

"Pixie" and "Katie" Ortiz of Long Beach

"Dobie Doings"



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Some good news this issue....

A lot of adoptions, including many of the harder-to-place dogs we have been featuring in previous issues. It feels so good to place these "lifers" that in general we would prefer to see one of these go home than several very adoptable dogs. Older dogs occupy a special place in the hearts of most rescuers. True, you don't have them as long...usually. True, medical things do start to go wrong with them. But there are so many compensating qualities! People often ask "doesn't it break your heart to lose them so soon?" My response always is "of course, but I can have so many more of them to love in my lifetime!"

... Our building fund for the new kennel building is coming along. It's slow going to try to save the money before starting construction, but what good is a concrete slab without the steel building, or vice versa? We do have a number of offers of help from tradespeople; thank you! We are now hoping to possibly attract a venture capitalist-type who loves animals (and isn't in it only for the money) to lend us money which we would repay with interest. If we can accomplish this, we would hope to be able to initiate work on the new building within the year.

... Dr. Nancy Harrison, whose e-mail we printed concerning the vivisection of dozens of purebred Dobermans annually at the University

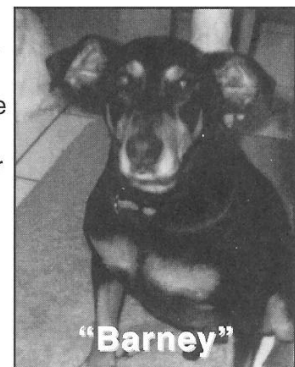
of California, San Diego, advised us that she received some good contacts as the result of your efforts. Many individuals and organizations are aware of the situation and are working to change it, including the Physicians Committee for Responsible Medicine. We'll keep you posted of changes as we learn about them.

Sincerely,
Ardis Munck

Ardis Munck
Director

Adoption Updates

"BARNEY," the big gentle beast, was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jensen of Anaheim. They had lost their cherished Dobie of many years and came to pick up Barney to take him home, sight unseen. Initial reports were good, but we checked back several months later and got rave reports. "This is the best dog we've ever had!" He goes for daily walks, car rides, and all other benefits afforded a family member. Their only complaint is that they trip over him regularly, because he never leaves their side.



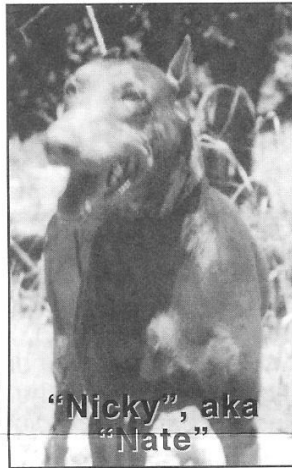
"Barney"



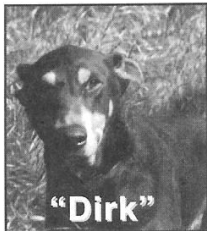
"Elliott"

"ELLIOTT," our little fur ball, went to the home of Margaret and Bobby Eldridge of Camarillo. The Eldridges already had two of our small fry and decided that Elliott could fit in nicely. He has, too, judging from this picture.

"NATE," the happy, friendly guy who likes everyone, was introduced to his two new canine roomies, Zeus and Venus, at their house in Los Angeles, while owners Russ Pisano and Tom Mango looked on. Round and round the big grassy yard they ran, Zeus initially trying to protect his territory and finally deciding Nate (now "Nicky") was no threat to him. Now he wants to play with him. Everybody loves Nicky.



"Nicky", aka "Nate"



"Dirk"

"DIRK," our playful 5-year-old boy Dobie with home-cropped ears, has a wonderful new home. This will be a feature story in our next issue.

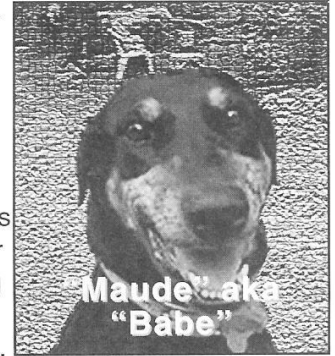
"GYPSY," the dear girl whose rear knee joint fused when she was hit by a car and her former owner did nothing, has made her home in Fremont, California, with Liz Penades. Liz had seen Gypsy's picture on the Internet and decided to make room in her home for her. When we delivered Gypsy to her new home at the end of a 9-hour car ride, there was a huge new doggie bed waiting for her in the middle of the living room. She immediately claimed her new bed and, according to Liz, has spent the majority of her days



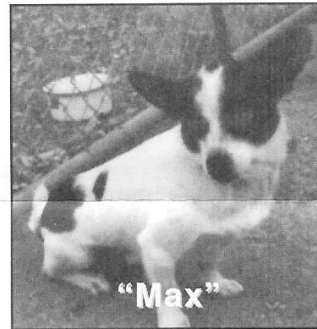
"Gypsy"

there ever since, comfortable and out of the cold (just what she needed).

"BABE," (now "Maude") our senior lady Dobie who was returned years after her original adoption, finally has a permanent home with Louise and John Gapen of Los Osos. The Gapens tend to adopt only senior Dobbies from us, knowing how wonderful they are. They own two pet stores, so these dogs do not lack for anything! Maude has proven to be the perfect house dog, and since she is good off leash, she now gets to have long runs on the beach. Maude is finally home to stay!



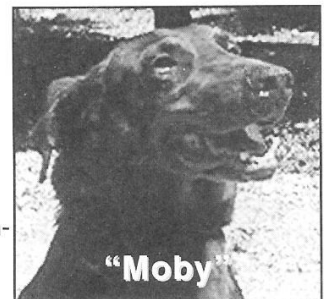
"Maude" aka "Babe"



"Max"

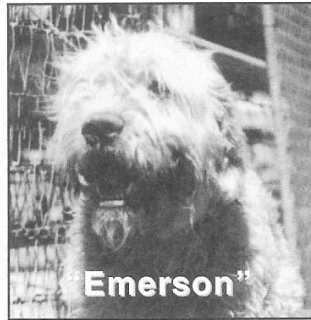
"MAX," our little monster Jack Russell Terrier mix, has moved in with the Tene family of North Hollywood. This contact was made because we again visited the Victory Boulevard School there and brought three dogs so that learning-disabled children, many of whom have never had a dog, could pet and play with them. Lila Tene and her son Buddy were among those who played with Polaris (small), Tiny (medium), and Jake (large) that day and decided to come to the ranch and pick out their own little pet for the family. Despite some concerns that we had about Max being overly protective, he is well loved in his new home for two months now and is doing fine. He dances on his two hind legs for treats and has won everyone's heart.

Even **"MOBY,"** who spent over five years in our rescue program, found a great home through the efforts of Fran Drennan and her associates at Irvine Animal Control, who fostered Moby until an appropriate home could be found for him. They are now doing the same with "TURK", another of our "lifers."



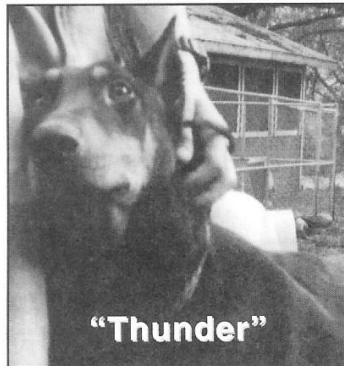
"Moby"

"EMERSON," our big lovable Otterhound mix, was being fostered by a volunteer for the Animal Rescue Volunteers group, and indications are that this foster home has become a permanent home for Emerson.



Emerson

WAITING FOR HOMES



"Thunder"

"THUNDER" is a good-looking three-year-old black male Dobie with nicely cropped ears and happy temperament. His problem is that he has "megesophagus," which is a pocket in his esophagus that traps food and causes

him to regurgitate it. We put him in the hospital for a couple of weeks to find a solution other than surgery. Their recommendation is to feed Thunder four or five small meals per day; this completely resolves the problem. So... the home we're seeking for Thunder is with a person or couple who work at home, or a retired couple who could maintain his feeding schedule every few hours.

"INGRID" is a young female Border Terrier with the sweetest disposition of any of our little dogs. She likes other dogs, is never barky or nippy, and weighs in close to 30 pounds, rather heavy for a Border Terrier, but she loves to eat!



"Ingrid"

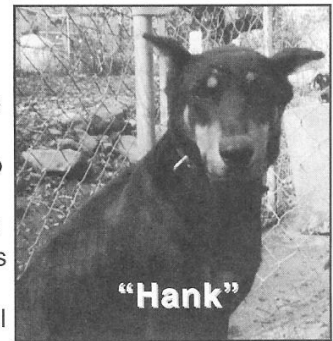


ESPRESSO

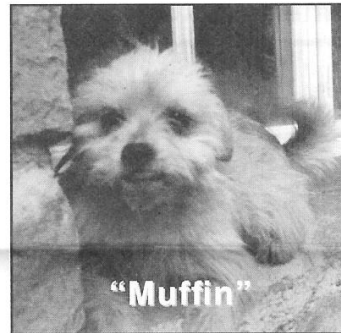
"ESPRESSO" has been with us for years. We believe she's housebroken, and she's also social with most other dogs,

but NO cats, and she requires a fairly tall fence. It's sad to have watched her progress well into middle age; she needs her own home now!

"HANK" is a heart-breaker; he must have been terribly abused in his life. To pet Hank, one must first approach him slowly, speaking softly to him, in order that he not try to run away. He does not try to bite and seems to appreciate being stroked and petted. It will take a special, very patient home for Hank, who is about 5 years old, black and tan, and dog-social.



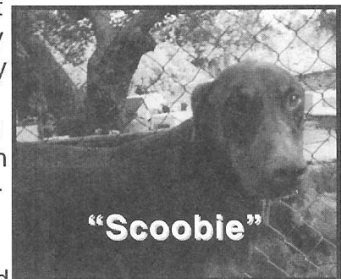
"Hank"



"Muffin"

"MUFFIN" is another of our truly sweet dogs. She's not everyone's idea of a beautiful dog with her fuzzy hair and toothy underbite, but she's about 20 pounds of happy love who gets along with dogs and cats.

"SCOOBIE" and **"DELILAH"** are brother and sister red Dobies, about 3 years old. Overall they tolerate each other fairly well, though they certainly do not need to be kept together. Delilah is believed to be housebroken but requires medication for incontinence. She has cropped



"Scoobie"

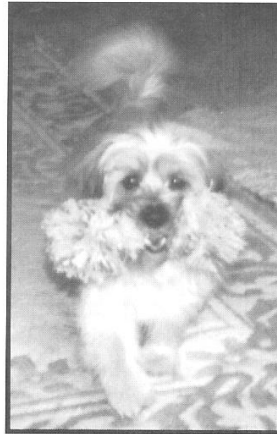


"Delilah"

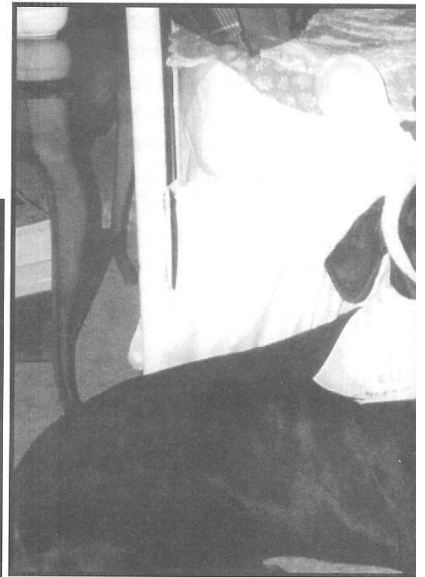
ears and is quite beautiful! Scoobie's ears were also cropped but don't stand, and he has one horrendous problem: he destroys water buckets, any water buckets, plastic or metal. We are exploring creating one out of cement.



**“Barney ” & “Becca” Sullivan-Dovel
of Sherman Oaks**

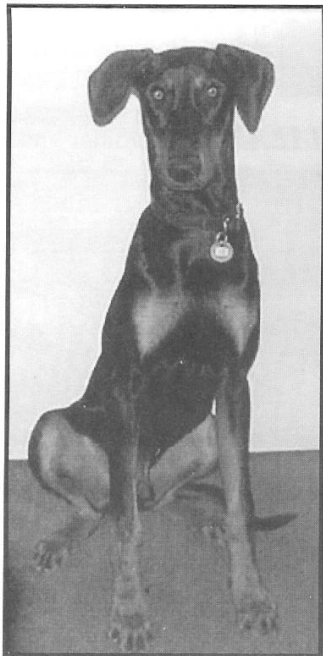


**“Milly”
Caballero of
Santa Barbara**

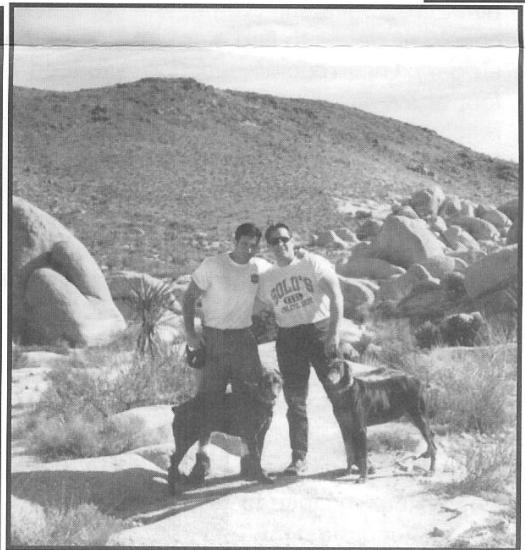
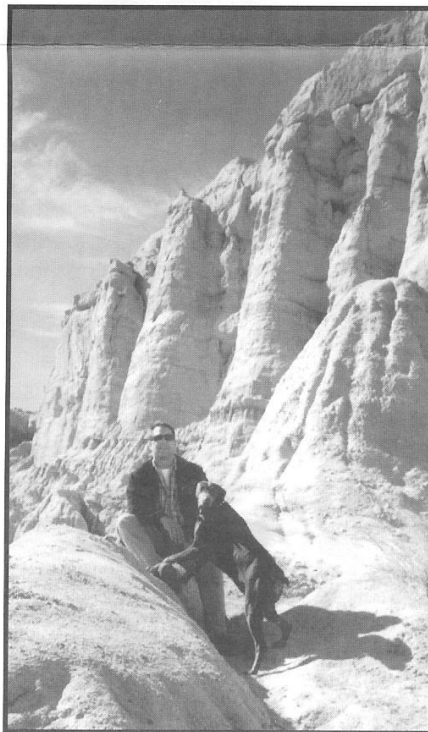


“Klaus ”Scholl

“Melody



**“Che ”
Vomvolakis of
Los Angeles**



**“Zeus” and “Venus” of Los
Angeles with owners Russ
Pisano and Tom Mango**

**These are the wonderful folks who adopted
“Nicky” aka “Nate”. Above left is
“Venus” with Tom**



of Irvine

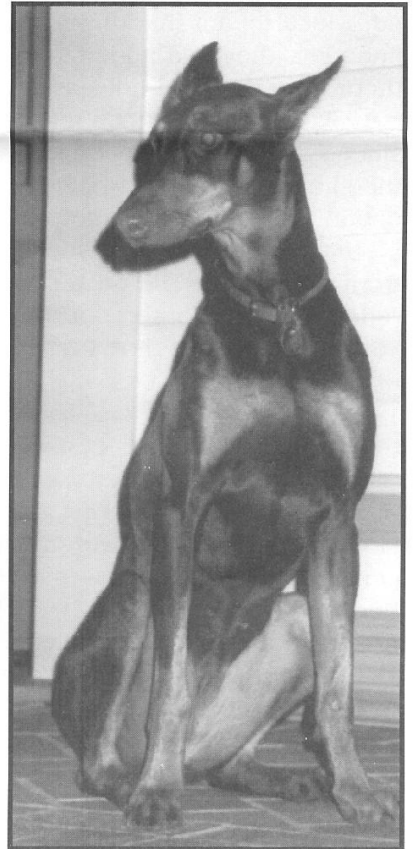


“Blanche” Doerr-Malchow
of Pasadena with owner
Autumn Doerr



“Gus” and “Sadie” Eisen of Tarzana,
with Emily

” Chamberlain of 
North Hills



“Ginger” Schneider of
Santa Monica



“Dillinger” Fogliatti
of Leucadia



“Joshua” and “Judd” Lippman of
Weslake Village, with owner Bobbie

With Sympathy

Quite a number of you have lost your dear canine companions recently, and some of you are truly grief-stricken. Our heartfelt condolences to you... people who truly love dogs can understand each others' devastation when such a close friend is lost.

Many years ago, when I first began rescuing Dobermans, I gave my heart to a precious little rescue Dobie, a little nine-month-old female we named Josie. She and her mother had come into one of the animal shelters as strays, and because the mother was wearing identification tags, the shelter needed to hold both dogs for ten business days, more than double the holding period for strays without tags. This particular shelter's policy was to NOT vaccinate any of the dogs until they were adopted, which meant that during their entire confinement, they had no shots to help immunize them from the dread diseases of distemper and parvovirus. The shelter's reasoning was that, since most of the dogs do not make it out of the shelter alive, why waste the cost of a vaccination? (About \$1 per shot, purchased in bulk.)

I had to wait two weeks to obtain Josie from the shelter. The owner came in and redeemed the mother, but they didn't want Josie back. By the time I rescued her, she was, of course, sick.

I was still a novice to the horrors of distemper. After two days of antibiotics and force-feeding, which Josie considered a terrible form of torture, she went to the hospital. This precious little girl had so won my heart with her gentle sweetness that I was determined to save her at any cost.

That week was a roller-coaster. One day she'd seem better, the next day she'd be worse. The next day she would seem brighter and perkier, the next she would relapse. Finally the vet said she had improved and could go home the next day.

That morning she had a seizure and died.

I was devastated. I was furious at the ex-owner who did not bother to vaccinate his pet, I was furious at the animal shelter for their non-

vaccination policy, and I was furious at God for taking so beautiful a being just coming into the bloom of her life. I finally wrote a poem to her, which helped me to come to terms with the tragedy of Josie's death. In case it can also help any of you to deal with your loss, here it is:

FAREWELL TO JOSIE

Sadness, yes, and heartache, oh!
A lesser faith would be so shaken.
Fervent prayers to quash the foe
Assured, until cruel turns were taken:
Roller—coaster of emotion.

Mortal minds ask "why, oh why?"
Constantly seeking an answer.
Precious hearts too young to die,
Babies with guts full of cancer
We pray one day to understand.

But, what of this unfairness,
Of missing the chance to run and play?
What if it's our selfishness
Demanding that life be lived our way?
Second—guessing the Creator.

Since God loves angels more than we,
What if He gathers them 'round Himself
Out of love, to set them free?
Neither time, nor human love nor wealth
Can improve upon perfection!

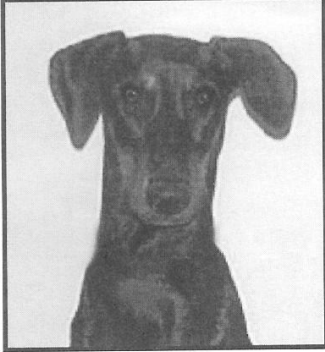
What we cannot change, accept,
And grieve no more for those departed.
Pay God's wisdom due respect,
Balm your wounds, O brokenhearted;
Know that life is for the living.

Farewell, little angel...

- Ardis Braun Munck

KEEPERS

Eric Munck



Did you know that dogs can learn by visual example? A young Dobie named Chance taught me that important lesson a few months ago.

Chance was given up by his owner because he was too dominant and had nipped the owner's wife twice. As much as they loved the dog, they felt they had no option but to return Chance to us. Since they lived hours away, Ardis agreed that I would meet them halfway, at the Alessandro Animal Hospital in Moreno Valley, where we often have dogs attended to by the excellent Dr. Randhawa and his competent staff.

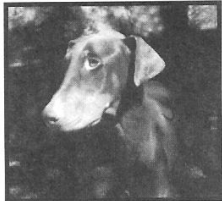
Trying to get Chance into a crate for his return to Fillmore almost proved to be an exercise in futility; he was scared out of his wits and would have bitten me severely if given the opportunity.

To the rescue came one of Dr. Randhawa's assistants, fashioning a muzzle out of a leash, which she managed to slip over his mouth. While he couldn't bite me, Chance certainly had no intention to peacefully walk into the crate, so he and I performed a rather erratic version of the jitterbug, me with a crate in one hand and a leash in the other, and Chance snarling and growling, trying to get away from it all!

Finally, I stood the crate on end, picked up the dog and literally dumped him in. Done!

Back at the ranch, I tied Chance out in front of the garage, so we could keep an eye on him and work with him. He was growling and snarling, and wouldn't let anyone near him. ... After about three days of this nonsense, I decided to have it out with him. Grabbing the waterhose (to provide myself with some kind of protection, because Dobies in general hate water), I slowly approached Chance, talking to him in a friendly voice, trying to calm him down...none of which had the slightest effect on the dog. His teeth bared, hackles raised, growling and snarling, he was ready to fight to the last drop of blood!

I sat down on the ground, and at this moment, one of our many less adoptable dogs, Tiny, came running up, wanting to be petted..."I'm busy right now, can't you tell?" I said, but I petted her anyway; good ole Chance was watching this scenario unfold less than 5 feet away from him, and here's what happened:



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.

Chance stopped growling, laid his hair down, put his teeth away, started wagging his tail and came right over to be petted! Unbelievable!

Needless to say, Chance and I have been best friends ever since that day. He's now quite the love bug, and his aggressive behavior has completely disappeared. He learned not be afraid of me, and I learned that dogs can be taught by visual example!



Our kennel building project got off to a good start, or at least we thought it did: someone offered to donate a complete 1200 square-foot steel building, and that was a wonderful solution to the issue of dealing with sick dogs that have to be isolated. This would allow me to completely separate the hospital from the main building and avoid cross-contamination.

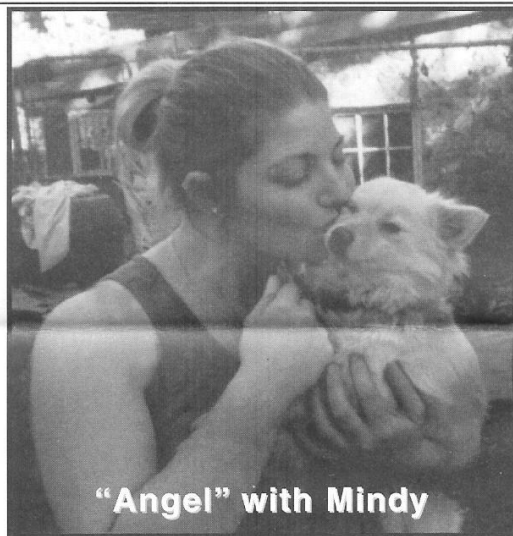
Promises, promises. . . the hospital building never materialized, and my phone calls are not returned.

Be that as it may, we are forging ahead undaunted, and I thank those of you who have donated funds, time and offered expertise.

We desperately need a concrete contractor who'd be willing to donate time and materials. Please help!

Parting shots

Pictured below is Mindy Malter, our kennel worker of two months, with "ANGEL," a handicapped mini-Eskimo mix. Formerly of Simi Valley, Mindy is now living in the guest house at the ranch and handling her new job well. She already knows the names of dozens of the dogs, and they all like her. At any given time, one to three of Mindy's friends are on site visiting and donate hours of volunteer time helping with the animals. By the way, Angel has a nerve-damaged front leg, but is otherwise healthy and ready for adoption.



"Angel" with Mindy

Doberman Pinscher Rescue



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