

"Dobie Doings"



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This is a very sad newsletter to have to write. We have had to abandon our plans to build the kennel building, at least for now. The economy had already begun a major downturn in the months prior to the horrific events of September 11, but after that the financial markets offered no hope for financing a kennel building.

Our interim plan calls for significant downsizing. We have not taken in any new Dobies for months, and we are actively placing those currently in residence. (We are still there for any dogs adopted from us that need to be returned, however.) As we place these dogs, we are retiring the kennels that are marginally usable due to rust, corrosion, and wear and tear, consolidating the remaining dogs into the better kennels. We are removing much of the interior fencing separating existing kennels and substituting the free-standing kennels donated to us by the Ria May Trust.

When we reach a baseline where we feel the kennel situation makes us proud, we plan to build a roof over it using the funds so generously donated by many of you thus far.

The dogs needing rescue from Southland animal shelters and desperate owners are not being ignored. A network of volunteers, including ourselves, are still coming to their aid, transporting them to other parts of California and to available

foster homes in significant numbers. Please let us know if you or anyone you know can assist in any of these areas.

We again want to thank all of you for your wonderful financial donations, vehicle donation and for the boxes of towels, blankets, toys, dog food and treats, Dogloos, crates, and all the other stuff you so kindly share with us.

May you all have a blessed and healthy holiday season with your precious loved ones of every species.

Sincerely,

Ardis Munck

Ardis Munck

Director

PETRA'S STORY

We expected to be telling you Petra's sad story and pleading with kind souls out there to adopt or foster this very sweet and deserving older Dobie, a victim of unfortunate circumstances.

Instead, it has become a bittersweet story with a happy ending. We placed Petra as a young, pretty red female Dobie, about 7

years ago, with Sandi Schwartz, a charming bachelorette residing in the Laurel Canyon area of Los Angeles. A very creative lady of charm and wit, she was also active in the community, treasurer of the Laurel Canyon Association, and well liked by many.

A few years later, Sandi also adopted Smoky, a blue male Dobie we had for several years, as a companion for Petra. She took Smoky sight unseen, on our recommendation, and she adored him. It was Sandi's update we printed in our September, 1996 *Dobie Doings*, wherein we quoted her as she raved about his favorite things; e.g., Polo dabbed on his forehead, kisses, microwaved food, watermelon and mashed potatoes, spoon-fed oatmeal, Chopin, Strauss, and Willie Nelson.

Smoky only lived a couple of years, but Petra consoled Sandi after his death. She did not respond to our inquiries as to whether she wished another companion for Petra. We learned two years ago that Sandi had lung cancer, and her prognosis was poor. We heard very little from her after that.

In October this year, Sandi passed away, and she designated that Petra should be returned to us for safekeeping and whatever we deemed best for her companion of 7 years. Petra had reached the ripe old age of 9. She had a big fatty lipoma on her and her teeth needed cleaning, but she was still a proud and lovely dog.

Petra was severely depressed. She wandered about looking sad, not eating well, not sure whom to attach herself to, and missing her comforts. If left outdoors, she howled. We began letting her sleep in the house on a blanket when the nights became cool. One day I walked in and saw Petra lying on her blanket with Eric's cat, Scooter, curled up alongside her.

About this time, Carol Minkus of Riverside, an long-term fan of ours, called to say she was badly missing her older female, Misty, whom she adopted from us years before and had recently had to put to sleep. She wished to fill that void with another of our sweet, older, cat-friendly girls. (Many of us grow to love our older dogs). We had in mind Trudy, an 11-year-old female whose owner had

also died, but Trudy failed the "cat test" miserably. We told Carol about Petra.

As of this writing, Petra, now known as Brandy, is happily living with Carol and her other senior dogs. We had her lipoma removed, her teeth cleaned,

and she's eating and wagging her tail again like old times. And she has her own home for the holidays.



Miracles Do Happen

One day several months ago, we rescued three or four small cute dogs from a high-kill animal shelter, one of them a little Miniature Pinscher mix.

Our usual practice is to place the new arrivals in isolation areas for about ten days to make sure that they're not incubating distemper or parvovirus, before merging them with the general population of small dogs here and in foster homes.

The isolation "cabins" we used at the time were constructed of chain link and redwood and were fairly hardy structures. The little Min Pin mix was placed with a Cocker Spaniel in one of these. She spent one night housed this way; the next day she was MISSING! In a show of incredible strength and determination for a dog weighing perhaps 12 pounds, she had forced the chain link apart so that she could chew the redwood supports enough to make a hole large enough to allow her escape.

There was no point in searching 19 acres for a 12-pound dog. Anything unusual, such as a different dog running the property, is immediately announced by dozens of canine voices. The entire front of the property is fenced with wrought iron, with literally

dozens of openings large enough to allow the escape of a small dog.

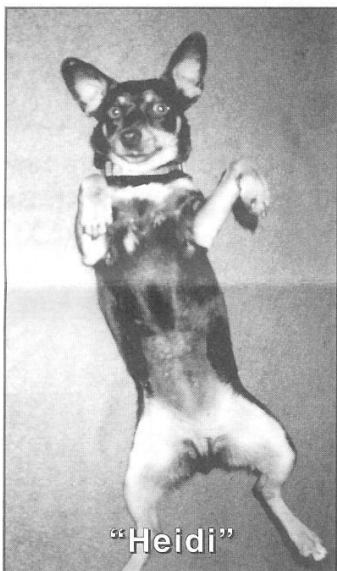
We grieved. The coyotes had probably already found her. She had no collar, no tag, and was not yet microchipped by us. We despaired of ever seeing her again.

Twelve days went by.

On a bright, sunny morning there was a call from the intercom at the front gate. The visitor wanted to know if we were missing a dog. I went out to greet him.

There, in his arms, was the little Min Pin mix!

The man was a neighbor who knew of us, and he had been driving down Sycamore Road, a rural high-speed road below the ranch, and he saw her standing in the road, still wearing her pink Ident-a-Band from the animal shelter. He was afraid she would be squashed in the road, and she was friendly, so he picked her up and brought her over "just in case she might be one of yours."



"Heidi"

We named her Miracle. Not only had she survived 12 days in the wild with all manner of predators in abundance, but she actually looked as though she had gained weight!

Miracle, now named Heidi, was adopted by Michelle, Wayne, and Bethany Wiiki of Tujungu. In a recent note, they said "she is absolutely wonderful and has fit right in our house and hearts very quickly!"

Miracles do happen.

Adoption Updates

It is such a pleasure when we can announce the adoption of dogs previously featured in "Waiting for Homes." Our September *Dobie Doings* featured four "home-

cropped" Dobies (dogs whose ears were cut with scissors) and two small dogs. Incredibly, all but one of these dogs have been adopted into loving homes. Here are their stories:

DARLA,

now named Jane Doe-berman, has a great new home with Jill Black and her family in Ramona. This is the same great family that took another of our home-cropped Dobies, Dirk, nearly a year ago.



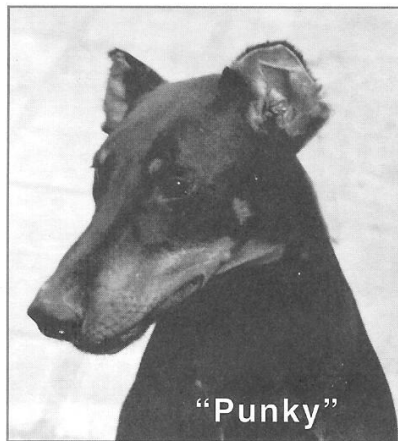
"Darla" & "Dirk"

The two dogs are having a marvelous time, as you can see from the photo. There are horses, a goat, and all kinds of other amusements, but mostly Jane loves to play very rough with Dirk, which he also enjoys. And they are spoiled!

PUNKY,

the cute young Dobie with home-cropped ears, was adopted by the Westbrook family of LaSilva Beach. In an interesting twist of fate,

the Westbrooks had originally seen Punky's picture on the web site of an L.A. area animal shelter, but the picture was so dated by the time they saw it that he was no



"Punky"

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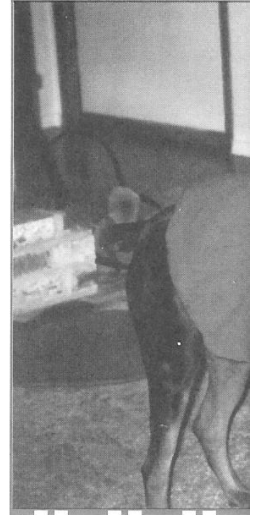
Happy Holidays



"Bodhi" Mixon of Hollywood



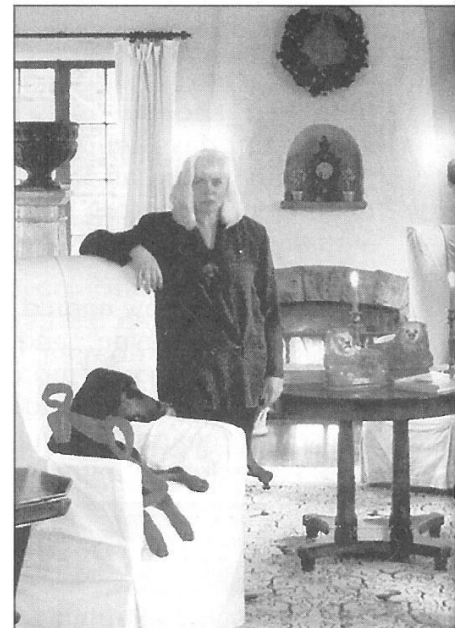
"Angelo" Kemper of Austin, Texas, with Sallie and friend



"Lily"



"Dakota" and "Jessie" McMillan of Ventura with Jeff and Patty



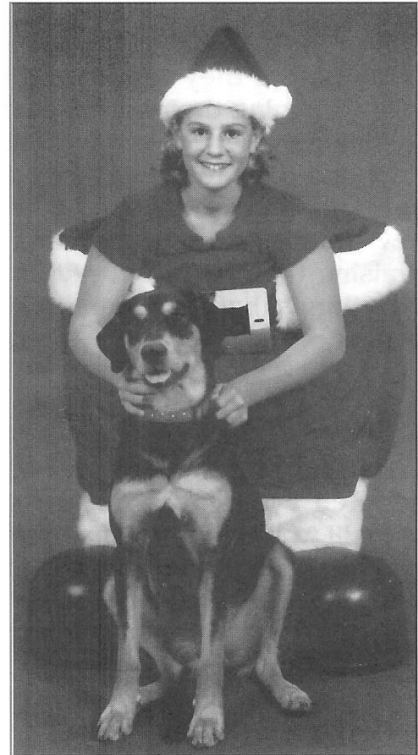
"Aegis" Nichols of Los Angeles and Dalmatian friend



Agel of Magalia



“Pongo” and “Powpadow”
Siegelman
of Los Angeles



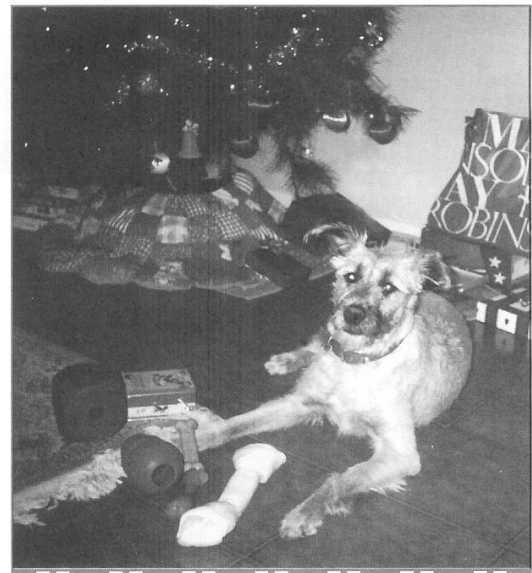
“K.C.” Sarris of
Thousand Oaks,
with Nicole



angeles with owner, Mary,
riend, “Susie”



“Mouse” Doyle
of Port Hueneme
with Jim



“Roxy” Handberg
of Simi Valley

longer present at the shelter. They were saddened to think he had probably been euthanized before they could adopt him.

Imagine their surprise when they came to view rescue Dobies and saw the very dog they had tried to adopt from the shelter!

Punky is now settled in his wonderful new home, and the humans are no doubt praising their luck and philosophizing about how things that are meant to happen, do happen.

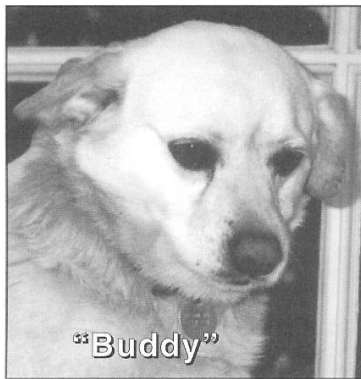
JELLY BEAN,

the sweet older Chihuahua mix, was adopted by Jennifer Amaro of Fillmore. We are still waiting for details, but Jellybean is fitting in well in her new digs and is quite happy.



BUDDY,

the sweet, tubby little Yellow Lab/Corgi mix who became homeless when his owner was transferred, has a wonderful new home with Patsy Graziani of Carpinteria. Patsy had adopted a similar

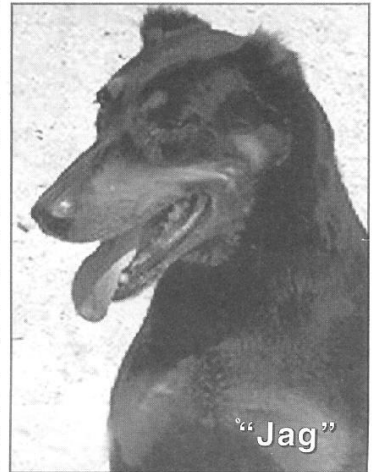


small dog from us about a year earlier - and she already had a larger Lab mix - so Buddy now has two great pals and a big yard, plus lots of love from Patsy, to spend his life with. He's lovin' it!

JAG,

went to Barbara and Harry Heilbroner of Westlake Village. Jag had been adopted from us many

years ago, and he was eventually returned because he became too territorial around other dogs. By the time he was returned to us, he was at least seven years old, and we thought that between his age and his



home-cropped ears, he'd never see another home of his own.

But...

Barbara and Harry Heilbroner, dear Dobie friends of ours from Westlake Village, had just lost the second of their last two Dobies adopted from us. They were grieving, and since both of them are in failing health, they asked us to pick a dog for them. They specifically asked about Jag.

He seemed a good choice. Barbara and Harry didn't care that Jag had issues with other dogs; they liked that he would be a protective, stay-at-home dog. Adding to his appeal was the fact that he was affectionate, housebroken, and had no other bad habits.

When we took him to his new home, he was a busy boy, immediately checking out his entire new territory, asking for attention from Barbara, Harry, kids who were visiting, Eric and I, and basically having a sniffing good time.

Jag now has his very own "forever" home again, where he is well loved, and the Heilbroners have another great Dobie!



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 _____

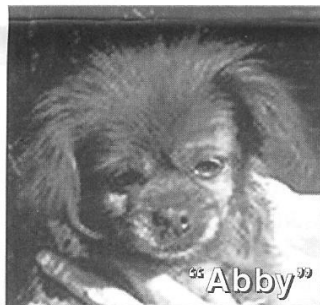
Signature: _____

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.

WAITING FOR HOMES

"ABBY"

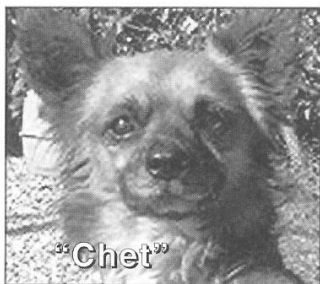
Here is poor little Abby, orphaned at age 9 or 10 when her owner died. Abby is a tiny (10 pound) Pekingese mix who is quiet, social with other dogs, and very uncompetitive.



"Abby"

"CHET"

was named after a famous TV news commentator, and he is a little commentator himself, always voicing his opinion of happenings around him. He is a tiny long-haired Chihuahua/Pomeranian mix, probably 8-9 years old, who is social with other dogs. When we rescued him, he had a mouth full of rotten teeth, so he had his teeth cleaned (five

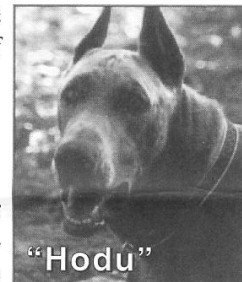


"Chet"

had to be pulled), and he now has a clean bill of health.

"HODU"

is a handsome older Dobie whose owner is finding it necessary to move to a cold climate where he would be miserable. He desperately needs to remain in Southern California or another warm climate. Hodu is housebroken, good with dogs, cats, and children; he is a good watchdog, does not dig or chew, does not jump fences, is very obedient, and has a good, sweet personality. He is still with his owner in Moreno Valley but does not have much time to find a new home.



"Hodu"

"MISS LUCKY"

is a very sweet older female Dobie, black and tan, with nicely cropped ears. She is social and uncompetitive with all other dogs, and she's a good watchdog. We think she would be gentle enough to work with fairly young kids.



"Miss Lucky"

Doberman Pinscher Rescue



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RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

Keepers by Eric Munck

Ardis is my best friend. But about two weeks ago, I lost my best doggie friend, Ziggy. He had lived for the past several years at my workshop, and he was the most loyal canine companion anyone could hope for.

Ziggy had spent most of his life as a guard dog at a plant nursery in Oxnard. One day we got a call from his owners; they were moving back to Holland, and they had a Doberman. Did we want him?

"Tell me about the dog," I said.

"He's a really good watchdog, but he's old, about 10 or so, and has some health issues."

"Then maybe you should consider putting him to sleep, because I doubt anyone would want to adopt him."

Little did I know I was advocating euthanasia of my next best friend! Turned out he was only 6 or 7, and Ardis correctly diagnosed him as having low thyroid function, which was easily helped with daily medication.

Ziggy bonded with me from Day One. Glued to my hip, always anxious to go with me in my truck, always protective. His ear crop was a little crooked, and so was one of his front legs. Whether it was an old injury or a birth defect, it gave him a distinctive walk, as he threw the leg slightly sideways

when he ambled about. But to me, he was a great companion, and neither he nor I cared one iota about what he looked like. I thought he was beautiful.

When he volunteered to get in the back of my truck for a trip into town, he would put his front legs on the tailgate, then turn his head and look at me, waiting for the boost that would mean he could go.

Once in the truck, he was all Guard Dog. I never had to worry about leaving anything valuable in the back of my truck with Ziggy there. If anyone approached, he was ready to protect his territory and everything in it with his life. I even put an iridescent "Beware of Dog" sign in the back window of my truck as a warning. But many people don't read...he scared the wits out of a woman who later said she thought it was a "For Sale" sign.

When I went out of town on business, I would usually take Ziggy with me. Curled up on the passenger side in the truck, he'd go to sleep and, once in a while, reach out with a paw to make sure I was still there....or put his nose in my lap. It sure makes a trip shorter when you've got company!

Many of you have lost good canine friends over the years, yet you still come back for more. That's how it's supposed to be, and Ardis and I thank you for your continued support.