

"Coby" Fine of San Diego

"Dobie Doings"



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We are very happy to report that our web site is up and running. Volunteers Pam Falvo of Anaheim and Kathy Verga of Simi Valley took lots of pictures of dog faces we wanted the world to see, starting with the older and/or long-term residents. Our intent is to have **ALL** of our critters' pictures included eventually, updated several times a month, but what we have now is a good start. Pam then completed designing and implementing the system, and it looks great!

If you are on our mailing list, check the address label on page 8. A large "X" next to your label means that we have not heard from you in a very long time, and we need to. Some of our fans we hear from regularly, or at least occasionally, but for the rest of you, we don't know if you really enjoy reading *Dobie Doings*, or perhaps we're just another piece of junk mail you don't want. So... if you want to continue receiving *Dobie Doings*, all you have to do is clip the donation form from the bottom of page 7, check the box marked "Yes, I love *Dobie Doings*," and mail it back to us. You could also fax it, but be sure to fax the back side as well so we know who you are.

Those of you who do keep in touch with letters and photos, thank you, and keep them coming. There are a few of you who have

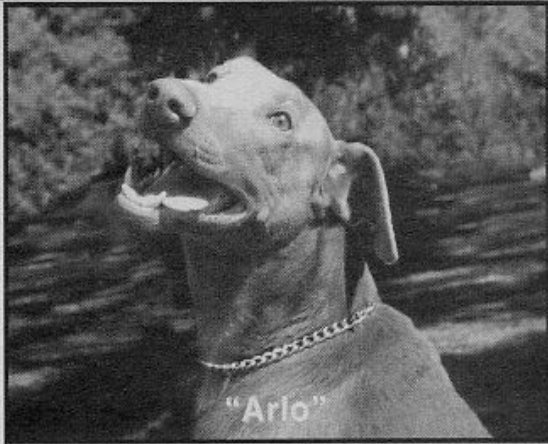
expressed disappointment that we haven't printed your photos. Please believe that it's not that we don't love them. The reason is usually one of two things: either the dog is too far from the camera, so that if we enlarge the photo enough to see the dog, the photo becomes too grainy; or the contrasts between the dog and the background are so similar that, in black and white, the dog can barely be seen. I will always remember a darling picture of a blue Doberman who was wearing a large colorful hat with a contrasting hat band. In color the picture was delightful. After we scanned it into the computer and viewed it in black and white, we couldn't use it.

My husband, Eric, has been insisting that he be given his own column in *Dobie Doings*. This seems a little like nepotism, but in recognition of a wonderful human being's tireless efforts helping dogs and Dobie Rescue in general, his column appears on page six .

Have a wonderful summer!

Sincerely,
Ardis Munck
Ardis Munck
Director

Adoption Updates



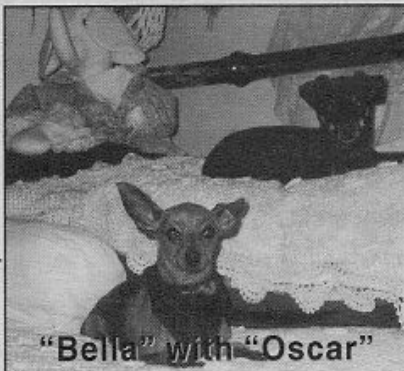
If you have adopted a dog from Dobie Rescue in the last two years, chances are you have seen **Arlo**, and you probably noticed him, because he is a fawn Dobie. Many people mistake fawns for Weimaraners because of their unusual coloring.

Casey and Ned Meislin of Manhattan Beach had also noticed Arlo when they adopted their first Dobie from us in 1997. Arlo was the runner-up. Unfortunately, the Meislins' Dobie only lived about one year, and they spent the next year dealing with their grief over losing her. But when Arlo's picture appeared in our last newsletter, Ned called to express surprise that such a beautiful and sweet dog still had not been adopted. He arrived a few days later to revisit Arlo and decided to adopt him.

Casey and Ned are delighted with their new dog, and Arlo, for his part, is spoiled rotten. He has a large, beautiful home with cushions and toys for him all over, and he gets to go for walks on the beach and a jogging trail daily. He is fed an excellent brand of dog food which is turning Arlo's already handsome appearance into stunning, eye-stopping good looks.

"Taco Belle," the tiny miniature pinscher who is terrified of men, found a wonderful home with Carol Uva of San Clemente. Carol had adopted a tiny miniature

pinscher mix named Oscar (then called Gizmo) from us a couple of years ago. Oscar and Carol had bonded immediately; Oscar has grown accus-



tomed to sleeping in bed, covered up, and many other forms of being spoiled and adored. If this home could also work for Taco Belle, we thought, she'd be happy for the rest of her days.

In a follow-up chat with Carol, we were told that Oscar and Bella were in love, with Bella imitating Oscar's every move. The most serious challenge has been housebreaking Bella, but Carol has infinite patience and is completely committed to keeping her new pet.

Note: Just as we were about to go to press, Carol paged us to say that Bella had suddenly backed out of her leash and darted across a busy street, and, you guessed it, she got hit by a car. Things looked grim: the emergency hospital told Carol that Bella's hip bone was broken in four places and that surgery would cost over \$2,000. We set up an appointment for Carol with one of our favorite surgeons for the following day, and Carol drove her tiny charge all the way to Moreno Valley. Bad luck. This vet did not do this particular type of surgery. He recommended someone else in Fountain Valley. Carol took Bella there and was quoted \$1900, still not possible on her limited budget.

Finally, we called a surgeon we had used in Lancaster a few years ago to fix a bad break on a little dog of ours named Jenette. (Some of you may remember her.) This vet agreed to see Bella the same day, so Carol dutifully drove to Lancaster. Now it was time for good news. The operation could be done immediately, and it would cost \$650.

The last word was that Bella was back home after her surgery, and is recuperating well.

Kelly, our beautiful 9-year-old Dobie whose owner died and left her orphaned, has a happy new home with Birthe and Finn Hoefler of Ventura. The Hoeflers have two other dogs they adopted from us, another Dobie named Joy-Joy and a one-eyed miniature pinscher, and Kelly has fit in quite well with her pre-existing pack.



Soon after her adoption, we visited Kelly in her new home as the Hoeflers were just preparing to take a several-day trip in their motor home, including the dogs, of course. How grand for Kelly to not only have a loving new family, but to get out and DO things in her senior years.

Still Waiting for Homes



"Moby"



"Geronimo"



"Minnie"



"Babe"



"Dirk"



"Tiny"



"Jackson"

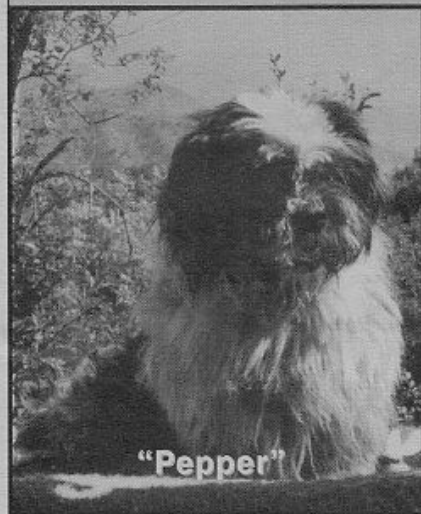
These little friends are still around, hoping someone will adopt them. Do you have a place in your home and your heart for one of them?



"Cinder"

"CINDER" is a precious 10-pound Pomeranian. She's about 4 years old and is never barky, nippy, nor particularly hyper, as many Poms are. Cinder enjoys other dogs and children, and her only special need is that she requires eye drops twice a day because her eyes don't make enough tears.

"PEPPER" is a middle-aged Shih Tzu with the same problem. She was nearly blind when we rescued her from lack of care to her eye problems. Now she is a totally different dog, animated, sees quite well, and is even a good watchdog. She also gets along well with other dogs.



"Pepper"

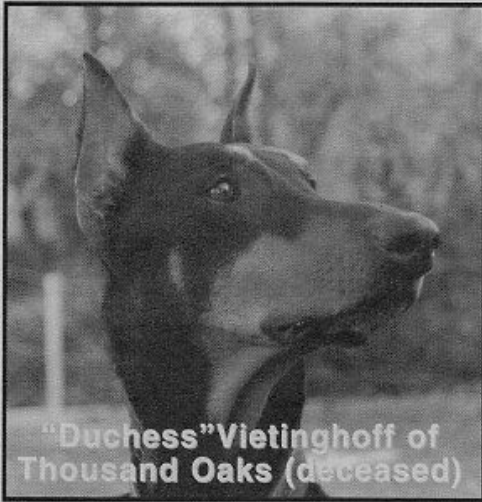
"GYPSY" is a 4-year-old red Dobie whose owners did not provide any medical care for her when she was hit by a car. Now her rear leg is fused at the knee joint, giving her an awkward gait, though our vet assures us that she is not in pain. Gypsy has a happy, social demeanor and wants to be a house dog, which we think she well deserves to be.



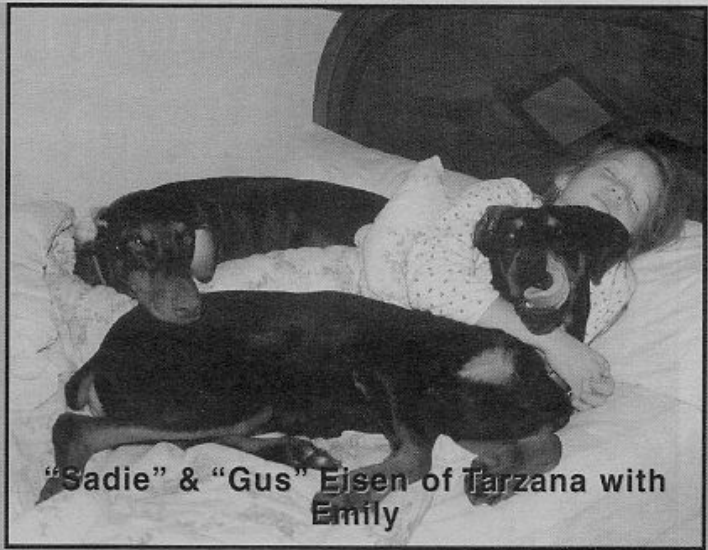
"Gypsy"

We also have:

an 18-month male Dalmatian
 a 3-month red male Dobie mix
 a 2-year male German Shepherd
 a 9-month male black Lab
 a 2 Buff Cocker Spaniels (M/F)
 a 2-year black male Pomeranian
 dozens of Dobies and small mixed breeds



**"Duchess" Vietinghoff of
Thousand Oaks (deceased)**



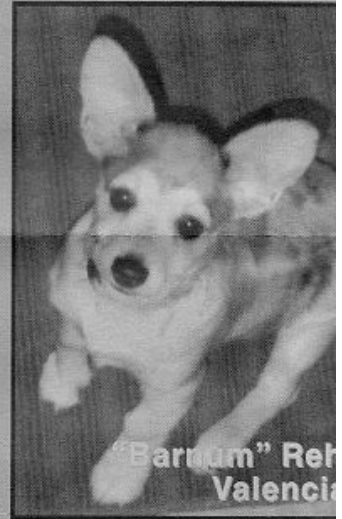
**"Sadie" & "Gus" Eisen of Tarzana with
Emily**



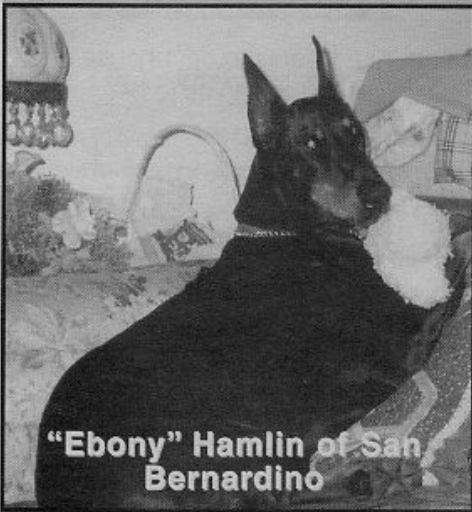
**"Jeanie" Dorrugh of
North Hills**



**"Sterling" Mayhew of
Altadena**



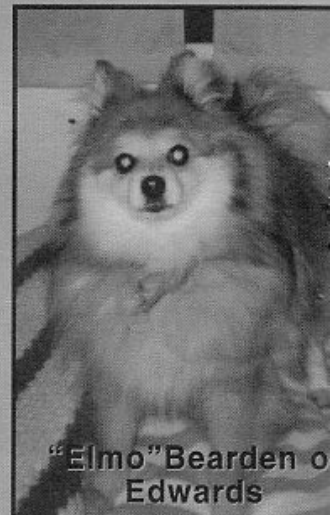
**"Barnum" Reh
Valencia**



**"Ebony" Hamlin of San
Bernardino**



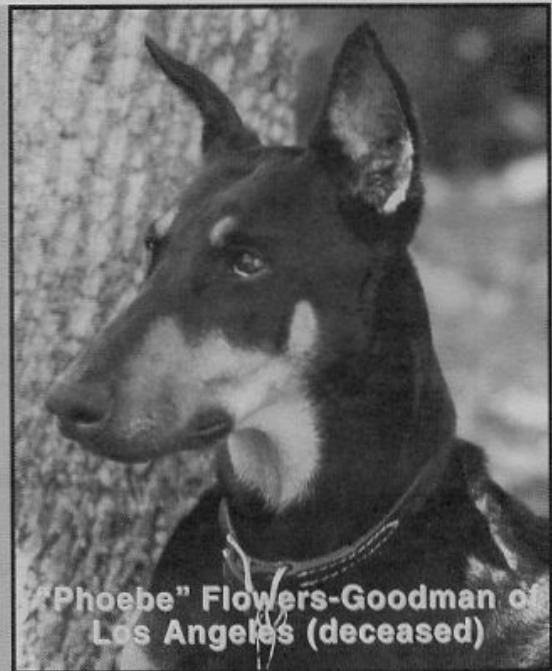
**"Melody" Chamberlain of
North Hills**



**"Elmo" Bearden of
Edwards**



"Paris" & "Tasha" Kurkjian of Sherman Oaks



"Phoebe" Flowers-Goodman of Los Angeles (deceased)



eld of



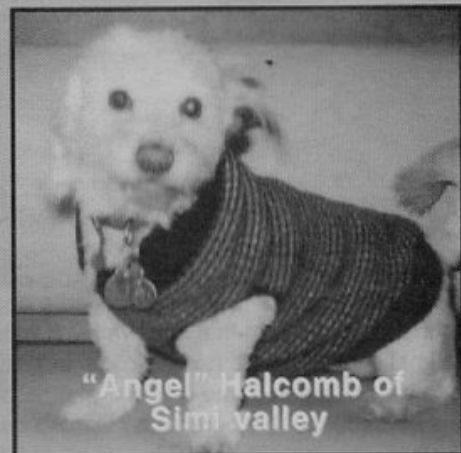
"Marcel" Caris of Los Angeles



"Luna" and "Happy" Goodreau of Ventura



"Kaiser" & "Tasha" Neale with Jules



"Angel" Halcomb of Simi valley



...also waiting for adoption

MAX is a young 10-pound male Jack Russell Terrier mix. His front legs are permanently bowed, probably due to early malnutrition. Though he has a darling personality he unfortunately does not like children and ~VERY protective of his adult owner.

Happy Homecoming



In January, 1998, we rescued a dog we named Werner from the West Valley (Chatsworth) animal shelter, where he had come in as a stray. His age was between 3 and 5 years, and he had a terrible ear crop, but his personality was so endearing

that we prayed he would be adoptable.

A year later the only action he had seen was his weekly walk by volunteers. He spent his days in a 10' by 12' dog run. We sent him to an adoption event in Orange County in the spring, but he was not adopted.

On May 8th we sent Werner and seven other dogs to another adoption event in the San Fernando Valley. Volunteers Pam Falvo and Cathy Verga transported and showed the dogs, finding homes for three of the four small dogs, but by late in the day, it didn't look good for the four Dobies. They were taking Werner out for his last leg stretch before the trip back home when Jenelle Chase of North Hills stopped by with her kids and gave Werner a long, hard look, and recognized him!

Werner had been their dog until they moved into a townhome in 1996 which they felt was too small for him. So they found another home for Werner, then named Drippy. Jenelle recognized several scars on his face, said he was seven years old, and told of the problems with his ear crop. After a lengthy telephone conversation with her husband and an hour of deliberation, together with reassurances that their townhome and small yard were definitely larger than the dog run where he had lived for 16 months, they took Drippy back home.

When Jenelle phoned us later that evening, Drippy was on the floor in the center of a circle of little girls, absolutely reveling in the love and adoration he was receiving. Don't we just love these happy endings?!!

Desperately Needed

Chain link kennel gates, 31" to 36" wide. Many of ours have corroded and rusted through, and they barely contain their occupants.

Red Alert

We have reason to believe that a dog thief is operating in the Pasadena area. A tiny white Peke with one eye, belonging to an adopter of ours in South Pasadena, was snatched out of her neighbor's arms by a woman believed to be driving a maroon van, and the dog has not been seen since. Let us know immediately if you observe anything unusual.

KEEPERS

by Eric Munck

Someone asked me what it feels like to be married to a "rescue person" my response was that I am married to a wonderful, caring, giving and loving wife, who happens to have a lot of pets.

Having said that, I think I would have been ill-prepared to handle the abundance of furry creatures and the problems created by said abundance, had it not been for my mother, who is also a lover of critters large and small, and who made absolutely sure that her son would grow to love animals.

That's what this column is about: Our love for our furry friends.

In 1985 I was living in Europe. I had embarked upon a career as a freelance automotive designer, and in the early years it was tough going. Winters were cold and wet, and having not yet made a name for myself, assignments were few and far between. An acquaintance of mine had recently returned from Australia and I helped her settle in, get a place to live, furniture and a car. As a gesture of gratitude, I was invited over for dinner and there he was: the cutest little black Lab/Newfie mix, a scant 8 weeks old, all big floppy ears, long tail, lotsa fur and huge paws. Small enough to fit within the diameter of a

dinner plate, but the paws where HUGE! I knew he was going to be a BIG DOG, but for now he was just a boisterous, happy, bouncy pup. . . . ready to take on the world!

However, I left that evening with grave misgivings: his owner was clueless as to how to housebreak and train the puppy, and as she was constantly complaining about the dog messing inside the house, I could see the whole scenario becoming a nightmare, with the puppy ending up as the victim.

About a month later I got a call: my clueless acquaintance was moving to another house and could I please babysit the puppy for a couple of days?

"Sure," I said, "can you bring him over?"

"I'm real busy," she said, "I'll send him over in a cab."

Sure enough, an hour later a cab pulled up. The poor dog got carsick and threw up all over the back of the car. Trying to clean his cab up made the cabbie queasy, and he too sacrificed his lunch, inside his own car! So we went from one little mess to one huge mess!

This is a true story! And it gets worse.

Over the next couple of days it became apparent that puppy was really sick, diarrhea, vomiting, dehydrated, etc. I took him to the vet who put him on IV and



Yes, I love *Dobie Doings*

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.

Card # _____ Expiration Date _____

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

antibiotics, and suggested a different kind of food. Amazingly, that's all it took. Within 24 hours I had a happy, healthy puppy, who figured out what housebroken means in no time flat. I was so proud of him, he was a very smart little puppy. I was looking forward to giving him back to his clueless owner all happy, healthy and housebroken.

There was just one little problem: the clueless owner hadn't called to make arrangements to retrieve the puppy.

In fact, she never called. She was never heard from again.

I found out that she'd moved back to Australia, leaving huge debts, many angry creditors and one little puppy dog.

That's how Jupiter became my dog. Smartest dog I ever knew. He would understand complete sentences such as:

"Go over to the patio door and sit." He'd do just that.

"Now lie down." He'd lie down.

"Now sit up again." He'd promptly sit up again.

I had a plum tree in my garden, which bore delicious fruit. I was always looking forward to the fall, when the fruit would be ripe and ready to pick. Suddenly, the plums began to disappear.... suspecting neighborhood kids, I set up a surveillance camera and caught the the thief red-handed...or rather redpawed, because it was Jupiter! He'd make sure he wasn't being watched and then pick the fruit off

the branches, sometimes jumping high into the air to get what he wanted!

He knew how to open any door that wasn't locked, and got into all kinds of mischief: I came home from work one night and found my dog with an incredibly guilty look on his face.... and the contents of the trash can spread all over the kitchen floor.

Joined at the hip, we'd go anywhere and everywhere together. On a trip to the south of France, I decided to try windsurfing. So did Jupiter. He jumped in the water, swam out and climbed aboard!

In no time flat, Jupiter was known all over the beach as the surfing dog, and for all I know, the French still talk about that!

Years have passed, and Jupiter is long gone, but I'll keep the memories of my trusted companion and great friend in my heart forever.

A special thank-you to volunteer Rita Whipple and her husband Jerry Zernickow for perpetually picking up and fostering Dobie Rescue dogs, particularly those with ailments requiring a lot of personal attention and a warm, comfy environment. One of the best things about these people is that they are not doing this merely as a favor to us, they really want to help the animals.

Doberman Pinscher Rescue



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