

"Dakota" and "Kioko"  
Hanlon of Anaheim

*"Dobie Doings"*



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It is approaching orange-blossom time in Ventura County once again, one of our favorite times of the year. The air becomes filled with perfume and everything is bright green; a wonderful time for any of you who haven't visited us lately to come and breathe deeply the intoxicating fragrance of millions of orange blossoms.

We are still in the middle of the rainy season as of this writing, and we had so hoped to have the dogs out of the weather by now, but hopefully this will be the last winter they'll have to endure the cold rains. Ventura County appears to be getting closer to approving our kennel project.

A giant thank you to all of you who continue to make our work possible with your faithful donations. We usually can't thank each and every one of you personally, as there aren't enough hours in the day as is to do the never-ending job we've cut out for ourselves. But please know that every donation, large or small, is sincerely appreciated.

Also appreciated are your calls, letters, and e-mail updating us on your adopted pets. Don't forget to send photos! We're planning a humorous article for an upcoming issue on look-alikes (pets who resemble their owners, or vice versa), so if

you have any photos of yourselves with your pets that might qualify, send them!

Have a wonderful spring!

Sincerely,

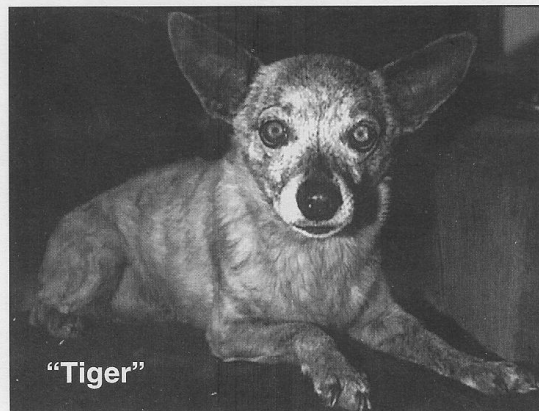
*Ardis Munch*

Ardis Munch  
Director

**Adoption Updates**

**TIGER**

Our small older Terrier-Chihuahua mix, Tiger, found a wonderful new home with Jamie and



"Tiger"

Steve Breckenridge of Boron. It was Jamie's father, Jim, who adopted a similar dog, Timmy (mentioned in the last *Dobie Doings*), from us a few months prior, and the two dogs were quite fond of each other. While spending time with the two of them in our visiting area at the time they chose Timmy for Jim, Jamie and Steve decided that if Tiger wasn't adopted in short order, they would return for him. And they did.

The two dogs see each other nearly every day now; they run, play, snoop, and generally enjoy all manner of dog stuff together.

## ANGEL

The precious little Terrier mix, Angel, whose leg we had to have removed to save her life, now lives with Nancy Harris of Camarillo. Her words speak for themselves:

"Hello Ardis,

Angel is quite comfortable in her new home. She has fit in with the rest of the family since day one, getting along fabulously with the cats and other dogs. She has been busy teaching them 'princess behavior' and has grown quite fond of the couch. However, she is by no means a couch potato--as you know, her home is on seven acres, and Angel loves to run with the other dogs. Although she is missing a hind leg, this has not kept her from joining in the fun...she flies through the air, leaps up stairs, dives through bushes, and plows through flower beds, leading a game of tag with her four-legged playmates. In fact, her Italian Greyhound buddy is the only dog who beats her down the driveway for the morning newspaper!

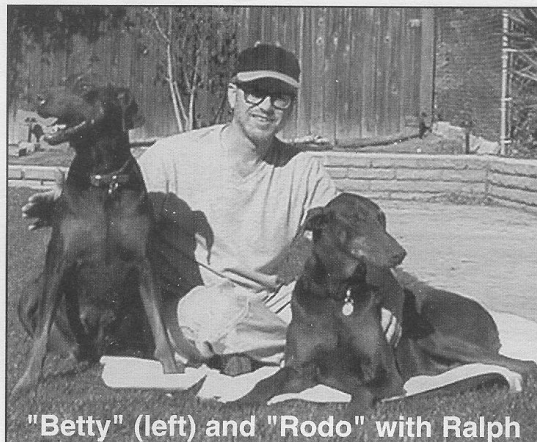
We are blessed and grateful to have this wonderful little spirit in the family. Thank you!"

## BETTY (TESS)

"Tess," now renamed "Betty," has a wonderful new home with Christine and Ralph Young of Mission Viejo.

We have a long history with the Youngs, dating back to 1993, when they adopted "Rodo," a beautiful red male Dobie. He was to keep their Irish Terrier, "Wonder," company.

In 1997, we ran a photo of "Duchess," a very



deserving senior Dobie whom we feared would die of old age in the rescue, on the "Waiting for Homes" page. (We jokingly called her our "red and white" Dobie.) When Christine and Ralph received that newsletter, Ralph immediately "knew" they must adopt Duchess. Very soon after she went to her new home, it was discovered that Duchess had cancer, though no symptoms at all were evident at the time. Now Ralph knew why Duchess had to come to live with them. Whatever they did obviously worked, because Duchess is still alive and well more than three years later.

Last year, the Youngs lost their amazing Irish Terrier at the age of 14. Being fans of older dogs, as so many of us dog-lovers are, they called to ask if we had a nice dog who could join their little family. Betty (Tess), one of our Waiting for Homes dogs in the September, 2000 *Dobie Doings*, seemed a likely candidate: she was about 7 years old and very social, with no known bad habits.

Betty has been happily ensconced in her new home for months now. She is affectionately dubbed "Betty the Bruiser" and "Betty Butt," and the postscript to the Youngs' recent note is "Old dogs are cool!!!"

## MIKE WALLACE: CANINE CELEBRITY

*"The only thing that feels better than finding a long-lost relative is finding your long-lost dog."*

- Marilyn vos Savant  
Parade Magazine, Los Angeles Times

"Mike" was adopted from Dobie Rescue in September of last year, very soon after we began

microchipping all of our adoptees. His new owners, Carol and Bob Wallace of Los Angeles, chose him over many others, and they were not disappointed.

"He's the best dog we've ever had," wrote Carol a month later. "He's obedient and protective, yet gentle with kids... just fantastic!"

Two months after Mike's adoption, Carol called late one night, near hysteria. Mike had been let out to do his bedtime bathroom duty, and a half hour later he was nowhere to be found. The gardener had carelessly left a side gate open. Before calling, Carol and Bob had combed a square mile area for an hour, to no avail.

Over the next two weeks, the Wallaces ran ads, posted signs, visited several animal shelters every day, and even visited a psychic. The psychic told them that someone had taken their dog and that he had gotten away from them and was looking for them. But he was far away.

"I just know he's out there somewhere," Carol said when I suggested several other wonderful dogs for adoption. "I know he's alive."

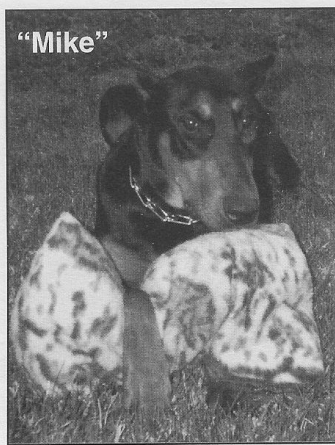
Six weeks had passed when we got the call. A dog with a microchip registered to us had been picked up and was impounded at a Los Angeles animal shelter. We jotted down the number and looked it up in the computer. It was Mike!!

The call to the Wallaces was certainly one of the happiest calls we've ever had the pleasure of making. Bob answered the phone. "Hi, Bob," I said. "This is Ardis from Dobie Rescue." A pregnant pause. "Mike's found."

Another pause. "Is he okay?" he wanted to know.

We met at the shelter. It was at least 15 miles from where the Wallaces lived. The poor creature looking back at us from the cage barely resembled the beautiful dog they had adopted; he was thin, exhausted, and his toes were worn and bleeding. The light was gone from his eyes.

Carol knelt by his cage and said one word: "Mike!" She was holding his favorite snack, beef jerky. Mike



lifted his head and looked at her. He began sniffing the air, then rose to his feet and approached her. As soon as he smelled first Carol, then Bob, he could hardly contain his joy. All of us began sobbing like babies.

Mike is back home again and has regained most of his weight. The side gate is now kept locked at all times. And we all thank God that our microchip program started just before Mike's adoption instead of just after!

P.S. Are your gates locked? Is your dog microchipped?

## MEDICAL MATTERS

David Williams and Joseph Boisse adopted a marvelous red male Dobie, "Cass," from us in 1994. In January, 2000, he was diagnosed with Cardiomyopathy and given 12-18 months to live. He was put on Diltiazem, Lanoxin, and L-Carnitine. During vet visits in February and April, no heart rhythm irregularities were noted. David and Joseph were very pleased.

On a Friday evening in October, while waiting for a large special order of L-Carnitine to arrive, Cass had been without his L-Carnitine medication for about a week, and he began showing his original symptoms: unsteady on his feet, coughing, runny eyes. He nearly died that night.

Saturday morning, David and Joseph rushed to the health food store and bought a small amount of L-Carnitine, giving Cass four capsules about noon. He was better by Saturday evening, and he steadily improved until, by Monday afternoon, he was running around the yard!!

Cass passed away in January, 2001, having lived to the respectable age of 9, not nearly long enough, of course, for the folks who loved him.

David and Joseph asked that we share this information with all of you who own Dobies, since Cardiomyopathy is common in our breed, and L-Carnitine, given in conjunction with the other medications above, definitely appears to help alleviate the symptoms of Cardiomyopathy and enable its victims to live a longer, more comfortable life.

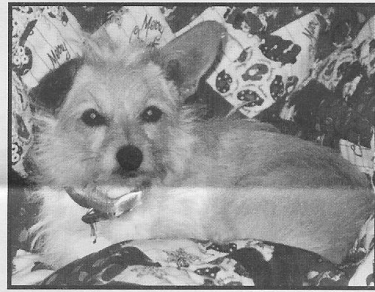


**"Jasmine"** Dominski-Curlee of Encinitas, in front,  
with best friend **"Jacob"**

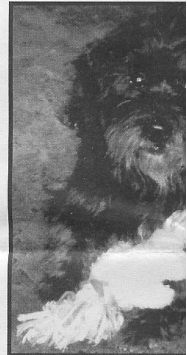


**"Sophie"** (center) with **"Max"**  
**"Brandi"** Hackman of  
San Pedro

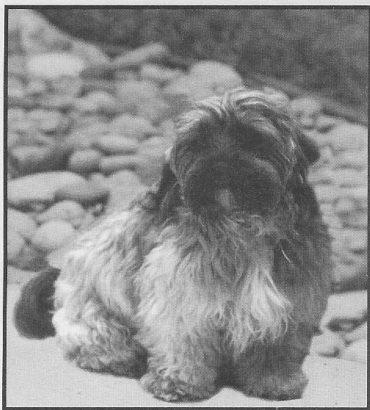
**"Charlotte"**  
Geller of  
Thousand  
Oaks with  
Kelsey



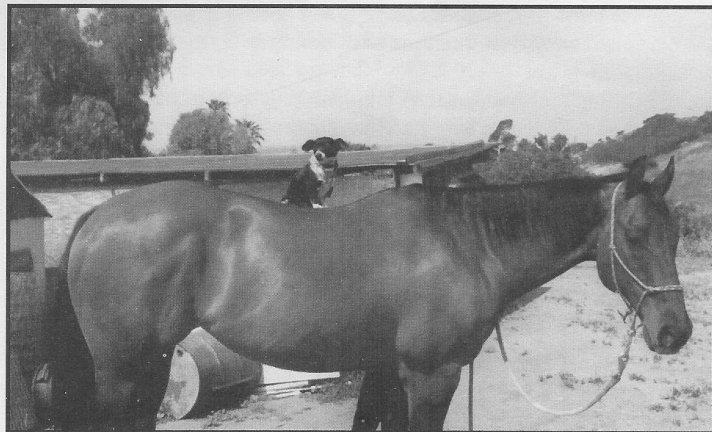
**"Savanah"** Cooper of  
Merlin, OR



**"Tigger"** Ta  
of Simi Va



**"Fillmore"** Ramey of  
Paso Robles



**"Sadie"** Dean of Sunland, with equine friend

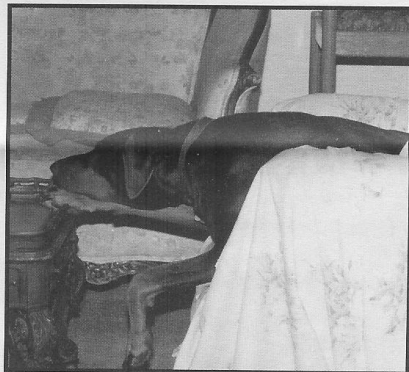


**"Luna" & "Happy" Goodreau  
of Ventura**



**"Lucky" Sieke of Culver City  
with Alison**

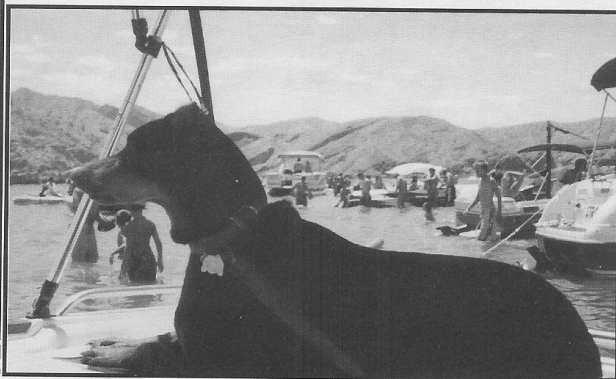
## Some of our Happy Adoptees



**"Sadie" Eisen of Tarzana**



**"Shadow" Rai of  
Orange county**



**"Meja" Oden of Sierra Madre**

## WAITING FOR HOMES

In this issue we're featuring dogs who require a special home because they are very sensitive and timid. This doesn't necessarily mean they have been physically abused, but certainly they were not well socialized. A typical scenario would be a dog acquired as a puppy and kept in the back yard with no love or attention at all, except perhaps to be screamed at for barking or misbehaving. Each of these dogs is very submissive, never aggressive or nippy. A high-stress environment with a lot of commotion is definitely NOT what any of these dogs require, and it would be an advantage if another, more courageous dog were already in residence to show by example how wonderful a good owner can be.

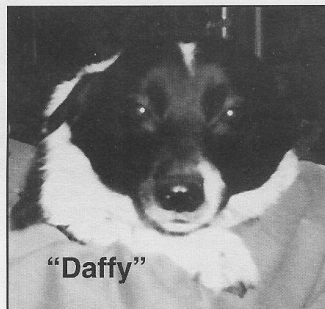
### TILLIE

Approximately two years old, Tillie is a black-and-tan female Dobie with natural ears and docked tail. She never argues with other dogs and never barks. Though she will not run away if unleashed, she also will not come when called, probably because she is afraid to. We would feel very comfortable placing Tillie with kids of any age.



### DAFFY

This chubby little Border Collie mix is about a year old, cute and friendly, but she stops short of letting anyone pet her unless she is leashed first. This is probably a

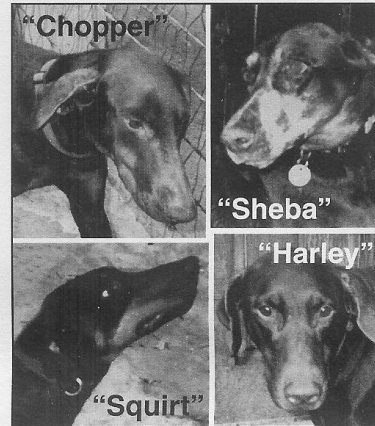


classic case of not receiving attention and love from humans during her developmental months. She is very curious and will follow closely, poking her nose into everything. Her little ears stand upright, and she weighs over thirty pounds, though she shouldn't (she eats everything).

### HARLEY, SQUIRT, CHOPPER, and SHEBA

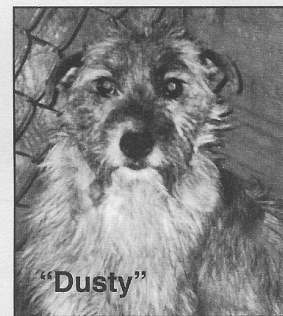
These four dogs accompanied their owner in a van he drove from Iowa in

search of work and a place to live in California. They are all housebroken and quite social with other dogs and each other. Harley and Squirt are the offspring of Sheba; they are 3 years old, Sheba is a senior dog. Chopper, 4 years old, is the sire. Harley and Chopper are both red males, Squirt is a black male, and Sheba is a blue female; all have natural ears and docked tails. All of them are quite timid and behave submissively, though Harley and Squirt are becoming much happier dogs in the short time they have spent with us.



### DUSTY

One of our larger terrier mixes, Dusty weighs in around 35 pounds. He is curious and intelligent but, like Daffy, has to be leashed before he will accept affection. Also like Daffy, he's young (about a year old) and can probably overcome his shyness in the right home environment.



## BEAMER II

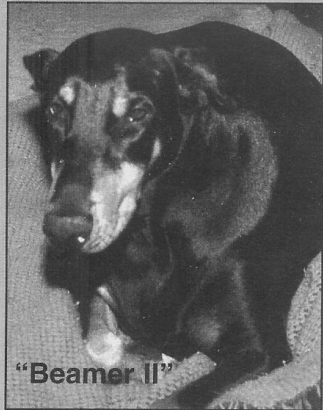
Some of you may remember our original Beamer, a matronly Dobie who eventually became our mascot because of her sweetness and sociability. She passed away a few years ago. Last year we took in another Dobie with Beamer's general appearance and attitude, and she was dubbed "Beamer II."

The animal shelter she came from didn't even recognize that she was a purebred Dobie. Her ears were cropped, but miserably, and her dewclaws were removed, but she didn't have the lean, elegant look most people associate with Dobies. It was purely accidental that we learned from a private citizen that she was there.

When we picked her up, she didn't feel very well, so for the next week or so we pumped her full of antibiotics and kept her warm and comfy. As soon as she started feeling better, something else became apparent: she was quite pregnant!

Maybe we should have noticed it sooner, but her large build and pudginess disguised it well. Without getting on the wrong side of pro- and anti-abortionist rhetoric, suffice it to say that we decided to let Beamer deliver her puppies, which were to be born in less than two weeks.

Poor Beamer delivered 10 puppies, all but two stillborn. The birth fluid, usually red or pink in color, was black. She was very uncomfortable. We packed her and the two living puppies off to the vet to receive the shot



that makes the mother expel the birth sac and any remaining puppies that might still be inside. Within the next few hours, the two living puppies perished.

Needless to say, Beamer got some serious pampering in the days that followed. She is genuinely a wonderful dog, so this came naturally.

A short time later, our Inland Valley volunteer, Maggie Cecil, and her husband, Kurt Berninger, mentioned in passing that they sorely missed their older female Dobie, Sheba, whom we had placed with them a few years prior and who ultimately succumbed to cancer. If we ever came upon another sweet older female that could live with their assortment of two other Dobies, a terrier, and



### I want to support Doberman Pinscher Rescue!

I am making the following contribution:

( ) \$100. ( ) \$50. ( ) \$20. ( ) \$10.

I am enclosing the best gift I can: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Please charge my credit card.

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Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

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

numerous cats, they said, give us a call.

The only unknown was how Beamer would do with cats. We cat-tested her here, as we have for so many of you, and she seemed to be interested in but certainly not obsessed with cats. We arranged to deliver Beamer to Maggie and Kurt's place a few days later.

Though Maggie has never said so, we think if Beamer isn't her favorite dog, it's a tie. She just LOVES Beamer, and the feeling is mutual. To quote from a recent note:

"We had missed having an old Doberman around; there is something endearing about them, something dignified in their habits and whims ...

Since she began her recuperation last spring, she's helped raise our youngest Doberman, Spirit, who was only a year old at that time. Beamer has been quite tolerant of the antics, the heckling, the torpedoing and sideswiping that Spirit incorporates into everything that she does. Though Beamer moved with a kind of slow-mo-shuffle when she first came here, she now runs with and chases the other dogs, jumps up to her favorite perch on the end of the couch, goes on regular five-mile walks with us, and loves to ride in the car...

She has used the dog door since the day she got here, and she jumps into the bathtub when I tell her it's bath time. She has a stuffed Macaw and a huge stuffed bear -- about three feet tall. She sometimes takes

the bear, in particular, up on the couch with her to sleep. She's as steadfast in accompanying me to the bathroom as she is in seeing me off in the morning and meeting me at the door in the evening. Our other Dobermans do these things most of the time. Beamer does them every time. There really is something about this old Doberman: she has a home now. With us."

## KEEPERS by Eric Munck

Entering a local grooming shop, I heard loud screaming from the back room. Not one to ignore pleas for help, I immediately ran to the back, where I saw a terrible sight: a little dog had been left unattended and had jumped off the grooming table while still tied and was now hanging lifeless from the end of the leash. Two women were standing around screaming but not acting to resuscitate the dog. Shoving both of them aside, I administered CPR and heart massage and was soon rewarded with a living, breathing little dog. Talk about being in the right spot at the right time!

\*\*\*\*\*

Next time you are in a bookstore, pick up *Animal ER*. It's a great book!

### Doberman Pinscher Rescue



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