



**“Jackie Brown” Reesman
of Studio City**

“Dobie Doings”



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“Milou” Collin of Ventura

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

We are constantly amazed at how many of you keep up with our news on an almost-daily basis on our Facebook page and our web site. For those of you who don't, though, here's a little of our recent news.

Our raffle on October 21 was great fun, but there were only about 20 of us, and we would truly love to see more of you at these events. Our June raffle was much more successful financially because we featured the 50-50 “pot,” where the winner is entitled to keep the half they win. In that raffle, the winner chose to keep it. So this time we didn't initially offer the 50-50; it was available only at the actual event. The downside was that we sold very few tickets. More people are interested in winning money, obviously, than any of the prizes. But we did make about \$400, which pays for a week's worth of dog food, and every bit helps.

The atmosphere at the Wirtshaus in Hollywood, where our last raffle was held, was wonderful. Bjoern Risse and Christy Jackson, the owners – and also adopters of one of our lovely young male Dobies – took good care of everyone and showed off their beautiful and well-behaved Dobie, Schnitzel. Colleen also brought one of our hopeful Dobies, Gregory, and her two-legged small soon-to-be therapy dog, Hero. These two were very tired by day's end.

Paula Cwikly will be having her annual Deck the Halls With Bones and Balls holiday party fundraiser for us on December 16th. (Please check our web site or call Paula closer to the date, just in case of a last-minute emergency.)

It's held at her beautiful home in Toluca Lake and features great company, good food, drinks, and holiday cheer. Please mark it on your calendar now and join us, and RSVP Paula at pcwikly1@earthlink.net or call her at 818-985-5698 to let her know you'll be attending so she can send you an e-vite with time and location. She asks for no gifts for herself, only a nice gift for our dogs.

Please, please send us holiday pictures of your dogs all decked out for the season, or even just plain old everyday pictures. Much of the time the day you take your dog home is the last time we see him or her, so we love your updates and pictures. Have a wonderful holiday season!



Sincerely,

Ardis Braun

ADOPTION UPDATES

This time it's good news and bad news. The good news is that four of the dogs featured in our last newsletter were adopted; the bad news is that three of them were returned (all three small dogs). T-Rex, our Chihuahua-Beagle mix, was returned for being skittish and not being housebroken; Gracie, our Cavalier King Charles Spaniel mix, was returned for being dog-aggressive on leash; and Sandy, our Cairn Terrier mix, was returned for aggression toward small dogs (having escaped their yard a few times and also being overprotective on leash).

but **CASH**,

one of our shelter favorite Dobies, was adopted by Dr. Jeff Callahan of Ventura, and this adoption is everything we hoped for!

At first Jeff and his neighbors were very happy about Cash: his house manners, how “classy and mellow,” and how non-destructive he is, but Jeff became frustrated that Cash would not come when called. Then he made an important discovery: his Dobie hated his name!



His daughters suggested calling him “Irish,” and he comes immediately now, goes outside, and acts very connected.

From Jeff’s recent e-mail: “He is doing great, very attentive to me, comes as called always, plays a lot and rough too, he’s a great dog, and never ever even had a hint that he might bite....His change at becoming a real partner and house dog has been dramatic in a very short time, and he eats like there is no tomorrow...and leisurely strolls to HIS sofa and catches some TV with me....”

Because you taught him to love and trust, he has developed into one of the best Dobies I’ve ever had. God bless you and your work to save them.”

WAITING FOR HOMES

SHELDON

could also be called Linus, since he is never without a crunched-up basketball in his mouth. This dog was terribly emaciated when rescued from an animal shelter. He had a full workup at a vet office to make sure he wasn’t dying of some dreaded disease, but



what he needed was mostly groceries. Sheldon has gained about 25 pounds and is still lean at about 80 pounds. He’s a tall, nice-looking black and tan Dobie who may be happiest as the only dog, though he may be able to live with a large undominant female, as long as he wouldn’t have to compete for food.

MIMOSA

is a small girl rescued from a high-kill shelter in an out-of-the-way area. She is probably Chihuahua and Italian Greyhound, or some such mix. She weighs 9 pounds and is about a year old, happy, friendly, and dog-social. This little lady will brighten anyone’s day!



BEEZER

came from the same animal shelter as Mimosa at a time when they were seriously overcrowded. He’s



a bouncy, happy little guy that is larger than a Chihuahua and has more fur...soft fur, which makes us think he may be part American Eskimo. Beezer is just under 2 years old and weighs 12 pounds. He has bunked with other small dogs of both sexes without problems.

EAVIE

is a truly sad dog at our kennel. Her elderly owner was unable to care for her, so she was turned in to an animal shelter, where she more or less shut down. She is a very tall 6-year-old blue Dobie with the so-so coat typical of blues, and she is quite underweight from being miserable enough to not want to eat. Eavie had lived with another dog in the home that relinquished her, so we believe she can live with other dogs. We have not yet gotten a tail wag from her.



CINNAMON

is a dog we were sort of talked into, but we aren't sorry. There were many small dogs at an overcrowded little San Diego-area high-kill animal shelter, and a special plea was put out by one of their volunteers, which we forwarded to rescue friends that primarily rescue little stuff. They committed to four but didn't have foster homes for four, so they leaned on us to take little Cinnamon, a Chiweenie, as Dachshund-Chihuahua mixes are affectionately called. She's great! About 2-3 years old, lives in our cattery, social with other dogs, and greets everyone – strangers and all – with a waggy tail and happy dance.



TIP

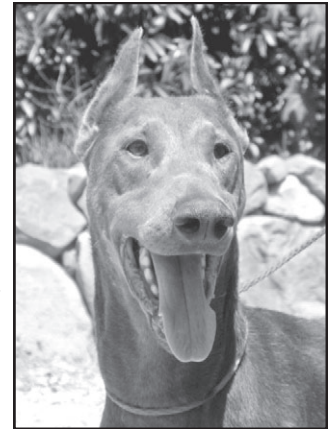
is a dog we took in a few years ago, whose circumstances we don't recall at this time. We placed him promptly with a rancher, where he spent about three years, until he developed a taste for baby chicks and full-grown chickens. The chickens were more important to the rancher than Tip was, so he's back and looking for another home. He's probably about 6 years old now, housebroken, and good with female dogs that don't bug him too much or challenge him for food. He has argued with several males while free-roaming our rescue property, but only one female. Tip is Border Collie and possibly Bernese Mountain Dog or Lab.



GUERRO

is a very handsome blue Dobie boy, except for his patchy coat. (His skin is healthy!) He's 3 years old, tall and slender, and he's on the independent side,

rather than being overly needy. We don't think Guerro is naturally aggressive, but he doesn't much care for other males dominating him, and he would probably be just as happy being the only dog. He was turned in to an animal shelter a number of months ago because his family could no longer care for him.



MIRACLES HAPPEN (LUCKY ME!)

When you're involved in rescuing dogs for over 25 years as I (Ardis) have been, you have a LOT of opportunities to fall in love with truly wonderful dogs. Almost all the time, if a dog is a great dog, he or she is quite adoptable. Even those that are lacking in good looks we try to "showcase" in order to make potential adopters aware of how good they are. So the dogs we tend to end up with long-term are those with behavioral and physical challenges (and the old ones, many of whom have ended up getting old at our no-kill sanctuary BECAUSE of behavioral and physical problems).

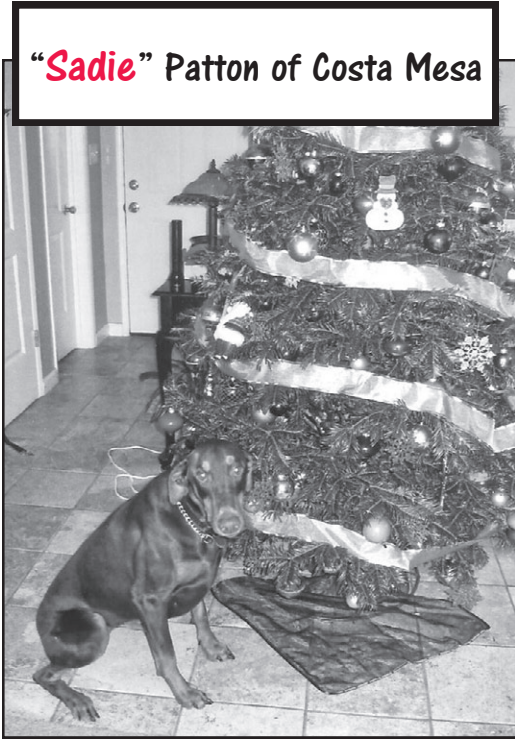
All that being the case, we rescuers rarely "keep" really good dogs for ourselves, reasoning that we could just as easily assimilate a less-adoptable dog into our homes and love them just as much. Sometimes. If the connection is truly there and mutually felt.

It so happened that about three years had elapsed a few years ago between the time my doggie soul mate, Jake, died ~ and the time I gave my heart to another dog. Though red male Dobermans have always had the edge for me, my new dog was Elfrida, a red female. She had been kenneled here for a couple of years with people hardly noticing her because she isn't a looker, and she isn't one to go all waggy and wiggly-butt to any stranger that approaches. One day I needed a kennel badly, so I let Elfrida out to be a free-roamer on six acres I fenced in for social dogs' enjoyment. Elfrida blended in beautifully, but a few months later, when the rains started, she stood in my front yard soaked to the bone, watching me eat my breakfast. I said, "Oh, for heaven's sake, you'd better come in!" And that was the start of a new love affair with a wonderful dog who was at that time about 8 years old.

And I still love her madly. My home has accommodated a few others who have trickled in through my doggie door, but this article really is about PJ, the newest love of my life, and he IS a red male!



“Brandi” and “Max”
Christensen of Newbury Park



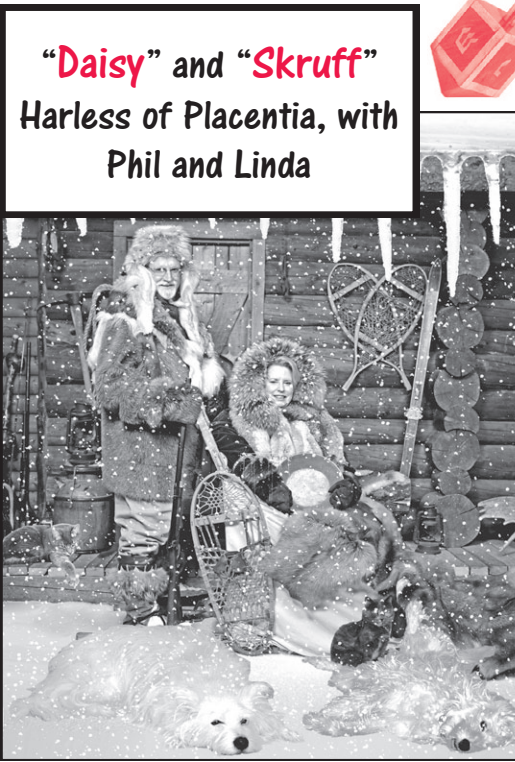
“Sadie” Patton of Costa Mesa



“Red” Derbyshire of
Thousand Oaks



“Romeo,” “Cisqo,”
“Tinkerbell” and “Prince”
Andrews of West Hills



“Daisy” and “Skruff”
Harless of Placentia, with
Phil and Linda



“Hunter” McMurray
of Newhall



“Jackson”
and **“Lily”**
Perez-Monje
of Tustin,
with Santa



“Ozzie”
Wells of
Nipomo



"Justis" and **"Jaylin"** Curlee -Dominski of Encinitas, with Debra and Candace

"Buttler" Jackson of Cody, WY with Kevin



HAPPY HOLIDAYS ADOPTEES!

"Tyler" Woolford of Rancho Cucamonga



"Buddy" McMullen of Oxnard, with Michele

"Raleigh" Greene of San Diego



"Shadow" Brown of Camarillo, with Santa



"Morgan" and **"Emme"** Smith-Weber of Porter Ranch



"Fred," "Jack," and **"Kylie"** Ball of La Canada Flintridge



"Vandi" and **"Jolie"** Amon of Sylmar





In mid-September there were two dogs we didn't have room for at the high-kill Bakersfield shelter, and they were very much at risk: a young fawn female Dobie we named Mia, and a middle-aged red male. Both were strays.

We finally had a very good adoption weekend and were in a position to take these two, so on Sunday I called Beth Mariana, our Bakersfield shelter volunteer, and told her we could take the two dogs. She phoned the shelter manager, Rick Cullen, the next morning to tell him to hold the dogs for us. He said "Oh my God, I can't believe it! The male was on the euthanasia list this morning, and I couldn't do it!" (Imagine, if you can, how unusual it must be for a shelter manager who authorizes euthanasia of 47% of their impounded animals to save one particular dog with a rear-end problem from euthanasia.)

I brought the dogs home and kenneled them together because the male was already neutered. He was a much faster eater than the female, who is quite a picky eater, so I had to keep him busy while she ate her meals. By this time I was becoming very fond of him: a kind, patient, "gentleman" Doberman, but weak in the rear quarters with significantly bent rear knees.

Each time I cuddled him while Mia ate her meal, I wondered how a dog with such a great temperament could not have been sought and reclaimed by his owner. Just on a lark, I scanned him for a microchip. (The shelter had scanned and NOT found one.) Sure enough, he had a chip, and the chip company provided the owner's phone number, which I called promptly. It just about broke my heart when the owner seemed more concerned about the unneutered, unchipped dog that had escaped with the one we had, but he said he would come and pick up ours, whom he said was called PJ. And then he called back and said he was now working two jobs and didn't have time for PJ. I was secretly thrilled.

As soon as Mia and PJ passed their health isolation period, I let PJ out of his kennel to see if he could be social enough to free-roam with the other dogs. Fantastic! He was submissive to ALL of the other dogs, and he learned my doggie door in about twelve seconds. Now I had to find out about his back end.

A visit to our vet surgeon, Dr. Frier at Camino Animal Clinic in Thousand Oaks, gave me the news I wanted to hear. After x-raying PJ's back, hips, and knees,

Dr. Frier pronounced them all sound and intact, and he said PJ simply had rear-end weakness due to some neurological deficits, and that he isn't painful.

And I have a new red male Dobie, fully integrated into my home, to love!

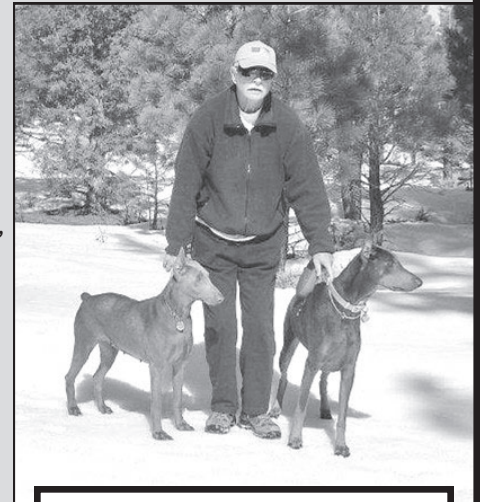
MORE "SMART DOG" STORIES

This column has been well-received, with more and more of you sharing your amazing stories about the smart things your dogs have done. We'll continue to print one or two every time we have enough space.

Patti and George Peterman of Los Angeles have adopted their Dobies from us for many years. The last pair they adopted individually are Megan, a beautiful fawn female, and Boswell, a very handsome blue male. Boswell was just a year old and extremely precocious when they took him home, resulting in Patti on several occasions threatening to return him to us. (George said no.)

Patti loves to relate how there are THREE of them that keep Boswell in line: herself, George, and Megan.

When Megan observes Boswell misbehaving in some way, she goes to Patti, nudges her with her nose, and repeatedly "points" with her nose to wherever the delinquent behavior is occurring so that Patti can take whatever corrective action is necessary. This is becoming less frequent as he matures.



**"Megan" and "Boswell,"
with George**

Sherry and Frank Root of San Luis Obispo have likewise adopted many of our Dobies, but their most memorable "smart dog" was bought from an ad and involves a fawn female named Tasha. Sherry tells her story beautifully:

"Frank got called to active duty for Desert Storm. The house was awfully quiet, and the little one (daughter) read the Sunday newspaper 'good home wanted, Doberman Pinscher - \$50'....I called and asked why they were looking for a new home. 'Because our male dog doesn't like her, and he keeps picking on her.'



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, 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.

We picked her up that day. We had owned Dobies before. Black and tan, red, but when we saw her, I was quite surprised to see my first fawn Doberman Pinscher. Also, she had natural ears, and they were so very soft. She absolutely stole our hearts from that day forward...

She was an intelligent dog. When my husband came home, he took her out with him one morning to get the newspaper. She was thrilled, as she ran, scooped it up into her mouth, and ran back into the house and dropped it in front of his chair in a sitting position. Another heart won!

Later we moved with her to our ranch in California. We had lots of space for more Dobermans, and she was dog-friendly. So, I called Ardis. She hooked us with a couple of friends for Tasha. Time brought us a couple more, and we had four, plus Tasha. One day Frank was in the kitchen, and he called for me to come and see something. It was Tasha; she had all of the other dogs on the house porch, they were lined up in a sitting position with their backs to the house, facing her. She was walking slowly up and down the line of dogs, just like an Army sergeant! She would stop every now and then, quickly poking one of the dogs in its chest with her nose sharply, and the dog would sit up higher. She would move on along, go back along the other direction in the line, and poke a different dog, causing the same reaction, move along again.

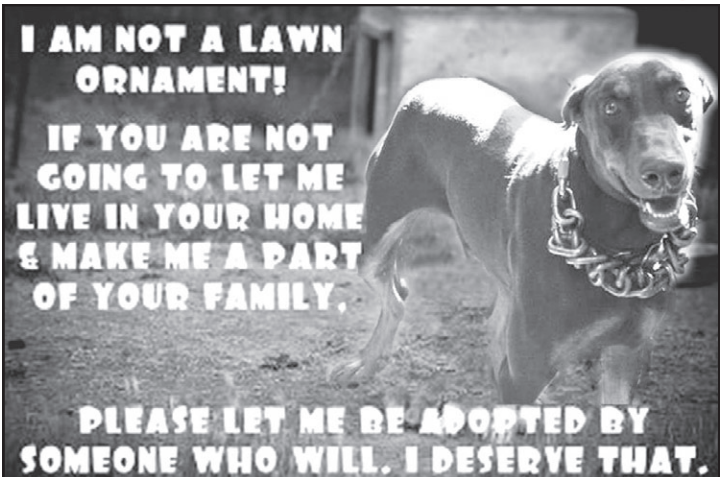
Then she stopped, turned toward the lawn, looked over her shoulder at the pack, and began to run. They all broke ranks, happily followed her, and we did not see her do it again until several months later. But that was her way of controlling her pack. I never saw

her growl or bite any pack member. She was amazing!!!

She lived to be 14 years old. Not only was she intelligent, she also had a great sense of humor."

WISH LIST

- Dogloos and plastic dog houses, new or used
- 8 to 12-quart rustproof metal buckets
- 14-18" nylon or leather collars
- Kuranda beds with metal frames, any size
- Advantix flea-tick top spot medication for dogs of all sizes
- Used blankets, towels, and comforters
- Grooming Supplies (brushes, trimmers, dog washing tub)
- Financial help (no gift is too small)
- Prong collars, 18"-20"
- Cleaning supplies like scrubbers and bleach
- Flys-Off fly repellent cream
- Large dog crates, new or used
- A truck to pull our dog food trailer





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RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

HOLDING ON TO THE GOOD

by Colleen Anderson

After nine years with Dobies and Little Paws Rescue I feel like I am so full of stories that I could go on telling them for years. Sometimes those stories are incredibly sad and often people ask me how I can continue doing this work and liking people. The answer is simple. I hold on to the good ones. The stories of triumph, love, hope, and success. It isn't always easy and often times I find myself being very anxious after a dog is adopted because I'm just waiting for the new owner to give up and return him. We get dogs back for all sorts of reasons but mostly it is because they need training and no one is willing to put in the work. Because of this, it is very easy to kind of give up on people and just expect that everyone will let you down. This is when I need to remind myself of all of the great heartwarming stories we've had over the years.

There is one story in particular that I will never forget and I want to share with you now. I hope the family forgives me for not remembering their name but this was several years ago and I was new at the time. Their name really isn't as important as their story and it will stay with me forever. A teenager and her family came to us one weekend looking to adopt a little dog. The girl was being assisted by her sisters because she seemed to have difficulty walking. They picked out a Chihuahua mix puppy and I took them in to our visiting area. This is when her father started telling me their story. They had finally decided to get a dog and this young girl was looking at puppies when she was shot in the head during a drive by shooting. The family was told that she would not survive the ambulance ride, but she did. They were told that she would not survive surgery, but she did. They were even

told she would not survive the night, but she did. She survived it all and it was truly a miracle that she was alive. I was floored listening to her father tell their story with tears welling up in his eyes. I watched as her face lit up as the puppy danced in front of her, begging for attention. A puppy that was unwanted by someone, thrown away and escaped death itself from the animal shelter would now be this girl's best friend. I felt so honored that I could be a part of finally giving this miracle girl the dog she always wanted and nearly died for.

I hold on to stories like these because they remind me that to some people out there, dogs still have value. They are family members, protectors, teachers, and friends. They are not disposable just because they get too big, bark too much, or need some training. I want to encourage all of you this holiday season to remember not to take your dog for granted. Every tail wag, slobbery kiss, and loving stare is just for you and given to you with all of their hearts. That is never something to take for granted and the least we could do is appreciate every one of them. Forgive them for their faults because they certainly forgive us for ours.

I know that the dogs in my life make me a better person and enrich my life more than I ever expected. We hope that all of your dogs do the same for you. Give them all big hugs and have a very happy holiday!



**Dogs most
 certainly
 DO smile!!!**

"Annika" Forester of Shadow Hills