

"Drago" Schuyler  
of Chino Hills

## "Dobie Doings"



2946 Young Road  
Fillmore,  
California 93015  
Phone (805) 524-5102  
Fax (805) 524-7327  
[www.dobierescue.org](http://www.dobierescue.org)

Ardis Munck Director

Suzette Smith Graphic Designer

Dennis Bolton Printer

Oh how we wish we could announce that approval to build the new kennel building has finally been obtained, but the Ventura County Planning Department is still working on it. This process has now taken a full year!

The good news is that a lovely lady who came and adopted a long-term resident Dobie mix of ours, whose story will be told in an upcoming issue, also happens to be a trustee for a foundation called the Ria May Trust, which bestows gifts upon humane charitable organizations to help them realize their goals.

After a couple of visits and a very pleasant meeting, the Ria May Trust opted to give Dobie Rescue 40 new dog kennels and dog houses, as well as a sizeable cash gift to use on supplies to make the animals more comfortable until the kennel building is built. We will be receiving these items in the coming few weeks, and we are grateful!

The Internet continues to be a good source of leads for potential adoptive homes for our animals, particularly our smaller dogs. The PetFinders web site is particularly effective.

Thank you all again for your wonderful cards, notes, calls, e-mail, and, of course, your donations. We appreciate every donation, large and small.

Don't forget to submit photos of yourselves and your dogs for our look-alikes contest.

Unfortunately, Eric's column does not appear in

this issue due to lack of space.

Sincerely,

*Ardis Munck*  
Ardis Munck

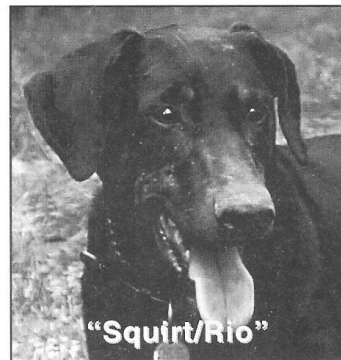
Director

## Adoption Updates

### "SQUIRT"

has a great new home. He is one of the four timid dogs who traveled from the Midwest in a van with the ex-owner in search of work. His new name is "Rio," and his new owner is Cristine Fernandez of Santa Barbara. Chris interviewed several candidates before deciding on Rio, but she's very happy she did.

An excerpt from her recent note: "Rio adjusted easily into our family. He is more confident every day, more alert and expressively happier each week. His real personality is beginning to emerge. He cuddles and kisses, is



"Squirt/Rio"

goofy when playful, and a shoe thief!...They are never chewed, just cherished!...Ardis, this is my first adoption of an older dog (Rio is 4 y/o.) This first experience is almost too good to be true! You know your dogs well and placed the right dog in our family. Even my boyfriend, who was originally against getting another dog has been won over by Rio. Each week brings new pleasant surprises. I want to come back and show you how Rio has blossomed, but I'm afraid I'll come home with still another great dog."

## LAMBERT & SMOKEY

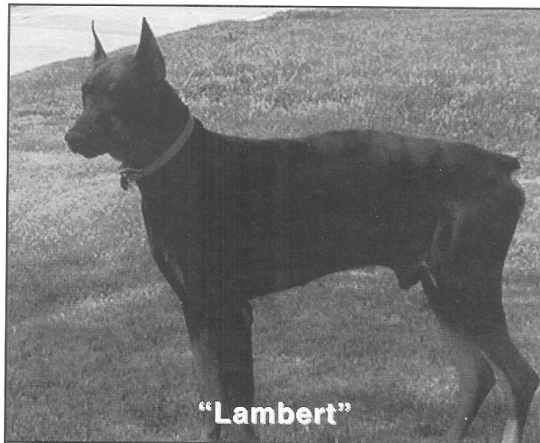
**L**ambert's owner, a young senior citizen, died, leaving Lambert an orphan at age 9. He had specified in his will that if no good home could be found for Lambert, he should be put to sleep. His son somehow got our phone number and called to see if we could help.

Our usual response to requests for help for older dogs is that we need to view them before making a commitment to determine if they are likely to be adoptable. I made arrangements to meet the son in L.A., where he drove up with the dog from Orange County.

Lambert was a beautiful, stately red gentleman Doberman with cropped ears and good manners. I couldn't turn him down. We loaded him in my sports car. He was petted all the way home, but when we reached the ranch, he began to exhibit serious fear. Two dozen or more dogs who run loose at the ranch at any given time when we have the gate closed were circling around the car, and Lambert's eyes grew wider with terror every moment. He did not want to get out of the car.

Eric and I had dinner plans with friends that evening in Ojai, so we decided Lambert could ride along, giving him a little more time to adapt to the new surroundings. We arrived in Ojai ahead of our friends, so I said "Why don't we take Lambert for a walk?" It seemed a good idea, so we opened the rear hatch to the car, and Lambert, in a split second, bolted into the night!

Up and down the streets we went, looking



for a panic-stricken dog who did not want to be found or caught. Finally we rounded a corner and Eric said "There he is!" There he was, indeed, running down the middle of a residential street. Eric fortunately has superior driving skills perfected in race car driving, so he proceeded to pursue Lambert in such a manner as to tire him but not endanger him. Whenever Lambert reversed course and headed toward a busy street, Eric passed him and cut him off, forcing him to change direction until, finally, he was cornered in a parking lot. It appeared the poor dog had nowhere left to run.

We emerged from the car, one of us on each side, preparing to close in on him. What we didn't realize was that there was a long passageway less than two feet wide and perhaps twenty feet long between the concrete block wall and a length of fence within it. Lambert had run nearly all the way into the passageway until he had not only run out of space, but could not back up or turn around.

I eased my way into the crawl space with a leash, and then realized the predicament. About this time people began to congregate, as we had caused some commotion with horn honking and wild driving as we pursued Lambert. It so happened that one person who came to help was the owner of the store within the fenced area, a doggy day care center called The Barking Lot. Within moments she came back with a muzzle and a large sheet, which was placed under Lambert's chest so that he could be lifted out of the area where

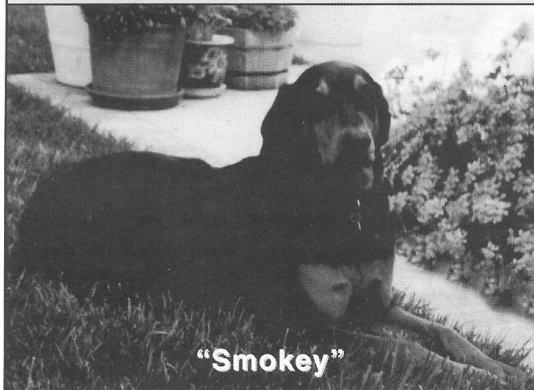
he had become trapped by several strong men. Finally Lambert was back on the ground, quite exhausted from his caper in Ojai, and was easily loaded back into the car.

For the next four days, Lambert acted like a dog with a death wish. He would not go for walks, he would not eat, he just laid in a large dog house on a big pillow we placed there for him and stared straight ahead. I began to wonder if euthanasia might have been a better choice.

The fifth day was a Saturday, a regular adoption day for us, and Jane and Gene Evans came to look for a cropped red female Dobie to adopt. They met and liked Rosie, a three-year-old girl we had recently picked up from a shelter, but Gene noticed Lambert and stood by him, petting and consoling this very obviously depressed dog. Jane said she wanted Rosie, and Gene said he really liked Lambert. I told them Lambert's story, and then I left for a bit so they could talk it over. I also mentioned that if they wanted to adopt both, they could have Lambert free.

Both dogs went home that afternoon, but I had to agree to one condition: there was a 10-year-old uncropped male Dobie at the pound near the Evans' home that was impounded because the dog's owner had Alzheimer's and could not care for the dog. This dog had really tugged at Gene's heart-strings. I already knew about the dog and had previously declined to take him because of his age. I told Gene I would take him.

The following afternoon, Gene called to say he had bad news. "Rosie is not working out for us," he said. "She chases the cats and



she won't let Lambert eat; she's just making his life miserable. But Lambert is a perfect dog, and we'd like to keep him." An excerpt from Gene's note, three weeks later: "He is a sweetheart of a dog. I get comments like 'he is beautiful,' 'you got yourself a great dog.' And people that have had Dobies just love him. He doesn't eat my wife's cats, either. He is definitely an indoor dog. He mingles with people well. He loves the beach but we got kicked out cause no dogs are allowed. I can't say enough about this dog. Thanks Ardis for saving this one for me."

So ends happily ever after, we hope and pray, the story of a wonderful dog who nearly didn't get rescued.

Which leads us to the second part of the story: the trip to the pound. We arrived there on the last day for the dog whose owner had Alzheimer's. I walked out into the kennel to view what I had agreed, sight unseen, to take. What I saw was a beautiful gentle giant of a dog who was bounding around his kennel with a black Lab kennelmate. I compared the impound number of this dog with the one in my notes; this was my dog, but in no way was he ten years old. He was three at the most, and already neutered.

The dog and I pranced out of there together, each happier than the other. His name, according to the office staff, was Smokey. And this dog was not unhappy to arrive at the ranch, though his stay was also short. He was adopted two days later by volunteer Carin Seebold and her husband Dieter of Simi Valley.

At first Smokey nearly blew it by accidentally locking himself in the garage the first day he was left alone. Of course, he trashed the garage and everything in it. Dieter was out of town, and Carin had to deal with the aftermath alone. By the next morning he was forgiven, and she said, in a recent note: "...this big guy has woven his spell over everyone who has met him. He sleeps behind my chair in the family room at night, romps and plays with his newfound friend Molly, and absolutely loves his daily walks when he can run and cavort to his heart's content....I think the nicest compliment I can pass on to Ardis and

continued Page 6



*"Yoga" Smyser of Azusa*



*"Luna" Estrada of Santa Monica*

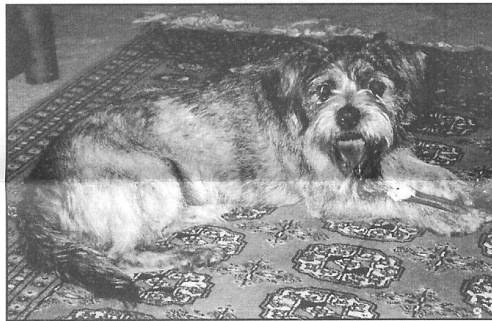


*"Naomi" Rizzo of San Dimas*

## WE'VE BEEN ADOPTED!



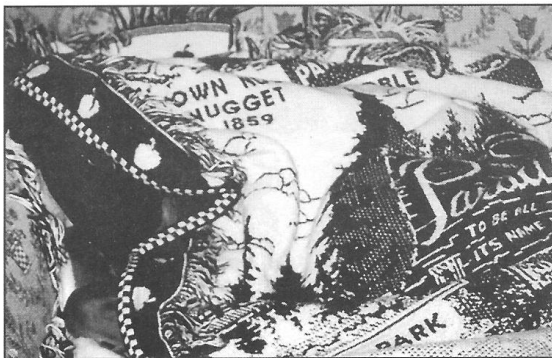
*"Milo" Walz of San Clemente with owner Melody*



*"McDuff" Holmes-Mudie of Lompoc*



*"Kasey" Odom*

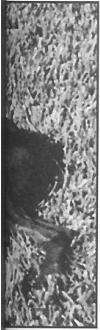


*"Lily" Pagel of Magalia*

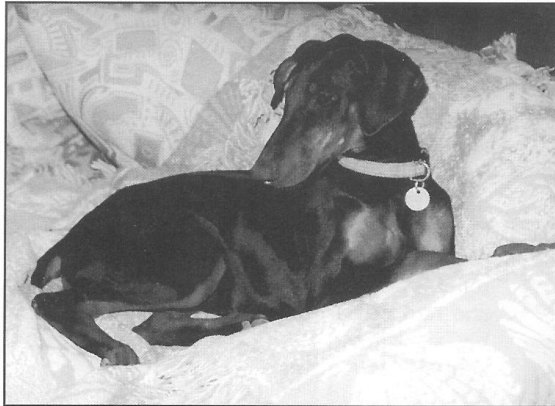


*"Henry" Burton of Simi Valley*

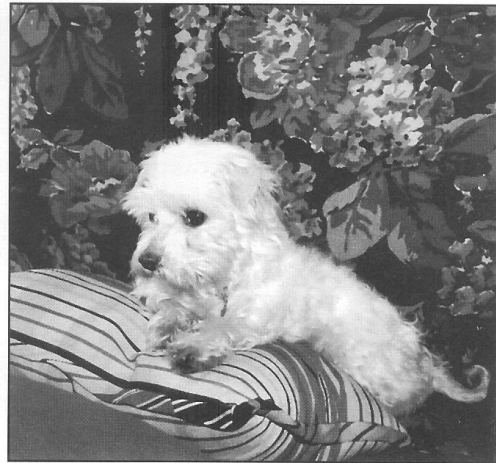




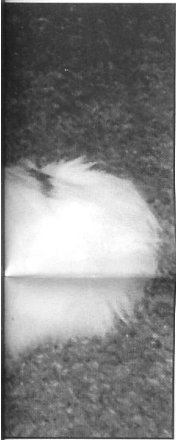
is



*"Roxanne" Gekelman of Topanga*



*"Coconut" Schuchert of Big Horn, Wy*



f Oceano



*"Lady" Barnett of Phoenix, Az*



*"Sweetpea" Friedrichsen of Crowley Lake, with Amy*



*"Sadie" Lander of Sherman Oaks*



*"Ike" Axelsen of Santa Monica*

Eric are the comments of a friend who recently visited and met the new family members. 'Where did you get such great dogs? They get along so well together and with everyone else also.' Whatever their pasts, their future is with us and we look forward to raising our two new kids! Thanks to Dobie Rescue."

And thus ends happily ever after, we hope and pray, the story of ANOTHER wonderful dog who nearly didn't get rescued.

## MEDICAL MATTERS

Summer is here, and that means insects, including, as all dog-lovers know, fleas and ticks. Being out in the country, as we are in Fillmore, fleas are not a huge problem, but ticks are. Since there is no way for us to spend \$1,000 a month on tick control products such as Frontline (\$8 a dose, administered monthly), we remove ticks as we see them, dip dogs in specific kennel areas when we observe that ticks are prevalent in that area, and warn adopters to go over their new dogs carefully and remove all ticks.

One such adopter was Bill Pierle of Costa Mesa. The Pierles came to look for a red female Dobie for Bill's mother. I showed them our girls and they immediately fell for a cute young female whom they named Ginger.

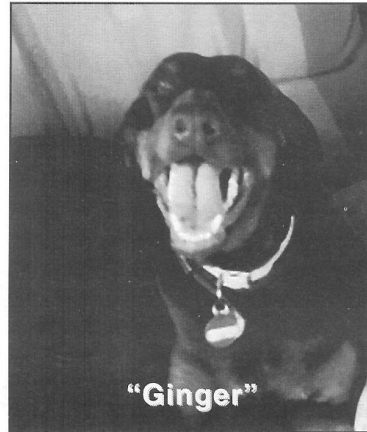
Following is a story of Ginger's very good luck being diagnosed correctly with "tick fever." We are printing most of Bill's account of the disease in hopes that if this information saves even one dog's life out there among our readership, it will be time well spent writing and reading this story.

## GINGER'S STORY

After losing a 6-month battle with congestive heart failure with our beloved 11-year-old Doberman, Storm, we decided to get another Doberman (our third) from Dobie Rescue in Fillmore. We picked a very sweet, kinda smallish, chocolate female about 1 year old, whom we named "Ginger" after her beautiful color.

After a week at home spent getting used to her surroundings, we decided to take Ginger to our vet for her first checkup. There we were presented with the first clue to what would become quite a puzzling and worrisome mystery. Much to our dismay, Ginger was running a pretty good fever, 103.5, with not much else going on. The vet suggested that she was probably just excited and that we should keep an eye on her.

The next day she began to cough just a little, act tired and lose some interest in her food. So we decided to take her back in for a recheck. The relief vet said she had probably contracted kennel cough and prescribed some good



antibiotics. Her temp at the time of the recheck was 105.3.

The very next day, mindful of her fever, we rechecked her temp, and it had shot up to almost 107 on antibiotics. Panic-stricken, we took her back in. We were afraid that our new puppy had perhaps contracted distemper. Our regular vet was in and had another idea; he decided to run a series of blood tests. He suspected a blood-borne bacterial infection, Ehrlichiosis, a fairly rare disease that is transmitted by the brown dog tick. His hypothesis was confirmed the next day when the blood work tested positive to the tyter for Rickettsias, the bacteria responsible for Ehrlichiosis infection. Ginger was immediately put on a different antibiotic, Tetracycline, and after just 11 hours, her temp returned to the normal range of 102.7 and to this day has remained normal.

We were lucky. Ehrlichiosis is similar to Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever (RSM) and is always deadly without early detection. Ehrlichiosis and Rickettsias heretofore were found primarily on the East Coast but are now found almost everywhere in the U.S. where ticks can be found. There is a lot of really good information on this subject on the web: just type Rickettsias or Ehrlichiosis into your search engine.

Good luck to all -- love your Dobie!!!

## WAITING FOR HOMES

In this issue we are featuring dogs who have physical impairments. Dogs like this require a special home that will go the extra distance to provide medication or tolerate the judgments of others who might look askance at a less-than-perfect dog. Don't feel sorry for them; help us get them adopted!



## 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.

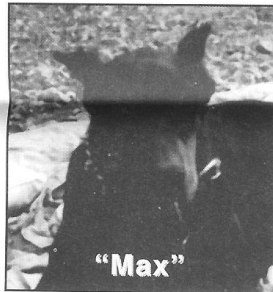
Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration date \_\_\_\_\_

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.

### “MAX”

is a beautiful red male Dobie who requires inexpensive medication for seizures. He's about 5 years old and completely housebroken. Though he's probably not a good candidate to live with another male dog, he may be able to live with a female. (He is currently kenneled with a female Dobie.)



### “VENUS”

is a two-year-old white Dobie. Besides having a terrible ear crop, one of her beautiful pale blue eyes is crossed, and she has been debarked. She is a gentle dog, enjoying the company of all other dogs and probably children as well. She walks well on a leash.



### “PIRATE”

is a Chihuahua mix, perhaps 10 pounds, who is a younger adult and works well with other dogs (no cats, though). His impairment is that he has one eye. When he was first rescued from the pound, he had apparently been bitten in the other eye by a larger dog that he was kenneled with, so by the time we received him, the eye was huge, very infected, and painful. We had no choice but to have it removed.



### “STEVIE”

is a Poodle mix or Bichon Frise who is believed to be totally blind. He is very social with other dogs, does not bark, is mellow and quite lovable. Some dogs do not do well without their vision; Stevie does remarkably well. He's only about 4 years old, so he has probably been blind from birth.



### “ERICA”

has been with us for years, and some of you will recognize her from previous newsletters. She was res-

## Doberman Pinscher Rescue

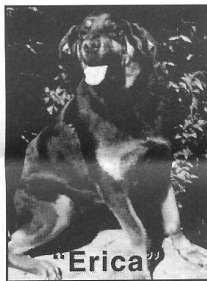


2946 Young Road  
Fillmore, California 93015

Non-Profit Org.  
U.S. Postage  
**PAID**  
Fillmore, Ca  
Permit #61

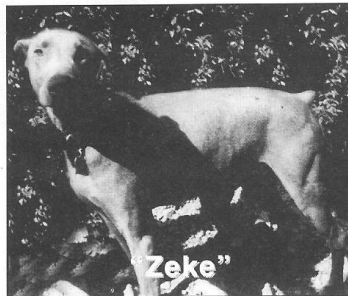
### ADDRESS CORRECTION REQUESTED

cued as a 3-month-old puppy from the pound and promptly came down with distemper. Though we got her through the disease, she was left with a bowed front leg to show for her ordeal. We have placed Erica twice, both times with another dog, and we're now recommending that she should be an only dog, as she becomes jealous when attention is paid to the other dog. (A dominant owner could make it work, though.) Erica is housebroken and nearly four years old, a Rottweiler mix.



### “ZEKE”

We first saw his photo on the Internet. It was not a good picture, not one of those that makes you fall in love with the dog. We called the kennel supervisor at the animal shelter where he was impounded, and she said "I think you should pass on this one." We agreed. Who would want to adopt a middle-aged fawn Dobie with one lazy ear and no hair on his back? This was on a Monday; in general, the dog would have been



put to sleep the following day. Sunday, nearly a week later, one of the shelter volunteers e-mailed us his photo, a better one this time, with him standing outside his kennel. There was a little bit of text with it, describing how beautiful he was and how sweet. We pondered.

The following morning, one of the shelter employees called to ask if we were interested in the dog because he was on the euthanasia table, and again we heard how darling he was. We agreed to take him, and when we arrived to buy him, the kennel staff all cheered. It turns out he was a crowd favorite, and that is why he was held so long.

He is a great dog! Very social and, indeed, very handsome. The fact that he has no hair on his back makes him no less attractive than a bald man. He doesn't have skin problems, just a lack of hair. We named him Zeke, he is about 5 years old, he runs like a gazelle and will win the heart of anyone willing to give him a chance.

### “THUNDER”

You have seen his picture in *Dobie Doings* before. He's the 3-year-old black Dobie who needs to be fed 4 or 5 small meals a day, because if he is fed normally, he regurgitates his food. It is a condition known as meg-esophagus, and it's caused by a pocket in the esophagus that traps food. He is otherwise healthy, loving, housebroken, and can live with a female dog.

