

AIREDALE 911

Rescue and Adoption Committee
Airedale Terrier Club of America

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October 1993

Airedale Terrier Club
of America
Rescue & Adoption Committee

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Curly Sue

by Scott Armstrong
Austin, Texas

In March and April in west Texas, if there hasn't been any rain, the fields provide perfect kindling - dried grass and mesquite. Any single spark can start a fire. Lightening is what started the fire on this particular day.

The sky was black, with winds gusting to 70 mph. The fire was traveling at 35 mph. In outlying areas of Texas, fire departments are staffed with volunteers. The call had gone out for more volunteers because this fire was getting out of hand. One fire department tanker truck had already been lost. I volunteered and got the task of switching hoses from one tanker to another as they came in from being filled. Between trucks, I watched as others tried to extinguish the blaze.

As I looked out across the pasture, I could see what appeared to be a dog limping toward the emergency vehicles. It was obvious that the dog was in pain. I hurtled across the fence that was between us and ran to her, not giving any thought to the fact that this dog might bite me. As I picked up the dog, it just collapsed into my arms.

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Curly Sue

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I rushed the dog to the nearest vet, where I discovered that the dog was a female. She was severely dehydrated and malnourished, and the pads were nearly scorched off her feet. She had mesquite thorns embedded all over her body and hair, especially around her neck. The vet told me at that point that he could not tell whether or not she would survive the ordeal.

I took her home to my kennel in Odessa and placed her in a kennel with food and water. You see, I run an adoption service for greyhounds. For four days she ate, slept, and drank, getting up only to go to the restroom. Finally she began to show signs of recovery, and I felt I had to call her something so I named her "Curly Sue." I ran ads in all newspapers in the surrounding area and contacted all shelters to try to find her owners. But with no success after four weeks, I decided to take her to my family in Austin so that we might find her a good home there.

Through a chain of contacts, I was given the name of an Airedale Rescue Group in Pennsylvania and we were able to make the arrangements to have Curly Sue flown there. Unknown to me, during this time my 11 year old blind son and my 6 year old daughter had formed a very special bond with Curly Sue. Everywhere Brandon went, Curly Sue followed. If he laid on the floor, Curly Sue would lay down beside him. If Curly Sue wanted to be petted, she would gently nudge Brandon's hand.

I didn't realize that this bond had come about until Curly Sue was to fly out the next morning. I will tell you right now that if there had been any way we could have kept Curly Sue, we would have canceled those reservations. Unfortunately, we have so many dogs now that it was impossible for us to keep her.

Curly Sue will always have a special place in our hearts for we all love her and hope that she will find a family that will love her as much as we do. We feel very grateful to all the people associated with Airedale Rescue for taking Curly Sue. We know that she is in good hands and are assured that she will find that very special home that she so deserves.

"Curly Sue and I have become very good friends. Please give her a good home and let me know how she is doing. I love her very much. Thank you."

The letter, written in Braille by Scott Armstrong's son Brandon, which accompanied Curly Sue on her journey from TX to PA.

Follow-Up on Curly Sue

[Curly Sue was adopted by Sally & Donald Ives of Worthington, MA. They were kind enough to write a letter to Brandon and have it translated into Braille for him. Below are excerpts.]

Dear Brandon,

Curly Sue has only been here for three days, but she has already brought us such love and joy that I wanted to let you know as soon as possible . . .

My wife and I had a 12 year old Airedale named Attila (the Honey) who died of heart failure on April 4, 1993, leaving us and our now 11 year old Airedale Ha' Penny sad and lonely. We had searched and waited for an Airedale puppy to be available without luck when our breeders told us of Joey Fineran of the Airedale Rescue and Adoption Committee and of Curly Sue and "Bunny", a two year old Airedale with three legs, who also came to Pennsylvania from Texas. Since Ha' Penny has spinal problems and a weak back end, we thought Bunny might be the better match, but when we visited Joey, it was clear that Bunny was too active and pushy; she made Ha' Penny look old and tired. After some consideration, we decided Curly Sue was the best match for Penny and are we ever glad that we did!

We go for a mile or two dog-walk every afternoon and Ha' Penny struts proudly with Curly Sue as a companion in a way she hadn't since Attila died . . . Attila also used to wake me up from my after lunch siestas by drinking water and then nudging my face with her wet beard; Curly Sue likes to lick my arms

. . . Having adopted Curly Sue feels like the best thing we've done in some time. I'm sure some of her sweetness reflects the love you shared with her, and now she is sharing it with us, Brandon. Thank you and your family for caring enough to help such a wonderful dog so we could eventually adopt her.

Sally & Donald Ives

The Rascals of Rescue

Meet some of the dogs who have come into Airedale Rescue during the year since *Airedale 911* was last published. Included are dogs from the following states: Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, Florida, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Virginia.

[We'd like to hear from *everyone* who has helped an Airedale on to a new life.]

Brad	Gus	Andy	Tripper	Teddy
Rusty	Rosie	Fritz	Snookey	Mia (Bunny)
Holly	Sport	Andrew	Penny	Curly (Kirby)
Rufus	Maggie	Sweet Andie	Jason	Obie
Buck I	Chaco	Gale	Dolly (Maggie)	Buddy
Buck II	Mika	Hector	Annie	Holly (Josephine)
Kelsey	Bell	Honey	Rusty	Darby (Lili)
Abby	Megan	Ginger	Sam II	Samantha
Zeke	Spunky	Gus	Hadley	Anthony (Reggie)
Scooter	Caspar	Cappy	Mason	Curly Sue
B.B.	Katie	Sparky	Dewey (Brad)	Skippy (Dakota)
Kaja	Ted	Patchy	Gracie	Dakota
Sojourn (Sojo)	Alex I	Plum	Roxanne	Abby
Claude	Alex II (Prince)	Indian	Gwen	Dundee
Bristol Annie	Babe (Maggie)	Alex	Coz (Chief)	Barney
Timber	Bart	Binky	Duke	Danny Boy
Doogan	Bosley	Gingersnap	Rover	(Woody)
Sampson	Buffie	Sandy	Annie	Daisy Mae
Hank	Cory	Daisy	Gramps	Maggie Mae
Sierra	Dakota (Abby)	Buddy	Jake	Tyler
Toby	Easter (Sarah)	Taylor	Duffy	Misha
Trouble	Fergy	Beau	Maggie	Toby (Lear)
Rock	Fred (Buddy)	Faith	Amos	Mindy
Radar	Fritz	Gigi	Cookie	Lelie
Buddy	Gypsy	Grace	Sally	Orphie
Guy	Heather	Rocky	Raisin	Clyde (Barkly)
Bobby	Jacob	Teo (Tommy)	Chelsea	Ramsey
Ricky	Jenny	Jack	Lady (Spunky)	Max
Queenie	Josey	Murphy	Scout	Romeo
Charlie	Kismet	Bernie	Katy	Jordan
Angel	Kyser	Teddy	Princess	Ruby
Ariel	Molly	Molly	Lorry	Toby (Tav)
Bismark	Monroe	Major	Paws	Spring (Sadie)
Britamar	Morgan	Whitney	King	Maxwell
Charlie	Ollie	Waldo	Jack	Cleo
China Doll	Perry	Mozie	Elinor (Good Friday)	Molly
Dusty	Rocky	Bootsie	Big Boy	Whitney
Jason	Rufus	Sprite	Penelope	Racey
Jesse James	Sadie	Coco	Nipper	Alice
Kelly	Sarah	Mr. Copperfield	Wolfie	Gabby
Lady Samantha	Smiles (Fanny)	Allie	Oliver	
Lambchop	Stanley	Jake	Ginny	
Rocky	Tiegan	Bear	Teddy	
Sarah	Trenton	Tucker	Archie	
Sugarplum	Wendy	Abigale	Simon	
Casey Jo	Zachary	Muggins		

The Flood of '93

by Mary Johnson
St. Louis, MO

Most people who were flooded out of their homes had some warning. The shelter at St. Charles, MO, took in the most dogs but also seemed well prepared. People who needed to temporarily place their dogs were matched by the shelter with volunteer families.

Some people mistakenly thought that the water would go recede quickly and believed that their pets would be safe at home. But the water did not go down. The Humane Society and National Guard troops rescued many pets from roofs, attics, and flooded yards. One of the saddest stories involved a dog rescued from a flooded yard in Illinois. He had been in the water so long that the pads on his feet had rotted.

We heard from several people that TV news footage of the flood had shown an Airedale stranded on a rooftop, but we never found him. As of this writing, there are no Airedales in the flood rescue system. Our greatest problem now is the lack of adoptive homes for dogs we currently have. People who would consider a rescue dog are either fostering flood dogs or assume that a dog in rescue is safe and are trying to help dogs in more desperate need. Some may be helping flood victims and don't feel they can bring a dog into their homes right now. Our homes for rescue dogs seem to have dried up.

In one area, a propane gas "farm" was covered over by flood waters, and 53 tanks were lifted off their cribs by the rising water. After several fires and concern about explosions, an area around the "farm" was evacuated. This area was gradually expanded. Police appeared, telling people to leave their homes immediately, not allowing them to remove their animals. Never did these people dream that they wouldn't be allowed to return for up to 11 days. In many cases, these were not homes that were at risk by the flood. The area, affecting 10,000 to 12,000 people, was sealed off by police and National Guard. Utilities were shut off to protect against explosion.

St. Louis summers are hot and humid. Imagine a house closed up without air-conditioning in 90-95 degree heat and no open windows, freezers and refrigerators thawing, and garbage rotting. And with your dogs, cats, and birds left inside.

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Murphy

Murphy had been surrendered by a family with a couple of young boys who were just starting little league baseball, and the family felt they no longer had time for Murphy. About a year and a half old, Murphy definitely knew what he wanted in a family.

He was interviewed by several prospective families but just didn't seem happy with them. It was pretty funny when a family would come to see him and he'd stand there with no expression. People were generally turned off by his lack of personality. We were beginning to doubt the descriptions we had been given about Murphy.

Finally we took him on an interview with a family that sounded just like his old family. The real Murphy appeared as soon as he got out of the crate and saw the two little kids. He was alive, energetic, and as happy as could be to see his [now] new home. Murphy had found his right family. His being fussy and reserved certainly proved beneficial!

Carolyn Campbell & Mary Johnson (MO)

Guy

Guy was a frequent visitor to dog jail. His papers always showed a pickup at the same address. Every time he was in jail, we went down to visit and got to be good friends. He would wait philosophically for his master and seemed content. It must have gotten pretty expensive bailing him out, because finally one day he wasn't claimed. We brought him home. Guy was in shock over not being claimed. With no charges against him and so devoted to his master, we checked out his pickup location. It was a school playground. Aha! A lonely child-loving doggie.

We found an experienced Airedale family in Fairbanks and the son and grandkids came over to meet Guy. We figured he'd committed suicide when he nipped one of the kids on the ear lobe. However, Grandpa called and said the kid was a nasty one and he didn't blame the dog. The next weekend they drove the eight hour drive to pick up Guy. It was a rocky placement for a while (Guy attended obedience school twice), but they are thrilled with him now.

Carol Dickinson (Alaska Rescue)

Maggie Mae Adopting An Adult Dog

by Dean O'Hollaren
Wilmington, Delaware

After our Airedale Penny died, we thought we wanted to replace her with an Airedale puppy. After a year or so, however, we decided that we "senior citizens" would be much better off with an older, mature dog. When the opportunity came to adopt Maggie, a five and a half year old Airedale, we decided she was what we wanted.

We have had Maggie a little over a month. She was comfortable with us as quickly as we were comfortable with her. She is now a very important member of our family and we enjoy every minute with her. It's an awakening to realize how much our life revolves around her.

Maggie is completely housebroken, obedient, very loving, affectionate, and fun to play with - a real plus. We are amazed at how obedient she is - stubborn sometimes, but that's Airedale - also not only curious but nosy. Every corner of the house has been inspected by her. She obviously wants to please and usually does. She barks loud and clear whenever someone knocks on our door. She loves long walks, catching a ball, and the fuss the neighborhood children make over her. She has already made many friends, especially the children.

Maggie is a perfect match for us and we love her dearly. You couldn't have picked a better fit - she loves us and we love her! [P.S. I'm enclosing some snaps of our pride and joy.] [P.P.S. No. 1 son thinks Maggie's the greatest. No. 2 son met her Sunday and fell in love!]

Senior Citizens & Adult Dogs A Perfect Match!

Like many people, senior citizens often start out thinking that they want a puppy. Often an adult dog would be a much happier and more sensible choice for them. We all forget how much work is involved in the raising and training of a puppy.

Many thoughtful seniors also take into account that a puppy's life span may stretch beyond their own. No one wants his or her much-loved pet to become homeless as an adult or as a canine senior.

Old Happens!

Save A Place for an Older Face

For Hanna

by Elizabeth Clark

What morning when you waken
Is the right one to decide
That this dog will be forsaken
And no more with you abide?
A dog like this, she'll find a home
And what will be the harm
In telling all the children
That she'll be living on a farm?
As you bring her in and leave her
In her lonely metal cage
And act as though you have no choice
I feel a silent rage.

What heinous thing has this dog done?
What had been her crime?
Or are there other things more pressing
And you don't have the time?
This dog who loved her master
And served him day by day
Has become an inconvenience
And has now been sent away.
She keeps a faithful vigil,
The tears in my eyes burn.
While with trusting expectation
She waits for your return.
A dog like this will have no home,
No master will be found
For who will take an older dog
When younger ones abound?
Now at last her time has come,
And with a gentle nod
I'll cradle your dog in my arms
And send her back to God.

Holly

Holly was confiscated by an SPCA from homeless people living in their car and leaving her unattended for long periods of time. Fortunately, this was just before the terrible heat wave that gripped the East Coast for two weeks. The local newspaper got wind of the story and considerable sympathy was generated for the homeless people who had now lost their dog.

As a result of the story, someone stepped forward and offered the homeless people a place to stay. The SPCA then contacted them to ask if they wanted their dog back now that they had a home. They declined and signed Holly over to the SPCA. An older dog in pretty awful shape, Holly was happily released to Airedale Rescue by the shelter. But, like many Airedales, she "cleaned up pretty good," and a beautiful and noble head emerged from the wreckage. Regular meals filled her out, and access to a yard and some activity got old muscles back in shape.

And what a regal lady! She attended a local Airedale club meeting, and to the amazement of all, a dignified Holly sat quietly through the meeting. She mingled happily during the socializing after the meeting, as if she had attended meetings from coast to coast. By the end of the evening she had found a new home with a couple who had lost their elderly Airedale last year and were waiting for a very special dog to come along. They knew one when they saw one.

Airedale Rescue & Adoption (PA)

Obie

Two-year-old Obie was picked up as a stray. When notified, his owner relinquished Obie to the shelter. An ungroomed and matted mess, Obie had been tied out as an outdoor dog for his entire life. He became an absolutely beautiful, well-mannered, and wonderful house dog literally overnight. And what a smart boy! Right away he convinced his foster mom that she should let him sleep in bed with her. Now Obie is the cherished pet of a family with several children and a lab puppy who naps well-protected between Obie's front paws.

Airedale Rescue & Adoption (PA)

Hurricane Andrew

by Sally Schnellmann
Delray Beach, Florida

Hurricane Andrew, the monster storm that attacked South Florida on August 24, 1992, left thousands of people homeless in its wake. It also left homeless an estimated 87,000 pets. In the matter of a few short hours, family pets who had survived the storm were lost to the streets. Most would never be reunited with their original owners.

We are in the 1993 hurricane season. In the event of another storm, animals still have no safe shelter. When owners leave home to seek safety in a hurricane shelter, they cannot take their animals with them. Animals are not accepted at hurricane shelters, and there are no storm shelters for pets. For this reason, many pet owners risked their own lives by staying in their homes during the storm rather than seek safety in shelters. They would not leave their animals.

If you have never charted a hurricane, you might be surprised at the erratic course one can take. Seldom does it stay on a direct course. Until those final hours, you are never sure exactly where it will strike. You need a plan. After securing your home, the best plan is to pack up your family and animals and leave the area. Unfortunately, many people are unable to do that. They have to either go to a shelter or ride out the storm in their homes. When Andrew hit Homestead, Florida, we saw how dangerous that last option can be.

Tent cities were set up to house the many who were suddenly homeless. Rescue workers continually found families who refused to leave their demolished homes. Why? For many it was because tent cities would not take pets. Not only did families decide to stay with their own animals - many of them took in other homeless animals to share the meager shelter, food, and water they had left.

Existing animal shelters were unable to keep up with the unending flow of displaced and stray animals. Shortly after the hurricane, we traveled to Animal Control in Miami to rescue an Airedale. In searching the jammed cages, it was heartbreaking to look into the eyes of those frightened animals.

Emergency plans were set in motion to help the animals. An alliance of humane groups and local citizens set up V-MASH (Veterinary Mobile Animal Surgical Hospitals) units to provide emergency medical care and shelter. Manned by volunteer veterinarians, these MASH units provided free veterinary care to treat broken bones, cuts from flying glass, and other injuries.

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And We Get Letters

We just want you to know how much joy Heather has brought to our family. She's doing great. She plays for hours with us, all the while her little stubby tail wags. Already her timidity is dissipating as she braves the stairs and all the rooms in the house. She was so scared to come into bathrooms and bedrooms - she sleeps at the foot of the bed in her own comforter and greets us in the morning with kisses. Yes, she has learned to give kisses! We even saw her get up onto the sofa without us even coaxing her. She looked at us and smiled. Thank you for taking such good care of her. We truly appreciate it. She has such a sweet spirit. We love her.

Lynnda Ebright & Linda Mazade (MI)

Thank you for a wonderful friend! Dudley is Operation's Manager & Supervisor of all activities at Little Creed Farm. He's also a very dear friend and companion.

Mason & Susie Slaughter (MD)

Eppie is still very much our "pride and joy" and is beautifully behaved with my 3 month great-grandson who visits us regularly.

Edna Smith (PA)

Thanks so much for our Oscar. He brings much joy to each member of our family. In fact, as I write his head is in my lap. As you know, I was hesitant to get a grown dog; I wanted a "pup." How glad I am now that we found Oscar. He couldn't have been a more loyal dog if we had raised him. He's smart and great with the many children we have coming and going in our home. I could go on and but just to end - thanks, thanks, thanks, for my newest baby, Oscar.

Chaddin (KY)

Spencer has become my constant companion when I am home and he has picked up quite a howl when I go out and leave him behind! He sends his love and is FAT, HAPPY, AND SPOILED!

Ed Burns (MD)

In one year together, Metro's tally of chewing: 1 small oriental rug, 1 pair wool crepe pants, 1 pair rainboots, 2 slippers (different pairs), 2 wicker trash baskets, 1 glove, 1 guest's shoe, 1 tree. Despite ll, she is a love and I wouldn't turn her in - even for a docile Airedale! She's the most popular kid on the block!

Virginia Borklund (NY)

Our house was not the same when the two wonderful 14-year-old Airedale bitches we raised from puppies both died. At this time we are not able to take on the training and raising of a puppy, and we knew that our 12-year-old Wheaten would not readily accept the constant activity that a puppy would bring.

Lucky for us! We adopted a five year old bitch from Airedale Rescue. She was housetrained, sweet tempered, and in need of nothing but love. And she made it easy for us to love her from the minute that she entered our home. After knowing her for several days we wondered what could possibly be wrong with her. We have subsequently found out that there is nothing wrong with her. She has quickly become a member of the family. We would love to raise a puppy again but will never again forget how wonderful it is to have an older dog who has put all the craziness of youth behind her - but still retains the vitality, depth and sparkle that is gained only by the polishing of experience. We would heartily recommend an older dog.

Jim McFarlane (PA)

Bonnie is our wonderful companion - big, beautiful, intelligent, friendly, but ready to defend us if a stranger comes around. Everyone loves Bonnie! When we go for walks, she stops in front of the houses she wants to visit. She is always welcome!

Mary & Harry
McLaughlin (FL)

And We Get Letters

After we lost our first Airedale rescue dog to cancer, we figured we would never again have such a perfect companion as Hudson. But after two years we decided to contact rescue people because we really missed having an Airedale in the house.

The four children and I picked up Obie in April. It is now July and we find it hard to believe that we once had a life without Obie. Besides being a gorgeous looking four year old, he is the most pleasant and eager to please fellow one could imagine. And Obie has a lot to put up with in a household of four children ranging from 3 to 13, one cranky old male cat, and a four-month old lab puppy (Murphy Brown). There is no nicer picture than Obie lying down with Murphy Brown snuggled between his front paws.

I can't say enough about the good job [the rescue group does]. Twice they've matched us with the greatest Airedales for our family. Obie is a treasure.

Sally Birdsall (PA)

He was one of several siblings, separated soon after birth. The first years of his life were spent in a solitary existence. When we first heard about him, we hesitated, not knowing how or if he would fit into our family. On the day we made his acquaintance, his disheveled and despondent appearance caused us to hesitate. But the moment he turned those deep brown eyes on us, beseeching us to give him a chance, we knew our hearts were lost.

He gives love and affection as if from the bottom of an everflowing well . . . From those first tenuous moments of indecision, it is hard to imagine our home without his teddy bear face and leather-like nose. My companion, my confidante, my Airedale Terrier, Bubbles.

Janine Szamanski (MI)

At last the promised photos:

- (1) Rocky in full speed coming from around the deck . . .
- (2) Rocky wore out the old stairs. New ones to be painted this spring.
- (3) Loves snow. We are almost above the tree level here.
- (4) I think this one says it all. Rocky looks happy, doesn't he?
- (5) Rocky looking in the kitchen window. (He's on the deck.)
- (6) Rocky in his yard at another gallop.

Dee Petersen (MA)

Here are some "pics" of Corey.

He is coming along fine - I'm a wreck. In the last two days he has tried to eat an SOS pad (turned his beard & legs blue), straight pin, 6 Andes chocolate mints which he stole from my sister's grocery bag, cotton balls, bird seed, etc. So far he has not gotten ill.

Judy Frisby (MI)

Reggie is doing very well. He knew his name within 24 hours. He is a joy to walk and since we are heading for the shore today, that is a plus!

The vet removed Reggie's sutures from his neutering. She thought he was a great dog and he behaved very well during the exam.

We enjoy having him with us and since he seems to enjoy following us all around the house and yard, guess he likes it here, too. Hope he likes the seashore also.

P.S. He was very quick to learn where his food and treats are kept . . .

Caroline/Doug Hadley (PA)

Greetings With Love From A Lonely Dog

I wish someone would tell me what it is
That I've done wrong.
Why do I have to stay chained up and be
Left alone so long?
They seemed so glad to have me when
I came here as a pup.
There were so many things we'd do
While I was growing up.
The Master said he'd train me as a
Companion and a friend.
The Mistress said she'd never fear
To be left alone again.
The children said they'd feed me and
Brush me every day.
They'd play with me and walk me
If I would only stay.
But now the Master "Hasn't Time"
The Mistress says I shed.
She doesn't want me in the house
Not even to be fed.
The children never walk me.
They always say, "NOT NOW"
I wish that I could please them
Won't someone tell me how?
All I had, you see, was love.
I wish they would explain.
Why they said they wanted mine
And then left it on a chain.

From *paw prints*,
Newsletter of the Humane League of
Lancaster County (Lancaster, PA)

Have A What?

Rescue work often takes one down unexpected paths. From time to time, rescue workers find themselves helping out another breed, often one for which there is no organized rescue group. Often this is for another terrier breed.

This year's award for the Path Seldom Taken goes to Melissa Moore of Arizona Rescue, who found herself fostering a Hovawart!

[Yes, that's a dog!]

Honey

South Florida's "Miracle Girl"

by Sally Schnellmann

When I arrived home from work, they were waiting for me. The young couple had made the two-hour drive down the coast to bring Honey to Airedale Rescue. When I looked at this seven-year-old Airedale, my heart sank into my shoes.

Honey was in pathetic health. What hair she had left had been bleached blond, and there was certainly no sign of her black saddle left. In fact, there was very little hair on her back. Her tail was totally hairless and sported raw open sores. Her hairless skin, thick and black, smelled.

Only 34 pounds, Honey was pathetically thin. Muscles in her back legs had atrophied, probably from being crated for long periods of time. When she relieved herself, her back legs could not support her properly. Easing her into the tub for the first of many, many medicated baths, I lifted her front legs off the floor only to find her back legs too weak to support her. She collapsed to the floor.

Owned by a young man who had married a year earlier, Honey had been banished to the backyard for the past year. The couple who brought her to us had known Honey several years earlier when she had been brought to a pet shop for grooming. When they heard her owner wanted to get rid of her, they took her. After six days, they realized that she needed more medical treatment than they could provide, and their vet told them about Airedale Rescue.

Taken to our vet the next morning, Honey was treated for worms and severe ear infections, as well as seborrhea. Doc told me she might never grow hair again on that "elephant skin" because it had been neglected for so long. She started on a regimen of medication, medicated baths, proper food and supplements - and a lot of love and understanding. We never heard a sound out of her for the first two or three weeks, and we had begun to wonder if she were able to growl or bark.

We saw progress. The worms were gone and she was gaining weight. We began to see signs of hair. At first she had no interest in interacting with our family of Airedales. Gradually, she started to acknowledge them. She was beginning to trust.

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Bobby

Bobby was our heartbreaker for this year. He was a shelter rescue. A tall graying matted mess when we picked him up, one touch told the story. He was absolutely emaciated. We rushed him to the vet before we even got him home. He weighed 31 pounds and was pronounced to be about five years old. Our vet called him our little Biafran Airedale. So skinny you could feel the individual curves on the bones in his spine, he should not have been able to walk or eat. Nevertheless, he nearly yanked my arm off hauling the leash to get out of dog jail and into our car.

Obviously he had not been a great street survivor, but he sure had a street punk personality. He could upend every trash can in the house and sweep the kitchen counter clean in about two minutes flat. He checked every nook and cranny for crumbs and possibles, and he drank from the toilet. However, as soon as he learned he could eat regularly, he became a great houseguest.

The most remarkable thing was that Bobby's recovery was complete in only eight days. On a special diet of growth dog food and stress vitamins, he regained 20 pounds. His testicles were atrophied when he brought him home. But by the next week he was willing to mate with flies and dandelions.

Bobby got his name because he was such a bonkers dog in his street-punk phase. In his testosterone-overload phase, he could only be described as a "Bubba." However, we felt that Bubba was not a hopeful name for a dog you are trying to place. Since he liked the name and answered to it the first time we mentioned it, we named him the next closest thing: Bobby.

He had obviously been alone a lot and was able to entertain himself for hours throwing a ball and catching it himself. He didn't know how to play with people and had little understanding of human expectations. Being exuberant and undisciplined made him somewhat difficult to place. He finally went to live with a childless working couple who jogs. They had lost a beloved Airedale recently. Because Bobby could entertain himself alone and was potty trained, they felt he was perfect.

Carol Dickinson (Alaska Rescue)

Taylor

Taylor received our Pony of the Year award. Turned in at a city shelter, he weighed in at an underweight 84 pounds and stood 28 1/2 inches at the shoulders. He was our gentle giant - handsome and without a mean bone in his body. He was well-behaved (thank goodness) and not prone to throwing his weight around.

His new home is with two teachers and a Soft-Coated Wheaten. Their home has an island counter that separates the living/dining areas. Taylor has no choice but to behave. They can watch his head clearly from anywhere in the area!

Carolyn Campbell & Mary Johnson (MO)

Rickybob

Ricky was a doll, with a strong mind and a sweet personality. He appeared to have suffered no long-term consequences of life with an abusive family. He got along well with all the other dogs, including the males. He was not quite a year old so we put him in the same pen with Bobby and they kept each other occupied for hours.

They adored each other and were inseparable. We referred to them as Rickybob, as in "Did you feed Rickybob?" or "Where are Rickybob?" They shared opposite ends of the same bone. They played tug with a tennis ball until they were exhausted and would fall down still holding the ball.

Everybody who met them wanted them to be placed as a pair. This was not to be, but both adopting families agreed to visit so Rickybob could play.

Carol Dickinson (Alaska Rescue)

The Flood of '93

(Cont'd. from Page 4)

After several days, county police allowed humane society workers (with owners' keys) to try to collect some of the animals. City police, in those areas where they had jurisdiction, did not. You can imagine people's anguish. The media did not tell the public about the animals' plight until about five days had passed. We could hardly believe that police had been so insensitive as to not allow people to take care of their animals.

Living a mile from the river and protected by flood gates, we experienced little of this. But we were told that if the gates failed or if the sewers backed up, water would cover a lot of the city quickly. What would we do if we were not allowed home? I can tell you that this is a very vulnerable feeling. We had at the time five Airedales (two rescue dogs) and four cats.

We realized we needed *A Plan*. We decided that one of us would distract the police while the other one got everyone out. It would have been a Laurel and Hardy routine if it had worked. Luckily we didn't have to try.

The most important lesson to be learned is that disasters come quickly. You can't have a plan for everything, but you can try to think ahead. I've read that fire drills practiced in your head can be as good as fire drills carried out. And also remember, don't judge too quickly the people you may read about in disaster situations. They are under stresses that you can't imagine.

Stray Dog

by Charlotte Mish

Your wistful eyes searched each one as he passed.
Stray dog - so lost, so starved and starkly thin.
And yet your gallant hope held to the last
That there would come a heart to take you in.

Some came who jeered at your bewilderment,
Some kicked you, shouted,
threw things 'til you'd gone.

But oh, more cruel was the one who bent
And petted you, and murmured - and went on.

Airedale Rescue Needs Your Support in Word and Deed!

Please do what you can
to help Airedales in need.
They're counting on you.

Every snowflake
in an avalanche
pleads not guilty.

Hurricane Andrew

(Cont'd. from Page 6)

In an effort to identify pets so their owners could find them, a computerized system of tagging the animals was set up. Tagged animals could then be removed from the disaster area to foster homes and shelters. It was only through this system that we could learn of Airedales in need of being rescued in the hurricane area.

We brought the Airedales to foster homes and gave them medical care - and lots of love. These animals were badly traumatized. You could read in their eyes the horror they had experienced. We agreed to the requirement of allowing a reasonable amount of time before placing a dog in a permanent new home. This allowed original owners sufficient time to search for their pets.

In the months following last year's tragedy, the computerized lost and found program has been improved, and a statewide system has been put in place. Hopefully, in the event of another disaster, we will have one central source to trace animals rather than many small groups working independently. Unfortunately, there is still no safe storm shelter for animals.

Tucker

Four-year-old Tucker came into Metro Washington Rescue in May. During his three week foster care, he was a well-adjusted "great little guy." The vet who had previously treated him advised that all Tucker's shots were current and all he was missing was a heartworm test. Off to the vet - and you guessed it: the heartworm test was positive. And with his new adopting family expecting to pick him up the next day!

At the end of his six week treatment, he seemed to be in great shape. Just prior to his final check-up, Tucker became extremely ill and was raced to the vet with a temperature of 108. Although Tucker's liver was involved, the vet wasn't sure what had caused the problem or if it was related to the heartworm treatment. Fortunately, Tucker has now fully recovered - but vet costs for him to date are in excess of \$1,000.

[Fortunately, the Metro Washington Club is extremely lucky to have very generous members who support Airedale Rescue. Unfortunately, not all rescue groups are that lucky. Please support rescue in whatever way you can. It only takes an emergency or two to put a serious burden on even those rescue groups with active fundraising efforts.]

Lou Swofford (Metro Washington Rescue)

Beau

Turned into a shelter by owners who were moving, Beau was our all-time favorite. Although two Airedale females (Faith & Grace) were also at the facility, Beau had obviously been the "chosen one." Loved by all, he truly had received special treatment. Shelter workers kept him healthy through a parvo outbreak and housed him in the heated side of the shelter (unlike Faith & Grace, who were kept outside in 10 degree weather). He got a group good-bye from the shelter staff and they made us promise that he would get a good home. We soon learned why.

After being neutered, Beau came home to show off. He was great with everyone - men, women, kids, cats, dogs, probably even birds. His big fears were city noises (Beau was a country boy) and being left alone outside. He was thrilled to get into a house. He was happy to go outside to do his business - but not alone. And if you tried to sneak back into the house, he could beat you to the door from any spot in the yard. Beau found a well-deserved good home with a newly retired couple who dreamed of a dog who wanted to go for walks, vacations, and who would always be with him. Beau is glued to their sides now - a perfect match!

Mary Johnson & Carolyn Campbell (MO)

Radar

Radar has a knack for the dramatic and his arrival was no exception. Most of Alaska has no roads so he had to relocate by plane, no small feat in January. Days when the temperatures permit live animals in flight are rare. After days of phone calls, weather checks, and flight reservations, he finally arrived at 2 AM.

He was still a pup. His previous owner had hung a bad reputation on him - not potty trained, hates people, only likes other dogs, undisciplined. Once in the terminal, I had no trouble locating Radar. You could hear him howling from the parking garage. I carried the puppy kennel out to a snowbank and let him out. He watered a tree and we went off to the car, where he cuddled on my lap all the way home.

At 3:00 AM my entire confusion of Airedales warmly greeted him. They all got acquainted in the backyard and did a group poop, after which we tucked in for the night. It was clear in the morning this pup was potty trained, eager to please, and loved people. We placed him almost immediately with Piper, the starving rescue we reported on last year. Unfortunately, Piper really enjoyed being an only dog and went into a severe depression. Radar was returned to rescue by a broken-hearted family.

Meanwhile an opening had occurred with one of our rescue families. He has now become a permanent member of the rescue team.

Carol Dickinson (Alaska Rescue)

Nude Airedale Mud Wrestling

by Carol Dickinson
Alaska Rescue

Discovery of this sport has been a true highlight among the many odd events that happen in a rescue home. It came about because we had at one time four unneutered males sharing our household simultaneously. Two of them did not get along and were always kept in separate parts of the house or yard. However, they are smart and had figured out how to bang on the door just the right way to pop the deadbolt.

One morning we had sent group A outdoors and group B had come in for morning love, medicines, and breakfast bones. We then retired to our bedrooms to dress. I had just removed my nightie and was grabbing my panties (thus completely unattired) when group A broke through the deadbolt and re-entered our humble abode. Immediately the two males started argument number 103. Quite out of character, everybody else chose a side and we had an Airedale hurricane swirling through the dining area. Naturally, you don't wait to intervene so I rushed to the fray - in the nude.

We had experienced several "discussions" of this nature and knew there was no murderous intention. It was all posturing and jockeying for rank in the pack. None of these arguments ever drew blood or caused a puncture. We were used to wading in among them, grabbing the culprits, and forcing them into neutral corners. I had no hesitation and waded in, grabbing females and submissive males and throwing them aside as I headed for the main combatants. They thought this was pretty good sport and just bounced back in as the whirling mass circled the room.

We had just had a rain after a long drought, so naturally every dog had rolled in mud. So as they bounced around and I waded through, I accumulated layers of mud. I reached the two main instigators and grabbed their collars to shove them apart but couldn't hold them.

My son is learning disabled but I had taught him not to get between two arguing dogs, especially since the privilege of sharing his attention was often the subject of the argument. He had been taught to turn on the water hose. Following his training, he thought about the hose but there wasn't one handy in the dining room. So he did the next best thing: he picked up the three-gallon water bowl and flung it directly into the fray. He hit the biggest target - me.

Now we have a Roseanne-Arnold-sized nude mud-covered woman with muddy rivulets gushing down onto mud-covered dogs and flushing the first layer of mud into our beige carpet. Being soggy and in a whirling mass of muddy dogs, I collected a second layer of mud. I said a few choice words. Several dogs got the message and stepped aside and the war was put to an end. Thus was invented the sport of nude Airedale mud wrestling. Believe it or not, no human body parts were injured and not one Airedale had a wound of any kind. Even the carpet suffered no permanent injury.

***Only ONE pet in every
six lives out its
entire life with its
original family.***

The Womens
Humane Society

***25% of pets
are destroyed by
the time they reach
two years of age.***

Doris Day
Animal League

Honey (Cont'd. from Page 9)

As the weeks and months went by, Honey thrived. Day by day, she grew stronger and stronger. Now not only interacting with our three Airedales, she was playfully challenging them, even though outweighed by up to 20 pounds!

During all this time, of course, we fell totally in love with this sweet, loving Airedale and her charming personality. We knew that the chances were slim of placing this seven year old with just the right family who would continue to provide the care she needed to maintain her health. We were prepared to add her to our family of Airedales.

Then we were contacted by a wonderful couple who had lost their sixteen-year-old Airedale the previous year. They wanted to adopt Honey and give her the happy life of THE dog in their family. Six months after arriving at our house, Honey went proudly to her new home, healthy and beautiful. She is adored by her new family, who feels blessed to have her.

Honey and her family came to visit recently. Freshly groomed and wearing a sporty neck scarf, Honey was stunning! She now has a thick and luxurious coat and her black saddle is back. The deep copper color is returning to her furnishings. She was thrilled to visit, but when it came time to leave, she was eager to go home with her new family. She is truly top dog there.

And We Get Letters

Little Jim Dandy is a wonderful dog, and everybody that meets him loves him. Very brave, too! He snapped at a big Great Dane the other day.
Bob Wilson (NJ)

Just wanted to give you an update on my new home. I no longer stay in a cage during the day. Pam (my human slave) put up a Christmas tree this week. I had a lot of fun with this until she got home from work.

My human neighbors come over every day to administer to my every need. We have established a routine of outside first, back in for a game of tennis, then a treat before I send them on their way. I have them trained also.

Casey Wooliever (MI)

Rufus and I are doing terrific. He adjusted very quickly to his new home. As you can see, he stole my brother's heart, too, as he does with everyone he meets. As I said we are a match made in heaven. We both like to sleep late on the weekends, go for walks in the woods or sometimes go to the park, go for rides, stop at McDonald's for french fries, and just have fun. Rufus is also very intelligent and has outsmarted me a time or two . . . he is such a character! And a lively character; he loves to play from the time he gets up to the time he goes to bed! He keeps from becoming a couch potato, which I need!

Linda St. Cyr (MI)

Here's a picture of Spring. We changed her name to Sadie. She's a wonderful, good-natured dog and full of fun. She and my husband Gus have become fast friends and, of course, I race home from work faster than ever to see her. We are so grateful to have a great dog like Sadie and we're very appreciative of all the effort and concern that goes into your rescue league.

Martha Testa (MA)

Maggie just went to the groomer for the summer cut and he just thinks she's wonderful. I think she's getting very spoiled because everyone loves her. Her behavior has improved a lot and she seems to be more willing to listen now. (She also follows me everywhere.) Her greatest fun is playing with Pumpkin but she can't figure out how this cat can go upstairs and hide so well . . . This little girl keeps me hopping. I think it's been good for my arthritis.

Joy Hogg (PA)

A Very Special Thank You To

*the people who have opened their hearts and homes
to give an Airedale, at times an older dog, a second chance*

rescue workers who give what is most precious: time

vets who provided affordable veterinary care for rescue dogs

those who have made donations of money, crafts, supplies, grooming, and training expertise

*Elizabeth Mattison (Canandaigua, NY) and Charlene Johnson (Monroe, CT),
for being kind enough, when faced with the loss of family members,
to request that memorial donations be made to Airedale Rescue*

Thanks to Anne & Jim Townley for the printing of Airedale 911