



"Arlo" Meislin of Manhattan Beach

"Dobie Doings"



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This is a truly delightful issue of *Dobie Doings* to be sharing with all of you. For starters, we have a commitment for a sizable chunk of the capital needed to start construction on our new kennel building, thanks to a private lender (who prefers to remain anonymous), a wonderful fan of Dobermans and a long-time supporter of Dobie Rescue. She is making a loan to Dobie Rescue at a fair and affordable interest rate so that we can move forward with our plans. Currently we are in the stage of dealing with the Ventura County Planning Department to determine all of their requirements and to plan how to effect compliance.

We also have some wonderful, heartwarming stories to share with you. Usually adoptions are fairly typical: good people come to adopt a dog, and they generally leave with one or more great dogs. But every so often, a particular dog's tale becomes nearly an epic which, when it ends well, makes us brim over with good feelings that just beg to be shared with others. There are a few of these this time.

Unfortunately, none of the "Waiting for Homes" dogs featured in our last issue have been adopted, so their sweet faces appear again on Page 3.

It's also time for another photo contest. The winning photo will be the masthead (cover) photo for the next issue of *Dobie Doings*.

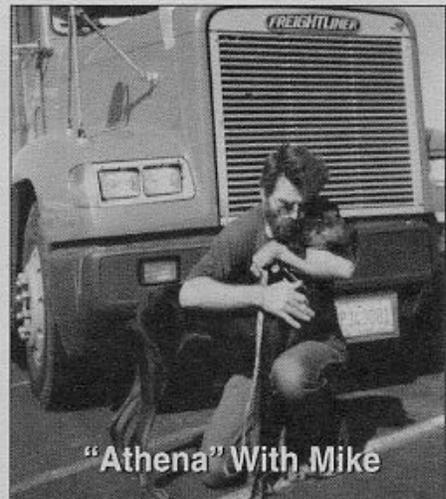
Go ahead, get that camera and capture a few of those "Kodak moments!" We must receive them by August 1, 2000.

Sincerely,
Ardis Munck
Ardis Munck
Director

Rolling Rescue to the Rescue

Athena was at Dobie Rescue for two years. She is a pretty dog, but somehow she just didn't get adopted. We put her in the centerfold of our September issue; we put her on the Internet.

Finally, Mary Ann Ferreira of Red Bluff, California noticed Athena, who reminded her of a dog she had years ago. She called and said she wanted Athena. Getting to



"Athena" With Mike

Fillmore was a problem for her, though, since she baby-sits her grandchildren every day, so it was decided she would meet Eric in central California in January.

Then Mary Ann's daughter-in-law found out she was getting a Doberman. She said Mary Ann could no longer baby-sit the kids with such a big, dangerous dog around. (Dobermans are big scary dogs, aren't they?) So the plan was called off, and we all thought that was the end of it. Months later, Mary Ann's son realized how depressed she was about Athena, so he said she should get the dog, and they would deal with it. Now the problem was, how to get her there?

It so happens there is a group of long-haul truck drivers, who are connected only by a web site and a love of animals, who periodically check the web site for a match between their own departure points and destinations, and those of animals that need transportation somewhere. They then transport them, free of charge. They are called Rolling Rescue.

Mary Ann posted her heart's desire to this web site, prayed, and waited. Enter Mike Hankins, a long-haul driver based in Michigan. He had already been booked to transport two Dalmatians, but it got canceled; he was available. Yes, if we could meet him a little later that day, he could take Athena to Red Bluff. There were a few conditions: she had to get along with two cats and a terrier who accompany Mike everywhere he goes.

We met Mike in Northridge, about an hour's drive for us, and Athena met the terrier and the two cats. Everything seemed to be a go, but a muzzle was provided for Athena just in case there was trouble later.

Five days later, Mike delivered Athena to her new home. It was a difficult five days, as Athena turned out NOT to tolerate cats well at all, and she also routinely burgled the trash and caused all kinds of other trouble, but Mike hung in there, delivering his precious cargo to the waiting arms of Mary Ann.

Mike has his own web site,



"Athena" at home with the grandkids

http://www.geocities.com/TheTropics/Cove/4727/trucking/resq_d.html, devoted to the animal rescue efforts he has been personally involved in.

As for Mary Ann and Athena, they are HAPPY!!!!

Deserving Dirk

Several years ago, a small animal shelter phoned to say they had an available Doberman; were we interested? We went to have a look. He was a nice dog. The kennel person then said, "we have another one, but you probably won't want him, his ears are kind of messed up." There, with his scissor-cropped ears and winning personality, was Dirk. We took both dogs.



"Dirk"

The problem was how to get Dirk adopted. Some people were simply turned off by the short, home-cropped ears. Others probably worried that other people would think *they* did that to Dirk. So he was with us for years. Really no problem, because he was always social with all other dogs in his play groups and had no bad habits. But, of course, we still wanted him to have a home of his own.

Last year we placed him briefly with Viola Hall, a lovely Santa Barbara lady, who had to return him a few weeks later because her female was brutalizing Dirk. Some of you may recall our little story about him, and how Ms. Hall raved about his sweetness.

Finally, Jill Black of Ramona noticed him when she came to adopt her female from us. A few months went by before Jill called to inquire whether Dirk was still with us. His sad story had bothered her, and she had decided to give Dirk a permanent home.

Jill also raves about Dirk's sweetness and winning personality. Doesn't he look happy?



"Dirk" & Paul



Keepers by Eric Munck

It looks like I'm the designated doggie advice columnist. Move over, Dr. Brothers! Dear Eric,

My 18-month Dobie is very destructive. I work long hours and I've had to keep him in the yard because he destroys the house. Now he is excavating the yard and barks all day. I'm at wits end; can you offer any suggestions?

Clueless or dogless in L.A.

Dear Clueless:

Your dog wants attention. He's lonely and bored. You really need to spend more time with him: take him to a dog park, to training classes, for car rides. Maybe someone could walk your dog while you're at work? Also, consider getting him a playmate. Finally, Dobies like being inside. I recommend purchasing a large varikennel which your dog will regard as his own "room." Crate him for short periods or overnight, eliminating damage to your house when you can't supervise. You might build a dog run for longer absences. Keep me posted!

STILL WAITING FOR HOMES

"THUNDER" is a good-looking three-year-old black male Doberman 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.



"Thunder"

"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,



"ESPRESSO"

but she loves to eat!

"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"

"HANK" is a heartbreaker; 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.



"Muffin"

Good news! Just as we were going to press, **"Muffin"** was adopted by Ruth Nichols and Edgar Ferraz of Lakewood.



"Delilah"

"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 may require medication for incontinence. She has



"Scoobie"



"Ingrid"

cropped 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.



"Arthur" Gebel of Cypress



"Junior" Martinez of Ontario with Stephanie



**"Wyle E." Harm
Mapleton, Or**



**"Minnow" Theisen of
Gilbert, Arizona**



"Sara" Meyer of Oxnard



**"Rocky" Do
or Simi Va**



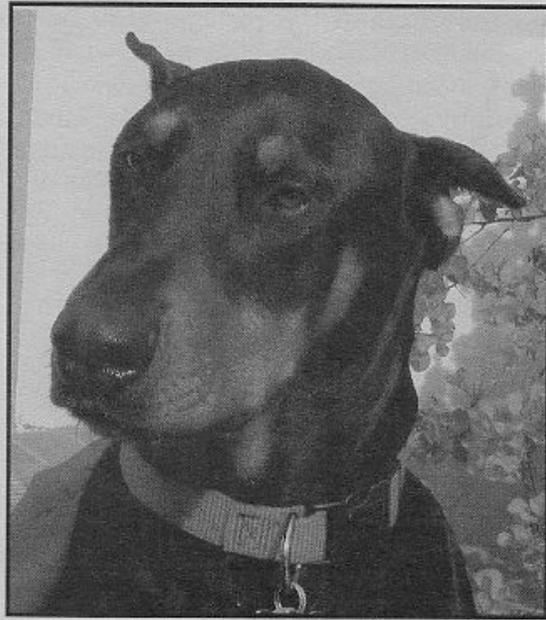
"Pilar" Skaats of Los Angeles



**"Wolfi" Doesser
Redondo Bea**

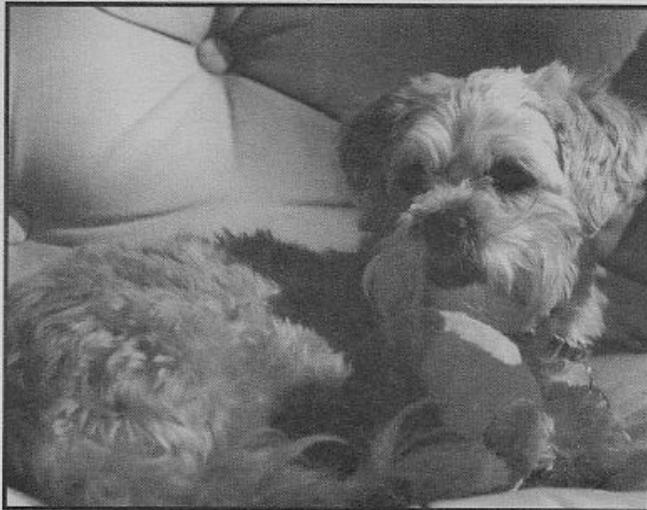


"Scarlett" Koz of Thousand Oaks

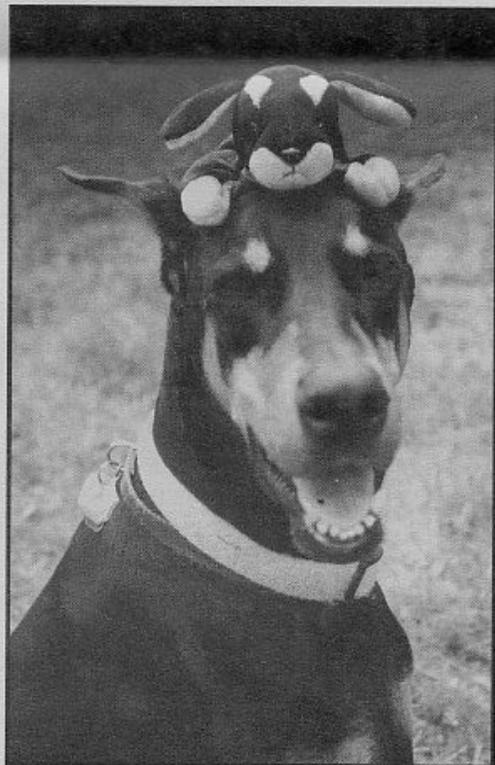


**"Dustin" Henley of
Rancho Santa Margarita**

Some of our happy
adoptees
in their new homes



"Mollie" Brooks of Santa Ynez



**"Aurora" Kohn of Manhattan
Beach**

Josh's Story

About a decade ago, Dobie Rescue was visited one Sunday by Irma Eubanks and her husband, Bob. I was acquainted with them socially and knew that Irma had loved a Doberman in her life, who had long since passed on. They didn't choose any of our hopefuls to take home that day, though. Well, I thought, they are used to the finest things in life, maybe we just didn't have anything showy enough for them. I kept hoping they would return. They didn't.

Last month, Irma wrote to me, explaining why she had been unable to choose a dog that day. The reason was that Josh, the dog that she had so loved years before, wasn't here, and nobody else could replace him. She wrote a five-page typed story about her Josh, and what made him so special. Following is a condensed version of her story. The entire story will be viewable on our web site, for those of you who would like to read it verbatim.

"Childhood was a particularly lonely time in my life. Being the youngest child in our neighborhood, there were no children to play with, so I turned to our family's animals for companionship, and they became my playmates. I learned to understand them, communicate with them, and developed bonding relationships with them. One dog, Josh, proved to be exceptional! He was a large, beautiful red male Doberman with a sharp, inquisitive mind, a strong desire to please, and several personalities: one calm and mellow, another wise, while another was impishly playful and mischievous.

Josh came into my life 20 years ago and quickly responded to my attentiveness.. became a happy dog and began inventing games for us to play. The one he seemed to enjoy most was 'drag mom through the house,' and a particular gleam in his eyes signaled the start of this game. He'd knock me to the floor and grab the end of my pant-leg. Growling ferociously, he'd drag me around the house, just 'showing off.' Josh always won this game.

He was a very energetic, athletic dog, and we both found hiking trails invigorating

and challenging. We extended our hikes to 5, 7, and up to 8 miles. Every hike became a wondrous adventure.

One evening, while hiking through a remote canyon, we came upon a new construction site. Josh stopped abruptly. His hair bristled, and he started growling. Directly ahead, about 50 yards away, two large dogs were rummaging through a trash pile searching for leftovers from workmen's lunches. Looking up, they spotted us, and started moving menacingly toward us. Both were huge, much bigger than Josh, and were obviously strays turned wild.

You can tell when wild dogs are about to attack. They lower their heads, fix their eyes on their prey, and move forward at a slow, determined pace. Both dogs assumed this posture. WE WERE UNDER ATTACK! Josh, snarling menacingly, positioned himself crossways in front of me and braced himself for the unavoidable fight. When the dogs advanced to about 15 feet, Josh wheeled, first fighting off the dog at his hindquarters, then spun back to fight off the other dog, attacking him from the front. They fought ferociously, Josh never leaving my side. Our attackers finally backed down and Josh, standing his ground, snarled warnings for them to stay away.

Finally the two dogs limped away. My whole body was trembling and I felt nauseated. Josh had numerous puncture wounds in his hindquarters and he was exhausted and shaking from the fight, but he seemed to be all right. I felt a deeper respect for this magnificent animal who had put his life on the line to save me. From that moment on, wherever we went, I always felt safe with Josh at my side.

When Josh was 9 years old, I found a lump on his ankle. Our vet took bone tissue samples and called later with the results... bone cancer, and Josh's leg would have to be amputated or excruciating pain and death would soon follow.

Deep inside, I heard my inner voice saying 'Don't do it!' It was my intuition guiding me, and it was NEVER wrong. I asked the Universe to send guidance, and recalled a homeopathic vet in Oregon who had treated a neighbor's horses with acupuncture.

Locating the vet, I called and asked if he treated dogs for cancer. He did, but could not guarantee it would cure Josh.

The first step in the treatment, cleansing Josh's digestive tract, involved placing him on a two-day liquid diet of water and defatted broth. An overnight package arrived, with herbs to be administered twice daily. Directions were included for preparing a diet of organically grown vegetables and fruits, chopped and mixed with organically grown grains. The diet was designed to flush out all toxins that had accumulated in Josh's body and to purify his organs and systems, thus freeing his immune system to effectively fight the cancer. I was instructed to order an electrical device called a tens-machine, a small black box with a plug-in cord attached. Two wires, approximately three feet long, emerged from



one end. At the end of each wire was a sponge-type pad. I obtained pure food-grade hydrogen peroxide which, when diluted with the proper amount of distilled water, formed a solution in the exact proportions required for the treatment. Both pads were soaked in this solution, pressed against the tumor, one on each side, and wrapped securely in place. When the tens-machine was turned on, it emitted electrical pulses that pounded the solution deep into the bone tissues. This treatment was given for 20 minutes, three times a day. I massaged Josh's body during every treatment; he remained perfectly still and relaxed. As instructed, I continued exercising him rather strenuously. This was intended to stimulate his internal organs and systems and strengthen his immune system. After six weeks THE TUMOR DID NOT GROW! In fact, it seemed to be getting smaller. After a few more months, new bone tissue samples were taken, and THERE WERE NO CANCER CELLS IN THE TISSUE! THE CANCER WAS TOTALLY GONE! For the next 5 1/2 years, Josh lived a joyful life. But, as he neared his 15th birthday, I noticed he was slowing down, and I promised I would never let him suffer. But he had to let me know when he wanted to go.

A few weeks later, during a heavy rain-storm, Josh slid off the couch, headed for



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Please return this form with your contribution
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100% of your contribution goes directly to benefit the animals.

the dog-door and went outside. He hated rain, so when he didn't return, I rushed out and saw him walking with his head so low, his nose almost touched the ground. I brought him in and dried him off, only to have him go right back out again. This time he was laying in mud! I knew this was his signal! He was in pain and he needed me to keep my promise.

When the vet arrived, I was sitting on the floor, holding Josh's head in my lap. As I had requested, after administering the lethal injection, the vet took Josh with him.

My entire system was thrust into deep mourning. I longed for my best friend, my loyal companion, my confidant, my playmate. Josh was the only living thing that loved me unconditionally.

For months, I walked alone along the paths and trails we had hiked together. Visions of him scampering up and down the hillsides were clear and vivid. I scattered his ashes along the edges of his favorite trail where I knew he would want to be.

Although at times memories can still cause tears, I have accepted the loss, and now understand how fortunate I was to have had this incredible creature share my life. 'Better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all....' "

Surf's Story

We're told Surf's owner got him as a puppy, probably expecting to have him as long as the dog lived. At age 54, the owner was hospitalized for gall bladder surgery. He died at the hospital. There were no traceable next of kin. Surf remained in his yard with enough food and water for a few days, then the neighbors and real estate people obtained permission to relocate him...to us.

Poor Surf. We doubt he had ever been away from home before. He was absolutely terrified of his other dog neighbors in the kennel, and he refused to come into the house because he was afraid of the dogs already there.

He has adapted to living in a play area with two other dogs, but at age 7 or so, he needs his own special home. He's a red male with cropped ears, is quite active, and is in good condition except for lick sores on two of his feet, common in some Dobies, especially if they're bored.

Surf would still prefer to be the only dog. Can you make his day?



Doberman Pinscher Rescue



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