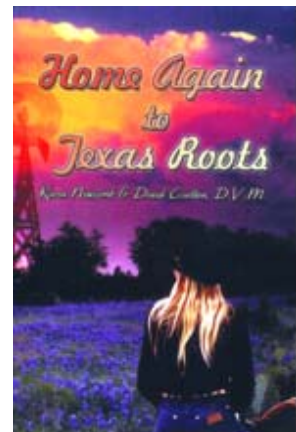
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Performance Media Packets
Email - Dr.C@Dallasdoc.net



Texas Pride
1800's Western Novel

Home Again to Texas Roots
Romance Novel





Dallas Doc

Miracle on Chigger Hill

Chapter

Review

... "Pa's got 'em ready", was our call to work. While we were preparing to tend to business on this first Thursday, seven tail-wrapped rumps greeted us--two sorrels, a bay, three Paints, and a black. From then on, the others blended into a blurred line. Six, sixteen, or forty-two mares would be circling the catch pen, while three, six, or nine mares would be standing in the examination stocks inside the breeding shed. I started from left to right. "Hold 'er tail to the side," I said, aiming a pipette to inseminate yet another of the dozens to be run into the stanchions. "We'll check 'er by sonogram in fourteen days...to see if she stuck. Next!"

Hutch moved three steps to his right, and raised the next sorrel mare's tail. We were moving through another orchestrated pregnancy exam when the worst sound known to a horseman shattered the air. GONG! GONG! Bobby Don was ringing the fire alarm bell. GONG! GONG! The huge iron bell rang disaster. It could be heard for miles. Chills shot up my spine. "Ohmigod...it's barn two!" Hutch yelled, dropping everything and sprinting for the doors. . .

... "FIRE! FIRE!" I hollered back.

"Cut 'em loose! Turn 'em out!" I heard Hutch and Bobby Don shouting.

Dr. Vest's voice rang out. "That barn's filled with mares and babies!"

His stride was longer than mine. Billowing clouds of dense, black smoke were boiling from the west end of barn aisles as I raced behind Dr. Vest. He followed Bobby Don and Hutch inside. Horses were whinnying in terror. Flames shot high in the sky from the shavings bin on the east end-- and I was stopped in my tracks by the intense heat of the inferno. My forearms raised to shield my eyes. I lost sight of my partner and the other men, but I could hear them unlatching gates and shoeing horses. Acrid smoke filled my lungs, and my eyes began burning as uncontrollable tears streaked down my cheeks. I choked and coughed, and jumped to the side of the entrance as a filly and colt, followed by a string of loose horses, blasted through the wall of shadows in a stampede of panic.

"Doc...Hutch...Bobby...", I cried out over the clatter of hooves. Roaring rumbles silenced any response. I heard another gate unlatch. "Doc...Bobby Don..." There was no reply. I yelled again and again. "Hutch...Doc..."

...find out the outcome in Chapter 1 of Dallas Doc.
(Excerpted with permission from Bridgeline Press 1-800-585-1488)



Texas Doc

Little MO

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...a muffled noise came from the treatment area-someone was sobbing. This was definitely an odd beginning to the morning...

...Then I saw her...hovering over a small cardboard box on the exam table. "Rachel?" Our receptionist quickly wiped her eyes, trying to regain her composure when she saw me. "...what's wrong?"

"...this...I found it on our doorstep when I came in. I'm so glad you're here early, Doc...'cause I sure can't bring myself to open it."

Loosely tied, the small unmarked carton had several irregular holes punched through it. The string slipped off easily, and I lifted the flimsy lid. A frayed, yellow towel covered something inside. Pulling up one corner of the cloth, still damp and cold from the night air, I eased it away from a huddled ball of fur, as Rachel whispered, "...a kitten?...is it...is it still alive?"...

The tiny calico looked like a fuzzy caterpillar. But at the feel of warmth...her mouth opened and she squeaked...

No one said another word. We'd been down this road before. Always in sync with one another, we each moved quickly to do what was necessary. Tracy fetched a warm towel from the dryer, and I began massaging vitality into the little life. Dr. Vest reached for the incubator and hooked oxygen lines to the glass womb, while Tracy rigged a tube-feeding apparatus to provide nourishment from baby formula...

The kitten was much too small to survive on her own. Vets everywhere face this type of decision almost daily. There were only two choices: 'go for broke' with ongoing treatments...or euthanasia. The 'logical' business decision supported.....

find out the ending in Texas Doc.

(Excerpted with permission from Bridgeline Press 1-800-585-1488)



Hey Doc

Chapter Review

DIRT POOR

I knew Hoss O'Brien better than he knew himself. The feedlot farmer, who seemed unable to pull himself up from the depths of poverty, had called the clinic to report a problem with his cattle. "My cows don't look so good, Doc...they've been losin' weight."

...As I pulled around the house near the backyard, two of O'Brien's eleven kids stopped their wrestling long enough to wave to me.

"Hoss, where did the cattle here come from?" I asked.

"South Texas," he proudly said, "...and I got one hell of a deal, too."

After scanning the herd, it didn't take me long to realize he'd been 'taken'. Three depressed cows Hoss had pointed out were dying in a standing position. And the farmer said, "Whatdya think, Doc...are they sick?"

...As I checked each animal, I saw that even the healthiest cattle were showing symptoms of a disease. The O'Brien's cattle had Anaplasmosis.

"Now, Doc...tell us true...what's this ana-stuff?"

I said, "Hoss, they get poor blood, run high fevers, quit eating and drinking, turn yellow from bad livers...and die."

"But where does it come from?" he asked.

"It's spread from animal to animal by direct mechanical transmission."

Looking confused, Hoss said, "But, Doc...my pickup ain't been runnin' lately."

...find out the outcome in Chapter 14 of HEY DOC.



Country Doc

So Much Change

... I could remember when Trinity Mills road was a gravel shortcut across cotton patches and sectioned fencerows on the prairie. At that time, four huge ranches, the Samuel, Rose Meadow, McKemy and Swinging D, surrounded the lands of eighty other large farms--- and my truck could rumble from horizon to horizon without stopping.

...Dusty cowpokes with sweat-stained, straw western hats, threadbare jeans and worn leather chaps had given way to slick-legged, nylon equestrian riding britches and couturier custom-designed shirts. Instead of rawhide reins and spurs, fashion conscious newcomers with one-acre, boutique-farms were strapping on velvet-covered hardhats and polished English saddles.

..."We've got to make a quick stop at the Rose Meadow Ranch to do a fertility check on a bull... then...."

Sal nodded in agreement, "There's still a ranch in this part of town?"

...Sal read the bold red painting on a metal sign hanging loosely from barbed wire. It said: WHOA! TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT ON SIGHT. QUESTIONS WILL BE ASKED LATER. He seemed worried, "Doc, this Mr. Grey...he knows we're comin'...right?"

...The Brangus bull slowly lumbered his massive body toward the examination catch-pen. "Real nice...ain't he?" bragged Grady Grey. Then he looked at me, frowning, "But, Doc...I'm afraid he might be sterile."

..."I'd call him big," remarked Sal, cautiously approaching the chute. "Gwad...look at the size of that beast."

See Chapter 9 in Country Doc to see how the Brangus bull responded to the fertility testing and what the crusty ol' rancher thought about the new, youthful city doctor, Sal Ward.

Chapter
Review



Reader's Comments

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"...more like James Herriot's writing than anything I ever read. I couldn't put it down."

Ward, DVM

"... one of the more entertaining reads. A humdinger!"

Western Horseman Magazine

"Heartwarming, heart tugging and funny – it's the perfect gift for everyone. Think Cleveland Amory meets Baxter Black."

Johnson, Animal Lover, Dallas

"I deeply enjoyed the books!! I have never read books that have changed my emotions so many times. There were parts when I was rolling on the floor and times when I was just about crying. Keep writing books!!!"

Anonymous 7th Grader

"A must read for anyone wanting to be a Vet."

Alan, Student, Kansas State

"I laughed out loud at the most entertaining tales."

Larry Powell

Dallas Morning News

"The author has created books of fun stories that any age can enjoy."

Richardson News



Texas Pride

Chapter Review

The man was dark and evil looking with high cheekbones and an arrogant, yet straight nose. An unsightly jagged scar began at his left temple and ran in a zigzag line down his face. He was Mestizo, the combination of Mexican and Indian common to west Texas. Lobo was standing over her. Alessandra inched her way to the edge of the bed. Her heart pounded wildly as she grabbed the blankets, pulling them tightly around her. She shouted angrily, “Did you kill my father?”

His eyes bore strangely through her, giving her an eerie sensation. “I have come to take you with me.” Lobo took her by the arm and jerked her to her feet where she was forced to stand before him. “You can’t stop what I must do.”

They rode for endless hours. It meant they were nearing Lobo’s village. Women and children appeared. Without a word he pulled Alessandra from the saddle and led her into one of the large tipis. First her father’s murder, then her kidnapping. She didn’t understand any of it. “I take you to see your grandmother,” Lobo said.

Alessandra couldn’t believe him. “My grandparents were Irish, they died in Ireland.”

“It is true of your father’s people, but not your mother’s,” he said.

The old woman looked like a full-blooded Indian, but she was now more dead than alive. “Granddaughter, I have been given a vision,” Blue Flower said. “Three times you will face the test. You will know three men as you have never known a man before. There is great danger, pain, hate and love. Beware. One will give you happiness and children.”

Texas Ranger Brandt Coleman first heard of Alessandra Shannahan’s kidnapping two days after the fact. What would be his fate? How would she survive the struggle, endure the prophecy, and fulfill her destiny?



Reader's Comments

Texas Pride

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"This book should be made in to a movie! I could not put it down."

Andrews, Amarillo, Texas

"Hardships and daring rescues provided a surprise ending to an engaging plot. It's a page-turner."

Don, Ruidoso, New Mexico

"Great depiction of a frontier woman's pride and courage. Excellent read."

Elizabeth, Okla. City, Oklahoma

"The best book I've read all year."

Wayne, St. Louis, MO.

"I read this book twice...it was so good! Are you sure this story isn't true? The authors' writing is so visual and real."

Barbara, Dallas, Texas



Home Again to Texas Roots

Chapter Review

Kristy Williams stood looking out her San Francisco office window where she said goodbye to the city she'd called home for the past seven years. Her gut was in her throat at the thought of being transferred to the Dallas office. Her reason for leaving Texas in the first place still lived there Nick Chandler, the love of her life and father of her six year-old daughter, Nicole, was married and settled in Dallas. And to complicate things, her mother fractured her ankle, which meant Kristy had to spend time at the Chandler ranch to help the family during recuperation....

...Her hand clasped the heart shaped necklace she'd worn around her neck from the day Nicki was born. It held a picture of a perfect imaginary family, her, Nick and Nicole...

...Even now, her body tingled at the thought of his calloused hard working hands stroking and exploring her body arousing her beyond what she thought capable....

...The next afternoon Kristy stood in a state of shock in the shadow of the barn as she watched small beads of sweat glisten off the steely naked back muscles of Nick 'Doc' Chandler. The sight of him left her stunned, gasping for air because she never expected to see him so soon....

...He had been summoned to the ranch. She could tell he was angry by the way he walked away from the colt just castrated. His spur rowels jingled as he knocked the dust from his chaps with his silver-bellied Stetson. What was it about him that made her love him so much? Why was he at the ranch? His veterinary practice was back in the city. He pulled his shirt off the corral fence and slipped it on. He hadn't changed, she mused....

...When Nick looked up at the cowboys sitting on the fence, he shook his head and mounted his horse. The only difference around the cattle pens between today and 1894 was the model of pickup trucks parked along side the watering tank, and who now called the shots.

What would be the outcome?