



**“Raleigh” and “Quigley”  
Greene of Crescent City**

# “Dobie Doings”



2946 Young Road

Fillmore, Ca 93015

Phone (805) 524-5102

[www.DobiesandLittlePawsRescue.org](http://www.DobiesandLittlePawsRescue.org)

E-mail: [dobierescue@earthlink.net](mailto:dobierescue@earthlink.net)



**“Dewey” Manning of Goleta**

**Ardis Braun**-Director **Colleen Anderson** -Webmaster & Graphic Designer **Dennis Bolton** - Printer

We seem to have struck a chord with our readers when we’ve shared poignant stories sent by our adopters over the years. We enjoy these at least as much as you do; they are treasure to us! In rescue there are many disappointments, like when we commit to taking a dog from an animal shelter and the dog is euthanized by accident, or we have a dog that through no fault of his or her own never gets a home, or a dog that does get a home but one where the gardener leaves the gate open and the dog gets out and is never seen again or is seen, but as road kill. Our hearts break regularly over incidents like these, so when we read your wonderful stories, it helps to cancel out the small percentage of tragic outcomes that are inevitable with large numbers of rescue animals. We’ll try to print one or two of your stories in each newsletter, space permitting.

The Orange County pet expo was attended by several of our volunteers and quite a few of our adopters and fans. Though we don’t usually adopt dogs out directly from events like these (because of fear of “impulse buying”), there typically are one or two leads which turn into adoptions as a result of our attending them. This year was no exception.

We have very exciting news to share. To start at the beginning: four years ago our kennel license came up for renewal, and as is the case with all kennels, there are requirements of various kinds, and there are limits to the number of dogs that an approved kennel can house. Since we are a no-kill facility, there are quite a number of dogs that aren’t very adoptable (I would say NEVER

adoptable, except we’ve learned never to say “never”) for medical reasons, behavioral reasons, or just old age, that were not only occupying kennels that should house adoptable dogs at our ranch adoption facility, but these long-termers were also confined to kennels of 120 square feet or less except for exercise periods and walks.

So about the time of our kennel license renewal, we purchased – very cheaply and on terms we could handle – 15 acres of property in the high desert, with a little house on it, a well, and the nearly automatic approval of a Special Use Permit to house 15 dogs. Our Colleen Anderson moved to that property with “sanctuary” dogs and has lived there continuously these past four years, giving the dogs a more fulfilling quality of life than they could have here in Fillmore.

During that time, we were exploring the possibility of obtaining a kennel license there for a larger number of dogs, but we finally realized the impossibility of that when the county required expenditures of effort and money that simply were not doable for us, like widening a highway to put in right- and left-turn lanes.

Then, about a year ago, the former owner of our existing property offered us an additional 15 acres adjacent to it, again ridiculously inexpensive and on terms we could afford – especially since it’s just land with nothing on it. We determined from the county that, with a house on that property, we would be able to acquire another Special Use Permit for an additional 15 dogs, which would provide a location we could use for rehabilitation of otherwise-adoptable dogs.

One of our board members who chooses not to be named at this time provided the money to a well-respected builder of manufactured homes (read “mobile homes”) who would build a house to the county’s specifications, and a contractor who would install it. As this is written, that process is nearly complete! We are so delighted to be able to offer these facilities to 15 sanctuary dogs – who otherwise would have less space and attention – to live out their years, as well as to a like number of dogs needing rehab to help them on their way to permanent homes. Many of the dogs in sanctuary and rehab are free-roamers on fenced acreage, as are many also here in Fillmore, with the most lucky living indoors with Colleen or me and getting lots of extra privileges.

Have a wonderful summer, and don’t forget to take extra precautions on the 4th of July with your pets, especially if you have a new pet and don’t yet know how he or she will react to loud noises.

Happy Tails,  
*Ardis Braun*



his forever family, not just his foster family. We want to make any remaining years he has left the most comfortable and enjoyable. Even though he’s an amazing dog, given his age and skin condition we just don’t see him getting a fair shot at being

adopted and, quite frankly, we just love him too much to let him go.”

**TRISCUIT,**

a little sweetie we almost didn’t rescue in time from an upstate animal shelter, lives with Diane and William Grist of Ventura. Just before we went to press, we received this from them:

“One day shortly after we got her I told her that she was a very foxy girl and she got so excited and happy we decided that

her real name is Foxy. She is the sweetest, happiest little baby girl and we love her totally. Foxy loves to cuddle in bed and get under the covers, she also really enjoys our walks together, she bounces down the street when we go out.

Thank you Ardis for saving this precious puppy so that she could come and brighten our lives!!”



**ADOPTION UPDATES**

Three of the six dogs featured in our last newsletter were adopted!

**PETE,**

who is now called Georgie, one of a trio of unwanted little dogs from a local resident, has a wonderful new home with Rosa Maria Klaus of Montecito. From her recent e-mail:

“Here is a picture of Georgie and I. He is the most beloved dog for all the Montecito clients and stores around. Georgie is such a good boy. I was so lucky to have found him. Thank you so much for all your help.”



**DUKE,**

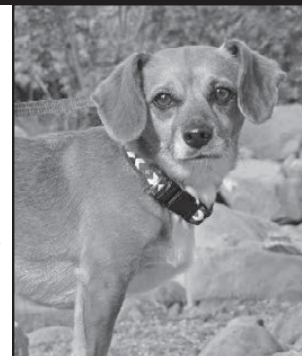
one of our favorite seniors, a blue Dobie with the typical crummy blue-Dobie coat, was adopted by Kevin Holden and Stephen Parks of Encino. From their last e-mail:

“When we decided to become a foster family for dogs we had every intention of trying to help as many dogs as possible for a number of years to come. Duke was our first foster and I’m sorry to say that he may very well be our last. That’s because we absolutely love him and would like to be

**WAITING FOR HOMES**

**CHLOE**

is a fairly new little girl weighing about 20 pounds that was turned in to an animal shelter by her owners. She kept getting out of their yard because she was lonely and it wasn’t very secure. Sweet Chloe is about 5 years old and we think she is a Beagle/Doxie mix who sticks to her owner like super glue. She can be shy at first, even watchdoggy, but she warms up quickly and loves to snuggle. Chloe would gladly nap the day away on the couch and go for walks around the neighborhood. We’re hoping that a forever home isn’t far away because she is so deserving of one that will love and appreciate her.





## DOMINIC

is an adorable, although slightly unusual-looking, red Dobie mix with cropped ears and a natural tail. We don't usually see this ear/tail combination but in our experience, some people crop and don't dock their dogs because they love the cropped-ear look but find that long tails help dogs swim better since they're used as rudders. We don't know Dominic's history, but he does know "sit" and he is eager to please. He has been good with most of the other dogs he has met.



For a fun-loving owner willing to put in some training and one who wants the most interesting-looking dog on the block, Dominic could be the ideal dog.

## CHIPPER

resembles a miniature Yellow Labrador Retriever but is more likely a combination of Terrier types, with the typical feistiness often displayed by Terriers. Though he's quite scrappy with some male dogs, he's tolerant of females. Chipper should be fine with older kids, and he's certainly fine with adults. He was chosen for us by a shelter volunteer as being very deserving of rescue. Chipper is about 2 years old and weighs 19 pounds, and he'll protect your yard.



## MONA'S

animal shelter aged her at one year almost a year ago, but our opinion is that she's a couple of years past that.



She is lively and affectionate, with a sweet and outgoing spirit. Mona is on the small side at 50-some pounds, and we've partnered her with a male whom she mostly gets along with except when he gets too overbearing. We think she would tolerate most social males fairly well.

## EBONNIE

was found as a stray but we can't imagine why anyone would let this cutie get away. She is a youngster of only one year old who weighs about 18 pounds, with the energy to match but a heart of gold. She is loving, affectionate, social and playful so we think she would make a wonderful addition to a loving family.



## CICI

Cici is an amazing older girl who has captured our hearts during her short time with us. She was at an animal shelter and wasn't doing very well so they asked that we take her in. She is probably about 7 years old but she is in pretty good shape. Like most aging dobies, she does have some fatty lumps but they are nothing to worry about and don't hinder her at all.



She gets around nicely, has a healthy appetite and she is such an easy keeper. So far she has proven to be wonderful with other dogs, not competitive, and familiar with living in a home. While we never want to guarantee a dog is housebroken, she certainly has manners that suggest she knows how to behave in the house. Cici can be quite shy with new people and in new surroundings but she lives for people she knows and it doesn't take long to earn her love. After one day (and a little chicken), she was following us around like she had known us her whole life and she is a true "velcro Dobie." Cici deserves a loving home, a big dog bed, and some TLC for the rest of her life.

## TAZ

came to us from an owner that was moving, in 2013. He's a pedigreed dog with a d.o.b. of 2-10-08. We have all been fond of Taz; he has an endearing habit of trying to look adorable by carrying toys, blankets, and dishes in his mouth to call attention to himself. One of our (male) kennel people commented many months ago that Taz can be unpredictable and a little "weird," but more recently he's been kenneled in



a group cared for by a woman, and she has seen no such odd behavior. It's possible Taz is more comfortable with women. His previous owner said he is good with other dogs and kids, and he is tolerant of the female dog he's kenneled with most of the time. We'd love to see Taz have his own home after 1 1/2 years, preferably with a confident adult woman as his new owner.

## A NEW CHALLENGE

by Colleen Anderson

With each new foster dog comes a new challenge and a new lesson. Just when I start to believe that I have seen and handled it all, a dog comes along and manages to show me just how much I have yet to learn. Just before the first of this year, I took in a new foster girl named Allie that managed to do just that. She made such an impact on me and I am happy to say that she got the fairytale ending she always deserved.

We were contacted on Facebook by a local networker who was trying to find a rescue to take in an abandoned, fearful, 7-month-old Dobie girl. She was in boarding when another rescue that had committed to taking her backed out, so she was in danger of going to a high-kill shelter if no one stood up for her. We had room for a female and we were no stranger to frightened dogs so we gladly offered to take her. Besides, how bad could a puppy be? I must admit that I took people's warnings that she was really fearful with a grain of salt because we find that so many Dobermans

continued on page 6





**"Mindy" and  
"Mork"  
Forleo of  
Cupertino**



**"Nova" Targownik of Los Angeles**



**"Desmond"  
Coari of Los  
Angeles**



**"Gracie"  
Parker-  
Van Zyl  
of Los  
Angeles**



# HAPPY ADOPTERS!

**"Mashie" and "Medwin"  
Damico of Whittier**



**"Boris"  
Verga of  
Simi Valley**



**"Dibu"  
Hunter of  
Palmer,  
Alaska,  
with friend  
Ethan  
Welch**

**"Bella" Cavalli-Baratta of Fillmore**







**"Red" Cash of Los Angeles**



**"Gunny" and "Major" O'Hara  
of San Diego**



**"Jack" and "Max"  
Chism of South Lake  
Tahoe**



**"Max" Moran of  
Newport Beach**



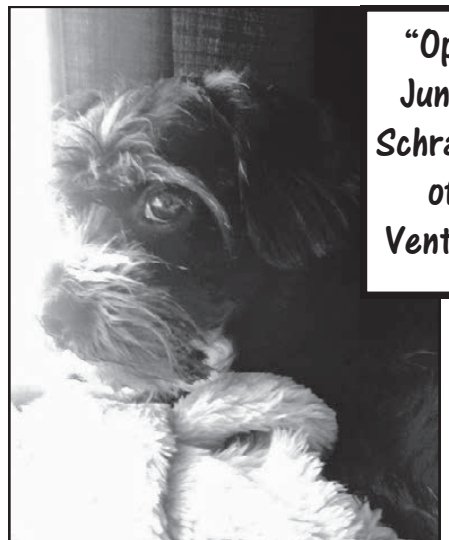
**"Aggie" Kaplan of Los  
Angeles, with Debby**



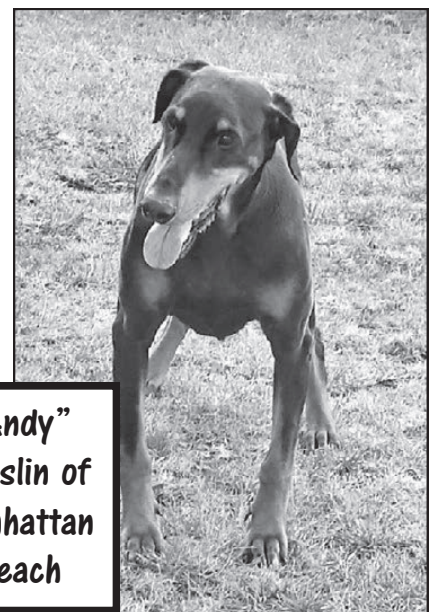
**"Mercedes" Landry  
of Lancaster**



**"Meggie" Baker of Orange**



**"Opal  
June"  
Schrader  
of  
Ventura**



**"Andy"  
Meislin of  
Manhattan  
Beach**



are poorly evaluated by people that just don't understand the breed. Well, I wasn't quite prepared for this girl. I walked into her kennel and she immediately screamed, barked, growled, urinated, and defecated while desperately trying to get as far away from me as possible. I couldn't even look at her without getting a fearful but kind of aggressive reaction, and touching her was completely out of the question. I managed to get a rope leash on her and slowly made my way out of the kennels and to the car with her fighting me every inch of the way. Once we finally managed to get her into a crate and into the car I was starting to second guess myself. What was I going to do with this dog? How am I going to handle this dog?



Allie: Day 1

Allie, named by one of our Facebook followers that donated towards her vet bill, was clearly not a dog that could be kenneled. I knew that without forcing her, she needed to be in close proximity to me in order to learn how to trust me. The challenge was, I couldn't move her from point A to point B, even around the house. She had a full blown panic attack when she simply saw the leash so I couldn't use it as a tool and luring her with food was only mildly successful. She did seek out attention in a day or two, slowly coming out of her shell and allowing a certain amounts of affection. Each day brought more victories and before I knew it, I was getting kisses and snuggles constantly. She became more comfortable with her surroundings and soon was able to go in and out of the house freely without reservation.

I knew that her happily-ever-after all depended on her finding a forever home. My concern was that her popularity on our Facebook page, her young age, and her beauty would bring forward a lot of adopters that weren't necessarily prepared for or equipped to handle her behavior. So often fearful dogs do revert back to negative behaviors when the environment they're comfortable in changes. I was thrilled when a couple that had adopted from us several times in the past, came forward and sent me a message. They couldn't get Allie out of their minds and they had previous experience with fearful dogs. I knew their home was exactly what Allie needed! Their busy schedules kept them from being able to take her home for 2 weeks and that was okay because I knew we had one major obstacle that I still wanted to conquer before she left. The leash.

As sweet as Allie was with me at that point, the trust we developed over the next two weeks made all the difference. She got to a place where all of her fearful triggers completely melted away and I knew it was time to give the leash a try again. We took it slow but the weeks of trust work that I had done paid off and the walk went surprisingly smoothly. She walked without pulling, without shutting down, and even had an adorable curiosity of the world around her. I knew then that she was ready to move on and settle in to a forever home to call her own.

That Saturday when she went to the rescue for our open house and to meet her new owners, she was well behaved in the car. Once there, my fears were realized when all the new people and dogs around caused her to revert back to some of her old ways. The screaming, peeing, and complete shut down reared its ugly head and it took some firm patience to get her to calm down. I spent lots of time with her new owners so I could help them get to know her and learn to deal with her behaviors. The patience Stacey and Brian Soares showed that day was beautiful. It was clear that all they wanted to do was give her a big hug and tell her everything was going to be okay but Allie wasn't ready so they gave her the space she needed. We took her on a walk with Brian taking the leash and worked towards managing her tantrums. After some long talks and some helpful hints we loaded Allie up into the car, onto a comfy bed, and sent her on her way. I knew her success all depended on Stacey and Brian now and I prayed that they could manage those first few days when Allie could be at her worst. No matter how much work we do with the dogs that end up in our care, they are never truly fixed and the work needs to continue in their new forever homes. Dedicated owners that can make it through the hard days are crucial to helping rescue dogs stay in their forever homes, and I think it was nothing short of a miracle that Allie was scooped up by the Soares'. With their patience, love, and a little help from their other Dobies, Allie has become the silly, affectionate, and happy girl she was always meant to be. Here are a few words from Stacey:

"We were so excited to finally take her home; however, when we first met her we thought 'oh boy, what did we get ourselves into.' But we had covered all the 'what ifs' in our conversations in the previous two weeks, and knew this would just take all the effort we anticipated. Allie would be the 6th Dobie to come into our lives, and we had probably seen everything over the years, but meeting her was a tad bit intimidating. Her transformation in the next few days was simply astonishing. The fur-covered razor blade we met turned into the most loving and snuggly dog we had ever known. I don't know if there is enough kisses, hugs, and snuggles to satisfy Allie. She is the first one to greet us at the door and snuggles in to put us to bed. The once fearful dog is fearless - leaping into our arms, exploring every corner of the house and yard, and chasing the three other dogs with reckless abandon.

She has taught us that the biggest risk yields the biggest reward. Most of all thank you to Dobies and Little Paws for taking the chance on her (and our other two from them). Without them we would have never known there was a missing member of our furry family."

Allie's journey was such an amazing experience for me. Although I am no stranger to special needs dogs and those



Allie (on the right) with Sasha



I want to support Doberman Pinscher and Little Paws Rescue!  
 I am making the following contribution:  
 ( ) \$100. ( ) \$50. ( ) \$20. ( ) \$10.  
 I am enclosing the best gift I can: \$\_\_\_\_\_

**Please charge my Visa, Discover, American Express or MasterCard!**

Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Please return this form with your contribution  
 Your contribution is tax deductible (Federal I.D. #77-0357865)  
 We also have PayPal  
 100% of your contribution goes directly to benefit the animals.

with behavioral problems, it's always exciting to meet one that truly challenges me. I was not entirely ready for Allie but I am eternally grateful for all she taught me and all the love she gave me. She will never be forgotten.

## HAPPY UPDATES

On May 12, 2014, we placed a dog with the Lay family of Ventura. We had at that point had "Major" for quite a few months because he was impounded at an animal shelter for having bitten someone, and many adopters won't consider a dog with a bite history. We had learned that the dog had been teased and was, in our opinion, pretty blameless, and he was so absolutely wonderful during his stay with us that it was hard to imagine him being that aggressive with anyone, ever.

Patricia Lay filled out the adoption paperwork and they took Major home that day. There was an early report that he was doing well, and then a couple of months ago, we got a heartwarming story from Glaen Redeker, the daughter of the adopters, who wanted to share their very special story.

### **A HEALER AND A GENTLEMAN**

by Glaen Redeker



"My parents adopted Major, a seven-year-old Doberman Pinscher mix, on a Saturday afternoon. They took him back to Ventura where he saw his new house and his new backyard with a garden and a pond. They showed him around and got him ready to settle into his new home and his new life. That same night my mother had a stroke. It was the first of two she would have that week.

Over the next few days we were busy with hospital visits. Major was given meals and a couple of quick walks but not too much attention- not as much as he deserved. We were all very distracted and he didn't get the homecoming we had planned. But, to his credit he didn't fuss. He was calm, polite and kept to himself. Other dogs could have been nervous or

problematic but he gave us the space we needed to take care of our family. Looking back, I believe his attitude was exemplary. And, though it might sound funny, I would say he handled the whole situation like a gentleman.

The first time he ate it was was out of my hand. After trying a few things we discovered that he liked peanut butter. We were so happy when he licked it off my fingers because it was the first thing he had eaten in two days. He must have been stressed but he didn't show it. In fact, most of the time he greeted us with smiles. I never thought that one of those freakish, toothy grins would look so adorable. We'd never had a smiling dog before and it just made us melt.

Over the following months, his personality emerged. Our calm and quiet dog started running outside and exploring his big garden. He stared for hours (literally) at a big pile of rocks waiting for lizards. He stood by the pond watching the coy fish and gray doves that flew overhead. He seemed to really love it and we wondered if he had ever had his own backyard before. It was a place of never ending fascination for him and an absolute delight for us to see him so happy.

When he wasn't outside, he was usually lying next to the sofa where my mom rested. She would put her hand on his head and stroke his ears. He would raise his head up and close his eyes. It would go on like that for long periods of time and the two of them were just in heaven with each other. My mom's doctor wanted her to remain flexible so we got a couple of yoga mats and sat down to do some stretches on the living room floor. After about two minutes Major would come





Doberman Pinscher Rescue  
 2946 Young Road  
 Fillmore, California 93015

Non-Profit Org.  
 U.S. Postage  
**PAID**  
 Santa Clarita, Ca  
 Permit #172

**RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED**


and lie down on the mat next to my mom. This made it impossible for her to stretch but it also made her really happy and she would laugh every time he did it...which was every time we got out the mats. Her spirits were low at the time but his sweetness lightened the whole situation and was, I believe, an important part of her healing process.

That was almost a year ago. Nowadays he can be seen running at the dog park with me six mornings a week or playing ball with my mom in the backyard before dinner. He oversees my stepdad while he works on the garden and regularly patrols the fence line for squirrels and raccoons. He's a busy guy.

In the beginning, we had no way of knowing how special he was and what a huge part of our lives he would be. Most of all, we had no idea that he would become a good friend to each of us, which he has. At different times each of us would say that he's 'my dog.' But he really belongs to each of us in different ways. And we belong to him too.

Earlier today my mother reminded me that he can regularly be found outside in his garden lying in a bed of orange and yellow nasturtiums.

Boy, he's really got the life.

But, then again, so do we. We've got him." 

**...AND ONE MORE LOVE STORY, FOR GOOD MEASURE**

from Carolyn Ripper, now of Bremerton, Washington:

"Dear Ardis and all,

This email is being sent a full TEN YEARS after I came there to adopt a little dachshund shepherd mix named Lucky. I recall coming to Dobies and Little Paws to meet my guy. He was there barking away with 2 other dogs in the pen. I was invited to offer him a little packet of wet food under a tree. He would not eat it--he has always refused treats in public. :) But I remember picking him up and setting him down into my lap, and feeling him relax against me, and that from that point on,

he was my dog. We named him Lochie (a small change from Lucky). His name means "Lad of the lakes". Now, here is the part where I thank you for giving me the most wonderful dog I have ever met. Lochie and I have a connection way beyond words. He talks to me so eloquently with his eyes. He is smart, funny, and compassionate. If I cry, he licks away my tears. He is a best friend in a way that surpasses human connection. I know his canine loyalty is forever. Thank you thank you for bringing me my very best friend for life. He is one of the best things about our family. When our son was born, Lochie slept that first night at home on the bed, with his head resting on our son's feet. Words won't ever get it right. Just know the profound effect Lochie has had on all of us. Here is a photo taken at the park. Many, many thanks."



**PARTING SHOT**

"Bella" Goldstein of Camarillo



**Funny the things you can find in donation boxes!**