



**"Bella," "Gracie Mae" and "Elmer"
Means of Ventura, with Gail**

"Dobie Doings"



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**"Foxy" VanAacken of
Santa Barbara**

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Adoptions most weekends throughout the spring continued to be high. Nothing we like better than to see our good dogs get into the good homes they deserve, which of course creates openings for more good dogs to be saved.

Our three-day weekend at the Orange County pet expo was exhausting but worth it, as usual. We got to see many of our old friends and adopters, as well as making new acquaintances that may lead to adoptions in the future. The dogs behaved themselves well. The only real drama came in the form of volunteers breaking up a fight between two Golden Retrievers at another booth.

We're hoping to pull off a few offbeat and unusual fundraisers this summer if there is enough interest from prospective attendees, including one tentatively planned for June 12th in Valencia that features wine and painting. Check it out at <http://pinotspalette.com/valencia/class/98726> and let us know if you can attend. A minimum of 20 attendees is required. Another would be held at a brewery a bit later on and is open to the public. Keep an eye on our website for our upcoming events.

As always at this time of year, we'd like to remind you that firecrackers and other loud noises around the 4th of July can spook many dogs, so be extra careful about keeping them secure, especially if this is your first year with a new dog.

Thank you for all you do, friends and supporters. We are grateful.

Sincerely,
Ardis Braun

ADOPTION UPDATES

Of the eight dogs featured in our last newsletter, four were adopted and one is being fostered (which we hope may turn out to be a "failed foster").

STARSKY,

whose owner signed him over to an animal shelter with permission to put him to death, was adopted by Connelly Jenks of Los Angeles. From her recent e-mail: "Starsky is doing great. He is adapting well to his new surroundings. He has made friends with my parents' dogs and is learning to play.



He has met a couple of cats and is playing nicely. He has enjoyed hiking and camping!! He is a sweet man who loves to cuddle up with me every night. He has been a great running partner, but can run farther than me! I have gotten multiple compliments about what a handsome guy he is....I'd say he is happy to have found his forever home."

LIZZY,

our teeny Chihuahua girl, was adopted by Judy and Mark Enneking of Ojai. Judy sent this update: "On March 5th Mark and I met Lizzy, who we now call Missy. And just as you told us over the phone, she is so sweet and loving. From the moment she arrived at our home it was as if she had always been here. She met our other dog, who is very shy, and to our amazement they became fast friends.



Every day Missy shows us how much she loves being with us. She really loves riding in the car in her own car seat. When we open the car door she jumps in and gets herself settled in for whatever adventure. She shows us every day why we fell in love with her the moment we met. Thank you again...."

PICKLES,

the sweet little lady with no lower jaw that we received from Taiwan, is being fostered by Janell Beach and her family of Fillmore. Janell recently said: "She's my constant companion no matter what I'm doing and I'm as close to foster fail as I've ever been." Now to convince the husband....



CHELSEA,

our beautiful blue girl, was adopted by Alain Kua of Pacoima. He had wanted a nice dog that

would bond well with him and his family, and that's what he got. He says: "She is doing very well and we love her. She is very very well behaved. House trained and crate trained. Knows how to sit, stay, up, down, in n out. Very intelligent. She is eating very well and has filled in a bit. Oh and by the way, she really is a Velcro dog, she follows me everywhere!!"



BUCKY

is little Chihuahua mix whose owner passed away, so he was taken to a high-kill animal shelter, where he had already spent six days the day we went to rescue another dog. He was so precious we couldn't leave him, and now he has a great home with Wayne Dvorak and Robert Brandt of Los Angeles, who have adopted dogs from us for many years. Wayne sent us a picture with this note: "Here's Bucky (on the left) and



his new friend Maisey! They love chasing through the house and playing bite face!"

WAITING FOR HOMES

Maggie

is a silky terrier mix, about 7 years young, 10 pounds. She's lived with other dogs, large and small as well as cats, but she'd really be happy if she were the one and only to someone. She's great in the car, loves to sit next to you as you watch TV or read your favorite book. She walks great on leash, is pee pad trained and is definitely a Neighborhood Watch dog! She is possessive of her special treats and she should have a 5-6 ft wood or concrete fence as she can scale a chain link or split rail fence.



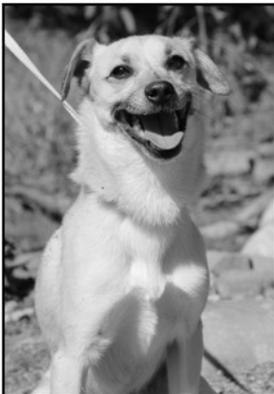
Cocoa

came to us because his owner passed away and relatives couldn't take him in. He's a beautiful red Dobie; 5 years old, housebroken, and obedience-trained. Cocoa does have separation anxiety issues, and the family worked with him with a "vibration collar" that disturbs his focus when he's anxious about being left alone. They stated that the collar has worked well for him and they provided it. Cocoa is a very protective dog whose behavior with other dogs and kids isn't known or trusted. We intend to place him in a single-dog household with adult owners who work from home and/or are home most of the time. Cocoa has not been tried on medical options for his anxiety as the owner felt behavioral modification via the vibration collar was preferable.



Avery

is almost 3 years old and after spending his whole life in a home, he found himself in an animal shelter when his owners moved. He was an indoor dog so we can assume is at least partially housebroken and he is good with kids and other dogs. He does get excited and can be a bit mouthy when he plays so plenty of exercise and some additional training will be good so he can be a loving part of the family. He looks like a whippet mix; whatever he is, he is adorable.



Capri

is a blue female from an animal shelter, where she was brought with two other dogs that were tied up in the back of a trailer with rope. She was underweight and her coat was quite poor but she is already on the mend. Capri is a good eater and she has already put on some weight. She clearly was bred a few times as well. It is hard to know her exact age because her teeth are pretty clean but they're worn, so our best guess is between 3 and 5 years old. She is sweet, dog social, calm and gentle.



Zara

has been with us nine months already, and she seems to be such a good dog that it's a waste for her not to be sharing someone's couch. She is now 6 years old, and she's housebroken, non-destructive, and is tolerant of other large dogs that aren't overly aggressive, though perhaps extra caution may be necessary when she's on leash. Zara is a solidly-built red female, a little larger than an average-sized female. Her ex-owner did not recommend her for a home with children, though older kids probably would be fine.



Bruiser

is a darling little guy who is slim at just under 10 pounds. He was described as shy at the animal shelter but in our experience, he is nothing but a sweetheart. He loves to snuggle, gives kisses and will happily keep your lap warm. Bruiser is only about 2 years old, very dog social and super affectionate.



Ducks

is a very handsome male Dobie who is about 2-3 years old. He'll need a strong, experienced large-dog owner because although he is a sweet dog, he has very bad habits that will cause trouble unless he has someone committed to training. Ducks came back to us after a short adoption because of his aggressive reactivity towards other dogs on leash. He has responded to training beautifully during his short time in a foster home but it will be up to his new owner to keep him well behaved and balanced. He is now calmer during meal time, heels on leash and he knows commands like "sit" and "place." Ducks is an amazingly affectionate dog and will make the right home incredibly happy. p.s. Check out the "training" portion of our website for details on the training techniques that are changing our dogs for the better!

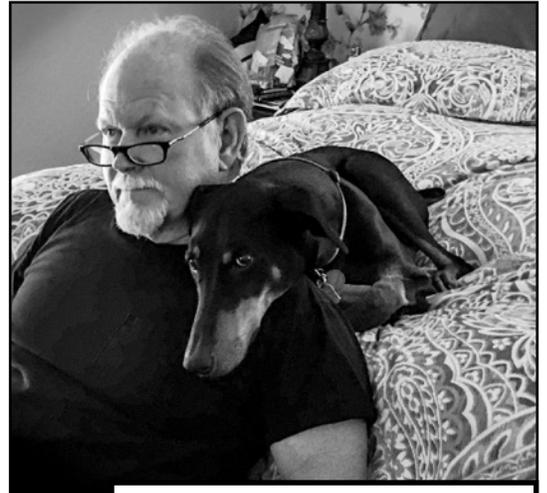




"Aspen" Diamond (in foreground) of Los Angeles, with Juliet and "Chelsea"



"Mickey" Warda of Santa Barbara



"Marsha" Parker of West Covina, with Lew



"Nicky" Cannon of Santa Barbara



"Sandy" Cannon of Santa Barbara



"Frankie" Mazzarella of Malibu

HAPPY 
ADOPTTEES!



"Willow" and "Renegade" Blamire of Santa Barbara

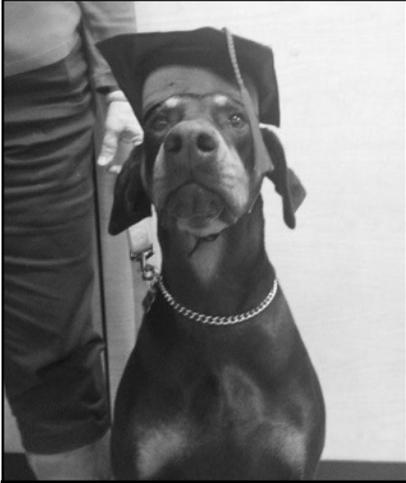


"Penny" Tull of Palmdale



"Ray" Navarro of Valencia

*Congratulations
Graduate!*



"Lola" Callahan-Porter of Redondo Beach



"Aprilia" Romero of Compton

"Missy," "Chip," "Ellie," "Sam" and "Bella" Budge of Tehachapi



HAPPY
4TH OF JULY!



"Razberry" Lackovic of Paso Robles



"Flaco" Thomas of Temecula

"Decker" Cassity of Fairbanks, Alaska



"Max" and "Sadie" McAndrews of Playa del Rey



"China," "Rosko," "Peanut" and "Snoop" Andre of Apple Valley

"Sherlock" and "Evie" Miron of Bend, Oregon



SECOND CHANCES

First, this article is a huge thank you to all of you who have given our dogs a second chance at a great life, especially our “damaged” dogs. They have come in all forms: dogs with three legs, old poorly-healed fractures, no lower jaw, no hair, acid burns down the back, home-cropped ears, blind, deaf, medical conditions like incontinence, demodectic mange, skittishness, dog-aggression and people-aggression issues, and on and on. There are too many of these dogs to mention individually, but you know who you are, our big-hearted, special adopters that just want to help a dog that needs someone like them because it’s likely no one else would step forward.

But there is one dog and his owner that should be singled out as inspiration to others who might consider such a damaged dog as one worthy of their commitment. The dog’s name is Jonah, and the owner is Hilary Pickles, a volunteer of ours who lives in Sherman Oaks.

We rescued Jonah in November, 2015 from the Tulare County animal shelter near Fresno, where he had been logged in upon impound as a Lab mix. His demodectic mange was so advanced that his breed wasn’t recognizable. Fortunately for him, one of the kennel employees identified him as a Doberman Pinscher and contacted us. We picked him up late that week and brought him in for rehabilitation, not only medically, but behaviorally as well, since he was so depressed that we worried about his ability to cope with



his life here while he recovered from his mange. We were confident that the great new product we’re using for demodex would cure him physically, but the process takes at least a couple of months.

Fortunately for Jonah, Hilary came to volunteer a couple of days after Jonah arrived here, and

her heart broke for him, as did all of ours. She agreed to foster Jonah during his recovery, and what follows is from her.

“The day I met Jonah, I went to the rescue with no intentions. It had only been two months since losing my Doberman Lily last September, and I thought that being useful to the dogs would help my heart.

I had been at the rescue about 10 minutes when

I was asked to retrieve the new, sick dog for a bath and some initial pictures. I approached the igloo and found a shadow of a dog. He was observing me through eyes that lacked any shimmer of light. He was pressed far back into his igloo and I didn’t want to frighten him by reaching inside. After lining up several pieces of food and waiting patiently for a few minutes, he finally rose and slowly peeked out of the front of the igloo. I draped the leash around his neck and he came all the way out... uncertain, but gentle. He was 45 pounds of skin and bones and smelled like something rotten. My heart broke for him.

He shook considerably while I sat with him most of the afternoon. ‘He could be a foster candidate, you know,’ Ardis remarked as she walked by us. ‘And he needs a name.’ I looked at this poor boy who could not stop biting his itchy skin and noticed the plastic shelter collar bearing no more than a number to identify him. I tried a few names on him. No response. The name Jonah popped into my head and I offered it out loud to see what happened. He turned his head and gently pressed his nose to my lips. Jonah was his name.

I took Jonah home that night so that he might have a warm place to recover, fully intending to let him heal with me and eventually find his forever home with some nice family. It was clear he had never been in a house before and felt completely out of place. He was terrified of the sound of his paws on the floor and acted as though the next room might possibly be the scariest place in the world. He slept about 22 hours a day, only getting up to eat, drink and go potty. He had little interest in being close to me and my whole house smelled like him, but he was a good boy and easily housebroken. He was so infested with mange that it took months for his body to normalize. But somewhere in the middle of December he started relishing his walks, gaining weight and following me around. I’ll never forget the day he finally asked to climb up next to me on the couch and shakily stood there for a minute before settling into a comfortable sleep against my leg. I felt like I won the lottery. At that moment I knew he would be forever family.

I officially adopted Jonah in January after he was well enough to be neutered and I know he felt the shift in energy; it was clear he now understood home was permanent. He quickly recovered from his surgeries (he also had entropion eyelid surgery for inverted eyelashes) and began acting like a silly puppy. He could see normally now; his mange was gone and he had gained 15 pounds. His coat was filling in nicely and he play-bowed to every dog he saw. He walked with his head tossed back and a spring in his step that let the world know he was proud and happy. He developed this bunny-like hop that made him look like a baby deer learning to use its back



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legs for the first time. I wondered if it was the first time in his life he'd ever felt well enough to run. We went to parks, on hikes and to the ocean. He found a best friend in Karma, the 1-year-old female Dobie who lives next door to us. We snuggled regularly. His eyes were full of light.

Today, Jonah is thriving. He is 67 pounds of sweet, smart and stubborn and enjoys learning new things. He loves going for road trips and having his face kissed. He can't get enough of rolling in the grass, inspecting the world for new smells, racing around in the park, running at the beach, playing with Karma, chasing his ball, and snuggling on the couch. He is kind and polite with no bad habits and a heart of gold. Strangers comment all the time on what a beautiful boy he is and how happy they are to see his natural ears and tail...those puppy-like ears and happily-beating tail melt my heart. He is also an incredible watchdog with strong intuition and is wonderful with kids! He's just the best buddy and such a good boy. God bless the employee who identified him and Ardis who rescued him.



People might say that I helped him find his new life, but the truth is, caring for him pulled me out of a dark hole. I think I was a long way from surfacing after losing Lily, and Jonah's presence gave me a new purpose. He required such detailed care in the beginning that my depression was irrelevant; he was going to need me no matter how I felt. Seeing him heal gave me hope; seeing him thrive gave me joy. I'll never stop missing Lily, but Jonah was heaven-sent. His precious soul warms my heart every day. He took a chance on trusting me as much as I took a chance on him. It's unfathomable to think that he had been discarded...what a life and love we both would have missed out on."



MEDICAL MATTERS

Both subjects covered in this article have been mentioned before, but since we have many new adopters receiving our newsletter now, these subjects bear repeating because they could save a life.

Hardly a month goes by that someone doesn't say "I had to put my Doberman down because his hips gave out." This comment makes us wonder how many veterinarians even know what Wobbler's Syndrome (technically CVI, or Cervical Vertebral Instability) is. The fact is that hip dysplasia almost never occurs in Dobermans. In almost every case of hip problems in Dobermans, there has been an injury that caused the deficit, not a congenital hip disease.

Instead, Dobermans commonly have spinal issues caused by a herniated disk, which puts pressure on the



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spinal cord, causing paralysis that is progressive. We think that most of the cases of a Doberman's hips "going out" are actually paralysis that has progressed to the point that the animal has little or no feeling in the rear quarters.

Fortunately, Wobbler's Syndrome is usually treatable with anti-inflammatory drugs like Prednisone. Some dogs can live normally for years on this medication, and the best news is that Wobbler's is not painful (because it's paralytic, which means loss of feeling, not the presence of pain). Many vets don't like to prescribe Prednisone because it can be hard on the dog's organs, but at the point where the animal is becoming paralyzed, we think there isn't anything to lose by trying this. Prednisone should be given with food and ultimately administered in the "lowest effective dosage," which is the minimum amount needed to enable the dog to get up and move around on his own.



Because it's such a serious, but usually treatable (if caught early) medical problem, we need to mention bloat now and then to remind our readers to be on the lookout for this horrible affliction of large breed dogs.

No one really knows the cause, though we strongly suspect it's related to heavy water and/or food consumption, particularly as the dog grows older and the stomach and internal organs have less elasticity than they did when the dog was young.

What occurs is that the stomach flips, or "torses," so that the stomach contents are trapped there, unable to be vomited up or to pass through the elimination system. Gasses then build up, toxicity builds up, and the

condition is fatal if not caught within twelve hours, often less.

Here's what to look for: UNPRODUCTIVE VOMITING, followed by restlessness, loss of appetite, and swelling of the stomach. It's most important to look for the unproductive vomiting, though, because by the time the other symptoms manifest themselves, it's often too late.

Emergency vet treatment may be able to correct the bloat without surgery, but usually surgery is recommended in any event to right the stomach and to tack it in place so that it can't torse again in the future. Dogs that it's happened to once are probably at much higher risk of having a repeat performance.

PARTING SHOT



"One of the oldest human needs is having someone wonder where you are when you don't come home at night."

- Margaret Meade

"Fred" Ruiz of
 Visalia

