

25 Years *of* SAVING DOBERMANS

1989-2014



Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA, Inc.

Pam Taylor, Founder

25 Years of Saving Dobermans 1989—2014



Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA, Inc.

Pam Taylor, Editor

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Acknowledgments

*This book could not have been completed
without the help of some very special people,
including Kathy Newcomb, graphics
professional, for designing the front cover,
Renee George for materializing my mission
message into a professionally
finished publication.*

—Pam Taylor

With thanks and gratitude

*to all who care tirelessly, tenderly and
ethically for the animal kingdom which has
been entrusted to us as human beings,*

*to our volunteers and board members,
who show their love for Dobermans
through the work they do
to save and comfort them,*

*to each adopter of a
DPRPA-rescued Doberman,
for providing a permanent home and
a life in which to thrive,*

and

*to our Vice President, Jen Imhoff,
for her knowledge, wisdom
and compassionate care of
the Dobermans we serve.*

Chapter One

In The Beginning

By Pam Taylor

Incorporation

Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA, Inc. was founded December 4, 1989. On this, our 25th anniversary, we want to share our history with you.

Rescuing Dobermans is a passionate business, sometimes filled with joy and bright futures, but at other times, tinged with sadness and heartbreak. In the following pages we invite you to reminisce with us as we tell how it all happened.



Brandy

Editor's note: Some snapshots, particularly from the early days of our rescue, were not suitable for reproducing, leaving us without some photos we wanted to use in this publication. Please enjoy the others.

In the beginning, it was Brandy and Pam. My first dog, a Doberman Pinscher puppy! I was certain that no one who loves dogs knew less about them than I. Why a Doberman? I wanted a highly intelligent single-coated dog. Living alone in my home, I also wanted security and companionship. As I began to read, it didn't take long to decide I wanted a dog from a litter bred for showing and not one bred and trained to be a "man stopper." I liked knowing that a Doberman puppy would mature into a natural protector if necessary, but would be a friendly "people dog" if adequately socialized and trained to be a good citizen.

With the Pennsylvania Federation of Dog Clubs as a resource, I obtained information on reputable breeders and the local chapter, Quaker City Doberman Pinscher Club, which met monthly at Braxton's Dog Shop in Wayne, PA. My time was well-spent on the phone, and soon I'd been invited to the May 1981 club meeting, where my interest in a puppy was made known. Yet I left without a single lead. Following up with the club secretary, I was given a name and number that resulted in an invitation to meet puppies in Delaware the following week. By early June, I'd visited twice and had been chosen to purchase a particular puppy bitch from an all red litter of eight.

The big day arrived and I drove to the Quaker City Doberman Pinscher Club Specialty Show at Ludwig's Corner Horse Show grounds, watched my puppy's mother be shown, purchased a crate under the breeder's supervision, and took my baby Doberman Brandy home on June 11, 1981.

I couldn't have imagined that this was the beginning of 33 years of continuous involvement with Dobermans, both as an owner and, beginning a few years later, as a rescuer. This 25th anniversary book tells our story.

—Pam Taylor

Rescue Dobe #1: Shogun

On April 12, 1986, a dignified dog named Shogun stood in the turn-in line at the Chester County SPCA. Though frightened, skinny, and depressed, his dignity shined through. I asked about him, talked to and petted him, as a new purpose came to me.

Hours later, Shogun became my first rescue dog. I am thankful for this rescue experience and others which have followed the path of Keith Scribner and Shogun, Rescue Dog Number One.

—Pam Taylor



Shogun, two days after coming to his foster home



Shogun begins to shine

Shogun thrived, showing his good manners at every turn. Only a few days later, Shogun appeared recovered from his ordeal and within two weeks was ready to be adopted.

Over the years, we continued to receive photos of Shogun as he developed and matured.

Shogun lived a long, happy life, and owner Keith kept his promise to keep in touch. This final communication tells us the rest of Shogun's wonderful life.

In Memory of Shogun

By Keith Scribner

It is time to stop and bid a last farewell to Shogun, the first Doberman Rescue Dog of PA. He was put to sleep September 1991 after his heart gave way at the ripe old age of nine.

The last six years of Shogun's life were tough on him. He had to sleep on a bed every night. He had to stay in his fenced yard which was two acres of woods. When it was cold outside, he had a 4' x 8' dog house, heated, insulated, and wall to wall carpeted to keep warm in.

His favorite thing was sitting on the front seat of my VW Bus with the seat belt



Shogun in a field, a year after adoption



Shogun enjoying the mud puddles



Shogun, circa 1986

around his body. And going to a 10 acre mud pit that had steep banks to climb and chest deep mud to play in. The only problem I had with him was always reminding him he was a dog.

The Doberman Rescue Program of PA gave me a companion that will never be replaced or matched. Thanks for giving me my best friend, Shogun.

Goodbye Shogun,
—Keith Scribner

Who We Are

The rescue began in 1986 by Pam Taylor and subsequently incorporated under its present name, Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA, Inc., in December 1989. Our stated mission is to rescue and place purebred Doberman Pinschers who display proper tempera-

ment and health potential into responsible pet homes, while informing the public about the breed and basic humane care of pets. Since inception, DPRPA has rescued several hundred dogs and successfully rehomed all but a few of these.

Some dogs don't understand that they are being rescued. But for others, to be rescued is truly salvation. Physical salvation includes shelter and protection from weather conditions, clean, cool water, nutritious food, a comfortable, secure place to relax and sleep, grooming, exercise and veterinary care. Emotional salvation includes a kindly human touch, quiet, soothing words, receiving consistent, positive leadership – these experiences reassuring the dog that life is good.

Early on, meeting all the dog's needs seemed more than a person could do, particularly with the needier dogs, but over time it fell into place. Over the years, we've gained committed volunteers and contacts, experience and financial support, making complex rehabilitations possible. This 25th Anniversary book showcases some of our greatest successes during this time while offering glimpses into the workings of our mission: **to rescue, rehabilitate and place purebred Doberman Pinschers who display proper temperament and health potential into responsible pet homes, while informing the public about the breed and basic humane care of pets.**

We invite you to celebrate with us and become or stay actively involved in our continuing journey.

Incorporation and Goals

Our rescue group became a not-for-profit corporation on December 4, 1989 as Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA, Inc. Founding officers included Pam Gutekunst (now Taylor), President and Secretary, and Marcy Giovenella, Treasurer and Vice President.

Our goals for 1990 included:

1. To rescue, rehabilitate, evaluate, and place 25 dogs.
2. To recruit 5 new volunteers while effectively utilizing the talents of existing volunteers.
3. To hold or participate in 3 public awareness/fundraising events.
4. To obtain liability insurance.
5. To make our newsletter self-supporting.
6. To achieve charitable status.

The Results

Our goals were lofty indeed! We obtained liability insurance, only twenty-four years later. Twenty-five years ago the purebred rescue movement in this country was in its infancy and the needed insurance products didn't exist for small volunteer rescues with no building to insure. We fared better in other areas:

1. We served 25 dogs through rescue and adoption.
2. Volunteers
3. Public awareness events
4. At the start, the cost of the newsletter was postage and photocopying. Later the Sholly family donated commercial printing for a number of years.
5. In 1999 we achieved charitable status.

Starting in 1986, we developed relationships with shelters, veterinarians, pet professionals and others. The internet hadn't yet come to personal consumers, so each contact was face-to-face, and each promotional piece

**ONE MAN'S TRASH
IS ANOTHER MAN'S
TREASURE**



These five little gems were saved by a concerned Philadelphia Doberman owner who saw this "bagful" being dumped into a public trash can. A veterinarian put her in touch with our rescue effort, and here are the pups two weeks later.

Born on or about July 1, 1987, these purebred Dobes will be available for placement late August to early September. By then, tails will be docked and ears will be cropped. For additional information, call:

PAM GUTEKUNST, club representative 215-647-0591

PAT PIERCE, foster mother 215-696-4357

We place only purebred Dobermans of good health and temperament and will guide you in a very special new relationship. Adoption fee is \$25.00 plus actual costs. References requested.

NEMO, A LOVELY BLUE MALE puppy, 7 months old, is waiting for a new family. One of the prettiest, most personable Dobes we've seen. Up-to-date medically, a 100% outgoing, happy guy who likes other dogs and is people-oriented. To learn more about NEMO, call PAM, above.

**QUAKER CITY DOBERMAN PINSCHER CLUB
RESCUE COMMITTEE**

First promotional piece: (top) Trash Can Litter, front of mini-poster; (bottom) inside layout of brochure

was handmade because of financial and distributional constraints. The first promotional piece is copied here. Each piece contained an original photograph and was posted by hand at a carefully chosen business location.

1989 ACTIVITIES

While the year 1988 revealed us as a viable organization, 1989 signaled loudly our need for focused leadership. Throughout the year, we developed administratively to effectively utilize our volunteers, to coordinate dogs with people in our every-increasing geographical range, and to incorporate.

On January 12, we were featured for a full page in the Norristown Times Herald. At the January 21, Lehigh Valley Kennel Club Canine Learning Experience, we staffed a booth with the Quaker City Doberman Pinscher Club and, as a result, later adopted Montana, our rescue Dobe mascot of the day, into the home of Kathy Fandetti and family.

On February 18, "Heartworm Max," Chester County SPCA Foster Dog, came to Pam's to live for four months of rehabilitation, followed by neutering, tooth cleaning, and permanent placement. Max is now a gorgeous gentleman with a temperament to match.

Max

Max's former owner, convicted of cruelty to animals for a maximum fine of \$300.00 plus costs, has skipped town. When the Chester County SPCA took Max into custody in February, he was 25 pounds under weight with



Max, immediately before his rescue by Chester County SPCA



Max, several weeks after rescue, with Pam

open sores, infested with intestinal parasites, and deadly heartworm.

On February 18, 1989, Max came to us as a foster dog. He spent nearly all of his time resting in a crate where he felt very secure. Max quickly gained 14 pounds, then 6 more, slowly.



DPRPA cofounder Marcy Giovenella delivers Max to his new home

After blood work and thyroid medication, Max was ready for heartworm treatment. He returned to the shelter to receive intravenous injections of arsenic for the heartworm. All went well and three days later Max came back to us. Another month of oral stage of treatment began: horse-sized pills once daily for one week.

During all phases of heartworm treatment, a dog must be kept very quiet. Max had been an outdoor dog and it seemed his worst fear was of being left outside. When led to the back door, he would dash down the steps and make a beeline to his crate. This warm quiet corner may be the best he had ever known in his life.

In early July, our rescue group had Max neutered and while anesthetized, his teeth



Max adopted, 1989



Perry with Jeanne Balson, Pam and Marcy

were scaled and cleaned as well. The finished product emerged: A vigorously healthy, black and tan beauty with a temperament to match. Just short of a miracle unfolded in five months with the combined effort of the Chester County SPCA and our Doberman Rescue.

Then Max was adopted to a couple who gave him all he needed, and lived happily to an old age.

In March, Sharon and Marcy drove to Newark, NJ to take Perry into foster care. Come May, we shared Channel 10 news coverage by Steve Levy and Delaware County SPCA. Sharon, Marcy, Pam, Perry, Max, and Brandy each smiled into the camera for all of Philadelphia.

June brought Dakota Days at Good Samaritan Church, where we participated in a huge flea market while gaining public awareness of our work. The dogs were a hit.

In September, several of our adopted rescue dogs attended the Quaker City Doberman Pinscher Club match show at Church Farm School in Frazer, where they were tested for Von Willebrand's Disease by blood test and tattooed for identification purposes. Unfortunately, the results of the VWD test did not meet the requirements for donating blood at the Veterinary Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania, as we had hoped.

October was a busy month, with the arrival of Maxine and her five baby puppies at

Marcy's, the publication of a rescue newsletter, and the public appearances of Junior, Brandy, and Adam in their Halloween costumes. Halloween visits, spreading good will about our breed, were made to the Phoenixville Manor Nursing Home, Acme, Gateway Pharmacy, YMCA, and Dog Training Club of Chester County.

In November, mother Maxine was adopted into the home of our newsletter editor, Bob Johnson.

December brought numerous adoptions, including those of Maxine's five puppies.

Puppy Courtney was adopted by Marcy, so she has spent all but the first nine days of her life in her permanent home.

Perry

Perry was found roadside, frightened, and wounded, his left leg so badly injured it required amputation. The plea to save Perry came from Associated Humane Societies, Newark, NJ in March of 1989. He's been with us ever since.

As Perry's recovery continues, we see a dog who is easy going, affectionate, but somewhat frustrated. As he gains confidence in a new permanent relationship that meets his physical and emotional needs, we think his mildly depressed state will dissipate. Perry moves as well on three legs as most dogs do on four, does well on steps, enjoys the companionship of other dogs, and is great with children.

Whatever his past before the accident, we will never know, but his recovery has been a slow uphill climb. We are looking for a true lover of the Doberman Pinscher who will adopt this loving companion with soft amber eyes.

Editor's note: Perry was adopted by foster provider and Doberman rescuer Sharon Schiele, whose heart first went out to him when they met in Newark. After 1989, Sharon went on to establish Delaware Valley Doberman Pinscher Assistance, Inc. which continues to operate in Pennsylvania and surrounding areas.

Chapter Two

Our Board

2014 Board of Directors

Pam Taylor,
Founder and President

Jen Imhoff,
Vice President

Linda Dulak,
Recording Secretary

Sherrie Robinson,
Treasurer

Laraine Mocenigo,
Director of Communications

Renee George,
Director of Development

Over the Years

In the past twenty-five years numerous individuals dedicated to the Doberman have served on our board, and we especially acknowledge those board members who were instrumental in furthering our mission.

Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA, Inc. Board of Directors



Seated from left: Pam Taylor, Piper Taylor, Jen Imhoff.
Standing, from left: Linda Dulak, Laraine Mocenigo, Sherrie Robinson and Renee George

Each of our present board members shares what serving displaced Dobermans means to her and why.

"Why I became a part of DPRPA"

Pam Taylor, 1986–present

The day I met Shogun, skinny and stoic, standing in the intake line at the Chester County SPCA, I discovered a new purpose in life. What one moment appeared a dark reality of the present became one of new hope only a few hours later as I brought home my first foster dog.

Shogun needed quiet, comfort and care as he continued to recover from attempted poisoning followed by a brief hospitalization. He quickly unfolded as a cooperative and friendly dog who quietly accepted the care which met his basic needs.

Helping this dog from death's door to a happy, secure future warmed my heart and motivated me to help other Dobermans whose lives depended on it, from that day forward.

This was during the summer of 1986. Others followed and I responded. Some time later came the "trash can litter" of five puppies, found in a large refuse bag thrown into a trash container along the sidewalk of a public street. Somehow I became known as a rescuer, as I did to the woman who came forward to bottle feed these babies who were just opening their eyes. I quickly learned of their will to live as one struggled in my arms to consume a little bottle of puppy milk formula, stronger than I imagined any one-pound mammal could be. They thrived, and several weeks later, each went to a new home.

To answer the question of how I became involved in rescuing Dobermans, I needed only to look at my first two, Brandy and Quanah, who knew that life was good. The responsible breeders of my two pets had taught me well to properly raise, train and provide for a dog. Enthusiastic about the results, I wanted to share my growing knowledge to help those less fortunate Dobs to reach toward their potentials, too. Thus DPRPA began its endless journey to help needy Dobermans to better lives.

Jen Imhoff, 2006–2014

I have rescued animals all my life it seems. Since I was very young I had a strong connection with animals and preferred their company more than people. The older I am the more I realize that statement. Between my previous job as a vet tech for 13 years and my previous positions as a foster home and Vice

President of Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA, Inc. for 10 years I have seen so much ugliness, cruelty, inhumane and heartlessness in people that they never cease to surprise me.

I have always loved, admired and been in awe of the Doberman pinscher. When I was around 4-5 years old my Mom was reading me another animal book and she says that when I saw a Doberman that is all that I ever spoke about. Their beauty, grace, loyalty, and intelligence overwhelm me to this day. Anybody who has had the fortune of sharing life with a Doberman knows a completely different love and devotion than with any other dog. I have been around so many other breeds and it is simply a whole different love. Dobermans understand what you want before you say it. They are quietly at your side at your worst moments with a way of just comforting you. You can get lost in their eyes.

My life is to rescue and it will always be. My very first Doberman was a rescue, his name was Dobie. I was 14 and I rescued him from a man that had him tied to a tire where they shot at him, burned him, didn't feed him but he liked me. When I walked up to him he courled down to me, but eventually I earned his trust and kisses. For some reason that I will never be able to understand or explain they forgive and trust us again. The man was going to shoot him one night and a friend of mine was able to convince him to give him to me. For a while Dobie knew love, affection, good food, walks, and fun. But in rescue there is not always a happy ending. My first rescue was so abused that he turned on me and he immediately stopped and hid in a corner. While I was taken to the hospital for stitches my parents were faced with a terrible but responsible decision and that was to put this dog to sleep knowing my passion to save him. I know now how horrible that was for them.

Now most people would and did say that they would never be around a Doberman again. If you know me you know when I am going to do something I am going to do it 110%. There are so many wonderful things

about rescuing any animal; it is my choice to concentrate on Dobermans. There is nothing I would not do for them. I know that I have saved so many dogs from horrible, indescribable conditions. Dogs that have been burned, starved, beaten, banished outside all year long, abandoned, used as bait dogs, 12 week old puppy intentionally kicked to break a leg, etc... I could go on and on. Some people may think that this is harsh to hear but this is reality. Rescue is raw and ugly but rescue is beautiful and so rewarding!

I will always rescue no matter where I am or what animal it is. That is me and there is no time clock to punch out.

—Jennifer Imboff

Linda Dulak, 2008–present

My association with DPRPA goes back to 1992 when I adopted Abby from the organization. As I think of the organization, my thoughts immediately go to all the dogs I adopted through DPRPA or from individuals associated with DPRPA. There was Abby, Lady Jolie, Soldier, Bacchus, Jada and Ruby. All wonderful dogs, a few with behavioral issues but with love and attention, they were/are all amazing companions. It was because of those dogs that I became more and more interested in DPRPA as an organization, and it was in 2008 that I was asked to help by joining the Board as Secretary. I've served in that capacity ever since. That gives me a chance to see all the good that DPRPA does for Dobermans.

While I have not had the chance to do much fostering, I am constantly amazed at the results with many dogs. From seriously abused or starved dogs we have rehabilitated them to fine companions. Other dogs come from fine homes that just cannot care for them any longer due to financial or health issues. It's important that these dogs find good second homes as well. Others come from shelters and we may not know the entire story behind why

they ended up there. Our goal, however, is to make the ideal match between dog and family.

One of my favorite parts of our Board meetings is when we talk about dogs that have gone to their forever homes. And the second joy is seeing some of these dogs at the yearly Jamboree and meeting the lucky owners. It's that meeting of Doberman and owner that keeps me working with DPRPA because I can feel a part of the happy endings for so many deserving dogs.

—Linda Dulak

Laraine Mocenigo, 2009–present

Giving Back

I became involved in DPRPA to give back. To give back to a beloved Doberman whose life was cut short by a speeding car. I often blame myself for not foreseeing the danger I was putting my dog Stella in, thinking her recall was good enough to listen every time. And maybe it was, but I never gave her the command because I wasn't paying close enough attention.

That was 7 years ago and the guilt and horrible memory will never go away. But the work I've been able to do for Dobermans, thanks to DPRPA, helps me to remember I've rescued many more dogs than the one I let down.

I tried to fill the void that Stella left by adopting a Doberman from my local shelter. The timing seemed perfect, but unfortunately the match was not. Phoenix was a stray and we knew nothing about her background. She frequently fought with my other dogs, who became very stressed by her. In addition, my elderly mother-in-law was petrified of her, all of which was causing a very tense environment. I was going to have to find Phoenix another home. Getting a dog is a lifetime commitment and giving one up, especially one you thought you were saving, is not something I had ever done. DPRPA introduced me to dog rescue

and Phoenix found a perfect fit in a wonderful home which helped me overcome my concern of letting down yet another dog.

I could have felt grateful and continued with my life as it was, but I recognized the beneficial work being done by DPRPA for me and others, and I was compelled to step up and volunteer. Not only have I had the rewarding satisfaction to know I'm continuing to help Dobermans, but I have learned so much more about the breed and what I myself am capable of when I took the leap into fostering. The reward of sending my foster dog off to a loving, caring forever home makes me know I made the right decision to stick with this great organization and not turn my back after they came to my rescue.

—*Laraine Mocenigo*

Sherrie Robinson, 2010–present

For 9 wonderful years my husband and I were fortunate enough to have a male Doberman who was the epitome of the perfect pooch! His looks, his personality, his empathy and goofiness were all the perfect package. He wasn't a dog ... he was a special being that knew how to behave, how to get along with two legged and four legged creatures, and to bring joy into every day for those around him. His loss by cardiomyopathy was so hard to bear, we went without another pooch for 2 years. Once we were ready to contemplate another dog, we reached out to DPR of PA to "foster" which has now turned into three "foster failures" as Shilo, Joey, and now Scooby all found their forever homes with us!

When I was asked to join the organization and participate in their activities I did it just for the love of the breed. We think they are the most spectacular dog, and given their bad (but very wrong) reputation, how worthwhile it is to be able to educate others, showcase the breed, and assist in finding great homes for great dogs.

—*Sherrie Robinson*

Renee George, 2013–present

After losing Shelby, our beloved Lab/Shepherd mix in 2008, I thought I would never be able to own another dog. My husband was ready to add a canine companion to our home a few months after her passing, but I was selfishly reluctant and did not want to take on the responsibilities that would come with a new pet.

Eventually, my husband's perseverance paid off, and we decided to take the leap. Vincent became part of our lives later that year. The decision to get a Doberman was based on the fond memories I had growing up with one. I always knew at some point in my adult life, I would have another.

One day while reading the Sunday Newspaper, I saw an advertisement for a "Doberman Jamboree" being held at the Lancaster County Park. Although our previous dog was adopted from the Humane League, we knew little about breed specific rescues and made the decision to attend this event.

That day marked the beginning of my journey with DPRPA. The rescues in attendance touched my heart and the compassionate members and volunteers inspired me. I wanted to get involved and offered to help. Becoming an active volunteer in this extraordinary organization has become such a rewarding part of my life. It is a truly gratifying experience knowing that your efforts can make a difference in an animal's life.

—*Renee George*

Others Who Have Served On Our Board

Those who played a critical role in the founding and early development of this organization include Marcy Giovenella, co-founder, Margot B. Schwag, VMD, who provided broad-based knowledge and expertise to our shared mission, and Carolyn Brunschwyler who, seeing our potential, mentored Marcy

and me to incorporate Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA, Inc. as a 501(c)(3) non-profit. Over the years, other devoted “Doberman people” have served on our board, and we say thank you to each.

Eric Bostick, 1996-1999
 Cindy Brubaker, 1997-2006
 Carolyn Brunschwyler, 1991-1998
 Sue Bulanda, 1991-1993
 Shirley Crumbling, 2008-2010
 Claire D'Andrea, 1991-1992
 Donna Dillingham, 1991-1992
 Carla Douple, DVM, 2000-2006
 Brian Dugan, 1998-2006
 Judy Erb, 1993-1996
 Marcy Giovenella, 1989-1993
 Nina Hackman, 1993-2000
 Christy Hartman, 2006-2008
 Bob Johnson, 1989-1993
 Becky Johnston, 1990-1991
 Wendy Jordan, 1991-1997
 Lois Katchur, 2015-Present
 Jim Kushabar, 1996-1998
 Kim Lohr, 1993
 Em Lopata, 2006-2007
 Tanya Martin, 2002-2006
 Joe Pelligrino, 1996-1999
 Ron Rankin, 1998-2002

Nancy Robson, 2006-2007
 Margot Schwag, VMD, 1991-2006
 Tracy Shimko, 2007-2008
 Cindy Slaugh, 1996-1998
 Connie Spencer, 1991-1993
 Jackie Taschner, 2008
 Wayne Tougher, 1991-1993
 Michele Walsh, 2006-2008
 Joanne Warrick, 1994-1996
 Cyndi White, 2007-2008
 Vickie Wickwire, 1995-1996
 Fran Wilmuth, 1991-1994
 Denise Yerger, 2008-2010



2006 Board: Christy Hartman, Nancy Robson, Jen Imhoff; standing: Michele Walsh, Pam Taylor, Em Lopata



2004 Board. From left: Carla Douple, DVM, Margot Schwag, VMD, Brian Dugan, Tanya Martin, Cindy Brubaker, Pam Taylor



2008 Board. Standing: Cyndi White, Denise Yerger, Jen Imhoff; seated: Christy Hartman, Pam Taylor

Chapter Three

DPR Jamborees

Brief History of DPRPA Annual Jamborees

Jamborees have been held continuously since September 1999, and in some years before that, in beautiful Lancaster parks including Buchmiller County Park, Long's Park and in recent years, Lancaster County Central Park. Our 2007 jamboree was held in Western PA for enjoyment by those members, and then we returned East by popular demand.

The jamboree is an opportunity for humans and canines to reconnect while enjoying fellowship, good food, games, auctions and stroll through an idyllic setting en masse and individually. DPRPA provides basic food and beverages, while members and guests bring covered dishes and participate in fundraising activities in support of our ongoing work. Many leave with very nice auctioned goods, for dogs and people. Merchandise sales feature Doberman-decorated items, including tee shirts and our annual calendar.

This is a popular annual event, and the photo collages that follow tell it best! (The organization invites its members as well as the general public to join us each year as Doberman and other dog lovers gather and share stories about our dogs. Food, fun and fundraising contribute to a successful annual event to thank our members for their support and bring together those who have adopted and others who support the organization.

This chapter will contain a review of our 25th Anniversary Jamboree including photos. Past Jamborees will be shared through some additional photos.

Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA, Inc. 25th Anniversary Jamboree

Sunday, September 14, 2014

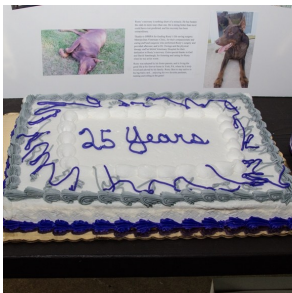


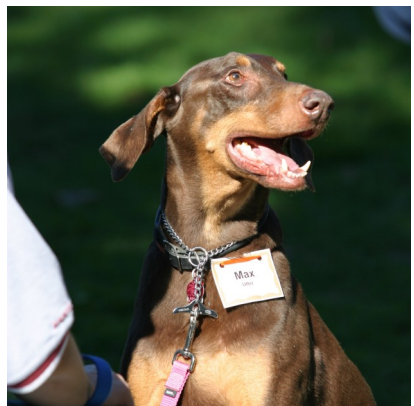
Pam presents her matching fund check to DPRPA Treasurer, Sherrie Robinson



Miracle Dog Rusty runs to greet the guests at DPRPA's 25th Anniversary Jamboree

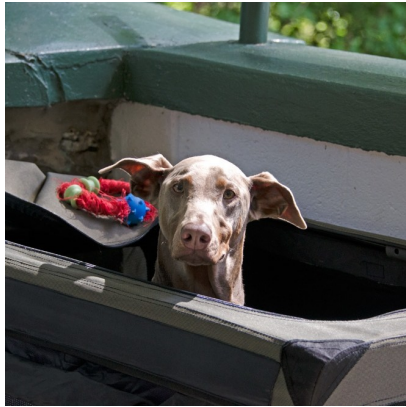
Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA, Inc. 25th Anniversary Jamboree





2000 Board: Ron Rankin, Pam Taylor, Brian Dugan, Cindy Brubaker, Carla Douple DVM, Margot Schwag, VMD







Chapter Four

Health Notes

Health Notes



DPR of PA has been educating our members about diseases and conditions that affect Dobermans from the inception of the organization. Some of those articles are included here. We are encouraged by the advances made in diagnosing and treating some of these diseases. Please check with your veterinarian for an up-to-date treatment plan if your Doberman shows signs of any of these diseases or conditions.

The articles in this chapter were first published in our newsletter, Doberman Dispatch, in 2000, 2006, 2011–2013 and are examples of health issues faced by today's Doberman Pinscher.

Beware of Bloat

By Margot B. Schwag, VMD

Gastric Dilation-Volvulus (GDV) syndrome, most commonly called "bloat," can be an agonizingly deadly condition.

The cause of GDV is still unknown. Certain large breed, deep chested dogs are more commonly affected: Great Dane, German Shepherd, Irish Setter, Saint Bernard, Doberman Pinscher and Irish Wolfhound; however small breed dogs have been affected, rarely. Reported initiating factors include ingestion of a large amount of food or water, general anesthesia, trauma, stress, exercise after eating, intestinal obstruction, etc.

Initially the stomach distends due to gas or fluid build up. As the stomach dilates, the dog may be seen burping, vomiting, pacing, panting, etc. due to the pain of the distension. Some dogs may be able to relieve the bloat by themselves. It is also possible that the distension may continue and eventually the stomach may rotate on its own axis effectively sealing off either end of the stomach's in and out flow tracts. Attached along the side of the stomach is the spleen. As the stomach "twists" the spleen is choked off from its blood supply as well. This results in the possible death of both organs as they lose their oxygen source. Over time toxins build up, the animal's blood supply becomes affected, the organs become further distended and painful, and the pet may go into shock. The heart may be starved of oxygen and possibly poisoned; as a result the heart ceases to beat regularly. Without intervention, the dog will die.

It is important that people with "at risk" dogs be able to recognize bloat. The earlier a veterinarian can intercede, the better the animal's chance for survival. Commonly seen signs include:

- whining
- abdominal distension
- anxiousness
- increased salivation
- arched back
- difficulty breathing
- painful abdomen
- lethargy or pacing
- frequent retching/gulping
- pet glancing at abdomen
- inability to stand
- stretching
- coma
- shock (pale gums, poor pulse quality)

The diagnosis of GDV is based on history, physical exam and clinical signs. Radiographs or exploratory abdominal surgery may be required to be sure. There are other diseases that may partially mimic bloat. They include:

- simple distension of the stomach
- small intestinal volvulus (rotation of the small intestine on itself)
- splenic torsion—rotation of the spleen with loss of its blood supply
- peritonitis—inflammation of the lining of the abdominal cavity
- diaphragmatic hernia—a tear of the diaphragm that allows abdominal contents to enter the chest cavity
- pleural effusion—fluid in the chest cavity

The priority of treating the dog becomes immediate stabilization. If needed, the veterinarian must support the dog with oxygen, intravenous fluids, anti-shock medications, and emptying the stomach (gastric decompression). If a stomach tube cannot be passed into the stomach to relieve the pressure, the animal must be taken to surgery as soon as the dog is deemed fit to survive anesthesia. Once in surgery, the rotation/obstruction can be relieved, and the stomach permanently "fixed" (adhered to the abdominal wall to prevent a recurrence).

Unfortunately, even if the dog survives surgery it may die due to secondary complications (95% that die do so within 4 days). Complicating factors include fatal arrhythmias, endotoxic shock (shock caused by toxic bacterial by-products) and additional organ damage, recurrent distention, further death of an organ (stomach or spleen), and peritonitis (inflammation of the lining of the abdominal cavity).

Detection, stabilization, definitive correction and post-op hospitalization can be cost prohibitive for some owners. In the extreme case, the bill could run \$1500 to \$5000. Some owners may elect, and some veterinarians may advise, euthanasia depending on the severity of the case. Death is agonizing for these dogs and rather than let them suffer, they may be humanely relieved of suffering.

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Gastric Dilatation-Volvulus (GDV or "BLOAT")

By Deborah A. Keim, DVM
Consulting author: S. Brent Reimer

GDV is a disease in dogs in which the stomach expands with gas and/or fluid (gastric dilatation) and rotates around its short axis (known as volvulus).

GDV can occur in any large or giant deep-chested breed such as German Shepherds, Doberman Pinschers, Standard Poodles and Great Danes, but is also rarely reported in smaller, deep-chested breeds such as Dachshunds and Pekingese. Dogs with a first order relative with a history of GDV are at an increased risk as well.

The causes of GDV are unknown. Recent information identifies eating from a RAISED, not lowered, food bowl, having a first degree

relative with GDV, as well as a faster speed of eating, as all being factors associated with the development of GDV. Finally, possibly having cancer in the gastrointestinal tract (stomach and/or intestines) can cause retention of food and/or air in the stomach and potential GDV.

The signs of GDV include vomiting, “dry heaves,” anxious behavior, abdominal bloating, depression, excessive drooling, abdominal pain, and collapse.

As already stated, treating gastric dilatation volvulus is an absolute EMERGENCY! Dogs should be hospitalized, thoroughly assessed, and aggressively treated for poor circulation (cardiovascular insufficiency).

After stabilizing the dog’s circulation with intravenous fluid therapy, the stomach is relieved of gas (decompression) using a stomach tube or large diameter sterile needle (or catheter). Surgery is then indicated in a stable patient, or if decompression stabilization is not effective.

Surgery is performed in GDV for three main reasons:

- Return the stomach, and spleen if necessary, to its normal position;
- Assess the organs for viability—can they recover and perform normally?
- Prevent recurrence through a surgical attachment of the stomach to the abdominal wall (gastropexy)

Post-op care requires general nursing care for several days for several reasons. Pain control is necessary. Abnormal, irregular heartbeats (premature ventricular contractions) commonly occur due to poor blood flow to the heart muscle and resultant damage; therefore EKG monitoring should be done. Urine and kidney function as well as electrolytes, especially potassium, should also be monitored.

Prevention of GDV involves avoiding strenuous exercise after eating or drinking. To slow the speed of the dog’s eating to reduce swallowing air, consider soaking dry food in

water or feeding smaller, multiple meals; don’t raise the food bowl.

Gastric dilatation alone may recur, even with gastropexy, but GDV is rare if gastropexy was performed. Failure to remove dead stomach tissue can result in stomach tearing and abdominal bacterial infection and stomach ulcers can occur. A blood clotting disorder (DIC) can also occur.

Progress for dogs treated appropriately that have no dead stomach tissue is excellent, with a reported survival rate of 98%. Dogs with dead stomach tissue have a more guarded prognosis and a reported survival rate of 66%.

The most important point to remember regarding Gastric Dilatation-Volvulus is that it is a potentially deadly disease that should be recognized and addressed immediately. Failure to treat GDV quickly could lead to fatal consequences.

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Cardiomyopathy

By Margot B. Schwag, VMD

Dilated cardiomyopathy (DCM) is an enlarging or ballooning of the heart. It was first reported in 1970. The incidence seems to be increasing probably due to genetic selection and line breeding. DCM is probably not a single disease, but rather a result of different disease-producing processes, or defects, in the heart tissue metabolism. Some dogs have a deficiency of an amino acid L-carnitine or enzyme Q10; others perhaps may have muscular dystrophy or other diseases. Breeds involved include Dobermans, Boxers, English Cocker Spaniels, and giant breed dogs.

DCM occurs primarily in young to middle age male dogs. As opposed to other breeds, Dobermans have ventricular arrhythmias (irregular heartbeat) more frequently and even

poorer prognosis than other breeds. Signs include dyspnea (difficulty breathing), orthopnea (discomfort in breathing), or a soft cough sometimes with blood-tinged froth.

In DCM, the heart muscle loses its ability to contract (squeeze); therefore the heart is unable to distribute blood to the body. The muscular wall of the ventricle stretches out of shape over time until it is no longer able to pump blood at all.

Despite the dog's apparent good health at the time of an office visit, affected dogs deteriorate rapidly. Some dogs eventually suffer from poor appetite and weight loss due to reduced oxygen delivery to the body; the kidneys fail, the lungs fill up with fluid (pulmonary edema), and the abdomen may fill with fluid (ascites). Death normally results from heart arrhythmias, which eventually convert into ventricular fibrillation (ineffective random contractions). Sudden death is the regrettable end result once the heart goes into congestive heart failure.

Signs of DCM include combinations of weakness, weight loss, inappetence, lethargy, exercise intolerance, dyspnea, a soft cough, fainting episodes, or ascites. Sometimes veterinarians are able to detect heart rhythm abnormalities before the dog shows any signs of disease. The progression of clinical signs and weight loss may be unbelievably rapid.

Once suspected, thoracic (chest) radiographs may help to diagnose DCM. Typically, as the disease progresses, there is enlargement of the heart as well as pulmonary edema. Pleural effusion (free fluid in the chest cavity) or ascites may be seen on occasion.

Electrocardiography (ECG) can also be a useful tool. It can confirm cardiac arrhythmias, enlargement of the atria or ventricles, or myocardial (heart muscle disease). It can also be utilized to monitor treatment.

There are no laboratory tests to diagnose DCM; however, blood tests may be needed to monitor the secondary results of the disease on the body as the heart goes into failure.

Today, the "gold standard" for diagnosis relies on echocardiography. The dog is placed

on a padded bed. Then the heart is harmlessly scanned to examine the heart while it is actually beating. In this way, we can look for anatomic abnormalities, watch the blood flow, and see if the muscle walls are in fact dilated and see how forcefully the muscle wall is able to contract.

Therapy of DCM is aimed at lessening signs of congestive heart failure; assist the heart rate, rhythm, the muscle's ability to contract, and the volume of blood pumped. Additional therapy is aimed at removing fluid from the lungs, chest cavity, and/or abdominal cavity. Vitamin E could possibly retard the progression of DCM if administered early, by its ability to scavenge free oxygen radicals (a toxic substance to the heart which builds up when the heart operates under poor conditions).

New evidence suggests that there is high prevalence of myocardial dysfunction in normal dogs. Of one hundred-fifty Dobermans evaluated with echocardiography, greater than 50% showed evidence of reduced cardiac function. It appears that heart disease in Dobermans may be very common and that most are able to maintain a normal lifestyle regardless of a poorly functioning heart. However, by the time these dogs are clinical (showing signs), they soon die (i.e. the disease had been going on for a long time but it had gone undetected and finally the heart became unable to sustain life).

Michael O'Grady, DVM, MS has found that the prevalence of DCM in females equals that of males. It's not understood why females are underestimated in the literature. Perhaps it is due to the high incidence of sudden death in females. Perhaps these females suffered from DCM but died before it was detected due to a more rapid course of disease than in males.

Currently, prognosis is based on deterioration of the cardiac muscle's ability to function and electric alterations. Dobermans with mild dysfunction, but occasional abnormal beats, may do well for one to two years. Dobermans with severe dysfunction (with or without atrial fibrillations and occasional abnormal beats) may survive two to four months. Dobermans with mild dysfunction (but regular abnormal beats)

usually die of sudden death. They may survive from six months to two years.

Presently there is no cure or prevention of DCM. More research is needed to determine why these hearts go into failure so we can best treat these dogs. For those of you purchasing from breeders, be sure to get a copy of the pups pedigree, *before* you buy, and research their lineage. Since Cardio is known to have a genetic component, if there is Cardio in the near generations, beware. For those of us that adopt foster dogs, be sure to have the heart listened to every 6-12 months.

Hopefully, we can some day reduce the incidence of DCM. Until then we can only hope to increase the quantity and quality of life for these dogs once they are sick.

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Wobbler's Syndrome in Dogs

By Carlos Jimenez, DVM

What is Wobbler's Disease/Syndrome?

Also known as "Cervical Vertebral Malformation Complex," Cervical Vertebral Instability and Cervical Spondylomyelopathy, Wobbler's disease is a neurological condition of the cervical (neck) vertebrae causing ataxia (wobbly gait) and weakness in dogs (and horses). The conditions may include vertebral malformation, intervertebral disc herniation, and defects of the ligaments and articular facets of the cervical vertebrae. This spinal instability causes excessive joint movement of the cervical spine resulting in spinal cord compression.

What are the common signs of Wobbler's Disease?

In general, the dog will become uncoordinated (ataxic) in all four legs but usually worse in the hind legs. This can occur very rapidly or

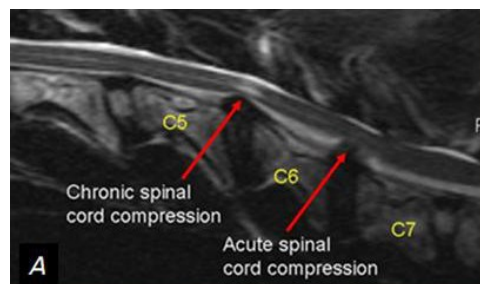
progress gradually over time. Most dogs also exhibit neck pain, especially when touched or during neck movement. In severe cases, complete paralysis of the limbs may occur.

What breeds are most commonly affected?

Young (less than 2 years old) Great Danes and other giant breeds and middle-aged and older Dobermans are most commonly affected. Other breeds include Borzois, Bassets, Labrador Retrievers, German Shepherds, Dalmatians, Boxers, Irish Setters, etc.

What causes Wobbler's Disease?

Although the cause is unknown, there is a strong link to fast growth (due to over nutrition) and genetics, as well as nutritional and mechanical factors (trauma).



7-year-old Dobe with 2-year history of cervical pain

How is Wobbler's Disease Diagnosed?

A veterinarian will perform a neurological exam and diagnostic imaging techniques such as cervical radiography and myelogram and MRI.

How is Wobbler's Disease Treated?

A. Medical treatments usually involve corticosteroids (to reduce pain and inflammation), cage rest and/or spinal cord compression.

B. Surgical treatments include:

1. *Dorsal laminectomy* where the top of the vertebrae are removed to reduce pressure on the spinal cord.
2. *Ventral decompression*, which removes herniated disc material and parts of the vertebral body that may be compressing the cord.
3. *Vertebral Fusion* to reduce movement and pressure on the spinal cord.
4. *Vertebral Arthroplasty*, a new treatment for dogs with Disc-Associated Wobbler's Syndrome (common in Dobermans) in which an artificial disc is implanted in place of the affected disc space. This technique is less invasive with lower risk of complications and faster recovery time than the older techniques.



Acupuncture treatment
with Dr. Jimenez

C. Acupuncture can be a very effective and relatively non-invasive technique for treating many neurologic conditions including Wobbler's Syndrome. Acupuncture affects primarily the nervous system and can relieve pain, relax muscles, and improve nerve function. Several acupuncture techniques can be used:

1. *Dry needle acupuncture* in which thin stainless steel needles are inserted in specific acupuncture points and left in place for 5-30 minutes.
2. *Aquapuncture* in which a sterile liquid such as water, saline, vitamin B-12, etc. is injected into the acupuncture points.
3. *Electro-acupuncture (EAP)* in which a TENS (Transcutaneous electrical nerve stimulation) unit is connected to the acupuncture needles and small electrical impulses are used to stimulate the acupuncture points.
4. *Gold bead implants* in which small gold plated beads are surgically inserted into acupuncture points to cause continuous stimulation of the acupuncture points and avoid the need to use repeated acupuncture treatments.

© 2012 Dr. Carlos Jimenez, DVM, All rights reserved. For permission to reprint contact author. Dr. Jimenez is trained in veterinary chiropractic and certified in veterinary acupuncture. He is the owner of Complete Equine Health Service in Coatesville, PA.

Torn Anterior Cruciate Ligament

By Margot B. Schwag, VMD

The cruciate ligaments are two structures in the stifle (knee) which help to stabilize the joint. They keep the Femur and the Tibia from grinding back and forth on each other. If either or both of these ligaments are torn, the result is an unstable joint. Often the Menisci

(cartilages) are also damaged with the injury, leading to even further instability. The resultant grinding back and forth of the structures in the joint leads to inflammation, eburnation (wearing away of bone), osteophytes (bone spurs), cartilage damage, and eventually painful arthritis.

Surgery will help to minimize these changes. However, success depends on many factors, most of which are beyond our control. Some of these factors including the amount of cartilage damage, osteophyte formation, and whether one or both cruciate ligaments are torn, can be evaluated at the time of surgery. Other factors including an underlying immune mediated problem, strength of the scar tissue, and how long the sutures remain intact, we may not know for months. Two factors that we do have control over are weight and exercise. If your pet is overweight, we will need to start a weight loss program after the surgery has had time to completely heal. An exercise program to slowly strengthen the stifle is described later. Although surgery will minimize and delay the onset of arthritis, we are never going to have a completely normal leg, because there are no materials available to completely replace the original ligaments.

Cruciate Surgery

Your pet has just had surgery of the stifle (knee) to correct an instability caused by a torn cruciate ligament. Unfortunately, the ligament is usually torn to shreds and cannot be repaired, and at this time there is nothing available to replace the torn ligament. The surgery has three main components.

1. Opening the joint and removing the torn ligament, any damaged cartilage, fibrin or other debris.
2. Tightening the joint capsule so that it acts like a splint to help stabilize the joint.
3. Placing very strong sutures in such a way that they will do the job of the missing cruciate ligament.

What To Expect After Surgery

Immediately after surgery expect to have a fair amount of swelling and possibly some bruising. Occasionally there may be a clear to pink colored discharge, especially after they have started to move around. It is usually 7 to 10 days before they will put the leg down and 10 to 14 days before they use the leg for anything other than balance. Antibiotics will be dispensed to help avoid infection in the joint. We want your pet to be uncomfortable enough when walking that they don't abuse the leg. However, we want them comfortable when they are at rest. A Fentanyl patch will be applied to prevent pain. If they appear to be in pain when lying down, other pain killers will be dispensed.

Basic Instructions

1. For the first two weeks exercise should be severely limited (i.e. going out to the bathroom) and should always be on a leash.
2. Avoid stairs because they are difficult to maneuver on three legs and a tumble could be disastrous.
3. The second two weeks will be spent going for walks (on a leash). Start with short ones and gradually increase their length. If they seem very sore after the walks, make them shorter. **NO RUNNING OR JUMPING.**
4. The third two weeks will be spent going for even longer walks and possibly, if they are able, some short jogging.
5. The fourth two weeks they can do a little running, but avoid sharp turns and jumping.

Progress Reports

Your pet should be rechecked when they come back to have the fentanyl patch off. Sutures are removed 10 to 14 days after the surgery. Unless there are problems, call to report how everything is going about every two weeks. If something doesn't seem right, please

call! A veterinarian would much rather say “That’s normal” than “I wish that you had told me that last week.”

Long Term Concerns

Please remember that the leg is never going to be a completely normal leg. There are no materials, natural or artificial, to completely do the job of the missing cruciate ligament. Abuse of the leg (i.e. jumping or sharp turns) is more likely to result in further injury to the stifle, so please avoid them. Expect your pet to exhibit some stiffness in the joint, especially after periods of rest, exercise, or inclement weather. Occasionally, the body can react to the suture material necessitating its removal. As with all joint injuries, arthritis can develop with time. However, most pets will have a long, comfortable life.

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Generalized Demodicosis

By Deborah A. Keim, VMD
with L. Medlean, DVM and K. Hnilica, DVM

Canine generalized demodicosis can be caused by three different species of mites: *D. canis*, *D. injai*, and an unnamed short-bodied *Demodex* mite. *D. canis* is a normal resident of the hair follicle, oil ducts, and oil glands and is primarily transmitted from the mother to pups during the first two to three days of nursing, but adult transmission is rare. *D. injai* and the unnamed mite both have unknown modes of transmission but the unnamed mite lives in the outer layer of the skin.

Depending on the dog’s age at onset, generalized demodicosis is classified as juvenile-onset or adult-onset, both common in dogs. Juvenile onset, which may be caused by *D. canis* and the unnamed mite, occurs between three and eighteen months of age, with highest incidence in medium and large-sized purebred dogs. Adult onset can be caused by all three mite species and occurs in dogs older than 18 months of age with the highest incidence in middle to older dogs that are immunocompromised because of diabetes, cancer, etc.

Clinical signs of generalized demodicosis are defined as five or more focal lesions or two or more body regions affected. Lesions can be anywhere on the body including the feet. Affected skin is often patchy, hairless, silvery gray scaling, papules, and itchy. The feet can become painful, itchy hyperpigmented, lichenified, scaly, swollen, crusty, and have draining tracts. Fever, depression, and anorexia may be seen. *D. injai* are typically characterized by greasy seborrhea, especially on the top of the trunk. Diagnosis is made by deep skin scrape for adults, nymphs, larvae, and ova.

Treatment consists of Ivermectin by mouth, systemic antibiotics for pyoderma, antimicrobial weekly baths, and spaying or neutering. These dogs should never be bred due to its hereditary predisposition. Steroids should not be used. Other treatments can be used too, with more adverse effects.

The prognosis for canine generalized demodicosis is good to fair. Relapses may occur requiring periodic or lifelong treatment in some dogs.

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Chapter Five

Happy Rescues

Happy Rescues

Most of our rescues result in successful adoptions, as we accept Dobermans that exhibit good behavior and health potential and adopt them into well-matched foster and permanent homes.

Each rescue blends a unique set of circumstances and individuals to materialized hope into actuality. The volunteer team includes individuals who act upon a commitment (from rescue through foster and rehabilitation), others who give financial support, and finally, an applicant who offers a permanent home and faithfully provides food, shelter, veterinary care and loving companionship to the animal. That's the recipe for a successful rescue!

This chapter showcases a few of our particularly memorable rescues over the years, illustrating that turning a dog's life around is a celebration and triumph for all involved. Best of all, the dog that's been brought to a new life says "thank you" with its heart and soul, loving eyes, wagging tail and exuberant happiness!

Robbie, Caesar and Gordon

by Margot B. Schwag, VMD

In the summer of 1993, Caesar was tearfully returned to DPR due to his owner's job move. His owners knew we would find a wonderful home for him. Caesar was approximately one and a half years old when he was returned. He was black and rust, cropped and docked, a very tall male and, more importantly, a real lover. His only downfall was recurrent bouts of kidney infections. At the time, we didn't know how serious the problem was.

Robbie, an intelligent, sensitive ten-year-old, was without a Doberman for five years since the family's beloved Doberman, named Bunny, was put to sleep. When first approached, his mother Lisa was reluctant; after Robbie and Lisa met Caesar, it was a done deal. Over the next ten months Caesar had the best home in the world. Robbie and Caesar became absolute best friends. Robbie was Caesar's father and made sure that Lisa understood that she was the grandmother. Caesar was the most important "person" in Robbie's life and vice versa. The dynamic duo became famous at our hospital. Unfortunately, we saw a lot of them. With time, Caesar had continuing bouts of kidney problems. Eventually we were no longer able to control his problem. The miracle was that although his kidneys began to fail, nobody told Caesar.

In the mean time, my husband and I had been fostering Gordon, a black and rust male approximately two-and-a-half years old. Gordon was found wandering the street of Southern Lancaster County and turned in to the Lancaster Humane League. At the time, his left eye was full of mucous; they weren't sure if he even had an eye on that side. DPR was called and he was brought into the program. As it turned out, Gordon was taken to surgery where he was castrated and the

eye socket was surgically explored. The eyeball was merely a remnant. Due to the abnormal mucous build-up by the normal glands in the eye, the socket was cleaned up and the eyelid sewn closed. The dog recovered uneventfully from surgery. Eventually, he came to our home for foster care.

Gordon moved with our three female Dobes as though he had lived with us for years. Our older girls pretty much ignored him; however, it was love at first sight for two-and-a-half year old Ellie and Gordon. He is one of those rare dogs that is so easy to live with, it's uncanny. He loves all dogs and people. When playtime is over, he is quietly laying by our feet. When we have to leave him at home, he happily goes into his crate and never says a word of complaint.

It was obvious that the whole family (my husband, myself and our three Dobes) were falling in love with him. At the same time, we realized that Caesar, while still healthy, was eventually going to die. At that point, my husband and I made the painful decision that Robbie would need a friend more than we would, so we would give Gordon up to Lisa and Robbie.

It was a terrible Wednesday evening when we got a call from Lisa that Caesar was barely able to get up. We told her that we would meet them at the office immediately. Caesar presented severely anemic. Realizing that this might be the problem, we had brought Gordon to the office to be our blood donor dog for Caesar's transfusion. Gordon was the model donor; Caesar the model patient. Five days later, due to failing health and a poor quality of life, Caesar was humanely euthanized.

Lisa had previously agreed that they would be interested in Gordon for Robbie (and herself). However, we were unsure when and how to make the move. Robbie made it easy for us. The day Caesar was to be euthanized, Robbie mentioned that due to Gordon's attempt to save his beloved Caesar, he deserved to have a good home with them. After a two week mourning period (Lisa and Robbie had been



Margot Schwag and Gordon

prepared for Caesar's death for months), Gordon was tearfully turned over to the Coopers.

Robbie and Lisa have had Gordon for three weeks. He sleeps in bed with Robbie at night, goes to work with Grandmom during the day and is probably one of the luckiest dogs around. By the way, Ellie and I miss him terribly. We made a deal with Lisa and Robbie that when they go on vacation, Gordon must stay with us. Thankfully, Lisa and Robbie live close by so we can visit Gordon regularly.

We do miss him but realize that giving Gordon a temporary home and then giving him up to Robbie was the ultimate act of love . . . for Gordon and for Robbie and Lisa.

From Zero to Zofe

by Joanne Warrick

Nearing the end of 1991, a natural eared female Doberman named Toshiba was about at ZERO in every aspect of her estimated three year old self. For a dog with "SPRINGS IN HER REAR", who loves to jump and won't walk in the wet grass, being tied on a two foot length of chain in a backyard without shelter is

bad—a ZERO. But in wintertime, that had to be a real big ZERO. The ZERO's in this doggy mind were very apparent. No one brought her in out of the rain and the cold, no one fed her special treats, (like buttered bites of toast), no one told her "Good Dog!", "Pretty Girl!", "Not Allowed!." No one cared.

Then good things started to happen—someone reported this dogs plight to Delaware County SPCA. The owners were given a choice, give up the dog or pay a fine. Thus she came to the Delaware County Pound, then to Doberman Rescue, through Wendy Jordan and on to foster care with Sid and Judy Erb. Meanwhile back in Landisville, George and I were waiting to adopt an adult female Dobe. We had just heard about the Rescue and filled out an application form in November. Our thirteen year old Dobe, Gypsy, had died three months before leaving me resolved to be dogless; since I felt I didn't have time to devote to training a puppy. But George wanted a dog, just didn't seem right without one, so ok, let's get one that is house trained, won't chew up everything and will stay off our new ruby colored carpet.

Wendy called to have us look at a natural eared Dobe. At that time, natural ears were not in demand but that was not an issue with us. We had never seen a Doberman with ears! At our initial meeting at the Landisville Animal Hospital this poor Dobe was bleary eyed, having just been spayed that morning, but we looked past all that and wanted to see her again. The following morning, we visited her again and after a springy walk and a quiet talk we went in and sat down. She sat with us and leaned on George's knee as if she knew with a certainty that he would not let her down. Margot Schwag came out and said we looked like a match. We fell for this long eared Dobe and wanted to take her right then. After approval on both sides, December 28, 1991, Toshiba came to live at 400 Main.

Toshiba was given a new name along with her new life. Toshiba became Zofe, a loose translation of a German word for lady-in-waiting. For about three days she was quiet,

timid, eager to please and eat, going quietly into her crate when asked. After a few reminders she stayed off the ruby carpet and she never went into the living room. Then....she became increasingly aggressive, dominant, and protective whenever anyone but George or I came into the house. Therefore, she was crated whenever we expected guests and let her out when the guests were on the carpet! The crate was a real life saver, limb saver as well, literally. Zofe played really rough and for real. She liked to carry my arms around in her mouth when I tried to exercise her.

Many calls were made to Wendy and Judy, Help, what was I doing wrong? They always had such simple solutions to my dilemmas and were very patient. Why didn't I think of giving Zofe something to carry in her mouth instead of my arm? But I never had had to deal with these problems I was encountering; my other dogs were all puppies when they came to live with me and I never had had any instruction in training. And so we enrolled for obedience training at Kay Ames Training Center.

April 1992, we burst into class with me hanging on with both hands. Zofe would try to attack any dog large or small, male or female, that was within range. On occasion, she would growl and snap at people walking too close to her. What, I asked, had I gotten myself into this time? But I was hooked on Zofe and determined to keep her because she was the best and smartest dog and the most beautiful and had the neatest ears! Zofe was so affectionate to us and insisted we lavish her with affection, which we did. She made friends quickly once we learned to SIT and WATCH the TREAT routine. My initial goal was to have her come when called and stop the aggressive behavior when instructed to do so.

I have learned so much, hopefully more than Zofe, since I have to keep one thought ahead of her and head her off at the "Pass." The first and most important exercise to be mastered was the Alpha. Picture it—a sixty-two pound wiry, bouncy, resistant Dobe determined to keep right side up versus a stiff kneed

grandma just as determined to put her right side down. After being shown how to execute this maneuver I went home to give it a try and demonstrate to George what I had learned. In the process I lost my balance and fell in such a way I flipped her right over and neither she nor I knew what happened. Alpha accomplished! She has never since doubted my ability to put her into the Alpha.

Zofe learns quickly, in true Dobe fashion, (I learned) she anticipates my commands; wanting to get on with the exercise. I have such a wonderful time teaching her as I keep learning the many fascinating keys to communicate with her. We have overcome so many problems, aggression, forging, not allowing a man to examine her, galloping out of control when off leash, jumping on the dog next to her and on and on. I came to understand that Zofe was not being disobedient in many of these instances but was protecting her space and her person from what she viewed as a threat. She was stressed when left on a stay because she needed to be with me. She warned and challenged strangers not to come on "her" property, or near "her" car or "her" person because she didn't want to have them taken from her. It was explained to me that many second hand dogs become over protective of their home and people.

I've learned to be consistent with praise and discipline and I've learned to understand Zofe really does want to please me. The result is a beautiful, intelligent, obedient dog. Zofe has learned to sit on the stair step when the doorbell rings and she gets a treat. She doesn't walk on the carpet in the living room but has her own ruby colored carpet to lie on in the foyer and in the breakfast room (I keep bringing up the carpet because Judy and Wendy were surprised we were able to train her to keep off it.)

Zofe is bilingual, she understands commands in English, German and our own special sign language. She loves our grandchildren and they love and spoil her. She is so happy when we go camping; the only time she gets to sleep on a bed with George. I could go on and on but let me finish by saying... Now she is a real

ZOFE - a lady just waiting - to get a treat, to jump, to go in the car, to please me.

We are a team —no more ZERO...

Simba's Journey From Death's Door

Foster care provider Pam Taylor writes: One July evening I learned of a young male Dobe named Simba, saved from starvation, dehydration and intestinal parasites only to face death again for want of a home to see him through heartworm treatment. A young woman named Alex had contacted me from The Humane Society of Kent County, Inc., pleading for us to help this little black dog who was barely more than a puppy. I quickly identified that this shelter employee's demonstrated commitment to the dog was the best recommendation he could receive. I wanted to confer with our rescue committee and do everything in my power to help save Simba. By the next morning I had volunteered myself to provide transportation and foster home care. And then I asked Alex to tell Simba's story. Here it is.

At Death's Door

by Alex Forbane

The initial complaint had been investigated by another officer so I didn't know what to expect on this particular follow-up call in the town of Rock Hall. Pulling up in the truck on that hot June day, I saw a fawn-colored Dobe mix tied out to a dog house and what appeared to be a purebred black Dobe tied to a second dog house a distance across the yard. I went to the fawn-colored dog first. He had severely fly-bitten ears, no food or water, and did not appear very socialized. A young boy came out of the residence and introduced himself as the owner's son, telling us the dog's name was "Bear." His parents were not home, so I asked the boy to get Bear some water immediately. He did.

Asking if the dog across the yard was theirs, he said “Yes, he’s a purebred Dobe named Simba.” As I approached, Simba barked and growled, not too sure about me. I moved closer and began talking to him. The closer I got and the sillier I talked, the more friendly Simba became. As he began wagging his little tail, whimpering for attention and looking at me with such incredible longing for acceptance, I could feel it happening. I was falling in love with Simba. I was appalled to find that he, too had no food or water. Again I asked the boy to get water, and he did.

I wanted to take both dogs right then, but decided against it and left a notice to the owners that both dogs were to be taken for vet care within two days. Instead of taking them to the vet, the owners relinquished both dogs to the shelter. I regret to say that because of the owner’s negligence and Bear’s unsocial behavior and rocky history, we had to put him to sleep. We couldn’t give him the chance at life he fully deserved, but thank God he will never again be tied to a dog house with no food, water or love.

Safety

When I first saw Simba come in through the doors of the shelter, I felt utter relief. I was determined to do everything in my power to save him, and that’s exactly what I did! Simba was so thin, weighing only 54 pounds, you couldn’t get the food to his lips quickly enough. He literally attacked the dish and devoured the food (of course I always snuck in extra for him). After about a week, I noticed Simba wasn’t gaining any weight, so we did a fecal and a heartworm check. When the bad news came I was upset, but when the really bad news came, I was devastated! Simba had hookworms, whipworms and worst of all, Simba tested positive for heartworms. My heart sank when I thought I had just signed his death warrant.

“Who would want a dog with heartworm?” I thought. Who would accept the added ex-

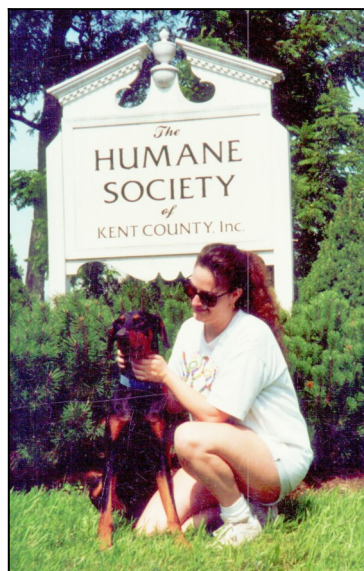
pense? I wanted to take him home and make everything better, but I already have two male Dobs, one of which had heartworms when I adopted him. I realized I could not fit a third male into the routine which had been so hard to establish with the two males in my home now. And I didn’t know if I could see another dog through the life-threatening reaction to heartworm treatment which Ike had endured. Boy, did I beat myself up about all of these feelings!

I decided that no matter what, I was not going to give up. I began calling Dobe rescue numbers out of the “Project Breed” book. I hit quite a few dead ends because of the fact that Simba was male and/or had heartworms. Meanwhile, we treated Simba for the intestinal worms and he began gaining weight and really showing off his personality. I was growing more and more in love with this wonderful guy with very special qualities.

Simba had been at the shelter for almost one month, no one was showing an interest in him, and I was getting nowhere with Dobe rescue. I began to contemplate some choices I would eventually have to make. This is probably the hardest thing I’ve had to do in my job at the shelter. Something had to be done. It wasn’t fair to Simba to continue to live in a kennel, and it wasn’t fair to the young, healthy dogs who were being put to sleep for lack of space. This isn’t pleasant to contemplate, but the fact is that Simba had heartworms, other dogs did not, and choices had to be made every day. What it finally boiled down to was that I had to love Simba enough to let him go. I made one of the most grueling decisions of my life one Friday at work. After hours of crying and indecision, I determined that if no one was willing to take Simba by the following Tuesday, I would let him go.

I went home that evening and I prayed. Then I did one last round of phone calling to rescues, leaving a desperate message on Pam Taylor’s machine about Simba. She called me back that evening and gave me a time to call her on Saturday morning for a decision, so I

did. After quite a lengthy conversation and some arrangements, I found myself getting Simba ready to be rescued. Pam was coming to get him! I can't describe the feelings of joy that I felt when the words came out of her mouth! I had heard, "I'm sorry" about as much as I could stomach by this point and I was sure Pam was going to say the same thing. I had even offered to drive to the ends of the earth to transport Simba out of here and still others could not help. But Pam Taylor didn't say she was sorry, she offered to drive here and pick Simba up herself! Since then I have told Pam that I believe God brought her to me and Simba because he was truly worth saving.



There just simply is no other explanation!

Editor's Note: Shelter workers venture into the trenches, intervening on the plight of abused and severely neglected animals. Alex Forhane of The Humane Society of Kent County, Inc. became Simba's advocate the day they met, holding up a life to be saved.

In Transit

by Pam Taylor

During his first month at my home Simba was tested and treated for intestinal parasites a second time. His loose stools firmed up and he gained weight to 65 pounds. Ready for heartworm treatment by Dr. Margot Schwag, VMD, he traveled to Landisville Animal Hospital for a brief stay. (As the heartworms die while being pumped through the circulatory system, they are reabsorbed by the body. This takes time and rest, for over-

activity can cause the heartworms to clog an artery or valve, causing pulmonary embolism).

Four weeks after treatment, Simba was retested for heartworm locally at Valley Veterinary Hospital by Lindsay Shrieber, VMD, and we were glad to learn the results were negative. Simba will be neutered during his next visit to Landisville Animal Hospital. Then he'll be ready for adoption to his permanent home.

For a dog so young (born June 24, 1995), he is remarkably composed. Simba wants to be a close companion to his human master, but he also tremendously enjoys other pets.

Dream Destination

by Brian & Gretchen Dugan

On Thursday, October 11th, 1996, we came home to find a message from Dr. Schwag asking if we could transport a dog from Phoenixville to Landisville for her. We had volunteered to help when needed, were on vacation that week and by chance were going to be in the area on Friday, so we said, "Yes!"

At this point Gretchen and I planned on getting another female as a playmate for our 7-month-old Doberman, Annie, but these plans started to change after meeting Simba. We arrived at Pam's place to find a small but bouncy happy boy just waiting to meet and play with anyone. He looked at me and said, "Please take me home!!!" Then we loaded up in the van for the drive back to Lancaster County. During the trip home he didn't make a peep, he just slept in the crate.

The major concern was how Annie would take to Simba. Our worries were over when Annie hopped into the van and they became immediate pals. We put them in the garage to play and they were two happy puppies: bounce, bounce, chomp, chomp, run, run, run! After playing they both went to bed tired and content.

Saturday morning came and I was sure that I was going to find a mess in Simba's crate. To

my surprise, I found a happy, tail wagging dog that just wanted to come out and be with us. After some breakfast and play, it was time to drop off Simba at Dr. Schwag's office since he was scheduled for neutering the following Monday. We thought that having Annie travel with him was a good idea. We loaded Simba into the crate in the van and went to get Annie ready. This part was a little scary. We heard a loud painful crying. I ran out to the van to find Simba screaming because he punched the crate door and got two of his toes stuck in the door. After ten seconds of trying to free him, I ran and used bolt cutters to cut the crate door to free him. Afterwards he acted like nothing had happened.

The next 24 hours were difficult. Gretchen and I wanted another dog for Annie. Part of us wanted a puppy but the other part said that there was a perfectly happy and now healthy dog that needed a break. He had gone through so much pain, suffering and neglect that no animal, especially a Doberman should be subjected to. Nine AM Monday morning came and I made the call. Dr. Schwag told us that Simba has a problem with his blood and we could decline adopting him. Since this is a problem only if there is trauma or surgery, we decided that Simba was now a permanent part of the Dugan family. The only problem was his name.

Gretchen and I like the Southwestern motif and chili peppers are a part of that. We named our first Dobe Cayenne, Annie for short. She is a beautiful black female. We wanted to keep that theme when thinking of a name for Simba. His new name is Onza, again named after a pepper, Ozzie for short. One thing we didn't plan for was that cayenne peppers have a spice rating of 10 and onza peppers have a rating of 4. This just happens to match the dogs' activity levels perfectly!

We are now a family of four. Ozzie is dad's buddy and Annie is mom's girl. The two of them are, to quote a recent movie, "Together we're like peas and carrots." A problem I bet most Dobe owners have is that they plan on



Daughter Delanie with Ozzie (Simba) & Annie

being fair and firm with their dogs, but in our house the word "spoiled" gets used a lot.

It's been 4 weeks with Ozzie in our life and here are the highlights...

- Annie has taught Ozzie how to steal clothes from the laundry and hide them around the house.
- For Halloween Ozzie was Cowboy Dobe.
- He starts puppy school on November 13.
- He loves trips in the car.
- Every night the four of us pile into bed. I bet you didn't know that two adults and two Dobs make a queen size bed feel as big as an army cot!
- Dislikes ANY DOG ON TV!!! We watched the movie Toy Story and everything was OK until the movie dog barked. Then Ozzie wanted a piece of the TV.

Since it's getting colder, Ozzie and Annie both wear sweatshirts and T-shirts outdoors when it's chilly.

He's healthy and happy and the only thing Gretchen & I are thinking about is what the dogs are going to do when there's a Christmas tree indoors!

Editor's Note: Early in December Cindy Slaugh, Pam and Soldier Moore and the Dugan family got together

at a pet fair in Chestertown, MD to surprise Alex Forhane, who hadn't seen Simba since he left her care last July. The visit was about the most joyful gift anyone could have given to Alex. Ozzie's journey was now complete. After many pats, hugs, and kisses, everyone returned to their respective homes, thankful for so fine a gathering.

Joley Becomes a Lady!

by Linda H. Dulak, Ph.D.

Our 12-year-old rescue Kojak became deeply depressed shortly after our Abby (a DPR rescue of 1992) was euthanized due to cancer (multiple tumors found on exploratory surgery). He missed Abby more than we missed her, although that may have been hard for me to believe at the time. He was refusing his food and medicine, had no enthusiasm for his walks and generally crawled into a corner, curled up and went to sleep. We knew that we needed to find another dobie to perk us all up. While another couldn't replace Abby, we now had a huge hole in our heart and needed another dobie to share our home. It was at this point we turned to DPR again.

Pam's description of Joley was right on target. She told us in no uncertain terms of her difficult past and the obvious signs of abuse resulting in a severely submissive dog. We weren't sure we were ready for this challenge, but we decided to have a look. We also weren't sure about a dobie with a long tail.

As we drove up, we got our first glimpse of Joley, a small but beautiful dobie with an incredible tail, long and curved. She had tremendous energy, running at full speed around the yard and muscling Pam's dog Soldier out of the way. She was shy, but seemed determined to take Norm's glove off, a sign of her insecurity. She did not bite, but wanted to show that she could protect herself. Within about ten minutes, however she readily accepted us and the transformation began. Over the next few hours, it became obvious that we were meant for each other. Those big brown eyes were searching for kindness and love.

Kojak also approved! When she was invited to jump in the crate in the back of the car, she did and the look on her face was precious. She was absolutely determined she was going home with us, and didn't even seem ready to give Pam a good-bye kiss. We were adopted!



Lady Joley

On the two-hour drive home to New Jersey, Norm and I decided that this was a new page in her life and she needed a new name to go with it. Dipping in to his past, Norm named her Lady for a dear friend from his childhood. Now she had to learn to live up to her new name.

Her entrance into the door of our house showed us how far we had to go. Lady came face to face with Grizabella the cat. I don't think Lady had ever been that close to a cat before. Lady chased, Grizzly and the other two cats took cover, I yelled "NO!" and suddenly Lady became a terrified, quivering mass, on her back and soaked in urine. This appeared to be a flashback response, similar to prior experiences. But with a now calm voice and gentle touching, she regained her confidence. We now knew we were going to have to separate the cats and Lady for awhile. Later, after a good dinner, she was settled into a crate in the kitchen for the night.

For about two weeks we worked at learning the rules of the house. First and foremost, she had to learn to do her business while on a leash (we do not have a fenced yard). She refused to do anything while I was visible for several days. Tying her outside did the trick. As soon as I was back in the house she was

done. We then began to meet the neighbors, both dogs and people. She was an immediate hit! Everyone was interested in her back-ground and her tail. Lady looked at everyone with suspicion. On several occasions, friends tried to pet her and she shied away. But when Kojak got some petting, she couldn't resist and stepped up for some too. Lady was basically friendly to all of the dogs in the neighborhood, but the squirrels on the bird feeder, the deer in the back yard, the llamas, goats and sheep down the street had her completely baffled. Her prey drive is amazing. If anything moves, she will chase, including some cars. So, we have to be extra vigilant whenever we take her out. She now has two collars, one of which is a prong collar, hitched to the leash when she goes outside to avoid any possibility of breaking loose.

The next step to settling in was to sleep upstairs by the side of the bed at night. We waited about two weeks before trying this step. The first night went well. However, on the second night, she decided to roam around the room. I got up in the dark, took her by the collar, brought her back to the side of the bed, told her to sit. She sat, but would not lie down. I placed a finger on the collar and with a slight pressure on the collar tried to pull her down. Well—another flash back. She began running around the room, terrified. When I let her out, she ran downstairs and into her crate, plastering herself to the back of it, quivering. As I tried to reach in to touch her, she began to growl. Looking into her eyes I saw nothing but terror. I could only guess what was going through her mind. It took about an hour and a half for her to calm down and realize that she would not be beaten. She then stayed in the crate for the rest of that night and the next. We weren't sure when we should try again to take her upstairs but Lady decided for us. The following night she began barking after we went upstairs. We tried to wait her out, but the barking was endless. While we thought we might be starting a bad habit, we relented and brought her back upstairs. She has not had a

bad night since. She occasionally will wander around the room, but has not had a similar flashback in the following month.

The next major step was to get her to the vet and her shots up to date. The good thing about this is we have wonderful vets here. I think they all have dobies themselves. I let them know of the problems we were likely to have with Lady. We went through a series of visits to the waiting room to meet everyone. Over three visits Lady gradually opened up and began to take treats and allow everyone to approach. No examinations, no shots, no threatening procedures. Then the real examination day came along. She was great going into the office, but then showed extreme fear of the stethoscope. Rather than muzzle her and force her to submit to an exam, we decided to try again in a week. Since I have a stethoscope at home, Lady no longer could get food, petting or any play time unless the stethoscope was either around my neck or on her chest listening to her heart. She would accept this from me with reluctance at first and we had lots of little puddles to show her fear. I also realized that I had not really touched her or petted her lower than her ribcage. So we started to train her to stand for examination. I discovered she was extremely concerned about being touched on her rear legs. Well, we massaged her legs, her belly and her tail several times a day. By the end of the week she was standing for examination with a stethoscope over her back. On her return trip to the vet she behaved like a trooper, no longer showing the fear of the prior week. She stood for examination, got her shots and had blood drawn for a heartworm test, with only light hand restraint and no puddles! I can't tell you how proud everyone is at her progress.

The other major accomplishment is the interaction with the cats. They learned that when Lady is out they must hide. But last week, the cats began wandering around the house during the day. On the weekend, Lady discovered one of them asleep on a chair. We all feared the worst: *the cat would bolt with Lady*

close behind, no telling what would be knocked down in the process! But that didn't happen. Lady stood looking at the cat as if she couldn't believe her eyes. The cat looked back and didn't move. This went on for about an hour. Lady would sniff and occasionally bark, followed by a sharp "No!" from me. Lady would then sit and continue to stare and an uneasy truce prevailed. I think peace may even reign in the near future. We had no puddles during this experience either.

As for the tail, I can only say that I never realized how much personality is expressed in that normally missing appendage. She will occasionally chase the tail. But the most interesting use is to gauge her confidence. If she is happy and confident, it is out behind, curling up and often wagging. But in an instant, if she feels at all threatened, that tail will curl under her belly with the tip practically reaching her chest. Instead of being a problem, the tail expresses her attitude and personality.

As for Kojak, there have been some uneasy times. Sometimes he looks at Lady as if to say, "I knew Abby, Abby was a friend of mine, but you're no Abby!" As time passes he gradually recovers from his grief and accepts Lady as a pretty good addition. When the weather is bad and his arthritis acts up, he is generally grumpy and the activity of a young dog upsets him. But his overall assessment is that she was a good addition to his life. They seem to have worked out territory and she avoids his favorite places.

The bond between the two dogs may in fact be a lot stronger than we can appreciate. Occasionally Kojak has mild seizures which consist of uncontrolled head bobbing. This is very upsetting to Kojak, but does not cause him to lose consciousness. He normally searches for me for comfort and I try to hold and calm him with my voice during the seizure. Several days after Lady came to live with us, Kojak had a seizure. I was downstairs in my office, unaware of what was happening, and Kojak cannot go down the stairs because of his arthritis. Sensing that something was

wrong, Lady intervened, storming down the steps, hitting the back of my chair and returning upstairs. When I didn't follow her, she did it again. This time I responded and found her hovering over Kojak. I spent the next twenty minutes caring for Kojak, completely ignoring Lady, who continued to hover over us, watching. When the seizure stopped, the relief for Lady was obvious. She began licking Kojak and me, I suppose to determine if both were okay. Of course she got lots of praise, and even Kojak joined in. Ordinarily this amount of praise would result in submissive behavior and accompanying puddle on the floor, but this time it didn't. Clearly she was very pleased with her behavior, as was I, and confident that she had done the right thing. The praise was graciously accepted. She was on her way to being a Lady.

Lady is definitely a challenge. I have never regretted that we were adopted by her. We certainly have gained her trust. Now we have begun to work on obedience. She needs to get out and gain confidence with other people so I am looking for a good obedience course in the area. She has learned to take correction without fear, at least most of the time. She is incredibly smart and has progressed so far already that I am wondering what she will eventually accomplish. Kojak, Norm and I are very fortunate to know this lovable little girl.

Herbie—A Love Story

By Margot B. Schwag, VMD

Trojan, a red and rust, approximate 1 year old intact male, about 20 pounds underweight, was transported to Landisville Animal Hospital, by DPR volunteer Cindy Brubaker, over 8 years ago for "processing." It was love at first sight. Despite living with 2 other female Dobes already, I knew instantly that he was *my* dog.

I can't tell you what it was about *this* dog that stole my heart—his long uncropped ears,

kind, loving eyes, emaciated frame, or his long sensuous “kisses.” Well Trojan, who did not have a threatening bone in his body, was renamed Herbie...love bug. Herbie’s quest in life was to love everyone, and trust me, he succeeded. He was always more interested in people than other dogs. He was fondly referred to as a “cling-on” (not to be confused with a culture of warriors of the Star Trek phenomenon). Cling-ons are those dogs that must be touching “their” people at all times. (All Dobe owners have experienced this phenomenon.) This was my Herbie, sort of like that bad boyfriend that won’t leave your side for a second.

Herbie had a great life. He started off with two girlfriends, Jessica and Ellie, Dobes of course! He then acquired another “pitiful” brother, Chancellor. Over the years he lost all 3 of his friends due to old age and illness. Luckily he handled their loss better than I did. Gratefully, his constantly being by my side was comforting.

Herbie, like the others, went to work with me regularly at the Veterinary Hospital. During that time he acquired quite a following. He would regularly “slip” out to the waiting room multiple times daily. He would approach *anyone*, lay his head on their lap and expect to be loved. Not being the brightest bulb in the box, he would even walk up to those with snarling dog and hissing cats. This got Herbie bit many times. Luckily his personality was so sweet that I could trust him with infants, toddlers, nasty animals, strangers, etc.

If a client was at the hospital, upset due to having a sick pet, or worse yet an animal having to be euthanized, Herbie was the first one there to console them. We would intentionally let him out front and watch him work his magic. At picnics, Herbie wore his backpack and delivered cold beverages to people, naturally he was on the “A” party list.

Regrettably, Herbie’s appetite dropped off in early April. On the 27th, his breathing pattern started to change. Within 2 days, his breath was rapid and shallow. I took radio-

graphs (x-rays) of his chest and performed a sonogram. Sure enough my worse fears were confirmed, he had cancer throughout his chest wall that was producing fluid. In turn, the fluid was preventing his lungs from expanding. The next day we took him to a specialist, he confirmed my diagnosis—the tumor was inoperable and not responsive to chemotherapy. I knew that euthanasia was best for him.

The two-hour ride home from the specialist was very difficult for all of us. I sat on the floor of my back seat so my face was on the same level of Herbie’s face. We talked to each other, gave each other kisses and made peace. He knew how much I loved him and that I would miss him terribly. I knew how much he loved me.

On April 29th, I put the last of my “brat pack” to sleep. I am practically in tears as I write, three months later, but I felt the need for those who knew him (and there were hundreds) to know about his demise. For those who never knew Herbie, now you do.

I am so fortunate to have loved, and been loved by Herbie. I hope that each of you will experience the unconditional and indisputable love of such a noble animal.

I will always love and miss him.



Herbie & Margot

Chapter Six

Hardship Rescues

Hardship Rescues

Some dogs don't understand that they are being rescued. But for others, to be rescued is truly salvation. Physical salvation includes protection from weather conditions; clean, cool water; nutritious food; a comfortable, secure place to relax and sleep; grooming, exercise and veterinary care. Emotional salvation includes being comforted by kindly human touch and quiet, soothing words; accepting consistent, positive leadership and basking in the relationship—these experiences reassure the dog that life is good.

These hardship dogs that can be rehabilitated are at the heart of our Doberman rescue. A dog with the potential to be physically healthy, and who is behaviorally able to forgive and trust, becomes one of our greatest achievements. Read on and learn about some of these remarkable transformations.

Death's Door Dobermans

This chapter tells of some heart-wrenching rescues where “death's door” Dobermans. Betsy, Maggie, Sadie, Jeffrey and Rusty, among others, were saved because DPRPA intervened.

Betsy

By Audrey de Gaster

Scared, starved, stray. Infested with hooks, whips, heartworms. A puppy herself, but already a mother. New Jersey dog owner Audrey de Gaster captured Betsy, saw to her preliminary medical needs and then delivered her into our care. Following is Betsy's story as told by Audrey de Gaster:

One evening driving down Joe Parker Road, I saw a red Doberman who appeared skinny and frightened. I spent the next 30 minutes going door to door, inquiring about her. No one knew anything, but some had seen her on their property and chased her away. I returned to where I had seen her and found the Ocean County animal control people there, setting a cage trap with horse meat inside for her. She tried to get to the food, but wouldn't go into the cage, instead digging under the cage to get to the food. The animal control people had to do another pickup, so they left. I stayed and tried to help her.

I walked across the street to my truck and she then crossed to the opposite side, not wanting anything to do with me. Cars were coming quite quickly, and very often she almost got hit. I decided to stay on the side of the street of my truck, to give her a chance to walk into the trap, which she wanted nothing to do with, except that she was hungry. I started to talk softly to her, “Good girl, come here. Oh, what a good girl, come on.” I opened up the back doors to try and trap her in my truck. Having given up

on getting the horse meat, she wasn't going near the trap.

I wished I had some sort of food in the truck to lure her in with. As time went on she was showing a bit of trust in me. She would come closer and then go away and come back again a bit closer and then go away again. She was trying to see what I had for her, but the only thing I had was pre-chewed gum. Well I'll try anything. I showed her the gum, then put it in my mouth, chewed a bit and then showed it to her again. She jumped right into the truck, but she was not at all interested in that old pre-chewed gum. I went to the back and what a sweet girl she was. A few minutes later, the animal control people came back and took the Dobe.

The next morning I called to see where they had taken her. She was at the Ocean County Animal Shelter in Jackson, New Jersey. I went to visit and take her for a walk. How skinny and scared she was, but just so sweet and loving. I went home and decided to make up some rice for her. The next day, I gave her a little bit of rice at a time, then took her for her walk. My heart went out to her.

All she wanted was some food and to be loved. One could say she was starving in two



Betsy at the time of rescue

ways, for food and for love. I gave her a kiss on her cheek and she gave me a lick on mine. I told her to sit and she said, "No problem." For the next couple of days I visited her. I asked the shelter people what would happen to her, and they said it's very hard to place a Dobe. I went home and made a few phone calls and then came



Betsy, three months later

across the number of Pam Gutekunst (Taylor) of the Dobe rescue. I gave her a call and described Betsy to her. Pam said, "She seems like just the sort of Dobe we must help. Can you bring her to me?"

So, another volunteer and myself went to the shelter, I adopted her as mine and off we went. When we arrived at Pam's house, I was more than happy. I was sure Betsy was going to a good foster home. We went inside and spoke with Pam and met the other Dobermans; each one was nicer than the other. They came up to you and said, "Just love me. I'm so lovable." They were just the way I saw Betsy could be with some time. Pam and Betsy met and Pam said, "You're right, she is lovely." We left and the entire ride home, all I could think was how lucky Betsy is to have another chance. She certainly deserves it, just a sweet wonderful lady.

Editor's note: Betsy was turned from thoughtless abuse to love, proper care and a secure future, far beyond the heartless neglect and abuse she once suffered. After only three months, Betsy was spayed, free of all parasites, heartworm negative and twice her earlier weight, at 67 pounds. Betsy went on to live with her new owner on a horse farm. (1990)

The Voice of a Doberman

Dobermans have many voice capabilities: the bark, growl and whine are the basics. Creative Dobes combine these in a variety of pitches and intonations to communicate their opinions, wants and needs. It is a sad fact that countless Dobermans have no one to listen and respond; these are the ones at the heart of our mission. Two of our volunteers share their enriching and satisfying experiences as advocates of these dogs.

Transportation—Jack Utter & Zeus

Zeus was my first transport. When I got a chance to see him for the first time, he was in his cubicle and it was feeding time. ALL the dogs in that section were going crazy. The barking was almost deafening and I had to shout so the person standing only 3 feet away could hear me. When I looked in on Zeus, he was literally bouncing off the walls and the door. In fact, he would step back about 3 feet and run and hit the door with both front feet and then jump off one of the walls and then hit the door again all the time barking and frothing at the mouth. I just stood there thinking “What did I get myself into, and how am I going to be able to handle and transport this dog without being bit?”

The girl opened the cage and went inside to put one of their collars on him. He just about yanked me off my feet when he got out of that cage. Once we got him out of that section and away from all those barking dogs he calmed right down. What a relief! I started to talk to and pet him and he responded really well. I got some biscuits and told him to “sit” and his butt hit the floor like he had been waiting to do this all day. Right then I knew it was going to be a good day to take a ride.

I am sooooo happy he has found a good home 'cause he deserves it. I worked with him outside the SPCA and he listened great. In just the few minutes that I was with him, he was heeling, sitting and standing still so I could pet

him. What a difference a little quiet time can make. Tell Terry and his wife Maria that I'm happy for all 4 of them!

Foster Care—Pam Taylor & Maggie

Our current foster dog was a stray, found injured, undernourished and without identification. It was clear she had been used repeatedly for breeding, and since that time, someone had shot her in the head and neck with a pellet gun and her left jaw had been fractured by a blow. An animal-lover found and took her to the Lancaster Humane League. There they discovered she was a sweet dog who would affectionately lick a hand as she lay there suffering. X-rays revealed that the injuries hadn't caused permanent damage. Following surgery, the search for foster care began.

DPR of PA responded and Maggie was taken to Landisville Animal Hospital for examination and shots. My husband Mooch and I drove to Landisville to pick her up, naming her “Maggie” during the ride home. In the first month Maggie gained ten pounds and her



Pam and Maggie



Maggie and friend at Jamboree 2001, just before her adoption

coat began to shine. Stitches were removed from her jaw and hair began growing where it had been shaved to remove the pellets. At this point, Maggie was spayed, and she recovered uneventfully.

The other evening Mooch, Inge (our Dobe), Maggie and I went for a leisurely walk. It had been a hot day. When we returned to our yard, Maggie found a just-watered wet, bare spot in the grass and rolled in it. After a brushing, we went indoors. Maggie walked straight into her exercise pen and to her bed. Just a few feet away, Inge was tucked in for the night. A dog like Maggie particularly appreciates the every day pleasures of life. Maggie is a priceless gem. With courage and persistence, she has fought for survival and won, finding renewed health and a fresh start in life.

Editor's note: Maggie was adopted by a single man who wanted an older dog. Bob and Maggie became regulars at our jamborees and it was always a pleasure to see them.

Sadie

In the late summer of 2013, DPRPA received a phone call from a man who wanted to give away the dog he loved so much. He explained that she had demodectic mange since a pup and the first owner could not manage it. He took her but found out that he could not manage it financially and needed to rehome her. He said she had some mange on her back, but mostly on her feet, and he wanted to help her before it got too bad. The photos he sent of her showed her tied to a tree and she looked very bad with mange infecting her back, legs, chest, feet and face. He claimed it wasn't that bad; she was just muddy.

One of our Board members, Sherrie Robinson, who lived in the area went to see her and said she was a very pleasant, obedient dog who was indeed very dirty and severely infected with mange. She was tied outside because the owners thought the fresh air would help



Sadie severely infected with demodectic mange

heal her skin. In addition, she kept getting into fights with their Rottweiler and she never won, which unfortunately left her quite dog aggressive.

After many phone calls over many weeks, the owner was ready to release her, but it had to be immediately. Jen Imhoff got the call while at a family reunion and, much to the disappointment of her relatives, left immediately to finally rescue Sadie from her situation. When she met the owners at a park, Sadie was tied to the back of the financially-strained owner's new truck. After complaining about the long drive, the paperwork was complete and he handed her off in an emotional moment and said, "She is my baby. Are you



Sadie enjoying life after rescue

gonna take care of her?" After seeing her, all Jen could say was, "I can't do any worse."

When Sadie arrived at Jen's house for fostering, she was able to see her in better light and it was horrifying. Her slender dobie toes were hairless, crusty, swollen, bleeding and looked more like sausages. Ultimately, she had the worst mange Jen has ever cared for.

The next morning, Sadie was exhausted but insisted on picking up tennis balls. She would try to lie down but could barely bend

her swollen ankles so she was forced to lie in a very awkward position with her front legs spread straight out. But she always had her cherished tennis ball with her. The pads of her feet were raw and infected and frequently bled.

Her face was heartbreaking. Her eyes were swollen and crusty and the left one was full of green discharge. Her fur was coarse, and her skin was crusty and smelly. She was a black and tan Doberman with very little tan markings visible and had only about 50% of her fur.

She immediately went to our veterinarian, Dr. Keim, who was shocked, as was anybody who saw her that day. On a scale of 1 to 10 (with 10 being the worst), Sadie was considered a 9! She lay on the table with no energy while she was examined. We realized she had a long road ahead of her. Dr. Keim was worried about Sadie's immune system and kept her for a couple days for observation, blood work, and medicated baths. She immediately began her medications: Ivermectin and antibiotics (6 weeks worth). Pet tabs and fatty acid supplement were also provided. Then we added relaxation, space, freedom, attention, love, face rubs, playing (in Sadie's case it is all about the tennis ball, Frisbee and her cherished pet piggy), as well as some basic training.

After many months, Sadie is fully recovered and normal except for some scar tissue and sensitivity to the pads of her feet. Sadie's story demonstrates the importance and valuable work of a rescue and where your generous donations go.

Editor's note: Sadie is doing wonderful. She could not have been placed with a more perfect home. I was particularly concerned that she would have had a flare up which she did not. They had her to their vet within one week and he was very impressed at the care DPR gave. She loves the snow and she just moved to Massachusetts, so I know that she is playing Frisbee in 5 foot of snow with more to come and she is loving it. That is what rescue is all about.

Jeffrey's Rescue: A New Beginning

By Jen Imhoff

Jeffrey came into our rescue on March 21, 2010 for foster care and rehabilitation. As bad as he looked in the pictures, he looked worse in person, the worst case of pure neglect I have ever seen. Reading about his condition may be difficult, but you need to know. I have never seen a spine without some flesh. I could see where the ribs connected to the spine, which stood like a rough, bony ridge down the top of his back. You could visually count every vertebrae and between, and the way that the back of the hip bones stuck out was sickening. It was truly skin over bones, not an ounce of muscle or any stored fat. He arrived literally disoriented, walking into things, couldn't see right, couldn't hear right, oblivious to his surroundings, barely acknowledging people, back legs trembling and failing. And when he tried to squat to urinate his legs could not hold him up and so he fell to the ground in this position. For several days we held him to pee until he found a rock that he could lean against.

He smelled so bad. The pictures do not show the four open wounds on his hip area (two of which looked like bite marks) that were filled with blood and pus and an inch deep. All over his legs and feet (just about every toe, ankle, elbow joints are the worst) there are large, calcified, old cysts from living on cement or hard ground probably his whole life. He had a hairless ring around his neck from wearing a collar that was too tight. As bad as he felt, he took food and treats gently from my hands which is how we fed him for a week. He never once growled or grabbed; he always knew to be gentle.

When he got here I did not believe that he was 5-10 years old as the estimated by the SPCA. He had the face of a much younger dog and not a spot of gray. Our vet actually thinks he may be less than a year!!

At first Jeffrey was obsessed with food

(imagine that) but as time went on and he got some nutrition in him, he came back to reality and showed us his personality. Literally every day he is getting better and we are seeing such a sweet dog who knew how to sit, come and give his paw. We took walks in the woods and he explored things. We taught him how to play, and he found one special toy (a Cuz is

the greatest Doberman toy ever). He tried to play with it but he was so awkward and didn't know what to do. He played with it every time he went out and as some of his strength was coming back he finally got to squeak it, and he kept squeaking it over and over again (a squeak never sounded so good). He played fetch with it. All these things helped him to not just add weight but muscle and strength.

Health wise he is fine! After various blood work and x-rays we found that he did not have a health issue that would have caused this, he was simply not being fed and left to die! His heart is fine, his kidneys were starting to show signs of stress but nothing like you would imagine. He was started on quality food and vitamins, two different antibiotics, and de-wormed just in case (he was negative for internal parasites). He has never complained as we clean and treat his wounds, put balm on his calluses, bath him, trim his nails, clean his ears; he's a real trooper and gives kisses. After 3 weeks he



Jeffrey: a case of pure neglect



Jeffrey living the good life

has gained 12 lbs., from 56lbs when we got him, now 68 lbs. and headed to 85+ lbs. and actually is still growing.

Once he is healthy Jeffrey will be neutered and then he will continue with the best life we can possibly give him! But we need your financial help to do this for Jeffrey and the next one that comes along, and sadly there will always be a next one.

I think that I am here to rescue and save dogs like Jeffrey; my dream is that someday I won't have to!

Update: Jeffrey Goes Home

After 4 months under the care of DPRPA foster mom, Janna Weil, Jeffrey, the emaciated Doberman found wandering the streets of Philadelphia, went to his new family. The compassion and interest to help him was overwhelming. Thanks to so many generous donors, DPRPA raised enough to cover Jeffrey's recovery expenses of a little over \$800. This is indeed what rescue is about. You can continue to donate on our website through the Donate button to help future Dobes that come along, because sadly, there will be a next one, and DPRPA wants to be there to help.

Rusty the "Miracle Dog"

Historically, Rusty has been our most expensive rescue to date, but this "sugary sweet" guy tried so hard to keep walking. Despite the pain, he loved to give kisses and deserved a second chance after living his entire life outside.

In early February 2014, DPRPA received an email from the Chester County SPCA about a six-year-old red male Doberman, Rusty, who was surrendered by his owner who could no longer care for him while caring for his wife with cancer. Rusty was an outside dog, and the shelter staff said he was showing signs of Wobbler's disease, but thought he may just be unsure of the indoor flooring. He also had a high fever but was freezing cold and had problems with his stomach. His temperament was described as "a sugary sweet guy, and highly adoptable!"

A few days later, Pam Taylor went to see him. It was obvious Rusty had had a rough life. In addition to his thin fur, his hip bones protruded and he continued to have trouble standing and walking. But at that time he was showing signs of improvement. He was placed with new fosterers, Gail and David Stambaugh. Initially he had some good days, but mostly bad days and it was becoming clear that Rusty's mobility issues were serious. On his bad days, Rusty did not move from his bed at all. For a full day and a half, the only thing he moved were his eyes. On those days he



Outside life took its toll on Rusty (February, 2014)

would never close his eyes, and he didn't seem to sleep.

Rusty also got cold very quickly. To keep him warm, Gail would throw his blanket in the dryer whenever he could make it outside. When he got back to the door to come in, he would fall over in what appeared to be sheer exhaustion, and Gail and Dave would carry him back to his warm, cozy bed.

Rusty's mobility and overall health were quickly going downhill and soon he could not get up at all no matter how much Gail and Dave tried to help him. His legs were limp and he would sometimes cry in pain. During this time, Rusty had two different vet visits, each one with a different diagnosis. It was obvious that Rusty would need an expensive MRI to determine what was causing his paralysis.

On March 10, with his usual entourage of concerned volunteers in tow, Rusty was wheeled into Metropolitan Veterinary Associates & Emergency Service for his MRI in the wagon that Gail and Dave bought to transport him around. It was found he had a ruptured disc that would require expensive surgery. His chances for success were somewhere between 50/50 and would require several days of hospitalization followed by extensive physical therapy.

Because of the huge cost, the decision for proceeding with surgery was difficult for the Board; but after much discussion and opti-



Rusty completely immobile



After many months of physical therapy Rusty says goodbye to his wagon

Reprinted with permission from Mudpies N Butterflies Photography

mism, it was decided to proceed. After all, the best news was he did not have a terminal illness, and with the surgery there was a chance this sweet boy could walk again. In addition, he had a foster family completely devoted to his rehabilitation and long-term care.

Rusty immediately underwent surgery. The herniated disc material and huge pieces of scar tissue were removed from what appeared to be an old injury. It was expected that Rusty would probably be able to stand a few days after the surgery. However, two days later Rusty's neurologist declared him a miracle dog when he discovered him standing on the slippery hospital floor, much sooner than hoped!

Editor's note: Thanks to Metropolitan Veterinary Hospital's staff and surgeons who performed Rusty's surgery. Thanks to Dr. Owings and the physical therapy staff at Shiloh Veterinary Hospital for their dedication to Rusty's recovery. Extra special thanks to Gail and David Stambaugh for fostering and caring for Rusty when he was at his worst and providing him with a loving forever home.

Chapter Seven

Hospice

Our Hospice Dogs

Hospice is about nurturing Doberman souls we can help to live richly into their last days, but are not eligible for adoption. On occasion, a dog coming into our rescue is found to have a terminal illness, where no cure is possible. In these instances, it is extremely difficult to find an adoptive home. We step in and provide long-term hospice care in a compassionate foster home. As a rescue we are extremely grateful to fosterers committed to these special needs dogs. They provide extra care and love, with the looming knowledge that their time with them is limited. But there is no better gift that our organization and foster families can enable a peaceful end of life.

This chapter tells of some heart-warming rescues whose lives would have ended sadly and needlessly if not for our intervention and support for those remaining months or years of their lives.

Farewell to Zeus (II)

by Margot B. Schwag, V.M.D.

Woe is the story of Zeus, and a complicated one as well. Zeus was an 8 yr. old black male Dobe whose original Philadelphia owner could no longer keep him. A kindly soul from Lancaster heard about Zeus and drove to Philly, assured the dog was both friendly and in good physical condition. His personality was great, but his hind end was so weak, he could barely go up steps, frequently falling over since his hind legs could not support him well. Because the new owner had a second floor walk-up apartment, Zeus was tearfully released to DPR.

Initially Wanda Steckley and Eddie Burkman, frequent foster parents, took care of Zeus. And then came Cathie Zerphey! She, her elderly mother, and three dogs took Zeus under their wing in October 2000. While he was never formally adopted, it was understood that he would stay with Cathie and her crew for life.

In Cathie's care, Zeus bloomed. Each day he got stronger and he was always a happy guy! It was discovered that Zeus could do tricks, would out-smart the other dogs (non-Dobermans), protect the elderly mother from potential harm, and make a lot of human friends.

Sadly, Zeus developed a life threatening heart condition, dilated cardiomyopathy, and was humanely euthanized in March 2001 at Landisville Animal Hospital.

Zeus was a great guy and, due to Cathie Zerphey and family, he spent the last months of his life happy, loved, and well provided for. Thank you Cathie for putting your heart on the line for Zeus.



Zeus (II)

Editor's note: Foster homes are always at a premium. If you are ready for the next level of care, we would love to hear from you. Too often we are forced to turn away these seniors because of the lack of potential adopters. If you are interested in providing hospice care, usually to a needy older Doberman, please email: contacts@dprpa.org.

Phil, Hospice Dog

By Jen Imboff

This older gentleman was found as a stray on the streets of Philadelphia, hence "Phil." Picture this, he was in a large humane society, very loud and very cold. He was lying in a corner on the cold cement and when we called to him he just looked at us with the saddest eyes and a confused look on his face. We took him out into a large yard area and all he did was lean up against me and did not make a sound. To me, he has been beaten down physically and mentally, yet he still wants to trust people.

A dog's ability to forgive, love, trust, accept their circumstances and adapt no matter what they have lived through will never cease to amaze me. My heart went out to Phil and I brought him home. You could tell that he had some arthritis in his back end and he had one crinkled ear (from a hematoma that was never repaired) that gives him even more character. He also has several scars on his legs. He slept the entire way home and then walked into my home and pack like he has always been there. Over the past four months Phil has made himself very comfortable and he is so affectionate, he absolutely breaks your heart. He does not have a mean bone in his body and lives for treats!

Phil is a pure and kind soul! He has gotten quite used to the good life, and has actually regressed back to a puppy. He lies in the middle of a big comforter and balls up part of it and actually goes through the motions of nursing. He makes a sucking and whimpering sound; he uses his feet to knead and eventually



Hospice Dog Phil

falls to sleep in that position. I have never had a dog do this before and it is the sweetest thing that you can imagine.

At his visit with Dr. Schwag he was diagnosed with several medical problems: arthritis, allergies, CHF (congestive heart failure) and mitral valve disease. He is on some expensive medications and food (prescription diet food for cardiac), as well as follow-up vet visits and tests. Thus far the rescue, with the help of Dr. Schwag and Landisville Animal Hospital, has paid for his care. He will be spending the remainder of his life in hospice care at his foster home with Jennifer and Kent (and our three Dobies). This can only be made possible through the kindness of others, like you!

The problem with Phil is, with these conditions, there is no way of knowing how long he has, but with your help we can give him the most comfortable and loving home for the rest of his life!

Phil Update (12/4/2007)

By Jen Imboff

Phil has been with us for over a year now. In August of 2006 DPR of PA took Phil into hospice care from a Philadelphia shelter as a stray off the streets. Imagine this poor dog lying in a cold, loud cement run so depressed he did not even lift his head when I talked to



Phil enjoys Doberman companionship

him. Outside, he leaned up against me, with very little hope in his eyes. He had some arthritis but looked fine otherwise.

At the vet he was diagnosed with cardiomyopathy, mitral valve disease, allergies and arthritis. His pure soul and eyes melted your heart. Looking at Phil you can only imagine the life he had. He has a crinkled ear (from a hematoma that was never treated), and numerous scares on his face, chest and legs. He is missing his front teeth, not to mention his reaction to a fast hand. The board decided we would give him the best life possible for as long as he has quality of life, thus becoming our "hospice dog."

Since day one, Phil walked into the house and became part of the family. He lives with three other Dobies, a Bassett hound and his foster parents, who love him very much. All who meet Phil instantly have the same reaction: they look into his eyes and feel connected with him. He is very affectionate and is always beside one of us, touching you, making him feel secure.

Phil's favorite activity is eating! He is fed at 7:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. and feels it is his responsibility to remind you of these meal times at least 30 to 60 minutes before. He is quite bossy about it and closer to the time he starts to jump around, getting very excited. His bark is very hoarse and loud! If we are late coming

home, it is unacceptable in his eyes. He is the first one at the treat jar, and can be in a dead sleep until he hears the lid come off and just get out of his way. I'm glad he is able to show his personality and I know he feels good.

Over the past year we have been supporting Phil with expensive arthritis and heart medications and special diet and we've had some donations of medications and food. One member sent us four months of the newest cardio medication worth well over \$500.00, and I contribute that to really having helped his heart. We wanted to take this opportunity to thank all the members who have donated in Phil's name; without you we could not have given Phil the life he has now! We are amazed how well he is doing. I have noticed that his arthritis is starting to get a little worse; it takes him a little longer to get up and to run down into the woods in more than a fenced acre. This summer with the heat he found a tree that makes a good resting place, and he lies under it frequently. This summer was harder on him with the humidity and sometimes he could not be outside (it was just too hard for him to breathe). We will continue to support Phil and hopefully he will surprise us and still be with us next year; his tree will be waiting on him.

On behalf of Phil, we want to thank everyone for helping give him the best life we can offer!

From his foster parents,
—Jen and Kent

Hospice: Saving, Then Letting Go of Reba

by Tanya Martin

When you are active in a rescue organization there are parts that are rewarding, hard and fun. One of the hardest parts is deciding which animal do we help. We know that the well-behaved, healthy three-year-old will find a home. But what about the senior dogs with health issues; what can we do for them?

In October 2005, I received a call from a shelter. They had an old girl that wasn't doing well and needed medical attention. I knew finding her a home would be hard if not impossible and yet I felt compelled to help. I asked a volunteer to pick her up and bring her to my home.

What they brought was an under weight, 11-year-old girl who needed heart medication. Reba's owner had tied her out in late summer for the first time in her life and left her there, even as the temperatures dropped. She had a heart condition that had not been addressed and it now affected her faculties.

When she coughed she often would pee where she lay. That must have been her owner's motivation for putting her outside. We took Reba to our vet's and she was diagnosed with a heart condition. Medications were started and she improved.

Reba loved being around the children and thoroughly enjoyed having a soft bed to sleep on. She became very protective of our children and wanted nothing to do with a potential fos-

ter Mom that came to meet her. Reba had chosen our home as her own. And so she stayed.

She was a gentle girl and would even go belly up for pets and rubs. She loved having her ears rubbed and even enjoyed going for car rides.

Unfortunately the medical care Reba received after coming to us was too little too late. Her hind end soon gave out and her heart was no longer doing as well on medication as we hoped. Sadly Reba was declining. She had a growth on her nose at her sinus area and it may have been a sign of some thing more wrong. By December 12th I had to make the decision to say good bye to Reba. I could only comfort myself by saying that at least her last few months were spent in a warm home where she was loved.

Editor's Note: Typically we cannot take in a dog like Reba, because we are mandated by our charter to help Dobermans who have potential to be physically as well as behaviorally healthy. Lack of foster homes forces difficult choices. Fortunately, Tanya had the ability and compassion to take in Reba and see her life through.

Chapter Eight

Super Dogs

Dobermans Deliver on Second Chances

Some Dobermans are tossed away, having experienced emotional and physical neglect, outright deprivation or abuse, and yet are able to appeal to concerned rescuers for salvation. We've told of such dogs throughout these chapters, and nowhere is it more evident than in the Super Dogs described here. A good dog that does not become broken in spirit if given an opportunity to succeed, can achieve amazing things in service to humans.

Dogs have been domesticated and bred to serve people in a mutually beneficial relationship. Show the dog kindness and consistency, meet its basic needs, train him how to serve you, and you'll grow one of the most rewarding relationships possible. This chapter tells of Dobermans who were at one time at odds with their people or slated for death due to easily-corrected misdeeds, were rescued and then flourished.

Bailey, A Doberman Rescue Story

From Neglect and Abandonment to Working Therapy Dog

by Sandy (Earnshaw) Maurer, Proud mom of Bailey

Before Bailey reached her second birthday, she had already been passed from one irresponsible owner to another. Living outside with little human contact, her last owners simply packed up and moved out of the state of Virginia, leaving her and another dog penned up with winter rapidly approaching. After several weeks of cold temperatures and no food or water, existing on nothing but rainwater, the two severely emaciated dogs somehow managed to escape their prison. Literally one step from death, they brought down a goat in order to survive and were captured by Animal Control Officers. Unfortunately in this part of the country, the ultimate canine crime is killing livestock and although the courts were sympathetic, Bailey was sentenced to death for her part in this crime.

Literally a walking skeleton, Bailey won the hearts of everyone at the local shelter with her gentle nature and loving eyes. A heart of gold shone through all the neglect, mistreatment and filth. Her rescuers not only bought extra canned food out of their own pockets to help fatten her up, they literally pleaded for her life in the court system. Documentation was provided explaining her hideous condition and horrendous circumstances. Local Veterinarian, Kathy Davieds provided evidence that the dog was tested and results indicted she had a fully stable temperament. The judge finally ruled that the dog could be spared provided she was removed from the Commonwealth of Virginia.

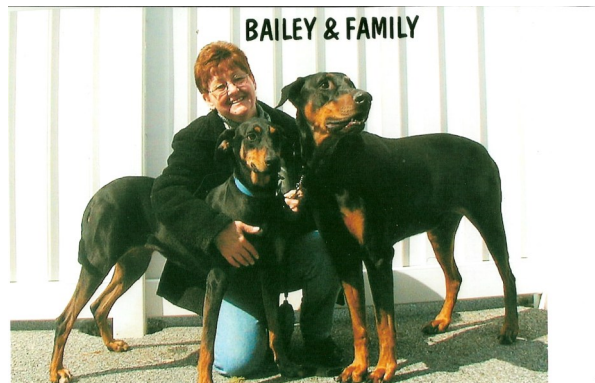
After several failed attempts to place Bailey with rescue organizations, Kathy contacted Doberman Pinscher Rescue

of PA, Inc. Although they were already fostering many in-state Dobermans, after hearing her tragic story, Bailey was accepted into their care in November 2002.

In December 2002, I had to say good bye to my female Doberman, Dutchess after she was diagnosed with bladder cancer in late September. I still had one of her offspring, a large male, named Yeager and together we grieved for our sweet Dutchess. I missed her so much and worried that Yeager, who didn't know life without his mom, would suffer alone while I went off to work each day. I have been a member of the DPR of PA since 1993 and decided to apply for a female Doberman to keep Yeager company.

After completing the application process, Tanya Martin called me about a Doberman in her care from Virginia who met all the criteria I was looking for—gets along with other dogs and likes children. Tanya told me about the dog's unfortunate past and about the goat. I admit I wasn't so sure this was the dog I was looking for, as I had a two-year-old granddaughter and bringing an animal into my home that had attacked a goat—for survival or not—made me nervous. I was not taking any chances with my granddaughter. Tanya continued to call and convinced me to come and meet this female then named Baby by her rescuers. So on March 8, 2003, Yeager and I made the 40+ mile trip to Lancaster with my best friend, Joanne, not quite sure how the meeting would turn out.

Tanya introduced me to this shy but curious little girl with her natural ears and a tail. She was gentle and behaved properly despite her lack of training. Next came the test with Yeager, as I led him to the back yard where Tanya was waiting with Baby, I could only hope that he would be as impressed with her as I was. After the usual sniffing and once over, Yeager and Baby began playing and chasing each other as if they were old friends. It was love at first sight and Baby, who I later named Bailey, came home with us that very day.



Super Dog Bailey, Sandy (Ernshaw) Maurer & Yeager

After a few weeks of getting acquainted and settling in her new home, I signed us up for a basic obedience course which we completed in June of 2003. I realized very early that Bailey had no concept of “play” and stuffed toys, balls and bones were all very foreign to her. Later that year, Bailey successfully passed the Canine Good Citizen test.

Although Bailey loved to run and chase Yeager, she would stay contently by my side while Yeager & I played ball, never sure what she was to do or where she was to go but always happy to be a part of whatever it was we were doing. The three of us spent the next two years living happily together.

In June 2005, I took Yeager to the vet for a routine dental cleaning and he suddenly died during the procedure. I was devastated!! Yeager had been with me from the moment he was born. My baby boy had died without any warning; my heart was broken. I sat most nights, holding his favorite red ball or his collar that I hung on my bedpost—on the same side of the bed where he laid next to me every night for the past ten years. I was so overwhelmed with grief that I hardly realized that Bailey was still always by my side, ever so content to be near me. Never demanding attention, she just waited patiently for the occasional pat on the head. I fed her and took her for walks always missing and remembering how Yeager loved sniffing the grass and attempted

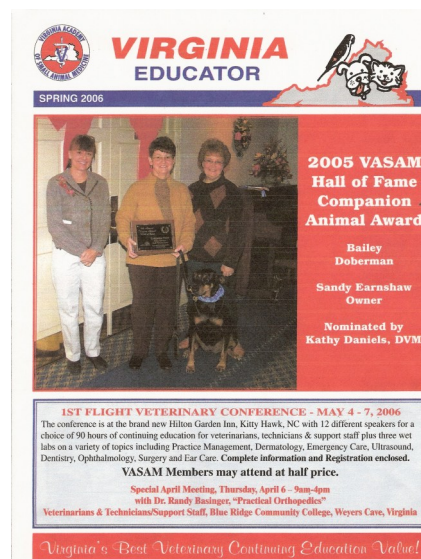
to scare off any “wild” bird or bunny we would happen upon.

Several weeks passed and I soon realized that every time I looked into Bailey’s big brown eyes, I saw unconditional love and a gentleness that touch my very soul. What I thought I was missing when Yeager died, was right here with me all along. It was then I knew I wanted to share the love and joy this beautiful animal brought to me with others. I went to a dog show in Allentown where I met and talked with one of the vendors, Laura Crossland, president of Pleasure of Your Company Therapy Dogs, Inc. (POYC). After talking at length, I was convinced Bailey would make a great therapy dog. I filled out the form and arranged to have her tested. Bailey passed the therapy dog test with POYC, based on the Therapy Dog International (TDI) test on the first try AND took the test again with my best friend, Joanne Schmidt and passed. Bailey started her career uplifting spirits and bringing love and lots of smiles to people in the fall of 2005.

Since adopting Bailey in 2003, I’ve communicated her progress with notes and pictures to DPR of PA and to Kathy Davieds, the vet who was very instrumental in saving her life in VA and to whom I will forever be grateful. Kathy would email how happy and proud she was of Bailey. In one of her emails, she asked my permission to nominate Bailey for an award because of her accomplishments, never



Bailey and Big Bro Yeager



dreaming I would receive a phone call one Saturday morning in November 2005 telling me that Bailey had won the “Companion Animal of the Year” award presented by the Virginia Academy of Small Animal Medicine. Every year at their annual banquet, the Academy honors one animal who has provided a benefit to their human companions or their community. I was somewhat embarrassed but very humbled and proud. I didn’t get involved with therapy visits so Bailey would win awards; if anything I wanted to prove to those who wanted to destroy her what a terrible mistake they almost made and let those who fought to save her know their efforts were not in vain. Little did I know this award was the first of many honors for Bailey.

On Christmas Day 2003 while delivering Meals on Wheels, Joanne, Norm and I met a special lady named Annie and she told us it was also her birthday. She was 110 years, confirming what the coordinator at Meals on Wheels had already told us. To our surprise, this lady was alert and as coherent as we were. We enjoyed our visit so much we asked her if we could return when we had more time to spend with her. That was the start of a beautiful friendship with Annie. Soon after Bailey became certified, we asked her if she liked dogs, and she informed us that as a child one of her favorite pastimes was playing with

the puppies on the plantation in Darlington, SC where her family had worked as slaves. Since then, we have visited Annie regularly and on holidays where Bailey has a place on Annie's sofa that is reserved just for her. If anyone tries to sit there, Annie will speak up and let you know that's Bailey's spot. Confined to her wheelchair in a small apartment, Annie was getting lonely as the years passed. She recently shared with us that Bailey saved her life. Bailey's visits have given Annie something to look forward to and she now is considering moving to assisted living in order to have more opportunities to enjoy life.

In January 2006, Joanne set up a therapy dog reading program at the Reading Public Library to encourage children to read in a non-threatening, non-judgmental environment. Bailey currently visits four branches of the library monthly and has gained such a following that the children take numbers and wait in line to read a favorite book to her. The same year, The Berks County Public Libraries presented us with the "Outstanding Program Award" in recognition of the reading program.

Then Kathy nominated Bailey for another award with the Doberman Pinscher Club of America. Kathy called me at work so excited I could hardly understand what she was saying; Bailey had won the Judith Fellton Memorial Award. Honestly I never heard or knew what this award was but from the way Kathy sounded I knew it must be pretty special. The award



Bailey and Gabrielle



Bailey, Yeager and Sandy at DPRPA picnic, 2003

was to be presented at the annual banquet in all places – Denver, Colorado in September. I soon found out this award is presented to a rescue Doberman who stands out as a great ambassador for the Doberman breed. We decided to make the trip to Colorado to accept the award. Joanne and her husband, Norm drove Bailey to Denver (because I wouldn't put her through the stress of flying) and I flew out the day before the banquet because of my work schedule. What made the trip even more special was that Kathy, despite her busy schedule, was able to join us. Once we arrived, we saw Dobermans everywhere – hundreds of them, and it was then I realized what an honor it was to win this award. Bailey was recognized along with Dobermans who won Best in Show at major dog shows throughout the country and beyond, including Mexico and Canada.

After reading an article on the Best Friends website (a no kill animal sanctuary in Utah) about breed bans, I was inspired to write to them about my Doberman, also considered by some as a dangerous breed. Within days they contacted me about doing a story on Bailey and on January 26, 2007, Bailey was the featured story at www.bestfriends.org.

Bailey has a full schedule of day-time visits every month with Joanne (who is retired), and evening and Saturday visits with me. We visit nursing homes and assisted living facilities and have recently become involved with Compassionate Care Hospice from Middletown, PA,

spending time with patients who request pet therapy visits. Bailey loves going on these visits but her interaction with children seems to be her favorite. Once a month, Bailey and one of her furry friends, therapy dog Jasmine, (a Shih-Tzu) visit the Children's Home of Reading where troubled youths earn the privilege of spending time petting and brushing the dogs.

In May of this year, Joanne and I organized a program for the entire kindergarten class where my granddaughter, Gabrielle attended, 200 kids in all. We called it "Dogs with Jobs." Bailey and her friend Jasmine represented therapy dogs and we spoke about what they do to make our world a little nicer. We also had dogs and handlers from search & rescue, service and guide dogs and a police dog. I feel if we can show the children how important dogs can be in our lives, maybe they will grow up with more respect and kindness towards all animals and people as well.

Bailey will continue to bring joy to others as long as she enjoys it. Sharing her lesson on forgiveness and love, once a neglected, throw-away Doberman rescued from death's door, never knowing decent care or human kindness, she now devotes her life to sharing her own special brand of "healing magic" with all mankind.

Doberman Pinscher Club of America: Judith Fellton Memorial Award 2006

Sandy (Earnshaw) Maurer and Bailey

In nearly two years of life, the female Doberman had never known human kindness, care or affection. Passed from one set of irresponsible owners to the next, she was kept outside with little human contact. Her last "owners" simply departed Virginia, leaving her penned up outside with no food or water as winter approached. Somehow she survived many weeks of freezing temperatures and star-



vation, existing on nothing but rainwater, before she was found.

The rural ACOs where she was impounded, otherwise very seasoned workers, were so horrified with this dog's condition they bought her canned food out of their own pockets. When I went to examine the dog they named Baby, they held forth photos, exclaiming hers was the most gruesome case they'd ever seen.

After days of "fattening up", the dog remained a walking skeleton. She deferentially accepted my every move, not shyly but respectfully. I examined and vaccinated her, obtained blood and fecal specimens, and proceeded to bathe her. Clearly this dog had never had a bath, nail trim or ear cleaning, but to each procedure she acquiesced quizzically but politely. Despite a wholesale lack of socialization, she was gentle and accepting. A heart of gold shone through horrendous neglect, mistreatment and filth. We offered her toys, but even the concept of "play" was, sadly, foreign.

Baby entered a Doberman Rescue foster home and not long afterward was adopted by a wonderful rescue Mom, Sandy Earnshaw. Sandy took Baby, now "Bailey" through obedience classes. She poured time and effort into socializing her, teaching her from the ground up the meaning of love and trust and showing her that humans really can be decent. Sandy then took Bailey for her Canine Good Citizen test, which she passed on her first try!

Most incredibly, Bailey passed her Therapy Dog test with flying colors! She began her life's

work of uplifting spirits and bringing love to people on November 3, 2005 with her first visit to Saucan Valley Manor, an assisted living facility, representing the organization Pleasure of Your Company Therapy Dogs, Inc. "Bailey is gentle and wonderful, everybody loves her and she brings many smiles to residents' faces!" come the frequent reports.

Bailey now visits residents and patients at several facilities each month. She and Sandy also have two other great accomplishments. They single handedly established the first therapy dog reading program for children at the Reading, PA Public Library. And not long ago, Bailey began accompanying chemotherapy patients as they receive their cancer treatments at a local hospital. She now works bringing comfort, joy and improved health to people five or more days each month.

A neglected, throw-away Doberman that was rescued from death's doorstep never having known decent care or human kindness, Bailey now devotes her life to sharing her own special brand of "healing magic" with all of mankind!

To Liebe with Love: A Memorial

by Joanne Warrick

In October 1994 Mystic Magic Spirit lost her home and was turned over to DPR of PA because of excessive barking.

She came to us to spend the weekend, a beautiful 18-month-old. I told George not to fall in love; she was only here temporarily. She came into our home on her hind legs pulling on the leash that was attached to the human not going fast enough for her. After meeting our other Doberman and exploring the strange surroundings, she tried to crawl into George's lap, laying her beautiful head on his shoulder as he petted her saying "Well, aren't you some little dawg?" And turning to me, he said, "You have been looking for another dog, I think we should keep this one." We fostered for 30

minutes; she won our hearts forever. We named her Liebe, a German word meaning LOVE.

I soon discovered she was full of herself, not knowing the meaning of the word "No," or any other word for that matter, except sit. She would not lie down! She was an incorrigible arrogant little twit and she challenged me at every turn. How our minds battled, she wanted to be boss. After trying to force her to lie down, I found that for a treat she would comply. Hot dogs and persistence paid off. Many, many hours of consistent patient training and many, many pounds of hot dogs later, she decided to accept me as the Top Dog. And then what attention she gave me, never taking her eyes off my face and often anticipating my next move. We trained in every spare moment. She learned incredibly fast, she understood!

I had always wanted a dog I could communicate with and here she was. What a dog! Giving me what I asked, comprehending what I wanted, almost reading my mind.

After teaching her the obedience routines through the Utility class, I started showing her little tricks. She would learn a new exercise in 15 to 30 minutes. I was always searching for a new and different thing to teach her.

Liebe earned her CGC, two obedience titles, CD and CDX, and became a registered therapy dog with Therapy Dogs, Inc. She was a Red Cross volunteer with her own badge and also a volunteer at The Masonic Homes. Through the Red Cross she was a regular visitor at the Youth Detention Center in Lancaster.

Liebe told her story of rehabilitation with different exercises to teach life's lessons to young people, such as:

- Everyone deserves a second chance,
- Anyone can change,
- Don't judge dogs or people by what they look like on the outside,
- Obedience has its rewards,
- If you make a mistake, your life is not over, just try again,
- Sit still and pay attention, and so on.



Liebe and her rainbow kids

Liebe was an ambassador for the Doberman Breed, proving that loving, wonderful, friendly, gentle and obedient perfectly describe these Velcro dogs. She touched people wherever she went and she went everywhere with us. Story after story can be told of her performing in the most unlikely places and circumstances:

- Working for an hour in front of 90 fourth graders sitting in a semi-circle around her, totally oblivious to them, focusing on me

and the job I was asking her to do. She received 90 handwritten, illustrated thank you notes from that day, most of them showing a black dog with a green box, her most famous trick.

- Visiting weekly at the Masonic Home, where we were assigned to the Dementia ward. She patiently went to each of the residents, allowing them to pet her, brush her and stepping up on the wheelchair foot rests to get closer to them, laying her head in their laps. Doing a routine with jumping, retrieving and lots of activity to stimulate them.
- Working obedience for a young man in the youth detention center, even doing the scent retrieve with her utility articles, understanding she was to find his scent, not mine.
- Entertaining on a lumpy bumpy hillside in the mountains of Wyoming, at a ranch for underprivileged young teens.
- Working with the church in Alpine, Wyoming, telling her story in a children's outreach program at the local Annual Mountain Days Activities.
- Showing off for the family on holidays as the youngsters sat motionless while she worked.



George and Liebe

Always a loyal loving friend, her best days were with her two humans, going on a road trip, her head on one or the other of our shoulders. Or just to lay tight up against George as he did his floor exercises. Every morning she went to the end of the drive and brought in the newspaper, on her own. That was her job. She did it on the last day of her life.

What a gift she was!
How can we follow this act?
How does one survive losing a right arm and part of one's heart?

I was going to be so brave and cool and do the right thing, but when told it was cancer I could not comprehend what I was hearing. I thought I was prepared, but I was not. I just lost my composure, not wanting to leave her go, not my Liebe girl, it just could not be.

We know we did the right thing but the loss is more than either of us anticipated. The routine of caring for her is no longer ours to do and leaves a big empty space in our day.

There will never be another dog like her; she was truly amazing with her uncanny understanding.

Goodbye, my special Liebe Girl, my twitty, my little dog.

With love,
—Joanne

Kingsley, Dobe Hero: Follow Your Heart to a Doberman

by Annmarie R. Cowden

When least expected, a Doberman may follow his instincts to save a person. One afternoon, Doberman hero Kingsley followed his heart to save a toddler.

Remember Kingsley – or King, or, as we also call him lovingly: Boogedy!? He is getting up in years, but he is still sharp, still a puppy and a sweetheart in his ways! He was my inspiring buddy and stood by me, like he knew exactly what I was up against, when I had my battle with the “Grim Reaper,” cancer, several

years ago, and gave me encouragement in his very own special way!

More recently, King has had his own close call by death on his life, with sudden bloat. It was a race to save him. We thank God and the doctors he was saved.



Kingsley

Early this summer, Boogedy Kingsley became a life saving hero! A small child, toddler of neighbors on the road behind us, had walked away from home unnoticed and towards the “sure-kill” Lincoln Highway/Route 30, we live along. I was outside but did not notice anything. The thunderous rumble and noise from the rarely slowing, especially truck, traffic on the highway sometimes numbs one's senses, as did then. King began to bark and kept on barking, unusual for him to be doing. Despite my telling him to stop, he did not give up and his barking became more urging as he continued.

Finally, it clicked with me, to look harder in the direction he was barking, when my heart stood still for a moment. There at about 50-60 feet distance on another neighbor's front lawn and only within at most 15 feet of the highway already, walked this little child, hardly a year old, towards the highway. My emotions ran high, no that can't be! Not since my young years have I run as fast as I did then, to get to that child, while trying to call it, not knowing its name, to get its attention and away from the highway. I grabbed up the child, who then began to cry, but I was relieved that the worst had been averted, all thanks to King. He had stopped barking. I thanked him and praised him again and again.

Then I went off, the child clutched to myself, to find out to whom this child belonged. The mother seemed grateful. Then I told her that the credit actually belongs to my Doberman, King. The response was just, "Oh!?" King did not really get the recognition he truly deserves. That is also why I wanted to tell you and all who may still remember him. Here is what I remember of a poem: When God was naming all the animals, He was al-

most out of names and this as yet unnamed four-legged creature, who had been following him so closely all the while, asked of Him, "What about me?" And the Lord replied, "For you I have a special name, my own name, just reversed: DOG, my friend!" And that's what he has been ever since, though man often fails to recognize!

—Annemarie R. Cowden



Pam Gutekunst (Taylor) with Ruby, Jeta and Shane

Daily Local News, West Chester, Pa., Thurs., Oct. 13, 1988

Staff photo by Bill Stoneback

Chapter Nine

When Best Efforts Fail

Best Efforts

Chapter Nine tells of rescued dogs that initially appeared promising, but unforeseen factors made us unable to save them, including: Benson, Malcolm and Gabby.

Typically we share rescue stories which have positive outcomes. Unfortunately, some of our stories have sad endings, where our intervention cannot make circumstances right. These articles share some of what goes on behind the scenes, as we work to adopt good Dobes to good homes, also providing a compassionate ending for those who must pass on.

A Long Journey Home

By Pam Taylor

One day early in April, I received a phone call about an abandoned Doberman in need. He had been camping out in some brush near the PA Turnpike where he had probably been dumped by his former owners at least ten days earlier. I drove to the site, where the caller helped Brandy and me to capture the dog. On our last day together, he and I took a walk. It was then I knew that Benson would have to tell the story himself.

Hello, my name is Benson... that's what all the new people call me. Actually, I've had several names these past few months. When my old family first brought me home, they called me "Pretty Puppy" and "Baby" in pleasant, sometimes cooing voices. After I'd grown a bit, I began hearing them speak to me as "NO!" and, by reference, "That Darned Puppy." Eventually they settled on one name and I became, "Bad Dog." But times change.

Today I had an interesting experience which took me back to a time when I had no name at all. Pam and I were out walking at lunch time near where she works. A couple of men stopped in a car, asking for directions, but I didn't know them. We walked on. I checked out each car or truck that passed, wondering if my old family might be in one. They weren't. We walked up a steep hill under a big highway. The underpass amplified the vibrations and sounds of traffic passing overhead at high speeds.

That busy highway reminded me of where I last saw my old family. We were traveling along that same road when our vehicle pulled off to the side. One of the family got out with me, encouraging me to explore. As I began sniffing around, they all drove off. I hung around for hours, waiting for them to come back for me. I was getting really tired, and when those big trucks ran by, the wind knocked me over a couple of

times. I decided to move away from the road to continue waiting. Beyond a roadside wooded area, I found some brush and nestled down into the leaves. I waited for days... it was during this time that I had no name. I didn't have any food, either, but there was plenty of water, and when it was cold or raining, the leaves kept me warm.

One day a man began to feed me. I hesitated to approach this stranger, but was so hungry that I soon came quite close. On about the twelfth day, a red female Dobe came walking across the field with a lady at the other end of a Flexi-lead. They seemed friendly and soon the dog was coming nearer to meet me. I felt comfortable with the Dobe right away, but it took some coaxing til I was willing to let the lady touch me. Again, the food won me over, and I soon found myself on lead. Another lady joined the first, and when we arrived at the vehicle the two of them pulled and pushed at me until they got me into a crate. That was the scariest moment of this entire ordeal and, momentarily, my error-free potty rating lapsed. Soon we were driving and I was whining and crying and barking a bit. When we got "home" I was taken to a fenced yard to be fed and to potty. I did both willingly. I didn't want to be alone outdoors, as I had been without companionship for so many days. I barked a good deal unless Pam was near me. Training to a new routine began.

I've been with Brandy and Pam now for about four weeks and have learned a lot. Basi-



Benson's rescue along PA Turnpike

cally it's rather lonely, with Pam gone all day and having only small amounts of time to spend with me when she is home. When we're together in the kitchen, Pam trains me to sit, down, stay and come. She's boss and I work my best to get re-



Pam and Benson in better days

warded with food and praise. The last two Saturdays, Brandy and I went along with Pam to garage sales where she was helping. The first day, it all seemed so odd to me, with strangers walking right up to our crates, staring in like they had never seen a dog in a crate before. It didn't seem to bother Brandy, but I felt really apprehensive when they came near. The second Saturday I did better, but got in a few serious "attack the crate door" greetings.

While I'm starting to relax and feel more confident, the rescue people are becoming concerned about my shows of aggression. Yesterday, I spent the day at Marcy's house, where people came to visit me. I'm really good at meeting people directly, but there is something very intimidating about strangers being near any place I am confined. Pam is working hard to help me overcome this, but I behave only for her, and then only sometimes, in these situations. Tonight we're going to visit another rescue person, Margot, who will help determine whether I'm reliable enough to be adopted to a new family. Pam, Brandy and I set out for our destination and this time, I was allowed to ride on the back seat like one of the family.

Now Margot and husband Roland are approaching our van, where Pam has left Brandy and me inside with windows more than half open. These two veterinarians are experienced at helping dogs feel comfortable in new situa-

tions, I can tell. I work hard at meeting them confidently, but I begin to growl in a low warning tone.

A short while later, Margot, Pam, Brandy and I were riding to Margot's and Roland's veterinary hospital and it's a friendly, relaxed outing. At the hospital, Margot took photos of Pam and me. Then we went inside and Pam put me into a roomy stainless steel cage only a half step up from floor level.

Now Margot and I are along in the spacious, well-lit room. She is so calm and reassuring, but as she comes closer, I begin growling and snapping at the door, teeth bared, expressing myself quite clearly. Margot calls Pam, who returns to release me. Now Margot, Pam and I are on the floor and they are both petting me, looking quite sad. Margot comments that my expression has changed—I'm wrinkling my brow inquisitively, but they simply continue to pet me. That's my story!

Benson

Unfortunately, Benson was cage protective. It was unsafe to put him into the crate, for he would lash out, and gave one of the evaluators a warning bite. When strangers approached under a variety of circumstances, Benson became defensive, growling seriously and baring his teeth. Although Benson unfolded many desirable qualities, he had problems which were potentially dangerous. We concluded that to euthanize Benson was the only way we could meet our responsibility to the dog and to the public.

I chose to be with Benson while being euthanized, and my satisfaction was in knowing that I did not abandon him, but rather, sat by his side, seeing his life through to a peaceful ending. His last days were good ones. We protected Benson from further abuse (whether passive or overt) and prevented a disappointing to heart-breaking experience for the person or family who might have adopted this loving creature, only to learn that he sometimes behaved dangerously.

At times like these, we acknowledge our humanness and pause to grieve. We also reflect on our successes—those Dobes who have gone on to happier lives because of our intervention. We turn to your letters and pictures and remember fondly the phone calls and personal visits. If more people were kind and appropriately loving toward animals, surely there would be fewer stories like Benson's.

Malcolm's Last Days

By Pam Taylor

I'm wanting to spread the word: Picked up a new foster dog from local shelter Monday 9/8/7. His owners of 5 years said, "don't have time for him!" Said he chews shoes and occasionally digs in the yard. I noticed an acral lick, also, though asymptomatic at this time. . . . Gee, maybe he was really bored!

Malcolm is black, sensible, analytical and affectionate; 80 lbs., h/w negative, to be neutered next week, reflects having been well cared for. He's a fine pet who is well-adjusted and demonstrating his adaptability. No bad habits noted. Rides well in a car and stays in one place, even while I'm grocery shopping for a while. Doesn't eat the groceries on the way home, even though they are next to him on the back seat... okay, so maybe he isn't in to fruit and veggies and bread! Doesn't chew my shoes despite the opportunity to "do in" the old lawn mowing sneakers.

At five years of age, many will refuse to meet him. He is a gem, mellow, particularly watchful, protective but dominance isn't one of his issues. Last night I went for a bike ride, well after dark. When I returned, Malcolm came near the gate and invited me to play, with the front legs to the ground followed by busy body activity. It was wonderful to see him playful and affectionate so soon, since he has been grieving the loss of his family. Even in play, he was calm and in hand. He has an interesting sense of humor!

Malcolm is a dog who will need to be featured on our upcoming web site. If he were two or three, he would be adopted without delay—perhaps I'm premature on expressing such concern.

Today a Good Dog Named Malcolm Died

Monday, October 13, 1997

After a late dinner last evening, while putting away food I left my tasks for a quick errand upstairs. Several minutes later Malcolm joined me, nuzzling my hand, leaving on it some spaghetti sauce. I hastened to the kitchen, finding on the floor a broken casserole dish from the counter. Malcolm had enjoyed every tasty bit of sauce and meatballs! I quietly cleaned up the colorful mess while Malcolm laid on a carpet square, watching contentedly.

Before and again after this event, Malcolm had been licking and chewing at the bandage on his right rear leg, a covering over his lick granuloma. Finally I unwrapped the foot and put on an Elizabethan collar. Malcolm was distressed over the collar, but I saw no alternative if his leg was ever to heal. After putting Malcolm into my office with a gate across the doorway, I went to bed, finally...

A few minutes later I heard a series of minor crashes after which Malcolm walked into my bedroom, approaching the bed. I quickly altered the game plan, guiding Malcolm down the steps to his ex-pen. He went in willingly. We said goodnight and I returned to bed. It was becoming very late.

At about 9:00 this morning I opened the ex-pen door and greeted Malcolm who was lying down, without the Elizabethan collar. Malcolm had removed it and appeared exhausted. He raised his head, then put it down. He had had a loose stool, a likely byproduct of the saucy meatball snack, in the vicinity of the discarded collar. Every thing was neat and tidy and he appeared comfortable. I left his crate



Dr. Lindsay Shreiber and Malcolm

door open, hoping that he would decide to come out.

I went to the kitchen. The next time I saw Malcolm a few minutes later he was attempting to go up the steps to the lower back door, only eight steps up from the basement. His hind feet made it to the second step, the front paws gripping upward at the fifth step. He didn't move. I tried to lift his rear as I had done when helping him into my Explorer... for some reason Malcolm had difficulty getting his rear to follow upward under its own power. Malcolm issued a warning growl, I stopped my effort to lift him and stepped back. Once this anxious moment had passed, I was again able to comfort and pet him. I snapped on a lead and gave a tug, causing him to turn and return to the foot of the stairs where I had placed a comfortable blanket. Malcolm rested while I cleaned up his earlier accident.

Taking a break, Soldier and I each had breakfast. Malcolm declined food. Soldier went outside; I worked in the kitchen. Returning to Malcolm, I found him standing. Putting a towel under his hind quarters, I lifted his rear easily with this makeshift sling, encouraging him forward with the lead which I held in my other hand. Malcolm declined to go forward, rocking back onto his bed. I let go the ends of the towel, once again petting Malcolm quietly. This is where Malcolm remained until Dr. Shreiber

and Kate, veterinary technician, arrived. It had been more than three hours since our first morning greeting.

Examination was inconclusive. Malcolm was extremely weak. His pulse was faint. I affirmed an opinion formed earlier this morning: euthanize. I shared the reasons for my pending decision. Malcolm was carried up the steps and outside on a stretcher where he was compassionately euthanized as the autumn sun shone on his black coat. At that moment Malcolm became safe from suffering we did not yet fully understand.

5:30 p.m.: Malcolm's veterinary appointment for lick granuloma check plus dispensing medication for recently-diagnosed hypothyroidism is cancelled.

7:45 p.m.: Dr. Shreiber left message. Brief autopsy revealed an enlarged heart, probable cardiomyopathy.

I'm glad that we were able to give Malcolm a second chance, and in doing so, my belief in him as a fine dog was confirmed—a dog who struggled with character and dignity while enduring multiple medical problems which did not reveal themselves clinically or in routine testing. While in some respects this saga is a sad defeat, the last month of Malcolm's life was filled with sunny days of bone chewing and play, premium food and medical care and release from the lonely life he had come to know previously.

Thanks for your support.

—Pam

Gabby's Story

By Jen Imhoff

I was contacted by a woman from Manhattan asking if we would take their dog, Gabby. They were moving and because Gabby showed aggression towards other dogs the local shelter would euthanize her as they felt an aggressive Doberman would never change. She was raised in a family with three children, given lots of love and attention, and trained in the family's native tongue of Polish.



In Memory of Gabby

12/21/06–5/4/11

Trouble began when the family started to listen to neighbors with small dogs who told them to stay away from them and the dog park, because all Dobermans are vicious and will bite. Not knowing better, they did keep her away from all the other dogs, so while she remained an exceptionally loving and loyal dog to her family, she was not socialized. When the owner saw her neighbors and other dogs, she would become anxious and pull Gabby away from other dogs. All this did was create a dog-aggressive behavior.

The day Gabby was brought to our house she was overweight at 88lbs (we got her to a perfect 65lbs), swollen looking, out of shape and had little stamina, but was happy. From the beginning Gabby was intense, driven and obeyed every command (mostly in Polish). After her family left, genuinely heartbroken, we spent time walking and getting to know

her. Then we brought out Piper, and Gabby went ballistic! She was the most aggressive dog (to dogs only) that I had ever seen. I didn't know if we would ever be able to get her near another dog. We kept working with her; and about 2 weeks later she started to calm down enough that we let her and Piper get closer to each other and let them go, not knowing what to expect. As usual Piper quietly stood her ground and Gabby gave in and started a puppy pounce. From that point on she worked into my pack right away and stayed there as a full member. We found out that she was not aggressive but was fearful and fed off of a fearful owner. She always kept that initial reaction and posture to new dogs, but with the right leadership she would quickly accept them and often initiate play. This would prove to be a challenge when adopting as just the right strong owner had to be found. She was always the first to notice my neighbor's 10 lb. dogs charge the fence and it would cause that reaction, which had to be corrected every time. She hated cats with an obsession and wanted to kill them. She had an extreme prey drive and would go after anything (especially the neighbor's cat) with such determination that she would have gone straight through an underground fence without a thought, so that eliminated any adopters with all underground or unfenced yards.

No matter what happened Gabby always had a bond with children; she was just drawn to them. She was eventually adopted to a family with a 1-year old male dobie (no offense but he was a typical young, obnoxious, goofy male) and two small children. She met them and did fine with the dog and just laid with the children perfectly. It looked like this was it! She went home with this nice family, was fitting in very well, and she loved the children. Actually a little too much as she started guarding them and yelling at the male which we did not expect. So sadly by all, she was returned and we knew it was young kids only (no other dogs) or older kids and dogs. Another limitation. But as much as I loved her I could never

give her kids so that was my deciding factor to continue to find her the best home ever.

Unfortunately, Gabby always had an issue with vomiting after she ate and I was so paranoid and had a horrible feeling that she would bloat (gastric dilatation) that I watched her all the time. We took her to the vet and tried different medications, a variety of foods, supplements, advice, research, elevated bowl (made it worse), monitored her exercise before and after she ate, etc. I finally cut her feeding into five meals a day and added sweet potato which made a difference; reducing her vomiting to maybe once a week. This also proved to be a big issue in adopting her. All of these things made it hard to find the right person, not to mention I felt very responsible for this feeding ritual.

Gabby was an exceptionally beautiful dog but it did not compare to what was really inside. She was always happy and ready to play, she loved "her pack." She was obedient, had great manners, loving and she had those eyes that looked right into you (I will always see her eyes). She was everything a Doberman should be. But as wonderful as she was she was left with a variety of issues and precautions that had to be taken seriously and limited her adoptability. So she would stay with us until the perfect match came along.

Then we come to May 3, 2011. She ate early that morning, did her vomit and went to lay down, nothing new, she settled. Later that morning she got her second meal and did vomit once. She was a little stressed and uncomfortable, although she did not bloat, but I made an appointment with the vet for 4:00. Having worked at a vet for 13 years and dealing with the many stories of Dobermans bloating, every time I had heard or seen bloat it looked like the dog had a basketball in their stomach. Closer to her appointment she tried to throw up again and that is when she looked uncomfortable and her abdomen started to feel hard with minimal swelling. Since she was lean and had a flat belly, you would expect it to jump out at you. Picking her up in the car was

the first time she cried. We got her to the vet early and within two hours the vet already had her in surgery where she spent the next three hours. The vet felt that no dead tissue was found so she had a 50/50 chance. It was now 10:00 pm and since the vet did not have emergency staff we transported Gabby to the Animal Emergency Clinic for observation by a vet. When we picked her up she was barely out of surgery and just barely starting to move. We made a big comfy bed and I laid in the back of the car with her, holding and stroking her face. She was so cold even with three blankets on her. When we got to the vet they wheeled out a table and we moved her to it (I never took my hand off of her). At the entry, there was a big bump which caused her to finally wake and pick her head up. I stopped them and held her and she gave me a kiss which I took as her saying everything was OK. They wheeled her to the examining room where we spoke to the vet. When I told her I was a vet tech she was candid with me. She told me that Gabby's temperature was 9 degrees less than normal as well as all the things that they were going to do and watch for. We both said we knew the battle that she would have that night. We left around 11:30 with the vet to call if anything went wrong. I did not feel good about leaving, but tried to keep up for Kent as he loved her every bit as I did. He did not want to hear any worries of the reality of the situation. At 3:00 am the phone rang and I hated to pick it up. Kent jumped up and started pacing. The vet told me that Gabby had passed quickly and quietly. She had made it through the surgery, but was gone. I wish I had stayed! I know there was nothing that I could have probably changed, but she would have had us there. This has been one of the hardest things that I have been through with all of my dogs, and we considered her our girl. Writing her story has been difficult. I have to keep walking away and coming back to try to write this.

All our dogs are special, but Gabby was special at a different level. She was able to come from people who were blind to what they had, and she became a happy dog who was accepted and appreciated for all that she was. We were privileged to rescue her from being euthanized in a cold, cement shelter (this is where many other rescues would have stopped and dealt with the issue) instead of rehabilitating her to be a happy, content dog that forgot her fear and anger. She was a regular dog living with a happy pack of dogs that helped her achieve acceptance. Kent and I will always love her very much and know that she gave and got ultimate love and respect. I can only hope, dare I say pray, that I will see her again.

Recalling all we've been through to save this wonderful dog has taken a long time to put to paper, and I cried through every word. On behalf of Gabby we thank you for your continued support helping save her life regardless of how short.

Lastly, Gabby's surgery was very expensive and we are still paying for it, even after getting a very generous discount from her vet, Dr. Keim (a fellow person loved by a dobie) at Capital Area Animal Medical Center. We ask that you help us continue to help the next dobie, because there are so many. Some might ask, why did you do all that for one dog when you could have helped so many with that money? The only thing that I can say is they all deserve this level of care, and DPRPA will always strive for exceptional care to every dog that we bring into our program just as we have for the last 22 years. This is what makes me a proud member, and as HARD as it is, I will never give up.

With all my heart and soul to those creatures who can't help themselves and their ability to forgive,

—*Jen Imhoff*

VP & PFM (Proud Foster Mom)

Chapter Ten

Fostering, The Gift of Life

Quality Home Foster Care for Each Dog Rescued

The key to operating a foster-based rescue is the commitment of dedicated foster families. Agreeing to provide a temporary home to a needy Doberman is a huge and scary, but equally rewarding, endeavor. Fosterers are extraordinary in so many ways. They are willing to take a leap into the unknown to save and comfort a dog who has been displaced. They are willing to adapt their home and routine if needed to accommodate a frightened dog and assure it that life is good. Fosterers take care of basic and extraordinary needs because they love dogs and the breed, and they cannot ignore the chance of sending a dog capable of a new life to a fateful and lonely end.

Fosterers are our most cherished heroes. It's because of their selfless devotion that we have been able to save so many Dobermans for the past 25 years!

Foster Care– Providers Tell About Giving and Receiving

It Is So Worth It!

By Rhonda Bieber

Since I started fostering in December 2010, I have a better understanding of people's misconceptions about fostering. Some people I talk to view fostering as a trial period to determine if they want to adopt the dog. Some see it as a good way to get a free dog, short-term, including vet care and supplies. Finally others see it as giving a dog a second chance for a quality life. In my opinion, the only comment that reflects the true meaning of fostering is giving a dog a second chance.

I spoke to Jen Imhoff a few times, and I always came up with reasons for not fostering. The reasons that kept me from fostering were how can I let go of a dog once it's part of my family, how would I have time to care for my own dogs plus a foster, and my main reason, would they all get along? Jen started emailing me pictures and stories about dogs in need of help, and I realized I was being selfish and only was caring about my feelings being hurt, and not the dog. Jen was contacted and informed that I wanted to try, but also with the understanding this might not be for me.

To try and prevent myself from being totally attached I try to think that the dog is not mine and belongs to DPR of PA. All that I am doing is giving food, exercise, treats and lots of love. Another thought process is the foster dog is searching for his perfect forever home, and it is up to me to make sure this happens.

At the present time I have my sixth foster dog. I can truthfully admit out of the five that have found their forever home, I have shed tears when they left. But if one foster

dog stayed with me, there would be no room for another dog that needs help.

Each foster dog is treated like it is my dog. I enjoy hiking and walking and this has not changed with having a foster. Everyday they get walked and on weekends they go hiking with a large variety of dogs. If I need to run to the bank or store, in the car they go.

One thing learned with fostering the few in my care is these dogs just need a little extra time, but, are usually healthy and well mannered. Fostering at times can be stressful, trying and sometimes frustrating. But seeing a dog placed with a new family and the follow up emails and pictures makes it all better.

My goal with these dogs is to find an owner who can appreciate and see their inner beauty, strength and charisma. Jen did a great job giving me a young female as my first dog knowing she would be adopted quickly. Lacey was only with me for ten days before she found her new forever family which also consists of two other dogs and a bunny.

I will admit there was one dog, Paige, who broke my heart after I took her to her new home. Paige was very timid, shy and afraid of everything. My fear was no one could take care of or understand her issues. The next day I received an email from her new mom stating how happy she was with her and also enclosed pictures of Paige with her new Dobie friend, Diesel. After seeing this I realized that the tears I cried for Paige were shed for happiness not sadness.

In life I feel things happen for a reason. Paige was given to me to understand that fostering is the greatest thing I have ever done. To take a dog so shy and timid and then to see so much progress makes you realize that a good job was done placing a dog in its new home.

There are numerous dogs that need our help. Fostering is not for everyone; however, once you see the final result, it is so worth it. Not enough can be said about the nice people I have met due to the adoptions. Lacey, Spencer, Paige, Ripley and Bennett all found their



Bruce was adopted by Rhonda Bieber

forever homes. Bruce is still searching for his. My fostering experience would never have happened if Jen did not take the time or effort to help me understand the importance of foster homes.

How do I feel about fostering? Fostering is the most rewarding, self gratifying, unselfish thing I have ever done.

Editor's Note: Since writing this article, Bruce found his forever home, with Rhonda, who adopted him. Sometimes you just can't let go, and that's OK too.

My Extreme Foster

By Gail Stambaugh

Let me start by saying: I work full time and my husband and I have four Dobermans. No excuses from us.

I started volunteering with DPRPA at fundraising events. I tossed around the idea of fostering, but like others, I had doubts. What if...

This would be too much with my four dogs?

There was a fight?

I become too attached?

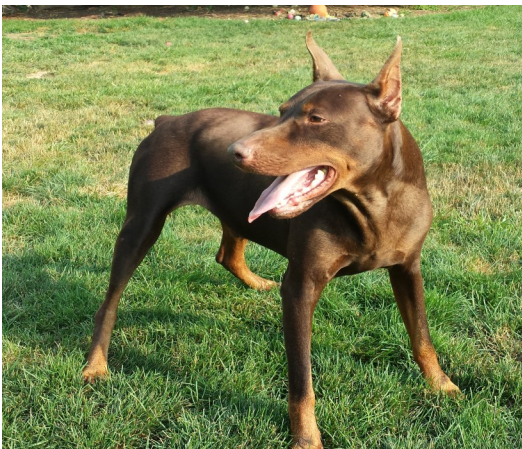
Fellow volunteer, Rhonda Bieber, asked me to dog sit her foster for a short time while she was on vacation. Reluctantly, I did, and surprisingly it went well.



Rusty relaxing at home after surgery

A few weeks later, my first official foster, Gunner, came to live with us. Ten days later he happily went to his forever family. Even though I went through all the emotions and heartache when I handed Gunner over to his new family, wondering if they would love him as much as I had, I also experienced pure joy and happiness for all involved and knew I'd made a difference. As I walked out the door and looked back, the love and joy I saw confirmed that it was all right.

Very shortly after, along came Rusty. He urgently needed vet care and to be pulled from the Chester County SPCA. We picked him up to keep him for a few days until a longer-term foster home was available. We were asked to remain his foster family after learning the severity of his health issues and we agreed.



Because of love... Rusty stands tall

Quote by Gail Stambaugh

As Rusty's health deteriorated (see his story on page 43), taking care of him became a challenge. As he became completely immobile, I found we had to pick him up and get him into a wagon to move him around and get him to vet visits. He urinated and defecated in his bed, and it took seven loads of laundry three-four days a week to keep him clean.

Fostering is about giving dogs another chance at a new and better life. DPRPA financially supports their foster dogs and gives them the same level of care you would give your own. It is not about waiting until you have more time; you make the time. It is not about your heart being broken; it's about love that these dogs give us and what we give them in return.

Yes, Rusty was a very difficult case. Luckily these extreme rescues are rare, but every day brings new progress as Rusty raises his head, stands, walks, with so much more to come! Would I do it again? **Absolutely!**

A DPR Foster Care Beginning

by Ron Rankin

Foster Care is the final phase of processing for a Dobe that has been admitted to the DPR of PA system. Health concerns, neutering and tattooing have been addressed and now comes a time for rest and recuperation, TLC, and evaluation most of all.

It is during this stage that the final question must be answered. Is this dog ready for adoption? What about children? Other pets? Housebreaking? Oops! That's what I said, Joey, housebreaking.

Early in Foster Care, it is typical that not a great deal is known about the new charge; Joey was no exception. "We've got this really sweet little guy with a very nasty problem. He's been taught to relieve himself in his create. "HUH?" "You heard me, won't you take him on?" I looked around hoping Dr. Margot Schwag was talking to someone else. No luck! Well, OK. And that's how I came to foster Joey.

We decided that since Joey had made his crate behavior known, that I would not use a crate, but would give him the run of the entire Foster Dog Nursery. He really couldn't do much damage there. Right? Well it was a great plan, but like so many like it, it was about as far off track as you could get.

For days, then weeks I gave Joey every possible opportunity to relieve himself outside. I rewarded and praised him every time he performed correctly. I tried training him to go on command, but he was so bright that he equated the command with the reward that was to come and so forgot his duty. He would come in from a long period outside and immediately relieve himself inside. To him this was not wrong, it was the way he had been taught by inexperienced and unthinking owners, who, having trained him to do bad things, threw him away because he was too dumb to learn. Frustration piled upon frustration, but there were faint signs that Joey was making progress. He would bark at the door, but often it seemed to signal "Look what I just did."

Somewhere in this period I began to realize that Rankin's rule was being violated. *What goes in must come out.* BUT what was coming out was more than what was going in. As awareness of this contradiction grew, I finally spotted the problem. Joey was concealing the evidence. He had been confined to his crate for such long hours as a puppy without being fed that he had also learned to eat his stool. This was so long undetected because the evidence was consumed. *This* was the reason he was so often sick. *This* was the reason he was not gaining weight. *This* was the reason his functions were so unpredictable. *Now* we could start Joey on the road to recovery.

Throughout this period of despair, Joey's salvation was a bright intelligence that fairly sparkled in his eyes, and a loving nature that never faltered. He seemed to view Tomo as an older brother, following him around and butting into anything that seemed interesting, much to the exasperation of the assistant Foster Care Provider.



Kathy Newcomb and Joey
(renamed Kippur)

When Joey's progress stalled, I felt it might be safe to allow him to run free alongside of Tomo. This was a giant step forward. Joey followed Tomo like the little brother he had become and when the recall was sounded, the two of them seemed to compete to see which could get back to me first. The additional exercise did wonders in smoothing out Joey's functions. Tomo, for his part, put Joey down quickly and effectively without animosity when Joey became too intrusive. For the most part Joey took these setbacks in stride and was soon right back on Tomo's heels. There was no room in his loving nature for grudges.

Still, Joey was not reliable. He was not ready for adoption into the typical family situation. We had a lot of work ahead of us when I got the call to bring Joey to the Landisville Animal Hospital to meet a prospect. I advised that it would require an unusual situation with someone most understanding, but that if such a person could be found for Joey, they would have an exceptional and devoted companion.

When we met, I explained all of this to Kathy and let Joey do the rest of the snow job. And he must have done good, for Kathy adopted Joey. I felt really good when I saw Joey nibbling on Kathy's ear as she drove down the drive. Joey had presented a real challenge, but gave much in return as well.

Chapter Eleven

Dogs and Donors

Donors

Early in 2014, a \$2,500 matching fund was announced by Pam Taylor, in celebration of our 25th Anniversary, to be received through June 30. Nineteen members and friends responded generously, exceeding the goal by \$300, for a total donation of \$2,800. Pam's match increased the total received to \$5,600.

We are so grateful for this support which enables us to rehabilitate some dogs from acute situations to robust good health.

Rescued and Adopted Dogs

Over the past 25 years, we have rescued more than 800 dogs, listed on the following pages with their adopters' names. Some names are repeated and this is for two reasons:

- A few dogs have been returned to DPR and then been readopted.
- Some dog names enjoy great popularity. We've had several "Max" rescues over the years.

The year the dog was adopted follows the adopters name. Two names means that the dog was renamed in foster care or after adoption.

25th Anniversary Matching Fund Donors

Yvonne & James Adams
Elizabeth Bengsten
Constance & John Bromfield
Pamela Coath
Larry Daisey
Linda & Norman Dulak
Barbara Evanofski, VMD
Teresa Eytcheson
Steven Fenstermacher
David & Renee George, IHO Vincent
Catherine & Peter Gorski
Birdie Johnson
Deborah Jugan
Lois & John Katchur, IHO Baron
Heather McManus
John & Laraine Mocenigo
Cassandra Simmel
Diane Sorantino
Ruth & Larry Zuschlag

Matched by

Pam Taylor, President and Founder

25 Years of Adopted Dobermans

Abby – Norm & Linda Dulak, 1992
 Abby – Mandana Boroojieni & Dwayne Jones, 2010
 Abby – J Doe, 2010
 Ace – Harry & Cathy Lindamood, 2003
 Achilles – Doug & Laura Kaufmann, 2008
 Adam – Mark Rathsom, 2007
 Adolph – J Doe, 1996
 Aerie – Michael Martin, 2007
 Albatross – Kurt Henkel, 2007
 Alex – Thomas Sebelin, 1991
 Alice/Elle – Cynthia & John Cooper, 1997
 Alice/Elle – Linda Reynaud, 1999
 Alice/Elle – Terrisa & Steve Hohn, 2002
 Alison/Tasha – Len & Debbie Hoffman, 1989
 Allie – Denny & Joanne Scott, 2006
 Amanda – J Doe, 1992
 Amanda – Kris & Vickie Wickwire, 1992
 Andy – J Doe, 2006
 Andy – Jim & Terry Tommarello, 2007
 Andy/Sire – Lisa Pacera, 2005
 Angel – Robert & Linda Andrews, 2003
 Angel – Janie Stratton, 2003
 Angel – Beth & Dave Minton, 2000
 Angel/Visa – Heck & Dawn Heckenberger, 2007
 Angie – Clarence M Diehl, 2013
 Annie – Fred Mueller, 2004
 Annie – Carolyn Barnhart, 1997
 Annie/Lightening – Sandie Maurer, 2009
 Anuschka – Jim & Charlotte Razzetti, 2002
 Apollo – Bruce & Cheryl Zedowsky, 2007
 Apollo – Jason & Cyndi White, 2007
 Apollo – Al & Joanne Umbekant, 1988
 April – Robin & David Phillips, 1988
 Aragon/Sammee – George & Amy Quigley, 2007
 Archie – Edward & Kerri Wiser, 2006
 Ashton – Karen Manning & Mark Lawlor, 2006
 Asia – Pat Robinson, 1991
 Athena – Julie Christie, 2006
 Atticus – Robert & Mary Costigan, 2007
 Ava – Ginny O'Neil, 2006
 Aztec – J Doe, 2001
 Bailey – Bob & Tracey Shimko, 2005
 Bailey/Baby – Sandie Maurer, 2003
 Bambi – Laura Rainey & Michael Lentz, 2005
 Bandit – Bob Rue & Helen Sweigart, 1988
 Bandit/Max – Sylvia Barksdale, 2003
 Baron – Jimmy Wank & Cindy Brown, 1995
 Baron – Ralph & Karen Scott, 2010
 Baron – J Doe, 2009
 Baron – Melva Tranabeano & Ron Vittoriano, 1997
 Bear – Wanda & Larry Wallick, 2005
 Beauregard – Don & Joanne Heflin, 1989
 Bella/Emma/Samantha – Norm & Linda Dulak, 2014
 Bella/Emma/Samantha – Tara Nathan, 2014
 Bella – Lorraine McDonald, 2006
 Bella – Dwayne & Sharon Greene, 2003
 Bella – Sara, Dominic & Gretchen Etzold, 2012
 Bella – Peter & Dolca Ruggieri, 2004
 Ben/Buddy – Leon & Mary Ann Stull, 1998
 Bennett – Mike & Brenda Morrone, 2011
 Bentley – Donald & Leslie Kezmoh, 2006
 Betsy/Shotzie – Bob & Sandy McClure, 1991
 Bijoux/Rocky – Bob & Lynn Chapleski, 2005
 Bishop/Magic – Pam DeLissio Kearsley, 1992
 Blue Boy – Rhonda Salamon, 2007
 Bo – Elizabeth Low & Max Hommel, 2010
 Bo/Bobby/Nitro – Edward & Nancy Haas, 2013
 Bones – Ron Martin, 2004
 Bonnie – Mary Petrara, 2003
 Bonnie – Rocco Guzzo, 2004
 Boogie/Hurricane – Ramona Welsh, 2009
 Boogie/Hurricane – Barry & Edith Brown, 2009
 Boogie/Hurricane – Quentin Patterson, 2009
 Boswell – Michael & Michelle Walsh, 2005
 Brandy – Linda Goldner, 2006
 Brandy – Rita Coolidge-Weller, 1996
 Brandy – Ronald Boulder, 1998
 Bravo/Diesel – Jamie & Marcy Schultz, 2003
 Brewser – Scott & Shirley Crumbling, 2009
 Brewtis/Baron – Jennifer & Chris Saville, 2006
 Brianne – J Doe, 1992
 Bruce – Rhonda Bieber, 2011
 Bruce Lee Almighty – Robert & Deborah Weidner, 2013
 Bruce/Zeus – John & Denene Case, 2003
 Bruiser – Rhonda Bieber, hospice, 2014
 Bruiser – Diane Heller, 1992
 Bruno – Richard & Phyllis Kane, 1995
 Bruno/Brutus – Louise Baldwin, 1996
 Brutus – Scott & Shirley Crumbling, 2009
 Brutus – Bruce & Eva Bard, 2010
 Brutus – Patrick & Gail Knox, 2010
 Bubba – Mike Roman, 1991
 Buca – Sharon Pistacchio, 2004
 Buca – Bob & Tracy Shimko, 2005
 Buck – Jennifer & Walter Iwasevic, 1997
 Bucky – Leroy & Tanya Weaver, 1995
 Bud – Ed Mench, 2012
 Bud – Jeff Pierce, 1987
 Buddy – Harry & Cathy Lindamood, 2004
 Buddy – Tracey Broadwater, 2010
 Buddy – Ed & Jackie Williams, 2007
 Buddy – Emily Allen, 2009
 Buddy – Joseph & Lauresa Ecker, 2009
 Buddy – Mary Petrara, 2003
 Buddy – Wendy Zercher, 2003
 Buddy – Tim & Debbie Mahoney, 2008
 Buddy – George Broody, 2008
 Buddy – Allan & Suzanne Summerfield, 1992
 Buddy – Dave & Jan Podlemy, 1990
 Buddy – Clinton & Timi Richter, 2004
 Bullet/Dylan – Jean Mohr, 1988
 Buster – Dave & Helen Godshall, 2007
 Buster/Riley – Jeffrey & Bobbie Shoff, 2001
 Caesar – Tom & Darlene Weaver, 2003
 Caesar – Lisa & Robbie Cotter, 1993
 Caesar/Tarzan – Jerry & Evelyn Blanchard, 1993
 Caine/Remington – Phyllis Miller, 2009
 Capone – James & Kim McCullough, 2011

- Capone – Ray & Bonnie Penland, 2004
 Cappuccino – Suzie Weaver, 2013
 Carl/Burg – Mike & Jeanette Paxton, 2010
 Carley/Cinnamon – Joy Scrimshire, 1989
 Carli/Callie – Ed & Ruth Lusky, 2005
 Carter – David & Dawn Heckenberger, 2006
 Casey – Allan & Suzanne Summerfield, 1998
 Casey – Ted & Bonnie Meyers, 1999
 Casey – Dave & Renae Rupert, 2003
 Cash – Jonathan Smith, 2007
 Cassie – J Doe, 1991
 Cassie – Wilson & May Schutte, 1988
 Cassie – Sid & Judy Erb, 1992
 Cassie – Michael & Debra Garry, 1989
 Ceasar – Gene & Delores Burbage, 1988
 Ceasar – Randy Sessa, 1989
 Ceasar – Matt & Maria Albright, 2005
 Cesar – Jim & Holly Leas, 2005
 Chammie/Samantha – Tony Brennen & Susan Howard, 1989
 Champ – Eleanor Nuffort, 1994
 Champagne/Libby – Ben, Tanya & Marina Martin, 2004
 Chance – J Doe, 2006
 Chancellor – Margot Schwag, VMD, 1997
 Charday – Ann Hohensee, 1996
 Chase – Frank Gentile, 2009
 Chase – Gene & Nancy Bessette, 2009
 Chase – Don Mohr, 2009
 Chaz – Pat Sorrentino, 2001
 Chaz – Margaret Wilkins, 2006
 Chazz/Zeus – Rachel Symons & Don Hood, 2006
 Chelsea – Ken & Shelley Fox, 2002
 Chelsea – Anthony & Doris Battista, 2002
 Cherokee/Kiwi – Harry Randall & Anita Bobot, 2001
 Chessie – Walter & Gabby Buck, 1990
 Chester – Terry Miller, 2001
 Chester – Robert & Sue Bower, 1991
 Chevy – Ben & Susan Goldberg, 1989
 China – Tanya Weaver, 2004
 Chipper – Betsy Moore, 1988
 Chloe – Kim Myers, 2000
 Chloe – Robert & Candy Reinard, 2003
 Chopper – John & Laraine Mocenigo, 2014
 Chris – Terry & Tom Napier, 1989
 Cimarron – Randy & Caroline Seesa, 1988
 Cisco – Juan Delcastle & Susan Shipe, 2006
 CJ – Shane & Sandra Reese, 2004
 Cleo – Wendy Zercher, 2000
 Cleo – Cindy Wenrich, 2001
 Coby – Jeff Love, 2007
 Coby – Gary Dailey, 2008
 Coco – Jean Miller, 1988
 Cocoa – David Hollinger, 1996
 Cocoa – Karen Mengel, 2001
 Cocoa – April Harris, 2001
 Cody/Diesel – Steve & Gail Bluestein, 2006
 Cody/Torro – Wolfgang & Brigitte Gunter, 1991
 Cooper/Nick – Larry & Joanne DeCesar, 2007
 Cooper – Cyndy Pail, 2005
 Courtney – Marcy & Al Giovenella, 1990
 Crystal – Dave & Linda Henricks, 1986
 Curtis/Dieter – James & Diedre Huber, 2004
 Cyrus – Sallie & Howard Schaeffer, 2005
 Cyrus – Patty Gorey, 1990
 Daemon/Bones – Denise & Mark Dorsey, 2004
 Damien – Alberta Pallotta, 2006
 Damon – Samuel & Erin Balzana, 2005
 Danni – Leann Troutman, 2009
 Darcy – J Doe, 1992
 Darcy – Sharon & Greg Schiele, 1988
 Davis/Boss – Geoffrey DeWire, DVM, 2012
 Delta – Wanda & Eddie Steckley, 1998
 Deva – Dale & Rosemarie McFadden, 1992
 Devine – Mary Kimmel, 2001
 Devine – Kay & David Curtis, 2002
 Devious/Damien – Dr. Maryann Beard-Kapolka, 1988
 Diablo – Geri Young, 1988
 Diablo/Tyler – Don & Jen Martin, 2007
 Diamond – Sean Way, 2004
 Diamond – Ralph Gambone, 2004
 Diamond – Millie Colligan, 1989
 Diego – Elizabeth Clark, 2012
 Diesel – Paul & Christine Fry, 2008
 Diesel – Kevin & Jenny Betz, 2008
 Digger – Erin & Bill Derr & McConnell, 2002
 Digger – Michelle Krizan, 2003
 Digger – Lori & Dennis Stover, 2004
 Digger – Sam Swavy, 2011
 Diva – Many & Bryan Schaufler, 2011
 Diva/Delilah – Deborah Imhoff, 2006
 Dixie – Ed Latshall, 1992
 Dixie – Amy & Trent Schantzenbach, 2011
 Dobber – Tanya Martin – hospice, 2003
 Dobby – George & Beverly Stehman, 2012
 Dobie – John Wyatt, 1987
 Doby – Kathie & Charlie Grove, 1997
 Dog – Jeremy & Alison Rupp, 1988
 Dora – Ed & Barb Walsh, 2005
 Dora – Ken & Cookie Heisey, 2006
 Doren – J Doe, 1993
 Drake – Cassie Alicea, 2000
 Drake – Tanya Martin, 2000
 Duce/Loch – Kasey Jackson, 2006
 Duke – James & Lynn Baer, 2003
 Duke – Dennis & Helen Miller, 1989
 Duke – Margo & Carmen Lutch, 2007
 Duke – Michael & Kathleen Knight, 1989
 Duncan/Brock – Eric & Terry Hellman, 2001
 Duncan/Brock – Abraham & Margaret Quintanar, 2002
 Duncan – Melissa & Patrick Pierce, 2002
 Duncan – Jennifer & Walter Iwasevic, 2002
 Dutchess – Norman Lantz, 2012
 Dutchess/Zelda – Dwight & Debbie Meckel, 1992
 Dylan – Tammy Daughenbaugh, 2004
 Dyllan – John & Nancy Mohr, 1989
 Ebony/Evian – Jaimie Lawrence, 1999
 Echo – Erin & Curtis Dolan & Toloy, 2011
 Eli/Jesse – Tom & Deb Jugan, 2003
 Eljin – Sharon & Denny Potteiger, 2005
 Ellie – Colleen Weaver & Jack Utter, 2006
 Ellie – Steven & Terrisa Hohn, 1999
 Elsa – Lisa Maurer, 1987
 Elvis – Henry & Sue Federowicz, 1996
 Emmie – Jeff & Stacy Fry, 1992
 Enzo – Joyce Neubaum, 2003

- Erica – John & Ann Perry, 1986
 Erica – Kathy Valone, 1986
 Eva – Jennifer Imhoff & Kent Weigle, 2012
 Evander – Donna & Cornelius Luck, 1998
 Evander – Bev & Frank English, 1998
 Evander – Samuel & Virginia Henley, 1998
 Evian/Ebony – Chris & Ed Foehlinger, 1999
 Evian/Ebony – LeeAnn Haggard & Jamie Lawrence, 1999
 Ezra – Stacy Schwalm, 1999
 Fagan – J Doe, 1990
 Fagan – Sarah Gallagher & John DePatto, 1997
 Fagan – Jay & Verna Crills, 1997
 Faith/Star – Carl & Susan Ellis, 1989
 Fawn – Rebecca Unruh, 1994
 Female puppy – John & Shirley McLimans, 1988
 Franchesca – Bryan & Jessica Doll, 2008
 Gabby – Adele Paslow, 2006
 Gabby – Ed & Helen White, 2010
 Gabby – Jen Imhoff, hospice, 2011
 Gabe – Harry & Gael Rapp, 2002
 Gabi/Jada – Richard & Antonia Grant, 2006
 Gabriella – Mary Ellen Breon, 2011
 Gala – Tony Chandler & Ruth Rosbach-Chandler, 1994
 Garbo – Meg & Jack Geist, 1988
 Gator – Linda Gellock & John Stempa, 1995
 Gia – Dave Bricker, Esq., 2001
 Gia – Jamie Lawrence, 2005
 Ginger – Judy & Charlie Findley, 2005
 Ginger – Connie Reese, 2005
 Ginny/Momma – Lisa Frola, 2003
 Ginny – Thomas & Shirley Swartz, 2001
 Goliath – Jessica Faith & Dimitriy Shvartsakh, 2003
 Gordon – Lisa & Robbie Cotter, 2004
 Gracie/Glory – Dave & Pam Alund, 2005
 Grady – Tracie Erb, 2003
 Grady – Diana Lewis, DVM, 2004
 Grayson – Scott & Shirley Crumbling, 2008
 Greta – Rita & John Richards, 2006
 Gretchen – Pattie & Glen Rottmund, 2000
 Gretchen – Eileen & Keith Andrews, 1996
 Gretchen – Kenneth Shermer, 1988
 Gretta – Richard & Patricia Rial, 2007
 Guenther/Cisco – Susan Shipe, 2006
 Guinness – John & Linda Stempa, 2013
 Guinness – James & Gayle Michel, 2007
 Gunner – Joseph & Michele Ciabattoni, 2014
 Gunther/Buck – George & Erma Hartwell, 1989
 Gus – Joe Siedlecki, 2004
 Gypsy/Sadie – Jeff & Stephanie Franken, 2009
 Hadley/Shadow – Jack & Jane Kershaw, 1988
 Halo/Jetta – Mark & Kate Ritter, 1999
 Halo/Jetta – Monica Scarazzo & Don Sluyter, 2004
 Halo/Jetta – Dennis Shelley, 2005
 Hans – Judy & Victor Stepina, 1995
 Hans – Karla Narducci, VMD, 1995
 Hans/Noah – Ed & Adele Case, 2006
 Hans/Kody – Renee & Dave Chobanoff, 2005
 Hans/Kody – E Susan Smith, 2005
 Harley – Chuck & Sandy Thacker, 2006
 Harley – Bob & Betsy Profera, 1993
 Harry – Pat Robinson, 1989
 Harvey/Skinner – Donald Kuropatwa, 2009
 Heidi – Bunny Haupt, 1989
 Helga – George & Em Lopata, 2004
 Hemi – Jennifer Erbrick & Robert Kohler, 2011
 Henry – Jackie Coleman, 1996
 Henry – Alayne Senseing, 2000
 Herbie/Trojan – Margot Schwag, VMD, 1995
 Hercules – Jon & Erin Faw, 2006
 Hercules – Anne Schauer, 2006
 Hercules – Mary Morton, 1988
 Hershey – Denise Lesko, 2013
 Hobo – Wanda Steckley, 2000
 Holly – Cindy Mylin, 2004
 Holly – Charles & Judy Findley, 2004
 Holly – Craig & Linda Burkhardt, 1990
 Holly – Leon & Mary Ann Stull, 1989
 Honey – Peter & Gail Del Pizzo, 1989
 Hoover – Deb & Mike Lusk, 2001
 Hope – Alberta Pallotta, 2005
 Hoya/Porche – Buddy & Mim Rauenzahn, 1989
 Isabelle – Sid & Judy Erb, 1994
 Isaiah – John & Isabel Flynn, 2007
 Isaiah – Tom & Tawnya Hartzell, 2007
 Isis/Miss Viper – Kathy and Ben Oostdam, 2009
 Ivy/Eva – Adam & Jennifer Gebhardt, 2007
 Jack – Scott & Shirley Crumbling, 2010
 Jack/Ny Ny – Rhonda Salamon – hospice, 2008
 Jackson – Roger & Connie Kay, 2008
 Jada – Norm & Linda Dulak, 2006
 Jade/Lyla – Adam & Wendy Slavitt, 2013
 Jael – Alison Malenky, 2007
 Jake – Pat Coohill, 1997
 Jake – Barbara Evanoski, VMD, 1998
 Jake – Robin Sanchez, 1994
 Jake – George & Amy Quigley, 2004
 Jasmine – Lyndsay Bolin, 2007
 Jasmine – Mark & Amy Nolt, 2005
 Jay – George & Beverly Stehman, 2005
 Jenna – Sharyn Damer, 2003
 Jenny – Beth Fifer, 1988
 Jenny – Tom Crane, 1989
 Jenny Blue – Jill Murray, 2007
 Jenny Blue – Kimberly Carpenter & Francis Romano, 2008
 Jenny – Ryan Bradley, 1989
 Jenny – Stan & Carol Stein, 1989
 Jesse/Jack – Bill & Chris Ward-Garrison, 1997
 Jessie – Jane & Hurley Thompson, 2002
 Jessie – Thomas & Kim Keenan, 2004
 Jessie/Lady – Judy Czarnecki, 2014
 Jet – Rusty Fogel, 1989
 Jet – Linda Zalot, 1989
 Jetta – Richard & Kathy Scipione, 1988
 Jetta Sioux – Bob & Betty Young, 1988
 Jewels/Neferatari – Robert & Irene D'Andrea, 2007
 JJ/Adonnis – Louise Mathias & Brian Smith, 1989
 Jodi – Florence Cope, 1988
 Joey – Gary & Sherrie Robinson, 2010
 Joey – Matt & Joanne Hibbett, 2007
 Joey – Robert & Maria Jones, 1999
 Joey – Jeanne Armstrong, 1999
 Joey/Kipper – Kathy Vail, 1999
 Joley/Lady – Norm & Linda Dulak, 1996
 Jordan – Barbara Bux, 1997

- Jordan – Dawn & Tim Yohe, 2003
 Josa/Joe – Ruth Wingo, 1989
 Joy – Sal & Anna Diana, 2004
 Joy – Thomas & Joan Roach, 2001
 Junior – Marcy & Al Giovenella, 1988
 Juno – Marie Van Dunk, 2011
 Kahlua – Christy Laffey/Parker, 2006
 Kahlua – Bob & Shelby Lucci, 2007
 Kahn/Cerberus – Earl & Mary Markley, 1989
 Kaia /Kayley – Marnie Schiavo, 2013
 Kaiser – Jennifer Imhoff & Kent Weigle, 2012
 Kali – Tom Crescenzo, 2014
 Kama – Reese & Connie Lauber, 1988
 Kama/Montana – Kathy & Bob Fandetti, 1989
 Kane – Nickolas Bugosh, 2002
 Kato – Greg, Mary & Shane Shure Young, 1996
 Kato – Al & Peggy Schultz, 1997
 Kato – Constance & Ronnie Banks, 1997
 Kayla – Tracy & Duby Moore, 2004
 Kelly – Connie Banks, 1999
 Kenny/Blizzard – J Doe, 1993
 Keyla – Ken & Nina Hackman, 1992
 King – Bonnie Good, 1991
 King – Mary Anne & Chris Rosato, 2004
 Kingsley – Tanya Cowden, 1992
 Koda – Kenneth & Laurianne Comella, 2007
 Kolby – Karen, Bob & Dean Rice, 2002
 Korbel – Todd & Paula Stevenson, 1989
 Kore – Ralph Drumheller, 1988
 Kusko – Janna Weil, 2013
 Kyra – Craig O'Neil, 1992
 Kyra/Kyrie – Jim & Whitney Crouse, 2000
 Lacey – Mark & Tracy Snyder, 2012
 Lacey – Baronda Thorpe, 1988
 Lacey – John Krosnowski, 2005
 Lacey/Tasha – Wanda Steckley, 1998
 Lady – Paul & Maryann Pociask, 2007
 Lady – Howard & Esther Lockett, 1991
 Lady – Carol Eleneski, 1999
 Lady – JR & Kathleen Clark, 1986
 Lady – Percy & Marie Van Dunk, 1989
 Lee Lee – Bob Steinmetz, 2008
 Lenix – Steve Barshinger, 2004
 Lenix – Carl & Susan Keiffer, 2004
 Leonardo – Arthur Doud, 2005
 Lexi, – Recreation Depot Owner, 2011
 Lexie Lou – Jerri & Dave Sauer, 2001
 Lexus – Ann Koller, 1997
 Lexus – Gail & John Wyant, 2010
 Lexus – Anne Holena, 2000
 Leya – Butch & Cindy Wenrich, 2012
 Libby – William & Tammy Bundy, 1998
 Liebe – Joanne Warrick, 1994
 Lilly – George Walton & Leslie Scheetz, 2000
 Linde – Walter Skora, 1988
 Lindsey/Allie – Donna & Bob Dillingham, 1989
 Liza – Arthur Blumenthal, 1988
 Logan – Debbie Olsen & Myra Markovich, 2014
 Louie – Robert & Patricia Myers, 2007
 Louie – Steve Fekete, 2007
 Louie – Stephen Seip II, 2007
 Luca – Laraine Mocenigo, 2010
 Lucky Lady – Eric Byers, 1994
 Lucky Lady – Joe & Virginia Lees, 1994
 Lucy – Larry & Donna Daisey, 2013
 Lucy – Helen & Dave Godshall, 2013
 Lucy – Mark & Donna, Ferguson, 2012
 Lucy – John Sorgt, 1996
 Lucy/Patsy/Emma – Judy Randall, 2001
 Lucy/Patsy/Emma – Charlie & Thelma Johnson, 2002
 Lucy/Patsy/Emma – Frederic & Zoraida Rodriguez, 2002
 Lucy/Patsy/Emma – William & Iris Parke, 2002
 Lucy/Patsy/Emma – Scott & Shirley Crumbling, 2007
 Luke – Paula & Doug Cook, 2005
 Luke – Michael & Catherine Karbowksi, 2007
 Luke/Tigger – Ferna Nagy, 2005
 LuLu – Mike & Pam Blasko, 2004
 Luther/Romeo – Debra Cataldo, 2006
 Mac – Dan & Jennifer Finnell, 2003
 Macho/Bear – Butch & Cindy Wenrich, 2009
 Mackey – Cindy & Butch Wenrich, 2003
 Maddie – Michael Darcy, 2005
 Magellan – John & Joyce Bice, 2004
 Maggie – Debbie & Walt Jones, 2012
 Maggie – Bob Steinmetz, 2001
 Maggie – Bob & Carol Johnson, 1989
 Magnum – Jerold Ross, 2007
 Majic – Sid & Patty Gardner, 2004
 Major – Jennifer Leach, 2006
 Malcolm – Pam Taylor, hospice, 1987
 Mandy – Todd & Paula Stevenson, 1989
 Mandy – Dave & Cindy Berner, 1989
 Mandy – Dave & Vera Lukens, 1989
 Marcy – Wayne & Kathy Tougher, 1990
 Mario – Kamal Singh, 2003
 Marley – Bradley Snell, 2007
 Martin – J Doe, 1997
 Martin – Ed & Jackie Williams, 1996
 Mason – Carl Rowe & Dennis Walter, 2009
 Mason/Felony – Dave & Lisa Barish, 2007
 Mason/Felony – Donna Lohman, 2007
 Mattie – Donna Chrescenzo, 1988
 Maurnie – Linda Kurylo, 1987
 Maurnie – Elizabeth Jeitles, 1991
 Maurnie – Brent, Marjorie & Jessie Talbot, 1991
 Max – Bill & Diedre De Vilbus, 1987
 Max – Paul & Connie Spencer, 1990
 Max – Stewart Gilmore, 1997
 Max – Colleen Weaver & Jack Utter, 1998
 Max/Bacchus – Darlene Kennedy & Anthony Wolf, 2001
 Max/Bacchus – Norm & Linda Dulak, 2001
 Max – Peggy & Albert Schultz, 2002
 Max – Elizabeth & Khalil Achbach, 2002
 Max – Margo Schwag, VMD, 2003
 Max – Wayne & Kathy Tougher, 1989
 Max/Bandit – Sylvia Barksdale, 2003
 Maxx – Rosemary Gardner, 1990
 Medusa/Molly – John & Betty Chatten, 1995
 Mercedes/Sadie – Dan & Cheryl Gilbert, 2010
 Merlin/Spot – Cathy Zerphy, 1998
 Merlin/Spot – Todd Oberholtzer, 2000
 Mikka – Wendy Jordan, 1986
 Miller – Jerry Griffith, 2007
 Minzie – William & Carolyn Dowdrick, 2013

- Missy – Maria & Tom Loecker, 2002
 Missy – Denise & Steve Kowalchik, 2002
 Missy – Claudia Minick & Harry Rugh, 2002
 Mitchell – Sarah Gallagher & John DePatto, 1997
 Mitzie – Lisa & Scott Meneely, 2003
 Mo – Tom & Beth Doe, 1988
 Molly – Robert Mogle, 2003
 Molly – Jim & Whitney Crouse, 2003
 Molly – Russell & Helen Yordy, 2003
 Momma/Lola – Steven & Melanie Koscelnak, 2007
 Mona – Ceale & Lorry Prizer, 1988
 Mortimer/Dante – Sarah Gallagher & John DePatto, 2000
 Mr B – J Doe, 2002
 Mr Nelson – Steve & Sue Funk, 1988
 Mr Tozdale – Bob & Carol Johnson, 1988
 Mudflap/Garth – John & Melody Welk, 2008
 Mugan/Major – Mac & Martin McClain, 2010
 Murphy/Jeffrey – Dan & Jen Shank, 2010
 Nala/Mackenzie – Steve & Mary Jo Greene, 2008
 Nala/MacKenzie – Carole Johnson, 2008
 Nellie – Jeff & Tammy Freiwald, 2008
 Nellie – Dick & Millie Whitman, 1997
 Nellie – Terri & Beth Kurtz & Terri Rowan, 1997
 Nemo – John & Linda Stempa, 2007
 Nemo – Joe Pulcinella, 1986
 Neva – Greg & Denise Yerger, 2007
 Nibbles/Puck – Dana Frederick, 1997
 Nicole/Nicki – Jeff & Tammy Freiwald, 2005
 Nika – Ann Gulick, 1993
 Nikee – Ben & Tanya Martin, 1997
 Nikita – Jablonski, 1993
 Nikita – Paul & Donna Deckman, 1988
 Nikita – Mary MacKinnen, 1990
 Nikki – John Jordan Carl, 1990
 Nomad – Rich & Beverly Griffith, 1988
 Nubie/Anubis – Ed Mench, 2013
 Olive/Olivia/Livia/Daisy – Helene Jorgensen & Dean Baker, 2011
 Omega – Maceo & Mary Ellen Tillmon, 1999
 Onyx – Craig Floyd, 1999
 Onyx – David Kaufman, 2000
 Onyx – Richard & Peggy Leisey, 1992
 Ophelia – Gary & Sandi Valone, 1988
 Otto – James Grace, 2007
 Oz – John & Jody Mentzell, 2003
 Oz – Scott & Shirley Crumbling, 2003
 Oz – Doug & Tina Wells, 2006
 Ozzie – Raymond & Tina Powell, 2007
 Paige – Jeff & Katie Gaines, 2011
 Pasha – Clare & Paul Longo, 2009
 Pearl – Fran & Rich Firestone, 1999
 Pelonius/Portia – Leroy & Tanya Weaver, 1992
 Penny – Mary Fagnano, 1988
 Penny – Norm & Edie Metzger, 1996
 Perdita/Schmooze – Gael & Harry Rapp, 2003
 Perry – Sharon & Greg Schiele, 1989
 Phil – Jen Imhoff, hospice, 2006
 Phoenix – Bill & Louise Neiffer, 1988
 Phoenix – Jerome & Jessica Allison, 2005
 Piper – Mooch & Pam, Taylor, 2011
 Piper – Kent Weigle & Jennifer Imhoff, 2006
 Precious – Janet Leibig Waltz, 2003
 Presto – Alicia Deel & Paul Cuzzupe, 2000
 Prince – Jennifer & Walter Iwasevic, 1997
 Princess – J Doe, 2002
 Princess Zoul – Anthony Caraccio, 2002
 Princess/Tanna – Pat Souders, 1994
 Priscilla – Brian Jamiolkowski, 1999
 Prophet – Nina & Ken Hackman, 2001
 Puppy 1 – Michele Applegate, 1987
 Puppy 2 – Kathy Dusick, 1997
 Puppy 3 – Kathy Dusick, 1997
 Puppy 4 – Rich & Fran Firestone, 1997
 Quaker's Rebecca – Fran Wilmuth, 1989
 Quaker's Rebecca – Drew & Lynne Kenny, 1989
 Quincy – Eugene & Sandi Snyder, 2001
 Raja – David Post, 2003
 Rajah – J Doe, 1995
 Rampart – Darran & Stephanie Negle, 2005
 Randy – Frank & Bev English, 1987
 Rayn – Alicia Cottingham, 1993
 Reba – Tanya Martin, hospice, 2005
 Rebel – John Kepes & Lois Noonan, 2003
 Recchi – Margo & Barry Wickes, 2003
 Red/Rusty – Ken & Cookie Heisey, 2006
 Reds – George & Marie Garner, 1989
 Reese – Dennis & Linda McGill, 2012
 Reese/Anne – Tom & Kimberly Borstorff, 2005
 Reiley – Barry & Margot Wickes, 2007
 Remy/Otto – Ernest May & Ruth Yaskin May, 2001
 Reuben – James & Gail Hischar, 2003
 Rex – Scott & Tammy Care, 1990
 Rex – John & Judy Kochel, 1991
 Rex/Alex – Elaine Krissos & Karen Runkle, 1994
 Riley – Wayne Krivijanski, 2007
 Rio/Maximus – David & Jay Young, 2005
 Riot/Charlie – Dave & Beth Curtis, 2006
 Ripley – Shirl Storm, 2011
 Ripley – Carol & Tim Leiphart, 2011
 RJ – Nina & Ken Hackman, 1993
 Rocky – Noreene & Mike Sweeney, 2000
 Rocky/Luke – Gabe Chiodo, 1999
 Roger – J Doe, 1999
 Rogue/Rosie – Wanda Steckley, 2000
 Ronnie – Stephen & Melanie Koscelnak, 2007
 Ronnie – Ralph Scott, 2007
 Rosco – Jeffrey Smith, 2008
 Rosie/Rogue – Anne Sonya Ryan, 1997
 Rosie/Rusty – Bobbie Robbins, 1989
 Rowand – J Doe, 2012
 Roxy – J Doe, 2005
 Roxy – Robert & Brenda Quinn, 2014
 Royce – Lisa Powell, 1988
 Royce – John Fogel, 1989
 Royce/Ramses – Lucy Capuano, 1989
 Ruba – Mark Senay, 2007
 Ruby – Maryanne & Charlie Dolga, 1989
 Ruby – Matt Eppich, 2004
 Ruby – Norm & Linda Dulak, 2010
 Ruby – Barry & Linda Van Fleet, 2014
 Ruby – Tracy Lee Ludwig, 2013
 Ruby – Susanne & John Kraus, 2003
 Rudy – Teresa Conley & Pamela Metzger, 1999
 Rudy – Allan & Suzanne Summerfield, 2004
 Rudy – Patti & Brian Groff, 2001

- Rufus – Robert Andrews, 1996
 Ruger/Oscar – Mark & Tracey Snyder, 2013
 Runnels – Koren Bushong, 1999
 Rusty – David & Gail Stambaugh, 2014
 Rusty – Gordian Ehrlacher, 1999
 Rusty – Ed & Heather Hanna, 2006
 Saber – Butch & Cindy Wenrich, 2012
 Sable – Michael Herr, 1989
 Sable pup – Barbara Martin, 2007
 Sable pup – Dana Fleming, 2007
 Sable, mother of pups – J Doe, 2007
 Sabrina – Sandy Gilmore, 1988
 Sadie – Steph & Jeff Franken, 2009
 Sadie – Nicholas Graham, 2014
 Sadie – Dorothy Stuber, 1989
 Sadie/Maggie – Lori Welch, 1988
 Sage – Brian & Meghan Shorter, 1999
 Sage – Jack Gelowitz, 1999
 Saige – Adele Halas, 1989
 Salvar – Ashley Campa, 2004
 Sam – James & Laura Broadbeck, 2007
 Sam – Sam Owens & Becky Pedneault, 1997
 Sam – Donald & Guliana Holobeny, 2008
 Sam – Tom & Carol Conroy, 2007
 Samantha – Mike & Trish Manwiller, 1988
 Sambucca – Shane & Sandra Reese, 1998
 Sami – George & Beverly Stehman, 2009
 Sam/Joey – Christine Pedneault & Jade Owens, 1997
 Sammy – Priscilla Eck & Charles McClelland, 2007
 Sammy – Janet Leibig Waltz, 2003
 Sammy – Judy Lenker & Lonnie Wilson, 1999
 Sampson – Ed Cadugan, 1988
 Sampson – Deborah Imhoff, 2006
 Samson – Dianne McHale, 2008
 Sara – Gary & Mary Strack, 2004
 Sara/Serenity – John Hobe, 1989
 Sarah – Judy & Ross Stellabotte, 1997
 Sarah/Kira – John & Connie Bromfield, 2013
 Sargeant Pepper – Todd & Jeannie Lau, 2004
 Sarge/Jake – Kate & Mark Ritter, 1999
 Sarge/Jake – Monica Scarazzo & Don Sluyter, 2004
 Sasha – Cheryl Smith & Bruce Zedowsky, 2007
 Sasha – Jen Imhoff – hospice, 1907
 Sasha – Mark Zavotsky, 2010
 Sasha/Rosie – Ben & Julie Maleski, 2005
 Satin – Don & Sue Mood, 1990
 Satin/Zera – Carolyn Brunschwyler, 1998
 Savannah – Jack & Barbara Robinholt, 2012
 Scarf – Helen & Russ Row, 1991
 Scarlet – Elmer & Jennifer Krebs, 2002
 Scarlet's Daisy – Sayward Fisher, 2002
 Scarlet's Digger – Bill McConnell & Erin Derr, 2002
 Scarlet's Digger – Michelle Krizan, 2003
 Scarlet's Digger – Lori & Dennis Stover, 2004
 Scarlet's Hero – Garry & Kathy Rubincam, 2002
 Scarlet's Maverick – Lester & Michelle Warner, 2002
 Scarlet's Pink – Tina Rodriguez, 2002
 Scarlet's Reno – Ed & Kelli Miller, 2002
 Scarlet's Reno – Wendy & Steve Zercher, 2003
 Scarlet's Ruby – Leslie Rideout, 2002
 Scarlet's Skipper – Mark & Kristiny Schlickau, 2002
 Scarlet's Tucker – Nicole Mummaw, 2002
 Scarlet's Tucker – Jackie Bingaman, 2003
 Schatzi – Chris Krum, 1987
 Sedona – Andy Baechle & Launa Mallett, 2005
 Shadow – Dave & Jay Young, 2005
 Shadow – John & Deb Sabatine, 2004
 Shane – Sharon Schiele, 1990
 Shane – Norm & Edie Metzger, 1992
 Shannon/Jesse – Judy Lieberman, 1989
 Shaq – James & Joan Mertz, 2007
 Shaq – Rhonda Bieber, 2007
 Sharday – J Doe, 1996
 Shaun – J Doe, 2007
 Shayna – Crystal & Jeff Parke & Grove, 2002
 Sheba – Doug & Laura Kaufmann, 2008
 Sheba – Don & Jane Francis, 1991
 Sheba – Betsy & Kris Kartosits, 2009
 Sheba – Catherine Taylor, 2004
 Sheeba – Judy Hilbish & Pat Ford, 1989
 Sheena – Ed Latshall, 1993
 Sheena – Sharon & Greg Schiele, 1988
 Sheena's Zorro – Robert & Deborah Weidner, 1988
 Shelby – Catherine Taylor, 2004
 Shilo – Gary & Sherrie Robinson, 2009
 Shilo – Anne Holena, 1997
 Shiloh – Ricky & Cindy Carpenter, 1997
 Shogun – Keith Scribner, 1986
 Shona – Dennis & Sandry Parmer, 2000
 Silas – Kris Trainer, 1992
 Simba/Ozzie – Brian & Gretchen Dugan, 1996
 Sinbad/Stoney – Ron W. Rankin, 2006
 Sky – Ruth & Larry Zuschlag, 1998
 Sky/Jazzie – Ron & Maryann Kale, 1999
 Sky/Jazzie – Allan & Suzanne Summerfield, 2000
 Sky/Jazzie – Barry & Koren Adomnik, 2000
 Sky/Jazzie – Joyce Platt, 2004
 Sky – Diane Turner, 2001
 Skylar – Elva Freyberger, 1989
 Smokey – Dave & Beth Curtis, 2006
 Smokey/Nitro – Lisa Stebbins & Rich Stuchkus, 2009
 Snicker Doodle – Gil & Di-Anne Zuber, 2006
 Sniper – John Kelly & Audrey Cienki, 2009
 Snoopy – Christy Hartman, 2007
 Snoopy/Major – Brian Murphy, 2003
 Snoopy/Major – Lisa & Robbie Cotter, 2003
 Sohren – Bob & Carol Johnson, 1989
 Spencer /Tigger –Alan Hendricks, 2001
 Spencer – Deborah Imhoff, 2001
 Spencer – Dunnaine King, 2002
 Spencer – Bob Davis, 2003
 Spencer – James Nelli, 2011
 Spice – BJ Sailor & Rama Oliverio, 2006
 Spike – Ginny O'Neill, hospice, 2003
 Spikers – Joe Siedlacki, 2006
 Spirit – J Doe, 1994
 Stacey/Kiara – Curt & Kelly Lewis, 2003
 Stanley – Alex & Vanessa Jarymovych, 2007
 Star – Richard & Denise Hoit, 2007
 Star – Charles & Mary Dolga, 2001
 Star – Frank Constantino, 2001
 Star – Adam Moschette, 2010
 Starr – Don & Darlene Mood, 1990
 Stasia/Becky – Sherry Elsesser, 2000

- Stasia/Becky – Angela & Jeff Bowman, 2002
 Stasia/Becky – Doreen Transue, 2007
 Stealth – Chris Ginder & JP Keiffer, 1998
 Stevie – Bret Russell, 1996
 Stevie – Jennifer & Walter Iwasevic, 1996
 Stormy – Melissa Melvin, 2007
 Stormy/Zoey – Tammy McCourry, 2003
 Sugar – J Doe, 2000
 Sugar – Elaine Gower, 2006
 Sugar – Caroline Scales, 2013
 Sugar – Les Lewis, 2007
 Sunny/Rowdy – David, Cindy & Austin Berner, 1998
 Sunny/Rowdy – Leslie Beecher, 1998
 Taey-Taey – Tanya Martin, hospice, 2004
 Tai/Eva – Marina & Doug Warner, 1998
 Tango – Vincent & Cindy Monaco, 2005
 Tanker – Bob Lucci, 2010
 Tasha – Carl Van Wagner, 2007
 Tasha/Lacie – Ethel & George Stambaugh, 1998
 Taylor – Bill & Cindy Updegrove, 1992
 Taz – Pat Cottrell, 2002
 Taz – Colleen Weaver & Jack Utter, 2004
 Te/Cappuccino – Suzie Weaver, 2014
 Theimer – Robert Sloan, 2006
 Thor – Tom Huebner & Joyce Haden, 1999
 Thor/Zach – Charles Ditzel, 1999
 Thor – Janet Rodgers Toner, 1999
 Thor – Diane Turner, 2001
 Thor – John & Veronica Olah, 2001
 Thor – Jennifer Minot, 2008
 Thor/Jack – Ben & Sandy Zajack, 2005
 Thunder – Mark & Amy Nolt, 2009
 Tia – Jerry & Evelyn Blanchard, 1993
 Tia – John & Sheila Kyle, 1996
 Tika – Richard & Meriam Sharp, 1996
 Titus – Susan Shipe, 2011
 Tomo/Grayson – Ron Rankin, 1997
 Tonka – Lynn Seidel, 2013
 Tony/Tornado – Brett Russell, 2011
 Tooley – Howard & Esther Luckett, 1989
 Torro – Marlene & Jason Shear, 1990
 Tosha – Evelyn Randall, 1991
 Tosha – Elaine Erb, 1993
 Trenton – Elaine Valadon, 2005
 Turbo/Terror – Timothy Miller, 2007
 Twister – Mindy Sciulli & Edward Lassiter, 2005
 Twister – Harry & Kathy Lindamood, 2005
 Twister – Jim & Terry Tommarello, 2005
 Tyche – Tricia Keeley, 1988
 Tyler – Karen Runkle, 1993
 Tyler – Ed & Jenny Hurys, 1995
 Tyler/Diablo – Don & Jen Martin, 2007
 Tyson – Don & Sue Mood, 1997
 Venus – Tracy & Ray Buaron, 2012
 Venus/Phoenix – Eric & Libby Crockhart, 2000
 Vinnie – Lyndsay Bolin, 2007
 Viper/Isis – Ben & Kathy Oostdom, 2009
 Viper – Mandy Miller Schlauffer, 2003
 Viper/Piper – Connie & Roger Kay, 2009
 Virginia – Lisa Frola, 2007
 Willis – Michael & Samantha Savage, 2006
 Willo – Scott & Shirley Crumblin, 2009
 Willow – Charley & Elaine Frisbee, 2009
 Willy/Cuervo – Jade & Christine Owens, 2001
 Windsor/Tigger – Louise & Bill Beam, 2000
 Windsor/Tigger – Dr. W. Edwin & Mrs. Suzanne Sauer, 2000
 Winnie – Svea Olsen & Anna Burk, 1987
 Winnie – Becky Schaeffer, 1987
 Winnie – Bill, CJ & Sarah Hamill, 2008
 Woody – Marilyn Rivenson & Gary Traeger, 1991
 Xena – Brian & Brenda Sellers, 1998
 Xena's Ben – Arlene & Mark Silcox, 1998
 Xena's Blue – Scott West, 1998
 Xena's Jackson – Jesse Doe, 1998
 Xena's Lola – Jason Geige, 1998
 Xena's Red – Mike Shank, 1998
 Xena's Sadie – Janine Wagg, 1998
 Xena's Yukon – Lew & Claire Keiffer, 1998
 Yellow – George Walton & Leslie Scheetz, 2001
 Zac – Carole Adams & Dante Gasbarrini, 2005
 Zach – Ron & Maryann Kale, 1999
 Zach – T.H. Lingenfelter, 2013
 Zach – Wendy & Scott, Jordan 1989
 Zane – Allen & Holly Tressler, 2004
 Zeke – Tom & Debbie Bauder, 1999
 Zelda – Carolyn Brunschwyler, 1987
 Zep – Kris & Vickie Wickwire, 1993
 Zera/Mandy – Jerry Croll, 2007
 Zeus – Donald & Bonnie Celin, 2003
 Zeus – Larry & Wanda Wallick, 2011
 Zeus – Denise & Greg Yerger, 2006
 Zeus – Vince Pulcinella, 1990
 Zeus – Bob & Lynn Chapleski, 2000
 Zeus – Larry & Wanda Wallick, 2011
 Zeus – Cathy Zerphy, hospice, 2000
 Zeus – Ralph Molesworth, 2000
 Zeus – Terry & Maria Laykish, 2000
 Zoe – Carolyn Brunschwyler, 2003
 Zoefe – Joanne Warrick, 1991
 Zoey – Diane Sorantino & Heather McManus, 2012
 Zonkers – Janel & George Jones, 2002
 Zoobie/Exuberant – Richard & Beverly Bowman, 2003
 Zorro/Ace – Bill & Jodi Kibler, 1988

Chapter Twelve

An Invitation Into Our Future

DOBERMAN **DISPATCH**

Annual Membership is \$20. Membership includes an annual subscription to our newsletter, *Doberman Dispatch*, with up to four issues each year. To become a member, send your name, address, and e-mail address, together with payment to Sherrie Robinson at her address below and payable to "DPR of PA."

To donate, please visit our website and use the "Donate" button, or make your check payable to "DPR of PA" and mail it to:

Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA,
Inc.
Sherrie Robinson, Treasurer
9203 Hickory Hill Road
Oxford, PA 19363

To explore volunteer opportunities, please contact:

Lois Katchur
daxdob@aol.com

We invite all who know and love our breed to join us in saving needy Doberman Pinschers. Donations and foster care are our most pressing needs, but we also welcome your help in transporting dogs, administrative or computer work, or some special skill you can offer that would be useful to us.

Doberman Pinscher Rescue of PA, Inc. is a 501(c)(3) non-profit, charitable organization. We rely on your tax-deductible donations, which go directly to help the rescued Dobermans in our care.

To stay current with DPR of PA activities, please visit our website at www.dprpa.org, Facebook page, or subscribe to our quarterly newsletter, *Doberman Dispatch*.



2015 Board Members

Seated: Linda Dulak, Vice President; Pam Taylor, Founder & President, Piper Taylor (front), Baron Katchur
Standing: Laraine Mocenigo, Director of Communications; Renee George, Director of Development; Sherrie Robinson, Treasurer; Lois Katchur, Secretary