

Airedale 911

Joey C. Fineran, Editor

Annual Newsletter of the Airedale Terrier Club of America Rescue and Adoption Committee

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www.AiredaleRescue.net

Chairman

Elizabeth Berry
Midlothian, VA
804-378-9367

Chair@AiredaleRescue.net

Vice-Chairman

Sally Schnellmann
Woodland Park, CO
Airemman@aol.com

Secretary

Delia Hardie
New Orleans, LA

Secretary@AiredaleRescue.net

Treasurer

Rusty LaFrance
Las Vegas, NV

Treasurer@AiredaleRescue.net

Directors

Joey Fineran
Upper Black Eddy, PA
Airedale@epix.net

Barbara Curtiss
Cornwall, CT
sculptaire@snet.net

Christine Sheffer
Rush, NY

Consultants

Janice Tucker
jjpqtt@charter.net

Cindy Johnstonbaugh
airedalz@comcast.net

A STORY OF HEROES

Soon Ken Hubble would have the answer to his biggest concern. Of all the fears and worries which this hero had had to cope with over the past year, this one was now uppermost in his mind as he eagerly but anxiously made his way toward the home of his personal heroes, the Rescue couple who had lovingly cared for his dog while he was serving his country in Iraq.

This story really begins about two years ago when Ken, a young western Pennsylvania FedEx driver and National Guardsman, contacted Airedale Rescue. As luck would have it, the Delaware Valley group had just taken in three Airedales about a year and a half old — a male and his two sisters, each of whom had a litter of four pups, making the male both their father and their uncle.

The Airedales, along with other dogs of different breeds, had been seized by the authorities from an urban breeder, who had been keeping them in the cellar of the shell of an abandoned inner-city building which had no electricity, no water and no heat. At the scene, one pup had been found dead of unnatural causes. The other pups in the litter that was just days old, suffered from gangrene as a result of their barbaric tail docking. All of the dogs were justifiably terrified of humans, but got along well with and depended upon one another — obviously their only source of love. With their surviving pups, the three terriers were entrusted to Airedale Rescue.

The litters were kept with their mothers in two separate foster homes. First to be placed, in late November, the male went to his new home with the strict understanding that he would be picked up by Rescue to keep his neutering appointment, which was honored in January on schedule by volunteer Heather Estlow who transported him to Altoona and back. It is protocol to have every rescue dog neutered or spayed before placement, but Ken understood and agreed that this dog needed this home as soon as possible to begin to gain trust in humans and overcome his especially severe fright. And at the time, Ken really needed that very special job of showing this dog what life is supposed to be like.

Ken named his new Airedale Ricky and introduced him to an environment full of love and smiles and good food and kisses, *(cont'd on page 2)*

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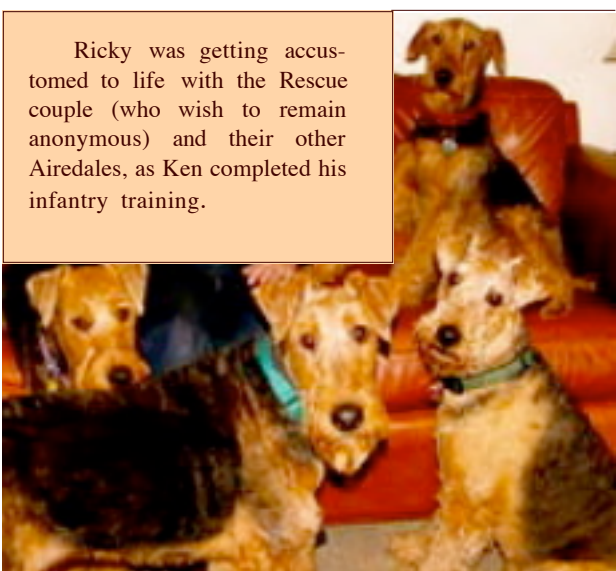
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A Story of Heroes, cont'd... all of which he happily shared with Ken's Coonhound, Lucy. Ken faced each difficult challenge as they came up, with firm resolve. Realizing that Ricky was very, very fearful, especially of men, Ken remained consistently calm, cautious, made no sudden movements, and even turned off ceiling fans. He was extremely patient. He used a leash to take Ricky from room to room. Slowly, Ricky adapted.

"Once Ricky realized I wasn't going to hurt him and he could do pretty much what he wanted, he got closer to me," recalls Ken. A major turning point, in Ken's mind, occurred when a male visitor came to the house and Ricky, instead of seeking safety by running from the room, lay down next to Ken's feet. "At that time I realized we had bonded and he was feeling more secure," says Ken. Ricky became Lucy's playmate and Ken's best friend. One of their favorite pastimes was to watch a local morning news program featuring a female anchor. Ricky sat mesmerized by the TV screen while Ken drank coffee, scratched Ricky's head and teased him about having a crush on the newswoman. At all times Ricky was with Ken, even waiting patiently outside his bathroom door when necessary.

Ricky's idyllic new life changed just ten months later when Ken learned that his National Guard unit was being called up for four months of training followed by what ended up being eight months in Iraq. Lucy was placed with Ken's mom but Ricky, for several reasons, could not join her. Primarily, Ken's mom had cats and Ricky, unlike Lucy, did not get along with them.

Frantic about Ricky's fate and afraid that he might have to surrender him, Ken called Heather. To Ken's surprise, she offered a possible solution: perhaps someone in the rescue group would be willing to care for Ricky until Ken completed his duty. Two Philadelphia area Rescue volunteers, a married couple, well-experienced with Airedales and fostering, offered to take Ricky. Ken was stunned that someone he didn't know would do something so generous for him and Ricky. In addition, because Ken's deployment schedule made it impossible for him to make the trip, Heather organized a relay team of Airedale Rescue volunteers to transport Ricky across Pennsylvania when Ken left for training.



Ricky was getting accustomed to life with the Rescue couple (who wish to remain anonymous) and their other Airedales, as Ken completed his infantry training.

Ricky was getting accustomed to life with the Rescue couple and their other Airedales as Ken, an infantryman, completed his training and went to Iraq where he was a member of a reconnaissance platoon. Often in harm's way, Ken wrote Ricky's caretakers as much as he could while Ricky endeared himself to them with his friendly disposition and excellent behavior.

"I give lots of credit to Ricky's new family," says Ken. "They sent me e-mails with photos accompanied by letters 'from Ricky.'" For example, there was one of Ricky lying on a sofa followed by the words, "Just resting. Can't wait until you get home." Ken further states, "Just hearing stories about Ricky, knowing that he was running around and having fun, made me feel really good."

Finally, in late August, Ken's unit returned to the U.S. Ken had to complete some military requirements at Fort Dix, New Jersey, before he could see his mother, father, and family, and then Ricky. He planned to pick up Ricky only when it would no longer be neces-

sary to be separated from him, even for a day.

On September 13th, Ken and his mom went to get Ricky. All the way there, the question lurked in his mind. Would Ricky remember him after their being apart so long? When they got there, Ricky was romping out back with his fellow Airedales. They were in the kitchen, Ken and his mom, down on their knees when Ricky was let in. "Ricky eyeballed and circled me and then he walked toward my mom," recalls Ken. "So I sat down on the sofa. Ricky immediately jumped up next to me and the hugging and excitement began!" Ricky became Ken's permanent "shadow" once again. "I am looking forward to getting back into top shape by walking and jogging with Ricky on the long bike path near my house," says Ken.

This story — because of a brave, caring American soldier and the heartwarming generosity of one civilian couple — has a happy ending and we can only hope that the future will bring Ken and Ricky countless mornings to enjoy watching their favorite TV newswoman.

*By Mike Lurski, Airedale Rescue and Adoption of the Delaware Valley, Inc.
with a little input from the editor.*



For Your Information



Food Allergy Dilemma

Every few weeks for 7 months a young male Airedale has diarrhea and itchy skin lasting for about a week. Once the diarrhea starts he is put on rice and ham- burger and the issues clear up then they put him back on the medi-cal vet food for allergies; they are ready to surrender him. Since he tolerates rice and hamburger, I suggested an elimination diet by slowly introducing natural foods to see what he can tolerate in hopes of finding a diet they can prepare for him or some ingredients they can look for in a high end, grain free dry food. *(at this point, Steph asked our rescue volunteer network for advice and there is a happy ending - the owner took many of the suggestions and found a food that is working!)*

Following is a summary of responses:

Brown rice has more vitamins and other nutrients than white rice does, so if they haven't done so, I'd put him on brown rice and hamburger for a week. The next thing that Plechner adds is boiled potatoes. Then maybe cooked chicken. Each time something new is added, don't add anything else new for a week.

If they don't want to go the people food route, there are quite a few canned and kibble foods on the market now that use unusual ingredients for the allergic dog (duck and potatoes, herring and rice, etc.). PetSmart in my area carries all sorts of stuff that you can experiment with to see what works. One of my dogs thrives best on Nutro Chicken and Oatmeal for Sensitive Stomachs. With such a hypo-allergic dog, it would probably be a good idea to try out several things for a week at a time and hopefully find at least two different combinations that he does well on.

Most allergists will tell you that it is best not to stay on the same food all the time (because that can build up an intolerance to that food), but to rotate among tolerated foods.

Avoid corn at all costs (almost all of my Airedales have had trouble with it); be meticulous about making sure that the dog doesn't get any "forbidden foods" in the form of treats (use some of his current kibble as treats); buy a copy of "Pets at Risk" by Alfred J. Plechner, DVM with Martin Zucker, read it from cover to cover and try to enlist the vet to do the same thing.

Barbara Mann - bmann4@woh.rr.com

We are having good results with Premium Edge salmon and potato kibble (available many pet supplies). And for dogs on special diets, we find that keeping some cooked potatoes in the refrigerator and giving them a hunk of that for a treat works great.

Barbara Curtiss - sculptaire@snet.net

One thing about reading labels....I found that some alternative protein foods had chicken fat in them. For a dog that's allergic to chicken, that's a problem.

Karen Clouston

If your dog is doing well on the food you are using, there is no reason to change. However, I suggest that if you feed a dog a single protein source all his life, the possibilities increase that he will have problems. (see below) I rotate among the premium varieties -- most grainless but some with quality grains. It has been my experience that once a dog is used to a large variety of foods, their systems can then handle anything.

www.dogfoodanalysis.com/how-often-should-i-change-foods.html

Sidney Hardie - shardie1@hughes.net

Seasonal flank alopecia - hairless patches on each side about the size of your hand—often mistaken for some kind of disease. I mentioned that Samson had it and Mary Lukaszewski told me what to do about it for next year. Her remedy came to her from some Russian friends, who said that "winter baldness" is very common in Airedales in Scandinavian countries and in Siberia where they live (and, I suspect, the sun never shines all winter). Once the hair loss has started they didn't think there was anything to do, but in the fall of the following year start giving two capsules of cod liver oil a week. Mary said she starts when the clocks go back in the fall. She wasn't sure of the exact dosage per capsule but she thought that all cod liver capsules were around the same size. The Russians were surprised that Americans did not treat this as a matter of course. I have since heard that Canadians follow this same course of treatment. My vet said she didn't know of any treatment, but felt that a dose of cod liver oil in the fall wouldn't hurt. I guess sometimes the old remedies are the best.

Michele Gorab — NJ

The Names of The Rescued

These are the 515 Airedales who were recorded as coming into rescue between 7/31/08 and 8/1/09.

Each year, for various reasons, hundreds of Airedales from all over the country find themselves in need of new homes. Sometimes they are lost or abandoned, but most often these dogs are unwanted simply because they have become an inconvenience for their owners. It might be because of a new baby, a move, a divorce, a marriage, a new job, illness, death, allergies, or - believe it or not - even because they are redecorating their home. In most cases, but not all, these dogs were not loved enough in their former homes.

These dogs whose names you see here are now cherished — something for which lots of them have waited a lifetime.

The ATCA Rescue and Adoption Committee recognizes and supports local rescue efforts and maintains a list of active volunteers who can be contacted when an Airedale needs help or when someone wants to adopt one of these great dogs.

Abby	Trapper	Diego	Henry	Ostara	Addie	Gina	Babe	Sofie
Angus	John	Sandy	Howard	Keefe	Molly	Oliver	Abigail	Ruby
Maggie	Savannah	Maggie	Jane Eyre	Edie	Toby	Lexie	Gizmo	Rylie
Gitan	Henry	Bentley	Kattie	Huey	Wingo	Ripley	Alice	Maggie
Brady	Trixy	Daisy	Lily	Lucky	Sammie	Jake	Barb	Jackson
Jackson	Penny	George	Molly	Mary	Goldie	Pepper	Grizwald	Wolfie
Leah	Tommy II	Bella	Susy Q	Miley	Gigi	Blaze	Willie	Cracker-jack
Vladd	Buddy	Ollie	Toby	Izzy	Whitney	Easy	Josie	Bear Bear
Molly	Smiley	Russell	Roo	Aggie	Petey	Ace	Rufus	Shasta
Oliver	Rosie	Gracie	Penny	Tucker	Jake	Rosie	Katy	Sammie
Lady Arya	Jethro	Bentley 2	Maizey	Hank	Princess	Astro	Elsie	Jonsey
Nebbiolo	Coby	Bess	Bart	Eubert	T-Bone	Chloe	Rigby	Tango
Heidi	Ruby	Buddy G	Duchess	Gander	Molly	Liberty	Tammy	Gus
Tilly	Tommy	Oscar	Rachel	Erick	Lucy	Otis	Lacey	Axel
Robbie	Bumpkin	Angel	Molly	Julia	Tanner	Welby	Lilly	Carlin
Stella	Maggie	Barney	Styx	Duke	Hannah	Lucy	Nugget	Crickett
Amelia	Sue	Tootsie	Merlin	Charlie	Hershey	Darby	Nattie	Morgan
Bucky	Nora	Belle	Brady	Joevee	Buckeye	Roxie	Libby	Keely
Audrey	Rusty	Custa	Henry	Lucille	Lily	Clever	Houdini	Kayla
Morgan	Chase	Daffy	Lilly	Ethel	Doe	Jessie	Duke	Barron
Kitch	Penny	Daisy	Finn	Mattie	O'Malley	Annie	Murphy	Kai
Lola	Duffy	Dixie2	Luigi	Tiny	Lizzie	Molly	Sam	Annie
Olivia	Teddy	Millie	Ollie	Catherine	Roxy	Pal	Nick	Teddy Bear
Hamish	Riley	Davy	Ginger	Hue	Nola	Bella Rose	Sadie	Fozzie
Baylee	Brady	Jones	Sonny	Jake	Annie	O'Reilly	Peanut	Scooter
Amy	Chester	Ellie	Tanner	Freda	Spencer	Riley	Wicket	Gracie
Zeus	Lacey	Chelsea	Sadie	William	Ruby	Armani	Zoey	Harvey
Conor	Lizzie	Maggie	Kipper	Serenity	Gretta	Sadie	Copper	Leroy
Finn	Yogi	Dawn	Toby	Phoebe	Judd	Ripley	Annie	Winston
Bruno	Ellie	Hope	Dusty	Mattie	Halo	Leo	Piper	Lucy
Tanner	Max	Bella	Stella	Autumn	Benny	Gus	Tuck	Archie
Jonesy	Jedediah	Brodie	Preacher	Mazie	Wonder	Deva	Sonny	Bear
Chai	Elliott	Gabby	Bonnie	Roscoe	Pup	Lulabelle	Jake	Bear Bear
Jazz	Annie	Henry	Scarlet	Molly	Booker	Clarabelle	Hunter	Dubbie
Ella	Yogi	Mattie	Sampson	Coco	Jingle	Ralphie	Dixie	Abba
Samson	Tuck	Max	Murphy	Fletch	Bonnie	Chelsea	Holly	Kappi
Micha	Vaughn	Molly	Laddie	Sasha	Clide	Bogart	Brooks	Mr. Darcy
Ike	Harley	Mom dog	Ranger 1	Gunner	Dutchess	Karlee	Maggie	Nui
Chance	Albert	Ring	Airon	Ruby	Harley	Jake	D.B.	Nousse
Tannin	Petie	Sam	Bailee	Max	Maxx	Vicky	Delia	Missy
Karrie	Rusty	Samson	Jack	Courtney	Alfie	Mulligan	Tammy	Stewart
Cashew	Linus	Zoe	Dixie	Molly	Trapper	Grace	Summer	Tana
PD	Mason	Sheeba	Nessie	Murdock	Bear	Bowser	Leia	Isabella
Bo	Rosie	Milo	Jordan	Katie	Missy	Maxwell	Daley	Savannah
Lucky	Sass	BelAire	Pat	Fiona	Missy	Harley	Buddy	Bailey
Toby	Avril	Bogart	Isaac	Chelios	Barney	Marie	Lucy	Seamus
Sally	Brandi	Booker	Rocket	Princess	Junior	Dixie	Tommy	Missy
Tannin	Lucy	Bronson	Isis	Arizona	Miles	Buttercup	PJ Freeway	Coleman
Lucky	Tanner	Duke	Maudie	Winston	Oakley	Sandy	Ollie	

NAMES,
cont'd:

Emma
Kobe
Angus
Jake
Zoe
Leah
Andy
Farrah
Maddie
Cecelia
Sammy
Mia
Eve
Ralphie
Parker

Let's see that every Airedale is Micro-chipped and able to be reunited

with owner if lost!!

Rescue Airedales: National Airedale Rescue purchases microchips from Home Again at a discounted price and offers them to the affiliated Airedale rescue volunteers , so that every rescue Airedale will go to his or her new home with a microchip!

Airedale owners and breeders: You, too, can take part in this program. We are able to sell them to you for your own Airedales, Airedale puppies — and other dogs in the families who own Airedales.

Contact **Rusty LaFrance** about purchasing microchips at the discounted price of \$15 plus shipping. This price includes registration, so there is no other cost to you!

go to: www.AiredaleRescue.net Click on the Microchip button in the left sidebar.

The Lesson At The Rainbow Bridge

Unlike most days at the Rainbow Bridge, this day dawned cold and gray. All the recent arrivals at the Bridge did not know what to think, as they had never seen such a day. But the animals who had been waiting longer for their beloved people to accompany them across the Bridge knew what was happening, and they began to gather at the pathway leading to the Bridge.

Soon an elderly dog came into view, head hung low and tail dragging. He approached slowly, and though he showed no sign of injury or illness, he was in great emotional pain. Unlike the animals gathered along the pathway, he had not been restored to youth and vigor upon arriving at the Bridge. He felt out of place, and wanted only to cross over and find happiness.

But as he approached the Bridge, his way was barred by an angel, who apologized and explained that the tired and broken-spirited old dog could not cross over. Only those animals accompanied by their people were allowed to cross the Bridge. Having nobody, and with nowhere else to turn, the dog trudged into the field in front of the Bridge. There he found others like himself, elderly or infirm, sad and discouraged.

Unlike the other animals waiting to cross the Bridge, these animals were not running or playing. They simply were lying in the grass, staring forlornly at the pathway across the Rainbow Bridge. The old dog took his place among them, watching the pathway and waiting.... yet not knowing for what he was waiting for.

One of the newer dogs at the Bridge asked a cat who had been there longer to explain what was happening. The cat replied, "Those poor animals were abandoned, turned away, or left at rescue places, but never found a home on earth. They all passed on with only the love of a rescuer to comfort them. Because they had no people to love them, they have nobody to escort them across the Rainbow Bridge."

The dog asked the cat, "So what will happen to those animals?" Before the cat could answer, the clouds began to part and the cold turned to bright sunshine. The cat replied, "Watch, and you will see."

In the distance was a single person, and as he approached the Bridge the old, infirm and sad animals in the field were bathed in a golden light. They were at once made young and healthy, and stood to see what their fate would be. The animals who had previously gathered at the pathway bowed their heads as the person approached. At each bowed head, the person offered a scratch or hug.

One by one, the now youthful and healthy animals from the field fell into line behind the person. Together, they walked across the Rainbow Bridge to a future of happiness and unquestioned love. The dog asked the cat, "What just happened?"

The cat responded, "That was a rescuer. The animals gathered along the pathway bowing in respect were those who had found their forever homes because of rescuers. They will cross over when their people arrive at the Bridge. The arrival here of a rescuer is a great and solemn event, and as a tribute they are permitted to perform one final act of rescue. They are allowed to escort all those poor animals they couldn't place on earth across the Rainbow Bridge."

The dog thought for a moment, then said, "I like rescuers." The cat smiled and replied, "So does heaven, my friend. So does heaven."

Author Unknown

~ ~ ~ For the Love of Murphy ~ ~ ~

When I rescued a severely abused, "senior" Airedale, she was the sweetest, calmest, most well-behaved dog I'd ever met. So when she passed away, I decided to adopt another Airedale whom I expected would be equally sweet, calm and well-behaved.

I met someone who had rescued several Airedale puppies from a breeder in Philadelphia. Five or six of the puppies were sitting politely while the other two ran around like tanzanian devils. As I bent down to pet them, one of the spirited dogs pulled my cell phone out of my purse while the other one with personality grabbed my checkbook. I chose one of the two characters and have never regretted it.

"Murphy" is now almost seven years old and 65 pounds, though he thinks he's still a 10 pound puppy. And he's a clown. He dances, spins, leaps, bounces, and lovingly knocks over small children and fragile things. He has a "love of life" which sounds better than he's an "out of control, crazy beast."



He snores. He's sensitive. He watches dog agility competitions on TV. He likes to watch bunnies in the yard. He points to the freezer when you ask him where the ice cream is.

Murphy is incredibly intelligent. He does 30 tricks and understands at least as many words (even some French and Spanish) when he wants to.

His vet refers to him as "strong-willed" and "ready to take on the world." We take that as a compliment. Murphy graduated from obedience school but I think they just didn't want him repeating the class. Neither did the owner of the poodle!



He is stubborn and independent but when he's scared (of thunder, ice cubes, shadows, the microwave, etc.) he runs to me for comfort. And when I'm sad, he knows it and he's right there to make me laugh with his goofy shenanigans. He's fiercely protective of me and loyal too. He loves people and believes everyone's purpose in life should be to just pet him.

When I come home, he's happy to see me. The tail wags and the eyes sparkle as he acts as though he hasn't seen me for days. Of the many, many things he loves - pasta, his stuffed animals, peanut butter bones, going for a ride, etc. I know he loves me most of all.

Murphy has taught me to just enjoy life. He doesn't sweat the small stuff or hold grudges or worry. He's just happy with a belly rub, a treat, and most of all love. Love is what he gets. And it's what he gives.

Michele — NJ

Annie is AWESOME!!!!!!!!!!!!

I haven't started her on the meds for incontinence yet because it happens so infrequently. She has finally settled in as one of the family & she is loving it (I swear she smiles). The kisses Ed & I share & I love you(s) at night & in the morning with Annie & Jag are truly a blessing. What a match made in heaven. Truth be told... I'm so glad we have her... even though I wanted a "him!!!!" Laughing.

Thank you, thank you!!!!

Francine — N.Eng.

Rest in Peace, Katie

2/23/96 - 7/10/08

I wanted you to know that today was Katie's last day with us. She lived a lot longer than the doctors ever predicted and we were blessed to have her for as long as we did. The ending was very peaceful for her, yet very difficult for us. All who knew her knew what an amazing and happy dog she was.



Katie was the first pet Bob and I had as adults and we adopted her from New England Airedale Rescue when she was just 11 months old, when we had only been in our house for a short time. She changed our lives forever.

Lisa & Bob — N.Eng.



The Gardener

Did you ever wish that your dog would dig a hole right where you want it... so you could plant something??? Well it just happened to me....I began to dig a hole for a new red bud tree and left it after marking the round with a shovel....I had to go back to the shed to get a pitch fork to loosen and remove the circular grass top... and when I came back Buster was frantically digging exactly where I marked....

I laughed till I cried!!!!

Sharon - CT



Jed is doing great. He is active and happy and never slows down nor stops wagging his tail until he crashes at night; he shows affection to us and loves to be touched. Hard to believe that he is nine years old!

We had to leave him home for the first time on Sunday. When we arrived home and he didn't greet us at the door, we went looking. I'm assuming that I will see feathers floating through the air. Well, he had piled all the pillows he could find in the center of our bed and climbed on top to go to sleep!

He goes everywhere with Ric. He is having a problem with separation anxiety when Ric leaves him in the car, but nothing destructive, just vocal and that quiets after a couple of minutes. He loves car rides - he got out of the house when a contractor left a door open; but he didn't run off - Ric just asked him if he wanted to go for a ride and he goes running to the car. Loves to walk on lead and loves to hold the lead in his mouth so he walks himself, but lets Ric come along too.

Jeb loves to look out the windows and doors (we have a lot of glass in the house) and seems to hate squirrels, but doesn't know what he should do about the deer and turkeys who show up and is fascinated by the birds.



I would love to send you a photo diary for today, however that would require Jack to be still and/or awake for long enough....ha ha ha! Jack has two speeds....WARP speed, and COMA.

He was good as gold overnight again for the second night and Angus and Brodie have been teaching him the ropes.....couple of minor 'snarly sessions', when he did not follow the house rules, but Angus and/or Brodie soon set him straight.....he takes it all in his stride and simply accepts his reprimand from A+B and dashes off to the next adventure/mischief!

Brodie and Jack have had great fun today chasing each other butt-scoot-warp-speed around and around and around the yard....so cute to watch, and Angus even gave them a run for it, too, for a few minutes; he did not want to miss out on the fun.

Angus and Brodie have had self esteem issues since Jack arrived, as they still had their winter coats and Jack was all groomed and handsome, so whilst Jack spent his afternoon sleeping in my office and keeping me company, Craig took on the task of grooming both Angus & Brodie, so now we have a mountain of fur and three very handsome Airedales!

He really is a happy little boy and is settling in well - so now, after his dinner with his belly full and his bladder empty he has assumed his favorite spot fast asleep in the middle of the kitchen.

Woof!

Z+C+A+B+J — TX

Just a short note to let you know that Tiger (Lilly) and I are fine. She's gorgeous. She's keeping her weight down, even though we go for ice cream regularly. EVERY-ONE who meets her says how well behaved, lovable and pretty she is. She is so perfect, at times it is difficult to comprehend. If you ever, ever hear from her previous owner, PLEASE tell him how she has saved my life and made me be happy again.
Thank you, Jackie — N.Eng.

There is so much to share about my Moxie, and words seem to fall short. I believe that though we may enjoy the companionship of many animals through our lifetime, often there is that one who connects with us at a level beyond all others. Moxie was indeed that for me. Wise, warm, independent, feisty. The way both front feet came off the floor when she'd bark for a biscuit. Or her ears would bounce as she'd pick through the rocks during our beach walks. Or that certain smell of her fur that I yearn to smell again.

She allowed me to tend to her closely in her final days, and passed on her own, peacefully in her sleep next to me, with the same grace, beauty, and dignity that she lived her life.

God blessed me with over ten years with this beautiful creature. I will forever treasure her memory and be grateful to Barbara, and Airedale Rescue, for bringing her into my life.

Mimi - N. Eng.





Mary E. Carrier

March 18, 1930 — July 12, 2009

Mary E. Carrier, 79, of Alamogordo, passed away Sunday at her home surrounded by family and loved ones. She was born in Detroit, MI and throughout her life loved terriers, especially Airedales.

How sad it is for the Southwest Airedale Rescue Team (SWAT). Mary was a vital part of our rescue efforts in New Mexico. Mary was a major part of the Duffs (Dorothy & Will) getting established in rescue in NM after a move from TX. She loved Airedales and there was never a dog that was not worth rescuing and rescuing fast. Many Airedales in her part of the state did not have much time when left in a shelter and she was quick to put together a plan to get them to her home.

Mary was an excellent judge of Airedales and I could always trust her assessment of a dog's temperament. Her enthusiasm for the breed and her dedication to rescue spread to family members. Her son Bill Carrier and his wife Debbie joined the Southwest Airedale Rescue Team (SWAT) after they adopted a pup from rescue. When Mary's sister Agnes Boas moved to Alamogordo, she joined the SWAT team as well and, when Mary became more incapacitated, took over fostering in the area. I remember Mary's last Airedale was Gurl, part of a mother daughter pair rescued in central NM. Mary and Gurl were inseparable and after Gurl's crossing the rainbow bridge Mary's sister, Agnes, would take foster 'Dales by to visit Mary. Bill and Debbie would also visit with their two rescued Airedales.

We will miss Mary, her expertise and dedication in Airedale Rescue. Dorothy & Will Duff — NM

Nearly fourteen years ago, someone from an interstate highway had spotted a dog tied to a tree out in the snow - off in the distance. After a couple of days of its bothering her, she left work early so she could try to figure out how to reach the place — which exit and then which roads would lead her back to the house. She spent a lot of time doing that, and finally got there.

She asked the man about the dog and he said, "Take the damn thing, if you want him." The woman had no way to care for a dog but she knew she couldn't leave him there; the snow was plowed high and the man could no longer actually get to the dog, he just threw food in that direction. She drove him to a vet's office and they took him in; then they found me and then I found Susan, a single woman.

Duncan lived with Susan all these years as a most beloved companion (and he wasn't an easy dog). She sent me this tribute today... but it should go to the woman who made such a great effort to help a dog so long ago, in the dead of winter. He was just a brown blur as she drove down the interstate, but she took the time to follow her heart.

Barbara Curtiss - CT 9

Saturday — March the 14th

So many lives Duncan had, so many lives he touched
his death worked out like the folding of an origami
we saw the beach for the last time in the morning
came to the shop for a few hours
at three pm went home,
laid down together while we waited, the hardest part,
until 6pm

the vet and tech helped me carry him out in his blanket,
I gave them both corn muffins, they left
then went out and buried him myself, not a tear,
just celebration
and a feeling of great light

I now am in a parallel universe
the irony of no supporting friend being able to come
because of their own grief
turned out to be a great blessing

everything was as it should have been, just me and Duncan
today was the day he came to me 13 years ago
yesterday was Friday the 13th

the house is so very quiet
he was three chambers of my heart
poor abyssa his cat,
I wish I could explain to her



Samson continues to delight every day. He keeps to the world's most regular schedule (good for us since we are both out the door by 7 a.m.), is completely cooperative, loves us to pieces. He still sits in our laps to watch TV at night for a bit and then moves down to his living room dog bed (and usually turns upside down). He doesn't sleep with me so much anymore at night but finds his own spot, usually on the sofa.

He does still like us to go out with him in the yard and if we happen to go back in, he makes a beeline for the door and sits right by it (understandable since he was left tied outside before). I joked, when we got him, that come February I wouldn't be standing out in the yard with him, but guess who is outside in pj's and a coat and boots every morning at 5:30!

He is not crazy about being in the car - always wants to go but then looks slightly "off" the entire time and I think he may be a bit carsick, so no big trips for him. This is really not a problem, but is more my issue as I feel bad leaving him home alone while I run errands.

The dog walker taught him to shake hands and she brings her cocker spaniel over to play with him once a week. I know I've said it before, but I can't believe someone gave this dog up. *Michele G. - NJ*

Dog Park Safety

Today, dog parks are as common as playgrounds. In fact, some people say that dogs are the new "kids," but it's important to remember that dogs are very different from your average preschoolers.

If you take your dog to the dog park, it would be good to follow the dog safety tips outlined in an article by Nikki Moustaki for the Website Fetchdog.

<http://www.fetchdog.com/learn-connect/dog-resource-library/health/first-aid/Dog-Park-Safety/>



Today I want to take a moment to thank you again for all your efforts with Rescue animals. I am thinking of you because of my precious little boy Andy. As you remember he had Demodex and we were having a problem resolving this issue. He now has a clear scrape and we are continuing on the medication for one more month to be safe.



Andy and his brother Bentley

However a week ago he started holding his paw up. I could not find a thing wrong but each day he became stiffer and more uncomfortable. This morning we went to the vet to find he had reinjured an old back injury. He was put on Rimadyl and I am hopeful he will feel better in a few days.

The reason I am writing to you now is because of what we found out when he was x-rayed. Some one had shot this precious, timid little boy with a pellet gun. A pellet is still lodged in his abdomen! It was upsetting to see and I am so very thankful there are people like you on the front line with these sweet animals in need.

Gary and I always wondered where Andy came from because he is just the perfect little dog. Today I found out more than I cared to know about his past. Cheryl, because of you Andy is now living a little heaven on earth. Thank you for coming to the rescue of our little angel. He is absolutely the most wonderful dog.

Miraculous Rescue Reunion

By Cheryl Silver

On August 24th, barely daring to hope, Jane M. of Red Oak, TX., sent a note to me in Austin. Her question: "Where did the 'dale listed on Petfinder as 'Ella' come from?"

She had lost her Airedale girl on the 4th of July and all efforts to find her had failed. Reports of sightings had dwindled down to nothing. The way the old girl was squatting to potty in one of the pictures reminded Jane of her Airedale, Jessie, who has a bladder tumor for which she was taking medication.

It was close to 9 p.m. when I got her e-mail. Seems she had been at work and someone had a radio playing on station KRLD. Her ears perked up when she heard an announcement about the KRLD Pet of the Week...an Airedale named Maggie. Jane dared to hope that someone had found Jessie, turned her in to a shelter and named Maggie. She looked up Maggie on Petfinder only to discover that Maggie was an Airedale mix, cute--but not her



Jessie. Scrolling through the other postings, though, she saw "Ella!"

Ella had come to TART through a shelter in Cedar Hill (about 15 miles from Red Oak) where she was picked up as a stray. She was clearly elderly and emaciated but very sweet. TART volunteer, Tom Bambrick, pulled her out of the shelter and delivered her to the nurturing hands of TART volunteer, Melissa Sibley who has a kennel in Cedar Hill. Ella was promptly delivered to the vet who declined to give her any vaccines except bordatella due to her tenuous condition. A few days later Ella came to Becky's kennel and vetted more intensively--the bladder tumor was discovered and she was started on Piroxicam--the same medication Jessie was prescribed.

Ella was weak but determined. She would eat with gusto and, when a foster home with two large Maine Coon cats was set up, she would take great interest in the kitties but she never bothered them. Her foster mom, Marcia Erickson, discovered that Ella adored both cantaloupe and her cushy dog bed and she welcomed all visitors to the home. She was clearly housetrained. Ella was clear about telling Marcia when she wanted a walk through the comfy Rosedale neighborhood in central Austin. The neighbors welcomed this old girl who was gaining strength by the hour and her coquettish glances were duly noticed.....she is such a flirt.

Jane and I talked at length about the 'dale in our care. I assured her that in the morning Becky would use the name "Jessie" with Ella to see how she responded. Through the evening, Jane sent numerous posts providing information to help identify her Jessie. Jessie had a mole; Jessie had experienced hematomas in her ears leaving them thickened.....everything pointed to Ella being her Jessie. Jane's sister sent some pix of Jessie taken within the past two years.....clearly the grinning girl in the pictures looked like Ella.

In the morning all doubt was erased when Ella began a happy dance when Becky addressed her as "Jessie." Jessie's family was notified and before the sun set they had driven to Georgetown to get their beloved girl. It was a joyous reunion with Jessie nearly jumping into her mom's lap....not bad for an old girl.

A story like this makes it all worthwhile. When volunteers get weary and wonder why they keep on... this is why. When you give up your social life, your silk clothes, and your very clean house... this is why. When you transport Airedales across the state, or across several states... this is why. When I feel the tears of joy running down my face... this is why.

Thanks so much, Cheryl, for sharing this story. Had it not been for TART, this would have had a very different ending.

Sally Schnellmann



Three very happy girls!



The Best Hamburger



We took a trip up the mountain today to get a hamburger. Actually, we took a two hour trip up the mountain to give Booker a Jeep ride, see some different scenery, get cool for awhile and stop for the same hamburger we got about ten years ago at Mountain Center.

We sort of knew that the burger thing would not work. The place we got it ten years ago was a post office and "snack bar" the last time we were there and it was all closed. But hope springs eternal. Maybe the snack bar serves the same hamburger we had.

It was a great ride. There is, oddly, not much traffic on a Sunday this time of year. I would think that there would be a stream of people going from the desert to the high country on a day like this. Our cool snap is over. We are back to 110 degrees F.

Booker loves to ride in the Jeep. He sits in a specific spot and just glories in the wind and the scenery.

Today, he lit up when we got over the ridge and the pinyon pine and then the lodgepole pine appeared. He got all excited. "This smells like my old home"! A mile high in Reno. He was stirred. Going to the windows. Bright eyes. They get black when he is excited.

It is about 50 miles up to the top by switch-back. Maybe 30 as the crow flies but we are not a crow. We stopped at Mountain Center to see about the 'burger. I knew when I got out that there wasn't going to be one. I went into the snack bar and gift shop and the woman there greeted me with a "hello sweetie" and somehow that was alright. I asked about the old burger place and she smiled and said it had been a long time since that was there. She insisted that I could do just as well up the road five miles in Idyllwild at the Shell Station. The burger place there made the best in town.

I looked askance. I know how to do that. Askance. She said "really sweetie. It's connected to the gas station sort of like we are attached to the post office. OK. So we went. Now this place is a gas station with a minimart and you go in and in the back there is a take out kind of place with some tables. There was a deck with tables and they were in the shade. I went and got John and Booker and took their orders. You go to the gas station guy to pay up and place the order. It goes ten feet to the little fast food place in back by telemetry. You get a number and you wait.

Suspense...

Here is what happened. We got a burger (without cheese) that had a little mayo, a little mustard, ketchup, pickle, lettuce and tomato wrapped in a waxed paper 'holder" with a single order of fries which was too much for both of us. I would never order a burger with this much [stuff] on it. Mixed condiments. Yuck. But there it was.

I hadn't specified "without the trimmings" so I figured that I would go with it. I believe that when I make a mistake I should live with it. I will either learn a lesson from consequences or I will be surprised somehow that what I thought a mistake wasn't. In this case, it was the latter. The burgers was wonderful. I wouldn't change a thing. The meat was bulky and perfectly cooked. All the condiments melded into a whole that was very tasty. And, by this time I was very hungry. The fries were non-trans fat which means old fashioned fries and they tasted great. I have not had a french fry, well, since I have been in California. The last one would have been at a Friendly Ice Cream place on the way to the Cape.

Booker had a great time as he does everywhere. He sits and watches and is very "with us." Patient and alert to everything. He is, of course, interested in our lunch and we broke the rules and gave him some samples of the french fries and an apple that we had brought. The grand finale was a piece of fully condimented hamburger. He licked his chops over that one.

Did I mention the rolls? No. I did not. They were perfection. You can't buy this kind of burger roll. I have tried. Miracles. The ten years ago burger I had dreamed about and the fries I had anticipated were there. In the back of a Shell minimart in Idyllwild, CA. I assure you that I would never, ever, under any circumstances stop at a place like this for a burger. I would barely stop for gas. The mart was a joke. The gas pumps hard to get to. The burgers were sublime.

It just goes to show you. People who ask for help humbly and even pathetically get what they want if they follow directions. Especially from someone who calls them "sweetie."

On the way home, more excitement. We took a turn through Idyllwild which is a rather nice but woodsy corner of the mountains. A tourist trap with some nice edges. Then we came down the mountain. We came up behind a horse carrier that we followed long

enough for Booker to get so excited he barked. We know that there were horses where he went to Airedale camp —the place that has the Airedale rescue operation. Maybe it was that. Or perhaps his former Mom and Dad had horses or were around them. In any event it was one more olfactory reminder of his past life. And in a nice way.

We feel a special bond with his previous humans. And his rescue "aunt". They did a great job bringing this wonderful creature up and helping him enjoy his life to the fullest. He is full of purpose and relatively fearless in pursuing it. He has a great ability to tell us what he wants. It was a great trip for all of us Earl and John — CA



“In moments of great joy, we all wish we had a tail to wag.” W. H. Alden

We have passed the one month mark with Rusty, formerly Russell — and he is doing wonderfully well. He is glued to Gene; they spend a lot of time on their two walks a day and playing in the yard and with the kids and dog across the street.

He has two dog beds (one for downstairs naps and one for up) - about a dozen toys which he gets out of his toy box and brings to you for playing. We have a game called 1-2-3; whenever I say 1-2-3 he will go get a toy of some sort to play fetch.

Gene took him in our antique truck to a 4th of July parade - he was a star - and behaved very well with people and dogs. My friends think he is handsome and a love. He brings his lead to you when it looks like a walk is in the offing. So cute.

Gene is going to enroll in obedience classes and we are going to try to put him in a doggie day care for some short times to try to get him OK with our being gone once in awhile. Barb T. — N. Eng.



Bel was 10 when he came into Rescue, after having been kept outside for a long time when his owner could no longer cope with him. His new mom wrote: We've been soooooo busy ... mostly sleeping, pooping, eating, you know, the important stuff. :-). We are discovering Bel every day as he teaches us what and how he likes things to be done. He is also a smart and quick learner, very sensitive and obedient. He is coming out of his shell and I believe he started to trust us a bit. A few days ago, for example, he got so excited that Greg and I both went for a walk with him (usually it's just me and Bel) that he started playing with me, you could just see his delight! He is now also offering me his belly for rubs, but I think he secretly worships Greg as an ultimate authority. OhMyDog, I am so thrilled, what a great personality this boy has!!! He is everything you said he was, and MORE!

Bel is getting stronger, too. I take him for two walks a day and once a week we are taking him to local park where it's greener and cooler, and FUN! Lots of doggies to exchange pee-mails, butt-sniffs, etc. And then, usually on a weekend, we are also going for a long drive and stop to hike in the forest or stay at the lake, sort of a day trip. Bel LOVES car rides.

I introduced Bel to blackberries. And since blackberry brambles are growing all over along our daily routes, it's a DogSend delicacy. First time he was disgusted with blackberries, he did spit them out. Second time he accepted, however reluctantly. Third time he got sort of interested. On the 4th walk he stopped and DEMANDED them. :-). Now, he drags me to where the ripest berries are, and if I am not quick enough to pick them for him, he starts picking them off the bush himself. Sooo funny. Nata and Greg - NV

"DOG TALK"

Auntie Sidney, you never told me about the rain they have in Sausalito. I don't really like going out in it. But my mom says we still have to take our long walks, rain or shine. Maybe she'll give me a treat afterwards for being so brave.

I love my long morning walks. Sometimes we go for nearly two hours. My mom is some kind of exercise nut. If she's feeling really frisky we go out mid afternoon too, and then Dad and I get our alone "guy" time walk just before bed. This is a pretty good life. But I do miss you and Rose and Duke.

Did I tell you there are big French doors and windows to the floor here, giving me ample opportunity to watch for beasties and other interesting things outside? I let the folks know I am ready to go search those creatures out in the many ivy covered woodpiles out there. That ivy sure contains lots of little moving things and I have fun burrowing for them. I'll show them who is King around here!

Mom went to the Golden Gate Kennel Club (AKC) show on Saturday, she said to talk to other Airedale owners. There were just two 'Dales there, females and a bit smaller. The breeders admired my photos you took, saying I am one handsome dude. Mom is going to join the Northern Calif. Airedale Club; they know of you and had really good things to say about you. I was soooo happy to hear that. My mom is pretty enthusiastic. She is having a professional dog trainer come tomorrow morning to assess my skills. I'm debating whether to be good or naughty. After all, the two week honeymoon period is up now and I should demonstrate my keen intelligence and ability to outsmart simple human beings. However, the folks are a challenge to me, thinking they can forecast my intentions. Hmhmhmhm. I'll let you know how it all goes.



This is how I meet my public!

In fact, the old folks keep me on it all the time except for fenced-in dog park, and my own back yard, of course. Mom is trying her best at the clipping but it ain't the job you gave me. Since she only learns one section at a time in her class, and they are every two weeks, I look somewhat unfinished. However, she assures me by May I will look classy again. She does give me a delicious treat though each day after her practice session. Sometimes a piece of 7-year-old Wisconsin cheddar from her private stash that only the family gets. I guess I am one of the Raisbecks now. I kind of like being the only dog the folks dote on; in fact I don't pal up to the dogs at the dog park...they are too scattered for a gentleman like me. A little sniff here, a little sniff there, and then "sayonara" and on to the grasses and flowers.

Well, that's how it's going up here. I think of you often and always with love for the care you gave to me.

Lots of wet Kisses -

Your nephew, Tucson Toby

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Mom and Dad took me out to meet other dogs. I have no idea why they were anxious but luckily my trainer introduced me to the regulars at the park. No problem. Except one big guy, a reputed trouble-maker, tried to mount me and boy did I show him how WRONG he was. WOOFs, SNAPS and that put him in his place. I hope they will take me back there.

Spring has sprung and all the grasses and insects and flowers are driving me into a tizzy. Mom says I can't walk more than 10 feet without sniffing wildly all this new and wonderful Marin County stuff. The heck with the snow....I'll take Sausalito now, for sure. Did you know I go in to the Bay right up to my shoulders? No farther as the long leash stops me and Mom does not trust me off it. Wonder why? (heh, heh, heh)



Here I am!

"DOG TALK"

Aunt Rusty, did you know that it is almost three months that I have been in Palm Springs? I got here May 13 and so next week is the big day. My Dads say that there will be a test but I think that we have already had the test and all of us have passed it. They tease me sometimes.

I didn't know that you were sending me to some hot place. I had the desert confused with dessert. Hell, I went for it. I found out that the desert isn't ice cream. But I am holding up pretty well. I enjoy the mornings a lot and my hour long walks with John are energetic and unpredictable (I get to choose which way we go). The night walks go a little slow after sundown but I can still hang in there as well as my Earl-Dad who is a desert rat. And I am not. We do about a 45 minute trip and then come home. I will be a good desert rat dog by the time the summer is over, though.

I also seem to have tough feet. I can walk on the hot pavement outside and not even wince. My Dads chase me though and tell me to run to the grass and into the shade. I have gotten that down. They have lizards here. I have caught two of them. I am fast. I bring them in the house and show them off. This morning I snagged a huge bug when we went out to pee. It crunched.

I am feeling a bit more freedom to express my opinion here. I bark at them when I am not getting enough attention and come around for hugs without being asked. I have also figured out that I can play around some. The other night I snagged Earl's beach towel out at the pool and ran away with it. Tug of war.

They tell me that we are going to work on staying home all by myself soon. They are going to go out for little bits of time and see how it goes. I will probably whine so they know I miss them - as long as they are around to hear it. Then, an undisturbed nap until they are back. I am pretty sure that they will always be here for me and never leave me alone for long. They will always come back. I will be brave.

The food here is pretty good. I get some treats between meals mostly fruit and vegetables. I am holding my weight and may actually be a little leaner than when I weighed in at 81 last vet visit. My ribs are there to see if you look close. I have that sexy lower abdomen wasp waist thing now. It is better than being a fatty. And healthier. I can't tell you how grateful I am that you found me and then found them for me. You took such good care of me in Airedale camp that I felt as though it was safe to take a chance on these guys. I could trust your judgement. And I was right. You picked good. They say the same thing. We all love you so much for making our lives together possible.

Have a good rest of the summer. I'll write again soon!

Licks and love, Booker Harrell Rose — CA

Hi, I've been thinking of you lately. It is SO much better here than in that barn! But I can hardly remember that now.

I am slowly taking over. I have the humans trained fairly well. Rex is a push over. It was easy to get him off the dog beds; now I am working on taking over the couch at night. Silly fool thought he'd sleep on the couch, but I like the couch too, so he can sleep on the living room rug, besides, he gets the human's bed during the day - that's enough I think (until I decide I want that too).

The cats are fun to chase & bark at, although sometimes they don't run like they used to - not sure about that, kind of takes the fun out of it! I also need to make sure that Rex (or those cats) don't get anything I might want - like food from the table when the little humans aren't paying attention, so I have to tell them - loudly. When Bonnie's parents visit, her Dad calls me the director (at least SOMEONE realizes what's going on).

I had my haircut again the other day, so I look BEAUTIFUL they say & I do like looking pretty. The groomer is very nice & says I'm the best Airedale ever. Bonnie wanted to know if March 26th was my actual birthday, or the day you first found me. And I'll never forget March 28th, the day you came to get me! OK, time to go nap I think, not feeling like playing in the cold & snow just yet!

Love, Tizzy — N.Eng.



TUCSON TOBY ~~ A RAGS TO RICHES STORY

Toby came into rescue at the age of nine years. Neither he nor his owner seemed to have any attachment to the other. Toby had golf ball sized mats in the bottoms of his feet and a raging ear infection. He hadn't been groomed for a while and was filthy. Over the next few months, we got Toby healthy, did some training to give him better manners on the leash (he had obviously not been out of his back yard much in his nine years) and waited patiently for the right family to come along.

Finally Toby found his perfect family -- a family willing to love a senior Airedale with some baggage. I am going to let Toby and his family tell you about how life has been ever since. (Sidney Hardie, AZ)

ANNOUNCEMENT: Tucson Toby, a very sprightly nine-year-old, became the new son of Cliff and Carole Raisbeck and is now an ocean (Sausalito, California) and mountain dog (at their lake cabin in the Sierra Nevada mountains) where the three of them think they are the luckiest people/dog in the entire world to have found each other! The story of his new beginning is told through excerpts from letters from his mom, Carole. (Toby's own letters are on the "Dog Talk" pages.)

JANUARY — Our first week together: we just got back from a long walk where Toby discovered the Bay at our small local beach. He waded in, took a lick or two, then discovered salt water is yucky. Son Chris came by last night and Toby immediately went to him with tail wagging. He volunteered to do any dog sitting for us.

Cliff and I are soooo happy. Rest assured, your boy is doing well here. Our son-in-law who has spot-on names for everything, has dubbed his brother-in-law Tucson Toby.TT and I have just returned from a 1- 1/2 hour waterfront walk and now he is ready to play! Can you believe the energy of this dog? Needless to say, I need a rest as our pace was pretty fast, except for sniffing times.

Toby came through his wellness exam in good order, only giving one growl as the Vet tried to lead him in to the exam room. Vet attributes it to anxiety, which Toby still has. Day by day TT gets more comfortable with us. Cliff is out for his nightly walk with Toby (that is THEIR time, w/o me). Oh, bliss with everything Toby.

Sunny, crisp day. Perfect for the trainer and we three. Toby was on BEST behavior which earned him praise and prediction that he will be very easy to "polish" a bit, which is all he needs as he has already had good training. It was a very helpful session. She said his sweet nature (everyone notices that about him) makes him want to please. Also, she said it's good I talk to him a lot and not to worry that people will think I'm a bit weird.

FEBRUARY — Each day is a joy with Toby. Son Christopher came over for lunch today just to show me more about grooming and how terriers love to play games,,, on their own terms. We rolled the ball down the creek and Toby could not figure how to get over the rock bank on one side so he sniffed around, crossed the bridge, and slid down the bank on the other side. Voila! He got the ball.

Each night before I get into my bed I kneel down next to him on his bed, rub him all over, and tell him I love him. Last night he responded with big soft lick kisses. I almost wept. Tomorrow we go with the trainer to our fenced Sausalito dog park. Toby found a young Whippet named "Frenchie" and did they play, to the point of exhaustion. They would rest, then resume the Woofing and chasing and it thrilled us to see Toby having so much fun. So today with dirty dog in hand we gave him his first bath here. He wanted no part of it, but we prevailed, and it only took a half hour with Cliff and I laughing at Toby's antics all the time.

Once towed and hugged, Toby ran for the nearest old oriental rug... we have many and he loves to roll in them... and finished the drying process. I had made oatmeal cookies for Cliff earlier with Toby at my feet just in case a few crumbs dropped. So his reward for the acceptable bath behavior was his very own cookie!! What a wonderful day. As the Quakers say, simple pleasures are God's gifts. Toby is our gift so I guess we have been doing something right all these years.

We braved the storm, spent six hours getting here [cabin in the mountains] when it usually takes three, but every minute was worth it to see Toby meet snow. Utter delight, fascination, questioning, as in "Where do you pee if there are no shrubs, trees, grass, ANYWHERE?!" He finally used the snow tunnel but will be pretty full by morning. I was so distressed by Toby's inability to do his business in the snow that I took him out about 3 am to try again. Picture this tall woman clad in bathrobe, boots, and a jacket, walking down the road with snow plows coming at us, stopping in amazement at the sight of this nut walking a dog at that hour, snow falling fiercely, and dog tugging at

the leash trying to figure out where he could find a tree or bush in all that high white stuff. It would have made a good comic film. Nothing from Toby. So back we headed, drying off with towels in the living room in front of fireplace. Toby fell asleep next to the sofa, and I next to him. At first light he is up, crying. So out again we go and this time he figures it out. Whew.

That was two days ago. He has utterly fallen in love with snow. He brings us his leash 15 minutes after returning from a long walk, and off we go again. He jumps in the 5' banks, he snuffles into the depths looking for the only wild land animals around: rabbits and squirrels. He races toward other dogs hoping to play in the snow with them. It is wild, unadulterated joy. By 10 pm he has crashed in front of the fireplace. At dawn he will come up to my side of the bed, nuzzle my overhanging arm or foot, give a few soft yips, and then I know it is time to head out again.

You will be happy to hear he comes at "Come", stays at "STAY", and is a very fine gentle dog with all the little children he meets who just love to pet his curls (really curly in all this mist and rain). He plays with select dogs at the park (a whippet, a tiny thing that looks like an overgrown mouse, and my friend's 2-year old Golden). Toby gets lots of exercise and so do I. Have never been happier, or felt better.

MARCH — Came up to the cabin Saturday to find 6 feet of snow off the back porch, but nice and hard so we took Toby out snowshoeing (us, not him) on the lake. He went delirious with joy.

Cliff and I took Toby to the first grooming class Saturday. He was the best behaved and stayed quietly in the crate (loaned by a friend) in contrast to the other "show-type" Airedales who protested vociferously.

APRIL — Tucson Toby welcomes the newest members of our family who happen to be a pair of Mallards who flew in last week to take up residence in our pool. He never barks at them, gentleman that he is, but just circles the pool while they then swim to the opposite side. Life is never dull around here.

MAY — We hit the beach and because it is completely contained, Toby gets to run off leash there — a great joy. Often he will find another "just right" dog to play with....Toby is somewhat picky in his choice of playmates!

JULY — Toby is becoming a very good hiker and a confirmed canoe dog. After a half hour of sitting up to scout the ducklings and goslings, he lay down and fell asleep to the gentle rocking of the boat. Nice pal I have.

ATTENTION!! Toby Raisbeck has learned to swim!!!! During our canoe ride around the lake Toby did not fall asleep as usual, but paid rapt attention to "the Lonesome Duck" who has taken to leading a pack of Canada Geese. As she approached the canoe, Toby began to quiver and rock the boat. I paddled furiously to our pier and as soon as we got within jumping distance, out he leaped and plunged in, heading straight for the duck. Was he surprised when there was no "there" under his feet. But did our stout fellow turn back? NOOOOOO . His eyes on the duck who kept leading him out further, Toby simply did what nature intended dogs to do: The Dog Paddle.

Lonesome Duck just skittered off when he got near. I was dumb struck. The dog who had never got in over his knees, actually could swim! A neighbor was rowing by and stood ready to rescue Toby just in case he sank. But sink he did not. When he got tired, he paddled back to shore, paused, then took out after her again. This went on for about 15 minutes when Toby finally realized the LD was leading him on, so he returned to me on shore, with the biggest grin ever splitting his furry face. We went swimming again today and it helped get the pollen off him....and

me. The children at the beach were enchanted with him and one mother kept saying to her little girl "See, that's what you are supposed to be doing....the dog paddle." We met the other Airedale up here, 4 year-old Nestor, on our morning walk. They played a bit then sat in mud. You know, life up here was never as good before Toby came! I am besotted with him, as you can tell. Carole

— CA



Heartfelt

Thanks ~

For Donations In Memory of _____

Sidney Hardie – Forge Stone Ridge Wrought Iron, MHV (Airedale)
Wm.H and Matie Wattis Harris Foundations- Donna Marie Enerson
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Nan Hamilton for so many things- Our logo and the Airedale in a Heart Design for pins and cards
Dr. Christie Williams- for our Christmas Card Design each year
Lynn O'Shaughnessy- development costs for the new NAR website.
John & Donna Noland & Dosido Gang- June Dutcher Memorial

Nearly all dogs who come into Rescue need at least shots and a heartworm test. Most need to be spayed or neutered. All dogs are now micro-chipped. Almost all need to be groomed and some we have to board. In the South, many need to be treated for heartworm.

Any help is truly appreciated.

Please see our many wonderful items for sale at www.AiredaleRescue.net for an alternative way to support Airedale Rescue - and have something of your own to show for it! Thank you!

If you wish to make a donation to rescue, please make your check out to National Airedale Rescue (or NAR) and send it to:

Ms. Rusty LaFrance, Treas.

8524 Maggie Avenue

Las Vegas, NV 89143-1326

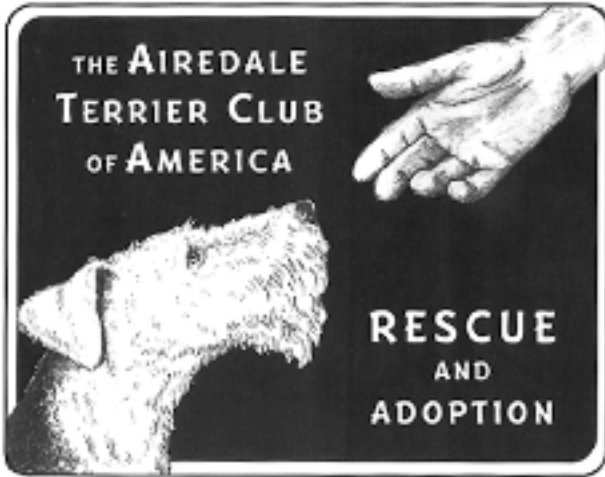
Please include your name and full address.

For Your Information, cont'd...

New Treatment for Cushing's Disease

is in a couple of magazines this month. This is an article from one of them:

The FDA has approved a new prescription medication containing the drug trilostane to treat Cushing's disease in dogs. Cushing's results from the body's overproduction of adrenal hormone. Symptoms include increased drinking and urination, high blood pressure, hair loss, and higher incidence of skin infections, diabetes, and heart and nervous-system problems. The new once-a-day capsule, called Veteryl, treats pituitary-dependent hyperadrenocorticism, in which the pituitary gland tells the adrenal glands to work overtime; adrenal-dependent Cushing's, in which the adrenal glands overwork themselves; and adrenal tumor-caused hyperadrenocorticism. For information, visit www.dechra-us.com Barbara Curtiss



Regional Rescue Groups

AAR	Alaska Airedale Rescue	
AbTRA	Abandoned Terrier Rescue Assoc., Inc.	atrarrescue.com
AireCanada	Airedale Rescue of Canada	airecanada.com
ARADV	Airedale R and A of the Delaware Valley, Inc.	Airedale911.org
ARWNY	Airedale Rescue of Western New York	
ATCMW	Airedale Terrier Club of Metro. Wash DC	atcmw.org
ATRA	Airedale Terrier Rescue and Adoption, Inc.	aire-rescue.com
ATRVA	Airedale Terrier Rescue of Virginia	ATRVA.com
FlaSA	Florida Sunshine Airedalers	sunshineairedalers.org
NATA	Nebraska Airedale Terrier Assoc. Rescue	nebraska-airedales.com
NEAR	New England Airedale Rescue	newenglandairedalerescue.org
NWATR	Northwest Airedale Terrier Rescue	nwairedalerescue.org
NBAR	New Beginnings Airedale Rescue	greatairedales.org
OKAR	Oklahoma Airedale Rescue	okairedales.com
SOAR	Starting Over Airedale Rescue	soar-airedale-rescue.com
SWAT	SouthWest Airedale Terrier Rescue Team	AiredaleTerriers.org/SWAT
TART	Texas Airedale Rescue Team	texasairedalerescue.org

Please do not buy *anything* from a pet store that carries puppies or kittens.
 Help fight puppy mills by joining our boycott of all shopping centers and malls that include such stores.
 We sincerely thank you for your help.

National Airedale Rescue, Inc. — a nonprofit 501(c)(3) corporation,
 is the Official Treasury of the Airedale Terrier Club of America Rescue and Adoption Committee.

The Goal of the Rescue Committee is to locate prompt and safe assistance for any purebred Airedale Terrier with no responsible owner or breeder to meet his needs.

Funds donated to National Airedale Rescue, Inc. are distributed on an as-needed basis to Airedale Rescue volunteers and groups who have agreed to abide by the committee's policies and guidelines.

In our opinion, it is the duty of all Airedale lovers to respect and care for all Airedales and to either help or find help for any being neglected or mistreated.

The ATCA Rescue and Adoption Committee maintains a continually updated network of contacts across the country to aid in the rehoming of purebred Airedale Terrier who are lost or abandoned. These contacts are volunteers from many states, as well as Canada, who work to help Airedales in need, preparing them for adoption into approved, permanent loving homes.

From
 ATCA Rescue & Adoption Committee
 Joey Fineran, editor
 1189 Lonely Cottage Road
 Upper Black Eddy, PA 18972